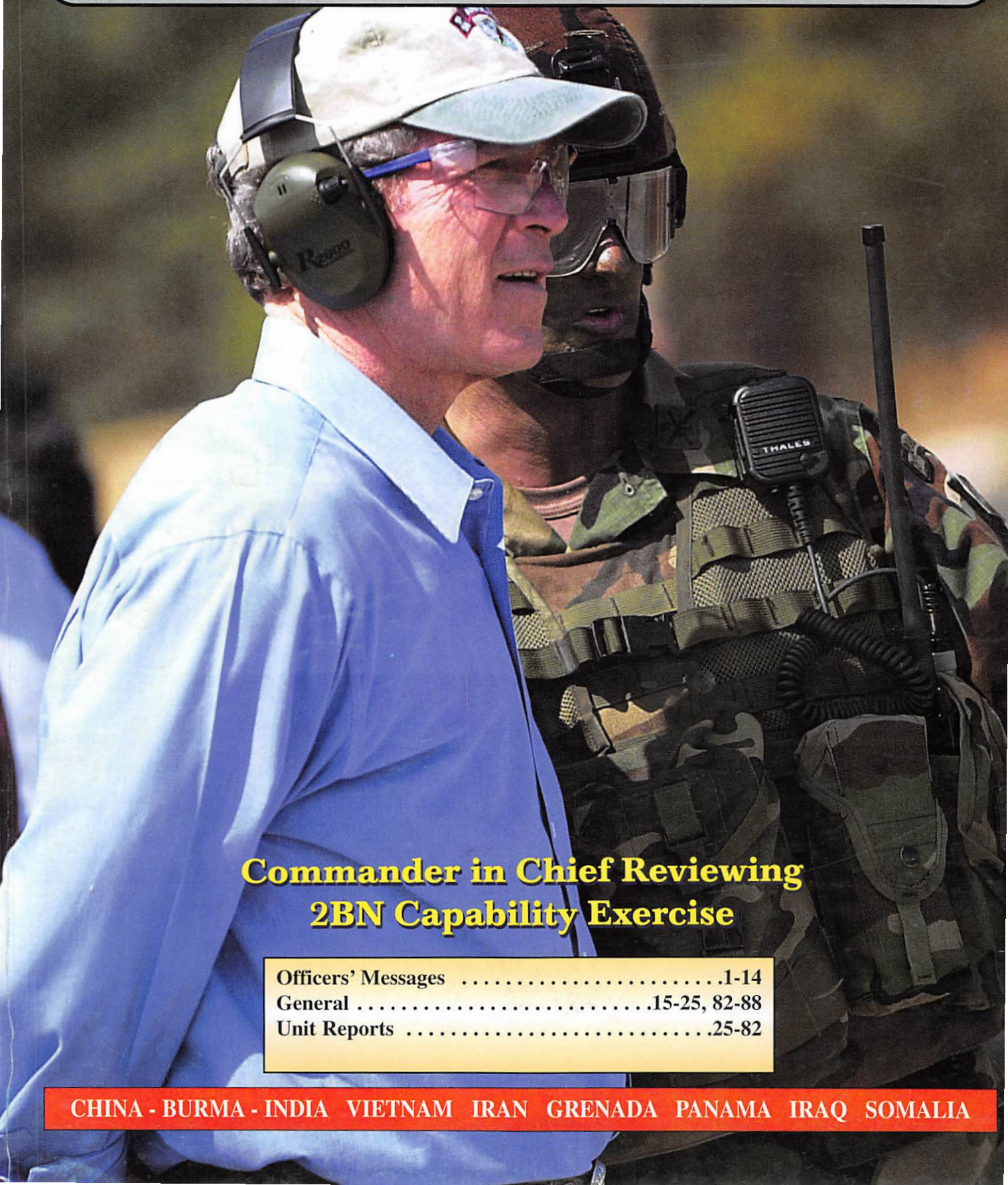


# PATROLLING

FALL 2002 75TH RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION, INC. VOLUME 17 ISSUE II



## Commander in Chief Reviewing 2BN Capability Exercise

Officers' Messages .....	1-14
General .....	15-25, 82-88
Unit Reports .....	25-82

CHINA - BURMA - INDIA VIETNAM IRAN GRENADA PANAMA IRAQ SOMALIA



*This is a time for remembering all those  
who have given of themselves for our country...  
A time to reflect on the blessing of our liberty  
and the sacrifices demanded to keep it...  
A time to give special thanks to veterans like you.*

*We will never forget your service to our country.  
Your Friends at Hallmark*

**After more than a half century of indifference, Hallmark has seen fit to bring out a line of Veterans' Day Cards. This is a sample (front & inside) of one of the several available. The cards will be available in Hallmark stores by the time this magazine is in your hands. The driving force behind the marketing of the cards was our own Joan Bellwood. Her brother was a Ranger and was KIA in Vietnam. She was at the reunion in July at Ft. Benning. Way to go Joan. Even Rangers' sisters lead the way.**

*Ed Note: I will have more details in the December issue. John Chester*

## Custom-Made Military Coins

  
**Silver Towne**  
L.P.



**(800) 788-7481 ext. 247**

## UNIT DIRECTORS

### A/75-D/17 LRP-V Corps LRRP

Tom Brizendine  
14975 HWY 104  
Silver Hill, AL 36576  
(251) 945-3278  
Email: [tdbriz@gulftel.com](mailto:tdbriz@gulftel.com)

### B/75 - C/58 LRP - VII CORPS LRRP

Kirk Gibson  
2441 Fishing Creek Valley Rd.  
Harrisburg, PA 17112  
(717) 599-5894 home  
(717) 986-2004 daytime  
Email: [khgibson@paonline.com](mailto:khgibson@paonline.com)

### C/75 - E/20 LRP

Gary E. Dolan  
80 Yoakum Street  
Farmingdale, NY 11735  
(516) 249-4496  
Email: [gdolan@optonline.net](mailto:gdolan@optonline.net)

### D/75

John J. Kingeter  
526 Lavina Dr.  
Mechanicsburg, PA 17055  
(717) 766-1484  
Email: Tom Delany: [del\\_t@msn.com](mailto:del_t@msn.com)

### E/75 - E/50 LRP - 9th DIV LRRP

Robert Copeland  
8 Fieldstone Gate  
Spruce Grove, AB Canada T7X2Z2  
(780) 962-0114  
Email: [copela3@attglobal.net](mailto:copela3@attglobal.net)

### E/75 - F/50 - 25th DIV LRRP

Joe Little  
10129 W. Highland Ave  
Phoenix, AZ 86037  
(623) 877-3797  
Email: [jlittle1@cox.net](mailto:jlittle1@cox.net)

### G/75 - E/51 LRP - 196th LRRP

Steve Crabtree  
2255 N. Azurite Circle  
Mesa, AZ 85207  
(602) 948-3737  
Email: [stephen.c.crabtree@Boeing.com](mailto:stephen.c.crabtree@Boeing.com)

### H/75 - E/52 LRP - 1st CAV LRRP

William T. Anton  
11918 Hall Shop Rd.  
Clarksville, MD 21029  
(301) 854-3359  
Email: [polar\\_bear\\_01@runbox.com](mailto:polar_bear_01@runbox.com)

### I/75 - E/52 LRP - 1st DIV LRRP

Barry Crabtree  
4470 Hwy 16 N  
Denver, NC 28037  
(704) 483-2586  
FAX (704) 483-0418  
e-mail: [mothercrab@hotmail.com](mailto:mothercrab@hotmail.com)

### K/75 - E/58 LRP - 4th DIV LRRP

Bill 'Ichabod' Bullen  
PO Box 34  
Palm, PA 18070  
(215) 679-8856  
Email: [k75ranger@netcarrier.com](mailto:k75ranger@netcarrier.com)

### L/75 - F/58 LRP - 1/101st LRRP

Randall White  
N4256 Powell Lake Rd.  
Wetmore, MI 49895  
(906) 387-2318  
Email: [ranwhite@jamadots.com](mailto:ranwhite@jamadots.com)

### M/75 - 71st LRP - 199th LRRP

Jack Fuche  
Rt 2 Box 2553 E. M-72  
Grayling, MI 49738  
(517) 348-1220  
Email: Steve Houghton:  
(989)352-7308  
[escort@pathwaynet.com](mailto:escort@pathwaynet.com)

### N/75 - 74th LRP - 173rd LRRP

Reed Cundiff  
125 San Ysidro  
Las Cruces, NM  
(505) 523-5081  
Email: [cundiff@zianet.com](mailto:cundiff@zianet.com)

### O/75 - 78th LRP

Bailey Stauffer  
175 E. Stauffer Lane  
Safford, AZ 85546  
(520) 428-3696  
Email: [fcolrp@aznexus.net](mailto:fcolrp@aznexus.net)

### P/75 - 79th LRP

Bill Davis  
50 Montell Street  
Oakland, CA 94611  
(510) 655-8962  
Email: [beol@sbcglobal.net](mailto:beol@sbcglobal.net)

### D/151 LRP/RANGER

Tom Blandford  
5882 Hollow Oak Trail  
Carmel, IN 46033-9567  
(317) 846-6374  
[tblandford@glickco.com](mailto:tblandford@glickco.com)

### E/51 LRP

Russell Dillon  
39 Pearl St.  
Wakeman, OH 44889  
(440) 839-2607  
Email: [redmjd2@accnorwalk.com](mailto:redmjd2@accnorwalk.com)

### HQ. 75th RANGER REGT

Tom Pendelton  
Email: [pendlett@att.net](mailto:pendlett@att.net)

### 1st BN. 75th RANGER REGT

Roger B. Brown  
8588 McKee Road  
Upatoi, GA 31829  
(706) 561-4079  
Email: [Ranger18588@aol.com](mailto:Ranger18588@aol.com)

### 2nd BN. 75th RANGER REGT

Rich Hecht  
16706 132nd Ave E.  
Puyallup, WA 98374  
(253) 446-9928  
Email: [Rich275RGR@aol.com](mailto:Rich275RGR@aol.com)

### 3rd BN. 75th RANGER REGT

Peter Squeglia  
30 Meadow Brook Lane  
Reading, MA 01867  
(781) 942-0601  
Email: [suasponde@attbi.com](mailto:suasponde@attbi.com)

### LRRP DETACHMENT- 3rd ID

Michael McClintock  
2323 Armada Way,  
San Mateo, CA 94403  
(650) 341-7331  
Email: [oldlrrp62@aol.com](mailto:oldlrrp62@aol.com)

### ARVN RANGER ADV. (BDO)

Mike Martin  
803 West Lincoln St.  
Tullahoma, TN 37388  
(931) 455-3824  
Email: [bdq@75thangers.org](mailto:bdq@75thangers.org)

The following individuals are appointed by the President of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association to their respective positions in order to facilitate the day-to-day operation of the Association.

#### Association Chaplin West

Charles L. Keogh  
2724 Timber Drive  
Olympia, WA 98513  
[chelseakid@hotmail.com](mailto:chelseakid@hotmail.com)

#### Association Advocates

Dan Nate  
408 Elm Street  
Woodbury Heights, NJ 08097  
(856) 848-9174  
[Dannate1@comcast.net](mailto:Dannate1@comcast.net)

Steve Morey  
21709 132 Street, East  
Sumner, WA 98390  
(360) 897-2018  
[LRRP50@earthlink.net](mailto:LRRP50@earthlink.net)

#### Gold Star Mother Advocate

Sandee Rouse  
[GoldStars75thRRA@aol.com](mailto:GoldStars75thRRA@aol.com)

#### Gold Star Wife Advocate

Sandy Harris  
[SANDY5790@aol.com](mailto:SANDY5790@aol.com)

#### Association Legal Counsel

John Chester  
[macchester@erols.com](mailto:macchester@erols.com)

James Savage

#### Association Photographer

Patrick Bissanti  
743 King Street  
Franklin, MA 02038  
(508) 541-7046  
[bizphoto@earthlink.net](mailto:bizphoto@earthlink.net)

**PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE**

By Dana McGrath

Rangers and Ranger Friends,

First, let me Thank all of you for selecting me to be the President of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association for the next two years. I can't remember what I did to each of you to have been worthy, but I do consider it an Honor beyond belief. If anyone should ever ask, you each have my permission to say "It's EMMETT's fault" when I go off the deep end.

The Honor of being placed in this position, though, is one I never believed I would have, and although I kid everyone who mentions it, you all must know how heady such a thought is when you realize you're "IT".

The previous Boards have done a great job of overcoming some unbelievable hurdles getting us to the size and financial position of today. We are in fairly decent financial condition, with the future dependent only upon US as Members and the Board as "Listening Posts" for those things we see coming in the future.

A little background on the Board I am so fortunate to have joined :

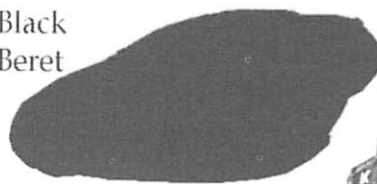
Wayne Mitsch - Vice President, former K/75th LRP/Ranger from the Vietnam era, whose presence in the Association is long-term and well-represented in the growth of both the Association and the K/75th Unit Association he helped create and build. His organizational skills have been honed by running his own successful business in the Atlanta area, and we will depend on his abilities to get us where we need to go as quickly as we can ALL push to get there.

Joe Niblett - Treasurer, former First Battalion Ranger of the Grenada era, currently a Controller (Financial fella) in a publicly-traded Corporation based on the East Coast of Florida. Joe's financial expertise is going to give the Association the ability it has needed in the past, but most of us simply aren't financial Managers by trade and those who've served the Treasurer position in the past sure know how rough that can get. Joe's also the first Battalion Ranger who showed enough courage not to run fast enough to avoid being elected to the Board (he's not real fast, he's just real smart). Joe's younger than the rest of us, too - appears to have at least 50 good years of service left in him. Joe will have a complete financial picture for us by the December issue and we're all looking forward to that, I'm sure.

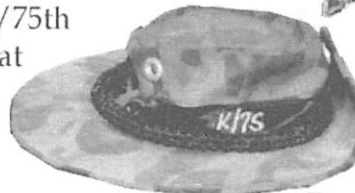
Ron Edwards - Secretary, is a former L/75th (101ST Screaming Eagle '70-'71) Ranger (24 years, Retired as SGM) from the Vietnam Era, who served as the Association Secretary through some of the rough moments, yet was willing to watch yet another President age rapidly while Ron did all the real work. If you ever really want to know what's going on, ask Ron - he's THE MAN with the plan and we're going to take real good care of him while working him to death. Having spoken to with Past Presidents, the one thing they've ALL mentioned is when the Secretary pulled their fat out of the fire - some more often than others (Emmett).

John Chester, Patrolling Editor (and several other little back-breaking tasks), is a former 4th Div LRP, (E/58 1967 - 1968 RVN) from the Vietnam era, Retired as CPT, currently also retired from the Civilian sector, and one of the brightest minds you'll find. John is the Ranger who stood up at the Savannah shindig in 2000 and said something innocent like "I

Black Beret



K/75th Hat



K/75th Scroll

Once Upon A Time



Dana McGrath  
'69 - '70

Dana McGrath  
2002



have a relative in the Printing business and I could help improve the Magazine", after which he wasn't seen outside that project. Even \*I\* said "uh oh - wonder if he knows what he just said" when I heard it, but voted for him immediately before he could retract his statement. John continues to put the Magazine out with more quality in each issue and is working on building support through vendors for toys we might enjoy.

Emmett Hiltibrand - WebSite Development Manager, is a former F/75th Ranger from the Vietnam era (Retired - SGM) and is the immediate Past-President who got me into this position by trolling a few months back with "Well, Dana, if nobody else steps up, would you consider....", to which \*I\* said "Only if nobody else is interested or willing to do it". I'm not the sharpest knife in the drawer (pretty obvious now), but Emmett said recently "I'd like to take the WebSite development" and WHAM, he's IT. Emmett has NO history of such things, but has actually made some changes and we still have a Website, so he's doing real well. Most of you already know Emmett, but most of you don't owe him like \*I\* do. (He really did do a FINE job for the last two years and I expect him to repeat the level of perfection with this project).

I'm Dana McGrath - the new President, a former K/75th 71H20 MOS Clerk-turned-field-Ranger from the Vietnam era, currently in the Real Estate business on the Southwest Coast of Florida (ETS'd in 1970). I joined the Association in '97 or '98 by signing the Website Guestbook and being contacted almost immediately by a K/75th Unit Director. I was amazed that such a thing existed, then shocked at how many of my OLD Friends had already joined. I attended my first Reunion in '98 at Ft. Benning - my first visit to a Ranger Base, as I was one of those LRP Company guys who became a Ranger due to the switch to Ranger in Vietnam. Those of you who've attended a Reunion know how the first one goes and I have attended all but the Ft. Lewis one since then (next year it's at Ft. Lewis and I WILL BE THERE).

### Basic Goals:

1. Reach out to Rangers who are currently serving our Country and see what we can do to help them. There isn't anything they need, or it would be issued them, of course. Support them as they do their jobs and BE THERE when they need help with problems they haven't yet experienced in life. There are Rangers all over this world who can be "contacts" for those in need, and we may have an answer to many problems the Current Ranger runs into in a standard day. We're a Ranger Association, and THEY are the Rangers today and THEY are the ones who count the most TODAY. If we ever lose sight of that, we'll have to change our name to "Former-75th-Ranger Regiment Association". They're living the life we all remember so well, and we must remember how little help was around when we faced those life-changing moments while in the Service. Knowledge not passed on is wasted on the holder. Money's TIGHT in the service, just like it was before, so BUY THEM A ONE-YEAR MEMBERSHIP if you have the money to do so.
2. Find all the "Separated" Rangers we can find and let them find out how great it is to get in touch with their Ranger Buddies. Nothing hit me quite as hard as the realization that, in the Ranger Community, I'm pretty "normal", something I didn't know for 27 years of working and playing with the general population of the world. Many of us spent the first TEN YEARS after ETS just trying to find some place to "belong", then playing the game as best we could, learning by falling down HARD and getting up to Drive On and learn something new that we didn't like much. We can be "guides" to the Ranger who is still in that void and hopefully give him a few clues to the short path out. When I spoke with the Somalia Rangers at the Benning Reunion, I was taken back to some days I remembered well - the struggle within while the rest of the world just doesn't know what was going on. Those Rangers are almost 10 years away from their courageous service and I KNOW the Association helped some of them get on the path. We mustn't ever forget how it was to look on the civilian world with a newly-separated set of Ranger eyes, and we must continue to try to pave the path a bit where we can. Bill (Ichabod) Bullen of K/75th is heading up the RCTP (Ranger/Civilian Transition Project) for the Association, and he's INTO IT in a big way. We expect great things from this project, but Bill can get it done WITH YOUR HELP.
3. Gold Star Mothers and Wives. Until I joined the Association, I had no idea there was such a program. For those of you who don't know, this is a program to Honor the Moms and Wives of Fallen Soldiers. We have Sandee Rouse (A Gold Star Mom herself) handling the Ranger Gold Star Mom system and Sandy Harris (A Gold Star Wife) handling that part of it. If you've never contacted any of the family of your Fallen Rangers, you have yet to finish a task I KNOW you will carry for the rest of your days. I've been fortunate to have contacted Families a couple times over the years and the reception I got was amazing (and entirely different from what I had been worried it would be). The weight lifted from ME was also amazing - a benefit I didn't realize would come from an act I had hoped to do for so long. DO THIS - the Gold Star Ladies will help in a million ways, as they know all too well what it's like in ways we will hopefully

**PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)**

never know as well.

4. Searches. There is, through the Association, a "find a Ranger" system which costs \$5 and works well. I can't believe we haven't covered this guy up with requests, but he's ready and willing to do more. Contact Wayne Mitsch for the information needed and he'll get you in commo with the provider. I have also heard there is an opportunity to do searches for \$1 and will communicate that info as I get more clarity.
5. Ranger Hall Of Fame. I am always stunned at the presentations for this Honor at the Reunions. Through this system we learn more each year about the heroics which have gone largely un-noticed during our Service time. Each of us likely knows a Candidate for the HOF, yet we have few entries from within our Units. Men, this is HISTORY, not humility - we must work to bring forth those Rangers and Ranger Supporters who've gone the distance we all volunteered to go. None of us really feels "we" would qualify (and I KNOW I don't, but I sure know of some who do), but somebody knows the story of a Ranger who DOES qualify and should be entered for consideration. When we've all passed through this life, HISTORY will be what others have written unless WE write it as it happened. This is the route for getting what you KNOW happened into the record of Ranger service, as told by those who were there. USE IT whether the "recipient" wants it or not (unless, of course, he DEMANDS we not do so). Many of those selected have said they didn't "deserve" it - sound familiar? It's the way it is, but it's what we should do for the future Rangers to understand how it all went before they did their deeds.
6. REPLACE YOURSELF. If you haven't found at least one additional Member to share these benefits with, find one and get your replacement trained ASAP. I continue to try to find my OLD Friends, but intend to focus on the younger Rangers (not hard to do these days, either - they're all over the world!)

Rangers - this thing is in OUR hands, not MY hands, so we will determine the strength and direction of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association TOGETHER. The big job is to stay in the "find and communicate" mode in order to allow those who don't know about the Association to have the same benefits we have enjoyed since the beginning of this Association. I'm sure many of you did as I did - spent a LONG time looking for friends, then found lots of them with ONE Membership. Where the Board of Directors can assist you, we'll jump in and do the best we can. We have a large Membership already, but there are thousands of Current Rangers and Former Rangers out there who haven't yet been contacted - THAT's the job we all share. I look forward to the next two years because you're all out there. Let's move out and get it done - it's what Rangers do. Use the Unit Directors as primary contact points, but if you don't feel that is working well enough (folks DO get busy paying the light bill!), don't hesitate to contact the Board to help you in any way.

Thanks again for your support - it is truly an Honor to have been elected to lead (run from?) this incredible group of Current and Former Warriors.

Dana McGrath  
President, 75th Ranger Regiment Association

75th Ranger Regiment Association  
P. O. Box 921  
Heflin, AL 36264  
[www.75thrra.org](http://www.75thrra.org)

**President**

Dana McGrath  
68 Pondella Road  
Ft Myers, FL 33903  
941-574-7866  
[ranger75@cyberstreet.com](mailto:ranger75@cyberstreet.com)

**Vice President**

Wayne Mitsch  
826 Lakeshore Dr  
Berkley Lake, GA 30096  
770-729-0462  
[wmkma@bellsouth.net](mailto:wmkma@bellsouth.net)

**Secretary**

Ron Edwards  
P. O. Box 921  
Heflin, AL 36264  
256-831-7146  
[redwards@cablone.net](mailto:redwards@cablone.net)

**Treasurer**

Joe Niblett  
6746 NW 43rd Place  
Coral Springs, FL 33067  
954-796-7153  
[rgjoe175@aol.com](mailto:rgjoe175@aol.com)

**Patrolling Editor**

John Chester  
3208 Rueckert Ave  
Baltimore, MD 21214  
410-426-1391  
FAX 410-426-0243  
[macchester@erols.com](mailto:macchester@erols.com)

*Patrolling* is published quarterly by the 75th Ranger Regiment Association, Inc., and is mailed third class postage, under postal permit #75, Duncansville, PA

The opinions expressed by the Officers, Unit Directors, Editor and other writers are entirely their own and are not to be considered an official expression or position of the Association. Advertisements for products or services do not constitute an endorsement by the Association.

Manuscripts, photographs and drawings are submitted at the risk of the individual submitting the material. Captions must be submitted with any photographs or graphics.

The Officers and the Editor reserve the right to edit submissions for clarity and space constraints. Every precaution will be taken to preserve the intent and scope of the submitter. The Officers and Editor reserve the right to refuse any submission, that is in bad taste, offensive or that discredits unnecessarily any individual or group.

Deadlines are the 15th of February, May, August, and November for the Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter Issues respectively. *Patrolling* is printed by:

A + Printing, Inc.  
500 32nd Street  
Altoona, PA 16602  
(814) 942-7711  
[mcolledge@aplusprintinginc.com](mailto:mcolledge@aplusprintinginc.com)

## VICE PRESIDENT MESSAGE

By Wayne Mitsch

I have been reading Patrolling newsletters since 1990. Never did I think that I would be writing an article for it, especially, as your Vice President. I have had about a month now since taking office to reflect on those 12 years as a member of this Association. The realization that immediately comes to mind is that there have been many people who have been in these shoes before. The Association has come a long way due to the hard work of many volunteers. Not only are the present and past Association leaders volunteers, they run the association from different states at the same time. Now the new board of directors is in place with an agenda that is basically to “stay the course” as there is no reason to change something that works. In my mind, the mission statement for the Association has always been about reuniting and communication.

My hope is that your current officers and directors can enhance the Association’s ability to communicate. I am sure that more and better communicating leads to more reuniting of buddies from long ago. Any of you who know Dana McGrath, knows that he is a wonderful communicator. You really missed a great acceptance speech at the reunion. If anyone taped his speech, I would love to hear from you. The fact is Dana probably missed his calling in life when he passed up the chance to be a stand up comedian. In addition to his uncanny ability to communicate, he has a great business mind. I am really excited about Dana being our new president – there is no doubt that he will be able to take our Association to a new level. The more I talk to Dana, the more I admire him. I hope you will take the opportunity to get to know him.

As for Ron Edwards, I had never talked to him before the last reunion. I also never realized how hard he has worked for you and our Association over the last 2 years. In just one meeting with him, I realized how fortunate we are and how thankful I am that he was willing to stay on as our secretary. I think we need to come up with a new title for him – secretary just doesn’t cut it. He does so much more than I thought one man was capable of doing. Of course, all of this as a volunteer. Not to mention the hours – no not hours – days he gave working at the reunion. I look forward to working with him.

Then there is Joe Niblitt. I met Joe at the reunion. Joe is over qualified to be your treasurer, so I am sure that he can handle his duties with one hand tied behind his back. I look forward to getting to know Joe and working with him.

Last, is me. I don’t really have any “day to day” duties. Since I have NO plans on becoming President, I won’t need to be practicing presidential duties. So, until Dana gives me something to do, I want to focus on the next reunion. The reunion is such a major focus and part of the Association. I don’t recall anyone ever asking me what I wanted or expected at the reunions. However, I feel that it is time to hear from you. What do you want at your next reunion? What did you dislike about the last reunion, or any of the reunions you have been to? What do you think was lacking at the last reunion? What did you like and would like to see repeated at the next reunion? I feel that while the reunion last month is so fresh in our minds, we should lay the groundwork for the next reunion. So, how about corresponding with me. Let me know your thoughts. If you have never attended a reunion, why not? What would it take to get you to go to one? I would also like to hear from those of you who never plan on attending a reunion. You can even send to me anonymously if you want to vent or share something. I will never forget my first reunion and one of the highlights for me at every reunion is watching the FNGs. There is nothing like it – the bond that was formed so many years ago doesn’t go away. I can’t describe what it is like to watch the new comers experience that and experiencing that on your own. Or watching the wives, widows and children of both present members and dead Rangers. So, there is no better time than right now to start planning the next reunion at Ft. Lewis. Buck Anderson is going to take point on this, but lots of help, ideas and suggestions are in order. Let me hear from you.

Since this is my first article and I don’t know how much space John will give me, I’ll close. But only after kudos to one more guy. John Chester – what a guy. Not only has he put together a fantastic publication; he gave major time and effort to the reunion, worked days at the reunion and even has time to be our legal guru.

Many thanks to all those I’ve named here and many thanks to all of those who I haven’t named who gave time to make the last reunion a success and many thanks to all of you who have served this Association in the past. If you are reading this and the thanks doesn’t pertain to you – **it’s time for you to get involved. We are all volunteers.**

**PAST PRESIDENT MESSAGE**

By Wayne Mitsch

**“LAST CALLING STATION, ranger2c OUT”**

The human mind is the most powerful thing in the universe. No matter what object, theory or condition that exists on this planet, the human mind had a hand in it or has the ability to affect it in some way or another. I don't think man has the ability to leave things well enough alone. Even if it's not broke, we want to find out how it works or worked before we broke it, just for the hell of it. An active mind is productive and therefore, the desired state we all wish to be in. Overly wishful thinking, perhaps. An idle mind on the other hand is looking for ways to get into trouble. Been there, done that and got the T-shirt to prove it. Guilt, blame or just plain misinformation sows the seeds of bigger problems, yet to come. We begin by blaming ourselves naturally; it's the mind thing. When we have run the full gauntlet down that trail of inward destruction we then turn outwards and begin blaming those closest to us. Those who love us, take care of us, who have watched and protected our backs and never left us when the chips were down. Remember, when you point your finger at someone in blame, just look and see that there are a lot more fingers pointing back at you. Five years ago, I was taking care of my father as he was dying. I stayed up all that night and held his hand as he died. I made him a promise that I would take care of mom when he was gone. Simple words easily said from one man to another. The meaning, intent and responsibility of keeping that promise are far-reaching and difficult at best. For any of you that have ever called here to the house and talked to my mom, know that I am still keeping that promise. A few months ago, I held my best friend as she died. I wasn't ready for her to die. It happened too fast. I just wasn't ready. Mostly, I hadn't had the time to say all the things to her I wanted to. I had promised to take care of her too and I failed. I will carry that guilt with me for a long time. Sometimes we can twist or manipulate guilt into an enforced memory so that we never allow a tragedy to repeat it. It's a fine line to walk and more often than not we are only kidding ourselves.

I know that some of you men have been asked to see things that no man should ask another man to see. I know that some of you men have been asked to go places where no man should ask another man to go. I know that some of you men have been asked to do things that no man should ask another man to do. You have been in the mists of the horrors of war that could and has scarred even the hardest of men. Problems come in many shapes and forms. Don't be so naive as to expect to see a tag on a problem before it jumps out at you. It's sort of like Prostate cancer, all men have it, and it's a man thing. It comes with the turf. You can either let it eat away at you all the while ignoring it or you can do something about it. Fortunately, Prostate cancer is one of the slowest growing cancers, and if you live to be 200 years old, you might die from it. But that doesn't mean it can't jump up and bite you dead in the ass, no pun intended. My point is that we have to turn this destructive force around and make it work for us. All of you men are fighters. Don't let your mind play games with you. A problem is nothing more than an opportunity to improve something that is not right. The absence of an opportunity is a vacuum for you to write your own rules as to how it will or should go down.

I recently heard a commercial referencing that all words are created equal. I thought about this verse for a little while and came to the conclusion that I have to agree with that statement completely. Webster's dictionary is filled from beginning to end with these words of equal merit. In there, no one single word in or by itself is bigger, better or more powerful than any other word contained therein. Every book ever written is contained in the dictionary, sort of. Where the difference comes into play is when we begin combining these equally singular words together to form a sentence. A sentence then can be constructed or designed to be harmless or hurtful in nature just simply by the placement or order of these words. I have in the past, not always chosen my placement or order of these words wisely. In the computer world, when you make a mistake, you can press 'CTRL Z' and usually undo the last command. I find myself lately wishing to execute this command often. It just doesn't seem to work in real life like it does on the computer. I know what I've done in my life and where I've been. I wish I could change certain aspects of both of those events but I can't. It has become a history that has already been etched in the recesses of my mind and I will have to live with them. I have to live with them. I accept the responsibility for my own actions and deeds.

I know what I'm currently doing now in life and where my place is in the bigger scheme of things. I'm doing precisely what I want to do and what needs to be done. Therefore, I know where I am in the realm of what is called reality. I do not wish to remain where I am now for any longer than is necessary. I'm ready to move on to other new



**PAST PRESIDENT MESSAGE (CONTINUED)**

adventures and see what life holds in store for me. I have not the insight to foresee what decisions will prompt what actions in the future or for that matter where this new path may lead me to. It is time for many of us to put the past away, live for the day and hope for the future. We were placed on this earth for a finite number of days. From birth to the day of our final walk, that is the beginning and the end of our mark that we will leave behind. It does not matter how many people we've killed, hurt or acquainted ourselves with in the past. What counts is how we conduct ourselves with those who are still alive. I believe each of us has a destiny in life. I believe each of us were put here on earth to fulfill a mission of some sort. I must have not accomplished that mission yet because I'm still here.

Don't get wrapped around the axle about size, shape or packaging. Two of the most 'HONORABLE' men I have ever known in my life have beards, long hair and no teeth. I won't mention their names; those of you who know honor when you see it, know whom I'm talking about. Somewhere along the road of life, I seem to have misplaced all those other human traits most men call important. Honor, it seems is the only one I have left that I can call my own. I haven't traded it off for trinkets (or a Tan beret); I haven't compromised it to take the easy road in life and no matter how hard others have tried, they haven't been able to steal it from me. To me, my word is still my bond and a handshake is as good as a written contract. I believe one can lose track of their honor for a time being but through honest deeds, they can reclaim their honor. The one endearing thing about this Association, which makes it stand apart from all others, is the basic honorable trait its members have. Never, have I known more honorable men than those in this Association. I still have my original box of issue crayons. All of them have seen better days. Some are used more than others. Some are even broken but they are all accounted for. If any of you men were missing any of your crayons, I would be honored to share with you what I have. That's what brothers do.

It seems almost predictable that in the process of resolving one problem, two are inevitably disclosed lurking in wait. This ratio of 'solving versus discovery' always seems to remain constant throughout life. Doesn't it? There's a never-ending flow of challenges out there waiting to test our metal. I can't say that my term as President was any easier or harder than any other President of this Association. I think each proceeding and succeeding President had or will have his own hurdles to overcome. My biggest regret was the outcome of the Black Beret controversy. In retrospect and hindsight, it was a lost cause from the beginning. The deck was stacked against us; we were outgunned and outmanned. It is difficult to fight an honorable fight when your opponent knows not honor. Taking the high road sounds good and noble but it's an arduous journey at best. There were parting of the ways, casualties and division amongst the ranks from beginning to end. I will say that I am most proud of this Association's membership for the unwavering stand they took. Even if we knew in advance, we were bound to loose, it was a fight we just couldn't walk away from. That option just wasn't in our kit bag. That's what makes you men cut from a different cloth from everybody else. That very trait is what kept you men alive when the going got tough. That very quality is what makes you men winners. We did accomplish revising the Bylaws and taking the Patrolling Magazine to a first class publication. I didn't kill any body and you guys didn't hang me, so I figure that is a good thing.

We lost a little over 58,000 Americans in Vietnam. The NVA and VC combined lost 1.5 million. We lost 18 in the streets of Somalia. They lost close to 2,000. Color me stupid but those numbers tell me a different story all together about our warrior breed's capability, determination and tenacity. It must be totally exhilarating to be able to amass Army Groups of countless Divisions to throw into battle. I've recently heard opinions from members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion of our era's performance in our wars. Consider for a moment that major ground fighting in WWII lasted from about 6 June 1944 (D-Day) to around August 1945 time frame which was not that much longer than a tour in Vietnam. Imagine being able to define where the front lines were and that the enemy was relatively recognizable in their uniforms. Place yourself in the boots of a six man Long Range Patrol or a squad who ambushes the point team of a NVA Company and then come back to me and tell me about the Great War. The time of great land battles are over. There does not exist any more, the threat of a two front war. What we will see now and more likely in the future is a six-block war concept. I have never been in more awe of what we accomplished than when I read the statistics presented by Burkett in his book, "Stolen Valor". Pick it up and read it, then arm yourself with that knowledge next time you're called a loser. No one mans trial by fire can be compared to another mans as better or more fierce unless he was there for both. Our enemies of WWII are now our allies. Some of our allies have since become our enemies. NATO was formed to stop the Soviet threat. Now Russia and what was the WARSAW block are members of it. It's getting real difficult to tell who the players are without a scorecard.

## PAST PRESIDENT MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

When you boil out all the bullshit, maybe it's best to just let them surround us. Then we have them exactly where we want them and we can fire in all directions. Always remember what it says on the dollar bill, "In God We Trust". I've seen a lot of pictures of God but nobody I've seen yet in real life looks like that.

I've mentioned before that being President of this Association was therapeutical for me. There were good days and bad ones, for sure. There were many more good days than bad, I assure you. I got to see the good side of many of you men even though you tried to hide it behind a veil of toughness and harsh words. Terry Roderick once told me that, "You reap what you sow". Well, I think we must have sowed a lot because we sure as hell reaped have a lot these last two years. We had a good two years. This Association is stronger and better because of you men. Where is this Association headed? Again, I have no crystal ball and I can't see into the future. But, between my 'senior moments' I do see light at the end of the tunnel. We are already bigger than all the other Associations combined. We do more by 8AM on any given day then they do all year long. I see us continuing a trend of growth and prosperity with no end in sight. Helping one another and helping others, sits right up there as our trademark. The willingness to contribute and become involved is contagious, once you take that first step to enter the arena there's no turning back. "It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who knows great enthusiasm, great devotion, and the triumph of high achievement; and who at the worst if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory or defeat." - Teddy Roosevelt

Get involved with this Association. Get involved in this Association. Contribute. Don't surface a problem until you can at least offer a solution along with it. If you're not part of the solution, then your part of the problem, fix that now. Take the point men and move out smartly. I've always wondered how one moves smartly?

All good things must come to an end. As they say in the barbershop, "Next". I think Dana is going to do a great job for this Association. He's very smart, well liked and respected, and doesn't take crap off of any body. That's exactly what this Association needs right now. He has his own goals of where he sees this Association growing and expanding. Most of the Unit Directors are staying on for another term and the Past Presidents Advisory Council is always there to help also. We've set him up with a good group of Advocates and I hope that many of you will pitch in and help him. Membership in the Association is a commitment to what you believe in. A Life Membership in this Association is an investment in what you believe in. Invest in what is right. Help out a fellow veteran and get him to join. I plan on buying and giving out annual memberships in this Association as Christmas presents this year. The best thing you could do for a friend is to bring him out of the cold and into the fold of this Association. We have strength in numbers and those numbers give us strength. We can stand and fight together now or we can die alone later. We can't help or inform our fellow veterans about the information they need that will help them unless they are connected to us. Join and get a friend to join.

No man is an island onto himself. I didn't do this job as President alone and would be remiss if I didn't give credit to where credit was due. I did not know Ron Edwards before I ran for office, which proves that we are all of a like nature and can work well together. Ron, more often than not was my sounding board. He has much more common sense than I do and frequently had to reel me in from the far side. I'm not sure who of us had the harder job or did more work for the Association. I know he worked his ass off every night just as I did. Ron prefers to remain in the background and work and that I stay up front and dodge the bullets. He was and is an outstanding Secretary and I'm glad he decided to run for another term in office. John Chester made a big mistake at the General Membership meeting in Savannah by raising his hand and saying he had a brother-in-law who was a printer. I said, "Good, you can be the Editor for the Patrolling Magazine". His protests fell on deaf ears as I walked off. He is one of two people who have since said that I created them into monsters. I think that anyone who has watched the Patrolling Magazine grow should see how he threw himself into his work. It has taken two years of hard work to get that magazine to the first class level that it is now. John has also agreed to stay on for another term as Editor. Before the Savannah reunion, I talked to Dan Nate about many, many veteran issues. I asked if he was willing to put what he knew to print and publish it in the Patrolling Magazine? He said yes and was the second guy who accused me of turning him into a monster. I don't know who created the Past Presidents Advisory Council but I'm glad they did because I used the hell out of it. Granted, I'm quite capable of making decision all by myself but I learned long ago

## PAST PRESIDENT MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

that 'knowledge is strength' and also that 'one can not make an informed decision without all the facts'. Bob Gilbert, Roy Barley, Rick Ehrler and Terry Roderick were always there for me when I needed advice. And sometimes when I didn't need it. There are just too many Unit Directors to name here that gave all that they had. They were great and I could not have done this job without them. Also, those who participated on the Bylaws re-write Committee allowed me to abuse them for a while. I know they were glad to see that task put to bed and to get me off their backs. There were countless members who contributed their time also and I "THANK" all of them for it.

As for me, my plate was already starting to get filled as I came out of office. I had remarried just before I came into office and now is a good time to renew that commitment. Not that I ever lost sight of it, I just now have more time to devote to my lovely wife. I started writing a book two years ago and had to put it aside while in office. There is a book in every man waiting to be written. I can now take out that best seller and finish it. I want to get back into painting. Yeah, you heard right. I'm no Picasso but I do find it relaxing. And NO, it's not done with crayons. I'm also in the process of learning Mandarin. I was working real hard on learning the English thing but I think it is a lost cause. Someday, I may go to China and teach those people how to talk Southern. Hee Hee. I've offered my time to Dana to work on the Associations web site to bring it up to the same par as the Patrolling Magazine. He knows I didn't know diddily about the World Wide Web but patted me on the head and sent me off to play with it. As of this writing, nothing has gone boom and the site is still there. I sure could use some assistance from you guys. Remember, getting involved is a good thing.

In closing, Thanks again for letting me be your President. I enjoyed it. Truly I did. I have a vested interest in seeing this Association grow and evolve. Join with me and make it happen. Give Dana and all the Officers your full support. Reach out to a brother. Help a friend. Contribute and make a difference. Rangers Lead The Way but you men made sure the AO was safe first.

Emmett W. Hiltibrand, Past President, 75th Ranger Regiment Association.

## SECRETARY'S MESSAGE

By Ron Edwards

Have any of you ever seen the movie "Von Ryan's Express" with Frank Sinatra I believe? As I remember it there is a scene where the train is leaving and Frank is running up the track behind it trying to grab hold of the caboose. I don't think Frank ever caught that train and that's kinda how I feel about being secretary of this association. Somehow I missed the departure announcement, the train has left, and I'm running as fast as I can to try to catch the caboose.

We had the 75th Ranger Regiment Association's bi-annual reunion during July at Columbus. We had a great turnout with over 400 members and guests attending. Sure there were some things that went better than others but not many missions go exactly as planned. We had a good reunion T- Shirt and a great new association coin designed by John Chester & Emmett Hiltibrand. Good entertainment by Slade Gallagher, lots of beer compliments of Walter Buchanan & Miller Brewing Company, so I'll call it a successful mission though not a perfect one. I did finally get to put a face with many names I have corresponded with over the last two years and that was a great pleasure. I also want to thank Dave Cummings our reunion coordinator who did a hell of a lot of work both before and during the reunion. I know he breathed a sigh of relief when Fort Lewis, WA was selected for the next reunion.

As secretary I diligently took notes during the BOD and general membership meeting and I would happily recount them here if I could find them. Even without my written notes I think it safe to say a new Association President, Vice President, and Treasurer were elected with myself the only holdover from the old team. It's a good crew with some sound financial background that the association needs as we continue to grow.

Randy White, the 101st Airborne Unit Director has been in touch with one of my company commanders while I was with L/75 in Vietnam, Capt. David H. Ohle. Now while I say "Capt" Ohle, it is only fair to say that he did in

**SECRETARY'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)**

fact stay in the army and have a very successful career retiring as some rank of General. And I actually saw him once as a LTC Battalion Commander at Fort Campbell and again after he made General at some kind of function at Infantry Hall on Fort Benning. Still, whenever I speak or think of him, it is not LTC Ohle, or General Ohle that springs to my lips but "Captain" Ohle. I heard that during his retirement speech he mentioned his early days with the LRRPS & RANGERS and how much they affected his life. And that is as it should be, for that is where the rubber meets the road as they say, that is when we were doing it and everybody else was just support! I have heard that Captain Ohle may be joining our ranks soon and I hope he does. I know he can belong to many associations and they all think they are "special" but we are "more special" and he should be one of us. Anyway here is an unassuming tale where Capt Ohle plays a part.

Rollie Pollie Ohle was the company commander during the last part of my tour in Vietnam. He had been a Lieutenant Platoon Leader in the company but had been reassigned before I arrived. Later on after he had made captain, and our company commander was fired for losing his CEOI out of a helicopter, he came back as commander. CPT Ohle was not what you would picture if asked to imagine a typical Airborne Ranger LRRP. He was shorter than most and did not have quite enough height for his weight. He had what counted though and more to share. As with any man, I'm sure he has made mistakes and has some detractors, but given a choice of who to follow into harm's way, I'll choose him.

On one of my last missions we were picked up in a fog so thick you couldn't see 20 feet. I believe it was in the Ruong Ruong valley, it had been a normal mission, nothing unusual at all happened. Since it was one of my last missions, SGT Frazier must have been TL & I the ATL. On our extraction day we moved out on a small knoll right on the edge of the valley to wait for our pickup ship. The company radioed that the weather report had the whole area socked in. We sat out our extraction day when it was clear for miles around us though we could see clouds in the distance. We kept calling that in but aviation would not dispatch the birds against the official weather report. The next day was more of the same, clouds in the distance but completely clear around us. We called it in but of course with the same result. The next day it did finally close in on us and we thought we'd be in for a 10-day mission. Our second fogged in day we did not expect any help because after all now we really would be impossible to find and any pilot would probably lose his wings, if he survived, trying to fly in that mess. Our commander (Ohle) talked aviation into letting him ride a "weather bird" out to see the conditions for himself. As I said, now we were completely socked in, could not see 20 feet and did not expect any help. I guess they followed the river out to our area but suddenly we could faintly hear the chopper. We guided them towards us by sound alone. It was quite a thrill to see the nose of the helicopter slowly appear out of the fog no more than 40 feet from us (the wind of the rotor blades helped push the fog around). Not expecting any help, we still had our claymores out, the bird was here though so to save time, we warned the pilot then blew the claymores and he came back in for us to climb aboard. We had a thrilling ride out as the pilot zipped along no more than 20 feet above the nearby river. He could not go higher because the fog was hanging about 50 feet above the river. He hugged that river until we reached lower elevation and he had more clearance. It was a hell of a ride because he was not going slow as he followed every twist and curve that river made.

Capt. Ohle did not have to come after us, we were not in contact, and it would have been easy to let us sit out there until aviation felt like flying. But he didn't leave us, he came out and got us, and the fact that it wasn't important is the whole point. If any of you young rangers out there actually get bored enough to have to be reading my column think about that a minute. The important things you are expected to do and you only get noticed if you screw something up. The "unimportant things", the things you don't have to do but you do anyway because it helps someone else, that's what will last the longest (assuming you don't screw up too many of the important things).

Happy Trails - Ron

## TREASURERS MESSAGE

By Joe Niblett

I was sitting in my office July 9, 2002 and decided what the hell, I might as well go to the reunion, better late than never. I called and bought a ticket, the next day I flew to Columbus. No car or room, but I had my poncho liner. As usual Rangers came through for me. The next day I was minding my own business when this little guy stands up and nominates me for treasurer. I was thinking I had no business being in this room with these Rangers, all of which are my heroes, much less serving as an officer of the Association. The members voted and now I am the treasurer of our Association. All I can say about that is "Lord don't let me screw this up." Ron Edwards did his best to keep up with the financial records since he had taken over from the previous treasurer. I am currently in the process of reviewing the financial status of the Association. Once I complete this review I plan on publishing the results and will keep the "books" open to the membership for review. I had hoped to complete this by this issue of Patrolling but this is my first screw up. I am sure there will be other screw ups, but I plan on keeping those to a minimum.

For those of you who don't know me, I will give you a little of my background. I graduated high school and was kicking pipe at an east Texas steel plant, when I realized that this was not what I wanted to do in life. My foreman said "Joe what you want to do is join the Army and become an Airborne Ranger." I thought that don't sound too bad and I went to a recruiter that weekend. I still had no clue what an Airborne Ranger was, but I thought it would be fun to riding around in airplanes looking out for forest fires. Hell I did not even know that the Army cared about forest fires. I selected 1st Ranger Battalion at Fort Stewart because the recruiter showed me these pictures of the ocean and sailboats. I came very close to quitting when I arrived at Fort Benning and they actually told me I was supposed to jump out of a perfectly good airplane. But I had this never quit attitude and went ahead and made five night jumps, yes night jumps, I had my eyes closed. I arrived at the replacement detachment at Fort Stewart and thought that recruiter must have had some bogus pictures because I don't see any ocean nor do I see any sailboats. I was then sent to RIP on Hunter AAF and got a rude awakening. These folks mean business, basic training, AIT and Airborne was a joke compared to this. I got through RIP, arrived at the FIST platoon in HHC and was assigned to C FIST. The next three years went fast and furious. I was sent to a bunch of schools, Ranger (class 6-81), NWTC, JOTC, Pathfinder, Jumpmaster, Naval Gunfire and a few others. Met a bunch of great men and it was an experience I will never forget. I was thinking about reenlisting and was told that I should experience the rest of the Army before deciding because I grew up in Battalion and the rest of the Army is not like life in Battalion. Sounded like a good idea at the time and I only had six months left on my enlistment but when I walked off Point Salinas airfield in Grenada through C 1/75's perimeter with my brand new unit I was thinking "Joe you should have stayed in Battalion." The next four months I spent in the Army was doing various details, mostly jumpmaster work with the 82nd or hanging out in the motor pool working on a jeep. The only field time I had with the 82nd was Grenada. I had never been in a motor pool and decided I would go to college. I etsd in February 1984.

I attended college at LSU and went into public accounting after graduation. It was kind of neat when the firm put my name on the sign outside our office, Joe P. Niblett, CPA. Later I decided I wanted to work in industry and went to work for a manufacturer in Marshall, Texas. I have worked in the pharmaceutical industry for the last past eleven years. I am currently the controller of a major manufacturing subsidiary of a public pharmaceutical company. I have three boys ranging in age from 7 to 16, 2 dogs, 2 cats and what ever other critter the boys drag into the house. I am still married to the girl I met in Savannah, it will be twenty years in October.

It was great seeing many men I had not seen since I left Battalion in 1983 and meeting new people at the reunion. It was especially outstanding to see a man that had such a profound impact on my life, my old platoon sergeant Jim (Heavy Drop) Burns. I look forward to seeing you all at the next reunion at Fort Lewis.

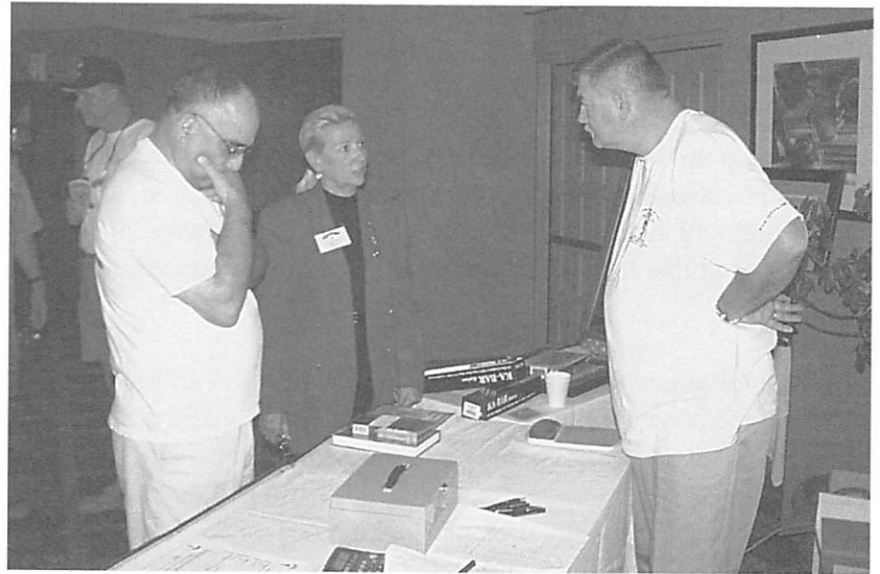
Joe Niblett

**EDITOR'S MESSAGE**

By John Chester

By: John Chester

I'm writing this in the middle of August, and I'm still blown away by the reunion. Three of my people from Vietnam were there, Buck Anderson, Fred Fones and Mike Reiley attended. I haven't seen Fones in 33 years. He had a bunch of photos from Vietnam, and did that bring back some memories. He also reminded me about some things that I had completely forgotten, things that were rather significant (like nearly getting our butts shot off). Funny how the mind closes off some things. Some of the things were the type stuff where you say, 33 years later, "Did we really do that?"



**"HUMMMM, Do I really want to join this outfit?"  
Sandee Rouse and Ron Edwards at the registration desk.**

It was also great meeting people that I have talked on the phone with or exchanged e-mail with for two years. There was always something to talk about, and not enough time to do

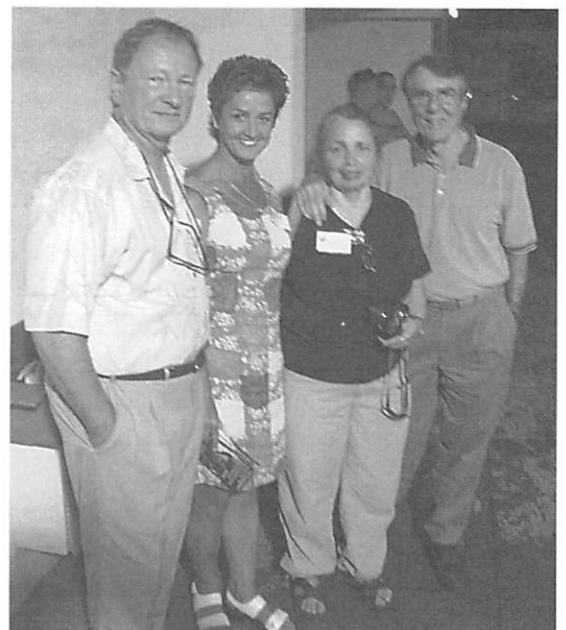


**Fred Fones, Mike Reiley, John Chester and  
Buck Anderson, 33 years later**

Tee shirts left in size XL & 2X. When they are gone, that's all there are. Ordering instructions are elsewhere in this issue.

In an effort to keep the magazine evolving in the correct direction, we are going to introduce some new features. You will notice business card type ads. If you or any of your acquaintances have a business or activity that could benefit from a little exposure to our members, get them to take an ad. The cost is a very reasonable \$100.00 a year. That's four issues. We are also trying a "THINGS" page. These will be items that

it. There were a few nights that I got to bed after 3:00 AM. I had to be at the desk the next day at 9:00, and I might have been late a time or two. Sorry about that Ron. This was the first time I got a look at what makes one of these events work. It takes a lot of people doing a lot of work. We have a few hats &



**Me, my wife Mary Anne and  
Patience and Bob Mason**

**EDITOR'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)**

are for sale, (our coins & Tee shirts for example) or things that are just interesting. If you know of anything in that general category, let me know.

I will soon be taking some training in Veteran Representation from the National Veterans Legal Services Program (NVLSP). The training concentrates on the upgrading of other than Honorable discharges, but will also cover other areas. Since most of the offices and record centers that are concerned with Veterans affairs are in and around the Washington, DC area, and since I am a lawyer, and since I live 30 miles from Washington, I seemed to be the logical choice. At least that's what Emmett said. That guy could talk the bark off an oak tree. There is an article elsewhere in this issue dealing with the problem of other than Honorable discharges. If you are affected by this, give me a call.

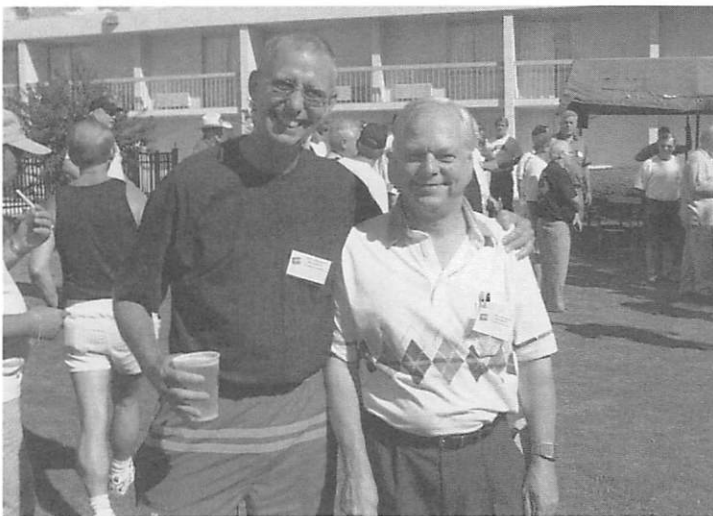


**Sandy Harris, Emmett Hiltibrand and Sandee Rouse at the Ranger Memorial**

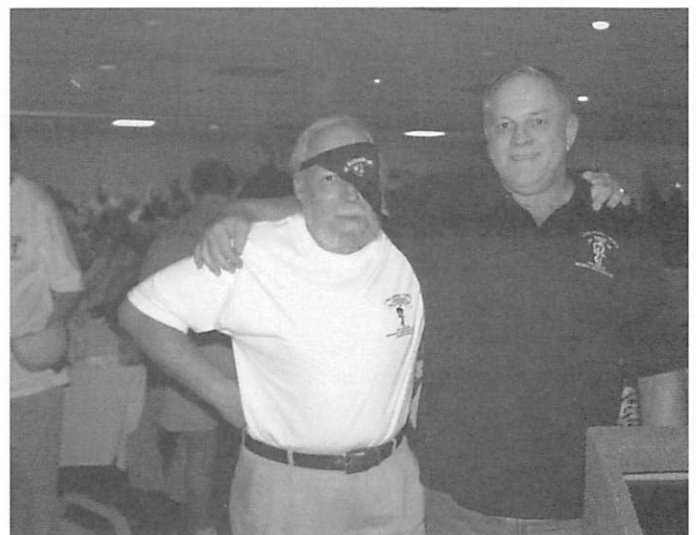
If you are submitting an article to the magazine for your unit pages, please send it through your Unit Director. I can't (and won't) run anything in a unit space without the Unit Director's OK.

It's not too early to start thinking about the Christmas Fund for the families of the young Rangers who may not have the wherewithal to provide for their kids at Christmas as they would like. Send whatever you can, it will be appreciated and 100% of the money will go to these men and their families.

I'm going to make this a short one and run some photos from the reunion.



**Bill Bullen, new K Co Unit Director, and Dana McGrath, the new President. Note the dazed look in Dana's eyes.**



**Joe "The Pirate" Chetwynd and Emmett Hiltibrand at the banquet.**

**EDITOR'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)**

The Jayhawk LRRPS with their restored Guidon

**DISCLAIMER**

DISCLAIMER: This series of articles entitled 'LEGISLATIVE HELP LINE' is meant to be an informative aid in assisting you in protecting your rights. It is also meant to keep you informed of the ever-changing legislative forum that may affect you. There is a caveat here. The 75th Ranger Regiment Association is not allowed to assist you in this effort. Our Constitution has a stipulation that forbids this. I quote: "2. Politics. The Association shall not engage in any political activity. Directors and members are specifically prohibited from engaging in any form of activity that relates the Association to political activity." Therefore, no Officer, Unit Director, Advocate or Member may present himself as a representative speaking for or on the behalf of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association. Now, this does not prevent you from acting for yourself on your own behalf, I quote: "3. The foregoing does not preclude the Association from being supportive of U.S. policy and objectives nor does it prohibit any member from engaging in the normal rights of any citizen as long as the members do not relate their activities to the Association. Any violation of the foregoing prohibited activities will result in loss of vested right to membership." As I said, this section is provided as a service to inform you. You must act on your own. Do not attempt to act on behalf of the Association. Thank you, Emmett W. Hiltibrand - President

***DON'T BE AFRAID TO SWIM UPSTREAM!***

**BY: John Chester**

If you have a discharge that is other than "Honorable", and this could include "Under Honorable Conditions" or "General" read on a little way and see if any of this sounds familiar.

Let's imagine that you are 19 or 20 and have just been assigned Stateside from Vietnam. You left a LRRP, LRP or Ranger unit in Country and managed to make E-5, (or maybe just held on to E-4). You have a CIB, Jump Wings, a Purple Heart, maybe a Bronze or Silver Star and you certainly have just a little bit of an attitude, but what the hell, you earned it.



You are assigned to a Headquarters Company somewhere and are put in a section lead by a REMF, leg, SSG or SFC, or maybe a 1LT or CPT who has never left the states and probably couldn't lead a squad of recruits to a warehouse with a handful of \$50's. He immediately feels insecure and feels that your mere presence threatens his 'Command Authority'. It's love at first sight, right? Not only are you and your section leader natural enemies, but also he takes the trivial, inconsequential drivel that he is in charge of doing very seriously indeed. You know, after your combat experience, that it is useless crap, certainly so in light of the fact that men are dying in your old outfit, and this moron is totally unaware of how silly he really is. To be completely fair and honest, you probably have a tendency to rub in the fact that you have seen the elephant and he ain't even smelled its poop, which further endears you to your fearless leader.

You have a year or so left on your enlistment and that tunnel looks very long and very dark. You try for a transfer and are (naturally) turned down. The MIC (Moron in Charge) now knows he's getting to you and really turns up the heat. At this point, you have only a few options. You could (1) Volunteer to return to Vietnam, (2) Choke the crap out of the MIC, or (3) go AWOL.

Those of you who picked (1) have a good chance of being dead, so, no problem with the discharge there. If you picked (2) or (3), or a combination of the two, (better deal, they can only throw you out once), you probably have one of the 692,000 other than honorable discharges issued during the Vietnam era. That's right, 692,000.

We now realize the reasons for the attitude, for the rages, the sleepless nights, the self-medicating with alcohol, drugs, women, danger and anything else that produced a brief and temporary respite from the dreams and flashbacks. Even choking the crap out of the MIC. Our old friend Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, (PTSD). The conundrum of course, is that it wasn't recognized while this was happening. It took another 10 or 15 years before the Government recognized this disorder as being caused by combat trauma.

Had you applied to the Discharge review Board during the 70's, it is very likely that your discharge would have been changed to "Honorable". But, of course you didn't know that, and besides, you were embarrassed about the type of discharge you had. Basically you were a loyal American citizen following in the footsteps of Audie Murphy and John Wayne, joining up to serve your country in its time of need. The dustup you had then was because of PTSD and the idiot in charge who rode you into the ground.

## ANY OF THIS SOUND FAMILIAR?

At the reunion in Ft Benning I had four separate people (really) approach me about this issue. The bottom line question was "Is there anything we can do now, I was too embarrassed to do anything for so many years". Don't get embarrassed, get mad. There is something that can be done.

I'm going to arrange the following points into a series of legal arguments, not because it's easier for you to understand, because it's the only way I know how to do it.

1. If you have a discharge other than honorable, and you were discharged for reasons of misconduct subsequent to satisfactory service in a combat role in Vietnam, and you have been diagnosed with PTSD caused by combat trauma, by the VA or otherwise, the cause of the misconduct should be presumed to be PTSD, caused by the combat trauma.
2. If you are receiving VA benefits, even its only 10%, for PTSD, the case becomes even more presumptive in favor of a conclusion that the misconduct was caused by the PTSD.
3. If you are ineligible for VA benefits because of the nature of your discharge, and you have served an honorable tour in Vietnam in a combat role, and you have been diagnosed with combat related PTSD, the same presumption as above should arise.

## WHAT TO DO

There is a means to have discharges other than "Honorable" corrected. One must complete and file a form DD149 with the Board for Correction of Military Records. The process is fairly straightforward, but the catch is this; if you are turned down, that's it. There is no other review authority after this Board. That simply means that you need to take your best shot at the beginning.

During the course of researching this article, I happened on to a web site maintained by the National Veterans Legal Services Program (NVLSP). Their web site is [www.nvlsp.org](http://www.nvlsp.org). I spoke to their lead counsel, David Addelston, a former Air Force JAG Officer during the Vietnam era. He is the source of the statistic that 692,000 "bad character" discharges occurred during the Vietnam era. I need to stress this. **The NVLSP does not provide legal services.** They do have a referral list of attorneys who will represent veterans in disputes of this type, but they cannot represent individuals. If you peruse their web site you will see that they have brought a number of class action suits dealing with Agent Orange and a number of other veterans issues. These guys seem to be aggressive in their representation and very knowledgeable about the issues.

By the time this issue goes to print, I will have arranged a training course at the NVLSP Headquarters in Washington, DC for the 75th Ranger Regiment Assn advocates, (at least for me initially), and we will be in a position to supply real information, counseling and representation to any of our members in this situation. Any one who desires more information should contact me by phone, fax or e-mail (see the front of the magazine). I will (of course) keep all communications in complete confidence.

The next issue will give a lot more detail on the process, but in the interim, contact me and we can get the ball rolling.

*NOTE:* I had, from some of the same individuals, a few questions on the subject of appeals from VA ratings. See the companion article to this in health issues.

---

## 9/11 DAY

It doesn't seem possible that one year ago we watched the unbelievable. The sight of passenger jet liners full of people being flown into the twin towers of the World Trade Center, also full of people. I can't tell you how many times I watched that scene on the television and yet I still can't believe it to be real. It still returns to haunt me some nights of the senseless loss of life on that day. Perhaps, senseless is not the best descriptive word. I'm sure each of you have your own version of interpreting that vision. There is not enough space in this entire magazine to cover all possibilities nor will I attempt to post a picture reminding you what it looked like. I think that image is indelibly etched on our minds.

That day brought the reality of sheer terror and the vulnerability of our safety right into our living rooms. The instantaneous surge of Patriotism was heart warming. It's still lingers on and I'm sure there will be a resurgence of it when that anniversary nears. I will share with you one of my thoughts during that tragic period. I made a correlation between that day America began a fight for its life-long way of freedom and what we did in the name of fighting for freedom 30+ years ago. Back then, we kept the horrors of war at bay on some one else's doorstep. The same lackadaisical and complacent attitudes of openness and peace had now allowed it on our very doorstep. In my twisted little mind, I was wondering how those peace-nix's rationalized the theory of distance. Our war against Communist aggression has only been replaced by our war against Terrorism. We did then, more or less exactly what they are doing today. Yet the atmosphere and attitude is quite different. Our servicemen are being heralded as heroes and they should be. I guess it's part of that Time / Space continuum' thing I never quite understood.

Nonetheless, September 11 is approaching and there is no denying or avoiding it. We have been asked to participate in a larger forum on that day, so please wear red, white, and blue to work or school to show your support for those who lost their lives on 9-11-01 and to honor the heroes who worked to

save them and the families left behind. For those of us who have given so much of ourselves to the fight for freedom realize that there are additional hero's out there still serving. Wear these patriotic colors for them too. At noon your time on September 11, 2002, no matter where you are or what you are doing, stop, put your hand on your heart, and say the Pledge of Allegiance. Say it out loud and say a prayer for our nation. If all of us do this together in every time zone around the world, we will have a powerful chain of thoughts surrounding us.

OK, the last part was not my words and those who know me, know I wouldn't say something that hooky. Just do your part and be patriotic. Please keep this going to your friends and family. By September 11, 2002 hopefully enough people will have read about this and will join together in unity. It is going to be a sad day for us all, but we'll be the lucky ones, as we get to remember those who no longer can.

And remember, it's ONE NATION, UNDER GOD still.

Emmett Hiltibrand

---

## *A Mission of Mercy*

By: Dana McGrath

Here's the story about the little Lady from Kosovo who needed heart surgery, but whose chances were pretty slim in her own Country. A team consisting of Rangers, Citadel Grads, Kosovo Troops and Civilians got together and brought her to the U.S. so she could be helped.

The catalyst and commo center was none other than our HMOR, Gil Berg. "Skipper" Brawley is a former Navy Phantom Pilot from RVN, and he fondly remembers flying in support of Rangers. Bill Brill is from Washington, he made all the arrangements for the surgery and the Hospitals and the Doctors and housed the family while in the US. A vital part of the link

Think about this, Rangers - if there is a better use for "spare time" and donation dollars than this kid and all the others like her, I sure don't know what it might be. Note Skipper's note at the end - "Let's go find another one". Wow.. Yeah, let's do that until there are none left. Good Men and Women, doing the right thing when most of the world ignores the need, even though many have the time and have the resources to help. We can't help everybody, but we can sure help somebody, and once in a while, it's on a MAJOR Scale.

Congratulations to Fjolla (Snowflake) for the good fortune to fall in with such a crowd. Personal THANKS go to those who could find the time and money to jump into this Mission.

Dana

An email from Skipper when I asked Gil's permission to let others know of this Project:

Subject: Fjolla, who gave us more than we gave to her.  
Dana,

Greetings. Gil asked me to inform you of the Citadel and others who were involved to assist our little "Snowflake"

My involvement began with a letter from Gil sending a copy of Doc Donovan's letter informing all that he had a special project going to help a little girl in Kosovo. Bill Brill, was the coordinator for the project in the US. He is from the Washington area and was the one who arranged for the surgery, scouted out hospitals, found the surgeons and housed the family in the US until their return to Kosovo. I sent letters to many of the Citadel Alumni and several of the Medical People with which I had worked in the past. I was in the Class of 62 of the

Citadel. There were many responses to my letters to the Alumni which pledged support and all of the Doctors each response saying they had sent funds.. Many of these, like myself have taken a very low profile in the project so I will not be able to give you their names. Our only goal has been reached. Fjolla has had her surgery, from all indications she will be able to lead a normal life, has returned home safe and rapidly recovering.

I will say however, there were two Lt. Generals, both Air Force, 3 Major Generals all former Rangers, and a bunch of others which grabbed at the call. All these were Citadel Grads. One of the Doctors was the holder of the Nobel Prize in Medicine. Doc indicated to me early on, that there was a lot of support coming our troops in Kosovo which were part of the Peacekeeping Force.

With the cross section of support this was a total team effort brought about by the GOOD OLE AMERICAN HEART, Privates, Generals Professionals and the general public saw the need and responded. Great fun.

Let's go find another one.

Best wishes to you and yours,

"Skipper"

Wallace W. Brawley, Jr., Ph.D, D.Sc.  
Consultant  
Special Pathogens, Virus

With permission from Skipper Brawley.....

Skipper Brawley emailed (I snipped a bit of it):

All we did was raise some money. Also the troops in the field with the Peace Keeping Force contributed to the cause. And let's not forget the catalyst who put all of us together - the one and only General Greb.

Latest I hear is that she is doing great. The shortness of breath while walking is getting to normal and soon she should be able to do all the things that little girls do.

Skipper

Skipper sent this to me after I responded to him (snipped some here, too):

Let's talk about the Rangers a second. I'm an old Navy F-4 Phantom II driver, who can honestly say that much of who I am today has been influenced by Rangers. My Coach and several of my instructors at The Citadel and many fellow cadets were and are Rangers. Shortly after the 9-11 attack on the Pentagon, a fellow researcher from Canada approached me with the idea that something should be done for the children of the victims. Much of the assistance we received to establish a beachhead in the Pentagon, to make it possible, came from Rangers. I proudly carry in my pocket General Greb's "Chairborn Ranger" medallion and have one of the 75th T-Shirts which, I might add, causes quite a stir among my Navy Buddies.

Any humanitarian project that is sponsored by a Ranger Unit, especially the 75th, I will gladly offer my assistance because I know it is honorable, worthy and I will be working with some wonderful people. You have my email address and my name, anyway that I might be able to assist you in your Presidency of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association all you need to do is say the word.

Gil Berg! They threw away the mold when he was born. Several years back I kept seeing his name on messages in The Citadel Bulletin Board. I asked the wife of BGen Emory Mace who he was. She said only, send him an email outside the BB, you'll like him. What an understatement. I now count him as one of my closest friends. I have learned, however, Ya gotta watch him or he might get you mixed up in some project you can't turn loose of." But when all over you know it was a worthy one and was a joy. General Greb, indeed!

I too am looking forward to meeting you and hope it is in the not to distant future.

With all best wishes to you and yours,  
Skipper

# World War II Ranger Recognized

Submitted by Roy Bissey  
Co. A 75th Inf. 1972-1974

On 14 April 2002 my wife and I were privileged to attend an awards ceremony at the Wyoming Army National Guard Armory, Sheridan Wyoming. Along with several day to day promotion and service awards to National Guard members a Bronze Star was presented to Ranger Raymond E. Marty. The following is a synopsis of a copyrighted 13 March 2002 article by Robert Waggener of The Sheridan Press with excerpts from a biography of Ranger Marty written by Captain Greg Phipps, Wyoming National Guard and is printed here by permission.

They marched where angels feared to tread, and only 99 of the original 500 soldiers of the 1st Ranger Battalion came home from World War II. One of them was Sgt. Ray Marty of Sheridan.

"I often wondered how in the world I got through that when all the others didn't. And I wondered why I got through that," Marty said. Some 58 years later Ranger Marty will receive a Bronze Star for his combat and training roles in WWII.



Rick Migrants, Ray Marty, Roy Bissey

Ray Marty enlisted in the South Dakota National Guard prior to high school graduation in 1939. In January 1941 he deployed with the 34th Infantry division on the Louisiana Maneuvers. After the attack on Pearl Harbor his unit was one of the first to arrive in Great Britain to prepare for future operations. Sgt. Marty was one of the volunteers for the formation of the 1st Ranger Battalion known as "Darby's Rangers". After training with the British Commandos and participating in combined force raids along the French coast the First Rangers fought as a battalion after an amphibious landing in North Africa. Following these actions the Rangers, with Sgt. Marty, became cadre to train replacements for the 1st and 3rd Ranger Battalions. A short time later Sgt. Marty landed and fought at Sicily with the 3rd Ranger Battalion. He was then assigned as cadre for the 4th Ranger Battalion and made his final amphibious landing with them at Salerno, Italy. Ranger Marty is one of only 99 of the 500 original 1st Battalion Rangers to return from Europe.

"I enjoyed being with the Rangers, but it was very hard training. They were never satisfied unless the training was done extreme all the way," Marty said. "We used to go on speed marches. We would march 26 miles in a day carrying a GI pack weighing 16 pounds. A lot of guys didn't make it."

Asked about the freedom we enjoy today, the freedom he fought for in WWII, the 82-year-old veteran replied "Freedom is the most valuable thing we have." "If you start something, stay with it until it's done. Do it thoroughly and do it your best, and respect all the people working around you."

"In Darby's, everyone worked together real well. We always had something to eat, but we didn't always have a good place to sleep," he said, referring to foxholes with nearly a foot of water. It was during those times the Rangers had to band tightly and brave enemy fire. "I worked with Gen. Darby for about two months. He was a very nice person, very sincere. He believed in military discipline and he taught me about believing in myself and others," Marty said.

Ranger Marty, during service from 26 Apr 1939 to 17 July 1945, participated in the following campaigns: Algeria-French Morocco, Tunisia, Sicily and Naples-Foggia.

The ceremony was attended by Ranger Marty's wife of 57 years, Marjorie and many children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. All are extremely proud of the wartime service of this true American Hero.

Also in attendance was Rick Migrants, former member of 75th Ranger Regimental Headquarters. We had the personal pleasure of meeting Mr. Marty and expressing our thanks for his sacrifices on behalf of our great nation. Although the Ranger units that Mr. Marty served in are not part of the official lineage of the present Ranger Regiment, he and many other brave men did lay the foundation for us. Not only are Ranger Marty's service and devotion to country in keeping with the highest traditions of today's Rangers, *they are the basis for those traditions*. Without the experiences and contributions of the World War II Rangers our heritage would be quite incomplete. Rangers Lead The Way.

# Montagnard refugees rockin' in the free world

By Penny Round  
New Bern Sun Journal

In their native land, the Dega people -- Montagnards, as they came to be known during the Vietnam war -- are not allowed to sing in their own language. In America, they've got a rock band.

In an astonishing leap across cultures, the Montagnard rock band BJRK performed July 12 at a benefit concert at Centenary United Methodist Church, singing songs of their own composition in their native tongue.

Refugees all, the band members, who range in age from mid-teens to mid-twenties, clearly embrace their new home in America while maintaining their distinct ethnic identity.

"My parents told me not to sing in Jarai because it would be very bad for me if I ever go back to Vietnam," said BJRK lead singer Lap Siu, 24. "Finally, they told me I had to move out of the house if I would sing in our language."

He moved out for two days, his parents had a change of heart and now see the value and importance of preserving their culture and traditions. "If this world doesn't know about Montagnard people, the culture will die out," Siu said.

Wrapping their voices around slightly exotic melodies, the young Montagnards sang from the heart, telling stories they learned first-hand in the jungles and villages of Vietnam's central highlands.

They sang of losing their fathers to prisons and labor camps after the fall of South Vietnam in 1975; of people who have nothing more than the clothes on their backs as winter approaches; of refugees who left everything behind, including the families they love, to escape and tell the outside world about the persecution their people face at the hands of the Vietnamese government.

"Where Are You Now," a song about a couple who become separated while foraging for food in the jungle, proved to be the group's most powerful number, with emotionally raw vocals and an outstanding guitar solo.

Their lives in America could hardly be more different from the lives they left behind in Vietnam. Most lived in thatched-roof houses, slept on mats and foraging for whatever food they didn't grow.

"We lived way on a farm. We only got electricity in 1992," said Siu. "Most children, from the time they are little, maybe 7 or 8 years old, hunt all day for food — birds, insects, fish, crab, snails."

Now, however, they go school, wear jeans, sing in any language they please and practice their Christian faith openly.

"For those who were with the Dega people during the Vietnam era, the young people you are sponsoring now are the children of the people who fought beside you in the war," said Bhuat Ebon, a leader of the Montagnard refugees in America. "Embrace them. Treat them as you do your own children."

Twenty-seven Montagnard refugees recently resettled in New Bern. They have church sponsors, but mentors are still needed. "We need people to teach them how to cook on a stove, how to shop," said the Rev. Mike Williams, of Interfaith Refugee Ministries, which is coordinating local resettlement efforts. Craven Community College just hired a teacher to spend two days a week teaching the Montagnards English and helping them make the transition to life in America.

Penny Round can be reached at 638-8101 ext. 261, or at seabiscuit1us@yahoo.com.

---

## RANGER HALL OF FAME

Dana McGrath, our current Association President, has asked me to be the Associations point of contact for the Ranger Hall Of Fame selection Committee. Three years ago we had Ron Leslie and Bill Butler inducted into the Ranger Hall Of Fame. This year we had Harris L. Parker, Victor Valeriano and Glenn English inducted. The packets coming from the units are getting much better. I know of several packets that were in various stages of completion at the last cut off date. I hope these packets are ready now.

Each eligible element on the RHOF Committee can submit only three packets to the board. Of the 7 Associations or elements eligible to submit nominations, (21 packets total) only 75% of all candidates can be selected for induction into the RHOF. This percentile does not apply against MOH recipients. In other words, if I get 6 or 16 packets, I can only submit 3. Of the 3 packets I submit there is no guarantee that they will get selected. Submissions across the board have really been good from all Associations.

Preparation of the packets is not a function I do. It is the unit's function. I will assist and answer questions about the composition of the packet as best as I can but the packet must come from the unit. All packets must be routed through the Unit Director to me. I will not accept any packet routed in any other way. No packets or documentation can be submitted directly to the Ranger Regiment. Each unit can submit 3 or 30 packets to me if they like. It doesn't matter. If more than our three are submitted to me, then I will assemble a Committee here to review and select the three best packets to send forward.

Once received, I will hand carry our Association packets to the Ranger Regiment myself. I will most assuredly vocalize the appropriate threats necessary to the receiving NCO pertaining to loss or mishandling of our packets. The Ranger Regiment then reviews the packets and copies made of the necessary items to place in subsequent packets that are then mailed out to every member on the Ranger Hall Of Fame selection Committee. I will tell you now that not all that is sent to me is what I eventually get from Regiment. What I get from Regiment is a cut down version. Last year I received 30 packets by FedEx from the Ranger Regiment for review. Take those times 7 members on the Board and that's a lot of paper work. I had one month to review all packets prior to attending the selection board.

Once in the selection board, the members only have a few minutes to finalize their review of each packet and cast a secret ballot on it. All the extra material that was sent with the packet is available in the room in case we have any questions. It is an all day affair to sit on this board. The voting is fair and very impartial. Often there are various amounts of discussion on each packet. After sitting on this board for two years, I am very impressed by its actions and conduct.

There are many men in your units who are deserving of this honor and who should be submitted but have not been. I would hate to see a lesser deserving individual inducted into the RHOF because he was the only choice available that was presented before the Board. Please contact your Unit Director and recommend an individual from your unit who deserves to be honored. Each Unit Director has a set of sample packets that have been previously submitted to use as an example. Contact them for copies. Submission of all packets must arrive no later than 15 December. No exceptions. You can send them by any means you want. I suggest some means of required signature on this end.

It is a lengthy process of gathering the proper paper work to include in the submission packet. So, get started now and please do not be late. Start building Packets for next year. It is not an easy process and requires time. Don't put it off. The Ranger Hall Of Fame ceremony will be conducted during the summer Ranger Rendezvous time.  
Emmett W. Hiltibrand

---

## *From the Desk of your Gold Star Mother Advocate*

Over the past 3 months I have been privileged to represent the 75th RRA as your Gold Star Mother advocate on several occasions.

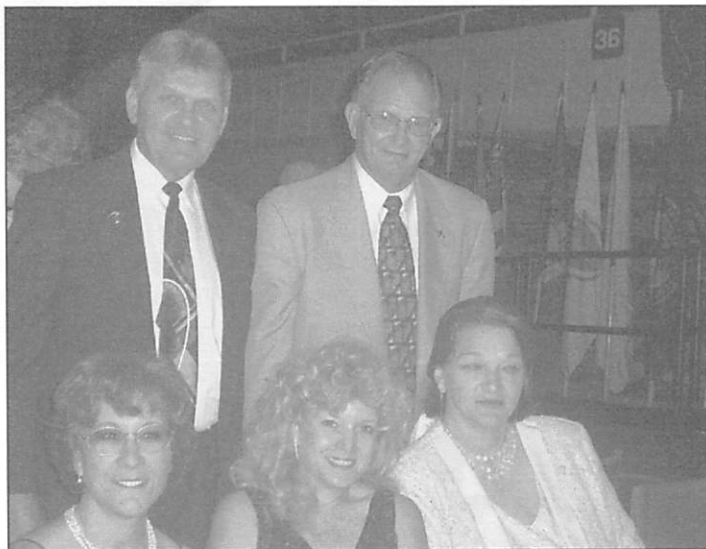
In June Bill and I attended the 1/75 Ranger Ball in Savannah. We were honored to have the Gold Star mothers of Bradley Crose, Marc Anderson and Matthew Commons there. It was a wonderful night for all in attendance. The tables were decorated with jump boots from all eras that had been sprayed gold and filled with red & white flowers. Wine bottles with the pictures of the three fallen Rangers and the keepsake mugs embossed in gold with the 1/75 Ranger Bn and the date were part of each person's place setting. All this was done by the Wives Club.

The traditional punch bowl ceremony was as moving as always. It was hard to watch the families during the ceremony, two of who were seeing it for the first time. I had a real sense of what they were feeling as they watched this most moving tribute to the presences of the Rangers throughout history during our country's wars. There has always been a price to pay and our Rangers paid that price. The punch bowl is such a powerful part of this special night and is heart wrenching for us to watch as the fallen rangers are remembered with a special table set just for them complete with a burning candle and a cup of Ranger punch.

The speaker was General (Buck ) Kernan. He was inspiring and it was



L to R Bill & Sandee Rouse,  
Sgt David & Tanya Nielsen



Seated L to R Pat Marek, Sheila Maguhn & Judy Anderson  
Standing John Maguhn and David Anderson

dures and some continuity in the notification and on going support contact for the families of fallen Rangers. The meeting went well and we have a start at smoothing out some unnecessary bumps in the road. This is an on going issue and we will follow up on our meeting

On Tuesday evening following the Ranger Hall of Fame Ceremony we honored the following Gold star wives and mothers by presenting them their lifetime membership certificates in honor of their fallen Rangers.



Gold Star Certificates awarded by Sandee Rouse and Sandy Harris

Judy Anderson mother of Ranger Marc Anderson 1/75 KIA Enduring Freedom Afghanistan  
Pat Marek mother of Ranger Matthew Commons 1/75 KIA Enduring Freedom Afghanistan  
Shelia Maguhn mother of Ranger Bradley Crose 1/75 KIA Enduring Freedom Afghanistan  
Sarah Moore mother of Ranger Harvey Moore Jr KIA Operation Embryo  
Cathie Staus-Smith wife of Col. Ken Staus KIA Operation Embryo  
Ms. Sheila Dudley Secretary 1/75 for her service to the fallen Rangers and their families  
The ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of Col. & Mrs Votel.

On Wednesday Sandy Harris and I had the privilege of meeting several of the unit directors or their representatives and speaking to them at the unit Directors meeting, about why the Gold Star program is so important and where we envision it going. We ask them for their support and commitment to bring the Ranger Gold Star moms and wives into the association.

On Thursday morning Sandy and I spoke at the general membership meeting. Again we explained how important and honorable this program is to both the members and the families of their fallen buddy. These families are your link to your fallen buddy and you are the families' missing link to their sons/husbands.

There are over 700 Ranger names on the "Wall" and many more have fallen since then. We want the wives and mothers of these Rangers to know we are here for them and that their Rangers are not and will not be forgotten. Words are inadequate to explain to you what it means to hear someone say, "I just wanted you to know I knew your son," and then to tell you their story about our fallen Rangers.

apparent to all how much being with the Rangers again meant to him. It was so good to see him and his lovely wife. He will end his military career in January. What a loss that will be for us and our country. Military leaders of his quality, morality and integrity are hard to find these days.

A wonderful evening was had by all, even if the Gold Star presentations were cancelled. We thank the Battalion for inviting us.

On to July, which had a great many of us getting together in Columbus Georgia for the 75th RRA reunion.

I arrived on Monday July the 8th just in time to meet with Sandy Harris our Gold Star Wives Advocate, the Regimental Adjutant Major, the Battalion secretaries and Mrs. Votel to discuss and try to implement a better proce-



There are mothers and wives out there that need to hear from you. Find them, take the time to tell them that story, whatever it may be, about their loved one. Only you can provide those missing links they need to help them and you find the closer so desperately needed.



**Sandy Harris, Emmett Hiltibrand and Sandee Rouse at the Gold Star Ceremony at the Ranger Memorial. The ceremony took place during the Association Reunion**

When you locate a mother or wife the procedure is as follows; forward the fallen Rangers name, unit, KIA location and date along with the mothers/wife's name, address, telephone number, and email to your unit director. He will then forward that info on to me or Sandy and the Secretary. We will also need information on who, where and when the Gold Star packet will be presented. There will only be 1 lifetime membership and certificate awarded per family

Gentlemen, the best part of me died on a runway at Tocumen-Torrijos airfield in Panama. Because of that I am now your Gold Star mother Advocate. Having buried a child who was a Ranger I found myself wanting my life to count for something. Maybe this is it. I have an unshakable faith in God that leads me to believe He has a plan for each of us to serve each other. I am humbled and honored by the opportunity you are giving me to serve you and these families

Over the past 13 years my Ranger has taken me on an amazing journey. One that has allowed me the honor of meeting the President of the United States. I sat in the court room and looked Noriega in the eye at his sentencing, and I have also stood with Rangers from all eras at the foot of the Lincoln Memorial during a Black Beret Rally and now to the 75th RRA. Rangers we now need you to take on your next mission. It may well be the toughest, and yet the most honorable assignment you have ever had. Find the Gold Stars that are out there waiting for you.

I read somewhere, they say it takes a minute to find a special person, an hour to appreciate them but an entire lifetime to forget them.

Rangers don't forget.....

Thank you Emmett and to all the people who put together this great reunion. You are the best.

After leaving the Columbus on Friday I returned home just long enough to unpack and repack. Then it was off to Savannah for the Change of Command for the 1/75 Bn.

On Monday July 15th at 7PM at Forsyth Park Col. Tony Thomas handed over Command of the Battalion to Col. Mike Kershaw. It is always a privilege and honor to be invited to e a guest at the ceremony. Saying goodbye to one excellent leader as he moves on and saying hello and getting to know the new commander is always a bitter sweet time. The ceremony was followed by a cook out in the park.

On Tuesday morning at 9 AM we gathered at Moore Field at HAAF for the Change of Responsibility. On a typical hot summer morning in Savannah we said good-bye to Command Sergeant Major Greenway and welcomed Command Sergeant Major Hance. We wish both men the best of luck and God speed as they carry on their new assignments.

In December I will update you on our Gold Star Mothers and what units they belong to. I also hope to spot light a mother or two in future articles.

God keep each of you until we meet again and as always Rangers Lead the Way.....

Sandee Rouse

PS  
I want to thank Bob Copeland for the scroll, patch and pin from your unit. I was so touched by your thoughtfulness. Thank you

## WEB MASTER

Dana McGrath has appointed me as the web master probably out of spite because I pushed him to be elected as President of this Association. I think I got the better part of the deal but didn't know this was where washed up and used X-Presidents went to. Terry told me that if I ran for President, after two years in office, there would be a condo down in sunny Florida waiting for me. Terry, I'm still waiting. Hello, is anybody there. Personally, I think I've been tricked. All I've gotten so far is this job and it doesn't pay any more than the Presidents job. Wait, the Presidents job didn't pay anything either. Now I'm getting mad. Wait until I find that Terry guy again.

I bought the web program that was necessary to work on the site. My first venture in there was almost disastrous. I looked at all that code stuff and it was all over the place. Well, being a Sergeant Major I made it dress right dress and cover down. Boy, does that stuff not like being talked to like that. I messed up three of the seven tabbed pages. It's all fixed now and I watch the tone in my voice when I go in there now. We have some innovated idea's on what we want to do to the site but I can tell you something for sure, "It ain't going to happen overnight".

I'm reading and learning as fast as I can so hold on to your britches. You can teach an old dog new tricks but this dog is going to go slow. I ask each member of the Association to visit your web site often and promote it to other potential members. We are getting quit a few new members from the site. New applications come in almost everyday now. It's your site. You paid for it, you earned it so visit it. Make a guest book entry. Write me and make suggestions. We are looking at a 'chat room', calendar, memorial page, hosting units web site and much, much more. There is no limit to what we can do on that site but it needs you the member, the viewer, the owner to make suggestions. Take a fresh look at the site and contribute. Tell us what you'd like to see on there. More to come later.

Visit the site at:

**<http://www.75thrra.com>**

Visit often. Keep it clean. Give us ideas. Make suggestions. Contribute. Get involved.  
Emmett W. Hiltibrand - Web Master

## RANGER MEMORIAL FUND SCHOLARSHIPS

By: John Chester

Regular members of our Association are eligible for the above scholarships for their wives and children under 22 years of age. The Scholarship is in the amount of \$500 and is renewable from year to year, but must be re-applied for each year. There are 10 awarded each year.

Applicants must submit an application along with an official copy of their last transcript, two letters of reference and a recent photograph. Applications must be completed by February, 2003 for consideration for that academic year.

For more information go to: [rangermemorial.org/scholarship.php](http://rangermemorial.org/scholarship.php)

# This Leopard didn't change his spots

By: Carl Millender, N/75, 173 ABN BDE

It was 3 July 71. Alpha team (I was the TL) was on a normal LRRP in the PHU My Ridge area looking for the bad guys. It was late in the evening when we got the call from November Company TOC that communications could not be established with another Ranger Team. We were directed to make way to the top of the ridge and see if contact could be made. The problem was that we only had a couple of hours of daylight remaining and the top of the ridge was over five hundred meters away. I informed the TOC that I didn't think it was a good idea for six men to hurry up through the jungle. See how that is why we were there in the first place was to find out where this NVA unit was located. Never the less I was persuaded to try and get up the ridge as fast as possible. We made it just as dusk was setting. We hastily set out widow makers to establish security. We no more than got back to the night defensive location when the claymores went off. Thinking the worst, that we were spotted doing the thing rangers do not do, we went to investigate. We discovered the leopard but could not see any blood. I immediately cut the cat's throat thinking the concussion of the blast just knocked it out. We figured if that was the case if it woke up it probably would not be in a real good mood. Out of all the ball bearings in a claymore the cat was hit once in the head and once in the tail. The hide was in perfect shape and we brought it back with us to the night defensive position.

We were extracted the following morning. None of us got any sleep that night, between the claymore going off, bringing attention to us, and another cat prowling in the area. Probably the mate of the one that was killed. The guys in the picture from left to right are: Carl Millinder, Alan Lohmann, Jimmy Akuna, Eddie Campbell Kneeling: Herbert Baugh



## UNIT REPORTS



### A/75 - D/17 LRP - V CORPS LRRP

Unit Director - Tom Brizendine



By Bob Murphy

The Ranger Reunion at Columbus/Ft Benning from July 8-13 saw the biggest turnout from this company since we shut up shop at Ft Hood in '74. 28 guys went to Columbus.

Most of the Germany-era guys stayed at the "HOJO" at 10th St & Veterans Parkway and some of them did not see the registration

desk when they attended functions so didn't sign in. Reunion HQ was at the Holiday Inn on Manchester Expressway at I-185.

Attendees from this company were:

- Name - era in company
1. Roy Barree - Ft Hood
  2. Carmelo Benvenuto - Wildflecken
  3. Entoine Bergeron - Wildflecken

4. Jimmie Bergeron - Frankfurt
5. Ronald Bishop - Wildflecken
6. Roy Bissey - Ft Hood
7. Bill Bohte - Frankfurt
8. Tom Brizendine - Ft Hood
9. Robert Brown - Ft Hood
10. Ray Cardinal - Wildflecken
11. Paul Edwards - Wildflecken
12. Lee Farley - Wildflecken
13. Noah Halfacre - Ft Benning
14. Dale Hansen - Germany & Ft Benning
15. Charlie Hinkle - Fort Hood

A/75 - D/17 LRP - V CORPS LRRP (CONTINUED)

16. John Ikerd - Wildflecken
17. Robert Johnson - Wildflecken
18. Cleve Kendall - Wildflecken & Frankfurt
19. Andy Markivich - Wildflecken & Frankfurt
20. Larry Montague - Wildflecken
21. Terry Roderick - Frankfurt and Ft Benning
22. Fred Stuckey - Ft Hood
23. Mike Shea - Ft Benning
24. Norm Thomas - Ft Hood
25. Ted Tilson - Ft Hood
26. Bert Wiggins - Wildflecken
27. Leslie Williams - Ft Hood

Mike Martin was also there with the BDQ, I heard.

A great time was had by all meeting old buddies for the first time in 30-40 years or meeting guys from different eras after talking via e-mail for years.

None of the guys mentioned a lot about the official functions because they were too busy catching up on old times, though most everyone got out to Fort Benning for a look around.

But it was good news to hear Dana McGrath got elected Association President.

And Tom Brizendine has agreed to continue serving as Unit Director, our official representative to the Association.

The two Roys were in fine form during the Reunion as you can tell from the pics and L'il Roy Barree has definitely set a new fashion with his black shirt complete with Ranger tab, company scroll and German jump wings.

There was quite a lot of mingling between guys from different eras in the company but some of the Germany-era guys got no farther than the HOJO to hang out with

their buddies. Funny 'bout that.

The Reunion parachute jump was a high point for many of our guys and our thanks go out to former VII Corps LRRP 1st Shirt Dave Clark for his invitation to jump out at Opelika Skydiving Center at Moton Field, Tuskegee.

A handful of our guys jumped for the first time in years and were impressed by how well ex-SF Buddy Blue runs the place.

Roy Barree damaged an ankle after stalling his chute 10' off the ground and taking a dump. Roy Bissey swears "L'il Roy was fine



when gave him the rose and the smack on the cheek. Wasn't me that caused that swelling in his ankle." Do what Debbie and the doctor tell you to do and get better, soon.

The jumpers included Lee Farley, Roy Barree, Roy Bissey, Norm Thomas and Dale Hansen.

\*\*\*

A great big thanks to Chet "Skinny Injun" Smith and Dale Hansen for coming up with two wonderful caps for the reunion. Chet's cap design was in khaki and maroon

with the V Corps jump wings he designed back in 1964. Dale's cap was a black patrol cap with A Company Ranger Scroll.

And a further big thanks to Robert Brown who went to the trouble to canvas the guys about the style they wanted and then got A/75 company scrolls patches set up and embroidered, the first new ones in 30 years.

John Ikerd came up with the great T-shirts featuring Chet's wings that so many guys wore at the Reunion.

All four guys fronted the money for the set-up costs. Great stuff. Thanks again, guys. We were looking good at the Reunion.

None sharper than Roy Barree, though, with his black shirt complete with earned German jump wings.

Next project on the cards is a silver company coin that combines elements of all company eras on it.

\*\*\*

Just an addendum to that pic in the last Patrolling of our guys at the 20th Anniversary of the Normandy Invasion. That is none other than Cleve "Field Marshal" Kendall in charge of the formation.

\*\*\*

Wildflecken era company members will recall Gene A. Vance, ace gambler and good guy. We found out he died a couple of years ago when we made enquiries after hearing that SF trooper Gene A. Vance had been killed by hostile fire in Afghanistan.

It was Gene's son and our condolences go to their families. Young Gene, 38, of Morgantown PA was

A/75 - D/I7 LRP - V CORPS LRRP (CONTINUED)

a member of the 19th SF Group of the West Virginia National Guard.

\*\*\*

We're also sad to learn of the passing of Germany era ex-Lt Geoff Bertelsen two years ago. We only found out when trying to flush him out of the scrub. He became an architect and a Professor at Stanford University in Palo Alto, CA. He retired to Carmel because of the golf courses in the area. He is survived by his daughter Lisa.

\*\*\*

We've had to hold over the paragraphs on Ralph the Rattler due to space limitations. Stay tuned.

\*\*\*

A few more guys from the company are being located including Earl Isabelle aka "Cornfed" who was a

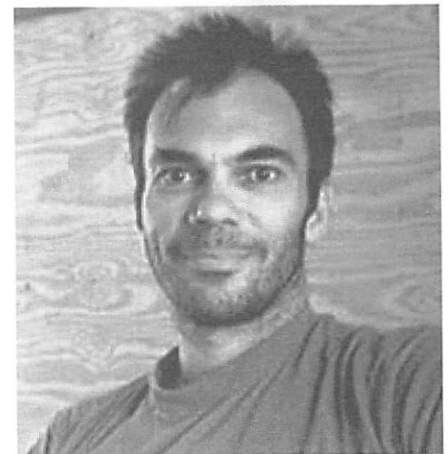
working man in the company but went to OCS and retired from the Army as a Major and now lives in South Carolina.

Daniel Toscano is alive and well in Cerritos, CA.

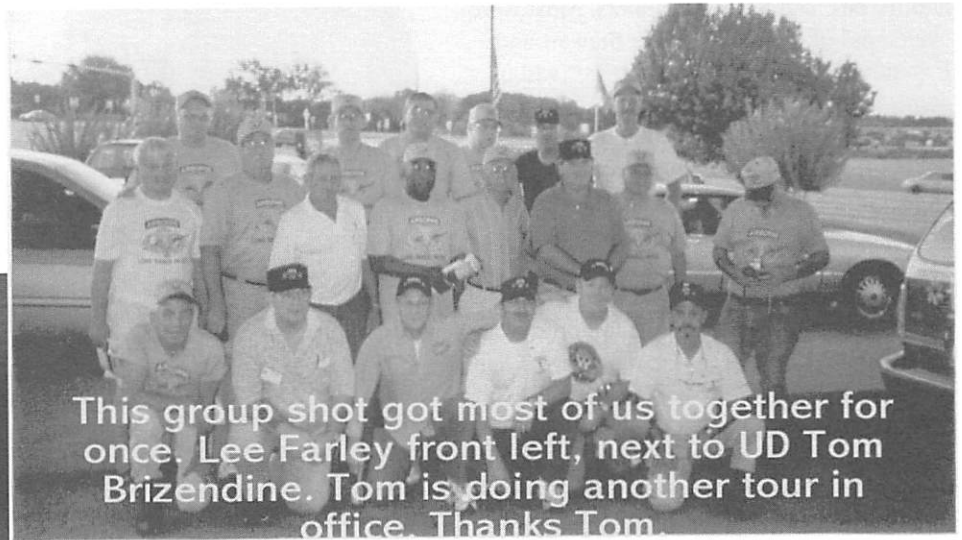
Other guys we have heard from or located recently include Tom Sanchez, Sonny O'Steen, George Allen, Ron Dahle, Albert C. Keating, Ralph Holston and Bruce Giest. More details as we hear from them.

Short column, many reunion pics this issue.

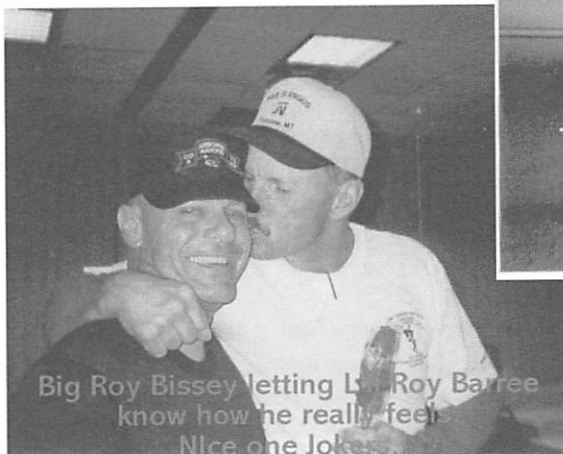
That's all, Folks!



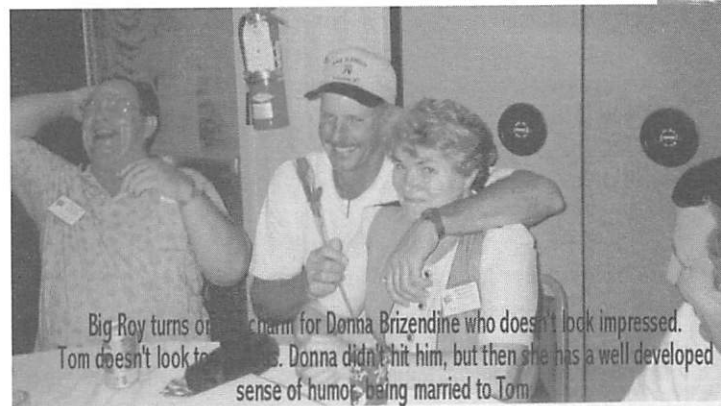
SGT Gene Arden Vance, Jr., KIA 19 May 2002 in Afghanistan. Sgt Vance was the son of Gene Vance From the Wildflecken era of the Company.



This group shot got most of us together for once. Lee Farley front left, next to UD Tom Brizendine. Tom is doing another tour in office. Thanks Tom.



Big Roy Bissey letting Lt Roy Barree know how he really feels. Nice one Jokes.



Big Roy turns on the charm for Donna Brizendine who doesn't look impressed. Tom doesn't look too impressed. Donna didn't hit him, but then she has a well developed sense of humor, being married to Tom.



Roy Barree, Opelika Skydiving instructor, Roy Bissey & Lee Farley at Camp Field during the reunion.



## B/75 - C/58 LRP - VII CORPS LRRP

Unit Director - Kirk Gibson



### PRESIDENT'S NEWSLETTER

Fall, 2002

Well, it's time for the old NEWSLETTER - again. Another summer season is speeding into fall, faster than Theo crashing into a tree line. Speaking of which, we are now learning that at Ft. Bragg, whenever anyone mentions the "fall season", they all immediately look to the heavens to look for "U.F.O's (Unidentified Falling Objects), and they stay well clear of tree lines. The phenomenon is now called a "Knaak-attack." Grief counselors reported a marked increase in the stress level of the inhabitants around Fayetteville, NC these days, directly attributable to this disorder of the psyche. But, I digress.

Fort Benning, Columbus, GA was the rendezvous for the 75th RRA and VII Corps LRRP Company's July '02 reunion. It was our third in as many years. This was another great and momentous gathering of "old" comrades and friends, and family members. Most were "veterans" of the Savannah/Ft Stewart and Fayetteville/Ft. Bragg "campaigns", while some were "green replacements", here for their first taste of a Lurp reunion. They acquitted themselves honorably, as you would expect of a Lurp. We also were blessed to have the company of several of the wives of Lurps join with us, which greatly enriched us all and made for a real family atmosphere.

It was, to be sure, a lot of fall down laughing fun, with ample libation to help in the recalling of one tale or another of "those halcyon days" in Nellingen, Germany, now some forty years ago. As usual, Lurps never follow the script and as a result, we got to have a bit more fun than most. Among the unscripted events was the chance to jump from the 34-foot tower at Ft Benning, while a class was being held there for ROTC students.

The day earlier, a dozen or more of us were observing a class of these same students trying their hand with the swing/fall landing trainer, and we remarked to the NCOIC that, "no body is double-timing, getting dropped 'for ten, and one for AIRBORNE,' or is even getting yelled at for not executing a good PLF. What gives with THAT?" The NCO looked at us, smiled, then looked down at his feet, swung around, marching briskly towards the class sitting in the comfortably shaded bleachers and barked out, "Everybody, drop and give me ten." Looking utterly shocked and disbelieving, they got to it as best they could where they sat, with some jumping to the gravel to "push the State of Georgia as far away as your arms can reach," as one old instructor we know of was fond of saying.

Having "knocked them out" (I do not recall hearing the yell, "AIRBORNE", however), the students came over to ogle, shake hands, (and a few heads) and meet these "artifacts of another era." They certainly looked very young, to

us, which conversely... well, never mind. We all had a good time, nonetheless and we much appreciated seeing them "dropping for ten." All in good fun. It was a good thing they didn't think to ask us to reciprocate. We would only have embarrassed them, I am sure. We moved swiftly on. Before we departed for ceremonies at the Ranger Hall of Fame, we shook hands again with the cadre and the NCOIC. He explained to us that because of the high Georgia heat (Yea, so what's news, here?) that a "Black Flag Day" was in effect. There is limited physical exertion allowed during these days, hence, running, pushups and such activities are banned, or at least much curtailed. We may have broken the sanctity of "B.F.D." by suggesting pushups. Gosh!!!

As we headed out, quite as an aside, we asked the NCOIC about the possibility of our jumping the 34-foot tower. He looked at us and we all waited for him to just laugh, but he paused a bit and pondered a bit and then said, "Go over to those buildings across the tower field and ask for the officer in charge. Tell him what you want to do and get permission slips from him." He said they would be holding a class tomorrow afternoon, and we were to be there by 1300 hrs. We headed over, talked to the OIC and got two dozen slips, and off we went to the auditorium for the induction ceremonies, at 1600hrs.

This day, July 9, was the induction of members into The Ranger Hall of Fame. We were there, gathered under our old LRRP guidon (that is another story), to see our late brother, SSG Glenn H. English, Jr. inducted. Receiving his medal on his behalf was his youngest daughter, Dawn Leslie. She and her husband David drove down from Levittown, PA to be here for her dad and for her family. Dawn was also present at Altoona, PA when four members of the Lurps brought "home" Glenn's headstone in July of 2000.

There were sixteen new inductees, heroes from WWII, Korea, Vietnam, the Dominican Republic and Panama. Of these, five awards were presented posthumously. When Glenn's citation was being read, Dawn and David took the stage and stood quietly and solemnly, any sign of her nervousness stuffed down inside her. She must have summoned up her father's courage, as she gazed out over the large audience below her. After being presented with the medal, Dawn moved deliberately to the podium to express her heartfelt thanks to every one involved in her father being so honored in this most distinguished ceremony. Her soft voice was clear, her thanks elegant and simple.

After the ceremonies, we Lurps filed out of the auditorium, to the Ranger Hall of Fame Memorial, under a sun that continued oppressively hot, even towards the evening. The 75th RRA made presentations of beautifully printed and framed certificates to their Gold Star Mothers, mothers who have lost a Ranger son. This is a wonderfully conceived pro-



*B/75 - C/58 LRP - VII CORPS LRRP (CONTINUED)*

gram that the Ranger family does for the families of the Rangers. It was a very touching, connective, respectful and unifying experience to behold. We can only hope that it will not have to so honor many more mothers.

Under the long shadow of the 16-foot V-42 commando knife sculpture, we gathered for a group photo, with Dawn Leslie standing in the center. Across the front of us was our LRRP guidon. The last time it was pictured was in a 1963 Stars and Stripes story about the company. In that photo, Major Hunt was heading a morning run. Behind him was Sgt J.D. Smith, holding the guidon. Just behind him was SFC Jack Luse. Tomorrow, we would make a visit to the Ft. Benning Post Cemetery to pay our respects to Jack who has been buried there since his tragic and untimely death on November 21, 1963, in Germany. It would be as fine and fitting a tribute to this man as one could dare imagine.

Jim Jackson had arranged for fifty chairs, a five-flag stand, flags, colors and podium to be there for us. He also invited Rev. Gene Boyd and his wife Dottie, of the Cascade Hills Southern Baptist Church, in Columbus, who is also minister to the Luse family. From the office of Mayor Bobby Peters, Mrs. Mimi Rogers was there as his representative. Mrs. Rogers was a fortuitous and appropriate choice, she being one of the last of the Army's W.A.C.s, and very proud of it. She also has a son serving in the army. She understood and appreciated the purpose and meaning of this tribute to Jack. Honored guests were Mr. and Mrs. John E. and Pattie Luse (II), their children, son, John E. (III) and daughter Adrienne "Nicky". Mrs. Sharon Luse Meigs, Jack's daughter, was also present.

Reverend Boyd began the service. He talked about the wonderful family of John and Pattie Luse, who he has known so well for so many years. He spoke of the men and women gathered before him who had come so far to be there this day to honor this man, so many years after his passing. He talked of the love and brotherhood that transcended time and distance and culminated in this expression of respect, and for the many gifts and memories of Jack. He offered that the Luse family was very moved by our coming to honor Jack, their father, and their children's grandfather that they never knew, but now do. And we, too, now know the family of John E. "Jack" Luse, and his grandchildren, as well. These are additional and unexpected gifts for us all.

Zeke Evaro now stepped to the podium. As he did so beautifully and movingly last year at Ft. Bragg, NC, Zeke read passages from the Bible, and spoke of soldiers and their sacrifices and their courage in the face of grave danger. Zeke speaks for all soldiers in a way that, perhaps, only a soldier himself can know how. He speaks with a passion of one who has known, first hand, mortality and believes deeply the belief in a resurrection and life beyond. He fairly fills the heart with a sense of serenity and hope with his prayerful words. He moves one to contemplate more inwardly just what we are doing here this day, and the simple goodness of it.

At the end of his sermon and prayers, Zeke asked if any one cared to come forward to share their recollections or

thoughts about Jack Luse. The silence of several moments was suddenly and unexpectedly broken with a hymn sung a cappella by Sam Story. He sang so beautifully in his deep, sonorous Tennessee voice. Everybody was enraptured with his very moving rendition of the ageless classic. Nobody stirred, but rather sat silent, some looking to the heavens, others with their heads bowed as if in prayer, and quite likely they were.

When Sam finished his hymn, he said he wanted to share a particularly poignant and deeply personal memory of Jack Luse. Sam told how he was new to the company and that one day he met Sgt Luse. Jack made a habit of meeting the newcomers and tried to make them feel more comfortable in their new surroundings. As they talked about their common roots in the rural south, about their families, and about their disparate Army careers and other topics, the conversation turned to Jack telling Sam about how he almost had his frozen feet amputated while at Bastogne. Jack told Sam that if ever something should happen to him that would seem cause to have his feet amputated, that he should not allow it if it were within his power. An odd bit of advice, one might think, given the seemingly small chance that anything remotely similar may befall Sam, or any one else in the near or even distant future. Incredibly enough, in September of 1964, Sam would have cause to reconsider the advice that Jack imparted to him two years earlier. Sam would also share a frightening brush with death, himself, like that which Jack had faced in 1948, when his main parachute malfunctioned and his reserve would get entangled in his main chute. This happened to Sam on his last "scheduled" jump, two weeks before he was due to rotate home. Sam hit the ground at great speed. His injuries were severe. His legs, feet and pelvis were nearly shattered, but by some miracle, he survived. He was soon sent to Walter Reed Army Hospital where he would spend two plus years in reconstructive surgery and rehabilitation, learning to walk again. It was here that the doctors were recommending that his feet be amputated. Sam recalled Jack's advice and refused to let them take his feet. Sam walked out of Walter Reed on his own two feet. He and Jack Luse had shared two incredible experiences, and Sam credits Jack Luse for his decision.

Again, there was a period of abject silence as we all sat still, mesmerized by the tale Sam had told. This writer could not, nor tried to, stifle the tears back. That was much the same for everybody. Suddenly, the sharp command, "Company. A-ten- shun!" broke the silence. Every man stood up smartly, ramrod straight, eyes to the front, thumbs along the side of the leg, chest out. Again, the voice barked out, "Pree-sent arms!" The right arms in unison flexed up, hands flat and fingers straight, to that spot above the right eyebrow. We held the salute for several seconds; then, the command, "Order arms!" Swiftly, the arms dropped again to the side. Then, it said, "At ease." First Sargent David Clark's voice today is as it was in the 1960's. It is a voice to be obeyed. The memorial had come to a proper and traditional military end. Jack Luse, you are remembered.

Sam's incredible testimony about Jack Luse serves to

*B/75 - C/58 LRP - VII CORPS LRRP (CONTINUED)*

reinforce the legend of the man, not just as a war hero, and soldier, but as a real friend, mentor and role model and inspiration. Jack was all these things, and more, to us who were privileged to have known him then in Nellingen. Today, he still inspires us. He still shapes our lives, in many ways. For his son, John E. (II) and daughters, Cindy Luse and Sharon Meigs, and their own spouses, and especially for Jack's grand children, John E Luse, III and Adrienne "Nicky" Luse, his memory is still alive and is a vital part of who they are as a family. John and his half sister, Sharon, have been brought closer together since that day. John's son and daughter have gotten to know their grandfather in a way most never experience.

In the early morning of Wednesday, July 10th, we convoyed out to the cemetery. The sun was beating down upon us from a beautiful, clear blue sky. It would be a great day for a jump. No clouds. No wind. But we were not there to jump. Instead, we were there to pay our respects to a man who was at age thirty-nine, already a legend in the annals of the airborne for the better part of his then 20-year army career. Jack was known as "The Man with Nine Lives", (SFC Luse: Legend in His Time; PATROLLING, Vol. 16, Issue V p39) from his near-death experiences in the 101st Airborne in WWII, and from his two near-fatal malfunctioning parachutes, and his fall off the 250-foot tower here at Ft. Benning. Jack was also a pioneer of the army sky diving clubs, and had well over 2,000 military and sport jumps to his credit at his death.

The "Jay Hawk Lurps" have had some very fine moments in our brief time together as an association. Perhaps none finer than today, when we came to pay our respects to our brother, SFC John E. "Jack" Luse. The spirit of the VII corps LRRP will always be that of brotherhood. Amen.

As a lasting tribute to Jack we have this year instituted the Jack Luse Memorial Jump Day. On Friday, the 12th of June, we convoyed out to Tuskegee, AL to make a jump at the site of the fabled Tuskegee Airmen of WWII fame. As last year at Ft. Bragg, several of us stepped into our past and jumped once more, just for the heck of it. We plan on continuing this event at all our future reunions, and we welcome all members who are so inclined to participate. Those who choose not to jump can drink beer and keep track of those who land in the trees...or out of state.

Joe Chetwynd

After the Jack Luse memorial service, the twenty-three attending members of the VII LRRP CO (ABN) ASSN met to discuss the issues facing our organization, as it has grown in a short time from nothing to a significant entity within the 75RRA. Kicked off by Rick Hathaway, a Steering Committee was selected to address some of these issues, to ensure an orderly transition into the future and to take some of the bricks out of Joe Chetwynd's rucksack. It was agreed that Jim Handlin (in absentia) should continue as Treasurer, and Willie Mack got himself "volunteered", by popular demand, to

be acting Secretary. His report follows:

Summary of Steering Committee Meeting in Columbus, GA

On 11 July 2002 at 1700 hours in the Columbus Holiday Inn, the following members of the VII LRRP CO (ABN) Assn. Steering Committee were in attendance:

Joe Chetwynd	Jim Craig
Kirk Gibson	Theo Knaak
Willie Mack	

The Steering Committee met and discussed the following issues:

1. The leaving of personalities outside the meeting door
2. A set of bylaws
3. A. A board of directors to serve a stated and fixed time  
B. A Unit Director to coordinate with the 75th Ranger Regiment Association (RRA)
4. Committee heads for membership, reunion and other activities
5. The determination of qualifications for membership
6. The separation of dues to the 75th Ranger Association and those to the LRRP GROUP. If a member cannot pay his dues, what should be done to assist him?
7. A corrected master membership list. Presently about 80 names have been identified
8. A. A decision on the 2003 Reunion location. Possible options mentioned were Ft. Bragg, Ft. Campbell, Pensacola, Tampa, Medill Air Force Base, Elgin Air Force Base  
B. 2004 the Reunion will be in Fort Lewis, Washington with the 75th Ranger Association
9. A. A topical and lively newsletter for LRRP  
B. For Patrolling: Need articles of the experiences of members when they were in Germany, especially with pictures
10. Issues concerning the election of officers; when they take effect

After much discussion and deliberation, a consensus was reached on the following items:

1. It was agreed to leave personalities outside the meeting door. This was not an issue.
2. With help of others, Jim Craig will facilitate the creation of a set of Bylaws for the VII LRRP Association.
3. A. A board of officers - President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer should serve for a period of two years, beginning the Monday after the Reunion.



*B/75 - C/58 LRP - VII CORPS LRRP (CONTINUED)*

- B. The duties and responsibilities of each officer should be stated in the By-laws
  - C. There should be an auditing report completed by the Auditing Committee before the Reunion and installment of new officers.
  - D. Kirk Gibson will serve as Unit Director and coordinate issues between the VII LRRP Assn. and the 75th RRA
  - E. The 75th RRA requests that all submissions for Patrolling be channeled through the Unit Director
4. A. Each Committee Head should select his own helpers  
B. There should be a Director of membership and a Director of Reunion activities
  5. Theo Knaak will be in charge of membership and the issuance of the appropriate membership Certificate
  6. Members should send VII LRRP Assn. dues to Jim Handlin. These dues are separate from those sent to the 75th Ranger Regiment Association
  7. Joe Chetwynd will be in charge of securing an up-to-date corrected master list.
  8. The LRRP Assn. should determine the 2003 Reunion within the next 2 or 3 months. The 2004 Reunion will be with the 75th Ranger Association in Fort Lewis, Washington
  9. A. Willie Mack will facilitate the issuance of the newsletter for the LRRP GROUP.  
B. Birthdates, wedding dates, etc. should be included.
  10. Term of officers should begin the Monday after the Reunion

Submitted by W. Mack  
19 July, 2002

**The Wandering Guidon Comes Home - Again and Again**

We had always wondered what had become of the old VII LRRP CO (ABN) guidon until one day, shortly before the Fort Benning reunion, Joe Chetwynd received it in the mail from Bob Brevig, with the accompanying letter. Joe brought it to the reunion, as a surprise to us all. That the tattered symbol had survived at all was a miracle, but how it was recovered is only slightly less.

As a predecessor unit to B/75, the VII LRRP CO (ABN) had been seeking and successfully locating former members through networking, notices in periodicals such as Army Times, Paraglide, etc. One avenue, however, which was funded in part by the 75RRA, was to use a search agency. We thought that this was a bit of a stretch, but figured "What the Hell, why not?" All we had to do is furnish the best information we had, and he did the rest. Well, it worked. We found a few more. One of them was Bob Brevig, happily situated on an island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Following up on the lead, VII LRRP CO (ABN) Association President Joe

Chetwynd contacted him, and he is now a proud member of our organization - with a bonus. He had the guidon, as he describes in the following story.

**VII Corps LRRP Company Guidon**

It had been my hope to bring this little memento home to its rightful owners in person, but because of circumstances beyond my control I was not fated to do this. I would like my heartfelt presence felt among my brothers on this auspicious occasion, however, so this is the best way I know how to join you.

Thirty-six years ago, near the year's end in 1966, I was a short-timer in the VII Corps LRRP Company. I was also the only person left in the company about to de-roster who had been a member of the original, "3780 LRRP" unit.

I was sad to be leaving this exceptional unit and the men who made it so. I can only guess that it must have been somewhat nostalgic for them as well, because a bunch of them dragged me over to our hang-out, the Nellingen Rod & Gun Club, and treated me to a proper going-away beer bust prior to my departing for new adventures when I took my discharge in Europe.

At the end of the evening, a few who were still standing, announced, in a moment of bleary-eyed determination and devotion, that the LRRP Company guidon, which was displayed in a glass case over the CO's office door, should not end up in some VII Corps "leg" display or Pentagon Museum. This flag belonged to the men who created LRRP and made it what it was.

It was thereupon decided that it should be ceremoniously removed from its case and placed in my hands for safe-keeping on behalf of the men of LRRP, till destiny decided its future fate.

Well, I've tried to do that, and it now gives me untold pleasure to return it to all of you, its rightful owners. This old flag, like most of us, is now a bit faded, a bit moth-eaten, a bit gnarly, a few odd bullet holes here and there, yet is still around, just like us! And, it too has now found its way back home!

Fellas, this flag has been nearly around the world with me, visiting mountain tops, lost cities, sailing the deep blue sea, on gold mining expeditions, it even briefly skirted the edge of part of the Arab/Israeli "Six-day" War back in 1967 when I was a journalist in the Middle-East.

I think this is why the guys wanted me to take it... they must have known that some day it would find its way back to its rightful owners and not be forgotten in some dark and dusty corner. They must have guessed that it would eventually appear in our midst once again so it could be carried at the head of our last formations and our final marches.

I can't tell you all what a privilege and honor it is to let this old guidon fly once again among those of you who still stand visibly as living LRRPs, and also those you honor who stand beside you invisibly, because they gave their all.

**"Leave no man behind!"**

**May God Bless You All!**

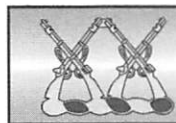
SP/4 Robert "Pogo" Brevig  
VII Corps LRRP Company (AIRBORNE)  
(1964 – 1966)

*B/75 - C/58 LRP - VII CORPS LRRP (CONTINUED)*

Well, after only one day at the convention, the guidon disappeared - AGAIN! It had been last seen in the hospitality suite, late the previous evening, and had presumably been put to bed by the last company member to leave the room. Canvassing the survivors of the evening, such had not been the case. President Joe was frantic, as he and others pestered the front desk people at the Holiday Inn, Housekeeping, Lost and Found, the Women's Auxiliary, the kitchen staff, and even Emmett Hiltibrand, all to no avail. The day wore on, and Joe was thoroughly despondent until, late in the afternoon, Emmett produced the missing guidon. It had been secured by a fellow 75RRA member, and turned over to Emmett the next day. It has not been out of Joe's sight since.



**Joe Chetwynd and  
the now restored VII Corps LRRP Guidon**



**C/75 - E/20 LRP**  
**Unit Director - Gary Dolan**



From: "Walter Buchanan"  
<wbuchanan@wi.rr.com>  
Date: Tue, 16 Jul 2002 10:03:19 -  
0500

Morning Report.  
75th Ranger Regiment Reunion  
2002

Charlie Company finally filled  
out a 6 man team, those in atten-  
dance were:  
Ronald Brinker E/20 - C/75 -  
1st Bn  
Michael Rubinstein (Shortround)  
Dave Anderson  
Smokey Wells  
Steve Gove (Doc)  
Dan Morgan (Mad Dog)  
Dan Pope - and yes he was above  
**ground and looking good.**  
Walter Buchanan (Sunshine)

Other companies were well repre-  
sented K had about 40 members  
and L had about 60 members  
The J-Hawks had about 30 mem-  
bers. Over all the attendance was  
about 400.

16 were inducted to the Ranger  
Hall of Fame.

Had a nice conversation with  
Dave Anderson and his wife, they  
lost a son in Afghanistan and  
refused to let Gen Senshki attend  
the service. Mrs. Anderson was  
made a Gold Star Mother at a  
ceremony at the Memorial.



The 75th association is starting  
their own Gold Star Mother &  
wife program, the national orga-  
nization is not very helpful  
according to Sandee Rouse, the  
75th association Gold Star  
Mother Advocate. They are look-  
ing for all of the families of our

fallen brothers. She may be con-  
tacted at (e-mail)  
[Goldstars75thRRA@AOL.com](mailto:Goldstars75thRRA@AOL.com)  
and they really need our help.

Dan Pope was up and on his feet  
and starting to continue his work  
on his house and is almost done.  
I sure would not have wanted to  
go through the mile of crap (liter-  
ally) he had to go through. But he  
is doing great and it was really  
good to see him.

The new 75th RRA By Laws  
were passed and if you want any  
changes please submit them for  
review and consideration at the  
next Reunion. The next Reunion  
for the 75th RRA will be at Ft.  
Lewis, Washington and The point  
man will be Buck Anderson. See  
you in 2004.

Patrolling Magazine has gotten  
bigger and better and wants the  
articles from the unit directors to  
keep coming, the unit director  
does not have to write the article  
just submit it. So let's help Bolton  
out and some of us pitch in. In  
addition the magazine is looking

C/75 - E/20 LRP (CONTINUED)

for sponsors to sponsor ads. I have brought in Miller Beer and Gerber Knives, if you know any companies in your area that would like to advertise please contact John Chester the editor of Patrolling Magazine.

The newly elected 75thRRA personnel are:  
 Dana McGrath -  
     President (K Company)  
 Wayne Mitch -  
     Vice President (K Company)  
 Ron Edwards -  
     Secretary (2nd Term)  
 Joe Nibblet - Treasurer (1st Bat.)  
 - Hope I spelled his name right.

There was plenty of beer and war stories to go around... and it was a success overall.


Sunshine ... out.

Kindest regards,  
 Walter Buchananz


On 6 June 2002 @ 1 PM EST, I met with the Matthews's family, of Flint, Michigan, to present to Mrs. Matthews, the mother of Ranger James Loisel of C/75th Rangers, the Gold Star Certificate and Life Membership in the Association, on behalf of the 75th Ranger Regimental Association. Present at the brief ceremony were Mr. & Mrs. Matthews, Ranger Loisel's sister, brother, grandmother, the family's pastor and a number of family friends. The ceremony was covered by the local TV station and aired on the evening news in Flint. The house was adorned with flags, including the table which was

covered with a flag table cloth and flag napkins were present at the meal offered by the family at the conclusion of the ceremony. Many of the ladies present were wearing flag scarves around their necks as well. On display in the living room were pictures of Ranger Loisel and various certificates and medals he had earned. In addition to the honor I felt, at being asked to present this certificate to Mrs. Matthews, I must say that it was an honor and extreme pleasure to meet such a fine and patriotic family. The several hours I spent in the Matthews's home was an immense joy to me and the Matthews cause me to feel as if I, too, were a part of the family.

Jerry "Rocky" Stone  
 Sgt-At-Arms  
 C/75 Rangers



**D/75**  
 Unit Director - John Kingeter



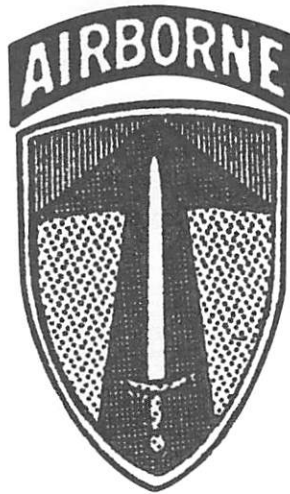
By Tom Delaney

As always, time flies, Reunion 2002 is now a matter of history! Hopefully, old friendships were rekindled, new friends made, and all enjoyed good times. Seems like just yesterday we were converging on Columbus Georgia. More information and some "flicks" on the reunion coverage later. Ft Lewis Washington is on the staging platform for the 2004 reunion. Moss sure does not grow on rolling stones so dig out your wet weather gear early. I've never been to Ft Lewis when it wasn't raining.

The "Jump CP" at Ft Benning stayed operational just about 24x5. Sleep deprivation definitely ruled! "Miller" was on tap as usual and "private stocks" were not in short supply if you needed a quick jolt to keep the old motor running. Just amazes me how the old brain housing group and body reacted to the talk of old times.

I've finally got the "poop" on one of our own second

generation Ranger's, Frank Park Jr. I know Frank Sr. is extremely proud of his son's accomplishments. A success story depicting one of our own merits inclusion into our Patrolling article to share with everyone and is probably past due. Frank Sr. sure passed on the right genes or somehow managed to get some of the good stuff from his tour with D/75 and store it for future posterity.



A son following in his father's footsteps is probably every man's dream. Frank Jr. is currently assigned as a Weapons Squad Leader with A Company, 3rd platoon 1/75. Not to shabby for what we often refer to as Generation X critter! I sleep well at night knowing that Ranger Park and his Ranger buddies are watching my "Six". Their azimuth is true. And now, the rest of the story!

So just what has it taken for Frank Jr. to acquire the "Right Stuff"? It's a loaded question so read on! Frank Jr.'s career has managed to progress from the basic "Grunt", up the food chain for approximately 10

D/75 (CONTINUED)

years (from Private to Staff Sergeant) and ya, you guessed it, he's still a "Grunt". Oh, I almost forgot! Frank has managed to accomplish this feat and never leave the 1st Battalion 75th Ranger Regiment. Now that's a testimony of devotion to Duty, Honor, and Country. I'm glad I don't have to carry Frank's rucksack.

Speaking of rucksacks I have managed to rummage through Frank Junior's and you wouldn't believe the load they have to "Hump"! The first TO&E items I extracted were his "frequent flyer" miles: Corsica, France, Egypt, Haiti, Panama, and Afghanistan. He's been on training exercises all over this country. They don't issue "Grunts" map pins any more so I know why he can't remember all the places he's been. Just guessing I'd bet that Frank's touring has been after a PLF or two and not via first class tickets on a Boeing 747 jetliner. Rather difficult to plant roots with this lifestyle huh!

As I continued to probe the abyss of Frank's rucksack I found the credentials and decorations of what today's Ranger is made of, yes you guessed it, "The Right Stuff"! Airborne, Jumpmaster, Pathfinder, Mountain Warfare, French Mountain Warfare, Special Operations Target Interdiction, PLDC and BNCOC career development schools and I'm sure I overlooked a few. Further intrusion into Frank's rucksack revealed the crown jewels: Master Parachutists Badge, Pathfinder Badge, Expert and Combat Infantryman's Badge and the Ranger Tab.

I hope you have enjoyed the short biographical sketch of one of our own second generation Rangers. Frank Jr has accomplished much in the last 10 years. Thanks Frank, "Rangers Lead the Way"!

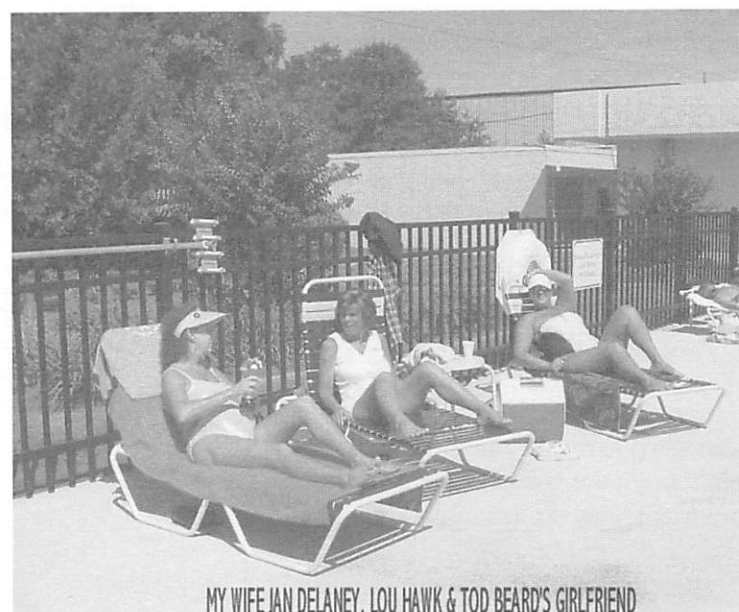
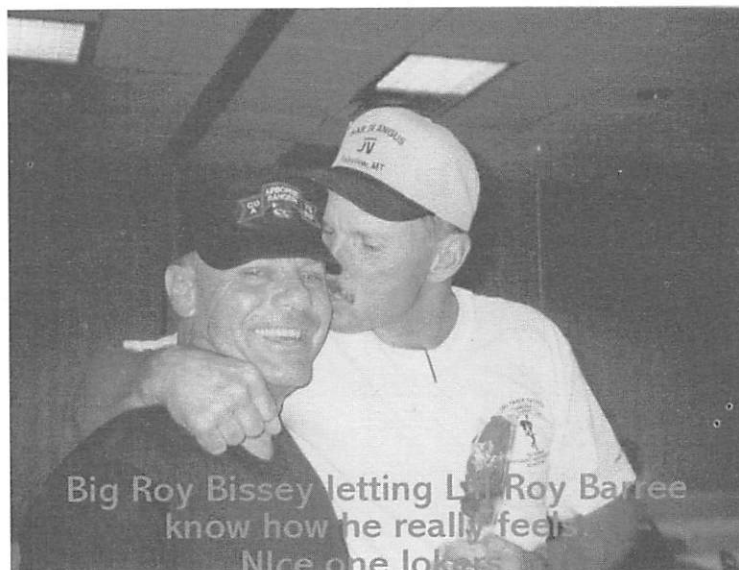
Enjoy the accompanying "flicks" from the 75th RRA reunion 2002. I even managed to capture some of the wives and girlfriends poolside at their best. Enjoy!

Good to see everyone once again, and if you weren't able to physically make it to the reunion your spirit was present. Rusty, Lou, and Shane good to see you all again, God bless! Stay in touch. Steve I can't believe you let Todd win one of the door prizes. Bill and Vic it's been a long time stay in touch, love ya brothers.

Don't forget your *Sitreps*, input and information is required for dissemination in our Patrolling Magazine. If you have some "flicks" to share get them to me. I'll try to scan them for future articles. The D/75 journey continues!

As Always, That's A Rap!

All Gave Some, Some Gave All!



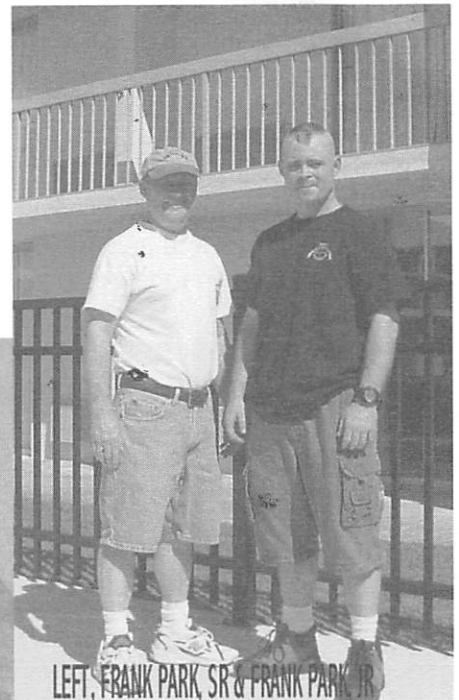
D/75 (CONTINUED)




(L TO R) STEVE MEADE, BILL FOX, RUSTY HAWK, TOM DELANEY, FRANK PARK, SR



BILL FOX, FRANK PARK, SR




LEFT, FRANK PARK, SR & FRANK PARK, JR



**E/75 - E/50 LRP - 9TH DIV LRRP**

Unit Director - Robert Copeland



By Bob Copeland

The 2002 Ranger Reunion is over and it was again a great success. Members of E Co. who attended were as follows: Bob Copeland, Rick Stetson, Jim Thayer, Gerald Johnson and spouse, Prescott Smith and spouse, Duane Alire and spouse, Marshall Larsen, Rick Ehrlar, Pat Lafferty, Jim Godbolt and family, Allen Wentz, as well as Joan Bellwood and her son Erik (sister and nephew of Richard Bellwood KIA 25 Jan 1969). We wish you all could have attended and will look forward to seeing everyone at the next Company Reunion in 2003. Those attending the 75th Reunion participated in numerous activities such as the Ranger Hall Of Fame Ceremony for new inductees, the 75th Ranger Regt. Memorial Ceremony where numerous Gold Star Mothers received their Certificates, the Rangers In Action demonstration put on by the Ranger Training Bde. at Victory Pond as well as the Graduation Ceremony for the candidates having successfully completed Ranger Training and the receiving of their Ranger Tab, a tour of



the Ranger Hall Of Fame at the Ranger Training Bde. followed, a tour of the Infantry Museum, and then a trip to the Close Combat Tactical Training Center and Simulation Center where we were given a briefing and demonstration and then allowed to engage targets in an urban warfare environment on the screen with the M4 carbine as well as from sim turrets of the Bradley Fighting Vehicle and the M1A1 Abrams Tank. Of course sim driving was also available but being Ranger/Lrp/Lrrp types we of course wanted to blow and shot things up!! Hooah!!

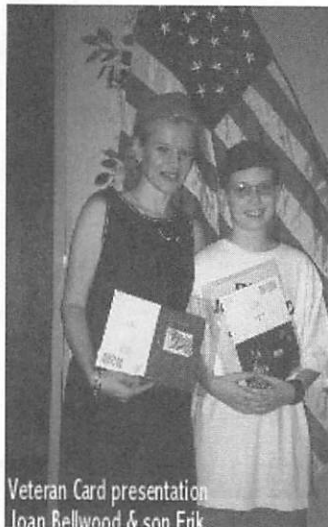
After the General Business Meeting we were pleased to welcome our new President of the 75th Ranger Regt. Assn. Ranger Dana McGrath, E/58 LRP-K/75 Ranger (1969/70) and express our thanks and heartfelt appreciation to our outgoing President, Ranger Emmett Hiltibrand. Emmett leaves big shoes to fill and Dana is a most worthy successor. I am sure Dana will leave a similar big set of shoes to fill at the end of his term of office as Association President. Welcome to the new Board of Directors and thanks to John Chester for staying on as Patrolling Editor and for all

E/75 - E/50 LRP - 9TH DIV LRRP (CONTINUED)

his fine work in the past two years and to Ron Edwards who has also taken on another term as Secretary. Many thanks to Jim McLaughlin our outgoing Vice President for all his hard work. I am sure we will be well represented by our new Board of Directors as they face the challenges of the coming two year term.

The Banquet which was to take place by the pool, unfortunately got moved indoors due to rain. The banquet was setup in two rooms and commo established so that everyone could hear the presentation by the 75th Rangers and comments by the executive and guest speak-

those who scrambled at the last minute to put everything together and make it such a resounding success. We wish the 3rd Bn Rangers good hunting and look forward to getting together with each and everyone of them in the not



distant future!! Hooaah!! RLTW!!!!

The next 75th Ranger Regt. Reunion will be in Tacoma/Ft Lewis area, home of the 2nd Bn Rangers and our point man will be Buck Anderson for 2004. Let's all plan on being there!!

Some of the special events that took place at the Reunion were the presentation by Joan Bellwood regarding the Veteran Day Cards which she was successful in persuading Hallmark Greeting Cards to produce. Joan is to be congratulated for all her efforts in bring this to fruition. It was through the efforts of Joan and no one else that this celebration of the Veterans by Hallmark Cards came about. The issuance of these cards will take place in Sept 2002. Hallmark sent a box of the new Veterans Cards to Joan at the Reunion and even though they arrived late for the banquet, she was able to personally hand out over a hundred of these cards which are a first



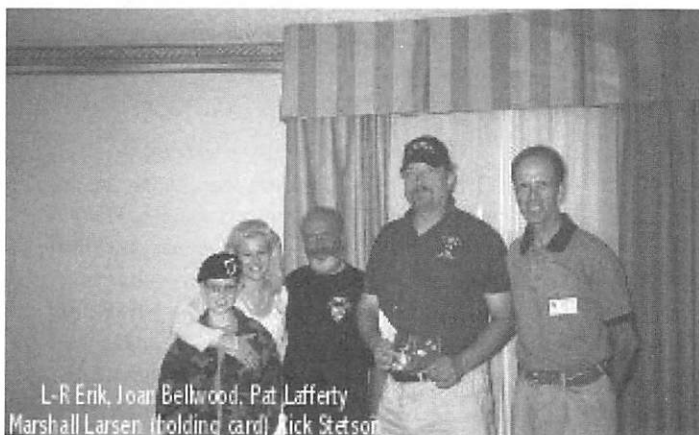
ers. The winners of the door prizes were of course announced so all went well. The food was great and the comradery second to none!! Hooaah!!RLTW!!!! Many thanks to all those who made this reunion such a tremendous success!! It should be noted the Emmett was taken aside 3 weeks prior to the Reunion and advised in confidence that the 3rd Bn was being deployed to Afghanistan. As many of the activities were planned around the 3rd Bn Emmett had to do some fast footwork to arrange for other activities without breaching confidence. Emmett you did a superior job and are to be congratulated along with



issue with a special message that reads, "We will never forget your service to our country. Your Friends at Hallmark July, 2002". These cards and you are truly

E/75 - E/50 LRP - 9TH DIV LRRP (CONTINUED)

remarkable, thank you Joan on behalf of E75/E50 LRP/9TH DIV LRRP and all those Veterans who will soon come to know, "THEY ARE APPRECIATED AND NOT FORGOTTEN", through these cards. Your brother Richard and all those who made the ULTIMATE SACRIFICE for their country would be proud of your effort to make sure, that they and their fellow Veterans who returned to their homes, are APPRECIATED and NOT FORGOTTEN for the SERVICE they have rendered to their Country!! Well done Joan!! HOOAAH!!!!



L-R Erik, Joan, Bellwood, Pat Lafferty, Marshall Larsen (holding card), Nick Stetson

Our thanks to Patience Mason who spoke on the subject of dealing with PTSD from personal experience. Her husband returned from Vietnam with PTSD after having served as a combat helicopter pilot. Thank you Patience for making the effort to understand the effects of PTSD not only on the Veterans lives but also on the lives of their loved ones and passing on the information and your experiences to others.

I would also like to thank the Gold Star Mother



Gold Star Mother Certificate Presentation at Mountain Ranger Camp Open House to Ceil Toschik mother of 1st Lt. Mark Joseph Toschik KIA 11 Aug 1970. L-R, Unit Director Co. E/75 Inf Ranger (Abn)-E/50th LRP (Abn)-9TH DIV LRRP, Ranger Bob Copeland, Mrs. Ceil Toschik, Mr. Larry Toschik (father of Mark) and Ranger Brent Gulick (2nd Platoon Leader Co. E Ranger (Abn) Tan An, RVN, Marks' best friend).



Larry and Ceil standing unde sign honoring their son, 1st Lt. Mark Joseph Toschik, KIA 11 Aug 1970, E Co 75th Inf. Ranger (Abn), Tan An, RVN.

Advocate Sandee Rouse and the Gold Star Wife Advocate Sandy Harris for all their efforts in bringing together the Gold Star Mothers and Wives of our Ranger/Lrp/Lrrp comrades. Keep up the good work and together we will find and bring together all those who have as yet not been found and welcome them into the Ranger/Lrp/Lrrp family and community.

Our prayers and best wishes continue to go out to our members who are currently ill or hospitalized. We all pray for your speedy recovery! To the families of the unit



L-R: –Memorial Sign Site– Ranger Steve Hawk (President Mountain Ranger Assn), Ranger Brent Gulick (2nd Platoon Leader E Co. 75th Inf. Ranger (Abn), Tan An, RVN, 1970), Ranger Bob Copeland (Unit Director E Co. 75th Inf Ranger (Abn), E Co. Ranger (Abn), Tan An, RVN, 1969-70), Ranger Gerald Johnson (CO E Co. 75th Inf Ranger (Abn), Tan An, RVN, 1970) and Ranger Noah Halfacre LTC USA Ret., Recon Platoon, C Co., 6/31st Inf, 3/9th Div, Rvn, 1970 and A Co. Ranger.

members who have passed away we offer our heartfelt sympathies for your loss and for that of our fellow comrade. Thanks Jonesy for getting the flowers and cards out to the members and families!!

E/75 - E/50 LRP - 9TH DIV LRRP (CONTINUED)

Our best wishes go out to our Gold Star Mothers/Wives and families. To Ceil and Larry Toschik and Catherine Colombi, Joan Bellwood and Erik remember you are in our thoughts and prayers and we welcome you to all Ranger activities as you are part of the Ranger/Lrp/Lrrp family and community.



Group E/75 Ranger/E50 LRP/9TH DIV LRRP-Mountain Ranger Open House and Street Sign Ceremony for 1st Lt. Mark Joseph Toschik as well as Gold Star Mother Certificate Presentation. L-R and F-R-Ranger Brent Gulick (E/75), Ranger Bob Copeland (E/75), Ranger Noah Halfacre (6/31st Inf, 3/9 Inf Div), Ceil Toschik (Gold Star Mother), Larry Toschik (father of Mark), Ranger Rick Stetson (9TH DIV LRRP), Ranger Gerald Johnson (E/75)

I hope everyone is planning to be at the next Company Reunion in Montana in 2003!! Look for all the details in the Company Newsletter.

It's never too early to start thinking about the Ranger Children's Christmas Fund, let's make our donations early! No amount is too small or large. Last year our donations went to make a Merry Christmas for many

Ranger Children who would not otherwise have had one. The Ranger Batts continue to be on deployment and many will not be spending Christmas with their families again. We cannot stand beside them in battle but we can stand by them on the homefront and support their families. Let's do 100% and then some!! Please send your donations to our Secretary/Treasurer Jonesy or to the 75th Ranger Regt Assn Treasurer and be sure to identify your donation as being for the Ranger Children's Christmas Fund with your name and unit, unless you wish to remain anonymous.


Sept 11 is fast approaching so lets take time to remember all those who lost their lives through this terrorist act and those who are making the sacrifice to fight the war on terrorism and defend our freedom at home and abroad. As Veterans and Patriots we stand and deliver!! Hooah!! RLTW!!!!

Well that's all for now. Keep safe and keep the faith!! Remember RANGER/LRP/LRRP LEAD THE WAY!!!!


Bob Copeland



Fallen Ranger Road Sign honoring 1st Lt. Mark Joseph Toschik and four other Fallen Rangers placed by the US Mountain Ranger Assn. at the bridge crossing the Etowah River at Camp Frank D. Merrill, 5th Ranger Training Bn, Mountain Ranger Camp, Dahlonega, Ga. on 11 May 2002.



**F/75 - F/50 LRP - 25TH DIV LRRP**  
Unit Director - Joe Little



Joseph C. Little, UD  
10129 W. Highland Ave.  
Phoenix, AZ 85037  
Ph. # 623-877-3797  
602-640-2981 (Office)  
jclittle1@cox.net

Daniel Nate, Alt. UD/Advocate  
408 Elm Ave.  
Woodbury Heights, NJ 08097  
Ph. # 856-848-9174  
dannatel@home.com

Fred B. Stuckey,  
Secretary/Treasure  
PO box 150644  
Longview, TX 75615  
Ph. # 903-643-2478  
lrrptoo@syndcom.net

Bill Mrkvicka,  
Locator/Membership  
Ph # 716-247-7257  
[mrkvick@rochester.rr.com](mailto:mrkvick@rochester.rr.com)

Greetings to all; I hope this finds everyone in good spirits. Good spirits was what those of us found when we attended this year's reunion in Columbus. For those who were not able to make it, we missed you. Between 40 and 45 attended the reunion. There was very good mix of different eras represented at this year's reunion from our compa-

ny. Those eras that were represented were 25th Div LRRPs/Co F, 50th Infantry (LRP)/Co F and 75th Infantry Ranger. Many who attended brought relatives and/or significant others to share the reunion experience. My son attended the reunion with me. He later shared that he learned more about me in that one-week reunion than he



*F/75 - F/50 LRP - 25TH DIV LRRP (CONTINUED)*

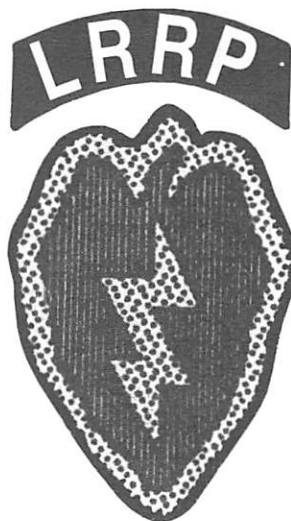
has in his whole life. After hearing that statement, it caused me to ponder on how many have actually share their experiences with their own children. As outlined by my son, he learned more about me from others than he has from his own father.

Company Business: I will not refer to association business, because you will read about it in this issue of Patrolling. We had nominations and elections of company officers for our unit with those present. Joseph Little was retained as Unit Director; Dan Nate was retained as Assistant Unit Director; Fred Stuckey was retained as Secretary. Areas of discussion included continued growth and location of missing members of our unit, how to file claims with the veteran's administration, awards and decorations that were never received or given credit for and off-year reunions for our company.

Growth and location of missing members: Acknowledge was given to those who were present from the original members of Brigade and Division LRRPs. We decided to break down our unit into separate eras. Two members volunteered to spearhead this project for their era. John Rowland will coordinate Brigade LRRPs. David Jacobs will coordinate Co F 75th Rangers. Marshall Huckaby was volunteered by Mark Ponzillo (LRRP 1) to be coordinator for 25th ID LRRPs. They will be working closely with Bill Mrkvicka, who has a large database of our members, and is responsible for maintaining listing locator and membership. Our goal with this project is to create cohesiveness between different eras. As members left our unit, the torch was passed concerning lessons learned regarding tactics that were utilized and refined during each mission. It is historically important for this information to be brought forward and documented. We discovered there are many pioneers that were unsung heroes. It is time that they be recognized for their accomplishments and innovative ideas utilized in the

field that saved the lives of many. If you have any information regarding an unsung hero, it is important that you submit this information to the unit director for consideration for future articles, or nomination for the Ranger hall of fame.

How to file claims with the Veteran's Administration: I am a therapist and counselor for Readjustment Counseling Services for the VA, otherwise known as Vet Centers, around the country. Since this is a rather in depth subject to discuss in writing, I prefer you contact me personally or your local vet center.




Awards and decorations that were never received or given credit for: Ideas were shared for how to obtain awards or write-ups that were negated for one reason or another. Government guidelines concerning recognition for acts of heroism and awards can still be submitted by those who witnessed the event/events, which are the subject of the award or recognition. To submit a citation or verification of an event, contact your local veteran's services officer.

Off-year reunions: It was brought to our attention the possibility of a rafting trip in Colorado Springs/Denver in October 2003. Your input is important concerning this and/or other possibilities for off-year reunions or functions.


I would like to remind you to renew your membership with the association, if you have not already done so.

Please allow me to reiterate the importance of submitting articles of missions and/or life success stories, or anything you feel could be helpful to our members.

If you are interested in obtaining a list of members that attended the reunion, please contact me and I will email it.



**G/75 - E/51 LRP - 196TH LRRP**  
**Unit Director - Steve Crabtree**



Golf Company Ranger Association held it's 13 annual reunion in San Diego over June 13 – 16. The reunion concluded Sunday Morning with a Memorial Service to honor the 33 men from our unit who gave their lives in the line of duty. The Service took place at Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery overlooking the Pacific Ocean to the west, San

Diego Bay to the east and Mexico to the south. Our former Executive Officer, Colonel Ralph B. Tildon (ret), was the main speaker and said the following:

**We Remember, We Keep the Faith**

## G/75 - E/51 LRP - 196TH LRRP (CONTINUED)

As we stand here to honor the LRRPs of the 196th Infantry Brigade, the LRRPs of E Company, 51st Infantry, & the Rangers of G Company, 75th Infantry, **what do we remember** about our fallen brothers—those young men who lived with us, soldiered with us, and died an early death?

**We remember March 4th, 1968**, when two teams of LRRPs—12 brave, young men—fought an enemy battalion through the night. Why had they gone out? What had been their mission? To liberate South Vietnamese & US soldiers from a prisoner of war compound in Quang Nam province. When the fighting stopped, six of our brothers lay dead, six lay wounded. One of the dead on that battlefield had been a sole-surviving son & therefore was not supposed to be exposed to grave danger. Besides, he was due to return soon to the World. But our brother had conned someone into letting him go on that mission. He had wanted to help free the POWs & he had gone, SUA SPONTE, of his own accord. One of our wounded from that battle returned to the United States & there succumbed to the effects of his wounds. What do they say about these men? “GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS; THAT HE WOULD LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIEND.”

**We remember May 12th, 1969**, when three Ranger teams faced the brunt of a major sapper attack on LZ Baldy & fought through the night & into the morning. When the fighting stopped, among the many wounded, our brother—age 20--lay dead. What do you say about a young man who, SUA SPONTE, came of his own accord & fought shoulder to shoulder with his brothers? “GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS; THAT HE WOULD LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIEND.”

**We remember November 20th, 1969**, when a Ranger team leader--realizing that his team could be destroyed--charged into the face of death, & saved his men before he fell mortally wounded. What do you say about a 20-year-old soldier like that? “GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS; THAT HE WOULD LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS.”

What do we remember? **We remember April 23rd 1970 & October 13th, 1970**, when two of our brothers, who were married, went on mission & did not return alive. One of them had just returned to Chu Lai from extension leave in Pennsylvania, where he had played for 30 precious days with his baby daughter. He had assured his wife that they would be a real family when he returned in

six months to the World. But for now, he had said, he had to go back to ‘Nam—he **wanted** to go back—to do his duty, to soldier alongside “the men with the painted faces.” He was 21. His daughter today probably is in her early 30s, perhaps with a family of her own. Most likely, she was too young to remember her Dad. **But we do.** We remember how he would grin when he showed us her baby pictures. We remember his absolute joy in being part of—what he called—“an outfit of professionals—the best.”

What do we remember? **We remember January 10th, 1971** when a helicopter crash in Quang Ngai snuffed the lives of two of our brothers.

**We remember our brother the point man**, who eluded death in the mountains of Quang Nam but did not survive the unforgiving undertow of the South China Sea. In the rear, he was quiet, almost shy, with kind eyes. In the bush, he was like a cobra. In the bush, we were glad he was on our side. In the bush, the lives of his teammates depended on him, & he **never** let them down. His family back in the mid-west may never have learned that about him. But we—his other family--did, & we remember.

Let there be no mistake: These men—our fallen brothers—were not a glum lot. They were funny, fun to be with, & bold. How bold? A LRP recalled recently how our outfit got started in 1966. Imagine a bleacher-full of volunteers sitting in the sun listening to a captain.



G/75 - E/51 LRP - 196TH LRRP (CONTINUED)

Says the captain: “‘you are all volunteers because no one wants to do this job. ([Mumbling in the bleachers]—OK, OK)””

Says the captain: “‘when you go out, you must have your own weapon or borrow one or take one from the enemy. When you go out, we will write you off. If you make it back, we will be ahead & we will send you out again. Now, before I go any farther, if there is anyone who wants to leave, please do so. (No one moved.)””

The captain: “‘if there is anyone who wants to volunteer, raise your hand’. ([Every hand shot up]” As the LRP recalled, “The captain just stood there for a very silent moment & looked at us with his mouth open.”

The captain: “‘did everyone bring a weapon?’ (All hands shot up with some form of firepower in it.) [The captain] told us to go with [the sergeant] & he would take

our names.”

The LRP further recalled, “As I climbed down the bleachers...I heard [the captain] say to one of the NCOs, ‘what are we going to do with them all? The C[ommanding] G[eneral] said I could get a **couple** of volunteers from each company. We have [more than] 20 people here. I thought my speech would scare most of them off.”

Clearly, that captain was not familiar with men who lived the spirit of SUA SPONTE---men who were funny, & daring, & bold.

So, brothers, as we remember these men, let their deaths remind us that some things ARE worth fighting for-& even dying for. To honor our fallen brothers, let us use the time we have remaining for good, for service to others, as they served so well.



**H/75 - E/52 LRP - 1ST CAV LRRP**  
Unit Director - William Anton



The LRRP/Rangers of the 1st Cavalry Division Association held their 16th annual reunion in conjunction with the Cavalry Associations 55th Annual Reunion in Colorado Springs, CO. With a membership turn out of 31 members and a mix of spouses, children, family, and friends, we had a nice-sized group. We had a banner year for first-time reunion attendees of 7 members. It helps when there is a reunion in the state some live in. One of our members who lived in Colorado Springs spent many months planning a BBQ. The whole thing came together with the help of his neighbors, friends, and family. Colorado Springs had not had rain in 2 months; well we got over an inch in a few hours that night. Many of us got a chance to eat the leftovers a second night.

This year was an important year for doing business. First on the list was the update and rewrite of the chapter bylaws. After much debate and some more changes, the board was ready to present the bylaws for general membership approval. At the annual business meeting, there was more debate and final approval. Second on the business list was the chapter website that is currently not operating. There is hope that a good portion of the original webpage will be back up soon. Third on the business list was election of officers for the next two years. Officers remaining in office until summer of 2004 are as follows: President – Sam Dixon, VP – Larry Curtis, and Secretary – Dave Klimek. New officers are Treasurer – Howard Shute and Sergeant-at-Arms – Doc Gilcrest.



There were some changes in the Members at Large board members.

Next Year’s reunion will be held in June in Killeen, Texas.

H/75, E/52, and the LRRP’s of the 1st Cavalry Division lost one of our original members of the LRRP’s and E/52.

LTC (Retired) Ron Hall, late of Belton, Texas, was killed on 6 August 2002 near Sturgis, South Dakota while attending the annual Harley Davidson rally. Ranger Hall was well known and well-respected by his fellow Rangers and friends. Ranger Hall was featured in the book "The Ghosts of the Highlands" by Gregg P. Jorgenson. Ranger Hall was a life member of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association – he will be sorely missed.

A memorial service was held at Sandy’s Bar in Belton, Texas, to honor Ranger Hall on 18 August 2002.

Those wishing to remember Ranger Ron Hall are asked to make a donation to the 1st Cavalry Division Scholarship Fund:

SCHOLARSHIP FOUNDATION  
1st CAVALRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION  
302 NORTH MAIN STREET  
COPPERAS COVE, TX 76522-1799



## I/75 - F/52 LRP - 1ST DIV LRRP

Unit Director - Barry Crabtree



BY: Barry Crabtree

Ranger Brothers the summer is going, going, gone with Labor Day just past and our 9/11 anniversaries upon us. My summer highlight has to be the Ranger Reunion in Columbus, Ga. by Fort Benning. There was a spirit created through love and respect and a common understanding of each other that was rare. Oh sure, we had a few war stories from our brothers that seemed just too fantastic for even the most experienced and hardened among us to believe; however, it was easy to just let it go - knowing that it's all a process that we are all going through to get home from the war. The talk from our visiting celebrity-author Patience Mason -**Recovering From The War**- and her husband Robert **Chickenhawk** Mason on the latest and the most meaningful info from the world regarding PTSD was a real eye opener. This is a lady that has lived with a chopper pilot from Nam since Robert returned in 1970 and knows what it is really like to suffer silently. You all know what I mean. If you don't, get her book and read it for the love of your family and your country.

The one feature of the 75th RRA reunion that almost all of my I Co. brothers missed is the chance to sit and talk and party with Rangers from the Battalions that are showing up in ever increasing numbers. I talked with Peters from Eagle Claw in Iran and John Burns from Somalia ~ **Blackhawk Down** and all that you know. Hearing it first hand is the treat of a lifetime. The Deputy Battalion Commander and some Hdqtrs Rangers showed up to thank us for CONTINUING THE LEGEND for them by celebrating the very best that the Rangers have to offer our country. Imagine that!! He's thanking me. Here's a real hero thanking me. What a thrill. You just can't know how good it can make you feel inside to have that said to you by a Lt. Col. all dressed out - ribbons and all. The other Nam Rangers from all the other companies ~ there were 43 from P Co. alone. I'll never forget my morning over coffee with Ted Tilson about our common experiences on snatch missions. I don't think I've ever laughed and cried so hard in all my life. Everywhere you went within the Holiday Inn, a Ranger was more than willing to talk and share experiences - sometimes very emotionally.

The Ranger Hall of Fame ceremonies were inside this

year. Just as well, the 3rd Bat was "in the hole" and not available. I'm sure they'll next turn up on CNN in Ass-crack-istan or in some other lovely desert locale being run by your friendly warlord/tyrant. The Rangers inducted were deserving; however, we need more 75th RRA guys that will respond by putting up the guys we know are the genuine article. If you know what I mean. I got to share a banquet table with Hail of Fame inductee, Ranger laws from the 3rd Bat and Doc Sisk and some other Bat Rangers that told some stories that kept me spellbound. What a great group to be identified with. I left later that night for my long drive home with such great positive vibes - they will last me until I'm able to see my I Co brothers this next April in Arizona. The 2004 75th RRA reunion will be in the State of Washington at Ft Lewis with the west coast Rangers of the 1st Bat. I'm making plans for the journey now. THE LEGEND CONTINUES and what is happening with the modern day Rangers is something to behold. Our 75th RRA from our humble beginnings is rising to the top as the organization of the Rangers of all eras. I feel like I'm almost home. What a great thing to be able to say.



Our election of new Association officers gave us a fine group of leaders that will lead our growing Association into what is shaping up to be a very exciting spurt in our visibility and popularity - both among our own and the public in general. Once you learn about the "standards" that are required to be in a modern day Ranger Bat, it will simply put you in awe. It gives me a very secure feeling to know the leading edge of our sword against Osama is anointed with the blood of the bravest and best prepared Rangers of any time anywhere. It's only a little surprising to see our precious Ranger Creed being lived out by a generation of some very tough son's of bitches. And I mean that sincerely.


Even as I write this for our now internationally prominent magazine *Patrolling*, I'm pumped with a new found respect I'm getting from people that a few years ago would have bad mouthed the military in general and the Rangers in particular. It's becoming a new day baby. Our Rangers back from the battles will not have to suffer in silence like we did from Vietnam. It's the organizations like our 75th RRA that is making sure that will never happen again. It was absolutely astounding to hear a daughter, a wife, and a

I/75 - F/52 LRP - 1ST DIV LRRP (CONTINUED)


mother read the death letters from some of our Rangers that were KIA either in combat or training - Rangers train just like it was combat and there is very little difference at times. Their dying words were universally, "I'm proud to be a Ranger.

I've always wanted to be a Ranger. And my commitment is whole, solid, and absolutely non-cancelable for any reason so help me God." The inspiration this gives me

in my life is incredible. My own GHOSTS OF GLORY from the war in Nam can come out of the darkness and into the light with the knowledge the sacrifices made in the jungles of SE ASIA were not in vain. The walk into the sacred brotherhood of the Rangers has never been more glorious than it is today. Praise God; Praise the USA, and Praise The Rangers of yesterday, today, tomorrow, and forever as the keepers of our liberty, our pride, and our creed.



**K/75 - E/58 LRP - 4TH DIV LRRP**  
Unit Director - Bill Bullen



Gentlemen, Families and Friends,  
Bill 'Ichabod' Bullen here. Well, another reunion has come and gone. With past president Emmett Hildebrand, doing a superior, Command Sergeant's job, of passing the baton. I would like to wish, K Co's own, Dana McGrath the best of luck. He's going to need it as the new President, 75th Ranger Rgt Assn.Inc.

The job the president does only scratches the surface of visibility. There several other folks busy in the background. Please do all you can to help me, help them.

With this said, I'll ask all to send me useful information and feedback, preferably, in 'Microsoft Works' format. If you need help with this, we'll see about getting you some. Remember commo is our only link to growth, if we all sit on our butts and waits for others to do the recruiting, we'll see the same ugly Ranger faces, and their beautiful wives again at the next reunion. At this reunion I met Don Keller (CSM Ret), Hank Alderson (LTC Ret), Joel Douglas (1st Lt RVN) Jim Joyce (ops SSG RVN) just to mention a few. These guys in 1969-70, in many of our young minds were 'LIFERS'. Gentlemen they had our best interests at heart! The only way these fellows and their beautiful families found us was through COMMUNI-

CATION! If every one who reads this third grade quality manuscript, recruits two people and the two tell two more and so on. We'll have our entire company, in formation at the front of the next 'Fallen Comrades Ceremony'. We owe it to our KIA's and ourselves to be as one again.

We are supporting our Gold Star Mothers and wives, by finding



these surviving families. I'm asking you to find and report any Wives or Mothers of fallen Ranger/LRPs. They in turn will be put in touch with the proper Ladies for follow-up. These organization help survivors receive the benefits the V.A. and other authorities HIDE from potential recipients.

We need pictures, stories, lies and jokes, for Patrolling Magazine. If you're not a member, get an

application in and start receiving it and other benefits of membership. Send your submissions to your respective representative.

1st Bde LRP  
Gentilevilla, Matthew  
E-mail Address(es):  
erika\_french@seissre.com  
Personal Information:  
Address:  
2280 Stickney Pt Rd  
Sarasota FL 34231  
Phone: (914)922-8482

2nd Bde LRP:  
Smyers, Bob  
E-mail Address(es):  
hotel2alpha@msn.com  
bowan55@hotmail.com  
Personal Information:  
Address:  
5035 S.W.34th St  
Ft Lauderdale FL 33314  
Phone: 954-587-6778

3rd Bde LRP:  
Anderson, Buck  
E-mail Address(es):  
bda@awwwsome.com  
Personal Information:  
Address:  
Po Box 165  
Cottonwood, CA 96022  
Phone: (530)347-7224

E/58, 4th Div LRP:  
Middleton, Bryant

K/75 - E/58 LRP - 4TH DIV LRRP (CONTINUED)



E-mail Address(es):  
 ranger5988@aol.com  
 Personal Information:  
 Address:  
 571 Mooney Rd NW  
 Ft Waltron Bch, FL  
 32547-1855

K/75 Rgr:  
 Bristol, Dave  
 E-mail Address(es):  
 djbristol@msn.com  
 Personal Information:  
 Phone: 1-303-487-3042  
 4th Div 75th Ranger Regt Assn.  
 Unit Director:  
 Bullen, Bill  
 E-mail Address(es):  
 k75ranger@netcarrier.com  
 Personal Information:  
 Address:  
 Po. Box 34  
 Palm PA 18070  
 Phone: 215-679-8866

If anyone knows of a vendor who would like to sell STUFF at our functions, they can submit a request to be a corporate sponsor for our 75th Ranger Regt. Assn. This would be done through our board of directors.

Any person wishing to make a contribution to the 4th div branch of the 75th RRA, can do so by sending it to:  
 Mitsch, Wayne  
 E-mail Address(es):  
 wmkma@bellsouth.net  
 Personal Information:  
 Address:  
 826 Lake Shore Dr.  
 Deluth GA 30096  
 Phone: 770-446-3892

Business Information:  
 Phone: 770-458-0206  
 Wayne has been trusted by our unit for the past 5 unit directors' tenure. He will use the money for locator services which you request, and postage and phone used for Ranger business, flowers etc..

One last thing, any one willing to be a funeral contact, anywhere in the country, get with Emmett Hiltibrand:  
 Hiltibrand, Emmett  
 E-mail Address(es):  
 ranger2c@mchsi.com  
 Personal Information:  
 Phone: 706-323-5426

He will let you know when and where to be.

In closing, please let me know of any ideas we can come up with, to help our young ranger brothers as they separate from the military. We do not want them to learn the way some of us did, to cope with civilian life. We need to study lessons learned and report to these young rangers!

Keep me posted, and thank you for the vote of confidence, as unit director, 4th Div 75th Ranger Regt. Assn.

Bill 'Ichabod' Bullen

### 3rd BDE Report

BY: Buck Anderson

This is the 2002 reunion Roster, 3rd Bde LRRP'S, John Chester, Mike Riley, Buck Anderson, Fred Fones. Fred has arisen from the dust to join his friends. After a 30 some year R/R. Sure glad to be linked up again. That makes the 3rd BDE LRRP'S of the 25th ID and the 4th ID roster to C.O. John Chester, Oscar J L Mullinax, Frank Holmes, Mike Reily, Fred phones, Buck D. Anderson. Hopefully our old PLT will come together some day. Frank, Mike and Buck were treated to a tour of the RTB and were coined. That was a high point of the reunion for us and because of security of some CS rag heads I wont put names in the report. I will say this though NCO's and Officers were glad to see us and gave us the red carpet. Thank you again from three ol' LRRP's We missed the change of command of the RTB and was pissed about that. It went well without us though, we would've liked to have shown our support and gratitude for the RTB Men. I was honored with the nickname of Tiny, Hell that's better than some of what I've been called.

K/75 - E/58 LRP - 4TH DIV LRRP (CONTINUED)


Thank all of you Ranger's for showing us around and to the active duty Rangers, you're looking mighty fine. You're giving us some real bragging material of who's protecting us now. The S5 Quartermaster of the third BN and of the RTB has a ton of HO AAH stuff and the price is right and the money made goes back into the Ranger's ball and other active duty functions. Be advised the 1st BN and 2nd BN also have S5 Quartermaster stores and all the money earned stays with the active duty Rangers. The 2nd BN men are 3rd Brigades' adopted men so the reunion of 2004 their will be boocoo(?) allot of HOO AHH stuff for sale. Save up and proudly sup-

port our Rangers.


To the Capt. that gave us a tour of a company Area thanks again and the history of the coming of the rooster with the hen was GREAT. You sir I'd follow any place any time!

Col. Votel thank you and your staff for taking three LRRP'S and showing us a time we wont forget soon. Mrs Votel saved my marriage by pointing me in the right direction to buying a wives Ranger Crest T-Shirt. The crest is in a shape of a heart and is HOO AHH for our women. 3BN S-5 Quartermaster has a supply.

One quick note of a Ranger 1st SGT. "Buck if you were on my team and you were hit we would get you out! It may take two trips but you'd not be left behind." 1ST shirts ain't changed at all (thanks for that)!!!! John Chester our ol' man was desk bound selling, registering and doing business. That left his men loose, as you read above we maintained and didn't take any thing that wasn't GI'd. We had a dinner with John and Mary Anne ( I don't how to put that in ranking file as we know the CO is MA) MA, Mary Anne get it?? 2004 we will have more time with John and Mary Ann!!!



**L/75 - F/58 LRP - 1/101ST LRRP**  
**Unit Director - Randall White**



By the time you guys read this, summer will be over and my wood pile should just about be ready for winter. To say it was a busy summer would be an understatement. First the June reunion of the 101st LRRP/Ranger Association at Ft. Campbell/Clarksville Tennessee. We had another good turn out this year with people from all eras and units represented and having a good time. A nice thing about attending reunions is the new faces that show up. People you've heard of but never met, or someone you've never heard of who just drops in for their first reunion. A surprise for me at the Campbell reunion was Terry McCauley. Never heard of him? That's because he was a combat photographer who accompanied a couple teams on missions with F-58 in late 1968. Terry brought along a stack of black and white photos he took of faces and places in Nam. Among those photos were some never before seen shots of F-58 in the field, the rear and receiving awards while in the hospital. Most where 8x10 proof sheets containing about 15-20 very small photos....the size of a negative image. Terry graciously allowed me to borrow the photos for scanning, and over a period of a week I scanned 125 shots. I was pleasantly surprised



to find that most of the small pictures came out very presentable after enlarging them on the computer. I hope I'll have time to post some of these at the web site before you read this. Thursday evening was a barbeque on post with the LRS detachment at Ft. Campbell. This has turned into a ritual that's repeated when we have a reunion at Campbell, and it's always good to share some time with the young guys and hear their stories about modern ops. Friday night was the association dinner at the Holiday Inn with an auction after the meal during social hour. The range of items auctioned off varies every reunion and the prices paid seem to reflect the level of alcohol consumption by those in attendance. There were probably more than a couple people who woke up in the morning wondering, "What was I thinking?" During the business meeting on Saturday morning, it was decided to hold next years 101st LRRP/Ranger Association reunion in Las Vegas. Air fare and accommodations should be cheap, and it will be easier for the west coast members to attend. Be there or be square.

After a short rest of a couple weeks, it was time to head south to Columbus Georgia for the 75th RRA reunion. Upon arriving at the motel, I was greatly sur-

*L/75 - F/58 LRP - 1/101ST LRRP (CONTINUED)*

prised to meet Harold "Neb" Schmitt waiting for me in the lobby. Neb had made the trip down from Alaska with his wife Linda and it was our first meeting in 32 years. Neb and I were team mates during the summer of 1970 and had a lot of catching up to do over the next 4 days. Another new face at the reunion was Leo Kurtz, a former member of L Company who was attending his first reunion, along with Chris Christianson from F-58...another first time attendee. Dave Walker who served in both F-58 and N-75 showed up for his first ever 75th RRA reunion and said he "couldn't believe what a great time he was having." Dave had been to a few 101st LRRP/Ranger reunions but this was his first 75th RRA get together. The 75th RRA will be heading west in 2004 for our next gathering and if this year's event is any indication of participation it should be a good one. Seattle is the destination in two years, so you west coast people start making plane to attend. The 20th anniversary of the 75th RRA will take place in 2006 and at the business meeting it was suggested to hold that reunion back at Fort Campbell, the birth place of our organization. Those in attendance agreed and if that consensus hold true till the next meeting at Seattle in 2004, we're off to Clarksville for our 20th anniversary. We have a number of 101st people who live near Fort Campbell and arrangements should be easy to arrange. The 101st always puts on a good show during "Week of the Eagle" and regardless of the unit you served in, I'm sure you'll enjoy the festivities.

The search for missing members is an ongoing project, as is the drive to keep current members and bring others back into the fold of the brotherhood. Most of us have families who are now grown and this should leave a little extra time and money to keep dues current and attend reunions. Please do so, you won't regret it. The feelings of fulfillment and sharing that is experienced after a reunion stays with a person long after they return home. To talk to old friends and remember things you'd forgotten but they still recall makes you realize how many things in life we have forgotten about with age. Meeting people who shared that same experience also makes you realize you're not alone in your thoughts about Vietnam and how it changed your life. It's good for you and it's good for them. That alone is worth the price of attending.

As always, I'm forever looking for old orders from Nam that contains names and service numbers/social security numbers for members. If you have any old orders please make copies and mail them to me for inclusion in this collection. I now have about 200 pages in a three ring binder with more to add from Billy Nix. Someday this collection will be given to the Pratt Museum at Campbell as a permanent record of those

101st people who served in one of the units. Until then, it's my source of adding names and numbers to the roster. I spent about two months building a roster last winter, and that roster now contains about 900 names of people who served in one of the units from 1965 through the end in 1971. Of those, about 125 are current members of the 75th RRA. Roughly another 125 have been members at one time but have let their dues slip. The remainders have bad addresses, are not interested, have never been found or are dead. My wish is that every eligible person would join, but I realize that will never happen. If you know of the whereabouts of someone who is not a member, consider buying them a membership as a surprise Christmas gift or just because you'd like to. If every current member signed up just one lost brother, we could double our membership. I was asked at Columbus why there weren't more 101st people there. All I can say is "I can't do it alone." If you'd like to see more 101st people at these reunions, help find them and urge them to make a gathering. We're at the point in our lives that it will never be easier to get away for a few days and see old friends. The time will soon come that travel will be too hard to do and we all know what happens after that. Be there or be square, it's good for you and it's good for them.

Randy White N4256 Powell Lake Road, Wetmore,  
Michigan 49895 906 387-2318  
[ranwhite@jamadots.com](mailto:ranwhite@jamadots.com)  
web site <http://www.lcompanyranger.com>







## M/75 - 71ST LRP - 199TH LRRP

Unit Director - Jack Fuche



by Steve Houghton and Jack Fuche

Well here we are, it's late summer and the long awaited reunion has come and gone. I don't believe our unit had much representation this time. I know of three fellows who's plans fell through at the last minute. Jack Fuche, myself, and Tim Hinderleiter all had plans to attend and illness, family problems, and business complications caused us all to cancel the last minute. I asked around and so far haven't been able to determine if anyone from the 71st LRP- M Co. made it. Larry Hall was unable to attend do to a rather serious injury. I contacted Larry by email to see if he planned to attend the reunion. I'll copy his response here and let him tell you all about it.

**Hi Steve, glad to hear from you. Just to let you know, I wont be able to attend this year, Last March I had a 4 wheeler accident, flipped one over and the right hand side of the bars were the first thing to land on the right side of my face, was in ICU in Wichita for 3 1/2 weeks, unconscious they were able to get me stabilized to move. and then I went to Kansas City VA Hospital for a 5 hour surgery on my face, they removed a lot of bones that were crushed and them implanted 4 plates and 36 screws to place my right eye back in a close proximity to where it should be, since then I have lost sight in the eye, as the retina was completely destroyed in the accident. I am still recovering from the accident and probably will be down for a while yet, I was really planning on going this year again, but, it only took a second to change my life from the way it was before March.**

**Do hope your wife is doing much better in the near future and will be praying for her quick recovery.**

**Take care Brother, AND WELCOME HOME  
Larry Don Hall**

Well we certainly hope you are doing better by the time you get this issue Larry, maybe we can make the next one.

Jack Fuche has had some troubles too, but is still hanging tough. When I talked to him in late July he expressed disappointment that he was unable to attend.

Jack has been our unit director from the start I believe. He wanted me to say to the unit members that he is willing to let someone else be director if you are interested. So if you who read this and want the job, or opportunity to contribute time and energy, just let him know. I don't think it pays all that well! I have been helping Jack with writing the unit articles for some time now, and I want to say I enjoy doing so. But anyone who wants to write the article or contribute a story are certainly welcome to do so. Just coordinate it through Jack. He can be reached by phone. His number is listed in each copy of "Patrolling". You can contact me too by email if you want at(escort@pathway.net.com) Other news items.

The little web site I maintain for our unit is getting larger all the time. I recently received contact from Sgt. Juechter's son. For those who may not remember him,

he survived his tour (Tet and all) to die stateside in a training accident. His son. Dion Downing, contributed some photos and has a nice tribute web site for his Dad. You can see them on our web site at <http://escort68.tripod.com/71StLRP/>. I also heard from Sgt. Juechter's brother Jess. If there are any of you out there who knew Sgt. Juechter and would like to communicate with his son or brother, let me know and I will try to help you make contact with them. All I have is there e-mail address. I will give them out to individuals, I'm just not sure I should post

them here. I also just got a bunch of photos from Ranger Alan Ross. He served the unit from 6-69 to 6-70. You can see them on the web site too. I also was contacted by Gary Mottesheard. He said he joined the unit in April of 1969. He would like to contact men he served with. It seems all his photos were lost. Again the offer stands. I got he and Alan Ross in contact with each other. I'm encouraging them all to join the Association.

What else is new? Oh, I sent for and received a copy of the two part book entitled, "A History of the MACV Recondo School 1966- 1971" It has all the names and Recondo Graduate numbers of the men who graduated this school. I just got it a couple days ago and I am still going through it. I never got my graduation certificate. They didn't have any for my class, they said



*M/75 - 71ST LRP - 199TH LRRP (CONTINUED)*

they would send to our unit. Yeah right. Well now I can prove I graduated Recondo School! I was in class 11-69, graduate 1671. So there! Anyone else need proof? Let me know, I'll look it up. There is just one or two classes missing is all. Pretty interesting book. Pretty accurate to the stuff I remember. In the next unit article, I will list all the unit graduates, how's that. I'm just running out of time for this article.

I'm including a team photo from the 67-68 era this issue. Team One -One Left to right

JJ, Timmons, Nowlin, Bonnington, Sampson, & Ciccotto

What the heck, here is another one. Group of 71st LRRPs Left to right. Back Row Dennis Sancheze, Jim King, Terry Fralick, Doug Berry Next row, Lt Tillish, Rusty Bliven, Greg Callahan, SSG Smith Front row Unknown, Frank Masqitelli, Unknown, Lt. White, and Unknown

And by the way, these photos were taken back in the days when men were men, and

you didn't get a Black Beret just for surviving Basic Training!

Till next time, Steve Houghton





**N/75 - 74TH LRP - 173RD LRRP**

**Unit Director - Reed Cundiff**



**OUTGOING  
UNIT DIRECTOR'S  
COMMENTS**

On July 13th, I turned the duties of Unit Director over to the capable hands of Reed Cundiff. During the reunion, Roger Brown had us all over to a cook out at his house. At that cook out, I was presented with a plaque for my two years as unit director. I want to repeat to all of you what I said to the men that were there. "The only thing that made prouder than serving with you for the last two years was serving with you thirty five years ago." I only wish I could have served with all of you from 1965 to 1971.

There were thirty-seven of our members who attended some portion of the reunion. Included in the number were three of our former commanders, Colonels Bill Palmer, Bob Carroll and Dick James. Those who attended were:

- |                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Rick Aldridge      | Vladimir Jakovenko |
| Roy Boatman        | Dick James         |
| Roger Brown        | Charlie Kankel     |
| Dave Bruggerman    | Jim McSorley       |
| Roger Bumgardner   | Ken Murray         |
| Pete Campbell      | Bill Palmer        |
| Bob Carroll        | Lee Roy Pipkin     |
| Paul Catozzi       | Fletcher Ruckman   |
| Christ Christenson | Sam Schiro         |
| Dave Cummings      | Tony Schoonover    |
| Reed Cundiff       | Don Sexton         |
| Dick Davis         | Billy Shanahan     |
| Tom Eckhoff        | Sid Smith          |
| Dave Gowen         | Lamot Stott        |
| Larry Gregersen    | Rudy Teodosio      |
| Robert Hendriksen  | Pat Tadina         |
| Sven Hendriksen    | Ron Water          |
| Hal Herman         | Dave Walker        |
| Mike Hines         |                    |



- Dick Davis – Retired as Command Sergeant Major of Delta
- Vladimir Jakovenko – Retired as a Special Forces Command Sergeant Major
- Sam Schiro – Is still with the 75th Ranger Regiment in a civilian capacity
- Don Sexton – Os a Chief Warrant Officer in the Special Forces Reserves
- Rudy Teodosio – Retired as a Command Sergeant Major
- Pat Tadina – Retired as a Command Sergeant Major and is currently training Air Marshals in close quarters combat

Several of these individuals participated in military operations in Grenada, Panama, or Desert Storm, Among the thirty-seven were the only set of brothers, twins in fact, to have served with the company. Bob and Sven Hendriksen must have been hard to tell apart in the company area.

In 1969, Charlie arranged a premature trip home for me. Little did I know then that the biggest thing he had deprived me of was the opportunity to meet and serve with more of you guys.

I wish Reed Cundiff the best as our new Unit Director and I look forward to seeing more of you at Ft. Lewis in 2004.

Dave Gowen

November Ranger  
OUT

**INCOMING DIRECTOR'S  
COMMENTS**

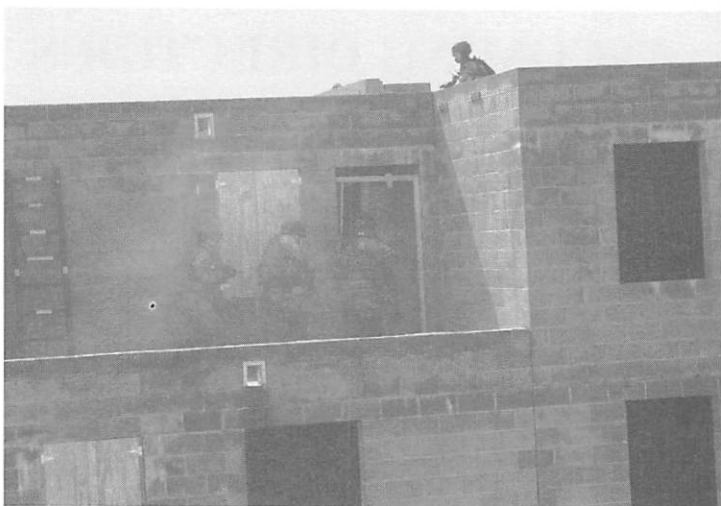
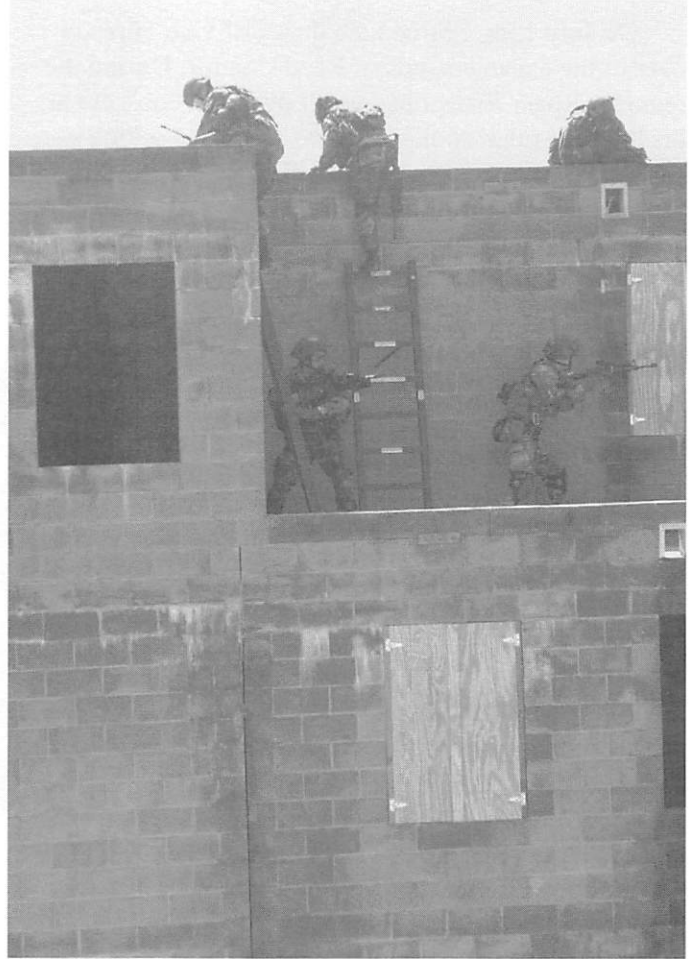
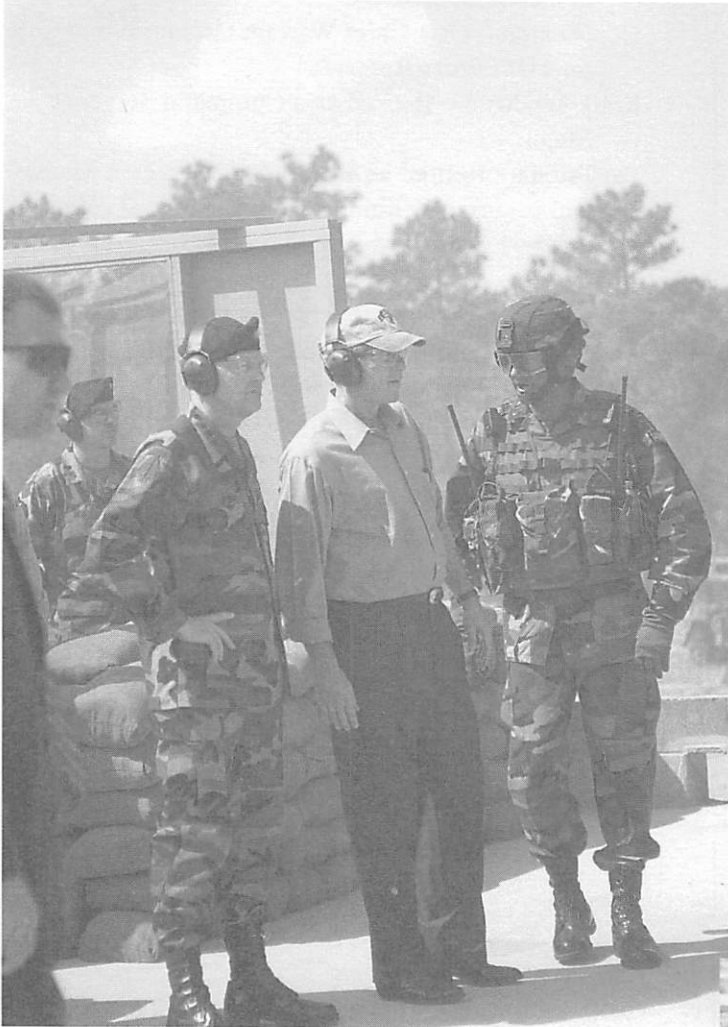
I am honored to take over the position of Unit Director for N Ranger from Dave Gowen. I was only able to attend the reunion for 2 \_ days but it was great since there were nine 173rd Provisional LRRPs from my time with the unit during 1966 and 1967 to include four from Team 4: Vladimir Jakovenko, Roger Bumgardner, Pat Tadina and myself. I missed seeing Roger who was as good a man as one could have in a tight spot or any-

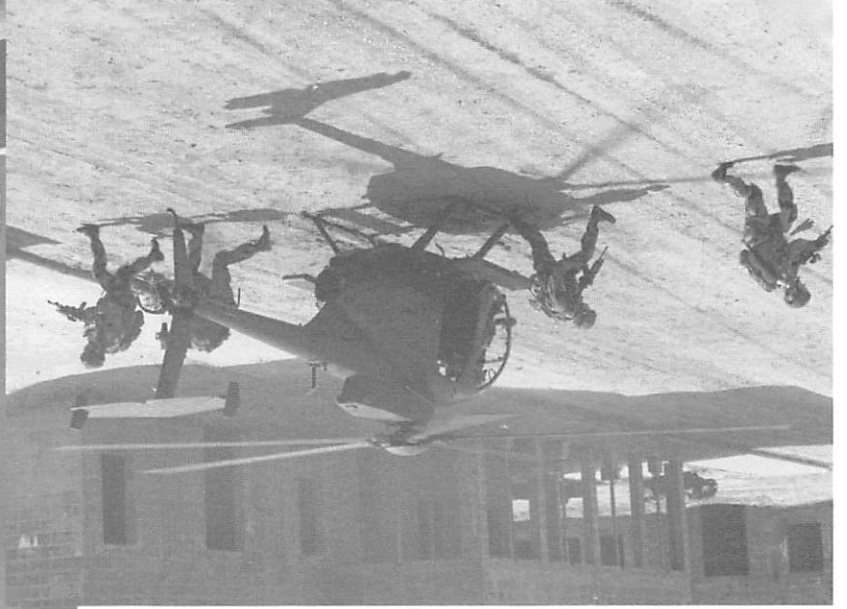
Within that group of thirty seven, there were plenty of interesting characters with interesting stories. Many of them stayed with the Army in one capacity or another. Besides the three Colonels there were:

- Roger Brown – received a commission and retired as a Major
- Dave Cummings – Is still with the 75th Ranger Regiment in a civilian capacity

## 2/75 RANGERS PARTICIPATE

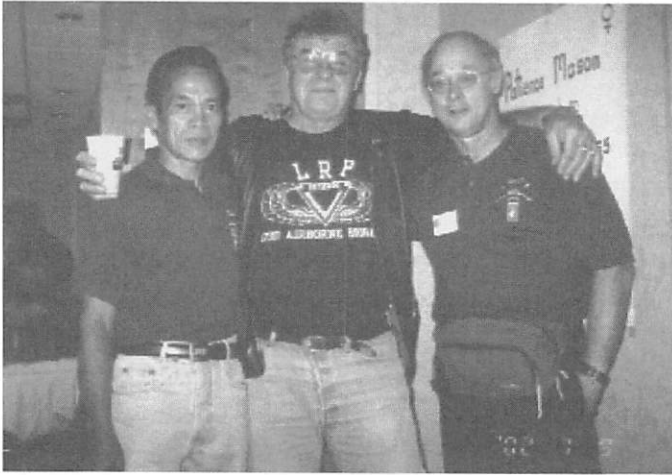
in a Capabilities Exercise at Ft. Bragg, NC. in spring 2002, prior to their deployment to Afghanistan. The exercise include special operations units from all branches and had a couple of special guests, including Sec. of Defense Donald Rumsfeld and Pres. Bush. (Note the very special hat the Pres. is wearing.)





N/75 - 74TH LRP - 173RD LRRP (CONTINUED)

where else. Jake was the first TL for Team 4 and I was extremely privileged to have served with him and to be his ATL on his last mission with the LRRP in December 1966. I had the team for January through April when I ETS'ed and Pat Tadina took over the team after I left. I include a picture of the first three TLs for Team 4. Jake was a riot to visit with as usual and I finally got to meet Tad and he is everything he has been made out to be. The fourth TL was Lazslo Rabel who took over from Tadina. I am extremely honored to be a part of this lineage, which currently includes two members of the Ranger Hall of Fame.



The first three team leaders of Tm #4.

There are a few things that I should like to start while I have the unit director position and they have come about through discussions with the members who attended the reunion particularly Roger Brown, Jake and Tadina. These are:

1. Have members scan their photos and send them on CD to the unit director with appropriate captions so that we can make up a photo album of the unit on CD. Maps of patrol operations would be appreciated.
2. Start an effort to begin a unit history composed of patrol anecdotes in the manner that Roy Boatman did when he was unit director and published a professional level N Ranger newsletter, *Teams*. The photos obtained for the photo album would be extremely helpful in putting together such a history. Roy wrote that he is working at getting the unit web site going again. He has done an excellent job in the past with this. Pat Tadina has been working at getting folks who patrolled with him to write up their recollections and Roger Brown felt we had best get started since, as he put it, "we really aren't going to be around that much longer." This would

be put on CD since the cost of putting into hard copy would be prohibitive. These stories would be probably be appreciated in *Patrolling*.

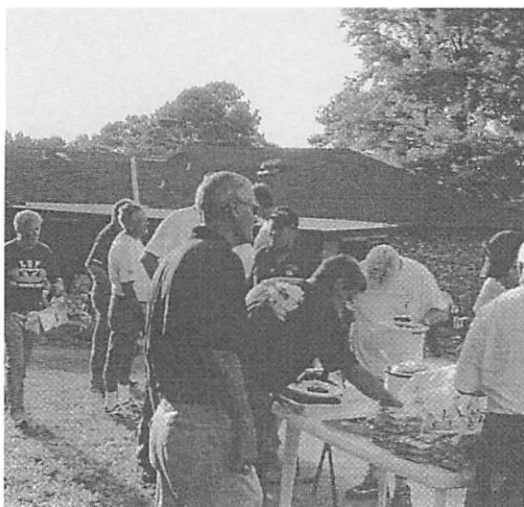
3. Attempt to contact the pre Provisional LRRPs who ran ad hoc operations in late 1965 and early 1966 under the Brigade S-2s direction.
4. Find out what happened to the platoon and company battle honors and campaign ribbons. The 173rd Provisionals gained the Valorous Unit while I was there and the Presidential Unit Citation in November 1967. Did these unit honors pass on to the Ranger Regiment, on to individual Ranger Battalions or Companies or did they get lost in the paperwork?
5. Try to get contact those with whom we have lost contact.

Roger Brown, who is one of our real legends, sent me a few photographs from the reunion and the accompanying e-mail which I think sums up the reunion: "Every day I spent in the army was a holiday, but the week we spent here at the reunion was extremely special. Ther. We had a great time at our house, wish you could have been here, had about 50 people, I gave a little speech, praised our commanders(Bill Palmer was here),gave tribute to Tad. Boatman, Dave Gowen for all the work they have done as our unit director, gave Dave a plaque, and threatened anyone who did not support you by sending you material."



Col Carrol, Col Palmer, Jakovenko, Christianson, Walker, Brown, Bumgardner, Schoonover, Smith at the reunion dinner, tales of which Gowen has told me.

N/75 - 74TH LRP - 173RD LRRP (CONTINUED)



Roger Brown's party



Members of the contingent from the 173rd Airborne have their picture taken with Dawn Leslie, daughter of Glenn English, M.O.H. winner from the 173rd. Glenn had just been inducted into the Ranger Hall of Fame.



**O/75 - 78TH LRP**  
Unit Director - Bailey Stauffer



Well, here it goes again. The reunion is done gone. We had a good time a Columbus, Georgia. Again, Jimmy Bergeron, Doug Pye and myself were the only ones from O Co. that showed up, but they knew we were there.

I am going to write an article on each one of our KIA'S for each issue of Patrolling. If someone has a picture and the story about Wright, please contact me. Also Rick, could you send me the picture you have of Koenig?

SSG Jerry Don Beck

Born August 13, 1948, Jerry joined the Army from Dallas, Texas. Jerry went to the NCO Academy and then to Ranger School. He arrived at F Co, 51st INF, October 6, 1968. He served in the 3rd Platoon. He was assigned to O CO 75th Rangers on 1 February 1969. He was assigned as a team leader and was Ranger to the core. On April 6, 1969 at the age of 20 Jerry was killed by a sniper while leading a

two man recon in Binh Duong Province in an open rice paddy that we were forced to operate in. Jerry is honored on the Vietnam Veterans



Memorial Wall on panel 27W, Row 23.

On a lighter note, they want some war stories. I'm going to relate the Battle of the Mess Hall. While we were at F CO, we had the best Mess SGT and the best Mess Hall in the US Army. At Phu Loi we were forced to eat at the HQ battal-

ion mess hall. When the zREMFS saw us coming they would pick up all the hot sauce on the tables because it had a habit of disappearing when we left. Most of the time we would stay in our Company area and eat LRRPS. One night we heard through intel that there were steaks and chicken in the mess hall.

Under cover of darkness and with stealth only LRPS are capable of, we pulled a mission around B Med and to the back door of the aforementioned mess hall. The door was taken care of and our intel was correct. We proceeded back to the CO area where we tore up ammo boxes for fire wood and had a great steak and chicken cook out. The next day some evidence was found and CPT Peters decided that we needed to fill sand bags as punishment for embarrassing him. Passey got the deuce & \_ and we loaded up to the sand pile. Immediately upon arrival we proceeded to the PX and loaded up on beer. At noon when CPT Peters and 1SG Bergeron showed up, we were busy filling sand bags

O/75 - 78TH LRP (CONTINUED)

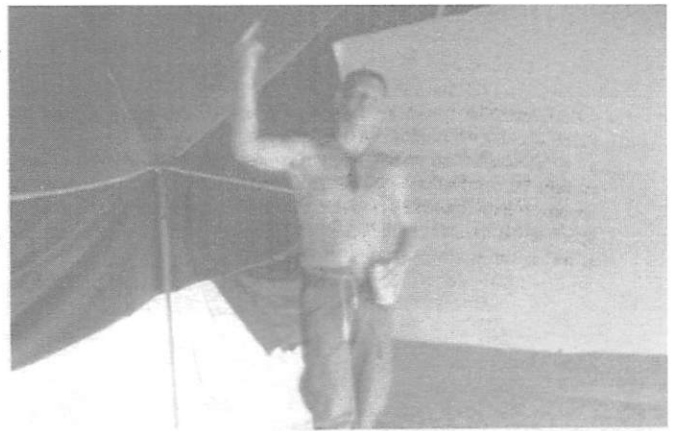
with spoons. It took three men per bag. Two to hold it open with a beer in the other hand, and the third to dump sand in the bag with a spoon. Needless to say, we were pulled off that detail but were forced to stand a formation that evening while the higher ups tried to keep a straight face and think up a punishment appropriate for our crime. After this, we started to have Company cookouts and parties in the CO area.

Next Patrolling the story will be the water buffalo rodeo of Ben Hoa.


If anyone wants to write an O CO article, send it to me.

For RVN and Alaska O Rangers,


Airborne Bailey



SSG Jerry Don Beck giving us a class on what he learned in Ranger School



**P/75 - 79TH LRP**  
Unit Director - Bill Davis



**PAPA COMPANY**  
**PATROLLING**  
**FALL 2002**

Until February of this year my memories of Vietnam included 8 rather tattered photographs and my rusty gate of a memory. Six months later I find myself back from Ft. Benning and the 75th RRA Reunion and Ranger Rendezvous, ready to succeed Terry Roderick as Papa Company's Unit Director. It has been a remarkable journey. It has been both a sense of closure, and a new beginning.

Ah, the Ranger Rendezvous. It was my first, but not my last. 2004 brings us to Ft. Lewis in the Great Northwest. Next year we hope to see all you Papa Company folks on the banks of beautiful Lake Erie. I will be coordinating with Mike and Mary Rossi, and others in the area for accommodations and amenities Ah, the Ranger Rendezvous. After over thirty years of isolation this was almost overload. It started by running into Larry Smith in the lobby. Luke Ferguson walked in with his wife Donna, and the conversation turned to those significant events of years ago. There was holding court with Duke and Marion DuShane around the pool with Clyde and Susan Tanner (and their beautiful daughter, Sara) Terry Bishop, Larry

McNew, Dick Foringer, Ted Tilson and Ken Emmick. Then there was the night in the lobby with Gaynelle Wilson (Thomas' wife) doing her best Minnie Pearl, keeping us all in stitches. The simulators with Jerry Cornelius, Marlene, and his two boys Eric and Kevin. They found out a HumVee don't match up to a

Bradley!! If you were lucky you might have had the opportunity to witness the performance of Jim "Don Ho" Hussey serenading the likes of Bill Oleskevich and Greg 'Spud' Gaines. I'm amazed at how easily these recently retired senior NCO's are entertained!! Ed 'Carney' Walters and his wife, Mary made it from Texas on their bikes!!

There were the more somber moments. The honor of visiting the Ranger Memorial with Pat Patterson, Jay Lutz, and Eddie 'Hardcore' Johnson is hard to describe. Looking at each of those bricks in the Walkway reminded me of what it truly means to be a Ranger!! Jay was accompanied to the reunion by his #2 (chronologically) daughter, Kris. Jay's wife, Marcia, and his other two daughter's, Karen and Katie, (along with Kris) were directly involved in the fund raising for our KIA's a few years ago, but were unable to make it this year. We all missed Eddie's wife, Kitten, and his boys, Nick and Mason, as they are usually with us I'm told.

I know I didn't mention everyone's name, but I appre-





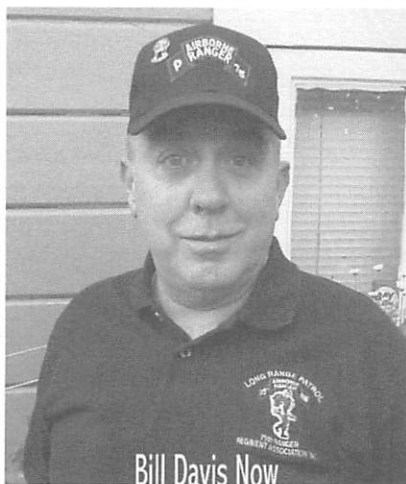
P/75 - 79TH LRP (CONTINUED)

ciated meeting each and every one. I met folks that I hadn't seen for years, and most I've never seen, but they are my Papa Company family. It was a wonderful experience, and again, not my last!! I am committed to continue what others have started. I know that if I was out there wondering, there are probably more. Every effort will be made to find those men and bring them back into the fold. In this effort will be included all those other affected. First would be the formal recognition of those women who are the Gold Star Mother's and Wives. We will be actively seeking these women out. Any assistance would be appreciated. We would also actively seek to expand our circle to include those



Bill Davis Then

other family members; brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, who were impacted by the war. The most notable example of this in our community is TSgt. Robert Dowd. He is brother of our fallen Hero, Thomas Dowd, and Webmaster of 'Dowd's Dirty Half Dozen'.  
<http://www.rangerteam16.com>. For those of you who haven't had the



Bill Davis Now

opportunity, I would strongly encourage you to explore it. I want to take the opportunity to thank him for his interest and his aid in the honoring of our history, while remembering his brother. In closing, I'd just like to say that it is important to me that we continue to explore our history. This needs to be done not only in the historical sense, but also in a personal sense. One of the major concerns that I have been hearing is the complaint about our frail memories. There is a need to fill in some of these holes in order to even remember the names of the men we Charlie Miked with day in and day out. Exploring both our memories, and whatever historical documents we

can dig up, perhaps some of those holes can be filled. I hope to work as closely as I can with everyone in order to try to realize some or many of these goals. Just a reminder, I am the FNG. Try to send a copy of anything with historical significance along to Terry Roderick. His years of interest and concern about the Company and its history have been invaluable and I'd like to assist him in any way I can. For the next issue, I hope to have some gathered enough information to relate an incident of historical significance. We all need a good 'war story'. Stay in touch. RLTW!! Bill Davis 1969-1970

## Father's Prides



Like father, like daughters...  
 Katie, Karen & Kristen Lutz  
 Matched Jay's 3 Purple Hearts  
 in his honor for Veteran's Day



## D/151 LRP/RANGER

### Unit Director - Tom Blandford



Report on the trip to Cortland NY and Cranston RI.

"Veterans Pay Tribute To Fallen Colleague"

**Indiana Rangers Remember Comrade From Providence R.I.**  
By R.J. Heim, News Channel 10 PROVIDENCE, R.I.

In May of 1969, the highest number of U.S. troops -- more than 500,000 -- were fighting in Vietnam. It was also the halfway point of the war.

Friday, dozens of Vietnam veterans of Company D, the 151st Infantry of the Indiana National Guard, came to Rhode Island on the anniversary of the passing of one of their comrades.

On May 10, 1969, Peter Fegatelli of Providence was killed in action. He joined up with the Indiana unit because he had qualified from airborne school. Like him, there were a few others not from Indiana. But that did not make him a stranger.

"He was a man who could be counted on. He was a good friend. We did have a terrific amount of good times together," Mike Reisman said. Fegatelli's two sisters -- he was the middle child -- got the phone call a month ago from the men who were there when their brother died. "It was just so tumultuous after Vietnam. No one wanted to talk about it," Jeanne DiLibero, Fegatelli's sister, said. "So, it's very hard to even hear 33 years later how he died."

The Rangers say there is no real closure, just coping, and being here, having never met the extended family before, helps them all

feel closer to Fegatelli.

A year after Fegatelli lost his life, family and friends erected a memorial at the corner of Fruithill and Woonasquatucket avenues. That is where his fellow Rangers and loved ones came to pay tribute on Friday.

The gathering was just down the block from where Fegatelli grew up; time is now the distance.

Their hearts felt like it was yesterday.



*Their Rhode Island brother*  
BY GERALD M. CARBONE  
Rhode Island Journal Staff Writer  
05/11/2002

CRANSTON R.I.-- 33 years after Peter Fegatelli was killed in Vietnam, the men who served with him, including Rangers Chuck Eads, foreground, and Terry MacDonald, travel hundreds of miles to visit his gravesite in Cranston.

Rich Edgell steered his car slowly through the cemetery and, through the open windows, the

tombstones on either side of the road seemed to whisper.

His car was one of many in a long caravan wending its way through St. Ann's Cemetery yesterday, snaking toward the grave of Peter Frank Fegatelli. Edgell was the closest man to Fegatelli when he called "I'm hit!" 33 years ago yesterday in a jungle in Vietnam. Those were Fegatelli's dying words. A helicopter carried him to an evacuation hospital, his first stop on the way to burial in St. Ann's.

The men of Fegatelli's unit, Company D (RANGER), 151st Infantry of the Indiana Army National Guard, never got to see him again. And so they came to see him yesterday, more than three decades after their 19-year-old comrade fell.

As songbirds called through a May morning, the 151st's sergeant, Bill "Pappy" Hayes, called his men to formation in front of Fegatelli's gravestone. The men, about 20 strong, stood saluting, their hands pressed against receding hairlines of gray. Pappy, now 74, was 41 when he led men then half his age in the jungle.

"Dear Lord," Pappy said, "thank you for taking care of the following deceased members of our unit." Without consulting a script, he called the names of 17 men.

Mike Reisman, a big man with a ruddy neck, stepped forward to address Fegatelli's 85-year-old mother, Louise. She was not as tall as her son's 5-foot headstone. Reisman said, "What you have to know is -- we all considered Pete a

*D/151 LRP/RANGER (CONTINUED)*

brother, and we will never forget him."

Mrs. Fegatelli said, "Who carried him off the field?"

A man answered, "Gene Hooker. He has since died also."

Words spoken at graveside carry an extra poignancy. Vic Demeo, Fegatelli's best friend, stepped forward; Demeo and Fegatelli grew up a block from each other off Manton Avenue in Providence. Demeo is himself a Marine veteran of Vietnam, who fought on the hills around Khe Sanh.

With his hair in a ponytail and his eyes covered in dark glasses, Demeo said, "I don't know if I can get through this. But I'd like to thank our brothers from Indiana for coming." He stopped. ("Take it easy," Pappy called. "Take a breath.") "To be with us all here today." ("Take your time.")

Demeo collected himself. He said he'd like to share some words from William Shakespeare. He pulled from his back pocket a worn paperback copy of Henry V. And he read: "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers: For he today that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother."

Vic Demeo remembers where he was when he heard the news: "I was at my father's house that day when the call came. It was one of Peter's aunts. She wouldn't talk to me. She talked to my mother. "I walked out into the garden, and I froze. I looked back, and my mother was crying."

Pappy remembers: He was in the "command center" at base camp, just a shed with walls built of sandbags. Pappy's sandbox they called it. From the radios there he could hear it all: "We have one

friendly, KIA" -- Killed in Action. Oh God, no. "Number 6, KIA." Pappy consulted his list: No. 6, Peter Fegatelli.

Rich Edgell remembers, too. The 151st Infantry was a "combat reconnaissance" unit. Their mission was to be the eyes and ears of the jungle. They cut circular holes in the jungle canopy, landing zones or LZs, for helicopters. The helicopters dropped a small team of five or six men into an LZ, then rose, leaving the team for a five-day patrol. Each team monitored rivers and trails for enemy troop movements.

Each man carried more than 75 pounds, much of it weaponry. Max Anderson used to drape an M-60 machine gun across his big body like a sling: "It's balky, but when it starts firing, it talks," Anderson said. "And the more noise you can make the better off you're gonna be." Peter Fegatelli was a small, wiry guy, but on May 10, 1969, he carried the 18-pound M-60, and its heavy belts of bullets. This day, the 151st was going in with another team, a two-team "heavy" they called it; they brought in the heavy because another team had been fired on in that LZ the day before. As soon as they hit the LZ, the dozen men ran toward the tree line, looking for cover. Edgell noticed fresh enemy foxholes in the weeds. He ducked behind a fat log, where other men joined him. A friendly Vietnamese scout began walking down a trail; suddenly someone called out in Vietnamese. Edgell's eyes locked on the eyes of a Viet Cong soldier. They fired at each other at the same time, and the jungle went mad with gunfire. Fegatelli's Silver Star citation reads: "Specialist Fegatelli, disre-

garding his own safety, came to his knees in order to place more effective machine-gun fire on the advancing enemy." Exposed above the log, Fegatelli took a bullet in the chest.

Most of the men who stood at attention at Fegatelli's grave yesterday, about 20 in all, drove from Indiana, for the 151st was an Indiana Army National Guard Unit that bolstered its ranks with a few Army "fillers" such as Edgell of West Virginia, and Fegatelli of Rhode Island.

"His accent -- I liked his accent," said Ted Dunn, an Indiana man who trained on Fegatelli's team at Fort Benning. "That kind of draws you to a person because you want to hear him talk." The Indiana men made friends easily. "We took him in -- it was just kind of automatic," Dunn said.

At base camp in the steamy jungle, Fegatelli hated to wear a shirt. As soon as he left the chow hall, off it came. And he was a hairy man. "He was so hairy, and after a few beers it started looking like a jungle on his chest," Dunn recalled. "One of the guys said, 'Well, we've got to cut an LZ in there.'" The Indiana boys took a pair of buzz clippers and cut a puck-sized LZ in the jungle hair of the left side of Fegatelli's chest. "He resisted a little, but it wasn't an all-out brawl," Dunn said. "If he had resisted more -- well . . . you might as well go with it." The bullet that killed Fegatelli struck the LZ shaved into his chest.

On Mother's Day 1969, Louise Fegatelli saw through her kitchen window a priest and a soldier approaching her door. She dreaded the sight.

Mrs. Fegatelli opened her door and

## D/151 LRP/RANGER (CONTINUED)

focused on the priest. "How bad is he hurt?" she asked. "No," he said. "He's dead."

She told this story yesterday in her kitchen, even reenacting the scene of looking out at the sidewalk where the priest and the soldier had walked.

"This is where Peter lived," she said as she walked into her living room. Photos of her only son hung on the wall: Peter in his bowtie making First Communion; Peter shirtless in combat fatigues in Vietnam; Peter with Freckles, the family dog. "What good does this do?" she said. "Right? They're all memories. Memories that hurt." She composed herself, shuffling into her kitchen. She's 85 now, widowed, with two daughters. "It hurts," she said. "It hurt. It's nice for him, don't misunderstand. It's nice that they thought of him, but it hurts. "He was a good kid, too. I don't mean to be funny, but he was a good kid. Wars," she said, "who starts them?"

Mrs. Fegatelli's small house, sheathed in clean white siding, is just a few houses up Manton

Avenue from Peter F. Fegatelli Memorial Square. Some 30 years ago, the General Assembly dedicated a triangular patch at the intersection of Manton and Fruit Hill Avenues to Fegatelli's memory.

Over the years a sign in Fegatelli Square faded, and litter collected in the brush. "Sometimes you'd feel good" that the square was there, said Mrs. Fegatelli. "Sometimes you'd say: Why did they do it?" You could barely see it for the weeds.

A couple of weeks ago, word circulated that the Rangers were coming from Indiana to honor Fegatelli. His buddies from the old neighborhood, now middle-aged men, got to work: Alphonse Amore trucked in fresh mulch and impatiens and rhododendrons. Bobby Villari repainted the faded letters of a sign that read: "You've never lived till you've almost died; for those who have to fight for it, life has a flavor the protected never know."

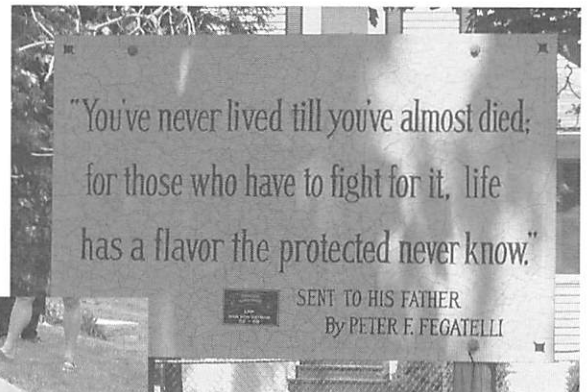
Fegatelli had copied that in block letters from the base camp's

mess hall, then mailed it to his now-deceased father, Ercole, a World War II veteran.

Fegatelli's younger sister, Diane Sarro, looked at her brother's freshened-up square. "This is amazing, to think that 33 years later to the day I'm with people who knew my brother as well as we do. He was gone by 19. They're 54 and they're still with us. Unbelievable. That's how close they were, the bonds they formed. "To me it was like, 'OK, an older man got killed.' But he was just a kid! I didn't grasp that at 17."

A warm wind caressed a flowering cherry in Fegatelli Square, cajoling it to shed its pink petals. The flowers fell like confetti, speckling the fragrant coat of pine mulch in Peter F. Fegatelli Square.

Vic Demeo said that if his boyhood buddy could see it, "He'd laugh. He'd think this was hilarious. He was the type of guy -- life was a ball. He was just so full of life all the time. He's just so full of life. That's why it's so hard to believe that he lays there" next to his father in St. Ann's.



D/151 LRP/RANGER (CONTINUED)



*75th RRA Reunion in Columbus GA July 2002*

Great reunion! Those of us attending had a great time including Don Vicarro, Bob Ramey, Billy Faulks, Gary Porter, Larry & Debbie Rhodes, Bob & Sue McIntire and me.

We met several of the guys who replaced us when we left Nam. Great guys who actually look up to us as far as training them to be successful LURPS. Contrary to old rumors, they had NO friendly KIAs, but plenty of enemy KIAs. That is a relief to me since there was a rumor that a team was wiped out after we left. The previous D-151 R.A. and U.S. guys who became D-75th guys there were Rusty Hawk, Frank Park and Tom Delaney. And I finally got to meet Steve Meade. I invited them to next year's D-151 Reunion so you'll get to see them then. It was interesting to hear all that happened to them after we left.

We adopted into our group John & Debbie Collins of Carmel Indiana. He was a LRRP in F CO. 50th Infantry in 1967 while the idea was still novel. They were so "reconnaissance" minded that they didn't even carry claymores. Both John & Debbie are great people.

The current Rangers had been deployed and we missed seeing them but wish them the best in their efforts in the war on terrorism in Afghanistan and other hot spots around the world.

*Upcoming Events*

Sept 11 I hope you attended a ceremony on the 11th. Support the troops fighting the war on terrorism. They need our support and our prayers, especially from Viet Nam Vets!

Sept 20, 21, 22. Kokomo Indiana. Viet Nam Veterans from all over attend this opportunity for fellowship. Many D-151 guys are plan-

ning to attend, Call a buddy and bring him along. You need a ticket. *Go the 21st, Sat at* For tickets call Sue Cravens at 317-888-9069. *least*

October 27 1:00 Unit meeting at Camp Atterbury. We'll discuss the plans for the 2003 reunion. Association Officers and Board Directors should attend. All members are invited to attend.

November 11, 2002 Veteran's Day We will again march in the parade in Indianapolis. Join us. Call Tom Blandford 317 846 6374 for details and time.

2004 The 75th Ranger Regiment Association Reunion will be at Fort Lewis Washington. Plan to attend.

Tom Blandford, Ranger team 31, out.

LONG RANGE PATROL

## F/51 LRP

### Unit Director - Russell Dillon



Well, here it is the end of summer and I haven't been able to follow through on staying in touch with the guys that have email. My dad has told me that the older you get the faster time goes. I didn't think too much about it until the last few years, darn if he wasn't right. So I apologize to those I haven't stayed in touch with this summer.

While I have been looking for a different career since I can't climb steel anymore, I have been reminded that I should register a copy of my DD214 with the county recorder. I encourage those of you that haven't done so with the 75th Ranger Association to get it done. You never know when you might need it and can't find it, this way you know you can get a copy of it without having to put in a request for another one.

I have also come across some web sites that may be of interest to some of you. One is Vet Extra whose web site is [vetextra.com](http://vetextra.com). They have articles and information that might be of interest to some of you. The other site I found is Vet Net whose web site is [nvti.cudenver.edu](http://nvti.cudenver.edu). They have a newsletter that is published by the Department of Labor Veteran's Employment and Service that also has articles and web sites that may be of interest.

Russ Dillon

### CONTACT-- Heavy Team Phuoc Long 1968

On November 29, 1968, a heavy team comprised of teams 1-3 and

1- 6 from 1st Platoon, Company F, Long Range Patrol, 51st Infantry (Airborne), under the operational control of II Field Force, were enroot to an area called Phuoc Long Province or War Zone D, located in the III Corp area of the Republic of South Vietnam. The mission called for five-days of reconnaissance. The briefing received that day, indicated heavy enemy activity throughout the area. A couple of our teams sent in earlier confirmed this. We went in with a heavy team, twelve men



rather than the usual six-man team, to observe and report enemy movement and if possible spring an ambush. The latter highly recommended.

In November 1968, I had seven months in country and started to feel more comfortable, if there is such a thing in war, in understanding the missions and most of all reacting quickly to those unforeseen situations. That, however, never alleviated the uneasiness that came upon me prior to a mission. The anticipation of a new mission and the unforeseen always laid in

my stomach like a brick. I had those types of feelings back in my school years when I prepared for those final exams. I would think I was ready, but still had that apprehension and nervousness about failing. In this case, it could lead to disaster!

As we slipped the rucksacks on our back, carrying the usual lurp team equipment, claymores, grenades, ammunition, water and food for the five days, the sun already started to melt the camouflage on my face and my jungle fatigues were drenched in my perspiration. When you got to the landing zone (LZ), most of the camouflage was gone and you stayed wet. Within a month, I had managed to get jungle rot on both legs. It finally went away when I got back to the world. Unfortunately, due to the many months of jungle rot; it left me with a permanent scar on my right ankle.

When the time finally arrived, the twelve of us walked down to the chopper pad to board the slicks. Prior to boarding, we checked to make sure the selector switch was on lock before locking and loading a round in our M-16s or M-60s. Very little communication took place between team members during the brief walk to the chopper pad and ride to the LZ. Everyone was in his own private world. I can still recall those helicopter flights, one minute you're sweating your tail off and the next you're freezing because of the high altitude and openness of the Huey.

*F/51 LRP (CONTINUED)*

Also, watching the ground passing below and how pretty and peaceful the countryside looked, it was hard at times to believe that someone down there was watching and waiting for that right moment to inflict destruction on you! At 19, it was hard to comprehend that your life could suddenly end.

The day, like many other insertions, was clear and hot. As we got closer to our LZ, the choppers started to descend closer to the jungle floor. Cruising above the jungle canopy you could get a better feel of how fast you were flying by the way the trees passed before your eyes. Suddenly, we started to receive small arms fire. My daydreaming ended abruptly as the pilot lurched the chopper to one side moving the craft out of harms way. I was amazed at the teamwork displayed by our pilots and how quickly the gunships began to strafe the area. I also thought how vulnerable all of us were sitting next to each other, three aside, feet dangling from the chopper, and no place to turn or hide. However, the encounter was over as quickly as it started.

As the choppers approached the LZ, my nerves, like with all previous insertions, were tense wondering how close the enemy was to our LZ. However, luck was with us. During the insertion, we received no fire coming into the LZ. As the pilots moved the two choppers to the ground, both teams simultaneously started exiting and running to the nearest wood line for cover. The choppers were gone in an instant. In our tiny perimeter at the wood line, commo was checked as we sat and listened. I

am still amazed that we didn't run into more enemy contact during insertions. Stealth is not possible when being inserted by helicopters. In one instant the area erupted with the thunder of the choppers and the next it was peace and tranquility. How could they not know you're there! As the minutes pass, as you were sitting and listening, you wondered if someone watched your every move and how many of them could be out there. I found myself straining to hear the slightest sound during the first minute of an insertion because of the ringing that was in my ears caused from the roar of the chopper engine and rotor blades. The ringing receded fairly fast, but it seemed like an eternity!

When we had assured ourselves that our insertion had not attracted any attention, we moved from under our cover. We moved in file, slowly and cautiously through the brush. We didn't have long to hump before we came across a trail. The two teams immediately established perimeter security while several of us did a reconnaissance of the trail. Reconning the lower end of the trail, I noticed that it was well used and spotted a large crater directly in the center. I wondered if anyone was near the explosion. The radio telephone operator (RTO) relayed our Tactical Operations Center (TOC) concerning our finding, and that we would establish an ambush site. The TOC agreed with our recommendation. We made plans to find the best concealment as close to the trail as possible without being detected. As everyone got in position, the routine began of watching and listening. I recall thinking

about our previous encounter during our flight to the LZ and the high probability that they knew where we were.

Half the team was given the task to observe the trail while the other half took a brief break. I recall lying there, resting my eyes, daydreaming about the things I did back home, friends, and wishing the time would pass faster. It didn't take long before one of my team members got my attention and pointed at the trail. Within seconds the whole place erupted in automatic weapons fire. I rolled on my stomach and began firing, remembering to keep my shots as low as possible, as anyone out there would either be dead or hugging the ground. I remember having a slight clearing in front of me in which I directed my fire. When the command came to cease-fire, one VC or NVA laid dead. It was all over within seconds. Our RTO had already radioed our TOC concerning our situation. The TOC scrambled the gunships and indicated they would be at our location shortly. As the ringing in my ears receded, I listened for other movement around us. Nothing further could be heard or seen. As soon as security was in place, a couple of team members went to search the body and secure the AK-47 that he carried. A couple others searched up and down the trail for signs of additional company. It's after a firefight that you begin to realize the adrenalin that rushes through your body. Your heart is pumping so fast against your chest and your hands are trembling.

It didn't take long when in the distance you heard that familiar sound

*F/51 LRP (CONTINUED)*

of Hueys coming to your rescue. In minutes the entire area was buzzing with activity. The Command and Control (C&C) wanted a situation report and asked if additional fire support was needed. Our team leader, Sgt. Ed Dvorak, instructed the C&C concerning our situation. We all assumed, since we had been compromised, that we would proceed to the LZ to be extracted. However, the C&C had other ideas and instructed the teams to continue the mission. As the choppers returned to base, we were on our own again. The jungle sounds soon returned, having been stilled by all the earlier noise. After our reconnaissance and waiting and listening, we finally proceeded to move several hundred yards or so away from the trail, nearer to our LZ. Establishing our night defensive position, claymores were set out forming our perimeter. Dusk started to settle in and everyone was beginning to relax a little before going into our normal nightly routine of listening and watching. Suddenly, we began to hear voices and the sounds of an ox cart moving on the trail. While no one was in position to see anything, we could follow their progress and assumed they picked up the dead VC or NVA soldier. The information was immediately relayed to our TOC. As darkness set in, and your night vision adjusted, I was once again amazed at the period of total silence that occurred before the night creatures began their incessant sounds. Once the sounds began, it would lapse into a reassuring chatter of activity that would continue until someone or something trespassed into the immediate vicinity. That

was your early warning system of trouble.

With the exception of the mosquitoes buzzing around your head, the night proved to be uneventful. As daybreak came, I was suddenly awakened by Jim Kovach's hand on my arm to alert me of the distinct movement to our front. I sat up and slowly reached for my M-16 pointing it in the direction of the noise while moving the selector switch to auto. Whatever or whomever was out there was getting closer. Everyone was now awake and on full alert. The waiting seemed to last forever as the whole place came alive with movement. My heart knocked against my ribs so loudly I wondered if they could hear me. I tried to control my breathing. In an instant I saw a head breaking through the brush close to where I was lying. I noticed he was scanning the area when he looked in my direction. As soon as he turned toward me, I opened fire. The rest of the team opened up when they heard my first shots, and sprayed the area with their M-16s and M-60s. Sgt Dvorak began talking to the TOC to get gunships and extraction slicks headed our way. When an RPG round exploded in front of me, my rucksack, located in front of me, absorbed most of the blast. However, I still received several fragmentations, as did six other team members, including Sgt Dvorak. Most of the wounded, including myself, were still able to continue in the firefight. During the initial RPG blast and the automatic weapons firing, my ears started to ring from all the noise around me. The AK-47 rounds were hitting the dirt all around our

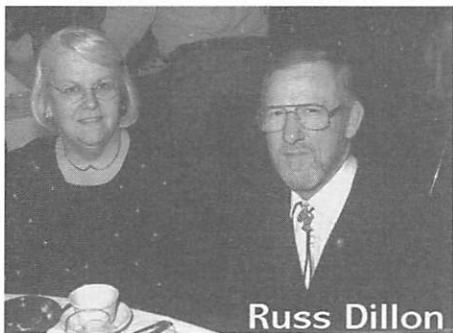
perimeter and tree branches were getting pulverized. As the firefight died down, you could hear one of the VC or NVA soldier's screaming from his wounds. Most of our fire was now directed at him. The AK-47 fire started to increase when the team leader yelled for me to start firing the M-79 grenade launcher that I carried in addition to my M-16. I immediately started blasting the rounds off trees spraying the area below, zeroing in on the screaming enemy soldier and anywhere else where we received enemy fire. As the firefight started to die down, the command of check fire was given. I found myself lying in my spent M-79 ammunition and didn't realize how much ammunition I had used in such a short time. Again, the eerie silence descended on an area that just seconds before had been filled with the sounds of automatic weapons and explosions. We lay there for several minutes trying to pick up sounds from the area in front of us, but there were none. In the distance again you could hear the cavalry coming to your rescue. As the choppers were now overhead, Sgt. Dvorak was on the radio describing our position and where he wanted them to concentrate their fire. We tightened up our perimeter and hugged the ground as the gunships made their deadly run. The ground and trees started to chew up around us as the gunships fired their 60's. As soon as the choppers completed their run and the area was fairly secure we sent some team members to survey the damages and check for enemy dead. They found the person that I had shot earlier along with his AK-47 but no luck in finding others.



F/51 LRP (CONTINUED)

The C&C instructed us to get ready for extraction. As we gathered our equipment and started to move toward the LZ, realization set in on how close to death we all had come. As I surveyed the area to my front and rear, I was surprised at the destruction that occurred around us. In front of me was a hole left from the RPG round and to my rear all the foliage was gone. Minutes earlier it had provided good concealment for us, but then there was nothing. As the choppers came in to extract us, D Troop, 3/17 Cavalry, our reaction force, had the unpleasant detail of searching the area for additional enemy. To my knowledge they found nothing.

Those of us that were wounded that day were flown to the 93rd Evacuation Hospital located in Long Binh. There the doctors stabilized our wounds and in a few



Russ Dillon

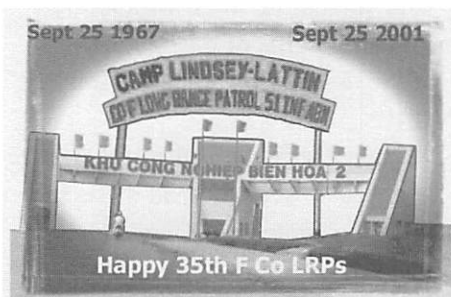
days we were sent to other hospitals located in Vung Tau and Cam Ranh Bay. I'm not sure if anyone was sent to Japan. I was sent to Cam Ranh Bay for a few weeks. While in the hospital I was informed that teams 1/2 and 1/7 conducted a mission near the same location and encountered a superior force of NVA in which five members of team 1/7 were killed. I never found out if our encounters



L TO R Patrick Duffield, Ron Kaiser, Mark Eastman, Bailey Stauffer & John Burke

resulted in any major military operation in that area.

In late December 1968, we were informed that a National Guard unit from Indiana, Company D, 151st Infantry, Ranger, were to take over our area of operation. Our unit was deactivated and we were reassigned to other Ranger



units in Vietnam. When I returned to my old unit, I was assigned the task of providing training to the National Guard members concerning the tactics and strategy of a reconnaissance unit. When the training was completed, I took several of the teams on patrol. No contact was made during these missions. In February 1969, Company F, 51st Infantry, Long Range Patrol (Airborne) was deactivated. I served the remainder of my tour with Company D. In early April 1969, I left Vietnam and completed my enlistment with the 82nd Airborne Division at Ft. Bragg, NC, in August 1970.

Sgt. Ralph L. Boldt  
April 1968 – April 1969

Extra Long Range Patrol

Hello Fellow Lerps this is **Mark Eastman** your Sitrep reporter, fresh back from the 2002 Ranger Reunion in Columbus Georgia, a place all of us have been because we are all Airborne, all the way. I was asked to attend the Unit Directors meeting by our regular unit representative **Russ Dillon** and **Bob Edwards** Treasurer who were not going to make the conference, and I had planned to attend. My Friend **Patrick Duffield** the Limey, Hoser, Lerp from Canada and his charming British transplant wife **Patricia** were planning to drive down to Georgia from Toronto. They invited my long suffering wife **Mari** and I to come to Toronto, have a look around, and then drive down to Ft. Benning with them. We liked the sense of adventure and said, "why not, lets have a go at it"! So on the Fourth of July we set out from Spokane WA on this grand adventure. There were some problems in the early stages such as car problems at home with the kid, lost luggage, language barriers and communication breakdowns between us and our Canadian speaking hosts. But I never lost faith. I told Mari after waiting 3 hours at the airport, "if there is anyone in the world I trust it is a Lerp". Thinking, that statement sounded a little purple, even as I spoke it. Eventually everything worked out fine and on July 6th we set out on our Dixie trip, only regretting we could not spend more time in Canada. The first item of interest we saw was Niagra Falls, then drive, drive, drive. The next stop of note was Surf City NC. It was a nice relief after two

*F/51 LRP (CONTINUED)*

days in the Jimmy, and we decided to hang out for a couple of days. We just lolled and took it easy by the sea. We visited our first Company Commander **Colonel Maus'** grave in Wilmington with his 10 year-old Grandson Clifford as a guide. The cemetery where the Colonel is interred is located just a block away from the Maus'. The home is actually a southern mansion is awesome. His kin who live there now were very congenial and his 30 something daughter-in-law knew exactly who F Company was, and said we were the Colonels all time favorite unit. Next stop, F Company Mecca. 3628 Carlos Avenue, Fayetteville NC. The home of **First Sergeant Butts**. Sarge looked pretty hardy (he has put the 50 pounds back on that he lost last year) and he was in a fine fetter for receiving guests. His home, while not exactly a compound, has a unique F 51 Company flavor to it. I believe half the personnel from F Company have made it to his door since the war. This was my first visit and I was duly impressed. The place is chock full of his paraphernalia from F Company and from his life in general. It is posted all about the house inside and out. He sits at a cluttered desk and faces his visitors who sit in stright back chairs in front of him. He is up and down retrieving items of interest and showing them for you to see. Mess Sergeant **Bill Mortenson**, our chief cook in country also lives in Fayetteville and he was at the

house too. Bill is recovering from a double lung transplant and is the Duke University Medical Center poster boy for this complex operation. He spends a lot of time volunteering with patients on the waiting list and encouraging them and helping them prepare for the rigors of the procedure. I was finally able to trade **Mary Mortenson** for the number 101 **David Peace** F 51 challenge coin, and I am real pleased with it, thanks. Then it was drive on to Columbus and the 75th Ranger Regiment Reunion. When we arrived at the Holiday Inn the lobby was full of middle aged people dressed in various items of clothing linking them with something to do with Army Rangers, Lerps or past gatherings of the association. Whew! Home at last!

We went straight to the unit sign in sheets to see who had made it from the company. There were seven F Co LRPs in attendance, **Jimmy Bergeron** with little **Miss Gloria**, **Bailey Stauffer**, **John W Burke Jr**, **Clyde Tanner**, **Ron Kaiser**, **Patrick Duffield** and me, **Mark Eastman**. Then it was off to the board of directors meeting. I have always been curious about what went on in there. I think this might be the equivalent to, the smoke filled rooms of a political party. President **Emmett Hildebrand** led the discussions, regarding the nuts and bolts of running the organization and keeping it healthy. About 30 of us were

seated at small tables in groups of 3 or 4. Some of the names and faces were familiar to me but I really didn't know anybody well. One of the guys seated at my table was named **Dana McGrath** a K Company Ranger who would be elected president of the Association the next day in the general membership meeting, by a landslide. He admitted to the membership he is a leg, so I am not sniping at him with that remark. He seems to have the time, enthusiasm and energy to do a good job for the next 2 years. He also seemed like a pretty decent guy, Parliamentary Procedure notwithstanding. The Financial report was interesting. The Association has about \$75,000 in assets. The F Company treasury has about \$1,500. Don't forget to support the home team. The next 75th Association Reunion is scheduled for Ft.Lewis Washington in 2004. It will be coordinated by **Buck Anderson**. Thank God for small favors. Undoubtedly the rest of the business will be covered by Editor **John Chester** in this very issue. John is a interesting fellow who does a marvelous job on Patrolling and I was able to have a nice chat with him. He encourages members to submit material for the main body of the magazine in plenty of time for the deadline uhhh. There were other F LRPs getting together at other parts of the country almost simultaneously. **Mark Eastman**



**HQ/75TH RANGER REGT**  
Unit Director - Tom Pendelton





## 1ST BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

Unit Director - Roger Brown



Hello Rangers, I'm your new unit director. My name is Brown Roger B. USA Infantry. I entered the army at 17 years old in 1963. I'm originally from Fresno, CA and now live in Columbus, GA. I went to Basic and AIT at Ft. Ord, CA, then Jump School at Ft. Benning and assigned to the 502nd Battle Group, 101st Airborne Division at Ft. Campbell. It was in the

101st that I admired the 2 or 3 Ranger NCO's that were in our company, and my desire to earn and wear that Ranger tab was all I could think of. My positions in the Screaming Eagles were rifleman, grenadere, RTO, fire team leader and squad leader. After graduating from Ranger School in 1965, I re-enlisted for the Republic of Vietnam. There I was assigned to the A co 1/503 173rd Airborne Brigade as a rifle squad leader. As soon as the brigade formed the LRRP (front-runner of N CO Rangers) I was gladly assigned to the LRRP as a team leader. After I finished my tour in Vietnam, I went back to the 101st and a short time later (4 months) I deployed back to Vietnam with the 101st, I was again a team leader in the 101st LRRP (later L co. Rangers).

After being released from the hospital from wounds received I was assigned to the Ranger Department as an instructor.

I returned to the 173rd ABN. BDE. In 1971, this time as an E-7 Platoon Sergeant in N CO Ranger. After returning to the States, I went to OCS in 1972, spent a year at Ft. Ord, CA and gladly returned to Ft. Benning to help form the 1/75. As one of the original 35 officers, I was platoon leader, 1st Plt. B co. for 18 months, Wpns. Plt ldr. B. CO for 6 months. Co. XO and interim Company Commander for a year and then assistant S3. I left BN in the middle of 1977.

It has been 25 years since I departed the 1/75 and it sure feels good being back.

I will try very hard to keep up with what the Battalion is presently doing, keeping in the bounds of operational security and report it in the Patrolling Magazine. I would like all of you to participate in sending me articles that I can get published in Patrolling magazine, which includes past and present members of the Battalion.

I was attending the Best Ranger competition back in April and got to reunite with my old Platoon Sergeant, George Horvath. George was in good spirits and good physical condition, as he use to say, "he was sparkling like a diamond in a goat's ass." When we were to execute an operation his words would be "up to you broder you the oldest." George retired as the CSM of USAEUR. Command and was within an inch of becoming the CSM of the Army. However, there had already been 2 CSM's of the Army back to back that came out of the 1/75. Hey what can I say if they want the best they came out of the 1st. I can name many great soldiers that were home grown in the 1/75. CSM England, CSM 18th. ABN Corp, CSM Ethridge CSM 25th Div., CSM Robinson, CSM 101st. Then there are the great soldiers of the 1/75 that went back to civilian life and became very productive. Is there any doubt about the tremendous pride that I share with many others that the 1/75 is the greatest and will continue to be the greatest?

Our Ranger Rendezvous was July 8-12 and everyone had a great time. I would like to express my appreciation for all that planned and executed this years' reunion. You guys did a tremendous job. Thanks from all of us!

We also had the Ranger Hall of Fame induction. This year inductees included two of the 1/75 finest, Atrail Cobb CSM Ret. And Ranger Laws MSG Ret.

Previous Ranger Hall of Fame inductees that served in the Battalion are as follows: Kenneth Leur, MG, Ret., Henry Caro, CSM, deceased, Neal Gentry, CSM, deceased, Gary Lattrell, MOH, CSM, Ret. Glenn Morrell, CSMUSA, Ret., Arthur Stang, COL, deceased, Michael Martin, CSM, Ret., Joe Alderman, 1SG, deceased, Larry Fletcher, CSM, Ret., Gary Carpenter, CSM, Ret., Doc Donovan, CWO, Ret., Wayne Downing, GEN, Ret., Julius Gates, CSMUSA, Ret, Wesley Taylor, BG, Ret., Joe Stringham, BG, Ret. and Donald Purdy, CSM, Ret. I'm sure there are alot more but these are the ones that I personally know. All of the above Ranger Hall of Fame inductees speaks well of how great the 1/75 is.

Fallen Ranger Pete Lynch, SGM, Ret. passed away a few months ago. Pete was a great Ranger. He was PLT. SGT. WPNS PLT. B Co. 1974-1976.

WELCOME BACK HOME SOLDIER Chris Hoy served with C Co. 1974-1976 recently joined the Association. Welcome Home Chris!

BROWN, ROGER B USA ARMY INFANTRY



## 2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

Unit Director - Rich Hecht



### 2/75 RETURNS FROM AFGHANISTAN!!!

In April, B Co deployed to support Operation Enduring Freedom. A few weeks later, they were joined by the rest of the Battalion. I have no information regarding exact missions, but have been told that the Bn served honorably and represented the Regiment proudly.

While 2/75 was not the first Bn to go into battle during the current conflict, they were the first in the Regiment to go in battalion strength and are the only battalion not to have suffered any combat casualties. This alone says a great deal for the leadership and training of today's Rangers. Everyone had returned in early July in time for the Battalion change of Command.

LTC Craig Owens relinquished command to LTC Jeffrey Bailey on July 11th. I had the privilege to attend and I can assure you it was a brief, but great ceremony. It was shortened a small amount as there wasn't too much drill and ceremony or the pass in review. These were eliminated due to the short time that had passed since the troops had returned from combat. I had not seen a change of command since I ETS'd almost 11 years ago. It was great to see that the pride and history of such a time honored tradition is still kept alive. The "Passing of the Colors" was especially moving, considering that LTC Owens had been the leader during the combat deployment. I briefly met LTC Bailey and know he will continue to lead the way. LTC Owens is moving on to the Naval War College in Rhode Island and LTC Bailey comes from the 82nd Airborne Division and previously served in 3/75.

We need more rangers to join the Association and those of you that are members need to make sure your dues are up to date. Look on the address label. If it says 2000 or 2001, you are no longer an official member and I have no idea why you are still getting Patrolling. If it says 2002, you need to send in your \$25 to keep your membership current. In the back of the magazine is a membership form. Tear it out, copy it, whatever. Use it. While you are at it, make a copy for your buddy. I just received a membership roster of 2/75 members. The number of current members is very low. We need to decide if this organization is going to be around in the future. A lot of very hard work has gone into making this one of the finest veterans organization around and without question, the finest Ranger organization there is. Only you can allow that success to continue.

If you are currently on active duty in the battalion, we would like to have you as a member. However, we know that you have many other things going on. Please keep a copy of Patrolling or at least a copy of the application form and put it with your personal papers for when you ETS. There is no better way to keep current on what 2/75 will be doing in the future.

Here is something from the Change of Command program,

Rangers continue today as the vanguard of rapid force projection operations worldwide and stand by to respond to the National Command Authority for any contingency mission requiring speed, stealth and shock action.

### Dispatch from a former Hoglidite....

Arriving at Fort Lewis Washington on the week before Christmas, 1974, I drove to the barber shop and got a "high and tight." Next, I drove up to the main MP gate and asked where the 2d of the 75th Rangers were. The MP on duty gave me a blank stare, and said that there was no such unit at Fort Lewis. He was unimpressed when I showed him my orders, but suggested I try looking on North Fort Lewis, as there were some guys out there that might know something.

After meandering North Fort for 10 - 20 minutes, I saw an area which had all the doors painted diagonally black and gold. There were black and gold rocks, fence posts, signs. And one of them said "Ranger." I asked a soldier nearby for help, and he pointed me to the battalion headquarters. Finally!

Grabbing my records, and adjusting my baseball hat, I proceeded to the front door. Upon entering, I noticed a captain working in the first office on the right (turned out to be CPT Sealon R. "Doc" Wentzel). Won't bother him! Next door is the CSM - Walter Morgan. Surely won't bother him! Aha! Here's an E-7. The personnel sergeant. SFC Eldred. I moved in front of his desk, and stood, patiently waiting. A few seconds (seemed like minutes) of silence went by. Nothing. "Excuse me, sergeant." Nothing. A few more silent moments. "Excuse me,..." "I heard you!" And he went back to work. Finally, he put down his pencil and looked me over. "What do you want?" he asked. "I'm reporting in," I said. "Not with all that hair, you're not! Get to the barber shop and tell them you want a Ranger haircut!"

As I started to beat my hasty retreat, out of another office came LTC A.J. Baker. He looked at me, grinned, and asked how I was doing. I locked up at attention

**2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (CONTINUED)**

and blurted out that I was fine, but had to go get a haircut. He dismissed me, and off I went. As I drove back to the barber (remember that I had just gotten a high and tight not an hour earlier), I wondered what I had done to myself, getting to a unit where no hair was too much? And when I looked at my head after my first Ranger haircut, I thought to myself that this was going to be a very long assignment!

Next day, I began my inprocessing, and one of the first rangers I met was none other than the battalion S-2 NCO, MSG Jan Schalavin. "Hey, paratrooper. You my hero." If you don't know about him, I can't help you much. He was, is and will be, one of the great Rangers to pass through the doors.

Now, I had been something of a runner (or so I thought) before I got to Fort Lewis. But on the first morning of PT (everyone ran together, because the companies had not broken out yet). We took off at what seemed like a fast pace, and it only got faster. Now, I won't tell you about miles per hour, but believe me, it was fast. Runs led by guys like LT Bargewell, LT Lambert, LT Dubik, LT Bratton, LT Magruder. I don't know how we made those runs, but you'd better not even think about falling out!

Days were filled with running, more running, painting, filling sandbags, and other such things. First Sergeant Attaya was looking for a clerk. "Can anyone here type?" he asked a morning formation. Well, I could (sort of), so I stuck my hand up. And so I became the first clerk for HHC. Hog Company. A Hoglidite. 1SG Attaya was the 1SG, CPT Joe Argentieri, Jr., was the commander. And there were so many other notables. But save that for another day. I was in, I had made it to the door, and now the fun began.

Perhaps another day another story. RLTW!

Ranger Mellinger

## **Memorial Day Weekend 2002**

This Memorial Day I visited Mrs. Diane Price the mother of Pfc. John Mark Price who was KIA in the invasion of Panama. Pfc. Price was assigned to A Company 2/75. Diane was awarded with the Gold Star Life Membership in the 75th RRA and I had volunteered to deliver it to her as I had been in contact with her for quite a while because of the fight over the black beret.

I first made contact with Diane through an email she sent me at least a year ago about some comments I had made on one of the Ranger websites when we were fighting the beret stealing mess. I found her like any Ranger mother who had lost a son, she strongly disagreed with the army about stealing our beret. She told me that her son's biggest fear was that he wouldn't be

good enough to wear the beret and now they were going to take it away. She was very involved in this fight and we kept in contact for months as this went on. Diane lives in Conover Wisconsin, a small town in northern Wisconsin just across the border from the Michigan Upper Peninsula. I volunteered to take this to her for a couple of reasons. I felt responsible for her as I had been in contact with her for so long. You could tell how important the Rangers had been to her son as her feelings about the Rangers were so highly emotional. I felt that it was the least I could do for her and her son was to take a little of my own time and deliver this to her. I went to Washington DC to fight for our Beret for Rangers like her son, ones that couldn't do it themselves.

The other reason I went was because I guess you hope if you and your mother was in her place and her son's that someone would look after your mother in the same way.

The drive was around 7 \_ hours through the Michigan upper peninsula. If you have never been up there before it is still pretty remote country. It is very pretty, but you will go through one town where it seems pretty modern and the next seems like 1959. My son and I got to Eagle River where we were going to meet Diane and where she works. We went to check into the hotel and the clerk told me the room had been paid for. Diane had come down earlier and paid for the room. What a first class lady! We then went to the hospital where Diane is an EMT and emergency room Tech. Diane and I hugged the minute we meet. I felt like I was very welcome and like I was meeting an old friend. I told her that she didn't have to pay for our room and she told me that for the weekend that I was her son. As I said before what a classy lady.

That evening Diane invited us to her family's cookout and fireworks. We really wanted to go and spend time with her and her family, but I came down with a bad case of the stomach flu and didn't leave the hotel room the entire night. I was a real tough Ranger as my 6 year old son had to take care of me that night.

The next morning we went to breakfast with Diane and her husband. What nice people. They introduced us to people in the restaurant and then her husband's daughter met us also. They are very nice people and were an honor to meet. Just like everything else Diane wouldn't let us pay for our breakfast.

We then went to the Memorial Day ceremony. The ceremony was small but Diane said it was larger than normal, probably 50 people. Diane showed me the grave stone and took the time to clean up the area. You could tell it meant a lot to her by the care of area. She told me a story about when Pfc. Price died. She received the check for the funeral and she said she was

2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (CONTINUED)

dirt poor. Diane has three other kids and she said she really could have used the money, but she also knew that if she didn't put it into the grave stone she never would. She spent the money well as the stone is truly a monument to John Mark Price. Ranger scroll, airborne wings and American flag cover the stone. Diane held up well during the ceremony as she is a tough lady as her jobs shows, but when taps were played it became very emotional for her as we all can understand and she broke down and cried. We can all understand the feelings she must have been going through and we all tried to do our best to comfort her.

Diane then invited us back to her house and we went back so that she could show us John's things she still had. She showed us his Ranger plaque and his awards, both kept in the living room on display. She showed me a letter from President Bush #1 in 1991 which meant a great deal to her. The letter was sent during the Gulf War and was just saying the President Bush understood that this time was probably difficult for her as the sacrifice of other men probably brought back the memory of her loss. It was a very personal letter and you could tell he had personally written it and that the loss of every soldier weighed on his mind. She was very impressed with him and said she would always support him or his son because of it.

We had to leave then as we still had to drive back 7 \_ hours so we said our goodbyes. The entire time there was a time of hugging. Diane and I hugged many times and it was hugs of mother and son. As I said before I felt that this was the least I could do for Diane and her family. I know some Ranger would have done it for my mother if our places had been reversed so doing this for Diane was special for me and I could tell for her also.

Diane has been treated very well by Rangers and the 75th Regiment. Alpha Company 2/75 still sends her flowers every December and has sent her two Ranger coins over the years. She sends them care packages every December as a thank you. She has numerous contacts still with friends of her son's who still serve, in fact she showed me a Green Beret who named a son after hers. She has visited Ft. Lewis back in 1994 and was given the run around by the regular army, but was treated royally by 2/75. They went out of their way to treat her right and I thank Alpha company for that and the guys who helped her when she visited.

The trip to visit Diane was very special to me and I believe to her also. She would be a great person to invite to a Ranger reunion at some point. I know she would love to see the Ranger Memorial as John has a stone there. Maybe next year we could help see that she gets there. Diane and her family (she has two other boys who also served) are great Americans. They have

sacrificed much for this country. They are the type of people that make this country what it is today. Not rich people, just hard working people who love their country and know that freedom has price.

I thank Diane for the opportunity to meet her and spend time with her. Thank you Diane for being so generous in paying for everything that you did. That certificate is a tribute to your son and to you. As I have told you before, your son will never be forgotten as long as there are Rangers.

I wish to thank the Association and Emmett for the opportunity to do this as it meant a lot to me to be able to serve Rangers again. Thank you Emmett, this is a good program and you are doing a great job running the Association. Please let me know if there is anything else I can do for you or the Association.

RANGERS LEAD THE WAY!

John Punches  
B Company 2/75 1992-1995  
109 W. State St.  
Clare, MI 48617  
jpunches@ironweb.net





**3RD BN, 75TH RANGER REGT**

Unit Director - Peter Squeglia



No Submission

**LRRP DETACHMENT-3RD ID**

Unit Director - Michael McClintock

No Submission



**ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ)**

Unit Director - Mike Martin



BDQ Mike Martin

**Fellow Rangers and Co Vans:**

Well, once again there are war clouds on the horizon: sabers are rattling, and the sound of drumbeats echo across the land--and Iraq is the culprit....

Without a doubt, our Rangers and other Special Operations Units, will be in the forefront of any U.S. attack...Battle (Campaign) Streamers are weighting heavily on our Army Flag, but the weight is measured in Duty, Honor, and Country.

We may be engaged in combat with Saddam Hussein--the self ordained "Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon", and his armed forces by the time you read this article; if Saddam and his army think that the Mongolian warrior Hulagu (grandson of Genghis Khan), who laid waste to Baghdad and the rest of the country, was brutal, wait until they feel the wrath of the Airborne Ranger.

The following is Part II of "Trying To Set The Record Straight" by Ranger Fred Caristo; Part I was in the 2002 (Volume 16) Issue V of PATROLLING. Due to its length we again had to delay an article on Ranger AL Hill...it and other stories will be in the next issue.

**Trying to set the record straight (Part II) Fred Caristo 37th BDQ, 1st BDQ TF**

Let me first apologize to the readers for a confusing

location listing in Part I of this article. Part I was composed based on my 1965 diary, which as part of my language learning experience was written in Vietnamese. To compound the confusion, I thought it was "cool" at the time to refer to places by their Viet Cong (VC) names. Thus, Ba Gia, where the battle took place, was located in the VC District of Binh Song, and should have been listed throughout the article as "Ba Gia " and not Ben Song. Since Part I appeared, several readers have asked, why did I write this article "just to tell a war story"? The answer is a resounding -No-, as you will see when the rest of this story unfolds.

I spent in excess of six years in Vietnam, a good portion of these years, working with the POW /MIA issue. As a result I have, since the early 80s, been requested to speak to or meet with several POW/KIA support groups. Now Donna Tyrone, whose father S/Sgt Willie Tyrone was KIA advising the Vietnamese Rangers (BDQs) (see Part I) posed the same questions which I had heard numerous times. What happened to my loved one? Followed by why had not someone told me that before? Or why was I forced to wait 20 or in this case 37 years to get answers? I have concluded that the answer to these questions is simple. The Department of Defense (DOD) has let its military personnel and their families

down~ Over the years I have attempted to convince DOD that they must inform families, as to the basics what, when, where, why and how, their loved one became a casualty. I feel my point can best be made with the following example.

While covering a Convention of the largest POW/MIA advocate group in the late 80s, I was approached by an elderly woman and her son. The woman asked if I had



## ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (CONTINUED)

been in Special Forces (SF) in Vietnam, and did I know her son. She then related that she was hoping her son was still alive, and a POW as she had been led to believe by so many people. She further related that the only information she had received was a Report of Casualty, stating her son was KIA, two Silver Stars, a Purple Heart, and -and- that's it! No body, no casualty officer, no nothing. That was 20 years prior to our meeting. If you have ever seen the "half page" DD Form 1300, Report of Casualty you'll know what I mean. Name, rank, Serial#, unit where stationed and remarks. Under remarks you will have a statement like "died as a result of small arms fire." That's it -then DOD wonders why loved ones go through life asking questions, wouldn't you? The evening of my meeting with the elderly woman, I contacted Warren Gray, a friend at the POW - MIA office.

Warren provided me with a packet, which I picked up the following morning. That afternoon, I returned to the Convention and the waiting woman. I explained that her son was a member of a recon team infiltrated into Laos by Studies and Observations Group (SOG), to observe and report on activities along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Further her son's team had come under attack by a North Vietnamese Army (NVA) unit. Her son had been wounded in the chest during the initial contact, and had been carried several kilometers by his fellow team members to an exfiltration landing zone (LZ). Upon arrival at the LZ the team again came under fire. The two-team members carrying the wounded soldier sought cover in a bomb crater. During this exchange of fire the woman's son was again hit, this time in the head. The wound was fatal. Both soldiers who had carried the woman's son confirmed he was dead. As the helicopters approached the LZ, mortar rounds began to rain in on the beleaguered patrol. The two patrol members leapt from the crater, ran to the chopper, and were taken out of the LZ. As the chopper banked the two patrol members who had carried the woman's son observed two mortar rounds hit the crater in succession. Both stated in the "After Action Report" (AAR), "the body just disappeared. I then showed the documents from the packet to the woman, who turned to her son and stated "Now we know, let's go home and put Roger to rest." The woman began walking away, then turned and asked, "why didn't someone tell me this twenty years ago?" All I could do was shrug~ Is there a good reason for the military not informing the loved ones of the 58,000 men who perished in Vietnam specifically how these men died and who witnessed their demise? For those Missing in Action (MIA), I have determined through conversations with hundred of their loved ones, that a simple one page summary as what happened, and then an annual update would have kept them informed and

satisfied, and not wondering and angry. I have attempted to convince DOD to adopt this procedure; my efforts were met with the whining only government bureaucrats can muster, and the eternal DOD answer "Where will we find the personnel to do the job?"

Donna Tyrone, and Robe Celeste (Rob's father was KIA with the 37th BDQ) are children of our fellow Rangers, who did not really know their fathers. This placed a tremendous emotional strain on these individuals during their formative years. Only now, 37 years later are they receiving some answers.

Donna, whose father's Navy Cross (NC) citation reads:

The President of the United States takes pride in presenting the NAVY CROSS posthumously to

STAFF SERGEANT WILLIE D. TYRONE  
UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

for service as set forth in the following CITATION:  
For extraordinary heroism as Assistant Advisor to the Vietnamese 39th Ranger Battalion while serving with Advisory Team Seven of the US Military Assistance Command, Vietnam on the night of 30-31 May 1965. When the Battalion was subjected to heavy small-arms, mortar and 57 -mm recoilless rifle fire, Staff Sergeant .Tyrone, with complete disregard for his own safety, moved about to point out targets and improve the position. Although painfully wounded in the shoulder, he refused evacuation, and when the Battalion Commander and Battalion S-3 were also wounded, and the Battalion Advisor killed, creating a critical command situation, Staff Sergeant Tyrone, in spite of his wound assumed the advisory responsibility alone. He maintained radio contact throughout the night and continually encouraged his comrades by his words and valiant example. When the Viet Cong launched a strong counterattack early in the morning, he was mortally wounded; but continued to inspire his comrades by firing his weapon, killing at least an additional ten of the enemy before he died. Staff Sergeant Tyrone's conspicuous gallantry, willing self-sacrifice and extraordinary bravery reflected great credit upon himself and the Marine Corps and were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life in the cause of freedom

For the President

In the early days, 1960-1965, of the Vietnam War the only force which prevented a complete communist take over of South Vietnam, were 20, yes I said 20, Vietnamese Ranger Battalions. Each time the VC/NVA



ARVN RANGERS ADVY (BDO) (CONTINUED)

leaving the battlefield well before 2400 hrs. Without becoming too graphic, if the truth be known S/Sgt Tyrone's reported "slight shoulder wound," proved to be an almost total amputation of the shoulder, as revealed when his body was recovered. Speaking of recovering in Part I, was very graphic in describing how the bodies of the dead Rangers had been mutilated. "Bullets apparently had been pumped into the bodies of both Americans after they were dead, but they were not mutilated as were many of the Vietnamese," read the Stars and Stripes article. In the first place, the reporter who wrote the story was not at Ea Gia, and received his info second hand. Secondly, it is my contention, after viewing the bodies, that the only mutilation by the VC that took place that day was the "pumping" of bullets into the two US Advisors' bodies. In fact what had happened, in frustration, the onerous General Lam, had ordered the Vietnamese artillery to fire directly on the 39th, thus causing "the after death mutilation wounds," and in order to cover up his blundering spread the mutilation story. I personally overheard the Vietnamese fire direction coordinator object to Lam, reference the last fire mission the morning of 31 May 1965. The fire direction coordinator stated "the fire was not forward of the friendly positions, but was right on the FO's position"; he was ordered to fire. Did I dislike General Lam, you bet. I was flying as interpreter/liaison officer on an operation along Route 1, South of Duc Pho, with Lam, when the chopper came under intense ground fire. Lam, who was in the door position, immediately removed himself from harm's way by placing me next to the door, and hunkering down behind me. Now I'm 5'6", but I guess even a 5'6" human shield is better than no human shield.

Donna Tyrone's most complicated question to me was, "should my father have received the Medal of Honor" as many had suggested to her. This is a complex question, that as I told Donna "I do not feel comfortable in answering." Remember the Service Crosses are the highest award the military can award an individual for valor on the battlefield. The Medal of Honor is awarded in the name of the Congress of the United States~ I personally believe that the Medal of Honor and Service Crosses were awarded correctly in Vietnam and that we should not be rewriting history today.

How about the -Battle? of Quang Ngai City?- 31 May 1965?  
 (As we left Part I, myself, five NCOs, our M-151, and two gunships are guarding Quang Ngai airfield). At about 0230 hrs a tremendous explosion was heard coming from the direction of the City and the US Advisory

(North Vietnamese Army) would be about to score a major victory one or two Ranger Battalions would be inserted to save the day. On occasion even the vaunted Rangers could not save the day, but unlike the other Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARNV) units the Rangers would stay and fight (this does not include the staff officers as will see later) Vietnamese Ranger Battalion Commanders were selected because of their aggressive combat leadership, this held true for the Company Commanders, and Platoon leaders. But alas, there were not enough brave men to go around, and the Ranger Battalion staff officers were the run of the mill ARVN officers. Thus the answer to one Donna Tyrone's questions (see Part I of this article) Why in the AR of the battle in which her father was killed did it state, "the Communications Officers, "took off", leaving her father, to the final onslaught." In Donna's mind all these years this was an American Comm Officer "bugging out" on her Dad. This was a Vietnamese staff officer~ Enough said, why he was even on the op, no one will ever know. Why was S/Sgt Willie Tyrone, a Marine, serving with an Army unit? Until 1968, when a major policy change reference advisory roles took place, hundreds of Marines had served as advisors to Vietnamese Army units. S/Sgt Tyrone had been sent by USMC to Fort Bragg, NC, to attend the Military Assistance Training Advisors (MATA) course. There officers, and NCOs were trained in cultural, and tactical matters as these disciplines related to Vietnam. Upon completion of the MATA course (Yes, and as the old joke went MATA will not "matter" once you get to Vietnam~ S/Sgt Tyrone was sent to RVN (Republic of Vietnam) and assigned as an advisor to the 39 BDO. Now here is an association worse than my MATA joke~ Through time people had associated S/Sgt Tyrone's attendance in a course at Fort Bragg, with Special Forces (SF), and what is the lineage of SF, you got it, the CIA, and what is CIA associated with, again you got it, assassination/assassins~ It also puzzled Donna as to why her wounded father had not been medically evacuated (med-evac'd). After all the AAR stated, erroneously, that S/Sgt Tyrone had been wounded in the leg. In fact it was a shoulder wound he had reported early in the battle to the C&C chopper. He had also refused a med-evac at this time, as he felt it his duty to remain with the 39th. Back to the AAR, this document is, use- less as the two US officers were not at the battle, and received their info second hand. Of the three Vietnamese interviewed, one was not at the battle, one was our bug out "Comm Officer"~so much for his credibility, and one was a Ranger Private who spoke no English~enough said. In no way could S/Sgt Tyrone have suggested, after 2400 hrs, that he be evacuated. S/Sgt Tyrone had already "waved off" his last chance at

*ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (CONTINUED)*

T earn Compound. The US Compound made up the eastern inside of an ARVN Armor Compound. ARVN Armor consisted of M-113 Armored Personnel Carriers (APC), and some infantry troops, no tanks. Moments after the explosion all hell broke loose. As those who served anywhere near APCs in Vietnam know they mount a "fifty" (.50 caliber Browning Machine Gun) which for some reason is the loudest weapon on the planet. Now, we, at the airfield could see tracers flying everywhere, but they were the red stuff, not the notorious "green shit" of Part I. We immediately went to "battle stations," which really meant standing around with weapons in our hands~ (M-2 Carbines, if you were wondering. ) I had been left a jeep mounted radio, which immediately started crackling: "what's going on Trout-5? (That's me), we're being attacked was the next statement~ I still had not had time to answer the "what's going on?" question. Then a statement I'll remember the rest of my life - "You have to come to our relief" Right~ Myself and five NCOs along with our trusty M-151 Jeep) are going to form one of the shortest relief column in history. I immediately requested one of the gunship pilots to get airborne, and report what was going on. The fire from the direction of the ARVN - US Compounds was increasing, this usually means the final assault is on during an attack. I then received another message. "Trout-5 you've got to get here ASAP , we've got wounded. I informed the gunship pilot that we would provide illumination with the jeep headlights for his return. The gunship got airborne, circled the area several times, and reported something strange.

" All the fire was going in one direction -out of the compound." Furthermore, there was one building burning about a mile from the Compounds in the center of Quang Ngai City. (The burning structure was a Police station into which the VC had thrown a satchel charge, as we were to find out later.) I instructed the Compound to "cease fire." "Trout-5 are you crazy, we have wounded. After what seemed like an eternity the Compound agreed to cease fire, and ask ARVN to do the same. Well can you believe it after the cease-fire, there was no incoming fire! But what about the wounded? It seems one was a six foot four inch generator mechanics, who forgot to duck entering a five foot eight inch bunker opening, the next was the male clerk who literally was "clothes lined" as he ran into Mama San clothesline at American neck level, but over the head level of the Vietnamese. The last "wound" was suffered as a helmeted Assistant S3 Air rounded a hutch corner encountering the nose of the Post Exchange (PX) Executive Officer (XO). The helmet bill was undamaged, but alas the PX XO's nose was broken. I heard that all three received the Purple Heart for their wounds in Defense of Quang Ngai City, (I have not to this day taken the

time to verify this rumor)

As stated in Part I, S/Sgt Willie Tyrone was to spend his last night on earth with the remnants of the 39th BDQ. Already suffering a horrific shoulder wound, it must have been a terribly painful and long night. The morning of 31 May, after breakfast a convoy of Vietnamese and their American Advisors showed up at the airfield, they attempted to establish commo, fire some artillery , but of course it was too late for S/Sgt Tyrone and the 39th BDQ.

On 12 November 1995, a large delegation of US Ranger Advisors and Vietnamese Rangers gathered at Arlington National Cemetery to dedicate a monument in honor of their fallen Ranger comrades. The American delegation was headed by General Bob Kingston, the senior Senior Advisor of the BDQ. The monument (see photos) was due to the "above and beyond" efforts of Ranger Advisors Bobby Jackson, Roy Lombardo, and James Waters. Recently, I have requested that the Veterans Administration (VA) place a bronze plaque on the grave of S/Sgt Tyrone at his rural resting place in Carbon, Texas. The bronze marker will be there to remind all that here lies Staff Sergeant Willie D. Tyrone, United States Marine Corps, served and died in Vietnam, recipient of the Navy Cross, and Purple Heart, and one brave Ranger~

**EVENTS, WARNING ORDERS AND SITREPS****REUNION:**

The Biet Dong Quan reunion 2002, was held at the Paracell Seafood Restaurant in Westminster, California, on 28 July--the 42nd anniversary of the Vietnamese Rangers was celebrated (Ky niem 42 nam thanh lap Binh Chung Biet Dong Quan). Co Vans' Tex Wandke, Keith Nightingale, and Roy Russell were in attendance.

**10TH ANNUAL RANGER HALL OF FAME:**

The 2002 inductees included five Rangers who had served as Vietnamese Ranger Advisors. Ranger Harris Parker was from the 75th Ranger Regiment Association.

**BIET DONG QUAN HISTORY:**

"Tong Le Chan--or Tong Le Chon--base in MR III, was a border camp lying astride enemy lines of communication between War Zone C (Tay Ninh) and Binh Long and Bing Duong Provinces. Its presence forced the enemy to make long detours. As a result, on 25 March 1973, he began an intense effort to force the evacuation of the base. The Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) 92d Ranger Battalion which manned the base, found itself cut off from all communication and sup-

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (CONTINUED)

plies by road; it was unable to conduct patrols around the base. Helicopter supply became increasingly difficult due to heavy enemy anti-aircraft fire. Supplies had to be dropped by fixed-wing aircraft.

During sixteen consecutive weeks, the enemy shelled the base 300 times, using more than 10,000 assorted rounds, and launched eleven attacks by infantry and nine sappers (assault engineers).

In the meantime, the enemy also stepped up propaganda activities urging the Rangers to evacuate the base. But the defenders held fast and successfully drove back all enemy attacks. By 11 April 1974, the situation within the base became utterly untenable.

The badly mangled 92d Ranger Battalion finally had to break out and fall back on An Loc. The commander, LTC Le Van Ngon, was promoted ahead of schedule in recognition of his unit's valiant performance. From: "The Final Collapse" by General Cao Van Vien, Chairman of the South Vietnamese Joint General Staff.

"To fight you must be brutal and ruthless and the spirit of ruthless brutality will enter into the very fibre of our national life, infecting Congress, the courts, the policeman on the beat, the man in the street. . . "

--Woodrow Wilson

They will ask you, "What have you done? Not, "Who are your ancestors ? " The famous veil in the sanctuary is not revered by the faithful because it came from the silkworm.

--Saasi, the Persian poet

SHOOT LOW, I'll see you on the High Ground.

Mu Nau Mike Martin, Unit Director



When visiting Arlington Cemetery, visit the Vietnamese Ranger Advisor Memorial. It is located to the left rear, as you face the rear of the "tomb of the Unknowns." Section 13, at the junction of Wilson Avenue and Farragut Avenue. What a peaceful and appropriate setting next to the Merrill's Marauders Memorial. (photo F. Caristo)



Vietnamese Ranger Training Center



The Vietnamese Ranger Advisor Memorial, and its shadowing "American Magnolia" were dedicated to our fallen Comrades in November 1995. The American Magnolia was selected as it is the Georgia State tree. Georgia, the home of Fort Benning, the home of the Rangers. (photo F. Caristo)

## CHAPLINS CORNER

By Rev. Charles Keogh

### CHARLES JACKSON BRITT

#### KILLED IN ACTION MARCH 30, 1972

May we on this day take time to remember our fallen brother for his contribution to our way of life. Charlie's unselfish act along with many others has insured our continued enjoyment of living in a free democracy. We must never forget that freedom is not cheap, there is a high price to pay.

I knew Charlie Britt as a soldier and as a friend and I can say without reservations, that Charlie was a soldier's, soldier without question. Anyone who was ever graced by his presents can tell you, he left his footprints indelibly on your heart. He in a sense was a gentle giant. I do not mean in the physical sense of the word, but in the sense of his humble, courageous, bold, and loving spirit that transcends the physical man. Charlie always put his men first and was dedicated to be the best he could be. He studied the art of his position, the positions under him and over him, that he may be ready to perform in any capacity that may present itself. He was loved and admired by his subordinates, peers, and superiors.

I was a team leader along side of him and later his platoon sergeant. In all my 14 years of service, I can not say I met a more dedicated professional than Charlie. He was a career soldier having completed 10 years service and had just gotten promote to SFC E-7 before he was mortally wounded in the head. He had come to the completion of his second tour of duty in Vietnam, having served 18 months during his first tour. He lost his life in an attempt to rescue a downed chopper crew. Self preservation was not on his mind this day, but rather a desire to save other Americans.

Charlie will never die as long as we remember him and the others like him. We must pass this obligation onto the younger ones that we influence along the way, in hopes they will understand the magnitude of this obligation in remembering them who gave it all for the freedom of every free man, woman, or child.

Charlie, your gone from this realm, but certainly not forgotten... Thanks for the unselfish act of placing the welfare of others over yours.

Lord God, we humbly offer to you our thanks giving for this precious brother, who in the face of great trial, elected, as did your son Jesus, did give his life that others may have the privilege to live in freedom. We only hope on that fatal day, your angels were there to carry him into your presence. On this day the world suffered a great lose, but heaven gained another of its heroes back from where he came. It was short and we do not understand it all, but are thankful to you, for allowing us to share the time we did with Charlie, your servant. May his loved ones this day, feel the peace that only you can provide, that passes all understanding. We ask it in the mighty name of Jesus our Lord and Savior..Amen!

**Bob Smyers**  
Chaplain, 2Bde. LRRP/Rangers 4 I. D.

**Attached below my view of Charlie:**

Sgt. Britt was probably one of the most efficient soldiers I ever had the privilege of serving with. He was not only a comrade in arms, he befriended me and eventually my immediate family. He became a part of us. My wife and

children loved and respected him. Even to this day my daughter Teresa raises the flag daily in remembrance of him.

Even today, after 30 years. The vivid memory of him arising early in the morning and all the family getting up to say our good byes, as he departed for what was to be his last call to duty in defending our democratic beliefs.

Sgt. Britt and I served at Fort Benning after I returning from the first tour in Vietnam. This is where we became a family. Then after I was discharged I stayed in the area and Sgt. Britt was often a guest over night and on weekends.

He loved the woods and was a true woodsman. He said as a child the woods was his real home. Guess that is why he liked the infantry.

Often the family and I would go with him to shoot his guns. Him being the brave ranger that he was, would often catch rattlesnakes and copperheads with his bare hands. I remember once we were all out and he tried to catch a copperhead and it almost got him. However he was not deterred and got the snake. He gave the kids a scare.

He commented to me on more than one occasion that we had become the family he never had.

He loved to hunt. When he came home on his leave after extending his first tour in Vietnam he went to Africa to hunt. At Benning he often bagged game and would come dragging it to our place and we all feasted.

When he returned to Vietnam for his second tour he wrote often. My wife had to do most of the answering, as I was busy trying to get established in civilian life after several years in the Army. In his last letter to us he stated he was coming directly to our place upon his return. We were all happy and expected a great reunion, but five days before he was due home we got word that he had been killed in action.

He had been mortally wounded in the head while trying to save a downed helicopter crew. He gave his life while trying to save those who often saved many LRRP/LRP/Ranger teams from early demise. He and the rescue team were ambushed and I do not know if any survived. This act was a testimony to the life of a true soldier that Sgt. Britt truly was.

My wife represented our family at the funeral in Maryland. I was unable to get away.

As a LRRP/LRP/Ranger with the 2nd brigade 4th infantry division(1966-1968), Sgt. Britt gained the name; "The Legend". His fame came from the fact, that he was able to get in, track, observe, and bring havoc on the enemy without firing a shot and still never get detected. He was an expert at ambushing with artillery.

As a fellow team leader and eventually the P/sgt. I only remember Sgt, Britt making contact once with the enemy. He and I were both taking teams out from the forward firebase of the 1/22nd infantry. This was just before I became P/sgt. He was to leave out that night. I the next morning to follow in an arclite on the Cambodian border.

It was a miserable night as the rain came down in buckets the whole night. Sgt. Britt left out about 10pm and about an hour later I hear gunfire erupt and quit suddenly. Automatically I thought they got ambushed. But soon I hear Britt's voice checking in with the command post. He wanted to know who else was out there. There was no one but him and the enemy so they must have been spooked and open fire.

Later on when the missions were over, we were in the tent talking and he said to me, the strangest thing happened on that mission. I said oh yeah, what? He said he was on point moving through the jungle when he came face to face with an enemy soldier. He said neither raised their rifle but just stood there with water dripping off their hats looking at each other, and for whatever reason they both turned and went in different directions. He said it was almost like a dream, but it was real. This was the only contact I ever heard of him making. His ability to get in

and out without detection earned him the name; "The Legend".

Charlie Britt your are dearly missed by my family, myself, and all who's path you ever graced. Rest in peace my friend and truly an "American Warrior," who's footprints will forever be on the hearts of all that knew you!  
Bob Smyers

## **LRRP/RANGER**

### **FRANK WILLIAM Humes Killed In Action JULY 8, 1969 AGE 20**

It is time once again for us all to recall the sound of taps for our brother Frank, who of his own accord, offered up his life for what he believed. He believed like the rest of us, that we owe whatever it takes to maintain freedom and liberty to every man, woman, and child, who seeks it. He was ready and willing to be sent to a place far from home, to not only assure aggression of this type would not reach our shores, but wanted to liberate the people of this country called Vietnam, from the dictatorship, that deprived them of freedom of choice, which we too often take for granted as a nation. I speak of the population in general for I know the men and women who have fought, as others and as Frank, giving their lives did not, nor do they feel this way! They learned and understood what freedom cost! Some gave their lives while others their limbs or sanity. Frank certainly wanted to live, but felt it his obligation, to not only fight for this country and what we believe, but wanted all who seek freedom to have the choice. It is our duty as his comrades in arms, as well, as the people of this great nation, never to forget nor allow others to forget what made this nation great! "Those who were willing to lay it on the line". Take a moment today to remember Frank and those like him, and be sure to tell someone about him today. Anyone knowing his family please take a moment to call and express our grief as well as our thanks, for Franks contribution to our cause...Freedom and liberty for all mankind!!

Lord Jesus, it is with humble, but proud hearts ,that we remember Frank today for he truly lived up to your description of a friend. Lord you said no greater love has a man than to give his life for his friend, how much more than for strangers. We acknowledge you sent Frank for a season and a reason, thus we know, you had your angels there that day to carry him quickly into your presents. We, offer our thanks for Frank's short, but effective life. We do it in Jesus name...Amen!

Please feel free to share with us anything about Frank that you want. Below is an attachment from Larry Flanagan who served proudly with the man we call brother....

Bob Smyers, Chaplain, 2Bde, LRRP/Rangers, 4th I.D.

Attachment:

#### **Larry Flanagan Writes -**

Frank Humes was a LRRP in the 1st. Bde. He was also a trained sniper Larry Flanagan, James Zwiebel and Frank Humes were a LRRP team who conducted missions from the hills of Dak To to the rugged jungle of the Plai Trap Valley. Frank was a special kind of person, on a LRRP mission he was as good as anyone in the unit, but away from the jungle he was a kind, friendly, warm hearted person who touched everyone who met him. We nicknamed him [Pig Pen] after the Charlie Brown character because he always looked like he rolled in that endless red dirt. The picture of him here was his favorite, he asked me for it so that he could send it to his mother. I said no at the time, and have forever wished I said yes. I loved him like a brother and have missed him every day since. I am sure that Jim feels the same way to.

**LRRP/RANGER****WILLIAM AUTHUR THOMPSON****AGE 19****Killed In Action****JULY 12, 1968**

How many have ever thought why you did, what you did in Vietnam? Was it emotions that made us face adverse conditions on the battle ground and at home? I think not, I think it was commitment, meaning; when a soldier makes a decision, it is at that point, he is determined and committed to see it through, regardless of all cost. Even his life! Why do I start a tribute in this manner? Because I want all to realize the man we honor this day, was no different than any of us, who answered our country's call. He like many, had a belief that everyone should have the right to choose, how he will live. This should be one's choice within the acceptable standards of the community, in which he lives. Soldiers are different than other people. Most people act on emotions, but soldiers are a different breed. Whether American or foreign, they have a common bond; commitment, once the decision is made, all or nothing! All of you saw it and experienced it!

This tribute is about such a man as this. Bill was not killed by enemy fire, which is sad, but we who have faced war know this is one of the great and unfortunate hazards. Bill made a decision to take the added risk of becoming one of Vietnam's first Rangers, known then as the LRRP (generic Lurp), which preceded the activation of the Army Rangers, which the Lurp units were merged into. This was to honor the men of the LRRPS, giving them a lineage. Bill never lived to know this, as on July 12, 1968, at the tender age of 19 years, while performing in a professional manner, was killed by friendly fire. Friendly fire, which was intended to save his life and the life of the team, but on this day, this fatal day, one of the rockets from a gunship went erratic, hitting in the center of the team. Bill and the team were in fierce combat with the NVA and had no way of knowing this was going to happen. The team and the gunship crews performing as soldiers, made a decision, it was to accomplish the mission and come out safely. All realized the danger, but without hesitation, they committed to the fight. No one had an inkling that Bill would receive wounds that would end his journey in the realm in which we live. Two others would also be wounded and one was spared. His back pack caught the shrapnel. I think Bill, with his big smile, would have us pray not for him, but would have us pray for any involved that day. Any that may still be carrying guilt for what happened. Surely Bill would have them know, he appreciated the love they showed, by risking their own lives to save his and the team. So as we take a moment today to remember Bill, let's pray for those involved. Pray they would know Bill would not have blamed them, for risking their own life to save the team. They truly did not fail him. Bill was there of his own accord.

I have said it before and I say it again, Bill and those like him only die when we forget to remember their sacrifices. Let's remember Bill today and all who have laid it on the line for what is a just cause. Freedom to chose!!

Lord, we thanks you not only for Bill and those like him, but for the many who were willing to make a decision to do what they was right, a decision that could cost them their very life. Oh, Lord please send us more of them today, to take a stand for right and commit to it, that Bill and those like him, who gave their all will have not done so in vain. We ask this day that you bring peace and comfort to the loved ones who never had the years they would have desired to have had him with them. We want to believe he is in your presence and your angels were there that day to carry him into your home. Hopefully, we will see him again one day..Thanks for hearing our humble prayer..In Jesus name...

Anyone knowing the family please contact them and give our love and appreciation for his contribution to our way of life. If anyone can share about Bill we would all appreciate it. Bill's name is with the best in Heaven and at the Ranger Memorial at Ft. Benning, Ga.

Bob Smyers

Chaplain, 2Bde, LRRP/Rangers, 4 I.D.

**Attachments:**

1. Short scenario by Tom Garnett, retired Major USAR:
2. Nick Banks Bill's team leader

1. The team had found a cache of enemy mortar rounds beside a stream and moved up on higher ground in a tree line to get common with the LRRP TOC to report the find. Then some of them (all but one) went back down and got some of the mortar rounds, as requested by Bde S-3, to bring back to evaluate. The lone guy on high ground saw NVA and fired on them, alerting the others of the presence of enemy. The team reported contact. They could either fire artillery or use gunships. The team requested gunships.

I immediately got in my bubble chopper and headed to the area with the gunships following. Sherwood was on the radio directing the gunships - I was above and behind them observing. The team put red smoke on a tree line and the first gunship fired rockets on the red smoke. Then when the 2nd gunship fired rockets, one went erratic to the right and hit the team. Sherwood immediately called cease fire, radioed the situation - one seriously wounded (Thompson) and unconscious; one with a cut artery in his upper arm; and Sherwood had a piece of shrapnel thru his ankle. Sloping terrain did not allow me to land so I exited the hovering chopper, went to the team and began extracting the wounded.

The gunship continued circling the area and we had one land on a road a few clicks south of the contact location. The two unwounded and I first carried Thompson and secured him in the hovering chopper who took him to the gunship on the highway. (Due to fog at Dragon Mountain, medevac could not get to us). The gunship took Thompson to Pleiku Hospital and then returned to the site. We then used the same process to evacuate the other two wounded and then we all went to Pleiku Hospital. I cannot remember the other wounded, maybe Sherwood does.

Thompson died the next day from severe trauma to the head.

By Tom Garnett

### WILLIAM ARTHUR THOMPSON

By Nick Banks

11 July 1968. My watch reads 0300 hours. Guard duty. Pitch black and raining hard. L.R.R.P. team "Hotel-Two-Charlie" is settled in for the night, hidden in a dense jungle thicket about 15 clicks from the 2nd Brigade base Oasis, and the Cambodian border. We had been inserted five days earlier to search for NVA infiltration routes leading into Pleiku province, but found not a single trace of the enemy thus far. Only difficult terrain, the monsoon rain, and the constant routine of marching slowly forward a step at a time. Yesterday, the radio message from the Oasis had cancelled our scheduled extraction because of the low cloud cover, and the mood of the team was getting tense.

I'm sitting up leaning against a tree, constantly adjusting my poncho to keep the rain out, but water is seeping in just the same from below. Have been wet all day, and hoping to dry out just a little during the night. My hand groped around in my pack for the small handheld IR scope to look at my teammates spread out in a close circle in the dark. They are also sitting up, awake, and trying to keep dry. Thompson, the ATL, is on my right rubbing his forearm. His mouth moves in a silent curse. A few missions before, he had been wounded by an enemy grenade, and tiny metal fragments were now popping up regularly from under his skin, making him very irritable. Back in January, Thompson and I were interviewed and accepted into the L.R.R.P.'s on the same day by Cpt. Garnett, our CO. We had become friends and tried to stay together on the same teams since then. Thompson volunteered for the Army and Vietnam from Alaska and was sent to communications school. However, he now avoided having anything to do with the radio, and we frequently competed for the point position on the teams. Thompson was soft-spoken with a great sense of humor and judgment. Only nineteen, he was adept at quickly settling conflicts and differences among the older team members.

The IR scope scanned to Soule who was the newest member on the team and carried the PRC-25 radio and spare batteries. To compensate for the weight, we gave him a sawed-off 79 grenade launcher as a weapon. Next to him leaning up is Lt. Hall, our XO, who was supposed to be based at the Oasis, but instead, preferred patrolling in the jungle with us. Lt. Hall was a very deliberate and careful operational planner. He had infinite patience and frequently tempered some of the quick decisions made by the team. I am glad that he is with us. Six months in the L.R.R.P.'s, and this is my first mission as TL. Lastly, the IR scope illuminated Flores on my left. Arty is sitting up, half covered by his poncho, wet, eyes wide open and completely ignoring the rain. Before being drafted into the Army, Flores had been a professional boxer in California just starting out in his career. He had a quick temper and a quicker punch and not much regard for any authority. However, Flores was a natural fighter and always looking



forward to starting some trouble with Charlie. On a previous mission he had killed one with his Gerber combat knife. Great asset on any team. Now, it looked like Flores was meeting up with the rain like some old opponent in a long-fought boxing match. Tough son of a bitch, I thought to myself, regretting the silent railing about my own misery. The night is dragging on. Looking at my watch every fifteen minutes now. Maybe this will help the dawn come faster. Impatient for that sunshine. How can this jungle be so cold?

Daylight finally! But there is no sun, the rain is blocking it out. We radio the Oasis for instructions on our extraction. The mission is over and we want to come in. No helicopters again, the clouds are too low. We are told to walk towards Highway 19 which runs from Pleiku into Cambodia. A way would be found to extract us later. We look at the map, plan a route, roll up our ponchos, and recover the claymores set up around our night position. No time for breakfast, it's too wet. I pick up my pack and take the point. The 80-pound load quickly warms me up as the morning rain drenches us to the bone again. It's covering up the sounds of our movement, though, and we step out quickly. Charlie is probably still asleep in his dry hootch.

Mid-morning. We run into a network of trails. First sign of any people in five days. Skirting along the side of the main trail we reach a clearing which reveals a large square bamboo hut with no walls, well camouflaged from the air. There are no agricultural fields nearby. It looks like an enemy transport station given the number of empty baskets stacked up on the raised floor. We watch and listen, concealed by the foliage. No one around. Approach slowly and dig around carefully. My suspicions are confirmed when I find a U.S. hand grenade hidden under a mat. We discuss ways of booby-trapping the hootch with the same grenade but Lt. Hall points out that such an action must first be closely coordinated with the brigade. No time for such a complicated procedure. I slip the grenade into my pack. Can't leave it with Charlie.

Descending parallel with the main trail, the jungle thins out gradually and we reach a narrow open grassy plain. A small river with steep banks blocks our way. On the other side, the open grassy plain continues about 50 meters to a wood line and the dense forest backing up a steep slope. We must cross this open field and the river to the cover of the opposite tree line.

Still on point, I choose a log spanning the river and quickly wade to the other side, hiding in the tall grass under the bank. Thompson and Soule cross next and provide cover from the top of the bank. Lt. Hall is coming over now and I film him with my Super-8 pocket movie camera. Flores is last. Stepping backward in the tall grass, my foot breaks through loose soil and I stumble into a hole carved into the bank. It's man-made! I am sitting on top of foot-long O.D. carton tubes with Chinese writing on them. Hundreds of them. I don't touch them. They look like rifle grenades. From above, Thompson reports that there is a trail leading from the river 50 meters to the wood line and up a ridge back into the jungle. We send Thompson, Flores and Soule to the tree line to set up a defensive position securing the trail. Lt. Hall and I remain at the cache examining its contents. We stack a large pile of the O.D. tubes on top of the bank, but there are plenty more in that cave. The size of the find overcomes our natural caution about booby-traps. Lt. Hall is in the hole passing up the tubes. I'm on top of the bank sorting the pile.

Sudden bursts of automatic fire from the trail at the wood line! Sounds like our CAR-15's. Quickly throw on my pack and sprint the 50 meters to join the team. Incoming rounds slice through the leaves high over my head. I low-crawl the remaining 15 meters, pack still on my back. Gunfire stops.

Thompson is already on the radio with the Oasis reporting the contact. A group of NVA soldiers has come down the trail towards the river and the hasty ambush set up by the team has driven them back up the ridge. Thompson passes me the radio and I ask the Oasis for artillery support. It's raining hard again. Radio contact with the Oasis fades out. Pull out the SOI. Where's the nearest artillery unit? Dialing up the frequency. They answer! Thank God! Calculations, grid coordinates, location. Want to put those rounds between our team at the tree line and the ridge up which the NVA have fled.

Fire Mission! First round smoke. It crashes high on the ridge. Got to walk it down quickly.

Radio goes dead. Damn! Quick, try the Oasis again. Got the frequency. Only static. It's the damn handset, shorting out in the rain! Jiggle it back and forth. Finally, radio contact! Oasis comes in loud and clear. Voice on the other end sounds highly concerned. Where the hell have you been? Quick! Fire Mission! Give your location. Plastic cover on my map is fogging up, can't read the coordinates. Damn rain. Can't hear anything either in this downpour. Handset is cutting out once more. Shit! Open my pack. Screwing in the back-up handset, my hand is shaking.

Movement on the trail directly in front of us! Thompson fires his CAR inches from my left ear. I'm deafened.

Is that artillery smoke round forcing the enemy down from the ridge? Are they going to try to overrun us? We are in a semi-circle, facing the wood line and ridge, packs in front for protection. Our backs are against the open field and river. We are trapped!

Movement in the brush close in front of me! Dropping the handset and radio. Where's my CAR! Pack is open. Pick up a grenade and pull the pin. Throwing. Instinct says don't throw, it's that enemy grenade we had found earlier. Too late, it sails into the underbrush. Bounces. Coming back towards us! Grenade! I yell to warn the team as the blast goes over our heads protected by the packs. Short bursts of automatic fire very close. Can't tell what is incoming or outgoing. Gunfire stops. The radio is working again and I am reporting the contact to the Oasis. I must not be very calm as the voice on the other end focuses me on providing location, distance to enemy, and azimuths. I relax and concentrate on the requirements.

Lt. Hall is here. He brings an armful of those Chicom rifle grenades and we dump them together with my LAW behind us. He sets up to the right of Soule and I pass him the radio. The Oasis has sent Cpt. Garnett in his bubble as well as two helicopter gunships to support us, and we can already hear their rotors whipping up air in the distance.

The helicopters arrive quickly on station and are ready to strafe with miniguns. They want to confirm our position. I throw a red smoke to mark our location. Don't have any other colors. We then fix the enemy positions and distances from our smoke for the gunships. The gunships will strafe around us and continue along the tree line, parallel to the river. They are coming in quick and low.

A thousand chainsaws roar! The two ships are side-by-side opening up with miniguns 100 meters to the left of us. The noise is deafening. I'm diving face forward into the ground as a green dust cloud is whirling to overwhelm us. Leaves shredded by thousands of bullets. They're going to kill us! Hot casings are falling everywhere. Each one hitting me feels like a real bullet. Lungs pound from the impact as the soil is churned up on both sides of us just meters away. Absolute terror. In an instant, the gunships separate, leaving us untouched in the center to continue their run up the wood line. It's over in less than ten seconds. We're alive!

The gunships are banking sharply to the left now into the ridge and coming around for another attack on the tree line, almost perpendicular to the red smoke and the river in front. The first ship fires. A rocket explodes right where we had the last contact with the NVA. Damn that's close! The second gunship follows low and is almost on top of us. He's going to fire! Thompson is sitting up next to me watching it coming in. I yell to him. Down! Diving under my pack I hear Lt. Hall calling into the radio: Check fire! Check fire! A huge fist slams my pack backwards into my head while a blast from behind throws me up into the air.

Silence. Total relief. It has finally happened! All the constant anxiety and fear waiting for the unknown to arrive, and now it's finally here. It's all over and I don't have to worry about it any more. Calm. Curious. What's going to happen now?

Slammed to the ground. Can't move. Deaf. Lungs burning, can't breathe. Numb. Acrid stink of explosives. Can't see anything. There is dense smoke on the ground, even the wet grass is burning. I hear cries of pain.

I'm not dead? Can't be. Get up! Get up! You've got to get up now! I stand up. The only one up. Feel head, arms, stomach, legs. I'm not dead! Laughing.

Cries of pain again, but not as loud.

To the right, Soule is sitting up holding his elbow and rocking back and forth. The bone is shattered and blood is spurting a foot into the air. Soule's eyes tell me that he's going into shock. Stop shooting; stop shooting, he repeats quietly.

Can't think straight. Automatically reach for the medical kit all team members carry in the same side pocket. Mumbling to myself...clear the airway...stop the bleeding...treat shock... Countless hours of repetitive first aid training take over as hands mechanically work tourniquet, pressure dressings, blood expander serum tubing. It's over in minutes; the bleeding has stopped.

The smoke is dispersing. I see a jungle boot on the ground, empty, still laced all the way up. How can this be? It's Thompson's! His leg is naked from the knee down. All white, thin, and strangely distorted. Limp like a rag, like there is no bone left. No blood anywhere, but I can smell that terrible scent of burning flesh. No other wounds. I look at Thompson; he's conscious and trying to say something. But there is no sound. His eyes are like hooks holding on to me. He's trying to say something but I don't understand. I try to reassure him. You'll be O.K. It's just a leg wound. You'll be O.K. I bandage the leg, but don't know what else I can do. Inside, I feel that something's terribly wrong.

Close by, Flores is coming to; he has been knocked out by the concussion but seems to be all right. On the other side of Soule, Lt. Hall is sitting up holding his leg and talking rapidly into the radio. I look at his foot. A metal fragment has passed completely through his ankle leaving holes on both sides of his boot. I give it a shot of morphine.

We have taken a direct hit from the gunship's rocket. It exploded in front of us and the pack I was using for shelter is shredded. The claymore and other gear inside have deflected the shrapnel away from my head. The LAW and the Chicom rifle grenades stacked behind us are all gone, detonated in a secondary explosion.

Cpt. Garnett lands by the river in his bubble and we are carrying Soule to him. Strap him in next to the pilot. We run with Thompson. He's heavy and it's far across the field. That terrible smell of burning flesh again. Can't throw up now; have to run! We strap Thompson in on the other side of the pilot. I look up into his eyes and they have that same strange look. Hanging on to me. His head rolls to the side. There is a small hole in the base of his skull! I can see deep inside. No!! The helicopter is lifting off. Wait! Stop! Got to put a bandage on! Too late, he's already high in the air. I sit on the ground and cry.

Cpt. Garnett appears, .45 in hand. Somehow I thought that he had left. No; he has given up his place on the bubble to the wounded and is now on the ground with us. He's concerned that the NVA could attack again. Since the explosion, I had completely forgotten about the enemy! We quickly form a defensive position. Cpt. Garnett picks up Soule's chopped 79, giving it a suspicious look. He doesn't say anything - hope he's not thinking about destruction of government property.

The bubble comes back for Lt. Hall. The rest of us are extracted to Pleiku without incident, and the wounded are taken to the hospital.

My first mission as TL, and "Hotel-Two-Charlie" is no more. I didn't even fire a single shot!

The battalion commander is waiting for me at the LZ. He has helicopters standing by to return to the site and examine the cache. The Colonel looks at my tigers, ripped and stained with blood, and keeps asking me: Soldier, are you sure you're not hurt? Mechanically, I check all over again. No.

We fly right to the log crossing and easily find the pile of rifle grenades still sitting on the riverbank. After some discussion, the helicopters land quite a distance away and the troops gingerly search the area. No one touches anything, especially that pile we had made on the bank. The troops quickly find a series of other weapons caches which follow along the same riverbank.

I walk back alone to the site of our contact. Devastation. Ground plowed up by the gunship miniguns, thousands of empty casings, large chunks of metal fragments sticking up, burnt grass, bits of gear. It stinks. All bark and leaves of surrounding bushes and trees have been blown clean from their trunks about eighteen inches from the ground. How the hell did we survive this?

I start walking up the trail near the tree line where the NVA had been. Maybe we got some of them. But the Colonel is calling me back; the choppers are ready to lift off.

Back at the Oasis I don't talk to anyone. Go straight to my tent, put on headphones, and turn the music up very loud to drown out any thoughts, and to let the numbness take over.

12 July 1968. A visit to the wounded at the hospital in Pleiku is organized for the unit that morning. I can't go. They are wounded and I am not. Feel guilty. Will they blame me? Should we have split the team up along a known enemy trail and leave it in a vulnerable position? Did the gunships confuse our position for the enemy's because of my red smoke? Did I treat Thompson's wounds correctly? Did I make a mistake?

Thompson is dead in the afternoon.

As his close friend, I'm asked to go through Thompson's personal effects to separate what can be sent to his folks. This is very painful and I decline. I can't touch the belongings that he touched only a little while ago when he was still alive and now can no longer own.

19 July 1968. I receive orders to escort Thompson's remains home to Ward Cove, Alaska and be present at the military funeral. Days later I'm in Oakland airport in uniform waiting for a commercial flight up north. Two burly M.P.'s guide me persuasively to the nearest restroom. My unauthorized black beret with the L.R.R.P. patch has their attention. They want to see orders for my CIB too. Take them! Rip off the CIB and throw it on the floor. Shaking with rage. Measuring distance to strike the M.P. nearest to me. But they see my escort orders and quickly back off without another word. Alone, pick up the CIB and try to calm down. Face in the mirror stares back empty.

The funeral is held a few days later with full military honors. I think back to a conversation a month before

where Thompson had a premonition of being killed. He had some repeated close calls on his last few missions and felt that his chances were running out. But he continued to volunteer for missions. The job was important, and he had to be with his friends. Thompson specifically asked me then that if he was indeed killed in action, that there would only be a simple funeral for him. He did not want to be the center of some ceremony attended by casual spectators who had no idea about why Thompson had to keep going out on those missions. To him this was a very private commitment not to be shared with outsiders. And here I was facilitating an official ceremony and failing to protect his final wish.

I folded up the flag in that tight triangle over Thompson's coffin, closed my eyes to block out all of the strangers around, and imagined that they were all instead Thompson's team mates from the Oasis.

Good-bye old friend.

**WE NOW HAVE 75TH RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION COINS IN SOLID SILVER.**



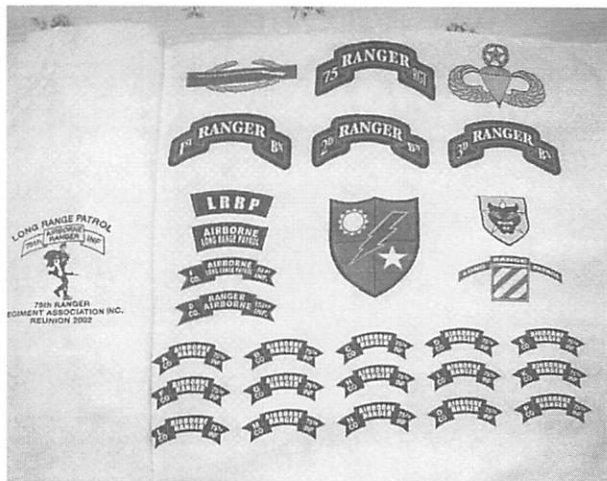
Price of the above coins are \$20.00 each. They are solid silver. To engrave a name & member number add \$2.00 & add \$5.00 for shipping. Total cost delivered is \$27.00. (shipping is \$5.00 per order) If you order more than one coin, add only \$5.00 for the order.

**To Order:**

Call or e-mail John Chester  
 Phone: 410-426-1391  
 Fax: 410-426-0243  
 e-mail: [macchester@erols.com](mailto:macchester@erols.com)

**We also have some left over reunion Tee shirts in Sizes X-Large & a few in 2X, and some black hats with the 75th Scroll.**

Tee shirts are \$12.50 and hats are \$10.00, or \$5.00 with a Tee shirt or coin. Shipping is \$8.50. Call for orders of multiple items. Order as above.



Jim Testerman is making the high quality, button down collar shirts available. The scroll and CIB are embroidered and it is available personalized with your name.

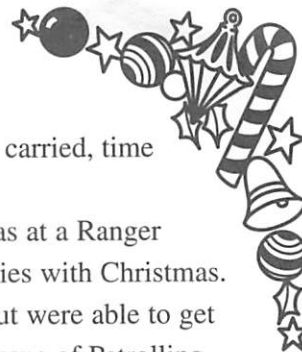
Order from: Jim Testerman at: [jthog@mctxs.com](mailto:jthog@mctxs.com)  
 (A portion of the proceeds from each shirt will be donated to the K CO fund)

Price of shirt . . . . .	\$50.00
Name . . . . .	5.00
Shipping . . . . .	7.00
Total cost. . . . .	\$62.00



Jim Testerman (left) Summer of 1969, Kontum, RVN, 2nd BDE, 4th Inf Div LRRP, (top) Now, with friend

## 2002 CHRISTMAS / FAMILY FUND DRIVE

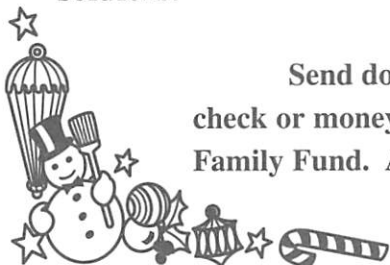


It's that time again guys, time to give a little bit to the guys carrying the torch we once carried, time to give to the 75th Ranger Regiment Association's Christmas / Family Fund.

This fund started in 2000 when then president of the 75th RRA Emmett Hiltibrand was at a Ranger Battalion NCO meeting and they "passed the hat" to help some of the young enlisted families with Christmas. We had a late start that year and really just had an email and "word of mouth" collection but were able to get some money to the Battalions before Christmas. Last year we started earlier with the fall issue of *Patrolling* (like this year) and drew a tremendous response both from corporations and individuals. We have also expanded the fund from just a Christmas fund to a Christmas / Family fund that the battalions can use all year long to help take care of soldier families.

Families, that is the key word here, "Families". The only requirement for the use of these funds is that they are used for the families of our soldiers (sorry, no beer bashes for the single guys in the barracks). The donations that come in by early December are split up and sent to the units for use during Christmas. Those donations that come in after that are put in the Christmas / Family Fund account to be used for family needs during the rest of the year.

When you donate to the major charities, a good portion of your donation simply goes to pay the high priced salaries of the leaders of the charity and for the salaries of the workers, the buildings, the equipment, the advertisements to get donations, etc. and what is left goes to those that actually need the help. I cannot say for sure what percentage of donations to these organizations actually reaches those for which it was intended but I think it would be depressing. I can say that 100% of what you donate to THIS fund will go to the families of our soldiers. The officers of the association do not get paid, this space in "Patrolling" is not charged to the fund, if you donate \$25, \$50, \$100 or whatever amount, **all of it goes into the Fund and you know that 100% of your donation was used for the families of soldiers.**



Send donations to 75th RRA, PO BOX 921, HEFLIN, AL 36264. Mention on the check or money order or on a separate note in the envelope that it is for the Christmas / Family Fund. All contributors will be listed in a future issue of *Patrolling*.

## REUNION 2004

By: Buck Anderson

The reunion of 2004 is getting off the ground. We have been working with dates, hotels, and putting the itinerary together which I'm sure will change tomorrow if it didn't already. The membership will be kept abreast of the going ons.

Dave Cummings sent me all his notes contacts and complete run down of his doings for this last reunion. I bet he laughed his butt off when I volunteered for the reunion at Fort Lewis. Thanks again Dave. To the guys helping me, thank you and for stepping up without being asked or by being volunteered by someone else. Good men!! We will keep you posted. Some volunteers don't want to have their names mentioned, quiet and hard workers for sure. Out Here. Terry Roderick you're my main man.

Hope you read this

## NEW MEMBERS

The following have joined, rejoined or upgraded their memberships since our last publishing:

ACKERMAN	GEORGE H.	VII CORPS	JONES	RICHARD "PETE"	V CORPS
ALBEE	MICHAEL N.	101ST ABN DIV	KELLER	DONALD G.	4TH INF DIV
ANDERSON	DAVID L.	RANGER REGIMENT	KING	JAMES E.	101ST ABN DIV
ARMSTRONG	RAYMOND	25TH INF DIV	LANIER	BRADLEY	25TH INF DIV
AVILES	NAZARIO	VII CORPS	LAWS	CHARLES	1/75
BARREE	RUSSELL	V CORPS	MAAR, SR	MICHAEL	23RD INF DIV
BARRIO	RAYMOND A.	4TH INF DIV	MACK	WILLIE	VII CORPS
BELL	JAMES J.	4TH INF DIV	MANIO	DOM	VII CORPS
BERGERON	ENTOINE	V CORPS	MASON	JOHN E	INDIANA NAT GUARD
BLOCK	WILLIAM D	2/75	MASSON	RICHARD	101ST ABN DIV
BRADIGAN	WILLIAM A.	3/75	McCARRELL	JEFFREY A.	RANGER REGIENT
BRARDT	PETER W.	VII CORPS	McCLANAHAN	ROGER L.	25TH INF DIV
BREVIG	ROBERT H.	VII CORPS	McNAMARA	MICHAEL J.	BDQ
BRINKER	RONALD V	1ST FFV	McNEW	LARRY D.	5TH MECH
BROWN	ROBERT W.	A/75	MIDDLETON	BRYANT E.	4TH INF DIV
BROWN	ROGER B	1/75	MILLER	KENNETH E.	101ST ABN DIV
BRYANT	RUSS	1/75	MILLINDER JR	CARL E.	173RD ABN BDE
BUMGARDNER	ROGER S.	173RD ABN BDE	MONTAGUE	LARRY E.	V CORPS
CAMPBELL	PETER J.	173RD ABN BDE	ODGERS	JAMES F.	23RD INF DIV
CARLYSLE	KARL S.	INDIANA NAT GUARD	PARKER	STEPHEN J.	2/75
CATO	CHRISTOPHER L.	3/75	PARSON	ROBERT M.	25TH INF DIV
CHURCHILL	BRIAN D.	1/75	PATTERSON	CLARENCE	5TH MECH
CRAFT	BRUCE D	25TH INF DIV	PAULHUS	PRESCOTT A.	2/75
CRAIG	JAMES A.	VII CORPS	PERRY	DOUG	BDQ
CROKER	DANIEL R	101ST ABN DIV	PETERS	GENE A.	1/75
CROSSLEY	WILLIAM G.	25TH INF DIV	REKEWEG	WAYNE	25TH INF DIV
DAVIS	RICHARD L.	173RD ABN BDE	ROGERS	JAMES M.	9TH INF DIV
DAVIS	RONALD E.	A/75	ROMO	BONIFACIO M.	1/75
DELANEY	TAVIS J.	INDIANA NAT GUARD	ROMO	JOEL R.	3/75
DIXON	LOREN T	INDIANA NAT GUARD	ROSE	CHARLES F.	25TH INF DIV
DONAHOO	CHARLES E.	1ST CAV	ROSS	ALAN D.	199TH INF BDE
DUFFIELD	PATRICK A.	II FFV	SCHMITT	HAROLD N.	101ST ABN DIV
DUKE	WALTER M.	4TH INF DIV	SEGELSTROM	MICHAEL H	101ST ABN DIV
EDGELL	RICHARD	INDIANA NAT GUARD	SHEFFERD	CARL F.	1ST FFV
EDWARDS	PAUL T.	V CORPS	SIMPKINS	JAMES M.	B/75
EVANS	WILLIAM G.	25TH INF DIV	SMITH	LARRY C.	5TH MECH
FAULKS	BILLY	INDIANA NAT GUARD	SMITH	MICHAEL V.	1ST FFV
FITTS	PETER	101ST ABN DIV	STAMPER	JAYSON F.	1/75
FLAHERTY	KEVIN	4TH INF DIV	STERNER	JEFFERY A.	3/75
FOOTE	STEPHEN D.	2/75	STEWART	RYAN T.	3/75
GARTNER	RONALD C.	101ST ABN DIV	STOTT	LAMONT C.	173RD ABN BDE
GERICKE	J. ROBERT	25TH INF DIV	STUCKEY	FRED B.	25TH INF DIV
GOODMAN	PHILIP W.	101ST ABN DIV	TEES	HANS	BDQ
GRIMSHAW	JAMES M.	RTB	TERRY	MICHAEL B.	23RD INF DIV
HALL	SHERWOOD	4TH DIV	THOMAS	NORM	V CORPS
HAYNER	DANIEL E.	25TH INF DIV	VISEL	JOHN W.	VII CORPS
HENSLEY	MICHAEL T.	3/75	WALTERS JR.	HARRY E.	5TH MECH
HOGAN	LARRY	23RD INF DIV	WEARMOUTH	CRAIG E.	25TH INF DIV
HOLLIDAY	ROBERT P.	1/75	WHALEY	SCOTT	5TH MECH
HOY	CHRISTIAN	1/75	YATES	DANIEL L	9TH INF DIV
HUMPHUS	THOMAS O.	BDQ			

## *SOF Memorial Update, August 2002.*

Since the last (Summer 2002) edition of patrolling, four more names have been added to the Special Operations Memorial at MacDill Air Force Base, resulting from ongoing *Operation ENDURING FREEDOM* in Afghanistan. Air Force **Technical Sergeant Sean W. Corlew**, Air Force **Staff Sergeant Anissa A. Shero**, and Special Forces **Sergeant First Class Peter P. Tycz II** were aboard an Air Force Special Operations Command C-130 that crashed on 12 June. Several other passengers did survive. Special Forces **Sergeant First Class Christopher J. Speer** was wounded during ground operations on 27 July in Afghanistan. He was hospitalized, but died later on 6 August, becoming the sixteenth soldier to die from wounds sustained in combat.

In conjunction with ceremonies being held at the White House on 8 July 2002 where President George W. Bush presented a posthumous award of the Medal of Honor to the family of Special Forces **Captain Humbert Roque Versace**, Captain Versace's name was unveiled on the SOF Memorial by Major General James McCombs. **Major General McCombs** was a former Deputy Commander in Chief, U.S. Special Operations Command, and is currently Vice Chairman of the Special Operations Memorial Foundation.

Captain Versace was executed while a prisoner of war in the Republic of Vietnam. His citation reads: **Captain Humbert R. Versace** distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism during the period of 29 October 1963 to 26 September 1965, while serving as S-2 Advisor, Military Assistance Advisory Group, Detachment 52, Ca Mau, Republic of Vietnam. While accompanying a Civilian Irregular Defense Group patrol engaged in combat operations in Thoi Binh District, An Xuyen Province, **Captain Versace** and the patrol came under sudden and intense mortar, automatic weapons, and small arms fire from elements of a heavily armed enemy battalion. As the battle raged, **Captain Versace**, although severely wounded in the knee and back by hostile fire, fought valiantly and continued to engage enemy targets. Weakened by his wounds and fatigued by the fierce firefight, **Captain Versace** stubbornly resisted capture by the over-powering Viet Cong force with the last full measure of his strength and ammunition. Taken prisoner by the Viet Cong, he exemplified the tenets of the Code of Conduct from the time he entered into Prisoner of War status. **Captain Versace** assumed command of his fellow American soldiers, scorned the enemy's exhaustive interrogation and indoctrination efforts, and made three unsuccessful attempts to escape, despite his weakened condition which was brought about by his wounds and the extreme privation and hardships he was forced to endure. During his captivity, **Captain Versace** was segregated in an isolated prisoner of war cage, manacled in irons for prolonged periods of time, and placed on extremely reduced ration. The enemy was unable to break his indomitable will, his faith in God, and his trust in the United States of America. **Captain Versace**, an American fighting man who epitomized the principles of his country and the Code of Conduct, was executed by the Viet Cong on 26 September 1965. **Captain Versace's** gallant actions in close contact with an enemy force and unyielding courage and bravery while a prisoner of war are in the highest traditions of the military service and reflect the utmost credit upon himself and the United States Army.

We added Steven "Doc" Grove's name, bringing the total up to forty-two names submitted by members of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association for placement on the SOF Memorial. The 75th Ranger Regiment Association appears in the next to highest category of major contributors to the SOF Memorial, who include the Special Operations Association, the Special Forces Association, and the Air Commando Association. As more requests are received from the membership, the cumulative total of donations increases, and eventually the Association will be moved over to the highest category.

A second Air Force Special Operations Command MC-130 crashed on 7 August, this time in Puerto Rico, resulting in ten more fatalities. The following Air Force special operations personnel will be remembered on the Special Operations Memorial: **Major Michael J. Akos**, **1LT Nathaniel D. Buckley**, **Captain Cristel A. Chavez**, **Major Gregory W. Fritz**, **Tech Sergeant Robert S. Johnson**, **Staff Sergeant Shane H. Kimmett**, **Tech Sergeant Christopher A. Matero**, **Staff Sergeant Robert J. McGuire, Jr.**, **Major Panuk P. Soomsawasdi**, and **Tech Sergeant Martin A. Tracy**. Tech Sergeants Matero and Tracy were assigned to the 123rd Special Tactics Squadron, Kentucky Air National Guard.

**Commander Peter G. Oswald**, Commanding SEAL Team 4, died while conducting fast-rope training on 27 August, bringing the total to sixteen special operators lost during the third quarter of this year.

**12 June 2002**

TSGT Seam M. Corlew      USAF  
 SSGT Anissa A. Shero      USAF  
 SFC Peter P. Tycz, II      USA      SF

Capt Cristel A. Chavez      USAF  
 Maj Gregory A. Fritz      USAF

TSGT Robert S. Johnson      USAF  
 SSGT Shane H. Kimmett      USAF  
 TSGT Christopher A. Matero      ANG

**8 July 2002**

CPT Humbert R. Versace      USA      SF (MOH/RVN)

SSGT Robert J. McGuire      USAF  
 MAJ Panuk P. Soomsawasdi      USAF  
 TSGT Martin A. Tracy      ANG

**6 August 2002**

SFC Christopher J. Speer      USA      SF

**27 August 2002**

Cdr Peter G. Oswald      USN SEAL

**7 August 2002**

Maj Michael J. Akos      USAF  
 1LT Nathaniel D. Buckley      USAF

*Geoff Barker and Smokey Wells*

**LENDERS LEASING SERVICES, INC.**

James M. (Jim) Cooke   
**Equipment & Vehicle Financing** [www.lendersleasing.com](http://www.lendersleasing.com)

1st Bn., 35th Inf. 1968

8340 Meadow Road. ♦ Suite 228 ♦ Dallas, TX 75231  
 Phone 972-761-9088 ♦ Fax 972-761-0846 ♦ Email [jmcooke@swbell.net](mailto:jmcooke@swbell.net)



**GEM REAL ESTATE, INC.**

*Residential,  
 Commercial,  
 Mobile Homes,  
 Manufactured Homes*

*Dana P. McGrath, Broker  
 Ranger K/75th  
 (239) 995-2436 (ofc)*

[www.homesforsale-florida.com](http://www.homesforsale-florida.com)

**68 Pondella Road  
 North Fort Myers,  
 Florida 33903**

**COMPLEMENTS**

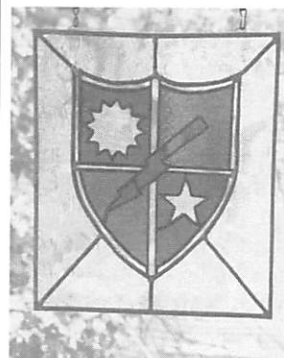
of

Geoff Barker

and

The Special Operations

Memorial Fund



*The Now  
 and Zen  
 LRRP*

Stained glass, mosaics, tables.  
 Custom made and custom  
 design.

John Chester

**Preferred Financial Systems, Inc.**  
*Bookkeeping and Tax Services*

**68 Pondella Road  
 North Fort Myers, Florida 33903  
 (239) 656-4544 (ofc)**

*Dana and Peggy McGrath*

This page represents the first of what we hope will be many pages of messages, greetings and ads by diverse folk wishing to contact the Ranger Community through our magazine. As you can see, there is a great variety of people, organizations and messages. There is virtually no limit to who or what can be said in the space of a business card sized ad. The cost is minimal, \$100.00 for a business card for a year. That's four issues. If a larger space is desired, that can be arranged as well. We are still pursuing Corporate Sponsors, but in the meantime, these ads are a very real means of defraying the cost of the magazine, and allowing the Association to bring its members a quality product at an affordable price. If you have an activity or message that you or someone you know would like to showcase, please contact the editor. And remember, if possible, support our advertisers, they help bring the magazine to you.

John Chester



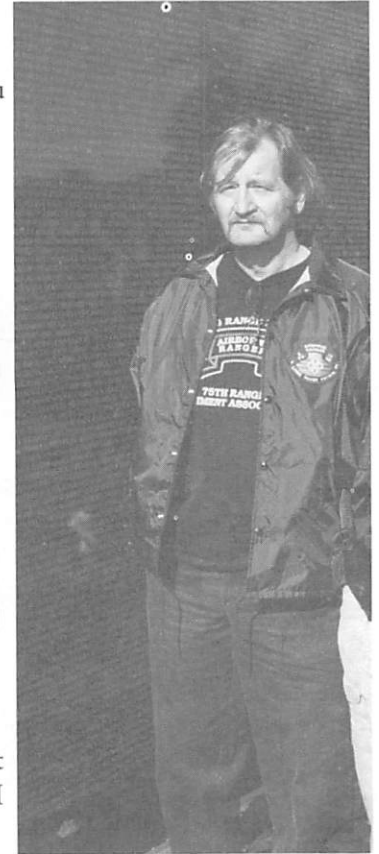
## IN MEMORIAM OSCAR MULLINAX AND JOHN ROWLAND

### Oscar Mullinax

Early morning or late night phone calls seldom bring good news. When the phone rings after midnight or before 7:00 AM, I am immediately dreading the bad news. You don't expect a phone call in the middle of the day to put a knife through your heart. I got one today, (Labor Day). My friend and brother Oscar Mullinax died this morning. Oscar was with me for a year in Vietnam, first as a rifleman in an air rifle platoon and then as a LRRP and a LRRP team leader. He was possessed of a large heart, courage in abundance, loyalty without measure and generosity to a fault. His sense of humor was legendary in our company. He found humor in just about anything and was not afraid to laugh at himself. Whenever I needed someone to accompany me on a mission that could be difficult, Oscar was there.



Oscar and "guest", 1967



Oscar at the Wall, 1999

Anything I can say about him falls short of the regard in which I hold him. They are only words. The loss I feel cannot be communicated. What can you say about a man who shields you with his body while you lay wounded on a hilltop while surrounded by many small people trying to kill the four of you? We finally re-connected four years ago after a 30 year separation. It wasn't enough time. But it was better than nothing. I never had a sister or brother, but now I know what it's like to loose one. Goodbye my friend, you will always be in my heart.  
John Chester



John Rowland, 1966

### John Rowland

On Saturday, August 31st, John Rowland passed away, at his home in St. Petersburg, Fl. We served together as LRRPs in the 3rd Bde of the 25th Inf. Div. in 1967. There we referred to him as "Sgt. Rock". Altogether, he spent approximately three years in "the Nam", all of it in various combat units. During that time he received a direct commission, the DSC, numerous bronze stars, and several purple hearts. John was a true warrior. There were none braver than he.

Mike Reiley

**MAY GOD GRANT THESE RANGERS THE PEACE OF THOSE  
WHO SERVED THEIR COUNTRY HONORABLY AND WELL**

Ed Note: I found out about John Rowland when I called Mike Reiley to tell him about Oscar. I had just met John Rowland at the reunion at Ft Benning. Both of these men were in their early 50's and both served in the 3RD BDE of the 25th INF DIV, which in August of 1967 became the 3RD BDE of the 4TH INF DIV. I will have more details in the next issue.



**75 th Ranger Regiment Association. Inc**  
**P.O. Box 921**  
**Heflin, AL 36264**

**Membership Application Form**

**Annual dues: \$25.00**  
**Life membership: \$250.00**  
**Subscription Only: \$25.00**  
**Checks Payable to:**  
**75th Ranger Regiment Assoc.**

**PERSONAL INFORMATION**

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	MI	DATE
STREET ADDRESS	CITY	STATE	ZIP PLUS
AREA CODE/HOME PHONE	AREA CODE/WORK PHONE	OCCUPATION	

**UNITS**      SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_ DATE \_\_\_\_\_

FROM (DATE)	TO (DATE)	UNIT (Company or Battalion)	NAMES OR ORDERS

REMARKS: \_\_\_\_\_

CHECK ONE:      NEW APPLICATION      RENEWAL      SUBSCRIPTION MEMBER

**MEMBERSHIP CONTINGENT UPON PROOF OF SERVICE: ORDERS OR NAMES OF INDIVIDUALS YOU SERVED WITH IN THE UNITS LISTED IN THIS NEWSLETTER. UNITS MUST CARRY THE LINEAGE OR BE IN THE HISTORY. WE ARE NOT JUST A VIETNAM ERA ASSOCIATION. ALL UNITS OF THE 75TH RANGER REGIMENT ARE ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP**

**The Ranger Quartermaster: Authentic and Original Ranger Gear**

75th Assn. License Plate Frame		X	\$3.00	_____
75th Assn. Sweatshirt	M L XL, +\$2-> 2XL 3XL	X	\$30.00	_____
75th Assn. Polo Shirt, Black	S M L XL, +\$2-> 2XL 3XL	X	\$25.00	_____
75th Assn. Polo Shirt, Green	2XL Only	X	\$25.00	_____
75th Assn. Tee Shirt	S M L XL, +\$2-> 2XL 3XL	X	\$15.00	_____
Legend Continues Shirt	M L XL, +\$2-> 2XL	x	\$15.00	_____
Legend Continues Coffee Mug		x	\$12.00	_____
Legend Continues (Back Design) Mousepad		x	\$10.00	_____
Earned, Not Issued Shirt	M L XL, +\$2-> 2XL	x	\$15.00	_____
Earned, Not Issued Coffee Mug		x	\$12.00	_____
Sykes Fairbairn Commando Knife		x	\$40.00	_____
Recondo Shirt	M L XL, +\$2-> 2XL	x	\$15.00	_____
75th Airborne Ranger Infantry	Black _____ OD Green _____	x	\$15.00	_____

Subtotal \_\_\_\_\_  
 \*S&H \_\_\_\_\_  
 Total \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: **Milspec Group, Inc.**  
**(775) 284.4327 - Phone**      **1845 Prater Way, Suite H**  
**(775) 284-0175 - Fax**      **Sparks, NV 89431**

\*Shipping Charges:  
 1st Item = \$5, Each Additional +\$1.00  
 \*Hawaii & Alaska shipping = \$15

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 City/ ST, Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 Phone: \_\_\_\_\_  
 E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

**Form Valid to 01/31/03**

**Circle Payment Method:**      **Check**      **Visa**      **Mastercard**  
**Card Number:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Signature:** \_\_\_\_\_

**EXP:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Date:** \_\_\_\_\_

# THE RANGER QUARTERMASTER



Smokin' like a HOT Barrel

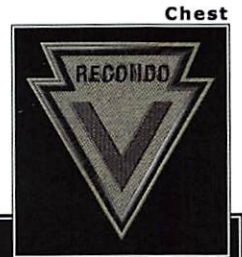


**Sykes-Fairbairn Commando Knife**  
 Made by the original manufacturer and to the same specs as the knife carried by Darby's men. This knife comes with the boot sheath shown. Blade = 7", Overall Lenth = 11.5".



### Ranger Rendezvous 2002

Rangers have been schooling the enemy across the planet for the last 60 years. This new DuShane original design celebrates that with a shrieking Eagle, 1942-2002 Scroll, Marauder Crest and the American Flag cloaking the globe. Chest design on white shirt.



Back



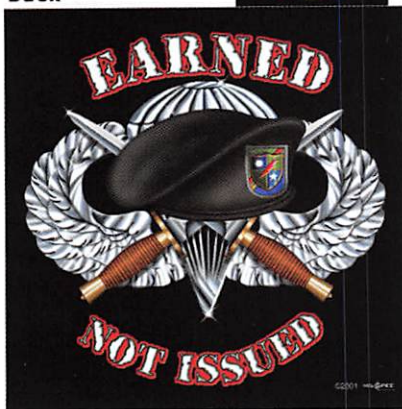
### Recondo School

I'm still blown away by the fact that the US Army ran a school where the final exercise was a combat operation.



Chest

Back



### Earned Not Issued

'Nuff said. Last chance to get this design. Don't say we didn't warn you.



15 OZ. MUGS



Chest



Back

### The Legend Continues

Honoring those in the 75th Ranger Regiment who have done the unit proud and once again distinguished themselves in combat.

**ONLINE AT WWW.75THRANGERS.COM**



During an extended "40 day" mission in Oct of 67, three LRRP teams from 1st Bde 101st LRRPS had to set up their own temporary firebase on hill 403 west of Chu Lai. Here Sgt. Ernest Gregory "Dirty" Ernie" Winston with his sawed off pump shotgun guides in a slick bringing in a 50 Cal. for support. Ernie received his tenth purple heart later in this mission and thirteenth purple heart when he was Killed in Action with Tiger Force in June of 68. - Photo courtesy of Rey Martinez



75TH RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION  
P.O. BOX 921  
HEFLIN, AL 36264

PRSRST STD  
U.S. POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
DUNCANVILLE PA  
PERMIT #75

34

8

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED