

# PATROLLING

SPRING 2004 75TH RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION, INC. VOLUME 18 ISSUE IV



**2ND RANGER BATTALION COLOR GUARD,  
FT LEWIS, WA  
PHOTO BY RICH HECHT**

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**CHINA - BURMA - INDIA VIETNAM IRAN GRENADA PANAMA IRAQ SOMALIA AFGHANISTAN**





**Ranger Roger Brown, our own 1st Ranger Battalion Unit Director, was inducted as a Distinguished Member of the US Army Ranger Training Brigade in ceremonies at Ft Benning, GA in December, 2003. Congratulations Roger, on a much deserved honor.**



**Photo taken at LZ English, Bong Son. One of the guys had just received a Polaroid in a care package from home and took the photo as Sgt Carl Shefferd, Team Leader of Team 41 was on his way to the heli-pad for an insertion into the Tiger Mountains.**

**Carl Shefferd E 20th LRP, Charlie Rangers, Oct '67 thru Oct '68.**

**Ed Note: *I hope inside cover boy is OK Carl. Best I could do.***

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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 author. 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.

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## WEB SITE & MAGAZINE NEWS

The Association web site and *Patrolling* magazine are the windows of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association, Inc. They are the principal means of communication from the Officers and Unit Directors to our members and the principal means of attracting new members. These two media sources, like the Association itself, are the property and responsibilities of all the members. We are going to highlight, in each issue, new features of each, and what our members can do to support and enhance both.

### THE 75TH RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION

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Dan Nate  
Health - Diabetes

Mike Wise  
Health - PTSD

John Chester  
VA News

Bob Smyers  
Memorial Tributes

My request for help on the Association web site went out and several good men have come forward and are Leading The Way. I wish to thank them here for volunteering and giving of themselves. From here I see the web site improving by leaps and bounds. All of these guys are much more talented than I am and it takes everything I've got to stay ahead of them. For those of you out there that still want to do your part, there are still a lot of area's left open. It begins with you contacting us and volunteering. You won't regret it. I've found that it has been most rewarding to give back to this Association that gives so much to others. Regardless of your skill level, we can find something for you to do.

RLTW - Strength & Honor  
Emmett W. Hiltibrand

**Patrolling Magazine:** We are still seeking sponsors/ advertisers for the business card ad section of the magazine. It is not necessary that the individual be a member of the Association or indeed, even military or former military. If any of your friends, relatives or associates has a product, service or message that would benefit from exposure in our magazine, give me the contact information and I will give them a call.

I have received a few comments concerning moving the Officers report to the back of the magazine, putting the Unit Reports first, and putting everything else in the middle. This would be a major format change, and I am reluctant to do this without some sort of consensus. If everyone would think about it, it could be an item of discussion at the general membership meeting in Tacoma in July. Think about it.

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Dana McGrath

**75TH RRA RANGER  
REUNION:  
SEATTLE/TACOMA 07/31/04  
08/04/04  
FT. LEWIS HOME OF THE  
SECOND BATTALION,  
SUMMER, 2004.**

Let us know if you're planning to attend by visiting your Association Website ([www.75thRRA.com](http://www.75thRRA.com)) and follow the REUNION link on the front page - Warning Order is out and the clock's running! I hope to see you ALL there soon. LOOK AT THE INFORMATION CONTAINED LATER IN THIS ISSUE - REUNION INFORMATION IS AS CURRENT AS IT CAN BE AT THIS TIME. There are currently 68 Registrants for the Reunion - good start for this early.

Website: Visit the Website and run through your Unit pages - the Unit Directors and our own resident WebGuru (yep, Emmett) have been working to get all the Fallen Rangers' information and stories posted so we can remember their gift to us forever. If your Unit has missing or incorrect information, PLEASE HELP YOUR UNIT DIRECTOR get it done and right YOU are the only ones who can tell the story only YOU know best of their last days with us.

Patrolling: Well, as I write this, I have seen some of what will be in this Issue and it appears we'll have

yet another great magazine. Those who haven't yet written anything, get something to your Unit Director so we can enjoy your stories in the next issue. Pictures are GREAT, too never know when someone's going to find their Buddy through your photos.

I attended Ranger Weaver's Memorial Service a short while ago. Ranger Weaver was a Mogadishu Veteran who stayed in the Service and became a Helicopter Pilot, as was his dream. He was killed in Iraq on the flight with several others when the transport helicopter got hit by an RPG or missile and crashed. Ranger Weaver's hometown, Inverness, Florida turned out like I have never seen before - people of all ages and description standing alongside a LONG caravan lead by the horse-drawn caisson carrying Ranger Weaver to his final resting place. We were the last vehicle in the procession, and the folks were still saluting and covering their hearts as we rode by (about a mile behind the caisson). I salute the Ranger Regiment, the 82nd Airborne, the 101st Airborne and the SOF and several other Services for the turnout for this fine Ranger/Soldier's final tribute. The Family held together as possible, and their words will be in my heart forever. When asked what could be done for her, Mrs. Weaver said "Pray for those still in the fight, we'll get through it", together with an admirable tribute

to Ranger Weaver's life as a Son, a Husband, a Father and as a Friend. The Weaver Family has our support at their command and our Prayers are ongoing. Our Gold Star Moms and Wives showed up as they do (THANKS) and will be in touch with the Weavers to see what is needed in the future.

This is my second-to-last article as your President (did I say Thanks yet?). At the Reunion, I will be replaced by some Ranger far less handsome, but certainly able to carry this Guidon into the future with pride in his Brothers, a hope to do the best job ever, and the willingness to give it his BEST. One of YOU is that Ranger, and others of YOU will be the Board Members. Some of our Board positions will be continued, some are unable to commit the time at this moment they have done an EXCELLENT job during this term and the Association reflects their and your efforts. I THANK YOU, as I'd have never "wanted" this position and would never have imagined being in it. It ain't easy, but it ain't hard when you have so many willing to carry some of your gear when you simply have too much in your ruck at the moment. If you have the desire to give it a try, I've sure proven it doesn't take much talent to live through it (so far). VOLUNTEERS TAKE ONE STEP FORWARD you've heard it before and done it often. Maybe we can slap this harness on a Battalion Ranger they have lots of talent, plenty of

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

energy and more good ideas for the future than I do.

An FNG story:

It's evening in the Pleiku AO, we're sitting on a hillside in a great Night Location good cover & concealment, great routes out if needed, a LONG day behind us and a longer night ahead, I'm the FNG on a team and still filled with wonder at what is played out in a standard mission day....I'm TIRED like I can't ever remember being, but made it through another day and am happy to be down for the night. I hadn't yet learned we didn't really "own the night".

Night is coming, and in the woods in the Highlands, that happens QUICK. I'm done with my scrumptious meal (cold LRRP pork & scabs for the FNG NO peaches, NO pound cake) and am looking around to see where to E&E if necessary, etc. As dark

starts to take over the lower levels, I look up through our excellent night location's "roof" and see SQUIRRELS by the dozens or hundreds playing in the treetops above us. I mention (whisper) to the TL "Gee, didn't know there were squirrels in Vietnam"...

He quietly says, as I lose sight of his face in the dark:

"Those aren't squirrels, you dumb\*\*\*, those are rats". I just sat there, not believing that could be true, as there were so MANY of them. We spent the night trying to quietly stab our rucks and the ground around us as they closed in on the food... No KIA in the rat world they'd played that game before they went hungry, but they lived as far as I could tell.

The next morning was a true relief, as it often is in such worlds. At best, we were tenants of the

night in that AO. Yet another reason why, when I wake each morning, I realize I'm one of the luckiest Men in the world no RATS come to dinner these days.

If the TL is out there who said those words to an FNG in that AO, I heard you quietly laughing as the blackness fell into the woods... Funny Man, so many of 'em in the Ranger world.

Praying for our Rangers and Soldiers in harm's way every day, I remain PROUD to be in their historic shadow and look forward to the Reunion in a few short months. Gotta meet some of those "Free-Two-Countries-In-A-Year" guys that ain't a bad trend at all. Hell of a hurdle for the next generation to clear, eh? They'll do it, though they'll be Rangers, too.

Dana McGrath

## VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Wayne Mitsch

It is hard to believe that this is nearly my last article for the magazine before my vice president's position is awarded to another lucky soul. This is the time I think I want to remind you how incredible this Association is.

It is also time for you to do some serious soul searching about the future of your Association.

Do you realize that in just a few months, there will be an election for a new board of directors. As I am writing this, I am not aware of anyone who has volunteered to run for any of the 4 positions. All of

the board's positions are going to need to be filled.

This will also be the time many of the units vote for their new director.

Back to my original comments – **this is the time that I want to remind you how incredible this Association is.** There have been many wonderful and talented leaders, there are presently some wonderful and talented leaders and there will be more in the future. They have all been **volunteers**. They have, one by one, shaped your Association into what it is today. There is really only one way for the



## VICE-PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

Association to move forward – **more volunteers**. I am sure you have heard it before – in any organization 10% of the people do 90% of the work.

Perhaps it is your turn. Are you part of the 10% that has been shouldering the load or have you been in the 90% who do nothing? It is a thankless job but an extremely rewarding job – and let's face it, someone has to do it. The Association will go on, however someone must **volunteer** - no a lot of you have to volunteer.

I also want to take the time to remind you who is working behind the scenes. Go back to page 1 and you will count no less than 30 **volunteers**, page 2 has 5 more. A few do more than one job – like John Chester. I think he holds the most titles like Association Legal Counsel, Editor of Patrolling, and as you read through this edition you might also find that he is quartermaster, proofreader, writer of many articles, and just a typical get it done kinda' guy. Then there is Emmett – God bless Emmett because no one else will! Where would we be without the hours and hours of efforts he has put into our website. (By the way, in the last issue of Patrolling he asked that you go through the website page by page. If you haven't you really should). If you have then let's hear a "*that's right*". These two guys aren't voted in, they are appointed. Personally, I think they should be anointed, chained to their chairs, threatened with castration, or whatever it takes to keep them around.

Then you have Mr. Secretary, Ron Edwards. There is no telling how many hours he has given to the

Association during his four years on duty. He has stated that he is ready for a break, so we will surely miss him and all of his efforts unless someone can convince him to stick around). The list goes on. Unless you have been secretary or president before, we (me included) don't know how much time has been spent just "working the phones". But do you know what? I have never spoken with anyone who has an ounce of regret for taking the time to **volunteer** their time for the Association.

By the time you read this you will have somewhere around 5 months to do a gut check. The Association needs a few good men.

The Association also needs you at the reunion. Dana has been doing a stellar one man performance at putting the finishing touches on what will be another fantastic reunion. You know what? The Association does need you at the reunion, but your **brothers and comrades are the ones who really need you at the reunion**. I've said it before and here it is again: If you have never attended a reunion, you have missed out. You just don't know, you just can't imagine the feelings that the reunions evoke. If you have been to a reunion you know what I am talking about. How about another "*that's right*"? I sincerely hope you will give lots of thought to coming to the reunion.

That's all that I have to say about it. As usual, I will leave the war stories to those of you who have a better memory than me. Or should I say a much better ability to embellish? Hold that thought and I'll see ya' in August!

## SECRETARY'S MESSAGE

By Ron Edwards

I began this column with a few political comments on the upcoming presidential election between Bubba Bush and John Forbes Kerry and had to go back and delete it. I do not want to tie my job as secretary of this association to my political beliefs. How I have performed in my duties as secretary has nothing to do with whom I think would be a better leader of our

county. That was the problem with the Dixie Chicks, they tied their political beliefs to their music by making political comments while doing the job they were paid to do i.e. SING. So, if you want my political opinion, just Ask Me and I will be happy to fill your ear, but it doesn't belong in this space.

## SECRETARY'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

I have not been as effective in membership drives lately and as a result the number of new members is down a bit. As secretary I take the bows and the blame and this time it is the blame. The strength of any association is in it's membership and if you know of someone who is qualified to be a member but is not, help me introduce him to the association. Send me his name, address, and service, and I will mail him a copy of "Patrolling" and an application to join the association. Send a \$25 check with it and you will make sure he gets at least four issues of "Patrolling" as a new member!

I have a few good parties lined up for the 1st half of this year. There is a Ranger gathering in Ocala, FL from 21 to 24 March, I hope to attend. Then April 23 to 26 is the Best Ranger Competition at Ft. Benning. June 16 to 20 is the 101st LRRP / RANGER reunion at Ft. Campbell, KY.(my guys). July 5 to 9 is the Ranger Rendezvous at Ft. Benning with the Ranger Hall of Fame induction on July 6th and the RTB change of command on July 7th. Then the big shindig at Ft. Lewis 31 July to 4 August. Looks like I have nothing to do in May so maybe I can crash one of our company association reunions. Wife wants to know if there are any that are at a town with a casino, looks like that might be a more expensive trip than I thought.

My wife Julie also wanted me to remind everyone that the secretary position will be open for election this summer and as an incentive she will buy a case of beer for all candidates.

A few more memories to fill my space;

Strange things happen in the jungle, especially at night. We were on a mission in an area that had very thick underbrush. On one of our overnight halts we moved into the middle of thickest brush we could find. It was the dry part of the season and we figured not even the Charlie could sneak up on us without making a lot of noise. We slept as usual within arms length of each other. Sometime in the night the guard woke everyone up. There was movement around our perimeter. As we all sat, listening and waiting, I could hear what appeared to be a slow step going around us.

It was very slow, and seemed to be very close, but all we could hear was the leaves on the ground as they crackled and broke. We could not hear any of the thick brush that would normally rub against a person. It was very dark moonless night and in that thicket it was total black. The steps were about 6 or 7 seconds apart and fairly regular. I listened as they went completely around our position and then faded out. The next morning we looked but could not find any footprints or marks of any kind. I don't think any person could have went through that brush at night without making more noise than a step. We figured it had to be an animal of some kind, maybe a tiger or baboon, and I don't think baboons moved much at night! After looking for the tracks the next morning, we moved on and I don't remember anything else remarkable about that mission.

My team ran out of water on one mission. It was mostly the fault of a "FNG" that was also new to the team. We carried between 9 and 15 quarts of water for a 5 day mission. Usually at least 5 quarts was carried in a bladder bag inside the rucksack. If you didn't pack it right tho it could bust when you jumped off the helicopter or dropped your ruck too hard. First off this guy broke his 5 quart bladder, then he drank the rest of his water in two days. I had never run out of water before so I gave him 2 quarts of mine, but he drank that up quickly too. Some of the others gave him some to get through five days. Unfortunately this was one of those missions where we were extended past five days because of the weather. Now everybody was out of water. The area we were in did not have any small streams that we had seen or that showed on the map. We had passed through an area where some line doggies had left a lot of C-ration cans lying around. It had rained the day before so went back and some of the cans still had water in them. We put a sweaty towel over the opening of a canteen to keep the big bugs out and collected the cans to pour through the towel into the canteen. Drinkable but not tasty. That carried us another day and then we were extended again. The next morning I spread my poncho out to let the morning mist condense on it and run to the center. I collected about 1/2 canteen that way. We were all getting pretty thirsty now but we weren't moving



## SECRETARY'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

much in the day and I did not think it imperative that we get out that day. The TL was very persistent on the radio tho and a bird finally came to get us late that day. They brought water out with them on the bird and although I thought I was OK, I did manage to drink a 2 quart canteen in two long gulps.

A few numbers for the end of the year. They are not perfect but probably within a few digits. (first or last digit is the question)

- 1537 number of Regular Members
- 31 number of Associate Members
- 29 number of Subscription Members
- 30 number of Gold Star Members

of the above numbers

- 386 are Regular Life Members
- 8 are Associate Life Members
- 4 are Subscription Life Members
- 30 are Gold Star Life Members

6 number of Honorary Members

181 number of members that have not renewed for 2004  
(about 20 of these will renew in the next month)

\$22,764.00	Amount contributed to the Family Fund in 2003
\$10,530.87	Amount spent from Family Fund in 2003
\$24,606.16	What the balance in the account will be after adjustments
\$60,786.59	Balance in Regular Checking after adjustments
\$10,780.85	Business CD
\$22,001.00	Money Market account

Not a bad year all in all - Ron

## EDITOR'S MESSAGE

By John Chester

You will notice that we have a new purveyor of Ranger stuff advertising on the inside back cover of the magazine. Paul Voorhees of Ranger Joe's will be advertising with us and will be selling items with our logo, as well as many other items of a more generic nature. Paul has many years experience in the trade and has been a friend of the Ranger Community for many years. We look forward to a long and mutually beneficial relationship with Paul and with Ranger Joe's.

Though Milspec, Inc. is no longer advertising with us or is a purveyor of our logo items, I want to make it clear that the Association and Milspec, Inc. have completely fulfilled their obligations to each other, and that we part ways on a completely amicable basis.

During the course of a discussion with one of the Unit Directors last month, the subject of a member who was pretty badly financially challenged surfaced. The Unit Director told me that the individual would not be

able to pay his dues and so would not get his copy of *Patrolling*. He said that he was trying to get together a couple of his members to pay the man's dues so he could continue to receive his magazine. I reminded him that the by-laws of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association, Inc. contain a provision for dues waiver for members who are in need. All that is necessary is that the request originates from the Unit Director, and goes to the Secretary. If you know anyone who is in a similar situation, by all means, notify your unit director. There is no reason why someone should be excluded from this organization for financial reasons. This association is about brotherhood, not about money. I hope that never changes, if it does there wouldn't be much point to being a member, would there?

If you've been reading this space you got the poop on the million dollar chicken that would only walk backwards, in the last installment. I thought that that was pretty much it, how could you top that. Well, one

## EDITOR'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

of these days I'll learn to keep my mouth shut, 'cause it was topped. This requires a little background.

I took over the LRRP Detachment of the 3rd BDE of the 25th INF DIV in August of 1967. It soon became the 3rd BDE of the 4th INF DIV. The Detachment in April & May of 1967 had lost one team completely (5 KIA,) and had another so badly shot up that all five went stateside. Morale was not off the charts. We began some training and some close in patrols to build experience and confidence. We also started night patrols. We were in an area (Duc Pho) that was mostly rural and had little cover and concealment for LRRP type missions. It made more sense to move at night and lay up during the day than vice – versa. It also raised the likelihood we would be able to engage the enemy on our terms (ambush) rather than on his.

When returning from a night patrol we encountered a farmer with a flock of ducks. One of them, a male, had a brilliant top knot of feathers on his head. I fell in love. One of my people on the patrol, Brian (Jellyroll) Radcliffe ran down the duck, and after a few P changed hands with the farmer, the duck was mine. Promptly named Donald (what else), he was an instant hit at the LRRP area. In time he came to have a pen, complete with pond, and a companion, Daisy. The pond was quite an engineering project. It being the dry season, no one was real eager to be out in the hot sun with pick and shovel, so we tried a 1/4 pound block of C-4. Not enough. We eventually got to two pounds and that was about right, only problem was, it also caused some collateral damage, it knocked over the shit house of the 1st of the 10th Cav, which was behind some bushes nearby. There was only one guy in it, but he was pretty vocal, (and smelly). We eventually added a parrot, 2 pigeons, a cat and a monkey to the collection, until the Top Sgt, Ray Martin said we were running a G—D— — zoo, not a military organization. The monkey had a drinking problem. He was addicted to Blue Ribbon beer. He would get so drunk, he would pass out on someone's bunk and pee on the guy's bed. Not an action calculated to endear him to the owner of the bunk. We tried to get him airborne qualified. Someone rigged up a harness and a flare parachute. We took him up in an H-23 and blasted him. He got a good canopy, but

about half way down, he started to climb the suspension lines and collapsed the canopy. Crashed and burned. He did have a military funeral. There were no more smelly bunks, at least.

I've been pretty sick for the last couple months and I've been blessed with expressions of concern from many people. Emmett and his wife came up to visit during the worst of it. And the very same Brian (Jellyroll) Radcliffe, is here as I write this. This is the same Jellyroll that ran Donald Duck to earth. We got together again by phone last March and saw each other at a 35th Inf Reunion in Buffalo, NY last July. He was thinking about going to a gun show in PA, not too far from us, so I talked him into coming down and staying for a week. When he arrived, he had a present for Mary Anne. A sealed box about 18 inches square. With holes in it. Now of course he had also read the chicken story, (my column is required reading for all my people), and knew that we were in the fowl business.

Mary Anne is always pleased to receive a present, as are most of us, and so she immediately open the box. The two pheasants were really quite pretty, (and very fast). Ever have a pair of pheasants flush in your kitchen? We did. Jellyroll said he couldn't get a duck, so he figured a couple of pheasants were the next best thing. We eventually caught the birds, we even prevented the dog from eating them. We moved them to the chicken house (remember that we live in the city), and they seemed to settle in pretty well. I gotta tell you, that male pheasant sure dresses up the place. He looks kinda like a three war Sergeant Major in Dress Blues among a bunch of new recruits in fatigues. We have high hopes that he will organize the hen house and give us some exotic progeny. I wonder what a cross between a chicken and a pheasant would look like. We named the pheasants Pete and Sally, after Mary Anne's parents.

I'm going to keep this short, I have a few photos to flesh out the rest, they say that one picture is worth a thousand words, so here's about four thousand words worth of photos.

## EDITOR'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

Most of us are familiar with the poetry of Michael (Poet) Monfrooe, of L-75. His daughter gave him, as a Christmas present, his own website for his poetry. I have always appreciated Michael's efforts on behalf of the magazine. Since most of us can relate to his work, give the website a visit, it's worthwhile. [www.geocities.com/michaeldmonfrooe/](http://www.geocities.com/michaeldmonfrooe/)

Home Depot stores, through the volunteer program



On the way to a dusk insertion. That's me giving the photographer the "LRRP salute". It came to be used quite extensively in our unit.



Then. Brian Radcliffe (on the right) and me, Christmas, 1967, Duc Pho, RVN.

"Project Home Front," are providing up to \$1,000 for home repairs to families whose military sponsors are deployed. There is an application process at their website: <http://www.projecthomefront.org>. Please pass this info on to family members you know whose military sponsor is deployed.

All the photographs, except the one of the three of us were taken by Brian Radcliffe.



Donald and Daisy Duck



Now. Brian on the right (holding Pete), me in the middle (as usual), Mary Anne on the left, (holding Sally).

## WEB MASTER

By Emmett W. Hiltibrand



I almost missed placing an article in this edition of Patrolling. I got the flu and it had me down for the count. I hate it when I get sick, I'm the biggest baby in the world. The only redeeming aspect of being sick is that I have a wonderful woman who waits on me hand and foot. I'm not joking, when I get well I'm not going to even know how to put on my own socks.

There have been so many changes to the web site that I can't even remember what the web site first looked like. One recent change has been that I've added a photo album for each unit. It is accessed through the Unit's box. You know, the box that has the Unit scroll and Crests on it. Just look for the word Photo's and click it. It will take you to a series of options for the Unit of your choice.

I already have all of our KIA, Killed In Action, listed by either the year, month, alphabetically or unit in which they were killed. I'm well into the process of establishing individual Tribute pages for each man. The Remembrance link can be accessed only from the year of death page. I have the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Ranger Battalions done and most of the 4th Infantry Division units. I will work on my own 25th Infantry Division units next. I will do any other unit as soon as someone from that unit comes forward and provides me the data. I will not go looking for the data myself. If a unit wants to honor their own dead, then they need to come forward and help me. For the life of me, I can't understand why a unit would not have the common decency to pay honor to those who died along side of them. Do we forget that easily????

I have had some very good response from people coming forward to help on a number of web site issues. Some are helping to do code work and others in the health issue fields. I still need help in both area's. I need help with web site design, code work, web searches and a lot of help is needed in the health problems many of you have. If you have already run the gauntlet of a health problem and know the in's and out's of the issue, then you have much to contribute. Doing this will help one of our fellow brothers to stay alive longer. We need you to come forward and give something back to the Association. Don't wait. Come forward now and find your niche where you can contribute. No matter what you feel qualified in, offer it and let's see where we can use you best. No topic is too small or useless.

We need photos for the unit photo albums. We need Remembrance tributes for your friends. We need volunteers as State Coordinator's. We need someone to volunteer to be the President of this Association for the next 2 years. We need a new Secretary for this Association. Anyone of these positions are personally rewarding in that it makes you feel good when you've done something for someone else. Every one of you out there has the potential to do great things. But you'll never realize any of it until you step forward. And when you step forward, you'll not be alone. There is a whole host of people helping you. I'd wager to say that there are 5 times the volunteers working behind the scenes now then there were 10 years ago or even 5 years ago. It's never been easier to serve others as it is now.

Emmett W. Hiltibrand

**THIS ASSOCIATION NEEDS YOUR HELP.  
READ THIS ARTICLE!**

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



## GOLD STAR...



Hello Rangers and Ranger families,

It is hard to believe we are almost into the spring of 2004 already.

We have lost another fine young Ranger. Chief Warrant Officer Aaron Weaver died January 8th in Iraq along with 8 other soldiers. The helicopter they were in was a medivac helicopter on the way to Baghdad when it was shot down. He leaves behind his wife Nancy, daughter Savannah, mother Kelly Weaver, father Mike Weaver, his step mother, a sister and 2 brothers. The 75th RRA was well represented. My husband and I attended the visitation along with Sheila & John Maghun (parents of KIA Ranger Bradley Crose), Sandy Harris and our president Dana McGrath and his wife. We are available and ready to assist the Weaver family in any way we can. Our love and continued prayers go out to them.

On March 4 we mark the second anniversary of the loss of Ranger Mark Anderson, Ranger Bradley Crose, and Ranger Matthew Commons in Operation Enduring Freedom.

**WE WILL NOT FORGET !!**

Here is a brief Biography on Matthew Commons submitted by his mom Pat Marek in her own words:

Matthew A. Commons is the son of Patricia Marek and Gregory Commons. He was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana in 1981 and lived also in Indianapolis, Indiana, Lakewood, Morrison and Conifer, Colorado, and Boulder City, Nevada for most of his life. He is a 1999 graduate of Boulder City High School,

Boulder City, Nevada. Matthew loved soccer and began playing at the age of five. He played on his High School team, intramural at the University of Nevada, Reno, and then competed in the 2001 Ranger Rendezvous. Matthew was in honors classes throughout high school, was elected to student council his senior year, and worked on a tour boat on Lake Mead. He attended St. Andrews Catholic Church where he was a member of the youth group and the religious education program. After graduation from high school, Matt attended the University of Nevada, Reno for one year and then enlisted in the U.S. Army. He graduated from basic infantry training in November 2000, trained on the javelin missile, graduated Airborne School in January 2001, and graduated Ranger Indoctrination Program in March 2001. PFC Matthew A. Commons was then assigned to the 1st Ranger Battalion, 1st Platoon, Alpha Company at Hunter Army Air Base, Savannah, Georgia. PFC Commons was deployed to Bagram Air Base in Afghanistan after Christmas of 2001. On March 3 a Navy SEAL team was conducting reconnaissance in the Shah-e-Kot Valley in the Takur Gar Mountain Range when they came under fire from Taliban forces as Operation Anaconda began. The SEAL helicopter quickly took off and Navy SEAL Neal Roberts was thrown out of the helicopter as he returned fire. Late Sunday, March 3 and early Monday, March 4, PFC Commons was selected as grenadier for a Quick Reaction Team to rescue Neal Roberts. In the early morning hours two teams began their mission, and at sunrise the two CH-47 Chinook helicopters attempted landing on the mountain. The helicopter PFC Commons was on crash landed after being struck by a Rocket Propelled Grenade. Upon

## GOLD STAR MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

landing the CH-47 ramp opened and the Ranger team emerged. As PFC Commons ran off the ramp, he was struck in the head by a machine gun round and was killed instantly. Matthew was posthumously promoted to Corporal, was awarded the Purple Heart, Bronze Star with Valor, Meritorious Service Medal, and Combat Infantry Badge. CPL Commons is interned at Arlington National Cemetery near Washington, DC, where his grave faces the side of the Pentagon that was demolished in the 9/11 terrorist attack. Memorial stones have been placed for CPL Commons at the Southern Nevada Veterans Cemetery, Boulder City, Nevada and at the Ranger Memorial, Ft. Benning, Georgia. His name is engraved on a memorial plaque at the United States Army Special Operations Command at Ft. Bragg, North Carolina. CPL Commons has also been memorialized with the naming of the CPL Matthew A. Commons Memorial

VFW Post 36, Boulder City, Nevada. Boulder City has erected a memorial to all seven who were killed in battle that day. The dedication took place in November 2003. Another Memorial VFW Post is being formed in Conifer, Colorado, where Matthew and his family once lived and the Post will be honoring three fallen soldiers. Matthew is now a Ranger In the Sky and lived up to the Motto: RANGERS LEAD THE WAY - OF THEIR OWN ACCORD!

I urge you to continue to seek out the families of your fallen comrades. They deserve to know the stories and details only you can share. I would like to report some new finds by our next issue.

Until next time.      Rangers Lead the Way



LEGISLATIVE UPDATE

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. Article IV: Sec. 2. The Association shall not endorse any political candidate, platform or party. Sec. 3. Officers, Directors and Members shall not engage in any form of activity that implies or specifically relates the Association to any form of public activity without first obtaining approval from the Association. 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 Article IV, Section 5: The foregoing does not restrict or prohibit members from engaging in activities which are the constitutional right of any citizen. 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, Dana McGrath - President.

CRSC UPDATE 14: The Army, with almost 100 employees on a double shift operation in place just opened their contractor designed Web Site [www.crsc.army.mil](http://www.crsc.army.mil). The site includes an application form, which can be downloaded, and gives detailed instructions of the application process. It contains:

- Supporting documentation required to substantiate a claim and helpful tips on how to enable the timeliest application processing.
- Guidance on how and where to file an appeal for retirees who previously submitted applications that have been determined ineligible or have been declined.
- A detailed listing of specific information and documentation that is frequently overlooked by applicants in their initial applications, as well as procedural and timing considerations.
- Phone and e-mail points of contact in the event customers have difficulty navigating the site or need specific information about the CRSC program.

The Army leadership on the CRSC issue, and their processing and approval statistics show that the Army truly takes care of their own. Faced with twice the applicants, and a diverse group of hard to reach older retirees, the Army made a bold decision to contract for this enormous job, and they are now the envy of the other services. The Air Force desires to pool resources and leverage the existing Army contract, but has not been able to attain Army leadership consent because of perceived risk issues. The Navy is reportedly looking for 3600 sq. ft of office space in the Crystal

City complex, and is under direction to “keep the contracting in house”. The statistics, shown below speak volumes on the management by each service. (NOTE: Complete information for the USCG, USPHS and NOAA are not available however the Coast Guard’s approval rate is running at 50%)

Approval Rate - Army 45% : Navy 45% : Air Force 64%

Total applicants - Army 21845 : Navy 8417 : Air Force 9498

Approvals - Army 3047 : Navy : 1638 Air Force 2979

Denials - Army 3735 : Navy 2025 : Air Force 1674

The CRSC approval rates in the USAF are higher because many old CRSC applications, previously disapproved were in the Air Force database and now meet the new 2004 CRSC criteria. The SMC/IU issue that caused thousands of CRSC approvals to be withheld by DFAS are expected to be resolved by the end of this January, according to DOD. Staff concerns were still not resolved regarding included legal and financial issues, according to DOD’s action officer. The redesigned application form is to be available later this month and will be posted at [www.crsc.army.mil](http://www.crsc.army.mil), [www.crlegislation.com](http://www.crlegislation.com) & [www.naus.org](http://www.naus.org). The enormity of the Enhanced CRSC program will require significant assets. DFAS estimates 185,000 claims and their processing requires a large number of skilled professionals to make decisions regarding the allocation of billions of dollars in compensation over the next few years. Expect the Enhanced CRSC program implementation

## LEGISLATIVE UPDATE MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

to be delayed about 6 months with payments retroactive to 1 January 2004. [Source: NAUS Update 23 JAN 04 & Army News Service 23 JAN 2004 & [www.crlegislation.com](http://www.crlegislation.com) 25 JAN 04]

**WW II MEMORIAL DEDICATION CELEBRATION:** The World War II Veterans Memorial now rising at the foot of the Reflecting Pool opposite the Lincoln Memorial on the National Mall in Washington, DC will be dedicated on 29 MAY 04, the Saturday of the Memorial Day weekend. The American Battlefield Monuments Commission (ABMC) is planning a four-day dedication celebration (May 27-30) that will feature a World War II Reunion on the Mall where members of the WWII generation will gather together, meet former comrades, record oral histories, and enjoy 1940's music and World War II military displays. Most of the groundwork on the memorial is complete and granite installation on the perimeter is moving briskly. The first of 17,000 pieces of granite was installed in early February and most of the 56 pillars are up. Construction should be completed on schedule in March 2004 and the memorial may be open to the public in April. The memory of America's World War II generation will be preserved by the memorial and through a related Web-based registry — an individual listing of Americans who contributed to the war effort. Any U.S. citizen who helped win the war, whether a veteran or someone on the home front, is eligible for the registry. Names in the registry will be forever linked to the memorial's bronze and granite representations of their sacrifice and achievement. The database will be hosted on the Memorial Web site [www.wwiimemorial.com](http://www.wwiimemorial.com). There are already 1.3 million records in the database, but 16 million served in uniform during the war so the surface has only been scratched. Registry enrollments can also be made by calling toll-free 1-800-639-4992 to request a register brochure. There is no charge to enroll a member of the World War II generation in the registry, although there is a \$5 processing fee for a certificate of the enrollment and a \$10 fee to add a photograph of the individual to the record. [Source: NCOA National Capitol Office Update 22 JAN 04]

**SPOOFS:** Spoofing is a game involving invented

hoaxes and nonsense for which the Internet has become a playing field. We have all been taken in at one time or another by email informing us of seemingly valid issues or notices sent to us by our well-meaning friends. In turn we tend to forward these messages to others without checking their validity on the assumption that it must be true or our friends would not have sent them to us. In many cases this only perpetuates false or misleading information from which opinions are formed that result in adverse actions towards others. The current misleading email messages making the rounds on Target's anti-vet policies, Pepsi, Social Security payments by congressman, internet taxation, veteran insurance refunds, etc. exemplify the ease with which the Internet can be used to spread false information. The military community is especially vulnerable to these messages because of the common bond we hold with our fellow vets and the email links that have been established to pass the word on issues that affect us all. We owe it to each other to verify information sent to us before passing it along. The next time you receive one of these messages check it out by on the appropriate website listed below or send them an email requesting verification before you forward it on. If it turns out to be a spoof notify whoever sent it to you so they stop spreading false info:

Fraud - <http://www.fraud.org>

HoaxBusters - <http://hoaxbusters.ciac.org> or email [hoaxmaster@ciac.org](mailto:hoaxmaster@ciac.org) [Only to report a hoax]

HoaxKill - <http://www.hoaxkill.com> or email [hoaxcheck@hoaxkill.com](mailto:hoaxcheck@hoaxkill.com)

Myths - <http://www.vmyths.com>

Rumors - [http://www.cdc.gov/hoax\\_rumors.htm](http://www.cdc.gov/hoax_rumors.htm) (Health issues)

Rumors - <http://www.snopes2.com/rumors> (Military Related)

Scams - <http://www.scambusters.org>

Skeptics dictionary - <http://skepdic.com/> (scientology, diet pills, paranormal beliefs, and pseudo science)

Snopes - <http://www.snopes.com/military/military.asp>

Truth or Fiction - <http://www.truthorfiction.com> or email [question@truthorfiction.com](mailto:question@truthorfiction.com)

Truth Miners - <http://www.truthminers.com/truth> or email [facts@truthminers.com](mailto:facts@truthminers.com)

Urban

Legends

-



## LEGISLATIVE UPDATE MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

<http://www.scambusters.org/legends.html> [Source: Various JAN 04]

**PEOPLE VS. HARDWARE:** For decades, one theme of Defense budget debates has been “People Vs. Hardware”. Senior Defense leaders have been harping on that theme for several years now, as they have resisted Congress’ efforts to do the right thing by enacting improved programs for active duty and retirees. TRICARE For Life, concurrent receipt, restoring private sector pay growth as a statutory standard for military pay raises, authorizing health coverage for Guard and Reserve members, etc. have all been subjected to this. They say people costs are getting way too high and we need to cut people costs, not increase them. However, the Defense Department’s own budget numbers show a different story. Defense budgets for 2003 through 2005 (which include the above-mentioned compensation gains) represent about 24.5% of the Defense budget. That’s right about in the middle of the statistics for the last 30 years. It’s not at the 21% low point in 1981, but the percentage was significantly higher in 1976 (26.5%), 1986 (25.8%), and 1996 (26.2%). And even that comparison doesn’t tell the whole story. One thing that contributes to the misperception of personnel’s relative share of the budget is that procurement spending has been slashed over the last decade. If personnel costs just stay steady as that happens, that means their share of the defense budget will go up. Just because we’ve been scrimping on procurement doesn’t mean we’re spending too much on people. As a percentage of the defense-budget-minus-procurement, today’s 30% share is well below historical marks (34% in 1976, 46% in 1986, 37% in 1991).

Recent changes in accounting rules also contribute to “apple and orange” comparisons. When Congress enacted TRICARE For Life, it also established a trust fund to require future funding for this important benefit. One of the accounting rules of a trust fund is that the Defense Department has to establish an entry in today’s budget to recognize that today’s forces will accrue the new health benefits decades from now when they turn age 65. That accounting entry is about \$8 billion a year. Is that an actual outlay? No. It’s

simply an entry in a government accounting ledger. The government won’t actually pay any bills for that future care for another 25 to 45 years. The cost of the new benefits for current retirees comes from the Treasury, not the Defense budget. If you exclude that \$8 billion accounting change, you find that personnel costs actually went down last year - from \$87 billion in 2002 to \$85.9 billion in 2003. The outlays go back up in 2004 and 2005, but once this accounting methodology change is discounted, the real personnel share of the Defense budget is 23% — far below the 30-year average. That’s rivaled only by the 21% to 23% numbers of the 1979-81 retention-crisis years. Specifics on this can be seen at the MOAA’s Web site [www.moaa.org/Legislative/budget.asp](http://www.moaa.org/Legislative/budget.asp). Sources from Sen. John McCain to the Washington Post have regularly spoken out about the billions upon billions approved in Defense and other legislation every year for unsolicited “pork” projects - such as the \$50 million in the just-passed FY2004 Supplemental Appropriations Act to build an indoor rain forest in Iowa. With such things routinely making the budget cutline, there’s no way that we should be letting up in pressing our legislators to support military people program priorities. [Source: MOAA’s Legislative Update 23 JAN 04]

**BAGGAGE LOCKING SYSTEM:** If you are not in the immediate area of your bags while traveling, TSA inspectors at airports will break the locks of your suitcases to inspect their contents if the luggage has already been checked in and requires inspection. A way to prevent damage to your luggage is to simply leave your luggage unlocked. However, many travelers are uncomfortable leaving their suitcases unlocked. Now there appears to be a solution. An organization called Travel Sentry was created in 2003 in cooperation with leading luggage and accessory manufacturers and a national network of authorized retailers. Travel Sentry has developed locks that can be opened by TSA inspectors through the use of special codes that can be recognized by screeners. Once the bag is inspected the inspector relocks the bag. The lock can be purchased at many popular retailers, and the price is about \$20 for a set of two. For more information go to [www.travelsentry.org](http://www.travelsentry.org) [Source: MOAA Travel Tips DEC 03]

## H E A L T H

**DISCLAIMER**

*The following articles dealing with health issues that concern or could concern our members are presented for your information and should not be construed as an endorsement of any of the treatments, medications or procedures outlined herein. It should be understood that there are new medications and treatments being developed that are largely untested, and though they show promise in the treatment of a given illness or condition, they may not be effective or safe for all individuals.*

**Part II****Coatsville, PA, PTSD Program**

Ed Note: This is the second part of the series written by Bill Bullen, the K Co. Unit Director, concerning his stay in an in-patient VA program dealing with PTSD.

As you may remember, I was to let you know how my stay at the Coatesville, Pa, and PTSD program finished. In retrospect it is definitely something I will recommend to all Rangers and LRPS. I qualify this because there are many people who find their way into the program who do not need to be there.

You'll get into the groups and the fellows will start to talk of their escapades. Some will say they can't remember what unit they were in, that the whole year was a blank, or "I killed pack elephants on the Ho Chi Minh trail and stopped traffic, so the fast movers could come in and wipe out the enemy left standing on the trail." You know this is all bullshit, but KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT. I made the mistake of stating my disapproval and found myself nearly getting thrown out of the program. I believe the staff realizes these inequities and deals with them accordingly.

I feel I would do well, going for another stay in a PTSD facility, as I only did 8 weeks and to properly learn the coping skills, necessary for me, a 12 to 14 week tour is about the norm. As I said my evaluators thought I was doing well making it 8 weeks, they thought I'd be terminated for fighting. If you have physical problems also, the climate will play a roll, with the cold and humidity here in PA, I was in total pain the whole time. Psychological therapy is

hard to go through with these preoccupations. Everyone is different and we all have varying degrees of this problem

In coming home after my stay, the main things I've found is, we can take our wives and families to places without being so paranoid of everyone's security. Although I've been carrying a handgun for many years the need for this has been somewhat quelled. My property is not at the risk I feel it was for so long. People are not receptive to the treatment we've been distributing all these years. They'd rather deal with a calm understanding individual than a demanding ogre. Anger is always non-productive; we need to respond to disturbing situations with a more proactive demeanor. I know these are no-brainers to most people, but in general, moderate to severe PTSD veterans have many, all of or more of these characteristics.

If you feel that you have the need to, see a service representative today; you need not be a member of the VFW, Order of the Purple Heart, DAV or any other organization. Just walk into the nearest VA facility and ask to open a claim for PTSD disability. Have your DD 214 and any supporting evidence. The day you sign up is the day the clock starts ticking for your back pay, providing your claim is approved. It's also a good idea, before doing anything talk to one of our advocates, this is what this association is all about, Rangers Helping Rangers.

Regards

Bill 'Ichabod' Bullen

# HEALTH

## Service Connection for Erectile Dysfunction

**BY: John Chester**

In a past issue I reported that the Department of Veteran's Affairs had approved the granting of service connection for erectile dysfunction that was related to depression caused by PTSD or caused by the drugs prescribed for the treatment of PTSD. We have had a member of the 75thRRA go through the process and be granted service connection for this problem, so we have passed the threshold of theory. The individual is rated at 100%, service connected, permanent and total, for PTSD. I am going to quote the following from the rating decision:

**“Reasons for Decision:**

**Service connection for erectile dysfunction as secondary to the medications taken for the service connected disability of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, (PTSD).**

We have granted service connection for erectile dysfunction as related to the medications taken for the service-connected disability of PTSD. VA examination notes that the intake of bupropion for your PTSD has led to almost complete impotence requiring Viagra therapy. Examiner confirmed diagnosis of impotence secondary to drugs given for PTSD.”

The important thing to note here is that the award is made regardless of the fact that the erectile dysfunction is treatable with medication (Viagra in this case). It is not necessary that an individual be totally incapable of having sex, it is enough that the individual be incapable of having sex without therapy of some kind, and that the disability is caused by existing PTSD symptoms or the medication used to treat PTSD symptoms. This case was adjudicated at 0% disabling, or a noncompensable evaluation. This is done whenever evidence fails to show a penile deformity, together with loss of erectile power. This disability is not specifically listed in the rating schedule; therefore it is rated analogous to a disability in which not only the functions affected, but anatomical localization and symptoms are closely related.

There is also an additional amount of money that is awarded for “Loss of use of a creative organ”. This comes to an additional \$81.00 per

month, so the above “noncompensable evaluation” is a misnomer as there is an additional amount of money paid if the decision is in the applicant's favor. Another significant benefit is eligibility for Government Life Insurance. The individual who was awarded the above benefit was rated at 100% Service Connected in 1995. He was not aware that he was entitled to an RH (service connected) life insurance policy with a total waiver of premiums, (waiver available only if rated 100%). There is a one year period in which you **must** apply. If application is not made within that one year period, you loose the right to the insurance. The only way in which the right to the insurance can be recovered is if you are rated with a new service connected condition. In the case of the above veteran, this is exactly what happened, with the establishment of the new service connected condition, eligibility for the insurance was reinstated, including the waiver of premiums because of the 100% service connection. Again the one year window opens; if application for the insurance is not made within that one year period, the right to the insurance is lost unless another service connected disability can be established.

There is some embarrassment perhaps, in applying for benefits based on the “loss of your manhood”. If an individual's definition of manhood is limited to the ability to maintain an erection, then I suppose that it would be an embarrassment to apply. I think that all of us have learned by now that manhood is defined in many, many ways, and that facing the fact that PTSD must be confronted and managed was perhaps the most difficult thing that those of us who have walked that road have ever done. Compared to that, this is a piece of cake.

If you are service connected for PTSD and are taking medication for the condition, and you have erectile dysfunction problems, you should give serious thought to an application for these benefits. If you are in the same situation with the insurance that the above individual was in, you should run to the nearest VA Regional Office or to your service representative to make application. You owe it to your family to do so. And what's wrong with another \$81.00 a month?

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## H E A L T H

## NEW DECISION ON HEPATITIS C

*By Mike Murphy, Mt Shasta, Yreka, CA.*

My office just received some really good news for veterans suffering with Hepatitis C. The newly created special rating team in Cleveland, Ohio known as the “Tiger Team” awarded a Vietnam Veteran a service connected disability for Hepatitis C. The decision, which just came out in August of last year, was a result of the “Jet Injectors” used for inoculations of most service renumbers during the Vietnam Era and after.

Vietnam Era veterans have been the fastest growing number of Hepatitis C patients; the mystery has always been, why? Many of these veterans belong to no “high risk” group such as homosexuals or IV drug users, and many did not even serve overseas, the only risk group that they belong to is being in the military during this era. It appears that a link between military service during this period and Hepatitis C has finally been established. A research project headed by Lawrence Deyton, MSPH, MD, the Director of Aids/Hepatitis at the United States Department of Veterans Affairs in Washington, DC, said in part, “Anyone who had inoculations with the jet injector is at risk of having Hepatitis C and should be tested. Research indicates that the Hepatitis C virus still exists on medical instruments after cleaning with many solutions. I don’t believe that this statement could be any clearer.

The jet injector system has long been suspected of transmitting blood borne pathogens. In veterans groups, many believe that the VA purposely denied veterans Hepatitis C claims for being infected with this virus to hold treatment costs down and to give the VA the ability to deny the claim. There were

ridiculous studies released indicating the veterans themselves were at fault due to misconduct in, or after military service, that justified the denials.

I remember, not too long ago, the Agent Orange issue was a similar denial by the government and so was the “Gulf War Syndrome.” There were similar ridiculous studies released indicating that there was no proof that Agent Orange made anyone ill. Now we know better, The government went so far as to state that the “Gulf War Syndrome” was a psychosomatic disorder and did not really exist. Now we know better, and now finally we see the truth regarding Hepatitis C.

The biggest problem to overcome regarding this issue is getting the word to the affected veterans. Most of us who served during this era can remember the long inoculation lines and the blood running freely down many of our arms during these inoculations with the jet injectors. Another problem is that the incubation period for hepatitis C can be decades long, and symptoms may be nonexistent until the time that the veteran suddenly becomes very ill. If you are reading this and have ever been inoculated with the “jet injector” system while in military service, please get tested and spread the word to friends and acquaintances to get tested for Hepatitis C. You can be tested at any VA facility. This is extremely important. Your life and the lives of your loved ones may depend on it.

Ed note: This article courtesy Don Keller. Thanks Top.



## H E A L T H

*VA Launches New Web Site on Hepatitis C*

WASHINGTON (Feb. 23, 2004) — A new, comprehensive Web site on hepatitis C -- [www.hepatitis.va.gov](http://www.hepatitis.va.gov) -- will be formally launched Feb. 25 through a collaboration between the Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) and the University of California at San Francisco's Center for HIV Information (CHI).

"Hepatitis C is another reminder that veterans rely on VA to care for a wide variety of illnesses and battlefield injuries," said Secretary of Veterans Affairs Anthony J. Principi. "This Web site will help both veterans and medical practitioners to understand this complex, long-term illness."

Hepatitis C is the most common blood borne infection in the United States, affecting 2 percent of the population. VA cares for more hepatitis C patients than any other medical system, with more than 200,000 patients since 1996. The department has the largest screening, testing and care program for hepatitis C in the nation.

The new hepatitis C Web site has a section for veterans and non-medical employees that includes general information and links to other Web sites. It also offers information for health care providers that is searchable by topic and includes best practices, guidelines and slides.

"Hepatitis C is an important public health issue for our nation," said Dr. Lawrence Deyton, VA's chief consultant for public health, who oversees VA's hepatitis C programs. "VA is pleased to join with CHI, a world-class medical Web site developer, to provide a user-friendly resource on hepatitis C for providers, patients and public health authorities."

CHI, based at the San Francisco VAMC, is directed by Dr. Laurence Peiperl, a medical staff member of both the university and the San Francisco VAMC. Dr. Paul A. Volberding, chief of the medical service at the San Francisco VAMC, chairs the CHI Advisory Board.

*PTSD and Coronary Heart Disease linked*

**BY: John Chester**

I received this just before we went to press. It is so potentially important to many of our members with PTSD and some form of heart disease that I wanted to get it in this issue. Part of this is an article in the Journal of the American Medical Association, part of it is a rating decision in which the VA links PTSD and Heart Disease. I have deleted the name of the veteran, of course. There are also the names of two VA Doctors that figured in the rating decision. Thanks to Jim Cooke, 35<sup>th</sup> Inf Assn, for the heads up on this.

The two Doctor's are: **Allan M. Warner**, Psychiatrist, and **Edward F. Yurchak**, General Medicine. The articles I mentioned are found in The Journal of the American Medical Association, Volume 290, #16, October 22, 2003.

1. "Psychosocial Factors and Risk of Hypertension," by Yan, Liu, Matthews, et al., starting at page 2138, and
2. "Psychosocial Risk Factors for cardiovascular Disease, More Than One Culprit at Work," starting at page 2190.

**Below is Dr. Warner's discussion of the above two articles.**

"The first cited article reports research indicating that two particular psycho-behavioral factors, anger and time impatience, are highly associated with the development of hypertension with implications for arterial disease, including coronary artery disease. Much other work in this field up

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# HEALTH

to the very recent time frame is reviewed. The second article takes an overview of the whole wide field of association between psychosocial factors and vascular disease. It points out that there are many lines of investigation underway and that a large number of risk factors both known and now being elucidated apparently play a role in the development of hypertension, coronary artery disease, or other related conditions. They do emphasize, however, that the previously cited study emphasizes anger and time impatience as major players in this issue. They go on to discuss biological mechanisms by which such psychosocial factors may exert threat adverse impact on the body, either by unhealthy behaviors such as smoking, increased caloric intake, or increased alcohol intake, or through strictly biological characteristics of a rather technical nature expressed through neuroendocrine or other mechanisms.”

## Yurchak, states:

“This study represents the most objective evidence available demonstrating a correlation between these characteristics [hostility, impatience, anger] and hypertension & coronary artery disease. These elements, which have been demonstrated in this study, support the concept that PTSD did play a role in the genesis of his (— —) hypertension and coronary artery disease. .. There is adequate evidence both on direct evaluation, physical examination, and review of the literature to support the concept that a direct cause of coronary artery disease and hypertension stemmed from these elements in his (— —) personality makeup.”

This is of great important to many of us who are already service connected for PTSD. If you suffer from any coronary difficulties there could be a connection between your PTSD and that coronary disease. This would also seem to open the door to service connection for the death of a veteran from coronary disease if he was also service connected for PTSD. This would impact on benefits for his widow and surviving dependent children. I will get possession of the above Journal articles and continue this in the next issue. We will also keep this information current on the web site.

## Miscellaneous Health Notes

Guidelines were issued by the Under Secretary of Health that provides **free health care to combat veterans**. Veterans must have served on active duty in a theatre of combat operations in a period after the Gulf War (1991), or in combat against a hostile force during “a period of hostilities”.

This benefit will provide medical care for two years from date of discharge or retirement from active duty. It will cover all illnesses and injuries except those clearly unrelated to military service, such as a common cold, injuries from accident after discharge, or disorders that existed prior to joining the military. The Chief distinction is that the veteran will be provided free medical care immediately upon discharge for two years.

This benefit also includes other appropriate medical care and nursing home care that the veteran might need. National Guard and Reserve personnel are eligible for this benefit, however the above combat requirements apply, and they must have been ordered to active duty by a federal declaration, serve the full period for which they were called or ordered to active duty.

If you meet this criteria or know someone who does, you should go or encourage them to go to the nearest VA Medical Care provider in order to register for this earned benefit. Do not hesitate, two years is not as long as it sounds.

*Ed Note: Thanks to Don Keller for this information.*

## FEATURE ARTICLES

## LONE WARRIOR OF THE BIG THICKET

By: James Benjamin

It was one of those balmy nights in the piney woods of east Texas, the kind where you can smell the pungent pine needles and hear the breeze as it whispers through the towering trees. I was tired from the road trip and stopped at a convenience store located on the Alabama-Coushatta Indian reservation near Livingston. An elderly gentleman was walking to his car in the parking lot. Attached to his black ball cap were several miniatures of elite military badges. As a veteran myself, I knew what they signified and how rarely those particular badges were given out.

“Sir”, I asked curiously, “where did you get all those military badges?”

“Where I earned ‘em”, was his proud but quiet reply.



His stance is eagle-like, his face dignified, his demeanor humble. He is a study in contrast; a man who is both a gentle grandfather and a Native American veteran of violent, personal combat.

His name is Daniel Battise and his story is incredible.

During World War II he survived two blood-soaked years of conflict, twenty-one major battles, countless bullet-ripped firefight. His unit was officially known as the First Special Service Force, but the German soldiers whom Battise and his comrades fought and killed with such a horrible ferocity gave them another name: “*Die Teufeln Schwarze*“, The Black Devils, a reference to the black-faced commandos who would appear in the night and leave a trail of German bodies behind them.



The First Special Service Force was a hybrid unit composed of American and Canadian volunteers brought together for a unique purpose. They would become the first truly general-purpose commandos of any army in the world.

Their genesis began in March of 1942 at a top-secret meeting of allied leaders. Winston Churchill, General George Marshall, and Harry Hopkins, President Franklin Roosevelt’s personal representative, met to discuss a number of subjects, including the coming winter campaigns in Europe. Marshall had been contacted by Lord Louis Mountbatten, commander of Combined Operations for the British army.

Mountbatten explained that he had been approached by an eccentric, intelligent scientist named Geoffrey Pike. Pike had told Mountbatten, “Snow covers much of Europe for months at a time. In the coming winter warfare in Europe, the allies must be masters of the snow.”

The army that controlled the winter battleground, Pike reasoned, controlled Europe. Pike envisioned a Commando unit that could attack in wintry, mountainous, or coastal terrain, able to carry out combat missions in any environment. A group of men who could arrive on the battlefield by parachute, rubber boat, tracked vehicle, or skis, would be

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

invaluable, Pike argued. Such a unit would call for a special type of soldier though, tough men used to rugged living, survival in the worst weather, willing to parachute from airplanes and scale sheer mountain faces.

Pike's proposal intrigued Marshall and he approved a study of it, assigning a relatively unknown major General named Dwight D. Eisenhower to personally monitor the project. The First Special Service Force had its start, but first it had to recruit volunteers.

"I didn't volunteer for the Force," Daniel Battise grins, "I was in the 12th Cavalry regiment, one of the last horse cavalry units left in the Army in 1942. We were on maneuvers in Fisher, Louisiana and I was watering the horses one morning. I got a call to report to company headquarters and the First Sergeant handed me a barracks bag and told me to pack my stuff. All they said was that I was getting on a train and going to Fort William Henry Harrison in Helena, Montana for some special training. That's all." Unknown to Battise, the U.S. and Canadian Armies had put out an intentionally vague request for volunteers who had an interest in "hazardous duty" involving skiing and parachuting. Commanders had also been told to keep an eye out for men suitable for such a unit. "I was a pretty good shot with any kind of weapon and a boxer, and I was at home in the outdoors", Battise remembers, "Maybe that's why they 'volunteered' me." He adds, "Most of the Americans and Canadians who came to the Force actually did volunteer, but I didn't."

Daniel Webster Battise was born eighty-six years ago on the Alabama-Coushatta Indian reservation near Livingston, Texas. A full-blooded native American, his ancestors came to the area from Alabama in the 1760's. They settled in east Texas, mostly in Polk and Tyler counties. In 1928 the federal government purchased four thousand acres of land as a reservation for his people in an area known as the Big Thicket, a dense, remote combination of pine forest and swamp. As a young boy, Battise roamed the unique ecosystem, learning the ways of a woodsman. He stalked game as he would later learn to stalk men in combat. It would save his life many times as a commando in World War II. He says, "I got to Fort Harrison and met some of

the men I would be training with. They were a rough bunch; miners and trappers, men from the north, game guides, lumberjacks and athletes. There were some fist fights and rivalry between us and the Canadians at first, but that all changed when we got into combat. We became brothers," Battise says, pausing and adding reflectively, "literally blood brothers."

It was not the type of unit for a timid soldier.

The men would be trained as paratroopers, amphibious raiders, mountain troops, explosives specialists, skiers, swimmers, and hand-to-hand combat experts. This last skill would be taught by an enigmatic, Irish soldier-of-fortune named Dermot O'Neill. When he showed up among the Forcemen, he brought an air of mystery with him. It was known that he had been a lieutenant in the Shanghai international police at one time. He came into the Force with a Captain's commission. He was a master of several Asian martial arts, and quickly made an impression on the men he was training. In a unit comprised of tough men, Dermot O'Neill stood out as a very rugged man. His job was to teach Forcemen how to kill with their bare hands or with a special type of knife known as the V-42 stiletto.

It is often confused with a knife associated with the British commandos, but the two are not the same. The V-42 was a custom-made killing instrument, a foot-long dagger unique to the Force. Manufactured by Case knife company, it had a razor sharp tip and a "skull-crusher" point on the end of the grip. It wasn't made for utility cutting, in fact, the blade was rather thin. "It was made that way for a reason," remembers Bill Story, Battise's friend and historian of the Special Service Force, "You could slip it between the ribs easier. Or you could reverse it in your hand and drive the "skull-crusher" point right through a man's temple." Battise agrees, saying, "It had ridged leather on the grip so that if you slashed an enemy's throat, your hand wouldn't lose the knife when you got sprayed with blood. No other unit in the American or Canadian armies was issued the V-42 knife, and it wasn't for decorative purposes. Dermot O'Neill made sure of that. If the circumstances dictated the need, a Forceman could kill violently, quickly, and silently. The volunteers embarked on a schedule of training designed to quickly weed out the weak and slow



## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

among them. “We started out marching ten miles. That was nothing”, Battise remembers, “the distance quickly grew to thirty, then fifty and finally, one hundred miles in full gear.”

Battise says he “adapted “quickly to the training. Asked to give an example, he grins and quietly says, “The first snow I ever saw, I skied in.” Scaling rock faces, using demolitions, infiltration, map reading, land navigation, and use of light and heavy weapons; all were skills to be learned as quickly as possible. At that time in the U.S. Army, parachute training lasted about three months. The Force did it in three days. For Battise, it was another novel experience. The first airplane he ever rode in, he jumped out of.

The Force’s commander was Colonel Robert Frederick, destined to become at age thirty-seven, the youngest American general of World War II. “He was always with his troops”, Battise relates,” whether it was in training or in combat, he was at the front. So he got wounded a lot, which you don’t see happen to very many Generals.” Not the average military commander, he was also known to overlook certain minor disciplinary infractions. “He didn’t care if his men went out at night to do some drinking as long as they could soldier the next day”, Battise said, “He wanted soldiers who could kill in combat, not just march in a parade.”

Those who couldn’t measure up to the training were quickly transferred. There was no time or place for them in the Force. “If you had a weakness”, Battise remembers, “whether it was fear of heights, or you couldn’t march fifty miles with an eighty-pound rucksack, they’d find it. Our training wasn’t a joke.”

Likewise, if a man was particularly adept at a skill, that talent would be exploited. For Battise, that skill was marksmanship. “We were on the range shooting one day and an officer asked me, ‘Battise, where did you learn to shoot like that?’ I told him I used to practice shooting dimes off a fence with a .22 as a kid. They must have believed me because I got issued a bolt-action Springfield with a sniper scope instead of an M -1 rifle like the other men. They told me, ‘Battise, when we get in combat you are the sniper’”. As the training progressed, American and Canadian soldiers grew closer, sharing a bond forged through tough training. The difference in nationalities became

less important as they realized they had to prove the worth of their unit to both countries. After General Eisenhower was assigned to monitor the organization of the Force, one of the first things he learned was that the eccentric Pike, a scientist and not a soldier, had no valid proposal for the extraction of the Force once they had accomplished their battlefield mission. Pike had suggested that a small, tracked vehicle, capable of being dropped by parachute if necessary, and able to negotiate terrain covered in deep snow, could carry the Forcemen to and from the battle area.. But such a vehicle, the experts concluded, would take at least two years to research, test and put into production.

The Force didn’t have time for that type of delay. Therefore, the Force’s very reason for creation, insertion into a target area not accessible by conventional troops, worked against the proposal for their justification.

To Eisenhower, this was plainly a dilemma. To the Forcemen, it was somewhat of a wry joke. Much of the history written about the Force uses the term “suicide unit” repeatedly. In oral accounts given by Forcemen after the war, some acknowledge being told by officers from their former units that they were, in fact, volunteering for a “suicide outfit.” Battise smiles at the mention of this. “Those officers didn’t have a clue as to why certain men volunteered for the Force. We wanted to serve in a unit that promised a lot of action. The fact that we didn’t know how we’d get back from the battlefield just made it more interesting. Hell, we all had this rough kind of humor. It came with the tough training and the type of men who could stand it.” Battise adds, “Later, the army did develop a tracked vehicle for us called the ‘weasel’, but it was almost never used. When we got into a battle we didn’t worry about getting evacuated. We were there to fight. I rarely thought about dying. We were all more interested in the amount of damage we could do to the enemy!” But Eisenhower’s concern about the Force caused him to assign a young Colonel on his staff to study the concept. That Colonel was Robert Frederick. Frederick was given access to intelligence concerning a hydroelectric plant in Narvik, Norway. There the Nazis were producing “heavy water”, a precursor to a hydrogen bomb. It had been suggested that destruction of the plant at Narvik would be a

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

suitable first mission for the Force.

Frederick immediately set to work examining all the problems associated with a commando raid into an enemy stronghold by an untested unit fresh from training and with no plan of escape. Not surprisingly, he concluded that the mission would fail. Frederick's negative report to General Eisenhower did not kill the allies' worry over the heavy-water plant in Narvik. They absolutely could not allow the Nazis to produce a hydrogen bomb. The proposal to destroy the plant now had a life of its own, complete with a code name, "Operation Plough". In June of 1942, Churchill and Lord Mountbatten asked for and got a personal conference with President Franklin Roosevelt. Their purpose was short and to the point. The mission, no matter how difficult, no matter how impossible, had to be undertaken. Roosevelt spoke with General Marshall, who directed Eisenhower to proceed with the mission and select a commander. Eisenhower was dissatisfied with all suggestions for a nominee given by his staff. He reasoned that Frederick, the man who had studied the project more closely than anyone, should command the mission. Thus it happened that Frederick, in a circuitous manner, became the commander of the Force, responsible for execution of a mission he believed could not succeed.

Ironically, as so often happens in war, the Narvik mission would be canceled. To this day, some Forcemen believe that word of their coming mission had been leaked. Another reason given was that the Norwegian government feared reprisals by the Germans against civilians who would assist in the raid. But the die had been cast for the Force. They would continue their training as commandos. And though the Force would never attack Narvik, their future missions would make an attack on the hydroelectric plant look like a Sunday school picnic.

"After about six months of training", Batisse states, "We were all in good shape. We didn't think anything of skiing a hundred miles in a single day and then lying down and sleeping in five feet of snow."

"We just kind of burrowed into it (snow), and learned how to keep warm. All of us could carry 80-pound packs on our backs loaded with our winter gear, explosives, weapons and ammunition. I mean that we could scale the face of a mountain carrying that much

weight on our backs."

The Forcemen were shattering all records held by other units. When they arrived at Little Creek, Virginia for amphibious training, one of the drills required a platoon of men, clad in full combat gear, to climb down cargo nets draped over the side of the ship into a bobbing landing craft forty feet below. The previous record of fifty-two seconds had been set by U.S. marines. The Force did it in thirty-three. How? The Forcemen would climb over the gunwale of the ship, get a good, solid hand hold onto the net, then let go. They would slide down the net a few feet, then grab hold, let go, and repeat the process. To them it was easier than sliding down a rock face. "All you had to do was keep your balance and grab the rope when you wanted to stop," Batisse says.

To prove they could move overland quickly without their skis, the Forcemen once marched one hundred miles in twenty-nine hours. That's three and one-half miles per hour, carrying eighty pounds of weapons and gear per man, over mountainous terrain, through deep snow, for twenty-nine hours straight. Batisse : "There were still people who wanted to see us disbanded, they didn't think a unit made up of soldiers from two different countries would succeed, (they) thought we were undisciplined brawlers. Those people didn't know that it took a tremendous amount of discipline just to make it through our training course. So every time someone challenged us with the impossible, we just went out and did it anyway. You couldn't argue with that."

By June of 1943 the Force was nearing the completion of their training. Evaluators from the Canadian and U.S. armies arrived to gauge the Force's ability in a variety of standards designed to test their readiness for combat. The Forcemen averaged 125% in most areas and in others, a staggering 200%. The evaluators, scratching their heads, left and reported that standard evaluation criteria were inadequate to judge the performance of such a unit. The Force had succeeded in muzzling their most vehement critics, who sat back in awed silence, stunned at the superhuman achievements of the Forcemen. The Army rewarded the Force with special insignia particularly appropriate for a native American like Batisse. Crossed arrows, once worn by the cavalry's

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

Indian scouts, would be worn on the lapels of the Force's dress uniform. On the left shoulder, a patch in the shape of a red spearhead. The word "Canada" was embroidered vertically on the length of the patch. Superimposed horizontally over "Canada" were the letters "USA".

### Italy, November, 1943.

The Force arrived and was attached to the 36th U.S. infantry division. Any Texan worth his/her hand-tooled boots knows the 36th, also known as the "T-patchers", was a Texas National Guard outfit with an exemplary record in combat. The 36th had fought like demons in Italy, defeating the Germans continuously until they came to the base of a mountain known as Monte Difensa. For ten bloody days the 36th division had tried and failed to scale the mountain and dislodge its fanatical defenders, suffering heavy casualties along the way.

### Enter the Force.

In what would become a continued practice, the Forcemen were brought in as siege breakers. The mountain, 3500 feet high, loomed above them. The few narrow paths leading to the summit were heavily defended, with Germans burrowed into bunkers waiting for another assault. They were smug in their defense, sure that they could hold the mountain. They didn't count on the Force's daring plan of attack.

One side of the mountain was unmanned at its summit. For good reason, the Germans considered it too difficult to scale. The mountain face was steep, 3000 feet straight up, and there were few ledges to stop and rest on the way. It would have been a near-impossible mountaineering challenge for an expert climber, unencumbered by ammo, water, and weapons, under daylight conditions. Colonel Frederick added another complication. The Force would do it at night.

A group of Forcemen made an initial reconnaissance of the mountain. Moving up to the base of Difensa, the recon team passed G.I. -led mule trains carrying bodies bundled in mattress covers. Dead Texans were still coming down the mountain.

The Forcemen moved into position, peering at the

mountain face and scanning for a route to the top. Bill Story, Battise's fellow commando, says, "To the right and left of the trail the 36th had used in their assault were a lot of dead bodies. We knew we didn't want to use that trail. The route we wanted to use led around Difensa in back of the German defenses at the summit. It was pretty vertical. I knew we would need ropes to get up there. As we did our reconnaissance, we started receiving mortar fire." It was a grim indicator of how well the Germans could see from their mountain stronghold. The Forcemen returned to their unit and reported. Final planning was done and on December 1st, the 2nd regiment of the Force was dropped off ten miles from the mountain of Difensa, as close as they could get without being spotted. Under a driving rain, in the black of night, the Forcemen moved forward. Consolidating assault teams at the base of the mountain, the Forcemen moved forward on the night of December 2nd. The climbers made final preparations, tightening pack straps and cinching down their loads. The rain had slowed to a drizzle, but their climbing ropes quickly became soaked. Allied artillery fire began impacting on the summit of the mountain. Praying this previously arranged diversion would help them, the Forcemen started their climb. Climbing the rain-slick rock face was painstaking. Inching slowly upward, they groped for hand and foot holds in the rocky crags.

Sometimes they slipped and whispered curses would be heard. The point men tied off ropes to aid the men behind them. Though the night was cool, sweat covered the men's faces. Battise : "You might lose your grip and slide backward a few feet. Or you might fall a hundred feet if there was no ledge to catch you." A hissed warning would be followed by a shower of rocks as a man lost his footing. Several hours later, their uniforms soaked with sweat, the first climbers reached a ledge just about a hundred feet below the summit. Here, their worst fears were realized. Glancing upward, they saw that the rock face slanted vertically *backward*. No man could scale that. It was a simple matter of gravity. Thus inverted, you'd have to be a human fly to hold on. Or a Forceman. Two former hard-rock miners immediately volunteered to move up and see if the rock face would

(actually saw the rockets) being launched from behind the eastern wood line, and they immediately warned the FDC that the rounds might be heading for Phu Loi. They gave estimated grid coordinates and an azimuth (compass direction) to the enemy firing points. After firing some counter fire, the FDC advised the Lurps that since fire missions had become less frequent, they were ceasing fire to give the artillery battery and mortar teams some time to restock and rest. They said that they would bring in a "time on target (TOT)" barrage just before dawn. [A TOT occurred when multiple batteries were fired in timed sequence so that all of the rounds arrived on target at the same time.] The Lurps were also informed that they would get some relief by first light, when tanks and ACAVs (tracked armored cavalry vehicles) would come in to help the teams. In addition, an air force FAC (forward air controller) plane would come on station soon to coordinate air cover for the Lurps.

The team leaders protested the lifting of the artillery fire because that would allow the enemy's surviving forces to escape, drag off their wounded and weapons, and also possibly giving them the opportunity to regroup and perhaps pursue the Lurps. However, the Lurps were "outvoted" and would have to sit tight until dawn when the 1/4th Cav armor was to arrive at their location.

The FAC arrived shortly thereafter and began observing the scene. Just after first light, he spotted a large enemy force that was moving northeast in the wood line on the opposite side of Dog Leg from the Lurps' position, but the enemy remained too close to the village for the FAC to call in artillery or air strikes.

Shortly thereafter, the promised TOT struck the original crossing, devastating any surviving enemy who might still be there (the LRRPs were pretty sure the enemy had, for the most part, taken away his wounded and dead and their weapons by that time). Leisure asked Phu Loi control if the heavy LRRP team could move out and sweep the battlefield before any more of the enemy could escape to the tree line. The request was denied, and Leisure was told to "hold tight" until the Cav arrived. Finally, about an hour after sunrise, the LRRPs could hear and see the ACAVs and tanks moving their way. The LRRPs moved out of the graveyard and joined in a skirmish line in front of the armored vehicles. The American force then moved northward to the crossing point. A few bodies were found, and a few live NVA exchanged fire with the Americans before they too were dispatched.

After clearing the paddies, the American troops moved eastward through the woods behind Dog Leg, finding some more wounded enemy along the way. Hill spotted one Vietnamese squatting behind a hedgerow and herded him to a helicopter that had been dispatched for prisoner recovery. The lapse in artillery and mortar fire had obviously allowed the enemy to police up many of their dead and wounded.

Now the LRRPs and their small armored escort would have to continue to act as sweeping infantry to have any shot at regaining contact with the badly damaged enemy force. This was not a classic role for the LRRPs, but there were no other friendly forces around to do it or assist in the effort. They "continued the mission".

About a half hour into the sweep, Luse and Mills spotted

enemy back out in the paddies to the north: one group running toward An My, another troop element heading into the wood line north of Dog Leg. Leisure and Luse decided to break back into their two normal teams and pursue, and Luse placed most of his team on a tank and headed toward the group running for An My. Leisure's team, along with Elsner (who was told to go with them to add his M-60's firepower to the smaller team), headed northeastward to try to close on the other enemy group. As the tank had to move slowly to avoid throwing a track, the fleeing enemy stayed out of reach of the team, and they were able to make it safely into An My Village. Luse's team could only drop the pursuit at that point and head back empty-handed to link up with Leisure's Wildcat 1.

Meanwhile, the lead tank accompanying Leisure's team stopped and reported movement in a small thicket of woods to their front. Covered by the armored vehicles, Leisure and Anderson jumped from the tank and moved to flank the thicket. They quickly spotted four NVA who were understandably preoccupied with the armored vehicles. The two LRRPs quickly disposed of the four enemy soldiers. Moving further to the right along the side of the thicket, Elsner took two more NVA under fire and dropped them. Then the armor platoon leader wanted to "fire up" the thicket with a flamethrower track, but Leisure asked him to wait until they could search the bodies for weapons and documents for intelligence purposes.

Moving closer to the thicket, Elsner spotted a small clearing and saw what appeared to be an enemy aid station occupied by dead or wounded NVA. Moving in for a closer look, he noted what appeared to be an older soldier who seemed to be separated from the rest of the casualties. Elsner guessed that he might be a high-ranking officer and moved back over to Leisure and Anderson to advise them of the situation. Leisure told Anderson to get a medic from the Cav unit to go in with them and check out the wounded enemy. Elsner led them into the small clearing and then kept moving further into the thicket to provide security while Leisure, Anderson and the medic checked out the enemy troops.

Suddenly, Anderson, moving behind Leisure, heard shots, and SSgt. Leisure was flying backward toward him. Anderson quickly flipped off the safety on his M-14, but before he could get a shot off, found himself spinning like a top, hit in the back and hand. Thinking that he was dying, he landed on his right side. Then, realizing that he was still alive, he tried to grab his rifle. But the enemy bullet had mangled his right hand, so he pulled the rifle into his left hand and emptied the magazine into the bush from which the shots had come. He hit the mark, killing an enemy soldier before he could finish reloading his AK-47. Anderson tried to load another magazine into his rifle, but discovered that a bullet had hit the only one within his now limited reach, probably saving his life by deflecting the round. Unable to move due to his wounds, Anderson could only stare at the suspected NVA officer they had originally gone after, who was still lying in the clearing. He appeared to be conscious and had a holstered pistol, and though he could easily finish off Anderson, for some reason he did not.

Hearing the shots, Ferris unhesitatingly came running in to support Leisure, Anderson and Elsner. Elsner had also quickly

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

itself. By then, the remaining German forces were in retreat.

On December 8th, after six days of relentless combat, the Force was relieved by the 36th Division's 142nd Infantry regiment, a unit steeped in Texas history, with a lineage dating to the Mexican war and the battle of the Alamo. Battise remembers, "Being a Texan, I was glad to see Texans coming to relieve us. I knew there was no way in they would give up the ground we fought for. A lot of Forcemen were lying dead on the top of Difensa, but I'll tell you what... I saw a hell of a lot more dead Germans".

Coming down from the mountains, the Forcemen carried 73 of their dead and 313 wounded. Nine men were missing. German dead were estimated at over nine hundred. The Texans of the 36th Division, brave soldiers in their own right, stood in silent respect as the Forcemen passed them. Some of the Texans hadn't believed Difensa was climbable, let alone capable of being successfully attacked. In some war movies, elaborate ceremonies are held over the dead. In the Force, there wasn't the time or opportunity. The Force had lost fully one-third of their assault troops in this savage fight. Unaware and uncaring that the battle they'd just won would become legendary, the Forcemen assembled and a short, solemn ceremony was held in a drizzly rain. They remembered their brothers with silent prayers, without fanfare. "There weren't a lot of speeches", Battise says, "We didn't need any. Our brothers were dead or wounded and that was it. There were some tears, but I didn't see any man bust out crying. Losing a third of your assault



*The license plate stands for "First Special Service Force – 2nd Company – 1st Regiment"*

force would have been a disaster in some units, but like I said... we always knew in training that our first battle was going to be tough. That was exactly the reason for our tough training, and that's what I mean when I say we became blood brothers on Difensa."

Bill Story, a fellow participant in the battle: "We lost a lot of officers in that battle, but individuals took over and we kept on fighting, even under those terrible conditions." Bill Story neglects to say he was one of those individuals who "took over." The first Forceman to receive a battlefield promotion to officer rank, Sergeant Bill Story became 1st Lieutenant Story on top of Difensa. He says, "Because I was Canadian, they had to make me a 1st Lieutenant instead of a 2nd. At that time, in the Canadian army, 2nd Lieutenants weren't allowed to be combat officers". He borrowed a 1st Lieutenant's rank insignia from a fellow officer and went back to the battle. "That's why they call it a 'battlefield' commission", he jokes.

*Continued next issue.*



*Daniel Battise holds his medicine stick. A good photo of the Lone Warrior*

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

# Mogadishu Ranger Veteran Killed in Iraq

His Army Rangers were low on ammunition, their Humvees filled with Somali prisoners and bullet holes. Lt. Col. Danny McKnight led his men out of the Mogadishu firefight 10 years ago. As they regrouped and returned to retrieve the dead, wounded and stranded, McKnight needed someone else to lead the Rangers back to the smoldering streets.

“Aaron was the sergeant that I put in charge,” McKnight said of Aaron Weaver, who survived the Somalia gun battle in 1993 but died in a helicopter crash last week in Iraq. “Very few people know that, except for those of us who were there, of course.”

Many of those are reuniting this weekend in an unlikely spot - Inverness, the county seat of Citrus County, where Weaver once searched for arrowheads in the Withlacoochee State Forest and ran track for the Citrus High Hurricanes.

The men will join the family, coaches, classmates and community in saying goodbye to Weaver, believed to be the county’s first casualty in the war in Iraq.

On Friday evening, they gathered to comfort Weaver’s family at the Charles E. Davis Funeral Home in Inverness, where Weaver’s sealed casket was on display, along with scrapbooks and photos. The services continue today with a private gathering, which Gov. Jeb Bush is expected to attend, and a military ceremony at the high school.

## **Weaver’s life after leaving Citrus was a string of near-misses.**

He emerged unscathed from Somalia - the fact that he was uninjured is one reason McKnight positioned him out front.

Last year, he overcame testicular cancer and spent months in the hospital recovering from a botched surgery.

When his unit was sent to Iraq, he was excused from duty because of his post-cancer checkups. Weaver, by then a helicopter pilot, insisted on the deployment, so

the Army agreed to provide his health checks in Baghdad.

The 32-year-old chief warrant officer was on his way to a post-cancer checkup Jan. 8 when the helicopter transporting him was thought to have been shot down by Iraqi insurgents.

He leaves behind a wife, Nancy; a stepson, Austin; and a daughter Savannah, 1.

While Weaver’s tour in Iraq underscores his bravery, the firefight in Mogadishu, one of the deadliest days in modern American warfare, gave Weaver and his colleagues permanent spots in military history.

The humanitarian mission-turned-bloodbath was immortalized in the movie and book, *Black Hawk Down*.

The 100 or so Army Rangers involved still get together every couple of years, and 30 of them made it to the 10-year reunion in October in Washington, D.C.

Weaver wasn’t among them. He was already in Iraq.

Former Rangers reached Friday said 10 or 12 of them plan to be in Inverness today for a military ceremony on the football field of Weaver’s high school alma mater. They are bound by a crucial day in their lives, a day they can’t adequately describe to anyone who didn’t live it with them.

McKnight, the lieutenant colonel who led the Rangers that day and retired two years ago as an Army colonel, will be there. So will Weaver’s former platoon sergeant in Somalia, Bob Gallagher, now a command sergeant major.

Nicknamed “Black Hawk Bob,” Gallagher was wounded in Iraq but kept shooting as he was taken away on a stretcher.

“He was a platoon sergeant then; he’s a command sergeant now,” McKnight said. “And he still remembers Aaron as one of his boys.”



## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

Aaron Williamson, a fellow sergeant with Weaver in Somalia, is also trying to make it to the service. Williamson and Weaver were together in a Humvee when it was hit by a rocket-propelled grenade.

The shrapnel cut off some of Williamson's finger joints, the two men once recounted in a History Channel documentary about the mission.

"I could see the bone on the end of my finger, and at this point here, I started to fade," Williamson said. "Sgt. Weaver got a hold of me, started talking to me. I remember, to this day, I remember the Ranger creed."

Weaver held his comrade's hand and recited the creed: "I accept the fact that as a Ranger, my country expects me to move farther, faster and fight harder than any other soldier. Never shall I fail my comrades."

Chief Warrant Officer Aaron Weaver survived cancer and the 1993 battle of Mogadishu, recounted in the movie "Black Hawk Down," and still he wanted to serve in Iraq. On Saturday, family and friends remembered the bravery of the 32-year-old Army pilot who never made it home.

Hundreds of mourners, including members of Weaver's 82nd Airborne Division, held flags during the funeral procession through the streets of his hometown to his high school. With more than 1,500 mourners attending, the public memorial service was held in Citrus High's football stadium.

Weaver was headed to a medical checkup in Baghdad when his medevac helicopter was shot down near Fallujah on Jan. 8. Weaver, a passenger, was among nine soldiers killed.

"It brings me great joy knowing Aaron fulfilled every dream in his life before he left us, and that he would go to war again if it meant my children and your children would not have to face the fear and sadness we have seen the past few years," Weaver's widow, Nancy, said at a private viewing before the funeral.

Gov. Jeb Bush attended the private viewing, but declined comment afterward.

Weaver's brothers, Ryan, 30, and Steve, 39, are also Army helicopter pilots and returned home for the

funeral. Ryan was in Iraq, and Steve was training in Hawaii for an expected posting to Afghanistan, his family said. A sister, Regina, is in the Air Force.

As an Army Ranger, Weaver had survived the October 1993 street battle in Mogadishu, Somalia, that was the basis of the book and movie "Black Hawk Down."

During one harrowing stretch, an American column of armored vehicles came under heavy fire as it snaked through the city's streets while trying to relieve a pocket of cut-off soldiers. Weaver's Humvee took a direct hit from a rocket-propelled grenade in the driver's door, but all the men inside survived. For his heroics under fire, Weaver was awarded the Bronze Star for Valor.

"His actions, no doubt, saved the lives of everybody in his vehicle," said Weaver's friend and former Ranger, Chaplain (Capt.) Jeff Struecker.

After surgery for testicular cancer in 2002, Weaver requested a special medical clearance so he could fly his OH-58 Kiowa observer helicopter in Iraq, his family said.

"Aaron's selfless commitment to the defense of our beloved country and steadfast devotion to duty distinguished him as a patriot," Army Col. (Ret.) Curt Ebitz said in his eulogy.

Weaver was a popular student at Citrus High, with his former track coach recalling how the teen's energy could light up a room.

"I could tell he was different from most of the kids because of the dedication he had to whatever it was he did," said Tom Darby, the school's dean of students. "Aaron was an excellent student, he was an excellent athlete, he was an excellent individual."

When Weaver mustered out of the Army following his service in Somalia, he returned to Inverness in 1995 and helped Darby train the school's distance runners. Weaver could run the 800 in less than two minutes as a schoolboy and the fitness instilled in him by his Army training earned the students' respect, Darby said.

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

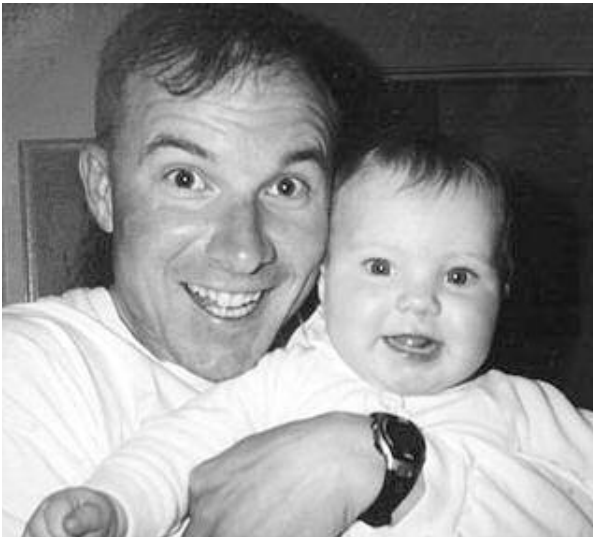
Florence Honea, a friend of the Weaver family, said she attended the memorial because “we need to be here for our troops.”

“I feel for anybody who has gone through this,” said Honea, whose son, Sgt. Jeffery Honea, is a helicopter

technician with the 101st Airborne Division in Mosul.

Weaver lived at Fort Bragg, N.C. with his wife, 1-year-old daughter and 10-year-old stepson. Peter Squeglia [suasponse@comcast.net](mailto:suasponse@comcast.net)

Some photos of Aaron Weaver’s life.



FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

# RANGER MEMORIAL FUND



Dear Rangers and Ranger Supporters

On behalf of the Rangers of the 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment, I would like to thank you for your support of our Rangers past and present.

Thank you so much for the interest you have shown in building and maintaining a Ranger Memorial at the 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment, Hunter Army Airfield, Georgia. Here is an update on our progress to date.

In memory of our fallen comrades, we are in the process of raising funds to establish a fitting tribute to their selfless service and ultimate sacrifice. The Ranger Memorial will be erected at the new barracks complex with groundbreaking scheduled for the spring of 2004. We are excited about the new complex, but even more excited by the opportunity to provide the loved ones of our fallen Rangers, a place to visit and reflect. It will also be a gathering point for our current Rangers to pay homage to their brothers-in-arms.

Your tax-deductible donation will make a difference to the family members of our fallen comrades as well as the entire Ranger Community. Our inspiration for this venture is fueled by the wave of support offered by the Savannah Community. Our Memorial Board is comprised of the leaders of the business community in Savannah and they are eager to show their support. The Graphic Design Class, under the tutelage of Professor Ian Stewart, Savannah College of Art and Design, developed and delivered a concept which best incorporates our desires for this memorial. A model will be unveiled at the ceremonies in the summer, in which we plan a 30th Jubilee Anniversary of the formation of the Battalion, the annual Ranger Ball, and Battalion Change of Command. The dates for these events will be announced shortly and we extend an invitation to you to come and celebrate these key events.

We are humbled by the generous support we have received to date. A local construction and heavy equipment company donated all needed landscaping and construction services. Drafting, design, legal, and accounting services are being donated by several Savannah firms, saving us an enormous amount of money. Additionally, we recently hosted a golf tournament at Crosswinds Golf Club, who offered their facility at no cost, while our Rangers were deployed. We raised approximately \$50,000.00.

In addition to conducting fundraisers, memorial bricks will be sold to provide upkeep and continue perpetual care of the 1st Battalion Memorial. The cost for these bricks will be \$150 each (I will include this information along with a mailing address at the end of this letter). How you can contribute is provided below.

The fellowship and loyalty of our supporters will continue to inspire our young Rangers to take care of those who follow in their footsteps. As we engage in the challenges of this year and years to come, it is reassuring to know we have the support of such great Americans as yourself and we would like to take this opportunity to thank you for your continued support.

Rangers Lead the Way!

Shelia Bowen Dudley  
Project Coordinator

Make Donations/Brick purchases payable to: 1ST Ranger Memorial Fund  
Mailing Address: Commander, 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment  
Attn: Shelia Dudley (Ranger Memorial Fund)  
59 N. Lightning Road  
Hunter Army Airfield, GA 31409-5120

Email: Dudleys@soc.mil  
Telephone: (912)352-5608/06 commercial  
or DSN 729-5608  
Cellular: (912)596-8295

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

## Surprise, Surprise

*By: Bob Crawford*

How do I start this story?? I guess I start at the beginning as I know it. It was a quiet Sunday afternoon, I was home alone reading a book, when the phone rang. As I answered the phone, I was thinking, “Probably a telemarketer.” Little did I realize that this call would change my life enormously? The person on the other end of the line asked if I was Robert C. Crawford who went to Tillamook High School on the Oregon Coast and had done two tours in Vietnam and had been wounded and lost my leg on the second tour. I replied yes, I was the same.

She said that she was “A FINDER”, that she helped to locate people. I thought that someone I had served with in the Army was trying to locate me! Then the questions took a different turn, she asked did I know a young woman that I had dated between my tours in Vietnam. I said that yes I know that person, we had gone to high school together. She was several years younger than I, we had dated for a several month period just before my return to Vietnam.

She asked if I was aware that she had given birth to a child & that I was named as the father on the birth certificate, I said something like “excuse me?!” The Finder repeated it over again. She said that a baby girl was born on March 3, 1969, and I was named as the father. At that time I was very confused, I explained that, after I was wounded and been discharged from the service, I had learned that she had moved to Seattle Washington had gotten married & had a family. But no I did not know that I was named as the father to a baby girl. As I sat there I did the math in my head. I had dated her mother in July & August of 68, I had returned to Vietnam just after Labor Day in early September of 1968. Yes it was possible!

The Finder said that she had a letter from my daughter, would it be ok to send it to me? She also said that my daughter was inquiring about family and medical information that was important to her. She said that my daughter had located her birth mothers

family and that her birth mother had died of a result of breast cancer in the 80s. Was I open to receiving this letter?? My reply was “Yes.” The Finder said that the birth mothers family with the exception of her oldest sister, who she had lived with in Seattle, was not aware of the birth.

I was now faced with the difficulty of telling my wife of 15 years, that I had a 34 year old daughter, a son in law & a 10 month old granddaughter!! My wife was visiting her sister and brother in law out of town, when I received the call. Upon her arrival home, I explained to her about the unusual phone call that I had received that afternoon. I can’t say that it didn’t cause some difficult times in the next few weeks. A week passed as I checked the mail every day, the following Saturday a large envelope arrived. I opened it with some reservations. I was letting a complete stranger and her family into my life. Was I up to this??

Inside I found a very lovely letter from Heather, as well as a number of photos of her mother and of her self, her daughter, (my granddaughter), and a photo of her mother and I on a outing to the Oregon coast. My wife Ginny said that there was a strong family resemblance in the photos, however I didn’t see much resemblance between this lovely young women in the photographs and this crusty old veteran.

I wrote back giving her as much family medical history as I could, and giving her a brief general family history as well. In the letter I explained that at the time I was dating her mother, I had just received a divorce from my first wife at the end of my first tour in Vietnam, and that I had just reenlisted and volunteered for a second tour. I had returned to Vietnam and had been wounded twice, the second incident, on September 26, 1968 resulted in the amputation of my right leg below the knee. I also explained that in September, October and November of 1968, I received 5 surgeries on my leg, and that I walked on my first prosthetic limb on Christmas Eve & danced for the first time on New Years Eve. I was discharged from the US Army in February of 1969.

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

In the letter I also explained that I had two sons by my second wife, and that they both live in Vancouver Washington, that I had been planning a trip to Washington State after Thanksgiving to visit them and that I was then going on to the Oregon coast to visit my father's brother and sister who still lived in Tillamook. I gave Heather my email address as well as my home phone and my cell phone number.

Email has really speeded up the communication process. Instead of waiting a week for a response to a letter, we were sending email back and forth at the rate of 3 to 4 times a week. Heather said that since I was going to be so close to where she lived, she wanted to invited me to I come and meet her and her husband and my granddaughter. In an email I had explained that the next time I planned on being in Oregon and Washington states would be the summer of 2004 for the 75th Ranger Reunion, when I would be getting together with my old 4th Div. LRRP buddies.

It is only about 160 miles or so from Vancouver, Washington to Bend, Oregon, where Heather was living. There was never a doubt in my mind that it was a trip that I had to make. I flew in to Portland the Friday after Thanksgiving and met with my two sons, Scott age 30 and Dan age 27. I explained that they had a older half sister, and that I was going to go meet her that following week. They were surprised, but open to the idea of having an older sister. They both said that they would like to meet her at a later date.

I didn't need a wake up call on Monday morning. I was wake at 4:30 AM, and was shaving as the wake up call came at 4:55 AM. By 5:15 I had the rented Blazer loaded and was on the road. I needed to cross the Cascade Mountain range to get to Heather's home in Bend . At 9:40 I was in Bend looking for a place to get some Chi tea and breakfast, when my cell phone rang. It was Heather. It was the first time I had heard her voice. She suggested that we meet at a restaurant near her house at 10:15 AM and yes, they did have Chi tea there. I was drinking tea when this lovely young woman came into the restaurant with her young daughter. Heather bore a strong resemblance to her mother, I recognized her right away.

We spent the better part of 3 hours together, just talking. It seemed so natural and easy to talk. I had thought it might be strained and intimidating, but happily it wasn't. My granddaughter Katie, started to get fussy, and Heather said it was time to get Katie home for a nap. She suggested that I come over to their house in a few hours to meet Scott, her husband and have dinner with them.

I went to their house about 3:00 PM and spent a wonderful time getting to know Heather, Scott & Katie and enjoyed dinner with them. They explained that they were planning to move from Bend, Oregon to the Portland area in the near future, it seems Scott is allergic to juniper and that is one of the predominate shrubs in the Bend area.

Scott is a Rolfer, kind of a deep tissue massage therapist, Heather is a Massage Therapist. They have since relocated to Lake Oswego, Oregon a suburb of Portland, were they have opened their new business. Heather & I continue to email on a weekly basis and an occasional phone call. After my visit with them, in my emails I changed my salutation from "Love Bob" to "Love Dad" it felt very natural but kind of different.

When I spoke to her this morning telling her that I had called Bill Bullen, The 4th Div. Unit Director and told him about my new daughter, Bill asked if I would be willing to share this story with other Rangers. Since the experience has been so positive, I agreed to write this letter. When I called Heather and asked if she would have any difficulties with my sharing our story, she agreed. When I asked her if she would like to contribute her side of the story to the article, she also agreed.

### Heather's Story:

I've always known I was adopted. One of my favorite stories when I was young was the story of my adoption. It goes like this: my parents could not have a child of their own and yet wanted one so badly. They asked for a special child to come to them and waited and waited. And then I arrived and we lived happily ever after. We are still happy today, but I've

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

always felt a little something missing. An important story preceded this one and I wanted to know it, too. Where did I come from before I got here? Who were my birth parents? Why didn't they keep me? I spent a lot of time fantasizing about what my birth parents were like. Even though I currently had a loving, supportive family I needed to know the answers to my own mysterious beginnings. I knew eventually I would search for the answers.

In college, I remember thinking I was ready to begin my search. My mom said, "NO, I don't want you distracted from your school work." And since she was footing the bill, I had to agree. A few years after college was done, I finally sent away to the adoption agency for some "non-identifying information". The short 2-page description I received was a strong enough dose of reality to derail my search for several years. I simply could not believe that my birth mom and dad were two young adults who were human and had made some mistakes in their lives. I was sure they were more like star crossed lovers, Romeo and Juliet, with the Vietnam war as the backdrop, tearing them, and more importantly me, apart.

Finally, my upcoming wedding was the impetus I needed to start my search once again. This time I decided to hire a "confidential intermediary" who could work with the courts to get the records opened and then find those people from 30+ year old information. About a week after we started I got some bad news. My birthmother had passed away about 13 years before. I was crushed and felt defeated. It seemed my story would never be told. Again the search took a backseat to other events in my life.

The year following our wedding I was ready to resume my search. My intermediary, Val, said that my birthmother had a large extended family with several sisters I could contact and also her parents. When she reached them they were shocked but also delighted. It was wonderful to be welcomed so lovingly. They were generous with stories, memories and photos of my birth mother. Slowly I adjusted to my new and very large family. My story took on a life of it's own as I saw the resemblance and similarities I had been looking for!

Again, more time passed as my life took its course. My husband and I were blessed with a

beautiful daughter. Becoming a mom and telling Katie her own birth story made me want to know the "other half" of mine. It was time to find Bob Crawford, but how to do it? Eventually I found his address from his high school reunion committee. I debated for a while whether to contact him myself directly, by phone or letter, or to have the intermediary work for me again. It was a difficult decision, but in the end I thought I would be too nervous to do it myself. What if I messed it up? So I called Val in to help me again. I composed a letter and sent some photos for Val to give him if he agreed. Picking those photos was hard! I wanted to find several pictures spanning many years so he could see a snapshot of my life up until now, but not overwhelm him. Mostly I wanted him to see a resemblance between us, to be curious about me and to want to know me better.

While waiting for Val to work her magic, I searched the Internet for "Bob Crawford". One of the hits that came up was the LRRP site. I spent hours looking at every page on that website, soaking up all the photos and stories and descriptions. It really helped me feel like I knew a part of Bob before I actually knew him. I could imagine what his life was like in the years before I came along. It tided me over until I got word from Val that Sunday would be the day she would call. I was so excited. I called all my friends, "She's calling my birth dad today, I need your good thoughts and prayers!"

I pictured a man in a comfortable home sitting in a lazy-boy watching football. I pictured the phone ringing and the man smiling. I pictured his heart opening to someone he did not know yet. I felt my own need to see myself reflected back in the eyes of someone who shared my blood. I wanted to feel connected and loved.

Not even six months have passed and I have gotten these things and so much more. I now have a peace (and a piece) that I have never known before. Bob is wonderful and so loving and accepting. His wife and sons and entire family have reached out to welcome and get to know me. I know it must have been a huge leap for him to let me into his life, but he has done it so openly. Every risk I have taken, he has met me and taken one too. Thanks Bob, Thanks Dad, I love you!



## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

# Duty, Honor, Country and Combat

By **BILL FINLEY**

Editor's note: Captain Graham White, Third Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment was severely wounded in Iraq last Fall. He is the son of Rick White who served as a Platoon Leader with C Co, 2 BN 35th Inf, 4th Inf Div, and as the Recon Platoon Leader, 2/35, in the Central Highlands of Vietnam in 1967 – 68. Service is clearly a family tradition. Thanks to Ben Youmans, Cacti Association, for the article.

Published: November 27, 2003

Of course **Graham White** wanted to play in the National Football League, and he had the ability to make it. He averaged 44.1 yards a punt during his career, best in Army history, good enough to lure pro scouts to West Point and to be invited to the Blue-Gray Classic in his senior season. But though unique among the hundreds of potential N.F.L. players leaving college in the spring of 1999, White had something to do that was more important than playing football on Sunday afternoons.

He had to put his life on the line for his country. *"I knew what I had promised myself and my nation,"* he said.

Who knows what those future pro players who came out of Miami, Ohio State, Texas and the like in 1999 were doing June 26, 2003. Maybe relaxing during the off-season or working out for the next season or maybe even ruminating on how fortunate they were to be young, gifted and wealthy. **White** was riding down the streets of Baghdad in an Army vehicle that was about to be blown up.

*"My unit was called to deploy in support of the war on terrorism,"* **White**, a captain with the elite Third Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment, said as he recounted that day in a recent interview. *"We deployed in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom to Iraq."* **White** and two other soldiers were in the vehicle when a car bomb exploded next to them. The two soldiers - Sgt. Timothy M. Conneway, 22, and Cpl. Andrew F. Chris, 25 - were killed. In many respects, **White** was fortunate. *"Shrapnel entered my chest cavity, collapsing my left lung, as well as damaging some arteries and blood vessels in my left arm, shutting off the use of my left arm,"* he said. *"They thought they were going to amputate it, but they ended up fixing it. I had partial tissue removed from my*

*abdomen as a result of the chest injury."*

**White**, fully recovered from the attack, is now back at Fort Benning in Georgia. Knowing that N.F.L. teams backed off because his five-year military commitment stood in the way, he has given up on playing professional football.

Back on the practice fields of West Point and Annapolis, they know about **White**. They know about Chad Jenkins, the Army quarterback who two years ago led his team to a victory over Navy and today is commanding a platoon in Iraq. They probably know about Mike Casp, the Army team captain in 1961 who was killed in Vietnam, and Don Holleder, a star of the 1955 Army team also killed in Vietnam. Maybe they have heard the story of Paul Bunker, an Army football player who starved to death in a Japanese prison camp during World War II, or how the former player Tom Trapnell survived the Bataan Death March. They know that in the world they live in, there are no promises that this will not happen to them.

*"We are taught here to focus on the task at hand and not get sidetracked on what's happening in the world,"* Navy's senior quarterback, Craig Candeto, said. *"But now that some of us are getting close to graduating, I know that more of the guys are thinking about what's ahead. It's one of those things that goes unspoken. The guys know the seriousness of it and that one day we may be expected to go into combat."* The seniors on Navy and Army arrived at the academies in 2000, back when Sept. 11 was just another day in the late summer. They knew they would have to balance academic pressures unheard of for athletes at the nation's football factories with the demands of football, that these were not places for the faint of heart.

*"We represent the purest form of college football,"* said the former Army player Joe Ross, who fought in Kosovo and is now the team's mental coach. *"We're taking 20 credits, we're playing Division I-A football and we are preparing for a profession in the military. I took great pride in being an Army football player. It's one of the hardest things anyone can do. I went to Ranger school and it was cake because of how Army football had prepared me."*

They knew that it was highly unlikely they would ever play in the N.F.L. and that they would be

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

routinely pummeled on the field by teams often stocked with pampered athletes who treated academics as an afterthought. They knew they had to commit to the military for five years after graduation. They knew words like duty, honor, country and commitment would be drummed into their heads.

They did not know that the world would change on Sept. 11, 2001, and that the end of their college football careers would signal the beginning of a new chapter in their lives when they could be sent to war. *“Obviously, there was tremendous concern among the team that day,”* said Todd Berry, then the Army coach, who was fired earlier this season after the team’s record fell to 0-6. *“It was a crystal-clear day, and from our location you could see the smoke coming from the towers. It really hit home. For us, it was right here. The players knew this meant something to them as far as impending responsibility. The freshmen kept asking: ‘What does this mean to me? Am I going to war?’ For the upperclassmen, it was, ‘What can we do?’ They had a compelling desire to go out and do something now.”*

Since Sept. 11, some parts of their daily lives have stayed the same. Some have not. *“We’ve been put in the spotlight since 9/11,”* the Army senior linebacker Brian Hill said. *“There have been instances when opposing fans say to us, ‘Good job,’ or ‘You guys never quit; you have big hearts.’ Even other coaches have said things like that. That never happened before.”* Losing remains painful, winning is exhilarating. But there’s a new sense of what’s important. *“Life puts football in perspective,”* Candeto said. *“There are so many things out there that are more important than football, like your family, friends, faith. College football is really important to us and is a big part of our lives. It’s just that there are bigger issues out there.”* Because Candeto will train to be a Navy pilot, he will need at least two years of additional schooling outside the academy before he is combat ready. The Navy senior linebacker Eddie Carthan is headed for surface warfare school and says he could end up in Iraq within a few weeks of graduation. *“We have a lot of people around here who can’t wait to graduate because they are ready to go off to war,”* Carthan said. *“They want to get some get-back. As far as I’m concerned, I want to avoid it as much as I can. You’re going to have to make me go out there. A lot of the football players want to go Marine Corps. They don’t want to sit on a boat or fly*

*overhead. They want to be on the ground, eye to eye with the enemy. It’s the killer-instinct mentality football players have.”*

For the 10 seniors at West Point and the 23 seniors at Annapolis, all that is left of their football careers is the Army-Navy game in Philadelphia on Dec. 6. Then they will have only memories, of good and bad times and an experience that sets them apart from the rest of the college football universe. They may depart having won fewer games on the field than hoped, but they will not take a special four years for granted. *“Since you are faced with the ultimate reality of going off to war once you graduate, you learn to appreciate football so much more,”* said Navy linebacker Aaron Rigby, who served in Operation Enduring Freedom after graduating in 1998. *“You savor the opportunity that you have, to play at a high level of college football because you know that your life is going to be drastically different one, two or three years after you graduate.”* Rigby said, *“I viewed playing football as a privilege, more so, I’m sure, than someone at other universities.”*

Like Rigby, **White** looks back on his years playing at a service academy with fondness, but there are other, more sobering thoughts on his mind these days. He never got to face 9 or 10 N.F.L. players rushing savagely at him, trying to block his punt. Because of the choices he made, he traded in that opportunity and wound up on a Baghdad street, facing an Iraqi assassin who would kill two men under his command and put him in the hospital for three weeks with severe wounds. *“I don’t think anyone can describe what it feels like to have that happen to somebody under your charge,”* he said. *“I will tell you that I don’t carry with me any guilt. We were all doing what we love to do. I know those brave Rangers died doing what they loved. I definitely feel their loss. They can be replaced on paper with another Ranger, but they will never be forgotten.”*

Like so many other Army football players, **White’s** attention will turn next week to the annual game against Navy. He knows Army (0-12) will have a difficult time beating Navy (7-4), and he knows how meaningful victory is to the Army players, students and alumni. He knows how crazy some people in this country become about college football, as if there were nothing more important in the world. He hopes Army wins. But he knows it’s not a matter

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

# 75th Ranger Regiment Association 2004 Reunion

JULY 31 THROUGH AUGUST 4, 2004

**CURRENT SCHEDULE (CHECK THIS OFTEN -  
SUBJECT TO CHANGE UNTIL THE REUNION IS OVER!)**

REUNION DATES:	JULY 31 THROUGH AUGUST 4, 2004
Registration/Recreation:	Sat 7/31/04 (0000 - ??? - Hospitality Room)
Membership Meeting / Elections:	Sun 8/1/04 (1200 hrs - NOON 'til Moral Improves)
Open Time (Likely Ft. Lewis Visits):	Sun 8/1/04 OPEN after Noon Mtg
Unit Functions / Ft. Lewis / Tours:	Mon 8/2/04 0000 - 1730 hrs
Banquet:	Mon 8/2/04 @ 1800 hrs - 2030 hrs
OPEN	Tues 8/3/04 OPEN
OPEN	Wed 8/4/04 OPEN (checkout)

Music during the Banquet and perhaps scheduled in the Hospitality Room when possible.

Ft. Lewis Functions will be planned as possible with the Second Battalion as their schedule permits. Any and all Active Duty Rangers have an OPEN INVITATION to come improve our morale and tell us some bed-time stories. It will, as always, be IMPOSSIBLE for them to buy a beverage of their choice!

## **HOTEL RESERVATION INFO:**

**1. HOST HOTEL: Best Western Fife Hotel**

**2. Reservations: 1-888-820-3555 — Ask for the 75th Ranger Regiment Rate (\$89/night)**

253-922-3550 Fax — email: [doreenvitek@bwfife.com](mailto:doreenvitek@bwfife.com)

All Rooms at Best Western are NON-Smoking - there will be smoking allowed in our Hospitality Suite(s) and in the lounge.

**2. OVERFLOW HOTEL: La Quinta Inn and Suites**

Carol Pica (Sales Manager)

**1-800-531-5900 Reservations**

Seattle Tacoma — 1425 E. 27th St., Tacoma, Washington 98421-2200

Website: [La Quinta Inn](http://LaQuintaInn.com) — email: [Carol.Pica@laquinta.com](mailto:Carol.Pica@laquinta.com)

La Quinta offers smoking and NON-smoking rooms.

**FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)**

**Rates: \$89/night - rates are good a couple days prior and a couple days after our Reunion Dates. MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW with the Hotel of your choice, please - limited number of rooms available (blocked for our Reunion) in each Hotel. If you prefer to stay at another Hotel, that is OK, too!**

There will be a 75thRRA Registration Fee (\$30 Per Adult) due on or before the Reunion dates, plus \$25 per Dinner (Menu) at the 08/02/04 Banquet (Banquet is scheduled for Monday, 08/02/04). You may pay in advance by sending to:

**75thRRA  
ATTN: Ron Edwards  
P.O. Box 921  
Heflin, Al. 36264  
(256) 831-7146**

I look forward to seeing you there - bring the Family, as we will have “non-Reunion” activities for those who wish to do the “tourist” thing in beautiful Tacoma/Seattle.

We'll be emailing Reunion updates to all who have filled out this form - if you prefer NOT to be contacted, please let me know by follow-up email and I'll keep your email address off that list (I know how that goes!).

**RLTW & Sua Sponte,  
Dana McGrath  
President, 75th Ranger Regiment Association  
239-995-2436  
email: [ranger75@cyberstreet.com](mailto:ranger75@cyberstreet.com)  
[www.75thRRA.com](http://www.75thRRA.com)**

**2004 75thRRA Reunion - FT LEWIS - 7/31-8/4/2004 - BE THERE!  
Sign up NOW at  
[www.northfortmyers.com/Rangers/75thrrareunionform2.htm](http://www.northfortmyers.com/Rangers/75thrrareunionform2.htm)**

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

**REGISTRATION FORM**  
**75TH RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION, INC.**  
**REUNION**  
**31 JULY - 4 AUGUST, 2004**

Yes, I will attend the reunion at Tacoma, Washington 7/31 thru 8/4/2004.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ MEMBERSHIP # \_\_\_\_\_

UNIT AFFILIATION \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

I will be accompanied by \_\_\_\_\_ guests:

Names: \_\_\_\_\_

REGISTRATION FEE PER PERSON \$30.00 \$ \_\_\_\_\_

BANQUET TICKETS # \_\_\_\_\_ @\$25.00 \$ \_\_\_\_\_

TOTAL PAID \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to the 75th Ranger Regiment Association (75th RRA)

Mail to: 75th Ranger Regiment Association (Reunion)

P.O. Box 921

Heflin, Alabama 36264

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW. CONTACT THE BEST WESTERN FIFE/TACOMA AT 1-888-820-3555. OUR BANQUET WILL BE ON SITE. THE BEST WESTERN FIFE/TACOMA OFFERS COMPLIMENTARY SHUTTLE SERVICE, LOUNGE, RESTAURANT, INDOOR POOL, FREE PARKING, AND A HOST OF OTHER AMENITIES. Call 1-888-820-3555 FOR RESERVATIONS.

# UNIT REPORTS



**1ST BN, 75TH RANGER REGT**  
Unit Director - Roger Brown



## Rangers honored for combat service

By Noelle Phillips  
Savannah Morning News

The Army awarded 15 members of 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment Bronze Stars Thursday for their service in Iraq and Afghanistan.

The ceremony, which was held at Hunter Army Airfield, recognized more than 300 Rangers for their actions during Operation Iraqi Freedom and Operation Enduring Freedom. Most of the awards presented were Army Commendation Medals but several Rangers also received Combat Infantryman Badges and Combat Medics Badges.

The Bronze Star is the fourth highest honor a soldier can receive for ground combat.

Since September 2002, the 1st Ranger Battalion has been deployed twice to Afghanistan and once to Iraq. The Rangers have fought the Taliban and al Qaeda in the mountains of Afghanistan.

In Iraq, they helped rescue Pfc. Jessica Lynch and dug up the bodies of eight dead soldiers who had been killed in fighting with Lynch's unit, the 507th Maintenance Company, said Lt. Col. Michael Kershaw, the battalion commander.

On Thursday, the Rangers were restricted in what they could say about their combat service because the Army's Special Operations Command has classified much of it, especially the Jessica Lynch rescue.

Sgt. Alexander King, who received an Army Commendation Medal, helped dig up the remains of the missing U.S. soldiers in Iraq. It's part of the

Ranger creed to never leave a fallen soldier behind, so King was proud to bring home those fellow American soldiers even though he'd never met them.

"It's probably the most horrible thing I've ever done," King said. "It's part of the discipline of being a Ranger to swallow it and drive on."

It's been a busy two years for the Rangers, and Cpl. Aaron Hartman said it was nice to finally find time to be recognized.

"Being one of the guys, you don't think what you do is anything special," Hartman said. "Right now, I realized that what we do means something."

### Bronze Star recipients

First Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment awarded Bronze Stars to the following:

Maj. Charles W. Hartford II Maj. John Rafferty

Maj. Christopher Vanek

Capt. Bretton Brown\*

Capt. Thomas Goldner

Capt. James Paimore

Capt. Jesse T. Pearson

Sgt. 1st Class Christopher Perkins

Chief Warrant Officer Dale Rodriguez

Sgt. 1st Class Alan Michaud

Staff Sgt. Sean Hayes

Capt. Arthur Sellers

1st Lt. Donald Kingston

1st Sgt. Mark Hejhal

Staff Sgt. Joshua Marple

Brown received two Bronze Stars



1ST BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (CONTINUED)

**Dates to Remember**

2-4 April: Wild Critter Cookout at Dahlonge, GA  
29 April-1 May: Best Ranger Competition at Ft. Benning, GA  
31 July – 4 August: 75THRRA reunion in Seattle, WA  
5-9 July: Ranger Rendezvous at Ft. Benning, GA  
6 July: Ranger Hall of Fame at Ft. Benning, GA  
30 July: Reunion for the 1/75th unofficially will be during the week of 12-16 July. You all have time to put it on your calendar. I promise not to make fun of anyone, only if you will not make fun of my white hair. I had to do something to keep from looking like a 2/LT after 30 years.

**Ranger Memorial**

If you plan on buying a Ranger Stone, the price is \$280. To have your stone engraved, your request must be in prior to 1 June. The Ranger Memorial will be giving away 15 \$750 scholarships. The scholarships are also available to all dependents of past and present.

**Heard From**

**Richard Negrete**

Richard was one of the original members of the HHC. He now resides in Los Angeles, CA.



**Joe Ibarra**

Joe was our first property book officer and stayed in the Battalion until his retirement in 1978. Joe retired with more than 30 years of service and now resides in El Paso, TX.

**Ranger Indoctrination Program (RIP)**

RIP is now 4 weeks long. After the 3rd week is completed, they graduate and prior to being assigned to one of the Battalions. They go to the firing range and are familiarized with the weapons that the Battalions use. RIP runs 10 cycles a year. A normal class consists of approximately 150 candidates and graduates about 100. Out of those 100, approximately 1/3 of them leave the Battalions within a year.



**2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT**  
Unit Director - Rich Hecht



*Reprinted with permission from the author, a former 1/75 Ranger who wrote this in the Summer of 2003. Originally posted on Specialoperations.com*

**My thoughts on Being a U.S. Army Ranger...**

That feeling you get, in your stomach, when the Combat hardened RIP instructor picks you up from Airborne school and gives you that smile...you know the smile....if you don't, you're missing out.

That first run from Airborne to the RIP barracks and the RIP instructor sing'n cadence: "Deep in the Battlefield.....Covered in Blood....."

...and all those legs look'n on, like your someth'n out of a movie....something they could never be...never even had the courage to try....

Those thoughts you had in Basic, when you tried to convince your battle buddy to go to RIP with you, and he said "Dude, I don't know man...that shit sounds pretty hard" and then remembering that, when you stood on the Ranger memorial and donned your Beret.

Watching that guy quit....on the last damn day...because he was too scared to grab the damn rope on the fast rope tower and slide into history.

Listening to the patient RIP instructor, who calmly told that guy "Ranger....all you have do is grab on....close you're eyes...and grab your balls. Move up son...this is your day to become a man".

He couldn't do it though...He couldn't be an Army Ranger....He didn't understand that we were all

2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (CONTINUED)

scared...but we wanted it that bad.

That first day in Battalion, scared shitless, split up from your other RIP buddies, and SSG Meg. yelling down the hall for CPL Pops., who comes out in nothing but his PT shorts, TATS all over, huge f—’n dip and a look in his eye that I may never forget. That “your in my house now mother—er” look. Who would have thought him and I would become friends when I got my Tab. He got out, just like me, and then re-enlisted after 9-11 and is now behind the front lines, leading a squad through hell and back. Godspeed SSG Pops. you’re the man Bro (tears mother—er...talk shit now...and I’m not even drunk).

You and your roommate always holding each others feet when your room was f—ed up (elevated push-ups for you non-in-the- know types)...dust on the pipe, underneath your sink...you didn’t even know there was a pipe underneath your sink.

You and your roommate coming to love those assholes who always made you do push ups for having dust underneath your sink. Those are the guys, to this day, that I trust with my life and someday, my kids lives. One is flying birds in the shit...today, as I write this.

That unbelievably awesome feeling you got when driving the RSOVS down the road in Savannah, and that little kid, couldn’t have been more than 10, smiled at you like you were a god....and to him, you were.

Sing’n songs in the back of a 5 ton...The National Anthem on the Plane back from Egypt...The look on the Flight attendants faces...the tears on some.

You and your buds, from your squad, driving downtown on a Friday night, after a week of swamps and live fires. Knowing....KNOWING that nobody in that town had shit on you. They lived the lives they did because you walked through swamps and were willing to get on a plane, at any f—ing hour, and go throw lead down range in order to secure their freedom.

That one guy, who talked shit to you about being a

Ranger....boy that guy was stupid....I bet he wishes he would have thought twice.

Erie....erie is the only way I can describe the first day of Ranger School....Is it possible that those RIs are really like that in real life. It will be quiet, for a little while, and then they make you 1SG, because your the youngest kid in the class. And then you f—k up....of course you f—k up...its Ranger School....its the damn hardest leadership course in the world.

Waking up to an Artie simulator....every single day that one asshole RI was on duty...come to find out, he woke up to real Artillery in Vietnam, and he didn’t know what do...he was just making sure you did

Having a Hurricane during FL phase and the RIs being order to let us sleep for six hours, in the barracks, in case we had to evacuate....Man did we ever pay for that....

Having the Crock Hunter, Yep, thats right, Steve Irwin, film his show during your Ranger class...and telling you that it was the most intimidated he had ever been....the man f—ks with the most poisonous shit on earth and the most intimidated he has ever be was amongst a Ranger School class.

AAAHHHHH, Graduation day....I can’t even begin to describe the feeling..... and I won’t even try.

That day you got your Corporal strips pinned on and the BC says “I always wanted to be a Corporal”. COL. VOTEL- in the Shit, with the boys.

Finding out what the words “Best Friend...Brother” really mean. He’s that same guy who’s feet I held when our room was fucked up...he’s that same guy whose parents invited me for dinner, time and time again....he’s that same guy who would jump in front of a bullet if he saw one coming for your head...he’s that same guy who, like SSG Pops, got out with you and then re-enlisted after 9-11. He’s in the shit... leading a team through hell and back.

He’s your other brother, who asked you to stand up in his wedding...and saved your life when you went into anaphylactic shock on a live fire, and is now in the

2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (CONTINUED)

18D pipeline....again, re-enlisted, after 9-11. He's the guy who kept you think'n straight and your feet.... work'n on a 30 miler. He's Doc...every Platoon has one.

He's that private, who's feet got all fucked up on his first 15 miler, when you made him run because your damn PSG was for sure not gonna beat you. You became friends after he got his TAB, and he let you borrow his 2,000 dollar bike without ever batting an eye. You had to go to his funeral after he was killed in Afghanistan, trying to save a Navy SEAL.

He's your AG in weapons squad, almost 10 years your senior, a Junior high school teacher, and you have to teach him, how to be the best....the f—ing best....You had to go to his funeral also...he was the other privates(SGT) gunner. You had to talk to his Mom....man she was brave....his dad was a C Co Ranger in Vietnam....no words for that man...his brother is a Marine...what a family....

It's that wish, that you would have went to that place, some of you know what place I speak of, with the

fence where some of your good friends went and still are.

Man those guys are hard.

You live and you learn.

You fight....and some die.

You look at protesters...you shake your head, they will never understand....no sense really in ever trying to make 'em.

You can't finish your work..... for the last week and a half, because there's a war on and you know you should be there....but for some reason the Big Ranger in Sky decided different....he knows all and he is wise....it still sucks though....

So I say to you, Rangers, good luck, Godspeed, and shoot first. My heart and soul are with you today, and tomorrow, and the beer is on me when you return.

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***By: Rich Hecht***

The reunion is coming up and you need to be there! Get a red eye flight, fill your car with gas or rent an RV and drive on up. It is very possible that some portion of Bn will be elsewhere, but that is no excuse not to be there with your Ranger buddies!

As I am writing this, a final op plan has not been posted. Please keep checking the web site for the latest details.

On January 30th, 2004 at 1400 hrs. PST, orders were issued that the Ranger "high and tight" haircut was no longer the Regimental standard. Hair will now be worn according to AR 670-1, with the exception that no facial hair will be allowed. As Martha would say, "this is a good thing." I am a strong believer in tradition, but some traditions either serve no purpose or have outlived their intended purpose. The high and tight has served as an identifying mark of the Rangers for decades, both in and out of combat. Remember being out at some bar or club and a Ranger from another platoon or

company got in some trouble? It was his high and tight which allowed you to help ID him so you could help him out. This also allowed the bar employees to easily pick out who it was that was causing the trouble. This same situation is played out on the field of battle. Identifying marks allow brother Rangers to ID each other, but they also more easily allow the enemy to ID which units are in the area.

Recently I had the privilege of meeting 2/75 Ranger Chaplain Jeff Strueker. Chaplain Strueker previously served with 3/75 and participated with them during Operation Gothic Serpent in Somalia in 1993.

His Army career began in 1987 when he enlisted. After graduating from RIP, he was selected to directly serve with RRD. Ranger Strueker went to Panama with RRD in 1989 and in 1991 served in Operation Desert Storm also with RRD. He then served with 3/75 as an NCO.

His career then took him to be a RIP instructor where he was also able to attend college and earn his Seminary degree. Chaplain Strueker left the service

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

for several months before rejoining as an Army Chaplain. In January 2001 he was sent to the 82nd Airborne with whom he went to Afghanistan. In November of 2003, he joined 2/75, with whom he went back to Afghanistan six days after arriving. Chaplain Strucker also won the 1996 Best Ranger Competition with his partner, Ranger Isaac Gamazel.

My true purpose in wanting to meet with Chaplain Streker, was to better access the current state of welfare within the Battalion. Morale and welfare have always gone up and down, but with the ongoing War on Terror and regular combat deployments, this period in time is much different than anything before. In the past, Rangers could only hope for the chance to see an actual combat operation. Since 2002, seeing multiple combat operations is almost a given.

He said that morale is very good for both the Rangers and their families. The Rangers know coming in that they will be seeing combat and multiple times. He said that there is now a great deal of combat experience because they have deployed several times and instead of a few “old timers” who

had been there and done that, most of those serving have seen war first hand. This depth of experience can only continue to ensure that those Rangers who serve with 2/75 today, continue to lead the way.

He shared something else with me that we can all take pride in. He said that the Association Family Fund was used this year to provide 50 Ranger families with gift certificates to Toys R Us. Helping to make sure that there are no Rangers with needy families is what being a Ranger Veteran is all about.

**Recent Ranger link ups.**

Travis Darling Bco 90-94, David Kiel, Michael Davis Cco 86-89, Martin Barreras Bco 88-00 now a 1SG at 1/75, Tobin Foulke Aco 00-03, Chip Marquis Aco 90-98, Dan Farmer 79-81 and 83-86, Logan Smith Cco 74-80, Dave Dunn Cco 75-76, Scott Lamb Aco 75-78, Kevin Lowery Bco, Jeremy Mendoza Aco 94-97, Christian Beckman Cco 81-85, Tom Harris 2/75 Activation Officer 1974, David Homer Aco 88-91, Gerardo Leyton Bco 74-76, Sherman Fuller HHC Panama now a retired CSM



**Old 2/75 Rangers never die, they just get promoted and continue on to do some very important work.**

**Printed with permission of those in the picture.**

**From left to right, Ranger N., Royal Dutch Marine Special Forces SGT. Paul R., Ranger MSG David K. Somewhere in Iraq, conducting close protection work for the U.S. State Dept.**

**Rich Hecht**



## 3RD BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

Unit Director - John R. Edmunds



### Introduction of Unit Director:

My name is John R. Edmunds CSM (R).

First, some background information: Ranger history. I volunteered for the newly formed 1st Ranger Battalion in 1974. I had no idea what I was getting into. At the time I was assigned to 3/187th, 101st Airborne Division, in which the 3d Brigade was being taken off jump status. I just wanted to stay on jump status.

This assignment shaped my military career and in my private life after retirement from active duty. It also established a lifelong friendship with some of the finest people in the United States of America.

Ironically, my first assignment, to 1st Ranger Battalion in Aug 1974, would coincide with my assignment to the newly formed 3d Ranger Battalion 10 years later. It was an eerie feeling, seeing many from the early days of 1st Ranger Battalion. This time I had a pretty good idea of what was going to happen.

Other Ranger assignments: 4th Ranger Training Battalion, Ft Benning GA. and 5th Ranger Training Battalion Dahlonaga GA. I am currently in civil service assigned to the Ranger Training Brigade as a Training Specialist. They really pay me for this too.

I want acknowledge Roger Brown, 1st Ranger Battalions Unit Director, for asking and encouraging me to serve the 75th RRA. I thank him for his support and helping me get started. Also, I thank Emmett Hiltibrand for his encouragement and support.

Finally I want to thank all the members of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association for their service. I particularly want to acknowledge the non-active duty members who continue to serve our country in many different ways in support of our present day Rangers in harms way. I encourage those in the Ranger Community who are not members to join our association. I think you will enjoy it.

### Ultimate Sacrifice

Sacrifice is synonymous with volunteering to become a Ranger. If I could use one word to sum up the Ranger Creed it would be Sacrifice. Some people that receive Patrolling magazine might ask why I would write about this. Every page of this magazine is about past or present sacrifice.

Presently in the United States there is much media coverage of the sacrifices of our forces in Iraq and Afghanistan, many articles in print, exclusive interviews and accounts of heroism on TV, etc. It seems to be popular in the media to debate whether the sacrifices are just or unjust. I thought it important to acknowledge that our entire existence as a nation is characterized by sacrifice.

I chose to write about sacrifice because it is so important to acknowledge that sacrifice in the Ranger community takes place daily in some form or another. The ultimate sacrifices of the past become cherished memories because the Ranger was a loving son, a loving father, a loving husband, a close friend, or a comrade in arms...

3rd Ranger Battalion was organized on 25 May 1943 and disbanded on 15 August 1944. During this short period of time the unit fought in four campaigns. Few survivors returned home. A page of history and great sacrifice was written. 3rd Ranger Battalion was again activated on 3 October 1984 and a new era of history and sacrifice began. The sacrifice began before official activation. 3d Ranger Battalion suffered the lost of a young Ranger in September 1984.

As I live my life in freedom and safety in this country, I appreciate all that have sacrificed and I thought it appropriate to post the ultimate sacrifices of 3d Ranger Battalion since the activation on 3 October 1984.

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**PATROLLING – SPRING 2004**

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**3RD BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (CONTINUED)**

Wesley B. McDavid	9/27/84, Killed In Training	C/3/75 RGR
David W. Hughes	9/3/88, Killed In Training	C/3/75 RGR
Russell D. Hobgood	11/22/85, Killed In Training Ft. Benning	A/3/75 RGR
Neil Secor	11/22/87, Killed In Training	3/75 RGR
Alan Johnson	12/29/87, Killed In Training	3/75 RGR
Roy D. Brown	12/20/89, Killed In Action Panama	A/3/75 RGR
Larry R. Barnard	12/20/89, Killed In Action Panama	B/3/75 RGR
Toby John K. P. Young	1/28/91, Killed In Training	3/75 RGR
Michael K. Foley	7/11/91, Killed In Training	C/3/75 RGR
John T. Keneally	10/29/92, Killed In Training Great Salt Lake	H/3/75 RGR
Jeffrey A. Palmer	11/18/92, Killed In Training 29 Palms	B/3/75 RGR
Alvis Q. Hicks	9/22/93, Killed In Training	3/75 RGR
Lorenzo M. Ruiz	10/3/93, Killed In Action Somalia	B/3/75 RGR
James C. Joyce	10/3/93, Killed In Action Somalia	B/3/75 RGR
Dominick M. Pilla	10/3/93, Killed In Action Somalia	B/3/75 RGR
James E. Smith	10/3/93, Killed In Action Somalia	B/3/75 RGR
James M. Cavaco	10/3/93, Killed In Action Somalia	B/3/75 RGR
Richard W. Kowalewski Jr.	10/3/93, Killed In Action Somalia	B/3/75 RGR
Christopher L. Brown	10/18/93, Killed In Training	3/75 RGR
Ward D. Benson	4/4/94, Killed In Training	3/75 RGR
Glenn L. Harris	12/4/94, Killed In Training Ft. Benning	B/3/75 RGR
Alphonse Harness	1/21/95, Killed In Training Ft. Polk	3/75 RGR
Jamey J. Dimase	9/9/99, Killed In Training	B/3/75 RGR
John Edmunds	10/19/01, Killed In Action Pakistan	B/3/75 RGR
Kristofor Stonesifer	10/19/01, Killed In Action Pakistan	B/3/75 RGR
Nino D. Livaudais	4/3/03, Killed In Action Iraq	A/3/75 RGR
Ryan P. Long	4/3/03, Killed In Action Iraq	A/3/75 RGR
Russell B. Rippetoe	4/3/03, Killed In Action Iraq	A/3/75 RGR
Andrew F. Chris	6/26/03, Killed In Action Iraq	B/3/75 RGR
Timothy M. Conneway	6/26/03, Killed In Action Iraq	B/3/75 RGR
Aaron Weaver	1/8/04, Killed In Action Iraq	B/3/75 RGR

**Ranger Information:**

6th Annual Critter Cookout 2-4 April 2004 in Dahlonega GA for more info go to  
<http://www.usmountainranger.org/>

Best Ranger Competition: 23,24,25,26 April 2004





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

Unit Director - Tom Brizendine



By Bob Murphy

Ranger Bill Bowman has showed up on the net and is now on the company server at Yahoo. Any other former member of the company who wants to join the group, contact Tom Brizendine on [tdbriz@gulftel.com](mailto:tdbriz@gulftel.com).

Bill was one of the guys that got shafted to a legg unit down the road when the company finished in November 1974.

Which leads Tom B to recall that when the Ranger Batts were being formed a Colonel came to the Company and told us they were accepting new members, but "brigands" need not apply. That line was from General Creighton Abrams the same General that took away the company's maroon berets in Germany when he found out they weren't authorized by the Department of the Army.

\*\*\*

Retired CSM Everett Grady had a heart attack recently but is recovering well after a couple of stents were installed.

\*\*\*

Herb Owens has retired as a SGM from SF at Ft Bragg. He and his brother former Sgt "Country" Owns and Country's daughters are doing well in Florida.

\*\*\*

Tom Owens from the Wildflecken era of the Company just checked in on the 75 Ranger Regiment Association website. "Tom is one of the good people from Wildflecken", Gary Crossman says. He's a chopper pilot with a Sheriff's Department on the West Coast of Florida.

\*\*\*

The next 75th Ranger Regiment Association Ranger Reunion will be held at Fort Lewis from July 31 to August 4.

We had a strong showing at the last Reunion and LRRPs and Rangers from all eras of the Company had a great time.

So start planning now, guys. Best place for info at the moment is <http://www.northfortmyers.com/Rangers/75thrrareunioninfo.htm> on the net. Some of the Germany-era guys are going to do a bit of a recon and look for a RV park with a hotel nearby since a lot of our guys have RVs.

\*\*\*

Dennis Rick got a bee in his bonnet about the 1st Cavalry Division's amnesia about A/75 ever being a part of it and started campaigning to get them to acknowledge the company's existence. "I think this is a bit of Ranger history that needs to be made straight", according to Dennis.



The relationship between this Company and that legg mob was tempestuous and the Cav brass just couldn't handle an airborne unit that was virtually self-contained with even its own intelligence section. Officially the Company was assigned to the 1st Cav for rations and quarters.

Tom B says, "The Cav just couldn't stand not knowing what we were doing. Can't remember all the times we fought over their stupid Training Schedule, and them trying to make us hold to it. Problem was, what we did, had NO CORRELATION to what the division did.

Stan Jones said that when he and Mark

Ross had a look in at Ford Hood a few years ago and told them they were ex-Rangers just having a look around, they were followed around the post by two MP vehicles the whole time they were there. As Stan says, "They may never officially recognise the company but they definitely have not forgot us."

To give an idea how CS the Cav were, several guys remember that the Company was authorised to wear camouflage fatigues only in the field and Rangers could not even walk around post with them on. In one incident, the Company came back to barracks after four or five weeks in the field and the MPs refused to let Rangers off post to go home in cammies. After a tense stand off the MPs agreed to let the guys off post but only if they went straight home. Yeah, right.

"Got to the point where our regular uniform was cammies plus, we took off that horses ass, and put on our company Scroll. Rest of Fort Hood couldn't handle it. We went EVERYWHERE in our cammies and pistol belts. Most STRAC troops on post. Starched cammies, spit shined Cochran's, and BLACK BERET. NO doubt left in ANYONE's mind of who we were." **Tom Brizendine**

Mike Baird was also unimpressed. "I want to go on record as saying that as far as I'm concerned the 1st Cav's only reason for existence was to cook for us and to provide us with a barracks to sleep in when we weren't in the field. When I got to Ft. Hood, I was seriously disappointed to find our Ranger Company wearing that horse blanket on their left shoulder. The scroll is the best unit patch in the entire military and one of the best moments in my time with A/75 was the day they issued us those Airborne Ranger scrolls. I think most of us thought it was a matter of extreme principle (and pride) to wear those camouflage fatigues with that red, white and black Ranger scroll (without the stupid horse blanket). We wanted to be as independent from the 1st Cav as possible. I still feel that way."

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

Dennis and Tom B send some Special Orders to a reasonable sounding gent named Wm. Harry Boudreau who is historian of the 1st Cavalry Division Association and after a search of the Association archives, Bill found the Company's deactivation orders.

Gee, thanks, Dennis. Now we can all run down and join the 1st Cav Association again, right?

\*\*\*

A lot of old wounds and injuries are catching up with us these days, but Tom Brizendine's story of his broken neck is hardly confidence inspiring. VA usually draws the most complaints from the guys but Tom's luck wasn't any better when he was active.

"Actually, the VA did better then the active Army. Started off in '74 when I was in jump school and broke my neck. They took me over to the brigade doctor who did an x-ray, and said I had just SPRAINED my neck. Put me in a soft cast with a 10-day light duty. (Recycle time). Called the company, and was told by Captain Nolan to return to the company, other folks was waiting for a jump slot. Got back to Hood, and paid a visit to "DOCTOR" Hasmann at Darnel. Told him about the pain, and he said it was all in my head. DA scheduled me a complete physical at Brooks in 1976. Got there and the doc asked me if I knew why I was there. Told him I was there for a physical per DA orders. He told me he had ALSO got a letter from DA, and if I was not fit to work in my MOS (11B40) I was to be medically discharged. Being the wise doctor he was, he said he could give me a basic reflex test, and if I passed that, he would recommend I stay on active duty. To make it short, the day after I got back to hood, I got orders to go to Germany, and was to leave in 5 days. Made up my mind then that I was only going to do my 20, and get the hell out. Ended up doing 20 years and 18 days, just to make sure I had enough time in to retire. 1982 rolls around, and I can't even hold a fork in my left hand because it was paralyzed. Went to the VA hospital in Asheville NC, and they did a Milogram

with the radio active dye. They put me on a table and flipped it upside down where my head was toward the floor. At the 6th and 7th Cervical, you could see the dye running out where the break was. That is when they scheduled my neck surgery." Tom Brizendine

\*\*\*

Tom and Donna B both have ongoing health problems and Tom says it's time for someone else to step up to the plate and become Unit Director.

We need a volunteer, or we are going to have to draft someone (like we did to Tom a few years ago.

The only requirement is the willingness to represent the guys at the Association and access to a computer because the easiest way to do most of the stuff is on the net.

Hands up!

\*\*\*

Also, this is my last company column for Patrolling.

I have written the column for several years. The best way to get news for this column is to call guys up and talk to them, which is kind of expensive since I live in Australia.

And I have taken on several new business contracts and really need to focus on my business over the next two years.

So I'm out.

We need someone to get some stories together for the next issue of Patrolling. The copy deadline for the next issue is May 15. If no one writes, there will be a big blank where our column should be.

I have copies of just about every Company pic that has ever been posted and I am happy to provide supporting pics for any stories written for the unit column. I would also be happy to cast an editor and journalist's eye over my successor's writing efforts if he wants.

And the guys on the two company newsgroups are very helpful.

That's all Folks!



*Some people just didn't have a sense of humor about this company. The Company XO at Wildflecken stumbled on a "Mahogonites" ritual in full swing one night. Sonny O'Steen recalls his comment was, "If I was CO, I wouldn't send anyone to the nuthouse, I'd just build a fence around the Company". In the photo doing their thing are Jerry "Mad Dog" Schriver on the left, Whitey, "Foosse" Mulloy, unk, Donald Lincoln, Van Ditto and Jim Christie stretched out on the floor.*

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*Mike Martin recently sent this photo of Bob Bingham at German Army Ranger School in 1963. Note bolt action Mauser rifle.*



*A belated but very Happy Birthday to Cleve "Field Marshal" Kendall seen here with wife Gisela.*



*This pack of banditos is a patrol from the 1st Platoon at Ft Hood. Left to Right, Lovell, Maxwell, Witten, unk, Hallmark. Pic from Mike Baird.*



*More Bandidos. Wildflecken airfield 1962, come as you are. Left to right, "T-shark", Fitzpatrick, Mulloy, unk, Van Detto, Goering, Whitey. Pic from "Foosse" Mulloy.*



**B/75 - C/58 LRP - VII CORPS LRRP**  
Unit Director - Kirk Gibson



**Lost and Found**

**LOST**

Taps for CSM (Ret.) Joe Gooden

**Terrenz "Doc" Jeans** called to inform us all that **CSM (Ret.) Joseph Gooden** passed away in January, 2004.

Memorials may be sent to:  
Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center  
1100 Fairview Avenue North  
Seattle, Washington 98109-1024

The Sergeant Major was the First Sergeant of B Company Rangers during the period that many of us were in the Company, and he will be missed.

\*\*\*

We also learned of the passing of **Bill Wilson** "SkeeternTexas", long time member and former Unit Director of B/75RRA, who met the Great Jumpmaster in December. Bill had been a great help to me in amassing names, pictures, anecdotes, etc. for inclusion in *Patrolling*. Kirk

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

**FOUND**

Received a call out of the blue on February 15 from **Steve Lengel**, who served with the LRRP Co and C/58 in Nellingen. He lives in Cartersville, GA, will be at the reunion and is eager to see his old buddies again.

\*\*\*

And **Dave Clark** writes,  
ALCON:

I should have sent this a couple of weeks ago, but—you know the deal. I don't know how many of you remember **Jim Kennebeck** from the mid-60s with us at Nellingen. He retired from the Army and went into police work, and has had a great career with that, both here and overseas. His wife and I worked together for several years. Jim had a five-way by-pass about a month and a half ago and is doing great. I ran into him at the retirement of one of our rigger Warrant Officers and suddenly remembered, "here's another LRRP that I've missed." Well he's no longer among the LRRP missing. I'm sure he'd like to hear from you guys. Think Ft Lewis!  
dlc

\*\*\*

Here's a note from **James L. Merritt**, who was dismayed to find his name listed as "MERRITT UNK" on the roster on the B/75 Website

THIS IS ME! I WAS WITH C CO. WHEN WE BECAME B 75TH. MYSELF AND PVT **PATRICK** WERE THE 1ST MEDICS ASSIGNED TO THE UNIT I THINK? WE GRADUATED RECONDO SCHOOL TOGETHER. **IRON MIKE** WAS OUR 1SG AND **BULL STEWART** WAS OUR CDR. WE MADE THE 1ST JUMP FROM THE C141 AT CARSON. **HERMAN CREWS** AND I SERVED WITH THE HERD TOGETHER IN NAM. MISS YOU GUYS.  
DOC "SPANKY" MERRITT

\*\*\*

Received the following e-mail.

My name is Jasemin Pasho and I'm writing you because I found your website and roster. My father (**Rasim D. Pasho**) is on that roster and he tells me he was in the army with a friend **Nikolaq Gjini** who is not listed on the roster. I believe this could one of the names you might be missing— my father does not know what happened to his friend since they went their separate ways after the army. I hope this can help complete your roster list of names.

Sincerely, Jasemin Pasho

I responded, but have heard nothing since. Can anybody remember these two?

\*\*\*

LRRP Co (ABN) Trivia

Although referred to as V Corps LRRP Co (ABN) and VII

Corps LRRP Co (ABN), the two LRRP Companies (ABN) were both originally called USA LRRP Co (ABN). The only distinction was that one was attached to V Corps at APO 26 (Wildflecken), and one to VII Corps at APO 46 (Nellingen).

The Border

**Patrick R. "McNasty" Smith**

I went up to the border two times. The first time was on the East German border, I think.

My team was assigned a watchtower to observe the bad guys that were out there somewhere. Boring. I can't remember anything that is harder on one's morale than to keep him caged up in a 12x12 foot room with little more to stimulate his medieval mind than watching snow fall off branches.

This could only go on for so long until one of us said, "Saddle up." I don't know if it was my Idea or my partner in crime, the one and only Joe Chetwynd. Anyway, we decided it was time for a small recon patrol, after all that is what we did, isn't it?

We put on our overwhites and V-42 stilettos, loaded our M-14s and, with a few cans of C-rats, down a well-used trail we went. It took us only about a half an hour of good walking when we heard the first sound that seemed out of place. We did like we were taught in grade school. You remember, "Drop and Cover."

After listening for about ten minutes, we still could not determine what the sound was, so we decided to investigate just a little. We knew we were within meters of the border but didn't know on which side we were, as the trail had moved around quite a bit. As we approached the sound, it sounded like people were being hurt. We could hear someone yelling as loud as he could. Then the yell was followed by loud

cracking sounds. We finally arrived on the scene of an old man with a stubborn horse trying to pull a log back to his house. Not being detected, we retraced our steps back to the trail that we were calling the autobahn by this time.

After having a good belly laugh, we continued on down the trail, Joe in the lead. Joe was first to see a patrol of two East German soldiers with one of the biggest German Shepherds and two of the biggest SKS rifles I had ever seen. We came to a screeching halt. Now we were really concerned about our location. We were still undetected, and we had to choose what we wanted to do, fish or cut bait. Setting in the snow for a few minutes Joe asks me, "Do you think they would have a light?" I said to Joe that I didn't think this was a good time for a cigarette. He says, "And why not?", jumps up and starts strolling to the German Patrol saying "Haben Sie Feuer, bitte?" Now the dog is mad and jumping at his chain. The Germans won't give Joe a light and they are speaking to each other really fast. Joe is calling them bad names because they won't give him a light. At this time they didn't know that I was around. I didn't like the way they were talking to themselves, and I really didn't want to see



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anyone get hurt, so I stood up and yelled at Joe, "Hey Joe, maybe I should kill his f... dog."

At the sound of my voice, the dog went crazy. The Germans changed their attitude and started on down the trail in front of us. I caught up with Joe. "What should we do now, Joe?" There was still daylight and we didn't want to go back to the little tower yet. So we got off the trail and ate a can of ham and lima beans, cold of course. Then we went back to the damned tower and suffered all night. I think it was from the lima beans.

Maybe I will tell you about the second time I went to the border next time. It took me only one night to find the tough guy of the tank unit and get myself in trouble.

McNasty

And Joe Chetwynd adds, "Patty, You have a better recall than I do. What I remember best was the fire we had in the little "Poncho Villa" that we built of ponchos, hay frames and fresh-cut pine boughs... that got all dried out after a week of fires in the tent. Do you then recall the "chimney fire" we had at 0330 when the roof went up in a WHOOOSSSHHHH???? We were left standing out in the black night in our skivvies, trying to figure out what we do next. I think we just crawled back into our fartsacks and waited for the morning light. Great lot of fun."

Joe



## The Beginning

*By Colonel Ellis D. Bingham, U.S. Army (Ret)*

The VII Corps Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol Company (Airborne), was authorized June 9, 1961, under TOE 7-157. Major Edward Maltese was appointed Company Commander with the tremendous task of recruiting and training an organization to be the eyes and ears for the VII Corps and 7th.

Army. Executive Officer was Captain Ed Hunt, a highly decorated WWII Airborne soldier. Operations Officer was Captain Frank Garbers and Signal Officer Captain Ellis Bingham. First Sergeant Patty Flynn was the first NCO assigned to the organization. Lt. General Charles Bonesteel was Commanding General, VII Corps, and knew that it was essential that the unit be well trained to carry out its mission and to communicate information accurately and timely.

The primary mission of the Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol Company (Airborne) was to enter patrols into specified areas within enemy held territory to observe and report enemy dispositions, installations and activities. Lost over the years was the patrols primary mission, which was for atomic target acquisition. LRRP operations, if employed properly, allows commanders to exercise economy of force for both atomic targeting and ground force activities. The atomic targeting mission was the reason the unit was a double volunteer organization. To minimize this threat to the patrols the location of all known caves was maintained in Corps G-2 and LRRP Operations.

Upon releasing the call for volunteers, airborne soldiers and airborne rangers in true American fighting man fashion ran to the sound of the bugle. As the company's ranks began to fill it soon became apparent that the lack of qualified CW communications personnel was going to be a major problem. To be fully operational and effective the company required 76 CW operators. Twenty-eight CW operators needed to be expert in their field for operation of the three base stations and communications platoon headquarters. Forty-eight CW operators were required to fully man the 24 patrols. To alleviate this problem Staff Sergeant "Granny" Granstrom, Communications Platoon NCOIC, made arrangements with the 3rd Division communications NCOIC to use their CW Training facility for 30 days. One hundred twenty two airborne soldiers were sent for CW training. Because of the rigorous schedule, rapid attrition was encountered and out of the original 122 men, as I recall, 82 became qualified as low speed operators. Because of the fragile aspect of CW operations, low power to high power, communications training was an ongoing and essential part of the companies every day operation when in garrison.

When in the field for training, Major Maltese not only proved himself to be an outstanding commander but a hard taskmaster. If employed patrols failed to make contact with any of the base stations they were not re-supplied with equipment or rations. This concept proved to be an outstanding motivator for the patrol NCOIC and the two radio operators. However, it was Major Ed Hunt, Executive Officer, who had an acute appreciation for the Base Station's operation, whose personnel had to get used to receiving weak signals 24 hours a day when the patrol teams were deployed. During the first field operations, the three base stations were located with the Corps CP's at the assistance of the Corps Signal Officer, which proved to be difficult for the base stations to receive all of the transmissions from their patrols because of skip distances. Upon Major Hunt assuming command in June 1962, this problem was brought to his attention and he agreed with his signal officer. Upon expressing our view, an altercation between the Corps Signal

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Officer and the LRRP Signal Officer occurred regarding the location of the three LRRP Base Stations. The Corps Signal Officer wanted the base stations to remain co-located with the Corps forward, Main and Rear Command Posts. As we all know, sky-wave communications is not an exact science because of atmospheric conditions, distances involved, frequency selection and skip distances. Capt. Bingham's recommendation, with the concurrence of Major Hunt, was to locate Base Station No.1 near the Corps CP, closest to the FEBA, to serve as the LRRP Net Control Station and to pass all information to the Corps G-2. Base Station No.2 was to be located approximately 100 miles to the rear of BS No.1 and Base Station No.3 approximately 150 to 200 miles behind the FEBA. This controversy came to the attention of General Bonesteel and he requested a briefing on the different concepts, by the Corps Signal Officer and the LRRP Signal Officer, at his next Commanders Conference. At the conclusion of the briefings, General Bonesteel stated that he preferred the LRRP communications concept. The Corps Signal Officer raised an objection, but before he could go any further General Bonesteel raised his hand for silence and stated, "If I am not mistaken, I am the commander of this Corps". Then he proceeded to inform the Corps Signal Officer that the communications concept proposed by the LRRP Company was the same system he used in WWII when he was in the OSS. Within a short time the patrols and base stations became highly proficient in their operation. During the next VII Corps exercise, the employed long range reconnaissance patrols were pitted against the Army's new airborne Side Looking Radar (SLR) system. The outcome: reconnaissance patrols averaged getting the information back to the VII Corps' TOC 20 minutes to one hour before the SLR information was received. This record made a believer out of the Corps G-2 Section and General Bonesteel, who was already an avid supporter of the LRRP concept.

It was during the break-up of General Bonesteel's Commanders Conference, when he supported the LRRP's communications concept, that the Corps G-1 locked my heels together because I had forgotten and had worn our maroon beret to the meeting. During his lecture on the fallacy of wearing unauthorized headgear, General Bonesteel happened to come out of the conference room at that time and tapped me on the right shoulder and stated, "Captain Bingham, I like your headgear". Needless to say that ended the G-1's conversation and from that time on we wore our berets. It was some time later that the U.S. Army finally approved the maroon berets for airborne soldiers. Upon General Bonesteel's departure from VII Corps, to assume command of the 7th U.S. Army in Europe, he still maintained his association and support of LRRP activities. Upon my departure from the LRRP Company in October 1962, the Corps G-2 Section through a farewell party for me at Officer's Club and, much to their surprise, the 7th Army Commander, General Bonesteel showed up for the occasion. This was a distinct honor for my wife and me as he spent some time talking with us. Serving with airborne soldiers in the VII Corps LRRP Company (Airborne) and serving with the Airborne Brigade, 1st Cavalry Division in Vietnam in 1966 & 1967 have been the highlight of my 25 years of military service. AIRBORNE!

Note: It should be pointed out that Col Bingham did it the hard way - up through the enlisted ranks of the Marine Corps! He came to the company as a leg signal officer, with the understanding that he would go to jump school as many of us did, in Wiesbaden.

Col Bingham was one of us who jumped at our LRRP



KOREA, Sept. 1951. Marine PFC Bingham behind his machinegun during the battle for Hill 812, the last big offensive of the KOREAN War. Marine Combat photographer-NATIONAL ARCHIVES  
Shortly after, PFC Bingham was promoted to Sgt then recommended for meritorious commission to 2nd Lt

reunion in 2003 at Ft. Campbell.

\*\*\*

**B Company memories:**

*by Marc Thompson*

1SG Schmidt's swagger stick. I often wondered if he ever bruised his thigh with it when he got particularly agitated.

\*\*\*

PSG Daddy Haugh's invariable question for any situation: What's whippin'??

\*\*\*

The snowy day that Sgt. McIntyre walked into the 3rd Platoon barracks and commented "Man you should have just seen Papka?"

"Why's that, Mac?", we asked.

"He just picked up the front end of his pickup truck because it was stuck in the snow, and didn't want to spend a lot of time digging it out. He picked it up and moved it almost 2 feet all by himself and then put it down. All I have to say is never, ever, mess with that guy, and if you do, make sure you don't get close enough to let him get ahold of you." That said, Mac (usually a man of few words) disappeared down the hall into the barracks.

\*\*\*

The first time I ever ran in formation with Bobby "No Toes" Hannah. After about two or three miles, he whipped out a little asthma-type inhaler, sucked on it for a puff or two, and slipped it back into his pocket, never breaking stride or formation.

\*\*\*

**Sgt Mays:**

PSG Haugh, as we were all standing at attention in the company street: "Sgt. Mays, when does a good soldier need a



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haircut?" The reply: "A good soldier never needs a haircut, Sgt. Haugh!" "That's right, Sgt. Mays, so you make sure that you're down talking to DEE today, right?" (DEE was the Barber).

\*\*\*

**It is Time for the Bell Ringers to Ring Their Own Bells!**

*By Rowe Attaway*

During a Distant time in the Land known As Nellingen (AKA LRRPville!) lived a Great Leader with his Merry Band of Vagabonds known only as USLA LRRP CO (ABN)!

They all came from many places far across the Great Waters of the Atlantic! All shapes, and all sizes. Each had a heart larger than the World!

We were a big secret to ourselves and even to our families (3780)! We played hard, and soldiered just as hard, each wanting to leave his individual mark on the World, as we knew it. Try as we might, the best we could do was to leave the mark of a Team effort!

This was Edward V. Maltese's way of Soldiering! The Only Way Was the Right way!

Of all the Commanders a soldier would ever want to have, This Was The Guy To Have! From our beginning, most of the men of LRRPville took these values to their next duty assignments or civilian endeavors.

Since Joe Chetwynd got together with a few others and formulated the list of names they could remember, LRRP began to grow and take life again. Like the Musketeers, we were once again "All for one and one for All!"

Reunions were planned and concerted efforts made to find LRRPs and or their families.

Some of us found old friends, thought of often but never forgotten! I will never forget hearing Kirks voice on the phone after 40 some years. Then my old Base Station Two reassembled in Florida, with Richard Roach organizing a get together with Kirk, Sam Storey, Jim Handlin and myself in attendance. It was just like the next day in Nellingen. Base Station Two had several such meetings in Florida, with Kirk visiting me in Florida, my visiting Kirk and his family in Harrisburg. Meeting Kirk's Son - Captain (US Army) Kirkland (Bear) Gibson IV. Meeting wives and children of Kirk and

Richard Roach

Having been visited in Germany by Kirk, Roach and his wife Bev, Jim Handlin - It was like finding long lost families! Rick Hathaway called me from Paris recently, and he promises another trip to Germany in the near future!

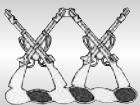
John Visel and his lovely wife Cheryl visited for two weeks in September/October 2003, when we visited Nellingen Barracks, which is basically a skeleton now! Now it's a civilian housing development.

Things change, but LRRPs are forever!

Rowe SSG/SFC Oct 61 - Sep 1969

Note: Rowe Attaway served in all three companies, LRRP, C/58 and B/75, and had a distinguished record of service as a Pathfinder in Vietnam. He currently resides in Germany and Florida, and loves seeing the old LRRPs.

Kirk Gibson's son Kirk (Bear) returned CONUS on 4 Feb Within 12 hours, he was touring the Yuengling Brewery (America's oldest) in Pottsville, PA, with his dad and . LRRP Jim Handlin (L) and LRRP Theo Knaak (R). Dick Yuengling, President, had presented Bear with a "Welcome Home" poster.



**C/75 - E/20 LRP**

**Unit Director - Steve 'Doc' Gove**



Here goes. I have sat down and stared at the blank screen before me. Yet I still have a brain housing group as smooth as a babies butt!! Well, I had a flu years eve followed with a bad back! That was my first four weeks this year. Not a REAL GOOD START! I don't know how many resolutions have crashed and burned by this time. As it has been six weeks you know. Ranger RP: heading to the nearest Spring THAW ASAP?

This is a new year and time to do some prior planning for me. A Gathering of Eagles is the



first. I hope to see many of the Ranger Family in Florida.

The Ranger Reunion in Wasington. Yep it's an election year for us too.

Just wanted to thank everyone who has prayed for and shown concern for Michael Warner. Micahel is a good man and still needs us right now. Keep him in your prayers.

This is short, but the year is young.

Doc Gove

E/20-C/75 UD





**D/75**

**Unit Director - John Kingeter**



No Submission



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

**Unit Director - Robert Copeland**



By Bob Copeland

I'll start of this time with the upcoming Reunion reminders i.e. 31 July-4 August, 2004, 75th Ranger Regt. Assn Reunion, Tacoma, Washington, Registration Fee \$30.00, Banquet Tickets \$25.00 each, Cheques payable to 75th Ranger Regiment Assn.(75th RRA), Mail to: 75th Ranger Regiment Association (Reunion), P.O. Box 921, Heflin, Alabama 36264. ( If you haven't paid your dues please do so and if you haven't joined please send in the application for membership along with your cheque for \$25.00 annual dues, Remember their is strength in numbers-JOIN TODAY!!!) and Co.E Members start making plans for the 2005 Reunion in Orlando, Florida, 11-14 May 2005, Ramada Plaza Hotel and Inn Gateway, 7470 Highway 192 West, Kissimmee, Florida 34747, 866-833-9330, 1-877-434-1212 (Bring the family or come alone but COME TO THE REUNION AND HAVE FUN AND FELLOWSHIP IN 2005!!!!) LET'S MAKE THIS THE BEST REUNION YET!!!!

On Saturday, 8 May 2004 Specialist Four Richard Roy Bellwood, KIA 25 January, 1969, RVN, will be inducted into the FALLEN RANGER MEMORIAL by the U.S. Mountain Ranger Assn at the Ceremony to be conducted at 13:30 hrs., during the 5th Ranger Training Bn Open House at Camp Frank D. Merrill, Dahlonga, Georgia. Richard's name will be among the five Fallen Rangers to be honored at the ceremony by having his name placed on a Road Sign, on a post at the bridge which crosses the Etowah River, were every student who has trained at CFM has crossed at some time during their time spent in the mountains. As the Ranger Students walk in the shadow of the sign, they can be inspired by the dedication to the "Ranger Way" that each man named there represents. As the nominator and

a member of the USMRA I will be attending to read the Citation for Ranger Bellwood at his induction into the Fallen Ranger Memorial.

Ranger Bellwood is the Son of Mrs. Catherine Colombi, the Brother of Ms. Joan Bellwood and the Uncle of Joan's son, Erik Bellwood. Ranger Bellwood is the 3rd WARRIOR from Co. E to be honored by the U.S. Mountain Ranger Assn, by being inducted into the FALLEN RANGER MEMORIAL, along with KIA's, Ranger 1st Lt. Mark Joseph Toschik KIA 11 August 1970, RVN-2002 INDUCTEE, FRM(also inducted as a MEMBER of the RANGER HALL OF FAME- 2003) and Ranger Sgt.E5 Robert Lamar Bryan KIA 13 July 1970-2003 INDUCTEE, FRM. Once inducted into the Fallen Ranger Memorial the Honored RangerWarriors are also entered on the Roll of Membership of the U.S. Mountain Ranger Assn. posthumously.



As I don't have alot of news to pass along this time I will include a couple of poems I have written over the years and hope you find them to your liking. The first poem is one I wrote for all the RANGER/LRP/LRRP WARRIORS who experienced the NAM:

### **"CONTACT"**

IN THE DARK OF NIGHT WE CREEP ALONG  
WEAPONS READY, BODIES STRONG  
MINDS ALERT TO EVERY SOUND  
EVENING NOISES, THOUGHTS ABOUND  
EYES STRAIN TO PIERCE THE DARK  
SEARCHING FOR A LIGHT TO MARK  
DEADLY FOE LIE IN WAIT  
WE MOVE STEALTHFULLY TO OUR FATE

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

SUDDEN MOVEMENT TO THE FRONT  
POINTMAN SIGNALS, HEARTS THUMP  
THOUGHTS OF AMBUSH FILL THE MIND  
GO TO GROUND, DO WE HAVE TIME  
POPS AND CRACKS SURROUND OUR EARS  
SCREAMS OF ANGUISH CONFIRM THE FEARS  
RAPID FIRE, HEADS DOWN LOW  
FLYING SCHRAPNEL, CLAYMORES BLOW  
TRACERS RED AND TRACERS GREEN  
CRISSCROSS THE GRIZZLY SCENE  
FLYING DIRT, BLOOD AND BONE  
CHOPPER HEARD, WE'RE NOT ALONE  
RINGS OF FIRE, ROARS OF THUNDER  
FEARFUL FOES GO DOWN UNDER  
ILLUMINATION ROUNDS TAKE HOLD  
LIGHTS THE SKY, HEW OF GOLD  
FORM A WEDGE, MAKE A SWEEP  
CHECK FOR ENEMY GOING DEEP  
FIRE IN THE HOLE, FOREVER SLEEP  
TUNNEL RAT, DOWN THE HOLE  
SEEKING OUT THE FEARSOME MOLE  
FLASH OF LIGHT, SCREAM OF PAIN  
BRAVE YOUNG RAT RETURNS AGAIN  
CLEAR THE AO, COUNT THE DEAD  
VICTOR THREE, FLY HOME TO BED

AUTHOR

RANGER SGT/ E5 ROBERT S. COPELAND (RET)

**This one is for the “ GOLD STAR WIVES”, GOD  
BLESS THEM!!!!**

**“TIME”**

IN NIGHTS DARK SHADOWS SHE WAITS FOR ME  
A SILENT FIGURE BY A SOLITARY TREE  
WITH EYES OF BLUE AND HAIR OF GOLD  
SHE STANDS AGAINST THE STILL NIGHT'S COLD  
A VISION IN HER MIND

HER DEEPEST MEMORIES FLASH THROUGH  
LIFE'S TIME  
RETURNING HER TO DAYS SUBLIME  
WHEN ONCE SHE LAY BENEATH THE TREE

AND SHARED ROMANTIC MOMENTS WITH ME  
BEFORE I WENT AWAY

A TEAR RUNS DOWN HER IVORY CHEEK  
THE VOICE WITHIN HER STARTS TO SPEAK  
IN MUFFLED TONES MESHEDED WITH SOBS  
HER LONELY HEART BEGINS TO THROB  
THEN ANGER FILLS HER THOUGHTS

WAS NOT HER LOVE ENOUGH TO HOLD  
HER LOVER IN THEIR WARM ABODE  
WHAT RIGHT HAD HE TO GO AWAY  
WHEN SHE HAD LONGED FOR HIM TO STAY  
BY HER SUPPLE SIDE

THE CALL TO DUTY HAD COME ONE DAY  
AND WITH HEAVY HEART HE WENT AWAY  
TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY IN A FAR OFF LAND  
AND TO RENDER SERVICE TO THE MOTHERLAND  
TO GLORY OR TO HELL

AMID THE CANNONS ROAR HE FELL  
HIS THOUGHTS OF HOME NO MORE TO DWELL  
A SHATTERED BODY IN A MUDDY FIELD  
NO CHANCE FOR A SOLDIER'S LAST APPEAL  
BEFORE LIFE'S BREATH HAD GONE

SHE WAITS THERE STILL BENEATH THAT TREE  
WITH SADDENED HEART TO BE SET FREE  
BUT BONDS OF LOVE ARE TIGHTLY TIED  
AND DEATHS LAMENT WON'T BE DENIED  
AS TIME CREEPS SLOWLY BY

AUTHOR

**RANGER SGT/ E5 ROBERT S. COPELAND (RET)**

In closing, I would like to wish all the Gold Star Mothers, Wives, and their families all the best and thank them for the sacrifices they have made and continue to make. On behalf of a grateful Nation and those who have served and continue to serve their country we thank you and we continue to HONOR YOU AND OUR FALLEN WARRIORS as members of our RANGER FAMILY.

To all those who have been ill or in hospital we wish you a speedy recovery and look forward to seeing you at the

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

reunions. Thanks Jonesy for keeping us informed and getting the flowers and cards out to our unit members. As always thanks from all of us for getting the Newsletter out to us. To all our active duty WARRIORS who have gone in harms way, we wish you GOD SPEED, GOOD HUNTING AND A SAFE RETURN!!!!

HOOAH!!!!RANGER/LRP/LRRP LEAD THE WAY!!!!  
SEE YOU IN TACOMA!!!!

Bob Copeland  
Unit Director



F/75 - F/50 LRP - 25TH DIV LRRP

Unit Director - Joe Little



*Message Corner for those that are in the move and want us to know what their up to these days.*

Tom Finnie retired in December after 31 years with Syracuse, NY Fire Department.

Re-union, Re-union, Re-union, Re-union, Re-union July 31st through August 4, 2004, many have stated they will be attending. There are a lot of the original 25th ID LRRPs planning on being there and I even heard about some complete teams planning on seeing each other for a first time in many years. F/Co has always had a great showing so let's rock the house. Call those you are in touch with and get them to join the rest of our brothers.

HOST HOTEL:

**Best Western Fife Hotel**

**Reservations: 1-888-820-3555**

**Ask for the 75th Ranger Regiment Rate (\$89/night)**

253-922-3550 Fax

email: [doreenvitek@bwfife.com](mailto:doreenvitek@bwfife.com)



**Taps**

Hi,

I'm Betty Zwisler, Gary's wife. My daughter found your website. You may want to add to your site the following information: Gary died of a brain tumor January 26, 1982. He is buried at Fort Snelling in St. Paul, MN. It is very comforting to see your website and there is a comfort just in seeing his name with those about whom he cared so much. Thank you.

I have been informed many are interested in writing a book about our unit. I feel it is a great idea and the profit would go back into the unit fund for the benefit of our members. I am in favor of getting a group together to start this project before CRS sets in permanently. We have many great no S\_\_t stories to put out and

there are many sources to back-up our after action reports as you will see in the one that I finally got the nerve to write. I have picked up books that will have a story about us here and there so why don't we grab a pen and write. One reason is I find it very difficult, however, I did find it difficult to stop once I start writing. There is so much detail that I could add, and with all the missions, we pulled we would find it difficult to pick which ones to publish. We can do this. All it will take is for us to put pen to paper and email it to my address. I will store up these stories for a group to review and then have someone professionally edit our work prior to print. Yes, there will be some expenses, they will be paid from proceeds, and the rest stays with our unit fund. I am tired of seeing some of our stuff published in someone else's book and our unit does not profit. We do not need all glory type of stories. A simple outline would probably run like this; Historical, how did they get the unit started, type of missions, change of type of missions, fun times, building the company area, the missions that we pulled, types of insertions, doing the mountain, in-country training and a whole lot more. Don't just think about it let's just do it.

Joe.

I hope all of you are planning to attend the re-union. I hope someone will consider taking over the position of Unit Director, as I am ready for a break. Due to some major changes in my life, like marriage, building a new home, and my recent career change, I will entertain all offers for replacement of Unit Director at this year's reunion. I have enjoyed being in contact with so many of you for the last four years, and I look forward to remaining in contact. If I do stay I will need more support, like this quarterly publication that everyone wants to read, however, very few want to contribute material or feedback about what they would like to see written.

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

*Did Your Gut Ever Tell You This is Not a Good Day?*

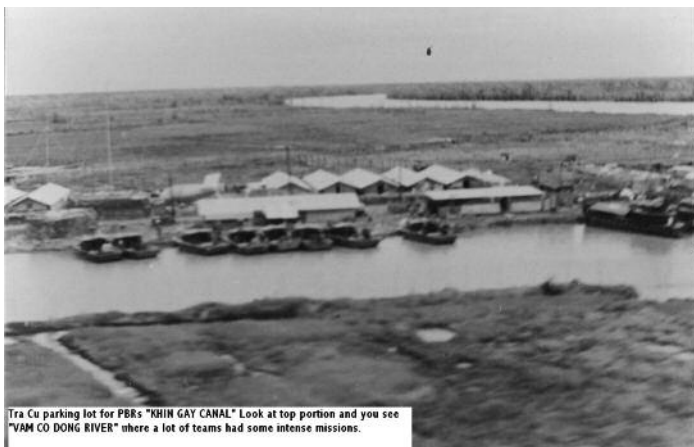
There are a couple of reports on this mission. The team after action report is lacking in detail and then there is the 25th Aviation web site with their after action report with a lot more detail. There is also a book "Brown Water Black Beret" by Thomas Cutler with three different perspectives leading to one conclusion; it was not a good day for team 2-1.

6 August 1969

Team 2-1's team mission was to gather intelligence, and if opportunity arose to kill or capture enemy personnel.

TL: Sgt Joe Little; ATL: Sgt Phil Mayrand;

Point: PFC John Copeland; M-60: Sgt Bob Newsome; RS: SP4 Earnest Heard; PFC Ernest Johnson, Cpl Roman Buettner; and Sgt. John Crikelair

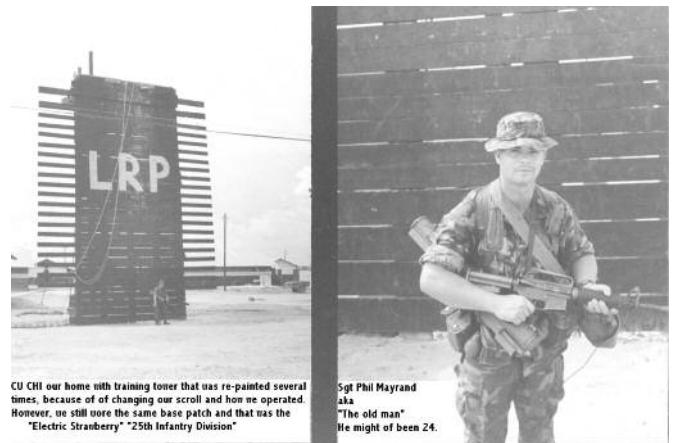


It was one of those days in Tra Cu, a Navy base with airboats and PBR's. I was called by Operations and told my team was next for another mission; insertion by Navy PBR, except this one would be further south and just west of the Cambodian border. I was told I had some new members and I was going out heavy, but I could only take eight men counting me; so I guess you could call us a light team packing heavy. We lost a few men that were sent to other units and many had deros home. We had a few new and good men at this time in the unit, except we were spread pretty thin for all the territory division wanted us to cover. Many were in Cu Chi, Tay Ninh, Nui Ba Den, Dau Tieng; Goda Ha, Tra

Cu and probably a few other places. It seemed that every time you made it back to our base camp there were many new faces around. Some of the new faces thought you were new as well.



Sgt. Bob Newsome was my light ATL, a position he did not like, however, we had worked together for several missions. He had his act together and he was a good source for some food towards the end of a mission. He seemed to get a care package at the right time filled with venison jerky and it was great to chew on during a mission. He also liked to carry the M-60 and knew how to use it. Something that was very hard for me to let go of when I was ATL then TL. Bob made that transition easier for me



along with the CO telling me to trust someone else with the gun.

Sgt. Phil Mayrand (Known as the old man and his raid in Tay Ninh for stealing a ? ton as part of some deviant behavior that none of us were ever guilty of; even if they caught us no one knew a thing.) was assigned to be my ATL for this mission. We had never worked together and I had to get used to another southerner with a Carolina accent. Seems that Bob & Phil knew each other from the Carolinas and Ranger school. Well Phil had his meeting with Bob to find out about if I was worthy enough to be his TL. I guess Bob gave me the thumbs up. This all took place on 4 Aug. 1969. I requested an over flight and got lucky, so I thought. Phil and I went out later that day to check out the AO.

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

Sitting in the well next to the crew chief and Phil looking out the door and checking the lay of the land to our maps, everything seemed okay except a very noticeable long trail from the river close to our insertion point and running towards Cambodia seemed it would have heavy traffic. Then all of a sudden the ship dropped altitude and we were near the ground just cruising over the vegetation that was going to be our cover. I yelled at the pilot to get us off the deck, because unarmed civilians were out taking a casual stroll looking up at us. I was told by the crew chief that both pilots had never done an over flight for a team before. I started getting that gut feeling as I threw the binoculars aside, knowing this mission is compromised, hopefully the extra day between will make a difference.



Here I am checking some gear. "Now were did he hide that Playboy with playmate of the year"

Time to gear up, brief everyone, check everyone's load, and make sure we are all heavy, nothing left behind. Copeland, liked to walk point. He was always the quiet one. I recall asking him about why he was so quite; he told me he was half Apache despite his Albino complexion. He may have been pulling my leg. However, he did say he was from Arizona and I have not located him to date. I also could not locate a picture of him. I called him David even though he is listed as John Copeland. He did a great job on point, as I was duce. Roman Buettner was with us on this mission, as this was his first time out with me.



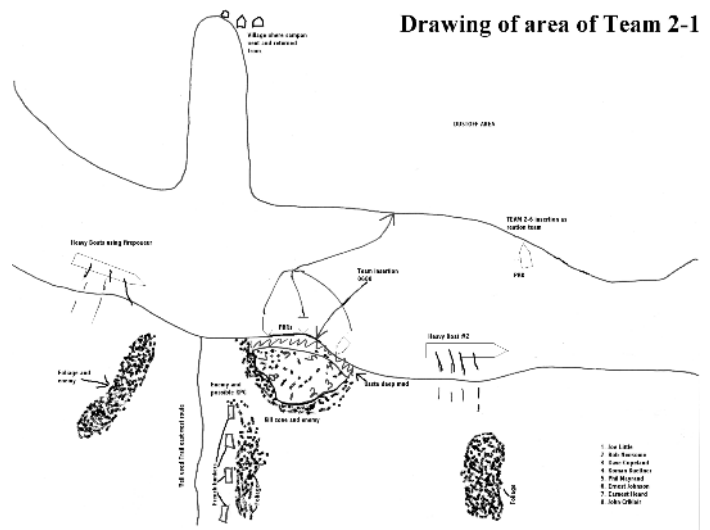
Roman Buettner next to one of those big ass trees on "Black Virgin"

5 August 1969; The day before mission, we had some confusion about who was going to carry what equipment and then I had made a decision to change personal and Roman ended up going out on this mission. Ernest Johnson was part of the team and I heard he spent a career in the military. He lost a close friend that night Earnest Johnson Heard.



Sgt. John Crikelair was a graduate of Notre Dame University and he had already passed his bar exam. I asked him why he volunteered to be with us as I attempted to change his gear around so he kept detcord and blasting caps separate and out of his pockets; he argued his point using rational and logical sense with \$100 words, and I was tired of fighting with team members about how to pack gear.

That night before our insertion, I found sleep impossible so I took a walk and went to Navy operations. I inquired if they had some heavy boats coming up river at about the time of our insertion and if they would/could be near our insertion point. I got lucky as they had two of them plotted above and below our insertion point. I asked that they blanket both locations with firepower as a cover while our team was inserted in between them.



6 August 0500 we boarded our insertion PBR and headed down river feeling uneasy wondering if the heavies would be on time. I got more than I asked for, because Seawolves were on sight with the heavies. My plan was after ruminating about the over flight that the targeted areas would be a distraction while we

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

slipped between the two heavies with all the commotion taking place unnoticed. My plan seemed to work until we jumped off the PBR and the team mired in waist deep quick sand like mud we had to pull each other out, and it wasn't easy with all the gear. We got out with the cover of the noise of the heavies and withdrawing PBR. Daylight, and we were on a small island of soft mud surface, which was the only cover available within a couple hundred meters. Surrounded by bamboo and mud, we were too close and needed more space. There was none. Copeland and I went on a short recon for a more favorable location. We found some old French bunkers going west along the trail, which I saw during the over flight after we crossed the clear area. We checked them and after the third bunker we heard voices and found a dry cigarette, not good and headed back to team location. While I was looking through the glasses, Johnson & Heard spotted a sampan moving towards us, mama son and a young man unarmed. Looked like this could be a good day after all for some intell; but they noticed Johnson and Heard before they got out of the sampan and shoved off yelling "No VC, No VC". I knew we were toast and called for extraction several times and denied several times. It was not long after they got away the signal rounds started and they were definitely encircling the team position; even the after action report indicates all the signal rounds. The Navy called on our alternate frequency and offered to pull us and set us up in another location, I declined, because we were under orders from 5. However, I asked them to stage for our eventual firefight with some boats up and down river from our position.

About 10 hours later Sea wolves called and advised me that it looked like a play ground of movement was coming my way and we had about a squad size element closing in on the team position. The woman in sampan returned with a boy and marked our position with two bamboo poles with tops painted white with a fish net, yes! I was tempted to blow them out of the water, however, it not an option, as they were not armed.

I looked at the team and suggested lets do this early before the rest of the force arrives. Therefore, we started something that developed into more that we anticipated. I know the reports refer to a booby trap or land mine; I disagree, because we checked our area and it was clean. I recall two explosions along with small arms fire. One Bob and I believe was a well thrown satchel charge and the other a RPG round. I know several people involved saved us from total elimination as 25th aviation report states the team was decimated. Bob Newsome never let off the M-60 even after he was hit hard in the leg. Actually, he wanted to continue fighting after the navy came on site and started leveling everything. He also saved my life by yelling "Boats", I thought I was using the strobe for Seawolves. I found out later (about 22 years later) he was calling to the man in the turret with the fifties whose name was Boats; they had a drink together a couple of nights before. I thought he was warning me to hit the deck; well it worked anyway. I personally had to stop him from firing so I could talk on the radio. I later found that Phil was repeating everything I was saying on the radio after I was hit again. I could not figure out why until I looked, when illumination round went off. I was standing against a tree and my ruck sack with the radio was too far away from me, my hand set

was with me and the wires were in my arm. Phil yelled out that they wanted to know what the body count was and I became angrier and yelled back what they could do to themselves. Then "five" asked about our wounded that was the sadist report that I ever had to give. We were truly decimated Phil was using his radio to communicate what I was saying. He was the main person communicating and getting the help we needed, despite his wounds and a piece of metal in his throat. Six out of eight were hit and two men died that night. Those of us that survived owe a lot to the support we got from the Navy for beaching their boats and coming in for us and rendering first aid and forming a chain over the thick mud to carry all the wounded out. Sgt. Terry Valore team 2-6 as reaction team to get us dusted off for medical aid. I recall Jim Hargett, Soliz, and a couple of others were looking for me after they finished loading the rest of the team on dust offs. I fell into a bomb crater, when I attempted to walk on my leg that was partially detached at the knee. I saw only one ship come in and watched it take off; I was thinking they forgot about me. These two found me after yelling my name and they heard me yell from the edge of the bomb crater. They asked what I was doing in there, it was just one of those comical moments and I finally had the opportunity to tell Jim thanks at our summer reunion for saving me. Seawolves and 25th Aviation Diamond Head running cover and guns and dust off, and the 12th Evac Hospital and the nurses I know they were doing their job, but what a job they did.

I know this is lengthy. I wanted to post the after action reports as well, however, you can locate them on the web sites that I mentioned at the beginning of this piece.

The following is from the book, Brown Water Black Beret by Thomas Cutler. In the book it makes reference to the area our teams worked between Goda Ha and Tra Cu as blood alley, because of the many firefights and loss of crews and boats in that region." *In the early evening of August 6, 1969, a Forward Air Controller in an Army observation aircraft spotted a number of Viet Cong soldiers running along a small canal off the West bank of the Vam Co Dong River two miles South of Hiep Hoa. The controller called in a near-by team of patrolling Seawolves; as they were being vectored to the site, a PBR patrol from River Division 552 headed in as well. After several minor firefights, the Seawolves left to refuel and re-arm at a nearby base. Artillery was called in and two more PBR patrols came looking for contact, one carrying an Army Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol (LRRP) team on board.*

*The team debarked and crept into the tangled green, maintaining silence, communicating by hand signal. Their camouflaged uniforms, mottled faces, stealthy movements, and carefully strapped and taped equipment made them almost impossible to detect. The artillery had been called off for their insertion, so the only sound they could hear was that of the PBR's engines back in the canal, and that was growing fainter as they went deeper into the vegetation. Their trained eyes scanning for clues, their ears selectively tuned for telltale sounds.*

*Then they heard whispering nearby and saw the telltale swish of moving vegetation, signaling movement in several directions about them. The team placed claymore mines in a peripheral pattern and then, on signal, opened up on the enemy*

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

with the mines and their automatic weapons. The response was more than they had anticipated. The early phase of the battle, with its light contact, had indicated a small enemy force, but now in the thick of things the team found that they had encountered a more potent force. They called the PBRs and began an ordered withdrawal as the PBRs delivered heavy covering fire to their flanks. The explosion of the booby trap shattered their hopes; several men were injured, and enemy gunfire was intense and building. The reconnaissance team was pinned down.

When apprised of the situation by radio, a number of PBR sailors grabbed their M-16, M-79s, and first-aid kits and left their boats, charging into the jungle, firing as they went, until they reached the LRRPs. Some administered first-aid, while others fired into the enemy-infested surroundings. The sailors were out of their traditional environment, but acquitted themselves well, holding on until the Seawolves came back and turned the tide of the battle. Two soldiers were killed and four wounded in the Action. If not for the courage of those PBR



**G/75 - E/51 LRP - 196TH LRRP**

Unit Director - Steve Crabtree



No Submission



**H/75 - E/52 LRP - 1ST CAV LRRP**

Unit Director - William Anton



Hello all,

Just a quick update on happenings with the Co. E 52nd/Co. H LRRP/Rangers. This year we will be gathering at the 1st Cavalry Division Association's 57th annual reunion in Milwaukee, WI June 9 – 13. This year the general membership will be electing officers for the 2004 to 2006 term. I will be moving into the immediate past president position on the board.

With the 1st Cavalry Division going to Iraq, many of us who served with the Cav will be keeping up with their movements. I am sure the 1st Armor Division has been looking forward to seeing that big yellow patch come riding in. The 1st Cavalry's 2nd Black Jack Brigade Combat Team (BCT) shipped out in early January to be



followed by 1st Iron Horse Brigade, 3rd Grey Wolf Brigade, and Support Brigades in the February-March timeframe.

Another brick has been purchased by members within our group. The latest brick was for Doug Fletcher and was purchased jointly by the following group: Jim James, Ron Christopher, Pat O'Brien, John Simones, Geoff Koper, Art Guererro, Jim Ross, John Sugg, Bill Carpenter, and Doug's widow, Linda Fletcher.

This past week I was notified of the passing of Wyman "Jack" Smith 67-68 and Marselo "Sunny" Lozano, Jr. 70-71. Both men were active within their communities and will be missed.

Until next time,  
Rangers Lead the Way



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

Unit Director - David Hill



By: Dave Hill

This issue I am again relating one of the missions of our unit. This one was took place during the "middle era" of our unit, when it was Co.F/52nd Infantry. This mission was also one of the ones in which I participated as a member of Team Wildcat 2.

The 12-months period following the 1968 Tet Offensive has been characterized as "the bloodiest year of the war". Our teams and those of the other Vietnam LRP and Ranger units saw much combat during this period. Tough losses were taken; hard lessons were learned. Most of our 1st Division LRP missions

had by then moved away from reconnaissance. We were now focused primarily on initiating contact whenever and wherever we felt we could prevail. Our stealth allowed us to make many such contacts even within relatively close proximity of major US or ARVN bases—areas frequently swept by line infantry units, but with them having made little or no enemy contact. The firepower we could bring to bear—particularly that of artillery and air support—could make our teams "force multipliers" of the highest order when surprise was achieved.



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

Phu Loi Mission, 8-12 May, 1968

On the fifth day of May 1968, Viet Cong and NVA forces attacked Saigon and 118 other South Vietnamese district and provincial capitals, major cities, and US and ARVN military installations. This marked a sharp resurgence in Communist efforts to carry the war from the borders into the South Vietnamese interior. At least eight NVA regiments along with numerous battalion-size units were operating in or moving toward areas just to the north, northeast, and west of Saigon. The Lurps of Company F, 52nd Infantry (LRP), were tasked with screening major bases in the 1st Infantry Division's tactical area of operations (TAOR). On May 7, teams Wildcat 1 and 2 received warning orders for missions to conduct reconnaissance and to pull ambush patrols outside of Phu Loi, the Big Red One base. Phu Loi lay along Highway 13, about thirty kilometers northwest of Saigon. It was home base to the division's artillery and armored and air cavalry, along with other units. It was a major complex with great strategic importance.

Wildcat 1 was a four-man team: SSgt. Jackie Leisure, team leader; Roger Anderson, assistant team leader; Charlie Hartsoe and Chris Ferris. Wildcat 2 was a full six-man team: Sgt. Ronnie Luse, TL; Robert "Paul" Elsner, ATL; Bill Cohn, Al Coleman, Dave Hill and John Mills. The two teams were to be "OPCON" (under the command) of 1st Division Artillery headquarters for the duration of their missions around Phu Loi.

Surrounded by villages, vast rice paddies, and rubber plantations, Phu Loi had been the scene of fierce combats during the 1968 Tet Offensive just a few months prior. NVA and VC used the area around Phu Loi as a staging area, a gathering point to strike Saigon and other key targets. On January 31, 1968, Team Wildcat 2, led by Sergeant Luse, exposed an estimate full regiment of NVA and VC attempting a night crossing north of Phu Loi from Dog Leg Village to An My. The Lurp team directed an artillery attack on the huge unit, which prematurely began the Tet Offensive against Phu Loi base camp. After being badly mauled by the artillery directed by the long-range patrollers, the VC and NVA survivors escaped into nearby An My village, where a vicious battle ensued. Elements of the Big Red One's 1st Battalion, 28th Infantry, and the 1st Squadron, 4th Cavalry, engaged the hostile force for a few days, finally dislodging it from the village.

The Lurps' early warning and the subsequent defeat of the enemy was a major blow to the North Vietnamese's plans for the region. Ironically, the Wildcat 2 LRRPs received credit only for discovering the Communist Force. The official after action report entirely omitted the fact that the LRRPs had actually stayed in position, spotting and adjusting artillery and aerial fire on the enemy throughout the night of January 31, 1968. So, 1st Infantry Division G-2 (Intelligence) believed that, because of the renewed attacks and continued pitched battles in and around the capital city of Saigon, the Phu Loi area would again be a transit

route for major enemy forces. The Tet Offensive had almost eliminated all Main Force Viet Cong units in the area, so the local "part-time" Viet Cong forces had begun escorting the North Vietnamese Army soldiers through villages and rest areas as they moved toward Saigon. Thus, Wildcat 1 and 2 were deployed to find and foil the infiltrators' plans once again.

The teams of Co.F/52nd Inf. (LRP) were by now being used more often to ambush instead of "sneaking and peaking". They had become the night stalkers. They were not to take suicidal risks, but opportunities to hit the enemy had become more important than recon patrolling. Because there was so much aggressive Communist infiltration close to major allied bases, many of the Lurp missions became short-range patrols.

Wildcat 1 and 2 began the new short-range ambush patrols from Phu Loi, moving out two to five clicks (kilometers) from the base bunker lines and alternating exit points, direction of movement and ambush sites. One patrol started with a daylight truck ride to Army of Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) based camp about five clicks from Phu Loi, after which the teams patrolled back to Phu Loi at night. Even moving through the rice paddies, with their starlight scopes, it was still risky business. Not much of significance happened on the first few patrols.

G-2 still believed enemy troops were infiltrating through the rice paddy area in relatively close proximity to Phu Loi base camp. So, Team 2 was given a new patrol order. It was to proceed deep into the open rice paddy area between Dog Leg and An My villages to see if "lightning" might strike twice in the same spot.

The team was going to the exact place that Sergeant Luse and Team 2 had so successfully worked from back on January 31. On May 10, Wildcat 2 moved out of Phu Loi just after dark. Wildcat 1 was to be used as a reaction

force if the need arose. Team 2 proceeded about three clicks to the Chinese graveyard it had used in January. After scoping the area for a while, they moved over to the same stone grave monument, one that looked like a kind of pagoda structure. Then they deployed around it, with half the team climbing into it. From there, elevated about five feet above the surrounding terrain, they could observe the area. It was an excellent place to watch for enemy forces moving through the surrounding area, thinking they would be concealed by the darkness. A starlight scope gave the Lurps unrestricted visibility for several hundred yards in every direction. So they began sharing watch shifts, searching for anything out of the ordinary. They paid particular attention to the north, where the Tet crossing site had been. That was the shortest route between Dog Leg and An My.

At approximately 0100 hours, business picked up. A squad of enemy was spotted moving into the rice paddies north of the Lurp position, from east to west. The TL immediately called in artillery on them, but they escaped southeast, toward the still-undetected Lurps. As they began to veer away back toward the village, the team opened up, first, with its own weapons, and a



brief firefight took place before the enemy finally reached the wood line of Dog Leg village. With Wildcat 2 now compromised, it was time for them to “get out of Dodge”. So the team carefully but quickly moved back to Phu Loi, scoping the paddies all round them as they moved, to ensure they themselves did not walk into an enemy ambush or force.

Luse had radioed Wildcat 1 asking them to meet at the perimeter wire as they entered. They were instructed to bring an ammunition resupply and be prepared for action. By the time the teams made contact just inside the bunker line of Ph Loi, Luse was extremely excited. He told Leisure and Wildcat 1 that they had found the same enemy crossover point that had been encountered in January. After a joint team discussion, the two teams called it a night and got some sleep. Later in the morning of May 11, the two teams held a short meeting. It was agreed that the NVA were using the same infiltration route around Phu Loi because the rice paddy crossing area between An My and Dog Leg provided the quickest passage southward, toward Saigon. So a plan was developed to combine both teams into a ten-man “heavy” team and move to the same objective that night. The Chinese graveyard would be their observation point once again. The combined teams included an M-60 machine gun carried by Elsner. Anderson carried extra belts of ammo for the gun and acted as Elsner’s assistant machine gunner. Anderson also carried the Lurps only M-14E2 automatic rifle, providing additional heavy firepower. The rest of the men beefed up with extra ammunition for their M-16s and CAR-15s, grenade rounds for the M-79 grenade launchers, hand-grenades, and extra claymore mines. Since this was again to be just an overnight mission, only arms, ammo and water needed to be carried and the team could move quickly, even with the large amount of ordinance. That gave them considerable organic firepower, and they wanted to use it if the situation warranted. Of course, artillery and aircraft would remain the main attack forces, but the Lurps intended to take direct action if possible.

As night took over the sky, the painted faces slipped from the Phu Loi perimeter, taking a different route from that used the previous night. They carefully wound their way to within three hundred meters of the graveyard, and then stopped for a visual scan with the starlight scopes. After carefully examining the grave monument, they slowly approached it. It was close to 2300 hours as they encircled the monument.

As the rest of the men prepared to place claymore mines out, Sergeant Luse climbed up on the perch to begin observing. No sooner had he started his observation, than Luse quickly whispered to SSgt. Leisure that he had spotted a column of troops and a truck moving slowly from south to north just inside the tree line adjacent to Dog Leg village. Leisure warned the other team members, then climbed up next to Luse for a look-see. It was then that they also saw a large number of gooks moving westward into the rice paddy toward An My, apparently the head of the column first spotted or an advance contingent of it. They were traversing precisely the same trail as in the earlier encounters in January and the previous night!

It was looking like the third time would again be a “charm”. Luse called the artillery fire direction center (FDC) in Phu Loi for a fire mission. He confirmed the grid coordinates and

direction to the pre-plotted concentration, targeting the point where the target trail met the tree line behind Dog Leg. A number of pre-plots had been established earlier that day with the artillery FDC as part of the permission planning and coordination. He explained that the target was “enemy troops in the open” and requested “Victor Tango (variable-time-fused airburst shells). Then he told them to hold their fire until he signaled. He and Leisure began counting troops as the enemy continued to depart the wood line into the open rice paddies: “ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty...” until they had counted over a hundred enemy—the equivalent of an NVA infantry company—and more behind them still coming out of the tree line. The truck was much more discernable now, and it appeared to carry a 12.7mm heavy machine gun in its bed. It now also began to leave the tree line and move out onto the paddy trail. The Lurps hunch had paid off. It was about to become an extremely noisy night. At least a full enemy battalion (three hundred men or more) had evidently chosen that night to cross, but they had no clue the painted faces were watching.

With over two hundred enemy in the open rice paddy, Luse asked for a spotting round. It hit just beyond the juncture of the trail and tree line, and Luse quickly called for the next rounds to “drop five-zero and fire for effect”. The first five rounds burst like a string of giant firecrackers overhead of the tail of the enemy column. The airbursts exploded downward, showering the troops with deadly shrapnel. Then Luse called for “traversing fire”, having the artillery fire continuously along the east-west axis of the trail, savaging the entire column. The enemy troops were facedown in the rice paddy or running, with no overhead cover, as illumination rounds kept the area lit up and 4.2 inch heavy mortars added to the carnage. Leisure and Luse alternated adjusting fire onto any groups or individuals trying to flee the impact area. The NVA must have known that they were under observed fire, but they seemed to have no idea where the culprits were hidden. The Lurps’ position lay just outside the ring of light being cast by the artillery illumination.

Meanwhile, the two team leaders turned artillery fire control over to Elsner and attempted to hit the truck, which had now fled back just inside the tree line and headed south, a couple of light antitank weapons (LAWs). They missed the target, though. The starlight scope was tried to align the aim of the LAWs, but the distance made it lack of real clear visibility inside the tree line made it almost impossible to hit. Fortunately, with all the artillery fire taking place, the flight of the LAWs apparently went unnoticed keeping the Lurps’ position a mystery to the shocked Communist force. Wildcat 1 and 2 continue to wreak havoc on the helpless NVA as helicopter gunships from 1st Sq./4th Cav arrived, diving like angry hornets on the enemy still caught out in the rice paddies. They reported a large number of enemy bodies in the paddy as they expended their loads and headed back to base.

Taking turns watching through the starlight scopes and directing fire, the Lurps again brought in the artillery and mortars each time a new target or movement was detected. Each time troops tried to run or crawl away, the teams directed a barrage on them to hold the trap shut. This continued throughout the night. At about 0400 hours, the Lurps heard rockets and mortars

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

hold a piton. After several minutes, the miners passed the word back down. They had anchored ropes deeply enough to support a climber and his gear. With superhuman effort, the hand-over-hand final ascent was made. The first assault group of Forcemen crouched just below the lip of the summit. Peering over the lip, they spotted German soldiers, their backs to the Forcemen, oblivious to the fact that they were about to die. Colonel Frederick's hunch had paid off. There were no barbed-wire entanglements between them and the Germans. Nor were there guards posted. Quietly, the assaulters readied hand grenades, tommy guns, and trench knives. Then came the signal, "GO!" The summit exploded in a whirling pinwheel of muzzle flashes, grenade detonations and tracer rounds. Firing, reloading, and running, the Forcemen appeared like demons out of the dark, black-faced angels of death, who came from nowhere, executing a lightning choreograph of killing. Battise, "I threw a lot of hand grenades on this raid. Everybody did. In the dark, the Germans couldn't tell where the grenades were coming from." Three hours later the Force had control of the summit. The few Germans taken prisoner were dazed and incredulous. Their comrades were lying dead, a look of shock still frozen on their faces. Where had these raiders come from? And how had they gotten to the summit? These Forcemen glided like ghosts across the battlefield! No one saw or heard them coming! The Forcemen immediately set about strengthening their foothold in enemy territory as dawn came. As they were digging in, mortar fire began raining in on them.

As daylight came, Germans on an adjacent mountain named Remetanea could easily spot the Forcemen. Lightning flashed from mortar tubes, followed by the deadly whistling of incoming rounds. The Germans now were trying to dislodge their attackers. "They were on this mountain across from us," Battise remembers, "and they could see us pretty well. That is when I got wounded for the first time." A razor-sharp piece of shrapnel had tom through his lip. He remembers that his shirt was soaked in blood. "It bled like hell. An inch closer and that shrapnel would have taken off half my face. I didn't have time to sit around and cry. We'd had several Forcemen killed and there were others with

wounds worse than mine. The Germans wanted that mountain back. The mortars were coming in and the Germans had a system. They would fire one round behind you and one in front of you; split the difference in half, and you knew that third round was coming down right on top of you. That was how a lot of men took direct hits on their positions!"

For the next two days, the Forcemen held the mountain, calling in American counter battery artillery fire against the Germans on Rematenea, searching out and killing enemy snipers, and beating off small enemy patrols. The weather was cold, wet, and foggy. The Forcemen had little provisions. Knowing re-supply on the mountain would be difficult, they had packed extra ammo in lieu of food.

Thirst and hunger were preferable to running out of bullets. On December 5th, the Forcemen, suffering from hunger and exposure, did what the Germans least expected. Fixing bayonets, they launched a violent counterattack, a direct frontal assault on a connecting mountain route called the "saddle" leading to Rematanea. Securing this route would enable the British tenth Corps to mount a major offensive. It was a savage, bitter, classic infantry assault, pure close-combat, bloodletting at it's best. The fog, clinging to the ground, limited visibility to a few yards and that was how the killing was done; eyeball-to-eyeball. Germans rose up from the fog, like pop-up targets on a rifle range. The Forcemen methodically blew them away. At this proximity, individual gunfights were measured in seconds. The man with the quickest reflexes was the victor. Some Forcemen fired rifles from the hip, others used pistols, some killed with bayonets; close enough to slash their enemy's throat. Daniel Battise remembers that it was so cold he could see the blood steaming on the ground.

Grenade explosions flashed in the fog, bullets whined off rocks, and the Germans, having the advantage of covered positions, killed Forcemen by the dozens. It did not deter Battise and his comrades. They slaughtered Germans by the hundreds. Though hungry, cold, and exhausted, the Forcemen advanced with a savage ferocity that would become their trademark. They carried the assault and consolidated their positions on the "saddle". Then, incredibly, the Force launched another attack, taking Remetanea

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

moved back to when his teammates now lay in the clearing, somehow getting back to them unscathed. After making sure that the shooter who hit Leisure and Anderson was dead, Elms provided covering fire into the thicket while Ferris tried to save SSgt Leisure's life. Unfortunately, the team leader had absorbed the brunt of the enemy fire; he could not be saved. A "dust-off" (medical evacuation) helicopter had been called for, and was soon enroute. After the LRRPs had withdrawn, carrying Leisure and Anderson, the Cav armor fired numerous rounds into the area prior to moving back in and resuming the search for wounded or dead NVA.

Finally Luse's team arrived at the thicket, having been called back just before the shooting started. But by the time they arrived, Jackie Leisure and Roger Anderson had already been dusted off. The teams were devastated by their loss. No amount of tactical success could come close to making up for the loss of teammates. Though additional pockets of enemy dead were found in patches of jungle behind Dog Leg, adding to the many casualties inflicted on the enemy the previous night, the price had been too high for the remaining LRRPs. Leisure and Anderson were aggressive, dependable warriors and friends. Having just about finished his tour of duty, Jack Leisure had been scheduled to begin out-processing to go home later that month. Roger Anderson was serving on an extension of his initial one-year tour, which he began as an infantryman in 1st Battalion, 26th Infantry of the Big Red One.

Wildcat 1 now had only two surviving team members, Charlie Hartsoe and Chris Ferris, so Luse took them onto his team and they returned to Phu Loi for debriefing by the division artillery G-2 staff. Afterward the men went back to their hootch to grieve and discuss the entire mission. What could have been a "clean sweep" for the two teams had been beset by a number of factors beyond their control. Artillery fire discontinued much too early and allowed the NVA time to remove most of their wounded and dead, along with their weapons and documents. In addition, it had allowed unhurt enemy to escape the artillery ambush zone. The lack of regular infantry support was also puzzling at best. Properly used, infantry could have sealed off the battle area, preventing most escapes. Finally, there was no good reason to use LRRPs to conduct a post-battle sweep with just a few armored vehicles, especially since at least an NVA battalion had been engaged.

Evidence that the NVA continued infiltrating the area northeast of Phu Loi came a day later, on the evening of 13 May. At just past midnight, only ten clicks to the east of the LRRPs' 11-12 May actions, the 1st Royal Australian Regiment at Fire Support Base Coral was hit with mortars, rockets, and ground attacks by the NVA 275th Infiltration Group. While moving toward Saigon, the enemy force apparently decided the FSB looked like a good target of opportunity. To them it probably looked to be relatively lightly defended, so they intended to roll through it. However, after hitting the base with ground attacks, they discovered that Coral was very well defended by elements of a well-trained, seasoned and heavily armed Australian regiment. The Aussie infantry, along with artillery firing point-blank with beehive rounds, put out a tremendous amount of firepower. Plus they received additional support from "Spooky",

a DC-3 gunship circling overhead like a dragon, armed with miniguns. A morning sweep of the area on 13 May found fifty-seven dead NVA and a number of individual and crew-served (mortars, machine guns, etc.) weapons.

Though Wildcat Teams 1 and 2 and successfully conducted the artillery ambush throughout the night 11 May and conduct its sweep the following morning, with no infantry support, 1st Infantry Division after-action reports connected the LRRPs only with the initial sighting and contact of 11 May. Many LRRP operations were classified during the war, which might account for the oversight. But the irony cut very deep when the LRRPs learned that several U.S. infantry units were within a half-hour chopper ride of the action as it unfolded, and at least could have (should have) been brought in on the morning of 12 May. Ten LRRPs and a half-dozen armored vehicles were not a match for a mauled but still very dangerous enemy battalion, but that was the American force deployed on the scene. To their credit, neither the LRRPs nor the cavalry unit backed away from continuing to attack and pursue a much larger force, and the Wildcat teams had proved again that the enemy no longer ruled after sundown. SSgt. Jack Leisure had paid the ultimate price and the rest of his men paid a sorrowful farewell tribute to a fine leader and friend.



KNEELING L-R: RON LUSE, JOHN MILLS. STANDING L-R: DAVE HILL, BILL COHN, ROGER ANDERSON

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

Brothers:

On this date, Feb 22nd, in 1971, my heart was seared and my mind pained as I jumped from my C&C chopper to climb down the triple canopy to reach SSG "Dutch" Sorrell's team. The cry of "contact" over the radio moments before had been overshadowed with the sobering and sobbing report by the RTO of the death of Edward E. Scott. My agony was momentarily displaced with rage when the team leader screamed over the radio for an immediate vector to the nearest extraction site and that he could not retrieve the body because it would be suicidal. I had vowed to myself that I would do everything possible not to lose a man in my platoon. Now, I vowed I would not leave behind the body, so I jumped. A combination of rage and adrenaline enabled little me to carry the 6'1" lifeless temple through the wait-a-minute vines to the extraction clearing. Despite the protests of both the Huey crew and the bawling team members to just leave, I hovered above the crime scene until I completed a fire-for-effect artillery mission. Devastating that unholdy ground did not placate my gut-wrenching agony.

The first thing I did upon returning to the States was to visit the Scott family to personally extend my condolences. Mr & Mrs Scott never blamed me—nor did they blame their country. Despite their grief, they were proud of their hero son, who paid the ultimate price in defense of the ideals they instilled in him. Until their own natural deaths, Mr & Mrs Scott treated me like a son and sent Christmas gifts every year to each of my three children.

I am pained that the citizens of this great country never accorded the Viet Nam Veteran with the appropriate dignity of a celebrated hero and champion.

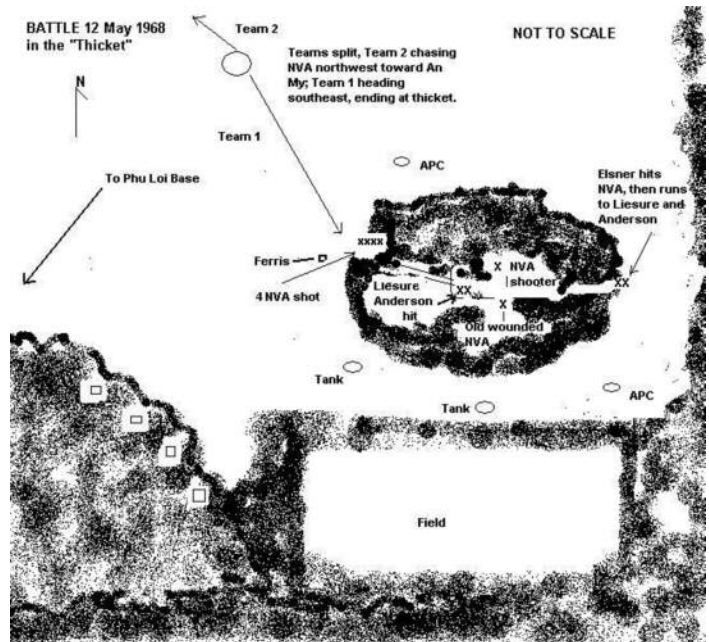
However, I am also pained that so few will reflect on the death of "Scotty." Edward E. Scott was only barely eighteen

when he was slain. Even his own teammates hardly knew him because he had only been in Charlie Company for five days before going out on his cherry mission. He volunteered; he wanted to be one of the best; he wanted to be a Ranger.

He is our Brother Ranger. He willingly placed himself in mortal danger. He gave his life for you and for me. Only, he was not with us long enough to be someone's best Ranger-Buddy. He was not with us long enough to be remembered by many.

He was with us long enough to be one of the Best, a Ranger.

Gary Dolan



K/75 - E/58 LRP - 4TH DIV LRRP

Unit Director - Bill Bullen



We've had a very cold winter thus far, Dana tells me it gets down to 60 degrees F, in his neck of the woods. Too bad Dana!

John Puzzo has started to pen a history for the Rgt and K/75, 4th Div LRP/LRRP. If anyone has additions, corrections or suggestions, remember it is a work in progress. And he'll do a very good job for us. Give him any pertinent info with regards to history.

Make sure you take time to read the entire Patrolling Magazine; I'm as guilty as the next guy, not reading all the articles. A few of our guys have written very good articles in different sections of the publication, so comb the whole thing, Bob Crawford has a winner this quarter, don't miss it!

It would be very nice to have a strong show of K/co, 4th Div LRP guys at the reunion this summer. A lot of our

fellows are getting along in their years, many others have time sensitive illnesses, and we need to get together while we can. As most of you already know, our Reunion is in Seattle, July 31 thru Aug 4. Please make all efforts to be there. If a place to stay is cost prohibitive we can double-up. If travel is the issue let us know, we have people driving from all over the country. If you just don't care that is not cool. Don Keller is going to make every effort to be there, but as you may or may not know, his beautiful wife Ellen has real health issues. So give him a call and let him know that your thoughts and prayers are with them both. I only hope our Seattle reunion is half as memorable as the Benning reunion last Aug. You just never know who'll be there. So please try to make it, even if it just a night



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

As many of you know, I, along with many others have been constantly been tracking Old Rangers. This week alone I received word of interest from Capt Tom Martin Col (ret), Donald Green and Warren (Half-breed) Russell. A lot of you 70's vintage guys will remember these three fine Rangers. Hope to see them in Seattle.

I'll be finishing an article for health issues, hope to get it finished for this issue.

Regards to all Rangers, families and friends,  
Bill 'Ichabod' Bullen

Photo is of a dawn assault observed by a LRRP team, Central Highlands, RVN, 1968.



L/75 - F/58 LRP - 1/101ST LRRP

Unit Director - Randall White



Welcome home! Those words have become synonymous among Vietnam Veterans as a greeting. Something most of us never had, except from our family or other loved ones who were there for us when we returned. My parents had a large sign in the front yard when I arrived from the airport that said "Welcome Home". I was embarrassed by it, knowing that everyone who traveled down Porter Avenue that day saw it and most knew what it meant. By 1971 Vietnam was embarrassing to almost everyone except for those who had to participate in country. All I wanted to do was get out of my class A uniform, get some sleep and hit the streets. I was home and didn't feel like dwelling on any long welcome home that a large sign might suggest. How ironic that my folks had the words down pat, long before it was fashionable to say it. How ashamed I now feel at being embarrassed by the sign my father put considerable effort into displaying, and the love and pride my parents were showing by displaying it in their front yard. I am glad though that I took a picture of the sign and still have the photo. In June the 101st LRRP/Ranger Association will be holding their annual reunion at Fort Campbell and we'll be displaying our own "Welcome Home". This time the "Welcome Home" will be to the men and women of the Division, and particularly to the 101st LRSD. I hope we don't make them feel embarrassed by the enthusiasm I know us Nam vets will show, and we instead instill in them pride in a job well done. This year we get to listen to their stories, and we will be the ones who are held in silence as their tales of new missions, the names of new vills and cities, and the names and nick-names of their leaders spill from their lips. It may be our reunion, but it is THEIR "Welcome Home". That is more important. If ever there was a reunion to attend to show your respect and support for the current crop from L

Company, this year is the one to make. They deserve every swingin' one of us to be there and do all we can to welcome them home, listen to their stories and pay them RESPECT in any and every way we can. Be it the team leader, the C.O. or the lowest private, this is their war, this is their history, and it's their legacy in the story that links us all together and it is their respect we should display. Please do your best to be there with us and meet the men from Iraq and say "Welcome Home".

**Reunion information:**

This years 101st LRRP/Ranger Association Reunion will be held at the Wingate Inn on Holiday Dr., in Clarksville TN., built in 1998. The reunion for 2004 will be held during the Division's "Week of The Eagle" festivities at Fort Campbell KY. W.O.T.E. [Week of the Eagle] is scheduled for June 14-20, 2004. The 101st LRA reunion will run from the 16th to the 20th. The rooms are normally \$90/night. Suites are \$140/Executive, \$160/Presidential, \$175/Jacuzzi. I negotiated \$69/regular rooms, \$75/Executive and Presidential. We have the run of the hotel, no charge for meeting rooms or hospitality rooms. You can take liquor anywhere on the premises except in the pool area. The hotel management prefers that sex, brawling, and gambling be confined to the private rooms. All rooms open to the interior of the hotel. Three floors. Plush decor. All rooms have recliners in addition to the bed. Suites have sofa beds besides king size beds.

It two or three guys wanted to go together on suite it would be a pretty good deal. The manager and owners are ex-military and are looking forward to hosting us. Telephone number at the hotel is 931-906-0606. Book rooms under the code "101st LRRP/Ranger Reunion." Make sure the code is given. Any



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

questions, let me know. POC: Gary Linderer 636-937-7204 [molrp@earthlink.net](mailto:molrp@earthlink.net) , or Linda Cox 303-838-4403 [dozer101@earthlink.net](mailto:dozer101@earthlink.net). Hope to see you all there. This reunion is in conjunction with the Week of the Eagles. Arrangements for our banquet and memorial service have yet to be made, but as usual will be optional. It will be held off-site this year. The LRS are looking forward to telling us of their exploits in Iraq. This will be our chance to officially welcome them back from the war. Let's make sure their welcome home is better than the one we got.

**“Detail Pete” and team 11b Carpenters**

The photo shows “Detail Pete” Pirdivardi with the tools of his trade...looks like a blow torch in one hand and a hammer in the other. I got to know Pete pretty well during my first few weeks in L Company. He was a friendly and caring guy when sober, but a bit of a loose cannon when drinking as were most of us. Pete was a Syrian Arab by origin, and he definitely never lost his accent when speaking English, if you could even call it English. Pete took great pride in serving in the United States Army and his chest swelled with obvious pride whenever he stood at attention or was recognized as a soldier in the U.S. Army. It was also apparent to those who knew him that Pete always carried out any assignment or detail given to him with abundant enthusiasm and to the best of his ability, which regrettably sometimes fell a bent nail or two short of the mark. There were two empty hootches near the orderly room [just to the right as you faced the front door] that someone decided we needed to move down to the company area. These hootches were just a few buildings beyond an EM club that was also up on top of the hill and towards the Clarksville road front gate at Camp Eagle. Shortly after arriving at L Company they took a bunch of us new guys and gave us worn out crow bars, claw hammers and a couple dull saws and told us to very carefully take these buildings apart and then we would move the material down to the L Company area and reassemble the buildings for our own use. Now I'm sure that sounded like a good plan to whoever dreamed it up, but they just didn't consider a few details. We were not carpenters, it was hot as hell out in sun and no one was happy about being made to work on the detail. There was no shade while we worked in the midday heat in June and the tin on the roofs would just about burn your hands. I'm sure none of us had any experience building OR disassembling a structure...carefully...and that club I mentioned was only a couple doors down. At the start of the project there were about 8-10 of us unfortunate new guys tasked with this detail including “Detail” Pete. The job started with something less than enthusiasm being shown by us suffering “Cherries”, and during the first couple of days we succeeded in getting most of the tin off the roofs intact. But really, how do you hurt corrugated metal roofing? The plywood was a different story. If you've ever tried to pull nails out of dried sun baked plywood nailed to pine with a worn out claw hammer, you know how the board will start to de-laminate and splinter, and if you hit it with a hammer to loosen it, it just breaks around the edges where it is nailed. With considerable effort and much bitching, by the end of the first

couple days we had a nice pile of bent corrugated tin and splintered and broken plywood stacked a bit awkwardly and ready for the move. Naturally as the heat increased and the day wore on, the crew seemed to get smaller and the disassembly progress proportionality slowed down. Between quick trips to that club I mentioned or those that some how otherwise were lost in the dust of Camp Eagle, by about 2-3 in the afternoon when the heat was at it's highest, there was only Pete and one or two of us left banging away and bitching and eyeing that club. I don't know if Vietnam has tent caterpillars, but what we had left standing after a couple days of flailing at stubborn nails was something that resembled the skeleton of leaf after a hoard of tent caterpillars had swept through the area feasting on the sweetest portion of the plant. From time to time Platoon Sergeants Dobbs or “Popeye” Taylor would stop by to check our progress and stand scratching their head and offer suggestions and yell their well met encouragement, always asking us to be careful because we had to put it all back together later after the stacks and piles had been moved down the hill. By the time we had reached the point of taking apart the frame work, we members of team 11b carpenters had become quite adept at sliding off to that club or some other place of refuge out of the sun, and our progress was measured in the size of the piles of splintered and broken boards we stacked around the contact area. Soon those 2 X 4s and 2 X 6s became the enemy to lash out at with a government issue claw hammer and crow bar, and our body count was the killed lumber that laid dismembered around the battle area. By the 3rd or 4th day it became clear to by standers and combatants alike, that those hootches would never again raise their grainy timbers and threaten us to be reassembled to a shelter size large enough to hold anything bigger than Dixie. But true to the Ranger ethic we drove on...a “Charlie Mike” from Dobbs and nails flew, or a puff on his pipe and a grunt from “Popeye” and kindling was made. After 4 or 5 days there were only a couple guys left on the detail, including Pete and myself, who hadn't found a way to get out of the detail by smashing a thumb, hide in some meaningless chore, or engage in a different detail such as burning shit. Pete was there every day showing old world resolve and dedication to duty as he daily faced the challenge of removing a 6 penny nail or carefully saving a knotty 2 X 8. By the time we got to the floor joists and flooring, progress had slowed to a crawl and we were down to our last few rounds...er claw hammers. There simply wasn't anything left to destroy and all enthusiasm for the project had melted in the blistering sun. Even Taylor and Dobbs stopped coming around for inspections after sending us off in the mornings to the de-construction job area. At some point just above ground level all work seemed to come to a halt and any thought of reassembly enjoined the futility of “Humpty Dumpty”. As far as I remember, no attempt was ever made to move our kill, and over the coming weeks the stacks of broken lumber slowly dwindled away as the scavengers made off like thieves in the night with our hard earned body count. The lumber probably eventually saw a new life as shelves and partitions in individual A/Os or other buildings, hammered together with nails picked up and straightened from the carnage we left behind. A trail of devastation in the form of bent nails that most likely could



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

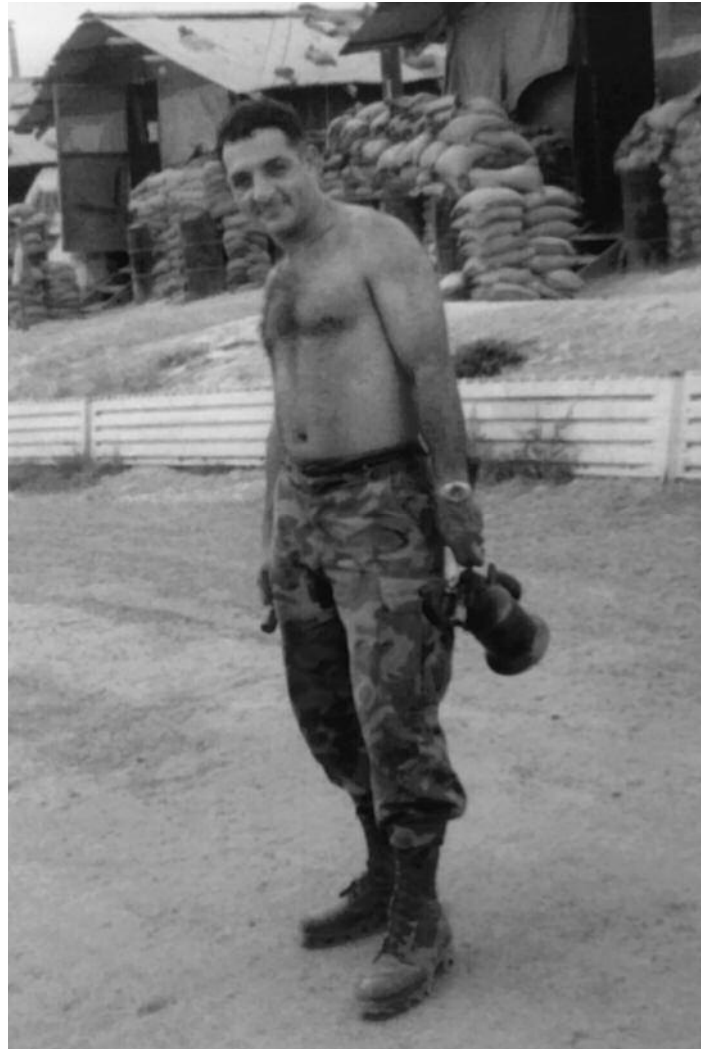
be followed to the club on the hill or one of a number of other hiding spots known only to those from team 11b carpenter who took part in the battle. The carcasses of the hootches remained on the hill long after the stacks of lumber had been picked over to the point of nothing but tooth picks, and eventually one day their remains seemed to just disappear from the landscape as so many things in Vietnam did. Pete should have gotten a medal for his leadership efforts during this action and his unwavering devotion to the cause. But what Pete really earned was even more important to the running of the company and the perpetuation of his memory. Forever after "Detail Pete" became known with that sobriquet as the man to see when building material needed to be scavenged, something needed to be fixed or built, and a splintered board required cutting with a dull saw. Pete would occasionally find a team willing to take him to the bush, but by all accounts he was too noisy and his poor language skills made him a liability that most team leaders avoided. Virtually all of my memories of Pete in the company area are of him with a hammer in his hand or worn on his hip in the carpenter's belt I think he eventually acquired. I don't know if he took his hammer on missions, but I tend to suspect he had it tucked away in his rucksack along with a few bent and rusty nails, just in case. Rumor has it that Pete is now dead, killed in a stateside training accident shortly after returning to the land of the big lumber yards. I hope they put a hammer in his coffin with him when they buried him, heaven knows they could probably use a good handyman.

Randy White

e-mail: [ranwhite@jamadots.com](mailto:ranwhite@jamadots.com)

101st LRRP/Ranger web site: <http://www.lcompanyranger.com/>

Photo of Detail Pete courtesy of Nick Gibbone.



M/75 - 71ST LRP - 199TH LRRP

Unit Director - Jack Fuche



No Submission



N/75 - 74TH LRP - 173RD LRRP

Unit Director - Reed Cundiff



By: Reed Cundiff

I have heard from a number of folks since I got over here a month ago: Tom Zaruba, Chris Christenson, Gary Linderer, Vladimir Jakovenko, Roger Brown, Ralph Raperto, Sam Schiro, Jeff Horn, Larry Cole, Hal Herman, Joe Marquez, R.E. Foti, Bobby Andrews and Dave Walker

I received this bit of humor from Larry Cole concerning either my first or second

patrol as a TL. We did take down a Company Commander from the Phu Loi Regiment, Li van Hoa, on this patrol. He had been seconded to command the Pathfinder platoon for War Zone D and came from the village of Ap Dap 4. MI was really annoyed that we didn't capture him alive.

Reed, I hope this finds you well. I really enjoy hearing about your adventures in the Great Sandbox. Keep them coming.

Here is the story I promised you. I took a little liberty at the end for humor, other than that it's the way I remember it.

Keep your head down,  
Larry Cole

The LRRP detachment had just returned to the rear area in Bien Hoa, the rest of the 173rd Airborne was due back in a couple of days, and our team got tapped for a mission in War Zone D just across the Song Dong Ni (sp?) from our base

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

camp. This wasn't unusual since we normally kept a couple of teams in D Zone whenever the Brigade was in the rear for rest and resupply just to make sure Charles wasn't planning any surprises and to keep him on his toes. Sgt. Reed Cundiff, the Team Leader, and Ray Hill, the ATL had done the air recon at midday, it was now almost last light and we are getting ready to go. As I'm doing the last check of my gear, I see a grenade pin near my ruck, so I pick it up and put it in my pocket, figuring to have a little fun. (Please, try to remember that I'm a 19-year-old badass with over 20 combat missions under my belt) As we're about to board the slick, the door gunner is looking at the floor of the bird and I chuck the grenade pin right where he's looking. His eyes bug out like in a cartoon and he screams GRENADE! into the microphone in his helmet. The pilot, co-pilot, and both door gunners come out of the Huey like they've been ejected and land scrambling in the mud. I'm just about to start cracking up laughing when I notice the other five guys on the team are frozen like statues, VERY carefully checking all their frag and smoke grenades. It was about this time that I realized no one else would think my little joke was as funny as I did, so I freeze and start checking my grenades too. After a thorough check of all the grenades and making sure we were all good to go, Reed gave up wondering where the pin came from and got us on the chopper to get on with the mission. I don't remember anything about the mission but?????

years later, a group of us are in the bar of the Holiday Inn in Columbus, Ga. after the Ranger Rendezvous, and the conversation gets around to the most scared I was in combat? Reed says the most scared he has ever been wasn't in combat but just before, and then relates this story. He finishes his rant with, and I'd still like to find out which one of you a\*\*\*\*\*s did that?. Well, my face gets all



red and I'm shifting around in my chair, and he says, "It was you, wasn't it?" I had to fess up. Trust me, it isn't pretty seeing an old bald headed guy with a beer belly doing push ups in a bar.

I received the following from Hal Herman in response to an article in "Teams", the N-Ranger newsletter. The article was written by Huckaby concerning a patrol action he was on in

which we lost one Ranger and five more were wounded. I include Hal's letter to show how the retelling of these actions can help draw us together.

"Hello Reed I trust everything is going well (where ever you are).

I heard from Tom Eckhoff today that Roy Boatman is recouping well after his surgery.

I didn't know how much of an impact that the last issue of TEAMS was going to be for me. Steven Schooler was an original team member along with Tom Eckhoff, Jim Andrews, Caldwell (I forgot his first name), and myself and Roy Boatman as team leader. Roy took out five cherries the first three missions. I always had a lot of confidence in Roy's leadership abilities. As Steven was transferred to Foxtrot Team I had lost contact with him, as you know how quickly our missions rotated. When he was killed Tom and I went to the herd's infirmary to check on him but he had been medevaced: we were told that he didn't make it. I had always wondered what happened on the mission but never knew. As I read of the account of that day it really took me for a ride. I know the memory of that day has haunted Charlie Brown as well as the other members of Foxtrot. I'm going to email Huckaby, as I know he and the others need an "arm around the shoulder" so to speak.

Say Hello to Tad for me and keep in touch. RTLW halo



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



Well this is to inform you of my recollections of the beginning of 0 Co. 75th Rangers. In January of 1969 I arrived in Ben Hoi from Cam Ran Bay after being in the hospital up there with Malaria. It was about the 24th or so. I was told to pack my gear and get ready to move. We had already moved from Ben Hoi to Cu Chi the previous Sept when I got out of the hospital at Long Binh so I thought nothing of it. The next thing I knew was that six enlisted men and Lt. Prestwood from the 2nd Platoon were loaded on a duce and a half and we took off. We arrived at Phu Loi and I was informed that F Co. 51st Inf, no longer existed and we now were 0 Co., 75th Rangers. Sgt. Don Harris who had come to F Co. from the 101st Lrps was the NCO in charge. We

were told to clean up two shacks that were to be our new homes. Three teams were to occupy one of the shacks, and two teams and Commo would have the other. We pitched big tents for the two officers, and 1sgt. Bergeron, and Supply Sgt. Maggart. Later we put together a Quonset hut for them. We were located well away from the other units except a scout dog Platoon after one night of CS gas, and they moved. We were right on the berm with a firing range next to us. That should of said something. Sgt. Harris traded a bag of vegetation to one of the guys at Support Battalion and we had a shower stall. The rest of the Company showed up on the 1st of February. We ate at the mess hall about a quarter of a mile away. We were told that now we belonged to

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

the 82nd Airborne Div. We all had to change patches. Of course now we could wear a Second Field Force Patch on our right shoulder. This lead to numerous occasions, when at one of the Clubs fists flew about which was the best unit in Vietnam, our right shoulder or our left. We were issued new uniforms and told that we had to go to orientation with the 82nd. After sleeping through one of the classes and being rudely awakened by a Leg Sgt. I informed him that I didn't need his Leg Ass telling an Airborne Trooper what was going on. Capt. Peters agreed and we didn't finish orientation. 0 Co. was the only unit at that time in the 82nd Airborne to draw jump pay. We later found out that F Co. had been split up with part going to the 5th Mech. and being called P Co. Also some of the guys stayed with II Field Force and were D, 151. F Co. was inactivated on Dec 26, 1968 in Vietnam and they needed to assign us to units. Those that were to go to 0 Co. were assigned to the 78th Inf Those that were to go to P. Co. were assigned to the 79th Inf.

Now to get you up to date. At the beginning of the year my dad had a stroke so Eileen and I are staying there most nights. Next week we are going to Tucson for the 82nd mid-winter conference. We will be there the 19th through the 22nd. I am going to get some Tee Shirts made up for the Reunion in Wa. They will have the scroll with RVN and then ALASKA below. If you are interested let me know. Also sizes. During the week my phone number is 928-428-1996. Also, if don't answer E-mail it is



because my computer is messed up. Fenner got in touch with me. His address is PO Box 1414 Marina, Ca. 93933. Also, Ricky Hogg's new E-mail is RickyOco@aol.com. I really need one of you to step fore ward and take over this position after the reunion in Wa. this summer. Also for those of you close or far come to Safford May 28th for Special Forces Memorial service and Bar-B Que.

AIRBORNE RVN AND ALASKA  
BAILEY



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



# Papa Company

## Spring Patrolling

Spring was somber time for Papa Company. Lest we forget our fallen Brothers, Warriors and Heroes:

BIEGERT, RONALD LEE SP/4 MARCH 15, 1970 AUG 27, 1948 MINNEAPOLIS, MN 13W L129

KASTENDIECK, WILLIAM PETER SP/4 APRIL 1, 1970 NOV 05, 1950 LINDENHURST, NY 12W L69

RILEY, VERNON RAY SP/4 APRIL 28, 1970 NOV 16, 1948 MASSILLON, OH 11W L64



MILLS, RODNEY KENNETH SSGT MAY 5, 1970 DEC 19, 1948 ALMA, MI 11W L104

SMITH STEPHEN LEE PFC MARCH 1, 1971 JAN 02, 1951 OTTAWA, KS 4W L15

WILLIAMS, JR. JAMES THOMAS SP/4 MARCH 1, 1971 FEB 10, 1943 NEW YORK, NY 4W L15

KOSCHKE, MICHAEL EDWARD SGT MARCH 20, 1971 OCT 07, 1946 DARROUZETT, TX 4W L61

SCHOOLEY, JAMES DANIEL SGT MARCH

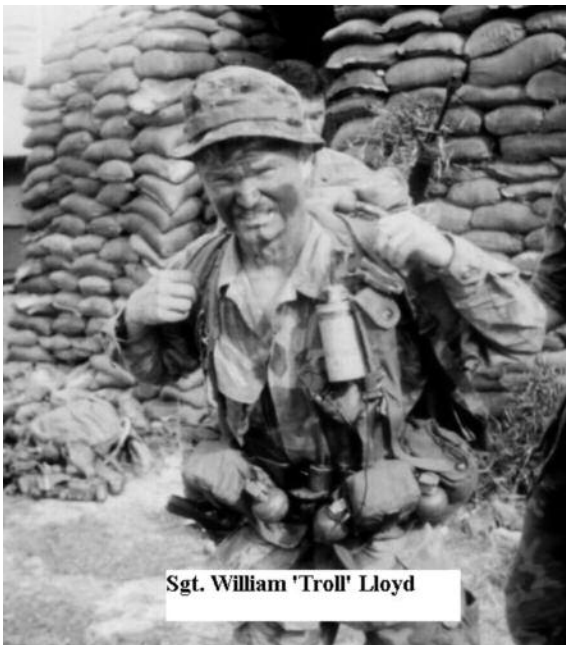
P/75 - 79TH LRP (CONTINUED)

20, 1971 SEP 22, 1948 DAPHNE, AL 4W L62

WRAY, STEVEN CHARLES SP/4 APRIL 1, 1971 JAN 05,  
1949 FERGUSON, MO 4W L100

LAWRENCE, JOHNNY HAROLD SSGT APRIL 4, 1971 NOV  
24, 1946 MANTENO, IL 4W L106

Not all missions were totally somber however. One only has to remember “Troll” Lloyd and the Hornets. It was a training mission for Team 1-5. A mission with three cherries; PFC Mike Troppello, PFC Albert Mulkey and SP4 Jim Williams who were about to have a truly stinging introduction to Ranger techniques!!



The training mission was to take place south of Khe Sahn, on that great plain that stretched from Quang Tri to the DMZ. Flat, with very little cover. Intel was that the AO was relatively quiet, which was standard for a training mission. That intel was soon proved to be in error.

‘Troll’ felt his team had been compromised on insertion in mid morning, and had been kept under surveillance throughout the day. At about 1800 hrs “Charley” sprang the ambush and opened up on the team with RPG and recoilless rifle fire. The team took cover in one of the few places available, which was a scraggly bunch of vegetation. The team returned small arms fire and radioed for tactical air support.

Unfortunately for the team however, a large nest of hornets had also taken that cluster of vegetation as their home. The hornets staged an ambush of their own, and the team took heavy hornet casualties. They were all stung viciously and often and found it hard to concentrate on the issue at hand, although RPG and automatic weapon fire can keep one focused!!

“Barky” finally arrived on scene and proceeded to treat ‘Charlie’ with a white phosphorous shower. The enemy at that point, beat a hasty retreat, but the team remained under heavy hornet attack. The team radioed for extraction and had to deal with the hornet attack until they were extracted.

‘Troll’ remembers the mission well, and still thinks of the outstanding job that bunch of cherries did on that mission. Cherries no more. ‘Troll’ also remembers the way that they all looked after that mission, with their faces swollen like bladder bags. The team did not receive Purple Hearts for their efforts. They were offered, but couldn’t bring themselves to accept them.

‘Troll’ tells me that he saw pictures of their swollen faces but can’t remember who had them. He also can’t remember the other



two men on the mission, so if you have any info on the pictures or the identity of the other two team members, it would be appreciated.

I would like to add a short personal note about Bill Lloyd. I had the honor of serving with him for a year at Fort Bragg, before hooking up with him at Papa Company. We served on the same team for almost 6 months, both as a fellow team member, and then with him as my ATL. A character in his own right, but a true Ranger!! He stood out amongst equals. ‘Troll’ is now retired and living happily on his boat in a marina in St. Augustine, FL. Appropriately enough, under a bridge!!! HOOAH!!

P/75 - 79TH LRP (CONTINUED)

In closing, a sad note to pass along. SSG Frank Robinson of Duck WV passed on January 5, 2004. On receiving word from Bobby Hampton, Duke DuShane wrote: "Thanks for the up date, other then the guys from F/51 who came up from down south plus those of us who came to P/75 in August of 69 will remember Robbie as he transferred to the Scout Dog company shortly after that.

Robbie did make the very first 75th Association reunion in 1988 there were seven of us there from P/75, three from the early company, four from the end of the company, now three of the seven are gone.

I have good memories of Robbie, we had some good times at the club together, and he was well liked and respected by those who knew him as a soldier.

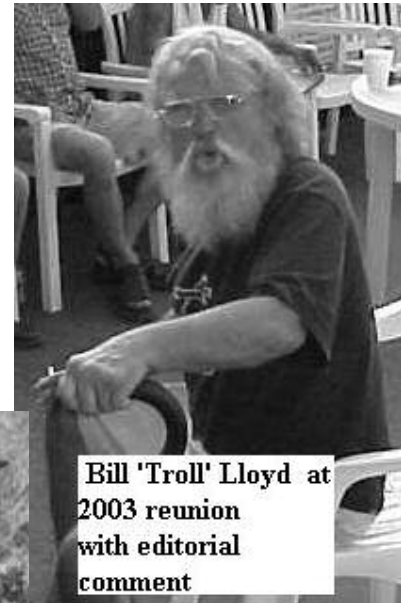
In Ranger Brotherhood,  
Duke"

Dave Barfield, Mike Cartwright and Bobby Hampton who were able to serve as pallbearers represented Papa Company at Sgt. Robbie's service. Dave was also able to deliver a eulogy. An Honor Guard from Ft. Knox was in attendance and did an outstanding job. Robbie's family was pleased that they were there, and were able to answer many of the family's questions. Thanks guys!!

Hope to see you all at Ft..Lewis for the reunion this summer.

In Ranger Brotherhood  
God Bless Our Troops in Harms Way!!

Bill Davis



Bill 'Troll' Lloyd at  
2003 reunion  
with editorial  
comment



Lloyd-Bishop



**D/151 LRP/RANGER**  
**Unit Director - Tom Blandford**



**Events for Indiana Rangers in 2004**

Services for Kleiber September 5 1:00 at cemetery, meet at the Crown Hill Main Office on 38th St., then to, Greenfield cemetery for Jimmy Worley.

Dedication of the "Sgt. Butler LRS" School at Fort Benning Ga., ( to be announced.)

Annie Fannies to visit Indianapolis June 24 – 27, 2004.

*"The 117th Assault Helicopter Company is having its reunion in conjunction with the Vietnam Helicopter Crewmembers Association (VHCMA). We would like to invite the Rangers to visit us at the 117th hospitality room, if possible."* This would be great chance for some of you Rangers to get together with the Annie

Fannies. The address and phone number of the hotel is: ADAMS MARK HOTEL, 2544 EXECUTIVE DR, INDIANAPOLIS, IN 46241, Phone: (317) 248-2481. Just clear your calendars and get down there! I know the rangers would love to see the Annie Fannies.

75th Ranger Regiment Association Reunion at Fort Lewis Washington.  
July 31 – Aug 4, 2004

Veterans Day November 11, 10:00  
Indianapolis

Other potential gatherings:  
Trip to Darlington Indiana, National Guard Post for the 151st LRS  
Horse Racing at Indiana Downs -



D/151 LRP (CONTINUED)

Motorcycle road trip  
Golf outing - Kokomo Vietnam Veterans in Sept.

**Raffle for the GOLD D-151 challenge coin.**

Tickets can be bought from Gary Bussell for \$ 20.00.  
Any person who is eligible to be a Charter Voting Member. This is a one of a kind coin minted of 1 ounce of gold valued at \$525.00. It was donated by a client of Connie Bussell's. We wanted to make this absolutely equal chance in winning the coin.  
*Only one chance per person qualified to enter.*

**MEMBERSHIP DUES**

Annual Membership Dues: \$12.00

Life Membership Dues: \$100.00  
Check payable to Co D 151 Association  
Return to: Gary Bussell, 5000 W. Connie Dr., Muncie In 47304

75th Ranger Regiment Association Reunion at Fort Lewis Washington.

July 31 – Aug 4, 2004

Some of us intend to take the train from Chicago to Seattle. It's a 2 ? day trip, Current rail cost is \$170 one way or \$ 340 per person round trip. Or about \$ 900 for a bedroom.

Airfare is \$ 150 to \$220 from Seattle to Indy .

Call Tom Blandford if you are interested in going. We have some motel rooms reserved. Phone Tom at 317-846-6374.



**Operation Virgin**

As I was finishing the condensed history of F/51 LRP, I was wondering just how much information was available about the company. I had mentioned this to my sister-in-law, who had just completed an archival course for her work that included a trip to the National Archives in College Park MD. My sister-in-law said this is where I have to go to find out information about F/51 LRP or any other unit that was in Vietnam. She also suggested that I have as much information as possible to help the archivist get the correct information. Again I have to thank the guys that helped with the condensed history for the information about F/51 LRP.

To my surprise and that of the archivist that gathered the information, there were 14 boxes of information about F/51 LRP. The boxes of information contained IIFF Vietnam Quarterly reports, various operations that F/51 were involved in, summaries of operations in which F/51 had teams in the field, and daily transcripts from TOC (Tactical Operations Center). The following articles are from the above files. For me it was interesting to see what big operations we were a part of and what part we played in them.

After the formation of F/51 INF Airborne LRP and additional training in small group reconnaissance tactics, their first operation was appropriately named operation Virgin. This operation was a test of the teams, support, and command and control structure. Operation Virgin consisted of 11 teams: 5 teams from 1st platoon and 6 teams from 2nd platoon. For this operation F/51 was placed under operational control of 4/12 Infantry 199th Battalion, which provided artillery support and a reaction force. Other resources involved in operation Virgin

were: 1 Forward Air Control (FAC), 1 Artillery officer, 5 helicopters for insertions and extractions, 1 Command and Control (C &C) helicopter, and most importantly 1 heavy fire team of 3 Cobra Gunships and continuous air communication relay for teams in the field.

The 11 teams were inserted into a semi-secure operation area, where the teams were tasked with either a set reconnaissance zone or overnight observation. Operation Virgin was begun on November 28, 1967 and ended on December 2, 1967. During this

operation there were no meaningful activity reported by the teams involved in this shakedown operation. Of the 11 teams involved in operation Virgin, 1 was compromised shortly after inserting into their LZ and 1 team was extracted after one of the team members suffered a non-combat injury.

Operation Virgin produced the following findings: Air support for teams in the field should be based in the Company area for a quick response to emergency situations that teams may encounter and need support or extraction from the situation. Also, having

helicopters stationed in the Company area would help in continuing training for entry and exiting helicopters and the various types of extraction teams may encounter and Ariel map reading. The final findings of Operation Virgin was that the teams accomplished the goals of their missions and are able to perform Long Range Patrol missions where needed. The Command and Control functions were found to be able to support up to 5 Teams in the field as long as F/51 LRP has control of aircraft and that the helicopters are stationed in the Company area for quick deployment in an emergency.

The photos are from the f/51 reunion in Tampa, FL in October 2003.



F/51 LRP (CONTINUED)



**LRRP DETACHMENT-3RD ID**  
**Unit Director - Michael McClintock**

The old Lurps of the 3rd ID LRRP Detachment must be getting restless, because there is talk of a reunion this May in Branson, MO. The tentative dates for our unit reunion are May 14-17, 2004. No details have been worked out as yet, but I already have commitments from about 10 guys and their families. Anyone interested in joining us in Branson should contact me at [oldlrrp62@aol.com](mailto:oldlrrp62@aol.com).

Our last reunion was held at Fort Bragg, NC in July 2000, where we were hosted by F Co., 51st INF (Long Range Surveillance) and its' CO CPT Miller. We were particularly impressed by the young men of F/51 and suspect that they have accomplished great things in Kosovo, Afghanistan and Iraq since last we saw them. I hope we can learn the whole story of their accomplishments in the future, and I hope that Tammy Dominski, a reporter for the Fayetteville Observer, writes it. Tammy joined us for our reunion in 2000 and wrote the following for the Observer:

**RECON UNIT REUNION ROUSING**

Special to The Fayetteville Observer  
Thursday, August 10, 2000  
By Tammy Dominski

I got an invitation to a reunion of the 3rd Infantry Division Long Range Recon Patrol Detachment. They were the "Lurps," formed in November 1961 and

disbanded in August 1964, back in the days before such things as night vision devices. They were organized to be the division's eyes and ears, to observe enemy movement and report findings back to Division Intelligence. 1st Lt. Edward M. Jentz, now a retired colonel, was their first detachment commander.

They were based in Bad Kissingen, 20 miles from the East German border. The



Berlin Wall went up in August 1961, and tensions were high. They knew if Russia started a war, their unit would see it first. Even though the unit itself never saw combat, that possibility loomed over them, unseen and unspoken, and for some of those men, it was the hell of wars yet to come.

**A Happy Reunion**

But I digress. I went to the Airborne Inn and watched as the old Lurps gang reunited. Every few minutes I'd hear the yell of a comrade's name, followed by

hugs and laughter. Some hadn't seen each other in more than 30 years. I could only imagine what it would be like to see friends again after so long. I caught up with them again on Friday at the St. Mere Eglise Drop Zone. F Company, 51st Infantry LRSD, attached to the 519th Military Intelligence Battalion, Fort Bragg, put on an amazing capabilities exercise. Thankfully, no one was sitting near me during all that "hooah-ness," because I was literally goofy with excitement. I could see the look of knowing on the faces of the old Lurps gang and knew in my heart that if retirees could join a war, they'd all go without hesitation.

There was a banquet Friday night. After dinner, Jentz read a list of awards held by some of the men during their military careers. It was staggering: 11 Combat Infantryman's Badges, five Silver Stars, six Bronze Stars for Valor, five Legions of Merit, 14 Purple Hearts, 16 Meritorious Service Medals, three Army Commendation Medals for Valor and foreign jump wings for which I cannot name all the countries. And the list didn't stop there. I sat across from Ken Bowyer, who retired after 24 years in the Army. Six of those years were spent in Vietnam. He alone held seven of the Purple Hearts I just mentioned, along with a Silver Star and five Bronze Stars for Valor.

There was Ira Paul Duncan, who fought



LRRP DETACHMENT-3RD ID (CONTINUED)

in Korea before joining the unit and went on to serve two tours in Vietnam. There was also Mike Tardif, the unit's first 1st sergeant, who retired as a battalion command sergeant major. Just a couple of the many men whose stories I was privileged to hear while visiting with them.

**Remembering Dead Soldiers**

And I would be remiss if I did not mention those who are no longer with us, like Sgt. (Cliff) Mize, killed in action in 1967, near Pleiku, Vietnam. There was

Jack Gamey, Bernard Frantz and Staff Sgt. Robert Schroeder, who trained Rangers for more than 25 years before he passed away in 1997. I'm sure they were there in spirit, looking down on their old friends and smiling.

My husband shook the hands of these honorable men; thanking them for the time they spent defending our country. I was too choked up to utter a word, being in the company of survivors of a time when there was so much uncertainty in our world. And they didn't hesitate a moment to be part of it. Heroes indeed.

They said I was invited because I wrote from the heart. I have memories of that time with them that will last me forever, and to them I say thank you. And as always, until my next adventure, hoo-ah.

*Tammy Dominski*

Tammy's kind words about our small unit apply to all our brother LRRPs, LRP's and Rangers too. In honoring us as she did, she honored all of you as well. Next time any of you hold a reunion at Ft. Bragg, make sure you invite Tammy and her husband. We need more reporters like her.



*Sam Jones hitting on mannequin at the Airborne & Special Operations Museum*



*F-51 Color Guard*



*F-51 Fast Roping Demo*



*3rd ID LRRP Reunion*



*CSM (Retired), Ken Boyer receives award*





## ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ)

Unit Director - Mike Martin



Fellow Rangers and Co Vans:

Well, the day of lovers, Cupids, flowers and hearts—Valentine's Day is passed and spring is confronting the last elements of winter's savagery in parts of our nation; the Year of the Monkey (Nham Than) is now upon us....

I am writing this article on a perfect morning, cloudless and bright, with a haze lingering over the open fields giving the day a mysterious, ethereal quality.

Many of those who served in American units in Vietnam, keep questioning me about the composite of the Ranger Advisory Teams and the combat role of the Ranger Advisors. As you read the comments of two American Advisors, pertaining to their team members, extracted at distant time periods, TOE, and vast differences in locale, you may grasp an insight into the life of a Biet Dong Quang (Ranger) Advisor and the valor and courage of some unique individuals.

Keep in mind that many of the early Ranger Advisors (1960-65) had fought in World War II and Korea; from 1965, most Ranger Advisors served at least one tour with an American unit. Some served from two to four tours in Nam....

The first remarks are by Gerard M. Devlin, author of Paratrooper. Devlin served as an EM with the 187th Airborne in Korea; he received the DSC while serving as the Senior Advisor to the 44th Vietnamese Ranger Battalion in 1965, where he was severely wounded. Later, he served a tour with the U.S. 25th Infantry Division.

The second set of remarks, reference the death of Captain Evans, are by Robert F. Lehman, who was serving with the 2nd Vietnamese Ranger Group at the time of the Tet Offensive (1968).

Gerard M. Devlin:  
IV Corps

Mike, this is the info you requested on the team members of the 44th BDQs during my time with the unit. One member was Sergeant Roy "Buck" Allen who was tremendously great and a courageous soldier. On August 12, 1965, Allen was struck by a bullet which pierced the right front of his helmet at a very sharp angle, cracked his skull, then exited out the helmet's right rearward side, just forward of above his ear. Almost killed him right then and there. But, thank God, he survived with a severe head wound. Only a few minutes before Allen got hit, my team lost a guy by the name of Lt Robert H. Fuellhart—KIA. Fuellhart died on the exact same day his wife gave birth to a baby girl back in the states. A real heartbreaker. We (our 4man team and the BDQs) had all been waiting for news of the baby's birth. Fuellhart was a very courageous guy too. He was a USMA grad and had been a football star at the academy. He was absolutely fearless in combat. On more than one occasion, I had to council

him about not deliberately overexposing himself to the enemy during those hellish shoot outs we frequently got caught in immediately upon landing in the LZs and when rushing in on the final assaults. As you know, the 44th didn't utilize fire and maneuver. Instead, everybody just leaped off the slicks—even before they had fully touched down—and began running toward the objective like a bunch of crazies, screaming and yelling and shooting all over the place. They didn't stop until the objective had been secured and all the VC were dead. Scared the **HELL** out of me every time they did that! A Sergeant Wallach was with the 44th when I arrived in the outfit; his name might end with "k" instead of "h". Wallach was the one who had his picture on the cover of Newsweek. He was a great guy and tough as nails. He was reassigned to some other outfit in country about midway into his tour. I sure hated losing him, but I was happy that he left us all in one piece. He was replaced by a guy named David Hallbaur who had spent a lot of time in SF units. Sergeant Hallbaur was also very courageous and efficient. Unfortunately, he was killed in action after being with us only a few months. Sergeant

Benjamin Barnes replaced Hallbaur. I know I keep saying this about all my team members, but Barnes also really was an extremely good and efficient combat soldier. He got clobbered in October 1965, along with LT Walsh and me. Another guy was an officer, LT Bowman; he was killed in action shortly after I joined the 44th Biet Dong Quan. All of those I have mentioned were great soldiers and Rangers.

Bob Lehman: II Corps

2D Ranger Group (ARVN) was at the onset of the 1968 Tet Offensive in a state of flux. TD 11 BDQ was moved from the I Corps CTZ to II CTZ and was still getting

organized in their new environment. Approval was given for completion of 2 buildings to house the Advisors within the confines of the 2d Ranger Group Headquarters; it was located approx 3 miles from the MACV Advisory Team 21 compound. Up to this time, all advisors for the BDQ units, (TD11, TD22, TD23 BDQ), were billeted at Advisory Team 21 compound. The Advisor positions were also in a state of flux, the Senior Advisor for the Ranger group as well as several of the NCO positions were due to change during the month of January and February. Thus there were shortages for several key positions and incoming personnel had not yet gotten settled into their surroundings, although almost all incoming personnel were on their second or third tour albeit with US combat units. Somewhere around midnight of January 29th intense firing could be heard coming from the direction of the ranger compound and adjacent dependent housing complex they had set up. In fact, later it was known that it was the main infiltration route for those units who would move into and take over parts of the inner city



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

of Pleiku. Reaction to this action was initially given to CIDG forces located at the Special Forces B2 unit. The II Corps Arvn commander LTG Vinh Loc was still very reluctant to release the ranger battalions from under his direct control. They succeeded in defeating much of the initial attacking forces but some units still managed to lodge themselves into some very defensible areas of the city. The TDIIBDQ and TD22BDQ were alerted around 9 AM to be prepared to move into the city to clear out these pockets of resistance. The Group headquarters would move as well and exercise operational control of both battalions. Due to personnel shortages, CPTs Evans and Bailey, assigned advisors to TDIIBDQ were accompanied by MSG Ross and Sgt Lehman. The NCO's were assigned to the Group HQ at that time but would accompany TD 11 BDQ to permit deployment as two teams. No separate radio operators were available at that time. This was the case most of the time. TD22BDQ was held in reserve while TDIIBDQ moved into the city proper.

Movement through the city was steady but slow, it was obvious, looking back, that operating in an urban environment was something completely new to the ranger units, who were much more used to working a dense forested area. They were also accompanied by a battalion of Armor with I believe were M -41's and M -113's. They were handicapped in that each time they were employed they were subjected to fire from RPG's. The enemy forces had a distinct advantage in this respect since it was easy for them to hide in very small areas and the armor vehicles were very restricted in their ability to maneuver on the narrow streets and alley ways. It was around 2 PM and several areas had been cleared but units were being held up by stubborn resistance coming from an area that was a collection of long building with many narrow alleys between them. The rangers would come under very heavy fire from small arms and RPG fire each time they tried to move into these areas with almost no cover available. Captain Evans decided to skirt around to the right flank of this area in an attempt to locate an alternative route for an assault. This would place him a considerable distance ahead of all friendly units. He and I moved to a building that appeared to be vacant and could provide a vantage point from which he could assist in positioning the ranger assault units. As he and I moved into the building, we were closely followed up by Captain Bailey and Msg Ross. We moved into an empty room that gave a fairly good view of the area. We were only in that room for a minute or so when an RPG was fired into the building. Captain Evans took the brunt of the blast and was killed instantly. Captain Bailey sustained wounds to his shoulder and legs, MSG Ross managed to not receive any wounds although stunned and like myself having trouble hearing what the other was saying. The noise of the blast in such a confined area left us with somewhat reduced hearing ability. A second round from an RPG was fired but went astray. Captain Bailey decided that the position was untenable for us and after checking that we could do nothing for Captain Evans told us to pullout. MSG Ross retrieved Captain Evan's weapon but due to our exposed position, we would have to wait to retrieve Captain Evan's remains. We moved back to a more secure area and prepared Captain Bailey for evacuation to the hospital. Fortunately, it was only a 10 minute drive from the city, and so was faster than trying to get an aircraft and a suitable

pick up point. By then the 2d Ranger Group Hq elements and TD22BDQ had been deployed and took operational control of the battle. It took about 4 hours to clear that area and permit us to return back into that building to retrieve Captain Evan's body. Both battalions took up logger positions within the city limits that night and remainder of night was fairly quiet except for occasional short bursts of small arms fire. The following day, I was checked out and found that I had some shrapnel wounds that would need attention and was subsequently evacuated. During that time frame, TD22BDQ and TD23BDQ were airlifted to Dalat and Ban Me Thout to assist in clearing out those units. Several of the advisors during those engagements were wounded but none were battle losses to my knowledge. Captain Evans was awarded a Silver Star for his actions and demonstration of battlefield leadership under extremely adverse conditions. His action, though it cost him his life was a real inspiration to the members of the battalions as witnessed by their tenacity in attacks that followed. He was a real model for "Rangers lead the way!" and "Follow Me!"

## VIETNAM TIDBITS

In the course of its long history Vietnam has been known by many different national names:

**Van Lang** under the 18 Hung or Lac-Vuong kings (500 B.C. to 257 B.C.)

**Au Lac** under the Thuc Dynasty (257 B.C. to 207 B.C.)

**Nam Viet** under the Trieu Dynasty (207 B.C. to 111 B.C.)

**Giao Chi** under the early Chinese Han Dynasty (111 B.C. to 203 A.D.)

**Giao Chau** under the later Chinese Han Dynasty (203 to 544)

**Van Xuan** under the early Ly Dynasty (544 to 603)

**An Nam** under the Chinese Tang Dynasty (603 to 939)

**Dai viet** under the Ngo Dynasty (939 to 967)

**Dai Co viet** under the Dinh Dynasty and its successors (968-1054)

**Dai Viet** under the later Ly and Tran Dynasties (1054-1400)

**Dai Ngu** under the Ho Dynasty (1400-1407)

**An Nam** under the Tran and Chinese Ming dynasties (1407-1428)

**Dai Viet** under the Le and Nguyen dynasties (1428-1802)

**Viet Nam** under Emperor Gia Long in 1802.

**Dai Nam** under Emperor Minh-Mang in 1832 and his successors.

**Viet Nam** renamed in April 1945 by the National government headed by Tran Trong Kim.

Under the French colonial administration, North Vietnam became known as Tonkin, the Centre as Annam and the South as Cochinchina.

## CONTEMPLATIONS

A prince should have a spy to observe what is necessary, and what is unnecessary, in his own as well as his enemy's country. He is the king's eye; and he who hath him not is blind.

—The Hitopadesha (Hindustan) c. A.D. 500

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (CONTINUED)

The life of spies is to know, not to be known.  
—George Herbert, 1640

Men who use terrorism as a means to power, rule by terror once they are in power.  
—Helen MaCinnes

SITREP

Vietnamese Rangers and their families celebrated the Vietnamese New Year 2004, on 18 January, with a party at the NGUYEN BA HOC Education Center, Westminster, California. Rangers Chanh Minh Nguyen and Trung Pham organized the event.

SHOOT LOW, I'll see you on the High Ground.  
Mu Nau Mike Martin, Unit Director



*A Brigadier General from MACV HQs in Saigon, making a visit to the 5th Ranger Group Base Camp at Cu Chi, May, 1971: L to R, MAJ Petit, 5th Gp HQs (partial view of face); CPT Robert Ham, 33rd BN; CPT Hunt, 35th BN; SFC Tatum Fowler, 38th BN; SSG Malcom Smith (saluting) 38th BN; SGT Robert Kunsman, 5th GP RTO; and LTC Gillingham, 5th Gp Senior Advisor.*

*SSG Malcolm Smith, (L) and CPT John Cruden, (advisors to the 38th BDQ BN) at the Duc My Ranger Training Center, November 1970. Ranger Smith served three tours in Vietnam; two with American combat units. He was wounded in action on 2 November, 1968 and again on 5 February, 1970.*



*Major Tran Tien San, President of the Vietnamese Ranger Association. Major San was the Battalion Commander, 86th Ranger Battalion, 8th Ranger Group. He also served as the XO of several Ranger Battalions.*



*Ranger Advisor Bob Lehman, (R) receiving an award for his actions on 24 Feb, 1967, in Lam Dong Province, from the 2nd Ranger Group Senior Advisor, LTC Fred Bowling. Bob served with several of the BDQ Battalions.*



*SGT Roy "Buck" Allen, (L), 44th BDQ's, and the team's Vietnamese driver, IV Corps, 1965. Buck was gravely wounded in a combat assault. He also served a tour with the 173rd Airborne Bde.*

## CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

By: Bob Smyers

### EASTER, RESURRECTION, PASSOVER

Soon we will celebrate the death, burial, and resurrection of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Easter is the name most commonly used in reference to this Holiday, particularly, in the marketing arena. The word Easter is derived from the sun goddess Eostre or Ostara as told by a Christian Monk (Venerable Bede) that lived 1300 years ago. Due to space I will not go into the history of it, but I will give the Internet site for research if you desire. Like Christmas, the marketing world thrives on this day as a marketing tool to promote their goods. This of course distracts from and distorts the true meaning. Christmas and Easter are the only two days of the year that Christian churches are filled to capacity, indicating we have many that do believe Christ came and did die for our sins, but at the same time they do not accept him into their life. Odd! We are not commanded by God to celebrate either Christmas or Easter, but man thought it should be. God did however give the Jewish people Festivals that they should celebrate in commemoration of the different events. Easter is also referred to as Resurrection day, but is called Passover in the Bible, one of the three annual Festivals to be celebrated. Passover is the most important. Why? Because this day would be the day Jesus would fulfill his mission on earth, and that was to give his life as payment for all the sin, of all the people of the world, for generations past, present and future. His blood was the only blood acceptable because man had not tainted it. He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit.

The Religious leaders and Jewish Officials of those days perceived Jesus to be a threat to their control over the people, and surmised that He had to die. Thus plans were made to kill him and the High Priest helped with the planning. All agreed it must be done at night as quickly and as quietly as possible, while most of the population was asleep, lest there be people in defense of Jesus and a possible riot. So a lie was made up. He would be accused of blasphemy. It was customary to have two or three witnesses to establish the truth of a wrong and though there were many false witnesses in the crowd, only two came forth to testify against Him, but only after they were given money. With plan in place the Religious Leaders had him taken prisoner late at night.

Going forth the soldiers found Jesus and his disciples in the garden of Gethsemane, where they had gone after supper to pray. The supper is now called "The Lord's Last Supper". It was at this Supper Jesus told his disciples He would no longer eat of the bread nor drink of the wine, until it be with them in the Fathers (God's) house. Judas, one of the disciples had made a deal with the Religious Leaders to lead them to and identify Jesus for them with a kiss on His cheek. Jesus had been praying and after he finished He was ready to fulfill his mission and as it had been prophesied; here comes Judas with many soldiers and took Jesus prisoner.

This would prove to be a long night for Jesus for he would stand a total of 5 trials at various places in the city. Jesus had had very little sleep coming into this night and was becoming very weary as they moved him about. While being taken to the different Judges the soldiers continuously beat, slap, punched, pull, and spit on him, even pulling out chunks of his beard. The fourth Judge was Herod, a Roman Ruler over this part of the providence, and after he had his time with Jesus he allowed his soldiers to humiliate Him. It was here they place a robe over His body and a crown of thorns on His head, all the while beating and mocking him. Herod finally ordered Him to be taken back to Pilate for Final Judgment.

Pilate really did not see any wrong Jesus did, but in order to appease the people he turned Jesus over to them for punishment, but only after a flogging. Pilate was hoping the people, after witnessing the harshness of the flogging would feel sorry for Him, and let him go. However, this did not change the mind of the people; they insisted He be crucified on the Cross.

Jesus was all alone and as prophesied "the Shepard shall be struck down and his sheep scattered" was fulfilled. His disciples deserted him during this time for fear of what might happen to them, and the population was asleep.

Jesus was taken away to receive the punishment designed for harden criminals. It was and I suppose still is the most horrific death sentence any had ever undergone. Then and now.

First he was flogged:

Note: The men assigned to flog and to crucify prisoners were trained professionals, and knew how to exact the most pain they could.

Flogging consisted of three men. A commander and two huge Roman Soldiers. Each soldier was equipped with a whip of many leather thongs, all weighted down with broken bone, glass, or metal in order to cut into the flesh. There was a post in the middle of the court about three feet high to which Jesus was tied, after being stripped of all clothing. This would place him bent over and his full hind side, the back, thighs, and legs would be totally exposed. One soldier would stand to the right rear and one to the left rear a few feet left and right of Jesus. The commander would then give the command to begin and one would

start and it would continue in rhythm until it was stopped. When the whip was lashed out it would wrap around Jesus and as the soldier pulled it loose, it tore His flesh open. Each lash went a little deeper and the blood began oozing and spurting out. A horrendous site to see. It was so sad even the Romans began to cry for Jesus. After awhile the commander stopped them and checked to see how close Jesus was to death, and if close, it would be stopped. Jesus was then loosened and his robe was placed on him. It is supposed he received 100 or so lashes. The Jewish laws only allow 39 stripes but the Romans were not limited. In the Bible Jesus claimed He was able to see his inter parts. Modern doctors claimed His skin would look like ribbons hanging from his body with, blood oozing and spurting out. A “MANGLED MESS”. Jesus also stated in the Bible He no longer looked like a human, His head so swollen from all the abuse and his body mangled from the flogging. With the flogging done surely Jesus was in shock and totally worn out after all that had been done to him. All this time he was given no food, water, or rest.

He was now going to the “Cross”. Prisoners and Jesus was no exception, had to carry the Cross bar/plank to the designated spot for crucifixion. The bar/plank weighed around 100 pounds or more. This was placed on Jesus shoulders and he struggled with it for about 1000 feet before He was brought to His knees. The soldiers seeing this grab a man from the crowd and made him carry it the remainder of the way. The soldiers that would nail him to the Cross were as trained physicians and knew the exact spot to place the nails to produce the most pain. Jesus was laid on the Cross and they nailed his wrist to the cross bar. The spikes were 5 inches long and expertly placed in the wrist. Likewise for the feet. The prisoner trying to survive on the Cross had to inhale and exhale. To do this they had to pull with their wrist and push with their feet. This would go on until they died and it could last up to three days, sooner for some. Also soldiers at times would break the legs to allow death sooner. He suffered unfathomable pain.

Jesus was buried but as the Word of God said, He would rise again on the third day and He did, conquering death, hell, and the grave. “HE LIVES FOREVERMORE”! All sin was atoned for by the giving of His life's blood! All that ask Jesus to come into their heart will receive eternal life the day they ask. Our bodies may die but the Spirit and Soul will live forever, and will one day be reunited with our body in a Glorified State. To never again suffer the suffering of this life we now know. I encourage all to give it some thought and please do not just read the words, but visualize the sights and sound our Lord faced, all alone. Please give a thought to Jesus when you remember a lost loved one or a fallen brother. Our brothers died (die) for us to live free in the fleshly life, but Jesus died that we may have ETERNAL LIFE!

Thanks for allowing me to share.

Bob Smyers, Chaplain 75th Ranger Regiment Association.

Rangers Lead the Way!

References: Isaiah 52:14 -53:12, PSALMS 22:1-18, Mathew 26-27, John 18-20.

Web site: <http://www.awesomepower.net/easternamed.htm>

## **TRIBUTE: HUGH RUFUS MCKINNEY**

### **KIA DATE: FEBRUARY 16, 1969**

Lord we thank you for the privilege of having served along side of men of this caliber. Help us never to forget nor allow others to forget soldiers like Hugh Rufus McKinney. Encourage and embolden each of us to continue maintaining the belief that all men are created equal and deserve the right to choose. May we never accept injustice as an option but as a threat to freedom, the freedom of all freedom loving people around the world. Thank You Lord for sending so many like our brother that are willing to stand, and give their final breath to prevent the threat to freedom from becoming a reality. Hugh has now taken his place in our hearts as being one of America's best. Joined with like soldiers in a place of love, peace, and joy. All Glory belongs to you Lord but you said; “Honor is due where Honor is due”. Today as every day we honor Hugh by remembering him and his sacrifice for Freedom! May you touch and comfort his loved ones this day and every day with the peace, peace that passes all understanding. We humbly ask it, in Jesus Name.

Hugh was adventurous, curious, and very inquisitive about things. He was born to be a risk taker, one who liked challenge. This is what most likely caused him to join one of the most “ELITE” units in the Vietnam War. The famed Long Range Patrol Rangers of the 75th Ranger regiment with a lineage back to the Merrill Marauders. Men of this unit were loved and respected by others outside the unit, but also a little envied. All would like to wear the uniform that depicted one who was either a little crazy or had guts of steel. I would say they had guts of steel, bravery, courage, and commitment to duty, and their fellow rangers. Only way in was to volunteer, but then you had to meet the standards to stay.

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER (CONTINUED)

Hugh was well liked and always brought cheer into most situations when off patrol, but on patrol, he was a most serious ranger and took his job seriously.

He had run several missions and had faced the enemy up close, but on February 16, 1969 he would find himself in a different and lethal place. His team was on their way for insertion into a heavily enemy infested area when they were shot out of the air by enemy ground fire, none had a chance. The chopper took several hits causing it to crash. Hugh died a brave man along with his team mates and the helicopter crew. They that perished with him were team mates Gerald Handcock, Ralph Dunn, Jack Rightmyer. The pilots were Norman Perron and Arthur Papale with door gunners Richard Oliver and Larry Alcos. This was a dark day, not only to the loved ones, but to the world. You might say, earth's loss and heaven's gain. We can only hope God's angels were there to swiftly relieve all pain and carry them home to heaven. Gone but not forgotten until we fail to remember. Sua Sponte (of his own accord), Rangers Lead The Way. Hooah!

To the family that has had to bear the loss of Hugh, we offer our heart-felt thanks for your standing so strong. Many that enjoy real freedom have been affected by the great contribution he gave towards our freedom. He is still dearly loved and missed, even to this day.

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## Christmas – Family Fund

In this issue I want to close out the list of contributors to the 2003 Christmas – Family fund. These are donations that came in after I submitted the column for the winter issue of "Patrolling" (15 Nov) or contributors that I mistakenly left off the previous list. A tremendous **Thank-you** to all of the contributors to the fund. Many Ranger Families had a better Holiday Season because of your help.

### A/75 –V CORPS LRRP ASSOCIATION

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GREGORY T.

ALBERT F.

5TH MECH

RANGER REGIMENT

9TH INF DIV

5TH MECH

9TH INF DIV

9TH INF DIV

25TH INF DIV

INDIANA NAT GUARD

9TH INF DIV

9TH INF DIV

9TH INF DIV

9TH INF DIV

BDQ

5TH MECH

9TH INF DIV

101ST ABN DIV

5TH MECH

9TH INF DIV

9TH INF DIV

RANGER REGIMENT

1ST INF DIV

9TH INF DIV

9TH INF DIV

5TH MECH

5TH MECH

9TH INF DIV

RANGER REGIMENT

9TH INF DIV

9TH INF DIV

INDIANA NAT GUARD

9TH INF DIV

4TH INF DIV

5TH MECH

9TH INF DIV

9TH INF DIV

RTB

## BULLETIN BOARD

### SOME USEFUL WEB SITES:

Michael Monfrooe's poetry has been in nearly every issue of *Patrolling* since I have been Editor. His daughter Laura gave him an unusual Christmas present, a web site for his poetry. It can be accessed at [www.geocities.com/michaeldmonfrooe/](http://www.geocities.com/michaeldmonfrooe/)

There has always been some difficulty in finding out what benefits are available to veterans from State sources. The National Association of State Directors of Veterans Affairs has a web site that lists all benefits available to veterans in the various states. It can be found at [nasdva.com](http://nasdva.com)

Home Depot stores, through the volunteer program "Project Home Front," are providing up to \$1,000 for home repairs to families whose military sponsors are deployed. There is an application process at their website: <http://www.projecthomefront.org>. Please pass this info on to family members you know whose military sponsor is deployed.

### SOME IMPORTANT DATES:

2-4 April: Wild Critter Cookout at Dahlonaga, GA

29 April-1 May: Best Ranger Competition at Ft. Benning, GA

31 July – 4 August: 75THRA reunion in Seattle, WA

5-9 July: Ranger Rendezvous at Ft. Benning, GA

6 July: Ranger Hall of Fame at Ft. Benning, GA

### 1ST BATTALION ACTIVITIES

Dear Rangers and Ranger Friends:

The momentum of this Battalion has not slowed in the least since the events of September 11, 2001 and we are anticipating a very busy summer as well. I wanted to give you a glimpse of the tentatively planned activities for the week of 12-15 July 2004 in the 1st Ranger Battalion, Hunter Army Airfield.

The **Annual Ranger Ball**, a **Banner Day**, unveiling of the **1/75th Ranger Memorial Model**, the **Battalion Change of Command**, a **Operation Enduring Freedom/Operation Iraqi Freedom Award Ceremony** and the **30th Anniversary of 1st Ranger Battalion Reactivation** are all on the agenda. We invite all our Ranger Buddies past and present to join us as we celebrate these events. A more detailed itinerary will be distributed as we near these dates.

A block of 20 rooms each has been reserved at the Landmark Inn, Hunter Army Airfield (912)692-0139 at the cost of \$59 per night double occupancy; and also 20 rooms at the Clubhouse Inn and Suites located outside Main Gate on Abercorn at the rate of \$71 per night, double occupancy (912)356-1234. Please ask for the Ranger Group Rate at both establishments. Additional billeting will be arranged as these locations are filled or please inquire as to other housing in the area that would better suit your needs. For additional information, please contact our Secretary, Ms. Dudley at (912) 352-5608.

We look forward to your visit and as always, thank you for your continued support!

Rangers Lead the Way!

Michael M. Kershaw  
Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. Army  
Commanding

# Membership Information

A MEMBERSHIP YEAR in the association runs from 1 July this year to 30 June next year and the mailing label on your “Patrolling” will always reflect your dues status. For example if above your name on the label it says “0628 2004” it means your membership number is 0628 and your dues are paid through 30 June of 2004. Annual dues are \$25 and you may pay them at any time during the year or if you want to pay ahead you can pay for multiple years. Check your address label now and see when your membership year ends. Life Membership is \$250 and can be paid by check in up to five monthly installments or by credit card. Mail your dues to: **75th Ranger Regt. Assoc., PO BOX 921, HEFLIN, AL 36264**. If you have a question on your membership status you may contact me at that address, or email [redwards@cableone.net](mailto:redwards@cableone.net) or phone 256-831-7146.

The following have joined, rejoined, or became Life Members in the association since the last list was published in the fall 2003 issue of “Patrolling”.

LM ASHE	JERRY L.	C/75
LM BLOCK	WILLIAM D	2/75
LM BUSBY	ROBERT E.	1/75
LM BUTTS	WALTER P.	F/51
LM CAPPS	H. DONALD	E/75
LM CARPENTER	GARY R.	HQ REGT, 1/75
LM CASEY	DAVID J.	L/75
LM CORDLE	JACK D.	F/75, F/50
LM CUMMINGS	DAVID C.	N/75, L/75
LM DAVIS	JOHN E. JR	3RD ID LRRP
LM DAVIS	WILLIAM E.	E/75, F/75, 196TH LRRP
LM DOLAN	GARY E.	C/75, E/20
LM EACHUS	JOESEPH B.	E/75, E/50
LM FAULKNER	WILLIAM J.	F/52
LM FELLER	MICHAEL L.	O/75, F/51
LM FLANAGAN	DOUGLAS	K/75
LM FLEENOR	WILLIAM C.	1/75
LM FORD	GARY D.	F/51
LM GARTNER	RONALD C.	1/101 LRRP
LM HANDLIN	JAMES M.	VII CORPS LRRP
LM HAYNER	DANIEL E.	F/75
LM HECHT	RICHARD A.	B/2/75
LM HILCHEY	DAVID W.	G/75, F/75
LM JACKSON	ORLANDO T.	E/51
LM JONES	LAWRENCE E.	173RD LRRP
LM JONES	THOMAS A.	K/75, P/75
LM JUSTUS	STEPHEN D.	D/151
LM KOCH	CHRISTOPHER R.	C/1/75
LM KREPPERT	LOUIS C.	107TH CO RGN
LM LILHOLT	JOHN E.	N/75
LM LOUNSBURY	CLINTON L.	25TH DIV LRRP
LM LY	HUNG VAN	BDQ
LM McSORLEY	JAMES	74TH LRP
LM PIPER	RONALD B.	71ST LRP
LM ROMO	JOEL R.	3/75
LM SMITH	MALCOLM K.	BDQ
LM SPEELBERG	JERRY R.	N/75
LM STEPHENSON	MATTHEW W.	HHC/3/75
LM THUNANDER	DENNIS H.	2ND BDE 4TH DIV LRRP
LM WHITE	RANDALL R	L/75, F/58
LM WILLIAMS	LESLIE T.	L/75, K/75, F/58, E/58
LM YOUNG	KENNETH L. JR	A/1/75
AYERS	AARON W.	D/151
BENNETT	WILLIAM C.	HHC/2/75, B/75
BLACKMAN	MICHAEL B.	C/3/75
BRYCE	DAVID	C/3/75
CAMPBELL	ALAN C.	A/75, B/2/75



**MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION CONTINUED**

CARNE	GENE	3/506 LRRP
CHITWOOD	RICHARD E.	P/75
DEFOE	BEN	WW II 3RD BN
EBERHARDT	WILLIAM J.	F/75, F/50
EDMUNDS	JOHN R.	B/3/75, B/1/75
ERNST	GAIL	HQ REGT, HHC/1/75
FARMER	DANIEL	C/2/75
FENCL	JOHN L.	H/75, E/52
FISHER	MICHAEL A.	A/75
GOSSELIN	LEO A.	HQ REGT, B/2/75
HERNANDES	BOB	9TH DIV LRRP
HILL	WILLIAM H.	USA LRRP CO
HOQUE	RICHARD	USA LRRP CO
HORNE	WILLIAM J.	N/75, 74TH LRP
HOY	CHRISTIAN	1/75
KASUNIC	CARL	B/1/75
KIM	DENNIS S.Q.	BDQ
LEHMAN	ROBERT F.	BDQ
LEUER	KENNETH C.	HHC/1/75
LOMBARDI	GINO J.	A/75
MAJKA	FRANK	P/75, F/51
MARTINEZ	MARCIANO M.	D/151, N/75
MILLS	MICHAEL	1ST INF DIV LRRP
NEGRETE	RICHARD G.	1/75
PALACIOS	LUIS C.	HQ REGT, 2/75
PECK	WENDELL	B/75
PFEFFER	JOSEPH M.	C/1/75
PULLARA	SAM	C/75
RODGERS	JAMES E.	H/75, A/75
RUIZ	MOSES A.	C/1/75
RYTELL	DAVID	RTB
SHARP	MICHEL J.	G/75, F/52
SMITH	JOSEPH D.	HHC/1/75
STOCKWELL	DAVID F. Jr	A/1/75
TAYLOR	ZACK	B/2/75
THOMPSON	PHILLIP	HQ REGT
URIG	MICHAEL	C/1/75
ZUNIGA	ABEL L.	B/2/75

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I'VE HEARD THE QUIET & THE CANNONS MIGHTY ROAR. I  
LEARNED IN COMBAT, THAT CLOSE FRIENDS DIE;  
LEARNED THE HARD WAY, IT'S ALRIGHT TO CRY.***

***SOME THOUGHT AT TIMES THAT I DIDN'T CARE;  
I'D ALWAYS BEEN STRICT, BUT ALWAYS FAIR.  
MY DUTIES WERE MANY, THE SOLDIERS EVERY NEED;  
I HAD MY GUIDELINES, THE NCO CREED.***

***THEY HAD TO HAVE FAITH IN ME AND TO WHAT I SAY;  
FOR SOME WOULD BE LEADERS ANOTHER DAY.  
IT IS NOW THEIR TURN TO ANSWER THE CALL;  
I WILL MISS THESE SOLDIERS, I'LL MISS THEM ALL.***

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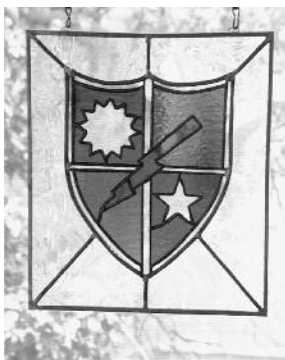
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*On patrol: morning in a night location*

*Left foreground: SSG Jim Billie. SSG Billie rotated to the States soon after this photo was taken. Jim Billie went on to become Chief of the Seminole Nation in Florida. To the right, your editor with a canteen cup and Brian Radcliffe.*

*Brian Radcliffe photo.*

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**L Company 1st SGT and 75th RRA founder of Bob Gilbert scratching his head and shown at a loss for words about the band of Thieves he inherited to help command.  
Photo credit Richard Masson.**



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