

# PATROLLING

WINTER 2006 75<sup>TH</sup> RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION, INC. VOLUME 21 ISSUE III

*'Ranger Halo 1977'*



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





**WHO WE ARE:** The 75th Ranger Regiment Association, Inc., is a registered 501 (c) corporation, registered in the State of Georgia. We were founded in 1986 by a group of veterans of F/58, (LRP) and L/75 (Ranger). The first meeting was held on June 7, 1986, at Ft. Campbell, KY. (See story, this issue, Feature Articles).

#### OUR MISSION:

1. To identify and offer membership to all eligible 75th Infantry Rangers, and members of the Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol Companies, Long Range Patrol Companies, Ranger Companies and Detachments, Vietnamese Ranger Advisors of the Biet Dong Quan; members of LRSU units that trace their lineage to Long Range Patrol Companies that were attached to Brigade or larger units during the Vietnam War and the 75th Ranger Regiment.
2. To sustain the Association. *Unlike the WWII Battalions and Merrill's Marauders, the 75RRA accepts members and former members of the Active Ranger Battalions. By doing so we are perpetuating the association. It will not "die off" as these two organizations someday will.*
4. To assist, when possible, those active units and their members who bear the colors and lineage of the 5307th Composite Provisional Unit (CPU), 475th Infantry Regiment, 75th Infantry (Ranger) Companies (Merrill's Marauders), 1st and 2nd Battalions (Ranger) 75th Infantry, the 75th Ranger Regiment, consisting of Regimental Headquarters 1st, 2nd,

and 3rd Ranger Battalions, successor units, or additions to the Regiment.

#### WHAT WE DO:

During the last five years we have provided financial support to the young men of the 75th Ranger Regiment. Each year, through contributions from our members and some outside sources, we have provided about \$4,000.00 to each of the three Ranger Battalions and \$2,000.00 to the Regimental HQ. These funds enabled the families of the junior enlisted men, (E-5 & below) to get certificates for toys for the children and turkeys for Christmas dinner.

We have funded trips for families to visit their wounded sons and husbands while they were in the hospital. We have purchased a learning program software for the son of one young Ranger who had a brain tumor removed. The Army took care of the surgery, but no means existed to purchase the learning program. We fund the purchase of several awards for graduates of RIP and Ranger School.

We have bi-annual reunions and business meetings. Our Officers, (President, 1st & 2nd Vice-Presidents, Secretary & Treasurer), are elected at this business meeting. This reunion coincides with the 75th Ranger Regiment's Ranger Rendezvous, and is at Columbus,

GA. (Ft. Benning). We have off year reunions at various locations around the country.



#### WHO IS ELIGIBLE:

##### SECTION 2: Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol

- A. V Corp (LRRP)
- B. VII Corp (LRRP)
- C. 9th Inf. Div. (LRRP)
- D. 25th Inf. Div. (LRRP)
- E. 196th Inf. Bde. (LRRP)
- F. 1st Cav. Div. (LRRP)
- G. 1st Inf. Div. (LRRP)
- H. 4th Inf. Div. (LRRP)
- I. 101st Abn. Div., 1st Bde. (LRRP)
- J. 199th Inf. Bde. (LRRP)
- K. 173rd Abn. Bde. (LRRP)
- L. 3rd Inf. Div. (LRRP)

##### SECTION 3: Long Range Patrol

- A. Co D (LRP) 17th Inf.
- B. Co E (LRP) 20th Inf.
- C. Co E (LRP) 30th Inf.
- D. Co E (LRP) 50th Inf.
- E. Co F (LRP) 50th Inf.
- F. Co E (LRP) 51st Inf.
- G. Co F (LRP) 51st Inf.
- H. Co E (LRP) 52nd Inf.
- I. Co F (LRP) 52nd Inf.

- J. Co C (LRP) 58th Inf.
- K. Co E (LRP) 58th Inf.
- L. Co F (LRP) 58th Inf.
- M. 70th Inf. DET (LRP)
- N. 71st Inf. DET (LRP)
- O. 74th Inf. DET (LRP)
- P. 78th Inf. DET (LRP)
- Q. 79th Inf. DET (LRP)
- R. Co D (LRP) 151st Inf.

##### SECTION 4: 75th Infantry Ranger Companies

- A. Co A (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- B. Co B (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- C. Co C (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- D. Co D (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- E. Co E (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- F. Co F (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- G. Co G (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- H. Co H (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- I. Co I (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- J. Co K (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- K. Co L (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- L. Co M (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- M. Co N (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- N. Co O (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- O. Co P (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- P. Co D (RANGER)

151st Inf.

##### SECTION 5: Vietnamese Ranger Advisors BDQ

All units of the Biet Dong Quan (BDQ).

##### SECTION 6: 75th Ranger Regiment

- A. 1st Battalion (Ranger) 75th Inf., activated in 1974.
- B. 2nd Battalion (Ranger) 75th Inf., activated in 1974.
- C. 3rd Battalion (Ranger) 75th Inf., activated in 1984.
- D. 75th Ranger Regiment HQ's Company, activated in 1984.

##### SECTION 7: Long Range Surveillance:

Any Long Range Surveillance Company or Detachment that can trace its' lineage to, or is currently assigned to a Brigade or larger element that was deployed to Vietnam as listed in section 2, 3 or 4 above.



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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.

## MAGAZINE

I'm happy to report that Courtney Fleenor, Regis Murphy and Ed Tinoco have offered help with the magazine and advertising. Regis even sold two ads for this issue. We have about half the cost of the magazine paid for, through a combination of interest on our CD's, gifts, and advertising. The goal, of course, is to publish and mail the magazine with out using any member's dues money. As I stated, we are about half way there. If any of you have anyone who would be interested in a card ad in the magazine, they are only \$100.00 for a year, (4 issues), plus \$50.00 for a link from our web site to theirs. It is also deductible as a contribution or business expense.

I need feature articles and photos. If you have any literary aspirations, indulge them here. If the article is of a 'War Story' nature, I must have either documentation or a collaborator, in writing. I always need photos, with captions, as filler. We print the magazine 4 pages at a time. If I end up with 82 pages, I either need to drop 2 pages, or add 2 pages. I hate to drop anything, so I always need some kind of filler; poems, photos, cartoons, etc. If you are considering writing something, give me a call and we can talk about it.

## WEB SITE

Our guestbook has been changed to a manual entry system. The not only prevents spam but denies any attack on the script that runs it (because there no longer is a script). A guestbook is a place to say "hi" or "where've you guys been?" and things of that nature. Comments which are uncomplimentary towards others have no place in the Association guestbook.

The secretary tells me that many of you have found it convenient to renew your dues on-line with Pay Pal on the website. Given this knowledge we intend to add the capability in the coming weeks so that you can manage fees for next summer's Ranger Rendezvous (registration and banquet) in the same fashion. I hope we'll see all of you there, and I truly hope you'll take advantage of this feature so that John C. can spend a little less time at the table and a bit more enjoying the reunion just like the rest of us.

Information, scheduling, events, and notices will be posted on the website as is becomes available . . . Stay tuned!

David Regenthal

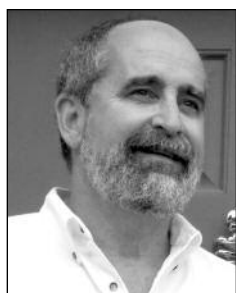
## Notice

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Stephen Crabtree

### Ranger Hall of Fame



**Stephen  
Crabtree**

To date we have received 4 packets for submission to the RHOF Executive Committee. I have heard of others being prepared but if I don't receive them by 1 December they will have to wait until next year. I have until 10 January to submit our three packets to the RHOF. The packets will be rated by our committee and then three will be submitted. In order to be fair I purposely did not want two or more raters from the same unit. Review of our packets will be done by: Mike "McGeek" McClintock, 3rd ID LRRP Detachment; Roy Barley, 50th LRP/ E/75th Ranger; Terry Roderick, 79th LRP/ P/75 Ranger; Bill Postelnic, E/58th LRP/ K/75 Ranger; and Mike Martin, BDQ.

On 31 August Major General Kenneth C. Leuer (ret) stepped down as Chairman of the RHOF selection committee. I have worked hand in hand with Ken for the last ten years on both the Ranger Memorial and the RHOF and know personally that there are no ten men who have done more for the Ranger community than he has. As stated in the RHOF By-Laws, MG Leuer will maintain "Emeritus" status. He is quoted as having said, "It has been a distinct and special honor to have served as chair of the RHOF selection committee for the past ten years." General Buck Kernan (ret) has accepted the duties and responsibilities of Chairman. I cannot think of anyone more qualified to succeed Ken than Buck. I have pledged my support and that of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association to Buck and the RHOF.

### Airborne Historical Association

There have been 18 Airborne Invasions made by The United States Army. The Airborne Historical Association has started the Battle Monument Project to place a monument for each of these invasions to commemorate the courage of the Paratroopers who made these combat jumps. The monuments will be placed adjacent to the Airborne Walk, Fort Benning, behind the C-131. The men of the 75th Ranger Regiment were involved in Operation Urgent Fury on 25 October 1989 jumping into Grenada and again with the 82nd Airborne in Operation Just Cause on 20 December 1989 in Panama. We have donated \$3,750 towards the completion of this project. Our donation will be matched by Paratrooper John Hughes, a WWII Veteran of the 13th Airborne Division and the 82nd Airborne Division. If any of you want to contribute to this worthwhile project make your check payable to The Airborne Historical Association and send them to PO Box 87518, College Park, Georgia 30337-0518. The AHS is a 501 3 (c) charitable organization according to IRS ruling which makes your donations 100% tax deductible.

### WWI Veteran Search

Time is running out to find and recognize the last remaining veterans of "The Great War." The rolls of World War I veterans have declined so rapidly that the day is fast approaching when there will be one remaining, then none. The VA, with assistance from historians, state agencies and others, is keeping a roster of those veterans. Three years ago, there were about 250 remaining WWI American veterans. Yet, there may be other WWI veterans out there, perhaps in private nursing homes or in the care of family members, who have not been identified by VA. If you know of any WWI veterans in your area it is requested that you contact VA's Office of Public Affairs in Washington, DC, at [opaweb@va.gov](mailto:opaweb@va.gov). [Source: Military Report 10 Oct 06]

### Reunion 2007

John Chester and I met in Columbus on Monday, October 16th. We were able to coordinate with the Holiday Inn for rooms and food. We closed three bank accounts with our local bank in Columbus and kept one open for cash deposits during reunions. We also visited the company that will be silk screening this year's reunion shirts. We haven't decided if we are going to give out t-shirts or polo shirts. John will poll the officers for the final decision.

I then ran out to the Ranger Training Brigade and met with Colonel Greg Hagar, the new Commanding Officer. I dropped off a box full of books for their library and Greg and I went over how he wants the RHOF packets. All in all it was my most productive day as President of our association.

### "Last Man Standing"

The President of another Ranger Organization recently made the statement that the 75th Ranger Regiment Association was a last man standing organization and when the last LRRP/Ranger from Vietnam died so would the 75RRA. I have contacted him and honestly believe that the erroneous statement was made in naivety. Nothing could be farther than the truth. We currently have 1982 members of which 11% are from the Regiment. Of our 700 life members 156 are from active duty or recently discharged non-Vietnam veterans. Of the last 450 new members joining our organization 30% are from non-Vietnam veterans. Our by-laws are somewhat stricter than many of the other Ranger organizations as we require that one must have been assigned to an active Ranger, LRRP, LRP or LRS unit.

### Veterans Day Parade

Kathleen Blamier, President of Mountain Laurels Connecticut Chapter of Gold Star Wives of America sent me the attached picture. She wanted us to know that both the Gold Star Wives and

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

the 75th Ranger Regiment Association were represented in the 2006 Hartford, Connecticut Veterans' Day Parade. She sent her thanks for our association bumper sticker which made a handsome addition to her banner.



### Thanksgiving & Christmas Gifts

As of November 1st our Thanksgiving and Christmas checks are in the mail. We gave each Battalion \$1000 for turkeys and \$3000 for gift cards for the children of Rangers E-5 and below. We also gave \$500 and \$1000 respectively to the Regiment. My thanks to John Chester, Bill Dodge 3rd BN Unit Representative, Rich Hecht 2nd BN Unit Representative and Bill Acebes 1st BN Unit Representative for working up front to avoid the cluster we had last year when our checks didn't go out until mid December. We did receive one interesting correspondence from one of the Battalion S5s. He said to send the money and he would distribute the funds to each Company for their "party." I immediately wrote back that the checks were to only be used for Thanksgiving Turkeys and Christmas presents for the Ranger's children and that if they were being used for any other reason that would be the last check that particular Battalion ever received from us.

### Boy Scout Troop 27

Our Boy Scout troop is alive and well in Columbus, Georgia. We have been sponsoring them since Emmett's regime. It costs us nothing other than a couple of signatures every time either we or they change leadership. I hope the new Officers of our organization continue to support Troop 27. We gave \$100 to sponsor eight Scouts at a banquet on March 12th in Columbus to honor Scouts that have earned various merit badges.

## FIRST-VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Bill Bullen

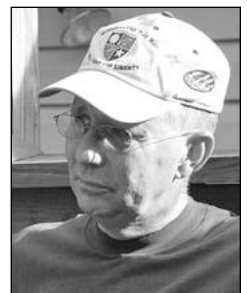
Fellow LRRP, LRP, Rangers and Ranger families, There seems not to be much going on from my stand point. I'm flying a lot trying to get some hours before getting my Instrument Flight Rule rating. I guess I'm a little apprehensive about the academics involved.

This coming July we'll be voting for new officers, I think everyone should consider fellow members for these jobs. I know that some have reservations of some incumbents' abilities; well the thing to do is find a better suited candidate, and make the nomination. There will always be disagreements and differences, but we'll not let it harm the association, we have to agree to disagree, then come up with a solution and make the move. We've all been through rougher situations and have weathered the storms.

With the reunion just around the corner we need to make reservations early to get a room in the host hotel. This should be a very good time for all. If you have any recommendations or questions contact your unit director or the executive board directly. Your unit directors probably have the information you

need, they can also use your input, ideas and support as does the executive board.

A friend of the Association, Gold Star Mother Elizabeth Olgyay, mother of Roy Olgyay K/75 (kia) Sept 19, 1970, will be moving to Eugene, Oregon Nov, 14. She'll be living close to her daughter Joy, Roy's sister. If anyone is close to her, look her up and say "Hello in There".



Bill Bullen

Get in touch with your unit director; ask him what you can do for the Association. Also mention the Children's Christmas Fund and how you'd like to help this year.

Merry Christmas  
Bill

## SECRETARY'S MESSAGE

By John Chester

I get probably 9 or 10 calls a week associated with LRRP/Ranger business. Some are just a question that can be answered in a few sentences, some more complicated, and a few end up just chewing the fat. A couple of weeks ago I was talking to an individual and somehow we got around to violence in schools in general, and guns in school in particular. I mentioned that when I was in high school, I was on the rifle team and carried a Winchester Model 75 target rifle to school 3 days a week. The bolt was removed and placed in a sock, and there was no ammunition; that was issued at the police range where we practiced. When I got to school, (in downtown Baltimore City), I put the rifle in my locker and carried on through the rest of the school day, and went to practice, 6 blocks away after school. By the way, I rode public transportation, (a streetcar) to school. There were at least 6 schools in the city that competed against each other. We had matches twice a week. The members of the other school's teams also carried their rifles to school. It was so unremarkable that no one commented when a student got on a bus or streetcar with a cased rifle slung over his shoulder.



John Chester

I graduated from high school in 1961, just 45 years ago, (seems a lot longer from this perspective). We wondered where along the way things jumped the tracks? Bring even a BB gun to school today, and 6 SWAT teams would be deployed. I guess the point is, we were trusted in those days to be responsible enough to carry a cased rifle through the city. As far as I can recall, there was never a single incident involving a member of a rifle team. Had there been, I would have remembered, having been involved in the activity.

Trust seems to be the breaking point. It seems that we can no longer trust other individuals, to the extent, at least, that we did in the 60's and 70's. Fred Fones came out from Arizona to spend Thanksgiving with Mary Anne and me. In our many conversations, we agreed that it was OK to trust the guys we were in Vietnam with, but that it was real hard to trust anyone else. When I was with Brian (Jellyroll) Radcliffe, this summer in Michigan, we came to similar conclusions. I guess the central question is: does the close bond that we veterans have preclude trusting anyone else, or does the fact that we can't trust anyone else, bring us closer together? Is it the lack of consistent behavior on the part of many people that makes trust so difficult? Before I went into the Army, I got into racing sports cars. When you take 20 – 30 competitive people, give them machines capable of 100+ miles an hour and put them on a track to determine who is fastest, things can get a little hairy. Imagine a bunch of cars approaching a turn at a high rate of speed, as close together as fingers in a fist, each trying to make his line into the turn. If you don't trust the perfect orthodoxy of the drivers around you, you won't be able to continue racing. The other side of the coin is, a maverick driver

didn't last long. The others can't afford to keep him around. This is what lawyers refer to as a circular argument, ie., the answer takes you back to the question. I don't know the answer, but the question is interesting.

I mentioned in the last issue that we now have 2 members, father and son, who were, (are) in the same Ranger Battalion and Company, Ken & Steve York. Check out the ad in the card ad section in the back of this issue and you will find an ad from Ken. He makes aluminum hitch covers (for a trailer hitch) among other Ranger related items, and they look real good. He sent me one to check out. The material and workmanship are impressive. I immediately put it on my pick-up truck. Another of the many perks of the editor, anyone want the job?

I went up to Michigan in August to go fishing with Brian Radcliffe (Jellyroll). Jellyroll got a new boat, a forty foot sport fisherman. What a great boat! Very fast. We got into a couple schools of salmon and had a great time. At one point, we had three fish on at the same time and there were only the two of us. Here comes the great fish story: It was just about dark, and we hooked three fish almost simultaneously. One got off almost at once, and Jellyroll and I were playing the other two. I had landed a dozen or so salmon in the 15 – 25 lb. range the previous several days, so I had some experience. Well, I couldn't get this one in. I'd crank and crank, he'd get close to the boat and take off, burning up the drag, and I'd start over again. By the way this fish was acting, I thought I had Moby Dick on the line. This went on for almost 45 minutes. Your arms, (and back) get pretty tired after a little of this.

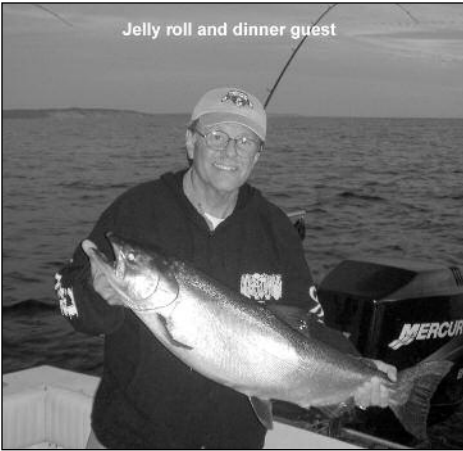
We thought I had a world record coming in. I slowly gained ground on him and got him closed and closer to the boat. The light is fading at about the same rate as I was. As we got ready to net the fish it became apparent that the fish was hooked in the ass, not the mouth. No wonder he was so strong! The worst fisherman on the lake caught the dumbest fish in the lake. Here are some photos of Jellyroll, his boat, and a guest we invited to dinner.



Being with Jellyroll and his boat, reminded me of something my grand father said, and convinced me that there was a lot of truth to it. He used



## SECRETARY'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)



to say, "Boats and women have a lot in common; the prettier and faster they are, the more dangerous and expensive they are. Oh, and someone else's are lots more fun than your own."



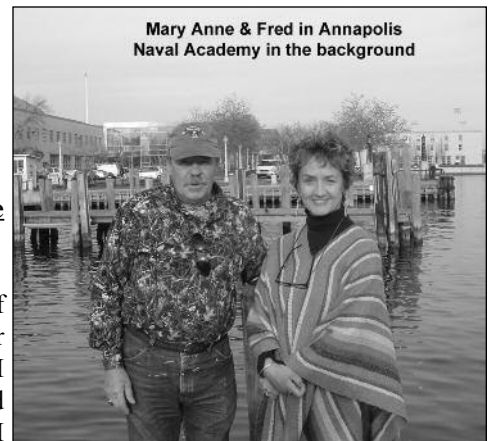
Somebody recently asked me why I didn't ever tell any war stories. Well, here's a war story and since it concerns Jellyroll, this is a good place for it. The time was April or May, 1968. We had gotten through the Tet Offensive in pretty good shape, (no losses) and had recently moved into

the Kontum area from I Corps. Jellyroll and I were with the advance party, and had very little in the way of equipment or support. We were so bad off that we had no access to sundry packs, and I had been out of cigarettes for 3 or 4 days. At the time I was doing 2 packs of Camels a day. We were beginning to do some visual recons, by helicopter, to familiarize ourselves with the AO and to find LZ's for insertion and extraction. Jellyroll was the operations NCO. This particular day, we were flying west from Kontum in an H-23 belonging to Aloha Airlines. The pilot's name was Grigsby, and he had a reputation for being unafraid of pretty much anything.

We were flying at tree top level in the river valley between Kontum and the Special Forces camp at Polei Kleng, when we surprised a Vietnamese walking along with a rifle over his shoulder. He started, but then recovered and just sort of waved at us. Grigsby spun the bird around, and in the process started back toward the guy. We didn't have the usual M-60's hanging from bungee cords, so we quickly decided to capture the guy. Grigsby comes down on top of the guy and Jellyroll and I go out either side of the bird when it's 2 or 3 feet off the ground. I have my Browning 9mm pistol and Jellyroll has a CAR-15. We get the weapon from him, (an SKS) and get back in the waiting H-23. I'm on the right side, with the guy standing on the skid with my arm around his neck and my pistol at his head. As we take off the guy panics a little bit at the lurch, and his feet, (with Ho Chi Minh sandals) start to slip a little. Pretty soon, he's got a death grip on my leg and is pretty much flapping in the wind. During the course

of the struggle, I notice something working its way up and out of his shirt pocket. A pack of Pall Malls!! Not my brand, but it's been three days without a smoke, what the hell. I get Jellyroll's attention and pass my pistol over to him, and pinch the cigarettes from this poor dink's pocket. Can't get it to light in the slip stream. I ask Grigsby to land so I can light up. There was probably no other pilot in Vietnam that would land in Indian Country so that I could light up a smoke. Grigsby did. As we come down the guy is really getting agitated, he probably thought I was going to shoot him after I got the cigarettes. Anyway, I get lit up and off we go again, back to the 3rd Bde of the 4th Div TOC. We turn the guy in to MI for questioning and he is shaking like a dog passing shingles. They told me later, he told them anything they wanted after they threatened to give him back to Jellyroll and me for another chopper ride.

As I mentioned earlier, Fred Fones was with us over the Thanksgiving Holidays. Fred lives in the desert south of Phoenix, Arizona. He has an airplane hanger, a motor home, 2 airplanes, 2 dune buggies and 20 or so cats. Fred has always had just a bit of an attitude. While he was here we did Manassas Battlefield and other related military points of interest, including Annapolis and the Naval Academy.



### State of the Association

Being roughly half way through our membership year, I have processed over 900 invoices. I think that we have proven that invoices for dues are superior to a prompt in the magazine. This is the third year for invoices. Since we started the invoices, over 90 members who had been out so long that their member numbers were taken away,





## SECRETARY'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

(Ron Edwards stopped that policy, as have I), have rejoined after receiving invoices. A magazine prompt would not have worked with these individuals, they weren't getting the magazine. Our membership is now at about 1,950 members of all categories.

We have contributed \$3,000.00 for toys, plus \$1,000.00 for turkeys to each of the three Ranger Battalions, and \$1,500.00 for toys plus \$500.00 for turkeys to Regimental HQ. This was paid from the Family Fund.

We have contributed \$3,500.00 to the airborne walk memorial, and have contributed to each of the Battalion's memorial Monument funds. We contributed \$500.00 to each of the Battalion's Ranger Balls. These moneys came from our operating funds.

Our financial condition is as follows:

75th RRA operating funds:  
Certificate of Deposit \$ 73,780.87  
Checking Account 27,767.35  
Total \$101,548.22

Family Fund Account:  
Certificate of Deposit \$ 25,620.46  
Checking Account 9,790.28  
Total \$ 35,410.74

The Certificates of Deposit can be accessed only by two of the following three Association Officers; President, Secretary and/or Treasurer. These CD'S are insured by the FDIC and pay a little better than 5%. That's a lot better than the 0% we were getting before we changed.

During the past year, we paid \$13,600.00 to the Ranger Memorial Foundation in order to cover a shortfall when a company that promised matching funds for the purpose of bricks at the Ranger Memorial, reneged on that promised. The Association had paid its half and the bricks were installed. Many attempts to get the offending company to honor their promise were made, to no avail. The elected officers and directors agreed that the only honorable thing, was to pay the shortage. Our operating funds would be \$13,600.00 fatter, were it not for that.

**Democracy is 2 wolves and a sheep deciding what to have for lunch. Freedom is a well armed sheep.**  
**Unknown philosopher**

## TREASURER'S MESSAGE

By Reuben Siverling



**Reuben  
Siverling**

Money is a measurement of service rendered. The more service you provide the more money you can earn—The more money you earn, the more service you can render. That may not seem to be very profound but has stood the test of time. We are pleased to continue to report that your Association is on solid financial ground. Funds available in interest bearing accounts now exceed \$125,000.00. John Chester told me earlier in the year that the interest we are now earning on your funds is significantly offsetting the cost of handling and postage for the distribution of the Patrolling Magazine.

You have been generous in your renewal of memberships, and consistent in your charitable giving. Memorial contributions, financial assistance to those in need, tangible gifts and remembrances to the families of our fallen Rangers have been noted. Sharing with the families of our beloved Rangers currently serving around the world is our way of expressing true

Thanksgiving and the knowledge that you have made this Holiday Season a little brighter for many. Individually and collectively you are true warriors and you have formed and functioned as a very well respected association of men who continue to give of their time and resources "on your own accord". I am proud to continue to serve with each of you. May God's abundant blessings continue to be yours to receive and give.

For many of us it has been forty years or more since our first arrival in or departure from the land of the big latrine. I was a member of the 22nd Special Warfare Aviation Detachment (22nd SWAD) Fort Bragg, N.C. in 1962-63 when we were given the opportunity to become the first "residents" of Camp Holloway, Pleiku, RVN. We formed the Airlift Platoon, 52nd Aviation Battalion (Flying Dragons) with the first B-Model UH-1-B (Huey's) in country flying insertion, extraction, resupply and med-evac missions for the Special Forces and Advisory Teams throughout the II Corps area. I had the honor of returning to the same area (Camp Enari, Pleiku) five years later to learn the challenges of operating on the ground, in the paddies, in the bush and on the sides of mountains as commander of Echo 58th Infantry (LRP) and subsequently Company K, 75th Infantry

## TREASURER'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

(Ranger). As Jim Joyce so very poignantly stated at our Company K Reunion earlier this year in San Antonio, Texas: “we were young once and didn’t have time to be proud-now we’re old (or just older) and proud of the legacy we left behind” Jim went on to say that he sure wants his children and grandchildren to have the opportunity to meet “us” and that it is vitally important for us to encourage our former team members to get to these reunions. Give us all the opportunity to renew old acquaintances and physically refurbish the bonds that were so very instrumental in keeping us alive and allowing us to enjoy and appreciate where we are today. Great thoughts; well spoken Jim. I certainly echo Jim’s words and want my five daughters, one son, and six grandsons to meet and know the best of the best. Plan now to be amongst the hugs, tears, laughter, lies, and some valid stories at the 75th RRA Reunion in August 2007. Also, it’s not too early to begin planning to attend the Company K, 75th Infantry (Ranger) – E/58 LRP – 4th DIV LRRP Family Reunion in Kansas City, MO during the week of July 4, 2008. More Later.



# Never Again

Whether right nor wrong, our country’s again at war.  
We had hoped after Vietnam there would be no more.  
Our generals, like our troops, are the best to be found,  
Fighting for each alley, street, every inch of ground.

Bureaucrats in charge try to do their part,  
But they haven’t the expertise nor a soldiers heart.  
It’s hard to be victorious when lines haven’t been drawn.  
Like in the Nam, we’re caught in the middle, again the pawn.

Each day the number of coalition deaths grow,  
Insurgents and I.E.D.’s have taken their toll.  
Politicians make promises, but mostly talk,  
Most haven’t served or “Walked the Walk”.

Our men and women so brave, I’m proud of the all.  
Like so many before, they answered the call.  
May our war soon be over, may our troops come home.  
May we remember the Nam, may no returning vet feel alone.

Michael D. Monfrooe USA Ret.

## 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, Steve Crabtree - President

**VETERAN ISSUES:** It appears that the major issues on the burner now in Washington which impact the military community are the Tricare fee hike, Defense Authorization Bill, and defense and VA funding. That leaves a lot to be accomplished according to Capt. Donald C. Kent, USN (Ret). In his article published in the Naval Submarine Base Groton CT Dolphin Community News he highlights a number of issues which are summarized below:

- DoD has continued to insist that increasing health care fees is the only way they can stabilize the rising costs of health care. This is the word from the Pentagon's top doctor, William Winkenwerder Jr., assistant secretary of defense for health care. This continues to be his stance and that of the administration in spite of congressional opposition and the outcry from retirees. His stance is that the health care budget has roughly doubled this year to \$38 billion, and if it continues to rise at a similar rate, would be at \$65 billion by 2015. His plan is directed to retirees under age 65, with enrollment fees and deductibles for Tricare Standard and Prime to rise several hundred dollars over two years. Much criticism comes from the fact that annual retired pay raises are designed to roughly keep pace with inflation and such annual pay raises are in fact reduced by increases in health care costs - it is argued that retired pay and retiree health care are two separate things.

Winkenwerder further states that some form of increase is necessary if the quality of health care is to be sustained.

- It appears now that based on legislation passed by Congress, it is safe to assume the following will be true: Tricare Prime enrollment fees or Tricare Standard deductible won't increase - Tricare mail-order pharmacy co-pays would be reduced to zero for most formulary drugs; a probable increase in retail co-pays, though this issue needs some compromise between the House and Senate; possible requirement of a \$25 (\$40 per family) enrollment fee in Tricare Standard, but the House and Senate also have to compromise on this issue. However, I do not think the administration has given up, and we shall just have to see what works it way out.

- As for the Defense Authorization Bill, there are a group of amendments, which have been adopted by the Senate: Senator Harry Reid's amendment to implement full concurrent receipt to "unemployable" disabled retirees; Senator Mike DeWine's amendment to expand eligibility of certain survivors to transfer SBP eligibility to children. Key issues which remain at issue are: Senate provision would implement 30 year paid-up SBP as of Oct. 1, 2006 instead of waiting for 2008 (nothing in House version); the Senate bill would end the deduction of the VA's Dependency and Indemnity Compensation from SBP when the member's death was caused by service (nothing in House version).

- By passing the FY-2007 Military Quality of Life Appropriation, the House Appropriations Committee tore a \$735 million hole in the DoD Health Program by rejecting Rep. Chet Edwards amendment. Without these dollars, DoD health will certainly run out of money early. This still isn't a dead issue, as the Senate can take up this issue of funding gap. The House's Bill included funding VA Medical Services at \$25.4 billion, \$2.6 billion above last year's figure, but \$100 million below the president's request.

- The Department of Veteran's Affairs says that the stolen laptop computer possibly containing personal data of millions of vets has been recovered. The FBI is at present trying to determine if the data had been compromised, The VA has just issued a new warning of a "phishing" scam that targets veterans who may be worried that their VA data was stolen. This involves Internet fraudsters who send mass e-mails or pop-up messages asking unsuspecting recipients to provide personal information like credit card numbers, bank account information, Social Security number, passwords or other sensitive information so that the scammer can check whether their data has been compromised. Some come from [abuse@vba.va.gov](mailto:abuse@vba.va.gov) and ask the recipient to check an account by clicking a link. The VA has no such e-mail address and the link in the e-mail is in Asia. Don't get caught. Everyone should know better than to give out such information. If you do receive a suspicious e-mail, do not open it, delete immediately.

## LEGISLATIVE UPDATE MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

- The new civilian commissary chief should have a longer term than his previous military chiefs. The newly named Director of the Defense Commissary Agency is Patrick Nixon. He had been acting director for two years and Chief Executive Officer since 2001. At the top of his priority list is to find ways to work more closely with other military stores, which could eventually come to having commissary and exchange in the same building (but not combined into one facility). He will be pushing for better produce, and will be capitalizing on technology. His plans include reshaping the commissary work force so its employees can perform a number of jobs. Nixon is from the A&P food stores originally, however since 1983 he has worked with the Army Troop Support Agency and the Marine Corps commissary operation before they were combined into the Joint Defense Commissary Agency. He feels ultimately responsible for making sure the commissary remains a viable benefit.

- The VA still seems to be having trouble getting patients in for their first medical exam. In APR 05 there were 15,211 waiting. Recently the number APR 06 the number was 372,328. This is the highest figure since 2003 for those waiting more than 180 days being 95,529. Critics are calling for increased funds to meet these demands, for our aging population as well as newest wounded and disabled veterans returning from conflicts. They say some of this delay is due to improper paperwork, however it appears that a major factor is that of insufficient funds to meet the demands.

- There is still an outcry from the American Medical Association and retiree groups about the proposed 4.7% cut in Medicare physician reimbursement rates. If something isn't done to stop this, it will cause beneficiaries more problems finding a physician willing to accept Tricare patients. These rates directly tie to Medicare rates by law, and Medicare and Tricare remain among the lowest-paying insurance plans in the country. As physician reimbursement rates lag farther and farther behind actual practice costs, the situation is just going to get worse. As an example, a survey run earlier in the year spelled the worrisome figure of 45% of physicians planning to decrease or stop seeing new Medicare and 43% plan the same action for Tricare patients if these payments do begin in 2007.

- More drugs are being moved to the third tier as follows: Anzamet, Seasonale, Ovacon-35, Ovacon-50, Estrostep FEG, Lyrica, Cymbalta, Lexapro, Paxil CR, Prozac Weekly, Sarafem, Wellbutin XL, Detrol, Oxytrol, Sanctura, Lexxel and Tarka. The list gets bigger and bigger, the formulary smaller and smaller.

- Quality of life is critical for disabled veterans to maneuver around their house. Even if they qualify for Department of VA assistance, the grants usually do not cover the expenses of modifying their home. The International Code Council Foundation has begun a nonprofit project called HERO (Homes Eliminated of Restrictions and Obstacles) free to veterans to

help make their home more accessible. The project brings together building officials, architects, engineers, businesses and other volunteers to provide this benefit. Several groups are already helping build homes accessible for wounded veterans of the Iraq and Afghanistan wars. But the project does expand the concept to veterans of any wars who have disabilities that limit their way of life. Pilot programs are being started around the country by organizing state coordinators

[Source: The Dolphin Community News 2 Nov 06 ++]

**VA DATA PRIVACY BREACH UPDATE 27:** Veterans in the New York area, and perhaps elsewhere, have begun receiving notifications dated 20 OCT from the Veterans Administration about the possibility that they could be victims of identity theft due to yet another missing VA computer. A sample notification letter can viewed at

<http://maloney.house.gov/documents/veterans/VetsIDTheft.pdf>.

The stolen computer was used to record results from a particular pulmonary testing device, and did not contain medical records. Personal data of veterans - including names, Social Security numbers and medical diagnoses - may have been compromised when a computer went missing from the Manhattan VA hospital in New York on 6 SEP. The computer was locked onto a cart that was stored in a locked storeroom. VA, police, and the VA Office of the Inspector General are investigating the theft. In the interim video cameras are being installed in key locations within the facility and an inventory of all other

equipment that stores patient data has been done. In the New York case, the laptop was not encrypted because it is a medical device. However, 82% of non-medical laptops managed by the healthcare system have been encrypted

The VA apparently only just recently sent letters notifying affected veterans. In its notice, the VA says free credit monitoring for those affected "should be available within the next month," and it encourages the veterans to obtain a free credit report by calling one of the three national credit bureaus at (877) 522-8228. Information about this and other protections, including a "fraud alert" on your credit account is available by calling the Federal Trade Commission at (877) 438-4338 or by visiting their website [www.ftc.gov/bcp/edu/microsites/idtheft/](http://www.ftc.gov/bcp/edu/microsites/idtheft/). A VA call center open M-F 08-1600 has been established to help answer questions concerning this matter at 1(800) 436-8262. Or, you can write VA New York Healthcare System, 423 East 23rd St., NY, NY 10010 Attn: Peter Juliano, Privacy Officer N36.

Patients potentially in jeopardy will be notified by separate letter when the credit monitoring becomes available. Earlier this year, the VA faced scrutiny when laptops went missing in two separate incidents that put in jeopardy the identities of millions of veterans. Rep. Carolyn Maloney (D-Manhattan, Queens) chastised the Department of Veterans Affairs for its continuing failure to secure personal data and for



## LEGISLATIVE UPDATE MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

waiting more than six weeks to notify New York City veterans. Maloney said, "This is not the kind of Halloween trick that our veterans want. The VA seems to be mishandling this situation at every step of the way - first they lost yet another computer, then they waited almost two months to tell veterans that their identities might be at risk. When is the VA finally going to get serious about protecting veterans' personal data?" [Source: Rep. Maloney Press Release Nov 06 ++]

**VET CEMETERY FOR SOUTHERN CA:** The new Sacramento Valley National Cemetery, the nation's 124th VA-managed national cemetery, began burials in mid-OCT 06. The 561-acre site is located at 5810 Midway Road, Dixon, CA 95620 in Solano County, approximately 27 miles southwest of Sacramento along Interstate 80, between Dixon and Vacaville CA. It is intended to meet veteran needs for the next 50 years. About 346,000 veterans live within the service area of the cemetery. The cremated remains of Alvin Hayman and those of his wife were placed in the Cemetery, fulfilling Hayman's wish and consecrating land that he once owned. Hayman, who served in occupied Japan and later in the Reserves, was the first of eight veterans to be buried on the cemetery's opening day. The native San Franciscan died in July 2004 a few days after he sold his land to the VA. His family kept his cremated remains at home, so that they could honor his wish to be placed in the new cemetery when it opened.

Although the cemetery has opened for burials, construction will continue at the cemetery until July 2009. The construction contract calls for the development of an initial area of 14 acres, which will provide 8,466 gravesites consisting of 4,712 full casket and 3,754 in-ground burial sites for cremated remains. Initial operations will be conducted utilizing a temporary office, committal service shelter and equipment shed. For information on the Sacramento Valley VA National Cemetery, call the cemetery office at (707) 693-2460. To schedule burials call 1(800) 535-1117. Sacramento was one of 10 areas VA identified in a report to Congress in 1994 as having a large veteran population not served by either a national or state veterans cemetery within a reasonable distance. In 1999 and 2003, with the passage of two laws, Congress directed VA to establish 12 new national cemeteries. Five have opened in the areas of Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Atlanta, and Sacramento.

The rest - one in Alabama and California, three in Florida, one near Philadelphia and one in South Carolina - will be located near large populations of veterans who currently do not have access to a burial option.

Including the new Sacramento Valley VA National Cemetery, there are seven national cemeteries in California. Three of these national cemeteries, Riverside, San Joaquin Valley and Sacramento Valley VA National Cemetery are open. Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery currently has space for the burial of cremated remains. The other three, Los Angeles, San

Francisco, and Golden Gate National Cemeteries can offer burial only to family members of those already interred. In addition to the Sacramento Valley VA National Cemetery, VA is planning another new national cemetery in the Bakersfield area. Information on VA burial benefits can be obtained from national cemetery offices, from the Internet at [www.cem.va.gov](http://www.cem.va.gov) or by calling VA regional offices at 1(800) 827-1000. [Source: DVA National Cemetery Administration Press Release Oct 06 ++]

**DEPLETED URANIUM (DU) UPDATE 01:** A Manhattan federal judge has ruled that a group of New York Army veterans who fell ill after inhaling depleted uranium dust from exploded U.S. shells can sue the federal government - but only for medical malpractice after their discharge. A 1950 Supreme Court decision - commonly known as the Feres Doctrine - has long prohibited suits against the federal government by soldiers. In his 29-page opinion U.S. District Judge John Koeltl ruled, "To the extent that the injuries asserted in the plaintiffs' complaint arise out of their military service ... the court is without jurisdiction to hear those claims." George Zelma, the plaintiffs' lead lawyer, had argued during a 6 SEP hearing that despite the broad prohibition of the Feres Doctrine, Congress had never intended our government to betray its own troops. Koeltl rejected Zelma's argument, but he did allow the eight former National Guardsmen to sue the government for medical malpractice they allege was committed by Veterans Administration doctors after they were discharged back into civilian life.

In APR 04, the New York Daily News revealed in a series of articles that several soldiers from the 442nd Military Police Company had been exposed to depleted uranium, a low-level radioactive heavy metal that has been used by the Pentagon since the 1991 Persian Gulf War in artillery penetrators and in the plating for M-1 tanks. Several soldiers from the 442nd - most of them policeman, firefighters and correction officers in civilian life - had been sent home from Iraq in late 2003 with a variety of ailments that included constant headaches, blood in their urine, blurred vision, numbness in their hands and persistent rashes. The Army doctors could not account for any of the ailments. The men claimed they were never warned about possible uranium exposure while in Iraq, and when they returned home military doctors either refused to test them for exposure to the radioactive metal or in some cases lost their test results. Independent exams and analyses of urine samples arranged by

The Daily News for nine of the sick soldiers showed that at least four had inhaled depleted uranium dust, according to a nuclear medicine expert who conducted the tests. Another test on a soldier from another National Guard unit, Gerard Matthew, revealed in SEP 04 that he also had signs of depleted uranium exposure. In MAY 04 Matthew's wife gave birth to a girl who was missing three fingers on one hand.

## LEGISLATIVE UPDATE MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

Critics of the military's use of depleted uranium say the microscopic dust released by exploding shells can lodge in a person's lungs for years and cause physical or genetic damage from either the low-level radiation it emits or from its chemical toxicity. Pentagon officials have repeatedly defended its use as safe. The government says there have been virtually no illnesses documented among soldiers exposed to depleted uranium, even among those wounded with fragments from depleted uranium shells. The Daily News' articles led the Pentagon to tighten testing procedures for all soldiers, and they sparked efforts in more than a dozen state legislatures to require testing of all returning National Guard troops. But the debate over depleted uranium continues to rage. Pentagon officials insist that depleted uranium shells, because of their incredible penetrating power, are an essential weapon that saves lives in combat. Opponents, on the other hand, say our military is spreading radioactive contamination. [Source: NY Daily News Juan Gonzalez Article 4 Oct 06 ++]

**SOCIAL SECURITY SCAM:** Jo Anne Barnhart, Commissioner of Social Security, and Patrick O'Carroll, Jr., Inspector General of Social Security, have issued a warning about a new email scam that has surfaced recently. The Agency has received several reports of an email message being circulated with the subject "Cost-of-Living for 2007 update" and purporting to be from the Social Security Administration (SSA). The message provides information about the 3.3% benefit increase for 2007 and contains the following "NOTE: We now need you to update your personal information. If this is not completed by November 11, 2006, we will be forced to suspend your account indefinitely." The reader is then directed to a website designed to look like Social Security's Internet website. Once directed to the phony website, the individual is asked to register for a password and to confirm their identity by providing personal information such as the individual's Social Security number, bank account information and credit card information. Inspector General O'Carroll recommends people always take precautions when giving out personal information. "You should never provide your Social Security number or other personal information over the Internet or by telephone unless you are extremely confident of the source to whom you are providing the information," O'Carroll said. To report receipt of this email message or other suspicious activity to Social Security's Office of Inspector General, please call the OIG Hotline at 1(800) 269-0271. If you are deaf or hard of hearing, call the OIG TTY number at 1(866)501-2101. A Public Fraud Reporting form is also available online at OIG's website [www.socialsecurity.gov/oig](http://www.socialsecurity.gov/oig). [Source: TREA TSCL Fraud Alert 13 Nov 06 ++]

**AGENT ORANGE NAM VET STUDY:** A new study shows Vietnam veterans who sprayed the herbicides like Agent Orange decades ago in Vietnam are at an increased risk of developing heart disease, diabetes, high blood pressure, and chronic breathing problems. Agent Orange, a weed killer containing

dioxin, was widely used during the Vietnam War, Dr. Han K. Kang of the Department of Veterans Affairs in Washington, DC and colleagues note in the American Journal of Industrial Medicine. Overall, two thirds of the herbicides used during the conflict contained dioxin. To understand the long-term effects of exposure to the chemicals, Kang and his team compared 1,499 members of the US Army Chemical Corps to 1,428 vets who had worked in chemical operations jobs but did not serve in Vietnam. The Chemical Corps members had been responsible for spraying herbicide around base camp perimeters, as well as aerial spraying of the chemicals from helicopters. Study participants were surveyed by telephone in 1999 and 2000. Tests of a subset of the study participants, including 795 Vietnam vets and 102 non-Vietnam vets, showed the Vietnam vets had higher levels of dioxin in their blood.

The researchers analyzed the effects of Vietnam service and herbicide exposure separately, and found that hepatitis was the only health problem linked to serving in Vietnam per se. However, exposure to herbicides among Vietnam veterans conferred a 50% increased risk of diabetes, a 52% greater heart disease risk, a 32% increased risk of hypertension and a 60% greater likelihood of having a chronic respiratory problem such as emphysema or asthma. An increased cancer risk also was seen among the Chemical Corps members, but this was not significant from a statistical standpoint. The researchers concluded US Army veterans who were occupationally exposed to phenoxyherbicide in Vietnam experienced significantly higher risks of diabetes, heart disease, hypertension, and non-malignant lung diseases than other veterans who were not exposed to herbicides." VA currently denies claims for service connection for heart disease as secondary to exposure to Agent Orange. Although the study was identified by a DVA doctor there is no indication that his policy will change. For an abstract of the study refer to <http://www3.interscience.wiley.com/cgi-bin/abstract/113374895/ABSTRACT>. [Source: American Journal of Industrial Medicine Nov 06]



## LEGISLATIVE UPDATE MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

### CRSC – Combat-Related Special Compensation Because You - the Veteran - Earned It

*The Military Services have funded a program which restores military retired pay to eligible retired veterans with combat-related injuries. Each service administers its own program and is actively seeking to “get the word out”! To facilitate this, they have recruited “Ambassadors” (volunteers) to assist applicants with applying for this tremendous benefit. The Ambassadors can assist in getting the documentation, providing the right information, and answering questions related to CRSC. There are several hundred Ambassadors located in each state and there are representatives at the Retiree Appreciation Days held at the many military bases.*

*As a recipient of CRSC, I volunteered to assist with assisting my fellow Veterans in completing their forms, and getting this much deserved money. I have attached the following information for your use in getting started in getting CRSC.*

*This not connected to the VA except that your benefit is based on your VA rating.*

Marshall Huckaby  
25th ID LRRPs 66-67.  
RVNLRRP@AOL.COM

\*\*\*\*\*

#### COMBAT RELATED SPECIAL COMPENSATION

#### **Are you a retired veteran with combat-related injuries?** **You may be eligible for additional compensation with CRSC**

CRSC may entitle you to additional funds which are designed to compensate you for the reduction of your military retired pay due to the receipt of Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) compensation (also known as the VA waivers). With CRSC, you can receive either partial or full concurrent receipt of your military retirement pay and your VA disability compensation.

#### **What is CRSC?**

- Restores military retired pay to eligible retired veterans with combat-related injuries
- Replaces the VA Offset subtracted from military retired pay
- Recognizes our nation's veterans' sacrifice for our country

#### **Who is eligible for CRSC?**

Retired veterans must meet ALL four of the following criteria including having at least one VA rated injury determined as combat-related:

1. Active, Reserve or medically retired WITH 20 YEARS of creditable service
2. Have 10% or greater VA rated injury
3. Receiving military retired pay
4. Military retired pay is reduced by VA disability payments (VA Waiver)

#### **AND... your injury is a result of:**

- Training that simulates war (e.g. exercises, field training)
- Hazardous duty (e.g. flight, diving, parachute duty)
- Instrumentality of war (e.g. combat vehicles, weapons, Agent

Orange), or

- Armed conflict (e.g. gun shot wounds (Purple Heart, punji stick injuries, etc)

#### **How does CRSC work?**

CRSC in Action...

**Example:** A veteran may receive a total of \$1,500 per month for military retired pay (\$1,500 paid through a VA Waiver)\*

(\* Not representative of all claims)

#### **Without CRSC**

Military Retired Pay \$1,500

VA Offset -\$757

VA Pay +\$757

Total Pay = \$1,500

**\$1,500 Tax-Free**

#### **With CRSC**

Military Retired Pay \$1,500

VA Offset -\$757

VA Pay +\$757

CRSC +\$757

Total Pay = \$2,257

**\$2,257 Tax-Free**

#### **What is the difference between CRSC and CRDP\*?**

- **CRSC** is a benefit for eligible veterans with combat-related injuries
- **CRDP** is a benefit for eligible veterans with VA service-connected injuries\*

\*Concurrent Retirement Disability Pay (CRDP)

#### **CRSC CRDP**

**Tax Free** YES NO

**Retroactive** YES NO

**Immediate Full Monthly Payments** YES NO

**Payable at 10% VA** YES NO

**Individual Unemployment (IU)** YES 3 year phase in (2009)

**Do you think you may be eligible for CRSC? You have to apply!**

**Apply today at [www.crsc.army.mil](http://www.crsc.army.mil) • Toll Free 1.866.281.3254**

***Combat-Related Special Compensation Because You - the Veteran - Earned It***

# HEALTH

## 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.*

## RED CROSS FINED FOR VIOLATING LAWS

Submitted by F co. LRP, Dan Nate

WASHINGTON- The government said Friday it was fining the American Red Cross a record \$4.2 million for violating BLOOD-SAFETY LAWS.

The violations include failing to reject donors who had traveled to malarial areas and allowed blood and related products to be distributed without proper testing, said Margaret Glavin, the Food and Drug Administration's associate commissioner for regulatory affairs.

The FDA said it had no evidence of serious health consequences resulting from the violations.

The fine was the largest penalty ever assessed under terms of a 2003 court settlement that allows the large fines when the Red Cross violates FDA rules. Previously the FDA had fined the Red Cross a total of \$5.7 million.

The red cross provides nearly half the nation's blood supply, selling blood products to health facilities.

.....

Did you know that HCV, or Hepatitis C, has been around since before the first World War? Do you know who allowed it to be collected, shipped and used on U.S. soldiers, without any testing? Do you now know that for the Vietnam war victims, blood was shipped into country from Indonesia, Jakarta and Africa? UNTESTED? 10 guesses by whom. And they got away with it. Not just blood, but blood-based products, like gameglobulin, which we used before, during and after the war. All foreign, all untested and they tell us NO when we submit claims for blood-borne diseases? It was our own government that allowed them to submit U.S. soldiers to these untested blood supplies. Check your records. See how far back you received blood or blood-based products while in the service. Then submit your claims, because this stuff has been going on for years, but kept secret from us, the user-victim.



# H E A L T H

## PERHAPS...REAL ANGELS..?

(SUBMITTED BY DAN NATE, F CO.)

It was a rainy Sunday morning, so I was reading every single page of the local paper, but when I came to PARADE, the weekly insert of all papers, I by-passed this, thought about it, and then went back and read it en toto. I am glad for those that need it, that I did. I just hope no one does, but here it is, just in case.

“NEED A LIFT?”

“CANCER PATIENTS FLY FREE IN EMPTY SEATS ON CORPORATE JETS.” A message for cancer patients of ALL ages. You can fly to recognized treatment centers around the country...absolutely free!..in the empty seats on corporate jets. No costly airfare. No stressful delays. No unnecessary exposure to airport crowds.

CORPORATE ANGEL NETWORK, a national public charity, works directly with patients and families to coordinate their travel needs with the flight plans of our Corporate Angels, some of the nation's largest corporations. Since 1981, we've arranged more than 20,000 flights with cancer patients aboard.

“GIVE A LIFT!”

“A MESSAGE FOR CORPORATIONS AND FRACTIONAL AIRCRAFT OWNERS.”.....Your half-full aircraft is really half-empty. An empty seat on your aircraft, flying on routine business, is a perfect opportunity to give a cancer patient a lift. In both body and spirit.

Join our Corporate Angels, 500 strong including 56 of the top 100 in the “FORTUNE 500”, who generously make empty seats on their aircraft available to our patients.

It's simple. We work directly with your flight department to coordinate with our patients.

GIVE US A CALL. (914) 328-1313. WE'LL DO ALL THE WORK.

Corporate Angel Network, Inc.

Westchester County Airport, One Loop Road, White Plains, NY 10604

Phone (914) 328-1313

Fax (914) 328-3938

Patient, toll-free, (866) 328-1313

[Info@CorpAngelNetwork.org](mailto:Info@CorpAngelNetwork.org)

[www.CorpAngelNetwork.org](http://www.CorpAngelNetwork.org)

God Bless Them.

**FEATURE ARTICLES**

**75<sup>TH</sup> RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION, INC.**

**2007 REUNION  
6 THRU 11 AUGUST, 2007  
REGISTRATION FORM**

**Yes, I will attend the reunion at Ft Benning, Ga, 6 – 11 August, 2007.**

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

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

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_ E-MAIL \_\_\_\_\_

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

NAMES: \_\_\_\_\_

REGISTRATION FEE PER PERSON @ \$35.00 \$ \_\_\_\_\_

BANQUET TICKETS # \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$30.00 \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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

Please make checks payable to the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment Association (75thRRA).

Mail to: 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment Association, Inc.

P. O. Box 10970

Baltimore, MD 21234

Make your reservations now. Call the Holiday Inn North, Columbus, GA. Local phone number for reservations is 706-324-0231. National Reservation number is 800-465-4329. Our banquet will be at the Iron Works. The Holiday Inn North, Columbus, GA offers complimentary shuttle service, lounge, restaurant, pool, free parking and other amenities.

**FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)**

**RANGER RENDEZVOUS / REUNION 2007**

**AUGUST 6 – 11, 2007**

**FT. BENNING (COLUMBUS), GA**

**THE 75TH RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION, INC., WILL HOLD ITS' BI-ANNUAL REUNION AND BUSINESS MEETING ON THE ABOVE DATES.**

**OUR REUNION HEAD QUARTERS WILL BE THE AIRPORT HOLIDAY INN NORTH, ON MANCHESTER ROAD. WE HAVE A GUARANTEED RATE OF \$79.00 PER NIGHT.**

**THIS REUNION WILL BE HELD IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE 75TH RANGER REGIMENT RENDEZVOUS AND CHANGE OF COMMAND. AT THIS TIME, WE DO NOT HAVE A SCHEDULE OF REGIMENTAL ACTIVITIES, OTHER THAN THAT THEY WILL TAKE PLACE WITHIN THE ABOVE TIME FRAME. THE MARCH, 2007, (SPRING) ISSUE OF *PATROLLING* WILL CONTAIN SCHEDULES.**

**THE 75TH RANGER REGIMENT, INC. BANQUET WILL BE HELD THE EVENING OF FRIDAY, 10 AUGUST, 2007.**

**WE WILL HAVE A NUMBER OF ACTIVITIES FOR OUR MEMBERS AND FOR THEIR FAMILY MEMBERS, TO INCLUDE:**

**\*\*\*BICYCLING ALONG THE RIVER WALK**

**\*\*\*HORSEBACK RIDING**

**\*\*\*INTRODUCTION TO YOGA AND STRESS REDUCTION FOR SPOUSES**

**\*\*\*INTRODUCTION TO YOGA & STRESS REDUCTION FOR VETERANS**

**\*\*\*PATIENCE MASON WILL BE GIVING HER SEMINAR ON COPING WITH THE EFFECTS OF POST TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER, AND WILL BE AVAILABLE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS AND DISCUSS ISSUES.**

**\*\*\*SEMINARS ON VETERAN'S BENEFITS AND NAVIGATING THE VA.**

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

### Why do Ranger/LRRPs Return to Reunions?

The 75th Ranger/LRRP Regiment Association makes extra efforts for your reunions to be a most memorable event. We try to give you and your family a BIG reason to come back again and again. What you want to do and the tours you plan, makes a big difference to us. We want to hear from you early so that we can start the planning early. Each one of your units also have the opportunity to plan events in coordination with the Regimental Reunion so that their tours can be held before or after or during the free time during our reunion.

You ask why would Ranger/LRRPs want to see again the men with whom they nearly lost their lives, saw others killed and went through probably the worst experiences any human person could imagine? In the Fall 2006 issue of the The Reunion News, Ron Cohen had two excellent articles on why veterans meet and the lure of military reunions. Not to steal away his thunder and all the credit due to Ron and his magazine, I must note that this free magazine does an excellent job researching great deals and negotiation strategies that are very useful for our military unit reunions. I would be amiss to neglect the obvious that he reminds us as to why we gather every other year as a Regiment and the other years with our individual Ranger/LRRP units. So forgive me if I dig deep into Ron's articles and borrow and summarize his words refitting to our Reunions.

The reasons Ranger/LRRPs go to Reunions are similar to the reasons many other military unit members show up year after year to see old friends. Many people go to high school reunions but few outside who have been to War and done that know the reasons know why Ranger/LRRPs show up at our reunions. It is a charge, an unwritten code of honor and camaraderie that drives Ranger/LRRPs to reunite and rekindle memories of their combat and/or service years. Reunion News says military guys have three fundamental reasons: (1) Brothers-in-Arms, (2) Empty Nest Syndrome, and (3) Leisure Time. When you volunteered to put your life on the line to preserve the United States as a Ranger/LRRP, a change took place from the rest of the population - forever! The reunion is similar to Veterans Day except it is reserved for those who were there and with whom one was there.

Ranger/LRRP training and warfare rigorous demands developed the most vigorous body one would ever had. Warfare, shared with others, established the bond between Rangers and intensified their whole world with who became Ranger/LRRPs. This is another reason that thoughts of our Ranger/LRRP service often preoccupy us long after our time in service ended. Most of the Ranger/LRRPs from Vietnam and our other Wars were under 25 years of age at the time they entered the service, their hormonal balance provides a tendency towards high intensity feelings. One succumbs and participates in actions of excitement, of risk, of physical extension and of daring will. All this created that difficult to define Brothers-in-Arms permanent condition. It is perhaps the strongest of all of the thousands of different kinds of human relationships.

The Reunion News says that all the writings about the empty nest most affecting the married women is simply not true because it is the man who is most affected. He has lost his fishing and hunting partner. He has nobody to toss a ball around with, shoot a few hoops with, or watch a football game with. It is the man's life that changes the most, not the women's and it is only natural for a man to start thinking of his old buddies. The problem for most reunion attendees is finding the time, and often the money, to go to the unit reunion. When Ranger/LRRPs retire and all three conditions come together (Brothers, Empty Nest, Leisure Time), the Ranger/LRRP is almost "driven" to attend the reunion although it doesn't work for everybody.

Ranger/LRRP reunions are often less about celebrations of life and more about remembrances of fallen



## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

comrades. It is "the torch thrown" from them that makes this segment so special and so different from all other forms of gatherings. Ranger/LRRPs meet because it is an inspirational experience among Ranger/LRRPs that have shared a common bond. Reunions allow them an opportunity to renew connections old friendships, to talk about the past and to learn and develop new memories of their brothers-in-arms. Reunions allow former comrades to bare their service memories, the good times as well as the not so good, to piece together those missing parts of the mission that keep haunting one, the sad times and the glad times. It is a time when they can open their minds and their hearts, discuss their personal growth in terms of family and career to those with whom they shared a different kind of experience.

It is a time when rank no longer separates the Privates from Colonels, the Career from the Non-Career or the Non-Commissioned Officers from the Officers. Reunions level the playing field and allow people to meet as decent, and working, responsible family loving individuals with an undying love for their country and all it stands for. Once one attends a Ranger/LRRP Reunion they should have no difficulty in saying that they are proud to be a Ranger/LRRP and that they know that it is their privilege and honor to serve those who so proudly served their country whether in wartime or in times of peace.

**No matter how hard our reunion organizers try, of course, not every Ranger/LRRP will not come to the reunion. 25-40% of those who have served, simply have no interest in ever going to a reunion. For them, the experiences were so painful or so unhappy, that they never want to see their "brothers" again. However, even those from Vietnam who suffer from PTSD (it has been wildly estimated that more than 50% of our Vietnam Ranger/LRRPs maybe compensated at the severe level) and yet many of them show up each time for therapeutic reasons. Then, too, there is the problem of illness and death. The problem is generally not too severe until the average age creep past 70 years of age. The final problem is related to money. Some people just don't have as much as others. As a result, more attendees are spending an extra day or two at the reunion destination and making it their annual vacation instead of a separate event.**

Will you always be able to attend Ranger/LRRP Reunions? Of course Not! As we get older, more and more will be unable to attend so we should attend while we can. We must realize that our time will run out some day but that while our health is holding up and we have the money and time, we must make an effort to try to be there. So think about making reservations early for the next Ranger/LRRP reunion with your unit and with your Regiment! Who knows? You might meet a Ranger/LRRP who saved your life and give them a chance to meet the woman you are bringing to the Reunion with all your Grandkids! Or just bring your lone solitary self and show everybody that you are still alive and kicking, that Charlie did not put you down nor did any hippie in America! Make your Rangers/LRRPs feel good that their efforts to save you was worth it!

Adapted by

Jim Savage drawing heavily upon articles printed in THE REUNION NEWS, FALL 2006 by Ron Cohen

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

### AMARILLO, TEXAS HELPS HONOR A YOUNG MARINE KIA A VETERANS DAY EVENT

Saturday evening, Veterans Day, I was given the privilege of presenting the results of a memorial campaign for a young Marine KIA who served only seven weeks in Iraq in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom. The event was our annual Texas Panhandle Builders Association Installation Banquet and I am a returning director. The young man, from Manassas, Virginia, was the grandson of one of our very esteemed Past Presidents and National Committeemen from here in Amarillo.

Colin Wolfe was a young man who was so moved by the terrorist attack on 9/11/01 that, even though still in Jr High, he immediately made a decision that he should help his country as soon as he could. He joined the Marines immediately out of high school and was killed by an IED while riding in his humvee, just as so many others have been taken, on August 30, 2006. We Rangers mourn the loss of one of our young soldiers, regardless of his branch of service. Colin was buried with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery on 9/11/06, five years from the day he made his decision to serve his country.

Our board had last month approved a matching fund of \$6,750 from the TPBA coffers to honor Colin Wolfe, because we had a very successful year financially due to the success of our Parade of Homes. Not many board members thought that we would be able to raise even half of the matching amount. However, when I presented the

idea at the general membership meeting the next week, I must have done a pretty good job because there were tears in the eyes of the grandfather, and others, from what I heard.

To sum it all up, during the month long campaign period, which lasted from October 12 through November 11, we raised \$14,000. When added to the \$6,750 matching fund, we will be able to present a check for \$20,750 to the TPBA Scholarship fund at West Texas A&M University, my alma mater.

I was given instructions to water down the passion from the speech I gave at the previous general membership meeting, which I did, but I still know that I did a good job on Veterans Day because of the response from the audience. It was as silent as a church with everyone looking straight at me as I gave my presentation which began with my story of losing three men from Team 4-4 in Cambodia. At the conclusion the group erupted in standing applause for the grandfather and his wife, Bill and Dorothy Wolfe, and the honor we gave to Colin's memory and his sacrifice. I also know that Bill was pleased with what we had accomplished because of the long and meaningful hug he gave me when I returned to my seat directly across from him and his wife. I feel proud to have been allowed to make a difference for the survivors of one of our young fallen heroes on OUR DAY, and now also THE DAY for the family of Colin Wolfe.

John Eder (L-T)

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*Permission is granted herewith to reproduce this editorial, publish it, and pass it on.  
Don Bendell, November, 2006*

## GUEST OPINION By Don Bendell

### PROTECTING OUR HONOR

Tears glistened in her eyes, as she watched the crowd gathering around her husband shaking his hand, patting his back, and awaiting his autograph. His hair was now gray and there were some wrinkles, but he was still the handsome young soldier who returned to her from Vietnam in 1969, an escapee from a Viet Cong prison camp, a recipient of the nation's highest award for valor the Medal of Honor, 2 Silver Stars, and 3 Purple Hearts. He was her hero, her husband, the father of their five children, and grandfather of eight. Every year, just like this, he was the Grand Marshal of a July 4<sup>th</sup> Parade, and she so proud when she saw how he was revered. All was wonderful . . . well, except for one thing, he was a liar, a poser, a fraud, one of our nation's most sickening scoundrels. This man was actually a PFC truck driver in Vietnam, who drove around his divisional headquarters in Cam Ranh Bay for a year, and never heard a shot fired in anger. This is a fictional vignette, but very typical of frauds being portrayed daily throughout the USA with the perpetrators never suffering any consequences, except passing on a legacy of dishonor to their sons, daughters, and grandchildren. The heart-breaking theft of valor from our nation's true heroes, this crime of fraud cannot easily be

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

prosecuted.

Last week, thanks to public pressure from the Hurley brothers, POW Network, Wannabe Slayers, and others, Atlantic City Mayor Bob Levy publicly admitted he had been living a lie to get elected posing as a Green Beret Vietnam war hero without ever earning a Green Beret. Other phonies have been getting exposed each week, because veterans are sick of all the lying posers now who are claiming to have earned medals, Green Berets, Navy SEAL tridents, and other awards, especially for personal gain.

We really are in World War III, and we must protect our fighting men and women in harm's way, but how can we do that if we do not even protect the honor of our veterans? How can we protect our military if cowardly republican politicians jump ship when they see the Commander-in-Chief's poll numbers go down, or vote-hungry democratic politicians embellish our missteps in order to weaken the other party? What happened to revering our military and our veterans? What happened to statesmanship? In World War II Americans took jobs they did not want to help the war effort, rationing, blackouts, sacrifice, and a jingoistic national pride that would never consider bringing home the troops short of total victory, nor would our leaders look at newspapers to decide how to prosecute that war. We are spoiled! We are becoming America the Land of the "Me" and the Home of the "Depraved." The republican party lost the House and Senate and everybody except the voters acted shocked that it happened. Many democratic leaders trash the Administration every chance they get, but the American public is sick of the classless nature of politics anymore.

We must regain our honor as a nation. Democratic Colorado congressman John Salazar, proposed the Stolen Valor Act wherein it will finally be a crime with stiff penalties to claim or wear unearned medals and other military awards, but members of my party have not jumped on this bill simply because Salazar is a freshman and a democrat. Most all legitimate veterans of all wars sorely want such a bill passed to punish the phony liars stealing the honor of our nation's real heroes, but we are still playing political games. This has got to stop! The lawmakers who have not signed on this bill must think of us, the veterans, the voters, the public, and not party politics.

What is the legacy we are passing to our children? It must be a legacy of honor and a code of righteousness. That is what America is about. We cannot be free if we enslave ourselves to fractionalism, private interests, and the party-politic. The Stolen Valor Act did pass the Senate in the last session of Congress, and the House of Representatives just went back into session on Monday, November 13th. It is not expected to pass there, because of partisanship, and congress is not expected to stay in session very long. We must all act now.

Please call your US Representative immediately and demand that the Stolen Valor Act be reported out of the judiciary committee by Chairman Sensenbrenner, place the bill, S1998, on the suspension calendar, and be brought to the floor of the House with a call for unanimous consent without objection. Then, it will only require the President's signature and will become law, and our nation's elite, our military and our veterans finally will stop being robbed of their honor, of their valor. Please do this for America's veterans; past, present, and future. What we do now, each of us, will be a part of the legacy we pass on. We are America, the land of the free and the home of the brave. We must give back the stolen valor to those who have made America that way and who bought our freedoms with their blood and sacrifice. In this, you personally can make a difference, a monumental difference, right now.

To learn how to easily contact your US Representative go to this link:

<http://www.homeofheroes.com/speakout/index.html> . Then please pass this on to everyone you know.

You can also call these people with the same demand:

Judiciary Chairman James Sensenbrenner (R-Wisconsin) (202) 225-5101

Speaker of the House Dennis Hastert (R-Illinois) Phone: (202) 225-2976

House Majority Leader John Boehner (R-Ohio) Phone: (202) 225-4000

House Majority Whip Roy Blunt (R-Missouri) Phone: (202) 225-6536

Thank you and God bless America.

*Don Bendell's current novel, a modern day military thriller, **CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION DETACHMENT**, was released worldwide by Berkley (Penguin) in 2006 and has been getting nothing but 5-star reviews, and **BROKEN BORDERS**, the sequel will be released worldwide in a few days... Don served as an officer in 4 Special Forces Groups, including a tour on a Green Beret A-team (Dak Pek) in Vietnam in 1968-1969, and was in the Top Secret Phoenix Program, is a top-selling author of 23 books, with over 1,500,000 copies of his books in print worldwide, a 7th degree black belt master in 4 martial arts, he is a 1995 inductee into the International Karate Hall of Fame, and owns karate schools in southern Colorado. Don's editorials have been widely-published in newspapers and magazines, and circulated by millions all over the world on the Internet. He has been interviewed on FOX NEWS LIVE and on many radio shows, and speaks all over the country. Contact Don at [don@donbendell.com](mailto:don@donbendell.com).*

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

# And we thought the VA was bad!!!

(by Alan Sipress of The Washington Press)

submitted by your good old friend, Dan Nate, of “F” Co LRP

More than 1,100 laptop computers have vanished from the COMMERCE DEPARTMENT since 2001, including nearly 250 from the CENSUS BUREAU containing such personal information as names, incomes and Social Security numbers, officials said yesterday. (Fri., Sept. 22, 2006).

The disclosure by the Department came in response to a request by the House Committee on Government Reform (duh!), which this summer asked 17 Federal Departments to detail any loss of computers holding sensitive personal information.

Of the 10 departments that have responded, the losses at COMMERCE DEPARTMENT are “by far the most egregious,” said David Marin, staff director for the committee (Marin, like in “Cheech”). He said the silence of the remaining seven departments may reflect reluctance to reveal problems of similar magnitude.

In a private briefing yesterday for 3 members of Congress, Commerce Sec’t., Carlos Guterrez estimated that the disappearance of laptops from CENSUS could have compromised the personal information of 6,200 households, Marin said. He did not reveal where these families were located and said the department was still trying to determine the extent of the problem.

“We don’t know exactly how many computers were lost or whether personal information was compromised,” said Rep. Thomas M. Davis, 3<sup>rd</sup>, (R-Va.), who chairs the government reform committee and attended the briefing. “The secretary has assured me that getting the information is Priority No.1, and I’m confident he’ll get his arms around the problem.”

COMMERCE DEPARTMENT is the latest federal agency to admit in recent months that it had lost laptops with sensitive personal data. In May, an employee at the Department of Veteran Affairs lost a laptop containing unencrypted information on about 26.5 MILLION people. Three months later, Veteran Affairs acknowledged that a SECOND computer, with information on about 38,000 hospital patients in Pennsylvania, was also missing.

And last year the VA decided that the (7) southern-most counties here in New Jersey would then be transferred to the Philadelphia Region, called the Wissahickon System. Guess where I live, and my records are kept! AGAIN!

Why do they give these idiots laptops? Give them huge desk-mounted, TV-like monitors that CAN’T “go home” with them, to be stolen or lost. And bolt their drive units to the desk-top too. And what about their supervisors? They didn’t KNOW this was occurring over and over? Fire away, lads. They deserve a good swift kick! My opinion, only.

Lastly, our fine-tuned government has decided that they WILL NOT PAY into the credit-check systems, to aid us. Too expensive!! So no numbers to print, call or argue about. Just take your losses and Xin Loi.

## In Charlie Rangers 36 years ago, I

willingly risked life or limb to keep a teammate from harm. I write this now because my teammates did the same. This year, I looked into my soul to see if I was still made of that stuff. I got only far enough to learn I wasn’t “qualified.” Whether you served in our unit or are an associative member of this organization, you may feel like going further in a search of your own.

The events motivating mine actually began in 1967 when blond-haired green-eyed high school freshman Lois Starcher met a black-haired brown-eyed senior named Tom Cunningham. A romance blossomed between the two at John Glenn High School in New Concord, Ohio, undeterred by war when Tom enlisted in the army upon graduation.

Paratrooper Cunningham arrived in Vietnam in 1969 to be recruited from the 173rd Airborne into Charlie Rangers. Tom was one of the few PFC’s in our unit to become a trusted team leader after he took over Tom Sharkey’s 3rd Platoon team. But, the 5’ – 9” tall Cunningham was more than an efficient team leader. At Phan Thiet, he took some Rangers into the village and built a home for Kit Carson Scout Hoa and his family.

“Cunningham was some kind of guy, always giving and helping

to the best of his ability,” said 4th Platoon team leader Jim Perdue, a third tour Nam vet who served both in E-20th LRP’s and Charlie Rangers.

Brown-haired “South Philly Boy” Garry Norsworthy met Cunningham that year. The six-foot-one Norsworthy walked point-slack for 1st Platoon team leader Jerry “Rocky” Stone. Garry respected Tom’s reputation in the bush and found him likeable. Norsworthy also met and became friends with 2nd Platoon’s Dave Dolby, already a Medal of Honor recipient. Dolby got President Nixon to break the ban against letting MOH soldiers return to combat, then requested transfer into Charlie Rangers.

Malaria reduced the 150-pound Norsworthy to 130 pounds, but he kept running the bush. On the 24th of September 1970, Norsworthy, Rocky Stone, and Roger Vaughn were pinned down and blasted with a B-40 rocket. All three received shrapnel wounds and Purple Hearts. Norsworthy recovered to take over Stone’s team when Rocky left Nam.

I arrived in Charlie Rangers 4th Platoon in 1970 before Tom left, but knew him mostly by reputation. Norsworthy, Stone, and

## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

Dolby had already left Nam, but I heard tales about them then and of other earlier Charlie Rangers and E20th LRP's.

Cunningham left Nam in 1971 a Staff Sergeant, his normal 155 pounds reduced to 130 pounds, also from Malaria. It didn't stop him from marrying his high school sweetheart Lois Starcher in Norwich, Ohio that same year. The two began their life together, Tom supporting Lois's university education by farming, welding, and sheet metal work. Later Lois began teaching school. Norsworthy's second Nam tour was with Papa Rangers up near the DMZ, and he returned to Pennsylvania in 1971 after his honorable discharge. He married briefly in the mid-seventies, but nightmares, over reactions to sudden loud noises, and other symptoms of undiagnosed PTSD ended it, along with several attempts at different occupations. Norsworthy and Cunningham were both civilians before I left Nam in February 1972, losing all contact with any of the rare men I'd served with.

Meanwhile, life in Ohio went on for the Cunninghams and it had its blessings. "Tom had a rough exterior and a strange sense of humor," Lois said, "but he was really a Teddy Bear and very supportive of me." September 10, 1972, Lois had a daughter, Michele Cunningham. At the Hospital, Tom refused to put on a girly hospital gown when told it was required before he could hold her. "But," said Lois, "he ran and put one on as soon as the nurse came toward him with our daughter."

In the early Nineties, bachelor Norsworthy met former E20th LRP Dan Pope, the founding father of the C/75 Association, and Pope's charming wife Barbara. (Note: Barbara's influence lives on although; regrettably she is no longer with us.) A solid friendship developed. Gary also developed diabetes from Agent Orange exposure. It caused high blood pressure that began destroying his kidneys.

Garry has no living relatives, but his close Nam kinship with Dave Dolby led to an agreement that both would stick together until either found a woman willing to put up with him. By 1995, Norsworthy and Dolby had been rooming together for 6 ? years in King of Prussia, PA., often playing hard – as if life had no meaning.

In Ohio the morning of February 18th that same year, Lois was putting water on for tea while Tom was felling a tree at the end of their yard. Silence from the chainsaw had her thinking it was out of gas but instead, she found Tom dead from a heart Attack. He was 44 years old, and life seemed unforgiving to Lois without him.

The following year Dan and Barbara Pope stepped in; deciding that unlikely bachelor Norsworthy and Lois would be a good match. Barbara called Lois and gave her Garry's phone number, and Dan called Garry and gave him Lois's Ohio number. A romance between the two sprang up over the phone, the second

one in both their lives. In the spring of 1996, Norsworthy drove the 8 hours to Lois's door in his Chevy Blazer.

"She took one look at me and thought, now there's a real project," Garry thinks. "She's been working on me ever since." By the following year they were committed but it took them until May 29th, 2005 to finally get married.

They own a home in a project called Penn Forest Township, Pennsylvania. Garry is on full VA disability, but drives Lois to Tom's gravesite in Ohio sometimes twice a year to pay their respects.

I met Garry and his lady Lois at the first E20th LRP/Charlie Ranger Association reunion in Savannah, Georgia in 1997. It was my first contact with Charlie Rangers in 25 years. Lois gave me an affirming hug that helped put me at ease over leaving my "bunker" and my two black cats in Puget Sound, Washington. I also met Dan and Barbara Pope, Jerry "Rocky" Stone, John Eder, and others I'd only heard about in legends.

It wasn't until last year though that I got to know some of the heart of Garry that had the Popes recommend him to Lois Cunningham. This, because Charlie Ranger "Wild Bill" Payne opened up a password entry only PTSD support page exclusive to former Charlie Rangers and E20th LRP's. With the understanding that anything spoken on the page remain between us, that old foxhole-type kinship arose.

After that first reunion, renewed contact with teammates I'd run the bush with had already shown me that E20th LRP's/Charlie Rangers are the rarest of brothers. But, the honesty and camaraderie on Payne's support page led me to trust brothers I'd barley or never met. That it was returned is how I know and got permission to write all this.

We opened up to each other about our frustrations with life, as well as things from Nam I won't mention. The sleep disturbance we share had some one always awake to "talk" to. I wrote of dropping 37 pounds from the pain of undiagnosed arthritis, and further depression over a dirty house I was too miserable to clean.

Norsworthy, known as "Swampy" on the support page, called BS on me sometimes like close brothers did in Nam, but was genuinely supportive. And, funny as hell often, despite his "end-stage renal disease." He didn't complain about his terminal condition, but instead gave us accounts of fixing his crumbling chimney and growing a myriad of vegetables in his garden that Lois canned.

He did tell us that every two or three days he drove over an hour to Palmerton in the dark of morning to sit four hours in a kidney dialysis chair. Off the page though, I learned that the two flat needles in his arm, one draining blood to be cleansed, the other putting the good blood back in, hurt like hell. And, that he is nauseated and weak as a kitten for hours afterward. In that state



## FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

he totaled his car recently.

In the wee hours of the morning last year he told me, “I’ve got to make it one more year so Lois can have my full disability from dying service-connected.”

Since the accident, Lois has tried to over come a lifetime terror of driving, and Swampy goes easy on her. “I’ve got to be good to her every day I have left with her,” he said. “I’ll be looking Tom in the eyes soon enough – he’ll know if I treated her right.”

This is what started my inner search. I found fear, despite knowing anyone can live a normal life with just one kidney. A Ranger can overcome fear, but my effort stopped upon learning Garry’s blood is O-Positive. Mine is B-Positive.

Former association secretary Sam Pullara posed it this way; “I wonder if there IS some Ranger out there with O-Positive blood willing to donate a Kidney?”

I looked up medical sources on just how that rare brother or association sister would go about donating a Kidney if they found such willingness in themselves.

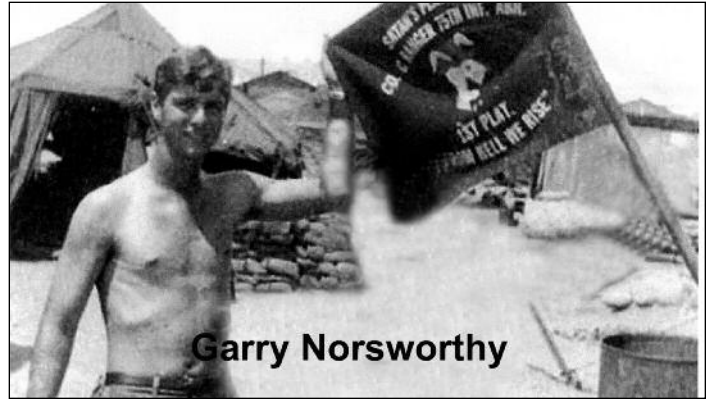
MEDICARE will pay for the tests and the surgery. Laparoscopic surgery, the tiny cable with a camera and surgical lasers, means a smaller scar and fewer traumas for the donor, and the normal 30-day recovery time is cut in half. Nearly all employers authorize medical leave for the procedure.

A perfect donor match is best, but such amazing new anti-rejection drugs are out that only matching blood type is really required.

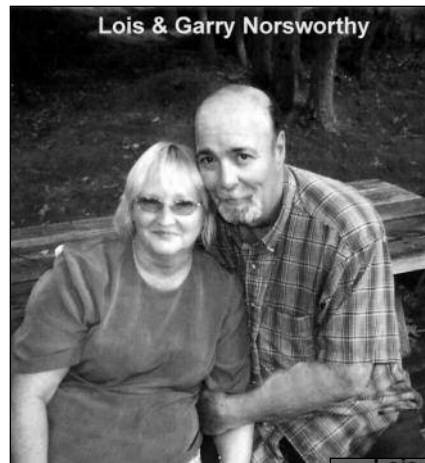
I confirmed all this with Karen Steigerwalt, RN and facility administrator of Palmerton Dialysis Center #0861 where Swampy goes to renew his life every few days.

If you have O-Positive blood and for some reason all this doesn’t scare you, call Garry Norsworthy (570-722-5773) or email him ([lrrpgary@ptd.net](mailto:lrrpgary@ptd.net)). He will put you in touch with Karen Steigerwalt who will walk you through donating a kidney.

Tim “Slash” Penman



Garry Norsworthy



Lois & Garry Norsworthy



Lois & Tom Cunningham



Lois Norsworthy

# UNIT REPORTS



## 1ST BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

Unit Director - Bill Acebes



The Battalion recognized 350 Rangers with numerous awards for Combat Action. This awards ceremony took place on 3 November at HAAF. Ranger SFC Quint was awarded the Bronze Star with V device during the ceremony. Had a chance to speak with COL Ralph Puckett, Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, in attendance with the Regimental DCO, LTC Luck.

Congratulations to all the Rangers who compete for world peace – One case, a Ranger went beyond and decided to eat his way to a championship. SGT Erin Cooper who is now a hand to hand combat instructor at Fort Benning, entered a local restaurant burrito eating contest and won. He then competed in the championship and all his championship effort came up all over the floor – It was close – Congratulations SGT Cooper.

Congratulations to SGT Michael Cassidy and SGT Thomas Payne, finished third in the Sniper Competition held recently at Fort Benning. This is quite an accomplishment for this team; constant deployments sometimes deplete your skills; but not these Rangers!

Went to Cocoa, Florida in September to celebrate the 50th Wedding Anniversary of SMA (R) and Mrs. Glen E. Morrell (former CSM of 1st Battalion). Also in attendance was General and Mrs. Joe Stringham, COL and Mrs. Ed Yaugo (former Commanders of 1st BN); COL and Mrs. Dick Pack (former S-3 Operations Officer of 1st BN); COL Graves (former 1st BN Surgeon). The party was hosted by the Morrell's children – at the beautiful home of Mike and Bessie Moody – The low country boil and fellowship was enjoyed by about 100 well wishers. That was the first time I've ever seen a tear in the ancient one's eyes – and no foul words to boot!!

The 23rd Anniversary of the Battalion's jump into Grenada was remembered on 25 October. We haven't forgotten our Rangers who lost their lives that day.

Heard from a former B Company Ranger, Carl Kasunic – He is now in Ohio – practicing law – and has a 14 year old daughter. Wanted to check in and let everyone know he is doing okay.

On 21 November 2006; CSM Dennis Smith will assume the 1st BN CSM position - taking over from CSM James Hardy. Congratulations to CSM & Mrs. Hardy on a job well done at 1st Battalion. Good luck and God Speed.

Had an email from Barry L. Simpson - Saw the name of Billy V. Burk on the 75th RRA website and believes this may be his team leader from the 1/509th Vicenza. Would like to get in



touch with him – His email is  
[Barry.Simpson@uah.edu](mailto:Barry.Simpson@uah.edu)

Have had several emails from soldiers who say their name is NOT on the website of 1/75 roster of names. If you want your name on the roster, send me an email with some background information so that I may be able to verify your assignment to 1st Battalion. (There have been a LOT of Rangers assigned to 1st Battalion).

For those who may see the trailer hitch of the 1/75 scroll on the back of my pickup; don't try to steal it as it is locked on. It was sent to me by Ranger Ken York; a former member of 1st Battalion; and whose son is presently assigned to 1st Battalion. This is a prototype – He will soon have more available. He can be reached at [ken@4Rangers.com](mailto:ken@4Rangers.com)

Any current or former members of 1st Battalion who wish to submit information to be included in this newsletter; please send to [acebes175@coastalnow.net](mailto:acebes175@coastalnow.net)

Until the next time; keep your head down; powder dry; and see you on the high ground.



## 2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

Unit Director - Rich Hecht



BY: Rich Hecht

On September 27th 2006, I was privileged to attend the dedication ceremony for 2/75's new, KIA memorial. Those of you who served before then, you will remember the previous memorial, which consisted of some nice stones embedded in the ground in front of HHC.

There was nothing wrong with this memorial, but it hadn't been updated to include the names of those killed in the GWOT or those who have been killed in training.

Over a year ago, MSG Kevin Deary began a campaign to raise funds for a new memorial, one fitting of the sacrifices that our brothers have given. The funds were originally raised by the active duty Rangers themselves and our association was contacted to act as the gatekeeper of those funds, as Bn is not able to legally do so. It is our great honor and privilege to maintain the account.

The ceremony was very well attended by Ranger families, to include several families who have lost husbands or sons. Numerous Ranger veterans attended, including a couple previous SGM's, some guys from the first days of 2/75, some young guys who are now working in the security contracting field and many others.

The monument itself is a black, granite obelisk with a Ranger Scroll engraved on the front. Beneath it, is the "Man in the Arena" speech from Teddy Roosevelt. On the right side, the names of our KIA's are engraved and on the left side, the names of those killed in training. The surrounding area has been re-landscaped and it is all very fitting to honor our dead.

I would briefly like to add that 9-27-06 was also an important day for me and it was very strange that I was spending that day at 2/75. On 9-27-1991 I ETS'd from Bn. The stars must have been aligned to bring me back to Bn 15 years to the day since my last day on active duty. Although I have been back to visit numerous times, this day was made very special by the reason for my being there.

In some other important Ranger news, Bco now has it's own Hooah bar in the dayroom area!!! The bar is filled with pictures and war trophies, mainly from the last few years. Ranger Ken Kovac (who flew in from Chicago for the ceremony) and I donated some items that we had brought back from Operation Just Cause. If you served in Bco and have Hooah pictures or items that you would like to contribute, please contact me and I will make sure the items get delivered.

At the beginning of November, I had the pleasure to meet with Mrs. Mary-Paige Kurilla. She is the wife of Bn CO LTC. Kurilla and is also the head of the 2/75 Family Readiness Group. The reason for our meeting was to make arrangements for the donation of over \$3000 to the FRG from the members of this

association. This money is used to help the families and kids of needy, active duty Rangers during the Holiday Season. We have also donated additional money for the purchase of turkeys for the families. Each year, we have been able to donate similar amounts thanks to the generous contributions of our members.

The next Ranger Ball is scheduled for February 27th 2007. As there was no Ranger Ball in 2006, this should be one great event. Ranger Nate Smith has again set up a fund to help offset the cost of the Ball, as he has done over the past couple of years. Please look for the information regarding the Ball in this issue. If you can donate anything, it would be of great help to the active duty guys. If you, as a 2/75

Ranger Veteran would like to attend the Ball, please contact the S5 office at 253-967-2526 for information.

Here's the address where you can send contributions,

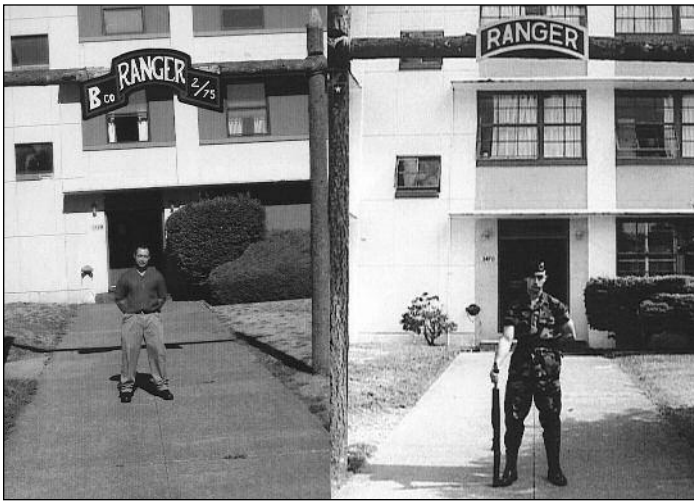
Ranger Ball Fund  
PMB 276  
17404 Meridian Ave. E, Suite F  
Puyallup, WA 98735

At the time I am writing this, CSM Doug Pallister has returned to the Bn AO to recuperate from back surgery. Our best wishes for his continued recovery.

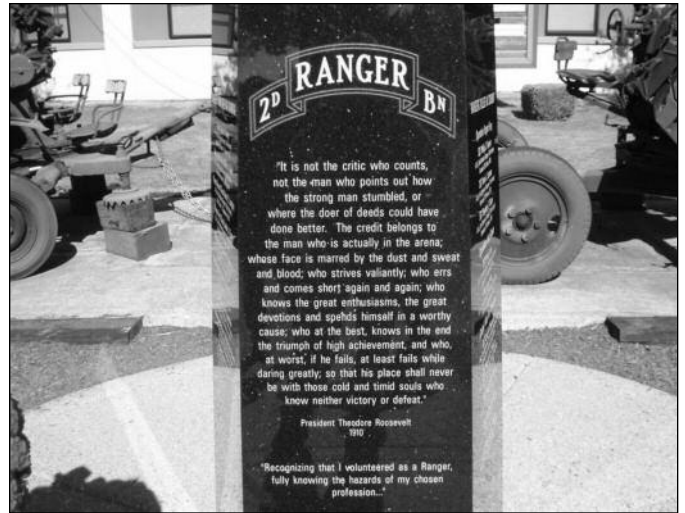


*Rangers from Bco 2nd Platoon. Old guys from left to right, Nate Smith, Rich Hecht, Ken Kovac. Thanks SSG C. for letting us hang out with you and the boys. Busch beer sucks.*

2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (CONTINUED)



*Ranger Ken Kovac in front of Bco, 2006 and 1989*



*2/75 LTC. Michael E. Kurilla and CSM Douglas O. Pallister present arms at the dedication ceremony for the new, 2/75 KIA monument.*



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

Unit Director - Bill Dodge



**UNIT DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE**

A couple of important events took place just prior to our printing deadline for this edition of *Patrolling*. The 3d Battalion just had their Ranger Ball and were kind enough to extend the invitation to me. Unfortunately, I was unable to attend as work had me on travel. They certainly deserved a fun night out. I was hoping to be able to include some pictures but I was unable to get them in time. Maybe I can be squared away for the next editions print.

This year as in years past the 75th RRA provided support to the rangers by providing Thanksgiving Turkeys to about 60 families of 3rd Battalion. Coordination was a little difficult but we managed to get the right day pegged for delivery and the turkeys were handed out after a splendid lunch provided in the chow hall.



3RD BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (CONTINUED)

CSM Merritt extended his thanks to me for the association's ongoing support of the Rangers.

The week after Thanksgiving I picked up gift certificates from a local store to provide to ranger families to help purchase toys and gifts for their families. As planned, 65 families from 3rd Battalion will receive fifty dollar certificates to purchase Christmas toys. The 75th RRA is pleased to be able to help our young rangers and their families. We can never forget about these great Americans who offer up their lives to make life better for us all.

To continue to do good things for the rangers this association must grow. Consult your ranger buddies and encourage them to support the boys by joining the 75th RRA. Consider sponsoring a friend-even for a year. I really would like to encourage the growth of this organization. Remember that your membership helps support all rangers.

Thanks for all that you do, Rangers past and present.

RLTW

Bill Dodge, PMP



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

Unit Director - Ronald Dahle



It is time for a little reflecting, as the season draws to a close marking the completion of another year. As we look back, our hearts were saddened this year with the passing of Rich Ryan, Virgil Craft and JoAnne Smith. We have come through this, and life goes on. On the brighter side, if we look, we can see the fruits of our labor. One such case is depicted in the photograph below of Major Brian Mulloy, son of Dennis (Foose) and Nancy Mulloy. Brian a Major in the Air Force, currently a flight instructor and his wife, , who has settled down to flying KC-10 Refuellers (after a tour flying Wart Hogs in Iraq) have just welcomed a new member to their family, a daughter named Maggie.



*Major Brian Mulloy in Cockpit of T-38 Talon*

**Sick Call**

We have not had any major health crises in the company during the last quarter. Chet Smith had his prostate removed as scheduled. The operation went very well, the biggest problem he had was in getting his daughter to use the term "pecker" while making a post on the company website for him. Chet is getting stronger every day and is looking forward to being up to speed in the near future.

Jack Moore has provided us with the Medical Factoid of the quarter. Jack has discovered that flatulating soon after inserting a Preparation H suppository is not a wise option. We thank him for sharing.



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

## Mini-Reunions

The V Corps side of the house just had another SOS Mini-Reunion at Ron Dahles pad in Smithfield, NC. All went well; we even got George Allen in from New Hampshire to join us. We were able to wake him up to eat and talk for a while. (and talk and talk and talk). All left full and happy.



*Left to Right Lee Farley, Paul Edwards, John Simmons, George Allen, Ron Dahle*

As I write this the A/75 side of the house is preparing for their semi-annual cabin/meadow trip in Tennessee. They usually have a great turnout to that event. There is an unsubstantiated rumor that Mike Cantrell was recently emasculated by Maxie the pissing dog while participating in as a referee in a dogfight. Mike, stay off the floor!

### Tales From the Crypt

First installment of tales from our past that won't go away.

### Stick it Where Sir?

By Ron Dahle

We all have our claims to fame; one of mine has always been a propensity to be a horse's ass whenever the opportunity presented itself. I also pushed the envelope to the absolute maximum.

The following account of a field problem in mid 64 is an example of a total Dahleism. In Commo platoon, field problems were usually initiated with an alert, a briefing, the issuance of our orders to include location packet and the departure of the 3 sections to their assigned location to set up. As team leaders we had an unwritten challenge to try to be the first team up and on the air, (on more than one occasion this had us cranking our generator in the XMTR rig and coming up on the run using whip antennas. Not a wise move from any point of view.)

Well anyway, on the exercise in question, the alert was initiated, we (team chiefs) reported to the Plt Hqs for our deployment packets. Mine did not have location instructions in it. I brought this to the Plt Ldrs attention (a Lt who shall remain nameless) and he said he would take care of it. I watched the other teams depart and was getting antsy to go so I approached the Lt again, and he said he would deal with it. (By now he was obviously preoccupied with something else) Another twenty to thirty

minutes went by, I grabbed my assistant TC and went back to see the Lt, who was still busy, and he glanced up at me and said "Goddamn it Dahle I don't give a damn if you set up in the middle of Stuttgart City Park" to which I replied "Yes Sir", grabbed my team and took off. About 2 or 3 hours later I sent in my initial Sitrep, which included my grid coordinates. to the Company Operations section. About 20 minutes later they came back with a sarcastic retort suggesting that upon return to garrison I should brush up on my map reading, as the coordinates I gave them suggested that I was in the middle of Stuttgart City Park. Obviously my reply was "Oh, but I am in the middle of Stuttgart City Park. I also offered the info that per SOP we had dug in our gas cans (about 30) due to the high number of civilians in the area. I also suggested that it was difficult putting up a doublet antenna, but that we found a couple trees that only required minimal pruning to facilitate hanging them from. This immediately had all the makings of being a bad day in Dodge City. At this point things went steadily and rapidly downhill. The company was nice enough to fly an envoy by chopper out to meet with me, give me new locations, and even had some career enhancing suggestions for me which quickly abated as soon as I suggested that I was just following orders to which I had a witness. I mean after all, what is a poor dumb old Buck Sergeant supposed to do other than follow orders. Our new platoon leader was much nicer.

This was but one of many doors marked PULL that I elected to PUSH on. Those who know me will tell you I never changed, and to this day I am still pushing every button I see. This incident occurred near the end of my tour, which is probably a good thing, as I think I was also starting to push my luck. The Field Marshall told me once that it wasn't luck that was going to keep me rolling; it was cunning, awareness, and opportunism. I logged that conversation into my data bank and revisited it many times over the years. Thank you Cleve.

## COMMANDERS CALL

This is a new section designed to allow ex-commanders of the company to share some of their more poignant memories (and in some cases probably nightmares) of their tenure as Commanding Officer of the "Company". While I only served in the company in its early stages, 1961-1964, I do realize that there was a common thread woven into the fabric of the men of the unit that provided for similarities across the board, regardless of the designation of the unit, be it: 3779th LRP, V Corps LRRP, D-17, or A/75th Rangers. In each case the men of the unit posed an exciting and challenging climate for the leadership. To be commander of this bunch of misfits had to have been one of the most rewarding, challenging commands in the Army for our leaders.

The first contributor is Doug Nolan, Cdr. A/75 from to . The following anecdote was plucked from his brain (quite willingly I might add) and is a prime example of the trials and tribulations our "Old Men" faced on a regular basis.

I brought A/75th Infantry Airborne Ranger to REFORGER 1973



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

after a month long training period at Camp Bullis, Texas near San Antonio. Training went well at Camp Bullis, did a load of manual Morris code training as our base stations were broke and I had been unsuccessful in getting them repaired and had only one major injury when SSG Bob Allchin broke his neck on the jump into Bullis.

First Sergeant Bonofacio Romo asked for and got volunteers to stay with Bob while he was in the hospital at Ft Sam Houston till we returned to Ft Hood for deployment.

I remember going to Gerzewski (sp) Kaserne ( now closed) in Karlsruhe to draw equipment after arriving in Germany and the first morning of company PT with all the Germans opening their windows and watching us running down their streets, singing and of course with a few pair of eyeballs on us the Rangers went into SHOWTIME. Young frauleins were everywhere. Was the same everyday we were in Karlsruhe. I thought I'd better maintain control of these Rangers or **I was going to jail.**

I remember setting up the company CP outside of Katterbach for REFORGER. A/75th brought 18 teams to the exercise to work as long range patrols for VII Corps while the 200th German Fernspaher and 13th French Dragoons ( RDP) Long Range Patrol Companies worked with the V Corps with a combined 18 teams, but we were co-located in our own area outside of Katterbach with an armed guard on the wire that ran across the only road into this area. A/75th teams were inserted by truck with the longest out some 42 kilometers from our CP. Guidance from the VII Corps leadership was to stay out of the towns and no civilian clothes to be worn during the exercise.

I remember having to go pickup a package at the VII Corps G2 shop after the exercise started. In the package were several photos ( high quality from our Leica cameras no doubt!) of Ranger Clyde Bayliss's team in civilian clothes, posed by a fountain in a town, with other photos showing their antennas sticking out of an upstairs gasthaus window in the town. **I thought, Nolen you're going to jail.**

I remember shaving early one morning in my jeep mirror. First Sergeant Romo said there was a staff car down at the guard checkpoint. This was not an unusual occurrence as soldiers got lost, but this car came on through the checkpoint & Top said, "Holy shit sir, this car has 4 stars on the front!"

I went into getting clothed overdrive as Top reported and was escorting the guests into our TOC when I caught up with them. The guest was Gen Walter Kerwin, CG Forces Command. He wanted the info on why we were not able to use our base stations and Coder Burst devices and instead were using manual Morse Code for REFORGER. A/75th was a Forces Command unit, attached to III Corps at Ft Hood, Texas and further attached to the 3d ( Grey Wolf) Brigade, 1st Cavalry Division with a classified defense of Berlin mission and a classified stay behind LRRP mission in the V Corps sector of Germany. General Kerwin was very knowledgeable about the company and it's base station

problems, complemented us on our work that had been done for REFORGER ( he obviously didn't know about Smilin' Clyde Bayliss) and promised to help get our base station equipment repaired. **(I thought again, Nolen you're going to jail for cheese eating about the base station non-repair.)** And General Kerwin did that when we returned to Ft Hood.

I remember Ranger Specialist Duane Buxton losing his part of a One Time Pad used for encoding and decoding Morse code. Had folks who wanted to Court Marshal his ass. **I didn't.**

I remember Ranger Specialist Dennis Black getting separated from his team after the team was run through by M113's. He missed the rally point and the team reported him missing. He walked into the company TOC 3 days later. He had been on foot when he came across a fenced, well lighted area in the forest and was doing a Ranger look around the facility. A 2 man MP patrol from 3d ID in a jeep saw him, told him to halt, he started to run, a 45 round was fired over his head, he stopped and an E5 MP approached him. The MP got close and turned his he to speak with the MP in the patrol jeep and Ranger Black jump kicked him in the throat and ran. Turned out the facility was a nuclear storage area.

Saw MG Sam Walker, CG, 3d ID at the REFORGER AAR and he was less than kind. Wanted me to Courts Martial Ranger Black for hurting his MP. **I didn't.**

I remember having to get permission from CINC, USAREUR, General George Blanchard in order to execute a combined US, French and German airborne operation after REFORGER. He made me the DZSO and told me if we had injuries that he would have my ass. I offered him and his CSM a chute, he laughed and said he would love to, but he had to be in Berlin the next day. SSG Steve Gregg, A/75th Commo Platoon was the only injury with a turned ankle. The jump was followed by an A/75th sponsored party for all involved which went most of the night.

Company formation the next morning looked like something out of a night mare with all kinds of uniforms from the 3 countries, berets, etc and a lot of hungover Rangers. I told Top Romo to strip them down for PT. Did a little warmup and then we went on a little Ranger "stroll" through the German countryside. Most of the puking stopped after the first 30 minutes of running, got back to the company area, cleaned up and had a jump wing exchange ceremony that afternoon with all 3 countries.

I remember being very proud of the work these Rangers did for REFORGER and having the opportunity to lead and command this great group of soldiers. **As for going to jail, I didn't.**

Doug Nolen Chief, G3 Exercise, V Corps



## Homecoming 2006 - Branson MO

BY: Marc Thompson

Gary Linderer and his organization staged the Homecoming 2006 event in Branson again this year, following the success of the 2005 event. As proposed by John Chester and some of the other officers last year, the Association held an off-year reunion there, coordinated by Randy White of Lima Company Rangers and the 101st.

The week-long event included many dinners, shows, functions, displays, and opportunities to get together in the hospitality room. Attendees at the Homecoming 2006 and Association off-year gathering included John (and Cheryl) Visel and Joe Touchon of VII Corps, Mike (and Mary) Hines, Gary O'Neill and Marc Thompson of B/75, among others. The 101st and L/75 detachments held their reunion there also, and there were many attendees from other LRRP and Ranger companies, particularly C/75, N/75, and E/75..

The final event of the weekend was the banquet which was well attended, and included many unit directors and officers of the Association.

During the banquet, the 134th Assault Helicopter company from Vietnam (who supported the Ranger units in-country) presented their guidon to the Association, which was accepted by our president, Steve Crabtree. I'm sure that many others will be including information about the banquet and other functions, so I will refrain from duplicating their efforts.

There is, however, a rumor that Ray from 134th AAC was unofficially christened a Ranger following some prodigious feats of alcohol consumption and participation in various extra-curricular activities, but then again, that might just be a rumor...

John Chester was originally slated to attend the banquet, and would have been taking the official photos during that function, but he was unavoidably detained by a cardiac stress test, so I was volunteered to take the photos, and promptly crashed my hard drive after returning home. I did, however, rescue the photos, and am forwarding them to John for inclusion wherever he feels it appropriate.

## Traveling Ranger Museum

Bill Wilkinson's (C/75, N/75) traveling display of Ranger memorabilia has expanded quite a bit since some of you may have seen it last year at the Ft. Benning reunion. Wilkie traveled to Branson for the Homecoming 2006 gathering, and set up his display in the vendor tent where it would be seen by the greatest possible number of visitors. It includes memorabilia beginning in Vietnam in 1968, and continues through the present day. It is getting to be quite a chore to transport all the material, and set it up at the destination, but we hope that we can convince him to bring the much-expanded display to the Regiment Reunion

again next year, so that the Association members can have an opportunity to see it again in its expanded form.

## The Boatman Family

I have heard from many of you who wanted us to pass along your condolences to the Boatman family via Patrolling, for both Daryll and Roy. Our condolences and sympathy to Janice and the rest of the family, they will be missed, and you are in our thoughts.



## Ranger Hall of Fame Nominee MSG Beach

Tom Nash of G/75 - E/51

LRP - Ist Cav LRRP's called me to discuss their nomination of MSG George I. Beach to the Ranger Hall of Fame for 2007.

MSG Beach was a member of C/58, prior to C/58 being redesignated Company B (Ranger). If anyone from C/58 has additional information which they believe would be pertinent to George's nomination, please contact Tom Nash at the email address or telephone number listed inside the front cover of the magazine. Good Luck, George. We have added MSG Beach's name to the C/58 roster, which had been missing from our roster.

T out.

## VII Corps LRRP News

BY: Kirk Gibson

In mid-July, nearly forty VII Corps LRRPs and their wives and friends, from Oregon to Florida and in between, assembled in Colorado Springs for our seventh reunion. Hosted by local LRRP Tom Lake and his wife Diane, we enjoyed the beautiful



*Bob Searcy and Tom Lake in HALO School*

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

scenery of Colorado Springs and the surrounding area. A special tribute went to Colorado Springs resident Bob Searcy, one of the original LRRP Co. members, who also had the distinction of serving as 1SGT of the V Corps LRRPs.

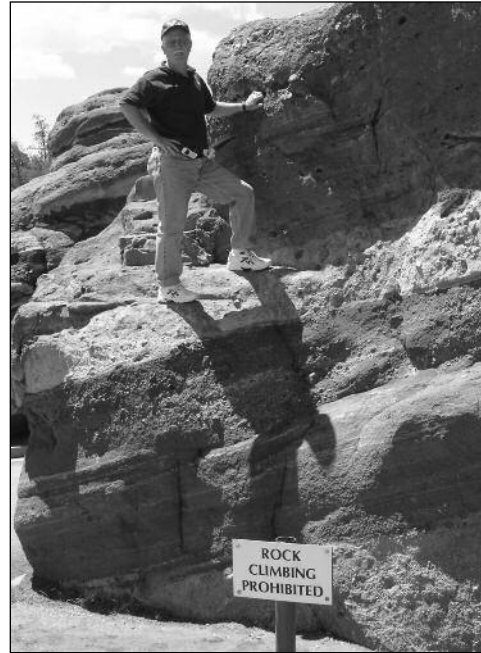
Besides Bob Searcy, "first edition" (1961 Models) VII Corps LRRPs present were Jim Joiner, Ellis Bingham, Jim Brown, Tom Lake, Theo Knaak, Jim Craig, Bill Hill, Tom Forde, Jim Whitwell, Art Dolick and Rich Foster. If I've missed anyone, I'm sorry. And a special guest, Larry Stotts from V Corps and his lovely wife and daughter, drove up from Texas and spent the week with us. Also from V Corps LRRP, Bob Clark drove in and spent a day with us.



"Smith and Visel at the top of Pike's Peak"

Highlights of the week were day trips to the Garden of the Gods, Manitou Cliff Dwellings, Pike's Peak, Royal Gorge and its many fun attractions, and Ft. Carson, where the 10th Special Forces

gave a demo of the weaponry employed in Afghanistan and Iraq. Most took the inclined tramway up Pike's Peak, but Patty Smith and John Visel rode their motorcycles up, through an unforeseen snowstorm, and froze their butts off! We had difficulty scheduling a VII LRRP mass jump, but Bill Hill and Rick



Rich Foster can't read, but he can climb!

"Fat back" H a t h a w a y managed to find a place which actually allowed them to jump.

Our next reunion will be back at Ft. Benning in concert with the Ranger Rendezvous, August 6-11, 2007. Jim Jackson has volunteered to be the point man, so please check into his orderly room ASAP and let him know if you are coming or not. The

following week several of us will be in Harrisburg, PA for the 82nd Airborne Division Association's 61st Annual Convention. Please let Kirk Gibson know if you plan to attend that, as he hopes to have a VII Corps LRRP cookout at Mucous Meadows, and perhaps even a private tour of America's Oldest Brewery, the Yuengling Brewery, in nearby Pottsville, PA. It's better than Dinkelacker!



**C/75 - E/20 LRP**  
Unit Director - Chuck Vaughn



**In Memory Of**

SSG Steen B. Foster	May 14, 1970
CPL James L. Loisel	May 14, 1970
(KCS) Dong Van Hoa	May 14, 1970
SSG Michael E. Kiscaden	Jul 1, 1970
SGT Hillburn M. Burdette, Jr.	Jul 12, 1970
SGT John W. Rucker	Dec 14, 1970
CPL Edward E. Scott, Jr.	Feb 22, 1971
SP4 Kevin G. Thorne	Feb 27, 1971
SSG Gordon K. Spearman, Jr.	Mar 10, 1971
SP4 Loyd E. Robinson	Jun 11, 1971
SGT Jimmy L. Dunagan	Jan 21, 1972
* KCS = Kit Carson Scout	
1SG Joey "Brasso" Welsh, USA RET	
E CO (LRP) 20th INF (A) &	
C CO (RGR) 75th INF (A)	
Historical Advisor	

C/75/RGR
E/20/LRP & C/75/RGR
C/75/RGR
E/20/LRP & C/75/RGR
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C/75/RGR
C/75/RGR
C/75/RGR
C/75/RGR (IMO)
* IMO + In Memory Of



### **Ranger Profile-Warrant Officer Gary O'Neal:**

Gary O'Neal, better known as "The Big O," is the subject of this issues profile. I didn't get to meet Gary in Nam (I had left Charlie Company by the time he got there) but we have formed a close friendship since meeting at the 2003 reunion.

The Army became Gary's carrier after leaving Charlie Company. He spent most of his time in Special Forces making 15,000 parachute jumps, and also becoming a chopper pilot. Mr. O'Neal served with 173rd Airborne Brigade, Charlie Company Rangers, 1st Field Force, 1st Aviation Brigade, as well as with the 5th Special Forces Group. Because of his expertise, Gary was selected by Col James N. Rowe to help set up the US Army's school for Survival and Evasion. He was one of the key individuals in the development of the Advanced Military Free-Fall (MFF) parachutist course and the Training Assistance Teams.

Gary is a riot and great fun to be around. He has continued his involvement with Special Forces as a civilian instructor.

Big "O" is also a registered member of the Screen Actors Guild for Motion Pictures and Television as a Military Advisor-Stuntman-Actor.

Gary put in 33 years of service in the military. During this time he belonged to various specialized organizations including: Special Forces, Rangers, The Golden Knight's, and Chief Instructor for the Department of Defense Survival Evasion Resistance and Escape (SERE) course, and many other classified programs.

The Big "O" served in every classified (and unclassified) conflict from Vietnam to the Gulf War.

He has taken part in Special reconnaissance missions, served as a medic, taught survival skills to various peoples and armies throughout the world, and has lived the life of a true warrior. Warrant Officer O'Neal received many wounds running missions; however he has turned down the Purple Heart several times.

Awards granted him include the Bronze Star & the Silver Star. He is one of the founders of the first Anti-Terrorist teams ever formed by the Department of Defense and US Army. His insights helped to lay the foundation for the formation and training of the first DELTA teams.

One of Gary's assignments was working for Col. Ollie North fighting Communism "south of the border." While fighting there, he became a POW, was tortured, and was forced to watch as his wife was brutally murdered. He escaped and continued to take the fight to the enemy.

Big "O" possesses both the knowledge and the experience of survival and self-protection in the most extreme circumstances and environments. Much of his army career has been spent teaching others these skills as well as helping people learn how to rely on and interpret their own natural instincts.

After retiring, Gary took up residence in the Black Hills of South Dakota where he lived with his two children. He has become a Sun dancer among the Ogallala Lakota people of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, and has incorporated native knowledge and tradition along with his specialized military training to walk in balance with the earth for the future survival of all.

Gary most recently spends his time, as an advisor to Special Forces, passing on his many skills to the young men there in training.

### **We have lost another fellow Ranger:**

Mr. Michael (Tiny) Broderick an old E company LRP, passed away on Friday, at 08:10 a.m., October 27, 2006 at the Portland, Oregon, VA Hospital, surrounded by his kids & family. Tiny was a great guy, and he will be missed by all who were privileged to know him. Rudy Wheeler, another ranger from Echo Co. traveled from his home in Florida to Washington State to be with Tiny for his last few days here on earth. Tiny also received phone calls, while on his sick bed, from other fellow rangers giving him comfort, thanks to Rudy getting the word out about Tiny's condition. Great job Rudy, you are a fine example of the on-going ranger spirit.

### **Message from Texas Lock-up:**

I received a nice thank-you letter from Ranger Mike Warner. Mike was in Charlie Company 1970-1971. Mike is incarcerated and cannot attend the reunions, but he looks forward to getting his *Patrolling* magazine. Mike says that the magazine keeps him in touch with the 75th. If anyone would like to write to Mike, his address is as follows.

Mike Warner #709606

Montford Unit

8602 Peach Street

Lubbock, TX 79404-7777

I'm pretty sure it would make Mike's day to get a letter from a fellow Ranger.

### **Secretary's Report**

Brother Rangers, We are in the process of developing a new Web Site. A new Host and Server have been obtained and I am almost finished with the coding for the site. We are retaining the original URL; <http://www.e20-lrp-c75-rgr.org> and the new site will have

C/75 - E/20 LRP (CONTINUED)

many bells and whistles.

The site will have an open forum, private areas, live chat area, photo gallery, supply room, and an area for the SIT REP. Unlike, the old, this will be open to the public in certain areas. However, it will require a user name, password, and a valid email address.

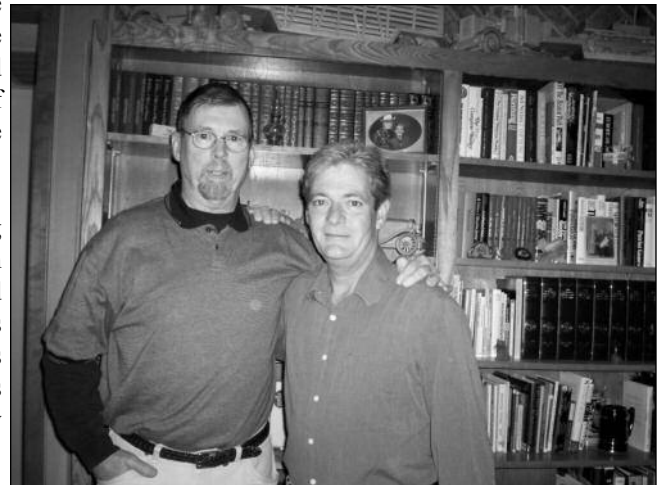
Our membership is growing, as more and more Echo LRP's and Charlie Rangers come inside the "wire".

I want to remind everyone to get his or her articles to me for the next EC SIT REP.  
Charlie Mike...Cal Rollins

**The travels of Ranger Scott "Marty" Martin**

Ranger Scott "Marty" Martin recently cruised the US from Florida to Texas to Wyoming to Washington to California in his beloved 1994 Volvo, and will probably keep going all the way to Panama. I received an email from Darryl "Bones" Benton in sunny Florida that he had just sent off Scott on his way to Texas and the far west. He and Bones had quaffed a few cervesas and Bones wanted me to know Scott was coming through Amarillo on I-40 in a day or two. Well, you can almost hit my office from the center stripe of the interstate with a gap wedge, so when Scott called me from Childress, a small town 100 miles southeast, on November 3rd, I told him to be sure and stop by. We did get a chance to meet one another for the first time and had a great time visiting.

He wouldn't spend the night because he wanted to get to Wyoming to see his daughter, then go on to see Tim Penman in Washington state. But he did drink some tea and take a shower. He also wouldn't let Vicki feed him, but he said he sure felt better after the shower and a change of clothes. The picture is of Scott and me in our house; I'm the taller one with the goofy look on his face.



He finally made it to Penman's on the 21st of November after spending time with his daughter. He and Tim had a great visit. They hadn't seen each other for 15 years and Penman and Bones and Marty had all worked on the same team back in the Nam. Scott and Tim and one of Tim's beautiful lady friends all had dinner together with another of Scott's Mariner buddies (he served in the Merchant Marines for 20-plus years after Charlie Rangers). It was a good time had by all and Tim says Marty is now on his way to meet his fiancé down south in California.



**D/75**

**Unit Director - Richard "Bear" Papp**



Greetings to all. BEAR Here!! Time has passed so fast. It seems as if it was only yesterday when I submitted the last article for our magazine. Time is going by so fast it is almost frightening.

Not too much to report this quarter. I received a short letter from one of our old Ranger, Brothers-In Arms, Steve Meade. He is alive and well and recently completed a trip/mission/long range patrol to of all places, China. Following is a couple of extracts from his letter/SITREP: "What Merle Haggard says softly is "You play the cards you're dealt". I had a chance this past June to go to China and took



*it. I spent five days in Shanghai and two days in a place called Xian, where the Terra Cotta warriors were buried with the Emperor. I then flew to Beijing. I was not on a tour but was solo". Attached is a couple of photos of Steve in China. Based on the photos and the rest of his letter, I know he had a really good time.*

In the previous issue of Patrolling Magazine I reported that our friend and fellow Ranger Richard (Herd) Nelson was receiving care and evaluations from the Veterans Administration Hospital. I am happy to report that Herd received all the care and treatment for his heart and other medical conditions that was warranted. He has completed all

D/75 (CONTINUED)

treatments and received a very favorable compensable rating from the VA. At this time Herd is on the road to recovery, both health wise and financial. I would like to say, that during the past year, Herd basically suffered in silence and never asked for anything except care and treatment from the VA. Out hats are off to you Ranger Herd.

I am asking all my former team mates and other Rangers I served with to send me any news or articles that you would like to share with the others. Please keep in mind, if the memories or the article made you smile or brought back memories, let's share them. Gentlemen, as the days go by, these memories become priceless. Let's put them on paper and share with our other team mates. I have one more article for submission after this one. Lets make that last one, one of the very best.

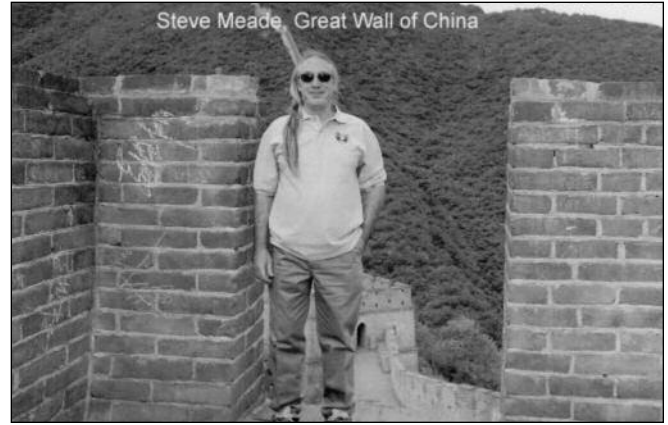
Reminiscing back to our days in Vietnam, I know everyone remembers the joy of being extracted after a long drawn out dangerous mission. We would see the Huey burst over the tree line and touch down in the pick up zone. This is what we all remember. They came in low and hot, close to the trees and dropped their tail in a flare, rocked forward and we raced for the open doorways. This was always the worst for us. We couldn't hear anything and our backs were turned to the tree line. The best you could hope for was a sign on the face of the crew chief or gunner in the doorway, leaning out, waiting to help with a tug or to lay down some lead. Sometimes you could glance quickly at his face and pick up a clue as to what was about to happen. We would pitch ourselves in headfirst and tumble against the scuffed riveted aluminum, grabbing for a handhold and mentally will that HUEY in the air. Sometimes the floor was slick with blood or worse. The getting off were the worst for all, but the crew chief and gunner was always there, watching, urging, leaning out and assisting. Sometimes they would just raise a thumb or sometimes just a sly, knowing smile. My hat goes off to those courageous and caring crewmembers.

Most Vietnam veterans will be able to identify with the article below submitted by Carl Norris (Warlord 16) and enjoy reading it, especially the Rangers. The ending will surprise you..

### THE GRAND DAME

Gazing out the window, I look upon her, and fondly remember her glories past. Today, she is sitting quietly in the melting snow holding on to her tattered dignity. For many of us, there is a faded sadness about her. I do not understand how it happened. However, time has somehow passed her by. Remaining glorious in her elegant simplicity, in her day, she was the queen of the ball. Of course, like any good monarch, she was more than simply herself. The Grand Dame was, and remains to this day, a symbol of something much bigger. Like any strong monarch, her symbolic nature elicits emotional responses both positive and negative.

Without her admirers realizing that it happened, in our rapidly spinning world, she has become but a tattered shell of her



former self. As a strikingly beautiful woman who has undergone the natural cost of time, even in her faded glory, she remains an eye turning event. For those of us who knew her, and loved her, when we have the rare occasion to see the grand gal in her evening gown, we remain smitten by the power of her presence. To our surprise, but not to our surprise, we find tears running down our cheeks when she makes her grand entrance upon the stage of our life. Others...., well others are blinded by their youth and not having experienced her love. Therefore, they do not seem see what we see.

With the painfully swift passage of years, it saddens me to see her now neglected and almost forgotten. With more than a pang of guilt, I look out at her with feelings of warmth. As one who knew her and loved her, in her glory, I think, do believe, NO, I know that I owe her something. She, who has given to much pleasure and comfort to so many, deserves a better fate. It is not as if my wife would be jealous of this aged queen. In her own maturity, my loving wife understands the mystical lure of a first love. Would it be so bad if I were to carve out the time to shower her with a small portion of the love that she gave so freely?

Life is so busy. We all seem to get caught up in the pressures of a racing clock and diminishing number of future years. Yet... Yet, it would be wonderful if she were to be nursed back to health. Of course, I well know that the cost is this level of care is staggering. This comes as no news. We all have experienced the financial burden of proper care as we age. But, to help her regain a vestige of her former glory, would that not be sufficient reward in itself? Yes! To help her clean up and return to health would indeed be a worthy cause.

I have seen others devote themselves to this grand old gal in her now faded glory. Like many of my peers, it





D/75 (CONTINUED)

never fails to bring a lump to my throat when I am in the presence of such a regal being. In the same light, I have been with these same peers when such a wondrous lady makes her entrance on the cluttered stage of our life. To a man, we instantly stop what we are doing to look lovingly upon her beauty. Our eyes glaze over. Our hearts quicken. We savor the moment. Listening to her distinctive footfall we remember what she means to us. For us, to see her, to hear her, and even to smell her distinctive fragrance is a sublimely loving experience. No, for us, she is not faded. She remains the queen of the ball.

True, I have been with others. Unashamedly, I have loved others. With a mixture of reverence and passion, I have caressed other's lovely curves. These wonderful others have responded to my gentle, yet firm touch with a responsiveness which only a man could love. However, somehow, she remains the true and only queen of the ball. This I know because a large part of my generation has been forever touched by her mere presence. None, none of the others can stand above her when the power of her presence is experienced.

In this case, the god Eros has reached down from the mountain top and gathered her in his arms. Then, by Eros' power, the hearts of countless men have been filled with a fathomless love for the royal lady. Yes, I know what you, who have not experienced Eros' heart-touch think you see when you look out the same window I am looking out. You think faded olive drab paint, a utilitarian body, a pair of landing skids, two rotor blades and a tail rotor tells the whole story. You say: "Why it is just an old helicopter left over from the Vietnam war. It is quaint. But, it is just a piece of old junk which will never fly again. Even if it does fly again, it is still just an old helicopter!"

I suppose you think that you have described just another old relic. Maybe, in your eyes, you are accurate. However, I am going to be bold enough to say this: "You are sadly mistaken and blind to the ageless grace and beauty of this Grand Dame.



Dress her up; bring her back to health; let her strut her stuff upon the stage of my life; and you will see profound reverence on my face as I bask in her dignified beauty. "

For those untouched by Eros, she is just an old helicopter. However, I would suggest that if the opportunity arises that you might be with me, or one of the countless thousands who knew her, **when we hear the signature "whop" "whop" footstep, LOOK AT US.** You will see our aged heads rise as we begin our search for her. Our tired eyes will scan the skies until we see her. Then, our lined faces will soften; our eyes will go out of focus as we "see" her again. We will remember how she loved us and took us home.

**She is beautiful even to this day. She is the UH-1 Iroquois. We just call her "HUEY" and continue to love her.**

Credit for the above tribute to the HUEY belongs to Rev. Bruce Carlson

That is it for this quarter. I would like to wish everyone and their families all the very best for the upcoming holidays. May God bless you all. This is BEAR.....RLTW.....OUT



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

**Unit Director - Robert Copeland**



By Bob Copeland  
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR 2007!!!! Best Wishes to all our Unit Members, Special Operations Forces, and all Military Personnel serving in the War against Global Terrorism at home and abroad and their families for a SAFE HOLIDAY SEASON!!!! Should this magazine arrive before Christmas please give consideration to sending in a donation to the Children's Christmas Fund. Let's make this the best year ever for donations to this worthy cause. Donations can be made at any time throughout the year to support this fund so remember it is never too late to donate!!LEAD THE WAY!!!! You can



send the donations to the 75th Ranger Regiment Association Secretary (designating the donation for the "Ranger Family/Christmas Fund," your name and Unit E/75), make payable to: "75th Ranger Regiment Association," Address envelope to Attention: John Chester PO Box 10970, Baltimore, MD 21234. (Phone 410-426-1391).

We have two big "REUNIONS" coming up in 2007 so make your arrangements early and come and enjoy them with family, friends and comrades. The 1st Reunion is our Company E gathering in Kissimmee, Florida, 25 through 29 April 2007. Reservations can be made by contacting the Ramada Plaza Hotel & Inn

## PATROLLING – WINTER 2006

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

Gateway, 7470 Highway 192 West Kissimmee, FL 34747, telephone 1-800-327-9170 or 1-407-396-4400. The room rates are: Inn Double \$68.00, Tower Plaza Rooms \$78.00-(room rates include, All You Can Eat Breakfast Buffet for 2). For those who have email you can go to [www.9thdivisionlrrp.com](http://www.9thdivisionlrrp.com) and click on the Reunion Box for all the info and pictures of the Hotel. Our Pointman for this Reunion is Kenny Mellick (407-522-9414) Thanks Ken for all the good work you are doing to prepare the way for the Reunion!!!! We had an excellent time at the 2005 reunion at this location and I look forward to seeing you all there again!!!!

The second reunion is the 75th Ranger Regiment Association Reunion at Ft Benning (Columbus), Ga., RANGER RENDEZVOUS REUNION 2007, AUGUST 6-11, 2007. Reservations can be made at the Airport Holiday Inn North on Manchester Road, Columbus with a guaranteed rate of \$79.00. The Banquet will be on the 11th of Aug. Details of activities will be published on the association website [www.75thrra.org](http://www.75thrra.org) and in the Patrolling Magazine as they become available. See you all there!! This is a Change Of Command year so Book Early!!!!

On behalf of the Unit Membership I would like to express our sympathy and condolences to the family and friends of those who have departed this world in 2006 and wish all those who have been ill over the past year our hopes for a speedy recovery and return to full health.

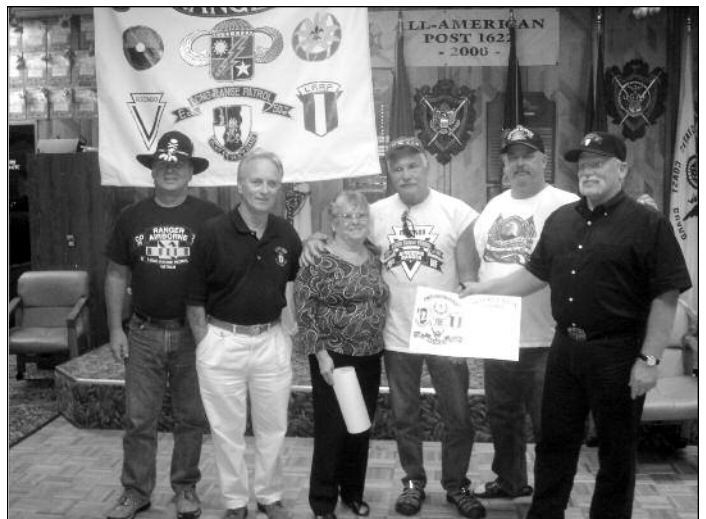
Thanks go out to Jonesy for getting our Newsletter out to us by mail for those without computers and on the [www.9thdivisionlrrp.com](http://www.9thdivisionlrrp.com) website for those with computers and for creating this wonderful info center for us to be able to post events on. Thanks Jonesy, you continue to do an outstanding job for the Unit Membership and Families!!!!RANGER/LRP/LRRP LEAD THE WAY!!!!

Well folks that's about all I have for now, so once again HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR 2007!!!! STAY SAFE AND KEEP THE FAITH!!!!RANGER/LRP/LRRP LEAD THE WAY!!!!

Bob Copeland

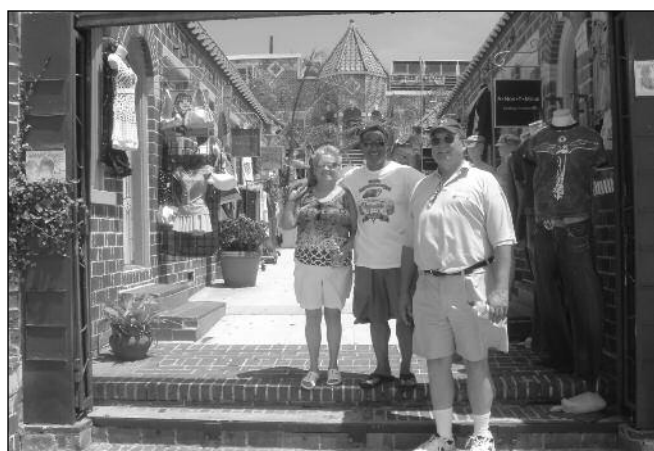
Unit Director

RANGER/LRP/LRRP LEAD THE WAY!!!!



PATROLLING - WINTER 2006

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





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

Unit Director - Joe Little



### Greetings to all:

I hope all had a Great Veterans Day. I managed to meet with some of our own in DC while I was doing my annual Operation Freedom Bird "Healing Journey" with 50 Veterans from Arizona area. I introduced Joe O'Rourke, (who was with 25th ID 3/4 Cav August 1969- August 1970) to Marshall Huckaby, Bill Mrkvicka, David Regenthal, Joe Gentile and Jeff Sandell. Mark gave Mr. O'Rourke one of our 25th ID hat pins and really made his day. He spoke about how well received he was when he was in-country by many of the men in our unit. He has very fond memories about the F/Co jump and someone teaching him how to rapel. He was a journalist for Tropic Lightning and will get with me about some photos he has of the area and some of our guys that I hope we can post to our LRRP.com site.

I thought a photo of one of my guys from Arizona with the Commandant of the US Marine Corp General Hagee would be nice. A tidbit of something I did. My mouth was open before my brain engaged; the Commandant was signing autographs for some of the Marines gathered around when his pen failed to write; Well, I offered my trusty pen from our last re-union with my remark "Here Sir you can use my Ranger Pen it will work" as he lifted his head slightly and reached out to accept my pen he looked at me with his head slightly tilted upward eyes looking just past the brim of his hat at me and a smile knowing I was hoping the pen would work. After he signed several more programs for others he then signed mine and remarked that my pen worked fine and asked me to be part of the photo shot with him. Commandant Hagee retires the week after Veterans Day according to his father that I also had the privilege of meeting after the Marine Corps Birthday program.



I hope all will have had a very great Thanksgiving and a very Merry Christmas. Another year is winding down faster

then most of desire; and soon we will be approaching our re-union in Columbus, Georgia August 7-11, 2007. I will be working on setting up some room rates for our unit members, provided I am able to secure rooms with my government rate. I also want to invite those who have not attended a re-union to date to please give it a try. I heard Jeff Bond will be attending his first re-union in 2007 and there will be others not confirmed yet that will attend for the first time. We all look forward to seeing you there; so start your plans soon.

I thought about writing about many different things and one thing has surfaced and that is my lack of time and energy with too many irons in the fire. As some may know I work for the Vet Center as a psychotherapist/Readjustment Counselor for combat Veterans. We are expanding and I will be possibly taking on more responsibilities. Some might have heard that Phoenix and Atlanta were picked by congress for the two new cites for Vet Centers since the population of Veterans served in these areas warrant the additional sites. Well with the current situation and the ever increasing amount of clients from

former wars/conflicts; I am in need of some quality time with Ms. Heidi; and it is time I turn the mantle over to someone else. I am asking that some of you consider nominating individuals that will be voted on to become your new unit director starting in August 2007; since I will be resigning at that time. I enjoyed the support of many and I hope I was able to do some good for our unit; and I am certain there is someone that will take us to another level. I know I have learn much from my predecessors and am thankful for many others that have given me guidance and support for the past six or seven years.

I plan on keeping to all commitments made to our unit members.

Joe Little, UD 25th ID LRRP, F/Co 50 th Inf. LRP, F/Co 75th Ranger

**Submitted by Richard Ewald our adventurer with Tom Finney and Richard Benner**

Here is the account of our actions this fall. As you remember last year Finney and Jarvis came and visited. The visit was to climb mountains. Now I know this is not for everyone. We all have our druthers. There is no bragging here, it is just what I like to do and some of my friends share that train of thought.

After the climb last year I was waiting to do something really



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great. I had been painting my house and just working a lot of overtime all summer. Then I heard that they were offering 100 permits a day to climb Mt St. Helens, a still active volcano. Well in 2004 I went with a group and we made it to about 6000 feet. This I believe was August 18th. A really freak storm hit and we ran into a blizzard and all the rocks were covered with ice, and we had to turn around. I will send one picture of that also.

So close yet so far. Well I brought this up to Finney, Jarvis and Benner. Jarvis could not make it, but Finney and Benner said ok. I got us 5 permits for Sept 28th. A lady from my church and my son-in-law picked up the two spare permits and we were ready to go.

We left Olympia about 4:00 and got to the trail head about 5:30. We had clear weather and would climb to about 80 degrees. Could not ask for better climbing weather. Average time is about 10 to 11 hours round trip. We carried the ten essentials and made sure we had enough water.

We geared up and headed out at 6:00. We had about 2 miles and 1,000 feet elevation before we busted out of the trees. We took a break at the 4800 foot marker, where the rest of the climb requires a permit.



Friend from Church, Finney, Son-in-law, Ewald & Benner

Before long we left the tree line and started climbing these huge rocks. There was no trail per se; they had put large wooden stakes in a general line through these rocks. There was no way there could be a trail. When you looked up you sort of saw where you were going anyway. You will see some of these rocks in the pictures.



Where are we going? Are we There yet?

There were people working on it and they mentioned that they did not have to walk up, they took a chopper. They said because they worked so hard all day they needed a ride!! We all laughed about this and we continued up.

After getting through these boulders, there was a clear area where they had a seismic station.

Once past this, the terrain turned to small rocks and pumice. When you were walking a lot of times you would slip until you figured out how to walk in it. By now it was hot. Clear sky, sun bouncing off the white pumice, and you were climbing all the time. We would reach 8400 feet at the summit. Eventually we left the area that had any rocks and it was just pumice. Like sand at the beach, only you were climbing up.



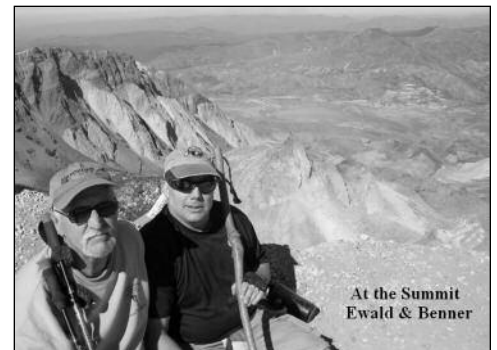
Are these the small rocks and Pumice?

About 500 feet from the top I decided to leave my pack and just carry some water and



my camera. On the way I passed Finney and the lady from my church. They took off and had there own pace. They made it in about 8 ? hours. They just had to wait for us to get done. Anyway we just kept plugging along.

Finally, we reached the summit. There are no words or pictures that can justify what we felt or saw. We walked to the edge of the rim and looked down on the lava dome you hear so much about. Totally awesome standing on a live volcano and looking at what is going on down there. You look out across Spirit Lake, which is still clogged with trash and see Mt Rainer standing tall. To the rear you see Mt Hood and you can also see Mt Adams. (Which by the way we will be climbing next year.) When we were looking around, we tried to imagine how it was when it blew. While we were resting, my son-in law was sitting with his legs over the rim. All of a sudden we felt and heard this deep rumble.



At the Summit Ewald & Benner



Finney at Summit

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We looked at the lava dome and it sort of burped. A plume of smoke came out and tons of rocks also. We could hear them going down the side of it, in a giant landslide. Well we thought that was all well and good, and so we left. (When we got home I checked the seismic activity chart and found out that when we were sitting there, there was a 1.9 earthquake. The time matched up with time when I took a picture.)



You would think that going down would be a cake walk. Wrong. It was almost as bad as going up. We were at

greater risk to trip going down; in fact Benner did just that and in the process lost his wallet. All in all it was a great time and a great climb. The next day we came back to Johnston Ridge observatory, and you see a movie and witness the actual explosion. There were cameras located in different locations and when it blew you saw it till the cameras were destroyed. The place is named for the guy whose last words were “Vancouver this is it,” and then he died. We saw this in a large room with major surround sound, and when you saw that mountain blow it was awesome.

By visiting Johnston Ridge Observatory we got to see what we climbed from the other side. We climbed the south side. It blew from the north side.

Again it was a great time with some friends, that a long time ago, we shared special times, in a faraway place. Several of us have bonded since then, and we keep in contact quite a bit, albeit mostly from phones or e-mail. On closing I want it to be known that we plan to climb Mt Adams next year. It is about 12,400. It is not a technical climb, but you will need some special equipment. All of which you can rent here. Finney already said he is coming. Also when Benner was in the airport he got a call from a guy who found his wallet. He fedexed it and all contents, money included to Benner. That’s Praise the Lord for sure!!!

Ewald



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Unit Director - Tom Nash



**NOTE: the following story was written by a gentleman named Al Sawyer around 1980, and first appeared in the Marion (Ohio) News around that time. Mr. Sawyer writes about one of our Honored Fallen – STEPHEN J. CHANEY. He has graciously allowed us to reprint his story here.**

**HEROES ARE WHERE YOU FIND THEM**

By John Sawyer

A few years back a catchy rock song thumped its heavy beat out of juke boxes and stereos all across our land. It was recorded by the original “Fleetwood Mac” group. I can’t recall the lyrics - - - just the title. “HEROES ARE HARD TO FIND” - - - yes, simply “HEROES ARE HARD TO FIND”.

At that time “Fleetwood Mac” was a true-blue, British rock and roll outfit. Yet that song hit a ton of Americans right where they lived or, rather, where they wished they lived. For a common lament had long since wailed forth from the guts and soul of America. That being that no legitimate heroes roamed beneath the wind-blown stars and stripes, these days. Apparently all our heroic types resided between the covers of history books and

even their collective virtue was under heavy bombardment. Lurking within the creeping cynicism of the hour, contemporary historians had become fond of debunking those long-dead legendary characters. You know the deal. Wyatt Earp was on the take in Dodge City’s red-light district and William Tecumseh Sherman verged on total insanity.

Maybe so or maybe not; historical interpretation is a personal thing, depending on whose alleged-expert opinion you are currently supporting. Regardless, a negative feeling has blown its ill wind from sea to shining sea with respect to potential current heroes. According to many folks, they darn well don’t measure up.

“Where have you gone Joe DiMaggio?” Ain’t no Teddy Roosevelts around anymore. Them ol’ boys were just tougher - - - bring back the good ol’ days and those good ol’ boys.

But is this a fair assumption? I think not. Traditionally our heroes have emerged from the dust, blood, mire and eloquence of three arenas - - - political, athletic and military.



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During the past two decades, the American political scene has been characterized by gross inconsistency regarding professional virtue. Unfortunately, the negative climate, withering our national morale, has done anything but accentuate the positive. Too often, voters (“yours truly” included) have tended to vote against, rather than for candidates or their causes. Such boundary to boundary pessimism toward our political leaders hardly lends itself toward the propagation of heroes. Ain’t no Teddy Roosevelts around anymore - - - or so we tell ourselves. Perhaps the United States citizenry should examine its own universal values with a scrutiny equal to that focused upon politicians. Accept it or not, politicians are basically a reflection of the national value system.

Contemporary athletes have run at breakneck pace into that same impenetrable wall, mortared together with the familiar, sticky power of negative thinking. Folks jam stadiums, never questioning ticket prices or lounge before television sets, frosty beer in hand, to cheer for their favorite performers. But when the cheering stops the complaining begins. The jerks are overpaid - - - scholarships used to be given only to the needy - - - today’s athletes excel only because of drugs, it never used to be that way. Let me tell ya, son - - - when the grass was real, them boys was tough.

No matter that Babe Ruth once dangled his manager off the back of a speeding train to gain a raise in pay. The Babe was merely colorful - - - present-day athletes are money-grubbing louts. Again, hold the phone. Are the guys in the sweaty uniforms the only Americans both crazed and dazed by greenbacks? Hardly!

And saddest of all is the virtual extinction of genus – American war hero. Not that war should be glorified - - - it isn’t glorious. Still, something must be said for those individuals willing to lay it on the line for their country. Taking it to the limit and beyond, while often paying the supreme price for such an effort.

When the Vietnam War, our most recent military undertaking, ended unceremoniously, prior to the 1972 election, no flags were waved and no bands played the boisterous strains of “When Johnny Comes Marching Home”. There was no kissing in Times Square, this time around, and few were the Hollywood sex goddesses who waited at the railroad depots and airports to greet the conquering heroes.

Quite the contrary - - - Americans longed to forget Vietnam. It was ugly; it was a mistake; it should never have happened and we didn’t win. Americans hadn’t won a war - - - yuk, what a mess - - - jeez, don’t talk about Vietnam. Still, the fiasco – labeled in song as “the Crazy Asian War” – had filled our veterans’ hospitals to the brim and crippled the hearts of an entire generation. The gents, wearing the jungle-camouflaged garb,

struggled home - - - home to a country almost embarrassed by their presence. Those buried back in the stinking rice paddies received little more acclaim. Everyone loves a winner and winning is the stuff from which heroes are constructed.

If the thesis is correct that Vietnam was an immoral madness, then that immorality was only compounded by our national attitude toward thousands of bewildered young men who had bled freely and only tried their best. Just once - - - somebody should have played “When Johnny Comes Marching Home”.

In my restless wanderings, these past twenty years, I have evidently bucked the American trend of thought. For I have found heroes - - - darned fine heroes – at that. Amidst that worthy gathering, one stands above the rest.

He was the big kid, already a man, who sat in the front row of my American Government class – way back in 1963. Yeah, 1963 - - - The Beatles were yet to smash their way into American teen-age culture, Bob Dylan had just graduated from the Guthrie School of Music, and I was a beginning-teacher and coach at Marion Catholic High School (Marion, Ohio).

He was the same kid, in that very class, who first asked about a strange little war in a place called Vietnam. One day our discussion on the United States Presidency was interrupted by a news bulletin transmitted over the school intercom system. John Kennedy was dead in Dallas and tears rolled down our subject’s face. He was tough but not too tough to cry in the presence of an American tragedy. You see, he dearly loved America - - - The American Dream and what it had continually offered to so many, including his own Irish ancestors.

Looking back over my years as a teacher and coach, Stephen J. Chaney – the big kid – ranks as the most unique individual to pass my way. Coaches, tritely, speak of building character. Chaney’s character had already been well constructed. High school teachers strive to develop responsible thinking in their students. Steve, long before, had felt the leaden weight associated with responsibility acceptance.

Through athletic prowess, Stephen became a legend in Central Ohio by age eighteen. Prior to his twenty-fourth birthday, he would achieve heroism in a bitter new kind of war that wasn’t supposed to yield heroes. To those of us who had heard him defend America in a classroom debate or observed his leadership during the bleakness of a rainy, late-season football practice - - - Steve Chaney’s emergence as both legend and hero came as no surprise. Such was his destiny.

While at Marion Catholic, Chaney accumulated eleven athletic



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letters, including four in football and an equal number in track and field. Football honors included four times All Mid-Ohio Conference, Team Captain in 1963 and a 1963 selection to the All-Ohio squad.

From the day he first trudged into a high school locker room, Steve was to provide Marionites and all Central Ohio sports enthusiasts with countless thrills. As a slightly scrawny Freshman running back, his rushing efforts totaled 609 yards. Opening his Sophomore season against Upper Sandusky, Chaney dazzled the crowd with a twisting ninety-eight yard run from scrimmage - - - the longest in Catholic gridiron records.

In each of Stephen's last two campaigns as a ball carrier, he exceeded one thousand yards gained. As a 6' 1" 205 pound senior, his record was 123 attempts for 1,179 yards. A fine accomplishment in anyone's league.

Not to be overlooked were Chaney's skills as a defensive player. In my ten years of coaching linebackers, Steve Chaney mastered that difficult and bruising position to perfection. He was the best - - - the kind of helmeted warrior who defeated foes with a blend of ruggedness and superior intelligence.

Although I was to coach six All-State linebackers, at various places, after Steve's day - his standard was never equaled. Often times, I found myself stacking other kids against Chaney's memory. It was grossly unfair and I had to check myself regarding that kind of thinking. There was only one Steve Chaney. There would be no more.

Because he was equally expert in track and field - competing in nearly all events offered by the sport - Marion County old-timers likened Chaney to a young Jim Thorpe. They had seen the awesome Indian do his thing for Walter Lingo's Oorang Indians - a National Football League franchise in 1922 and 1923. Their prophecy could never be realized. Time and fate were against Steve Chaney - - - a fact that grieves me to this very hour. A circumstance sadder than a Neil Young song; even sadder than autumn's last bright leaves drifting into history, atop a winter-chilled brook.

Understand one thing, however. These lines aren't devoted entirely to a dynamite football player or a pair of speedy legs pounding out records over a hard-packed cinder track. Quite honestly, classy football players are a dime a dozen and so are fast runners. All-State honor winners come and go. So do All-Americans. Frequently, today's legends melt into tomorrow's obscurity; forgotten as soon as their colorful numerals are reissued to eager, new faces.

For sure, fame is a fragile trip. Hard to gain and easy to lose. Even so, never confuse the words fame and hero. Some relationship may exist but, strangely, all heroes aren't famous and the famous are often a million miles from being heroic. Someone once said that legitimate heroes are heaven-sent. The point being that heroes are as well-known for the quality of their character as

for their deeds. One of the outgrowths of heroism is leadership. Plainly, people will follow those whom they admire.

Steve Chaney, one of those heaven-sent heroes, was a leader. He proved so many times in his short life. One frigid November night, his leadership thrilled me beyond description. It set an example for this writer that has enabled my weary and often-disillusioned spirit to weather some incredibly dark hours.

It was the last football game of the 1963 season. The last game for Chaney in the green and white colors of Marion County's "Fighting Irish". At stake was the Mid-Ohio League title and the foe, of course, rugged Richwood (now North Union) - - Catholic's most bitter rival.

Behind a punishing running attack led by Chaney, "Bulldozer" Larry Brown and Bob Robbins - Marion pulverized Richwood's defense. As half-time approached, Catholic led 30 - 8 and was still on the march.

With Richwood fans sagging dejectedly in the grandstands, Marion Catholic's hot hand suddenly turned colder than death. Injuries, the nightmarish menace haunting all coaches, struck our ranks with the rapidity of electric shock. Fullback Brown, who doubled as Ohio's finest defensive tackle (he was later recognized as such), re-injured a knee. His brilliant career was ended forever. Moments later, Bob Robbins stumbled to the sidelines, following a helmet-to-helmet tackle - - - his injury quickly diagnosed as a concussion. While doctors attended to Brown and Robbins - star defensive back Jerry Nicolosi was assisted to the bench with a damaged ankle.

Catholic plodded toward the locker room's warmth, still ahead 30 - 8, but stunned by the loss of three of its staunchest senior athletes. Inside, silence reflected the dreary presence of declining spirit.

When head coach Max Ross brought his team back to the field - the caped players jogging single file, deteriorating weather greeted their return. Sleet pelted the emerald-green jerseys and iced over white Riddell helmets. Inside those helmets, fear shone in the eyes of many players. Fear of failure, fear of demolished dreams, fear that four months of agonizing labor would go for naught.

Not so with Steve Chaney. He glared at the oncoming Richwood squad that whooped and shrieked with the gusto of a Shawnee scalping party. The "orange and black" howled its confidence. No more savage tackles by Brown. No more forearm-smashes from Robbins. They would catch up; the Mid-Ohio was surely theirs.

And with the advent of play, that newfound optimism seemed justified. Employing ball-control tactics, they pounded Catholic's defense with a devastating cross-buck and counter-play running attack. With slightly more than eight minutes remaining,

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Richwood had closed the point gap to 30 – 24.

Max Ross moved his men into a seven-diamond defensive set. Seven down lineman to plug the gaps, leaving Captain Steve Chaney as the lone linebacker – several yards behind the nose-guard.

At this time, Chaney called time and trotted toward the cluster of Irish coaches on the sidelines. His helmet, glazed with ice, contrasted sharply with the rivulets of perspiration running down his face. The jersey torn and stained, pants muddied and blood-spattered - - - Steve resembled a gladiator in the best Grantland Rice tradition. Hollow, weary eye peered at us but, somehow, he managed a smile.

“Don’t worry you guys, we’re not going to lose - - we’re just not going to lose,” he hissed.

Back he went, to fight the second toughest battle of his life. Time and again, leading with that scarred helmet, Chaney blasted down Richwood ball carriers. He ranged over the field - - - slashing at the legs of desperate runners, knocking down passes and finally intercepting one to end Richwood’s last hope. The longest game was over. Captain Steve Chaney led the Mid-Ohio champs towards our bus – his right arm and clenched fist raised high.

Often times as a coach, you wonder about football. What does its brutality really prove? What, if anything, is actually gained? As I walked, emotionally exhausted and shivering, over the battered turf – I felt an understanding.

Amidst violence and crisis, strong men surge forth. When ordinary men falter, the hero’s time has come. I had seen a hero at work and it sent chills down my spine. Films later revealed that in the game’s concluding fifteen minutes, Steve Chaney had incredibly managed twenty-three unassisted tackles.

Steve Chaney’s final high school game. The night he put his body on the line for team and school. A forecast of things to come. For me, it was my greatest football moment. For one scant flickering there was Camelot. I kept looking but football never again projected such radiance.

In the autumn of 1964, Chaney left home for Notre Dame University where he had been granted a football scholarship. It may be recalled that first-year players weren’t eligible for varsity play in that era.

Steve toiled with the Freshman Team, won his numerals and made the harsh adjustment from high school to college football.

But times were changing. Steve Chaney’s successors, in my American Government classes, no longer had to ask the location of Vietnam. Everyone knew. More Americans were being involved and more Americans were dying. Plainly enough, the strange little war had grown into a big one.

By 1965 “Beatlemania” was sweeping our land and so was controversy. Controversy over the war - - - 75,000 combat troops in action, the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, “Hawks” versus “Doves” and talk of draft evasion on the college campuses.

In those troubled times, Steve was no less troubled. During a weekend trip home, he revealed some of his thoughts to me. They went, more or less, like this “I hear guys talkin’ about cuttin’ out to avoid the draft. I don’t believe in that. Dad fought in World War II to defend freedom. Today, I see Communism as freedom’s greatest threat. It bothers me to be playing football and going to college while others are fighting to protect my future. Those things - - football and college - - don’t seem important anymore.”

Therefore, when Steve Chaney made the major decision of his life, none who really knew him was surprised. February, 1966 - - - he withdrew from Notre Dame and enlisted in the United States Army.

Most understanding were his parents – Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Chaney. Mr. Chaney well remembers that day fourteen years ago.

“I was proud of him. He wasn’t disillusioned with football, as some said. Steve was generally one to act according to his beliefs. His mother and I had always stressed that kind of thinking to him.

“ ‘ I’ll play again some day, Dad - - this is just more important now,’ he told me “And that was that - - - his decision was made.”

It was to be expected that Stephen Chaney, a grit and guts type since childhood, would achieve success in the military. He sailed through Basic, battled through Advanced Infantry Training, Airborne Jump School and the Officer’s Candidate program. His accomplishments earned him an assignment to the 5th Special Forces Unit. Using non-military terminology, Steve was a member of the elite, much-acclaimed Green Berets. A proper stomping ground for a hero, to be sure.

Before entering Officers Candidate School, Chaney, like all candidates, had to submit a written report. In part it was biographical, in part a discussion of values and a concluding portion dealt with his self-determined qualifications for being a United States Army Officer.

Reading this recently, in Steve’s own handwriting, one line fairly leaped off the page and into my attention.

“I think I could accept the fact that men may die under my command if they had been well led - - - well commanded.”

That was Steve Chaney in the purest sense. Ever aware of responsibility and ever concerned about his effect upon others. But for a time he had to set aside his role of line officer. Green Beret Chaney remained in North Carolina. Clad in starched

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fatigues and lacquered jump boots, he served as an instructor. The prize pupil had become a prized teacher.

Frustrated to the point of despair, Steve continually requested combat duty in Nam. Finally in December, 1967 – his wish was granted. He set off on a fourteen month tour as field commander in search of the shadowy, nondescript enemy who was nearly too tough to die.

When the hitch ended, Steve returned to Marion on leave and unscathed. Or was he? Wearing a custom-tailored jungle jacket, given to him by his sergeant, he often visited me at school. He was quiet, almost subdued acting, and his eyes had a distant look about them - - - as if they were still seeing the sweaty, powder-blackened faces of those who had followed him through hell. War deals out death with gusto and its maiming, raging tantrum spares no one. Not even the survivors.

It wasn't hard to read Steve Chaney's mind during his month at home. He intended to volunteer for a second fling in Vietnam. Most people tried to persuade Steve otherwise, but he was adamant in his conviction to return.

"Coach, in spite of what you read there is a cause in Vietnam. I've seen things there that make me sick - - - the Communists must be stopped," he said.

"Besides, there are guys over there who need me - - - young kids to look after. And my sergeant is still in Nam. No, I have to go back."

To his mother he remarked - - - "If I can just keep one eighteen year old kid from getting' killed." It should be mentioned that Steve Chaney was only twenty-three, himself.

Upon his return to action, Steve received a transfer to the high-risk DaNang sector. Green Berets in this region were frequently sent across the border into the dense Laotian jungles. Jungles that were infested with Viet Cong, North Vietnamese regulars, tigers and deadly King Cobras. The Special Forces units' purpose was to observe Communist infiltration routes into South Vietnam, disrupt enemy supply lines and generally harass the opposition in all possible ways.

Throughout July and August of 1969, Captain Steve Chaney led patrols through that endless green nightmare. We know little of his activities during those tortuous days, except that he won the Bronze Star and several South Vietnamese medals for his efforts. There was no time for letter writing – just fighting and sleeping.

Late in August, he was scheduled for R. and R. (Rest and Recuperation) in Australia. He didn't go. Another Captain in the compound had a chance to go home. Both of them couldn't leave so a combat-weary Chaney elected to stay. It was to be a fateful decision.

In describing both his final battle and finest hour, I shall rely

upon direct quotes taken from an official United States Army document, explaining the events leading to a Silver Star award for Marion's own Green Beret:

"Captain Chaney distinguished himself by exceptionally valorous actions on 23 September 1969 while leading a reconnaissance patrol deep in enemy-controlled territory. Following helicopter insertion into the hostile area, Captain Chaney led his men in a careful search for signs of enemy movement. As the team moved cautiously through the enemy sanctuary, a footbridge crossing a narrow stream was spotted a short distance away. Captain Chaney instructed his men to take up defensive positions while he crawled close to the bridge. From there he observed a contingent of about fifteen enemy troops encamped across the stream. He then crawled back to his men and briefed them on a plan to call in air strikes on the unsuspecting enemy and then to assault them while they were yet stunned and confused. When the helicopter gunships arrived over the enemy's position, Captain Chaney began directing and adjusting their fire on the foe. The rockets fired by the first gunship were exactly on target, but one rocket fired by the second gunship veered from its course and impacted near the reconnaissance team's position, wounding every member of the team and preventing the planned assault. Although critically wounded by flying shrapnel, Captain Chaney calmly remained in control of the situation. He informed the forward air controller of what had happened and requested that an extraction team be dispatched to evacuate his men. When the recovery team arrived, Captain Chaney, now extremely weak and close to expiring, was still in command of his men and anxious that they be promptly evacuated and given medical assistance.

Captain Chaney, however, succumbed to his wounds before he reached rear medical facilities.

Captain Chaney's gallantry in action, at the cost of his life, was in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflects great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army."

There you have it, Steve Chaney, riddled by shrapnel, thinking only of his men. Refusing medical attention until all members of his patrol could be evacuated, and then it was too late. The big kid, who once sat in my classroom crying for our stricken President, had again put his body on line for the team.

Captain Steve Chaney - - - "Don't worry guys, we're not going to lose." Captain Stephen J. Chaney - - - "Don't worry guys, you're not going to die."

No - - - don't ever hit me with that line about the absence of American heroes. I knew one. I taught and helped coach a hero and I recognized him as such, long before he had to die to prove it.

Some weeks ago, I made the acquaintance of a former South Vietnamese fighter pilot who narrowly escaped his tiny nation's occupation by Communist force in 1972. He lives in the United States now, blinks back tears when talking about his homeland

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and has no knowledge of seven-diamond defenses or a fierce linebacker making tackle after tackle on an icy field. But the gentleman knows about war - - the worst of it. In a conversation about this writing endeavor, he made a dramatic observation.

“Many of them died for my country. All Green Berets were heroes to me.”

The title of this article speaks the truth. “HEROES ARE WHERE YOU FIND THEM”. Patrolling a narrow, jungle trail, M-16 rifle clutched in grimy hands, or glaring at the other team’s quarterback from inside an ice-streaked helmet - - the hero is on duty. “Fleetwood Mac’s” musical message was correct, also. They aren’t easy to find. Individuals who can achieve greatness in physical deeds and, simultaneously, own superior quality in character, have to be rare items. Guess that’s why we call them heroes.

Steve Chaney was buried in Marion St. Mary’s Cemetery, October 6, 1969. If he were alive today, he would be thirty-four years old - - - nearly thirty-five. If things had been different, Steve and some pretty lady might have danced to the tune of one of my favorite contemporary songs – “The Rolling Stones” hit - - - “I’m a Fool to Cry.”

Sorry boys, thinking of Steve Chaney, I just can’t help it.





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

Unit Director - William Anton



## VUNG TAU EXTRACTION

Long ago, in the Vacation Land or Southeast Asia... A quiet nite around the TOC. Me and the CO were hanging around, listening for any “calls” from the bush. Only one Team deployed and it was in a quiet AO. The RTO answers the Land Line and says someone from, Vung Tau is on the line. I take the call and the guy on the other end is the Desk Sgt. in the R&R Center at Vung Tau, RVN. Got one of your Rangers here, he says. If you get here before 0600 hrs with your CO it won’t end up on the blotter report. Thanks, we’ll see what we can do. The CO, Cpt. Griffiths calls over to the 2/20th ARA, Blue Max, and gets the Ops Officer to lay on a Slick. I call back to Vung Tau and contact my buddy, a 1SG at Big Daddy Aviation, and lay on ground transportation. Bring a case of Bud, says he. No sweat, Otto. Me



and the CO get to the pad and the Slick is cranking. Only a Major in the left seat and the Crew Chief in back with me. Cpt. G is in the right seat and “playing” with all the stuff the pilots play with to fly those birds. The Crew Chief goes funny faced and asks me who in the world is that guy up there. I tell him he’s one of those Rangers and wants to fly helicopter!! Thought the Crew Chief would lose it. Once we’re airborne the Major takes a nap and we head for Vung Tau.

Out from the VT, I call on the FM and get my buddy at the pad. He has a Jeep, and driver and we hand over the BUD, climb in and take off for the hoosegal. We arrive and approach the Desk Sgt. We’re here for that Ranger you got locked up. The CO shows his ID and signs for the Ranger. Back we go to what looks like a modified conex container. There sits this forlorn Ranger. When he sees us he wants to die. Don’t say a word, says I, get your stuff and let’s go. My buddy takes us back to the pad, laughing all the way. You see, he and I extracted some Troopers from jail in Sumpter, Sc. back in the early ‘60s!. The Slick is refueled and cranking. Off we go, heading back to PV. as the Sun

H/75 - E/52 LRP - 1ST CAV LRRP (CONTINUED)

slowly climbs in the East

Back safe and sound at PV, we thank the Major and the Crew Chief and head to the Company area. No. the Ranger didn't get an Article 15 or anything like that. He did, however, become proficient with burning that stuff back by the latrine for several days. By the by, like all the other Rangers in the unit he was one hard chargin' guy who knew his job and did it well, No Ranger left behind!!!!

A little about that Major. I'll call him Major "C". I later met up with him 'bout '82. at Bahenhausen, FRG. He was a Col. and turning over the Artillery BDE. We hugged and all the folks thought we were nuts. Then he starts telling all who \i'ould listen

about his days "Shooting" for the Rangers and extracting them from Vung Tau. My Corps CSM thought we were all "oppy doop," Years later, around '90, a fellow sticks his head into my office at Fortress Belvoir HQ. Can I get a set of quarters on this post Sergeant Major, he asks. He is now a three star General Wow! He comes in and we start our act again, hugging, laughing and my boss, a one Star, comes in and doesn't know 'what to think. We get the quarters squared away and I go down after he moved in I give a class to his Enlisted Aide. In comes the General and I tell him I'm checking to make sure he keeps his AO squared away The Sergeant looks terrified but then me and the General laugh and hug again. What friends we make in the military. Lots of similar tales out there where COs and NCOs took care of their troops Jim RL TW



December 31, 1968

This is a story about my friend, Reynaldo "Ron" Arenas. It is a story that will most likely strike a cord with every one of you. I am sure all to many of you had a similar experience. This one was mine.

We all have friends, but there is that one, the one that is closest to you, closer than your own brother because of what you have both been through. That's the way it was for me with Ron. We first met at Fort Gordon, GA., in AIT. While talking that first day, Ron told me he was from Holland, Michigan. I laughed, and said, how did a Mexican end-up so far north? We hit it off after that. Turns out, that after AIT, we were both headed for jump school at Fort Benning. After jump school, we both got orders for Vietnam. We planned to meet up again at the airport in Washington State because we were leaving from Fort Lewis. Time for one more small party before we left. Luck was holding as we ended up on the same plane. We went to the back of the plane because Ron said we would be able to talk with the stewardess. He was right, but then he did all the talking with them. It was nice because it kept our minds off of where we were going.

Landing in Cam Rahn Bay, we were bused over to the replacement center and told to grab some sleep, it was 3AM. Had some breakfast, then to formation so we could be sent to our units. I thought that would be it for me and Ron. The sergeant hollered out, "When I call your name, stand over here". Twelve names later, Ron and I are standing side by side, going to the same unit. "F" Co. 52nd Inf. (LRRP) Airborne Detachment, 1st Inf. Div. we looked at each other and said, what the hell kind of



unit is this and what's this LRRP. Driven to the airport, on to a C-130 and land at Bien Hoa. At the 1st Inf. Div. replacement center we are told that someone from the company would be coming down to pick us up (it turned out to be Sgt. Mike Sharp would come to fetch us). We kept asking people in the replacement center about this "Lurp" unit we had just got assigned to and most said they did not know, or they would just say: "You'll find out; who'd you piss-off anyway"?

Our base camp was located about 35 miles Northwest of Saigon, on highway 13. The base camp was named Lai Khe, AKA, "Rocket City". We got assigned to tents and we were told that we would be getting two weeks of training. Ron and I looked at each other and said: "Training, what the hell for"? The next day, after PT, we twelve FNGs ("fxxxxx new guys") had the mission of the

LRP company explained to us. Ron and I ended up on different teams at this point, but anytime we were back at Lai Khe base camp together, we were hanging out with each other. We often sat together and wrote letters home, joking with each other about what to write. Soon the team I got assigned to, along with another team, left Lai Khe for the Big Red One's 3rd Brigade base camp, Quan Loi (located about 40 clicks northwest of Lai Khe). I stayed in touch with Ron by calling the company down in Lai Khe every so often. About four months went by before the two Quan Loi teams returned to our home base in Lai Khe. Ron and I picked up like we had never lost a step. Going to the out door movie or hanging out at the beer garden or just shootin' the shit.

In October 1968, Ron and I, plus four other company members, got sent to MACV Recondo School in Nha Trang. We soon

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

graduated returned to the company and resumed our missions—now better trained and ready to be even more effective Lurps. For the next month we each worked with various teams to fill in for their members who had gone on “Rest and Recreation (R&R)” or were otherwise not available.

Finally in late November, Ron and I got to go on R&R together. On the second night of R&R, Ron comes knocking on my door; it is 3:00 AM and he’s all excited about something. It turns out that he had just finished talking with most of his family members and just wanted to tell me about it. We never went back to bed at all that night, his excited recital of his telephone visit with his family spilling over to me. Before the all-to-short week was over, we even got to have Thanksgiving dinner, hosted by an American family from the US Air Force base on Taiwan. Man was that good! It wasn’t like being with our families, but as close as possible under the circumstances. Soon R&R was over and it was time to return to F Co. in Lai Khe.

In December 1968 Ron and I were still pulling missions with different teams, but we were both able to hang together whenever both of us happened to be in Lai Khe on “stand-down” between missions. Soon it was almost Christmas and we heard that both the US/ARVN and NVA/VC leaderships were calling for a truce during the two weeks encompassing the US holidays season. We thought: “Great, a break from the war!” Think again boys, as it turned out that our company is to send out two teams for an ambush mission. So they picked twelve of us to go out on Christmas Eve! We only had to go a short distance from Lai Khe, just as part of a security screen. The drill was: walk out, set-up, then next morning walk back into Lai Khe. It turned out to be a nothing night. Heard nothing, saw nothing. The dinks had apparently truly taken the night off (unlike us). On Christmas Day the company went over to Division Headquarters & Headquarters Company for Christmas Dinner. Ron said grace for our unit and we feasted. Looked like the start of a great evening. However, upon return to our own company area we found out that our own holiday “truce” will end on New Years Eve, as we will pulling another ambush that night to ring in the year 1969. While most others would be drinking beer back in Lai Khe, we instead would have to content ourselves with drinking only the warm, foul tasting water in our canteens on that New Years Eve. Once again, we are to walk out from the base camp and set up an ambush.

We left the base camp late in the day of New Years Eve, 1968. The twelve of us moved silently out into the dusk, headed for the nearest woodline. Just before reaching the woodline, our two teams split-up, executing plans to ambush two separate locations, but not so far apart that we could not provide mutual support should either team make enemy contact. Each team had six members, including an M-60 gunner. Sergeant Mattoon was leading the team I was on, he walking third, with me right behind him with the radio. As the first two members reached the edge of the woodline there was a large explosion. Sergeant Mattoon and I were knocked to the ground, unhurt. Black smoke, dust and debris were coming down on us and then one of the two lead guys



came running back to us. He fell next to me, his pants red with blood. The other guy was lying up near where the explosion happened, also wounded but still alive. Sergeant Mattoon was looking around, summing things up and determining the team’s next course of action. I called for a medivac and then proceeded to give first aid to the wounded man. As one of the other team took over that task, Sergeant Mattoon told me to call the other team right away and tell them to “Stop; the whole area is booby trapped!” As I started bring up the radio handset to call the other team, we heard another explosion. I knew that Ron was walking point for that team and I immediately felt something; I knew that Ron had been hit. Our two wounded men would survive and as we were waiting for the medivac I asked Sgt. Mattoon if I could go to the other team to check on Ron. He said: “Go, just leave the radio, and watch your ass.” I quickly ran to the other team’s location, as they had not yet gotten that far away from us. Two members from the other team stopped me before I got to Ron, they said, “Stay here Dave; its bad”. I pushed them aside and ran forward to where Ron was lying. I knelt next to him and put my hand on his chest; his breathing was slow and uneven. Ron had a severe head wound. He never knew what had hit him. I was not prepared to see my best friend in that condition and it hit me hard. The world came to a stop right then and there. It went quiet, not a sound; the world to me had no sound, even though there was activity all around me. Ron’s teammates were trying their best to stabilize him until the medivac helicopter arrived, but it was a fight they would not win. There was obviously nothing more I could do at that location. I knew I had to get back to my own team and help provide security, since it was still dealing with two of our own men wounded and incapacitated. In a daze, I started walking back to where my own team was located. Seeing my state of mind, a teammate moved out to meet me, guided me back and turned me over to Sgt. Mattoon. He grabbed me by my shirt and shook me. I saw his mouth moving, but heard nothing. Sergeant Mattoon then slapped me, hard! He knew what I had found, but allowing me to dwell on it was not a luxury he or the team could afford me at that time. As usual, he had taken the right action at the right time. I quickly recovered my bearings, and though my face hurt, I was “back in the game”. Mattoon sat me down with the radio and told me to just stay put for the moment. I turned around and noted that I could still see our base camp! We had not even moved out of sight of Lai Khe, yet had just had one Lurp killed (Ron Arenas) and three others seriously



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wounded. Of the wounded, Ron Crews, the man walking right behind Ron Arenas, had been wounded so severely he was soon sent home. Douglas, the man who had come running back to Mattoon and me after the initial explosion, came back to the company after he had healed, as did the other guy (whose name I unfortunately do not recall).

As for my close friend, Reynaldo Arenas, I had never thought our friendship would end as it did. We were both going to get back to the world alive and healthy and enjoy all the good times

we had so often discussed. We had seemed destined to train and fight, side-by-side, almost from the start of our service. Now, only I would be going home from the war alive and be able to “live the good life” Reynaldo and those other brothers we lost would never know. There is a brick at the Ranger Memorial with Reynaldo Arenas’ name on it, along with those of so many other brave men. However for me, even heavier than that brick, is the weight of the loss of Reynaldo I have and always will carry in my heart.



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

Unit Director - Rodger Crunk



Greetings to all my Brothers,  
Once again it's time to write something for Patrolling. Again I'll whine and complain until I get it done. I have not heard any news from anyone so here's hoping that everyone is doing well. I continue to get banged around, it's been happening all year. Last week I hauled cattle to the sale. During the sorting process I got stepped on “several times” kicked in the knee, glad it was the artificial one, it didn't break, and in general just crapped on. Glad it's over for this year. I think I should spend more time in my Lazyboy with some pain medication. Doesn't Jim Beam make Advil?

Billy Powers has been doing some searching and was successful in locating Victor Dalton, David” Mother Goose” Magakous, And Gary McClure. If you want to contact any of these guys let me know and I can put you in touch with them. Thanks Billy for the work.

I'm including a few photos in memory of David Siglow and a couple of terrain features you might recognize. I will head out for California tomorrow to visit with Tom Sove. We hopefully will come up with a list of our Brothers to search for. Might even get in some play time. We plan to connect with Rick Noble and Wayne Mitsch is supposed to make an appearance also so maybe we'll toast you guys who can't be there. If I make it back in time I might have a couple more pictures to include.

After two days crossing the vast outback of Utah and Nevada I arrived in Modesto and Tom Sove's house. Tom had just flown in from Chicago, while at the airport he picked up Wayne Mitsch who flew in from Atlanta.

The original plan was for Tom and I to revisit our search lists and decide who we wanted to search for again. That didn't happen but we have decided to build a new 4th Div. database compiled from our collective info with the Assoc. membership list as the foundation to build on. When that is done hopefully we will have a better handle on a new search. These searches will cost money so if you can, any donations toward this effort will be greatly appreciated. Also if any of you have made recent contacts please get that info to me.

Tom, Wayne and I made a day trip to Watsonville to visit Rick Noble. I cannot express how great this trip has been for all of us. We went in knowing that three of us were all former members of the infamous Romeo-7 but Tom tells us that he was also the Team leader of Romeo-7 after Rick, Wayne and I had left Country. All four of us were successive Team leaders of the same Team. We also realized that the same Car-15 was handed down from Rick to Wayne then to me in succession. Where it went after I was wounded we don't know. I doubt that these unique circumstances are repeated anywhere else in the Unit. Most importantly we are friends with a bond that cannot be broken and it is awesome to get together to reaffirm and strengthen that bond

A big hug to Tom's wife Cass and Rick's wife Carol for there hospitality, patience, and

understanding.

In closing I ask again that you please remember our Brothers who stand in harms way.

Rodger Crunk K/75 Unit Director



4th Div Monument Camp Enari



Romeo 7 homeward bound after stay  
behind ambush NNW of Camp Radcliff

POW Mission



David Siglow Micheal Claymore



Horseshoe Bend on Song Ba River



David Siglow POW Mission 1970



POW Mission

David Siglow Rick Noble Luther Doss

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

Unit Director - Ralph Timmons



## Olan D. Payne 1SG, U.S. Army (Retired)

I am saddened to announce the recent passing of one of our association's members, Olan Payne. I first met Olan several years ago when he came to a reunion. I was impressed by the obvious respect and affection shown him by all who had served with him. Even though he was obviously ill he exuded an enthusiasm for life and joy in being with his friends. I recall his smile after completing a jump. This past June in Branson, Olan was looking good and enjoying himself. Besides spending a lot of time with his former platoon members, he also took a ride on a Huey and participated in the bass tournament. I knew that like myself, Olan had served in the Marine Corps before joining the Army and eventually retiring as First Sergeants. Kip Rolland and Jerry Gomes served with Olan provided the stories related below.

Olan enlisted in the US Marine Corps in 1949 and served three years, rising to the rank of sergeant. He left the USMC and joined the US Army in 1952. He served with the 3RD ID in Germany, the 2ND and the 11TH Armor Cav, and the 15TH ID. He served two tours in Vietnam. From 1968 to 1969 he was the Platoon Sergeant for the LRRP Platoon, 3-506 Airborne Infantry, 101st Airborne Division and from 1971 to 1972 as a Platoon Sergeant with the Americal Division. He retired as a First Sergeant in 1973 after 24 years of service.

### His friends recounted this story as an example of his leadership.

On February 12, 1969, a battalion of NVA, supported by a large Viet Cong battalion and local VC, attacked Outpost Sarah, a ARVN/MAC-V compound located about 20 kilometers north of the city of Phan Thiet. Air assets from the airbase at Phan Rang as well as helicopter gunships from the 192ND AHC and FOs from Task Force South came in to support the beleaguered ARVN unit. Additionally, Company C from the Task Force 3RD Battalion, 506TH Airborne Infantry was deployed to the area. Many of the NVA and Viet Cong were down in pre-positioned bunkers, many located in a banana grove that ran along the east side of Highway QL-1. The ARVN units had pulled back and Company C was pinned down. The only unit in reserve at LZ Betty in Phan Thiet was a platoon consisting of three LRRP teams, the LRRP platoon leader and LRRP Platoon Sergeant, Olan Payne. The eighteen LRRPs were choppered to a firebase close to the contact zone and linked up with three tanks from the 64TH Armored Division. The LRRPs and the tanks moved east and linked up with the ARVNs who were still pinned down in a ditch along the west side of QL-1. The ARVN leader was a



MAC-V adviser, Major Brownlee. The ARVNs were supposed to assault the banana grove but would not move from their location. It was decided that the LRRPs would assault the grove backed up by the ARVNs. When that decision was made, Platoon Sergeant Payne took off his boonie hat and waved it in the air and yelled, "does anyone want to trade a boonie hat for a steel pot?" Shortly after that the LRRP platoon leader jumped up on the road and yelled, "OK, let's go!" Nobody moved. The lieutenant dove back into the ditch. PSgt Payne then got up with the lieutenant and the rest of the LRRPs followed them across QL-1 and into the banana grove. The grove had been pretty well decimated by the bombing and there were palm fronds all over the floor of the grove. The LRRPs walked over some spider holes but the ARVN spotted them and started pulling NVA and VC out and shooting them on the spot. The LRRPs had

moved about half way through the grove when a trap door flew open about 20 meters in front of PSgt Payne, Sgt. Gomes and SP4 Rolland. Three NVA popped up; one in the middle with an RPG taking aim at a tank and one on either side firing AK-47s. PSgt Payne, Gomes and Rolland laid down suppressing fire then rushed the bunker throwing grenades. The tank fired a fleshette round into the bunker. When the sweep of the banana grove was finished and the LRRPs had linked up with Company C, they returned to the bunker and pulled out seven enemy. PSgt Payne's calm and aggressive leadership kept the situation under control and the LRRPs suffered no casualties in the action.

We were able to locate Olan in Ash Grove, MO after the second reunion we had in Branson around 2000 or 2001. Until then, nobody knew where he was. He said the best time he spent in his 24 years in the Army was with the LRRPs. We all feel the same.

### Olan D. Payne,

Olan D. Payne, age 74, of Ash Grove, passed away Tuesday, October 24, 2006, at 1:25 p.m. in Cox South Hospital. Olan was born November 26, 1931, in Goree, Texas, to Olan and Sarah Story Payne. Olan was united in marriage to Ann Coble on August 5, 1963, and they shared 43 years together. Olan retired from the United States Army in 1975 as a 1st Sgt. He retired after 24 years of service including two tours in Vietnam in 1968 and 1971 as a Long Range Recon Specialist. He was awarded a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart, among many others. After moving to Ash Grove, he was a rural mail carrier and operated a hauling business. Olan was preceded in death by his parents, and one sister, Evelyn Burby. He is survived by his wife, Ann, and one sister, Betty Hemmerly of San Diego, Calif. The body has been cremated. Memorial services were held Saturday, October 28, 2006, at 2 p.m. in Birch Funeral Home, Ash Grove, with Father Moses Berry officiating. Military honors will be given. Memorials may be made to the American Cancer Society.

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

<http://php.news-leader.com/Announcements/ObitView.php?NoticeID=36230>

Ann Payne  
13368 W Farm Rd #44  
Ash Grove, MO 65604 (417) 751-3501

Bud & Betty Hemmerly (Olan's sister and brother-in-law)  
1845 Thomas Ave  
San Diego, CA 92109-4518  
(858) 273-8185

He married his wife Ann in 1963.  
His awards and decorations include:

Combat Infantry Badge  
Bronze Star w/V device with OLC  
Bronze Star and 3 OCL  
Purple Heart with OLC  
Army Commendation Medal with 2 OCL  
Good Conduct Medal with OLC

Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry w/Bronze Star  
Vietnam Service Medal w/1 Silver and 2 Bronze Service Stars.  
After retiring from the army, he worked for the US Postal Service as a rural carrier in Ash Grove, Missouri. He was very active in the Military Retirees Association and was a member of the 101st LRRP/Ranger Association. A funeral with full military honors by an honor guard from Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo. was held on October 28, 2006. He is survived by his wife of 43 years, Ann, and his sister, Betty.

David Glenn (former platoon leader LRRP 3-506)  
Jerry Gomes LRRP 3-506)  
Don Bigelow (3-506)  
Gary Linderer (F/58 - L/75)



*Branson 2005 - L to R - Tim Howard, Lt David Glenn, Kip Rolland Jerry Gomes, Sgt Olan Payne w/Paratrooper Statue - presented to him by the LRRPS in honor of his 1st parachute jump at the 101st LRRP Reunion in 2002.*



M/75 - 71ST LRP - 199TH LRRP

Unit Director - Steve Houghton



**Hard as I try men I can't seem to get anyone to write a unit article for me.**

**I'm painfully aware of my limits here. My time in the unit was not long compared to most of you. Not so very long ago I asked for ideas from some of you who I have email access to you. I got an interesting response from Ron Harper. I'm including it here for your consideration.**

Steve,

Here are some ideas for Patrolling and your website:

1. I can find no organized, accurate, account of actions we were in. The strange thing is that the Redcatcher website has a short 2-liner history on incidents, but no details. M Company was credited with about 50 confirmed body-count during the time I was CO, but if you look at that period of 1969 on Redcatcher,

the body-count is minimal. For example, the incident which I wrote you about and sent the photo of the Bronze Star ceremony, we were credited with 10 kills, both from bodies and blood trails.

Can you look at one incident at a time in Redcatcher and highlight it. Ask for anyone's recollection of details. In a few more years, we'll be too old to remember and the history will be gone.

2. Ask for input on men killed or wounded (evac'd out). Then check them out as much as possible and see how they're doing today or what happened to them.

As the CO, I didn't build the closeness the team members were able to do, even though I went on as many missions as possible. My other problem is that I was a rifle platoon leader first. I remember the name of the first casualty, Sgt "Stoney Burke", but can remember no one else's name after that for the entire

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

year.

You can start with a young “Shake and Bake” E-6 who stood up during an ambush screaming “Kill em all....., and was stitched with automatic fire”. It would be great to have someone who knew him and was beside him to write about him. I hate that I don’t know names but the losses really hurt.

Another young warrior was up near FB Joy when we were looking for the 33rd NVA HQ. We found it- a team walked right into their camp and one man was killed and another shot. He laid there overnight without so much as a whimper. Everyone, especially his family, should know about his courage. Thanks for what you’re doing.

*LTC Ron Harper*

I think there are some good ideas here and request input from our members on the events Ron mentioned. It’s a place to start don’t you think? Who remembers any addition information about the men or events Ron wrote about in his correspondence to me? Drop me a line.....call me.....make a recording about your stories and send it to me. I have no recent news, good or bad, concerning members of the unit. I guess or at least hope all is well.

I’ve recently corresponded with Tom Burke who was with the unit in 1968. He visited my web site and left me a message. He says he is in the group photo of the 71st LRRPs taken with the actor Bob Denver when he visited the unit in 1968. I’m trying to talk him in to joining the “Association”

In the mean time let me include one photo this issue given to us by Ron Harper.

It’s a photo of an awards ceremony presided over by Gen Bennett. The three men to his left are being awarded Bronze Stars. The trooper to his extreme right is Terrell

Ross. I know Terrell received a Bronze Star to for his service but I don’t know if it was awarded at this ceremony.

It’s all I have this time men.

Till next time  
Steve



N/75 - 74TH LRP - 173RD LRRP

Unit Director - Reed Cundiff



Reed Cundiff  
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We have lost a number of team mates over the last several years and I should like to pay tribute to three of them in this article: Rivers “Mule” Evans, Frank Guill, and Scotty Norwood. Rivers was a fellow team leader when I was with the 173rd LRRP. His widow, Jane Evans sent me the following information.

He had a massive heart attack while fishing at Sam Rayburn Lake near Broadus, Texas July 1, 2003. He enjoyed bass fishing and had a new Ranger Comanche bass boat. He had the

heart attack while in his boat. He truly loved the outdoors and was hunting and fishing on his home time. He had been working in Africa and was home on his off time when I lost him. I could not have dreamed of a better husband. He was a perfect father also. His mother, sisters, daughter and I are so proud of him and of the time he served his country. God Bless you for answering my e-mail and for the kind words you expressed. Mrs. Jane Evans

Jane Evans <[janenyoka@houston.rr.com](mailto:janenyoka@houston.rr.com)>

Jane would love to hear from anyone who remembers Rivers. He was known to his family as “Joe” Retired SM Vladimir Jakovenko wrote to Jane

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

Mrs. Evans I don't believe I heard that Rivers passed away. May he rest in peace. He was a hell of a man and some kind of SOLDIER. Rivers and I were in the 82nd Airborne Div and I met him in Ranger School from 19 March to 20 May 1964 and we graduated in class # 9. The next time I served with him was with the 173rd Abn. Bde. LRRP in Vietnam in 1966. We were both Team Leaders of six men recon teams, I had Team 4 and Rivers had Team 5. Both teams were inserted within two kilometers one evening and the next day I got in to a hell of a mess tangled with a company or more of bad guys, they got me out and we did a lot of damage. Rivers heard them pulling wounded and dead all night out of that area. Next morning Rivers got jumped on and had one man shot through the shoulder, but got all his people out, that was a hornets nest if I ever seen one.



COL Bob Carroll has stated that "...no problem telling her that Rivers was one hell of a soldier among the absolute best."

MSG (R) Frank C. Guill (D-4328) Of 805 McPherson Ave, Fayetteville, NC 28303 passed away September 30, 2006. Frank served in the 77th SFG (A), 10th SFG (A), and 1st SFG (A). He served in World War II and the Korean & Vietnam wars, and was awarded two Purple Hearts and four Bronze Stars for Valor. He leaves a wife, two sons, one daughter, two sisters, one brother, and three grandchildren. The family will receive friends tonight, Tuesday, October 3, 2006, from 19:00-21:00 hrs. at Sullivan's Highland Funeral Home, 610 Ramsey, St.,



Fayetteville, NC, Phone: (910) 484-8108. Funeral Services, with full military honors, will be conducted at 12:30 hrs Wednesday, October 4, 2006 in Immanuel Baptist Church, 219 Hull Rd., Fayetteville, NC. Burial will follow in the Sandhills State Veterans Cemetery, 310 Murchison Rd., Spring Lake, NC. In lieu of flowers, Memorials may be made to United Hospice of Eastern North Carolina, 332 N. Brightleaf Blvd, Suite "A", Smithfield, NC 27577.

Retired MSgt Frank Guill was Team Leader of Team 3 when I first got to LRRP in October 1966. Frank made a combat drop with the 11th in the Philippines and both drops with the 187th in Korea. He had a second tour in Korea with the 2nd ID and was on his second or third tour in RVN.



Sgt Guill saved more lives with his advice than any other man, mine included! RIP Brother.

Larry Cole

I absolutely have to agree with Larry. You stay alive by listening to Old Soldiers. Reed Cundiff

I patrolled with Guill more than once and am saddened to hear about his passing. I was unaware that anybody had known about his location. RIP Quebec, as he was often referred to over the radio. Bill Ricca

Reed and I agree this is the same SGT. Frank C. Guill that was in The 173 RD ABN. BDE. LRRP in 1966. We went out on a few missions together, and he became a Team Leader later. Rest in Peace my BROTHER. Light the DZ for us who will be dropping in behind you later. Jake



I don't have much information on Scotty Norwood but Gerald Turner sent a photo of Scotty and a write-up of a patrol that Scotty led.

The following is from FIREBASE 173, the 173rd Airborne's official newspaper.

Four NVA regulars sang their way to death as a 173rd Airborne Ranger team shattered their musical notes with small arms fire and captured 5 enemy rifles. The team was operating nine miles north of LZ English. Team Bravo observed lights and heard shots and voices at the base of a mountain during the night. "The next morning we headed down a finger towards the are we had seen the lights" explained Sgt. Darryl M. Paul of Monrovia, CA, a scout with the team. "We moved about 500 yards and came across a trail." The Rangers moved along the trail until they came to a fork. ATL Jimmy D Gray of Porterville, PA said "two of us dropped our rucksacks and continued on the trail heading to the right. After traveling about 50 meters, we found



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

ourselves on a small hill used as an observation post. We heard people singing on the other side of the hill.

The two paratroopers joined the other Rangers who had also heard the singing. SP4 Leslie D. Elegel of Couer D'Alene, Idaho, the RTO, requested gunship support. "I informed our rear area that we had located a possible base camp and that there were people in it." Sgt Scotty L. Norwood of Meridian, Mississippi briefed his team. "We moved off real slow because of the loose rocks and stones in the area. We made the least noise possible." After advancing 20 meters, the point man, John N. Knaus of Newark, New Jersey, saw two enemy soldiers standing among some boulders near caves. "I signaled the team that I saw the soldiers and we got into position."

Firing their weapons and throwing hand grenades, the Rangers charged the enemy. "We caught them by surprise" commented PFC Donald F. Bizadi of Chinle, AZ. "The ones that got away will never forget that song fest!" Following the 45 minute firefight, the team collected 10 Chicom hand grenades, six ruck sacks, 10 pith helmets, five pounds of documents and 5 AK-47 rifles.



November Company Rangers gathered at the home of Bill (Wilkie) and Shellie Wilkinson over the May 20th weekend for a sharing of camaraderie, scrap books, and photo shoots. The Hartford, Alabama homestead was renamed DZ Bama for the celebration weekend. Most of the Rangers had not seen each other since the deactivation of the Ranger Company at LZ English, RVN, in 1971, although several careers had crossed paths over the years. Wilkie had converted his three car garage into a "museum-like" collection of memorabilia from November Company, the 173d ABN BDE (SEP), the Ranger Department, and units representing the current Ranger and Airborne communities. Many of the attendees had their own scrapbooks, memorabilia, and "tales" to contribute. The weekend afforded us to share a number of meals (is there any food left in SE Alabama) and talk about what we've been doing over the past 35 years. Most of the Rangers brought their families and the "better halves or Household 6's" kept stories reasonably honest. Carl Millinder's claim of being an Astronaut was disputed, as was Terry Ziegenbein and Jeff Horne's claims of being world renowned duck and goose hunters'.

Herb Baugh orchestrated the idea that we plant two pecan trees on the Wilkinson's property for their hosting the event and at the last contact the trees and Herb were all doing well. A special moment was when Chris Simmons and Sherry Schiro joined in a harmonica and dulcimer "jam session" that was truly

phenomenal. Who would have guessed such talent was present. Sherry's dulcimer playing so impressed Shellie Wilkinson and Marsha Horne that they have since taken up the instrument themselves and they promise a "trio" at our next gathering. Sunday was spent at the Army Aviation Museum on Fort Rucker raveling back to homes. A surprise birthday cake for Jeff Horne (his 55th) was enjoyed by all on May 20th. The Saturday Rangers included Chris Simmons, Terry and Marlene Ziegenbein, Rudy and Eileen Teodosio, Jeff and Marsha Horne, Sam and Sherry Schiro, Joe and Luan Kile, Patrick and Rita O'Brien, Carl and Paula Millinder, Herb Baugh, Dave and Sherill Cummings, Mike and Mary Hines, Bruce Ruffin, Bobby Beck, and of course Wilkie, Shellie with their wonder dog Bob. Most agree we shouldn't wait another 35 years to get together again.



Who are these old people?

Jeff Horne just got promoted to CSM of an Ohio National Guard Infantry Battalion. He has been on active service for the past 5 to 10 years. He wrote that they are in training for rotation overseas.

Vladimir Jakovinko sent me a photo of himself, his son and grandson. His son is on career path in Army as a hardhat diver.



Jake, son Jason and Grandson Jake A number of our folks live in Alaska. David Liebersbach has been the Director of the Alaskan Emergency Management Agency for a number of years. He and I got together a number of years in DC. Tom "Zeke" Zaruba is a businessman in Juneau and I was able to visit him on after a rock climbing trip to Misty Fjords near Ketchikan in 1977. Zeke has been asking his LRRP friends to visit and go fishing with him for years. Carlton Vencil has gone up several times and both Carlton and Larry Cole were able to spend time with him this year. The below picture taken by Larry of Carl shows that fishing was fairly good.



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



Fishing was good



Zaruba and Cole

Jake sent the following "Photo" of The Quiet Professional

**THE QUIET PROFESIONAL  
KNOWS WHEN TO BLEND IN  
KNOWS WHEN TO NOT TO MAKE NOISE  
KNOWS THAT HE WILL BE IN DEEP SHIT IF HE  
SCREWS UP**



**O/75 - 78TH LRP**  
**Unit Director - Michael Feller**



Well we're about to put another one in the history books. Before the year ends however I'd like to wish all the best of Holidays. As of this writing the one upcoming and probably the least understood is Veterans Day. Recently I received articles outlining the history of this holiday along with word of attempts to stimulate interest in the celebration of Veteran's Day, such as parades and having Vets wear their awards on this day. For information see <http://www.va.gov/veteranspride>.

Veteran's Day actually began as Armistice Day, a celebration of the end of hostilities in the War to end all Wars,

(WW I). At the eleventh hour, of the eleventh day, of the eleventh month of 1918, an armistice was signed. Seven months later The Treaty of Vercsais was signed formally ending the "Great War" on 28 June 1919. But it was not the victory that was to be celebrated. Far more important than victory was the end of the carnage that had instilled the fear that the end of days was near. Thus the eleventh hour signing seemed appropriate Young men who had assumed their nations struggles could not go on living as the guns fell silent

President Wilson proclaimed and Congress adopted this

O/75 - 78TH LRP (CONTINUED)

new holiday. It remained Armistice Day until 1954, when after urging by veterans groups it was changed to Veterans Day. A day not to honor victories, but to honor those whose struggle and sacrifice served their countries with valor and determination. A holiday that asks us not to honor a war nor an army or even a flag but men and women who were asked to risk their lives in furthering the ideals of a nation.

This holiday has lain in moth balls for some time. Now there is an effort to revive it. If you're interested, check on the above sight for info. I realize that as you read this it'll be after Veteran's Day but it'll give you 9/10 months till the next.

Then the biggest national holiday in this neck of the woods the opening day of firearm deer season [Saint Venison's Day] is fast approaching and the 15<sup>th</sup> is also the



deadline for this article and marks my 12<sup>th</sup> deadline, not bad I guess Ol'Sarge was right when he told me all those years ago that he knew I'd go far cause I had grade school, reform school and jump school behind me and was about to finish Recondo School and with all that scoolin' I couldn't help but go far.

There isn't much I can say, about the rest of the Holidays, that you don't already know. So just enjoy Thanksgiving Have a wonderful Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We'll be thinking of all ya'all so hope for the best.

Before I forget I owe apologies to all seems in the spring issue under the Memorial article I left of Wright's name. Please excuse this blunder.

Well the deadline is tomorrow and every one is waiting dinner so I'd better send this in afore I'm trouble wit de man. Later Feller



P/75 - 79TH LRP

Unit Director - Bill Davis



Papa Company  
Spring Patrolling 2007

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 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

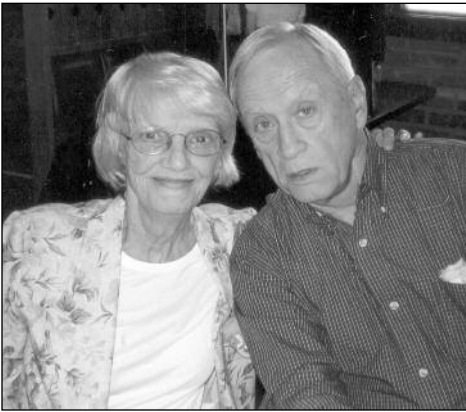
For a short time on October 7, 2006, **The World Stood Still** for a group of us who were fortunate enough to attend a luncheon at "ElCarrizo's", a Mexican restaurant in Columbus, Georgia, to celebrate **Duke and Marion DuShane's 50th Wedding Anniversary (actually it's October 10th)**. Some of us have barely even been alive that long (58), much less trying to spend such a long time with one person.



*See no evil, speak no evil, hear no evil. Mary Rossi and Grace Mayer (widows of two of our guys, Mike Rossi and Kevin Mayer, who died of cancer in recent years) and Marion.*

Most of you know Duke from his contributions over the years to the 75th Ranger Regiment Association and the Ranger Community in

## P/75 - 79TH LRP (CONTINUED)

**Marion & Duke Dushane.**

years, raised a wonderful, very visibly loving family, served this great country of ours in the military for 20 years, with 3 tours in Vietnam, and touched so many lives positively during their

**Marion & Duke's 50th Anniversary cake.**

lifetimes. Two wonderful, vibrant, loving human beings who have reached a milestone that many never see in this day and age. I want to pay tribute to **Marion and Duke DuShane** and let them know how much we know they mean to the 75th Ranger Regiment Association, but they are **"our treasures"...** they belong to the **Papa Company Rangers....** but we have always shared them with everyone else, because they are so great, and because we know there is enough to go around for our other Ranger and LRRP/LRP brothers and their families. Funny thing is they both blend in with the others so well that no one ever notices that these two are not "one of theirs" and they always "fit right in." For those who don't know it, Duke was inducted in the Ranger Hall of Fame in 1997. He

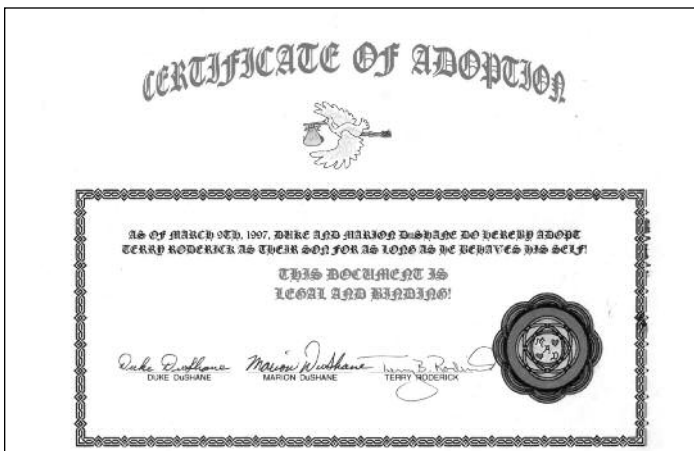
general. His list of accomplishments is too long to document here, and it's not all about Duke..... this time.

**It's about a couple of people** who have loved each other for a very long time and have been able to work through all the problems you know they have incurred as a family over the

years, raised a wonderful, very visibly loving family, served this great country of ours in the military for 20 years, with 3 tours in Vietnam, and touched so many lives positively during their lifetimes. Two wonderful, vibrant, loving human beings who have reached a milestone that many never see in this day and age. I want to pay tribute to **Marion and Duke DuShane** and let them know how much we know

**Marion & Duke opening presents.**

didn't take out 50 machine gun nests, earn a Medal of Honor, or capture 10,000 NVA. What he did was serve 3 tours in Vietnam, as a door gunner in helicopters, in an Infantry unit, and with the "famous" Papa Company Rangers. In Vietnam, Duke was a bit older and wiser than many of us, and surprisingly, we were smart enough to take note of this and he was a mentor to many members of our unit, whether he knew it or not. Many of the guys in our unit were 10 years or more his junior, and he had been in the military for quite a while compared to most of us and he knew the ropes. I can say that many members of our unit have

**The anniversary party.****Roderick – Dushane adoption certificate.**

come to me over the years and told me stories of how they went to Duke for advice about a myriad of subjects, but mostly things you would expect from a young 18, 19, or 20 year old facing life and death situations for the first time. He was a comfort and a Father figure to many of the men who served in Papa Company and he has always been referred to as "Papa Duke" by many of our members even many years after our service in Vietnam. After the death of my own Father and Mother a few years ago, I asked them to adopt me since I didn't have a Mom and Dad anymore for holidays and such. We kidded about it and they actually went out and had a document made up signifying my adoption. They were even crazy enough to sign it and I must tell you this..... whether you find it funny or sad, I feel closer to them than I ever did with my own Mother and Father. I look at that as a positive and that's one of the reasons why I'm enjoying writing this article about **two of my favorite people in the whole**

## P/75 - 79TH LRP (CONTINUED)

**wide world.** Duke served for several years with the Airborne Department at Fort Benning and many guys in Papa Company recognized him from their time in Airborne Training at Fort



**Marion & Duke with their granddaughter Jennifer Barnhart.**

Benning prior to coming to Vietnam. He was a Team Leader in Papa Company, our Operations Sergeant, our First Sergeant, and one of the beloved members of our unit during the time it was active.

His contributions to the entire Ranger Community include design of the Ranger Hall of Fame medallion given to every member of the RHOF, several paintings of the Medal of Honor recipients from the Vietnam War, other paintings of prominent Rangers from WWII and other conflicts, service as representative of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association on the Airborne Walk Board, the Ranger Memorial Foundation Board (he served during the planning and design stages of this wonderful memorial to all Rangers), various Officer positions within the 75th Ranger Regiment Association over the entire life of the organization, design of several unit t-shirts, he even did Christmas Card designs for the Static Line magazine a few years ago. And they were good. He

**3rd BN CSM Rick Merritt & his wife Elizabeth.**

has many talents that we never even knew about, though I admit we knew he was creative and could draw and paint, even in Vietnam. There he created designs for our unit that we still use today. He has served as a liaison for the 75th Ranger Regiment Association to the 75th Ranger Regiment and the U.S. Army Ranger School over the past 15 years or so. He has been the graduation speaker at many LRSU graduations and has been called "The Godfather of the LRSU Program.", I'm told. He also has served as Guest Speaker for the young Rangers who are graduating from the Ranger School. He is a motivational speaker and easy to listen to. He has a weird, but great sense of humor and Duke and Marion both have hearts bigger than they are. His accomplishments are too numerous to list, but you can get a feel



**Sharon & Roy Barley.**

for the man with just a few and how dedicated he is to Rangers. Of course, he's nothing without my Mom handling all the heavy lifting!!

In the same vein, you will find his commitment to his family on the same level. Having a supportive wife, who loves you even when you are a Bad Boy, is imperative for a marriage to last this long is my feeling.

Marion DuShane is a jewel, much like many other Ranger and LRRP/LRP wives I've been fortunate enough to meet over the years. It's obvious to me after meeting so many of you gals, that I never had a chance in my marriage back in 1976. For those of you who stand by your man, my hat is off to you because I know WE (all of us guys) can be a pain in the ass at times. Anyway, Marion deserves an equal billing for any of Duke's accomplishments over the years and he'll be quick to tell you how true that is.

Duke's son Tony, and his wife, Carol, approached me about a luncheon they were hosting for Duke and Marion's 50th Anniversary. I appreciated this since "I am one of the kids now." They wondered if anyone from P/75th would like to come and join the family for this surprise luncheon and gathering of the clan. Of course, I had to be there and I put the word out a bit to some from P/75th and a few other friends who I knew would at least want to send a card or something. To me, amazingly, several Papa Company Rangers (that includes our Papa Company wives since at this stage they are tougher than most of us) and close friends made the trip all the way to Columbus to honor them. I want to recognize them all as best I can..... and also the family so you can see how the DuShane family is re-populating the Columbus, Georgia area. For me personally, I was touched and so happy to see Mary Rossi (Ohio) and Grace Mayer (Minnesota) there. They both lost their husbands in recent years to cancer and they have continued to support and stay active with our Papa Company family and we love them dearly for that. They could just pack it in real easy, but

**Pat Tadina & Terry Roderick.**

**Jay & Marcia Lutz.**

**Bill Davis**

P/75 - 79TH LRP (CONTINUED)

they have made friends and relationships with us over the years that don't allow that. And we're just so glad!! Thank you both. I might add that you may see from one of the photos attached, that Marion and these two have something more in common than most!! Ha! Ha! One of my favorite girls in the whole wide world was also in attendance. Joyce Boatman, who lost her husband Roy, at our reunion in Cherokee this Summer, made the trip from North Carolina to celebrate the occasion with us and we all know how hard that probably was for her. I hope being with us made the trip worthwhile in the long run. We always enjoy her company. Pat Tadina, another RHOF member from N/75th and a very, very close friend of the Boatman family, accompanied Joyce to help with the driving and it is always great to see this great Ranger and leader in our midst. He looks great and healthy and ready to rock and roll, as usual. Sharon and Roy Barley (New York) flew in for the luncheon. Roy is a Past President of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association and served with E/50th LRP (9th ID) in Vietnam and is a close friend of the Papa Company Rangers, though he may understandably not admit it in a public forum. Jay and Marcia Lutz drove in from St. Pete Beach, Florida and I won't get started on my feelings for Jay. This is about Duke and Marion. We'll do Jay Lutz on another occasion. Bill Davis (California) flew in to Florida for a few days and came up with me. The 3rd Ranger Battalion Command Sergeant Major, CSM Rick Merritt, and his lovely wife, Elizabeth, also found time in their busy schedule to stop by and enjoy the party and get a preview on what it takes to last for 50 years together. We met Rick when he was a Sgt. in the early 1990's and he has remained a steadfast and valuable friend over the years. He even joined us at our Reunion in Cherokee, N.C. this Summer for a while. We love him and his wife, Elizabeth, and his kids, Bonnie and Lindsey. We never thought he'd amount to much back then, but once again we've been fooled by someone smarter than us. Ha! Ha! Actually, I went back up there to the 3rd Bn. Ranger Ball on November 2nd and I must tell you all that those young Rangers love this guy. You know me, I'm going to ask them how he treats them?? The message I got was that positive criticism works better than intimidation. He's known as a "Ranger's Ranger" and an icon of sorts in the Regiment after spending nearly his entire military career serving in the 75th Ranger Regiment. Duke's brother, my Uncle Earl, and his wife, Mavis, were there from South Carolina I believe. Marion's sister-in-law, Marylyn Drapper, flew in from one of those real cold states..... Minnesota or Michigan..... poor thing!! Having to go back there after the party was over!!! I should have brought her back here with me to Florida for the Winter!! The kids..... besides me..... that were there .... Tony and Carol DuShane, who we all owe a great deal of thanks for a wonderful party, Raoul DuShane, Melody and Steve Barnhart, and Michele DuShane. Grandkids..... Michelle and Jeff Pate, Jonathan and Crystal DuShane, Cason DuShane, Shannon DuShane, Jennifer and Brandy Barnhart, Christina and Mikhail Benjamin, and Ally Williams. One Great Grandchild, Sean Pate. In addition, some family friends, Carl Brownell and Walker and Ann Joines were also there to celebrate the occasion. In closing, it was a wonderful occasion and I'm glad I was there to enjoy it with everyone who was there and if you were, you

missed it!!! Thank you Duke and Marion for being Duke and Marion..... and don't change a thing!! Love always to you both and Rangers Lead the Way !! Terry B. Roderick, Son  
Thanks a lot Terry for sharing with us all. It is greatly appreciated. Finally, just another reminder that Bobby Turner is still fighting the battle of his life. He and his wife Gail are being strong but for those of you knew Bobby and hell even if you didn't, give him a call. I'm sure he and Gail would both appreciate it. The number is 505-257-1461. If you feel up to sending him a card the address is 142 JUNIPER RD. RUIDOSO, NM 88345

In Ranger Brotherhood,  
Bill Davis



*Marion & Duke Dushane, October 10, 1956.*



## D/151 LRP/RANGER

Unit Director - Tom Blandford



Hello to all comrades and friends,

Veterans Day was chilly but we had a good turn-out for the parade in Indianapolis. Four WWII vets received the French Legion of Merit for their service. A long time coming but appreciated by the recipients and the audience. The Eads emailed pictures to me but they won't open. (Stupid computers)

I received a voice mail from Lou Hawks and Dave Capik but wasn't able to talk to them. It really touched me though to know they were thinking about me on Veterans Day. I called a couple vets and thanked them for their service. If you didn't get a call from a vet or friend you missed out. Next year make it a point to call someone from your unit to thank them. We need to thank each other. Start your own tradition. You'll never regret it. It makes me grateful for the opportunity to serve with very brave men.

This weekend we're having a benefit for Sue Cravens, wife of Phil. She's struggling with cancer and putting up a brave fight. Please pray for her and any of us that have health issues.

I happened to stop in the "Vet Center" in Indianapolis recently. They are a branch of VA and offer counseling to "combat vets". Yea, guys like us. They are skilled in dealing with PTSD symptoms, like anger, irritability, rage and depression.

Difficulty trusting others, hyper-alertness, startle reactions, isolation, problems with authority, nightmares, trouble sleeping, anxiety, substance abuse and problems feeling good about oneself. Since you have most of these symptoms, some of you not admitting it, see if there's a Vet Center near you. They have individual and group counseling and spouse counseling. They are getting a lot of new veterans from the war on terrorism. If you or a vet buddy have had bad experiences with the "counselors" at the VA hospital you need to try this. I hate the damn idiot "counselors" at VA but the people at the Vet Center can actually relate to our condition. They advise on VA benefits too.

I'm a member of the VFW, American Legion and Vietnam Veterans of America and I know some of you are too. Those of you that are not members of some veteran's organization are missing out on good experiences. Yea, I had no desire to join for over 25 years, but since I've joined I have found a great sense of Patriotism. Mike (Slayer) Slabaugh and I are even officers in our Post, we'll have this place in total disorder in no time.

Good Luck.

Tom Blandford – Out

Phone 317-846-6374. Email: [tomblandford300@hotmail.com](mailto:tomblandford300@hotmail.com)



## F/51 LRP

Unit Director - Russell Dillon



### OPERATION WILDERNESS

From April 1st of 1968 until April 10th of 1968, F/51 LRP was under the operational control of the 199th Light Infantry Brigade and operated in the Wilderness Area of Operation in Operation Wilderness. The mission of the teams again consisted of trail watch, canal watch, rocket watch, and enemy movements. If an enemy force was located at a fixed location and reaction force was available then the situation would be exploited. During the time of Operation Wilderness, F/51st was under operational control of the 199th Light Infantry Brigade. The following is the After Action reports for Operation Wilderness.



**Team 14** was a light 6 man team that was inserted into their Area of Operation on April 1st at 1902HRS (7:02 PM). Team 14 encountered civilians soon after their insertion. At 1931HRS (7:31 PM) Team 14 was extracted.

**Team 14** was a light 6 man team that was reinserted into their new Area of Operation on April 2nd at 1710HRS (5:10 PM).

At 1840HRS (6:40 PM) Team 14 reported movement 50 meters to the North of the teams location. At 1850HRS (5:50 PM) Team 14 reported movement 40 meters approximately South of the teams location. At 1855HRS Team

14 reported movement 25 meters approximately North Northeast of the teams location. At 1907HRS (7:07 PM) Team 14 reported



F/51 LRP (CONTINUED)

2 Vietcong with weapons 40 meters approximately South of the teams location. At 1912HRS (7:12 PM) Team 14 reported blowing their claymores and were moving to their LZ. At 1915HRS (7:15 PM) while Team 14 was being extracted the slicks reported receiving ground fire.

**Team 15** was a light 6 man team that was inserted into their Area of Operation on April 1st at 1845HRS (6:45 PM). At 1847HRS (6:47 PM) Team 15 reported encountering civilians and was extracted at 1907HRS (7:07 PM).

**Team 15** was a light 7 man team that was reinserted into their new Area of Operation on April 2nd at 1701HRS (5:01 PM). At 1821HRS (6:21 PM) Team 15 reported movement to the East, South and West of the teams location. At 1834HRS (6:34 PM) Team 15 reported movement 100 meters Northwest of the teams location which also put the movement between Team 15 and their LZ. At 1858HRS (6:58 PM) Team 15 reported being in contact and at 1900HRS (7:00 PM) the gun-ships began making their gun runs. At 1901HRS (7:01 PM) Team 15 reported movement 50 meters Northwest of the teams location and the gun-ships made a second gun run on enemy positions. At 1905HRS (7:05 PM) Team 15 blew their claymores and at 1909HRS (7:09 PM) Team 15 was extracted. During the extraction the C&C helicopter reported receiving ground fire from the Vietcong who were around the LZ. The team reported that the Vietcong were wearing black PJ's.

**Team 34** was a light 7 man team that was inserted into their Area of Operation on April 2nd at 1731HRS (5:31 PM). At 1920HRS (7:20 PM) Team 34 reported carbine fire 150 meters approximately North of the teams location. Team 34 thought there may be an aid station in the area. On April 3rd at 1627HRS (4:27 PM) Team 34 reported hooches 150 meters Southeast of the team location. Team 34 RON (Remain Over Night) in the area with negative results. On April 4th Team 34 reported negative activity. On April 5th at 1015HRS (10:15 AM) Team 34 reported foxholes in what appeared like an old base camp area. On April 6th at 0950HRS (9:50 AM) Team 34 was extracted.

**Team 35** was a light 7 man team that was inserted into their Area of Operation on April 2nd at 1735HRS (5:35 PM). Team 35 immediately reported that they had been inserted into a Vietcong base camp and that they had movement to the teams Northwest. At 1738HRS (5:38 PM) Team 35 was extracted. During the extraction, many Vietcong were seen running from the LZ and rifle firing holes were spotted.

**Team 35** was reinserted into a different Area of Operation on April 2nd at 1741HRS (5:41 PM). After the insertion artillery was called in on Team 35's first LZ at 1800HRS (6:00 AM). On April 3rd at 0740HRS (7:40 AM) Team 35 reported a fire fight 1000 meters Southwest of the teams location. At 1615HRS (4:15 PM) Team 35 reported that they had found a large area that had cigarette butts, trash, and pieces of old clothing that may have been used as bandages. At 1618HRS (4:00 PM) Team 35 reported 2 Vietcong were approaching from the South. At

1625HRS (4:25 PM) Team 35 reported that they were surrounded. At 1630HRS (4:30 PM) Team 35 reported Vietcong were throwing rocks into the teams location. At 1640HRS (4:40 PM) Team 35 reported seeing 5 or 6 Vietcong dressed in black and believed they were going for reinforcements. The Vietcong were reported to be 30 to 50 meters West of the teams location. At 1704HRS (5:04 PM) Team 35 reported that they were in contact. At 1709HRS (5:09 PM) Team 35 reported killing 1 Vietcong and at 1710HRS (5:10 PM) a reaction force made up of members of A 3/7 Air Cav had linked up with Team 35. At 1900HRS (7:00 PM) Team 35 was extracted.

**Team 31** was a 7 man light team that was inserted into their Area of Operation on April 2nd at 1752HRS (5:52 PM). On April 3rd at 1907HRS (7:09 PM) Team 31 reported movement 15 meters approximately Northwest of the teams location. At 1925HRS (7:25 PM) reported movement had stopped. At 2000HRS (8:00 PM) Team 31 reported smelling marijuana smoke approximately Northwest of the teams location. At 2022HRS (8:22 PM) Team 31 reported movement had started again. At 2026HRS (8:26 PM) Team 31 reported being probed. At 2040HRS (8:40 PM) Team 31 reported that their claymores were being disturbed. At 2045HRS (8:45 PM) the C&C helicopter and Cobra gun-ships reported they were airborne. At 2048HRS (8:48 PM) Team 31 reported hearing voices 15 meters all around the teams position. At 2101HRS (9:01PM) Team 31 reported that they had blown their claymores at an estimated 14 Vietcong. At 2107HRS (9:07 PM) Team 31 was extracted. After the extraction, artillery and gun-ships fire on the area. Team 31 felt like there was a tunnel complex in the area because of the thumping noise that sounded like it was coming from under the ground. On the nights of April 2nd and 3rd there were 15 to 20 ox carts moving North to South on the trails in the area.

**Team 41** was a 6 man light team that was inserted into their Area of Operation on April 5th at 1414HRS (2:14 PM). At 1450HRS (2:50 PM) Team 41 reported that they believed they had been spotted and were being followed. At 1510HRS (3:10 PM) Team 41 reported that they had stopped in a defensive position. At 1534HRS (3:34 PM) Team 41 reported that they had found a possible base camp 10 meters from the teams location. There appeared to be a gate to the team's front and a fence that appeared to surround the base camp area and movement could be heard. At 1600HRS (4:00 PM) the C&C helicopter was in the air to direct artillery fire and at 1636HRS (4:36 PM) artillery began firing on the base camp area. At 1657HRS (4:57 PM) Teeam 41 reported that they had 1 heat causality. At 1705HRS (5:05 PM) Team 41 reported that they had spotted 3 Vietcong who also saw the team 175 meters South of the teams location. At 1707HRS (5:07 PM) Team 41 reported signal noises coming from pot and other utensils. At 1724HRS (5:24 PM) the gun-ships began their first runs and at 1729HRS (5:29 PM) Team 41 was extracted. The gun-ships and artillery were fired into the area of the base camp.

**Team 22** was a 7 man light team that was inserted into their Area of Operation on April 5th at 1425HRS (2:25 PM). At 1804HRS (6:04 PM) Team 22 reported that there was an APC unit 100



F/51 LRP (CONTINUED)

meters from their RON (Remain Over Night) position. Team 22 got the APC unit's radio frequency and let them know that there were friendly troops near by. On April 6th at 1250HRS (12:50 PM) Team 22 reported that the APC unit was leaving the area. At 1320HRS (1:20 PM) Team 22 reported seeing 3 Vietcong 100 meters approximately South of the teams location. At 1325HRS (1:25 PM) Team 22's Chieu Hoi spotted more Vietcong 50 to 80 meters approximately South of the teams location at which time Team 22 requested gun-ships. At 1327HRS (1:27 PM) Team 22 reported hearing voices and seen 4 Vietcong 150 meters approximately Northeast of the teams location. Reinforcements were put on call but were not used because of the closeness of the boarder. At 1403HRS (2:03 PM) the Command and Control helicopter spotted 5 Vietcong running in an open field after gun-ship runs. At 1413 (2:13 PM) Team 22 blew their claymores and began to sweep the area. At 1425HRS (2:25 PM) Team 22 crossed an open area and were pinned down by automatic weapons fire. At 1433HRS (2:33 PM) Team 22 was extracted. Result of the contact was 5 possible Vietcong KIA by team members and 5 possible Vietcong by the gun-ships.

**Team 29** was a 13 man heavy team that was inserted into a Night Defensive Position where the 3/7 Infantry Battalion was located on April 6th at 0900HRS (9:00 AM). The team was to execute a stay behind ambush after the 3/7th had left the area. At 1225HRS (12:25 PM) team 29 reported finding a foxhole with broken bowls. At 1251HRS (12:51 PM) Team 29 reported finding where someone had been laying and eating fruit near the foxhole. At 1545HRS (3:45 PM) Team 29 reported being in their RON (Remain Over Night) position. At 1640HRS (4:40 PM) Team 29 reported movement from the west to within 500 meters of the teams location. Team 29 requested a artillery mission on the movement but a check fire had been issued and the request denied. On April 7th at 0620HRS (6:20 AM) Team 29 reported hearing a loud explosion 1000 meters South of the team location. Team 29 also said that there were many similar explosions the night before. At 0647HRS (6:47 AM) Team 29 reported mortars firing 1500 meters approximately East of the teams location. At 1003HRS (10:03 AM) Team 29 reported being in contact with 4 Vietcong who had spotted the person on the teams left flank. The result of the contact was 1 badly wounded Vietcong. At 1012HRS (10:12 AM) Team 29 reported receiving fire 100 meters South of the teams location. At 1025 HRS (10:25 AM) Team 29 began their sweep of the area but found only the blood trail of the wounded Vietcong. At 1037HRS (10:37 AM) Team 29 was extracted.

**Team 42** was a 6 man light team that was inserted into their Area of Operation on April 7th at 1809HRS (6:09 PM). At 1905HRS (7:05 PM) Team 42 reported movement 75 meters to the teams North and closing. At 1914HRS (7:14 PM) Team 42 reported 5 or 6 men closing in on the teams location. At 1922HRS (7:22 PM) Team 42 reported the enemy was 30 meters from the teams location. At 1932HRS (7:32 PM) the gun-ships were airborne. At 1940 Team 42 had blown their claymores and were on the LZ waiting for extraction and at 1943HRS (7:43 PM) the gun-ships

began their runs and at 1953HRS (7:53 PM) Team 42 was extracted. Team 42 felt that the Vietcong had seen the team land and were moving in on the team before they could get to their RON (Remain Over Night) position. Teams 42 also mentioned that they could smell food cooking the whole time they were on the ground.

**Team 43** was a 6 man light team that was inserted into 2/12 Infantry's NDP (Night Defensive Perimeter) on April 6th at 1803HRS (6:03 PM) for a stay behind mission. At 2145HRS (9:45 PM) the NDP received mortar and automatic weapons fire. On April 7th at 1515HRS (3:15 PM) Team 43 was extracted as 2/12 Infantry returned to the area that Team 43 was located at due to a nearby fire fight.

**Team 43** was a 6 man light team that was reinserted into a new area on April 8th at 1640HRS (4:40 PM). At 1650HRS (4:50 PM) Team 43 reported movement 250 to 500 meters approximately Southwest of the teams location. At 1713HRS (5:13 PM) Team 43 reported seeing 1 Vietcong in a bunker 20 meters North of the teams location. The team also reported hearing the bolt of a weapon going forward. At 1725HRS (5:25 PM) Team 43 reported seeing violet and yellow smoke coming from the teams LZ, but the team did not set them off. At 1726HRS (5:26 PM) Team 43 reported they were outside of a base camp and were surrounded by 7 or 8 Vietcong, the gun-ships and extraction helicopters were scrambled. At 1744HRS (5:44 PM) Team 43 blew their claymores and were extracted at 1746HRS (5:46 PM) Team 43 was extracted. At 1748HRS (5:48 PM) the Command and Control (C&C) helicopter spotted 25 Vietcong in black PJ's and had the gun-ships make runs on the area and artillery fired 150 rounds into the area.

F/51 LRP REUNION

**The next scheduled reunion for F/51 LRP's will be in Reno NV on July 18th through July 22nd at the Sands hotel. Reservations can be made by calling toll free 866-386-7829 and using the conformation number FCO718. Reservations can also be made by calling the sales office 775-384-2242 and using the above conformation number. There will be possible side trips to Virginia City and Lake Tahoe.**



## LRRP DETACHMENT-3RD ID

Unit Director - Michael McClintock

### 3rd Infantry Division LRRP Detachment

*Mike McClintock, Unit Director*

The 3rd Infantry Division LRRP Detachment has had some very distinguished officers and men drawn from its ranks. When it was disbanded in August 1964, many of its members returned to their TO&E units to finish their tours of duty and return home. Others, like James Roach, John DeCosta and Ken Bowyer volunteered for the VII Corps LRRP Co. I hooked up with Jim Roach once after he returned from Vietnam in the late 1960's, and then lost contact with him. I think he passed away a few years back. John DeCosta is still alive and kicking, and is active in B/75 affairs. He joined us for our reunion in Branson, MO a couple of years ago. We tracked down Ken Bowyer in time for our 2000 reunion at Fort Bragg. Ken lives in Montgomery, Texas and has been having some health problems. I remember him as young private when he joined our unit in the summer of 1963. The poor guy was assigned to my patrol, but as you will see he was able to overcome all the bad habits I had developed as a short-timer. Here is what I was able to learn about Ken's accomplishments after he left the 3rd ID and VII Corps LRRPs.

#### 1SG Kenneth L. Bowyer (Ret.)

Ken retired as a 1SG (E-8) in January 1984 after a distinguished military career. His Army records indicate that he was awarded the Vietnam Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, CIB, Purple Heart (w/6 oak leaf clusters), Meritorious Service Medal, Army Commendation Medal (w/oak leaf cluster), Silver Star, Bronze Star (w/V device), Parachute Badge, Army Achievement Medal, Good Conduct Medal (6th award), Meritorious Unit Citation, Vietnam Cross of Gallantry, Vietnam Cross of Gallantry w/silver star, and Vietnam Civil Action honor Medal.

Ken reenlisted in July 1965 in Phoenix, AZ as a SGT (E-5). He served with Co. C, 2d Bn., 506th Airborne Infantry at Ft. Campbell, KY from September 1965 to April 1966. In June 1966, he was in Vietnam serving as a radio operator with HHC, 1st Bde., 101st Airborne Division. By October 1966, he was serving as a team leader with HHC, 2nd Bn., 502nd Abn. Infantry. He was wounded in July 1967 and spent a month in a hospital in Japan. At the end of August he was back in action with the 502nd and rotated home in July 1968 after two years in country.

He served at Ft. Huachuca, AZ from August to November 1968, when he returned to Vietnam. He served as an advisor with IV Corps until December 1969 when he returned to the U.S. He served as an instructor with a training company at Ft. Benning, GA until June 1970. In April 1971, Ken was back in Vietnam serving as recon platoon sergeant with his old unit, Co. E, 2nd Bn., 502nd Abn. Inf. He was wounded again at the end of April, having been in country for less than a month. He spent a few days in the care of the 85th Evac Hospital and was sent on to Camp Zama, Japan where he was discharged in May.

He apparently re-upped the same day and was assigned as a chemical

staff NCO with USAR-Japan, where he served until December 1974. He was a chemical staff specialist at Ft. Mead, MD from January 1975 to April 1976. From November 1976 to August 1978 he served as a platoon sergeant with Co. B, 3/10th Infantry at Ft. Polk, LA. From August 1978 to December 1979, he was a chemical staff NCO with the 5th Inf. Div at Ft. Polk. In February 1980 he was back in Germany serving as 1SG with the 11th Chemical Detachment. He returned to CONUS in 1981. From January 1982 to his retirement in January 1984, he served at Ft. Bliss, TX and Ft. Polk, LA.

In September 1966, Ken received shrapnel wounds to his left thigh. In December 1966 he received a punji stake wound to his right leg. He received shrapnel wounds to his left and right arms in June 1967, and in April 1968 he received a gunshot wound to his left knee. He received shrapnel wounds to his stomach in January 1969 and shrapnel wounds to his legs, arms and back in July 1972. Ken appears to have been quite a metal magnet!

Ken obviously saw considerable action in Vietnam, judging both from his wounds and campaigns. He was in the Vietnam Counter-Offensive Phases I, II, III, IV, V, VI and VII, the Tet Counteroffensive, Tet 1969 Counter-offensive, Summer-Fall 1969 Campaign and Winter-Spring Campaign 1970.

As a result of all this trauma, Ken's service record noted "No crawling, stooping, running, jumping, prolonged standing or marching. No duty on rough terrain." With all his wounds, 1SG Bowyer reminds me of another 1SG we had—Robert "Red Dog" Schroeder. My guess is that Bob would have been very proud of Ken. I know I am, and that goes for the rest of the 3rd ID LRRPs as well.





## ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ)

Unit Director - Mike Martin



Fellow Rangers and Co Vans:

The tapestry of autumn has spread its fall foliage of October colors as I write this article: gold, crimson, and rust tinted browns cover the fading greens of summer; the air is cold and crisp, but the smell of wood smoke is pungent and warm—hard to reflect on Asia: the oppressive heat, the hot morning light, and the rice paddies and jungle that waited patiently under the blasting heat for the death and destruction that sprang forth so suddenly... Ranger John Lawton, has articulated these deadly epochs in excerpts that appear within....

First, on a lighter side, I have enjoyed the early morning hours sitting on the floor at a small wooden table with carved ideograms—carved by a Korean friend—graced by a simple tea pot and ivory chopsticks delicately embossed with dwarf pines, seemingly warped by prevailing ocean winds.

Nourishment has come from delicious morsels of fish, wild fowl, rice, marinated mushrooms and vegetables served by Ms. Hilda; her attentiveness and loyalty are most commendable and comforting in those periods of my deep nostalgia...but, her reluctance at “bowing” when entering or exiting my room is troublesome, also, her disdain for kneeling on the floor while pouring my drinks; it may be the adherence to her East Prussian heritage.... “Ah,” the dreams that invade reality!

It has become quite the norm to label anyone who serves in the military as a warrior...in the past, to be called a “Soldier” was a definitive term that I still entertain. The sine qua non to me of a “Warrior” is one who seeks combat while many—Officers and NCOs—tend to avoid such duty; a Warrior is one who has the “Fighting Spirit”; knows the “Art of War” and excels and thrives in such: two that have my respect are Jerry “Mad Dog” Shriver (died in combat), and Colonel (Ranger) Fred Caristo. Both possessed the inner spirit of warriors and chose close-combat; running top-secret reconnaissance missions throughout the war in Vietnam.

Ranger John Lawton is a great Soldier—an embodiment of the Warrior Spirit: his first tour in Vietnam was as a Ranger Advisor to the 41st Vietnamese Ranger Battalion (in one battle 50% of the unit was killed or wounded; three weeks later, half of those left were killed or wounded in an ambush in the vicinity of the Chet Sey River). He then served and fought with the 101st Airborne and the 173rd where he commanded N Company 75th Rangers. John was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, two Silver Stars, Bronze Stars and an ammo pouch full of Purple Hearts. The following is an insight of his

service and combat with the ARVN Rangers, “Biet Dong Quan”.

### BIET DONG QUAN MEMORIES

By Ranger John Lawton

While the defining event/height of my Vietnam experience occurred on 8 October 19967, when the rifle company I commanded (A Company, 2nd Battalion of the 327th Parachute Infantry of the Separate Brigade of the 101st Airborne) was

overrun and I was seriously wounded, a very meaningful part of my Vietnam experience involved this first tour, as an assistant battalion advisor with the 41st Vietnamese Ranger Battalion.

The battalion was stationed in the ‘Delta’ (IV Corps), the area South of Saigon. What helped me to write this chapter was the discovery of an old paper bag my oldest brother Bill filled for me, from the final effects of my parents. In it were letters to my parents with pictures. I scribbled notes about the particular picture or people in them. I also made notes and mailed them to my wife (we were not married at the time). She agreed to type anything I wrote and make them into a sort of diary. Finally, I am a ‘pack rat’ of

sorts and kept copies of Stars and Stripes Articles, MACV Press releases, etc.

Even so, it is hard to remember 30 years later what I was

thinking during those times. I have written about my times with the US units (Separate Brigades of the 101st and the 173rd Airborne), but that is easily done, as I constantly ran into people I served with in those units during routine assignments in my 37 and a ? year military career. I’ve also been to a couple of reunions. We’d talk about our mutual experiences and thus



**Major Thi, 41st BDQ Battalion Commander (left) and Ranger John Lawton (right) 1965. Thi had fought with the French Airborne; Lawton also commanded A Company, 2nd BN. 327th, 101st Airborne (Brigade), and N Company, 75th Rangers on other tours in Vietnam.**

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (CONTINUED)



**SFC Buck and SSG Holt, 41st BDQs, two really quality NCOs. Holt, the junior NCO, was with Lawton, the junior officer. Holt was a strong, loyal, very capable NCO. Notice the PRC-25 radio behind SFC Buck. Lawton's comments on the back of this picture photo state what a great, new radio it was and for that time it was relatively new. It definitely was in comparison to the AN-GRC 9, which had to be tuned/zeroed to a frequency, but did have long range and morse code capability.**

kept-up memories, but this was not so easy with the Vietnamese ranger battalion time. Our advisory detachment was only four people, and I haven't seen any of those people since we left the battalion.

I know that for many people, the advisory effort was a less rewarding assignment maybe even less glamorous, especially when viewed in terms of commanding an American rifle platoon or company in combat, at least that is how many (including me), viewed it. But in fact there were very few US units in Vietnam in this timeframe (1965-6), so being an advisor to a Ranger Battalion was about as good as it gets. The Vietnamese Airborne had a great reputation and many US soldiers sought after those assignments. I surely was envious of those who were assigned to the Vietnamese airborne brigade, but quickly discovered I was seeing one hell of a lot of combat with the Vietnamese Rangers. I quickly realized that these were great soldiers and how proud to be a part of the battalion.

I eventually ended-up in Vietnam assigned to the 41st Ranger Battalion. The 41st was located south of Vietnam in a small town of Ben Tre situated on one of the small tributaries of the Mekong River. The ARVN (Army of Vietnam) 7th Division was located in My Tho about 20 KM from us and was the Division to which we were attached. The Senior advisor to the 7th was a Col. Sidney B. Berry, who eventually retired as a Lieutenant General. Col. Berry's previous assignment was as the senior military aide to Secretary of Defense McNamara. Col. Berry was a man I really grew to admire and respect.

Col. Berry's executive officer was a LTC Hugh Tom Hoffman, who was a close friend of my oldest brother Bill, who

commanded a Special Forces B Detachment at Moc Hoa, an old airfield built by the Japanese during WW II on the Cambodia/Vietnamese border in Kien Tuong Province. My brother Bill and I had about a one month overlap before he left Vietnam. Bill and Col. Berry went back a long way, having served together and crossed paths in their service several times. They were good friends who mutually respected each other and this certainly helped me in my assignment.

In describing the history of Rangers, the 75th Ranger Regiment's net-page states that "during World War II, a ranger



**41st Advisors 1965. From left to right, Lt. Lawton (my title is assistant battalion advisor), SSG Holt kneeling and slightly to my rear, our 'batman'/RTO, named Thi (I think Thi is like Smith in America), and SFC Buck sitting. Buck was a great soldier and the senior NCO of the team.**

in the European Theatre of War was a well trained shock troop used to spearhead invasions or conduct surprise attacks...." Korean War rangers "were used by various higher commands to spearhead their operations." My Vietnam experience with the Vietnamese ranger units leads me to believe we were used by the corps or division to "spearhead their operations". We also picked-up special missions such as a relief force (that was the kind of mission we were committed to when we were ambushed on the Mekong River); a highly mobile force that could be moved quickly to confront a VC attack on a small hamlet or village; or as a static defense force, as when we cleared and defended an area while Vietnamese engineers built a fort for the regional/popular force. Whatever the case, they were well trained units that fought well. In a later section I included a picture of the battalion-in-mass swearing an oath of allegiance to the country, promising to fight to the death for it. I saw many instances of this happening.

Finally a comment about the Vietnamese fighting ability and bravery. The Senior Advisor to the 10th Infantry Regiment 7th ARVN Division was a Major Norbert Gannon. He was one hell of a great soldier and leader, but he also had a 'mouth' on him. I am talking about both being outspoken and vulgarity. If you ran into him during an operation or at the My Tho advisory bar, Gannon wouldn't hesitate to tell you what a chicken-shit, coward, worthless Regimental Commander he had to advise.

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (CONTINUED)



***Ranger Advisor Jim Behnke, 33rd Ranger BN., and Colonel Nguyen Van Duong, Battalion Commander served together in 1964; this photo was taken forty one years later when they made a trip together back to Vietnam. Nui Ba Dinh is in the background.***

Major Gannon didn't hesitate to say this in front of the individual, who knew enough English to understand what was being said. I just did not find this to be true of the Vietnamese Ranger Battalion and this was especially not true of the Battalion Commander and his Executive Officer. Both were soldiers who had seen more than their share of combat. Both had been wounded numerous times. The battalion commander had served with the French. When he had a chance to make contact, he committed the battalion prudently. He understood tactics and he had a great smell for an area and the fact that combat was imminent. I found this to be also true with most of



***CFA (ROK/US) CSMs participate in commando unit roadmarch. Mike Martin (center) and CSM Chung, Koo-Hyung at a rest stop after completing 200 of a 400 kilometer roadmarch with the 1st Bn, 706th Commando Regiment. Martin and Chung participated in the march to promote the establishment of a CFA-wide, ROK and US Professional Development Program. The South Korean Commandos march back from their major extended training area each year. 1985 circa.***

the Company Commanders.

What I think Americans sometime failed to understand was the lack of systems to support a Viet if he was wounded or killed. If an American was wounded, he knew that a medevac helicopter would appear on the scene and go through hell and high-water to get him out and from there to the best medical system in the world; not so for the Vietnamese. Once wounded, an American could pretty well count on that he'd be medevaced within an hour; a Vietnamese: 8 to 24 or 36 hours was not unusual. The Vietnamese hospitals left a lot to be desired. Our dog hospitals in the US are better equipped than the Vietnamese hospitals. If disabled for life, the US soldier has the military and VA care and various types of insurance programs that take care of him and his family for life. If a Vietnamese soldier is killed, there were no insurance companies with policies for his family or next-of-kin—nothing. Their equipment was World War II, hand-me-downs. This was one of the reasons we had to go to the Military Advisor and Assistance Course—to get familiar with these old weapons, radios, etc.

Whereas we go to modern equipped training centers in the United States to train, the Vietnamese trained in the midst of war. We joked that at the Trung Lap Ranger Training Center that we didn't have to coordinate for aggressors—they (the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese regulars) were right outside our gates. Our 'aggressor force' in the United States training centers were fellow soldiers who fired blanks; the aggressors in Vietnam were right outside the gates of Trung Lap and they were real, live, honest to God enemy. We had classroom training inside the Fort, but the combat training outside was the real thing.

As I think back on my time with the Vietnamese and then two different US units, I marvel at what great soldiers the Vietnamese were. Our title was 'advisor', but I am not so sure how much I advised as learned. I marvel at their patience—especially with me. I'd push them to move faster, to make contact and maintain that contact, when in many instances we were in very dangerous areas, locked-onto superior forces and in very heavy fighting. I marvel at their patience with me under these circumstances. The Vietnamese taught me how to be patient in combat; to take time to develop the situation. This assignment helped me be a good company commander when I commanded Airborne and Ranger Companies, later on in Vietnam. In sum, the Vietnamese were great soldiers and I admired them then and even more so now.

**THE BATTALION LEADERSHIP AND ADVISORY TEAM**

**41ST VIETNAMESE RANGER BN**

Major Thi and Lt. Lawson

What is fascinating in 'this is a small world category' is that Major Thi, the battalion commander of the 41st Ranger Battalion BDQ and my brother George served together in 1961/2. George was assigned to a large Special Forces Camp,

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (CONTINUED)

Trung Lap, located West of Saigon. George was with the 173rd Airborne Brigade on Okinawa when they were ordered to Vietnam, given Green Berets and were suddenly advisors at Trung Lap. George was one of the earlier 'advisors' in Vietnam.

Major Thi's father was a Regimental Commander with the Viet Minh (an earlier version of the Viet Cong Communists). A Catholic priest came to Thi's father and told him that the Viet Minh were communists and what they were about. Thi's father deserted, was captured two years later and killed.

In an earlier assignment, Major Thi was a subaltern with the French Airborne. Thi was a damn fine soldier and with a wealth of combat experience. He and I were close. That relationship started with the fact that he had a great deal of respect for my brother George. This created minor jealousies between me and Captain Kagelariry, my boss and the battalion senior advisor.

THE NORTH KOREAN THREAT

The Commanding General Eighth United States Army (Korea) Lieutenant General Maxwell D. Taylor stated on the occasion of the 27 July 1953 Armistice signing:

"There is no occasion for celebration or boisterous conduct. We are faced with the same enemy, only a short distance away, and must be ready for any move he makes."

With the recent events and the threats of nuclear warfare from the North Koreans, these words are as relevant today as they were in 1953. The signing of an armistice agreement in 1953 stopped the shooting, but has not ended the military threat against South Korea and the American forces serving there.

Many still remember the 1968 attack on the USS Pueblo in international waters that led to the crew's 11-month imprisonment in North Korea, the brutal 1976 ax-murders of two U.S. Army officers at Panmunjom; the Rangoon bombing in 1983 that killed most of the ROK's cabinet officials; the shooting incident that followed the defection of a Soviet citizen in 1984 that resulted in one dead UNC soldier and three dead North Korean soldiers, and the numerous invasion tunnels that have been discovered in the DMZ (Demilitarized Zone).

In the 53 years since the end of the Korean War, the North Koreans have launched more than 1,000 armed attacks and thousands of infiltration attempts inside the DMZ and along South Korea's coasts. In spite of such violations of the 1953 Korean War Armistice Agreement, the Republic of Korea (South) has risen from the ashes of the Korean War to become a modern nation and one of the most important U.S. trading partners...it is the U.S. presence in Korea and the cooperation of the two nations which ensure that the morning calm endures.

Succeeded by his son Kim Jong il, former North Korea

President Kim il Sung—died in 1994—was responsible for the country's formidable military buildup. One would lack a basic knowledge of Korean history and of one of the last bastions of hard-line Communism to believe that there will be a change in this dictatorial regime without the removal of Kim Jong il: North Koreans are dying of hunger without the right to utter a word of protest, crushed by a system that has no fundamental human rights....

As one who spent over 19 years in Korea, both as a Soldier and a civilian, I "Salute" our troops serving there in this precarious time of watchful waiting of an unsteady peace.

80,000-MAN COMMANDO FORCE....

North Korea has one of the world's largest commando forces—estimated to be more than 80,000-100,000 men. They could be used as the vanguard force for a southward invasion or be inserted by sea and air deep into the South Korean peninsula to disrupt communication and supply lines and to destroy major command posts.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

With the holiday season comes periods of melancholy, and for some, deep anxiety—none more so than the military and their families....Many moons ago, prior to my first enlistment, my father said to me, "the army is one of the few places that you will have hundreds of people around you and still be lonely." It only took my first—of many—overseas tours to understand his comment...holiday loneliness can be the most painful; so at this time of the year we thank all members of the military and their family members for their sacrifice, profound dedication and courage—America is proud of you; may your future holidays be ones of peace....

U.S. ARMY RANGER ADVISOR REUNION 2008

My wife and I just returned from Chattanooga, finalizing many of the details for our 2008 reunion with Mrs. Tonya Steel at the Chattanooga Choo Choo (Holiday Inn); everything is on "track", no pun intended.

They are offering versatile multi-purpose meeting rooms and complete planning services to accommodate our group: you need to see this architectural wonder built in 1909, with its magnificent free-standing 85-foot dome, too, stroll the formal gardens which feature winding floral walkways; and go back in time with a few drinks at the nostalgic Victorian Lounge....

Be prepared to take a narrated tour of downtown Chattanooga and the Tennessee River on authentic renovated WWII amphibious landing vehicles (DUCKS) starting at The Command Post Museum.

Correction on the last Warning Order: Dates of the U.S. Army Ranger Advisor (Vietnam) are 28-30 April 2008!!!



ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (CONTINUED)

CONTEMPLATIONS

To an idealist, the Legion said, in effect, 'But what you are doing is worthwhile. War is glorious. Courage in the face of overwhelming odds is the greatest virtue a man can possess.' And then...the Legion added, in effect, 'Consider our glorious history. As you ponder it, you will find the pains of the moment charmed away.' Charles Mercer, in THE FOREIGN LEGION.

When Heaven created the elephants it also  
Provided the grass for their food.  
...Vietnamese proverb

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

Mu Nau Mike Martin, Unit Director

**The Soldier's Medal**

The ARVN Ranger who fell from the bad-planked bridge  
Into the mud-dark Delta canal:  
Maybe only 30 feet across,  
But at least five graves deep;  
Went under with his full kit—  
Helmet, rifle, ammo, grenades  
And probably, panic, too.  
I don't remember  
The name or rank  
But I do recall his eyes,  
When we at last resurfaced.

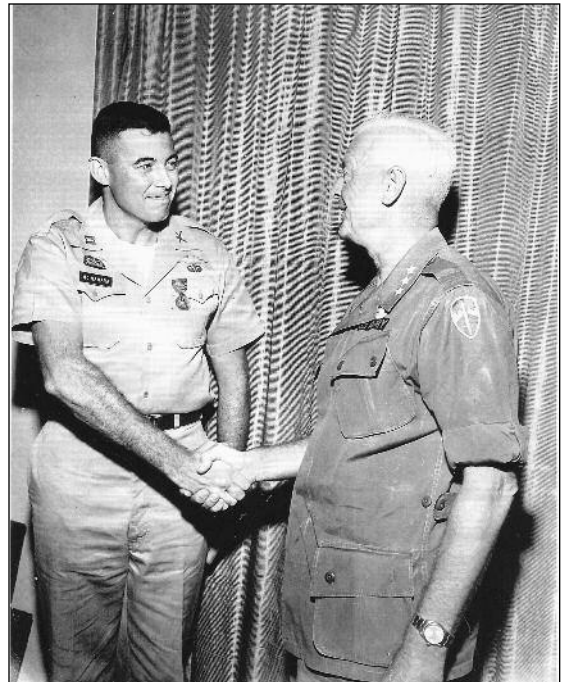
Weeks later, the Colonel told me  
To report to MACV Headquarters.  
He didn't say why, as he often didn't;  
So I naturally figured  
That someone was going to have  
My butt for any number of things  
That I'd probably done, or maybe not.

The Three-Star in Saigon  
A tired but tough, white-haired old soldier,  
Gave me the medal; and said it was the one  
He wore with the most pride.  
I believed him then and believe him now.  
...And this is what I told the young Spec 5,  
That I met three years ago;  
A Medic, who won the medal  
For what he'd done on 9/11 inside the Pentagon.

Understand, I'd been a lifeguard at the Jersey Shore—  
Had some hundred or more rescues over two summers.  
What was later easy for me, in that canal,  
Since known and practiced,  
Was hard for him and others, who hadn't been exposed  
To that horror and inhumanity on such a terrible scale.  
Mike McNamara



*Combined Field Army, ROK/US, Command Sergeant Major Mike Martin (center) and the Corps and Division Sergeants' Majors; Korea 1986.*



*Ranger Michael J. McNamara receiving the Soldier's Medal from LTG John A. Heintges for heroic action on 28 August 1965. Mike was the Senior Advisor to the 32nd Vietnamese Ranger Battalion (BDQ).*

# MERRILL'S MARAUDERS



## THE LA GANG GA AMBUSH

La Gang Ga, Burma; La Gang Ga consisted of a clearing in a heavily forested area with one remaining basha. At the upper right and lower left corners, trails entered the clearing and roughly followed the brush line converged into one larger and wider trail leading to Walawbum. The column entered The La Gang Ga clearing at the lower right corner and followed the trail leading to Walawbum. The entrance of the trail at the upper left could not be seen with the naked eye and the trail going through the clearing was hidden from view by tall grass. Only near the basha was there any indication that there was a trail. There the trail became part of a grassless, hard dirt area around the basha. Except for the trails, the clearing was covered with grass of varying heights.

Shortly after entering the La Gang Ga clearing, I felt a familiar sensation of impending danger. As I moved on line with the basha and the opposite upper left corner of the clearing, my uneasiness intensified into a definite sense that there were Japanese troops located at the opposite corner. Although I was unable to detect any evidence of the presence of Japanese, I was now certain that there were Japanese in the proximity of that upper left corner. The feeling became so strong that I told Sgt. Dave Hurwitt, who had served with me in the south pacific, and the other personnel near him that, "There are Japanese over there". Startled, but not overly excited by my positive statement of Japanese presence, the men visually checked the clearing and the bordering brush with negative results. Several of the men in front of and behind me started to laugh at me because there were no Japanese in sight. Veterans of the South and Southwest Pacific, they were not easily exited or spooked and thought that I had become frightened and that my imagination was running wild. Hurwitt knowing me and also possibly defending me against the laughter informed everyone somewhat belligerently that: "If Perrone says that there are Japanese over there, there are Japanese over there, he can sense them."

At Hurwitt's warning the line quieted down and became more alert against the remote possibility that I might be correct. The line slowed and a gap in the column developed at the turn to the Walawbum trail where the men

already on that trail continued to move, and the men in the La Gang Ga clearing slowed down and finally stopped. It was impossible to screen the brush at the opposite end of the clearing with the naked eye and there was no discernable opening in the brush to indicate that a trail existed. We had searched the opposite brush line in detail with a pair of binoculars without success and I could not discern any indication of a trail or other opening in the brush where Japanese troops might be in position. I was frustrated because the danger indicators were at a peak and I was not able to confirm the warning. Still uneasy from continuing danger indicators and certain that there were Japanese troops in our proximity despite our inability to detect them, I felt somewhat embarrassed by the failure to detect any Japanese presence and wondered if the men were right and that I had spooked for some unknown reason; however, I could not dismiss the sense of Japanese presence which was a familiar feeling for me. I have sort of a sixth sense, which alerts me to danger and had saved my life more than once. Embarrassed or not, I felt that I could not ignore the warnings since lives were at stake. I decided to cross over to the other side of the clearing to scout out possible Japanese signs. I turned and took two steps toward the clearing when our Air Liaison Officer excitedly said, "There are people over there, I think they are Japanese" and handed me his binoculars. A first glance identified the people grouped in the brush as Japanese soldiers. I can not describe the feeling of relief that I was able to see and identify the Japanese soldiers located exactly where I had sensed them. If we had passed through the La Gang Ga clearing without any sign of them, the story of Perrone and the non-existent Japanese would have followed me for the rest of my Army career.

I trained the binoculars on the area of movement and identified an opening in the brush as a possible trail entering into the clearing. There was movement by several soldiers in the opening, but they remained within the brush, a normal stop to visualize and reconnoiter a cleared area before being exposed to view. I was unable to obtain any data on the strength and composition of the Japanese formation. However, assuming command of the situation, I ordered the personal in the line to assume ambush positions and move straight back into the brush where they were standing. As we moved into positions under cover of the brush, I kept observing the Japanese and saw that they were still stopped and were milling around in the brush at the exit of the trail leading into the clearing.

In our ambush positions, we had visual cover, but except for some dips in the ground in front of us, we had

MERRILL'S MARAUDERS (CONTINUED)

very little physical cover. The Japanese were in their own rear area and felt secure from any possible enemy attack; therefore, they didn't bother to visually scout all of the clearing. This impression was borne out by their attitude of complete disregard for security measures up to the time that the ambush was sprung.

With our men hidden from view of the Japanese, I summed up our situation and estimated that there were less than 15 men. We were strung out in a single line basically in the same relative position in which we had been walking with no defensive depth or fallback positions. If we came under heavy attack, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for us to even move our flanks. Our best chance for survival was to remain in place pending reinforcements. Our group was lightly armed with carbines, pistols, a few M-1s, and a very few hand grenades. We had no automatic weapons or mortars, but we were the best that was available at that time and we could make ourselves felt.

Our only possible tactic, regardless of whether we engaged a stray patrol or the advanced guard of a major Japanese force, was to allow the Japanese to move in as close as possible and for us to fire one surprise coordinated volley to wipe out the advance patrol and cause the remaining troops to retreat back to its brush-lined end of the clearing because of the surprise attack from a non-visible enemy of unknown strength and composition. If the Japanese did so, it would give our Battalion commander time to assume overall command and control and for our rifle and weapons companies to maneuver into place for defense, offence or even a coordinated withdrawal depending on the strength of the enemy force. It might also allow the ambush group to survive and fight again. If the Japanese came in platoon or greater strength and didn't retreat to regroup and probe us prior to launching a major attack, we would cease to exist. Much depended on the size of the Japanese force crossing the clearing. If we were extremely fortunate, our basic ambush tactic might be effective. It depended on our remaining in place in our ambush positions and to inflict as heavy as possible casualties on the Japanese force. If we were successful in killing and incapacitating all of them or in forcing a retreat prior to making an attack on us, we would make no movement or take any action, which would expose our positions.

One Japanese soldier broke away from the others and stepped out of the brush onto the open trail in the clearing, however, instead of assuming the normal posture of a lead scout and moving down the trail in advance of his patrol, he slowed his pace. Immediately behind him came

another figure, an officer, and they continued to move out of the brush into the open trail heading towards us. The Japanese continued to move in single file close order. I counted a total of seven Japanese exiting the brush onto the trail. I could not determine if there were other Japanese still in the brush behind the trail, but it was possible that, there could be one or two soldiers acting as a rear guard.

The first soldier, considered a scout was armed with a nambu light machine gun, which he carried casually slung over his shoulder with the curved butt around his neck while holding it by the barrel. The second was an officer; the third and fifth were stretcher-bearers and their weapons were slung over their shoulders and not readily accessible to them; the fourth was a patient on a stretcher, the sixth and seventh were riflemen. In addition, they carried grenades and other equipment common to Japanese infantryman. The lead scout carrying the nambu constituted the only real and immediate weapon threat to our group. If the Japanese tactical formation remained the same, our basic tactic would succeed. The real threat other than being prematurely discovered and our location pinpointed to the Japanese, would come from any main force moving along that covered trail behind the Japanese patrol.

It hardly seemed possible that this patrol could be an advance guard, but the lack of professional adherence to military measures did not preclude the possibility that it was the advance guard of a main force. Their actions had to be considered against the fact that they were deep in their own rear area that had been in control of the Japanese Army until we arrived on the scene. Our actions had to be based on the assumption that this was an advance patrol that was marching an unknown distance in front of a larger Japanese force with a small rear guard maintaining contact between the forces.

An ambush site had been selected where the trail led through the barren area of ground in the front of the ba-sha. It had all of the basic requirements and probably was the best ambush site in the clearing. It was well within good target range and any of the Japanese soldiers not killed in the initial volley would be exposed if they dropped to the ground. However, there was one exception that it was a little further away than preferred for an ambush. There was a possible advantage in allowing the patrol to advance further into the clearing closer to us since it would provide time to permit any following Japanese forces to arrive at the clearing and provide us with more knowledge of their strength.

As the Japanese patrol slowly moved closer to the

MERRILL'S MARAUDERS (CONTINUED)

ambush site, I ordered that the group be prepared to fire upon my command. One of the men to my left, identity unknown interposed an objection saying: "Pat, let them come closer so I can get a better shot at them." I had no objection since; there was a definite advantage to allowing the patrol to come closer. I had switched from the binoculars to tracking the lead scout with my carbine as he approached the primary ambush site hoping for an immediate kill which would prevent him from using his nambu and thus eliminating the major weapon threat of the patrol. With others of the ambush group targeting him, it was certain that one of us would put in the killing shot. Having withheld the order to fire, I returned to observing the patrol and the surrounding brush line.

The patrol moved through the ambush site and retained its formation as it approached and I again gave the word to be prepared to fire on my command. I had been tracking the patrol with the binoculars and screening the brush line behind the patrol for any possible sign of Japanese. I saw no sign of other Japanese and there were no indications that the members of the patrol were under any particular tension. The lead scout was close enough for his facial expression to be seen clearly with the naked eye. He was completely unaware of the hostile eyes, as he walked along the trail with his nambu slung across his shoulder completely forgetful of his duties as lead scout of the patrol. He had already won a reprieve from death when we had decided to allow the patrol pass the ambush site to provide a closer target and possibly determine the strength and composition of any following Japanese troops.

As the patrol walked along, behind the lead scout, still completely unaware of any hostile presence, I watched their faces and body movements, it seemed unreal that none of them could sense the tremendous outpouring of hostility which emanated from the ambush group as we lay in the brush watching them through our sights of our weapons with our fingers on the triggers waiting for the command to fire. I observed the patrol individually and as a group and I was fully satisfied that the patrol constituted little or no real threat to our safety because they were employing no security precautions, felt no threat against their safety, were not carrying their weapons in a ready to fire position, and were concentrated like a bunch of bananas which provided a single massed target well within our firepower capabilities. As I observed the patrol moving towards us, and approaching the point where I would give the order to fire. It struck me as to how fragile our hold on life was. Except for the sheer luck of a sixth sense warning, our position could have been reversed and we could have been taken under fire by the patrol or a larger Japanese force in

a surprise attack. The ability to have observed this Japanese patrol so closely, facial expressions as well as body movements, as it disregarded every precept of security and moved across an open area as casually as though they were strolling through the main street of their home town was a never to be forgotten lesson reinforcing past experience that nothing was to be taken for granted and that any relaxation of security measures could mean the difference of the enemies or your death. Further, that there are no secure areas in a war. Regardless of circumstances, troops in a war area had to be safeguarded through every security precaution capable of neutralizing and countering an enemy surprise attack. In this instance, I was more than happy to accept every tactical advantage afforded us by the patrol's lack of security precautions.

As the patrol approached, I prepared to give the order to fire and raised my carbine. He lifted his head slightly and observed something to his right front towards the Walawbum Trail that brought him to full attention with the realization that death was staring him in the face. I have never been able to forget the look in his eyes. In a second, his facial expression went from a tiered, relaxed and carefree one to shocked utterly surprised and horrified realization that he and his patrol were dead. He never had the opportunity to warn his patrol of the danger. He started to spin to his left rear to warn his patrol and unlimber his weapon when I simultaneously fired at him and shouted the order to fire. The lead scout was dead. I probably cheated just a little bit since I believe I actually fired just before ordering the ambush group to fire. I couldn't take any chances with his remaining alive and capable of using the nambu against us. I fired two rounds into him and as he went down, I fired three more rounds at the second man in line. Within the time of firing the five rounds, all of the Japanese were on the ground and the sudden blast of gunfire that started on my order was over. I ordered cease-fire, which was not really needed since, at that time, there were no more targets available and none of the men wanted to waste any ammunition, which might be needed for any following Japanese force. Further, we wanted no more firing which would tend to disclose our positions.

*Condensed from the La Gang Ga Ambush by Dominic A. (Pat) Perrone - Reprinted with permission from the Merrills Marauders newsletter "The Burman News"*



## Once Upon A War: Just for Openers

*W. S. Allgood*

The counsel from Washington on down during WWII was: Register for the draft; wait until you are called. You will be called for service when adequate training facilities are available.

I would be registered for the draft in July 1942. Even registering seemed to smack of shirking one's duty to me; so I volunteered 19 June 1942.

A day or two later, I read in the newspaper that a Major William O. Darby, Jr., on 19 June 1942 had been authorized to recruit an assault force of volunteers from all the U.S. ground forces in the British Isles. This force would be called "Rangers" (from Roger's Rangers of the French and Indian War) to distinguish it from its model, the Commandos of Britain and other allied forces.

The response (fascinated, I read every news item about the Rangers) was overwhelming. Despite the fact that aspirants meet or exceed requirements for OCS, there were many more applicants than openings. Extremely vigorous training and grading against perfection produced six companies of 65 men each, the First Ranger Battalion.

That's the dream outfit, I kept thinking. But, fat chance-cadre in a Replacement Depot after a mere six-week Basic Training. Our Repple Depple set up outside Oran, Algeria. Some of us were quartered in the villa used pre-war by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

At the end of ground action in North Africa - May 1943, whaddaya know? - A recruiting team for the Rangers opened shop in the Depot.

Ground rules were explained one gave up all rank, back to buck private; one could return-to-unit without prejudice or dishonor up until actually permanently assigned; training would eliminate more (a few were wounded or killed in every invasion practice operation; and, one more forewarning: Hitler had issued an official order denying prisoner-of-war status to commandos of any nation and to U.S. Rangers. Any member of such forces captured - whether in proper uniform, or not - was to be "questioned," then shot.

Very up-front about this; I think there was an English rendition of the order posted on the recruiters bulletin board.

But what the Hell? We were also told that we would never be assigned an action longer than 48 hours; that by then we would have achieved our objective, or have been annihilated anyway

The Original Battalion's personnel furnished framework for newly constituted First, Third, and Fourth Battalions (Second and Fifth Battalions were formed for Normandy; the Sixth for the Pacific). I ended up as 2-I-C 1st Section, 1st Platoon, Company "E" 4th Battalion.

Initially, using the precipitous seaside rocky cliffs outside Oran, we prepared for a stealthy assault on the Italian island of Pantelleria. Two men were killed paddling inflatable rubber boats shoreward, by machine gun fire; the machine gun - firing live ammo aimed just above head high - was not adjusted by its crew when the smooth sea gradually became choppy.

This attack was scrubbed though; the island fortress surrendered to a passing U.S. Naval force (Thank heavens! The garrison there said they already had the particulars of our planned strike - the how, who, when, and where.

Back to the drawing board; this time for the bathing beach at Gela, Sicily. Exercises with the mortar ship, Prince Eugen, a refugee from Belgium; now adapted to commando use and British crewed. This time landing with flap-ended platoon sized craft. A preliminary taste of things to come began with a night bombing raid on the crowded harbor at Tunis.

Then the massed fleets feinting up and down the Mediterranean.

July 6: Stormy weather. No way to train or restrain a queasy stomach in rebellions: many variations on one theme: lemme get

**The 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion (CONTINUED)**

on that beach! The enemy can be defeated, this seasickness cannot.

A shame. The ship's crew unselfishly served up the choicest vittles they had, from grilled steak to delectable desserts. Having a stable stomach, I stuffed.

Someone choking on an anal hair could not appreciate the fact, but the storm temporarily deactivated many of the mines infesting the targeted beaches.

Slow...stop. Anchor chains rattle. Offload. 00:30 10 July 1943. Right in the middle of a record setting fireworks display. The poor snakebit paratroopers got it from both sides. The fleet thought the planes were enemy bombers, the forces on shore knew they were Allied craft (the resulting widely scattered drops actually helped, the enemy thought there were several times as many airborne troops than were actually dropped.). Heavy guns on and off shore traded massive explosions.

As our first wave approached the beaches, the fire from the shore forsook the airborne and down-shifted to concentrate on the sea-borne threat.

The heavier weapons hammered at the ships, the lighter automatic ones lavished unending streams at the landing craft. The tracers seemed thick enough to walk on, many of our number would have gladly tried, the choppy sea cruelly continued to toss stomachs as well as our clumsy little boat.

At last the fore end flapped down. Muttered last "Thanks" and "Good Lucks." We debouched onto a wide, deep expanse of sand. At debarkation, the chaos overhead registered for an instant, shrieks, moans, rumbles as the larger guns belched thunder at (Praise be!) each other. Skirmishes left, 1st Section, right, 2nd Section. Fire from buildings in from, from fortified positions right and left. Crack of rifles, chatter of machine guns, stammering snarl of submachine guns, occasional heart-thumping "Crump" of mortar shell or grenade. Lone feature, flagpole set in almost beach level concrete. Gallows humor, amusement at the frantic antics of men (myself included) trying to use the flagpole for cover. Strong points reduced, resistance reluctantly fades. Move to shelter among buildings, again aware of the grumbling overhead from the big gun duels. Whispered from some wag up front, "Now hear this, recruits may now sew on their patches. Pass it on." (One was not permitted to flaunt the prized Ranger shoulder patches until combat experienced.)

As soon as there was enough light, our platoon deployed for street fighting: 1st Section in file on left, searching ahead and right: 2nd Section similarly on right. Downtown business section, sturdy masonry buildings of 2, 3, and 4 stories. Street level shops often with living quarter above. All shop fronts protected by roll-down steel doors, all exterior stairs secured by massive doors. At an intersection, from interior of 2nd story, an expert machine gunner halts advance. His angle dominates the street, but only half of the sidewalk. Yours truly is crammed against an unyielding steel door. This skilled gunner's disciplined bursts splat and skitter along the sidewalk about a foot away, sprinkling my face with pricks of concrete. These bouncing bullets seemed to convey a personal quest, "All-good! All-Good! Fourteen-oh-nine- seven- four three?" Repeat and repeat. Frightening thought, "Hot damn! That nervy bastard has my name and serial number." A bazooka finally forced the machine gunner to withdraw.

Search teams began to clear the area as doors appeared in the intimidating blank building walls. Most were opened by the occupants after a few had been forced by battering or blasting. All opposition seemed to have vacated the city as the masses of men and weaponry thrust from the crowded beaches outside the city into the open country. Ranger patrols raced along the main roads to the outskirts. Scouts reported infantry and armor in the plains beyond, but no apparent immediate threat to our positions. Our section-miraculously still at full complement, no dead, no wounded, was detailed to furnish security for Col Darby, an aid, or two, and a combat photographer. Forming a perimeter around Darby and party, we quick marched to Gela's principal plaza. There Col Darby raised a large American flag (which he had brought ashore in his personal backpack) on the municipal flagpole. As our flag unfurled, the photographer recorded the event, generously including our section, dressed left and facing front. This was probably between 9:00 and 10:00 a.m.

A week or so later, while we were halted to re-group, we received a few copies of the regional edition of the Army newspaper, Stars and Striped, only one or two copies per platoon. The front page was mainly of the Rangers at Gela. There was the photo of Col. Darby's flag raising, showing our section, too. The copy said this was the first Allied flag to fly over liberated Axis homeland. The little newspapers were promptly and avidly read. After the initial flurry of reading, all copies mysteriously, and permanently, disappeared.

What a thrill to see our exploits in print. And what an occasion to remember. My first day in combat and we had forced a viciously defended beach, cleared a hostile town, been part of an historic event, publicly proclaimed as front page headline news, and there were still hours until noon, yet.

Quite an introduction to the Rangers.

*From the 2004 RBA Reunion Program Book*





## NO SUBSTITUTE FOR VICTORY

The Chinese were beaten. Our forces were now moving forward with minimal opposition. From General Van Fleet to GI Joe, we knew we could run the Chinese out of Korea. We heard a rumor that the development of tactical nuclear artillery would make their numbers meaningless. We heard that Gen. James Van Fleet had plans to make amphibious end runs behind the Chinese. Marines would spearhead the landings with infantry divisions of the army exploiting the lodgment. Our Ranger companies would be formed into a battalion and, with the 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team, parachute inland and isolate the battlefield - we were eager to do this.

We were pulled into reserve to do a parachute jump to maintain our qualification. We could not understand why we were not parachuting into action. We learned later that General Ridgway had forbidden our company-sized units from making these drops by ourselves. He was concerned about the probability that such small forces would be surrounded and slaughtered. If the 187th was making an airborne assault, there would be a large enough force that Ranger companies could participate. We made the one practice jump, but only two of the five Ranger companies fighting in Korea would have the opportunity to make a combat jump when they jumped with the 187th.

Even though the Chinese were in retreat, the political will of America was lacking. The threats of a wider war and a Russian attack in Europe had our allies in a panic. The British and French governments wanted out and so did the Truman administration. When MacArthur was relieved, newspapers in England cheered his relief. Seeing those who were doing their fighting being beaten, the Soviet Union proposed a truce. Talks were begun, and the Chinese sought and gained a stabilization of the lines. Now our strategy changed. Ordered to halt our advance, we were now employed in what those not on the battlefield called "limited war." War, however, is never limited for the infantryman, marine, or fighter pilot, or indeed any of those who go in harm's way. For us, war is and always will be – kill or be killed.

We made the mistake of believing the Chinese would negotiate in good faith. There should have been someone in the American State Department who knew of the philosophy of Mao Tse-tung. Mao believed that the twofold purpose of negotiations was to gain time for rebuilding and to wear the enemy down through frustration. He succeeded in both goals.

To stop our offensive while truce talks were ongoing was a mistake; the truce talks bought the Chinese the time they needed to rebuild their shattered units, reinforce, and dig in. The 8th Ranger Company had been spearheading an attack at the time the American offensive was ordered to halt. We now dug in where we were, not knowing why we were being stopped. From my position I could see a large wooded hill to our front. The hill was quiet, patrols reported it unoccupied, and it stayed that way for days.

Then in the darkness a sound came from across the way – the sound of axes ringing as trees were being cut. We could hear picks and shovels being used. Neither flares nor artillery fire stopped the work. When morning came the wooded hill had changed in appearance. The trees were gone, the timber having been used with earth to construct firing bunkers. Trenches interlocked these firing positions and barbed wire could be seen. We knew there would be mines buried to the front. By weight of numbers and absolute determination, the Chinese had turned a hill into a fortress in one night using only rudimentary tools.

We knew that many of would die if we now tried to take that hill. Word came down that we were to be relieved and that another unit would be taking over our positions. In the selfishness of self-preservation, I felt pleased. The men who replaced us had received an order to attack the hill. Several rifle companies made the attack, which was preceded by an artillery preparation that shook the Chinese positions. To the onlooker it seemed that nothing could live on that hill, but they did. When the American infantrymen came up, they were shot to pieces. In addition to machine guns, rifles, and grenades, the Chinese used white-phosphorus shells on our men. The burns were deep, and men were in agony.

I talked to a gut-shot man lying under a tree. He was an automatic rifle man, and he was angry. He gestured toward his twenty-one-pound Browning automatic rifle and told me, "I carried this damn thing all the way from Inchon and never got to fire a Shot!" The rifle units were so badly mauled that they had to be withdrawn, and we moved back into the position.

A "die-for-a-tie" attitude now prevailed. I began to despise politicians who put men in war and denied them victory. Battles would light up the night. Some nights, war would rage on the hills to our left and right, and we would be at peace. It was like having a ringside seat at Fourth of July fireworks. Then war would come to us. Parachute flares would pop and hiss, spreading a ghostly light over scarred ridges and hills. Weary men peered from holes in the earth, straining their senses, looking and listening for the dark shapes of the enemy. The distant rumble of artillery was heard, and the air would whisper death as shells passed overhead. The ground around us would leap and shudder under the violence of the enemy high explosive. Machine

**Ranger Inf Co. ABN (CONTINUED)**

guns would chatter and automatic rifles emitted a rhythmic cough, the darkness split by the red tracer bullets of the Americans and the green of the Chinese. Desperation and fear mixed with determination and courage. The song of the bullet was punctuated by exploding grenades.

In the morning the American dead were taken down from the hills. Their bodies were placed on stretchers, then covered with the olive drab poncho that once sheltered these men from rain. The poncho was not of sufficient length to fully cover the body, so the boot-covered, toes-up feet were left exposed. These boots of the infantry were often stained by water and mud, with scarred soles and heels sloped with wear. Infantry boots told a silent story of sacrifice. The previous evening this shapeless form above them had known life; ambitions and dreams, love and friendships that the silent lips had spoken of. All were now gone. Those of us who fought on would not see the weeping of a family above the yawning pit of a grave. A grassy plot, a tombstone white, visited less as years went by, occasionally guarded by a small American flag on Memorial Day, was the record of this brief life. Some of these men were scarcely known by their comrades. The memories of others would march with us throughout our lives.

In another part of Korea, men debated over the size and shape of the truce talk table and whose flag would stand the tallest. To the enemy the truce talks were another means of continuing the war. American negotiators were forced to make concessions, not by the enemy but by our political leadership. General James Van Fleet lived in our hearts as a commander who understood that victory is the only satisfactory conclusion to war. He was overruled by President Truman and Secretary of State Acheson, whose prime concern was to get out of a war that their lack of military preparedness had brought on.

The three-year war President Harry Truman called a “police action” would cost the lives of more than 33,000 Americans. Of the armies engaged, two million soldiers died and another two million civilians died in the hell of this war. The Korean War officially would end on ground very near to where it began.

Not surprisingly, all sides claimed their goals achieved. The Chinese felt they had protected their borders. Both South and North Korea could claim they were preserved. In America, war is good for business, and economic prosperity resulted. We could claim we had shown Communism that we would fight. The Europeans felt assured that America would fight for them. The Russians knew they had driven a wedge between America and China—they achieved their goal.

However, many men who fought the Korean War had an empty feeling. We did not see it as the politicians and their loyal generals did. What was all this for? Were men to die for a tie? Our political leaders had established dangerous practices. We had allowed the enemy to operate from a safe haven, to mass forces, and strike us at will. We had turned war into a public relations game where the recruiting of allies had a direct impact on American policy. Nations that provided a battalion of eight hundred men had a powerful influence on the United States, though we were supplying hundreds of thousands of men to the battlefield. Charles de Gaulle and others have noted that nations do not have friends, they have interests. Like a new kid on the block, the interests of the United States had become making friends, and the objectives of these friends are not always the best for the United States. It is not being isolationist to believe that American soldiers or those of any other army prefer to fight under their own flag. My love was for the magnificent stars and stripes of the American flag. I found no pride or will to win in United Nations blue. War by committee is stagnation.

We later came down off the hill and moved into an assembly area. The decision had been made that Ranger companies were no longer needed in this trench warfare environment. To train a Ranger was a costly and time consuming process. It required a special effort to fill gaps in Ranger units, and assaults on hills, such as we faced, were creating the need for a significant stream of new men. No politician or general would say it publicly, but it was more cost-efficient for the men in our line infantry units to be killed.

All across the front the Ranger companies were disbanded and the men transferred to other units. There were no tunes of glory, no parades, no bands playing “So long it’s been good to know you,” not even a visitor from the 24th Infantry Division saying “Thanks”. With scarcely a hiccup from the bloated belly of administration, the US Army did something to the Ranger companies that the Chinese army could not. It wiped us out.

*From “A Ranger Born” by Col. Robert W. Black with permission of Ranger Bob Black*

# STATE COORDINATOR – ADVOCATE

## **BEHIND THE SCENES, YET IN THE FOREFRONT:**

1. **Mike and Vicki McKenney** are two outstanding and very unselfish persons. Mike is serving our country and taking time with Vicki's assistance to help our Rangers. They keep a roster of the Rangers in the states of Connecticut and Rhode Island. They email, write letters, make phone calls and have dinners for those Rangers. Vicki attempts to continue these wonderful actions when Mike is deployed. **(They continue to do these great services for our service members even when Mike is on duty elsewhere).**

2. We would be remiss if we did not thank **Ralph Timmons** and all others that assisted in the services held on JUNE 6 2006 for **Alvin H. Nance** 2nd Battalion, Company D. (Rangers) at Arlington National Cemetery.

**It is ironic that Ranger Nance was laid to rest on June 6 since it was "D" day and he participated in the "D" Day landing during WWII. He and his family were always together on "D" day for a family get-together and on this day I am sure he was smiling down on them as they spent yet another "D" day together. (Rest in peace Ranger Nance)**

3. While attempting to locate someone to attend the services of **Rob Campau** of Michigan that was held on June 30th 2006 (Rob was a member of E Company 51st Infantry (LRP). He was seriously wounded during a "heavy" mission in March 1968 in which 5 other team members lost their lives) I contacted our State Coordinator for that state **Bill Postelnic**. He was unable to attend but in true Ranger fashion found a friend, Ranger **Michael J. Hilts Jr.**, who served with the 3d Battalion 75th Ranger Regiment in 1993 and 1994 and was in Ranger class 1-90. Michael volunteered to attend. This young Ranger unselfishly gave of his time to assist the family and attend the services in Michigan. **Rob's** final resting place will be Arlington National Cemetery. A ceremony with full military honors will be held at Arlington on October 06, 2006 at 1400 hours. Please attend if possible.

4. **John Kiefel** is our state Coordinator for the state of Oregon.

Recently John attended the services of **PFC Thomas Tucker** (not a 75th RRA member) in Redmond Oregon. **John** was accompanied by **George McDonnell** from "L" Company. Also in attendance were several men from the 101 Airborne. "There were rumors of the Baptist Radicals protesting but after the Law enforcement agencies explained that the community of Madras was very supportive if their fallen son and Madras was not New York or another large city that they could not guarantee their safety and it was suggested to stay home.....which they did." The town and county turned out with about 5000 people in attendance including the state Governor. The Veteran Motor Cycle Clubs were there also (about 50 of them). The procession was about 30 miles long with American flags all along the route.

John has contacted most of the County Veteran Representatives and is getting the names of the soldiers and Veterans that have served with and are currently serving in the 75th Rangers. He has gone so far as to place an article in the newspaper about the 75th RRA and how he may be contacted.

**NOTE: PFC Thomas Tucker** was one of two of our soldiers captured by insurgents in Iraq and later found deceased, dumped by the road side.

## **NOW THAT IS WHAT WE ARE ALL ABOUT!**

Please if you contact me about the "State Coordinator" program put the words "**State Coordinator**" in the subject line of your email. I receive many spam messages and do not open any messages from folks that I do not recognize. **I DO WANT TO GET YOUR MESSAGES.**

**NOW IS THE TIME TO STEP UP AND BE COUNTED!**

In the last two issues of Patrolling we were proud to let you know that we had twenty six (26) new State Coordinators sign up. Since November 2005 we have had a total of 30 folks become State Coordinators. I can not over emphasize the importance of having more than one person per state. Most states are quite large and our volunteers would have to travel many miles to support our cause. More than one person allows for a break during vacations and other important needed time. Also it allows for our State Coordinators to aid each other in carrying out their duties. It is always easier to have an assist.

**New State Coordinators:**

**Connecticut**, Mike & Vicki McKenney

**Rhode Island**, Mike & Vicki McKenney

**(That is correct they are volunteering for both states).**

**Massachusetts**, Roger Anderson

**Arkansas**, William J (Bill) Boyd

**Maryland**, Mark Turner

**Alabama**, Bryant Middleton

**Mississippi**, Bryant Middleton

**California**, Ken York

**NOTE: Bryant is covering Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi**

If you are already a State Coordinator and desire to know who else is volunteering in your state, please contact me and I will let you know. Then you may contact each other for possible support and assistance during these trying duties. Also it will be in the "Patrolling" magazine twice a year.

Remember once you have signed on we will not contact you again unless we need for you to assist. We always pray that it will not be because of a fallen comrade. If you find some effort to make in support of the Association such as hospital visits or other missions as listed in the guidelines, please contact me and let me know. We may want to have a write up about your services in the Patrolling magazine. (If you don't want it in the magazine let me know that also) We do want to recognize the unselfish assistance that you folks provide if possible. As always please contact me if you have any questions or know of anyone that desires to become a State Coordinator.

**We still have states with no State Coordinator at all. Please consider supporting our Association, LRRPs, LRP's or Rangers with this tremendously important mission.**

**States still needing Coordinators are:**

Alabama

Alaska

Idaho

Mississippi

Missouri

Montana

Nebraska

New Hampshire

North Dakota

Ohio

Oklahoma

South Dakota

Utah

Vermont

Wyoming

**NOTE: I left Alabama and Mississippi because one man is covering both of them and Florida.**

Gene Tucker

State Coordinator – Advocate

75th Ranger Regiment Association

## Special Operations Memorial Update May – November 2006

I am pleased to report no Ranger losses during the Global war on Terrorism for the past six months.

The USAR Civil Affairs community took most casualties during the period with nine losses to include **1SG Carlos Noe Saenz** and **PFC Teodoro Torres** of the 490th, CA Battalion; **SGT Nathan J. Vacho** and **CPT Shane R. Mahaffee**, 489th CA Battalion; **SFC Meredith Howard** and **SSG Robert J. Paul** of the 405th CA Battalion; **LTC Daniel E. Holland**, **SSG Carlos Dominguez** and **SSG Ronald L. Paulson**, 414th CA Battalion.

Eight losses came from the U.S. Army Special Forces, losing **CWO Scott W. Dyer**, **SSG Kyu Hyuk Chay**, **SFC William R. Brown**, and **SSG Tung M. Nguyen** of the 3rd Special Forces Group (Airborne); **SPC Daniel Winegart**, 5th Special Forces Group (Airborne); **SSG Christian Longworth**, **MSG Thomas D. Maholic**, and **SGT Eric Caban** of the 7th Special Forces Group (Airborne); and **SFC Daniel B. Crabtree** of the 19th Special Forces Group (Airborne).

**SSG James B. Wright** was added to the Memorial. He had died during training with the 10th Special Forces Group (Airborne) in 1987.

Six members of the 160th Special Operations Aviation Regiment were lost during the period, to include **CW5 Jamie D. Weeks** and **Major Matthew W. Worrall** of the 1st Battalion, SOAR; and **SGT Chris M. Eberlich**, **SPC Michael D. Hall**, **SGT Rhonald E. Meeks**, and **SGT Michael L. Wright** of Company C, 3rd Battalion, 160th SOAR.

**SRA Adam P. Servais**, USAF 23rd Special Tactics Squadron was lost on 19 August.

**SPC Adam L. Knox**, lost on 17 September, was assigned to the 303rd Psychological Operations Battalion.

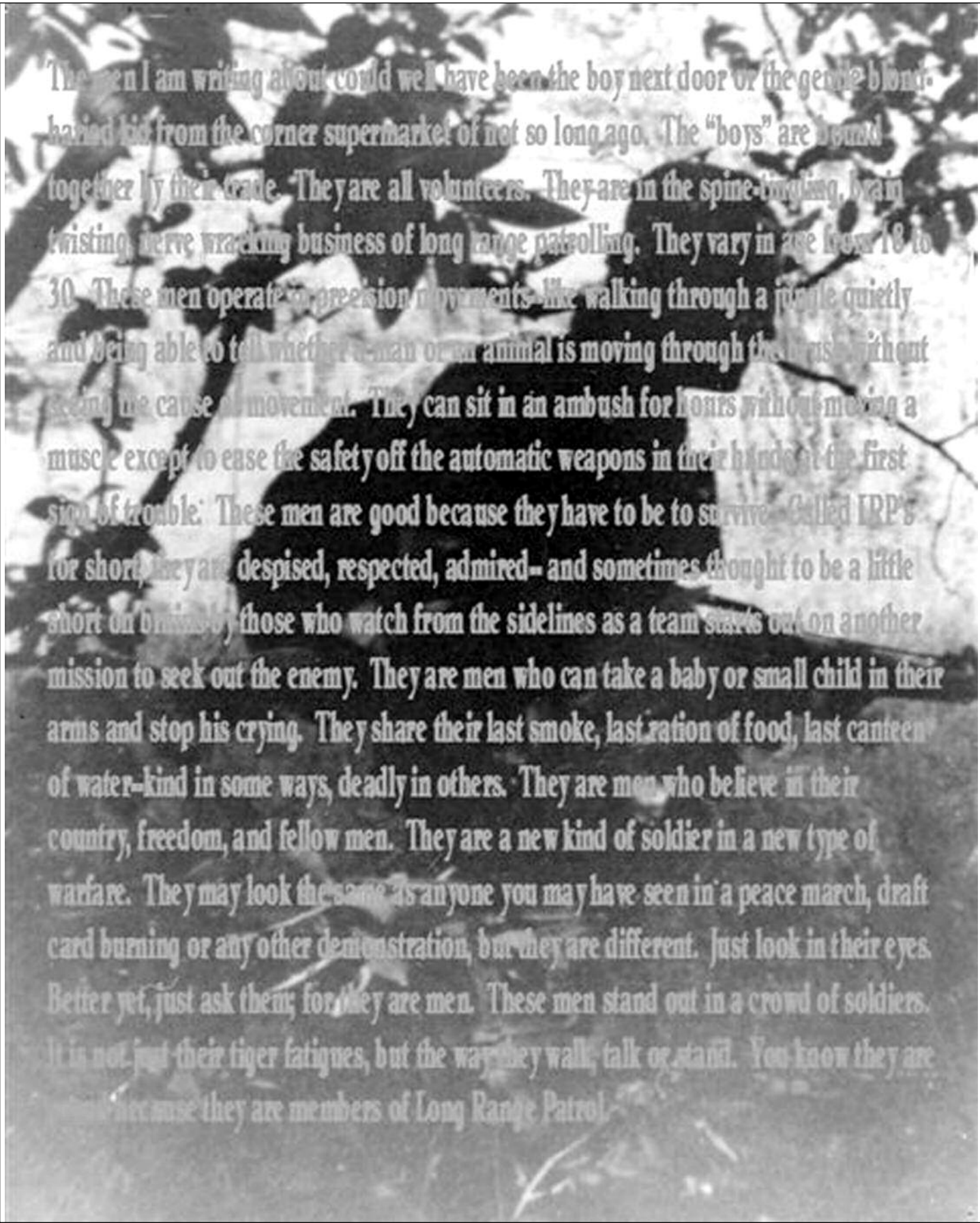
U.S. Navy SEAL Team 3 lost **AO2 Marc A. Lee** and **PO2 Michael A. Monsoor** who threw himself onto an incoming grenade, saving his comrades.

Engravings were purchased for SFC Randy Shugart who earned the Medal of Honor at Mogadishu, Somalia. This is in addition to his engraving in the MOH Section of the Memorial; **Mr. Edward Miller** and **Mrs. Kay Leonard-Cox**, retiring from USOCOM; **Lt Col David K. McCombs**, USAF Special Operations Command; **Lieutenant General John M. LeMoyne**, USA (Ret), formerly with the 2nd Ranger Battalion and the Joint Special Operations Command; **Lieutenant I. C. LeMoyne, Jr.**, USN Special Warfare Group Two; and **CSM Thomas H. Smith**, Senior Enlisted Advisor, USSOCOM.

The Special Operations Memorial Foundation did not envision the debacle of 911, and we are rapidly running out of space. Our plan is to rebuild a larger, much taller memorial on the current site, and placing the current engravings on the new structure. The new site footprint will be in the shape of the USSOCOM spear-head shoulder sleeve insignia, and provide considerably more engraving space than the current site.

During this period we have received a \$25,000 donation from **Lockheed Martin**, a \$5,000 donation from the **Raytheon Company**; \$12,500 from **Northrop Grumman**; and \$2,500 from **Mr. Thomas D. Arthur**. These donations will be added to our fund to rebuild the Special Operations Memorial.

Geoff Barker  
Director of Site Operations



The men I am writing about could well have been the boy next door or the gentle blond-haired kid from the corner supermarket of not so long ago. The "boys" are bound together by their trade. They are all volunteers. They are in the spine-tingling, brain-twisting, nerve-wracking business of long range patrolling. They vary in age from 18 to 30. These men operate in precision movements—like walking through a jungle quietly and being able to tell whether a man or an animal is moving through the brush without seeing the cause of movement. They can sit in an ambush for hours without moving a muscle except to ease the safety off the automatic weapons in their hands at the first sign of trouble. These men are good because they have to be to survive. Called IRPs for short, they are despised, respected, admired—and sometimes thought to be a little short on brains by those who watch from the sidelines as a team starts out on another mission to seek out the enemy. They are men who can take a baby or small child in their arms and stop his crying. They share their last smoke, last ration of food, last canteen of water—kind in some ways, deadly in others. They are men who believe in their country, freedom, and fellow men. They are a new kind of soldier in a new type of warfare. They may look the same as anyone you may have seen in a peace march, draft card burning or any other demonstration, but they are different. Just look in their eyes. Better yet, just ask them; for they are men. These men stand out in a crowd of soldiers. It is not just their tiger fatigues, but the way they walk, talk or stand. You know they are good because they are members of Long Range Patrol.



# **The Combat Infantryman's Badge**

**Those who wear the C.I.B. are honor bound.  
No truer sign of bravery can be found.  
“11 Bravo” is how we made our way.  
How proud we feel is difficult to say.**

**We are no braver than others who go to war,  
As time passes, sometimes we see more.  
They call us “Grunt”, but we don't mind,  
A term of respect, of one being kind.**

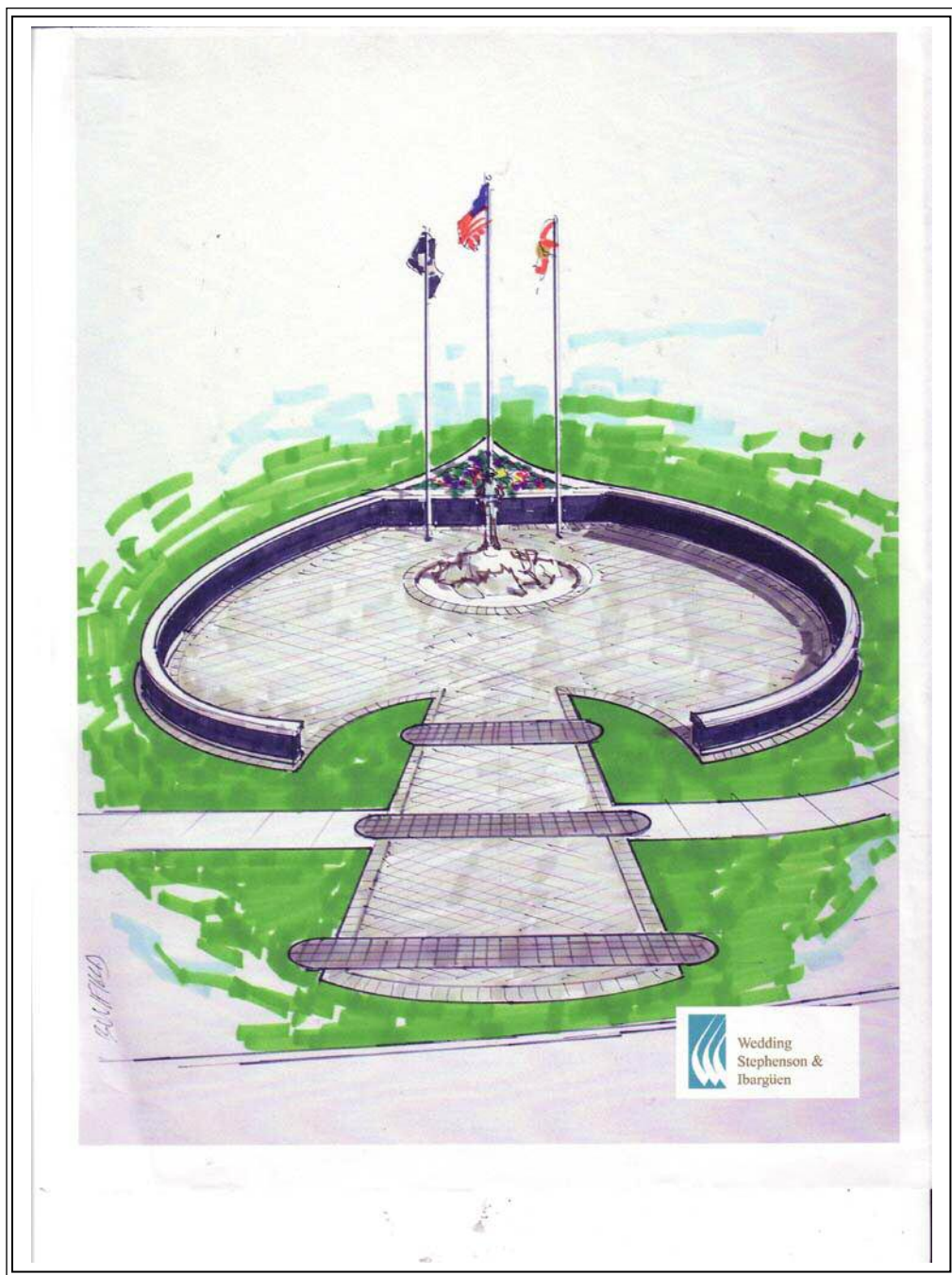
**A loaded weapon, commo, chow and water, basic human needs,  
For we are the “Infantry”, like no other breed.  
We are “The Queen of Battle,” never shall we yield,  
For our place of honor is on the battle field.**

**We feel so deeply when we lose a friend so dear,  
When no one is looking we quietly shed a tear.  
For we are the Infantry, we have to think we're the best,  
For we wear the C.I.B. pinned proudly, proudly on our chest.**

***Michael Monfrooe USA Ret.***

# Special Operations Memorial Foundation, Inc.

Planned expansion of the Special Operations Memorial Site



Our objective is to completely rebuild the memorial much higher following the design of the USSOCOM spear-head insignia.. Our goal is completion in time to meet the 20th Anniversary of the activation of USSOCOM in 2007.

## BOOK REVIEW

# The Road to Unafraid

“How the Army’s Top Ranger Faced Fear and Found Courage Through “Black Hawk Down” and Beyond”, W Publishing Group, Nashville, Tennessee, 2006, 210 pages  
by Chaplain (Ranger) Jeffrey Struecker with Dean Merrill

The back cover accurately describes this book as “harrowing account of one soldier’s courageous battle to stay faithful to his mission, his men, his family, and his God in the midst of modern warfare’s calamity and chaos.” The book is popular reading in both Christian and military circles and can be found easily on Amazon.com if not in your local bookstore.

At two am after two days of reading, I finally put it to bed because I could not stop reading. The book was an intense story of a young 18-year old boy joining the Army asking to be a Ranger and his growing up through the ranks in the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment. Along the way he intensified his Christian faith with a desire to enter the ministry and almost left the Army. Instead, he chose the Chaplaincy after first earning his Bachelor’s at night and then entering Divinity School where he was accepted into the Army Chaplaincy. But before you get there, there is an exciting Ranger story that Ranger Jeff describes his Ranger training and combat activities in every U.S. initiative since Panama. For us older Rangers, The Road to Unafraid gives a review of Ranger combat activities over the past many years and an in-depth review of what Ranger training has become.

First the title, why “Unafraid.” Aren’t all Rangers unafraid anyway? As Chaplain Struecker points out that the Rangers will accept the scariest, hardest, most dangerous, and most challenging mission that one can think of and will run towards the fight where others will run from it. As he says line up any hundred Rangers and ask them if they’ve “ever been afraid?” Chances are that one will get no takers. For Rangers from prior wars, we know today what those fears generate years later and what personal costs result from burying those fears. I believe that the Chaplain has a simple message that most of us could benefit. Plus it probably won’t be the first time that we realized the bottom line of that message. But in Jeff Struecker’s explanations, we will understand it much better.

He admits, however, that he has been afraid more than once or twice during his 13 years in the Ranger Regiment and believes that many share the same fears as those who have never wore the uniform- fear of death, losing your valued relationships, and many other situations. What he speaks to in his book is how to find the courage to rise above these fears and offers examples of the threats and overcoming panic that they generate.

What I found interesting in the book was so much *déjà vu* from the Vietnam era that still exists today that I thought had passed its time away. As Chaplain Struecker described his trip, I was extremely proud of our young Rangers and the rigors that they face in their efforts. At our reunions, I have met these impressive men but they are too modest to tell their story. I am glad that Chaplain Struecker put it on the table. He described his courting and married life with his wife and five children. Very few books have ever described what Ranger families face when the men are away but Ranger Jeff takes extra efforts to make it known in this book to write that when Rangers go to war – it is a family effort and sacrifice.

Although all the conflicts were discussed and he faced some combat in each, the event in Somalia with Black Hawk Down was no doubt life changing for him and for the many others. He spoke of how Rangers were not treated fairly after they had given so much in that effort. Many careers were not restored until the book and movie became popular. When you read the book, you will learn inside secrets that are not shown accurately in the movie- in which SGT Struecker played an important role.

## BOOK REVIEW CONT.

After the conflict and back at base where the many dead and wounded Rangers were, he shares his counseling with his men who came to speak with him about what would happen to those that died. He told them “What I do know is what the Bible says about all this: ‘It is destined that each person dies only once and after that comes judgment’ [Hebrews 9:27]. If a guy has put his faith and trust in Jesus Christ, he goes to heaven. If not—If not—Unfortunately, he doesn’t. I wish I could tell you otherwise. But I don’t make the rules, you know. I’m just trying to give you the Bible answer to your question.”

After he returned he was the eventual winner of Army’s Best Ranger competition and also an instructor for the Ranger Indoctrination Program (RIP), an experience, that perhaps helped him obtain an important assignment with an ROTC unit in Louisville, KY where he would attend seminary. That assignment helped him graduate debt free (with using the GI Bill). However, in his last few months of seminary, he gave up the ROTC position for an unpaid Chaplain candidate commission as a Second Lieutenant that also gave him a practice opportunity to become an interim pastor. After graduation, there was Ft Jackson Chaplaincy School, an 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne chaplaincy assignment, and then at last, an assignment as a Chaplain with the Second Ranger Battalion at Ft. Lewis at the end of 2003. At last he was home with his Rangers and felt that God had given a platform to guide young Rangers towards his Savior for which he was truly grateful.

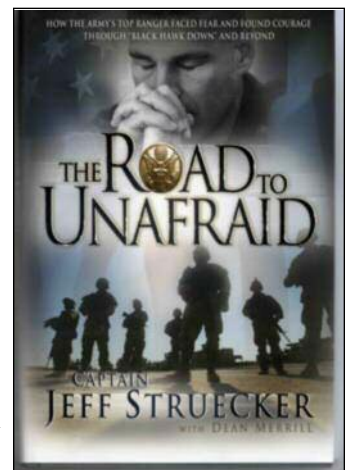
One of the most touching parts of the book is where Captain Struecker was in Afghanistan along the Pakistani border in 2004 in Osama bin Laden’s neighborhood. As the Russian-made 10-millimeter rockets walked their way very close to small outpost where he and a few soldiers were, as the fourth rocket blasted nearby, he thought “*Al-Qaeda knows exactly where we are. They’ve landed short, then landed long- now here it comes... I thought of Dawn (his wife) and the kids back home. God. I don’t want to leave her to raise five children on her own! I prayed. That’s way too much to ask of any woman. My family really needs me. ...more than any man here. I know where I am headed. From an eternal perspective, I shouldn’t be the one to shrink from death.*”

The Road to Unafraid is not a foxhole Christian book – it is a true Ranger autobiography book from one who has been there for many years and from one who deeply cares for the souls of our Rangers. Chaplain (Captain) Struecker shares his moments where God met him and delivered peace in the midst of certain death. He recounts his journey of becoming a full-time chaplain so he could teach his fellow Rangers how to have the “peace that passes all understanding.” His sometimes-shocking stories assure you that “the difference between being a coward and a hero is not whether you’re scared, it’s what you do while you’re scared.”

After reading The Road to Unafraid, I had this strange feeling that that all Rangers who follow Chaplain Struecker’s counsel and meet St. Peter at the Pearly Gates for their final decision with road map, it should be refreshing to hear St. Peter ‘as the old military story goes’ —“Ranger, you have already seen your time in Hell, your orders assign you up there with Chaplain Struecker. Have a nice eternal life. Do not be afraid. Airborne!”

If your library, church, or your college does not have this book, take the brave step and give it a golden recommendation with a request that they purchase it. People need to know what young men go through to become Rangers, what they face, the courage they must have, and how they can handle their fears. Americans need to know the military soldiers who are in the lead in protecting their future.

Reviewed by Rev (Dr) Jim Savage, LTC USA Rtd, I Co Ranger RVN (69-70). Jim is the 75<sup>th</sup> RRA Co-Legal Advocate, a retired JAG, Federal attorney and professor. He has been listed many times in Marquis Who’s Who in America, ... in American Law, ... in the East, and Who’s Who in the World for the past twenty years.



# 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 **2006**” it means your membership number is 0628 and your dues were paid through **30 June of 2006**. Annual dues are \$25 and you may pay them at any time during the membership year or if you want to pay ahead you can pay for multiple years. Dues can be paid by check, credit card (MC/VISA), or payment can be made online using Pay Pal. Check your address label now and see when your membership year ends. **WE WILL BE MAILING STATEMENTS THIS YEAR. EVEN IF YOU ARE A LIFE MEMBER, YOU WILL GET A STATEMENT.** Life Membership is \$250 and can be paid by check in up to five monthly installments or by credit card. Mail your dues to: **75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regt. Assoc., P. O. Box 10970, Baltimore, MD 21234.** If you have a question on your membership status you may contact me at that address, or email: [john.chester3@verizon.net](mailto:john.chester3@verizon.net) or call (410) 426-1391. The following have joined, rejoined, or became Life Members in the association since the last issue of “Patrolling”.

## LIFE MEMBERS

ALVAREZ	PETER E.	
ANDERSON	WILLIAM L.	9TH INF DIV
AVILES	NAZARIO	VII CORPS
AYERS	DELBERT L.	I FFV
BUCKLEY	BILL G.	4TH INF DIV
COLLINS	LARRY D.	101ST ABN DIV
DIETRICH	MAX J.	RGT
DOMINGUEZ	RUBEN G.	9TH INF DIV
DUPONT	DONALD W.	9TH INF DIV
FOUNTAIN III	AUGUSTUS W.	RGT
FRAZIER	MIKE	II FFV
HORNE	WILLIAM J.	173RD ABN BDE
JACKS	DANNY	23RD INF DIV
KATSI	PHILIP J.	9TH INF DIV
KERCADO	LIDIO	B/75
KLIMEK	DAVID J.	1ST CAV
LAMPHERE	MARC N.	I FFV
LEWIS	EDWARD E.	INDIANA NATL GUARD
LORING, JR	EUGENE J. (CHIP)	173RD ABN BDE
MACOMBER	STEVEN H.	173RD ABN BDE
MANSFIELD	GORDON H.	
MARTIN	POWELL L.	4TH INF DIV
MEADE	JOHN S.	II FFV
MRKVICKA	WILLIAM	25TH INF DIV
NELSON	RICHARD (HERD)	D/75
PECK	DOUGLAS J.	25TH INF DIV
PIPKIN	LEE ROY	173RD ABN BDE
REGENTHAL	DAVID	25TH INF DIV
ROBINSON	DONALD L.	101ST ABN DIV
ROSENSWEIG	R. MICHAEL	1ST FFV
RUBINSTEIN	MICHAEL E.	1ST FFV
STACEY	WILLIAM C. SR	4TH INF DIV
TARVER	DANIEL J.	1ST CAV
THAYER	JOHN	RGT
WARD	STEPHEN G.	1ST CAV
ZACHERL	DONALD H.	RGT
ATHANASIOU	THOMAS C.	RGT

## REGULAR MEMBERS

CALDERON	STEPHEN	II FFV
GRACE	WILLIE	1ST INF DIV
HENDERSON	RIVKY L.	A-75
JACKSON	KENNETH D.	RGT
LAVEYRA	RYAN J.	RGT
LEERBURG	CRAIG L.	1ST CAV
McGHEE	MARK J.	RGT
MEYER	HARRY M.	BDQ
RALEIGH	RONALD W.	101ST ABN DIV
RANTA	FREDERICK L.	25TH INF DIV
SMITH	STEVEN O.	
		INDIANA NATL GUARD
VEGA	CHAD	RGT
WAGAMAN SR.	DONALD W.	VII CORPS
WALL	RICHARD J.	1ST CAV
ZOPH	TODD L.	RGT
ALLCHIN	ROBERT F.	RGT
BAD MILK	RICHARD M.	I FFV
COSTELLO	DONALD G.	173RD ABN BDE
CRAWFORD	JEROME E.	INDIANA NAT GUARD
DUNN	RONALD	25TH INF DIV
ELLIS	KENNETH W.	LRS
FLANNERY	TRISTAN	RGT
HALL	TERRY W.	INDIANA NAT GUARD
HENDRICKS	GENE	INDIANA NAT GUARD
HENRY	ARTHUR R.	V CORPS
MANNING	CLIFFORD M.	23RD INF DIV
MURPHY	STEVEN J.	RGT
PETTIBONE	DONALD B.	1ST CAV
REDDOOR	CHARLES BEARFIGHTER	
		9TH INF DIV
ROBINSON	VICTOR	II FFV
STOTTS	LARRY W.	II FFV

# FAMILY FUND

The following individuals have contributed to the Family Fund. This list represents individuals who have been processed prior to the magazine deadline. Our thanks go out to all who have participated again this year.

HOLECEK	JOHN	BDQ	ZELLNER	RONALD A.	25TH INF DIV
BLISS Jr.	TONY A.	101ST ABN DIV	CRAWFORD	ROBERT C.	4TH INF DIV
DEARING	ROBERT W.	101ST ABN DIV	BAKER	SIDNEY F. JR	BDQ
CALLAHAN	GREGORY F.	199TH INF BDE	HORTON	GARY	RGT
MARKOVICH	DALE L	1ST CAV	MAY	KEONI	101ST ABN DIV
DISCHINGER	ROBERT A.	1ST FFV	DUDLEY	RICHARD R.	173RD ABN BDE
MILLS	MICHAEL	1ST INF DIV	McSORLEY	JAMES	173RD ABN BDE
NEWCOMBE	M.G.	1ST INF DIV	WARNER #709606	MICHAEL	1ST FFV
WALSH	TIMOTHY C.	25TH INF DIV	COTNER	DON B.	1ST INF DIV
CUELLAR	DAVID P.	BDQ	POWERS	BILLY E.	4TH INF DIV
ROCKWELL	WILLIAM J.	BDQ	WEST	BRIAN G.	4TH INF DIV
FITZGERALD	WILLIAM F.	II FFV	NORTON	GARRY W.	5TH MECH
EVERMAN	JASON M.	RGT	HAGAN	DENNIS P.	D/75
ORAMA	DAVID A.	RGT	WAYNE	JEFF	RGT
PORTER	WARREN J.	RGT	BENEFIELD	HULETTE S.	101ST ABN DIV
RAMEY	ROBERT	RGT	BLANCK	JOSEPH D.	101ST ABN DIV
DISTRETTI	LOUIS J.	101ST ABN DIV	LEGENDRE	STEVE	101ST ABN DIV
FITTS	PETER	101ST ABN DIV	MAGILL	JAY R.	101ST ABN DIV
TOWERS	WALTER	101ST ABN DIV	MENDOZA	JOSE	101ST ABN DIV
WELLS	BERNARD J.	1ST CAV	PENCHASKY	MICHAEL J.	101ST ABN DIV
ERICKSON	GENE W.	1ST FFV	ROTHWELL	DAVE	101ST ABN DIV
JOHNSTON	L.M.	1ST FFV	SAENZ JR.	LAWRENCE	101ST ABN
STEIN	ROBERT G.	1ST FFV	VEGA	CRAIG D.	101ST ABN DIV
CLARK	JAMES L.	23RD INF DIV	BANKER	GARY W.	173RD ABN BDE
ODGERS	JAMES F.	23RD INF DIV	GOWEN	DAVID J.	173RD ABN BDE
NEWSOM III	ROBERT M.	25TH INF DIV	LILHOLT	JOHN E.	173RD ABN BDE
SCHOMMER	THOMAS A.	25TH INF DIV	LORING, JR	EUGENE J. (CHIP)	173RD ABN BDE
WEARMOUTH	CRAIG E.	25TH INF DIV	PARSONS	PHILLIP	173RD ABN BDE
WINKLEMAN	ED	25TH INF DIV	STOUCH	ROBERT M	173RD ABN BDE
BURKE	JAMES J.	4TH INF DIV	PREVATT	JACK	196TH INF BDE
HEALD	GARY L.	4TH INF DIV	DOUGHERTY	PATRICK	199TH INF BDE
LEISING	ROY L.	4TH INF DIV	FUCHE	JACK B.	199TH INF BDE
THOMAS	BOB	4TH INF DIV	HELL	JAMES C.	199TH INF BDE
FERGUSON	LUKE B.	5TH MECH	WARD	STEPHEN G	1ST CAV
McNULTY	DAVID	5TH MECH	BOURNE	CHARLES D.	1ST FFV
BLOCK (RET)	WILLIAM D	RGT	SEABAUGH	RONALD K.	1ST FFV
FOULK	WILLIAM	RGT	VAUGHN	CHARLES E.	1ST FFV
RUSSELL, JR.	PETER G.	RGT	MCMAHON	THOMAS W.	1ST INF DIV
SIMONETTI	STEVEN A.	RGT	ADAMS	HARRY D.	23RD INF DIV
TURNER	MARK W.	RGT	CLEVINGER	DENNIS D.	23RD INF DIV
NORRIS	CARL		STEWART JR.	ALFRED C.	23RD INF DIV
WILLIAMS JR.	CEPHUS E.		TONEY	NATHANIEL	23RD INF DIV
MCCABE	DOUGLAS	BDQ	COOK	SCOTT	25TH INF DIV
BOURNE	KURT	RGT	DOWNEY	MYLES C.	25TH INF DIV
BOILARD	DAVID W.	25TH INF DIV	EASTMAN	F. R.	25TH INF DIV
DURANT	CARL A.	25TH INF DIV	LEMONDS	GARY L.	25TH INF DIV



# FAMILY FUND

MAYRAND JR	L. PHIL	25TH INF DIV	JUTTON	MARK T.	RGT
NARDELL	STEPHEN	25TH INF DIV	KINNEY	JAMES P.	RGT
OSMAN	ANDREW	25TH INF DIV	KYLE	KEITH	RGT
PECK	DOUGLAS J.	25TH INF DIV	McKENNEY	MICHAEL D.	RGT
PONZILLO	MARK	25TH INF DIV	PAULHUS	PRESCOTT A.	RGT
TROSTEL	BYRL	25TH INF DIV	PFAFF	JAMES A.	RGT
JENTZ	EDWARD M.	3RD INF DIV	RUSH, JR.	TOPPER	RGT
BOSLEY	KENNETH WAYNE	4TH INF DIV	SAYERS	KURT A.	RGT
BRISTOL	DAVID L.	4TH INF DIV	STEIN	GREGORY M.	RGT
DAVIS JR.	RAYMOND P.	4TH INF DIV	WILLIS	JAMES D.	RGT
FLANAGAN	LAWRENCE	4TH INF DIV	PARRISH	ROBERT D.	RTB
LICHNOVSKY	GERALD J.	4TH INF DIV	GREBINSKI	MICHAEL A.	TAB
MELANSON	DONALD	4TH INF DIV	COLE	RICHARD R.	V CORPS
MILLER	BOB	4TH INF DIV	EVERHART	CALVIN B.	V CORPS
TRUEBLOOD	TED	4TH INF DIV	HANSEN	DALE	V CORPS
FORINGER	RICHARD K	5TH MECH	JONES	STANLEY W.	V CORPS
HOLTEY	THOMAS R.	5TH MECH	McCLUNG	RICHARD M.	V CORPS
OLESKEVICH	WILLIAM C.	5TH MECH	O'STEEN	SONNY JOE	V CORPS
TURNER	BOBBY RAY	5TH MECH	SANCHEZ	THOMAS A.	V CORPS
WAGONER	DANIEL K.	5TH MECH	SILVER	HARVEY W.	V CORPS
BOOTH	ALAN D.	9TH INF DIV	WHITE	DARRYL K.	V CORPS
GODBOLT, JR.	JAMES P.	9TH INF DIV	MITCHELL	EDWIN A.	VII CORPS
HERNANDES	BOB	9TH INF DIV	DALE	STEPHEN D.	
METE	DAVID J.	9TH INF DIV	FULTON	RICHARD	
SMITH	CLANCY A.	9TH INF DIV	JEANS	TERRENZ H.	
STETSON	RICK	9TH INF DIV	MANSFIELD	GORDON H.	
ALLEN	ROY E.	BDQ	WISNIEWSKI	PAUL E.	
DANNER	ALFRED J.	BDQ	DAVIS	FRANCIS X.	25TH INF DIV
HANSON	CHARLES K.	BDQ	AGUERO	ROY A	101ST ABN DIV
KEEFE	DAVID W.	BDQ	JOHNSTON	ROBERT P.	101ST ABN DIV
MARTIN	MICHAEL N.	BDQ	THOMAS JR.	CHARLES W.	101ST ABN DIV
SCHRAGE	WILLIAM K.	BDQ	BUSH	JOHN E.	101ST ABN DIV
SCHWARTZ	WILLIAM L.	BDQ	HINES	MICHAEL C.	173RD ABN BDE
TRUHAN	STEPHEN M.	BDQ	NUNNALLY III	DOUGLAS	173RD ABN BDE
WIJAS	RODNEY	BDQ	WELKE	JOESPH R.	173RD ABN BDE
ZAGLAUER	HANS P.	BDQ	BAKER	PAUL	199TH INF BDE
BURKE	JOHN	II FFV	BLUE	THOMAS E.	199TH INF BDE
PICKLE	LARRY	II FFV	BOLTON	L . WORTH	1ST FFV
BLANDFORD	THOMAS R	INDIANA NAT GUARD	MAKINO	ROBERT K.	1ST INF DIV
BUSSELL	GARY L.	INDIANA NAT GUARD	BOYD III	WILLIAM J.	25TH INF DIV
WEBB	JAMES H.	INDIANA NAT GUARD	McCLINTOCK	MIKE	3RD INF DIV
DELANEY	TAVIS J.	INDIANA NAT GUARD	BARRY	THOMAS M.	4TH INF DIV
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ALLEN	RICHARD A.	RGT	JOYCE	JAMES S.	4TH INF DIV
EDMUNDS	JOHN R.	RGT	McCARTHY	ROBERT	4TH INF DIV
ERNST	GAIL	RGT	MIDDLETON	BRYANT E.	4TH INF DIV
FOUNTAIN II	CHARLES M.	RGT	SINCLAIR	MARVIN L.	4TH INF DIV
FRAGAS	THOMAS	RGT	TRIMBLE	JAMES T.	4TH INF DIV
INGRAHAM	KEVIN R.	RGT	FEMIANO	LEWIS J.	5TH MECH

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TANNER	CLYDE	5TH MECH	THOMAS III	ROBERT W.	4TH INF DIV
CROSS	EDWARD M.	9TH INF DIV	DAVIS	WILLIAM R.	5TH MECH
JONES	HILAN	9TH INF DIV	NELSON	ROY D.	9TH INF DIV
MASICK	JOHN J.	9TH INF DIV	WEBB	VINCENT C.	9TH INF DIV
REDDOOR	CHARLES BEARFIGHTER		WENTE	ALLEN	9TH INF DIV
		9TH INF DIV	TRIFARO	FRANK	A/75
WATSON	WESLEY F.	9TH INF DIV	NOLEN	RAYMOND D.	BDQ
WHITSON	GREGORY T.	9TH INF DIV	SCHOLES	EDISON E.	BDQ
SIMPKINS	JAMES M.	B/75	WATERS	JAMES K.	BDQ
JACKSON	BOBBY J.	BDQ	WOODALL	JACK D.	BDQ
MILLER	WILLIAM D.	BDQ	HALFACRE	NOAH E.	FORT BENNING
WANDKE	RICHARD (TEX)	BDQ	EDGELL	RICHARD	INDIANA NAT GUARD
KOMINITSKY	VAN	II FFV	FOOTE	STEPHEN D.	RGT
ROBINSON	VICTOR	II FFV	RASCON III	THOMAS M.	V CORPS
DUNN	THEODORE F.	INDIANA NAT GUARD	RUCKER	GLENN H.	V CORPS
DAVENPORT	ROBERT E.	RGT	SMITH JR.	CHESTER	V CORPS
KELSO	MICHAEL	RGT	BISHOP	RONALD H.	V CORPS
SHIPLEY	COLIN E.	RGT	LIGHTFOOT	R. HENRY	VII CORPS
SMITH	MARK	RGT	FARLEY	LEE	V CORPS
TRUMBLE	THOMAS N.	RGT	CHEEK	CHARLES	9TH INF DIV
VANCE	JOEL F.	RGT	TEES	HANS	BDQ
WILLIFORD	GORDON N.	RGT	DAHLE	RONALD K.	V CORPS
HARRIS	STANLEY V.	V CORPS	MONTAGUE	LARRY E.	V CORPS
ROTH	ROBERT G.	V CORPS	ACKERSON	GENE L.	101ST ABN DIV
HANDLIN	JAMES M.	VII CORPS	COPELAND	ROBERT S.	9TH INF DIV
GRAZIER	RUSSELL B.		KRAKOW	PAUL J.	9TH INF DIV
TESSENHORN	RONALD L.	9TH INF DIV	BOHTE	BILL	V CORPS
KRAFT	BRIAN L.	101ST ABN DIV	MACINNIS	JOSEPH R.	V CORPS
HERMAN	HAL	173RD ABN BDE	FOSTER	RICHARD	VII CORPS
HENDERLEITER	TIM J. SR	199TH INF BDE	CASSILLY	JOESPH I.	25TH INF DIV
BAKKIE	MICHAEL J.	1ST CAV	FRASER	ROBERT W.	4TH INF DIV
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JENKINS	FREDDIE D.	9TH INF DIV	BELL	HARRY C.	RGT
WHEALTON	TED	BDQ	BISHOP	TERRY W.	5TH MECH
McGRATH	DOUGLAS G.	RGT	MITSCH	WAYNE	4TH INF DIV
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ZELLER	ALBERT F.	RTB			
DeMARA JR	DANIEL J.	1ST CAV			
McCRARY	GLEN S.	1ST CAV			
CONNELLY	ANDREW	1ST FFV			
GOLDEN	CHESTER N.	1ST FFV			
WIER	THOMAS D.	1ST FFV			
HASTINGS	JOHN W.	23RD INF DIV			
WELLS	ROBERT W.	23RD INF DIV			
BERNARD	MEL T.	25TH INF DIV			
BRANTLEY	WILLIAM D.	25TH INF DIV			
HART	WILLIAM R.	25TH INF DIV			
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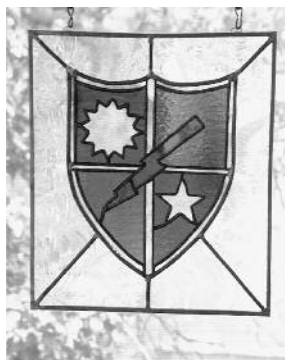
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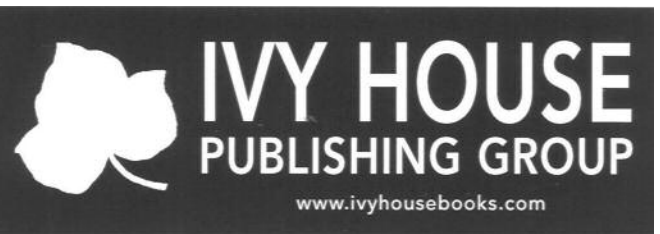
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**Note: As of December 14, 2006, there are only about 150 prints of God's Own Lunatics left in the limited edition of 1,000.**

Joe's prints may be seen at

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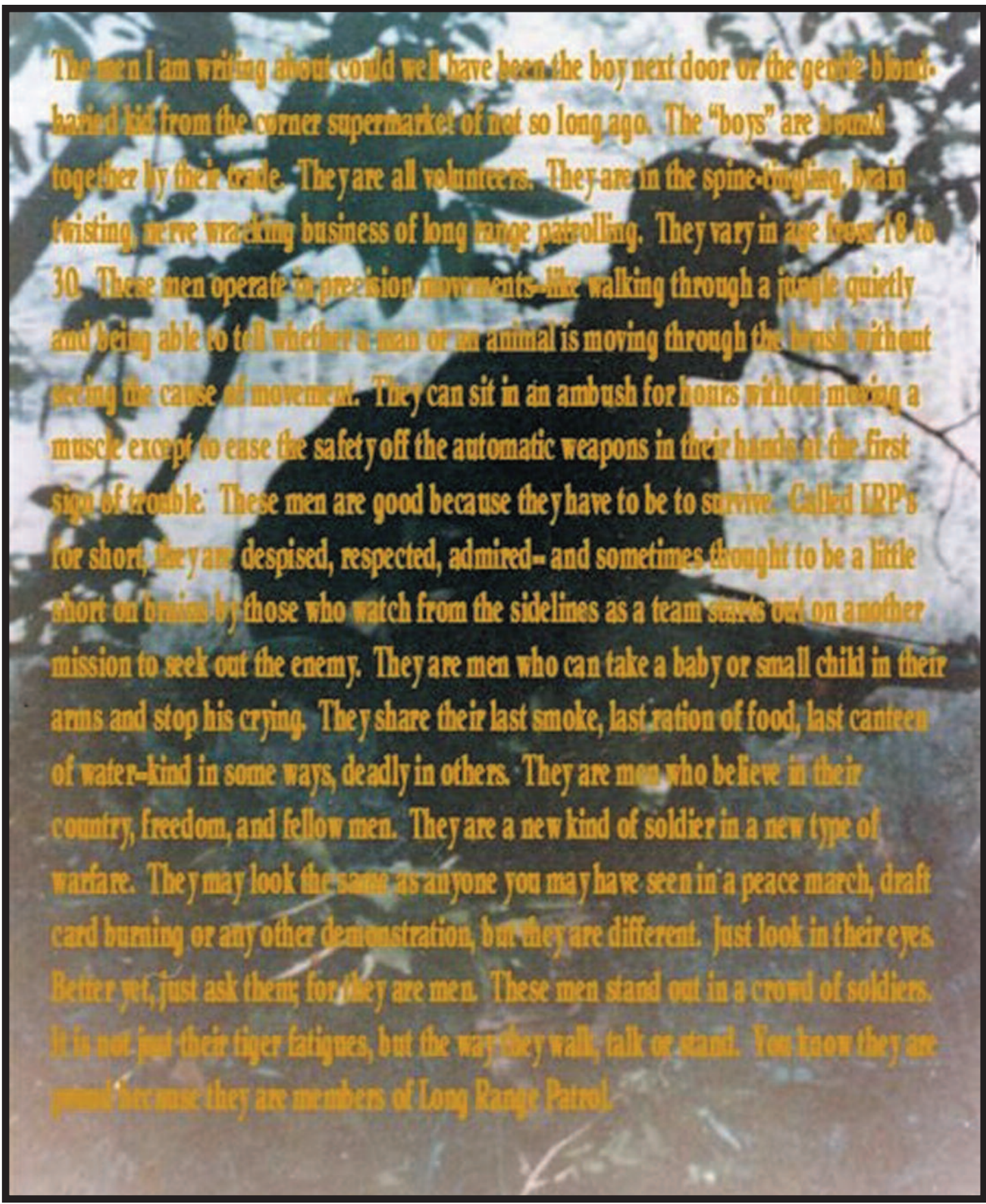
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The background image shows a soldier in a jungle environment. The soldier is wearing a helmet and a dark uniform, and is holding a rifle. The scene is filled with dense foliage and trees, creating a sense of being in a jungle. The text is overlaid on this image, and the soldier's face is not clearly visible.

The men I am writing about could well have been the boy next door or the gentle blond-haired kid from the corner supermarket of not so long ago. The "boys" are bound together by their trade. They are all volunteers. They are in the spine-tingling, brain twisting, nerve wracking business of long range patrolling. They vary in age from 18 to 30. These men operate in precision movements-like walking through a jungle quietly and being able to tell whether a man or an animal is moving through the brush without seeing the cause of movement. They can sit in an ambush for hours without moving a muscle except to ease the safety off the automatic weapons in their hands at the first sign of trouble. These men are good because they have to be to survive. Called LRP's for short, they are despised, respected, admired- and sometimes thought to be a little short on brains by those who watch from the sidelines as a team starts out on another mission to seek out the enemy. They are men who can take a baby or small child in their arms and stop his crying. They share their last smoke, last ration of food, last canteen of water-kind in some ways, deadly in others. They are men who believe in their country, freedom, and fellow men. They are a new kind of soldier in a new type of warfare. They may look the same as anyone you may have seen in a peace march, draft card burning or any other demonstration, but they are different. Just look in their eyes. Better yet, just ask them; for they are men. These men stand out in a crowd of soldiers. It is not just their tiger fatigues, but the way they walk, talk or stand. You know they are good because they are members of Long Range Patrol.





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