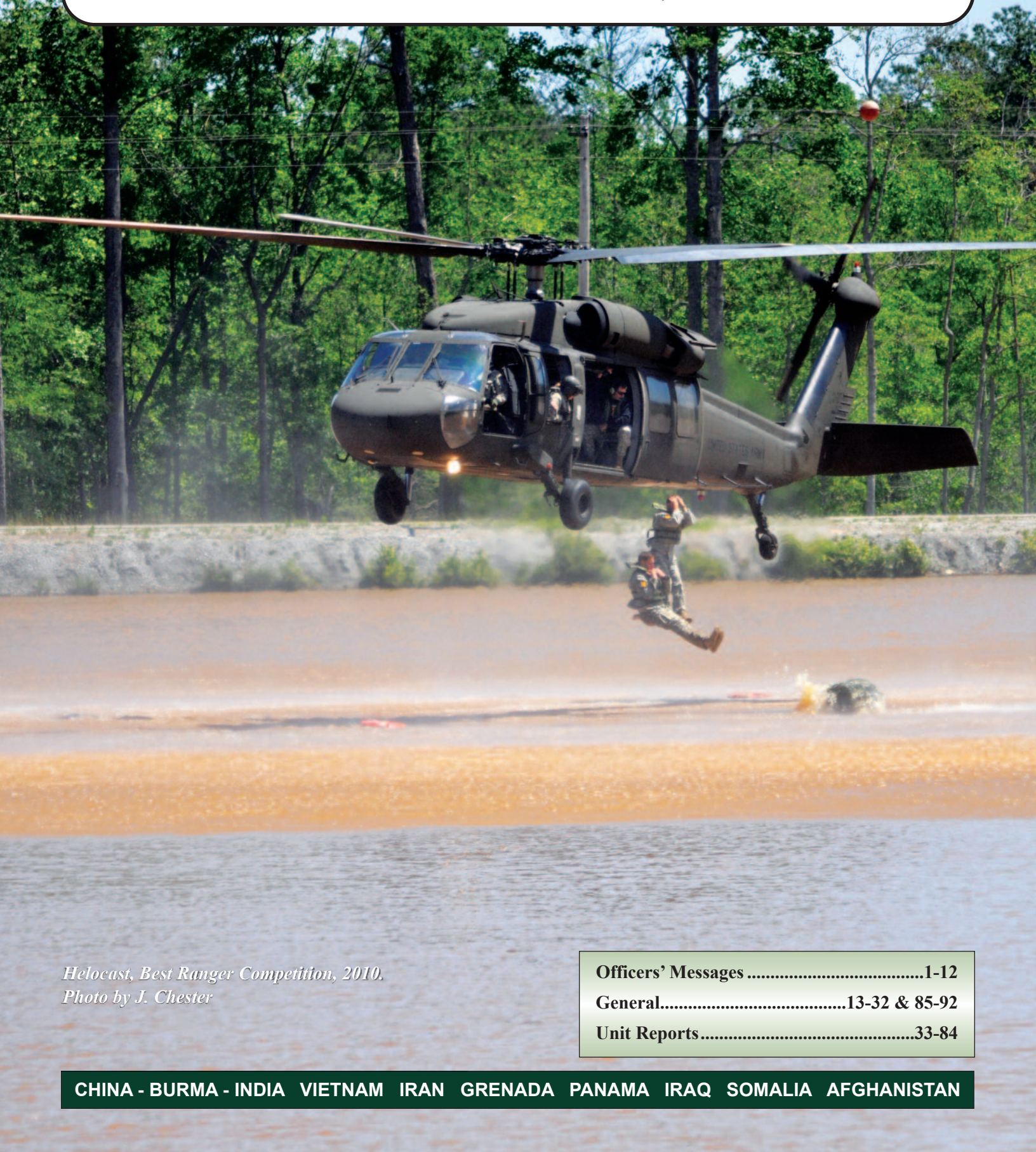


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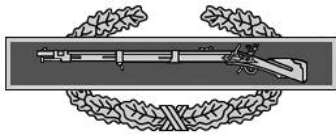
SUMMER 2010 75TH RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION, INC. VOLUME 25 ISSUE I



*Helocast, Best Ranger Competition, 2010.
Photo by J. Chester*

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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.

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.

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.

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 contributed to each of the three Battalion's Memorial Funds and Ranger Balls, and to the Airborne Memorial at Ft. Benning.

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.

PRESIDENTS:

1986-1988	Bob Gilbert
1988-1990	Billy Nix
1990-1992	Bob Gilbert
1992-1994	Roy Nelson (resigned)
	Milton Lockett (resigned)
	Duke Dushane (appointed by Directors)
1994-1996	Roy Barley
1996-1998	Rick Erlicher
1998-2000	Terry Roderick
2000-2002	Emmett Hiltibrand
2002-2004	Dana McGrath
2004-2005	Emmett Hiltibrand
2005-2007	Stephen Crabtree
2007-2009	William Bullen
2009-2011	John Chester

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

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

The Officers and the Editor reserve the right to edit submissions for clarity and space constraints. Every precaution will be taken to preserve the intent and scope of the 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.

Deadlines are the 15th of February, May, August, and November for the Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter Issues respectively.

POSTMASTER

Send address corrections to: *Patrolling*,
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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

Dues invoices will be going out this month. We thought that it would make more sense to send the invoices out when the dues are actually due. The Association's fiscal year runs from July 1 through June 30 of the next year. You can still pay your dues at any time by sending a check for \$30.00 to the address at the top of the edit box to the left of this column. If you send more than \$30.00, PLEASE enclose instructions as to how you want that money applied, if it is for the member's fund, family fund, future dues, or whatever. Maybe if we make the Secretary's job a little easier, he'll be inclined to stick around.

Unit Directors: Please send a photo of yourself to me for inclusion in the magazine. I will forward it to Dave Regenthal for the web site. I agree with Dave, I think that it's good for the members of a given unit to see what their representative looks like. Who knows, you might jog someone's memory that you served with of their time as a LRRP, LRP or Ranger.

John Chester

WEB SITE

Unit Directors . . . if your picture looks like this (pic attached) on your unit page please send a current mug shot (otherwise I'll have to use the one hanging on the bulletin board at the post office). Seriously, the point to posting a small shot of the unit director is so that your guys can recognize you. Personally I think it's a nice touch when one of our lost folks stumbles on to the website and they go to their unit page and find a familiar face.

UD's and Staff. You'll notice that your e-mail addresses on the website are no longer clickable links. I have converted them to graphics so that the spiders & bots don't read/find them and hook you up to a bunch of spam. This is the same reason we replace the "@" with (replace this) on all Guestbook postings.

The Bulletin Board went up on the website last August. Since that time there have been 22 postings, only one of which has been since the New Year (and that was a guy noting that there weren't any/many postings). Evidently Face Book, Twitter, etc., are the new bulletin boards. Go figure? We'll leave it up a while longer but I suspect our Guestbook satisfies our needs for a quick note or similar commo.

If you'll keep the webmaster and *Patrolling* editor apprised of any e-mail, telephone, or mailing address changes we'll help you get the word out through the website and magazine.

Got pictures? Off year reunion, In-Country, whatever . . . scan 'em, send them and we'll post them for you. We've got plenty of server space so let 'em rip! Also, please be sure to keep us abreast of any unit functions you wish posted to the website.

Dave Regenthal

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By John Chester

A few years ago we had some chickens at our house in Baltimore, (we live inside the city limits). For a number of reasons they declined to a zero balance of chickens, most of the losses occurring in one night. The addition of several back yard fences over the years created, at least in Mary Anne's mind, a more chicken friendly environment. As a result we, (she) decided that we need more chickens. We did a little research and made a few phone calls and ordered 15 pullets, (young female chickens), from a place about 25 miles north of the city. Now



John Chester

the point of getting pullets is that you DON'T get any roosters, (males). You know this because the chickens are about half grown & gender is apparent at this age.

Well, when we went to pick up the chickens, guess what? We got 2 day old baby chickens, NOT pullets. They people at the chicken store assured me that the batch of chickens was "rooster free", but I had my doubts. Having relative little choice, we took our 15 peeps home and installed them in the front room in a large box, complete with food, water, shavings and a heat lamp. We had a window screen over the top of the box to keep the chickens in & everything else out, but to the cat, that did not include him.

One morning, after hearing a crash followed by quite a commotion, we found that the cat had jumped on the screen & knocked over the box, screen and all. Chicks everywhere. Except for one who was pinned under the water dish with the cat about 5 seconds away from a chicken dinner. We rescued the pinned chick, rounded up the rest of the chickens and banished the cat to the basement. This was a pretty sick chicken, seemed to have suffered a loss of motor skills, couldn't stand up, etc. We took turns holding the chicken and the attention seemed to do some good, after a while she was able to stand, walk and do most of the things expected of young chickens. She did have one problem, her wings drooped, she couldn't quite carry them up like the other chickens.

As the chickens grew up, it became apparent that we lucked out and did indeed get all female chickens, no roosters. It also became apparent that 'W' as we called her, (for weird) was not going to become a full fledged (no pun intended) member of the flock. Her wings still drooped, she constantly would shake her head from side to side, would remain in a stupor for lengths of time and then revive and run wildly around the chicken run for no apparent reason.

The other chickens would pick at her if she came near them, as a consequence, she spent most of her time hiding behind the feed barrel in the chicken house. As I watched the chickens social interaction from week to week something I should have seen at once became apparent to me; our chicken had PTSD, and probably TBI (traumatic brain injury), as well. Well, I thought, it has come full circle, now we have chickens with PTSD. Seems that I can't get away from it, even in the chicken house.

'W' has seemed to come to terms with her affliction, she keeps to herself, and spends most of her day alone, except when I come in to the chicken house to feed or water them. I usually pick her up & give her a treat, if the other chickens are not around, and she seems to acknowledge the favor. She is quite calm among people, but quite nervous among the other chickens. Classic PTSD behavior.

One of my friends once said that I must be a PTSD carrier, like Typhoid Mary, since everyone I know seems to have PTSD. Apparently that's true of chickens as well.

Writers Project

We have been somewhat underwhelmed with offerings. I have a few submissions, but no where near enough for any kind of submission to a publisher. I have a number of reviewers set up, and I will be in touch with them shortly, but we need to find a way to get some more folks interested in the project. Considering all the war stories I hear at reunions and other get together's, there should be no shortage of material. If you have any questions or concerns, please give me a call.

United Services Insurance

Some of you may be aware of USAA insurance. They issue automobile, home owners, life insurance, banking, investment services and a number of other services. For years their policies were available only to current & former commissioned and warrant officers. About 10 years ago they were opened to current and former E-5 and above. Recently they opened up to ALL current military and former military with an honorable discharge. USAA is an insurance company that is owned by the people they insure, as a result, if all goes well & you have no claims, you get a dividend check once or twice a year.

As insurance goes, this is one of the best deals around. Living in Baltimore City makes our auto insurance rates among the highest in the country. Our USAA policy is a fraction of the lowest quoted policy we have seen for the

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

same coverage I have been with them for 44 years. I do all my insurance and banking with them & am very satisfied. If you go to www.usaa.com, you can get more information. You owe it to yourself to check it out.

Best Ranger

Mary Anne & I attended the Best Ranger Competition again this year, and were joined by Joe Little, our 1st VP, so he could get some negotiating experience for his upcoming tenure as President. We had meetings with officials from two possible reunion hotels, and will carefully consider all the pertinent factors before a decision is made. It is not apparent to the general membership, but planning for the 2011 reunion started as soon as the 2010 reunion ended. The elected officers consider many, many options before a decision is made. It may look like a haphazard process, but there are quite a number of factors involved. See the Best Ranger article in the Feature Articles section.

Ranger Cookout

On May 30, 2010 we had our 7th annual Ranger cookout at

our house. This year I got smart and had BBQ chicken catered instead of cooking dogs & burgers myself. Brian (Jellyroll) Radcliff and John Harris and his wife Gail (Jellyroll & John were with me in VN) attended, Jellyroll all the way from Michigan and John & Gail from New York City. As a humorous aside, this needs to be told:

I had gone to pick up the chicken and was coming back to the house, when I pulled up behind a small sedan with New York plates at a red light. I could see that the people in the car were short, because I couldn't see them over the head rests. (John & Gail are not tall.) I assumed that I was behind John & Gail. As I followed them to the house, John later related that they were getting a little concerned, here they were in the South and were being followed by a big white man in a pick up truck with a gun rack in the window. Alls well that ends well.

We had a bunch of local Rangers attend, and a good time was had by all. If you will be in the Baltimore/Washington DC area next year around Memorial Day you are invited to attend our cookout, the more the merrier. Here are some photos of the cookout.



Walt Saunders at rest. Sometimes hard to tell if Walt is awake or asleep.



Jellyroll and Ray Grodecki. Jellyroll (another one of mine from back in the day), came all the way from Michigan, and Ray came from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Ray brought some of the area's famed steamed shrimp and some strawberries. Thanks to both of you.



Janet Hill & Ralph Timmons. Ralph brought along a hand made jewelry box with the 75th DUI inlaid on the lid. He donated it for the raffle at our next reunion in 2011. The artisan who crafted the box died soon after completing it, so it is a unique artifact.



John Harris and his wife Gail. They came all the way from New York City for the cook out.



Pat, Ben & Roy Nelson out on the deck. The deck affords a rare view of the chicken run.



Pat & Ben and Rosalie, Mitchell & Jerry Most. Rosalie & Jerry are our neighbors, Jerry is a Navy Vet, and Mitchell, (their grandson), takes care of our place while we are away on our peregrinations. Rosalie makes some of the best desserts that you've ever tasted.



John Harris, (one of mine back in the day), holding forth to Way Fountain.

2ND VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Jason Baker

I'd like to start out this edition's article with a correction and apology. In the last edition I referred to the 3rd Ranger Battalion Commander as LTC Walrath when I should have referred to him as COL Walrath. It took a good CSM (CSM Merritt) to lock my heels up and point out the oversight. Please excuse my oversight.



Jason Baker

Just a little over three years ago, I had the honor of becoming involved in what I believe to be a wonderful organization. As an avid fly fisherman and while looking for a way to still be involved with our nation's great military men and women, I found Project Healing Waters. Along with a WWII Veteran's son, Steve Hanna, I've had the honor of founding a program that serves 75+ Veterans that participate in the Salisbury, NC PTSD and chemical dependency treatment programs. We have done great things with the help of many local patriots/volunteers to aid in the recovery of these soldiers in need. They have done great things for us by allowing us to share in their recovery and be touched by their spirit, tenacity, and love of this great nation. And yes, we've done this all while tying some flies and chasing big trout!

I'd like to share with you and incredible opportunity to heal your mind and body or help another veteran in their quest to regain a sound mind, body, and spirit. This program is open to all disabled and recovering veterans and it would make me proud to hear of scores of LRRPs and Rangers involved in this great life-long activity. One cast, one fish and you'll be hooked for life!

Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing, Inc.

Mission Statement and 501(c)(3):

Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing, Inc. is dedicated to the physical and emotional rehabilitation of disabled active military service personnel and veterans through fly fishing and fly tying education and outings.

Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing, INC. (PHWFF) was founded in 2005 at Walter Reed Army Medical Center (WRAMC), with the help of local Trout Unlimited (TU) and Federation of Fly Fishers (FFF) volunteers. Our mission: Assist in the physical and emotional rehabilitation of disabled active duty military personnel and veterans through fly fishing and fly tying education and outings.

PHWFF provides basic fly fishing, fly casting, and fly tying instruction for wounded personnel, ranging from beginners to those with prior fly fishing experience, who are adapting their skills to their new abilities.



While initially focused on military personnel in the Washington, DC area, PHWFF has expanded and is offering its services to active military personnel and veterans in military and Department of Veterans Affairs hospitals across the nation. Currently, over 100 such programs have been established in the U.S. and Canada.

Since its inception, PHWFF has been helping disabled active duty personnel and veterans to overcome the obstacles associated with their military service-related disabilities. The relearning of the fine motor skills required in fly fishing and fly tying has proven to be particularly effective in the overall rehabilitation of the disabled. While PHWFF emphasizes the skills of fly fishing and fly tying to help the patients regain the use of their damaged bodies, perhaps the greatest benefit is in their realization that a more normal life is possible. Fly fishing can be a lifelong re-creation, both physically and emotionally.

PHWFF partners directly with fly fishing oriented organizations such as the FFF and TU. Within local clubs and chapters, volunteers, working with hospital staff, donate their time to teach the various skills involved in the sport of fly fishing to Project participants. PHWFF, a 501(c)(3) non-profit charity incorporated in the State of Maryland, is dependent on tax-deductible financial donations and the help of numerous volunteers to meet the educational, training, equipment, transportation, and related outing needs of the participants. PHWFF strives to effectively serve its deserving participants, who have made great sacrifices in the service of our Nation.

All Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing activities are dependent on tax deductible financial donations under the provisions of Section



2ND VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

501(c)(3) of the IRS Code. The organization is incorporated in the state of Maryland. Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing, Inc. strives to effectively serve the deserving past and present members of our armed forces who have made great sacrifices in the service of our Nation.

History

While initially focusing on the military personnel in the Washington, DC area, the Project has expanded nationwide and is offering its services and program to active military personnel and veterans in Department of Defense and Department of Veterans Affairs hospitals throughout the country.



The Project's program provides basic fly fishing, fly casting, fly tying and rod building classes and clinics for wounded and injured personnel ranging from beginners to those with prior fly fishing and

tying experience who are adapting their skills to their new abilities. All activities and services are provided to the participants at no cost. Fly fishing and tying equipment and materials are provided to the participants, including equipment that accommodates their special needs.

Project Healing Waters is unique in that our volunteers are teaching classes on an on-going, long term basis. It is much more than a one day fishing trip. For many participants, particularly disabled veterans, the socialization and camaraderie of the classes are just as important as the fishing outings, and provide them a new activity.

The Project's training and educational activities are designed to ignite or rekindle the participants' appreciation and enthusiasm for a wide variety of fly fishing outings. While most of these fishing trips are conducted within a half-day's travel from a hospital, the Project actively seeks opportunities to offer outings in quality fishing sites across the country. The trips, near and far, are provided at no cost to the participants. Here's a CNN Heroes press coverage of a recent event. It tells the story of healing well: Amidst the tranquility of a fishing trip at the Rose River Farm in Madison County, a wounded warrior says he almost feels "semi-normal again."

Ed Nicholson, PHW Founder

The amputee is one of about 1,000 servicemen and veterans

who have reaped the benefits of the therapeutic art of fly-fishing, with the help of retired Navy Capt. Ed Nicholson. "The demons of war, you just don't set them aside," says Nicholson, 67. "But once you get out on the river, the serenity is incredibly healing."

While recovering from cancer surgery at Walter Reed Army Medical Center in 2004, Nicholson witnessed wounded and disabled men and women — many of them amputees — struggling with their

injuries. "Other than being in Vietnam and seeing people in the process of getting hurt, I never really had a full appreciation for the recovery part and what happened after they came home. My recovery was nothing compared to what they were facing. It planted the seed that maybe there's something I could do," Nicholson says. The solution was obvious to Nicholson, who says being an outdoorsman is in his blood: Get them out of the hospital and into nature.



Through free classes and outings, Nicholson's organization, **Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing**, helps rehabilitate injured and disabled service members and veterans. "We would run these classes that would better prepare them to be fishermen when the weather got nice and we could move outside, start casting lessons and go fly fishing, he says. Nicholson and tie flying instructor John Colburn saw that the discipline of tying flies, which requires patience and training, benefited veterans recovering from injuries. And it helped them relax. "You have a guy who lost a leg and we get him out there wading in a stream — he gets a boost. Or a guy who lost an arm, we start him casting. He has a chance to use his new arm and actually do something that's enjoyable," says Nicholson.

"Ed [is] showing us that if you have the will, they will find a way," says Army Staff Sgt. Brian Mancini, who lost his right eye after being hit by an explosive device in Iraq in July 2007. "It shows you that life's not over, it's only beginning."

2ND VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)



feeling normal for the first time in a long time.

“Between the pain, the medication, the realization that their life has been changed, they’re doing something that gives them a great deal of pleasure and that they can look forward to,” Nicholson says. First Lt. Ferris Butler, an active participant in Project Healing Waters, agrees. “If you compound losing body parts with losing friends, just getting in the water is a release,” he says, adding that fishing gave him enhanced dexterity because it helped him learn to walk on prosthetics in the water.

Since 2005, Nicholson’s program has grown to more than 100 locations nationwide with “more to come,” he says. With support from The Federation of Fly Fishers and Trout Unlimited, the group is establishing long-term relationships with hospital and military staff, participants and volunteers. Participants across the country can attend outings during

the spring, summer and fall. An indoor component focuses on classroom activities. Nicholson, who rises early and spends the better part of his day running operations for his organization, once thought he’d spend his golden years enjoying his favorite pastimes: fishing and hunting. But he says he welcomes the direction his life has taken.

“I’m doing something that gives me as much satisfaction and gratification of anything that I’ve really done. I loved serving my country. I was proud to serve for 30 years. But I’m incredibly satisfied with what I’m doing now.”

Makes you wonder what kind of impact each of can have in helping our fellow LRRPS, Rangers, and fellow soldier. Out of a little goodness of heart and an idea, thousands are getting needed support!

Should you have any questions about participation, involvement, or fund raising to support PHW, please do not hesitate to call me. To check out more about the program, visit:

www.projecthealingwaters.org

<http://www.cnn.com/2009/LIVING/04/09/cnnheroes.ed.nicholson/index.html>

Jason Baker

Proud PHW Volunteer

TREASURER'S MESSAGE

By Wesley Jurena

Another quarter has flown by and winter has become spring. A recent re-location to Alabama has prevented me from being as active out in the Ranger Community as I could have been. When I sat down to write, I was worried that I was not going to have much to say but then I thought about the re-location and the company and it’s employees and I thought that in itself would be something to share.



Wesley Jurena

After a 10 year post military career in telecommunications I was contacted by my Ranger Buddy from Ranger School. Sean O’Brien was a young lieutenant straight out of IOBC when we met. I’m not sure how we were paired up but I was not real happy about being paired up with an Officer. To make a long story short, Lt. O’Brien and I would go straight through together and he would end up being the distinguished honor graduate. I quickly realized in the course that he was one of the smartest

individuals I had ever met and we vowed to stay in touch. Sean would head over to the 7th ID and then off to 7th Special Forces Group. Before cell phones and email it was a bit difficult to stay in touch. Sean would tell me stories of trying to visit the barracks twice. Once while wearing his 7th ID BDU’s, he claims the young Ranger at the CQ desk ran him off and did not even try to come get me. Go figure. He said he showed up at the barracks with his green beret a few years later and they ran him off again...

Fast forward to late 2008 and he is trying to explain to me what the company he is the president of does. It seems he is speaking Greek to me but I remember how smart he was and was ready for a change in my life, so after listening to the offer and ironing out the details, I agreed to come on and help him grow his business. I was not on the job long before I realized there was a problem with some of the personnel we had working for us. For example, I was in Phoenix and I was called by one of our managers in North Carolina. He had a presentation coming up and wanted me to know that the

TREASURER'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

batteries on the wireless mouse were dead. I let him know I was 2000 miles away and asked him what he wanted me to do for him? He said he just was not sure what to do. I let him know that he was a grown man and need to figure this out for himself, steal some from another remote, get some from the college staff, drive to Wal-Mart and buy some but don't call me with any more crap like this.

I immediately called Sean and said, "Boss, we need to start hiring guys who can demonstrate some initiative, respond promptly to orders and who can take initiative in the absence of orders we need guys who think outside the box and are reliable and loyal." "Hell, we need Ranger NCO's." I got him to buy off on this concept and in the last year we have hired 3 NCO's from 1/75, 2 NCO's from 3/75 and 2 NCO's from 2/75. The parent company is a government contractor and as a wholly owned subsidiary we focus on interactive 3d and virtual reality in the education and training space. While not the typical area you would find a bunch of knuckle dragging Hooah's, we have all given many, many classes in our career and have all been in leadership positions where we had to make decisions in the absence of orders. I must say, it has been great to work with a bunch of like minded people and the company is growing. We call it reaching back into the community or social entrepreneurship. We intend to continue to hire Rangers as the company grows. Rangers continue to amaze me as they prove they can lead the way in anything they do.

Social Networking:

I've noticed this subject posted here before but I want to double tap the subject. The internet remains a powerful tool for reconnecting with Ranger Buddies either still active duty or out in the civilian world. Either Armyranger.com, SOCNET, Facebook (which has multiple sites dedicated to Rangers, to include the RRA page, and a C.co 1/75 page) or Linked IN all provide multiple places to re-connect and network for business purposes. I encourage all of you to check all these sites out you never know who you might run into. There are many, many good blogs out there to read as well. Some by Hooah's in the sandbox and some by those like us out here in the civilian world. There is some great humor and some really motivational and moving stories as well.

Speaking Of Stories:

I'm still waiting for some of the Rangers from my era to step up and submit a story of their time in Bn. Speaking from experience, I know there are some hilarious stories

out there that need to be told and you can change the names to protect the innocent. For the GWOT brothers, when you are ready and if the story can be told, we would love to hear from you.

Owing Miles:

Some of you have heard this before but for those that have not this is a good one:

It was another sultry Savannah morning, the sweat began rolling down my back as I lugged my rucksack to the parking lot. The putrid smell of the paper mill hung over Hunter Army Airfield early in the morning. Company PT for the morning was 12 mile road marches, in platoon formation on perimeter road.

I don't recall the order of movement, but the company CP started before my 2nd platoon. The first few miles, everyone as usual, was in their own world as the shins, calves and thighs were trying to loosen up. As the road march continued and the pace quickened, us squad leaders began to move back and forth, chatting up the boys and passing our canteens around. It is always easier when you are the man with the canteen and the compass. As everyone began to lather up and the sweat was flowing freely it was a good movement, it seemed no was falling out or falling behind. Squad leaders were in the middle of the road, team leaders were moving back and forth and at some point any semblance of a "tactical" road march had been lost. I mean let's get serious, we are walking on a road on HAAF and the entire event is just about getting to the 6 mile turn around and getting back.

As the sun crested the horizon and we knew we were about to make it to the turn around, we apparently forgot the Company CP was ahead of us. Out of the darkness we heard the 1sg.."2nd Platoon, someone better take charge of the gaggle fkk and get in tactical formation."! Well, at that point our PSG flew into action, SFC C. began to yell.."2nd Platoon, get squared away, get out of the road, GET BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND YOU..GET BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND YOU!"

Now, while all of us squad leaders knew we should not have been gagging in the middle of the road this statement struck us as odd.

My good buddy John Malloy decided to ask.."Sergeant..what are you talking about?".

SFC C. "MALLOY, DON'T START WITH ME..GET BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND YOU!"

TREASURER'S MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

Malloy..”Sergeant, do you realize that if we get behind the man behind us, we will be moving in reverse?” “I mean if we get behind the man behind us, we are going to OWE the company 12 miles because we will be going backwards”. SFC C – “AT Ease, Malloy”

As we continued to march, there was a great amount of internal laughing. As the Rangers that I work with say almost everyday..”you can’t make this sh@t up”.

Prayers:

Rough deployment for 3/75 this time. And according to some of my active duty Ranger Buddies, this thing is going to get worse. Prayers out to the families of those that have lost loved ones and for the boys deployed and yet to deploy. As always Rangers, if you need anything please reach out. The network out here is deep and we look after our own.

RLTW!

Wesley

SECRETARY'S MESSAGE

By Tom Sove



Tom Sove

Tom Sove is busy cleaning up after our change of Secretaries, so I gave him a pass on this issue. We are mailing out membership dues invoices this month and from experience I can tell you that he will be very occupied for the next couple of weeks. Tom is also getting ready for the 4th Div LRRP; E/58 LRP, (ABN); K/75 (Ranger) reunion in New Orleans in mid-June. We need to find a way to alleviate some of the tasks that the Secretary accomplishes. For a volunteer position, we ask a lot from the people that work that job. Suggestions from the membership will be gratefully considered.

J. Chester

GOLD STAR



Sandee Rouse

Hello from the Gold Star corner and a Happy Summer to all of you. Before I share with you a wonderful interview I did with Ranger Ben Kopp's mom Jill Stephenson I must share some awful news.

We have lost 6 Rangers since our last magazine. Our heartfelt sympathy and love goes out to these wonderful

families. The Rangers are:

Sgt Joel Clarkson 2/75 KIA 3-16-10 Afghanistan

Cpl. Michael Jankiewicz 3/75 KIA 4-9-10 Afghanistan

Staff Sgt James Patton 3/75 KIA 4-18-10 Iraq

Sgt Jason Santora 3/75 KIA 4-23-10 Afghanistan

Sgt Ronald Kubik 3/75 KIA 4-23-10 Afghanistan

Capt Kyle Comfort 3/75 KIA 5-8-10 Afghanistan

These heroes will not be forgotten and they will live on forever in the Ranger family.

Now for one of the best stories I have ever shared with you. Read and be Blessed.

Q. Jill, I know from the articles I have read that Ben started off life under emergency circumstances. Could you please tell us a brief what lead to those emergencies that surrounded his delivery?

Answer: On my due date I fell down some steps and then my labor began in the middle of the night. After 72 hours I hadn't progressed enough to deliver so I was prepped to have a cesarean. When I was given morphine to help with the pain of contractions, Ben's heart rate plummeted and it became an emergency cesarean. When the doctors pulled him out he was blue and not breathing. He quickly recovered and suffered no residual effects.

Q. If I remember correctly you were a single parent and Ben was your only son. Can you tell us how you felt when he announced his decision to become a Ranger?

GOLD STAR (CONTINUED)

Answer: Ben's decision to become a Ranger didn't come as a surprise. I was proud that he believed he had the right stuff and was willing to go after the greatest challenge of his life on his own. Becoming an Army Ranger is something he declared he would do in 2001, at the age of thirteen. In April of that year, Ben's great grandfather died. He was a WWII veteran and Ben deeply admired his service to our country as well as what he stood for as a person. They were very close and his death was devastating to Ben. His conviction was further manifested by the events of September 11th. Was I worried he was risking his life and that I would lose my only child? I honestly never looked at it that way. I only saw a young man willing to go after the promise he had made to himself. And it wasn't going to be a cake walk. I supported his decision from day one.

Q. How did Ben feel upon completing his goal to become a Ranger and better yet how did you feel?

Answer: Ben was incredibly proud. He beat the odds and proved to everyone; most importantly himself, that he had what it takes to become a real Army Ranger. Becoming a Ranger is a multifaceted accomplishment. You have to succeed at each step along the way in order to move on. If you fail any part of it, you're out. No second chances. He never backed down. The top level of this is earning the Ranger Tab. This "schooling" takes whatever "boy" is left in these young men and chews them up and spits them out. Ben came out looking a foot taller because of the confidence he gained in making it through. The graduation ceremony took place on July 3rd, 2008. It was especially patriotic and I was more proud than I ever thought possible as a mother.

Q: Having been a Ranger mom for several years I am convinced these young men are destined to be Rangers. How do you feel about that statement?

Answer: I agree. I believe they are hardwired for it. It seems most come from backgrounds where things weren't handed to them. They already know they have to "earn their stripes", so to speak.

A young man coming into the Ranger program with any sort of entitlement issues will be quickly thrown to the wolves and won't last. There is definitely a sturdy resolve from the beginning. These young men look challenges in the eye, are fearless (or soon learn to be) and give it their all until they are told to stop.



Q: How many times had Ben deployed to the war zone?

Answer: Ben served two tours in Iraq and the last one in Afghanistan.

Q: Tell us about getting the news about Ben being wounded and how you managed to get through days in the hospital waiting to see what would happen? Some would say you were blessed to have that time with him, me being one of those, what are your feelings?

Answer: I got the news late in the afternoon of Friday, July 10th while I was at work. Ben's Company Commander gave me the news that he had been shot. He told me Ben had been shot in the leg, treated at the scene by his fellow Rangers and transported to a Forward Surgical Center where he was recovering. His leg was fine and they were waiting for him to wake up. He said he would likely be transported to Landstuhl Germany and then make his way to Walter Reed Army Medical Center to fully recover. They would keep me informed and call with updates. At this point, all I could do was wait. It was awful. This was that moment in a person's life where everything changes and is never the same again. Of course I had no idea what I was about to face and immediately handed it over to God. I wouldn't allow myself to think the worst. I had faith in God and Ben. My son was a survivor; he was an Army Ranger and never backed down from anything.

Unfortunately Ben's condition took a turn for the worse after the surgery. His leg was repaired but the overall trauma to his body proved grim for his survival. He had suffered loss of oxygen and his brain was struggling to cope. He was transported through Landstuhl and arrived all the way back to WRAMC on July 14th. My mother and I joined him there shortly after his arrival. His condition was re-assessed by the staff and on July 15th, it was determined he had no brain activity. Because Ben became an organ donor his death was not declared until July 18. What got me through the time between getting the news of Ben being shot and then dying of his wounds eight days later? Faith and love. Two small words, but as big as Mother Earth in my life.

When word got out about Ben's condition, the community of prayer quickly took off around the country. My foundation of faith in God to care for Ben and me over the past three years while he served was pretty solid. I was held

GOLD STAR (CONTINUED)

up not only by the prayers, love and care from friends, family and strangers, but also by the belief that these events would serve a divine purpose.

Was I blessed to have this time with Ben? I would like to stand on top of Mount Everest and shout “YES”. Even though Ben was not conscious during his time at WRAMC, he was breathing, he was warm and I got to hold his hand and tell him how much I love him for four days. That is the most priceless gift I have ever had in my life. I know there are many Gold Star mothers/fathers out there who don’t get this chance. Their sons and daughters arrive home cold in their caskets after a long trip from overseas. I am and was incredibly blessed to have had those days with Ben. Words cannot express how much.

Q: How did you make the wonderful decision to donate Ben’s organs at such a horrible time? How many people were helped by the decision you and Ben made?

Answer: When I was fifteen, my eleven year old brother, J.T., was hit by a car. He suffered a fatal brain injury and ten days later my family made a decision to donate his organs. Several months after he died, we received a letter from one of the kidney recipients thanking us for our gift. I never forgot the good feeling it brought knowing J.T. helped someone after he died.

Of course Ben knew the story of his uncle J.T.’s life as he grew up. We talked here and there about being organ donors and agreed we would want to help someone if God called us home. Prior to being deployed Ben completed a formal Emergency Notification and Casualty Assistance booklet. It asked specific questions related to affairs surrounding his death including whether or not he wanted to be an organ donor. Ben answered “yes.” The next question asked which organs, Ben answered “any that are needed.”

I didn’t have any doubt that Ben wanted to help people. He was a best friend to many, proudly served his country as an Army Ranger and saved six of his comrades in the fire fight that got him shot. My son was as selfless as a person can be and I was going to see to it that his wishes were honored. I agreed to allow all of his major organs be donated. This included his heart, liver, kidneys, pancreas, some bones, skin and tissue. To the best of my knowledge Ben’s donation saved or helped as many as 75 lives. I have had the privilege of meeting the recipients of his heart, liver and kidneys. They are all so grateful for Ben’s gift to them. I am too. Ben’s heart is still beating! Knowing that lives have changed for the better because of Ben is a real balance for my sorrow. What he gave in death, has given me and others great joy in life.

Q: It is so evident how strong your faith is. You and I have talked several times about our faith and our sons. Is there anything else you would like to add?

Answer: I learned at a young age when my brother died, that tomorrow is promised to no one. It taught me to live in the moment and to make the best of each day. Learning to live with his death for the past 27 years helped prepare me for Ben’s death. Some have questioned whether the experience of two tragic deaths has made me angry or brought feelings of unfairness. I always say no. I had twice as many years with my son as my mother had with hers. I honestly never thought Ben wouldn’t come home. Three solid years of him being away with dangerous training sessions and two deployments built my foundation that everything would turn out okay. Ben was a survivor and so was I. We learned from each other how to look adversity in the face and stand tall.

Ben did a lot of living in his brief 21 years. He accomplished more than some men ever will and had an incredible amount of fun along the way. He touched many lives and I didn’t know just how many until he died. I had no idea how large the Ranger family was and that it stretched not only across the miles, but through multi generations of service as well. The compassion and kindness shown to me has been truly amazing. When I put my faith and trust in God from the day Ben left home, I knew I would be helped by forces unseen along the way. Once again, I had no idea what this would end up being and have been deeply touched by so many.

I learned as a teenager and now as a grown woman what it really feels like and means to be held up and surrounded by the love and prayers of others. When I lost my brother, I had a group of friends that rallied around me. I am still in contact with those friends and they ALL came back again when Ben died.

In the worst circumstance of my life, I still feel incredibly blessed. Because of the life Ben lived, I am left to be the recipient of all he stood for and there is nothing bad about that. Because of his service to our country as an Army Ranger, I know firsthand how large, but extraordinarily small this family is. It’s been made clear to me that Ben’s life had purpose. The unabated spirit of those that served before him is what he admired and that spirit lives on and continues to bless me and make my sorrow a little easier to deal with.

I feel fortunate to have been chosen to be Ben’s mother. He was a wonderful child and an honorable man. He died

GOLD STAR (CONTINUED)

doing what he believed in and he continues giving even after his death.

As much as it hurts to lose my only child, I know he has surrounded me with countless people who care and has left behind an incredible legacy of selflessness and great love. All the money in the world cannot come close to the richness of this gift. I couldn't be more proud or grateful to call him my son.

Jill you are now a part of a large family of Rangers. Thank you so much for agreeing to share Ben's and your story with our Ranger family. Ben will never be forgotten and his essence lives on.

Thanks to Tom Eckhoff for getting Jill & I together. I am truly Blessed by both of them.

As always Thank you for the privilege and honor of serving you.

RLTW
Blessings
Sandee



THANK HIM FACE TO FACE

By Wayne Lund

*When you see a soldier with lots of medals and ribbons on his chest.
Be assured that this man went through hell and he came out the best.*

*He said they were earned in a far off foreign land, a stinking hell hole,
Viet-Nam, A country where our fighting forces never should of had to go.*

*He never knew he had earned them until they were awarded during a hometown parade,
When pinned on his chest they were new, but over time the brightness seemed to fade.*

*He seems sad remembering the action for his awards, the memories of what they cost,
Just thinking of the many friends who died in that awful war, and what we all lost.*

*After hearing of the hardships, you realize you would never want to take his place,
What you want to do is approach him with an extended hand, and thank him face to face.*

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, John Chester, President

Mojave Desert Veteran Memorial Update 04:

Less than two weeks after the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that, for now, the Mojave Desert cross could remain in its location, vandals have torn the memorial to World War I veterans down from its location, leaving only the bolts in Sunrise Rock as evidence of the cross. The incident sparked outrage among supporters of the cross, including The American Legion, which filed crucial amicus (friend-of-the-court) brief in favor of the cross staying put. “Reports that the Mojave Cross was illegally removed overnight are very disturbing,” American Legion National Commander Clarence Hill said. “The American Legion expects whoever is responsible for this vile act to be brought to justice. While the memorial has been attacked, the fight will continue to ensure that veterans memorials will remain sacrosanct.” The act also drew scorn from Liberty Institute, which has represented the Legion and other organizations in the fight to keep the cross in its current location. “This is an outrage, akin to desecrating people’s graves,” said Kelly Shackelford, president/CEO of Liberty Institute. “It’s a disgraceful attack on the selfless sacrifice of our veterans. We will not rest until this memorial is re-installed.”

Park workers noticed on 8 MAY that the box that has covered the cross during the ongoing lawsuit had been removed. “When a maintenance team went out on 10 MAY to put the box back up, that’s when they discovered the cross had been removed,” said Linda Slater, public affairs officer for the Mojave National Preserve. “The bolts are still in the ground, but the cross itself is gone.” Park law enforcement is investigating this crime and is asking for the public’s assistance. Liberty Institute is offering a \$25,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of those responsible. Anyone with information about the theft is asked to call (760) 252-6120. Hill said the latest incident won’t stop the Legion from supporting U.S. war

memorials. “This was never about one cross,” he said. “It’s about the right to honor our nation’s veterans in a manner in which the overwhelming majority supports. The American Legion strongly believes the public has a right to protect its memorials.” [Source: American Legion Online Update 13 May 2010 ++]

VA Claims Backlog Update 39:

At a conference designed to help veterans service organizations better understand the issues their clients face, Paul Sullivan of Veterans for Common Sense tried to tie it up in a one-page document of new data from the Veterans Affairs Department: After looking at eight Veterans Benefits Administration regional offices in 2009 and 2010, VA’s inspector general found a 28% error rate. In fact, the San Juan, Puerto Rico, overall error rate stood at 41%, while the Nashville office had made errors in 5 % of its post-traumatic stress disorder cases. In Baltimore, 55% of cases of diabetes in connection with Agent Orange had errors, and in Roanoke, Va., 49% of traumatic brain injury cases had errors. “VA has a very significant quality problem in adjudicating their claims,” Sullivan said. “VA’s own reports indict the place. VBA is the dam that holds veterans up from getting the medical care they need.”

Sullivan spoke on a panel that detailed what roadblocks remain as service members transition from active duty to veteran status. He said Congress has focused so much on VA health care that the administrative end has gotten lost in the shuffle. “Some of their computers are older than I am,” said Sullivan, who served in the 1991 Gulf War and who used to work for VA. But Sullivan said the “fixes” aren’t that difficult, at least in concept. For example, the idea of a joint Defense Department/VA medical record system has been fussed about for more than a decade as VA and defense officials say their medical records are not compatible, or that the hand-off violates federal HIPAA

LEGISLATIVE UPDATE MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

rules. Other solutions seem simple: There is no undersecretary for benefits. “If there are no leaders, who’s running the place?” Sullivan said. “The agency is leaderless and rudderless.” “Most people at VA are good-hearted and trying to do their best for the veterans,” Sullivan said. “Their own rules are tying them up.” He asked that:

- Benefits administration leaders be moved to offices near VA so they could communicate with other VA leaders.
- Conditions like traumatic brain injury fall into the presumptive service-connected injury category to streamline the benefits process.
- The veterans benefits paperwork be cut down from 23 pages to one page, as it is too complicated for veterans dealing with PTSD or brain injuries.
- The benefits administration hire more veterans

[Source: NavyTimes Kelly Kennedy article 12 May 2010 ++]

John David Fry Scholarship:

Public Law 111-32, the Marine Gunnery Sergeant John David Fry Scholarship, amends the Post-9/11 GI Bill (chapter 33) to include the children of service members who die in the line of duty after Sept. 10, 2001. The benefit is effective 1 AUG 09; the same day the Post-9/11 GI Bill took effect. Eligible children attending school may receive up to the highest public, in-state undergraduate tuition and fees, plus a monthly living stipend and book allowance under this program. Children of an active duty member of the Armed Forces who has died in the line of duty on or after September 11, 2001, are eligible for this benefit. A child may be married or over 23 and still be eligible. Eligible children:

- Are entitled to 36 months of benefits at the 100% level.
- Have 15 years to use the benefit beginning on his/her 18th birthday.
- May use the benefit until his or her 33rd birthday.
- Cannot use benefit before age 18, even if he or she has completed high school.
- Are not eligible for the Yellow Ribbon Program

Rules for eligible children serving, or who have served, in the Armed Forces:

- If the child is eligible under the Montgomery GI Bill Active Duty, Montgomery GI Bill Selected Reserve, and/or the Reserve Educational Assistance Program (REAP), then he or she must relinquish eligibility under one of those programs to receive benefits under Post-9/11 GI Bill.
- A child’s character of discharge from his or her own

service does not impact eligibility resulting from the line of duty death of a parent.

- A child on active duty will receive benefits at the active duty benefit rate (eligible for unlimited tuition and fees but not eligible for monthly housing allowance or books and supplies stipend).
- A child who meets the service requirements to transfer entitlement under Post-9/11 GI Bill may be eligible to transfer up to 36 months of entitlement to his or her dependents.

VA must begin issuing payments under this benefit no later than 1 AUG 10. This includes retroactive payments for eligible children enrolled during the period of 1 AUG 09 through 31 JUL 10. VA will begin accepting applications for this benefit 1 MAY, and will begin issuing payments to eligible children by 1 AUG 10. Children enrolled from 1 AUG 09 through 31 JUL 10 may receive retroactive payments for that time. Note: Children currently enrolled in school may apply for benefits under VA’s Dependents’ Educational Assistance Program. The program offers up to 45 months of education benefits. The application for this benefit is available online, and there is a link on the GI Bill website, www.gibill.va.gov. The link takes the user to VONAPP, the online application. Select VA Form 22-5490, Application for Dependents’ Educational Assistance, to apply. If you are a son or daughter, under legal age, a parent or guardian must sign the application. For more information, call 1 (888) 442-4551 or visit the VA GI Bill Website at <http://www.gibill.va.gov>. [Source: www.gibill.va.gov/documents/Fry_Scholarship.pdf Apr 2010 ++]

Military Stolen Valor Update 17:

A 26-year-old Army veteran who authorities say claimed to be disabled in service to bid on an Army contract has pleaded guilty to wire fraud and other charges. Skyler Tarquin Smith, from Huntsville AL, pleaded guilty in federal court 20 APR to wire fraud, making false statements to obtain an Army contract and wearing war medals he did not earn. Authorities say he claimed disability to bid on a contract to provide ballistic vests. A plea agreement shows Smith won a \$168,643 contract, then never delivered the vests. Investigators discovered Smith also falsely claimed to have received honors including a Purple Heart. In addition, Smith advertised and sold a \$13 cubic zirconia online for \$70,000 and provided fake appraisal and auction records to support his claims of ownership and the stone’s worth. Sentencing will be scheduled this summer. [Source: ArmyTimes AP article 20 Apr 2010 ++]

LEGISLATIVE UPDATE MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

VA Phone Scam:

The Department of Veterans Affairs is warning veterans not to give credit card numbers, bank routing information or any personal and financial information over the phone to callers claiming to update, confirm, or verify VA-related information. VA does not call veterans and ask them to disclose personal financial information over the phone. A veteran targeted by scammers alerted VA, saying that someone called claiming to be with the VA pharmacy and asking a lot of questions. The caller ID indicated that the incoming call was from (888) 555-1234. There are a number of scams associated with this number, and it's been

reported that the callers will call repeatedly and become aggressive. They will claim to be a VA employee and say a medical card has expired and that the veteran must send a check for a certain dollar amount for a renewal. In other versions, the caller says that a bank account is listed on a public computer, and in order to get it removed, the caller needs to verify the veteran's bank information. Be leery of any calls originating from this number. VA has not changed its process for dispensing prescriptions or for enrollment. Veterans with questions about VA services should call (877) 222-8387 or the nearest VA medical center. [Source: AL Online Updates 14 Apr 2010 ++]

THE RECON TEAMS

By Wayne Lund

*These young men of the Recon teams were so filled with their unit pride,
Proudly serving our country, and serving with other forces side by side.*

*We're young Airborne Rangers, we're proud to be known as America's elite,
In any combat situation we'll never surrender nor will we ever accept defeat.*

*Going out on their five day patrols, through the jungles and down to the coast
We were so proud of our teams, we were the best. We have no need to boast.*

*Our slogan "never leave a man behind" that is our most important creed,
If we heard of a team in trouble, we rushed out to help make the enemy bleed.*

*We were there to prove to any enemy that we're here to stay,
The enemy found that we were combat tested in every way.*

*During this past war many of our members made the ultimate sacrifice,
For the ones who survived, the sad memories of friends lost will be the price.*

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.

VA Application for Health Benefits:

Veterans will find it easier and faster to apply for their health care benefits now that the Department of Veterans Affairs has updated its online Form 10-10EZ, "Application for Health Benefits." This revised online application provides enhanced navigation features that make it easier and faster for Veterans to apply for their health care benefits. This new version also allows Veterans to save a copy of the completed form for their personal records. The most significant enhancement allows Veterans to save their application to their local desktop and return to the application at any time without having to start over. Previously, Veterans had to complete the form in a single session. This updated online form, along with the revised VA Form 10-10EZ, reduces the collection of information from Veterans by eliminating some questions. In addition, there are minor changes to simplify the wording of questions and provide clarity in the instructions. Further enhancements to the online application are expected to be delivered in increments throughout 2010. Veterans may complete or download the 10-10EZ form at the VA health eligibility website at <https://www.1010ez.med.va.gov/sec/vha/1010ez>. To have the VA Form 10-10EZ mailed to you or if you have any questions, call at 1-877-222-VETS (8387) or visit the VA health eligibility website at www.va.gov/healtheligibility. Once you have completed the form, you may mail or fax the completed form (signed and dated) to your local VA Medical Center or Clinic which can be located at <http://www2.va.gov/directory/guide/home.asp?isflas h=1>. [Source: VA News Release 5 May 2010 ++]

Mental Health Screening:

The Defense Department has contracted with a nonprofit organization to provide anonymous phone or online mental health self-assessments to veterans, servicemembers and their families. The mission of Massachusetts-based Military Pathways is to help combat a national suicide crisis that since 9/11 has claimed the lives of approximately 1,900 men and women in the active-duty, Guard and Reserve forces, and continues to claim the lives of approximately 6,400 veterans of all wars every year. The program is designed to help individuals identify their own symptoms and access assistance before a problem becomes serious. The self-assessments address post traumatic stress, depression, generalized anxiety disorder, alcohol use and bipolar disorder. The self-assessments are a brief series of questions that, when linked together, help create a picture of how an individual is feeling. Once an assessment is completed, individuals receive referral information to local health agencies, to include those operated by DOD and the Department of Veterans Affairs. To take a mental health screening, visit <http://www.militarymentalhealth.org> or call 1-877-877-3647. The whole process should not take more than 10 minutes. To learn more about the organization, including information on how to become more involved refer to www.MilitaryPathways.org.

[Source: mentalhealthscreening.org/military
Apr 2010 ++]

Sharon Perry

By: Jim Belshaw

Even when the letter came in 1984, Sharon Perry and her late husband, Reuben "Bud" Perry III, didn't make any connection with Agent Orange. No red flags were raised about what was happening in their home, happening to him, happening to their daughters. The oldest, Danielle, would be sick all her life. The youngest, Lisbeth, would be diagnosed with autism — but not until she was 26. Lisbeth would have a son and he, too, would be diagnosed with autism. Bud would die in 2005 after many difficult years of dealing with

the aftermath of the Vietnam War.

But in 1984, they stood in the kitchen, reading the letter about a class-action suit brought on behalf of veterans who may be suffering from the lingering effects of Agent Orange. They didn't think it had anything to do with them. "I'll always remember standing in the kitchen and looking at one another and saying to him, 'you're not sick,' " she said.

She saved the letter anyway. "I put it away because you never know," she said. "After that it was always in the back of my mind."

HEALTH ISSUES (CONTINUED)

Bud pulled two tours in Vietnam, each with the “brown water” Navy, working in the war’s rivers. When he came home, new battles arose. He would eventually receive a 70 percent disability for PTSD and 30 percent for his unemployability. He put in a later claim for peripheral neuropathy for the loss of the use of his feet. Lower amounts were awarded for disability in both arms. He turned to alcohol to ease the pain. His sister wrote the VA a letter in support of the PTSD claim in 1999. She said the family did not recognize the young man who came home from Vietnam. Something was wrong. She said his soul seemed to have been ripped from inside him.

Sharon said, “He had a real rough time dealing with his PTSD, and self-medication was how he dealt with it. They wanted to blame his troubles on that.” Sharon tried to see a VA administrator. When her path was blocked, she chewed out his secretary. She never did get in to see him, but she did get to speak with someone in charge of claims. He set up an appointment with a neurologist. The physician said the peripheral neuropathy likely was caused by Bud’s diabetes, a trail that led back to Agent Orange.

“What the VA doesn’t want to acknowledge is that it’s all caused by Agent Orange because there’s a link between Agent Orange and diabetes,” Sharon said. “So they don’t want to give thumbs up to the peripheral neuropathy. I don’t know why. Well, that makes all of us have to deal with the repercussions and emotions of all that. What, are we crazy? That’s how the game is played. If they drive you insane, they’ve won. If they don’t, and you decide to speak out, if enough people do that, maybe they’ll lose.”

Her husband started getting sicker in 1998. In 2004, Sharon urged him to put in a claim for rheumatoid arthritis. She was told that sometimes the VA can find that a veteran has improved and they’ll take away money. So if you’re relatively happy where you are, you should stay there. Reuben “Bud” Perry III died in 2005. His oldest daughter, Danielle, had trouble with infant pneumonia and ear infections. She was diagnosed with serious allergies to numerous everyday sources. She suffered with severe sinus problems and reoccurring strep throat. In the second grade, she began having serious neck spasms. There were times when she couldn’t move her neck at all. “It continued to happen on and off over the years,” Sharon said. When Danielle was 10 years old, Sharon said she suffered muscle spasms over her entire body. She was unable to walk. They had trouble finding help. Finally, they went to see a neurologist. He said he wanted the parents to tape the next episode with a video camera. They did and brought the tape to him.

“He said, ‘she’s faking,’ ” Sharon said. It is hard for her to

talk about it even today.

“You don’t fake so your feet turn inward all day long. Nobody — *nobody* — does that,” she said. “This kid could not do that for days at a time. She was in pain and there was no treatment for her pain. I kept thinking, can I go along with these people and believe my daughter is a fake? I couldn’t. I had to make a decision. This was my little girl — *my little girl* — who had nobody else but me to stand up for her. And that’s what I did. And it was hell. I can’t tell you how much hell it was. You can’t imagine how much hell it was.”

At 26, Danielle developed a new set of symptoms. Sharon found a doctor who was actually able to identify her problem, and that was at an emergency room, where Danielle was diagnosed with spondylolithesis and spondylolysis (conditions that affect the vertebrae). The doctor ordered medications that have helped ease the pain. The list of Danielle’s diagnoses looks like this: asthma, Post-traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), anxiety, conversion disorder, spondylolithesis, spondylolysis, comprised immune system, hip dysplasia, cervical dysplasia, ovarian cysts, migraine headaches, fused vertebrae, bulged discs, fibromyalgia, debilitating muscle spasms, major depression, gastritis, arthritis, torticollis, granuloma annulare, and tachycardia.

“She is one of the reasons AOLegacy exists today,” Sharon said. “It kills me to know that she continues to endure a host of medical challenges without any real medical intervention and treatment plan. And she is not alone. Everyday I meet another child of a Vietnam veteran who is going through the same thing.”

She saw people writing on Betty Mekdeci’s Website (Birth Defect Research for Children, Inc.). Sharon called her. Betty told her one of the persistent problems in the Agent Orange battle was the lack of a lobbying presence in Washington. Sharon, along with Danielle, set out to make their presence known on the Internet. They created a Web page: <http://www.agentorangelegacy.us>; at another site <http://www.agentorangelegacy.ning.com> — they created a support community where veterans and their children could tell their stories. She said her primary goal was to create that lobbying presence on Capitol Hill, and she wants it there for the children of Vietnam veterans. “I want to say to the children, ‘this is about you,’ ” she said. “But when they come to me, it’s about the veteran. The veteran is sick or the veteran is dying or the veteran has died. When you’re in that frame of mind, you can’t talk about anything else. You don’t care about you, because your entire focus is on your parent. It’s taken us two years to get to the point where we can now put the focus on them.”

FEATURE ARTICLES

The 52nd BDQ at Suoi Long

I. Background

This narrative recounts a single major battle fought between the 52d Vietnamese Ranger Battalion and a Main Force VC element in excess of two regiments between 23-24 June 1967 along the Dong Nai River, War Zone D, north of Xuan Loc, the provincial capitol of Long Khanh Province. The Battalion Commander was Maj Hiep (since killed in a re-education camp) His counterpart was Captain Al Shine, the Senior Advisor. I was assigned to Captain Tot, the Executive Officer and had as my NCO SFC Swyers, a Ranger NCO with considerable Korean War experience. Al and myself also each had an RTO-mine was nicknamed “Elephant” due to his huge size-even by US standards. At six feet, three inches myself, “blending into the unit” was not an option despite the best advice of the Saigon in-country instruction.

During this action, the 52d was organized into four rifle companies and an HHC. Each rifle company had approximately 80-90 personnel. The total battalion strength on the LZ was approximately 450. The primary armaments were the M1 carbine, BAR, .30 cal M1919 Light MG and M79 grenade launcher. The soldiers were primarily the social outcasts of Vietnamese society. The officers were predominately ethnic North Vietnamese who had fled south at the demarcation in 1954. All would be described as fatalists who fully expected to die fighting the communists and had no expectations of living out the war. Through continuous experience, they were exceptionally proficient disciplined combat soldiers. In garrison, they were usually less than quality citizens. They had no use for their government or their senior leadership. They lived to kill and expected to be killed.

The VC force encountered was a “Main Force” element at full strength primarily populated with new soldiers and new equipment. Post operation sweeps showed that most corpses were teenagers with new uniforms, fresh haircuts, equipment and weapons. Most VC were armed with AK 47’s with new canvas magazine carriers and stick grenade belts. Additional weapons were .51 cal HMG, RPG’s, RPK squad automatic weapon and 81mm mortars.

II. Earlier

I joined the 52d BDQ at Xuan Loc basecamp, or Ranger Hill as it was known by us, in April of 1967 as a 1st Lt Deputy Senior Advisor. From the perspective of the occupants of the MAVC compound, it might as well have been Siberia.

They were primarily responsible for the 18th ARVN Division and the Province forces and we had few cordial relations or mutual interests. The feeling was mutual between the Rangers and their Vietnamese counterparts in Xuan Loc. Both elements had a decidedly hostile attitude toward each other. The Rangers had no regard for the 18th-completely justifiable in my experience as we saw in the Suoi Long action-and the 18th worked to keep the 52d in the field as often as possible to compensate for its own lack of operations. (I understand after the fall of RVN, the Division Commander was identified as a VC). Eventually, Ranger Hill was significantly upgraded with building material and weapons I gathered in Bien Hoa and Long Binh Junction in return for war souvenirs most of which were manufactured by the wives for “trading” purposes. I am told the concrete command bunker still exists. The weapons, primarily 50 caliber’s and 81mm mortars were decisive during Tet 68 when employed by Ranger wives and wounded, led by Sergeant Phu, successfully repulsed several VC attempts to take the hill when the battalion was in Xuan Loc and Baria on the first night of Tet.

Two weeks prior to my joining the battalion, the 52d had successfully broken a major VC ambush of the 11th ACR along QL 20, North and West of Xuan Loc. From then on, the 11th ACR habitually asked for the Rangers and we became their light infantry. This was a great relationship because the Rangers knew in their hearts if they got in trouble, the Cav would always move mountains to get to them and would provide the artillery and air support that could be expected had they been American troops. This provided a huge boost of confidence and I believe, was a major cause for the very aggressive combat actions of the battalion. It was certainly a major factor in our mental attitude at Suoi Long.

On a field operation in May, we were laagered in an area known as the Chinese Farms when a Cav helicopter landed. It was Col Cobb, the 11th ACR Regimental Commander, who presented Maj Hiep and our senior advisor, Captain Al Shine, with two brand new M60 machine guns, the only ones we had. Hiep gave them to the best machine gunners in the battalion-two Montagnards with gold front teeth, both of which smoked a small pipe. I shall never forget the image over my right shoulder of one of those gunners at Suoi Long calmly working off 3 round bursts with the pipe in his mouth as if he were at a Ft Benning gunnery range. The gunner keyed on the sound of the VC commanders blowing whistles and on more than one occasion I heard the whistle abruptly ingested as the M60 rounds impacted. These two guns plus the very few M16’s in the battalion

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

were to have a decisive early effect at Suoi Long. (Hiep and Tot's bodyguards and myself as well as some other soldiers had M16's. Months after the battle, we were told that at the initial contact, the VC commander believed we were a new regiment as he hadn't heard Vietnamese with M16's before-reportedly this caused him to be more cautious with us than he otherwise might have been).

III. The Beginning

On the 22d of June, the 52d BDQ was on rest at Ranger Hill after almost a month in the field. Normally, we could expect one or two week's rest before going back to the field. However, on this day, three days after standdown, Cpt Shine, the Senior Advisor was called to MAVC compound and briefed on an immediate operation for the 52d. The 18th Div CG, who exercised tactical control of the 52d, told Hiep that a VC "deserter" had told the Intelligence Officer (G2-Phong Nhi), that he had been part of a construction unit that was building a company size basecamp along the Dong Nai River to receive a new VC unit. Hiep's mission was to take the deserter, find the basecamp and destroy it. We would conduct an air assault the following day, the 23d, and be reinforced by the 11th ACR and possibly the 48th Regiment of the 18th. However, we were told that probably no reinforcements would be needed.

IV. Day One

Hiep organized the Battalion into two columns for movement in the jungle. One half of the battalion and the deserter would move with him and the other with myself and Captain Tot would move parallel about 100 meters apart. (The "deserter" stayed with us throughout the fight and returned unscathed to Xuan Loc). Cpt Shine and "Elephant," the US RTO, would move with Hiep, I and SFC Swyers, would move with the XO, Cpt Tot. SFC Swyers was a veteran of the Korean War and gave me a lot of confidence as this was my first real combat operation. During the action, Swyers was very cool and his experience came through helping hold the Rangers together and organizing our constantly changing defense.

We were trucked to the pickup zone, which was very hot and exposed. Accompanying us was the 52d Vietnamese Reconnaissance Company-no relation. They were armed with M1 Garand rifles. The Rangers assembled in the edge of a rubber plantation (I believe it was Don Dien de Michelin) and waited for the helicopters. Eventually, around 1500, they began to arrive in mass. Soon, more than 40 UH1H's arrived from all over, including the Kiwi's from the New Zealand (or Australia) unit at Nui Dat. I had

never seen so many lift ships before. By 1600, we were loaded on the helicopters waiting for the air strikes and artillery. I recall that moment. We were in the direct sunlight, the heat was stifling and the rotor blades were churning dust and diesel fuel over us. We were all exhausted, physically and mentally, by the time the birds lifted off.

The fresh air was a relief once aloft and we could see immediately where we were going. Artillery was going off, tactical air strikes were underway and small helicopter gunships were hanging on the periphery ducking in and out between strikes to make gun runs. I could see our LZ, the Dong Nai River, Nui Ba Den Mountain and the vast expanse of War Zone D as if it were a giant IMAX movie screen. The adrenalin that normally accompanied such a dramatic shift in environment kicked in.

As we went on short final into the LZ, we could see less and less until on the ground, we could see nothing. The strikes had set the grass and dried brush on fire and I couldn't see 10 feet. Between the helicopters churning dust, the swirling diesel fumes and the burning grass and palms, we were completely isolated. SFC Swyers, Cpt Tot, his RTO's and myself, took a compass direction and headed off the LZ.

Within a few minutes, it was now about 1630, we found ourselves inside the jungle where it was cool, calm and quiet. With all personnel accounted for, Hiep ordered us all to move out. While there was no plan to use artillery along the way, we had the support of the 175mm artillery from Xuan Loc if needed. This was the only artillery with sufficient range to reach us as the Cav artillery had not displaced and the 18th Div did not think their 155mm artillery necessary for the operation.

We progressed for better than an hour as single file columns with an estimated two hours to the objective. Along the way, we made few stops. The distance between columns was about 100 meters but we could only rarely see elements of each other. At one point, SFC Swyers pointed to the map, indicated a brown contour line and said we were about 300 meters from the objective. Our column was traveling to the East of Major Hiep. At not quite 1700, shots were suddenly fired to my immediate right (East) front. A Ranger and a VC sentry engaged each other. I saw the muzzle flash and immediately returned automatic fire with my M16. My rounds hit the grenade belt the VC was wearing and there was a bright flash. At that point, everyone started moving and shouting.

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

I immediately called for artillery and in a few minutes the first rounds landed to our front. The 175mm was a very large round and exploded with a much larger blast than any Rangers had previously experienced. Concurrently, we were on the gun-target line, the direct line between the gun and the target and this created a significant problem. The 175mm has very little deviation left or right from the gunline but significant range error -especially at maximum range at which we were. As I could not see the rounds exploding, I had to adjust by sound. I would get some sensings from the Rangers at the point but accuracy was difficult as the refires were slow and we were moving rapidly. Almost at the basecamp, the rounds were impacting both on the VC and very near to lead elements and Tot asked me to cease fire which I did.

At this time, we had an L-19 overhead which could not see us or the basecamp but kept us in constant touch with Xuan Loc. This was a major confidence factor as it was beginning to get dark and under the canopy, it became dark quickly.

To our West, Hiep had immediately understood what was happening after his lead elements broke into the front of the basecamp. He told me later that he saw he was in a camp much larger than expected and that he sensed we were against at least a battalion rather than a company. He and the lead Rangers could see the several lines of zig zag trenches with low corner bunkers and 51cal machine guns and the many VC working around them. How we caught them by surprise I will never understand but I guess the jungle dampens the loudest sounds.

Hiep immediately ordered all Rangers to attack the basecamp. His rationale was that if we did not attack, we would be overrun in the jungle by what was clearly a superior force. Our survival depended on our ability to take advantage of surprise and overrun the basecamp. Within 10 minutes, we occupied two thirds of the basecamp and were entrenched in their own lines when it became dark and we had to consolidate for the night.

Our spotter aircraft circled overhead relaying our situation but it could not see us through the canopy. I began to call 175mm artillery again and registered rounds all around us. My technique, again relying purely on sound sensings, was to bring the rounds in to our positions until the front line screamed "No more." (Dung Ban!) At that point, I told the artillery to adjust 100m closer but not fire. It was now pitch dark and eerily silent.

SFC Swyers and I were behind one large Banyan tree with wide spreading roots at the ground. Tot and his RTO's

were next to us behind another. The bullets from the 51 caliber's were cutting all the limbs and trunks above our heads and we kept ourselves flat on the ground or directly behind the thickest part of the tree as the wood shards and leaves rained down with every swing of the gun in our direction (I have since lost a picture I took two days later that shows the tree from the VC side shredded to splinters but with the trunk core still standing.) The original tree had a diameter that must have exceeded 5 feet.

All night, we could hear the sound of bamboo clicking against bamboo around our perimeter. Tot told me that was VC guides marking our positions. There was only occasional firing but we slept very little.

I moved over to Hiep's position and found his radio operators in a piece of low ground using the hand crank radio to send Morse messages to Xuan Loc advising them of our situation. His FM radio was useless talking to Xuan Loc and our pilot was not bilingual. We were told that the 48th was located in the LZ and would "reinforce" us and that the 11th ACR had organized a night assault from the South. We could actually hear elements of the 48th unload from trucks.

Cpt Shine and I, through our airborne radio relay, concentrated on gaining helicopter gunship support and getting night flare missions over our position. Around midnite, a very thick fog settled over us and it became almost impossible to accurately adjust the C47 Spooky flare ship. Like the artillery, all adjustments were by sound or the glow of flares through the fog rather than visual reference point. It became very frustrating to have the C47 unload flares everywhere but over us. I used my pen gun flares from behind the tree but had to stop as it was drawing fire. Above, the Spooky pilot told me he could see nothing but a fog blanket. Cpt Shine and I both tried and eventually the Spooky had to return to Bien Hoa but not before he promised to return at first light with guns.

It was under this fog blanket, we later learned, that the VC boated two and half regiments of infantry from the North side of the Dong Nai into the basecamp at the head of the river oxbow. Thankfully, we did not know this at the time.

Meanwhile, Hiep had asked for the 48th Regiment to join us. While they never said No, they never moved either. It was soon clear that they would not come this night. Soon after midnight, we heard a lot of firing and explosions to the South. We later learned that this was an ambush of the 11th ACR the VC had set at a ford site that effectively prevented their joining us.

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

I believe the VC had carefully thought out this entire action ahead of time (possibly with the help of the 18th Div CG) and knew the 11th had to cross at that particular site. Quite possibly, this entire action was designed to destroy the 52d BDQ, the only effective RVN force in Long Khanh Province.

The L19 pilots changed out about the same time and informed us we would have helicopter gunship support from the 11th ACR at first light. Concurrently, MACV was assembling tactical air support for us. Just before dawn the VC began strong probing attacks.

It is important to understand the tactical geography we were dealing with. The basecamp was constructed in an oxbow (large loop) at the point where the Dong Nai went North and then abruptly South. On the point of the Southern loop a small creek, the Suoi Long, wound its way into the jungle. The stream had very steep banks and was covered on both sides by bamboo brush with very sharp thorns. This obstacle cut our left flank and much of our rear. My side, the Eastern perimeter, was bound by the edge of the Dong Nai and was the way we had come in essence, we were at the narrow part of a funnel. While this gave us interior lines, it made us vulnerable to the rear and provided little maneuver room. Our front was the first two lines of the basecamp.

Soon, we began to receive showers of grenades and mortars. We could hear the distinct sound of the sandpaper scratching fuse ignitors of the small grenades and hear them clunk against the tree trunks and vegetation. Most did not explode but we always winched in anticipation. I counted more than a dozen duds in front of our tree when we returned several days later.

We could hear the mortars being fired to our flank and rear and then clunk and slam themselves through the canopy above. Probably less than half actually exploded as the canopy deflected the rounds. Regardless, enough went off near us to keep our attention. Several went off directly above me but we were protected by the large limbs.

As soon as I heard the sound of rounds igniting in the mortar tube, I swung my compass around and provided a direction to the L19 pilot. Almost immediately, he spotted the firing flashes, rolled in with his marking rockets and knocked out the position. However, we couldn't really tell any difference as the volume of small arms fire began to rapidly pickup.

Soon, it was apparent that we were being pushed from forces on all sides, including some in the rear. Fortunately, these attacks were not well coordinated. We were able to

defend against each separate attack. However, after about an hour, now 0630 and first light, we were on the edge of being overrun. At our position to the rear and side of the Ranger front, Swyers and I were engaging infiltrators every few minutes. Our entire position soon became increasingly constricted.

We ceded our right (East) flank on the river and drew closer toward the center. Our center lost the two main trench lines and we were forced back to the edge of the jungle basecamp clearing. This became increasingly difficult as it allowed the VC 51 caliber's to fire with great effect. The Rangers were forced to hug the ground and seek cover behind any low root or ground. No one could raise their head more than six inches without risking a hit. While the BDQ was forced closer together, the concentrated enemy fire made it increasingly difficult to effectively defend the position.

At this time, the first helicopter gunships arrived. It was at the cusp of daylight and the gunners could not yet clearly separate VC from Rangers. I called for the first run and the initial tracer rounds stitched our rear. I can clearly remember lying on the ground behind the tree and watching in a very detached manner the line of red tracers sew a pattern from well behind me in a line less than a yard from my body as it stitched its way toward the enemy. I told the gunners to make the same run and delay their fire for 2 seconds. The second pass was perfect. It was almost as if this very near miss was quite minor compared to the other near misses which had preceded it.

Hiep now saw that we were in a truly desperate situation and called in his company commanders. MACV had begun to stack up tactical airstrikes and the L19 was circling them at various altitudes overhead and sending them against the oxbow as their fuel ran low. To this point, the canopy still hid the positions from the air but the leaves and trees were beginning to disappear from the combined effects of mortars, artillery, airstrikes and small arms. I had begun to refire the 175mm as it had a very great effect even if we took occasional casualties from a short round. A 175mm makes a very large hole and its sound was one of the few comforts we had at the moment. By this time, 0630, we probably occupied a circular perimeter less than a 100 meters in width and 50 meters in depth.

Hiep's plan, as briefed to me by Captain Shine, was borne of desperation and would require a degree of courage and discipline that few units in the world could muster. The Second Company, the center of the line and the most heavily engaged, would assault the attacking VC concurrent with an airstrike on our Eastern (Right/my) flank. Then, the L19

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

would bring in continuous airstrikes right behind that and leading toward the original LZ. We would leapfrog behind each bomb strike to the new craters and move toward safety-hoping the VC could not follow the bomblines.

All the company commanders shook Hiep's hand and went back to their positions. When Cpt Shine told Hiep the airstrikes were inbound, Hiep gave the command to charge to the Second Company Commander (Tuy Uy Tang). He fired a .45 round into his PRC 25 radio dial and ordered the assault. At this time, several things happened very quickly.

At the moment of the order, the VC commander in the center whistled his troops to begin their assault against us. His whistle drew the attention of our Montagnard M60 gunner who hit him squarely in the chest (I remember the sound of his breath going one way, then abruptly the other). Second Company ran directly into a line of VC massed to move forward and completely caught them by surprise, stopping their momentum.

The VC were organized in lines of massed soldiers at each trench. The lead closest to us would raise up, fire at full automatic and shower grenades and move forward as far as their momentum could carry them. The lines behind would rise up and run forward to the just emptied trenches. In this manner, they kept pressuring us to the rear-but at a great cost to themselves. By this time, most engagements were less than 5 yards apart and most within a yard. No movement was possible-you held the position or you were overrun.

At the moment of the Second Company assault, the first airstrikes rolled in our right flank. The L19 pilot shouted that it had hit a major VC force. The initial bombs exploded the canopy and opened up the ground to view. The second set landed squarely in the middle of a battalion just getting on line to assault our flank (my side). We were unaware of its existence and had it attacked, we would have been wiped out.

From then on, everything happened very quickly. The Second Company assault bought enough time for the rest of us to swing to the East and move behind the exploding bombs which now rained in a continuous stream. (We were later told that we had 72 tactical airstrikes in 45 minutes-something of an Air Force record). We had napalm (God bless Dow Chemical!), cluster bomblets, 250, 500, 750 and 1,000 pound bombs from everything ranging from VNAF A1E's to Canberra's to F4's. the sound was deafening and it showered us with mud, splinters and leaves for the entire trek back to our start point. This period is just a haze of noise, adrenaline, dirt and disconnected rapid movements until we broke out into sunlight on the edge of the burned

LZ where we had started the day prior.

Within 20 minutes of the initial assault, we assembled as many people as we could find while moving toward safety. Many Rangers carried wounded comrades and everyone was very quiet and focussed. At one point, Hiep turned to me after some AK 47 shots were heard to say that the VC were shooting the wounded.

Eventually, we found our way back to the same rubber plantation woodland we had left the day before. We formed a small circle behind a large fallen log, expecting the VC to attack at any moment. I lit a Pall Mall and walked around the perimeter reporting to Cpt Shine I was able to count only 32 Rangers out of the 450 we had the previous day. We had not yet met any friendly forces but at last could see open terrain and the sky was full of helicopters and aircraft. The L19 also informed us that the 11th ACR had artillery within range and I began to adjust in our perimeter. Hiep asked me to cease fire as he was afraid we would hit our soldiers trying to join us that had become separated.

V. Aftermath

Later that day, the Commander of the 48th directed Hiep to join him less than a hundred yards from our position. I remember being incensed that they didn't come to us. Walking to their position and seeing them all resting in fresh uniforms and eating, we (all the US) refused to talk to their US counterparts who quickly made themselves scarce. Hiep delivered a tongue lashing to the Colonel (who ranked him by two levels) and we abruptly left.

Soon, APC's from the 48th joined us and we slept in a single perimeter. That night, we were awakened and flattened to the ground as a B52 Arclight strike hit the basecamp and another target. I clearly remember being thrown to the ground and watching the ground literally roll toward me in successive waves as the bomb shock moved the earth.

The next day, the 25th, we retraced our steps with the 11th ACR and the 48th. We followed the bomblines edge and eventually came back to the camp. It was now fully exposed in sunlight and we could, for the first time, see its extent. There were at least five major zigzag trenches, each anchored by large low offset bunkers at the corners and one in the center. Each bunker had firing ports on the oblique providing interlocking fire throughout the position. Between each trenchline, was a cooking bunker and sleeping or command bunkers. The position could easily absorb a regiment or more. The edge of the front was cleared less than 5 yards from the jungle making it virtually impossible to see until an intruder was in the band of defensive fires.

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

Throughout the battlefield, were arrayed the bodies of the combatants. Stacks of VC lay in every trench and the ground between trenches. Parts of people and equipment were scattered in the shattered stumps of trees and limbs as so many leaves. In many cases, it was extremely hard to differentiate between Rangers and VC due to the violence.

However, some things were very clear. The identifiable Rangers were all facing toward the basecamp-their direction of fire. Here and there, you could see clear signs where individual Rangers had tried to clear a low spot in the ground with their arms and legs from the low grazing fire. In daylight, the marks on the dirt were much like what kids make creating angels in the snow.

We began the task of separating and loading the Ranger dead for evacuation and massing the VC for on site burial. The VC were uniformly young and obviously fresh new replacements. They were probably between the ages of 16 and 18 and all had short cut hair and new equipment and black pajamas. I imagine this was their first combat.

The day was exceptionally hot, especially in the newly opened canopy direct sunlight. Soon we were visited by various Generals wanting to see the battlefield. The senior General of the day was the CG of the RVN Marines who was clearly moved and appreciative. He spent considerable time talking to Hiep and the Rangers and was profoundly effected by what he saw.

In the course of the day, I was shown a grouping of bodies. It was a Ranger medic bent over another Ranger. He had been shot in the head by a VC as he was tending his wounded buddy. Many VC and Rangers were pulled off of each other attesting to the hand to hand combat. Where Second Company had made its assault, groups of both sides were intermingled in the center of the camp. I recall thinking how close we all were yet how little we were aware of events beyond the reach of our physical accessibility. In my memory, what was happening within yards of me went unnoticed.

Toward the end, one of the Rangers brought me to one of the last trenches in the position. In the bottom, lay what looked like a sleeping girl. It was a dead VC nurse with long hair draped across her cheek and covering her side almost to her waist. The soldiers, from the 48th, were looking at her and talking. I got a bodybag and placed her inside. Insofar as I know, she was the only VC we evacuated for burial. The rest and what parts we could not identify, we buried in the trenches.

Several days later, a “victory” ceremony was held in Xuan Loc to recognize the Rangers. Cpt Shine had to talk to us very sternly to insure we didn’t say anything bad about the 48th and to smile. I know Hiep had the same problem. For the rest

of the month, lost Rangers began to wander back. Eventually, we had around 200 of the original battalion back. In one famous incident reported in Armor Magazine, an 11th ACR helicopter spotted a figure standing in the jungle. It swooped low, identified it as a Vietnamese waving a rag. The helicopter, covered by a gunship, landed. Walking slowly out of the brush was a Ranger NCO with another Ranger on his back. The NCO had a sucking chest wound that was bleeding and no boots. Over his right shoulder was his wounded buddy and on his left shoulder was both their TA 50 and rifles. They had been evading the VC and seeking recovery for more than five days-Rangers in anybody’s book!

In Christmas of 1968, several Second Company Rangers were released by the VC as a goodwill gesture. They reported that they had been captured after the escape assault and moved across the Dong Nai to a larger basecamp where-allegedly-they had seen both Chinese and Russian advisors. They also said the B52 strike on the first night had hit part of the basecamp and resulted in the death of a major VC or NVA general. They reported that they had to divert their movement to take the body to the border where it was evacuated by helicopter to the North. We had no reason not to believe them.

After this, we were sent to Trang Bang Ranger Training Center for refitting. Here, we had more casualties that month than at any other operational area other than during Tet. It was easy to understand why the Rangers developed such a fatalistic attitude. It was both essential to survival and decidedly logical.



**Maj Nguyen Hiep, the
52d CO. Later killed at a
“retraining” camp.**



Cpt Tot, the BN XO

**The 52d
advisory staff.
Nightingale,
Shine, Swyers,
Elephant**



FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

Ranger receives Army Surgeon General's Physician Assistant Recognition Award

1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment Public Affairs



A physician assistant from 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment is the recipient of the U.S. Army Surgeon General's Annual Physician Assistant Recognition Award.

Capt. Andrew Fisher was chosen from more than 600 physician assistants in the Army and was cited for his life saving care on two separate combat deployments.

A native of Bloomington, Indiana, Capt. Fisher previously served as an Infantryman and a later a medic with 1st Ranger Battalion from 1993 to 1996. He then went on to serve in the National Guard and as a Paramedic on the Indianapolis SWAT Team before earning his Physician Assistant certification from the University of Nebraska. He re-entered the service in 2006 and returned to 1st Ranger Battalion in October 2007.

He has since served on three combat deployments with the battalion in support of the Global War on Terror. In earning the award, Capt. Fisher was specifically recognized for providing life-saving care during a combat mission. On one occasion, Capt. Fisher was maneuvering with his platoon in enemy-held territory, when a Ranger was critically wounded. Capt. Fisher provided care while the platoon maintained contact with the enemy.

Later that same evening, he provided care to four additional Rangers who had been critically wounded and required extraction from the battlefield. Later in the deployment, Capt. Fisher saved the lives of two crewmembers on a Marine Corps helicopter who were the only survivors of a midair collision.

"I owe this award to all the great medics that I work with and the other Physicians Assistants in the Regiment," Capt. Fisher said. "[1st Ranger Battalion] is a challenging environment that pushes you to do your best. "The award notes Capt. Fisher's excellence in training and mentoring young Ranger and Ranger medics. Capt. Fisher oversaw the training of all 1st Ranger Battalion's medics leading up to their combat deployments. In January, one of his medics, Sgt. Bryan Rippee, was named the United States Special Operations Command's Medic of the Year, beating out other nominees from across USASOC.

Additionally, Capt. Fisher has helped the Battalion train and certifies dozens of emergency medical technicians (EMT), non-medics who are able to provide more advanced care on the battlefield. These Rangers must complete a clinical rotation in a Savannah-area emergency room and pass a national certification test. "This is a well-deserved award both for what Capt. Fisher has personally done on the battlefield and how well he has trained and mentored our medics to do the same," said Captain Robert Hart, the 1st Ranger Battalion Surgeon.

Capt. Fisher received the award as well as a Meritorious Service Medal at ceremony held May 10 at 1st Ranger Battalion Headquarters at Hunter Army Airfield. Present were members of his family, his fellow Ranger medics, and Rangers with whom he had served on the battlefield.

Rangers Get New Commander

Story and Photos by Nancy Gould
Hunter Public Affairs

The change of command for the 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment took place beneath the moss-draped trees of Forsyth Park at 4 p.m. on Mar. 18. Dignitaries, guests and those passing by watched as outgoing commander, Col. Brian Mennes, turned over his command to Lt. Col. Michael Foster during the colorful ceremony. Col. Mennes has deployed twice since taking command of the battalion on July 1, 2008. He said that leaving his family of Rangers was a bittersweet transition for he and his wife and children. "This is the best job in the world in one of the best towns in the world," he said. He also acknowledged great things ahead in his new job as a brigade commander

at Fort Bragg. "It's a great day to move forward," he said. But it's been a joy to serve with these men. They define what selfless service looks like. My only regret is that I didn't have more time to spend with them."

Now the opportunity to spend time with the Rangers belongs to the battalion's current commander, Lt. Col. Michael Foster. "I've looked forward to this command; it feels great to be here," said the new commander, about living and serving in the Savannah area and about living near his family who is located in Stone Mountain. Most recently, Lt. Col. Foster served in the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg as the commander of the 1st Squadron, 73rd Cavalry Regiment. Prior to that, he served in the Joint Special Operations Command directing a Joint Interagency Task Force. "I've never experienced anything

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

like this before,” he said about Savannah. I’ve only been here one week and community leaders have already contacted me, welcoming me here.”

Other leaders at Hunter Army Airfield, where the 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment is based were on-hand at Forsyth Park to welcome Lt. Col. Foster to the community. “We’re a family,” said Keepers, the 3rd Battalion, 160th Special Operations Aviation Regiment commander, whose aviators work closely with the Rangers. “Our Family includes special operations units and the entire Hunter community. We all work together jointly to accomplish the mission.”



75th Ranger Regiment Conducts Change of Responsibility

Tracy A. Bailey

75th Ranger Regiment Public Affairs

The 75th Ranger Regiment witnessed a change in senior enlisted leadership March 22. Regimental Command Sergeant Major James C. Hardy relinquished responsibility to Command Sergeant Major Rick Merritt in a ceremony held at the Ranger Memorial.

The 1863 edition of the U.S. Army’s Officer Guide states, “Enlisted men are stupid, but extremely cunning and sly, and bear considerable watching.” “What a long way we have come,” said Col. Michael E. Kurilla, Commander, 75th Ranger Regiment. “Today, they are revered as the backbone of the Army and the U.S. Army NCO Corps is the envy of the world’s armies.”

The relationship between Hardy and Kurilla began more than 18 years ago, when then 1LT Kurilla was a Rifle Platoon Leader with 3rd Ranger Battalion and one of his squad leaders was Staff Sgt. Chris Hardy. “I remember 18 years ago jumping into Scotland, Panama and England with my Ranger Platoon, watching Chris Hardy in action,” said Kurilla. “Leader, trainer, standard bearer, and team builder—everything you wanted in a squad leader. It didn’t change last year on the battlefields of Afghanistan, the incredible voice of wisdom coupled with 24 years of experience.”

Hardy reflected on his service to the 75th Ranger Regiment and the Army. “I have had the opportunity to walk among this generation’s greatest Americans, heroes if you will, but they are humble and do not consider themselves as such,” said Hardy. “The Rangers do it not for themselves, but for each other and this great nation, in hopes that one day the world will be a better place and our children and grandchildren will not have to endure the hardships and sacrifice as they have.”

Hardy’s next assignment is the Command Sergeant Major of the Maneuver Center of Excellence, Fort Benning, Ga. “There is no better man to lead the transformational changes of the Maneuver Center of Excellence,” said Kurilla. “There is no better man to coach, teach and mentor the leadership that will train the 145,000 soldiers that transit Fort Benning on an annual basis.”

The incoming Command Sergeant Major is no stranger to the 75th Ranger Regiment either, having served in every capacity from rifleman to Command Sergeant Major of the Regimental Special Troops Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment. And the relationship between CSM Merritt and Col. Kurilla also goes back a long ways; 19 years to be exact. Merritt is honored to be selected to hold the top enlisted position within the 75th Ranger Regiment. With his trademark modesty, Merritt spoke these simple words upon his assumption of responsibility, “With a war ongoing it is with the upmost honor, that I serve you. Rangers, we are a nation and Regiment at war and I expect much from you. In return, you can expect me to give you 100 percent and then some.”

Of his incoming Command Sergeant Major, Kurilla had this to say, “Rick Merritt’s breadth and depth of knowledge is unmatched, he is the consummate Ranger, and will bring the same level of experience and energy to the Regiment Command Sergeant Major position; he is exactly the right leader to take the Regiment to the next level.”



FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

Randall Harris

Randall Harris, an educator and much decorated Ranger in World War II, died in Morro Bay, CA on February 19, 2010 at the age of 94, at the home of his daughter and son-in-law Barbara and Michael Coss, where he had been living in recent days.



Harris raised his family in Morro Bay, Paso Robles, and San Luis Obispo and was featured on Ralph Edwards This is Your Life television show in 1958. He was born March 1, 1915 on

the family homestead in Goodrich, North Dakota and grew up in Pocahontas, Iowa, the middle child in a family of five. After graduating from high school at the age of 17, he enrolled at Iowa University in Iowa City, taking speech classes to cure his stuttering. He transferred to Buena Vista College after a year, then in 1935 decided to seek his fortune in Los Angeles, where he worked and briefly attended UCLA before an attack of appendicitis sent him back home to Pocahontas.

In 1940 Harris enlisted in the Iowa National Guard and then the Army Corps 34th Infantry Division. He shipped out to Ireland in May 1942. In June he volunteered for Special Forces and as a member of Darby's Rangers, was sent to Achnacarry, Scotland, for training under the British Commandos. Before his service concluded, Harris had participated in five campaigns, six battles and three amphibious landings. He took part in the North African Invasion at Arzew and the Tunisian Campaign. During the invasion of Sicily, July 10, 1943, he took command after his company commander was killed. His "conspicuous and extraordinary courage and leadership" earned him the Distinguished Service Cross and a Battlefield commission from General Patton. He suffered life-threatening wounds in Gela, Sicily, recuperated in North Africa, then hitched a ride to Italy to rejoin his comrades at the front lines at Ceppagna and Venafrò where he was again wounded and hospitalized.

On January 22, 1943, as company commander of Fox company, Randall led his men ashore at Anzio where his unit secured the landing zone and advanced farthest inland as support troops poured in. His company repulsed enemy counter-attacks with heavy casualties. He was wounded for the third time, and sent to a hospital in Naples to recover. For his performance at Anzio, he was commended

for his "intrepid and self-sacrificing coolness and inspiring performance under fire."

By April 1944, less than 200 of the original 2000 Darby's Rangers remained. The rest had been killed or captured. Harris was one of three Rangers in WWII to earn the Distinguished Service Cross, an honor that also went to Col. William O. Darby. He also earned a Battlefield Commission from Sergeant to 1st Lieutenant for leadership on the battlefield, Bronze Star, Purple Heart with two oak leaf clusters, Infantry Combat Badge, two Unit Citations, and EAME Theater Ribbon with five battle stars. He retired from the Army as a Captain. In 1993, he was inducted into the Ranger Hall of Fame for "uncommon valor and selfless gallantry." For most of his adult life, Harris was active in the Rangers of WWII chapters in California and Iowa, serving as an officer for many years of the Western Chapter Rangers Battalions Association of WWII.

Harris married Dixie Hale in San Diego, California in November 1944. They moved to Morro Bay on the central California coast, where he built seven houses and got two degrees on the GI Bill, a bachelor's degree from Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, and a master's degree from San Francisco State University. He served briefly as a probation officer before becoming a special education teacher. He earned lifetime teaching credentials in elementary school administration, exceptional children, general elementary credential and general secondary credential. The couple had six children between 1947 and 1964.

In 1958, Harris's WWII exploits and subsequent life as a special education teacher in rural Paso Robles, California, were featured on the television program, This is Your Life, hosted by Ralph Edwards. Harris was appointed director of special education for San Luis Obispo County in 1961 and returned to teaching in 1965. He retired in 1976 after having established the first outdoor education program for special education in San Luis Obispo County; developed the first grants program for summer speech courses; established the first class in San Luis Obispo County for the emotionally handicapped; organized inter-school athletic contests in football, softball and track; and organized a bowling program that sent teams to state tournaments for seven years. After his retirement, he devoted a number of years to developing Camp Harris, a summer camp for children with special needs.

Harris's wife Dixie died in a car accident in 1967. After a brief marriage to Shirley Vandergrift and an attempt to start a ranch in Arroyo Grande where disabled young people could learn independent living skills, he married June

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

Smithwick Turner in 1974. They lived in Morro Bay, bought an RV and did extensive traveling, especially to Alaska and Mexico. June suffered a stroke in 1992 and Randall devoted himself to her recovery. She died in 1993. He married Margaret Page Nemoede in 1997. Until Margaret's death in November 2000, the couple lived in Cambria and traveled around the world. They were in Hong Kong to observe the British handover and traveled to Australia and New Zealand, and his favorite stomping grounds, Alaska.

A dedicated volunteer, Harris served as Scoutmaster of a Boy Scout Troop in Morro Bay, California during the late 1940s and early 1950s and in the 60s volunteered for Achievement House, Inc. In later life, he was active in the San Luis Obispo branch of Toastmaster's International. He worked with former President Jimmy Carter in Plains, GA as a volunteer for Habitat for Humanity and again in Watts, California where Carter was leading a construction project. In recent years, Harris served as an adviser to Roandoak, a drug rehabilitation center, to raise money and provide jobs for their clients.

Besides traveling, Randall enjoyed fishing, playing pool, attending his grand children's sporting events and working

in his workshop on various projects and inventions. In 1998, he fulfilled a lifetime dream by taking flying lessons and equipped his computer with a flight simulator. In 2002, at the age of 87, he went skydiving for the first time. When he repeated this experience at a national Ranger conference in 2003, a colonel in the Rangers gave him his own wings from Vietnam. In 2004, at the age of 89, he went salmon fishing in Alaska, and caught his limit. In 2005, nearly 200 family and friends gathered at the Madonna Inn in San Luis Obispo to celebrate his 90th birthday.

Harris is survived by six children: Martha Harris, Dorothy Melia, Dixie Cavigli, James Randall Harris, Howard Andre Harris, and Barbara Coss; eleven grandchildren: Craig Melia, Carrie Melia Daly, Randy Cavigli, Amy Cavigli, Rebekah Coss, Jonathan Coss, David Coss, Kenneth Harris, Heidi Estes, Ginny Harris, Esther Harris; and two great-grandchildren: Ryann and Evan Daly.

There will be a private family memorial service. Memorial donations may be made to HABITAT FOR HUMANITY for SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY, P.O. Box 613, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406.

Cent-Com commander Gen. David Petraeus speaks at ceremony honoring Best Ranger winners

By LILY GORDON - lgordon@ledger-enquirer.com

Gen. David Petraeus, commander of U.S. Central Command, was the guest speaker at Monday's closing ceremony for the 27th Annual Lt. Gen. David E. Grange Best Ranger Competition. "What you have accomplished here at Fort Benning these last few days is simply mind-boggling to the average person, even to the average very fit person," Petraeus said, speaking to those competitors who made it through to the finish. "Just qualifying to compete in the Best Ranger Competition is a great achievement, but finishing it is a truly remarkable accomplishment."

Forty teams began the competition Friday. Twenty-five managed to cross the finish line Sunday. Winning the competition were Master Sgts. Eric Ross and Eric Turk of U.S. Special Operations Command. There was never a point when we thought we were going to quit," Turk said. "We were in it to win it from Day 1. That was the intent we came here with and so we carried that through the entire way."

For winning the three-day, almost nonstop contest, Turk and Ross each received a Gold Cup Series Colt .45 pistol and were awarded the Order of Saint Maurice. Like all

other Best Ranger Competition victors before them, their names were etched onto a trophy that will be permanently displayed at Ranger Training Brigade Headquarters. Additionally, retired Maj. Gen. Ken Leuer donated a pair of commemorative stones on the Ranger Memorial Walk in honor of the two men.

Turk, a three-time past competitor, said he knew when he chose his partner for this year's contest that a win was finally within his reach. "This time I brought a competitor with me that was a best friend and we've done some other races together in the past," Turk said. "It was more a matter of coming down here for fun. Last year was with my boss and he was just interested in, you know, doing it once in his career so we came to compete and have fun, and it was. But this year we came here to win."

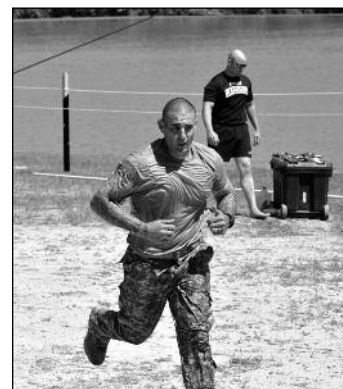
Master Sgt. Evert "Skip" Soderholm and Sgt. Maj. James "Jimmy" Moran also came to Fort Benning to claim the Best Ranger title. That's why they were so disappointed Sunday when they ended the weekend in third place. "There are a lot of intangibles in this competition that you don't measure in the gym or on the road against each other," said Moran, who won the competition in 1999. "Heart, intestinal fortitude, drive, absolute hatred of failing, a competitive nature, those types of things some guys just have and they won't let you fail in missions. "Skip and I hate to lose and that's all I can really say. We're disgusted

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

with third place to be honest with you,” Moran continued with just a hint of playfulness in his voice. Moran and Soderholm were the oldest Rangers to complete the competition at 39 and 37 respectively. Some would say that’s a feat in itself, but it may not be enough for these Fort Bragg-based warriors from Special Operations Command. Both said they are considering coming back next year to earn those pistols. That is, as long as Turk and Ross don’t

return. “If they’re back, I won’t compete against them,” Soderholm said, with a wide grin. “I’d definitely like to try it again, though.”

Special Operations Command dominated this year’s competition with three of the four teams it entered clinching the top three spots. Coming in second place were Staff Sgt. George Sankey and Master Sgt. Kevin Quant.



Bikers

We were at an RV park in Loreto, Baja California in early April and met a brother and sister, Oscar and Erika Avellaneda, riding bikes from Alaska to Columbia. They were born and raised in Anchorage, Alaska. They chickened out and decided not to ride 1200 miles of snow from Anchorage but took the ferry to Bellingham, WA and have been on the road since mid January. They will take the ferry (12 hours) from La Paz to Topolobampa on the mainland and plan to make it to Columbia by October. We spoke with them and they mentioned that their inspiration when they are having tough times on the road is their brother Hector Avellaneda who is with the Rangers. They were not sure which battalion he was in but just knew it was stationed in Georgia. They keep in contact with e-mail and phone so they don’t have to write his entire military address each time they contact him. Her boy friend is with the Airborne Company in Alaska and just got back from the sandbox.

They did look remarkably fit and should be even more so when they get to Columbia. They will fly back.

Reed Cundiff

Team 4, 173rd LRRP 1966-67



FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

Prologue

It was a miserable summer day in the mountains for Ranger Class 7-99. Just like most days, I was the Alpha Team Leader. We'd been moving uphill for the entire God-forsaken patrol and the blistering Georgia heat and stagnant humidity was sucking our collective will to live. Ranger "Smith", a PFC from Ranger Regiment trying to earn his tab, was having another rough day. Smith had been recycled once already for failing patrols and this was his last shot before he'd be kicked out of Ranger School. He was a sharp kid, but he stressed out a lot when he was in charge, and didn't have the greatest constitution despite his large stature, so he was often teetering on the brink of falling out. Regardless, he never quit, even when we could tell he was hurting and he improved every time, even though he wasn't the strongest guy when it came to patrols. Frankly, we all liked him and were rooting for him.

At this point, Ranger School hadn't really gotten to me. I had wrestled or fought since I was eleven years old so not eating wasn't a big deal, and West Point taught me to operate on no sleep, so that wasn't so bad either. When I saw Smith falling back, I pulled some ammo out of his ruck, traded his SAW for my M4, and helped him get up the hill. Over the course of the next month, I remember doing this at least three times. After all, teamwork was one of the key components of Ranger School. It is with that spirit that Ranger Up hit the Bataan Death March.

Our Latest Dumb Adventure

Kelly Bruno is a bad ass. 500 meters into the race one of Tommy's Camelbacks busted, draining water down his back into his boots. This was very funny at the time. We took the first drink of Wild Turkey around Mile 1. I believe this helped with energy. We took the second drink of Wild Turkey around Mile 3. All the better. My bottle of Maker's garnered many comments sticking proudly out of the back of my ruck. Outstanding.

By Mile 5 we were moving along nicely and at a great clip. All was good with the world. We passed the Wild Turkey on to passersby. They were happy to meet Ben Franklin's recommendation for the National Bird. Then something happened. We were going uphill and it wasn't ending. Mile 8. Still uphill. Mile 10. Still uphill. There literally was no respite as we continued to climb a 6% grade. My hamstring, which I tore break dancing at a wedding, was starting to cramp. Goddamit. Something in the body chemistry was lacking. I hammered back some Gatorade and ate some Gu and hoped for the best.

Tommy noticed my gait was off and asked if I was okay. In my younger years I would have pretended nothing was wrong. Having just turned 33 the day before (yeah, Happy Birthday to me) and having been on both sides of this coin in the past I told him exactly what was up. "We need to slow down?" he asked. "Nah, man. I should be good," I gamely replied. Tommy knew I was hurting, but also knew there wasn't a whole hell of a lot he could do, so he nodded. When we hit Mile 12, the desert sun had sucked me pretty freaking dry, my leg was killing me, and I had a slight case of the fuzzies. Not ideal. Kelly Bruno, along with the freak of nature that is The Dave (he has a racing stripe tattooed to his leg...seriously), were basically running laps around us for fun because they are weirdos designed by God to do things that are truly miserable and somehow enjoy it. I kind of hated them.

That's when Tackett looked at me and said, "Dude, you are completely covered in salt. That can't be good." Tom and Whitney looked at me like I was on my death bed. I was hurting pretty bad, but didn't fully grasp how much salt I had shed until Kelly Bruno told me I looked like "a salt encrusted tuna". I punched her in the face...in my head...but thought it was real...and that's when you know things are going south. Tackett told me to watch his feet and stay with him. In retrospect this would have been a good time to give some of my 55 pounds to someone carrying 20 less, but of course, the idea never occurred to me. The next mile and a half was a festering bag of dog shit. I was pissed off that my body was crapping out. I was frustrated as I knew that this was the outlier – I could do this race 20 times and only have this happen once, but BAM there it was. Most of all though, I was in pain: my hamstring felt like it was tearing all over again, I had a splitting headache, and I was cramping up. I adopted the old Ranger School standby of just putting one foot in front of the other and following Tackett. Life sucked.

Finally we got to the 13.5 mile mark where there was a water refill point. I had the fuzzies something fierce. "I'm way low on electrolytes," I stated. Suddenly, I realized my team must have knocked off a CVS drug store before starting this race because there were about 107 pills suddenly in my hand. I vaguely remember them all blathering on about calcium delivery systems, electrolytes, and caffeine, but in all honesty they could have given me a vial of crack cocaine, two Viagra, and Iocane Powder and I would have downed every bit of that shit. With God knows what now swimming through my system, I refilled the camel backs (why was I still Muling at this point?), rucked up, took a pull of Wild Turkey, and moved out.

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

At this point I was expecting to be in for a miserable second half of the race, but with the amphetamines, opium, and paint thinner that my team had given me I started to feel way better – strong even. With every mile, I increased my pace with my proud Ranger Buddy John Tackett right beside me. Things were looking so good in fact that in my newfound exuberance we did mile 18 in just over ten minutes – a blistering pace with the 55 pound rucks. I was good to go now – fully revived. Nothing could go wrong! That's when Tackett broke his foot. We were running on a downhill and something popped. At first he suffered through it without slowing, but his face had definitely changed. I knew where we were heading. Shortly thereafter he was turning his foot so that he wasn't putting pressure on the injury. Now it was his turn to dig in. He took a nice pull of Wild Turkey as he grimaced on.

I looked around at the rest of the team. Tommy still looked strong. Whitney's face showed some nice misery, but she was kicking ass. Kelly and The Dave had picked up juggling pins along the way and were throwing the pins back and forth to each other over our heads as they frolicked. I still hated them, and I am pretty sure John did too, mostly because he told me he did. At mile 21 we hit what Bataaners affectionately call "The Sand Pit". While much of the course is off road, up until this point the sand had been packed pretty well. The Sand Pit, however, was a foot to a foot and a half of loose sand. You couldn't help but sink into it, which was just awesome six hours into a race, especially if you had a broken foot. A mile and a half later, we were through. Whitney looked worse, but still good to go. Kelly and The Dave had somehow added a poodle to their juggling act. Tackett was hunkered down into miserable Ranger mode. Tommy, however, had gone from looking strong to looking ghost white. "All my blisters popped dude." That water that had seemed so funny at 500 meters, had turned Tommy's feet to hamburger (later the nurse would ask him if she could take a picture of his feet) and all of his blisters had gone at once. The spring in his step was gone. We Rangered on.

At Mile 23 it was Whitney's turn to fall back a little. She looked bad and I was worried about her. By Mile 24.5 she was slipping back a little further. We slowed our pace to check on her and she motioned to keep moving. We did, but we kept a watchful eye. By Mile 25 she was really slipping back. Tommy turned to walk towards her when all of a sudden she let out some sort of Ginger grunt and took off running. She ran past us and we called for her, but she didn't stop or slow. She just ran the ugliest run we had ever seen and disappeared. The Dave and Kelly were doing cartwheels

while riding unicycles. We all still hated them. Our group limped on to Mile 26. Whitney the Ginger was waiting there. She screamed something unintelligible and we, as a group turned the corner. There were two tenths of a mile to go. John, broken foot and all, started running. We all ran with him.

Team Ranger Up finished the God-forsaken race as a team in what can only be described as a day when everything that could possibly go wrong went wrong. Murphy had his way with us and kicked us out without even asking for our phone number. We were hurt and a bit disappointed. We all knew we could have done a lot better. I personally felt very guilty for slowing us down for a few miles in the middle stretch. It sucked. We opened the bottle of Maker's Mark that I had carried carefully on our excursion and pretty much killed it inside of ten minutes. Right about that time we found out that we beat the old record by one hour and twenty minutes. About forty minutes later, the second place team, sponsored by Crossfit, would finish. We were well into our cooler of beer by that point.

Full Circle

Ranger Smith made it through the Mountain Phase and was now with me in the final phase of Ranger School in the swamps of Florida. There were about 96 hours left in the school and I already had a GO. All I had to do was physically make it to the end and I was going to have the coveted Ranger Tab. Life was as good as it could be. Ranger Smith was doing okay. We still helped him a lot, but he was continuing to improve. I hoped he was going to pass.

We had a miserable patrol that night and my Ranger Buddy had been in rough shape. I took his guard shift and sat on a rock in order to keep from getting comfortable and stay awake. When the shift was over and I went to move, I fell to the ground. I couldn't feel my leg. At first I thought that I had just cut off the blood supply and that my leg would wake up, like when you fall asleep on your arm, but after thirty minutes there was no improvement. I couldn't even walk without tripping. My mind raced. How the hell was I going to make any of the movements? The worst started entering my mind – I was going to fail Ranger School this close to the end. My eyes actually welled up. Fuck that. I was going to figure this out. After several attempts, I realized that if I turned my foot sideways, I could lock it out and use it almost like a crutch. I spent much of the morning mastering this walking technique as I knew we had a long movement that evening.

Evening came quickly and we moved out. I did well for a while, but try as I might, I started slipping back. The

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

Ranger Instructor was right in my face. “Do you want to quit Ranger?” “No sergeant,” I said with disdain. “It looks like you want to quit, Ranger.” “Fuck that, sergeant.” This took him aback because generally students, myself included, were extremely subservient to RIs. I was in a bad place and didn’t care anymore so anger got the better of me. “Ranger, if you fall back too far, you’re done,” he snarled. I put everything I had into moving forward. I pushed so hard off of that bad leg that to this day I still have knee pain from that night, but even with that effort, I knew I was in a losing battle. We had a long way to go.

Suddenly, I felt a hand under my ruck. At first I thought it was the RI pulling me out and my heart sunk but then I realized it was Ranger Smith, pushing me forward. Pride forced me to tell him I was fine. For the first time that any of us had ever seen, Ranger Smith got fierce. He leaned in and said, “You don’t have to do everything yourself Nick. You’re sucking and you’re getting my fucking help whether you want it or not. We’re a fucking team. Keep walking.” I shut the fuck up. Ranger Smith got me to the end of the movement. That night I got some feeling back in the leg. I graduated Ranger School a week later. Ranger Smith was there with me.

Epilogue

As we walked through the chute at the end of the Bataan

Death March, we shook the hands of the veterans who had lived through the real event in the Philippines. During the real Death March there were no water stations, no electrolyte pills, no support of any kind. If they fell out they were bayoneted on the side of the road and left to die. When they did stop for brief rests they were tortured. These men had nothing in the world except for two things: their indomitable will to survive and their buddies to their left and right. And they did it. The race was awful in every conceivable way. And it damn well should have been. God Bless the Battling Bastards of Bataan!



Military and Federal Employee Discounts:

All these businesses offer military discounts; all you have to do is ask.

Ed Note:

This list is not complete. I know for a fact that Home Depot also offers a 10% discount to former & current military. Some Staples & Office Depot stores do as well. It is a good practice to always ask as you check out. All they can say is “no”.

Restaurants

- ? Arby's
- ? A&W
- ? Back Yard Burgers
- ? Burger King
- ? Captain D's
- ? Chick-Fil-A
- ? Cotton Patch
- ? Denny's

- ? Dunkin' Donuts
- ? IHOP (20 percent discount with military identification)
- ? Java Cafe
- ? KFC
- ? Long John Silver
- ? Pancho's Mexican Buffet
- ? Pizza Hut
- ? Quizno's
- ? Sizzler
- ? Sonic
- ? Taco Bell
- ? Whataburger

Services

- ? AT&T
- ? California Cryobank
- ? Geico

FEATURE ARTICLES (CONTINUED)

- ? Jiffy Lube
- ? Meineke
- ? Sears Portrait Studio

Travel and Leisure

- ? Blockbuster
- ? Movie theaters
- ? Ripley's attractions and museums
- ? Professional Sports teams

Products

- ? Apple Computers
- ? AutoZone
- ? Barnhill's
- ? Bass Pro Shop
- ? Bath and Body Works
- ? Big 10 Tires
- ? The Buckle
- ? Champs Sports
- ? Copeland's Sports
- ? Dell
- ? The Discovery Channel Store
- ? Dress Barn
- ? The Finish Line
- ? Foot Action
- ? Footlocker
- ? Gadzooks
- ? GNC
- ? Goody's
- ? Great Party

- ? Happy Harry's
- ? Hot Topic
- ? Jockey
- ? Lerner
- ? Michael's
- ? NAPA Auto Parts
- ? New York & Company
- ? Pac Sun
- ? Payless Shoes
- ? Play It Again Sports
- ? Pure Beauty
- ? Quizno's
- ? Sally Beauty Supply
- ? Spencer's Gifts
- ? Suncoast
- ? Timberland Outlets
- ? Wilson's Leather

Cell Phone Service Discount

All Federal employees are able to get a 15% discount on their personal cell phones by calling their carrier and mentioning the "Federal Telecommunications Act of 1996 - Discount to Federal Employees Past and Present."

Cingular - 800-319-6393
Sprint - 877-812-1223
T-Mobile - 866-646-4688
Nextel - 800-639-6111
Verizon - 800-865-1825

You will need to know the military member's supervisor's name, phone number, and full address, so that his/her military status can be verified.

UNIT REPORTS



1ST BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

Unit Director - Todd M. Currie

Ranger Ball 2010

By Steve Murphy

What a wonderful time! Karen and I met with CSM of the Army Glen Morrell, his wife Karen, their daughter Dawn and CSM Bill and Brenda Acebes Friday night for dinner in Hinesville. It was good to get back in touch with old friends. We then left and went to Kevin Barry's and the upstairs Ranger Lounge for drinks and ran into Brian Staggs and Kevin McCarthy to tell a few war stories and have a couple drinks just missing Wayne Lott along the way.

Saturday night was the Ranger Ball and a great time! We had dinner with CSM Glen and Karen Morrell, CSM Bill and Brenda Acebes, SGM Pete and Carol Schetrompf. The Ranger Punch Ceremony was presented by the SFC's of Battalion. We ran into COL Pat Stevens and his wife, and Steven L Brown, Roger Brown's nephew. Being it was Saturday before St Patrick's Day, Savannah was in her glory and hopping.

Sunday morning we went to Daffin Park to watch the Ranger Rugby team beat the competition and win their division for the Savannah tournament. West Point also had fielded a team that participated; however, we missed their matches. After the event we listened as a couple of the Rangers were invited to try out for the All Army Rugby Team! COL Mennes was gracious enough to invite us to his home to participate in the Rugby Team's farewell Low Country Boil. There we hung out with the men of the Ranger Battalion and the West Point Rugby Team. It was Karen's first experience watching a keg stand. I only kept my feet on the ground to protect those I might have fallen on. It was an honor to be with these fine young men.



Renowned political thriller author Vince Flynn Visits 1/75 Rangers

Vince Flynn, known for his in-depth research and prescient warnings about the rise of Islamic Radical Fundamentalism and terrorism, visited 1/75 in Feb 2010. He met and talked with the Rangers regarding their recent experiences overseas, likely to gain intelligence for his next novel. Prior to his departure, Vince presented the battalion a copy of each of his novels for their library.

Vince Flynn's bio states that he has been read by current and former presidents, foreign heads of state, and intelligence professionals around the world. Flynn's novels are taken so seriously one high-ranking CIA official told his people, "I want you to read Flynn's books and start thinking about how we can more effectively wage this war on terror."

Works by Flynn include *Transfer of Power*, *The Third Option*, *Separation of Power*, *Executive Power*, *Memorial Day*, *Consent to Kill*, *Act of Treason*, *Extreme Measures* and *Pursuit of Honor*.



Sheila Dudley Selected as a 2010 Savannah Tech Community Star

Shelia Dudley was selected as a 2010 Community STAR! Sheila, you have been an example for others and have made a tremendous impact in your Ranger organization and in the community. This is a small token of thanks for your inspirational and energetic support to the community.



1ST BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (CONTINUED)**Savannah Tech Community
Star Luncheon, April 9, 2010**

The Tribute to Community STARs was **Friday, April 9, 2010**. The event's honorary co-chairs were Mr. and Mrs. Dick Eckburg. Shelia was nominated by Honorary Member of the Regiment Richard Eckburg.

**75th Ranger named
USASOC Medic of the Year**

By Tracy A. Bailey
75th Ranger Regiment Public Affairs

FORT BENNING, Ga. (USASOC News Service, Feb. 16, 2010) – Braving a hail of automatic gunfire during an intense fire fight, Sgt. Bryan C. Rippee, less than 10 feet away from the tip of the enemy's weapon, assessed the situation, took charge and rapidly began treatment of the wounded. The intense close-quarters gunfire exchange between militants and Rangers while clearing the compound had left one Ranger wounded and unresponsive in the center of the room. With gun fire and grenades continuing to cross the room, Ranger medic Sgt. Rippee exposed himself to enemy fire in order to suppress the enemy. Gaining fire superiority he noticed another Ranger also wounded. "Someone once said the best medicine on the battlefield is fire superiority," says Rippee, underplaying the role he played. "As a medic, I am in a position to benefit the force and strive to be able to help in combat both as a medic and a Soldier."

He began treating the chest wounds while a Ranger assault element moved forward to neutralize the enemy threat with small arms and hand grenades. Rippee used his body to shield the casualty from the explosions and continued treatment. As an emergency medical technician moved into the room Rippee directed him to assess and treat the severely damaged left arm of a second casualty. He continued to direct care and treatment until additional medical personnel arrived.

Cpt. Andrew D. Fisher, 1st Ranger Battalion Physician Assistant, and a man who knows Sgt. Rippee well, had this to say of the Ranger medic that day. "Recognizing the

severity of the wounds, Sgt. Rippee rapidly began his initial assessment and treatment. At the risk of being engaged by the enemy, Sgt. Rippee took the necessary steps to secure and treat the casualty," he said. "I have deployed with Sgt. Rippee on all of his deployments and have witnessed many of his heroic and valorous actions..." For that day in Iraq, he was awarded the Army Commendation Medal with Valor device.

It was for this type of repeated selfless service and courage that, Rippee, a native of Riverside, Calif. and combat medic assigned to B Company, 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment stationed at Hunter Army Airfield, was named the 2009 U.S. Army Special Operations Command Medic of the Year. The nomination consisted of a two-page recommendation from the combat medic's supervisors and endorsement from the his chain of command. Eighteen nominee packets were submitted and reviewed by the Command Sergeant Major of U.S. Army Special Operations Command, Command Sgt. Maj. Parry Baer. While all the candidate's packets were strong, Rippee's consistent bravery and efforts as a combat medic in multiple actions seemed to set him apart.

He has been with the battalion since August 2007. Throughout his time in the 75th Ranger Regiment, Rippee has proven over and over his mettle as a combat medic both on and off the battlefield. In the fall of 2009, serving with 1st Ranger Battalion in Afghanistan, while conducting a night time operation, a team of Rangers were critically wounded when they encountered an improvised explosive device. Rippee, who witnessed the event from about 40 meters away, ran into the unsecure blast area without regard for his own safety, and begin treating and conducting triage. "My first reaction was to run like hell towards the explosion and the Rangers; I knew there would be a lot of casualties," said Rippee. "I bolted down the road through the smoke and dust and came upon a wounded Ranger and began assessing and treating him. We are trained to treat wounded Rangers by the severity of the wounds, not how bad the wounds look," said Rippee.

After the casualty collection point was established, Rippee assisted in the movement of the wounded and continued treating the Rangers until medical evacuation arrived. In that encounter, Rippee, was credited with saving the lives of two of the six wounded. In another incident during that same rotation, a mid-air collision of two helicopters in route to a target compound instantly turn the assault mission into a combat search and rescue, as the remainder of the force quickly landed at the crash. Rapidly exiting the helicopter he was on, Rippee immediately ran to the burning wreckage. With ammunition and fuel cooking off

1ST BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (CONTINUED)

around him, and the screams of the injured trapped in the flaming aircraft piercing the night, Rippee and a Ranger squad leader pulled one of the survivors from the burning airframe, carrying him 40 meters then conducting the medical efforts that would save that Soldier's life.

For Rippee, who doesn't consider himself a hero, courage seems to be an ingrained trait, apparent to his fellow Rangers and supervisors. "Sgt. Rippee is a devoted and extraordinary medic. His performance both in training and in combat are the epitome what a United States Army Special Operations Non-commissioned Officer should Be, Know and Do," said Fisher. "He is an immeasurable asset to our organization. His sense of ethics and discipline is beyond reproach."

Rippee's training includes Basic Combat Training, Advanced Individual Training—Combat Medic Course, Basic Airborne Course, Ranger Assessment and Selection Program and Ranger School. The Combat Medic Course is taught at Fort Sam Houston, Texas and provided Rippee with his EMT-Basic Certification and qualified him as a combat medic. Following these courses, Rippee attended the Special Operations Combat Medic Course at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The intensive six month course teaches extensive training in anatomy and physiology, kinetics of trauma, advanced trauma skills and procedures, Trauma Combat Casualty Care and combat trauma management. He also completed a one month emergency room and EMT rotation at Tampa General Hospital and Tampa Fire and Rescue in Tampa, Fla. Upon graduation, he received a certification as an Advanced Tactical Practitioner.

Rippee has deployed three times in support of the Operations Enduring Freedom and Operation Iraqi Freedom; twice to Iraq and once to Afghanistan. His awards include the Ranger Tab and Parachutists Badge, Meritorious Service Medal, Joint Service Commendation Medal, Army Commendation Medal for Valor, Army Achievement Medal Army Good

Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Afghanistan Campaign Medal, Iraq Campaign Medal, Global War on Terrorism Service Medal and Army Service Ribbon. Rippee is the son of Antoinette Rippee of Richmond, Va., and Jeffrey Rippee of San Bernardino, Ca.

**Volunteering, 1st Ranger Battalion Style**

By MSG (Ret) Don Feeney

In order to give you perspective of how I volunteered for the 1st Ranger Battalion, I must immediately digress and describe how I became a Ranger in the first place. During the Vietnam era, the Army had the Non-Commissioned Office Candidate Course, NCOC, a three-month school that promoted an E-2 or E-3 graduate into a SGT E-5. I attended and graduated from NCOC in 1971.

Following that, I completed Airborne School and was scheduled to deploy to Vietnam. The problem was that I was only 17 years old and could not legally be sent to Vietnam until I turned 18. While standing in the orders section of the Training Support Brigade at Ft. Benning, GA, one of my Tac's from the NCOC Corse said "I know what to do with him until he turns 18". He told me to grab my duffel bag and follow him. After a short walk we arrived at the bus stop near the jump towers. The Sergeant told me to get on the bus that said Harmony Church and get off at the last stop. "You'll see a big Ranger tab at that stop" he said. "Go into the office and tell the NCO behind the desk that SFC Adams sent you and tell him that orders will follow. He'll know what to do with you".

Being the newest three-striper on post, I did what SFC Adams said. Did I mention that I had no idea what a Ranger was? At the last stop, the driver pointed to the Ranger Tab. I got off the bus and did the duffel bag drag to the HQ office. I knocked on the door and a loud voice said "Enter". I walked in to see a rock solid SFC sitting behind a desk with a chaw of tobacco the size of a baseball in his cheek. Being from Brooklyn, NY, that was not a common site but after being around country boys during the past year I was getting used to it.

That NCO was SFC Roger B. (Hog) Brown before he went to OCS. As I started to explain, "I am Sgt Feeney from, ..." SFC Brown stated calmly, "I know who you are, I can read name tags and I know who sent you. Take you bag and get set up on the second floor of that building. Chow's at 1700 over there. Your class starts in four days so I suggest you spend most of your time doing PT and eating. You're gonna need some fat on that skinny ass." I stood there for about 10 seconds after he went back to doing whatever he was doing.

The next three days passed taking SFC Brown's advice, eating three to four meals a day and doing a lot of PT. The Ranger committee was between classes so no one showed up until the second day. Then for the first time I started hearing what Ranger School was all about. I thought, hell, I just went through three months of NCOC and Airborne School. How hard can this be? On the morning of the forth

2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (CONTINUED)

day, at 0400 all hell broke loose. I was up with my pants and T-Shirt on trying to climb out the window, thinking the barracks were on fire when SFC Brown grabbed me by the shirt and said, "Where in the hell are you going? Get your ass downstairs and get in formation." At that time I started to think, "What have I gotten myself in to? As it turned out, I had gotten into something that would stick with me for the remainder of my life.

I turned 18 on the side of a mountain during Mountain Phase and graduated from Ranger School the following month. In November 1971 I was looking forward to my next adventure in Vietnam but was diverted to the 82nd airplane gang at Ft. Bragg, NC instead. I spent two years in the 82nd and never seemed to fit in. I received two Article 15s as a Buck Sergeant and was lucky to keep my stripes. One day 1SG O'Shea called me into his office and said, "Boy it's time for you to leave the 82nd. Things are getting too hot for you here." There's a new unit forming that you're going to be part of. Now get moving."

As I entered the doorway of building 18, there stood 1SG Willy Cobb, black as coal and big as hell. The next few minutes changed my life forever. 1SG Cobb was wearing highly starched cammies, pistol belt and a Black Beret. The first words out of his mouth were, "SGT. Feeney, so you want to be part of the First Ranger Bn. started since World War II? It will be the most elite Infantry fighting unit in the world. You think you're good enough?" Stunned and surprised I said "yes", not really sure what I was getting into. But I figured that 1SG Cobb sure looked fit to fight. I was very impressed with his whole demeanor and wanted to be just like him.

1SG Cobb said "Well Sergeant, you just volunteered for the 1st Ranger Battalion. You're to be at Ft. Stewart Ga. by next Thursday so go home and pack your shit." I asked him where Ft. Stewart was and where was the Ranger Battalion located on it? He told me, "You're a Ranger, go find it."

I would later serve under 1Sgt Cobb in Charlie Company, 1/75 and never forgot our first meeting. To this day I am still trying to live up to the standers of leadership and honor that he and other leaders like him set in the 1st Ranger Bn. That last week in May 1974, map in hand, I drove my 1960 Blue Comet down I-95 South then turned West on two lane roads all the way to Ft. Stewart.

When I arrived in front of the Bn. HQ I was looking at the newly painted Ranger Scroll on the Bn. HQ sign and out the front door walked who I thought was SFC Brown but as I walked up to him I noticed he was now a Lieutenant so I saluted and said "All The Way Sir." He saluted and then got nose to nose with me, jaw full of tobacco, just like the first time we met, and said. "Sergeant, when you salute from this

point forward you'll say Rangers Lead the Way, Sir, "You got that Ranger?" I snapped back to attention and saluted and said "Rangers Lead the Way Sir!" He returned my salute, shook my hand and said, "Welcome to your new home boy." As I watched him swagger away, I cannot explain the chill that ran down my spine. At that moment I knew I had finally found the Army and the home I had been looking for ever since I left Brooklyn three-plus years ago.

On 15 July 1974, 1LT. Brown and I stood in front of Bn. HQ with a few other Rangers and watched as the cadre who had been forming at Ft. Benning marched proudly down the street of Fort Stewart carrying the 1/75 Ranger guide-on. A photo of that event hangs on my wall to this day. With a smile on my face I thought to myself, "Do ya think anyone would believe how Ranger Feeney Volunteered?" They say God works in mysteries ways. I Thank God he does, for this was truly the beginning of the best times of my life.

Rangers are still leading the way!



1/75 Rangers

We are now accepting orders Memorial Stones to be installed in the 1/75 Memorial (August/September installation). Rangers are discounted to \$150.00 . Dave Ermer will take cash, money order, credit card, checks and post-dated checks for payment. Please make all payments payable to Ranger Memorial Fund and mail to Dave Ermer, President, Memorial Board. All information is under "Stone Application" on the website below.

<http://www.1stbn75thrrregtmemorial.com/>

Please remember: Your Family and Friends can also purchase Memorial Stones. The cost for non-Rangers is \$200 per.

Make Donations/Brick purchases payable to:

1st Ranger Bn Memorial Fund

Mail To: Dave Ermer

214 Yam Gandy Road, Savannah, GA 31411

Email: suprdave35@yahoo.com



2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

Unit Director - Kevin Ingraham

Rangers,

Thank you for the feedback on my intro column, your comments, suggestions and participation is much appreciated.

This time our column is going to be a little laid back. Instead of tales of derring-do or coming of age and barring new tragedies to report before this is submitted, I'm going to report on some of the lighter side of Rangering in the Mountain's shadow. But first:



That was when I knew I was cursed - of all the compounds, teamhouses, headquarters, various shitholes and miserable hooches in VN, why did he have to walk into mine?"i Yes, a Ranger NCO can influence a man for his entire life!

Retired MG James T. Jackson was a platoon leader, S-3 Air and C Company commander in 1975-77. He later commanded 3d Ranger Battalion

and became the 8th Colonel of the Regiment in 1992.

***Hand Salute* the Ranger Hall of Fame 2010**

Hometown boys make good! This year's inductees include 2d Batt alumni **CSM (rtd) James Voyles** and **MG James T. Jackson**.

Ranger legend James Voyles spent a significant portion of his illustrious thirty year career in Ranger units and in the cadre at the (then)Ranger Department of the Infantry School. He earned his tab in 1965. After a Vietnam tour with the 173d Airborne, he was a Ranger Instructor until he returned to Vietnam in 1970 where he served with Charlie Rangers. When he returned stateside, he joined B Company Rangers until that company was deactivated in 1974. Next, he became an original in 1st Ranger Battalion. Apparently realizing that he was onto a good thing, his next PCS move was to 2d Battalion where he was assistant operations sergeant until becoming HHC's first sergeant. Moving across the Quad he took over B Company as first sergeant. After a tour as an airborne first sergeant in Alaska, he returned to Fort Lewis as battalion command sergeant major. During his tenure as CSM, 2d Battalion deployed on its first combat operation since World War Two, the invasion of Grenada.

One recipient of Ranger Instructor Voyles' 'benevolence' had become a platoon leader in C-75th in Vietnam. One day he was aroused by a too-familiar voice sending shivers down his spine. "Voyles and Windham, never shall I forget the day Voyles and Windham came into our compound. Voyles was the nastiest, meanest, harshest RI at Benning and was the bane of our miserable lives in RS 13-70. I know there was a silent cheer in the whole class the day he announced "...and I know just how SORRY you Rangers are to hear I am going to Vee - ett - namm!" Seven months later he barges in to my teamhouse in Pleiku in jungle fatigues and an NVA pith helmet for headgear.

They have been preceded into the RHoF by the following 2d Rangers:

- 1992. The inaugural hall. MG **James E. Rudder**. Commander of the original 2d Ranger Infantry Bn. at Normandy and Brest.
- 1993. COL **George A. Pacerelli**. Commander E-52 (LRRP) and H-75, 1968-69.
- 1994. CPT **Gregory Gardner**. Bn Surgeon. Posthumous Soldiers Medal for Indian Springs C-130 crash.
- 1994. SSG **Jack E. Kuhn**. D Co. Pointe Du Hoc.
- 1994. 1SG **Leonard G. Lomell**. D Co. Pointe Du Hoc.
- 1994. SFC **Randall D. Shughart**. Posthumous Medal of Honor for Mogadishu with TF Ranger.
- 1995. SGT **William C. Clark Jr.** Ranger Medic NCOIC at Omaha Dog Green.
- 1995. 1LT **Robert T. Edlin**. Distinguished Service Cross for Brest, 1944.
- 1997. PFC **William F. Anderson**. F Co. Posthumous Silver Star. Brest.
- 1997. CSM **Mariano R.C. Leon-Guerrero**. RSM and CSM for 1st and 2d Battalions.
- 1998. CPT **Walter E. Block**. Bn Surgeon. Pointe Du Hoc until KIA, Huertgen Forest, Dec.1944.
- 1999. SGT **Joseph R.M. Cournoyer**. HQ. Pointe Du Hoc to Germany.
- 1999. GEN **Wayne A. Downing**. The third battalion commander 1977 – 1979. First officer to serve on both battalions, the first 75th Ranger Regiment commander.
- 2002. 1SG **Dennis L. Thompson**. HHC 1977-1978. S.F. in Vietnam, P.O.W. for five years.
- 2004. CSM **Francisco G. Magana**. CSM, 2d Battalion.
- 2004. CSM **Jimmie W. Spencer**. 1SG.
- 2005. CPT **Sidney A. Salomon**. C Co. Omaha Beach to Huertgen Forest.
- 2005. CSM **Jesse G. Laye**. CSM, 2d Battalion.

2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (CONTINUED)

- 2005. COL **Robert L. Howard**. Medal of Honor. Commander, A Co and HHC. 1974 - 1977.
- 2006. GEN **William F. Kernan**. Commander, A Co and HHC. Led the Regiment in Operation Just Cause, Panama 1989.
- 2008. LTG **Lawson Magruder III**. First commander of B Co, 1975.
- 2009. COL **A.J.'Bo'Baker**. The first modern 2d Battalion commander.

Cultural Update

For you "old scroll" rangers, here's an update on modern battboy culture:

It seems that the battalions have tagged each other with geographically inspired nicknames. 3d Battalion is the most obvious, located by Regiment as it is. They're the Palace Guard, or 'flagpole sitters'. 1st Batt is the 'Legshavers'. I'm not sure of the derivation of that one, but it probably has something to do with maintaining a smoother appearance in their Speedos on sunny southern beaches.

The Treehuggers. That's us, when we're not the "granola crunchers". Both tags obviously are inspired by the college hippie culture of the Pacific Northwest where 2d Battboys prowl. Allegations concerning relations with sasquatch refer either to those hairy forest dwellers or to Seattle hippie chicks. Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference, given their common hirsute fashion preferences. Which is a nice segue into the next segment:

Strange Encounters of the Hirsute Kind

The wilds of the mountain foothills, especially in the Rainier Training Area of south fort, might hide more than ranger patrols. Given the amount of time rangers spend in seldom trod areas and that most of those hours are after dark, it is almost a given that there will be encounters between the assorted denizens of the thick, wet backwoods and slopes.

Is there really an ape-like critter lurking about the deadfall, maintaining surveillance on the natural lines of drift? That debate is not the intent of this article, but some rangers suspect so, as they might have encountered the primary evidence; or they may have juxtaposed the "ranger drone" with susceptible imaginations at oh-dark-thirty, or maybe... This segment derives from several conversations, on-line or vocal, when a ranger glances back over his shoulder, takes another hit off his beer, lowers his voice and asks: "say, when you were out at Huckleberry or Rainier, did you ever hear..."

Pretty much in their own words, here's what they said:

Steve 1: On several occasions our perimeter was probed at night when we were on manoeuvres and it smelled worse than a billy goat. A bad sewer/animal smell if you got downwind of it. The guys who worked on the known distance ranges said that they saw them all the time. I saw something once that ran across the KD M-60 range that ran upright at about 1,000 yards out. By the time I got out my binoculars, it was gone.

C Co was training in South Rainier when we stopped on one really miserable night of training, the kind of night that only happens in winter in Ft Lewis. Black as the ace of spades and wind blowing 30 mph and it's raining as always in the winter. Why they issued us jungle fatigues I will never know! The temp was dropping steadily and was just above freezing when they said we could stop and build fires because it was going to drop into the 20's where we were at. We picked the most slashed out windblown area to ORP in that we could find. It was good because we could build small fires and use shelter halves pretty well. It was off the maps so to speak and in a place where no one would look for us. Well, about midnight the sky cleared and the cold set in. It started getting cold as fuck and everything that was wet started freezing. We start getting probed all around the perimeter and we smell a stench that stank just like a billy goat. They piss on themselves and they like it, and for some reason the females like it. The worse they smell the better for the females. Sort of like HHC guys! No one was seeing anything but something was tearing the shit out of the trees and shaking them all around us. I had the M-60 on a fire trail and had an AN/PVS-2 Starlight attached to it. I could not see anything but shaking trees about 300m out. PSG Alchin kept coming over and looking through it. The LT kept coming and getting it and looking out at the perimeter. Everyone was worried about whatever it was.

What a miserable night that was. The rain trickling down my neck. Shivers running down to my toes. Someone or something was fucking with the trees and stinking up the place. We just sat behind the guns all night long shivering so fucking bad that some guys were in stage 2 hypothermia by morning. I could not stop shivering until I got up and started moving and doing jumping jacks the next morning. They took several guys into the barracks by truck they were so bad. That was my most miserable day and night in batt except for my fucked up parachute jump. I walked out and looked at the trees that were being shaken by that fire trail. Those were some big ass trees and something pretty fucking strong was shaking them like they were Christmas trees at the tree lot. I can't say for sure what it was but I know whatever it was, it was pissed that we were there and was trying to get us to leave. I was glad to get back to the barracks and I just walked right into the shower with

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weapon, fatigues, and boots on. Hot water never felt so good! I will never, ever forget that stench, of an animal that was between wet dog, rolling in horse shit, and a goat during mating season! It would make a man wish he were somewhere else besides where that smell was! I am glad it stayed in the woods, whatever it was.

Other Steve: All that I can personally attest to, from a cumulative period of years in the South Rainier Training Area, is that there is *something* out there that can scream bloody murder, and it is not a human, or a wolf, or any other creature that I have ever heard or imagined. Personally, I believe in Sasquatch. Never saw one. I am pretty sure that I heard one a couple of times. Though, I suppose that it could have been 3d Batt Rangers re-enacting their favorite scenes from the movie *Deliverance*.

Chad: One of my first training missions with RRD was up in 2nd Batt's area. The short story is I was in the hide site with the radio and in the middle of the night something real big and two footed went by our hide site. It was dark as Africa and there were no lights showing and this thing traversed the area way faster than a person should have been able to. Anyway I don't wake the other guy up since I am a cherry and don't want him to think I am scared of every little noise out there. Well sun comes up and I am talking to Jim and very casually I mention the incident and he had heard it also but didn't want to bother me since I was the new guy. I had always heard Bigfoot stinks so that night I was sniffing for all I was worth but never smelled anything besides lingering MRE farts.

Jason: OK, since Other Steve chimed in, and he is one of the most credible members (IMHO) here: WEBCO was out 'together alone' (usually we were attached) one chilly December night. We set up a hasty PB (read- tired and cold as hell, no fire, a circle perimeter...time to do some tactical-admin sleep ops). Oh-Dark-30 came and went, and we were ok with the thinsolite pad/ cho cho/ fart sack combo keeping us warm enough to sleep (it was before Al Gore came up with Global Warming). Something came running through the PB, most of us thought it was a wild pig at first, but the couple of guys that saw it said it was man sized plus, on two feet, and it stunk like ass...we had nothin' but blanks, so shooting it was not an option. We heard a shriek about five minutes later...sounded like a pissed off banshee. Whatever it was, I don't think it actually even knew we were there...just ran in...stopped...and then took off again.

Other Steve again: Never saw it, but I heard it. We were patrolling in South Rainier Training Area, and the entire platoon was stopped cold, just frozen in our tracks, by an unearthly scream "out there." No doubt in my mind that it was Sasquatch. Nothing else could have made that noise.

At some point, we got to where E-5 and above carried a magazine of live ammo "just in case." We were legitimately scared of whatever the fuck it was out there. There were also reports of white supremacists stealing M16s from Ft. Lewis soldiers. I will never forget walking twenty feet and being soaked to the bone. Good times.

Bob: The fall after Ranger School in 1977, I was in PNCOC over on North Fort. We had a patrol in South Fort someplace. It was very dark with no moon. Our squad of mixed 11-series was walking a trail probably close to 11PM. I kept seeing a black blob keeping pace with us over to the left side of the trail, maybe twenty meters away. It wasn't making a sound and it was big. I was using the night vision technique of looking at it with the edge of my vision and I was convinced it was something. I kept noise discipline until we came to an admin halt. I asked the soldier behind me if he saw anything funny while walking on that trail. He said there was something tracking us on our left!

In 1979 the Blacksheep had a platoon jump followed by a training mission. Zero-dark-thirty we are in a platoon defensive perimeter. I saw something moving outside the perimeter. I know that it was big, black and very quiet. And no, it wasn't PSG Tribble. Something was out there both times.

Me: My only encounter with a malodorous native involved an urban dweller from Tacoma who previously dated sailors. Any of these make you wonder what that shadow might have been? At least I know mine was female. These stories are true. I know because these guys said so. These ranger-witnesses shared their stories, but for some reason, mostly don't want their real names associated with this article. Go figure.

Significant Dates in 2d Bn History – Summer

June 6, 1944. Operation Overlord, the liberation of northwest Europe begins. A, B and C Companies land with the 116th Infantry on Omaha Dog White beach, in a devastating action made famous in the opening sequence of "Saving Private Ryan". D, E, F, HHC(-) Companies scale the heights of Pointe Du Hoc in an attempt to neutralize German gun batteries, thought by pre-invasion intelligence to threaten both American landing beaches. The guns had been moved and were out of action, which didn't prevent the German defenders from conducting a robust defense. Rangers hold the Pointe until linkup two days later than planned. Casualties are heavy.

June 9, 1972. In the last significant ranger action of the Vietnam War, Team 76 suffers the last ranger company casualties while conducting BDA near Tan Uyen. 2 KIA, 1 WIA.

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June 17, 1970. Team 52, H-75, is destroyed near O'Rang, Cambodia. 1 KIA, 1 MIA, 2 WIA.

June 30, 1943. Maj. James Earl Rudder assumes command of 2d Ranger Infantry Bn. at Camp Forrest, TN.

July 9, 1975. Your U.D. signed in at HHC. OK, I admit that one is significant only to me.

July 16, 1943. First officially authorized ranger insignia is approved by the War Dept. The blue and gold 'RANGERS' diamond was designed by Lt Joseph Smudin. Worn by 2d and 5th Battalions on D-Day, it was quickly replaced by the present scroll blooded by Darby's Rangers.

July 26, 2001. 75th Ranger Regiment dons the tan beret.

August 13 – September 8, 1944. Battalion performs light infantry missions in the siege of Brest. Elements of 2d Bn. capture a particularly tough fort. Rangers generally served as light infantry in the liberation of France as no thought had been given to their post-invasion employment.

August 15, 1972. H Co (Ranger) 75th Infantry is deactivated at Bien Hoa, RVN. H-75th served the longest continuous period of combat of any ranger-designated unit, over three and a half years.

September 4 - 15, 1943. 2d Battalion is trained at Scouts & Raiders School, Fort Pierce, FL. Amphibious raids and landings remained the core capability of the 2d and 5th battalions until D-Day.

September 21, 1981. A C-130 crashes during assault landing training at Indian Springs, NV. Six rangers are killed, including the battalion commander, Col William Powell. Jimmy Bynum and Greg Gardner receive posthumous Soldier's Medals for rescuing injured rangers from the flaming wreckage.



September 29, 1989. The 'Ashe Street Shootout' in Tacoma. Rangers lead the way to a family safe/ drug free neighborhood in the Hilltop District. Gangsta's initiate contact; rangers gain immediate fire superiority. No ranger casualties are reported except to their pride for having shown restraint in target selection.

<http://www.thenewstribune.com/2009/09/27/895048/ash-street-shootout-the-night.html>

Postscript

Anyone who cares to get onto my 2d Batt news email list and/or the battalion S-5 goodies list, please email me at

oldscroll275@gmail.com with your boni-fides. I'd like your name, time period in battalion and which company. You can also reach me through the email link on our page at the association website. I transmit seldom, only when there is news directly relevant to 2d Battalion and 2d Batt Rangers or the occasional RFI and when I do transmit, I use the 'bcc' function to protect your privacy.

Enjoy your summer,
Rangers Lead the Way!

ii Anecdote and quotation courtesy of 'anonymous', who swear that he holds CSM Voyles in the highest professional esteem!

Panama

BY: Mark Smith

Day 1 – Panama

No Cold War 2nd Battalion Ranger forgets his first deployment to Panama. Newbies are given a gleeful and graphic run down by battalion veterans with Banana Boat Patches of all the things that can kill you, disfigure you, or worse, make prized body parts fall off. Because there actually are many real and horrible things in each category, it lends credibility and stature to the longer mythical list. Howler Monkeys, Chagres River Sharks, Jungle Rot, Colombian Syph, Black Palm, Leeches... all these things are fresh in my E-2/RIP + 6 month mind as our C-141 wings its way across the Caribbean on my first trip to JOTC.

As we receive the 20 min warning – we wait for the opening of the doors to flood the back of the plane with fresh air, welcome relief from the communal claustrophobia of in-flight rigging. Handles turn, rubber seals crack, the vacuum breaks, rays of bright light pierce the gloom of the plane as the flotsam and jetsam of discarded bits of 80lbs test and C-Rat crackers fly their erratic pathways out the open doors. Waiting for that instant rush of fresh air that would disburse the stale smells of puke and sweat... waiting for that initial blast to hit my face and... WHOOSH!!! Yes... WTF!?! This is hot, wet, oppressively sticky air, drowning us in humidity –instantly saturated with a couple extra pounds of jump weight. "Stand up!" I had been nervous as I was the first jumper on the first stick of my aircraft. Now I was thanking my lucky stars that I was going to be able to get out of this runaway sauna and get on the ground where no doubt, cool ocean breezes awaited.

Standing in the door brought some relief. The thought "This sure seems a lot lower than 1000 feet" crosses my mind when the pneumatic hand of the JM launches me out the aircraft yelling "GO!". It was the end of September 1980. The elephant grass (Was that on the list? What had

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leaves like razor blades?) was about 10 feet tall (later, after I was stationed at Fort Gulick with 3/7th SFGA, I confirmed this). Rustle-Crunch! (grass) – Splash!!! (water). Oh yeah. My squad leader had passed that down the stick “Water on the DZ, Rangers”. I guess I forgot. At least my parachute never got wet, settled on the grass. Imagine lugging a wet MC1-1B to the turn in point (that, for those of you who possess more than my GED, is a literary device called “foreshadowing”).

One instruction I did follow was to use my compass to shoot an azimuth to the assembly area during descent. Now I knew why. Surrounded by the Tarzan/Heart of Darkness version of a tall, evil cornfield, I couldn't see shit. I looked down to find my compass hanging from its lanyard about 6" below the waterline. Remember how silly dummy cords seemed in RIP? Waterlogged uniform, surface wet rucksack (Remember how silly waterproof bags in your ruck seemed in RIP?) but dry parachute. On the suckmeter, that was pretty good. Get azimuth, start walking. About a foot of water on Gatun DZ, slow going, not bad, jeez though it is hot and humid – as opposite Fort Lewis as you could get.

Apocalypse Now had just hit theaters and I know all you who were there would be embarrassed to tell your kids how many times we played “The End” in the barracks and performed scenes like “Never get outta the boat!” – which is what I was feeling about now. Slogging through the elephant grass I was not sure whether I would meet COL Kurtz or the Tiger first, but I knew neither was going to be good. They were straphangers to the already lengthy list of things that dragged away sleeping Rangers in the jungle. The humid air sucked the life force out of my Pacific Northwest body.

After what seemed like an eternity, I emerged from the impenetrable wall into daylight and the road. I had expected to get my ass chewed for taking so long, but I was surprised to see that not many had made it to the turn in point yet. So now I was thinking I was already a Jungle Expert – having conquered the elephant grass. I dropped off my chute and was taking a well-deserved break, standing on the road, watching the last sticks as they hit the ground. Airborne operation complete.

I was about to receive an important Ranger lesson. Stay low - move fast applied to more than combat. My respite had allowed the red laser dot of “I need a body” to acquire a target. The dot had settled right on my back and the guy looking through the scope was the Bn XO. “Ranger Smith!!!” Every young Ranger knows the sound and the subsequent bolt of adrenaline and fear when you realize someone above the rank of SSG has singled you out vocally. Shit. How did he even know who I was?

“Ranger Smith, you see that Huey?” a UH-1H had taken up a hover over the DZ. Hard to miss, even an E-2 like me could identify it. “Yes sir!” I replied. The XO briefed me “I estimate that Huey to be about 300m away. Under it, is our bundle drop. Two G-13 cargo parachutes, ammo boxes, etc. I need you to get to that spot and hand all that stuff up to the aircrew so we can recover the bundles. The aircraft will hover right there until you reach it so you don't get lost. Leave all your gear right here. I'll make sure no one messes with it. Hooah?” “Hooah, sir!” “Can you do that, Ranger?” “Yes, sir!”

Back into the elephant grass, slogging through the water. I was no longer sure where the water on the DZ stopped and the water in the air started. Hot, solid air – lots of little black flying things in my ears, nose, mouth. At least the sound of the Huey would scare off the tigers. For most of the time, I could not see the helicopter, only move to the sound. Finally I could see it and at first the rotor wash felt like the blast of air I dreamed of in the C-141. Exhilarating. The big G-13's and the dunnage smashed the grass into a clearing of sorts. Shit was everywhere and if I was happy with myself for keeping my MC1-1B dry, I was soon engulfed in hundreds of pounds of soaking wet cotton cargo chutes and a continuous vortex of a rotor wash hurricane. The needle on the suckmeter had moved dramatically to the right.

“I'm sorry Mrs. Smith, your son was wrestled to the ground and drowned by a cargo chute in a swamp in Panama. Tragic.” No. Not on my watch. Finally, finally – the chutes were on board and I handed up the last of the ammo crates to the crew chief. I backed up a couple feet, to overcome muscle failure and get to a better spot to climb on the skid, when the pilot suddenly increased power, the tail lifted and rotated slightly, and the f*%\$ers flew off and left me! Disbelief. Maybe they were coming back... maybe I would have made it too heavy for one trip. Denial. It got really quiet. After moving through several stages of the grief process, I knew I was on my own. I also realized my compass was with my LBE which was with the XO. As was my water. “This is gonna suck.” I thought as the needle inched further to the right.

By the time I actually made it out of the elephant grass maze at the far end of the DZ, the whole battalion had assembled and left. I felt like I had just made it back from Cambodia - surviving the Do Long Bridge, the tiger, COL Kurtz, Dennis Hopper. I needed some water bad but there was no one in sight. “There's no f\$%#’ing CO here!” echoed through my mind as I realized I was facing the last stanza of the Ranger Creed. The lone survivor, barely surviving. The suckmeter redlined.

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But wait! Shouting! At the other end of the DZ, true to his word, the XO had left a jeep with a couple guys and my buddy, Ranger Murphy, next to my undisturbed gear, tasked with making sure the battalion did not leave a fallen comrade on Gatun Drop Zone on our first day in Panama. They gave me water and loaded my stuff for me. When Rangers feel sorry enough for you to load your ruck, you know you must look bad. As the jeep left the DZ and headed for Fort Sherman, I finally got that rush of cool air I had longed for – freshened by the ocean breeze as we neared Fort Sherman. As I rehydrated, the suckmeter backed off and in that wonderful Ranger fashion, my past mental trauma was quickly fading and replaced by the excitement of Panama and adventures ahead.

As we came onto Fort Sherman proper, we were stunned by the sight of all our comrades running in shorts and green t-shirts! “What is this, Sergeant?” we asked one of the runners. Apparently, everyone had assembled off of the DZ somewhere, changed, and were now dying in a battalion “acclimatization” run of 7 miles back to Fort Sherman.

Fresh off the Iron Bird from Fort Lewis, dehydrated with no sleep – it looked like Napoleon’s retreat from Russia and the Bataan Death March combined. As we went to visit buddies in the infirmary an hour later it looked like the liberation of Auschwitz. We looked at each other in astonishment and with the joy only soldiers can share when they realize they have just averted a catastrophic fate. They have gotten over because they were following orders to conduct some shitty mission, but then realized that by completing the lesser evil, they escaped the real suck.

I contemplated this and other mysteries of Ranger life as I stared out of the 3rd floor of the Fort Sherman barracks, looking out over Limon Bay. Showered and now cooled by those wonderful ocean breezes through the big open screens, the palms rustling. Postcard. Did the XO actually do me a favor? I would never know. Night fell on Day 1 in Panama.

i Anecdote and quotation courtesy of ‘anonymous’, who swear that he holds CSM Voyles in the highest professional esteem!

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

Unit Director - Raleigh Cash

No Submission**A/75 - D/17 LRP - V CORPS LRRP**

Unit Director - Bill Bohte

Just a just a few days after mother’s day and things are heating up here and the Coachella Valley. This has been a nice spring after two years without any rain we have had 5 inches this season. I know that most of you live at points east of here and are getting a little more weather than we do. I hope you all have fared well. Pools up to 84 degree and I have to get ready for a Run for the Wall trip next week so I’ll keep this short. I can always use help from you guys to put these articles together. Send me some of your stories or pictures of old times, reunions or what ever.



special forces group. After his tour in Vietnam serving in various locations he ended up back with A Co. 75th Rangers. Some of you A/75 guys from 1971 may remember Terry from that era.



Terry by the company sign at Gibbs Kaserne around early 1968.

Another old LRP found

We had another old LRRP surface thanks to Dan Parrot who tracked down Terry McIntosh. Terry was with Co. D 17th inf. LRP in 67 and left in 68 prior to the companies moved back to the states. Terry went to Vietnam to become one of the youngest soldiers to be assigned to the 5th

Mini’s

There has not been much activity in the way of mini reunions. The one get together, all though brief, was an 0 dark 30 reunion when the Field Marshal passed through a

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

bus station in North Carolina. Ron Dahl met Clive Kendall, aka the Field Marshal during his 1 hour stop over in Fayetteville at 01:00 hrs..



**The Field Marshal
and Ron Dahl
in the bus terminal.**

When I arrived in the company in 64 The first sergeant was Cleve Kendall. He was on leave for the first few day that I was there. Then one morning I fell out for roll call and I was still wondering what I was doing here. I had to pay close attention as the names were called because my name had not been pronounced correctly since I had joined the army. I had counted 13 different ways that my name had been called to that point. Suddenly there it was, my name just as clear as if I said it myself. I was thinking “Hey that was right” and as I stood there it occurred to me that I had not answered and I quickly said “here sergeant” as the first sergeant was about to repeat it. He went on but I think he must have thought at the time that I was hung over or asleep. That was my first encounter with Sgt. Kendall. Cleve Kendall was a soldiers solider and in my estimate one fine first sergeant. His history included serving with the Triple nickel or 555 PIB and he saw action in the Korean War. The 555 PIB is a story in itself and formed some of the first military smoke jumpers in the country in the Pacific north west as well as part or the 2nd Ranger Infantry Company who jumped into combat in Korea. For more on the 555, go to the web site Triplenickle.com or www.thedropzone.org/training/555.html. There is some very interesting history there.



**The Field Marshal at the
Korean War Memorial
in Arlington, VA on his
visit to a 555 PIB
celebration and the
pentagon.**

Ron Dahl remembers the FM. Sometimes in 1961, The FM was the platoon Sgt of Como Platoon. The company was not overly racially diverse then, but we all liked the FM, so we had the Company Clerk at the time (Bernstein I think) prepare promotion orders for the FM and we read them in formation. We promoted him to a Mexican and changed his name to “Cleveando W Kendalez. After the initial shock, he very matter of factly stated that he wasn’t sure if this was a promotion or a reduction. After that came PT, and he ran us till we were all about to drop. The prime perpetrators of that scheme was myself and Don Lincoln.

He was noted for his in ranks reveille inspections. Of course it was dark during reveille, but have no fear, the FM always had his trusty flashlight with him. One of his favorite tricks was to inspect the inside of your belt buckle to make sure you had brasso’d it. Shame on you if you hadn’t. A pinhole in a fatigue shirt would be enlarged to the point you could put your head through it. It was a different Army then.

The FM was all about job performance and soldiering. If you were good at your job and soldiered your ass off, he could overlook a lot of other transgressions. He once told me if I could keep out of trouble long enough to make E-5 I had a great future in the army. I’m not sure it was great, but I did pretty well, and enjoyed virtually every day I was in until my last assignment at Ft. Lewis WA.

In addition to my platoon Sgt and First Sgt, he filled somewhat of a paternal gap in who I was, and instilled in me the virtues and value system that I have carried forward to this day. I have said it before, I believe the FM was largely instrumental in my success throughout life. As a kid I learned nothing about ethics, and values from my family, who I am sad to say was a bunch of losers. I would likely have travelled an unsavory path through life if it hadn’t been for the Army in general and the FM in particular. I come from a long line of murderers, criminals, perverts and degenerates. I feel that I was spared ,what was likely a sealed fate, by my tour in the 3779th. (hey, three out of four isn’t bad, and face it, perversion is the lesser of the aforementioned problems.)

The FM was adept at quoting different article of the UCMJ, and had his own way of educating us on them. I recall having to write out Article 125 250 times and pass them in to him, after one of my more infamous escapades. I also recall my promotion party to E-4 (the second time) Milton P Juneau was there giving me a bunch of crap and laughing about having had my last E-4 stripes taken. The FM was present throughout the entire conversation. I looked at him, the FM, and ask if Juneau’s conduct constituted an infraction of Article 117 (provoking speeches or gestures) to which the FM said of course it is. Bolstered by the power of the UCMJ

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behind me with the FM and others as witnesses, I commenced to kick Juneau's ass. He was the only member of the company I ever fought with, as I had a code about that. Nothing came out of it, so I guess I was right.

Another memory of the FM is given by Glen Rucker. It had been raining for days and the unit was overdue for a pay jump. One day the weather cleared long enough for the company to put together a jump, but it was overcast, and the DZ, a farmer's field with a barn positioned at the perimeter, was soaking wet and muddy. We were jumping a Beaver with the co-pilot's seat removed so we could get one more jumper on board to save time since we didn't know when the weather would shut us down. As we approached the DZ, the plane entered a cloud and didn't exit until after the plane had passed over it. There was a short discussion on board as to what to do. We needed the jump or would lose our jump pay, so as the plane came back around the jumpmaster radioed to the ground to give us a countdown on the pass and tell us when we were over the DZ. It sounded good to us and Capt. Haislip, who was piloting the plane, gave the idea a thumb's up, so we made the pass and all of us on board were satisfied we could pull it off. I made the jump on the next pass when the ground radio operator instructed us to exit and ended up in the cloud. The parachute opened and there I was, suspended in the weirdest place I could ever imagine! I couldn't see a thing, but what I remember most was that it felt like I was hanging in a waterfall; I was getting soaked with water! Slowly, I emerged from the cloud only to see the ground was way closer than I had figured it would be. As I was looking for a place to land, I heard someone screaming, "THE BARN!! THE BARN!!" I was apparently heading for it backwards, because I didn't see any barn!

I frantically looked from side to side and finally spotted it and was indeed headed right for it. I remembered stories of fellows who had reportedly landed on it and managed to land safely by keeping their parachutes deployed by running off the roof. I had visions of me just crashing *through* the roof. I grabbed a handful of riser and started pumping the 'chute like a madman in hopes I could drift away from it and also turn around some to avoid the dreaded backwards landing. All I managed to do was drift to one side just missing it, and ended up landing dead backwards and on the fly. It was muddy so I did my best to do a stand up landing, but only managed to take two or three giant steps backwards like some cartoon character in a Disney movie before falling flat on my back and being dragged for a few feet. The Field Marshall strode up as I was getting up and had the biggest grin I had ever seen on his face. He always smiled, but this smile was ear to ear! He said, "Rucker, I should fine you for trying to do a stand

up landing, but you looked so funny and probably have mud from your neck to your bloused boots (which I did, *cold, wet* mud). I'm just going to let you stand around out here until we're through today and you can think about what you tried to do." I was absolutely miserable, cold, mud caked to my backside and down my neck into my shorts, trousers and trouser legs, but very grateful to him for saving my jump pay!

Lost world lost time

I once live in a time where the world moved at a snakes pace. The road we lived was an unimproved county dirt road one mile to the Pages house or one mile to anyone's house. People were poor. Not just my Family but everyone we knew. So if everyone you know is poor you don't see the down side of your condition. At 13 years of age I did not see the dangers that existed all around us. The biggest danger that we faced was poisonous snakes and the fact that we went all summer without shoes.

John Simmons while skydiving circa 1966.



The summer had just started and the heat was stiffening. Had we been a little older and wiser we would have known better than to have done what we did that hot afternoon in June of 56. we had a large group of Hogs in the woods mostly Half tame. They would come to the house and feed every day. Some days we would see a new one that was not marked. We had a mark that was a lower swallow tail in the bottom of the ear. This was a registered mark at the court house so the owner ship of the hogs could be determined at a glance. At dark the evening before there was a large listed red boar and sow with our hog's that were not Marked that meant that they were fair game to anyone that caught them. The sow would have been a good Catch at 300 pounds she was a lot larger than most feral hogs the boar was smaller about 250. We had 2 bull dogs and 2 Kerr dogs. All we had to do was go to the dog yard and lead the pair of dogs till the sow broke and ran then release the bull dogs. Dad said that the boar's were too dangerous and was not worth the trouble. He was afraid that one or both of the dogs would

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

be hurt or killed. He said you should take care to pick your fights carefully. The loss of one or more of the dogs could not be justified. He said that you could not catch the sow without the boar's fighting for her plus we had 3 boars of our own in that group that would fight the dogs to protect the sow. He said that we should pay attention to a group of hogs with a strange sow and several boars close by. He said that the sow was a problem in estrus or in the early stages thus the large number of boars in the group.

Dad was old probably 45 or 46 and like most old people he worried a lot. Alan my brother was 10, 3 years my junior. That night we talked about the big sow and how we would catch it and put our mark in her ear she would have 3 litters a year probably have 6 to 8 pigs per litter. At \$10.00 a head that could be between \$180 and \$240 a year. And the best part in all of this was if someone caught or trapped the sow he would be legally bound to mark the pigs and release them or hold them till the rightful owner could be located. That night we talked about how old people were afraid of everything.

After our chores we completed the next day we set out with 2 bull dogs and one Kerr dog. The bull dogs were pits and were not released to hunt till the hog's were found allowing them to run loose would have resulted in them killing every pig they found. The Kerr dog was half mounting Kerr and half leopard Kerr a female. We called her Spot the bull dogs were rock and bull dog. As you can see we put a lot of stock in naming our dogs, also present that day was a mixed breed fuzzy dog that we called fuzzy. Temperatures that day hovered around a 100. We did not notice the heat we knew that we could catch the sow and mark her and be home by 5 well before dad came home from work. We crossed the road and picked up the pig trail that would take us to the head of turkey creek. The pine savannas were the same as they were when the Spaniards landed in Ocean Springs 200 years earlier. The thing about a pine savannah is that change comes slowly the pig trails that were made in the 30's can still be followed today 30 years after the last hog had walked them. The swamp was about a mile wide at the point where we would be crossing. Some of it was flooded but we would be in the water for only a short time. The fjord was one of the most beautiful places on earth in the spring and summer. Old growth trees line an old wagon trail built in the late 1800 to the early 1900. It has long since grown over with large Bay and black gum. If you hit the crossing you can make it thru the swamp with no problems. Miss it and you will swim and wade thru snake infested gator holes and briers as big as your thumb.

The crossing was uneventful we had been with our dad on many hunts before. His dad and some of the men that lived in the area built the crossing to save a river crossing and 16

miles of travel between communities. There was a time when people took care of their own needs and did not wait for the government to do for them. The Swamp gave away to pine Savannas again. We soon found what we were looking for. It was a distinctive hog track. There was an old Boar in our herd that had just one toe. The other had been cut off by our dad by accident when he was a pig. Dad had caught him as a pig and was going to mark him with his razor sharp knife when the pig bit and kicked him cutting off his toe. He was the leader of the herd that was at the house the night before we knew if we found him we would find the sow. We knew that they would be near water with the heat of summer making life miserable for man or beast. We knew that the hogs were close the Kerr dog was going crazy. She did not trail but winded the hogs. We thought that we were close enough to release her so we turned her loose and shouted so she would. We knew that the hogs would not run from one dog. They would back up to one another and stand their ground. Keeping the pigs in the center of the group for protection.

The plan seemed to be working like clockwork. The Kerr dog bayed in the center of Bayou Bernard slew. A place that had running water year round. The area was covered by cypress trees and small clumps of marsh grass. The Fuzzy dog went to the Kerr to help her bay. Then all hell broke loose. My plan was to walk up close to the Herd and pick out the sow and release the bull dogs to catch her if she tried to break. Or just try to make sure that one or both of the bull dogs would make the catch. I had seen my dad and older brothers do it many times before. Our problem was that there were hogs all around us. I told Alan to try to make it to the high ground that I would follow with the bull dogs that were going crazy. About the time we started out the fuzzy dog came to me limping with a cut on his front left leg that was 6 inches long and to the bone. I knew that I had made a serious miscalculation. 1 I should have stayed at home 2 I should have given Alan one of the bull dogs for protection. We had no weapons just a knife and some rope to tie the sow till we could mark her. The Kerr dog was baying and screaming intently the fuzzy dog was bleeding profusely. I could only imagine how cut up the Kerr dog was. I started to follow Alan to the high ground wondering why I thought that this was a good idea. As I broke onto the high ground and could see I froze. There was my 10 year old brother standing facing the sow that we were hunting. He had fixed himself to face her no thought of running just staring. He was always quieter than I was but still had a strong side the sow was in full charge and he was not giving an inch. I released one of the bull dogs thinking he could see the sow but he wheeled and ran to help the Kerr dog. I then released the other bull dog that promptly followed the other catch dog to the sow. A sow is not as dangerous as a boar but a 300

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pound sow could kill a 10 year old boy. I saw the sow hit Alan just as he kicked her. I was running as fast as I could I knew that this hog had tusk small but sharp. As I ran I thought about the knife but luckily stumbled over a large pine limb. I now had a weapon. It seemed that an eternity had passed but probably just a few seconds. The sow had turned and was about to hit Alan again. I hit her with the pine knot in the top of the head this drove her to her knees. I stood between her and Alan and started calling the Kerr dog. I knew that if she could hear me she would come away from the hogs I don't know why the sow gave up and had never seen one charge anyone before but I was grateful that she broke off the attack.

We were hot and tired I was able to get the Kerr dog out but I knew that the bull dogs would kill or be killed before they gave up. I could see that Alan was hot so I took him back into the slew where we found one of the many springs and had a long drink. I let him go first then I drank only to see a four foot cotton mouth lying on the bottom of the spring 6 inches from our faces. I knew that I was in trouble I taken my little brother hunting without telling anyone and got at least one dog cut and maybe two more killed The walk home was the longest I had ever taken in my life. Dad was late coming home it was already dark. I went to meet him and told him what had happened. He asked about the bull dogs and agreed that they were still with whatever that had caught or were dead. He told Alan to go to bed and told me to go and saddle the mule. I thought that he was going to search for the bull dogs but I was wrong. When I got back from the barn he asked me did I know where I had left the dogs. I told him every detail and gave him the land marks that he would need to find them. He was thoughtful and then said something that made my blood run cold. He said that the mule would find the ford in the swamp and for me to go and get his dogs and whatever hog that they had killed, I was not afraid of the dark but I had never been alone in the woods at night. The night was beautiful it was a new moon almost as bright as day in the pine savannah

but had a blue tint to it in the swamp and every star felt as though you could touch them, I did not want to enjoy all this beauty but Dad did not give me any choices. He was right the mule took me right to the crossing and to the spot where we were earlier. Dad probably knew that the mule would back trail us to the spot where we had been hunting. The night was quiet I could hear the bulldogs a 1000 yards before I saw them. They had caught a boar and had chewed off both ears. He was small probably a 100 pounds I tied his legs together and drug him to a tree with some low limbs. With some work I used the mule to raise him up high enough to load him on the saddle horn. I knew that the dogs were tired and would follow me home.

Dad and I spent most of the night doctoring the boar and sewing up the dogs. All four dogs had been cut. Afterwards he told me that if I ever pulled a stunt like this again He would kill me. I wanted to tell him how dangerous it was to send a 13 year old out in the middle of the night alone. Allen and I were very completive as we grew older. At 17 I joined the Army and went Airborne. 3 years later he followed me to jump school. He served two tours in Viet Nam one with 173 the other with 5 the group. Before he deployed both times I told him that I knew that he was no punk but remember that it is ok to run don't stand and face the sow.

That world is now gone that time is long past. I still think about the days and nights we spent hunting. In 1959 they passed a stock law and demanded that everyone get their hogs and cattle out of the woods .Back during that time if a family got on hard times we would go to the woods and bring home a hog and butcher it and take it to them. I guess the reason for my thoughts on this today is what else is going by the way side. Some day we may look back to the time when we could hunt and bear arms. After dad died my mother told me that he followed me that night on foot after working all day in a 100 degree heat that I was never alone. He had made her swear never to tell me.

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

Unit Director - Mark L. Thompson

RANGERS VOYLES AND O'NEAL
AND THE RANGER HALL OF FAME:
CONGRATULATIONS !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

After much delay, the Ranger Hall of Fame voted to induct two former members of Bravo Company Rangers into the Hall. The 75h Ranger Regiment Association submits up to three packets to the Board of the Hall every year for induction. The nominees from the Association this year

included two former members of the Company, John Henry Voyles and Gary O'Neal. Some of you may know that John Henry Voyles was nominated for the Ranger Hall of Fame (RHOF) at one point in the past, but was not inducted. This year, Bravo Company submitted a nomination packet to the 75th Ranger Regiment Association selection committee for Ranger Voyles' inclusion as one of the three Rangers that the Association presents to the RHOF as nominees for induction into the Hall. The writer prepared the packet for

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Ranger Voyles, submitting his packet to the Association for the nominee from B Company Rangers, while Gary O'Neal was the nominee for Charlie Rangers. Ranger Voyles' and Ranger O'Neal's nomination packets were indeed selected by the Association's selection committee as two of the three nominations that 75th RRA made to the RHOF. We are happy and proud to report that both of these remarkable Rangers were indeed inducted into the Hall.

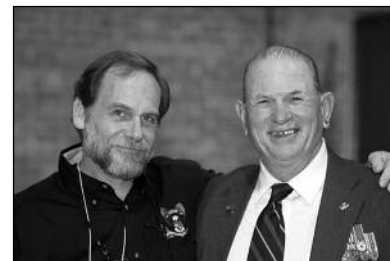
As of this writing, the author does not know the specific date that the induction will occur, but we understand that it will be sometime in July, 2010. Another Ranger told me once that Gary "was in every conflict, declared and undeclared, that the United States was involved in from Vietnam onwards". John Henry, of course, had a remarkable career himself (as he puts it: "30 years in Ranger Land") and now his career will finally have the opportunity it deserves to be recognized. When I was attending the 2009 Ranger Rendezvous, there was a banquet and reunion for the original members of the 1st Ranger Battalion on the occasion of the 35th anniversary of the founding of the unit. Gary O'Neal was able to attend the Rendezvous, and it was great to see him, but John Henry was unable to attend. I called Ranger Voyles on my cell phone from the Reunion Banquet held at the old Officer's Club on post, and the phone got passed from person to person as many of the others there gave him a ration about his failure to attend (just kidding, John Henry) for about an hour or so.

During one of our conversations last month, Ranger Voyles said that he felt at least ten years younger for days after that phone call. It is amazing what contact with all our old buddies will do for ones psychological health and outlook. Gary now lives in Raeford, North Carolina, and supervises his family business with his sons. You can visit this company website at: <http://oldwarriorcompany.com/>

John Henry continues to live in Lakewood, Washington, now that he has medically retired from his position at the Veteran's Administration there. Feel free to call John Henry at his home number: 253-588-1179. Or Gary O'Neal at his company number: 910-875-7780, Or his cell number: 910-391-8607. We reprinted a copy of the Citation for Ranger Voyles in the last issue of Patrolling, but we do not yet have a copy of the Citation for Gary. If we are able to secure one prior to the next article, we will publish it here. I stole a photo from Peter Parker (the official Photographer of the



75th RRA) (sorry about that, Pete) of Gary O'Neal at one of the recent Reunions in Georgia. You'll recognize Gary on the right, but I have no idea who the other dirtbag with him is.



Gary O'Neal and some other guy at the 75th RRA Reunion

CONTACTS:

John Henry Voyles, Gary O'Neal, Larry Coleman, Stan Harrell, Terrenz "Doc" Jeans – new phone number, Jeff Rice, Leo Starkey, Richard Stutsman, Dirty Eddie White, Sealon "Doc" Wentzel

Richard Stutsman. We last reported that Richard is reaching retirement as a Deputy Sheriff in Cloud County, Kansas, and was looking at buying a small ranch in Colorado; something like The Dirt has himself, with a few acres and enough room to run some livestock. Richard updated me and said that the Colorado land was a little steep in price, so now he is possibly looking and some land in Arkansas. More info to follow.

Dirty Eddie White. No word yet on whether Dirty Eddie got the goats yet so he won't have to trim the grass this summer.

Doc Jeans, Doc is now in New Mexico, and has a new telephone number. 575-382-5831. Either that, or I screwed up the telephone number the first time I posted it, which is not an unheard-of occurrence.

FLICKER PHOTOS.

I started a webpage on Flickr (www.flickr.com) so I could post photos I took at the Reunions. Now, please bear in mind that I am not a professional photographer, don't own a very fancy camera, and often take interior shots with no flash so that I don't blind or disturb people, but what photos I have are posted there. The address of the particular Flickr page you need to access to look at my sloppy, unprofessional photos is: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/b75ranger/> I also posted the contents of the CD that Todd Currie of the 1st Ranger Battalion had made for the reunion of the original members of the Battalion. All the photos are arranged in sets for ease of location.

ARMYRANGER.COM

Again, if you haven't had a chance to check out their website/forum yet, give it a look. A lot of people you may

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know are registered and post there, and it's good to have a place we can all go to maintain our contact with other Rangers in a private forum. (www.armyranger.com).

PLEASE NOTE THE UNIT DIRECTOR'S NEW EMAIL ADDRESS, BELOW: Some of the members of the Unit should edit their address books to correct my email address. My old email address still works (for the time being), but when it goes away, I won't be able to retrieve that emails that come in to that address and drag them into the Inbox for my new email address. So please check your email address books. I don't want to miss anything coming in from all you guys.

Until next time: High Speed, Low Drag, & Keep Your Head Down. (Especially all you guys still working in the Big Sandbox or the Rockpile).

Marc L. Thompson, Unit Director

Email: mthomp@ptd.net

PLEASE NOTE THE UNIT DIRECTOR'S NEW EMAIL ADDRESS, ABOVE:

VII CORPS LRRP

Good day, my lads. Here we go again, but with a dearth of news and info to impart. Aside from a couple of get togethers that I'll relay to you via the messengers (Kirk and Zeke) and our upcoming reunion, there's not much to relate.

I met up with Kirk and his lovely baby sitter in Jacksonville. They came down from Savannah to visit with SGM Attaway. He's still in assisted living trying mightily to recuperate from his stroke, while his and Barbara's place is being made wheel chair ready. It was good to see Hoot again, but more so Sally. She is so darn sweet and charming that I don't see what she sees in him; can't be looks or money. Go figure. Anyhow, he transferred over to me a wealth of LRRP personnel info and financial junk going back over 7 or 8 years. I started out separating the good stuff from the "who-gives-a-shit" stuff. It's been almost two months and I still haven't finished wading through the good stuff. I started out with good intentions, but then got bogged down reading about you guys and wound up getting no further.

In the midst of all this, a light came on. While I'm waiting for you guys to send me some old/new fodder that is slow or non-existent in coming, I thought I'd start the ball rolling by priming the pump and passing some of the good stuff along in future editions. Of course, nothing will be printed herein about or by you without your express permission. I realize some of you have children or grandchildren who adore you and whom you want to protect; kinda like, "Do as I say and not as I do" admonitions we dish out. So, look forward to it.

Getting back to the aforementioned (like that big word?) get togethers, Kirk hosted a PA-NJ mafia meeting when

Jim Handlin passed through. From Kirk: "On Saturday, April 24, a short stick of LRRP's gathered at Mucous Meadows, base camp of the Gibson platoon, to catch up with and debrief the elusive Jim Handlin, who was passing through from his home in Thailand to somewhere else.



The manifest included (L to R), Handin Roach, Hathaway, Fisher, Homiak, Gibson and Kingeter. Scratched due to logistical difficulties were Holub and Knaak. "Sickcall" Sitar was AWOL and could not be found. He must have been with Forde who was also not pictured. His Honor Judge Hartmere had a previous engagement, while Joe Chetwynd and Theo Knaak had similar LEG excuses. Homiak showed up with an originally starched fatigue shirt, as crisp as the day it came from his wall locker when he rotated out of the Company. Talk about an original souvenir!

Overall, the operation went successfully. All arrived in good health, and departed to their respective base camps several hours later in approximately the same condition, having been well-nourished by the mess prepared admirably by Sally "The Bat" Gibson and Beverly Roach, with an honorable mention to Dick Yuengling of Pottsville, PA, whose wonderful elixir provided needed electtolytes." (Kirk)

More recently, E.T. Evaro (Zeke) was able to put his old age ills and war wounds aside to meet up with Lloyd and Big Jake in Denton, NC. The Chaplain writes: "Greetings, my LRRP comrades, from the Tarheel State (GO Demon Deacons!). Lloyd Cain, Big Jake McMorrow (B-56, 1968), and I linked up at the Denton, NC Blue Grass Festival to enjoy some of the best Blue Grass music in the country, May 4-7.

Old memories of our Nelligen days were recollected and after 44 years, it still seemed like yesterday. The bands were terrific and the food was great. We wobbled around on old our old legs, slowly but surely. Getting old is not fun, gents; it's for the birds. Whoever said "Old age ain't for sissies" knew what he was talking about! Having fun like we did should be outlawed, because we had a really good time. The recollections, after 44 years, were made more fun by the embellishments and the total absence of any fear of

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Article 15's; however, our short-term memories did not fare as well in our 77 year-old, somewhat demented minds. Guys, don't worry about getting old and losing your memories (and your lustful abilities). The good side is that you get to hide your own Easter Eggs!

In closing, my best regards to all of you; and when I die, please bury me next to a LRRP. God's Blessings to all of you in Christ, our Redeemer. Adios and I hope to see ya in Branson." (Zeke) In closing, this is the last notice you guys will get regarding our off-year rendezvous in Branson, MO this August (2-6). I've received some feedback on who will/will not/ might make it. Reservations, to date, are sparse, so if you're still in the planning stage, call Veronica at the Branson Tourism Center at 800-268-4014 and mention the LRRP/Ranger rates. As a side note, we haven't planned any activities to speak of because there is so much to do and see that people may want to set their own agendas when not mixing and mingling. Branson is supposed to be a great place to visit for a family-oriented venue.

I'm going to copy this and USPS it out to all, but with this caveat: The costs and labor intensity associated with getting this out to everyone are prohibitive, so this is the last regular mailing you'll receive, unless you join the 75th

Ranger Regiment Association and get their quarterly magazine, Patrolling. I've enclosed membership applications in all these mailings. Trust me, it'll probably be the best \$35.00 you'll spend. I guarantee it with a full money-back guarantee as long as I'm alive and coherent! Aside from keeping you up to date, the 75th RRA supports the Ranger Battalions (and their families left behind) spiritually and financially in these trying times. In my humble opinion, we owe them for picking up the gauntlet that we laid down after doing our duty so honorably.

One last point and I'll get off my soapbox: Kirk and Sam Rodriguez have put out a really fine history of our unit from the days of VII Corps LRRP to B Company Rangers. For twenty-five thin, paper dollars, you can get one of these severely limited editions. To do so, remit a \$25 check made out to Thomas Forde, 80 Carolina Dr., New City, NY, 10956-3025. Thanks.

As Ranger Keith Phillips (Kemp, TX), H Co / 1st Cav put it: "Shoot low Rangers, they're ridin' Shetlands!" And with that, I'm outta here. See ya in MO in August.

Pvt E-10, Dick Foster, El Guapo
USA LRRP Co (Airborne)
VII Corps, Europe



C/75 - E/20 LRP **Unit Director - Del Ayers**

Congratulations: Gary "Big O" O'Neal & Larry Voyles
To be inducted into the Ranger Hall of Fame.

Cal "Preacher" Rollins
Elected to Registrar for
Special Operations Association

AVI 10-10-10

Reunion update: The number of attendees grows each week. As with any reunion it is better to make room reservations sooner rather than later. 1-800-248-2946 is the number to call. Rates are \$27.00 to \$42.00. Be sure to refer to Group GEZOC75.

Group dinner will be Tuesday 10-12-10. No host bar 4 P.M. to meet and greet before the meal. The fare will be Southwestern/Mexican. The cost will be \$25.95 per person. I need your confirmed dinner reservation by 8-30-10. (send no money now)

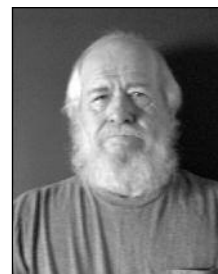
Contact Del Ayers
bouncin4dollars@yahoo.com
Home 602-840-9676
Cell 602-576-9676

"T" Shirts: I need size and number by September 5th. Price will be determined by total number of shirts ordered but will not exceed \$20.00. \$5.00 from each shirt ordered will be donated to E-20 C75 association.

Updates: I will post a reunion Sitrep each Friday beginning June 2010 on the association website.

Spring Patrolling Issue Correction. Milt Hendrickson contributed the Marine Force Recon article. I did not. I only wrote the Bio. I'm the Unit Director and still learning. Hope to get it right soon. Don't want to get fired after my first try.

Thanks to "Steel Blade" Bob Stein E-20 4th platoon "Professionals" platoon leader 8-67 to 5-68 who is writing a fact based book of the 4th Platoon Combat activities. Thank you sir.



Del Ayers

Be Well: Del

NVA INSIDE THE WIRE

Special Operations VS Special Operations is a key indicator of success. Risk your best to destroy the best is the measure

C/75 - E/20 LRP (CONTINUED)

of success. The success of E-20 patrols and combat actions disrupting NVA operations and plans was an ever-increasing pustule on the NVA Ass that could not be ignored before, during and after TET.

The Intel and assets to reduce E-20 effective efforts were amplified by the effort to kill the 4th platoon teams in May 1968. Operating in II corps with the 101st, the 4th platoon rear area consisted of a tent overlooking the South China Sea near the perimeter of the compound. We of the 4th platoon were quite happy to have squatter's rights. A secure place of our own when not on patrol. The tent door faced west to reduce the amount of sand blowing in from the South China Sea breezes. Prime beachfront property. The east end of the tent was held down by various and sundry boxes and personal gear of teams in the field to keep the sand out. Teams not in the field alternated cots and exchanged personal gear from the back of the tent.

The NVA infiltrated in an effort to destroy an effective unit, our unit. Two large Chi Com claymores set by the NVA Sappers to decimate E-20 4th platoon were not well placed. The first blast was low into the sand short of our tent and most of the shrapnel destroyed our sundries, shredding personal gear and knocking those in the tent to the ground and upending cots sending shaving cream, toothpaste and confetti inside the tent. The second claymore did not detonate because the back blast from the first blew the detonator out of the second. (Oops poor deployment) The loss of cartons of cigarettes was most egregious.

Today some 40 years later we laugh about gathering weapons in various states of undress to repulse the attack on our house that night. We of the 4th platoon E-20 are now aware of how effective our combat patrols were. The intelligence gathered by the NVA at Camp Enei to locate a tent in Phan Thiet inside a secure compound and to then send a Sapper.

Unit to destroy a combat unit of less than 35 men is testimony to the combat effectiveness of the men who served with E-20 4th platoon.

I put Vietnam away when I came home. Rarely discussing my experiences. Pride of service, dedication to duty and recognition of accomplishment were left to languish in forgotten memories. Today the statement "I was a Vietnam Veteran before it was popular to be one" has vindicated all of our service and sacrifice.



Even though the NVA Special Ops mission to render E-20 4th platoon "Professionals" combat unit ineffective failed, the extensive planning and efforts to conduct the Special Ops attack against E-20 4th platoon are now a clear tribute to the contributions of these brave men to win the war.

The effective combat patrols of E-20 were multiplied by the asset allocation mission, planning and energies to remove our teams from combat by the NVA. Every combat effective LRP, LRRP, LRS, and SOG unit was also a target of the highest priority for NVA Sappers to attack their house. Can you say "Force Multiplication"?

Del

Robert "Bob" Stein "Steel Blade"

1st Lt. U.S. Army Airborne Inf.
E. Company Long Range Patrol 20 Inf ABN
Sept 1967 to May 1968 4th Plt Professionals

Lt. Bob Stein came to E-20 from the Cav. Major Malone was staffing a LRP IFFV unit. Fortunately for the 4th Platoon of E-20 ABN Major Dandridge Malone recruited one of the best combat officers available. To a man the Professionals of E-20 knew they had the best platoon leader. E-20 4th Platoon excelled in our combat patrols and missions because of the dedication and the leadership of Lt. Stein.

Every patrol was meticulously planned from VR to execution. The team leaders were fully supported by Lt. Stein from insertion to extraction. Every team member knew that Lt. Stein knew where we were, what we were doing and nothing would stop him from giving us his complete support. The teams of E-20 4th Platoon were in constant contact with the NVA before during and after Tet 1968. Lt. Stein was able to direct these extremely effective patrol efforts by his tireless support of the teams in the field.

Bob graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1965 and enlisted in the Army. After basic as an EM at Ft. Leonardwood and AIT at Ft. Polk he completed OCS at Ft. Benning after which he volunteered for jump school. Lt. Stein was then assigned as safety officer at Ft. Ord testing M16 VS the AK47.

May 1967 Lt. Stein became a Platoon leader with the 1st Cav where he received the Silver Star for gallantry during intense combat. Two Medal of Honors were also awarded for this battle.

C/75 - E/20 LRP (CONTINUED)

Every man who was assigned to the 4th Platoon is thankful that Bob decided to volunteer to join us when asked by Major Malone. Each of us know we had the best Platoon leaders in Vietnam to serve with. The 4th Platoon "Professionals" combat patrol record is a direct result of Lt. Stein's leadership, energy, personal commitment, planning, resourcefulness, pride, skill, dedication, honor and commitment to success.

The worst, most apprehensive yet "Happy Day" for the Professionals was Bob Stein's going home party at Camp Enei. Later Bob briefed his replacement extolling our combat ability and as he walked away on crutches he told Lt. Jack Danil "they like me".

Bob Stein's thoughts 4-20-2010:

I think of those Long Range Patrol teams in my platoon every day. The five and six man patrols would be on missions 10 to 45 miles from any friendly forces and outside of artillery fans, sometimes not even in Viet Nam. They were always outnumbered, operating in a geography familiar and comfortable to the NVA/Viet Cong, and at times, because of weather or low mountains were without any communications with US forces. Fixed wing O-1 airplanes, helicopters and mountain-top stations sometimes were available for relay transmissions but not always. The majority of our missions were along the Cambodian border screening enemy movements and resupply efforts. Temporary forward operating bases included Dak To, Kontum, Plei Djereng, Duc Co, Plei Me, Ban Don and Ban Me Thuot. Each Long Range Patrol soldier had a "bounty" on his head put there by the North Vietnamese Army. When their dangerous mission was completed, three to seven days later these teams were reinserted and started another patrol. The damage which was wrought on the North Vietnamese was enormous. A brigade commander told our company CO that one LRP platoon was "worth another battalion to him".

After his discharge Bob took a job with Durant Corp. which was later to become Marriot Hotels and retired 33 years later. Bob now spends his days with his son, and two daughters when not otherwise occupied with eating ice cream, having special lunches and taking his 3-year-old granddaughter Regan to gymnastics classes.

Not long ago Bob blew the dust off an old box to reflect back. Reading letters sent to and from home, looking at old photos and opening his journal. Bob had made an entry in that journal every day documenting the patrol missions of the Professionals. Bob is now committed to writing a book based on the journal and personal reflections of E-20 4th Platoon "Professionals". Bob plans to have the draft completed before our reunion in October. We thanked you in

1968 for your commitment to being our Lt. and we thank you now for your commitment to documenting our service.

Forty years ago I addressed Lt. Stein as "Sir". Bob Stein earned that respect. Bob's diligence, ability, commitment, and competence were never in doubt. Bob is often upset because when we speak I still address him as "Sir". Bob, to a man the Professionals salute you. I pissed on your boots (and other parts) out of respect when you left us back then. Out of the need for personal hygiene you might should pack an extra pair of flip flops or disposable footwear in October.

Robert Stein

Graduate University of Minnesota

Graduate OCS

1st Cav Vietnam May 67 /Aug 67

E-20 LRP 20 Inf ABN Aug 67/ May 68

Jump Wings. CIB

Silver Star, Bronze Star

Father, Grandfather

"Professionals" Combat Platoon Leader



This Lt. Stein on the left and Lt. Jack Danil on the right, changing command.



This is a photo of Lt. Robert Stein after change of command.

**D/75****Unit Director - Richard "Herd" Nelson**

Well summer is approaching again and it will be great to have the warm temperatures, because most of the people I talked with had extremely colder weather than normal this past winter. Here in Orlando the weather broke several records for the cold. For example we had one stretch of below freezing temps for 14 nights in a row. That was the longest period of time that we were below freezing in recorded history. Here in central Florida we very seldom go below freezing, but if we do it is usually only for one or two nights in a row and then the weather will warm back up. That is one reason I live here, I can't take cold weather anymore.

As of the writing of this article we are exactly three weeks away from our off year get-together in South Dakota. It looks like we will have a decent turn out for this one based on the people I have talked with in preparation of this article. I will add the names as I update everyone on how people are doing.

First I would like to let everyone know how Carl (Warlord 1-6) Norris is doing while he is going through his cancer treatments. The last time I talked with him the treatment have been going well. He had just gone through his second to last treatment with the final treatment in the first part of June. His doctor says that he believes that after he completes the final treatment he will be completely cancer free. The effects of the treatment are accumulative so Carl is tired and has lost some weight but he believes he will be back to his normal self by the fourth of July. Due to these treatments he and Rosie will not be able to join us in South Dakota this year, and they will be missed.

Psycho and Julie are well and will be able to join us at the South Dakota get-together and I'm looking forward to seeing them again, we had such a good time at the last get-together out there. They spent a lot of time this last year working on their new property in upstate New York. They will arrive at the airport a couple of hours after I do and we will be staying at the same hotel in Hot Springs.

Billy Faulks is also planning to attend the get-together, he plans on driving out there and will stop to pick up Steve



Meade in Kentucky along the way, and Roger Barbe will be staying together with them in Moe & Cindy's back yard. They will all be camping and so will Vic Viccaro and his wife. I talked with them this last week, and they were all doing well. I also talked with Larry Pickle for a little bit today and he had planned to try and attend but was unable. He told me he had made a decision to go back to school to get out of the house and relieve some boredom. Mike and Sharon are doing well up in Kentucky, and Mike is enjoying

retirement. The grandkids are still keeping them busy. Mike and his grandson went camping with his Cub Scout troop. Unfortunately it was during those flooding rains that hit Tennessee so hard in April. He still gets up early to drive the kids to school and Sharon picks them up, she takes the girls to their after school activities. They are going down to Destin, Florida in June for their family Vacation and will not be able to join us in South Dakota. The whole family has been going to a military resort there for years.

Ken and Linda Dern are doing well in Jacksonville and Ken has been busy with work again, He has also started checking out what benefits he is entitled to through VA. Since he reached the age that he was required to go on Social Security he wants to check out his options, as many of us know the Medicare benefits are not as good as some of the private insurance policies out there.

Tom Delaney is enjoying his retirement as well. He was planning to come to the South Dakota get-together but when they set the date for one of his Grand-Daughters High School Graduation it was scheduled on the 12th of June which is right in the middle of the South Dakota Trip, so he and Jan can't join us out there.

The Last time I talked with Richard Badmilk he told me he was taking the whole month of June off so he will be able to spend more time with us than he was able to the last time. We visited during the same week he had to attend training and meetings for work last time. As many of you might remember he is a principle at one of the schools on the St. Francis Reservation. I am looking forward to being able to see him and his wife Deb again.

D/75 (CONTINUED)

Gary Olsen and his wife Alice are doing well in Alabama, and he is gearing up to campaign for his son who is running for reelection as the Sheriff there at home. It is always fun to talk with him as we have some fond memories from Delta Company. Because of the campaign he and Alice will not be able to visit with us at the get-together.

I also talked with Frank Park this week and he is doing well and enjoying his retirement but has started bartending a couple of days a week now. Now all of us that attend the Association Reunion at Benning know that he is good at mixing Martinis. He said that Frank Jr. has now been in the Middle East for a couple of months and is serving with one of the units up in the Mountains.

When I talked with Bear a couple of weeks ago he told me he was doing well and had not been drinking due to some of the medication his doctors put him on. The medication has been working well so he doesn't want to take the chance that Alcohol may counter act the meds. As I mentioned in my last article his son Willie got out of the service after returning from his third tour in the Middle East. He hasn't been able to find work around home and is considering going into the reserves.

The last time I talked with Bill and Kathy Fitzgerald they were doing well. I called earlier this week but Fitz had gone out to get his lawn mower fixed. Their Daughter is still in Afghanistan and far as I know she is alright. I became a little worried when I saw on the news this week that a suicide bomber pulled into one of the convoys and killed several people and wounding many others. Their daughter commands some of those convoys. I just figured if it had been one of hers I would have heard from them by now.

Ed Mercer will be attending the get-together as well, and will be staying in the same hotel as me, and Psycho and Julie. I am looking forward to meeting him out there as I can't place the name to the face; since he was in another platoon we may have not crossed tracks much in Nam.

As far as me it has been a rough few days in the last month. First off I broke the big toe on my right foot about three weeks prior from the writing this article. I had decided to remodel my bathroom, and since I took out the light fixture I put a hurricane lantern on my toilet tank so I could see in there at night. On night after I got out of the shower I bumped it and it fell off the tank and landed on my foot. The nurses got mad at me when I went in two weeks later to get x-rays. They said didn't it hurt, and I told them that

yes it hurt but that I expected it to hurt when you dropped a five lb. lantern on your foot, and that I had been treating it every night. Then on Monday of this week my desktop computer crashed so I'm writing this article on my Laptop computer, it has a much smaller screen and keyboard. I just haven't had time to open up the desk top and see what is wrong with it. On Tuesday of this week while I was on my way to a doctor's appointment another driver made an improper lane change and broadsided my truck, and the next day I had to take one of my pets to the vet because she was flea infested and no matter what I did I couldn't get it under control. Everything is alright now, the toe is healing well, the other driver's insurance company has started the process to fix my truck and my cat is free from fleas. I just figure that we get to go through these kinds of times because we are tougher than most people and we show people how to be survivors.

The photos I decided to submit for this article are one with SFC Bailey (My Platoon Sgt) and I think it is the back of Fitz, another is with Fitz and my first team leader SSGT Kravaca (I'm pretty sure I misspelled his name). One is of Psycho and Mike Warren waiting for the taxi ride to work, and the other is of team 4-5 with Mike Miller.

RLTW
Herd Out.



Bailey



Fitz & Cavaca



**Psycho & Mike W.
waiting for a taxi.**



**Team 4-5, Randy, Danny,
Joe, Mike & Thang.**

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

Unit Director - Rick Stetson

It was with a great deal of interest that E Company received “sit reps” from Duane “Poncho” Alire and Prescott “Puck” Smith, two of our members who recently toured Vietnam. Thanks to the generosity of Nhan and his Vietnamese family and friends, the two visited places with familiar names like Tan An, Dong Tam, Ben Tre, Can Tho, Soc Trang, Ba Ria, Dalat, Cam Ranh Bay, and Nha Trang. Poncho reported that Bear Cat no longer exists. After the war, everything was dismantled and hauled off. Even the concrete building pads and foundations were broken up and taken away in small loads and sold. Long Binh also is gone. Sad to think of all the hard work that went into constructing those facilities and now there is nothing left to show for it, but at least we will always have the memories of how those bases served us while we were there.

When he returned, Puck told me that his trip to Vietnam was “an emotional and historical journey with our Ranger Brothers that is difficult to put into words.” He went on to say they “gained an understanding of the hardships that our Ranger Brothers endured after the Vietnam War ended” and “learned of the tremendous bond and loyalty that our Ranger Brothers still feel for America and the soldiers they served with.” Puck took many photos while in country and has a slide show that he is willing to send to interested members of E Company.

We are indebted to Nhan and his friends for rolling out the red carpet for his visitors including Sal Discascio who is in Vietnam as of this writing. Nhan reports that Sal went for a ride on an elephant. Hope he took some pictures, although I told Nhan that I felt sorry for the elephant.

Thanks to extensive advance planning by Doug “Mac” MacCullum, members of E Company enjoyed an outstanding reunion in New Mexico that honored Emory Parrish, Joe Castagna and our other departed Rangers. Unit photographers Bob Copeland and Rip Tragle took pictures at the various locations including the Vietnam Veterans Memorial State Park at Angel Fire. A plaque at the park is a moving tribute to Dr. Victor Westphall, the founder of the memorial. It reads: “On April 24, 1994, Dr. Victor Westphall gathered a handful of soil from this spot and on May 2, 1994, scattered it at the ambush site in Vietnam where LT Victor David Westphaul III lost his life on May 22, 1968. Dr. Westphaul returned with earth from the ambush scene and



mixed it here with New Mexico soil on May 5, 1994.”

Angel Fire was the first memorial created to honor Vietnam veterans and it helped inspire the creation of the Vietnam Memorial in Washington. Many mementos have been left at the site by Vietnam veterans and their family members including E Company, and the memorial includes a Huey aircraft that saw combat service in Vietnam. The following is a report of the New Mexico reunion submitted by Doug MacCullum:

Early arrivals in Santa Fe were greeted by snow at higher elevations where one team filled coolers to chill some brews. Bright sunshine and pleasant days followed, allowing a myriad of activities. Many remarked how clean the city was. The circular capitol building, four stories in height, contained much fine art and was well worth the visit. Spectacular churches, some dating back to 1610 along with the Palace of the Governors, were also viewed. All were fascinated by the Miraculous Staircase in the Loretto Chapel. An abundance of fine restaurants dotted the Plaza and were enjoyed. A quick trip up to the ski area provided majestic views of the city and well beyond, alpine vegetation providing a stark contrast to the more desert-like flora in town.

A trip to Pecos National Historical Park allowed viewing of a well-preserved 700-room pueblo and the remains of a huge 1717 mission. The following day all journeyed high into the Rockies to see the Vietnam Memorial at Angel Fire. Certainly a must-see for all! Standing in front of a Huey, the group saluted Emory Parrish, one of our dearly-missed Rangers, from on high. From there, the group continued along the Enchanted Circle, a most scenic drive with views of snow-capped Mt. Wheeler whose summit is at 13,161 feet. The day's trip was completed with a stop at the Rio Grande Gorge and a walk across the bridge that spans it. Winds gusting to 70 mph made it an interesting trek.

The following day some visited the Bradbury Museum in Los Alamos, where the A-bombs that ended WWII were developed. They glowed with praise for the visit. Others were enthralled with Bandelier National Monument, site of well-preserved Puebloan Indian ruins, occupied between 1150 and 1550. A stop at White Rock Overlook on the return trip provided panoramic views of the deep Rio Grande Valley and beyond. Quite breathtaking! Thanks to

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

Duane "Poncho" Alire, all enjoyed a delicious prime rib dinner (for the royal sum of \$11) that evening at the local Elks Club. A toast was offered for Emory and then another for all our other departed comrades.

The final day was capped by a delicious barbeque, courtesy of Terry and Dorothy Leishman. Thanks for the great hospitality! The two newbies, Don Naughton and John Masick, certainly enjoyed themselves and vowed to return to future gatherings. "Welcome home," guys.

And thank you, Mac, for arranging an exciting variety of activities for everyone to choose from in New Mexico. A complete report of our gathering in Dahlonega, Georgia will be printed in the next issue of "Patrolling."

Until then, always remember that,
Rangers Lead the Way



Inside Los Alamos Museum.



A stop at the Los Alamos VFW.



**A visit to the
Los Alamos Museum.**



Pecos Pueblo Mission and ruins.



**Resting after our Pecos Pueblo
walking tour.**



**Note Sign!! Fortunately
no one was bitten!!**



**Pic at the top of the ski
mountain by the Gondola Lift.**



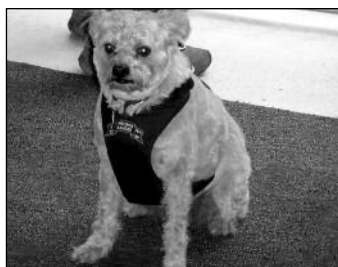
**Pic taken of group in State of New
Mexico Bldg Senate Chamber.**



**ANGEL FIRE VIETNAM
VETERANS MEMORIAL
NEW MEXICO.**



**Don Naughton and friend Suzie at
the State of New Mexico Building.
This was Don's first Reunion.
Welcome Home Don!!**



**Rip's dog Beanie our
Company Service Dog and
a good friend to all!!**



**Group pic at the Mission Church
ruins circa 1625 at Pecos
Pueblo in the National Park.**



**Salute to our Fallen Comrades
at the Santa Fe, NM, Reunion.
Photo taken at the Angel Fire
Vietnam Veterans Memorial.**

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

John Masick brought a number of articles from the 9th Div Old Reliable Go Devil in country newspaper which set out numerous contacts by the Co E Rangers and some photos for us to view.



Pic taken on a view point after travelling to the top of the mountain to the Gondola Lift which was closed for the season. Great View!!



A Picture at the memorial of Marine Lt. Victor David Westphall KIA 22 May 1968, RVN. Dr Victor Westphall built the Angel Fire Vietnam Veterans Memorial to Honor his Fallen son.



Group pic at the Cafe Ole next to the motel. John Masick 1968-69 is on far right side front. This was John's first reunion. Welcome Home John!!



Colonel U.S. Army (Retired) Clancey Matsuda, Commanding Officer of Company Co E50th Inf LRP (Abn) 9th Inf Div. left his calling card and the new 75th Ranger/E50 LRP/9th Div LRRP Challenge Coin in Tribute to ALL Fallen Vietnam Veterans of the War, at the Angel Fire Vietnam Veterans Memorial.



While touring the NM State Bldg. Duane Alire (Poncho) arranged for us to meet and take a pic with John M. Garcia, Cabinet Secretary, NM Dept. of Veteran's Services who on hearing we would be visiting Angel Fire VN Viets Memorial arranged to have two State Park Rangers present when we visited to give us a presentation of the history of the memorial and a guided tour of the memorial. Mr. Garcia is in the top row 2nd from the left. Thanks to Doug MacCallum as well for scouting out the State Bldg and the Angel Fire VN Memorial for us to see on the reunion trail.

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

Unit Director - Tim Walsh



Tim Walsh

Aloha! The trip to Hawaii was amazing! And it was made all the more enjoyable because Tom ("Pineapple") and Mona Gurrobat worked tirelessly to put together a wonderful slate of events! I have attached a couple pictures, you can see them at the end of this article. I'll try to get a couple more on the lrrp.com site as well.

We all arrived in Waikiki, Oahu on Tuesday, 20 April and met at Tiki's Bar for happy hour. Colin learned about the perils of keeping a papaya in his pocket. On Wed., 21 April we had a personalized tour of Schofield Barracks, home of the 25th Infantry Division. The Division Commander

(Major General B. Champoux) came to say a few words to us at lunch. I have no idea who pulled what strings to get a two-star general to take the time to greet us personally, but I'm willing to bet your run-of-the-mill tour wouldn't get that kind of reception. Col. Thomas P. Guthrie, Chief of Staff, 25th Inf. Div., was our host for the day. 25th ID Public Affairs NCO, SSG Tim Meyers followed all day, took several hundred photos (including the two at the end of this article) and wrote a press release about our visit.

On Thur. we took the "Stars & Stripes" tour of Pearl Harbor, the Arizona Memorial and the Missouri Battleship. In the evening we went to a fantastic luau. If you've never been to a luau, it's a lot more than just poi and pork. It involves the whole "Hawaiian" cultural experience;

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

dancers, drums and music, beautiful costumes and tons of food. The hosts of the luau gave us a special treat at the end of the evening. We are among the very few non-natives to have ever witnessed the legendary “lost teeth” ritual. It gives me chills to even think about it!

Friday, 23 April was set aside to go to the Army Museum and wander around Waikiki Beach and shop. On 24 April we spent the entire day at the Polynesian Cultural Center. Monday we all flew to Kona on the big island of Hawaii and a barbeque at Mona & Pineapple’s. Tuesday we had a guided tour all around the Big Island. Wed. we toured the Army’s Pohakuloa Training Area (PTA). The PTA is situated at 4,000+ feet, and is the final training location for troops of all branches before they’re deployed to Afghanistan. We met and talked to a Company (Artillery) of Marines who were in their final days of training. Thurs Colin Hall, Bill Eberhardt and I went on a fishing charter. I’ll spare you the details, but suffice it to say that we didn’t deplete the fish stocks in Hawaii. The Halls and Walshes had a couple more relaxing days in Kona before we had to return to reality.

I’d like to say a few words about what y’all send to me to get in *Patrolling* magazine. I have offered to put “anything” you send me into *Patrolling*, as long as it’s not pornographic, overly political or either intentionally or unintentionally disrespectful of our fellow veterans. I will continue to stand by that offer... with an important caveat: it has to be relevant to F/75. Either concerning our time in-country or having to do with activities by, for or with the men of the “family” of LRRP, LRP, 75th Ranger or 25th ID LRRP/LRP, et. al. since our time in country. I add that caveat because I’m attempting to keep it as “real” as possible. The following story is a good example of that. Steve Grezik sent this story to me for inclusion into *Patrolling*. When I got it, it didn’t contain any specific points of reference or context - it was just a story about an experience in ‘Nam. I got back to Steve and asked him for more information to make the story more applicable to F/75. He was happy to help out with the names of several of his teammates and a reference to when this took place. I realize that some of those specific details might not always be readily retrievable - I certainly can’t (or won’t) remember a lot of the details of specific missions or events. But by including a name of a teammate or two, or the general location of a mission, it goes a long way towards adding credibility to the story as well as helping those of us who were children of the 70’s and might have a bit of



trouble remembering due to past... ah, excesses. Hell, that whole decade is blurry to me.

So, this was submitted by Steve Grezik:

Lizard

Walking in the jungle again. Six men, designated ‘Ranger’ because they were brassy enough to volunteer for this madness, these walks in the jungle. That’s all most Ranger missions were, slow walks in the jungle.

Our insertions into the jungle were carefully orchestrated affairs. Command and Control, the Cobra

helicopter escort and our HQ all worked together during this time. The helicopter would sometimes make several false landings to confuse any potential enemy troops as to which was the real drop off. We’d scurry into the cover of the wood-line and sit listening for any sound, hoping that the enemy was not close enough to hit us. Listening, listening, all eyes tense and seeking assurance from other silent faces, we’d sit there and hope we heard nothing. Insertion was an unpredictable, vulnerable time. Landing in the midst of the enemy was an uncommon nightmare, but it happened occasionally and men died.

After doing radio checks and making sure we were alone, we’d walk away from that scary spot we’d landed on. It actually felt like an escape, an escape from the spot the enemy might have heard us land on. A small enemy army could be heading towards that spot we were escaping. We had to get away from it. The jungle felt good. It hid us.

The Team Leader (Tom Schommer, team 2-3) checked his map and we’d start walking. We walked to look for the enemy we’d been afraid of ten minutes earlier. At the Team Leader’s discretion, we’d stop again to listen. Walk, stop, listen. This was the method used on most of the Long Range Reconnaissance missions we went on.

It was on one such mission that I had an encounter with a five foot lizard. We’d stopped for a listening break. The jungle was silent. Thick air settled upon us as we settled on the jungle floor. We sat there as still as possible. Sweat streamed down our painted, camouflaged faces. Almost frozen motionless, we blended into our surroundings. Like the jungle creatures around us, we were almost invisible. Motionless, silent, listening...

He was five feet long. He crept out from under non descript twigs and leaves eight feet away from me. I saw him out of

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

the corner of my eye before I had the nerve to slowly, ever so slowly, turn my head to look at him. Dangerous blackish brown color approached me before I recognized it. The biggest lizard I'd ever seen in my life walked straight towards me. Four clawed, muscular legs moved in perfect symmetry, two at a time. Six inches of tongue shot out of his mouth smelling the air. He walked towards me. I wanted to say something to one of the guys but silence was the rule and I had a feeling this lizard might not react well to being startled. His feet and body made a slight sliding, crunching sound. I happened to be in a sitting, crossed legged position. He was now three feet away from me, approaching an area just next to my left knee. Perhaps he knew I was there. Surely he could smell me with that radar-like tongue. Perhaps he didn't care as long as I didn't move. This was fascinating but scary. I was looking at a Monitor lizard. I knew enough about them to be concerned. Monitor lizards are not poisonous. They are worse than that. Their saliva contains many pathogens and numerous bacteria. Their bite causes infection that is difficult to treat and can result in gangrene. Medical treatments for Monitor bites are difficult, at best.

His face was now two feet from my left knee. He ignored me and began digging furiously. I watched fascinated and spellbound as this primeval mini-monster scraped the ground with his claws. In a cat-like fashion, paw after paw, he dug approximately nine inches down. Dirt flew backward and he eventually pulled out the prize he'd been digging for. Two clawed arms pulled out a perfectly round ball of animal dung. He set it down and carefully pried it in half. Inside was a teeming mass of maggots or worms. He

ate them all and left the way he came.
Steve Grezik

I'm trying to plan a short "off-year" reunion to Washington, DC later this fall. As many of you remember, we voted on having an off-year reunion in DC at the last 75th RRA reunion in Columbus. I may have spent too much time planning a visit to Hawaii that many of you couldn't afford, and for that I apologize. But as soon as we come up with a plan for the DC reunion I'll communicate that info to everybody. I'll send out another postcard with the pertinent info - where we'll be staying, when, etc.

And I'd like to ask that you start thinking about a venue for the next "off-year" reunion in 2012. We talked a little about it Hawaii and came up with a couple of possible alternatives, but these are just that... *possible* alternatives: Branson, MO; Las Vegas, NV; Memphis, TN; Please give it some thought and let me know.

Until next time; mahalo - "thank you" in Hawaiian.
Tim Walsh



Group taken at the 25th ID museum.



Group and wives in front of the Schofield Barracks Memorial.

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

Unit Director - Clifford M. Manning



No Submission

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

Unit Director - William T. Anton

Operation Delaware

A long-range reconnaissance platoon's daring raid to take Signal Hill was key to a massive air cav assault in the A Shau Valley.

By Robert C. Ankony

As evening approached on April 9, 1968, Sergeant Doug Parkinson's six-man long-range reconnaissance patrol (LRRP, or "Lurp") team scrambled aboard a UH-1 Huey. They had just climbed Dong Tri Mountain outside the

Marine combat base at Khe Sanh in search of the enemy. Although they never saw the enemy, a stray artillery shell nearly killed them all, and a Bengal tiger stalked them for several nights. Then, with B-52s set to bomb their position in preparation for a Marine sweep of the mountain, they almost fell 1,000 feet to their deaths as helicopters hurriedly extracted them on long emergency ropes known as McGuire rigs. As Parkinson glanced through the dust at the dozens of helicopters lifting off, he said, "So much for Khe Sanh, lads....I'd say we got off easy!"

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

But Parkinson's long-range reconnaissance patrol team from Company E, 52nd Infantry, commanded by Captain Michael Gooding, would soon find itself in the thick of one of the most daring airmobile operations of the war: an air assault into the A Shau Valley, the most formidable enemy sanctuary in South Vietnam. Company E would play a key role in establishing a stronghold in the valley—and it would pay a high price.

By early April 1968, the North Vietnamese Army (NVA) had just suffered two of the most catastrophic defeats of the war: the Tet Offensive and the siege of Khe Sanh, which cost them nearly 20,000 men. But the NVA still had an ace in the hole to regain the initiative in the northernmost part of South Vietnam, designated I Corps Tactical Zone (ICTZ). That ace was the sparsely populated A Shau Valley, running north-south along the Laotian border 30 miles south of Khe Sanh, where troops and supplies were pouring into South Vietnam as the NVA geared up for another battle—at a time and place of its choosing. The A Shau, a lovely mile-wide bottomland flanked by densely forested 5,000-foot mountains, was bisected lengthwise by Route 548, a hard-crusted dirt road. A branch of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the valley was a key NVA sanctuary.

The NVA seized A Shau in March 1966 after overrunning the isolated Special Forces camp there. They considered A Shau their turf and had fortified it with powerful crew-served 37mm antiaircraft cannons, some of them radar controlled. They also had rapid-firing twin-barreled 23mm cannons, scores of 12.7mm heavy machine guns, a warren of underground bunkers and tunnels, and even tanks. Because of this formidable strength on the ground, the NVA were left pretty well alone except for jet attacks, but given the steep, mountainous terrain—often cloaked under clouds and prone to sudden, violent changes in weather—air strikes were few. And because of the very limited airmobility of the Marines in ICTZ, no ground operations of any significance had been launched in the A Shau.

In January 1968 the situation changed. General William Westmoreland, commander of U.S. forces in South Vietnam, ordered the 1st Cavalry Division to move north from the Central Highlands to support the Marines. The 1st Cav, an airmobile division with 20,000 men and nearly 450 helicopters, had the most firepower and mobility of any division-size unit in Vietnam. When it arrived in ICTZ, the 1st Cav fought toe-to-toe with the enemy during Tet. It was fully engaged with the NVA at Khe Sanh when its



commander, Maj. Gen. John Tolson, unveiled plans for the air assault into the A Shau Valley: Operation Delaware.

Two brigades—about 11,000 men and 300 helicopters—would assault the north end of the 25-mile-long valley and leapfrog their way south, while another brigade would stay at Khe Sanh, continuing the fight from there to the Laotian border. Since satellite communications were a thing of the future, a mountaintop in A Shau had to be secured to serve as a radio relay site for the troops—who would be slugging it out hidden deep behind the towering wall of mountains—to communicate with Camp Evans near the coast or with approaching aircraft. On the eastern side, midway up the

valley, was a perfect spot: the 4,878-foot Dong Re Lao Mountain. Headquarters dubbed it “Signal Hill.”

Since the mission required specially trained men who could rappel from helicopters, clear a landing zone with explosives, and hold the ground far from artillery support, the Lurps were the logical choice. As a result, the task of securing Signal Hill fell to Parkinson's unit, Lieutenant Joe Dilger's 2nd Platoon, Company E, 52nd Infantry.

Friday, April 19, dawned calm and sunny, and the assault operation began. The 30-man Lurp platoon gathered with several engineers and signalmen at Camp Evans, awaiting flights to Signal Hill, 19 miles away. The troops heard the rumble of five slicks from the 227th Assault Helicopter Battalion approaching. With every unit requesting lift ships, many of which were undergoing repair or still at Khe Sanh, not enough birds were available to bring in the entire platoon, so Parkinson's team was told to stand aside until later. The helicopters landed, and everyone else clambered aboard, heavily laden with gear. The slicks rose into a clear blue sky and vanished in the west, reaching the mile-high peak of Signal Hill some 20 minutes later.

The small force of helicopters was met by two gunships. The slicks came to a hover 100 feet above the dense jungle, and the men, led by Lieutenant Dilger, began rappelling down to clear a landing zone. But in the thin atmosphere, the helicopter engines had less oxygen for power, and the rotors less air to bite into. Seconds after Sergeant Larry Curtis and his assistant team leader, Corporal Bill Hand, jumped off the skids, their chopper lost control while they were still 50 feet in the air.

Curtis and Hand slammed into the ground but managed to get free of their rappel devices and roll out of the chopper's

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

path as it came careening through the canopy and crashed to the jungle floor. The impact knocked the crew and the remaining men on board unconscious. Curtis suffered a concussion and was pinned under a skid when the helicopter rolled onto its side. As he lay struggling to get free, the chopper's engine revved at full throttle and started leaking fuel. Despite the initial chaos, Lieutenant Dilger ordered those still rappelling in to retrieve the crates of explosives and gear being slung down and then make a defensive perimeter around the peak.

Once unloaded, the four helicopters still in the air quickly flew away to avoid further engine strain, and Corporal Hand and the others could now finally mount a belated rescue. After digging Curtis out from beneath the skid and removing the injured on board to safety, they began the grueling task of clearing an LZ, using chain saws, machetes and long tubular explosives called bangalore torpedoes. There in the middle of enemy territory, the insertion and clearing work had not gone unnoticed, and soon enough the troops were battling against more than nature.

By the next morning there still wasn't an adequate clearing for a helicopter to land, so the injured Sergeant Curtis had to be lifted out on a McGuire rig. As the assault force toiled away to clear an LZ, NVA soldiers made the long, arduous climb up from the valley floor, reaching the mountaintop at noon. Hidden by dense foliage and blown debris, and with the sounds of their approach masked by the din of explosives and chain saws, they roamed the perimeter at will, shooting at Dilger's platoon, which was still struggling to make a clearing.

Unable to see the snipers, the assault force threw grenades down the slope and fired their weapons at suspected targets, keeping the enemy at bay. As this battle with the unseen enemy dragged on, men charged forward through mud, debris, and deadly sniper fire to rescue the wounded and dying and carry them to the top of the peak and the protective shelter of a bomb crater. Those in need were given plasma expanders to replace lost blood, cloth-wrapped plastic bandages to cover sucking chest wounds, or morphine injections to ease the pain. Radiomen made desperate calls to Camp Evans for helicopters to evacuate the wounded, but with several waves of choppers still making assaults far north into the valley, and nearly a dozen shot down on the first day of the operation, none were available for Signal Hill.

By late afternoon a functional LZ was finally cleared, but at a steep cost. Snipers had killed Corporal Dick Turbitt and Pfc. Bob Noto, mortally wounded Sgt. William Lambert and combat engineer Pfc James MacManus, and wounded Corporal Roy Beer. Lieutenant Dilger was shot through the chest and close to death.

As the fighting raged far to the north in the valley, Sergeant Lambert—just one day short of completing his two-year tour—clung to life for six hours before dying in the arms of his comrades. Soon after Lambert died, a lone Huey approached from the north to remove the wounded and the stranded aircrew left on Signal Hill. The dead would have to wait.

Early the next morning, Sunday, April 21, a medevac, already crammed with wounded infantrymen and the badly burned pilot of a downed helicopter, landed on Signal Hill to pick up Corporal Hand, whose condition had worsened. He was put inside on a stretcher, beneath the screaming burned pilot. As the medevac lifted off, the men on the ground could hear the burned man pleading in his agony, "Shoot me! *Somebody*, for God's sake, *please* shoot me!"

At about that time, Captain Gooding and Sergeant Parkinson's six-man team arrived. No patrols had yet been made to clear the peak of snipers, so Captain Gooding ordered Parkinson to make an immediate patrol around the peak. Once Parkinson had notified everyone on the LZ of their planned route of departure, his team mounted their gear and slogged through the mud to the western side of the mountain, where they came to the crashed helicopter lying on its side on a steep embankment. Then, stepping over an enemy fighting position where cartridges and two grenades had been left, they pushed through a dense wall of mud-covered branches and trees, twisted from the blasting to clear the LZ.

Once through the thick mat of debris, they entered dense virgin forest swathed in a thick blanket of fog—the clouds surrounding the peak. Bracing their feet on tree roots and the stems of huge ferns, they groped from stalk to frond to keep their balance, limited in their visibility to the men immediately in front of and behind them. Suddenly, after an hour of this slow, painstaking, and uneventful climb, a lone NVA soldier stood and called to Parkinson's front scout—an indigenous Montagnard named Dish—thinking he was a fellow soldier. Instantly realizing his mistake, the soldier stood shocked, arms at his sides, mouth and eyes open, as Dish and Parkinson raised their rifles and shot him.

Parkinson's team made another patrol around the peak while, with the LZ now operational, hundreds of scout helicopters, slicks, gunships, and powerful CH-47 Chinooks flocked in from the east, laden with troops. Reaching the Lurps' mountaintop stronghold, they plunged deep inside the valley to search out and destroy the enemy with airpower and overwhelming infantry assaults. As large and small battles raged farther and farther south, streams of tracers could be seen flying skyward. The effectiveness of the enemy antiaircraft fire was obvious as massive CH-54 Sky cranes could be seen from Signal Hill, returning to Camp Evans with one or two destroyed helicopters slung beneath them.

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

During the operation, jet air strikes came frequently. In clear weather they struck the valley and mountainside positions, at times screaming in just above the Lurps' heads. Their bombs, along with the shells from the vast rings of artillery, soon transformed the lush, green valley and mountainsides into a continuous wasteland of craters. Watching it all from their mountaintop, the Lurps could see for miles in the cool, thin air, from the warships 30 miles east in the South China Sea to towering green mountains in neutral Laos seven miles away.

B-52 Arc Light strikes were launched several times each night. Cells of three bombers would approach north along the valley at 30,000 feet, with each aircraft carrying 84 500-pound bombs inside the fuselage, and 24 750-pounders beneath the wings. The bombers could easily be identified by their running lights, V formation, and the faint drone of their engines, but by the time the enemy could identify them, it was too late to run. When the bombers reached the valley, the clouds below the Lurps' mountaintop position suddenly started flashing bright orange as three lines of bombs merged to lay down a continuous swath of destruction that raced down the valley at 500 miles an hour. In seconds the earth trembled beneath the Lurps' feet, followed after a long lag by a deep rumbling that sounded as if the valley itself were moaning in agony.

In the following days, Signal Hill was secured, a battery of artillery was airlifted on top to support the infantry in the valley, and another helicopter crashed on the peak, its rotors narrowly missing two Lurps but severing the legs of one soldier and crushing another.

The Lurps held that small green islet high above a vast ocean of clouds for close to three weeks, providing a vital fire support base and radio relay site for the troops in the valley to communicate with Camp Evans and with approaching aircraft. Their action saved American lives and helped ensure the success of Operation Delaware by allowing coordinated air and ground attacks, timely artillery strikes, and air rescues of wounded infantrymen and aircrews.

Despite hundreds of B-52 and jet air strikes to destroy the most sophisticated enemy anti-aircraft network yet seen in South Vietnam, the NVA managed to shoot down a C-130, a CH-54, two CH-47s, and nearly two dozen Hueys. Many more were lost in accidents or damaged by ground fire.

The 1st Cavalry Division suffered more than 100 dead and 530 wounded in Operation Delaware. Bad weather aggravated the loss by causing delays in troop movements, allowing a substantial number of NVA to escape to safety in Laos. Still, the NVA lost more than 800 dead, a tank, 70 trucks, two bulldozers, 30 flamethrowers, thousands of rifles and machine guns, and dozens of anti-aircraft

cannons. They also lost tons of ammunition, explosives, medical supplies, foodstuffs, and documents.

A week after leaving A Shau, Sergeant Parkinson's assistant team leader, Bob Whitten, was killed in action. Three other Lurps from the Signal Hill assault force were also killed, and Sergeant Curtis lost an eye in a grenade blast. Sergeant Parkinson eventually returned home as a fish and wildlife specialist, Lieutenant Dilger recovered from his wounds and became a member of the Special Forces, Captain Gooding was promoted to major and assigned to Special Warfare Command, and Company E, 52nd Infantry (LRRP), was redesignated Company H, 75th Infantry (Ranger).

Major General Tolson, summing up why so many of the NVA were able to flee to safety in Laos despite his division's huge airmobile force, remarked: "According to old French records, April was supposed to be the best month for weather in the A Shau Valley. As it turned out, May would have been a far better month—but you don't win them all." That lesson would not be lost on the 101st Airborne Division. In May 1969, they stormed Dong Ap Bia Mountain, known as Hamburger Hill, across the valley from Signal Hill. The NVA lost that battle, too, yet they again returned to claim A Shau, prompting criticism of American tactics. There simply were not enough allied soldiers to secure South Vietnam's remote borders—more than twice as long as the trenches in France during World War I, which were manned by *millions* of troops. Even with that limitation, the 1st Cav and 101st Airborne showed that a unit need not be based in the hinterlands to operate and destroy the enemy there.

Robert C. Ankony, PhD, is a sociologist and author of *Lurps: A Ranger's Diary of Tet, Khe Sanh, A Shau, and Quang Tri* (Lanham, MD: Hamilton Books, 2009); *Nominated for the Army Historical Foundation's 2009 Distinguished Writing Award.*



Saturday afternoon, January 27, 1968: Sgt. Doug Parkinson manning a .50 machine gun at LZ Betty, sixteen miles south of the Demilitarized Zone.

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



Thursday afternoon, April 4, 1968: 1st Cav helicopters at LZ Stud, east of the besieged Marine combat base at Khe Sanh.



Friday morning, April 19, 1968: the crashed Huey from which Sgt. Larry Curtis's team had attempted to rappel onto Signal Hill in A Shau Valley.



Thursday morning, April 25, 1968: Lurps and unknown soldiers watching the enemy from atop Signal Hill.



Thursday morning, April 25, 1968: Lurps and unknown soldiers radioing in the enemy's positions from Signal Hill.



Saturday afternoon, April 27, 1968: unknown soldiers and Lurps on Signal Hill.

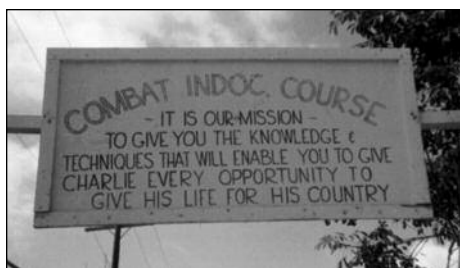


Monday morning, April 29, 1968: the second crashed Huey on Signal Hill.



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

Unit Director - Bob McGath



Anyone remember this sign?

It is our mission to give you
The knowledge & techniques that
Will enable you to give Charley
Every opportunity to give his
Life for his country

Wildcat 4 —Wildcat 10 Clear

I don't know how many times I have tried to put in words, the mission that has plagued me for over 40 years. It seems like every time I



start, it always ends up the same way, unfinished. I discussed this mission with John Tapia some years ago in Louisiana at the reunion. At the time it really did help to talk to someone that I had been in the unit with and shared the same hootch for most of my tour in Vietnam. I really don't know how to start or explain the feelings that I had and still do have concerning that whole mess. I just hope that in the end, I can share some of my story and it turns out not to be just a bunch rambling.



Bob McGath

The sequence of events that lead to the loss of SSG Washington's team, except for one survivor

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

,went something like this as best as I can recall. Late November of 1968 First Division Operations sent four teams out into a area that was called the Trapezoid. All four teams made contact and where extracted, with all making contact. The next day my team Wildcat 4) and SSG Washington's team (Wildcat 10) were given the mission to go back into the area for more recon. Division operation did not believe the reports they had received from the teams that had been extracted out of the area the previous day. The not believing the reports of the teams coming back out of the field was not anything new as far as I was concerned. It seemed like every time we came back from a mission and was debriefed, operation people would look at you like you were crazy and had no idea what you had just seen. SSG Washington's and my team, where to be inserted approximately 2 clicks apart and work parallel to each other. We were so far from Lai Khe that a radio relay had to be set up in a fire support base. This is where to whole mission gets totally screwed up. Both teams received maps and instruction on what was expected on the mission and left for the chopper pads for insertion. I remember setting in the chopper ready for take off when the operation SGT came running up and literally ripped my map out of my hands and threw me another map and said you have the wrong map. I watched as he went to other chopper and handed SSGT Washington the map that he had taken from me. I was confused as hell but at that moment both choppers lifted off and we were on our way. I tried to get the attention of the chopper pilot and when I did he would only smile and give me a thumbs up.

It seemed like we were in the air for hours but in reality it was only minutes. We went in on several fake insertions before it was time for the real thing. We hit the ground running for the wood line and set up. We stayed put for approximately 5 minutes and then tried to make contact with wildcat 10. At that moment a couple of explosions could be heard followed by automatic rifle fire coming from the direction of SSGT Washington's teams A.O. We tried to make contact again but no answer. We tried to make contact with the radio relay team that had been set up in the fire support base but no answer from them either. At this point I had no idea that something was wrong with our radio and found out later that we could only break squelch. With no contact with the fire support base or SSG Washington's team we moved a little deeper into the wood line and circled up. I really have no idea of the time frame of the next series of events because it seemed like it was in slow motion but was happening very fast. We tried and tried to make contact with the other LRRP team and the relay team. NOTHING. At that point the adrenalin was running pretty good. We started working on the radio, changing the battery, changing antennas, nothing would

work. All of a sudden a voice came over the radio and said **they're all dead and I'm dying**. What the hell was this? Had to be some one from Washington's team. Again tried to make contact. Nothing but Silence. My mind was racing with all with all kinds thoughts. What was happing, how were we going to make contact, how were we going to get extracted, should I continue the mission? It was decided that we would stay put because it was starting to get dark, until at least the next day and continue trying to make radio contact. We did not know it at the time but the fire support base that the radio relay team had set up in had caught on fire and was being evacuated. We started hearing explosions to the north, which turned out to be the artillery round exploding. Again thoughts of what was happening. We started to hear one way conversations on the radio talking about us. Tried to make contact again. Nothing ! I heard someone say you , had better get that team out of there or you are going to need more body bags then you need now. That is when I finally realized that they talking about us. During the night we did make contact with the radio relay team by breaking squelch and answering yes and no questions. We were instructed to stay in position and they would send a chopper out to us in the morning, needless to say it was one long night of waiting. Early the next morning we did move a little deeper into the brush to discover fighting positions. They did not look like anything I had seen before. To this day I have no idea who made them or why. US Troops ,VC, NVA. Off in a distance we could hear choppers getting closer. We moved back out to the LZ and waited, hoping it was our ride home. Tried to make contact with the helicopter and DID. I could not believe it. As it turned out it was our ride and was asked to pop red smoke by the chopper pilot. Before I could tell the pilot that I would choose the color, he said he saw it and started to leave the area. I finally got him to listen to me and told him that the red smoke was not us. I did have a flash panel with me and asked if he could identify. He did and it was not long until we were in the chopper and on our way back to Lai Khe. It seems that the radio would work at short distances but not transmit voice very far.

It was not until we got back to Lai khe that we found out what had happened to Washington's team. They were hit as soon as the exited the chopper and all killed except for Conyers, the voice on the radio. Conyers was hit twice and crawled away and was later picked up by a chopper patrolling the area.

At the mission debriefing it seems that division did not believe that the radio was not working and was basically told that we had screwed up the mission. The same old bull of not believing the people in the field. One thing is clear to me, this mission and the lost of life was totally uncalled

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

for since four other teams had been in the same area the day before and made contact to a degree that warranted a larger force than a lrrp unit.

There are a lot of question still in my mind 40 some years after this mission. What was really wrong with the radio. Why did operation switch maps at the last minute. Why did we go into this area knowing that it was full of VC and NVA. Why were we sent into an area and then told that we really did not see what we had seen.

I mention John Tapia's name at the start because if it were not for John I would not be writing this article today. John is the only reason that I Finally gave in and confronted my fears. John once told me, "McGath, its not my job to like you, its my job to get your ass home alive" You did John

And I thank you today, even though you are no longer with us I still call you a Friend.

Bob McGath



**One of the many
Memorial services held**



**John Tapia right after mail
call around Sept 1968**



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

Unit Director - Rodger T. Crunk

Greetings,

Not a lot has been going on lately other than preparing for the reunion. As that will be over and done with by the time you read this I won't spend any time discussing that. I will have a report in the next issue.

A few of our brothers have been having medical problems as we all get older so keep your Brothers in mind.

Robert Sans (formerly Robert Sanchez of New York), K-Co June 69 to Nov. 69 is looking for any of his friends who served with him. He is now in Palm harbor, Florida. 727-608-7871 or bsans@verizon.net

Jim Brannon, twin brother Of Joe (Tanker Brannon) is asking that anyone who knew Joe and have pictures he would appreciate getting copies. Joe took his own life in 1992. Due to unfortunate circumstances neither Jim nor Joe's daughter have any pictures of Joe during his time in K-Co. Bill Bullen (k75ranger@comcast.net) is going to gather as many as possible and get them to Jim. If you can help in this effort it will be greatly appreciated.

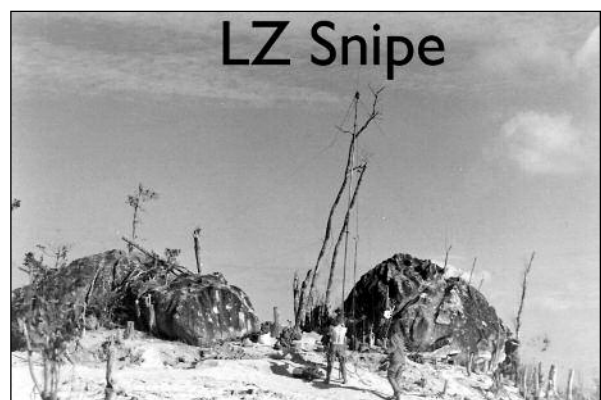
Have a good Summer.

Below are a few memories.

Roger



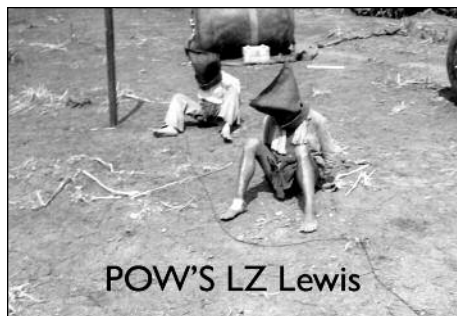
**Cammo up: SFC David Bristol &
SFC Walter Duke. Hey Guys! This
is serious Business!**



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



Romeo 7, L to R, Noble, Wadley, Crunk, Quick.



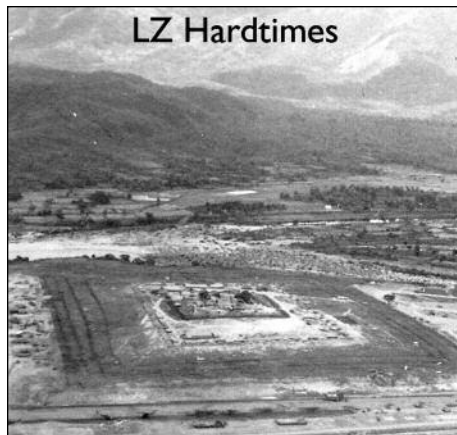
POW'S LZ Lewis



Handsome Ranger, Check out the plaids!



Ron Clark



LZ Hardtimes



The Spiderman





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

Unit Director - Jerry Gomes




Brothers,

The 2010 101st Airborne Division LRRP/LRP/Ranger Association reunion will be held in Branson, Missouri Sept.28-Oct. 3. The banquet will be held on Friday evening, Oct. 1, at Stonebridge Country Club. The cost will be \$30 per person which includes the tip. Main course will be prime rib. Dress is casual, but no jeans or shorts.

I have booked the entire Spinning Wheel Inn for us. Discounted rates are as follows:
 Single Queen - \$39.95 per night
 Single King - \$44.95 per night
 Double Queen - \$49.95 per night

*Don't panic if they quote you \$5 per nite higher on the phone. You will receive a \$5 off coupon per nite when you check out.

We have an overflow hotel across a small park from the Spinning Wheel Inn if needed. Prices are identical. Let them know when you book your room if you need a ground floor room. I will try to put on a fish fry



Thursday evening if you want it, and if I can catch enough fish between now and then. Let me know. If any of you want to attend any shows or a dinner show on the Branson Belle paddle wheeler, let me know. I can get some huge discounts if we go as a group. Anyone who wants to come in early pr stay late and make a vacation out of this, the hotel will extend the same room rates for the extra days. I will have a list of recommended eating establishments for you when you arrive. You may want to go to Branson.com to check on the shows and things to do while here. Branson has over 160 shows and numerous other events to enjoy. The weather this time of the years is beautiful.

Point of contact for the two hotels are: Spinning Wheel Inn 1-800-215-7746. Ask for Jennifer Moore and tell her that you're booking for the 101st LRP/Ranger reunion.

Twelve Oaks Inn 1-888-336-7340. Ask for Jennifer Moore and tell her that you're booking for the 101st LRP/Ranger reunion.

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

They are not holding these rooms for us after June 30, so book early. If you can't come you can always cancel your reservation.

Those of you flying in, check with your travel agent to see about flying directly into Branson. We just open a brand new commercial airport 8 miles south of Branson. Several airlines are offering flights into Branson for very inexpensive introductory rates. I can take care of transport from the airport to the hotel if you do not wish to rent a car. Enterprise Leasing is the cheapest car rental agency in Branson.

Please email me and let me know if you plan on attending, so that I can arrange the banquet. Let's try to make this reunion a successful one. See you in September.

Try to make it if you can. We lose a few more guys every year.

Gary Linderer

On 1 March 2010 America lost another great warrior. CPT Pete Fitts passed away at the Regional Medical Center in Palestine Texas.

During pre deployment training at Ft Campbell when the new "Long Range Patrol" company was being formed with the cadre from the Recondo School under the direction of LTC Charlie Beckwith we were lacking a company commander. Looking for someone who had prior Recon experience they found an officer who had served on Recon teams with Special Forces in Vietnam. CPT Fitts came on board and helped with the final training of the company at Ft Campbell and the Florida Ranger Camp. Once in country CPT Fitts continued to train up the company with the help of the Australian SAS. CPT Fitts' experience proved invaluable to us and helped in the assimilation of the "Old Foul Dudes" from the first brigade LRRP into the company.

It was my honor and privilege to serve alongside CPT Fitts as the First Sergeant and we became good battle buddies and friends. We will miss you Pete may you rest in peace. CPT Fitts' wife, Billie remains in their home in Texas. 5915 AN COUNTY ROAD 2101, PALESTINE TX 75801
Darol Walker



Darol Walker on the Left, CPT Fitts in Center, Unk on Right - McGuire Rig Training. Submitted by Darol Walker

For all the brothers here is the latest about Randy White. Please say a little prayer to the Big Ranger in the Sky for all the guys fighting this stuff.

This is going to be the second man from Lima Company to go in for a Bone Marrow transplant; a very serious and dangerous medical procedure. The other is Riley Cox for those unaware. Riley has been undergoing the procedure on the West Coast for about two months now. When I mentioned these numbers to my Doctor the other day even he said the concentration of Cancer cases in such a small group of people (L/75th) was certainly unusual. We have, to the best of my knowledge, about three dead from cancer, two undergoing, or about to, bone marrow transplants. Approximately nine more right now have one or another form of cancer. I know at least two that have prostate cancer in remission. As an aside, almost all of the Ranger School Cadre who served in LRRP, LRP or Ranger units have or had some form of cancer. A number of Ranger School Cadre have died from it. Schroeder, Harris, and two other instructors whose names I can't recall right now. That appears to be the payoff for operating in the enemy rear areas where the 17 different Dioxins were being sprayed by the Air Force to get THEM! Remember those three C-123's like clockwork every Sunday morning at 0900 spraying over by Nui Ba Key Mountain five miles West of Camp Eagle. A half hour later if you were outside that stuff was all over your skin. **Sent in by David Rothwell, Sr Muldoon1948@hotmail.com 8 April 2010**

Randy White sent this e-mail: I got the OK from Washington on Monday for a transplant. They called me I talked to the people in San Antonio yesterday. I'll be flying down May 11th for a transplant. The first couple weeks I'll be undergoing more test and they'll remove the stem cells. Then I get locked up and they kill my immune system with chemo, reintroduce my cleaned up cells and rebuild my immune system. They said I'll be down there for about 42 days. Its gonna suck, but its now or never.

I saw the unit page in the latest issue of PATROLLING, and your meeting with SGM Johnson and the melting of the bronze plaques for the new memorial structure at US Army Special Operations Command headquarters. If you ever come to Fort Bragg, please let me know. I would love to show you around. Way back when (well, okay, 24 years ago in June 1986), I was the Company Commander of the Long Range Surveillance Detachment at the 101st Airborne Division, and my guys and I helped host the first reunion of the F/58 LRP-L/75 RGR-1/101LRRP veterans. That is where I first met Gary Linderer, Kenn Miller, Larry Chambers, and many others. My unit and I recently

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

returned from deployment to Haiti (and we spent most of last year in Afghanistan). Here is a picture of the LRSD from November of 1986 (I am on the far left), as well as a more recent picture of me from

October of last year.
Best regards, and RANGERS
LEAD THE WAY!

Barry
BARRETT F. LOWE
(75TH RRA #2363/LM)
COL, IN Director, JTF Sword
USASOC, ATTN: AOJT



M/75 - 71ST LRP - 199TH LRRP

Unit Director - Don Tillisch

Robert J Carmody

Staff Sergeant
D TROOP, 17TH CAVALRY,
199 INF BDE
Army of the United States
04 September 1938 - 27 October 1967
New York, New York
Panel 28E Line 079

02 Nov 2006

A person with a lifetime of personal achievement. 1964 Olympic Bronze medalist in boxing who held a record 4 all-Army titles in boxing and 3 inter-service titles as well a Bronze Medal from the Pan-AM games and a CISM Gold Medal. He coached the 101st Airborne Division boxing team as well as AAU, Army Boxing Team, and the Iraqi Olympic Boxing Team. An 8 page ESPN.com article in May 2006 did a great biography.

Family and friends have never forgotten.

From his son,
Robert Carmody Jr.
10850 North McCarran Blvd, Reno, Nv 115-196
rcarmod@yahoo.com



A Note from The Virtual Wall

The May 2006 article mentioned above can be found on ESPN.com. It contains the following paragraph:

"On Oct. 27, 1967, several weeks after arriving in Vietnam, Sgt. Robert John Carmody was on patrol with five other soldiers near Saigon. They were ambushed by a group of Vietcong and during an 11-hour firefight without backup, five of the six men were killed. Carmody was one of them." The five men from D Troop, 17th Cavalry who died in the fight were SSG Robert J. Carmody, New York, NY (Bronze Star "V");

SSG Robert A. Williams, Ashland, NJ;
SGT Stephen P. Jones, Terre Haute, IN;
CPL Linden B. Dixon, Berwyn Heights, MD; and
CPL Jon P. Turk, Melrose Park, IL.

The photos on this page were taken from the ESPN site. The one at the top is credited to Howard Brynildsen, while the two below were provided by the Carmody family.

<http://www.virtualwall.org/dc/CarmodyRJ01a.htm>
<http://sports.espn.go.com/sports/boxing/news/story?id=2439789>

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

**Robert and Merry Sykes
Carmody.**



**Robert Carmody and Joe
Frazier, 1964 Summer Olympics**

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

Unit Director - Robert Henriksen

**Unit Director Message:**

Membership has grown to 170 on our current document:

“173rd LRRP + 74th LRP Det. + 75th N/CO RGR + 74th LRS Det.”

I've enjoyed serving the Unit and especially when we find team members. We need to get more organized and have members volunteer for positions. Rudy Teodosio has done a great job this year of organizing and gathering funds for the purchase of 18 Ranger Memorial Bricks. Also, thank you to Reed Cundiff for his editing of articles for *Patrolling*.

From CSM Jeff Horne

Just a short reflection on the blessings of being a long ago November Company Ranger and the fact that the team still exists 40 years later, long after the Guidon was cased. Let me elaborate on my feelings. A father is overseas when his oldest son graduates from college and enlists on the Ranger option. “Pop” extends for another tour and can't attend his son's graduation from Basic Training or Infantry AIT. The young Soldier's Mom attends both, while standing by her side is the Father's Team Leader from N CO, a TL from a sister team, and an ATL from a sister Team sharing in the ceremonies. They help put on his blue Infantry cord and shake his hand. All had long since retired from active duty with exemplary careers. They attended in lieu of Pop just because they thought it was the right thing to do. Then the son graduates from Airborne school and once again Dad is overseas. The Team Leader stands aside the Mother and pins the young trooper's “blood



wings” on with a firm punch...just because he thought it was the right thing to do. The young Soldier successfully enters the Ranger Battalion around the time of a Ranger Reunion at Fort Benning. Once again Rangers from a war long ago seek out the young Ranger and introduce themselves, share their lessons learned as the young man prepares for his 1st combat tour, and the N Company Unit Director coordinates with the Soldier's First Sergeant to allow him to attend Ranger Brown's reunion barbeque. The Young Soldier's evening is spent meeting and sharing with the “who's who” in the Ranger community; each one taking the time to grow, coach, and mentor a young member of “the fold”. The son serves

several combat tours and finally the Father is in CONUS to attend his oldest son's graduation from the Ranger School. Still the Father and Mother stand not alone, as the Juliet Team TL and three distinguished members of N Co is along their side. They all share a hearty meal after graduation and beam with pride. Many combat tours later with the Bat, the son still receives packages, books, and letters from N Co and LRP veterans, just because they figure it is the right thing to do. So I ask myself, where do folks like that come from? What evokes that type of timeless care and concern? I reckon it comes from our grand American Rangers who never forgot their intense loyalty to one another, nor thought to put an “end date” on their commitment to one another. America is truly blessed to have “them and those” to have filled the LRP, LRRP, and Ranger Companies during the Viet Nam War.

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God bless the Tip of the Spear.
 From Dave Cummings
 You always remember your first.

August 1970. After falling under the sway of this charismatic, comic book hero looking Sergeant in the cool Tiger Stripes, I raised my hand and promptly found myself back in training for two weeks. "SO! You wanna be a Ranger." Here, call in this artillery and try not to blow the camp up; you and your buddy keep sticking each other with these IV needles till you get it right; boy it's hot let's run the perimeter; sure it's safe, we do Maguire rig extractions all the time.

The last day of training, finally, can't wait to... A Cow Bell rings outside and an NCO rushes into the classroom, "Alright! Schools out, assemble in front of the TOC, weapon and LBE! I think, what is this some kind of graduation ritual? Most of two teams and us eight newbies are gathered. 1SG Henry Caro rumbles out of the TOC and belows, "Ok, we have a team in heavy contact, they stumbled into an NVA base camp. We moved another team in the AO to reinforce, but they ran into contact on the way. We are heading out there as a Reaction Force to help. OK, you, you, and you he points at the newbies (I was a you) are going, that's all the lift we have, rest of you are dismissed.

Before I knew it I was sitting in the door of a Slick headed to the fight. The Huey pulled a high G turn and dropped into a valley. It was my first experience in a non-stateside equipped Huey, Slicks don't have seats and safety belts. I panicked and reached for something to grab, sure I was going to fall out. I see the 1SG laughing at me, he obviously had more faith in centrifugal force than I did. Great, my first mission was going to be scrutinized by the Big Daddy Ranger himself, Caro. As we approached the LZ a Cobra whizzed by, blasting the area with rockets. Then, I remember not being scared at all, it was so surreal and detached, like watching a movie. In other words, I was too stupid to be scared. We flared and were on the ground, the noise of the Hueys quickly receded to be replaced by quiet. I join Caro and the others moving toward a low ridge.

Then the quiet was replaced by not too distant automatic fire and the whump, whump, whump of automatic grenade launchers. Two Huey Bravo gunships broke over the ridge line and zoomed over us. A trail headed uphill and we took it. We moved purposely, not the stealthy pace of a recon team, we were bear hunting. Rifle and grenade fire broke out a couple hundred meters up the ridge. The ground flattened out to accommodate a small stream and bamboo thicket, then steepened upward again. 1SG Caro stopped the group to radio our friendlies we were approaching. He pointed at me and instructed, "stay here, rear security, watch that bamboo." Then they were gone up the ridge.

Shortly realization set in. I was all by myself, I immediately got scared again. I got behind a tree and searched the stream I was supposed to watch, but what if some are behind me? I spun around, where should I take cover? I tried to relax my shaking hands. Battle noises soon ceased and it got very quiet. The fight was over, we had won. Didn't we? What if we lost and all the guys were dead? I'm all alone. Oh great, my first day on the job and I have to take on the entire North Vietnamese Army by myself. What the f... is happening. I started to imagine movement.

It was movement. Rangers moved quickly down the hill carrying loads of stuff. Big Ranger Caro came up and threw a duffle bag at me, "here, carry this.." "Ok, lets go link up with the other team" (The one that had made contact trying to reinforce the first). Rangers filed past and I fell in line. The NVA duffle bag had shoulder straps that were way too small for me, but I donned it best I could and we took off at a fast pace down the valley. That duffle weighed 70 lbs and the too small straps cut into my arms, but it was OK, I was so thankful to be back with the others. We moved hard for 700 meters and linked up with the other team. It was then I saw my first enemy dead, three, blood soaked the ground around them.

I sat down, soaked and panting from the exertion, my arms were numb from cut off circulation. Caro came over to me then, "is that the bag I gave you back at the ridge?" I stood up straight and proudly proclaimed, "YES FIRST SERGEANT!" I had pulled my weight and done everything asked of me (no one needed to know how scared I had been). I had done my duty, I had..... "You idiot", Caro growled, "its just rice, we dump it out and kick it around in the dirt so the Gooks can't use it, then keep the bag to search for documents and stuff." Then realizing I was new, he put his hand on my shoulder and chuckled, "OK newbie, you did alright." My ego shattered then promptly put whole again, 1SG said I did alright.

- David Cummings

Ron Thomas sent this from a write-up by the original CG of the 173rd LRRP, MG Ellis Williamson
 From Vladimir Jakovenko concerning Potter

Team 4 made contact I believe evening of 06 December 1966, had a Timber extraction. Rivers (Mule) Evans Team got shot out of the hole next day and Potter got hit in the shoulder, they also had a Timber extraction. They were not far from Team 4 and said they heard the bad guy's moving a lot of the wounded and probably dead all night. - Jake
Editor's note: I was Jake's ATL and Evans' Team was only 3 km from us.

N/75 - 74TH LRP - 173RD LRRP (CONTINUED)**THE LONG RANGE RECON PATROL (LRRP)**

26 September 1986

Ellis W. Williamson, Major General

I believe that I personally originated the LRRP in combat. However we did not call them that at the time. When we first started using them in Viet Nam they were known as Delta Teams. In 1963 on the island of Okinawa, I organized the one and only separate Airborne Brigade in the U.S. Army (the 173rd Airborne Brigade). This was the first U.S. Army ground combat unit to enter Vietnam. I commanded the Brigade for three years.

While training on Okinawa we had access to the jungle island of Irimoto, many miles south of our base. As a major portion of our training we were required to develop small units to the utmost. Our flexibility was based mainly on our training and trust in our small unit leaders. They were frequently told they were authorized to make mistakes, but that doing nothing was a mistake that would not be tolerated. They were never condemned for being wrong as long as they were trying to do right. Our main reason for being was to act as the Pacific "Fire Brigade" i.e be ready to move on short notice to participate in any kind of operation from rescuing a besieged embassy to taking part in a large land warfare operation. Many, many times we sent small units (from company down to three man team) to the jungles of Irimoto to operate completely alone for up to a month completely supplied by parachute drop.

We had been in Vietnam only a few days when it became apparent that small units could get out and get information much better than large Search and Destroy Operations. We immediately formalized the approach to small patrol by having each infantry battalion organize five special patrol units manned by especially selected personnel. We experimented quite a bit with respect to size, mission, armament, communications and survival. Initially we had 10 man patrols and invited the Vietnam Army to furnish two of these men. Many tries proved that these two Vietnamese were not necessary, later changed it to one and finally all our own troops. The Vietnamese performed OK but we found that the purpose for which they were visualized was not valid. At first we felt that we needed someone along who could understand and speak the language. That proved unnecessary and we found that patrols were more efficient when all American or all Australian (all of the Australians and New Zealanders were part of the 173rd Airborne Brigade).

The size of the patrols for some time were tailored to the mission but we soon found that the mission was not as comprehensive as first thought. We reduced the mission to purely intelligence gathering. We avoided combat completely. As mentioned we experimented with size. After

determining that we should limit them to surveillance, the next question was "how small can they be and survive?" Three men were so few that they were severely limited as to the duration of the mission. They could not move well if only one man was hurt and they could not protect themselves long enough to evacuate a position. We arrived at the figure of five. Five could carry one casualty and still defend itself to some extent. Most of all however was the fact that five men could get ample rest with four men sleeping while only one was alert. I danger appeared likely, two would stay alert while three slept. When the patrol was resting, the alert man or men had a string tied to the left hand of every other man. The entire patrol could be alerted without sound or movement.

Weapons were always a question. We tried everything we could think of. One man was sure he could get the job done with a bow and arrow. Many different types of "silent" weapon were tried. Of course the rifles and pistols had to have low-powered projectiles, therefore, the .22 caliber rifles turned out to be preferred. Semi-automatic was better than full automatic. Pistols never did well, even though engagement was often at ten yards or less. We never let a man depend entirely on one of the special weapons. The special weapon was carried in addition to the M16 rifle or M79 grenade launcher. A typical patrol would carry four M16 rifles, one M79 grenade launcher, plus one "silent" weapon, two radios, and a few grenades and signal devices.

On the island of Irimoto, the small patrols had been inserted by parachute, by small boat and even by submarine. In Vietnam we tried going in by several means but soon learned that the best way was by helicopter or "stay behinds" after large operations. For helicopter lifts, we would put the patrol members in the middle of the lift helicopter and have two door gunners at each door. As two gunships watched from afar, the troop carrying helicopter would make about five landings in widely dispersed areas. There was no way that an observer could tell if the helicopter had a patrol in it or where the patrol got out. Initially our patrols worked relatively close in, just across the river from the Bien Hoa Airfield, in the southern edge of War Zone D. This kept them within fire support range. We could maintain perfect radio communication and we could practice our art of getting the job done such as air and artillery support, rapid movement, maintaining control during movement, and the many things that must go right when your force is almost always outnumbered. Soon we began ranging thirty or more miles from the main body of troops, whether operating from our main base or from our large force that was in the general area.

Exact locations of patrols was always essential. Map reading in the jungle is always difficult. Patrols constantly

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worked at knowing where they were. To help them know where they were and to help them point out targets, we tried many things. Bursts of tracer bullets fired straight up for our observers in helicopters seldom worked. Tethered balloons, painfully worked through the canopy seldom worked. Colored smoke was wonderful when it could be used safely in the open. Marking targets for later reference such as air strikes was best accomplished by having a helicopter hover the area and spray defoliant from 55 gallon drum worked very well. A well defined brown spot on the top of the jungle canopy would show the pilots exactly where to drop their bombs. The spot would remain for several days. Often a patrol could be located by sound, vector a helicopter and the pilot (observer) from his vantage point assist in determining locations.

I previously mentioned training and trust in junior leaders. One of our hard and fast rules was never to criticize a patrol leader who asked for extraction, whether the mission was accomplished or not. The leaders would always explain why he asked for extraction at that particular time, but we made a special effort not to question his judgment on this point. Extraction was sometimes a critical moment. Every patrol knew that it would not be stranded under circumstances. At least one lift ship was available, even if it had to be the commanding general's command and control ship. Gunships were also on standby, however we were a little more liberal in allowing them to be used as long as they could come on call. Several times we made landings, discovered that the enemy was in the immediate area, and the lift ship circled only a couple of hundred yards and jerked the patrol right back. Only a few times did we send in reinforcement to rescue and endangered patrol.

By now you should be asking "If they were doing so much so far ahead of the others, why did the 173rd not get more credit for being pioneers?" The answer is quite simple. We treated the operation of such small units so widely dispersed as we treated the operation of radio intercepts. We did not want the enemy to know that we were doing it, and certainly did not want him to know anything about our methods of operation. It was easy for the enemy to do almost the same things we were doing by merely dressing as the local people and walking around. By convention we had to wear our uniforms. We would not have had it any other way but it did make it much more difficult for us. We did not even put accounts of our patrols in the operational reports; however, I did keep our higher headquarters informed and often got requests from there to investigate certain areas. "The Cat did not get out of the Bag" until General Westmoreland started sending leaders of newly arrived units to us for us to explain how we were conducting operations. Once word got out some units were

anxious to "Get Credit" for such exciting activities. We did keep under wraps for several months.

Our LRRPs were only important as our commanders wanted them to be. As I will try to show later, several patrols were very important for our operations with positive as well as negative information. Sometimes it is just as important to know where the enemy is not as to know where he is. We used them quite extensively in the early years, however, when they became overly formalized as some of the Ranger Companies did they became "too valuable to be used!" When I returned to Vietnam to command a Division in 1968, I found that the Ranger Company was used as defense for a static signals communications installation that was located on top of a mountain. It took several months to retrain and get the unit psychologically prepared to operate. They were only good when used by someone who understood their capabilities but importantly by someone who understood their limitations. Read Scott's book "Charlie Mike".

During the formative years we received no guidance from USARV or DA on the employment of LRRPs. In the typical peacetime psychology they were easy to think about but seldom exercised. As soon as they began proving their worth both USARV and DA recognized their value and gave full support. The only major problem was that some commanders did not recognize their cost and were prone to pull support elements, particularly helicopters when there was not a clear call for immediate physical requirement for the support elements. On my first tour, the LRRPs operated under the G-3. This was done because our most pressing need initially was training, command and control. We were constantly working on procedures. The G-2 was always in on the act and often selected the targets. On my second tour (Divisional level), the LRRPs operated under G-2.

The most important element in training and recruitment is the selection of your recruiter. This individual must know people. There is never any problem getting volunteers for a unit that is relatively small and a cut above the norm. The recruiter will always attract many more than he can use. His problem will be weeding out the kooks. This type of activity is no place for a warped brain. He must select the trainable not necessarily the smartest or the best educated. If not done initially the psychologically unstable must be eliminated in the early stages of training. People are by far the most important element of small unit operations. Mutual trust among the individual members of the patrol is the glue that holds them together. Without it the patrol cannot operate.

The selection of missions has gone through a long period of evolution. It was soon learned in combat that the so called Recon In Force, Destruction of Targets, Capture of

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Individuals, etc can best be accomplished by other skilled units. The LRRPs proved themselves best suited to a single mission getting the information, i.e. "where is the target? What is the enemy doing? How can a larger force get in there? These small units should be given simple, single sentence mission type orders.

When considering major accomplishments and most memorable missions many come to mind; however three will serve to illustrate types of missions that were accomplished.

1. The second week of November 1965 the enemy made a determined effort to destroy our force when he engaged two rifle companies that were separated from their parent battalion. As we later learned, the enemy threw in two complete regiments of three battalions each against our two companies. He made three major attacks in the jungles of War Zone D. Our mortar and artillery support, dozens of helicopter gunships, many Air Force air strikes and the indomitable spirit of a few hundred men on the ground beat back these attacks in areas where visibility was limited to only a few yards. By the time the higher headquarters really got into the situation the main ground battle was about won to the extent that we were convinced that our troops would not be overrun and they could hold out until outside forces could take appropriate action. The questions were: "Will the enemy try another attack? If he does not attack through which routes will he try to escape?" We had the additional forces but did not know where to commit them. Five LRRPs were emplaced on very short notice to areas about 10 miles from the battle area. The patrols were about five miles apart. In a very short time we found that the enemy was on the run and was well on the way to the Cambodian border. It was too late for us to intercept him but we did him considerable damage with helicopter and Air Force strikes. After the battle we were pressured to make an estimate of enemy casualties. We refused as we had no idea of knowing, however, we made an estimate of 400 came out of discussions. Several months later one of our U.S. divisions captured documents of the southern area medical service. These documents showed that there were two hospitals backing up that particular operation and that just one of those hospitals received over 700 bodies dead on arrival. Many of those casualties were certainly caused by the strikes from the air called in by our patrols.

2. The month of August 1965 saw a change of scenery to the troopers of the Brigade. It deployed by Air Force aircraft to the Pleiku area and II Corps for the first time. The warning order was received the morning of 10 August and was followed only minutes later by the movement order. The movement was prompted by increasing VC pressure since the first of June on the Special Forces Camp at Duc Co only five

kilometers from the Cambodian border. As the pressure increased to regimental strength, the ARVN high command reinforced Duc Co with a combined arms convoy of Marines, Ranger and Airborne troops. When this column was heavily engaged we were called upon to move into this area to enable the II Corp commander to commit the remainder of his reserves, and if necessary, to move in ourselves. Our mission was to hold open the strategic Tanh Bin pass to enable the ARVN to pass through after they had relieved the Duc Co garrison by defeating the VC in that area. During our stay up there we conducted 43 company sized, 116 platoon sized and 22 squad sized operations plus 22 Eagle Flights of platoon to company size (Eagle Flights were helicopter borne strike and withdraw operations). The enemy force once again chose not to fight if he could possibly avoid it. The ARVN relief columns passed through the protective screen set up by the Brigade. Despite our aggressive patrols we contacted the enemy only about 15 times in the Thanh Bin area. Despite these we killed only two and captured eight in the area. With this operation completed the entire Brigade moved to the Kontum area. We opened the road for the first time in five weeks. In this area we made contact only 10 times. During these operations the greatest contributions of the LRRP was negative information. Several times the friendly Vietnamese commanders were able to rapidly move large forces through areas they had been reluctant to enter because we could assure them that there were no longer large forces in the area. The enemy main forces had by then moved across international border.

3. In January 1966, the 173rd Airborne Brigade participated in a very large operation that was designed to tear up the enemy's infrastructure in the northeast of Saigon. The operation by B-52 strikes and virtually the Air Force and Army aviation capabilities that were in the country. We set out to give the enemy a major setback. We had enough planning time that we could get our patrols out and really let them do their thing. By the time of the operation, the battalion sized units were able to move directly in a given direction and distance right to their objectives. Our only concern was security of our units. We knew exactly where our targets were. In a matter of less than a week we had captured more weapons, more ammunition, more food supplies and even more important had located more installations and picked up more documents than all previous months. A combination of patrols, aerial observers and aerial photography had confirmed just what we wanted to go after. The objective of the drive through the Ho Bo Woods in the region of Binh Duong province was to destroy the politico-military headquarters of the Viet Cong Military Region 4, which controlled VC activities in a large part of Viet Nam. The mission was accomplished: the headquarters was located

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and destroyed. The LRRPs were a vital part of our information gathering efforts.

Ellis W. Williamson, Major General, U.S. Army Retired

Nobody from the early days that we know of can find anything about these "Delta Teams". MG Williamson may have told the commanders of 1st and 2nd Bns to form these and they said "yes sir, three bags full!" and ignored him.

Received a long writeup on David Blow. Need to get David's permission to use it so will probably use it next issue with his permission. He and CSM Jeff Horne are probably the last remaining Vietnam era Rangers still on active duty, if not about the last remaining Vietnam era infantrymen period.

From John Bryant

Pacification, wasn't that to protect the innocent, convince the undecided and kill the rest? Here are a few names that I haven't seen in our communications:

There was a Menicozy, Bernie Hurtato (when I left the Hill he was the armorer) Sgt Connley A big black guy, and a sweetheart of a man. There was a Love, We called him Okie. He was the best radio man in Nam. Had to speeds slow and stop. We'd be in contact and he slowly ask Higher for gun support like he was at home ordering pizza. There was a Joller. He took shrapnel in his voice box. There was Limey. His team was the team that kicked the Air Force ass when he went there to celebrate making Sgt. We had a medic John from Trout Louisiana. Really a great guy. He was over shadowed by the love we had for Doc Creamer. We also had a LT. Bricktel from Texas. Sorry to be so vague, some of these memories are coming in flash back mode.

I can tell you some of the stories, but they come from the rangers that were in the action and relived the accounts when they got back and were getting drunk. Seems after the night of drinking they moved forward. We had a team that requested gun support at 8 AM and request fire at 5 PM that evening. They ran through a base camp at 4:55 PM firing it up just before the Arty started shooting. I think this was the mission that one of the Ranger tossed a grenade into an outhouse and blew crap on themselves.

We had Sgt polka-a-dot: Charlie Cash. Seems someone forgot to hold the branch with the hornet nest. My last mission we had three teams that make contact with a Regiment of NVA. Took a POW and had to keep him over night with 500 of his friends wanting him back. We sent him out attached to a weather balloon so a C-132 could snag the rope and haul him in. I lost my left ear drum that night! We had two men scale the 40 foot tower and light up a mortar position during an attack. The truth was they were up there

smoking a joint when they saw the mortar flashes. They were returning fire before the first rocket went off. There was a time where two teams went out and did a flanking action that saved a company of Marines. We had a drunk lifer that called in for assistance when he came on to some hard core NVA wear brown uniforms. Before back up got to them they killed the enemy. I BBQ the enemy that night on the Hill. They got buck fever when they saw and killed a big buck deer! If you were there then you might remember this Sgt as He went AWOL on a mission. He was the one that our 1st Sgt, after Carro, picked up and shook like a doll. That was the Top Sgt that played catch every morning with about 300 pounds of concrete dumbbells. Well I have to get to work. Please take care and be safe. - John

From Ron Thomas

We were at a place we called the French fort, on the outskirts of D zone. I know you have been there. It had high berms on a couple of sides and open facing D zone.

First story: the cav, 16th armor and the 503rd moved into this area. the 03rd had a lot of contact and over ran a hospital that night. The 03rd came into the fort to spend the night, that's were we came into play, sent our teams out to watch the roads and any movement. The nights were so bright, it was like being in a ball park, knowing this we went out just before sun down. Our team was to set up on some high ground over looking this road, the team got into place, we set up 2 clay mores in case we had to move out in a hurry. It got sort of dark and all at once one of the team jumps up and starts pulling at his pants. The medic moves over and ask, what's going on. He said, something bit me on the dick, so here we are, out in the open with this guy and the medic standing up looking at his dick. instantly it started to grow and I mean grow. One of the guys started to laugh so hard we had to stuff his hat into his month. The team leader called back and ask permission to come in, the answer was no, we don't want us to shoot you up. The doc gave this guy a shot and he relaxed a little. Next morning at sun up we came in and the aid station had a look and put him on the next chopper out. A few hours later he was back, he got an allergy shot, everything went back down to normal and the only thing left was a whole lot of laughs.

A couple of days later:

16th armor was set up behind the berms with their 50's over looking. We were told to go out about 1000 meters and watch a road crossing. We got out there and it was so bright that we thought we might be seen. One tree was in the middle of this field. We got there and decider to set up. Later that night we heard a lot of shouting and doors on the PC's slamming shut. This voice starting screaming, leave me alone, stay away from me. With this happening, we just

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got closer to the ground. (one thing, we never got to the road.) What happened that night, a capture team came down our road and picked on this 210 pound black guy. He was pitching them around like cord wood. They said, too hell with this and left. Ron T

Late May, early June, 1966.

Near Vung Tau.

Team 3, (TL) Sgt Van Boven, (Point) Tessien, (RTO) Carter, Bolan, (ATL) Sgt Sipes (I don't know the spelling) The brigade had been keeping us busy. We were no sooner in from one patrol than out on another one. The brigade set up operational camps for Harding near Vung Tau. For some reason I keep thinking this area was up near Song Be, but that couldn't be right. I was seldom sure where we were when we into the field. Lots of times I never actually knew when one operation ended and another began. Anyhow, our mission was to walk out of the Cav area on a 5000-meter patrol, to look for a route to a rubber plantation—this is so we could walk back there at night with a platoon of pony soldier boonie-rats. I believe we did not plan to be out more than two days. Looking back, 5000 meters seems a pretty long distance for a LRRP team in the snoop mode to cover in two days, but we just tried to do what they told us. Our standing patrol orders were to snoop, but not to poop unless we called Eagle and got permission. Sometimes stuff just happens.

Sergeant Van took point going out and coming back, and I walked slack, carrying the radio. Most of our route going out was along a foot-trail that ran through the forest. We traveled across the trail now and then, but tried to stay in the woods as much as we could. At one point we skirted a clearing—a cultivated patch in the middle of nowhere—and came upon a rain-hut, just inside the tree line. Several sets of black PJ's were draped on a window ledge, somebody's laundry. Nobody was around, and except for some cooking utensils in the hut, no other personal effects. We milled about the area in a more or less military manner for a few minutes, to see what was what. Van consulted his map. He decided to not spend the night in the bush, and set up an azimuth back toward the Cav perimeter. We'd just begun to move out when we got hit.

Incoming from the front, a half dozen rounds from two places, then Van hopping toward us, holding one leg out in front of him. I stepped past him and fired off a magazine in the direction of the shots. Somebody stepped up next to me and fired while I changed magazines (I don't remember who this was). I threw at least two grenades. We kept the area lit up for a few minutes, the way we were trained. We moved back with the rest of the team, around Van. He wasn't bleeding badly, but his knee was all torn up. I tried to put a battle dressing on his knee as a tourniquet, but

somebody told me not to bother, because the compress bandages were doing the job. During this time the VC engaged us, but they never actually assaulted us. I called Eagle to give a sitrep. We'd set up a hasty perimeter around Van, and somebody was looking for an LZ. For some reason I keep thinking Alan Ward found the LZ, but I don't have anything written down to show he was with us that day. There was sporadic shooting, but I can't remember the details. At some point I saw a VC crawling through the grass at the edge of the clearing, near where I'd thrown a grenade earlier. I emptied my magazine on him. I didn't examine his body.

Whoever had gone out to scout the LZ came back, and we carried Van a hundred meters or so to a largish clearing in the forest, then set up a perimeter with our backs to the clearing. We turned our hats inside out, laid out a couple of panels, and picked out fields of fire. I don't remember if anybody put out claymores, but I wouldn't be surprised to know someone had. Van was sort of out of it by this time. His knee looked bad. Turned out he'd been hit three times, twice in the knee and once in the buttock. We gave him a couple syringes to make him feel better. He was awake whole time though, and had remained calm.

I called up Eagle, to tell him where we were. It seems to me that someone else on the team got on the horn for something, but I don't remember what it was. We lay in the short grass for a little while, but nothing happened until the choppers came up over the tree line. Then it got busy. A couple of gunships swooped in and hovered over us, fired over our heads into the tree line. Right away a slick arrived carrying Major Palmer (then still captain) and Sergeant LeBlanc. They were both standing on the skids, firing their weapons. One of them had a blooper. We carried Van to the slick and tossed him in. The door gunner on our side of the ship had stopped firing. The two gunships were flying a pattern around the area, now and then shooting the place up. I think they raked the area around the hut pretty severely. The rest of the team was still in position at the edge of the clearing, as security for the extraction. We yelled at them, and they ran to the chopper and dove in. Van grunted every now and then when someone landed on him. I never saw Van Boven after that, but I heard he got shipped home alive.

A couple of points:

I'm not completely sure that Sergeant Sipes was actually on this particular mission. We were freely loaned out among the teams. Also, there may have been only five of us on this mission. We had been having problems of various kinds with the VNs on the teams, so we didn't have our guy with us this time. Right after this I was assigned to Larry Jones for care and feeding, where I learned to walk point. Bruce

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

Porter, who was on another team, gave me lots of good advice about this. He also showed me how to get through elephant grass without having to roll down my sleeves. Maybe it's of some historical interest to note that when I first got on the teams we were called LRP. Sometime after that somebody told me that we'd gotten another R. They promised us black hats, and LRRP tabs, too—but I never got around to having one made up. Needless to say my memory of things that happened that long ago probably can stand a sever tweaking. I'm open to differing recollections of any of this stuff. Take care, Mark Carter (Buddha), LRRP 65-66

Larry Smith, "P" Co. Ranger and I hold a weekly breakfast for Rangers and friends in Asheville, North Carolina. It is held at SONNY'S BISTRO, in The Holiday Inn, EXIT 55, just off I-40, every Friday from 8:30 - 10:30. We encourage all RANGERS that read this notice to attend and get to know other RANGERS in our area. I would appreciate if you posted this notice in PATROLLING as a way to reach those members interested in getting together. Thanks, Hal Herman, "N" Co. Team KILO 69/70.

Jim Parkes (173rd LRRP) has been confirmed as a member of 75th RRA.

From Ray Ramirez

I remember SSG Kaiama being assigned to the A/1/501st, 2nd Bde, 101st Abn Div. while at Fort Campbell, KY, and he was an Instructor at the Recondo School. When the 1/501st became the 4/503d and deployed to Viet Nam on 6 June 1966, we arrived in RVN 18 days later. A few months after we got in country, the LRRPs were looking for volunteers and Reed Cundiff, SSG Kaiama, PFC Raul Santiago, 2LT Bob Stowell, and PFC Lazslo Rabel volunteered to join the LRRPS. There was a SSG or SGT Chapman who volunteered but he was drummed out after his 1st operation. 2LT Stowell was wounded on his 1st opn and received the DSC on that opn.

The time sequence on this is skewed. Kai got to LRRP early, I got there via Administration Company in October, 1st Lt Bob Stowell (promoted to CPT in March) relieved Carl Vencill in March, Raul Santiago got there about the same time as Bob Stowell and Rabel got there 2 April (he and I were the only two guys back at base; he was going to join unit at Plantation Terre Rouge and I was PCS/ETS'ing. – As it turns out a lot of the early LRRP were non-infantry MOS. Team 4 had one pay clerk (TL), one artilleryist, one truck driver and two infantry while Team 3 had two MPs (maybe 3), one artilleryist and two or three infantry; team 5 had a clerk (Schoonover and later one of the best TLs), a laundry technician I think (Steve Miller) etc. etc.

Editor's Note: Have received a lot of photos, particularly from Rudy and enclose a number of them. Tome gave me permission to use a photo of him taken a few years back at a dance competition (Senior Division).



**Curtis Owens,
Guy Sparks,
Lambert.**



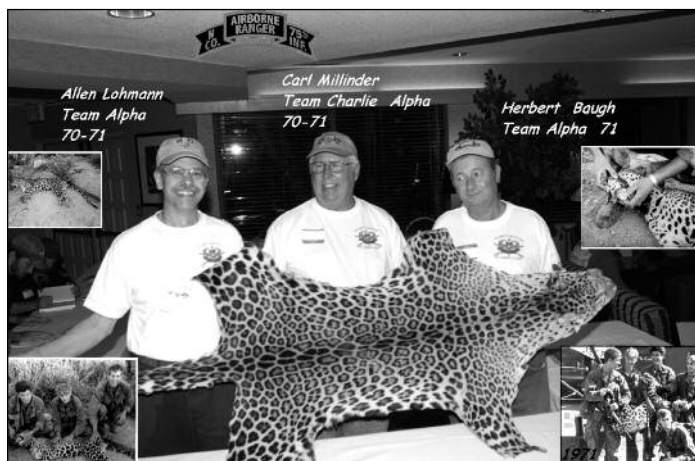
Dave Blow.



**1SG Henry Caro
goes on patrol.**



Ranger "Hog" Brown's gathering of members, 2009.



Team Alpha mission, 1971.



**Bart Stamper, Greg (Boy
San) Deperio.**



**Charlie Cash, Larry Peel
(KIA), Sven Henriksen.**



O/75 - 78TH LRP

Unit Director - Michael Dolsen

Ah! Summer, I'm right in the swing of it. Terry and I decided to get motorcycles. First we decided to get the preliminaries out of the way, so we signed up for a safety course and short cut to the licensing procedure. I of course took it one step farther and crashed the trainer bike and broke two ribs. This of course meant I failed the Safety Course. Now we have to take the class over next month. How was I supposed to know not to wreck the damn thing? Every one said you ain't a biker till you dump it. Guess no one told the safety guy that. I thought it would be a lot safer dumping at 30 than 60.

I talked one of the Arctic Rangers into taking over the Unit Director job for a while. Michael Dolsen of Anchorage, Ak will be the go to guy. In the past couple of years he has worked hard as unit historian and in finding lost Rangers. This also happens to be the 40th Anniversary of O Co, Arctic Rangers. They are holding a reunion in Louisville Ky around 6 Aug, 2010.

Before I sign out I would like to thank all yaall for the support.

Later, Feller



Mike Dolsen

BY: Mike Dolsen

To all my fellow Rangers; Co. O (Arctic Rangers) 75th Inf., Co. O/75th Inf., 3d Bde, 82d Abn Div and the 78th LRP, I would like to introduce myself. I'm Michael L. Dolsen, I'm in Anchorage, Alaska and am a Veteran of Co.O (Arctic Ranger) 75th Inf., 1972, and of the Ranger Course class 12-72. I enlisted into the Army the summer of 71 after High School, and ETS'd October 75 at Ft. Richardson, Alaska as a SP5.

Upon graduation from the Ranger Course, at least 19 others and I were assigned to Co. O (Arctic Rangers), as per a copy of the orders I have saved all these years, and we were there to see it deactivated the end of September 1972. I was an 11B2V, Scout Observer in Team 2-3, 2nd Platoon. I will



save a more detailed account of my military history for a future issue, so now, to answer the question of; why me for the honor of being your new Unit Director.

Well, Mike Feller asked me to take over for a time as your Unit Director, and since he knew of my passion for the history of my own Arctic Rangers and Rangers in general, he thought I'd be interested and would do a good job. Frankly, I was a little bit hesitant at first to accept, as it is a great honor and responsibility to take on, and I don't wish

to fail or disappoint anyone; especially all of you, my fellow Rangers. But, as the unit historian for my Arctic Rangers, it seemed like the thing to do, and an honor to do so. I hope I can live up to Mike's confidence and to Mike, I will be hitting you up from time to time if need be for help. So don't run and hide too well.

Mike has given me great support over the past couple years since I joined the 75th RRA, and I thank him for his trust and confidence that I will to a good job, worthy of the title and duties of the position. Please believe me, I promise to do my best, and will be the first to admit it if I'm not up to the task. So, I can only give it the old Ranger try and ask for your support and patience, we will accomplish what it is to be done – together. So, with that I look forward to getting to know more and more of you all, so drop me a note via the email address I have listed for me, and I'll do what I can. I believe this section is for you, and it's not about me, so give me ideas, stories, etc.. what you wish it to show and tell, and we'll have fun getting to know one another over time.

So looking toward the future and from this Arctic Ranger to all my fellow Rangers, Rangers Lead The Way.



P/75 - 79TH LRP

Unit Director - Terry B. Roderick

Drama Inn

"on the Oconaluftee River"

462 Tsali Blvd.

Cherokee, N.C. 28719

(828)-497-3271

Be sure to tell them you are with the Papa Company Ranger group. Rates are \$89 per night for riverside rooms, and \$79 for all others. Please register early so we will have some numbers to use to plan. Any questions?? Contact Ted Tilson @678-936-5448 or e-mail me @ rgrrock@cfl.rr.com or call 321-631-3213.

Elmer E. Davis



Survived By:

Sons:

Daniel L. Davis
Tarpon Springs, Florida

William R. Davis
Tucson, Arizona

Grandchildren:

Bradley Davis
Los Angeles, California

Nathaniel Davis & Wife, Vicki
Tucson, Arizona

Danielle Davis
St. Petersburg, Florida

Karl - Adopted Grandson
Oakland, California

*"For we do not preach ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord,
and ourselves your bondservants for Jesus' sake."
2 Corinthians 4:5*

Cherokee as he is one of our "regulars" since he found us a while back. Mr. Davis served our country in the Army Air Corp in WWII as a crewmember and flew many combat flights. Jay Lutz, Jim Femiano, and I attended the services for Mr. Davis and it was very obvious that his congregation has lost their "father figure" too. So many people had so many wonderful things to say about Mr. Davis that you just knew his loss will be felt for a long time as they recover. Mr. Davis was coming up on his 92nd birthday in May and he was still tending to his own congregation when they brought him out of retirement a few years ago. After the congregation finished honoring Mr. Davis, a small ceremony was held involving those of us from P/75th who



attended and was finished off with Jay playing "Taps" on his bugle. Prior to Mr. Davis' departure from this world, he graciously accepted the position of the Honorary Chaplain of the Papa Company Rangers. This small gesture brought a smile and appreciation from Bill's Father, even though he knew he would have to serve us from a distance in a short time. We're honored that he would take this responsibility and as you might expect, he has his work cut out for

him from here on out. I'm sorry I didn't get to know him better myself, but Jay and Bill both assure me that I truly missed something by not having the privilege of meeting him. That was truly confirmed by the people who showed up for his service. Rest In Peace, Chaplain Davis.

Our Reunion in Cherokee is coming up soon, July 28-August1, 2010 in Cherokee, N.C. We've been there a couple of times in the past and we enjoy it so much we wanted to go back. As many of you know, we lost Roy Boatman the last time we were there to a heart attack, and we're hoping that Joyce and their daughter, Carol, who most of you know also, will be able to join us, despite the obvious obstacles they will have. I can assure you that we will remember Roy fondly and hoist many drinks to him for his friendship and loyalty to us over the years. We love the Boatman's and they are an integral part of our Papa Company family. In addition, we're hoping to have Harold Sides' wife, Chris, join us again this year for the 2nd time. There is a chance that David Slone, the lone survivor from Harold's team, Killer 18, may be able to attend this year too and that would be a blessing for us all to have them together for the first time. David is working at it and I'm keeping my fingers crossed. Hopefully, this meeting will have a healing effect on both of them as they have carried these terrible memories with them for nearly 40 years now. We're expecting a nice gathering and invite anyone who wants to joins us to do so.

Guy Anhorn, a friend of Garry Norton's, from the Philadelphia, PA area, recently wrapped up several years of work putting together a documentary gathered from photos, video clips, and interviews with members of Papa Company. It has some generic Vietnam era footage and many shot of members of our company and is well done and a tribute to our unit. It's titled, **"Painted Warriors,**

P/75 - 79TH LRP (CONTINUED)

Rangers On the DMZ". It's available at: [Painted Warriors@comcast.net](mailto:PaintedWarriors@comcast.net) www.amazon.com or [www.Veterans Museum.com](http://www.VeteransMuseum.com). It's very well done and has interviews with some us that Guy met in Buffalo a couple of years ago at our reunion there. He traveled to Larry Smith's home and David Slone's home to interview them for the video and the fact that they are both "Lone Survivors" makes their words "loud and clear" to me. I learned some things myself about events that took place while I was there that never occurred to me or were known to me. It's really a nicely done job and is something we can share with our friends and families.

For me personally, the past couple of months have been very busy indeed. Married off my eldest daughter, Cindy, in April, and she and her new husband, Kevin, took a weeklong honeymoon to Maui, Hawaii. Go figure!! I spent the night in a hotel near Disneyworld and then headed to Brunswick, Maine to my Navy squadron in July 1976 on that fateful day (July 31st, 1976)!! I finished my classes at Brevard Community College the end of April too. Got an "A" in my Computer Applications" class and "Passed" my Introduction/Pre Algebra class I took also. I found it amazing how much easier it all seemed as I did homework and opened my books after the actual class was over. Though I'm 40 years too late, and my future is dim, I enjoyed the classes and learned

something. I'd encourage any of you who have contemplated this, like I did for years, to give it a try. I was amazed at how unprepared many of these graduated young people are today for the real world. Maybe these technical devices will save them. Classes are mostly on the computer as far as the work and tracking your progress now. Being on time didn't seem to be a concern either. Not how I'd do it.

It's May 20th as I write this and Jay Lutz and I are heading up to the Mountain Ranger Camp in Dahlonega, Georgia next week to visit Teddy Bear Tilson and his family and enjoy the annual Critter Cookout they have up there every year May 28-29). Ted tells me a couple of the guys that Jay and I don't know from the company will be there. I think it was Roger Honeyager and Don Hughes, but don't quote me on that. Ted's been trying to get me up there for years and Larry Smith might be making it down too. I've heard they draw a nice crowd and it's 2-3 days of camping out and having fun.

There's probably more news, but I can't think of it offhand. Looking forward to seeing you all in Cherokee and try and find a reason to attend, rather than reasons for staying home. Even if you still don't like us, the Smokey Mountain area is nice. Ranger Lead the Way!!!

Terry B. Roderick, Unit Director

**D/151 LRP/RANGER**

Unit Director - Leon Moore

UP COMING EVENTS

As you all know the 42nd Reunion is coming up and we plan on all of you gracing us with your presents. With the exception of Mr. Billy Faulks who now is a BIG STAR after the Ranger Reunion this last year (when we all had to stand and look at his picture) in the V N section of the new Inf. Museum at Ft. Benning. We are in negotiations with

Billy's Press Secretary to see if she can fit us in his itinerary during August. We're hoping to get Billy to sign autographs for us. I know they will be worth a lot of money after they do a movie on his life as a **Ranger Hero**, maybe we can get a small bit in the movie if we pretend to like him, but don't tell him I told you anything. You know how big his head gets!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Love you Billy!

D/151 LRP/RANGER (CONTINUED)**Ranger Co. D 151 Reunion**

Date: Aug. 5th, 6th and 7th

Where: Holiday Inn and

Conference Center

2480 Jonathan Moore Pike

Columbus, IN 47201

We have 100 rooms blocked @ \$70.00 (plus tax) per night. Need to book by July 16th to lock in your reservations, after that you are on your own and they stay pretty full during this time.

Use Code Word (D151 Indiana

Ranger) for rate discount

Phone number to call is: 812-372-1541

Directions: Just off I65 from the South or North on Exit SR 46 & Columbus

exit to the East. Holiday Inn is the 1st motel on the left. You can come in Wednesday night to play golf on Thursday morning. The motorcycle ride is on Friday morning. The banquet is Saturday Evening. More details to come in the Newsletter.

September 12th

A memorial service for George Kleiber will be at Crown Hill Cemetery in Indy on September 12th at 2:00 PM.

AGENT ORANGE

Everyone needs to get registered for Agent Orange. It is very easy to go to your VA and get registered; we all have some of its effects.

Anyone that was in the area that we worked out of in VN during 1968 & 1969 were hit with a Super Agent Orange, do to that time period being the height of the war efforts. Ask the VA to give you the information and set up an appointment. It's just a few questions: Were & When you served and maybe a physical. You may be required to provide your DD-214 if you are not in the system.

I want to shake you up a little bit to get you off your ass if you have not been registered yet. You do know, according to the VA doctors at least 20 years has been taken from your life span as far as getting conditions such as Hodgkin's, Porphyria cutanea tarda, Respiratory cancers, Prostate cancer, B Cell Leukemia, Parkinson's and many more. In other words if you are 65, then you have the body of an 85-year-old and can get diseases and cancers that someone of the age 85 gets. Have you got the message yet or do I have to repeat it????????????????????????????????

You can go on line to (www.VA.gov/AgentOrange) and (www.va.gov/EnvironAgents) for more information or call your local VA. If you don't have access to a computer you



can call me and I will mail the information to you.

The following is a list of Co. D Ranger Brothers who have went before us to set up camp.

1. Charles Larkins, 11 Feb. '69
2. Robert Smith, 12 Apr '69
3. Peter Fegatelli, 10 May '69
4. Bishop "Skip" Baranowski, 8 Jul '69
5. Larry Klieber, 4 Sep '69
6. Kenneth Cumming, 4 Sep '69
7. CPT "Iron Mike" Reitz, 4 Sep '69
8. Tony Garga, Mar '69
9. Marvin Tucker
10. Kenneth Himself
11. Carl DeLong
12. Gene Hooker
13. Mark Cunningham
14. Dennis Schmitt
15. James Merritt
16. Richard Kingan
17. Glynn Barber
18. Kenneth Jackson
19. Phil Alexander
20. Travis Smith
21. Jimmy Worley
22. Robert Janiszski
23. Cordel Moore
24. Jim Hunt
25. Terry Avery
26. Dale Riley, 3 Jun '03
27. Rusty Hawk
28. Roger Hayden, 7 Feb '07
29. Everitt Grant
30. Bill Butler, 9 Jul '07
31. Noble Cox
32. Daniel Humphries
33. Harry Moschel
34. Daniel Shaw
35. Danny Crownover
36. Gerald Brantley, 12 Dec '07
37. Tom Razor, 12 Jan '10
38. James Agnew
39. Roger Hohr, 10 Aug '08
40. Christopher Bowden (LRS)
41. Chris Robinson (LRS)
42. Robert Reid (LRS)
43. Sue Cravens, 9 Feb '07 (Hon)
44. Norma Butler, 29 Jan '09 (Hon)

I wonder how many of them were taken away too soon by Agent Orange. As a Brother and Friend don't let Agent Orange make you the next one to leave us behind.

Stay well,

Gods speed

Sgt. Leon Moore

My new e-mail is: leomoo@parallax.ws

P.S.

I can still say that (With Gods Speed) until the idiots who run this country kill me, that's the only way I'll shut up. Those who are in power of this country need to be removed and ejected from our soil. They are not the government our forefathers set in motion; they are the type of government we fought against in Viet Nam. We have voices God gave us, stand up for what is right like we did once in Viet Nam. Our Children deserve it!



F/51 LRP

Unit Director - Russell Dillon

Estimative Memos

The next articles that I am working on are from a book and CD called “Estimative Products of Vietnam from 1948 through 1975”, that I received from a relative. This book is from the National Intelligence Council is made up of the CIA, Army, Navy, and Air Force to name a few. The book and CD contains intelligence memorandums, summaries, and estimates on what is happening in Southeast Asia and how the events could affect US interest. My articles are going to cover the years 1950 through 1975. The reason for starting in 1950 is that the French were at the time involved in the first Indochina war in Vietnam. In 1950's the French people were starting to have doubts about the war and the cost, then in 1954 the Vietminh attack Dien Bien Phu and forced the French out of Southeast Asia. Then the US would enter Vietnam to stop the spread of Communism.

Document ORE(Office of Reports and Estimates) 29-50 “Consequences to the US of Communist Domination of Mainland Southeast Asia”, produced on 13 October 1950. The information contained in this paper was what was available to the CIA as of 15 September 1950.

Psychological Effect.

The result of losing Mainland Southeast Asia to Communism is the doubts that neighboring countries would have about America's ability to stop the spread of Communism. The result would be that the US would loose allies and the Communist would gain more countries.

Strategic and Political Effect.

If Mainland Southeast Asia happens to fall before or along with hostile East-West actions against the US it would put the Soviets in a position to disrupt US communications with the Far East. This would also put economic and possible military pressure on Indonesia and the Philippines, our outer pacific defense against Communism. This would also place Communist influence closer to Australia and New Zealand, but it was believed that the pressures would not change Australia and New Zealand's resolve to stop Communism.

If Communist control would spread west towards India and Pakistan then they would be pressured to except Communism as being to the two countries benefit. It was



believed that India would resist Communist control especially if any Communist controlled Southeast Asian country were to attack Burma. If on the other hand India believes that the Burmese are fighting to be recognized as an independent country then India could lean towards Communist thinking if the Communist were supporting the Burmese.

Japans situation is one of a dependent occupied country that sees Communist China as a potential threat to Japan's independence. At the time it was

thought that an unoccupied Japan would look towards Communist mainland Southeast Asia because of the economic advantages that Japan thinks they could achieve by being associated with a Communist country.

Economic Effects.

Mainland Southeast Asia produces extensive quantities of rubber, tin, shellac, kapok and teak that are on the US strategic materials list. If a conflict were to occur the countries of Thailand, Malaya and Burma, which produce the above materials, while they are not needed they would be a good addition to the stores already on hand. American has at the time an abundance of the needed strategic materials along with the ability to produce synthetic replacements of strategic materials.

If the Communist had control of Mainland Southeast Asia, they would also control that world's surplus rice production from Thailand and Burma in a stable situation. This rice surplus helps support the countries of Malaya, India, Ceylon, and Japan and China. The control of the surplus rice by the Communist would be strong political and economic influence on needy neighboring countries that would be beneficial to the Communist.

The loss of Mainland Southeast Asia would not hurt America as much as it would the English plans for economic recovery from WWII. The British sale of tin and rubber from Malaya to America accounts for the bulk of British income, next in income is the warehouse facilities of Singapore. The loss of these areas for the British would cause their hardships on the British people.

The effect on Japan of loosing trade with Southeast Asia because of Communist control would be a crippling of the Japanese economy that would filter down to their standard

F/51 LRP (CONTINUED)

of living. It would also mean that more imports from America would cause Japan to depend on American aid and slow Japan's own independence.

On the positive side, if Southeast Asia were lost, then countries involved in the Southeast Asia struggle would be able to use their resources for the defense of Western Europe.

Military Effects.

The loss of Southeast Asia and Singapore to the Communist during a war would mean having to shift shipping and air routes in that part of the world to the longer Australian route. America would also be without their strategic airfields that surround Asia.

With the loss of Southeast Asia, communications with India and the Near East would not be effected because the Atlantic crossing is the shortest route for keeping in contact.

Consequences of a Partial Loss.

Depending on what is happening in Indochina and Burma will dictate how long it would take for Communist to take control of the rest of mainland Southeast Asia.

It was believed that Indochina would be the next to fall to the Communist after Vietnam. If this were to happen it would provide the Communist with the propaganda that the Western countries were unable to stop the spread of Communism. It would also provide the Communist with a staging area into neighboring countries for political and military operations. If the Communist were able to gain control of Indochina then Communist China would have access to the country's large surplus rice production especially if conflicts were curtailed.

If Burma was to fall before or after Indochina it would also give the Communist control of another large surplus of rice. It would also have a base to use to put political and economic pressure on India, Malaya and Thailand. Burma would give the Communist a base in which to infiltrate into Thailand and Malaya. If this were to happen then mainland Southeast Asia would fall into the hands of the Communist within two years unless substantial aid and support were received. If Burma was taken by outside interference then

India's resolve against Communist would stiffen against them. If on the other hand the move appears to be by the Burmese themselves then India may turn to having relations with Communist countries.

If Thailand does not receive considerable aid and support then it is possible that Thailand would fall to the Communist within 1 year of the Communist taking over Burma or Indochina. British forces in Malaya would start feeling more pressure because of infiltration routes along the rugged border region between Thailand and Malaya. Access to Thailand's tin and rubber would give the Soviet Union a cushion should a global war were to start. It would also give the Communist a large surplus of rice that could be used to influence other needy nearby countries. The prestige of the US would be seriously eroded and doubts from nearby countries that the US is not able to halt or stop the spread of Communism.

If Malaya were to fall to the Communist it would give the Soviet Union an economic boost because of the available tin and rubber in Malaya. The real prize would be Singapore with its large warehousing area and a staging area for the Soviet Union's navy and submarine fleet.

Dissent by the Department of State Intelligence Organization was based on their belief that the interpretation of the information is too narrow. The State Department believed that more details as to the effect of losing mainland Southeast Asia. The State Department also wanted more detailed evaluation of how the loss of Southeast Asia would effect US standing in the rest of the world.

Dissent by the Department of the Army, G-2 Intelligence was that the study did not consider the long-term loss of mainland Southeast Asia. The Army also felt that the strategic interest might become critical and that possible losses in other areas were not considered.

Dissent by the U.S. Air Force Director of Intelligence felt that consequences while listed in the report are not listed in the Summary or Conclusion section. The long-term and short term effects of their loss of mainland Southeast Asia had to be considered along with the weakening of nearby areas could effect U.S. security.



LRRP DETACHMENT-3RD ID

Unit Director - Michael McClintock

No Submission



ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ)

Unit Director - Bill Miller



Fellow Rangers and Co Vans:

Well we just returned from the 2010 BDQ reunion, held in Charleston, SC May 10-13. Judging from the feedback a good time was had by all. Everyone seemed to like Charleston and many took tours of the downtown area, The Citadel, The Battery and of course Rainbow Row. Others took off to see a plantation and of course many of us enjoyed the fresh seafood. One thing that made the reunion successful was the staff at the Radisson. They were awesome.

Our guest speaker was Lt. Col Michael Foster, Commanding Officer of 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment out of Hunter Army Airfield, Savannah, GA. A truly outstanding presentation! The color guard was provided by Company D, 75th Ranger Regiment who did a superb job. It was very enjoyable being able to visit with these fine troopers after the banquet. Many, Many thanks!



Lt. Col Michael Foster, CO 1st Bn, 75th Ranger Regiment was our distinguished guest speaker.



Lt. Col Foster, with Rangers Haag, Biando, Mathly & Chevermont.



BDQ Wives.



BDQ Rangers.

SIT REP:

Fellow Rangers it is my pleasure to inform you that Willard Langdon has been named a Distinguished Member of the Regiment. The ceremony was held May 6, 2010 at Ft Benning. Also, Earl Singletary has been selected for induction into the Ranger Hall of Fame. The date and place of the HOF Induction ceremony has yet to be determined. Congratulation to you both.



Sick Call

I have received word that Ranger Jack Daniel has fully recovered from his bout with pneumonia and will be starting physical therapy soon and has his ranger spirit back. Send Jack an email (rangerjds@aol.com.)

The BDQ's send their thoughts, cheers, and get well prayers to Ranger Gary Chittester who is on the mend after a near fatal fall this past December.

Gary was the Senior Advisor to the 52nd Ranger Bn in 1966. On a subsequent tour Gary would be one of the key individuals in setting up the U. S. Army Sniper program in Vietnam.

Captain Gary Chittester,
SA 52nd VN Ranger BN,
Nhon Trach, RVN
November 1966.



Gary is a marksman "par excellence"; a soldier and officer of the "Old School; he graduated from the 11th Airborne Division's Long Range Patrol, Reconnaissance course in Germany in June 1957.

The 1st Lt Gary Jackson Story 35th Ranger Battalion (ARVN) TET 1968

Gary D. Jackson joined the 35th Ranger Battalion (ARVN) as the Assistant Senior Advisor around the first week of February during the 1968 TET Offensive at a place just north of the Cholon PX and west of the Han Quan pagoda. He was a First Lieutenant, which probably made him a member of the West Point class of 1966, commissioned Artillery and fully RANGER qualified. As was the tactic when we're employed at the battalion level, the senior advisor accompanied the commander (Dai uy Ho Van Hoa) and the ASA, Gary, accompanied the battalion XO (Dai uy Thong). Logged out of 5th Precinct, we fought wherever the VC/NVA showed up, which was all over Cholon/Saigon. We were totally dependent on the ARVN because the call sign and frequency given to me did not respond, and I had no SOI. So, Gary arrived in this chaos with the battalion down to 2/3rd strength, heavily engaged

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (CONTINUED)

in city fighting. The picture of Gary, PSG Reynolds, and me was taken just after we had retaken an apartment/store front complex with an internal courtyard. The VC had rounded up the civilians and had them squat-legged in a corner of the courtyard. When we rushed in, we came under fire from the surrounding buildings, so we had to avoid the civilians and stay exposed. Still, a bullet struck a pregnant woman hitting the short rib and leaving a hole big enough for her untouched baby to be born. Rangers rushed her and baby to the nearest medical help. During this fight, we killed a Chinese advisor who mistakenly shot at us from five stories up. When he fell to the courtyard, we were amazed this guy had hair on his face and arms and was at least six feet tall. His very presence in the war was very sensitive to the U.S. Regardless, he was thrown over the hood of a jeep, taken back to our HQs and photographed by the Vietnamese television.



L to R PSG Reynolds, Capt Bob Reitz, 1/LT Jackson.



Area outside Philipino/Korea complex Feb 9,68 after Gary was dusted off. Wounded, Prisoners & some weapons shown.

After securing that area, we moved across the street to a Korean/Philipino complex similar to one we just left. Gary and Dai uy Thong moved north about two blocks with two companies, and I remained with the command group, one company and our Recon Platoon. The battalion conducted a two-prong assault toward the Han Quan pagoda. With no established lines in city fighting, the going was rough. Enemy pockets with RPGs and machine guns seem to be everywhere. Gary and his element were beaten back after about a half a block of fighting. When I last saw him, he was up front with Dai uy Thong. My element was stalled and was split by enemy fire, so we conducted a break in contact by going to the roof to place fire on the identifiable enemy position while the other portion of our element continued pressure on the enemy. On the roof, we were able to place M79 and BAR fire in front of our Rangers on the street below. So, it remained pretty much a stalemate. Snipers got two Rangers with shots to the head, and it got real personal when I took a round in the groin (etc.). About 1600 hrs, the VC started firing RPGs at the command group, so the better part of valor was to find a better position. As darkness came on, fighting slowed, which gave us a chance to get some rest. About 2 AM, an RPG team, two with AKs and the other the RPG, hesitated just

outside the door opening to the street. Before I could get a shot off, they ran across the street and set up to fire. Apparently, Gary saw the RPG team, and grabbed a handful of rangers and pursued them out in the street. Gary took the VC under fire and a B40 rocket was launched at him. Near as I figure, it hit the concrete lamp post and deflected into Gary. By now, other rangers, as well as myself, began firing on the VC, and from about a block away, AKs opened up. Gary continued to fire until I arrived, and then he lost it. I was able to get him out of the line of fire, more panicked over his wounds than the enemy fire. Gary had a large wound to the side of his spine, and matter was bunched up just about the crack of his butt. I knew we had to get him to 3rd Evac so we took one of our jeep ambulances, put Gary in facing backwards with 2 M16s, and Ha Si Suong (my driver) and I took off. I relied on Suong and instinct, because I wasn't sure where to go except the Capital Military District Headquarters. We stopped several times for directions, once at a mental hospital (probably should have admitted ourselves). Before we got to the HQs, we took several rounds and an RPG was fired at us. That swish sound of the rocket really puckers one's ass! At Capital Military District, Gary was dusted off, and, I found the 5th Ranger Group, my American higher who had switched to alternate frequency several days earlier.

Realization that we had broken out and now would have to break back in made the pucker even worse. Yet, we made it back safely. At sunrise, we began a determined sweep toward the pagoda, picking up some of our guys who hunkered down in no man's land over night. By noon, we had secured the pagoda, a lot of weapons, and prisoners. We continued to do this sort of thing until 13 Feb when we were taken out of the fight.

In March, Gary returned to the battalion reportedly fit for duty, so we boarded two LCUs/LCTs and headed south down the Saigon river to ferret out the remnants of the 5th Local Force Battalion and any NVA with them. The boat Gary was on lost power and beached, so we beached about 200 yards further down river. This was the general area of operations, so we disembarked and moved out on rice paddy dikes. The two columns were separated by a patch of dense jungle. It didn't take long for Charlie to realize his opportunity and begin firing in both directions. Taking cover behind the dike, I called for snake and nap but was denied. Hoa called VNAF and after they did their deal successfully, we began moving again. Suddenly, SSG Stewart, my team NCOIC, called and said Gary was staggering and slurring his words. I was able to meet up with them only to have Gary collapse in my arms. He was out of it—like having a seizure, so after repeated attempts

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (CONTINUED)

and some heated words, a helicopter picked Gary up and flew him to the Phu To race track. When I arrived at Phu To, I commandeered a jeep and drove Gary to 3rd Evac where he was re-examined and his head x-rayed. This time a small piece of shrapnel was found in the back of his brain. He was medivaced to Japan for unsuccessful surgery and then to Philadelphia Naval Hospital. Here doctors tried again to remove the shrapnel, but again unsuccessfully. Gary was medically retired and died in his sleep 7 years later. Gary's name is not on the wall.

Lt. Gary D. Jackson and I only served together for a few days during Feb and Mar 68. Yet, in those tense times, one gets to know the other pretty well. Gary was a true ranger who attacked an enemy RGP team head on without hesitation, thereby preventing the certain destruction of the command group of the 35th Ranger Bn. On this Veterans Day, some 41 years from our service together, I remember you, Gary, and may God hold you in the palm of his hand. You are the finest!

Other team members:
1SG Harry S. Stewart
SSG Eugene J. Dziukowski

Capt Bob Zonne
1/LT Dick Glenn
Maj John M. Moses

Robert A. Reitz
Co Van My Truong
Tien Doan Ba Muoi Lam
Biet Dong Quan
1967-1968

SITREP:

Heads up!

The next reunion will be held in Columbus, GA (Ft Benning) during the April/May timeframe in 2012. So be prepared to have a great time. The new Infantry Museum is now open and is very nice.

Quote:

"Only our individual faith in freedom can keep us free".
- Dwight Eisenhower

Mu Nau
Bill Miller, Unit Director

HARD CORE LRRP UNITS

By Wayne Lund

*In Viet-Nam we were known as LRPS, LRRPS, and Rangers, that was our name,
Working and training so close together we were like brothers one and the same.*

*There was fourteen hard core LRRP units, they were linked by a common thread,
The men who served on these teams were a blend of black, white, brown and red.*

*Brave young men who were proud of everything that they knew,
They were fighting for their country's flag, the red, white and blue.*

*In combat so many of our team members paid the ultimate price,
As for the rest of us we would always remember their sacrifice.*

*The survivors of that bloody war share a close bond that few will ever find,
We have become comrades-in-arms, friends that will stand the test of time.*

SPECIAL OPERATIONS

MEMORIAL UPDATE

15 May 2010

Since that last edition of *Patrolling* losses in the special operations arena have relatively lower. The first Army loss was **SPC Jeffrey D. Tarbox**, 160th Special Operations Aviation Regiment, with the 75th Ranger Regiment being the worst hit, losing **SGT Joel D. Clarkson** of the 2nd Ranger Battalion, and **CPL Michael D. Jankiewicz**, **SGT Ronald A. Kubik**, **SSG James B. Patton**, **CPL Jason A. Santora** and **Captain Kyle A. Comfort**, all from the 3rd Ranger Bat-talion.

Air Force Special Operations Command lost **SMSGT James B. Lackey** and **MAJ Randall D. Voas**, both from the 8th Special Operations Squadron.

Naval Special Warfare Command lost **SOC Adam L. Brown** from NWSDG, and **SO2 Ronald Woodle** from SEAL Team 4.

GYSGT Robert L. Gilbert II was the sole loss from the 4th Marine Special Operations Battalion.

Legacy engravings were purchased for **LTC Earl D. Woods** who served with Special Forces in the Republic of Vietnam, for **MAJ George Petrie** (who as a 1LT was the first person to hit the ground during the orchestrated helicopter crash into the Son Tay Prison Camp outside of Hanoi in North Vietnam, and for **CAPT Fred Platt**, call sign *Raven 47*, when flying in Laos.

The Office of Strategic Services (OSS) Society funded the names of the losses sustained by OSS Detachment 101 in Burma during World War II. These included **PH2 Bernard N. Bauman**, **2LT Harold L. Berg**, **SSGT Jim J. Bernstein**, **PFC Peter F. Foley**, **PFC Neil A. Fowler**, **PFC Guy E. Franklin**, **SGT Paul Froberg**, **SGT Elmer Gallovitch**, **1LT Henry C. Gibbons**, **PFC Thomas F. Hall**, **T/SGT William F. Krautwald**, **SP Arthur J. Meehan**, **LT Josseph J. Orman**, **2LT Thomas R. Riley**,

CPT Ralph T. Rogers, **MSGT Lester L. SENG**, **T/SGT Ralph N. Stratis**, **1LT Roy W. Tibbets**, **PFC John H. Tolleson**, **PFC D. S. Vandervoort**, and **T/SGT Maturin F. Walso**.

We sincerely thank **Ms. Stephanie Wolf** for her continuing donations in behalf of **MSG Tony Love** who gave his life while swerving with MACVSOG in the Republic of Vietnam.

Geoff Barker
President
Special Operations Memorial Foundation, Inc.



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MacDill AFB, Florida



USSOCOM Special Operations Memorial Foundation, Inc.

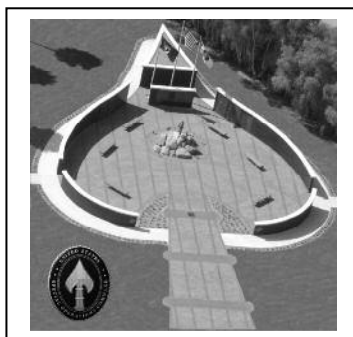
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The walls flanking the central generic SOF warrior will hold individual engravings in addition to special operations organizational histories. Engravings may be purchased, and designed to reflect either the buyer's name and/or organization, or may memorialize another (past or present) special operator. To maximize the available space, the same individual will not be memorialized more than once. The memorial is located adjacent to the entrance to the US Special Operations Command Headquarters complex, MacDill AFB. Engravings are limited to eighteen (18) letters per line (including spaces); the number of lines may be purchased as follows:

2 lines (4" x 12") - \$100.00; 3 lines (8" x 12") - \$250.00; 4 lines (12" x 12") - \$500.00

The Foundation will center the verbiage, and reserves the right to modify engravings to retain uniformity.

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There were potential issues concerning the ownership and copy right of the figure on the reverse of the coin, the figure that we referred to as "Ruck Man". The new layout will allow much more space for engraving. The other side of the coin will remain the same, (see below).

We will also be able to furnish the coin in bronze as well as silver. Bronze coins are \$20.00, plus shipping and engraving as specified below.

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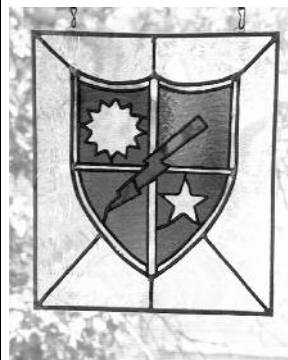
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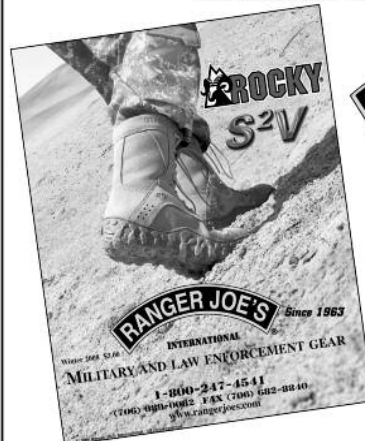


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This Christmas season we have made donations to each of the three Ranger Battalions and to the Special Troops Battalion for the benefit of the young Rangers and their families. If you wish to contribute to the Family Fund, it is not too late. Please mail your contribution to the address above. If you send one check for a contribution and your dues, please specify how much goes to each. Thank you.



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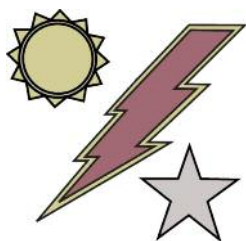
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*The end of 60 hours, the finish of the final event, Best Ranger Competition, 2010.
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