

PATROLLING

SPRING/SUMMER 2014

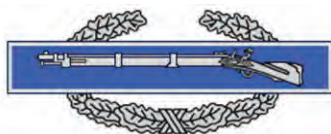
75TH RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION, INC.

VOLUME 28 ISSUE I



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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.

3. 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 V Corp (LRRP)

VII Corp (LRRP)
9th Inf. Div. (LRRP)
25th Inf. Div. (LRRP)
196th Inf. Bde. (LRRP)
1st Cav. Div. (LRRP)
1st Inf. Div. (LRRP)
4th Inf. Div. (LRRP)
101st Abn. Div., 1st Bde. (LRRP)
199th Inf. Bde. (LRRP)
173rd Abn. Bde. (LRRP)
3rd Inf. Div. (LRRP)

SECTION 3: Long Range Patrol

Co D (LRP) 17th Inf.
Co E (LRP) 20th Inf.
Co E (LRP) 30th Inf.
Co E (LRP) 50th Inf.
Co F (LRP) 50th Inf.
Co E (LRP) 51st Inf.
Co F (LRP) 51st Inf.
Co E (LRP) 52nd Inf.
ICo F (LRP) 52nd Inf.

Co C (LRP) 58th Inf.
Co E (LRP) 58th Inf.
Co F (LRP) 58th Inf.
70th Inf. DET (LRP)
71st Inf. DET (LRP)
74th Inf. DET (LRP)
78th Inf. DET (LRP)
79th Inf. DET (LRP)
Co D (LRP) 151st Inf.

SECTION 4: 75th Infantry Ranger Companies

Co A (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co B (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co C (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co D (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co E (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co F (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co G (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co H (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co I (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co K (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co L (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co M (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co N (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co O (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 Erlher |
| 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 |
| 2011-2013 | Joe Little |
| 2013- | Bill Anton |

Co P (RANGER) 75th Inf.
Co D (RANGER) 151st Inf.

SECTION 5: Vietnamese Ranger Advisors BDQ
All units of the Biet Dong Quan (BDQ).

SECTION 6: 75th Ranger Regiment

1st Battalion (Ranger) 75th Inf.,
activated in 1974.
2nd Battalion (Ranger) 75th Inf.,
activated in 1974.
3rd Battalion (Ranger) 75th Inf.,
activated in 1984.
75th Ranger Special Troops Battalion,
activated in 2007.
75th Ranger Regiment HHC 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:
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Modesto, CA 95357-7800

WEB SITE & MAGAZINE NEWS

We find quite frequently that it's the few who are the true engines of a successful organization. Our association has benefited through the talent and efforts of some rather exceptional people. Were I to try to name all of them I would miss someone important and embarrass myself. Suffice it to say that it is a rare individual who donates their time, maintains their commitments, and somehow manages to rise to a level of excellence without adopting the all too frequent "look at me" attitude. In this particular case the individual has the added talent of wits and demeanor to circumvent petty politics while grinding it out and getting it done.

Ranger John Chester has been our legal counsel, the secretary, our president, and he's also been the editor of patrolling magazine for the past 13 years. This issue of the magazine marks the end of an era. Ranger Chester has decided to pass the responsibility of our magazine to someone else.

John Chester has been a good friend to me, and many others within this organization . . . many of whom he barely knew yet benefited directly from his efforts on their behalf. I couldn't begin to list the accomplishments performed by Ranger Chester in each of the many positions of responsibility which he has held in our organization through the years.

I simply wish to say on behalf of all of us, "thank you John Chester" (and thank you Mary Anne Colledge) for everything that you have done for all of us and the 75th Ranger Regiment Association. I'm going to add a personal note by saying that in my view Ranger John Chester, being both qualified and deserving, would be (and should be) a shoo-in for induction into the Ranger Hall of Fame . . .

Ranger Marc Thompson (who many of you may know as the Unit Director to B75) has agreed to accept the challenge as new PATROLLING editor. Please make your timely submissions for Patrolling to him via e-mail at patrolling@75thrra.com. This is a failsafe so that your articles and photos land in two different mailboxes simultaneously (this way we don't lose them if one of the two computers lays down). If your stuff comes in on time it will make publication. We are going to begin sending you a receipt

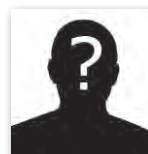
for your submissions so that you will know we've received it. If there is a problem with anything we will endeavor to let you know in time to make corrections.

Expect to hear more from Ranger Thompson in the next issue. In the interim we will make the effort to keep you posted via the website so please stay tuned.

If you move (physically or virtually) please don't overlook the need to keep the Secretary apprised of your current mailing, and e-mail addresses. If you overlook this task you are probably not going to receive your magazine or be "in the loop." There is a change of address form in the lower left of the main page on the website . . . and you can call or write the Secretary.

Advertisers (current & potential future new)-Folks, advertising in Patrolling is some of the best cheapest advertising money can buy. It helps us partially defray the cost of the magazine, and helps us help you--especially those with small business. "Rangers helping Rangers"... sound familiar?

Also (and please check your records), this will be the last issue for many of the current advertisements. Except, of course, for those that have recently paid. Please don't forget we are beginning to include a FREE spot ad on the website with every paid advertisement in Patrolling.



Unit directors: If the picture of you on the website looks like this we'd appreciate a more current version . . . otherwise we may have to resort to taking nominations for a suitable replacement (of the picture).

Membership Applications/Renewals: The secretary has asked that I make everyone aware that, if you pay by credit card (online or by mail) that you now need to include the 3 digit security code.

Also: New member applicants . . . You must forward your verifying documentation to the secretary in order to become a full voting member. If this step is overlooked you will then become a subscriber (subscription member).

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Bill Anton

Fellow members of the 75th RRA!



Bill Anton

Your Officers and Unit Directors have been busy working hard for the Association. I would like to thank our Finance Committee of Rick Barela, Karl Fee, Wayne Mitsch, and James Waters for their hard work. They came up with a new fee schedule for Life membership that is in line with what the Veterans Service organizations currently have in place. We have over 2/3 of our members with life memberships. We need to get more annual dues paying members so that we can continue to fund our programs. The Officers and Unit Directors, together, have approved this new life membership by age. Here is the new fee schedule for life membership:

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| up to 39 — \$510.00 | 55-59 — \$370.00 |
| 40-44 — \$470.00 | 60-64 — \$330.00 |
| 45-49 — \$440.00 | 65-69 — \$290.00 |
| 50-54 — \$410.00 | 70 & up — \$260.00 |

Annually, if we publish four (4) editions of Patrolling Magazine, the cost to our Association is over \$24,000, with over \$10,000 of this in postage – and that is at the bulk postage rate. We cannot sustain these costs and still be economically responsible to the members. We are looking for members to instead opt for our “electronic version” of Patrolling Magazine in order to drive down costs. These will be the same full versions as the printed version, in color, only you will receive the magazine more quickly and help us to reduce costs. We have money in the bank, but not as much as we would like, so we are being very frugal with your money and trying to increase the net worth of our 75th RRA.

In the near future, you will be receiving new membership cards. We will produce three (3) editions of Patrolling Magazine this year in order to balance the cost of membership cards and postage. These new membership cards will have a bar code on them which will make it easier to register and we will have an accurate roster of those who attend our meetings.

We have been busy getting new vendors together to produce and carry our 75th RRA shirts, T-shirts, and other items for our members. IT has been years since the Association has had these items for our members. Our 75th RRA coin will come from a new vendor and it will be .99% silvers, instead of silver plate, and this will be at roughly the same price as the older version, but with much higher quality.

The new 2014 class of Ranger Hall of Fame inductees are as follows:

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| SGM Peter Bacerra | COL Robert Guy |
| MSG Kenneth Bachmann | LTG John Le Moyne |
| LTG Dell Dailey | BG Herbert Lloyd |
| CSM James Fowler | SSG Calvin Rollins |
| CSM Jeffrey Greer | COL Robert Tonsetic |

The induction ceremony will occur on 16 July 2014 at Ft. Benning, GA. Please join us in distributing this list as a congratulation to these exceptional Rangers!

We are implementing a new database for our association that is exceptionally fast and robust and will work with our new membership cards. Swipe your card and it will bring up your record for registration. It will save you and us time through the lines.

Please go to our web site frequently. You will see many positive changes and we are implementing more changes in the future. We will keep you informed regularly on our web site.

RLTW, Bill Anton

1ST VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Kevin Ingraham



Kevin Ingraham

G'morning Rangers! Pull up a rock and make yourselves at home.

Ranger Hall of Fame news: Two units managed to get submissions in for this year. The final board is still a month away as I write but our nominees sure look strong to me. Kudos are due to Bob Copeland of E/75 and Bill Miller of the BDQ who got their Rangers in through a narrow window.

START YOUR 2015 and 2016 RHOF packets NOW. Note that this RFI is not only for next year but the year after. The USARA works their nominations on a three year cycle and we are now doing the same to avoid last minute scrimmages like we had to this year. This also keeps the nomination cycle outside of the bi-annual Association changes of command so nothing gets lost in the leadership transition. So please, if you have candidates in mind, start doing the homework and get ready for the next nomination cycle. While the official forms are not distributed by Regiment until a few months ahead of

1ST VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (Continued)

the deadline; there is a lot of research and material gathering that needs doing in advance, plus one can never prepare too many drafts. So think of 2015 as the time to reshoot someone who was passed over before—tighten the shot group for 2015 and start working on 2016. This is the SOP from here on out; in 2015, we'll work the 2017 RHOF and so on.

Cool Stuff: We're now putting out proposals for new RRA 'swag'—t-shirts, mugs, caps—the assorted stuff us 'former action guys' like to show off our affiliations with. While I think I've reached all of the ranger-owned purveyors of such, please let me know of anyone reliable who offers quality products and I'll send them a bid sheet. Anything you'd like to see offered? By now you would have noted our new logo—this is the only authorized 75thRRA logo from here until some future board decides differently.

The four of us UD's for the battalions of the Regiment have additional responsibilities—it is primarily up to those members to make the 75thRRA relevant to the Rangers who are serving and to help them to realize that they want to join us after they exit active duty. Anyone with ideas on recruiting 20-somethings and with possibilities for this association to better serve those still in the fight are very welcome.

Any times a member has questions or concerns, I am reachable almost anytime through the POCs on the inside cover and on the website. However, thanks to the tele-scammers who've discovered my numbers, I do not answer calls from 'restricted' callers—unblock your ID or use email if you want to get through.

Respectfully submitted, Kevin
75thRRA Rangers Lead the Way!

TREASURER'S MESSAGE

By Roger Crunk



Roger Crunk

75th Ranger regiment Assoc. Balance Sheet Accrual Basis As of December 31, 2013

ASSETS

Current Assets

Checking/Savings

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------|
| CD/Life Membership Fund | 26,710.14 |
| Columbus Bank & Trust/Operations | 11,471.16 |
| Equity Bank/Operations | 23,019.06 |
| Family Fund/Charitable Donation | 44,367.37 |
| Paypal | 1,878.97 |
| Total Checking/Savings | 107,429.28 |

Other Current Assets

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Undeposited Funds | 3,640.00 |
| Total Other Current Assets | 3,640.00 |

TOTAL ASSETS 111,069.28

LIABILITIES & EQUITY

Equity

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Opening Balance Equity | 89,449.58 |
| Unrestricted Net Assets | 93.15 |
| Net Income | 21,526.55 |
| Total Equity | 111,069.28 |

TOTAL LIABILITIES & EQUITY 111,069.28

GOLD STAR

By Jill Stephenson

Greetings from Minnesota to my Ranger and Gold Star Family members. As I write this we are in the midst of one the more challenging winters this country has seen in a number of years.



Jill Stephenson

Here in Minnesota we have not been beat up by numerous snow storms, rather we have had sub zero temperatures that have made it difficult to be outside for even a few minutes. We saw schools closed more times in the month of January than in the last fifteen years!

What control do we have of the weather? Zero! All we can do is gauge our attitude towards it and not let it get the best of us. Instead, I try to make the best of it and keep focused on the fact that it's only temporary. I never thought a temperature of 25 degrees could feel so warm!!

I had a busy fall that began with a trip to South Carolina and then to Savannah and the 1/75 for the Change of Command ceremony of CSM Craig Bishop. CSM Bishop was my son Ben's 1SG in July of 2009 when he was injured. He has remained a close friend and I was honored to be invited as he took command.



The 1/75 Ranger Ball took place two days before the ceremony. I had not attended a Ranger Ball before, so I arrived a few days early and met up with fellow Gold Star parents, Sandee and Bill Rouse, parents of James Markwell, KIA 122089, and Dianne Hammond, mother of Allesandro Plutino, KIA 8811. The food and company were excellent, not so much the Ranger punch. I decided it was best for Ranger consumption only as only they can truly appreciate it's robust flavor! Ewwwww!

My time in South Carolina was spent with friends who have dedicated two cabins on their property to James Patton (KIA



41810) and to my son Ben Kopp (DOW 71809). Both cabins will be available later this summer for Rangers and their families to visit. They are located 25 minutes from Greenville, SC, 90 miles from Charlotte, NC and 160 miles from Atlanta, GA.

You will find yourself at the foothills of beautiful mountains and on top of a babbling brook. The only noise you will hear is the water and the number of stars you can see in the night sky will blow you away. Time here can be spent fishing, hunting, four wheeling, hiking or exploring many of the other outdoor adventures the

area has to offer. Stay tuned for more details on this in a later issue.

On November 7th, the Thursday before Veterans Day, I spoke at the Government Printing Office in Washington, DC. I was invited to speak at the GPO's annual Veterans Day Ceremony. I was privileged to be a part of this honorable event. The GPO began their operation in March of 1861 with 350 employees. Today they have 1900 employees with fifteen regional offices in the United States. About 100 employees were present in the Grand Hall of this historic building which has occupied the same location since its inception. Most impressive was the fact that my speech and the entire ceremony were broadcast to all of the regional offices and to every person's desk or work area who was not able to attend the live ceremony due to pending deadlines.

While I was there the GPO also recognized the 238th birthday of the Marine Corp (Nov 10). They held a separate ceremony complete with a cake. They followed the traditional cake cutting script and gave me the first piece as the guest of honor. It gave me great pride to be a part of a Veterans Day ceremony at a company with a long history of honoring our nation's veterans.

I made it back home just in time to attend the Veteran's Day ceremony at the Vietnam Memorial on the grounds of the State Capitol of Minnesota in St. Paul. I did not speak at this event, but had a very important role in the morning's ceremony that began at 7am. Since Ben's death in 2009, I have been invited to attend this ceremony each year. Several of the local Vietnam Veterans attended Ben's wake and/or funeral and have taken me under their wing. The majority of them are Special Forces with a spattering of Paratroopers, Rangers and Airborne Rangers from various outfits. They have served in Korea, Vietnam and each conflict forward from there.

GOLD STAR MESSAGE (Continued)

Two years ago they asked me if they could fly Ben's flag over the memorial for the 2013 ceremony. How could I turn down such an honor? I agreed without hesitation. That morning was extremely cold and windy and made raising Ben's flag a challenge. Count on SF and Rangers to improvise and overcome as they also discovered someone had removed an integral piece of the flag raising materials. Note the picture where the buddy system was used to reach the proper hook AND a proper salute was given to CPL Kopp's flag as it passed overhead. I have included a photo of Ben's casket flag flying high and proud over the Vietnam Memorial on 11 November, 2013. I was humbled beyond words to see such a sight and to have it refolded and presented back to me by such men of honor.

I was back in Washington DC mid December for the annual Wreaths Across America event at Arlington National Cemetery where my Ben is laid to rest. I highly recommend being a part of this if you are given the opportunity. It is quite remarkable to witness tens of thousands of worker bees walking the rows and placing wreaths at each grave. Despite being impressed by the number of people who descend here that day, one my favorite parts is when they all leave. It once again becomes a serene place to breathe in centuries of valor that have been doused with the aroma of fresh Maine pine boughs. I enjoy walking or driving through the entire cemetery and taking it all in after the masses are gone. By the way, this year saw a record setting 130,000+ wreaths placed at Arlington.

I returned at the end of January to help remove the wreaths. I had not done this before and found myself equally as impressed with the number of people who show up and efficiently get the job done. It felt a bit sad to see them go, but as in life, the changing seasons cannot be stopped.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank COL Vanek for his role in uniting our Gold Star Families with the promise of regular communication about current events and the gift of our very own Facebook page. It has been a great means of bringing families together in one place to honor and reminisce about our Rangers in the Sky.

My son blessed me with a wonderful Ranger family that stretches from sea to shining sea. I am grateful and hope to one day have the opportunity to meet each of you. I love being connected to so many via Facebook and enjoy the interactions we are allowed to have because we live in the land of the free.....because of the BRAVE. Rangers Lead The Way!

Happy Spring to each of you. Hope this finds all of you doing well and ready to enjoy this great time of year.

I want to make you all aware of the fact that Ranger Breakfast perpetuating the legacy take place the first Saturday of each month around the country. Go to their Face Book page to see if there is 1 in your area. If not start one and post pre and post breakfast info on that page so we all may share in the fun. Gold Star families you are welcome at these breakfast also.

I want to commend our President Bill Anton for all his hard work in advancing the Gold Star program to a new level. Each of you should be so proud of the things that are going to make sure the program continues to grow and meet the need of our Ranger Gold Stars....A personal thank you for your support Bill

As I told you in the last issue the Regimental Gold Star Family Face Book page now has over 75 Gold Star family members and we are still growing. What a wonderful forum it has been for all of us to get together and share our thoughts and ideas and continue to honor our Rangers. Our Love and thanks to Colonel Vanek and the Battalion Chaplains for all the are doing to support us and make sure no family is left out

Jill and Dianne and I have been putting together ideas to have yearly Gold Star gathers at each of the battalions and we will have more on that as the plans are developed.

Please know as always how special you all are and how you were the ones and in true Ranger fashion stepped up added a Gold Star program to your organization that has in Ranger Fashion lead the way for the past 12 years. Our love, thanks and gratitude can never be said enough to you.

As Always it is an honor and privilege to serve you, RLTW Blessings until next time, Sandee

HEALTH ISSUES

DISCLAIMER

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 Removes Annual Income Reporting Requirement

Eliminates Burden on Veterans, Improves Customer Service

WASHINGTON - The Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) is eliminating the annual requirement for most Veterans enrolled in VA's health care system to report income information beginning in March 2014. Instead, VA will automatically match income information obtained from the Internal Revenue Service and Social Security Administration. "Eliminating the requirement for annual income reporting makes our health care benefits easier for Veterans to obtain," said Secretary of Veterans Affairs Eric K. Shinseki. "This change will reduce the burden on Veterans, improve customer service and make it much easier for Veterans to keep their health care eligibility up-to-date."

Some Veterans applying for enrollment for the first time are still required to submit income information. There is no change in VA's long-standing policy to provide no-cost care to indigent Veterans, Veterans with catastrophic medical conditions, Veterans with a disability rating of 50 percent or higher, or for conditions that are officially rated as "service-connected." VA encourages Veterans to continue to use the health benefits renewal form to report changes in their personal information, such as address, phone numbers, dependents, next of kin, income and health insurance. For more information, visit www.va.gov/healthbenefits/cost or call VA toll-free at 1-877-222-VETS

Dan Nate, F co. LRRP

VA Partners with Kaiser Permanente

Better Care and Innovative Research behind Collaboration

WASHINGTON The Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) is collaborating with Kaiser Permanente, a leading member of the health care industry, to pool resources and ideas to solve some of the largest and most complex challenges in VA health care.

"VA is always on the lookout for opportunities for partnerships with the private sector and other federal agencies to enhance care for Veterans," said Secretary of Veterans Affairs Eric K. Shinseki. "We are proud to partner with Kaiser Permanente for the health and wellbeing of our nation's Veterans."

The partnership will enable more effective research and sharing of "best practices," focusing initially on four areas:

- Telehealth and virtual care;
- Genomics;
- Care of Veterans who are members of Kaiser Permanente; and

Advanced analytics to use large data sets and population management with appropriate patient privacy protections. Together VA and Kaiser Permanente will develop recommendations for how to design care using advanced analytics and technologies as well as research.

This is not the first major collaboration between the two organizations. In 2010, Kaiser Permanente and VA launched a pilot program to exchange medical data using the Nationwide Health Information Network. The innovative pilot, launched in 2009, allows clinicians from both organizations to obtain a more comprehensive view of a patient's health record using electronic health record information, including information about health issues, medications and allergies while ensuring that patient privacy and confidentiality are protected.

HEALTH ISSUES (Continued)

“We are eager to continue to redesign the experience of our Veterans seeking health care to increase ease of access and quality of services,” said Patrick Littlefield, Acting Director of VA Center for Innovation, “We’re excited about this partnership to make way for useful and tangible outputs.”

With over 8 million enrollees, VA operates the largest integrated health care delivery system in the United States, with a mission to honor America’s Veterans by providing exceptional health care that improves their health and well-being. VA provides a broad range of primary care, specialized care, and related medical and social support services. More information is available at <http://www.va.gov/health/>.

VA is also the nation’s largest provider of health care education and training for physician residents and other health care trainees. VA advances medical research and development in areas that most directly address the diseases and conditions that affect Veterans and eligible beneficiaries.

VA Offers Dental Insurance Program

WASHINGTON (Nov. 13, 2013) – VA is partnering with Delta Dental and MetLife to allow eligible Veterans, plus family members receiving care under the Civilian Health and Medical Program (CHAMPVA), to purchase affordable dental insurance beginning Nov. 15, VA officials announced today. “VA continues to explore innovative ways to help Veterans get access to the care and services they have earned and deserve,” said Secretary of Veterans Affairs Eric K. Shinseki. “This new dental program is another example of VA creating partnerships with the private sector to deliver a range of high-quality care at an affordable cost, for our Nation’s Veterans.”

More than 8 million Veterans who are enrolled in VA health care can choose to purchase one of the offered dental plans. This three-year pilot has been designed for Veterans with no dental coverage, or those eligible for VA dental care who would like to purchase additional coverage. Participation will not affect entitlement to VA dental services and treatment. There are no eligibility limitations based on service-connected disability rating or enrollment priority assignment. People interested in participating may complete an application

online through either Delta Dental, www.deltadentalvadip.org, or MetLife, www.metlife.com/vadip beginning Nov. 15. Coverage for this new dental insurance will begin Jan. 1, 2014, and will be available throughout the United States and its territories.

Also eligible for the new benefits are nearly 400,000 spouses and dependent children who are reimbursed for most medical expenses under VA’s CHAMPVA program. Generally, CHAMPVA participants are spouses, survivors or dependent children of Veterans officially rated as “permanently and totally” disabled by a service-connected condition.

Dental services under the new program vary by plan and include diagnostic, preventive, surgical, emergency and endodontic/restorative treatment. Enrollment in the VA Dental Insurance Plan (VADIP) is voluntary. Participants are responsible for all premiums, which range from \$8.65 to \$52.90 per month for individual plans. Copayments and other charges may apply. Historically VA’s free dental services have gone to Veterans with dental problems connected to a medical condition that’s officially certified as “service connected.” Free dental services will continue for those Veterans.

For more information on VADIP, visit www.va.gov/healthbenefits/vadip, or contact Delta Dental at 1-855-370-3303 or MetLife at 1-888-310-1681.

Veterans who are not enrolled in the VA health care system can apply at any time by visiting www.va.gov/healthbenefits/enroll, calling 1-877-222-VETS (8387) or visiting their local VA health care facility.

FEATURE ARTICLES

SIX PACK CHEF A COMBAT VETERAN AND CHEF, FIGHTING TO END CHILD HUNGER IN AMERICA.

How could he have known...?

It's 2:53 AM, and I'm wide awake...with much on my mind. I step outside to smoke, clear my head, and Butters (my Yellow Lab) follows me outside. I can't explain it, but he knows when I'm upset, or pensive...with something on my mind.



Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, or many of you know it by its abbreviated name- PTSD, is one helluva thing. Tonight, I was awakened by a message sent to me by a dear friend. The alert,

via my iPhone, was enough to nudge me from my slumber. Slumber, I might add, which was riddled by yet another horrible nightmare...a rather vivid mental retelling of horrible sights, smells, and happenings from battlefields...far, far away. Sadly, this nightmare is not solely a dream; rather, it is indeed a transcript, a verbatim *reliving* of things many will only ever read about in books, or observe from the comfort of their own couch.

I've struggled for over 7 years with this insomnia, broken up by intermittent bouts of naps, sprinkled with the nightly reliving of loss, pain, heartache, and conflict. Sometimes I say that I've grown accustomed to it. Other times, I stop lying, and I'm honest with myself...and then, I admit that it never gets any easier, nor does it simply fade away with time. (Not in 7 years, at least.)



My team of medical professionals, psychologist, psychiatrist, and all of the others, have tried a wide range of medications... medications, which usually only leave me feeling dazed, confused, and as though I'm walking in a fog. This doesn't work for a guy

like me with a zeal for life and helping and loving others. So, I stopped the regimen of drugs. It is a never-ending cycle of pharmaceutical musical chairs. Indeed, it often feels like a cruel joke is being played on me. Sadly, it is no joke, but is the life which I now lead. It is a life lived by so many combat veterans. Regardless of the landscape and geography, veterans spanning decades of conflicts march to the beat of this same drum, nightly.

Last year, I wrote a blog post about "Annoying Pets & Their Owners." In it, I described a variety of types of pet owners, irritating traits, aggravating animals, etc... Now, I realize that more often than not, an unruly pet is reflective of a piss-poor owner...one who neglects their animal(s), who doesn't take them out as they should, who doesn't pet them and love on them, who fails to give them the exercise which they need; but that never really mattered.

You were annoying; your pet was annoying. I had a secretly held disdain for you both. (Well, secret until I published that post!)

I never understood those of you who posted pictures of your animals, who loved on and kissed/hugged a dog, allowed him or her to kiss and lick you. I just didn't get it. I never had an appreciation for a pup who met you at the door, ready for kisses and hugs, after your long & challenging work day...or who you took to every event, etc...

Where you found solace with this, I found germs, inconvenience, and hair. LOTS of hair.

You're probably wondering how in the world is Roman going to tie PTSD and dogs in together for the purpose of this post...?! Well, as crazy as it seems, it truly isn't that difficult. Honestly, if you had read this blog post to me a year ago, I would have called you nuts, and written you off as a crazy person. ***Which is crazy in and of itself, when coming from a vet with PTSD, huh? [Insert more irony.]***



I met someone shortly after moving to Texas. A lot happened. Some positive; some negative. Nevertheless, it happened...and it

FEATURE ARTICLES (Continued)

happened to me. She had a beautiful Yellow Lab named Butters.

Many of you have seen me posting pics with this big hunk of beautiful fur. Well, that's how it happened. Through heart-breaking loss, Butters and I found each other. I remember the very first night that we bonded, and truly connected.

She was gone, and Butters and I both had only one thing: **each other.**



I had never let a dog really sit beside me, much less sleep with me. However, as I sat on the edge of my bed, broken...Butters silently walked over to me, sat back on his haunches, and nudged my hand with his nose. He saw the pain, heard the heartache, and knew

that I needed him....even when I did not know that I needed him, and even when I was somewhat resistant to the idea.

Later that night, as I lay down, with the glow of the television dancing across the walls, Butters lay down on the floor, bedside. Every time that I sighed, moved, stretched, or turned...he was right there, nudging me...seemingly letting me know that he was there for me.

The irony of this entire thing is that if I had not been there, Butters, himself, would have had no one. He would not have been fed, watered, petted, walked, cared for, or loved. **He needed me.**

And yet, there he was ... *caring for me.* Without any expectation of love in return. He cared for me. He saw my pain. He wanted to help me, to comfort me.

I suddenly wept, and deeply touched at the realization that this dog cared for me. Butters got it. Even most of my family doesn't "get" PTSD. It has severely crippled relationships with my entire family. Relationships, I might



add, which were already strained because of my family's religious beliefs. Add PTSD to the mix? Well, let's just say that you get a whole pile of messed-upness.

I'm very fortunate to be one of those vets who never experienced the violent outbursts as many veterans do. I've never lost it and hit or hurt someone. The violence that springs forth from me often manifests itself in the form of word and phrase. It is amazing how deeply you can hurt someone by the simple words which you use. With my family, they've never really experienced that from me, either. Indeed, they noticed incredible differences and changes in me. However, my PTSD, with regards to my family, manifests itself in the form of withdrawing from them, and pulling away into my most inner recesses. A place where I can be safe, not vulnerable, and sort of have my back to the wall...where at least one part of my body & life is shielded.

They never really tried to connect with me, nor have we ever even had much of a conversation about it. **For over 7 years, now.**

This is largely in part due to a sermon that was preached by a family member at my family's church a while back. The words were proclaimed from the pulpit that "veterans who say they have PTSD don't need drugs or doctors...they need Jesus. It's not a real thing...it is simply the fact that they are living in sin...and if they'll give their hearts to God, it will all go away."

I often just want to cry and shake them and scream, "*I can't help how the war changed me!!! I'm still your little boy, your son, your grandson, your nephew!!!!!! I just want to be held, and loved, and to feel like y'all are proud of me for trudging through everything!!! Something!!! ANYTHING!!!*"

Bullshit. It IS a disease. It IS incurable. And while a "higher power" may very well be able to assuage the anguish which many veterans experience, one can deduce that He is no more going to descend from Heaven and miraculously remove this heartache and struggle from our lives, than He does for cancer patients, or those who lose themselves in a battle with Alzheimer's. #TRUTH

I put on a happy face most of the time. I try not to share the struggles and heartaches which I experience in my day-to-day life, publicly. While I definitely DO post all kinds of ridiculousness & my shenanigans on a variety of social media platforms, I strictly censor the negativity, the depressing, and those thoughts which aren't palatable for most of you.

FEATURE ARTICLES (Continued)

You don't want to hear that I haven't had a full, restful night of sleep since that Blackhawk helicopter carried me away from that mountainside in the Korangal Valley, deep in the Hindu-Kush mountains, nearly 8 years ago.

You don't want to hear that the reason I hate driving so much is because every single stray item on the side of the road resembles an improvised explosive device (IED)...aka "roadside bomb."



You don't want to hear that in a crowd, I can never relax and enjoy myself, because I'm waiting for someone to pull out a weapon and begin to hurt others. So, I constantly scan that crowd for that threat.

You don't want to read about the daily struggle that I have with simply swallowing all of the pills prescribed to me by some quack doctor, who says he understands my struggles because he's treated many, many veterans...and yet, he doesn't, because he never wore a pair of combat boots, and he never had to kill, in order to survive.



You don't want to read that I'm scared to fall in love...because I'm terrified that inadvertently, I might hurt that special someone for whom I care so very much, and I'll have no control over what comes out of my mouth.

You don't want to hear that I've been terrified of owning a dog, because I was afraid that they'd do something like accidentally poop, or pee in the house...and I'd lose it...and be incapable of providing the loving home which he or she so richly deserved. You don't want to read that I have such a tender heart, that I retreat and withdraw Roman's most intimate parts, because I'm overwhelmingly afraid of attracting someone who will only be hurt by me.

THAT is why is post positive uplifting things. Because no one wants to read about the struggle.

Even more ironic is the fact that I'm a hopeless romantic who LIVES for the pursuit of another's heart...one who revels in the planning of dates, the purchase of gifts, and the strokes of a pen on paper for that handwritten love letter, sneakily stuck in her purse...to be found once she arrives at work.

Even now, while sitting on my patio at 3:50AM, most of me cannot believe that I'm actually considering publishing this post. PTSD is embarrassing. Most of you don't, and never will understand it. Some of you will try to do so, because of a close friend or relative whose love and friendship you cherish. Others, like my family, will never even try. It is heart-wrenching, to say the least. For those of you who do try to understand, please let me say that you will never know precisely how much that will mean to your veteran...even if we are unable to say, or show it.

That night, as I lay there unable to sleep, consumed by my thoughts, Butters nudged me again, seemingly unwilling to allow me to lay there in fear, and heartache, and misery. Then suddenly, for once in my life, I just wanted that warm fur ball next to me. So, I patted the bed, and without a moment's hesitation, he tossed his 115lbs of cuddly love beside me.

Since that night, he's pretty much never left my side.



We completed a training regimen for PTSD service dogs and handlers together through the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs. Butters has been a God-send. He often goes with me to work, even.

We grocery shop together.

We travel together.

We run together.

We laugh together.

We cry together.

We swim together.

We read together.

We play instruments and sing together. (Well, he sorta howls, but it's music to MY ears.)

And, since I'm a chef, we cook (and eat) together.

Now, apparently we blog and write together.

FEATURE ARTICLES (Continued)

The other day, while driving a dear friend of mine to the airport, I made the comment that “I feel like the biggest hypocrite in the world.” My friend, being a dog owner/lover, shortly after posting my original “rant against pets,” actually sent me a text message stating that she had came very close to ending our friendship because of the post. There I was, just some few odd months ago, hating folks and their pets. Now? I’m volunteering at the local no-kill animal shelter, donating to our local pet spots, and loving on a big ole Yellow Lab named Joe Butters...aka JoeJoe.



As I type this, Butters is laying at my feet, doing that annoying thing where he licks his paws, and all you can hear it his tongue making this weird noise. And I can’t help do anything but smile. Nights like these, where the dreams are just a little too real, the flames burn

just a little too hot, the gunfire pops just a little too loud, and the screams echo just a little too frequently ... *he knows*.

How could he have known the pain which I felt...?!

How can he know that I need him to be exactly where he is at this very moment...licking those damned paws...?!

I know not how, nor do I know why. But, what I do know is that I’m a proud pet owner, and Roman Coley Davis is completely in love with a 110lb Yellow Lab. (He’s on a diet and has lost some weight.)



MY sweet Butters.

Go ahead. Call me a hypocrite. That’s okay. Wanna know why...? It’s because I am one. But the other thing that I am is man enough to admit that I was wrong. And, I’m man enough to eat my words every time I buy a new squeaky yellow ball to throw and play fetch with JoeJoe for hours on end.

Chances are, I still probably find you (and your pet) incredibly annoying. However, now it isn’t because I hate animals, it is simply because I have the best dog in the whole, wide world.



And Butters is simply better. Haha!

LASTLY, to respond to that sermon preached so many months ago...I’ll say this: God sent Butters to me, because HE knew that this big ole pile of fur and happiness, would exhibit more Christ-like

love than ANY of his so-called followers. And it was a love that I needed.

THAT, my friends, is absolutely a blessing. One which I don’t think I’ll ever be able to repay.

For now, I’m just loving me some Butters. The funny thing is- Butters wasn’t a “rescue,” I was the rescue...and he rescued me.

One of my readers said it best in a comment on Facebook: “I don’t think it is a coincidence that your healing comes in the form of something that you thought you hated!!”

And the church said, “Amen.”

If you’re interested in helping Butters and me travel across the globe to increase awareness about PTSD, and to fight the stigma attached to the illness, we’d love to have your support! Also, WE (Butters & me) are going back to school this summer. We will be attending classes at the University of St. Thomas in Houston, Texas. Finances are always interesting, but we feel that we can really affect positive change in the lives of others.

www.gofundme.com/ButtersRoman
sixpackchef.me/2014/04/08/how-could-he-have-known

Please follow us on
 Twitter and Instagram:
 @sixpackchefToujours,
 Chef Roman Coley Davis
 Chef Advocate for
 @NoKidHungry
 U.S. Army, Retired



FEATURE ARTICLES (Continued)**KEEPING THE FAITH**

BY: David Regenthal

One of life's more profitable lessons is how we learn both by doing AND from others. I typically preferred the former, which is frequently my undoing. There must be a vast collection of walls across this great country that have any number of dings in them from my forehead. Worse still, as days become weeks, then weeks months, and months turn into years (a more pleasant way of saying "getting older"), I find I myself evermore resistant to change and new information, despite the wisdom that comes with age. It should come as no great surprise that this approach and attitude works against me and other veterans and their families.

Maybe I should just get to the point. When I volunteered for the US Army some years back I didn't know much about it, or if and how I might be affected through my service, or what lay in the future for me thereafter. I think I might have known that there were Veterans preference points in civil service testing, and a limited knowledge of home loans and educational benefits. But I had no concept of a Veterans Administration. The only thing I was sure of was that I wanted to go Airborne Infantry, and my friendly recruiter said that shouldn't be a problem.

It's only by consequence of a minor back injury which occurred during my Army career that I became acquainted with the VA. On the day I ETS'd someone said, "If any of you feel that you have any health or medical issues that you wish evaluated by the VA you will need to fill out this form." As I raised my hand I heard a low groan from others in the room—presumably they were concerned my actions might delay their final departure. Fortunately I can write really fast so this took next to no time and everyone was soon happily on their way.

Some weeks later I received a notice in the mail that I was to report to VAMC Waco for evaluation. I arrived at the VA hospital on the prescribed day where I was poked, prodded, evaluated, questioned, and given so many x-rays it surprises me that I'm not still glowing in the dark to this day! Some months later I received another notice in the mail telling me that I had been awarded a disability rating. It detailed what those disabilities were and informed that I was entitled to treatment.

I was also instructed as to the how and where to go if I wish to pursue my education. What took me by surprise was learning I was entitled to a monthly check based on my disability and that it would be retroactive to the day I applied for evaluation. This was this not only unexpected but in all honesty not something that I wanted or felt I deserved. I had served my country in her

time of need and that as a volunteer I pretty much got what I was supposed to during that time of service. In my view all accounts had been settled on the day I left the military and that money was unwarranted. All of this took place in the timeframe of 1976 – 1977 (yeah, I know, ancient history). But this was to become a recurring theme in the years ahead.

By the time another 10 years and rolled by I had made multiple runs at higher education (without any measure of success), and was on my fourth, and failing, marriage. VA would call me back at two year intervals to learn if my disabilities had improved or worsened. At the end of one of these re-evaluation rounds I had occasion to ask a nurse if any of the men "in my group" had mentioned that they were having difficulty sleeping? I will not go deeply into what I think about nurses here ... Suffice to say that beginning with the one I met at the 12th Evac Hospital (see JANUARY 24TH, 1969 at LRRP.COM), I believe that they are comprised of ever more than "sugar and spice and all things nice" ... And nothing which has taking place in the intervening years has caused me to feel otherwise.

This particular woman looked me directly in the eye and rattled off what must have been three or four direct questions. Then with that wise and all-knowing look on her face she smiled and said, "please wait right here, I'll be back." Within minutes she was escorting me down the hallway into a room where a doctor stood up from behind his desk, came around to shake my hand then asked me to have a seat. I don't remember any details of that conversation except to report that it resulted in my returning on a regular basis to spend time with a psychiatrist for medication evaluation and a psychologist to talk to about my experiences with F/75 in Vietnam. I also became involved in what was known as an "In-Country" group. Much of that experience is personal and not germane to this particular conversation but I can share that VA tried multiple medication regimens in the effort of helping me to try to sleep and deal with other issues. Looking back I remember that the term PTSD was not known to me and never became a part of the conversation.

At about this time I must've decided that taking another run at higher education would be a good idea. As a consequence of this I had a scheduled appointment with the vocational rehab counselor at the VA regional office. I had, somewhat uncharacteristically, arrived early at which time the counselor was at lunch. Standing outside the main entrance (and this was at a time when you could still smoke near the main entrance) I was grabbing the smoke and had become engaged in conversation with another individual out there doing the same thing. We may have been discussing baseball for sport

FEATURE ARTICLES (Continued)

parachuting or who knows what but in a relatively short period of time this other person asked me if I was having “problems?” I kind of laughed nervously and said no, but my friends think that I am. He said, well I think your friends are right and I am an NSO with the DAV and I think I can help you with that. If you’d like to come inside I can fill out all the paperwork for you and appear on your behalf with the VA. He seemed to be an okay guy and despite my not knowing exactly where this was going agreed. Some months later I received an unofficial notification from that gentleman announcing that the VA had determined that I had posttraumatic stress disorder and was entitled to benefits.

I could go on in greater detail but I would rather say that despite the medication, treatment, disability payments, and my best efforts that I was unsuccessful in my pursuit of a college education or saving a sinking marriage.

I simply wish to remind that soldiers can expect to be injured; physically, mentally, and emotionally through exposure to war. At times these wounds can be difficult to discover let alone manage ... even for the veteran him or herself. What is not so widely known is how seriously these issues impact the family and the people that we love.

I grew up in a “men don’t cry” world. “Don’t mean nothing, drive on trooper, never let them see you sweat” were the order of the day. Even permitting oneself to consider disability was a deficit of character or a sign of weakness. I know it’s a different day and it’s a different world but I also know that some of the same attitudes prevail. More importantly I am acutely aware of the long term effects these issues have on the family particularly when they go unrecognized or untreated.

It’s not for me to say what’s right for you, any of you. But what I will say is that I have known any number of the best special ops personnel that were a little slow in dealing with these problems. And to be clear, it’s not something that’s exclusive to “my war”... Death, wounds, and disability have been part and parcel of every armed conflict since the Stone Age.

I commented earlier that I had some misgivings regarding the money and some of the benefits that VA decided I was entitled to. In today’s world some people would have you believe that entitlement is a dirty word. Back when I expressed this sentiment to my National Service Officer he said to me, “Mr. David, Congress has passed legislation to care for our nation’s veterans. It is not charity but rather an obligation. You may be assured that if you are not entitled to these benefits that they will not be forthcoming. It is, however, my job to ensure that

VA and the government are doing what they are supposed to under law.” So I will leave it to you good people to evaluate the context of these statements and how they may relate to your particular circumstance.

I have no bone to pick with the VA. When I left the Army a significant percentage of VA employees were staring retirement in the face, having started their working careers at or before World War II. The truth is that they weren’t prepared for us and it is well known to Vietnam Veterans that on occasion we did not see the level of service we might have expected. Perhaps not as widely known outside of this group is that these veterans had a pretty low tolerance for bull shit. Why is that—who knows? A lot of us were angry before finding our way to the VA. Now if you combine that with the “don’t mean nothing” attitude (and the fact that our generation weren’t big complainers to begin with) you might imagine many of those entitled to benefits simply went away (and never returned). Attitude and circumstance prevented them and their families from receiving all that they should have.

While being only a small cog in the wheel, I have helped point more than just a few veterans in the right direction when they required assistance. Part of what I’ve seen is veterans who are only just now beginning to seek evaluation. Unfortunately, too many have gone to their grave without having asked. This is a tragedy on many levels ... the first being that the veteran’s family’s life could have been better and in some cases they were denied benefits that might have survived the veteran’s death.

I can say nothing but good things about our modern-day counterparts. The present day special operator is better trained, in better physical and mental condition, (and has much nicer toys than we did). But I’ve also noticed those with the 1000 yard stare and all too frequently the young wife at his side that looks just a little too nervous while attending social gatherings. I have no special training, only my insights which suggests that even though government is smarter, Army is smarter, and our military personnel are smarter, that there may still be just a little of that “don’t mean nothing” attitude governing our actions (or lack thereof). That scares me a little because, at a time when government is tightening its belt, I worry that some of the necessary benefits will no longer be there. Be aware, be vigilant ... you’re smarter than us—so prove it! Don’t make some of the same mistakes that we did. Take care of yourself and your family—so that no one is left behind.

“A strong man stands up for himself, a stronger man stands up for others.”

Ritu Ghatourey

FEATURE ARTICLES (Continued)

Vietnam Memories

It's the middle of the night, and I wake up with images of Vietnam in my mind. I've been dreaming....never whole stories, just flashes of memory like a slide-show...the memories are just bits and pieces...1967...six men lying beside a trail for hours waiting for the VC to come by. And when they do your so close you can reach out and touch them, but you don't make a sound...the mission is to count not kill. Cat Lai; knife throwing training. The night we lost a team, wiped out except one. The next day they brought their gear back to camp... blood all over the rucks we had to inventory their gear and personal items so the personal stuff could be sent home. The first VC I killed, up close and personal...my M-16 vs. his AK-47...I happened to be quicker...LRRP- 1, VC -0...someone yelling "you got him, you got him".

Lying in the swamp at night with big black leeches stuck all over your body and nothing you could do because the VC was all around you. Needing to take a leak, but you couldn't move, so you pee your pants. Next to Nolin when he stepped on a mine...being hit with shrapnel and pieces of his foot. Doing a pre-mission over flight in an A-1 bird dog...the pilot letting me "drive it around". Coming back from our FOB and stopping at a bar outside Bien Hoa...the girl in a red and white mini dress and white boots...1970...FOB at Cat Lai...the repelling tower. RECONDO School...climbing up a rope ladder into a chopper...thinking, hope I never have to do this under fire...the 7 mile runs with the sand bag in your ruck... FOB at the Fishnet factory and the Mud hole...Files and I doing two man recons in Tan Ninh...planting the seismic and listing devices along trails coming into Vietnam from Cambodia. Because the devices were top secret, they wanted us to go back in and retrieve them after we had called in a Tac-Air strike....not much to recover after a couple of bomb runs from an F-4. The look on a rookie's face the first time I light a piece of C-4 to heat up water for my LRP Rations...Chicken and Rice or Beef and Rice...Good! Beef Hash or Pork with Scalloped Potatoes, not so good.

My first time at a Fire Support base during a "Mad Minute"... I thought we were getting over run. Lt. White offering Files and I a Field Commission...sounded good until I read the fine print...OCS, Commissioned in Infantry, and back to Vietnam as a 2nd LT. Both of us declined. 1968 Bob Hope Show, Lola Falana...I fell in love.

Going to the club with the Gunship pilots who had supported us on a mission and all of us getting falling down drunk. Coming into an LZ full of elephant grass, stepping off the skid thinking you're about a foot off the ground...and find out it's about 8 feet to the ground...not a pretty landing. Working the

Pineapple Plantation and the leaves on the pineapple plants ripping your pants and skin to shreds...Wait-a-minute vines... and Fuck-You Lizards...The first time I had to crawl into a tunnel with my .45 and flashlight...not one of my favorite activities...Last Mission...the intense searing heat from the bullets hitting my hip and leg...and then the pain like I have never felt before...look down and my left leg is out at a 45 degree angle from mid thigh...me thinking "man I'm in deep shit"...training takes over, tie a tourniquet, inject a morphine styret into my leg...yeah, a lot of good that did. Being pulled out by Dust-Off with a Jungle Penetrator...rounds hitting the bottom of the helicopter as I was being pulled in. Laying in the Field Hospital...noise and people yelling...I was the one doing most of the yelling, every time they would move me. Cold and thirsty, the nurse telling me I couldn't have water, but she gave me a wet wash cloth too suck on. The Doc asking me how many times I had been shot...I didn't know.

Wakening up in ICU in a body cast with all my parts in the proper place. The night I got medivaced out of Vietnam... Thon Son Nhut Airbase...receiving incoming mortar and rocket fire... In the ICU, and a young nurse, a 2nd LT...looking like she just graduated from high school...trying to start an IV for a blood transfusion...every time a round exploded she would jump...tears were running down her cheeks, she keep telling me "I'm sorry, I'm sorry"...finally another nurse pushed her aside and hit the vein the first time...Hospital in Japan, triple amputee next to me when he wasn't crying he was screaming...guy's on the ward yelling at him to shut the fuck up! Letterman Army Hospital...surgery after surgery. Six months without a pass...my Physical Therapist decided to help me go AWOL, at least for one night. Getting me out of the Hospital in a full body cast not much of problem...but not so easy getting me into her VW Bug...Mission accomplished. Just some of the bits and pieces of memories from Vietnam...

Sgt. Bob Sampson

71st LRRP 1967/68 RVN

M Company 75th RANGER 1969/70 RVN



FEATURE ARTICLES (Continued)**Women Rangers in the 75th Ranger Regiment?!**

Yes, it could happen, but what is theoretically possible is remote from probable. As this article is being penned, the first enlisted female recruits successfully completed the Marine Corps' equivalent of infantry AIT and there is much discussion about women in SOF organizations and the Ranger Regiment is not immune from this speculation.

This is not an op-ed piece and I will not address the appropriateness of women serving in Ranger ranks, but rather, this is to disseminate information put forward in July 2013 concerning the possibility of women actually serving in SOF direct-combat elements. Further, this addresses women being assigned to the 75thRR, it is not about women in Ranger school—that is an entirely different issue and the perimeters are not the same.

A feature of Ranger Rendezvous is the “State of the Regiment” brief given by the Regimental commander, to bring attendees up to speed about developments over the previous two years and what's in store in the near future. When the floor was opened to questions following this year's brief, the question was broached “Are women coming to the Regiment?” As it happened, a member of the audience was a USSOCOM sergeant major who worked this specific issue and he tackled the question.

Short answer: almost certainly not. That women have assumed non-traditional roles in the military is a reality that will not be changed and they will be entering direct combat units in formerly all-male MOSes. However, they will in all likelihood be excluded from SOF ground combat elements such as SEAL

platoons, ODAs and Ranger battalions. This will not be by fiat, not will our space be defended by simple declarations that “women don't belong” or “women can't do this job.” USSOCOM got smart about it; they did the research to define just what is actually required to perform standard special operations missions in the real world. By using data derived from actual operations on the ground in combat, the researchers were able to document the actual physical demands of SOF missions—the load to be carried on the person and the speeds and distances required to move that load over the varieties of terrain encountered. This allows metrics to be developed that are realistic, objective and defensible. Those last two elements are the key. No one set out to determine what women can handle so that the line can be drawn just beyond their reach. Instead, USSOCOM developed objective, evidence based standards for training and performance determined by analysis of what it took to successfully accomplish actual missions and operations conducted in combat in the post 9-11 wars.

The Sergeant Major made it clear that the job will do the selecting, not subjectively determined or arbitrary perimeters. Decades of objective data about the physical capabilities of servicewomen is available and was examined. A very small number of women have the physical ability to perform to standard in line elements of the Ranger Regiment, but the female total person who is suited for service in the 75th is demonstratively rare enough to make a case for barring women altogether for reasons of practicality and expense. While as of July, 2013, no one had closed the issue; the bottom line is that USSOCOM believed that an objective case had been made for barring women from assignment to our type of unit.

**Last Lakota code talker
Clarence Wolf Guts dies at 86**

When the towers of the World Trade Center fell on Sept. 11, 2001, Clarence Wolf Guts asked his son to call the U.S. Department of Defense to see if the country needed his code talking abilities to find Osama Bin Laden.

Wolf Guts was in his late 70s at the time, so his son, Don Doyle, did not make the call, but said the request personified his ...father's love of country.

“He still wanted to help. He was trying to still be patriotic,” Doyle said.

Wolf Guts, 86, the last surviving Oglala Lakota code talker, died Wednesday afternoon at the South Dakota State Veterans Home in Hot Springs.

A Native American code talker from World War II, Wolf Guts helped defeat Axis forces by transmitting strategic military messages in his native language, which the Japanese and Germans couldn't translate.

“He's the last surviving code talker from the whole (Lakota) nation. It's going to be a little like the passing of an era,” Doyle said.

The 450 Navajo code talkers were the most famous group of Native American soldiers to radio messages from the battlefields, but 15 other tribes used their languages to aid the Allied efforts in World War II. Wolf Guts was one of 11 Lakota, Nakota and Dakota Native American code talkers from South Dakota. Wolf Guts, of Wamblee, enlisted in the U.S. Army on June 17, 1942, at age 18. While in basic training, a general

FEATURE ARTICLES (Continued)

asked Wolf Guts if he spoke Sioux. He explained the three dialects to the general and said he spoke Lakota. Wolf Guts helped develop a phonetic alphabet based on Lakota that was later used to develop a Lakota code.

He and three other Sioux code talkers joined the Pacific campaign; Wolf Guts' primary job was transmitting coded messages from a general to his chief of staff in the field.

Pfc. Wolf Guts was honorably discharged on Jan. 13, 1946, but the horrors of war followed him home and he turned to alcohol to forget, Doyle said.

"He tried to keep it all inside," Doyle said.

About a decade ago, Wolf Guts started to share his experiences as a code talker with his son and the public.

Doyle said his father's deeply religious way of life was also a part of the stories. He always thanked God for bringing him home.

With the sharing of his story came recognition of his service and honors, including national acknowledgement through the Code Talkers Recognition Act of 2008 championed by senators Tim Johnson, D-S.D., and John Thune, R-S.D.

Both senators honored Wolf Guts efforts and offered their sympathies on Thursday night.

"I am deeply saddened to hear about the passing of Clarence Wolf Guts. He and his fellow Code Talkers have had a lasting impact on the course of history and helped lead the Allies to success during World War II. He will be greatly missed, but his contributions to our state and nation will live on," said Johnson.

"Clarence Wolf Guts was an American hero; he was courageous and self-sacrificing. I have a great deal of respect for Clarence and for the extraordinary contributions Mr. Wolf Guts made to our country. The efforts of the Lakota Code Talkers saved the lives of many soldiers, and for too long went unrecognized. Kimberley and I wish to express our sympathy to his family during this difficult time," Thune said.

Doyle said his father was humbled by the recognition, but was proud of his service during the war. Wolf Guts' desire to help others continued throughout his life well after the war ended.

"He considered himself just a man, nobody important. A man that tried to make life better for his family and his people. To me that is his legacy, to be able to help people," Doyle said. "To him, that was being warrior."

RETURN TO VIETNAM

This information is not going to appeal to everyone...but rather than make assumptions we thought we'd share the news. Hey, this isn't a commercial. There are plenty of organized and established tours (see your travel agent). We're going to go for several weeks and make our own itinerary, go where we want (as much as possible) and for as long as we wish. Just putting it out there in case any of you would like to join in with us.

We're going to Vietnam next spring, probably March and/or April 2015. I'm going with F/75's Billy Thornton. Ranger Thornton has gone back many times and now goes pretty much every year.

A couple of important notes from Billy:

We're going in spring so to avoid monsoon season.

If you're going expecting to "see the war"...you'll be disappointed, it's over (and there isn't much evidence of there having been one).

The Vietnamese really like us! Many of the educated students are happy to talk with us as they enjoy practicing their English. Billy suggests planning to go for several weeks. It's a long (and expensive) flight so we might better justify the time and expense by staying longer ... you can always change your mind and return home sooner if you get bored.

One of the benefits to going this way is doing a lot on the economy. Billy knows where and what the deals are in-country, so we stand to save money (doing most of it on the cheap).

If you have the slightest interest or are otherwise just curious you can e-mail myself or Billy and we'll keep you in the loop: dregenthal@comcast.net 732-232-7105 and/or billytt101@yahoo.com.

UNIT REPORTS



1ST BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

Unit Director - Steve Cochran

Hello Rangers,



October 10, 2013 the 1/75th Rangers had its annual Ball and here are some Gold Star Mothers doing the boot scoot boogie: Sandee Rouse (mother of James Markwell; Panama KIA) (1st Bn), Jill Stephenson (mother of Ben Kopp; Afghanistan KIA) (3rd Bn), Dianne Hammond (mother of Sandrino Plutino; Afghanistan KIA) (1st Bn) PA100096



Grenada Mission

It was early on Sunday the 23rd of October when the call came. Bravo notification. Many Rangers were still sleeping in their barracks rooms or off post in their apartments and homes. There was something different in the way the duty officer or the Charge of Quarters passed the word to let everyone know that this alert might be the real thing. Rumors began to fly...Beirut right? Nope, Grenada...Grenada, where

the heck is Grenada?

The 18 hour sequence began in earnest...Rangers grabbed their deployment gear and staged it. Squad leaders and platoon sergeants took muster and waited to execute a road march that never came. Initial mission briefings took place in the Company Day Rooms. 2nd Battalion flew in from Ft. Lewis. War stock weapons were issued and zeroed...airborne sustainment training...PLF's in the grass. Rangers were assigned their sticks and the Jump Masters went through their briefings.

Attached to a special mission unit, 1st Battalion's Hard Rock Charlie Company packed up and took off for Fort Bragg early on the 24th. 1st Battalion staged outside their barracks. 2nd Battalion moved into Saber Hall. Then both battalions moved out the hangar. The operations order was delivered. Pallets of ammunition were lined up buffet style in the hangar. Packs were stripped of food and comfort items. Ammunition, grenades, LAW rockets and mortar rounds were crammed into them. It seemed like they weighed a thousand pounds. Then it happened, the battalion commanders, LTC Taylor and LTC Hagler spoke to their men and the Chaplains led them in a short prayer. At that moment, every member of both battalions knew it...the Rangers were going to war.

Then the C-130s arrived and staged, waiting for the Rangers to board. The smell of JP fuel swept through the area as they began rigging their chutes and reserve cutes and finally the rucksacks. Rangers waddled to the birds with arms and backs straining from the weight and boarded their assigned aircraft.



Here are some pictures of the 30 year anniversary for Grenada veterans taken 25 October 2013.



1ST BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (Continued)

Because the initial plan had 2nd Battalion airlanding, they had it a little easier at first as their chutes were palletized and loaded on the birds.

With no seats rigged, overloaded Rangers flopped on top of the mattresses that the Air Force crew chiefs had laid on the deck. Gun jeeps and motorcycles made life miserable as they took up most of the room in the bird. The birds strained as they taxied and took off into the darkness late on the 24th.

The temperature thankfully dropped, that is until the aircraft arrived on station near the island. Many of the Rangers had tried to sleep. It was 8 long hours of flight. Then word started to come in..."the SEALs didn't make it in, no eyes on the DZ." "Spectre says there's a lot of activity and obstacles on the runway."

Alpha Company, 1st Battalion was ready though. CPT Abizaid's Rangers would get the runway clear so that the remainder of the assault force could come on in. Except Murphy and the enemy didn't want to take part in the plan. Anti-aircraft fire greeted Spectre and the lead MC-130s. The triple A and a navigation computer failure scrambled the formation.

LtCol Hobson piloting the third MC-130 didn't care. He pressed on towards the DZ. The hatches came off and the jumpmasters went through the jump commands. Just as the aircraft cleared the leading edge of the runway, the green light came on. CSM Carpenter and SGT Mike Burton released their sticks...Specialist John Reich jumped first, quickly followed by the rest of 1st Platoon, Bravo Company and the Battalion TOC. Green tracers from AK47s and red 23mm tracers arched up, exploding above and behind the fast moving Hercules. It was 0535 hours, October 25th, 1983. Jump altitude was 432 feet and Rangers came pouring out of both doors.

In the blink of an eye those first Rangers and Air Force ALOs were on the ground and clearing the runway of obstacles. LTC Taylor contacted Spectre and had those deadly aircraft begin destroying the triple A on the northern hillsides. In 25 minutes the anti-aircraft fire had been reduced enough and the rest of 1st Battalion jumped followed shortly after by the 2nd Battalion.

Rangers being Rangers they immediately took the fight to the enemy. They assaulted positions and destroyed anti-aircraft crews. They improvised, like Staff Sergeant Manous Boles

who used a bulldozer to clear obstacles and protect Rangers attacking across the runway and up a hill. He and his fellow Rangers eventually overran an anti-aircraft gun position. But the fight was not one-sided. Ranger Mark Yamane was killed while manning his machine gun. At the time he had been firing in support of Rangers attacking enemy positions across the airfield. He died covering his brothers. Alpha Company Gun jeep Juliet-5 was ambushed and Rangers Randy Cline, Mark Rademacher, Russell Robinson and Marlin Maynard were killed in the ensuing close quarter firefight. Despite the loss of their comrades, the Rangers continued to take the fight to the enemy.

1st Battalion's Bravo Company attacked the Cuban Compound north of the runway, while the bulk of its Alpha Company attacked the Cubans and Grenadian forces northeast of the airfield. B Company's platoons took up positions around Goat Hill with 2nd Platoon centered on the hill, 1st Platoon on the right flank and 3rd Platoon on the left. Firefights broke out and Bravo took over 100 prisoners. Bravo's snipers were especially effective, killing the enemy and helping to destroy his morale with their precision, long-range fire.

2nd Battalion landed and immediately began engaging the enemy along 1st Battalion's left flank. It's Alpha and Charlie Company's immediately began moving up the hills along the northwest side of the runway and taking out enemy positions. Bravo consolidated on the south side of the runway, continued clearing obstacles and waited to execute the mission to take Calivigny Compound.

The Cubans and Grenadians, unable to mount an effective defense, broke and ran under the combined assault of both battalions and retreated into their compound, nicknamed "Little Havana."

In order to accomplish its assigned mission, 2nd Platoon of Alpha Company, 1st Battalion, broke away and stormed True Blue Campus, and secured the first batch of US medical students to be rescued by US forces. Then they advanced through the campus and took up blocking positions on that eastern flank. They became the battalion's eyes and ears.

After being released from their special operations mission, Charlie Company, 1st Battalion, arrived and took up positions near the west end of the airfield. Several of the company's Rangers were tasked with performing a search and rescue

1ST BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (Continued)

mission when a special mission unit Blackhawk was shot down. After helo crashing near the crash site, the Rangers advanced to the site, secured the aircraft and its sensitive components and then returned to Point Salines having successfully accomplished their mission.

Back at the airfield, both Battalions continued to expand the airhead and take the fight to the enemy. In doing so, the airfield was deemed safe enough that the 82nd Airborne Division began landing. As the airborne troopers began to offload, the enemy decided to launch their most ambitious attack.

CPT Abizaid had sent out a patrol from Alpha's 2nd Platoon to locate Juliet-5 and rescue any survivors from the jeep team. As Rangers approached the area of the ambush, three BTR-60 armored personnel carriers made a run for the airfield. Several Rangers fired LAWs at the fast-moving vehicles. The explosions from the rockets along with LT Sydney Farrar's radio call to CPT Abizaid alerted the Rangers at the airfield to the incoming threat. When the BTRs arrived at the east end of the airfield, they were met by two battalions worth of pissed off Rangers, a Spectre gunship and most importantly, recoilless rifle gunners Dave Bazemore of 1st Battalion and Jimmy Pickering of 2nd Battalion.

Rangers fired every available weapon because they knew that if the BTRs broke out onto the airfield, the follow-on forces would not be able to land. Small arms fire lashed the vehicles. Machine gunners blazed away; their tracers arching off the armor plating. LAWs crash-banged and recoilless rounds tore chunks from the APCs. The BTRs and their crews died in a maelstrom of fire. As Bravo Company, 1st Battalion Ranger Jim Bradford said in an interview, the enemy "died bravely... bravely but stupidly."

While the Rangers at the east end of the runway were destroying the BTRs, the 2nd Platoon patrol led by LT Farrar had become engaged in a fight for their collective life. LT Farrar had been seriously wounded while crossing the road the BTRs had taken. Under covering fire from Rangers Gordon, Welton, Delo and the rest of the patrol, Ranger Venden was able to evacuate LT Farrar up hill to their patrol base where medic John Bowen stabilized him. CPT Abizaid ordered a relief column of gun jeeps and TAC air. US Air Force TSgt Robert Scott directed Navy A-7 aircraft to attack the enemy ambushers allowing the patrol to successfully break contact and return to friendly lines.

Sporadic fighting continued for the rest of the day as Rangers remained on the line to allow the 82nd a chance to consolidate on the airfield. This continued until mid-day on the 26th of October when the Rangers of 2nd Battalion were assigned a mission to rescue American medical students located at a second campus near Grand Anse. Flying in Marine Corps helicopters, under the covering fire of gunships, Ranger mortars and Naval fixed wing aircraft, the Rangers were able to land and evacuate over 230 students in 26 minutes. 2nd Battalion's Charlie Company led the way, gaining entry into the campus and escorting the medical students out to the aircraft.

With the 82nd Airborne slowly taking control of airfield, the Rangers were pulled off the line to the southern side of Point Salines. As they rested and refit on October 27th, Hard Rock Charlie was assigned to 2nd Battalion as part in an air assault on Calivigny Barracks, a supposed Cuban and Grenadian training facility housing as many as 2000 enemy combatants.

Charlie Company staged at the airfield, scheduled to go in on the second wave. 2nd Battalion boarded eight Blackhawks and took off after intense preparatory fire blasted the camp. As the first flight of four helicopters settled into the landing zone, the second bird was hit by enemy fire causing it to crash into the third bird, which in turn crashed into the fourth. 2nd Battalion Rangers Lannon, Grenier and Slater died in a flurry of rotor blades and enemy fire while exiting the stricken aircraft. As bird one lifted off, the second flight of four settled in the zone disgorging their Rangers. The flight of five returned to Point Salines and picked up Charlie Company. After the short flight, the landed at Calivigny amid the cluttered landing zone and its medics rushed to aid their 2nd Battalion comrades. FIST and Air Liaison personnel of both battalions coordinated airstrikes around the still contested perimeter. As the firing died down, the Rangers took up positions around the perimeter, set out claymore mines and cleared fields of fire, then spent an anxious night at Calivigny while the remainder of 1st Battalion stayed at Point Salines awaiting possible follow on missions.

In the morning, the Rangers returned to Point Salines and word was received that both battalions would begin back-loading for Hunter. The next day the Rangers arrived to the cheering crowds of family members, ready for some rest but looking forward to their next mission.

1ST BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (Continued)



A Memorial Service was held for PFC Christopher P. Dona who died in a parachute accident June 13, 2013 P9170065

A change of position was held for CSM Albertson to CSM Bishop, CSM Albertson assumed regimental CSM position. P9170089

As a reminder the 1/75th Ranger breakfast is held on the first Saturday of each month at 9:00 AM at Perkins at the exit of I-95 and GA 204. All Rangers of every era are invited to attend.

When the Ranger Battalion was reactivated in 1974 there wasn't very much of Hinesville to be seen. However, Rangers being Rangers could always managed to find a place to test their hand to gland skills on some of the local rednecks at such places known as the Office Lounge, the Pines Lounge, The Red Carpet, the S&S Truckstop, the Oasis, and Jack's Place just to name a few. Let me not forget the Why Not which came into existence about the time disco fever was going on. Several guys in B Company were bouncers there and other Rangers were there just to work out doing .12 .ounce curls. I live underneath part of the flight path that is used for many Battalion jumps and airmobile operations while training at Fort Stewart. What brought me to mention this is during the month of October a large training exercise was going on and the C-130s that crossed the roof of my house reminded me of the times I was on one of those big birds as part of a training mission or a Jumpmaster. I remember flying along at treetop level during hunting season and looking down you could see hunters in their tree stands or on the ground walking not knowing a big buck was about to approach them but the helicopters scared them off.



1/75TH RANGER 40TH REUNION

1st Ranger Battalion and Gold Star Families 40th Anniversary Reunion August 20-23, 2014. The website to find more about the itinerary is: www.gallantfew.org/1stbatt40thereunion/.

Hope to see you there in August.

As a reminder, Rangers still get together on a monthly basis for a 0900 am breakfast at Perkins Restaurant at the intersection of I-95 and Hwy 204. You never know who will show up!

Rangers Lead the Way!

Steve Cochran

According to Fox Sports, 1/75th Ranger Regiment CPT Alejandro Villanueva, signed a contract to the Philadelphia Eagles. Villanueva, was signed May 5, 2014 as a rookie free agent.

Villanueva has spent a total of 20 months in Afghanistan since graduating from the US Military Academy in 2010, but after four years spent serving his country, the next field the Army Captain and former West Point star takes will be a football field, not a battlefield.

On Monday, the Philadelphia Eagles announced that they had signed the 6'9", 277 pound Villanueva to a rookie free contract. A former defensive lineman, left tackle and wide receiver, Villanueva led the Black Knights with 34 catches for 522 yards and five touchdowns as a senior in 2009.

Villanueva called the Eagle's attention during a tryout at a super regional combine in Detroit in April, though it's unclear where the team intends to use the 25-year-old once he joins the team. Wherever he finds out, Villanueva will hope to follow the path of another soldier turned Eagles star-World War II Air Force pilot and Hall of Fame linebacker Chuck Bednarik.



2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

Unit Director - Kevin Ingraham

Rangers,

Two big topics this quarter—let's all get involved in making 2014 a year to remember!

1974-2014 40 YEARS. Rangers, this is the 40th anniversary of the resurrection of the 2d Ranger Battalion. As of today, plans have been germinated but any solid information is still developing. As of now, the beginning of March, it appears that 2d Batt's commemoration will be in August, prior to another deployment. Yes, once again 2/75 will be honoring its traditions and heritage by bringing death and destruction to our enemies, leaving the raising of steins and telling of lies to us who remain at Ft Living Room.

The organizers of the "Lost Patrol" gatherings, which have been a de facto 2d Bn reunion on the off-years since the 1990s, will be trying to hold the gathering this year at the same time and place as the anniversary. I will send updates to be posted on the 2d Bn page on the website and via my 2d Bn email list as developments warrant. If you are not on this email list, please contact me at oldscroll275@gmail.com. The sole purpose of this email ring is to send 2/75 related news and developments—zero spam, zero politics, zero 'jokes' or memes.

2d Ranger Battalion Association. Rangers, we're starting our own association now. Each of the Vietnam lettered companies as an association within the framework of the 75thRRA. Since we now number in the thousands, it is past time for us to do the same. We will hold our first organizational meeting in conjunction with the 40th anniversary events—where & whenever that will be. As above, watch these spaces.

Why a 2/75 association? To better organize ourselves to look out for ours and for the Battalion's interests. Aside from the obvious social aspects, there are multiple groups claiming to raise funds for the unit's welfare—I know of five past and present, besides the 75thRRA's family funds. We need to perform some oversight! There needs to be a conduit between the serving Rangers and our community of 2d Bn alumni, it is past time we made it happen. We, the alumni of the modern 75th Ranger Regiment battalions, are the future of the greater



association and we are the ones with the links to the serving warriors of our battalion. As 2d Bn unit director, I figure it's up to me to get this operation launched, but as 2d Batt Rangers, we need to do this together. We can elect officers as appropriate and decide on the initial bylaws when we first meet. I'm talking to the extant UD's and the 75thRRA to adopt what we need to so as not to reinvent the wheel. I'm eager to hear your feedback!

Ranger Hall of Fame. While we've had several 2/75 alumni elected to the RHOF, it's time we, as 2d Batt Rangers nominate some of our own. The 75thRRA is now on a three-year nomination cycle to ensure packets are properly prepared. This means we're now looking at 2015 and 2016 starting now and next year (2015), we're starting packets for 2017 and so forth. As I've been on the 75thRRA boards screening nominations since 2007 and have done a lot of heavy lifting on specific nominations our association has sent forward, I volunteer to work with anyone wishing to make a submission. Let's make the 2/75 Association's first formal activity a winning submission.

Respectfully submitted, Kevin Ingraham



Rangers from C Co. 2/75 return to their FOB after completing a QRF mission supporting Rangers from D Company who were conducting a night combat operation. (75th Ranger Regt PIO)



SSG Carter and Gerardo Leyton at Ft Wainright, Alaska, February 1976. (Gerardo Leyton)

2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (Continued)

2003-2011: The number of Purple Heart medal awards to warriors of 2d Ranger Bn is 150.

While many of us were at the 75thRRA reunion/Ranger Rendezvous in July, our battalion was returning home from its 16th combat deployment since 2002, this time without a fatal loss.

The news from the final quarter of 2013 centers around some significant achievements by members and alumni of 2/75:

Command Sergeant Major Change of Responsibility 19 September, 2013.

CSM Daryl Thies' tour as CSM of 2d Battalion was a lively capstone to his army career of almost 23 years. He almost made it all the way to retirement without collecting a Purple Heart, but alas...when you lead from the front, you take your chances.

In a career in 2d Battalion that began in 1991, CSM Thies served in rifle company positions from rifleman to first sergeant and at battalion as ops SGM and finally as "THE" Sergeant Major. His operational deployments began in 1994 as a fire team leader in Operation Uphold Democracy (Haiti) and then Operation Safe Haven. A new decade brings new wars and four trips to Op. Iraqi Freedom and seven to Afghanistan, the 2013 deployment as Command Sergeant Major.

After his upcoming retirement, CSM Thies will be remaining in the region and as the battalion commander so eloquently put it "to the detriment of the deer and elk population of the Pacific Northwest." We wish him and his family well!

Incoming CSM Bernie Folino is an old hand around the Quad. He served continuously in 2d Batt from 1992 to 2009, when he was sent to bring some class and 2d Batt standards to 1/75. He has a wealth of operational experience starting with Op Uphold Democracy and four deployments to Op Iraqi Freedom. By the time you read this, CSM Folino will almost certainly be guiding 2d Bn on his eleventh Afghan deployment.



CSM Daryl Thies right after handing the Battalion over to CSM Folino.
(K.Ingraham)

We look forward to working with CSM Folino to do what we can for our Rangers.

The annual **Battalion Ball** was held in early October. 75thRRA president Bill Anton attended and presented the Pointe du Hoc Foundation with a significant donation from the Association to be put towards the restoration and completion of our memorial. Secretary Tom Sove was also there—it's great to have the Vietnam Rangers represented at Battalion functions to tie the generations together.



This rock guards the entrance to the new A Co building. Old timers will recognize the scroll that once was above the doors to the old barracks (demolished in 2010) is preserved in this structure. Sep2013.
(K.Ingraham)



As it was on the wall of the old barracks. If you took this photo, let me know so I can give you credit and ID the smiling face in the window.

New **Distinguished Members of the Regiment** for 2013 include four 2/75 alumni who were recognized for their significant contributions to the 75th Ranger Regiment and the Ranger community. These notes reflect primarily their service to 2d Ranger Battalion and not the overall career that contributed to their nominations.

Major Scott M. Gilpatrick enlisted as a medic in 1989 and arrived at 2/75 in time to participate in Operation Just Cause as a member of the battalion medical platoon. During his time with 2/75 he served with HHC med platoon, A Co and as the senior medic for B Company. Ranger service outside of 2/75 included tours in 1st Batt., RTB and as the Regimental Physician's Assistant. Major Gilpatrick twice competed in the Best Ranger Competition. Outside of Regiment, he has been an asset to the greater SOF community. As the Physician's Assistant in 1st Bn, 160th SOAR, he amassed some 600

2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (Continued)

combat flight hours while improving unit medical procedures and adapting them to fluid wartime demands. His military medical career took him to Special Forces and SOCSOUTH with further global deployments. In 2007 he became the USOCOM Command P.A. To paraphrase his nomination biography: "At all levels of responsibility, he had the ability to influence all aspects of Ranger and SOF medical operations, from clinical settings in garrison and deployed to medical training and education."

SGM(R) Michael "Ted" Kennedy served in 2d Platoon, A Company from 1986 to 1993 and was an assistant jumpmaster for the Rio Hato combat drop in 1989. After enjoying the swamps at 6thRTB for three years, he returned to A Co and served in all rifle company leadership positions including platoon leader and first sergeant. After Iraq & Afghan deployments, he left 2d Batt in 2004 and lived Abram's Charter in positions of great responsibility, including being the command sergeant major for a cavalry squadron in Iraq before retiring from active duty.

CSM (R) Philip Pich came to 2/75 from the Ranger Training Brigade in 1994 and remained for ten years. He started as A/2d platoon sergeant and A Co first sergeant before moving over to the Battalion S-2 and later the operations sergeant major.

CSM James Pippin served twice in 2/75, starting off in C/1 from 1986-91 and again from 1996-1999. CSM Pippin's distinguished career includes two Best Ranger competitions and was the NCO of the Year for the Regiment and again for USASOC. He is currently the only Ranger in the modern regiment with three combat jumps; Panama '89 and one each in Afghanistan and Iraq with 3/75.

Finally, your not-so-distinguished unit director was elected 1st vice president of our association so I'll be around the magazine and RRA-related events much more often.

A 2d Ranger Bn Association? 2/75 is almost forty years old now. Over a quarter of those years are in wartime and thousands of Rangers have honorably served in our ranks. It might be time to found a 75thRRA-affiliated unit association of our own, as most of our Vietnam LRP/Ranger companies have long ago done. The benefits as I see them are increased links and camaraderie among the 2d Batt family, the opportunity to organize insured off-year reunions—especially on the west coast and at in the Ft Lewis vicinity. This provides us better opportunities to tighten the links between ranger generations, to give west coast association members more opportunities to attend reunions and interact with the 75thRRA and cause us east of the Rockies Rangers to journey west to the old stomping grounds. Additionally, as our post-1974 generation grows and the Vietnam vets succumb to the inevitable, this institutionalizing of battalion-era Ranger vets within the 75thRRA will bring survivability to the only 'scrolled' Ranger association and provide us and the 75thRRA strength in numbers for the future.

This column and my small email list and assorted 2/75 related groups on Facebook are not "quite right" enough. With a number of "welfare funds" past and present to raise money allegedly for the benefit of the troops, a memorial foundation many are unhappy with and a 2d Ranger Battalion whose leadership needs to be educated about the 75thRRA at every change of command/responsibility—there are a lot of places 2/75 vets need to be able to exert some influence over our heritage. The 75thRRA provides us a location to build our structure.

Finally, while there are (and should continue to be) informal gatherings, such as the annual "Lost Patrol" linkups, reunions via a formal entity allow liability protection under the RRA's insurance. 'Let me know your thoughts on this. If this comes together, let's target summer or autumn 2016 for our first formal "2/75 association" reunion.



1975 vintage Rangers Ingraham and Scott Olson confirmed our continued existence at an Irish pub along with previous 2d Bn UD Nate Smith. Our significant others provided adult supervision. (Nate Smith)

2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (Continued)

SSG Leyton is the masked Ranger. The parka's model nomenclature "M-1950" probably derived from its weight when wet.
(Gerardo Leyton)



An ODA from 5th Special Forces gave us some foreign weapons familiarization. Busting some 9mm at 30 below, those Swedish 'K's were right at home in the arctic weather.
(K.Ingraham)

RANGER HALL OF FAME NOMINATIONS.

Please start considering 2/75 alumni who deserve this recognition—there are plenty of potential candidates. The RRA is moving to a three year nomination cycle, vice the last minute scramble that has been our SOP. Let's get some 2d Batt Rangers into the 2015 and '17 RHOF classes.

"Old Scroll" Corner.

February and March 1976 saw 2d Ranger Battalion's first off-base major training event. This first deployment found us in Alaska for six weeks of winter environmental training where we discovered the pleasures of forty year old GI winter warfare technology. After being introduced to the equipment by trainers from resident units, we turned ourselves loose to discover that in extreme temperatures with unfamiliar gear, playing the "hard-core" Ranger overcoming all obstacles was a recipe for injury and failure—we learned how to "ranger smart" and meet the objective and do it with the heavier load! Erecting an arctic ten-man tent after dragging it on ahkio sleds all day surely built teamwork. Alaskan winters are great levelers. The battalion Commander and his staff had to struggle on their torture boards...err...skis and pull up their tent the same way as every fire team did theirs. It was our first step towards making the Ranger "anything/anytime/anyplace" ethic a reality at the operational level. Two months later it was off to sunny San Diego for "fun in the sun and surf." Stories for another edition.

Finally, it's still "Ft Lewis" to me. Maybe someday I can get around to calling the place "JBLM"--Joint Base Lewis-McChord, but not this year.

Until next time, <2> RANGERS LEAD THE WAY!



3RD BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

Unit Director - Jack Murphy

The boys from Third returned from Afghanistan to their home in Ft. Benning this past quarter, but are already hard at work getting ready for the next round. On this last deployment the Battalion once again set the example for others to follow. Notwithstanding its success, leading the way came at a cost, as it has so many times in the past. On October 6, 2013, two members of the Battalion lost their lives to an improvised explosive device during a night-time raid in Zhari, Afghanistan.

A memorial service was held for SPC Cody Patterson at Oregon State University on October 20. The Westboro Baptist Church had originally threatened to protest at the funeral; however, they



never made an appearance. Instead, more than 2,000 supporters, including members of the 2nd Ranger Battalion and the Patriots Guard, turned out to pay tribute to Patterson. SGT Patrick Hawkins was laid to rest at Arlington National Cemetery on October 23. LTC Patrick Ellis, Commander of

3rd Battalion, stated that "Sgt. Patrick Hawkins was a brave and incredibly talented Ranger . . . He was moving to the aid of a wounded Ranger when he was killed. His actions that night were in keeping with the epitome of the Ranger Creed: 'I will never leave a fallen comrade.' Our thoughts and prayers are with the Hawkins family during this difficult time." Following its return to the US, the unit held a memorial service for SGT Hawkins and SPC Patterson on January 13, 2014.

3RD BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (Continued)

Other Rangers were severely wounded in the same battle, including CPL Joshua Hargis. Many of you may remember that CPL Hargis made a bit of news when a photo of him surfaced saluting from his hospital bed after being awarded a purple heart for his injuries. CPL Hargis continues to recover from his injuries, and he and his wife are expecting their first child later this year. To help support the Hargis family a number of soldiers conducted a Warrior's Walk from Ft. Steward to Ft. Benning to help raise funds. Those interested in making a charitable contribution can find out more information at www.thewarriorwalk.com.

Several months ago I was contacted by an artist named Rob Foster who had created a painting 3rd Battalion. Although the prints are for sale through his website online, he wanted to know if the Battalion would like to have the original canvas painting. Through the S-5 office we were able to arrange a short meeting during which Mr. Foster presented the painting to LTC Ellis and CSM Ballesteros. During the visit it became clear the uniforms may change, the boys may have new toys and equipment, but the Battalion's ever-constant training continues, undeterred by the military draw-down and political statements regarding the pending end of operations in Afghanistan. In fact, their training exercise beginning in

late February with the 160th SOAR even made the local papers (although this was in part to prevent local home owners living in the training exercise area from becoming alarmed at Rangers with weapons and low-flying aircraft).

This is the second painting that Mr. Foster has completed related to 3/75. The first painting incorporated elements from a photo taken by combat photographer SGT Brian Kohl during 3/75 nighttime combat operations on February 13, 2012 with elements from a photograph of Vietnam-era Rangers at Camp Eagle on April 20, 1969. The original canvas painting was raffled off at a Ranger Dinner and Happy Hour last October in Chicago. This most recent painting imposes the silhouettes of Rangers as well as the Scroll and DUI over a flag-colored background.

As a final note, this October will mark the 30th anniversary of 3rd Ranger Battalion and the 75th Ranger Regiment. The command structure at both units is in the process of selecting dates and scheduling events. The information is likely to be public by the time this article is published, if not soon thereafter, so keep an eye on the various online forums for information related to the celebrations.

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

Unit Director - Steve Johnson



Michael Chu, editor of "Sua Sponte", recently resigned his position and had informed members of the Association that he had inoperable cancer. Within a month of that announcement, Michael died peacefully in his sleep on August 7, 2014. In a phone conversation the last week prior to his death, Mike said that "home sweet home" is where he was happiest sharing his life with his loving wife, Yetta, in their Honolulu home.

Rest In Peace, Michael!

You can send condolences to:

Yetta Chu
42 Moanawai Place
Honolulu, HI 96817.



By the time this submission is in "Patrolling" we will have had our reunion in Savannah, GA. I always look forward to seeing familiar faces and meeting 1st time attendees who served with the 196th LRRPs, E-51st LRRPs, and the G 75th Rangers. We will hold our memorial service at the 1st Ranger Battalion Memorial at Ft. Stewart. In 2015 we have the Rendezvous at Benning. Our company reunion will be in Minneapolis at or near the Mall of America. Pending memorial service is being planned at nearby Ft. Snelling at the Airborne Circle.

As editor of "Sua Sponte", I will strive to continue the featured member article and will continue with our traditional quarterly newsletter.

HQS 75TH RANGER REGIMENT AND SPECIAL TROOPS BATTALION (STB) NOV 2013

Unit Director - Richard "Rich" S. Barela

Hooah Rangers of HQs 75th Ranger Regiment and the 75th Special Troop Battalion. The last couple of months has been a time of reflection and a path forward. This past Monday 11 Nov 2013, was "Veterans Day" and I was looking back at our long history. In doing so I also looked back at my career in the military, now 17 years past. I thought about those I have served with, some are still with us but others have now gone to the "Big Ranger in the Sky."

I thought about those, what they have taught me and hopefully traits I have been able to pass on to others who have served and maybe still serving. I also thought of those who served before us. We need to look back at our history and to those Rangers who have gone before us, from the beginning; Rogers Rangers to the Rangers of the Viet Nam era. We owe them a lot for the lineage and professionalism they have entrusted us to carry on. We owe them that as the 75th Ranger Regiment is the finest combat unit in the world.

At work we had a special presentation by CW4 (Ret) Michael (Mike) J. Durant, a 160th Aviation pilot during Operation Gothic Serpent in Somalia. He was the pilot shot down and captured. This was the same pilot who MSG Gary Gordon and SFC Randy Shugart tried to rescue and gave their life for. Mike talks about his in his book "In the Company of Heroes".

This was a joint task force with 3rd Bn, Delta and the 160 SOAR. It was a hard day for the SOF community and for our brethren in 3rd Battalion, yet they took the lessons from that mission and leaned forward in the foxhole and became more proficient. Mike gave a really good presentation and spoke about honor, brotherhood and sacrifice and our armed forces are still making that sacrifice.

Today members of the Ranger Regiment are fighting in foreign lands and still upholding the true tradition of the Rangers. We will have more veterans and more things to discuss as we gather and the one thing I have learned is that each of us has our own life stories we carry. We are the brotherhood and need to treat each other with respect for what we have done and what has been and is being performed today and in the future.

The Association is moving forward and you, the rangers of the 75th Ranger Regiment and the Special Troops Battalion are one of the building blocks to keep our Association strong and moving forward into the future. The lineage of the Rangers will never die as long as we continue to carry the torch forward. Remember all our fallen rangers and say a small prayer for their families. The rangers made the ultimate sacrifice but the families remember them every day.

RANGERS LEAD THE WAY



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

Unit Director - John Simmons

Went to reach for something early last Saturday morning with my left arm. Same old fire shot up my left shoulder and behind my neck like it does every time I don't remember to reach "just right." It caused me to wince and quickly drop my left arm. My young granddaughter Sarah was watching from across the room. She walked over and said, "Y'okay?" I nodded and smiled. She smiled her little girl smile, "Hurt?" I nodded again. She puzzled for a moment, "Cuz you're old, right?" "Yes ma'am, that I am", I reported as she handed me my cane. I carried our poles and she the tackle box as we headed for the old truck that would take us to our spot where we



would both limit for trout on what turned out to be a fine spring day...

It was late summer, 1973 and the tarmac at Ft Hood's Gray Army Airfield was hot. A Co. 75th was boarding the C141 that would drop us over Rapido Drop Zone so we could stay on jump status and keep making the extra 45 dollars a month; we were jumping hollywood, no weapons or gear. It hadn't taken long to hear the "two minutes". I was on the port side about the sixth jumper back on the stick. A rifted captain, SFC Marlow, was the SO on my side. I passed my hook-up to him and stepped out the door.

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

There was an immediate, excruciating pain in my left shoulder. At the same time I heard what sounded like a shotgun going off and I went blind. I remember struggling to stay conscious. I felt liquid on my mouth and chin. Reaching up to my eyes with my right hand I felt my helmet in front of my face. My steel pot had hit the side of the 141 with enough force to shove it down over my face and it had broken my nose, covering my eyes. Shoving my helmet back, I could see again.

I was a towed jumper. Somehow, my static line had gotten routed around my left arm at the shoulder (we never did figure out how it happened). With my left arm caught up in the tangle I was unable to pat myself on top of my helmet to show Marlow that I was conscious, so he made no attempt to cut me loose. I continued to slap up against the bird and then fall out of the foiled air into direct prop blast which threw me back into the 141 again. And then the chute deployed around my left arm and I fell away from the aircraft.

I reached up with my right hand to my left elbow and pulled my left arm down. Amazingly enough my chute fully deployed. I recall trying to do a PLF. But I hit the DZ like a ton of bricks. SGT Danny Olson ran over and collapsed my chute for me. I remember Olson talking to me, telling me to stand up. I was going into shock. Danny helped me to my feet and we looked around just in time to see the medevac chopper taking off. We flagged a jeep. The jeep pulled up and they tossed me into the back. We asked who was in the medevac. And that was when we learned SGT Villanueva had a malfunction, a resulting in severe injury, and had been dusted off to Darnall Army Hospital.

My shoulder had been torn out of socket and my biceps badly torn, along with a severe concussion, a broken nose and cheek, broken ribs, and some minor internal damage. After I got back from the hospital I heard about Villanueva's malfunction and the severity of his injuries. There were several Rangers that reported having seen the event start to finish. It's been 40 years, but I'm pretty sure he had a streamer. It's thought that Villanueva directly pulled his reserve ripcord handle without placing his left hand over the reserve, trapping the pilot chute, and shaking out the reserve chute manually. The pilot popped out, without Villanueva falling fast enough because of his main malfunction, and got tangled up around his legs. The reserve then partially deployed and wrapped around him. Rangers say they saw him hit the DZ standing straight up.

Miraculously, and because of some great Docs at Darnall, Villanueva survived. We heard that both his femurs snapped

close to his hips and as they cut through his upper thighs, stabbed him in his armpits as he collapsed straight down. Of course, he also had a lot of other serious damage. It had to have been close to a year later, I met with Villanueva at Darnall as he was coming out of the hospital. He was just then being medically retired. I had known SGT Villanueva as a hard man, a tough Ranger. Watching him walk away from the hospital that day I remember thinking he had to be the toughest men on the planet.

Was a hard day all the way around. Villanueva was about the same place in his stick on the starboard side of the 141 as I was on my side. We were never sure what caused either malfunction. However, it was conjectured that my malfunction may have caused us to belly up under the aircraft, causing his malfunction. I've always hoped that wasn't the case. The orthopedist that put me back together told me before he released me back to duty, "Fenwick, you ought to know that when you get to be an old man this shoulder is going to give you fits..."

I sat and watched the news about the Navy Veteran and ex-police officer Christopher Joiner and the man hunt that was mounted to arrest or kill him.

He was able to elude police while he operated within the confines of the city of Los Angeles he killed and moved with impunity never once attracting the attention of the police.

The big excuse for their apparent inability to kill or capture him was accredited to his military and police training which was extensive. After days of being on the run his truck was located in the area of Big Bear where he was suspected of hiding in cabins.

Then without thinking I exclaimed he had violated the first Pinner rule He Had left the environment where he was able to fit in and went into an area where he would stand out and be isolated. My wife looked shocked and said what you mean by that what is a Pinner rule. It had been 45 years since Pinner took me under his wing and tried to teach things that would help me survive combat.

I then started to explain how we had a sergeant in fifth corps long range patrol who asked me to take a map and pick out a patrol site. The map that he gave me had a small mountain that was 870' high.

There was a grove of cedar trees no more than 12 feet in height. Probably covering about five acres the rest of the mountain was

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

covered by old growth cedars that were sixty feet high. There was no cover or concealment in the area of the large trees. Once isolated to the small trees there would be no escape you would be trapped.

Sargent Pinner was a professional. Was it his training as a Marine or his infantry training or maybe his Ranger training I can't say. Glen Rucker wrote of Pinner: He was a former Marine who fought in the Korean War and later joined the Army. Glen would write Pinner was a nice fellow with a great sense of humor a dedicated and loyal soldier.

Pinner and some of the other tabbed rangers put the company thru a mini ranger school in the mountains of Southern Germany. Glen wrote he remembered Pinner killing a chicken and milking her eggs and swallowing them as he milked them from her dead body.

Bob T Murphy would write that he thought that Pinner was a hell of a good NCO with high standards. He was very competent soldier, who would have high survivability in almost any situation.

Mac McLachlan would write that he remembered some of the classes he taught and that he was quite a loner. Although most of the patrol leaders tended to isolate themselves from the enlisted men of the patrols. Pinner was always ready to offer what he could to help you cope with the job of being assigned to a Long rang Patrol. He showed me how to pack dried fruit and caring no more than enough rations for one meal a day. The most important thing he would pass along was have enough water.

One of my fondest memories of Pinner was one Sunday we were sky diving from an L 20 at Giessen army air field. On one of the last jumps of the day Pinner Fractured his left leg. I and one of the other jumpers loaded him into my car and took him to the ninety seventh general hospital in Frankfurt. The emergency physician was prompt and scheduled Pinner for some x-rays to determine the extent of his injuries.

There was a small child screaming in pain in the next room. Pinner asked the doctor what had happened to the child. The doctor told Pinner that it had a broken jaw and as soon as he, Pinner, was taken care of he would take care of the child. The doctor stated that he was the only doctor on duty and active duty personal came before dependents. With that Pinner said pick me up and help me out of the hospital so that the doctor would fix the child first. After much begging Pinner agreed to stay in the treatment room and in return the doctor would take care of the child.

All who served him would talk about his honesty and his skills. Pinner will not be inducted into the Ranger Hall of Fame. There will not be a bronze statue of him a garnet monument but he will live on in the hearts and minds of those that served with him.

Sergeant Pinner was killed in Viet Nam, poisoned by Agent Orange he died twenty years later in his home state of North Carolina.

John Simmons V Corps LRRP

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

Unit Director - Marc L. Thompson

**LOST AND FOUND
LOST (R.I.P.)**

Larry Coleman passed away in January. Here is the information we received from his son, David.

Lawrence Wade Coleman, 70, of Cody, Wyoming, formerly of Carthage, Illinois and West Point, Iowa passed away at 1:57 p.m., Sunday, January 26, 2014 at the Spirit Mountain Hospice Facility in Cody, Wyoming.

Born Thursday, June 3, 1943 at Sacred Heart Hospital in Fort Madison, Iowa the son of Clyde Wade and Eileen Emma (Fraune) Coleman.

Survivors include one son David Wade Coleman of Rio Rancho, New Mexico, one grandson Michael, two sisters Patricia Ann (Ronnie) Fraise of Franklin, Iowa and Nancy Jean (Dennis) Tippey of rural West Point, Iowa, one brother, Randal Wade (Jenny) Coleman of Franklin, Iowa, his life companion Fran Pierangeli of Cody, Wyoming, two nieces, two and a half nephews and numerous cousins.

He was preceded in death by his parents and one sister Mary (in infancy).

On July 28, 1961 he joined the United States Army on the buddy system with Bill Pranger. He was trained at Fort

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

Devens, Massachusetts and served with the United States Army Security Agency in Helemano, Hawaii and Yong Ju Gol, South Korea. He was released from service on June 3, 1964.

He spent the next three years working at different jobs in the Southeast Iowa area and re-enlisted in the United States Army on June 15, 1967. After completing training as an infantryman and a paratrooper he was sent to South Vietnam and served with Echo Company, 3rd Battalion, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division. He was wounded on May 24, 1968 at Phan Thiet, South Vietnam and was sent back to the United States to Irwin Army Hospital at Fort Riley, Kansas the end of June of 1968.

After medical recovery he was assigned to Company C (LRP) 58th Infantry (Airborne) at Fort Riley, Kansas. He married Stephanie Marie Gallerick of Franklin on August 27, 1968. To them a son, David Wade Coleman, was born on November 23, 1969.

Larry remained in the U. S. Army serving in Ranger – (Company B (Ranger) 75th Infantry (Airborne) and Special Forces (Green Berets) units. During his military career he attended the Department of Defense Language Institute at Monterey, California twice, once to learn the Chinese Mandarin language and then to learn the German language. He retired from the United States Army on September 30, 1987. After his retirement he moved to West Berlin, Germany where he found employment with the U.S. Forces as a Counter Intelligence Agent with the 766th Military Intelligence Detachment. He was there when the Berlin Wall came down in 1989.

He moved to Heidelberg, Germany in April of 1993. While there he graduated from the University of Maryland in June of 1996 with a BA degree. His major was European History and he had a split minor of Computer Studies and the Mandarin Chinese Language. He had started his course of study in 1975, so it took him 21 years to complete his four year degree. He was employed by the University of Maryland and worked in Germany, Hungary, Croatia and Bosnia/



Herzegovina. He returned to the United States in January 1998.

From April 1, 1998 to December 17th, 2009 he lived in Carthage, Hancock County, Illinois at 337 North Lincoln Street. He spent his free time doing volunteer work for the Hancock County Historical Society, the Kibbe Hancock Heritage Museum and the Hancock County Red Cross. He worked as a coach for the Hancock County Gun Club's Youth Marksmanship Training Program for three years. It was a program that he really enjoyed. Working with the kids was a real joy for him. He presented classes on

How to do German Genealogy and How to do Genealogy. He presented programs on: The Present and Former Villages and Towns of Hancock County, 16 Significant Women of Hancock County and Abraham Lincoln's Connection with Hancock County, Illinois. He was employed, part-time, by the Carthage YMCA and H&R Block.

On December 19th, 2009 he arrived in Cody, Park County, Wyoming. There he was a member of the High Plains Sportsmen, the Park County Historical Society, Cody Shooting Complex and Chapter LXXI of the Special Forces Association. He also did volunteer work at the Buffalo Bill Dam and the Buffalo Bill Historical Center where he got to meet people from all over the world.

His love of travel and photography took him to many places both within the United States and overseas. He shared many of these trips with his life companion and best friend, Frances Pierangeli. He was direct and honest. What people saw was what they got. He behaved according to his own code of honor and valued courage and honor. He did not pull any punches. He would never shoot someone in the back. At times he could be moralistic and believed he was right even in the face of evidence to the contrary. He could be stubborn and single minded. He had been described as smart, funny, compassionate, hard-working, politically on the right side, patriotic, generous, honest, a leader, trustworthy and full of blarney. With his quiet courage through his struggle he taught those around him a final lesson, the lesson of leaving with dignity, courage and grace.

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

Friends may call from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m., Sunday, February 2, 2014 at the Schmitz-Lynk Funeral Home in West Point, Iowa where a Christian Wake Service will be held at 3:30 p.m.. The family will meet with friends from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. that afternoon at the funeral home.

A Mass of Christian Burial will be held at 10:30 a.m. Monday, February 3, 2014 at St. Mary of the Assumption Catholic Church in West Point with Fr. Dennis Hoffman as Celebrant.

Burial with full military rites will be at the Calvary Cemetery in West Point. A memorial has been established in his memory. Online condolences may be made at schmitzlynkfuneralhome.com. Schmitz-Lynk Funeral Home in West Point, Iowa is in charge of the arrangements.

We will miss Larry, his frequent emails and contact. RIP, buddy.

FOUND

Your unit director was contacted in January by a “missing” member of the unit, Anthony Roberts, who served in C/58 and B/75.

We received a call from Anthony Roberts (aka Lorren or Rob) from Cape Coral, FL.

He served in C/58 at Ft. Riley and was on the advance party to Ft. Carson for B/75. He was in the Commo platoon at Riley and Carson.

As an aside... he was the guy at Carson who married the Post Commander's adopted daughter (Ursula), but didn't know that she was the Commanding General's daughter at the time. Immediately after that became known, he was unceremoniously shipped out from Ft. Carson to the Republic of Vietnam for his fourth tour in the Southeast Asian Vacation, the marriage was annulled, and it was during that tour that he lost his leg and received his sixth Purple Heart.

He currently has no use of both his leg(s) and one of his arms and is housebound, and is trying to reconnect with those he remembers, including Gary L. Baura, Thomas P. Allen, and John Elliston (from Tennessee) (among others).

We are providing this info for you all so you can get in touch with him if you served with him, or contact him if you would like to do so.

We contacted Gary Baura on Facebook, and he was able to re-establish contact with Lorren after 43 or 44 years. Gary, who also lives in Florida, reported to us that it was a long telephone conversation, and that it was good to reconnect with his old friend after all these years. If you know Lorren, or know any of those he is searching for, please get in touch and let us know that you were successful in reconnecting with him.

His contact info is:

Anthony Roberts

1301 Southeast 27th Street

Cape Coral, FL 33904

239-458-3339

Email: lorrenroberts@aol.com

OPERATION KIT CARSON (14 – 20 SEP 2014)

ALCON: This is your advance warning...!!!

ALL RANGERS ARE INVITED !!!

The 3rd Annual “Wild Man Ranger Rendezvous” OPERATION KIT CARSON will be hosted by Ranger Mike Moser in the “Show Me” State of Missouri, 14-20 September 2014. Events will include Ranger competitions of firearms and sharp objects. hunting, fishing, a Mike Syer epic moment, and historical tours of the AO. Sign up for the events posted and pipe up to get added to the roll call. RLTW!

Question: What and when was the First Inaugural “Wild Man Ranger Rendezvous”.?? “Operation Tomahawk” hosted by CSM (Ret) Joe Mattison in NY, 2012.

This event will stretch over several days, and will include shooting competitions, hunting, and general rowdiness (or at least as much general rowdiness as we are capable of these days). Mike obviously needs to know who is attending, so please contact him if you plan to attend. There is plenty of open land for you to pitch your tent in, and access to “facilities”, as well as plenty of nearby lodging. Bring your A game and plenty of shells for the pheasant hunt next September!

Attendees so far: Michael Moser, Joe Mattison, Jim Broyles, Herbie Baugh, Greg Pollock, Audie Stout, Jeff Criss, Milt Brown, Michael Luna, Rex Vehrs, Paul Callaway, Mark Lisi, Rod Russell, Daniel Leone, Erik Petterson, Marc Thompson, Norm Chuch, Lio Ruiz, Dale Sizemore, Ricardo Torres, Robbin Strawser, Jerry Herrera.

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

LIST OF EVENTS:

Sunday, September 14, 2014

Lodge Registration

Moser's Pheasant Creek in Franklin, Missouri

Tuesday, September 16, 2014

"Cat-Fishing" (NO, this is not a bordello event!)

Boonville, Missouri

Wednesday, September 17, 2014

Shooting and Sharp Objects Competition

Moser's Pheasant Creek in Franklin, Missouri

Thursday, September 18, 2014

European Continental Pheasant Hunt

Moser's Pheasant Creek in Franklin, Missouri

Friday, September 19, 2014

MMA fight and Ranger Mayhem

Isle of Capri Casino Hotel in Boonville, Missouri

Saturday, September 20, 2014

Tour the National World War I Museum

at Liberty Memorial in Kansas City, Missouri

USARA Dinner

Message from Mike Moser:

I don't need money for the ones staying at my place. I have room for twenty. I'll have to check with Greg on the head count. If you stay at the Casino they won't take deposits until after the first of the year. The only event that we are asking money for is the pheasant hunt and that will be donated to the Gallant Few. The money for the pheasant can be donated when you get here. You will need to pay your way to events like the MMA fight and the trip to KC. For those staying with me you can pitch in for the meals when you get here.

This operation is being coordinated on Facebook by both Mike Moser and Greg Pollock. If you don't have a Facebook account, contact Mike directly: Mike and his wife Bonnie continue to run Moser's Pheasant Creek.

www.moserspheasantcreek.com

502 County Road 327

Franklin, MO 65250

(660) 848-2621

RHOF NOMINATION FOR JIM BROYLES

We intend to submit a nomination for Jim Broyles to the Ranger Hall of Fame for the nominees to be considered for next year (2014). If he is a successful nominee, we believe the induction ceremony may possibly be held in conjunction with the change of Command ceremony for the Regiment, as well as the 40th anniversary celebration for the founding of the 1st Battalion. To the best of our knowledge (at the time of this writing) those dates are not yet firmed up, so we will keep you posted on them.

If you have any information you want to include in Ranger Broyles' nomination, please contact the unit director.

Until next time:

High Speed, Low Drag, & Keep Your Head Down.

(Especially all you guys still working in the Sandbox, the Rockpile, or elsewhere).

Marc L. Thompson, Unit Director

Email: mthomp@ptd.net

Veteran's Day has come and gone once again, and this submission is a salute to all you guys who did your part to keep this country free and be a beacon of duty, courage, and honor for the whole world.

To that end, we pay our last respects to one of the original VII Corps LRRPs, Air Commando, and CIA agent with numerous tours in the MidEast wars, Jim Handlin, who shockingly passed away in Thailand following minor surgery. Our utmost gratitude goes to Kirk Gibson, Bruce Falconer and Sam Rodriguez who traveled to No California to attend Jim's memorial service here in the states. We could not have had a finer representative team to stand in our stead. An account written by Kirk is included herein. Thanks Sam, Bruce, and Kirk.

I haven't received the Fall edition of Patrolling, so I don't know if our photos of attendees was received by Bill Mathiak in time for publication. I've contacted Bill and he'll send them in if he's received them this time. I sent him the photos via USPS, but after four days, he had yet to receive them. Cross your fingers.

I think I mentioned it earlier in analcon email that our off-year reunion will be in Savannah, GA, Savannah was selected by a small majority of those responding to an association vote. Following are the details to date.

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

Dates: Monday, July 21 thru Friday, July 25, 2014. (check in @3PM and out @11AM)

Place: Best Western Central Inn
45 Eisenhower Drive, Savannah
Phone: 1-912-355-1000
E-mail: tj319comcast.net

Costs: \$223.96 for the four nights (appx \$55.00 per night)
13% tax NOT included; breakfast is.

I have reserved 5 double-bed, non-smoking rooms on my credit card. Please e-mail or call me if you want one of them ASAP, since I must cancel any unwanted room by July 18th to avoid cancellation fees. Make this request a priority if you intend to come. Of course, you're free to make your own reservations. If you don't let me know, I'll cancel early (after July 4th). For those of you who have military IDs (Lifers), you may want to consider billets at Hunter Army Air Field where

I think costs are nominal, call them. You probably know the routine. I don't have the number, but will try to get it soon and email you. The motel is less than a mile from HAAF and about 5 miles from historic downtown Savannah.

I'm still trying to contact PIO at 1st Ranger Battalion to see if they can arrange a visit by us. So far, phone numbers are difficult to come by. I'll be in touch.

I heard from Stan Harrell. He wanted to thank all that helped his kids get back on their feet after a total house burn out. Our help was very much appreciated by the family and they are on their way to rebuilding a post-fire life. Thanks for your support.

That's it, guys. Hope to see you all in Savannah next year. Until then, take care of yourselves and keep a low profile. The NSA may be watching you.

Dick Foster, VII Corps LRRPs

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

Unit Director - Del Ayers

Our 2014 Gathering of Warriors and their families will be held in Newport, Oregon June 26th, 27th & 28th at the Hallmark Resort overlooking Historical Nye Beach. Each room faces the ocean with a balcony overlooking the beach. The resort also features a full service restaurant and adult beverage emporium. Room rates are \$149.00 to \$179.00 depending on amenities. They have double queens and kings some with Jacuzzis. They also have family lofts with three queen beds for a slightly higher rate. Rooms come equipped with refrigerator, microwave and coffee maker. Some rooms come equipped with plates, glasses, eating utensils and a dishwasher.



For reservations call the Hallmark Resort direct at 1-888-448-4449. If the response exceeds the number of rooms blocked the rate will still be available as long as rooms are available up until the agreed upon date. In addition the rate will be available for two nights before and after the reunion dates.

When making your reservations refer to E20/C75 Ranger Reunion to get the confirmed rate.

As always Rangers family members, any Veterans, active service men & women, and past and present Rangers are welcome.

There are more than 10 restaurants within 2 miles, and sport fishing and crab fishing opportunities departing from Yakima bay docks. One of the Top 10 rated Aquariums is 3 miles from the resort. There is also a plethora of shopping opportunities.

There are two Hallmark Resorts so press 2 to go directly go to the NEWPORT NYE BEACH RESORT reservation desk. Specific requests for rooms will be on a first made basis. IE rooms near the hospitality room, near elevators and other amenity options.

C/75 - E/20 (Continued)

Centrally located in the middle of the Oregon Coast Newport is a popular destination in June. The Hallmark is a 5 star resort with a very high repeat visitor base so EARLY reservations are recommended.

Veteran Honored

One of our own FOREVER YOUNG WARRIORS has recently been recognized by community and State with the Dedication of a Virginia bridge. Ann Sherman Wolcott's son Rex Marcell Sherman's sacrifice has been honored. Ann is our Gold Star Mom. For 44 years Ann has been a

stalwart champion and advocate of the Gold Star Parents organization. The story of the recent dedication will be in the Spring issue of Patrolling to provide the members of E20/C75 who attended the dedication to personalize the ceremony. We hope to have a personal remembrance by Ann Sherman Wolcott.

Rex's Purple Heart and Silver Star were awarded posthumously. "AnnieBan" is our Gold Star Mom. We are honored to have the privilege of having such a diligent advocate serving our Veterans families.

**D/75**

Unit Director - Richard "Herd" Nelson

Once again it is time to submit an article for D Company 75th to Patrolling Magazine; I have to apologize to my D Company families for not submitting an article for the winter issue. I forgot the article was due in November until after the deadline. When I received a reminder that I could still submit one I didn't have time to call everyone and write the article.

First order of Business is to announce that our Company reunion will be from June 12th to June 15th in South Dakota.

Moe suggested that we start arriving on the 11th; one of our main activities will be attending the Annual Oglala Lakota Veterans Powwow in Pine Ridge. There are several hotels in Hot Springs to stay in and for those of you who still like to camp, there is plenty of room in Moe and Cindy's backyard to do that. We will post the agenda for this get-together on the 75th Ranger Regiment Association web site once we have developed it.

Moe has fully recovered from his hip replacement surgery, and when I asked him if the cold weather caused him any pain in that hip he told me there was no difference when it gets cold. He had been in a lot of pain for many years, and the surgery relieved it. He originally injured it on our last mission with D Company before we deactivated. When we were being inserted on that mission it was a no touch-down LZ and we were about 15 feet in the air when we exited the lift birds. This mission



was a heavy so there were two lift birds, I injured my knee to a point I couldn't walk and carry my ruck and M-60. Our RTO (Ken Dern) broke his foot, and we both had to be extracted. Since that left the mission two members short Moe elected to Charlie Mike and since I was out it left him as the only M-60 gunner on the mission. The next day they had a major contact in very large tunnel and bunker complex. In that contact Bear Papp, Wally Hawkins, and Bill Fitzgerald were seriously wounded and they had to be extracted during the contact.

I talked with Richard Badmilk a few days ago and he and his wife Deb are doing well. I asked him about the grandkids that he and Deb have raising since they were born. He said that they were doing well. One of the boys is 12 years old and named Jeffrey, the other boy is 11 and his name is Chaku, they are both playing Basketball and Football with the St Francis Indian School where Richard is the principal. We all got to meet them at a get-together about 5 years ago. Richard also told me that Deb has done a great job of raising them. He said that when we get to the Powwow he will try to get them to recognize us Rangers. Richard and his family are ready for the weather to warm up.

Billy Faulks is doing fine up in Macon Ga. he says that they are a little south of the snow in Ga., but they have been getting a lot of slush. He said he may be coming down my way this

D/75 (Continued)

weekend to support a friend whose daughter is having surgery in Ft. Lauderdale. He is looking forward to our get-together in South Dakota since he is part Sioux. He said that his great-grandfather was Sioux. When I told him to stay warm up there he said don't worry he has a large fireplace and plenty of firewood.

Everyone I have talked with from our northern states has told me that this is the worst winter that they have had in many years. Maddog Krause who lives in Wisconsin said that they had so much snow on the ground that his tractor won't run through it. And he needs it to go out to the woods and cut firewood. He isn't out of wood yet but they are getting low. I asked him how the recovery was going from his neck/spinal surgery he told me that now he can get out and work around the house without being in severe pain except for the snow. He isn't sure yet if they can join us in South Dakota. They have a couple of weddings to attend this summer.

When I talked with Bill and Kathy Fitzgerald in upstate New York they told me that they could no longer see their mailbox due to the snow. When I got hold of them they had just gotten home from somewhere in town and they tried to let the dogs out to take care of business but the dogs wanted no part of the snow. Bill said that he and Kathy were doing quite well but they could sure use a break in the weather.

I talked with my old team leader, Tom Delaney, who lives in Fayetteville N.C. he said that I could tell everyone that he was snowed in. They had 4 inches on the ground and were expecting another 4 inches that night. I know that when I was stationed at Ft. Bragg we got some snow in the winter but usually only about an inch or so at a time.

When I talked with Psycho, He and Julie were on their property in upstate New York, he said that they haven't had much snow but it has been getting real cold. He said the actual temps have gotten down to - 14 degrees and with the wind chill it felt like - 39. They have given the horse back to Julie's father so he can race it. When I talked with him about our get-together in South Dakota he said they would consider it especially since Julie likes that get-together.

Gary Olson and his wife Alice are doing well, but like everyone else north of me they have been getting some snow. He always

attends the reunion at Ft Benning, but hasn't ever been able to join us in South Dakota. He said that after his wife retires next year they plan on being able to travel more. It is coming up on the time for his son to run for reelection as the sheriff for their county in Alabama. Gary gets involved in that campaign. Mike and Sharon Warren are doing well, but cold in Kentucky. He said that the grandkids have missed a lot of school due to the weather. I asked him if they had gotten snowed in to the holler the he lives in; he said they had a lot of snow but that they were not snowed in.

Ken and Linda Dern are doing OK up in Jacksonville but it has been extremely cold, but even so he has been able to work as a painter. He didn't have anything further to add to the article. Jim and Donna Owen have been doing well, and the winter hasn't bothered them. They live a little farther south in Florida than I do. They have started planning their trip out west for the South Dakota trip this summer.

I also talked with Ed Mercer last week and he and Onecia are doing great. He told me that he had gone to the doctor for a follow-up from his knee replacement surgery and the doctor was pleased with his progress. On the day I called Bear Papp he wasn't home, his wife told me he had gone to get some hay for his livestock and that they were getting along just fine. Carl and Rosie Norris are also doing well and when I called them they were gone to Laughlin, Nevada. When they got back this afternoon Carl called and told me they had a great time. The trip was just to get away for a few days and relax.

Wally and Carolyn Hawkins are doing well up in Tennessee. He and Carolyn came down here to Daytona Beach in December and January to get out of the cold and to meet with other family member who flew in and they had like mini vacations. He didn't have my phone number with him so he couldn't call me. It is only a 45 minute to one hour drive from my house depending on traffic to get to Daytona. It would have been fun to run over there to have lunch or dinner with them. He said that even though it has been cold up there they haven't had much snow.

As for me I am doing about the same as I was doing at the Ft. Benning reunion last summer. My recovery from my fall in January of 2013 has plateaued out; I can walk and stand just fine as long as I don't do it for long periods of time. I still have

D/75 (Continued)

residual numbness in the fingers on both hands, so I tend to drop things that I am trying to hold. The smaller the object the worse it is. I do still go out and work on small woodworking projects to get me out from in front of the TV. As a matter of fact I have been downloading woodworking plans for some projects for the house and my shop. By doing these projects I don't have to worry about the depression that comes with my PTSD. The winter down here hasn't been too bad, we have had some cold nights for us but it generally warms up during the days, since I usually sleep until afternoon I have not had to deal with the cold, Thank God. Here in Orlando the average daytime temps during the winter are in the mid 70's this year we have been above that average a good bit of

the time. Our summers are what are bad for us with the severe afternoon thunder storms and hurricanes and the tornadoes that accompany them.

The photos I have sent with this article are as follows. One of Ken Dern and Johnny White in our hooch in Vietnam, one of Team 3-5 with D Company 75th, one of Bill Fitzgerald and I believe Wally Hawkins also in Nam. One Photo of our South Dakota get-together in 2008 with Badmilk's Grandsons in it and the other is of our group at Mount Rushmore during the 2010 South Dakota get-together.

RLTW, Herd



Company D, 75th Infantry (Ranger), II Field Force. Team 3-5. Standing left to right: Sp.4 Tom Delaney, Sp.4 William Fitzgerald, Kit Carson scout (name unknown), Sp.4 Ken Dem. Sitting: Sp.4 Richard "Herd" Nelson. (Courtesy of Tom Delaney)



Some Delta CO Rangers & wives at Mt Rushmore, 2010.



Psycho, Herd, Mo & Bad Milk, (with 2 grandchildren, Bad Milks)



Ken Dern & Johnny White



Fritz & Wally



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

Unit Director - Duane L. Alire

My name is Duane L. Alire (aka "Poncho") and I have the honor of having been elected E50/E75 Unit Director by the men who attended our reunion in Kentucky last October. I served with E Company, 50th Infantry (LRP), and 9th Infantry Division from January 1968 until January 1969. I appreciate the vote of confidence and am honored by their decision.



Duane Alire

My first order of business is to thank Rick Stetson and John Masick. Rick served as our unit director for a number of years and handed the "leadership ruck sack" over to me at the end of our reunion. I have always appreciated his low key leadership style and his sound advice. While Rick has stepped down as unit director, he has now become an esteemed "elder" in the unit. Like all of our former unit directors, he now has more responsibility than ever – advisor, proof reader, counselor and, when called upon, surrogate unit director. Thank you Rick for your service and leadership to the unit.

Secondly, I thank John Masick for coordinating an outstanding reunion in Louisville, KY. He certainly raised the bar of excellence. We will long remember our tour of the state capitol and the unscheduled visit by Lt. Governor Jerry Abramson, the tour of the Louisville Slugger factory, the cold, bone chilling visit to the Kentucky State Viet Nam Veteran's Memorial. (I am still amazed at the "brain power" that went into the design and construction of the memorial's sun dial.), and, of course, our excellent meal at the Hurstbourne Country Club. Thank you, again, John for a job well done. Rick's sit-rep of our reunion, I believe, is reported in an accompanying article in this issue.

Another unit member who I need to acknowledge is Sal Disciascio our "unit web master". He has done and continues to do an outstanding job with our Unit website. Sal did a Herculean effort to update our unit website and roster. The information on the roster is secure, updated and available only to unit members.

We know each year our numbers dwindle. 1967-1971 were a long time ago. From the roster, I have asked the guys to find a former unit member and reach out to him. I acknowledge this



may be difficult. It may be met with resistance. And it may also be met with acceptance. The human voice is a powerful tool.

LEST WE FORGET

Since October 2013, we have lost three of our unit members. They are Jim Koenig, Steve Hull and Gene K. Lester. All were good, honorable men who served their country well. Please include them and their families in your thoughts and prayers.

RETIREMENT

I have the pleasure of announcing Bruce Lessig's retirement. He recently retired from the Bureau of Land Management (BLM).

The content of Bruce's brief autobiography is familiar to us and an important reminder of our own experiences.

"I was drafted into the US Army in October 1967. After arriving in Dong Tam in June 1968, I volunteered for "E" Company, 50th Infantry (LRRP), 9th Infantry Division. I was assigned to Dong Tam as the Company completed its move from Bear Cat to Dong Tam and was there while the Company was starting to build up the Company area.

While in Dong Tam, I went out with several different teams as the need arose. I finally ended up on Ray Gallardo's Team. I was up at Nha Trang when Ray lost his leg in early December 1968 and the Team was dissolved.

When I returned from Nha Trang, I was sent to Tan An on John Autry's Team 16. When John rotated home, I took over Team 16 from about December 1968 through May 1969 when I rotated home. John Masick was my Assistant Team Leader.

After leaving the US Army, I returned to college and graduated from Ohio University with a geology degree in December 1972. After that I moved out west and ended up in Casper, Wyoming as a uranium geologist. I started with the Bureau of Land Management as a coal geologist in 1986 and worked myself into a mining engineer position in 1991, still in Casper. I have been here ever since and plan to stay in Casper after retirement, at least for a while."

Bruce, please accept our congratulations on your retirement and our gratitude for your service - both as a LRRP in Vietnam and as a Federal employee with the BLM.

E/75 - E/50 LRP 9TH DIV LRRP (Continued)**UNIT CALENDAR**

2014 – 2015 – The United States Of America Vietnam War Commemoration recognizes the Vietnam War. Information about the commemoration's program goals, activities and events can be found at <http://www.VietnamWar50th.com>. I encourage all of us to look at the website as it contains highlights, tributes and events commemorating the Vietnam War.

To the men and women who served during the period from August 5, 1964 until March 28, 1973 – the recognized Vietnam War period – I say, “Thank You”, for a job done well.

March 23, 2014 – White Sands Missile Range, NM hosts the Annual Memorial Bataan Death March. The march is a sanctioned 26.2 mile marathon and includes a 15 mile honorary walk/run. The march honors the men who were surrendered on April 9, 1941. Last year more than 6,000 brave souls participated in this “walk in the desert”. More information can be found at: www.bataanmarch.com. While this event will be over by the time this issue of Patrolling is published, mark your calendars for next March as it is an annual event.

April 22 – 27, 2014 – Linthicum, MD. E50/E75 will host a reunion to honor CMS Roy Nelson. The reunion hotel is the Aloft BWI Airport at 1741 West Nursery Rd., Linthicum, MD 21090. The hotel's reservation number is 1-410-691-6969. When making your room reservations use the code: E-50 Room Block. Rooms are \$60 plus tax per night. Transportation is available from the Airport (BWI) to the hotel, a distance of about 1.5 miles. If you have questions, PLEASE contact the reunion coordinator: Doug MacCallum, 1301 Cadence Drive, Mount Pleasant, SC 29466, telephone 843-884-7502.

March 29, 2014 – Dedication of the Texas Capitol Vietnam Veterans Monument, Austin, Texas. This monument is awesome and represents the best of Vietnam veterans. For information see: www.buildthemonument.org or buildthemonument.org/dedication. While this event will be over by the time this issue of Patrolling is published, put the Texas Capitol Vietnam Veterans Monument on your “must see” list.

September 1, 2014 – Labor Day Weekend. The Vietnam Veterans Memorial State Park at Angel Fire, New Mexico hosts an annual ceremony honoring all veterans with its “Laying of the Bricks” ceremony. Please check www.vietnamveteransmemorial.org or the New Mexico website www.emnrd.state.nm.us/vietnamveteransmemorialstatepark for more information.

Fall 2015 – We will alert everyone as soon as the details of our 2015 reunion are known. Roy and Tyrone are coordinating this reunion. Details are forth coming.

SANTA FE HONORS HOME TOWN HERO

On May 26, 2008, then Staff Sergeant Petry and his unit were on a mission in Paktia Province, Afghanistan. He was assigned to D Company, 2nd Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment which was on a daylight mission to capture a high-value target from the Taliban. He was seriously wounded during the action and later awarded the Medal of Honor for his bravery.

Now fast forward to June 2014. SFC Leroy Petry was honored by the people of the city and state he calls home with a ceremony and dedication of a statue in downtown Santa Fe. SFC Petry arrived at the ceremony in a typical Ranger fashion – he parachuted onto a field near Fort Marcy. He was accompanied on the jump by U.S. Army Special Forces Sgt. John Hart, U.S. Navy SEAL (Ret.) Jim Woods, and U.S. Special Forces SFC (Ret.) Dana Bowman. SFC Petry was joined at the dedication ceremony by Col. (Ret.) Bruce Crandall. Col Crandall is also a Medal Of Honor recipient from the Vietnam War.

**RANGERS REACH NEW HEIGHTS**

Labor Day Weekend last year Roy Barley and his wife, Sharon, joined me and my sister, Jackie, for the annual “Laying of the Bricks” ceremony at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial State Park at Angel Fire, New Mexico. The annual ceremony honors all veterans with its “Laying of the Bricks” ceremony. The bricks can be purchased through the park. The significance of this visit was so Roy could locate his bricks – 7 of them - that honor members of his family's military service from the Revolutionary War to the Vietnam War. See the Spring 2012 issue of Patrolling

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

for an article about his efforts to honor his family. The Barley visit also included a short trip to the top of Sandia Peak near Albuquerque, NM and to the village of Angel Fire.

**PEOPLE HELPING PEOPLE Helping People**

I continue to post the Unit's request for assistance for Kathy Bellwood and Kiet (a Vietnamese Ranger who served with us). We know their medical needs will not diminish quickly and may exist for a long time. Therefore, I have kept the contact information for both Kathy and Kiet in this report and ask for your support.

As you will recall, Joan Bellwood's sister, Kathy, is undergoing chemotherapy. Who is "Joan Bellwood", you may ask. Joan's brother, Richard is one of us. He died in January 1969 on a mission in the Mekong Delta while serving with E75 Rangers. And, Joan - leading the way - took the initiative to convince the Hallmark Card Company to develop and print veteran's day cards. So, around Veteran's Day, when the cards become available for us to purchase and send a note of gratitude to a fellow veteran, remember it was Joan who stepped forward and got the job done. Joan is one of us. Checks to help with Kathy's medical expenses should be made out to Kathy Bellwood and sent to Joan at 3233 Fairmount Ave, Bronx, NY 10465-1447.

Many of us know that Kiet suffered a stroke late last year. Thanks to Sal, we have seen the photographs of Kiet in the hospital. While Kiet is mending, he still has a long way to go. Donations can be sent to: Sal DiSciascio, 698 Prescott Road, New Bern, NC 28560. Sal's son, Mike, will deposit them and Sal can access the funds and transfer them to his bank in Vietnam for delivery to Kiet.

A POEM AND SOME WISDOM

I was shocked, confused, bewildered as I entered Heaven's door, not by the beauty of it all; Nor the lights or its decor. But it was the folks in Heaven who made me sputter and gasp! The thieves, the liars, the sinners, the alcoholics and the trash. There stood the kid from seventh grade who swiped my lunch money twice.

Next to him was my old neighbor who never said anything nice. And Bob, who I always thought was rotting away in hell, was sitting pretty on cloud **nine** looking incredibly well. I nudged Jesus, and asked, 'What's the deal? I would love to hear Your thoughts on this matter. How'd all these sinners get up here? God must have made a mistake. And why is everyone so quiet and so somber. Give me a clue.' "Hush, child", He said, "They are all in shock. No one thought they would be seeing you." - Anonymous

Look to the future because that is where you will spend the rest of your life. - George Burns

By Rick Stetson, Outgoing E Company Unit Director

From seeing how Kentucky bourbon is made to walking along the rail at Churchill Downs, our E Company reunion in Louisville was one to remember. But even more memorable than visiting area attractions was being able to welcome three former Rangers to their first E Company reunion: Lonnie Johnson, Wayne Ruth and Dennis Marble. To them we say, "Welcome Home" and hope you can attend many more E Company reunions in the future.

The reunion was made even more special by the attendance of family members of one of our Rangers, Sergeant Robert Bryan, who lost his life in Vietnam. Joining us were Bob Bryan's twin sister, Rebecca and her husband Allen Myers, Bob's brother, Larry, and his wife, Marlene along with Bob's nephew, Lamar and his wife, Pamela. It was an honor for our Rangers who had served with Sergeant Bryan to be able and relate to his family what a brave and outstanding leader he was. His loss is felt to this day as is the loss of each of our Rangers who were killed in action in Vietnam.



Rick Stetson with Roy and Sharon Barley at The Patton Museum.

On Tuesday of reunion week, we "split our patrol" with some of the Rangers electing to visit Fort Knox and the General George Patton Museum of Leadership while others decided to travel to French Lick, Indiana to tour the hotel and casino. Doug MacCullum reported that the hotel, which is an historic landmark, was nicer

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

than anything he had seen to include the Waldorf Astoria in New York City.

Wednesday started out with a cold wind blowing which was not good for the Rangers who were dressed in shorts and sandals, expecting the weather in Kentucky to be mild. Even though some knees turned blue as we gathered outside at the Kentucky Vietnam Memorial in Frankfort, it was well worth the visit as the memorial is an impressive tribute to every resident of the Bluegrass State who lost his life in Nam. The memorial's designer created a large sundial and somehow arranged names around the base so that a shadow would pass across the KIA's name on the anniversary of his death. We were joined at the memorial by one of the key men who raised the funds to build it, MG (Ret) Mike Davidson, a former adjutant general of the Kentucky National Guard and a Vietnam veteran.



Kentucky Vietnam Veterans Memorial



The Kentucky Vietnam Veterans Memorial



Co E Rangers At the Capitol Building, Louisville, KY.

After an excellent orientation at the memorial, we came in from the cold and toured the Kentucky capitol building to include sitting in both the house and senate chambers. We had lunch in the capitol cafeteria and then it was off for a VIP tour of the Brown Forman distillery, the Woodford Reserve. The amazing process of turning corn, rye and barley into bourbon whiskey was explained. We saw (and smelled) huge vats of mash and toured the old, stone building where the bourbon is aged in wooden barrels. The conclusion of the tour was popular with many of the Rangers as we sat in a room to do some "sure nuf sippin" of premium Woodford Reserve

bourbon.

Thursday started off with a visit to the Louisville Slugger factory and museum where we saw how the famous wooden baseball bats are made. Each Ranger received a small souvenir bat at the conclusion of the tour and some placed orders for full-sized bats that were personalized with names just like on bats of major league baseball players. A short walk across the street took us to the Frazier History Museum where we enjoyed pre-ordered box lunches before being met by an excellent tour guide who showed us artifacts that could only be found in the Tower of London. Needless to say, we learned a lot about British kings and queens in addition to seeing how the development of weapons such as the long bow influenced battles. Back at the motel Thursday evening, we were entertained in our hospitality room by Steve and Steve, two singer-songwriters who performed old and new tunes in addition to a moving slide show that paid tribute to the military sacrifices made in our nation's wars.



Co E Ranger warrior women at Churchill Downs.

Friday was another busy day as we convoyed that morning to the Churchill Downs race track. There we saw an excellent movie about the famous Derby Day and went on a guided tour. We also visited the museum where a video could be watched of every Kentucky Derby race that had been filmed or televised. The Derby has been held for over 100 years and the names of past winners are posted on buildings



Ranger Tyrone Muse at the Theatre Entrance Churchill Downs.

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around the race track. We left Churchill Downs to eat lunch at the Cardinal Inn, located next to the University of Louisville campus and then drove over to the Brown Forman Cooperage to learn how the wooden barrels are made in which bourbon is aged. Bourbon obtains its special flavor and coloring from the charcoal lining the barrels and it was interesting to watch hot flames set the insides of the barrels on fire. First however, the barrels have to be assembled and that process was done mostly by hand. We all left with admiration for the workers who stood at machines doing the same task again and again, especially the men who picked out the staves and assembled them in a circle where they were then banded together in the shape of a barrel. Friday evening saw some folks board the Belle of Louisville riverboat for a cruise on the Ohio while others elected to remain in the hospitality room to renew friendships.

Saturday is a special day at E Company reunions. First, we held our business meeting during which Duane "Poncho" Alire was elected to serve as our unit director. Poncho has written a number of E Company articles for Patrolling magazine and the unit will be in good hands with his leadership. Doug MacCallum announced that he would hold a mini reunion next year in the Washington DC area to honor First Sergeant Roy Nelson. Our next full reunion will be in 2015 in upstate New York and hosted by Roy Barley and Tyrone Muse. Because Tyrone will be busy organizing the reunion, a request went out for someone to take over the memorial service. Tony Hanlon answered the call and we know he will continue the outstanding service that Tyrone and others have created.

Bob Hernandez gave an update on the progress of our E Company book, "'A Bonding of Warriors.'" The idea of a book was first suggested by Clancy Matsuda some 10 years ago and while a good bit of history was compiled and placed on our web site, the actual publishing languished. Bob took the bull by the horns and began the task of copying our history to his computer which refused to cooperate. Twice it crashed after months of typing had taken place. It took me two days just to read what he has typed and I can only imagine how long it has taken him to put the words to paper. Bob told me he just about has the book memorized.

The book will be an impressive collection of stories from our experiences as lurps in Vietnam. It won't be able to tell of every mission due to space constraints but there will be enough recollections to give our families and the public a good idea of what we accomplished. We had some amazing contact with the

enemy as well as many fun times in the rear that will be detailed. If you have a memory from Nam you would like to share, write it up and send to Bob at: lucky322@sbcglobal.net. We can't guarantee it will be included in the book but it can always be added to our web site. So much happened during E Company's years in Vietnam that we might have to come out with a sequel. But right now, we are pushing to get our first book published and Bob Hernandez is hard at work to make it happen. We will keep everyone informed as to when the book can be ordered.

Trevelin Utz reported at our business meeting on the progress of the illustrated book he is writing in which one of the main characters spent time in Vietnam with E Company. He wants to get the character right which is why he has been attending our reunions to learn how we operated. Trev had a professional split with his artist but has found a new one so work on his book is under way again.

As per usual, our business meeting was followed by the memorial service. Tyrone provided an inspirational message and each of our KIA's was remembered with a rose in a vase flanked by candles followed by a slow hand salute. Terry Leishman escorted Bob Bryan's sister, Rebecca, as she placed her rose in the vase and later gave a moving remembrance of his friendship with Bob who was an excellent team leader. Having a Ranger speak about a friend lost in action was a new addition to the memorial service (Bob Hernandez and Bill Christianson also spoke) and we plan to continue the tradition at future reunions. After the service, Hernandez and Tess asked everyone to remain for a special ceremony at which all the ladies were presented with a silver dog tag and red rose. The E Company wives and sweethearts have formed their own organization, the Warrior Women, and regretted that their leader, Connie Matsuda, could not be there for the reunion.

Our banquet was held at the Hurstbourne Country Club where John Masick is a member. Rangers were on their best behavior knowing John's reputation was on the line and we had a great time. Sharon Barley handled the raffle and she announced the winners of the silent auction as well as the 50-50 winner (won by Sal's wife, Lan.) Bob Hernandez was called forward and presented with a Purple Heart t-shirt for wounds received while hosting our reunion in Houston last year. Sue Naughton was thanked for the gifts she presented each Ranger and for the angels she made to raise funds for Kathy Bellwood's cancer treatments. Then our guest speaker, Colonel (Ret) Walter Herd, was introduced. Col Herd served

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with the Special Forces in Afghanistan and has written a book, "Unconventional Warrior," about his experiences there. After an informative talk, he remained for a book signing and many of the attendees went home with a copy.



L-R are Colonel (Ret) Walter Herd guest speaker at the banquet, MG (Ret) Mike Davidson and Ranger John Masick.



Rebecca Myers (Sister of Sgt Robert Bryan, KIA 13 July 1970) and Terry Leishman at Memorial Service.



Family of Sgt. Robert Bryan (KIA 13 JULY 1970) receive gifts from Ranger Ron Tessensohn at Reunion.

This is a long report but a lot happened at our reunion and the above does not include all that took place. We owe John Masick a big salute for all the work he did to make the

reunion a great success. I want to thank all of you who allowed me to serve as your unit director for all these (can't remember how many) years. The opportunity to work with an amazing bunch of brave soldiers in Vietnam and getting to know you in the years following has been something I'll always treasure. "We were soldiers once and young" is absolutely true. We were also very good at what we did. I mentioned during the reunion how many in E Company were promoted to sergeant E-5 and made team leaders with less than a year in service. Being responsible for the lives of other men while operating deep in enemy territory is something not many 19 or 20-year olds get to experience. When people read our book, they will learn just how dangerous our missions were. And while the other Army outfits that fought in Vietnam had been around for a number of years, the 9th Infantry Division was formed from scratch: soldiers went from basic to AIT and then off to Vietnam. You can always be proud of being a member of the long range patrol and for the caliber of soldiers you had an opportunity to serve with. They were the best and the reason that Rangers will always, "Lead the Way!"

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

Unit Director - Tim Walsh

Greetings from the Frozen North!

By the time you read this winter will probably have loosened its grip and we'll all be ready to start complaining about how hot it's getting. But what a winter it was! Being from Michigan, I have always said that I enjoy the change in seasons. That's one of the reasons I have stayed living in Michigan. But Florida sure looks good after that brutal winter. And Hawai'i looks even better. Aloha, y'all!

I've said this a couple of times recently, but I'd like to start by urging everyone to join



us at the ¾ Cav. Reunion in San Antonio from Sept. 17 through 21, 2014. They have made arrangements for accommodations at the Holiday Inn San Antonio Riverwalk. We joined them at their last reunion in Nashville and had a terrific time. If you're interested, please go to their reunion reservation website at: www.3-4cav.org/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=38&Itemid=195

The ¾ Cav folks really know how to throw a reunion. I was a little nervous going to "somebody else's" reunion, but the ¾ Cav

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guys welcomed us with open arms. It was terrific to talk to the old pilots and door gunners from the $\frac{3}{4}$ Cav. These are the crazy guys who flew us in & out of the s... And the irony is that they thought WE were crazy for doing the kind of s... we did! Theresa & I will be there, hope you will be as well. The $\frac{3}{4}$ Cav website has some more info about their reunion, but they suggest that you might want to make your reservation sooner rather than later. If you want to pre-register, call the Holiday Inn directly (210-224-2500) and ask for Lisa or Lindsay and tell them you're registering for the $\frac{3}{4}$ Cav., 25th Inf. Div. reunion. The reunion room rate is \$85.50 per day and is good for three days before and three days after the reunion.

Commo for Bear Hart

Bill (Bear) Hart would appreciate some commo. For those of you who remember, Bear was/is a large guy (hence, "Bear") who was in the unit in 1969/1970, and attended a couple of reunions in the 1990's.

About 3 years ago, Bear had a stroke and ended up in a nursing home. Gene Garner tracked him down and talked at some length to him. Among the things discussed is Bear's desire to talk to you guys. Bear's cell phone number is: 254-681-8480. Give him a call if you get a chance.

AAR from Stuckey/Tonnelli mission

One of the missions getting attention these days by people both inside and outside of Co F, is one in which we lost 3 guys (KIA's Alvin Floyd, Michael Thomas and Donald Tinney) and in which a $\frac{3}{4}$ Cav pilot (James Tonnelli) disobeyed orders and went back in to extract the team. The after action report is on our website at [www.lrrp.com/members2/docs/70-04-02\(38,39\).pdf](http://www.lrrp.com/members2/docs/70-04-02(38,39).pdf) and on www.history.army.mil/documents/vietnam/renegr/rxtxt.htm. If you want some info from guys who were on the team, Fred Stuckey and Colin Hall were members of that mission.

Dave Regenthal has come up with another good idea (one of several good ideas from the fertile mind of Regenthal). He suggests making the Co. F Newsletter (Pointman) a cooperative venture. I have often urged you to send me stuff to put in the Pointman newsletter. Several folks have, most recently I received and included articles from Tim Robotham, Gene Tucker and Mona Gurrobat. I again urge all of you to submit anything within reason so that I can share it with your brothers. I'll include anything that isn't obscene, radically political or blatantly offensive. We ain't getting' any older and there are stories that need to be told, missions that need to

be remembered (and forgotten) and people that need to hear from you. I'd like everyone to be able to share their memories and thoughts – even if it's just an old picture - with everybody else. Please make an effort to send me or Dave anything you think worthy of being included in Pointman. It occurs to me that some of you might not want some of the things you have to say to appear in the 75th RRA publication which is read by all members of the Assoc. If you want to keep it "in house" I'll only include it in the Pointman newsletter. Let's make Pointman "our" newsletter, please send me stuff!

That's it for this issue of Patrolling.

Tim Walsh, U/D F/75

Veterans Day 2013

Today as I sit here pondering my future my mind drifts back to early 1966 in Cu Chi Viet Nam. I had many fond memories while there and some horrible ones also.

I recall the beginning of the 25th Infantry Division LRRP Detachment (Provisional). We were vocally attached to "D" Troop 3rd Squadron 4th Cavalry for rations and quarters. This was by directive of the Commanding General 25th ID Maj. Gen. Fredrick Weyand.

FIRST SERGEANT PETTY: One day while walking thru the "D" Troop area I came upon First Sergeant Petty, the troop first Sergeant. He asked if I was one of those new guys, LRRPs. I answered that I was. He proceeded to explain that we were still Soldiers and would someday become Troopers. Now I was not sure if I had just been reprimanded or complimented. I just was not sure what he meant by that comment. Well he said, a trooper had to have integrity, earn the respect of all other troopers and be trusted by all. He continued that we would soon earn the right for him to call us trooper also. Well I can truthfully say that I knew of no man who did not respect First Sergeant Petty among them Me.

Major Peterson: On another occasion shortly after we arrived in "D" Troop I met up with Maj. Peterson. I heard this voice say "Come here Lad". I knew I was in trouble. He continued by asking why I was wearing that Bush Hat. Well, I knew how to explain that. I said that Captain Mark Ponzillo Commander 25th ID LRRP (Provisional) had authorized the wearing of distinctive head gear for us. He said I was dismissed and I thought I heard him say that he would have to speak with that Lad (meaning Cpt Ponzillo). I often wished I could have heard that conversation.

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After a run around Cu Chi one morning Cpt. Ponzillo said that we were dismissed for lunch and to be back in two hours. Wow an extended lunch. He then said that he wanted us to have selected our own five (5) man teams by the time we returned. We were all wondering what he meant by that, since teams had always been selected by the command in the past. He cleared it up rather quickly. He said that we were going to be on dangerous missions and that we had to place our lives in each other's hands. We needed to trust and depend on each other. Well that made sense and we did select our teams. My team consisted of Hugh Howerton, Jerry Spicer, Nathaniel Perry, Charles White and myself (Gene Tucker).

We all remember missions, but one I particularly remember was in a rubber plantation on the edge of I believe War Zone "D". We stumbled upon an enemy courier. We shot him and recovered his pouch, many documents and a communist flag red (with a white Hammer and sickle). We were immediately taken under fire and the chase began. We later determined the force to be around a battalion size. As we evaded we issued the code words "flaming arrow" over the radio to our headquarters. Well they knew we were in trouble and dispatched "D" Troop helicopters to our rescue and to extract us. After an undetermined time they arrived on station and began to shoot the enemy off our tails. I know that I said to myself "Thank God" they are here. Those pilots did not ever know fear or were just plain crazy, they always came in to get us when needed and under all types of enemy fire. They got us all out alive and under some of the heaviest enemy fire I had seen to date. THANK YOU ALL PILOTS OF "D" TROOP, YOU ARE THE BEST. Maj Mike Squires you are the greatest. We will always remember your courage.

I am sorry if I leave your name out CRS, Here are some of the men of the LRRP at that time.

| | | | |
|-------------------|-------|------------------------|---------------------|
| Ponzillo, Mark | Cpt. | Traxler, Gerald | 1 st Lt. |
| Howerton, Hugh | Sgt. | Spicer, Jerry | Sgt |
| Tucker, Eugene | Sgt | White, Charles | Sgt. |
| Perry, Nathaniel | Sp/4. | Herrmann, Irvin | Sgt. |
| Williams, Clyde | SSG. | Dunlap, James | SSG. |
| Freeman, Larry | SSG. | Call, James | Sgt |
| Dunn, Ronald | | Arp, James | |
| Elliot, John | | Montgomery, Harold III | |
| Newton, Bobby | | Lasiter, Tim | |
| Huckaby, Marshall | | Brantley, Bill | |
| Ellison, Rick | | Woods, Mike | |
| Wright, Sam | | Boyd, William III | |

Again I am sorry if I left you out.

I want you to know that I feel sadness when I know that we cannot be together physically, but I also want you to know that each and every one of you are always with me in my heart. I shed tears sometimes when thinking of you all, tears of joy. I feel that you are all my family and I do miss you all each and everyday. That is especially true on this Veterans Day.

I am so very, very proud of all the soldiers, LRRPs, LRP's, Rangers and all who do this mission: all past, present and future soldiers who do this job.

I truly love you all as family. I hope to see you in September 2014 at the ¾ Cav reunion in San Antonio Texas.

HAPPY VETERANS DAY

Gene Tucker Eugene G Tucker 25th ID LRRP 1966

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Unit Director - Robert Ankony

Fellow Rangers-

The 2014 Best Ranger Competition at Fort Benning, Georgia, was April 11, to April 13, 2014. I always attend the Best Ranger because it's a great opportunity to see today's Rangers competing in many grueling tasks, including rappelling from helicopters and firing weapons. It's also a fantastic opportunity to meet fellow Rangers and visit the Infantry Museum just outside Fort Benning. The museum is an amazing tribute to infantry and is an honor to visit. The museum's signature

exhibit is called The Last 100 Yards, a gently sloped ramp contains life-sized dioramas depicting significant battles in the Infantry's history, including Yorktown, Antietam, Soissons, Normandy, Corregidor, Soam-Ni, LZ X-Ray, and Iraq. The exhibit is very inspiring and will touch all hearts. Fort Benning is now the U.S. Army's Infantry and Armor Center, so there's always plenty of action happening on base, including the chance to see the three 250' jump towers at the Airborne School and reminisce. If you're ever in town you can socialize with Rangers at Cannons Brew Pub, 1041 Broadway, downtown

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Columbus, its a very lively area of town just 15 minutes from the fort, near the Chattahoochee River across from Alabama. The pub is full of Ranger memorabilia and is home to great micro-brews.

Also, the 65th Annual 1st Cavalry Division Association Reunion was held in Chicago, Illinois (Oak Brook, DuPage County) this year from Wednesday, July 9, to Sunday, July 13, 2014. Unfortunately I am in the process of moving and was unable to attend. But I'm sure everyone enjoyed the camaraderie and I hope to make next year's reunion.

As always, please forward any information or articles you would like to see in Patrolling magazine. My contact information is inside the front cover and is also available at my website www.robentakony.com

All my best, and hope to see you at one of next year's events,

Robert C. Ankony, PhD

Twenty-second and Last Patrol:

A Struggle against Bad Luck by Robert C. Ankony

At dawn, Friday, August 30, 1968, I woke inside my cockroach-infested hooch at LZ Betty, sixteen miles south of the Demilitarized Zone, to go on my twenty-second and last patrol. I was the sergeant and team leader of a five-man long-range reconnaissance patrol assigned to the First Cavalry Division's First Brigade, whose area of operation was from Quang Tri City, near the coast of South Vietnam, to the heavily forested mountains out west, halfway to Laos.

I was a Special Forces Recondo School grad, and though just nineteen, I had been in the battles of Tet, Khe Sanh, and A Shau Valley, where I learned that surviving in combat rested not just on skill but also on sheer dumb luck. Since luck was purely arbitrary, I figured that improving my skills was the only real way to increase my odds for survival. Fortunately, I was mentored by the legendary Sergeant Douglas B. Parkinson, a marine biologist turned LRRP team leader, whose quiet strength of character, sound thinking, and kind, fatherly manner brought out the best in every man he led.

As I got into my fatigues and boots, I looked out at the rice paddies and jungle-clad mountains growing slowly visible



under a faint blue sky, unaware that I would soon have to call on all my skills and an extra measure of luck. I daubed on the facial camouflage wax, slung my rucksack over my shoulders and grabbed the CAR-15, and crawled out of my hooch to meet my team, gathering outside.

My front scout was Cpl. Charles Williams, a mild-mannered new replacement from Ohio. I followed as team leader, with Cpl. Bill Ward from California behind me as radio operator. Then came my friend and assistant team leader, Cpl. Tony Griffith from Tennessee, who always seemed to have a smile on his face. Cpl. John Bedford, a stocky black man from Pennsylvania, was rear scout. But since the front scout was so vital to team security, and everyone else was best suited in his assigned slot, I took

Williams's position so he could gain experience following me.



**August 30,
1968, LZ Betty.
John Bedford,
Tony Griffith,
Robert Ankony,
Charles Williams,
Bill Ward.**

Our area of patrol was four miles southwest of LZ Betty, two miles south of the Quang Tri River, on the east side of a half-mile-long reservoir that had once irrigated a wide expanse of rice paddies. The terrain consisted of small rolling hills perhaps a hundred feet high. Although few trees grew there, all the hills were covered in five to eight feet of dense brush, with plenty of vines and thorns. Our mission: set up a fixed observation post (OP) on a hill across from the reservoir and keep constant surveillance on the north-south trails along its shore.

Like most areas of patrol, ours would be four thousand meters by four thousand meters, with the outer thousand meters serving as a no-fire zone to protect us from friendly fire by our own ground, artillery, or aviation forces. Our team wouldn't venture into that zone, and our ground forces wouldn't enter without notifying us first.

The air was hot and humid, without a breath of wind, when we were inserted at 0715 hours near the reservoir, a few hundred meters north of the hill where I wanted to establish our OP. After

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our insertion ships flew away, the bushes around us gradually came alive with birds and whirring insects. I whispered to Williams, standing behind me, "You always wanna stop, look, and listen right after you land, so you can hear and see what's going on." He nodded. "And you wanna keep doing it every so often—oh, and one more thing," I said, pulling on the heavy leather gloves worn by the front scout, "always take a zigzag path to make it hard for anybody to pull an ambush."

At that point I started the slow, laborious task of making a path through the six-foot wall of vines, thorns, burrs, and branches we'd jumped into, prying them apart with my hands and body or trampling them underfoot to clear a way for the next man. Drenched in sweat and constantly harassed by the bugs and leeches, we had inched our way south, halfway up a hill, when we heard a helicopter approaching from the north.

As we hurriedly took cover behind the walls of our path, I looked back and saw a lone Cobra gunship from our division, with a shark's mouth painted on its nose, flying low three-quarters of a mile away. Since the Cobra had plenty of speed and hence a wide area of patrol, I figured the aircrew had little idea of its exact location, let alone ours, so we stayed hidden inside the vegetation, waiting for it to leave. Within seconds the Cobra flew out of sight, so we came out into our path. Glancing back one last time at the hills and sky, I saw no sign of aircraft, so we moved on.

But minutes later, just as we neared the top of the hill, we heard another helicopter approaching from our rear. Looking back as I scrambled for concealment, I saw the same gunship, at a much higher altitude now, diving straight at us to attack. Knowing that it was armed with seventy-six 2.75-inch rockets, a 7.62mm minigun that could fire a hundred rounds a second, and an automatic 40mm grenade launcher, I had little doubt what we were facing.

Worse, not knowing what unit the gunship was from and thus with no way to determine its frequency—and with no time to radio them even if we had known—I yelled to my team, "Pop smoke!" hoping that this customary self-identification procedure would cause the Cobra to break off its attack. As it continued to dive at nearly 170 miles an hour, I stared at the four rocket pods on its sides and yanked the phosphorus grenade off my pistol belt, hoping it could substitute for one of the smoke grenades on the back of my rucksack, which weren't close enough to grab quickly.

But as I grabbed the cotter pin and struggled to yank it out, I found that I couldn't because I had bent it too much to keep it from snagging on vines and brush. Terrified, I dropped my

rifle and grenade on the ground and reached for the luminous red cloth signal panel in my pants pocket.

But just as I grabbed the signal panel, with the Cobra three hundred meters away and closing fast, I saw puffs of black smoke on both sides of the fuselage. The worst of my nightmares was coming true, and I thought, Aw, shit, we're gonna die!

The four rockets struck just meters north of us in a series of thunderous explosions and blinding flashes. Dropping my signal panel, I wrapped my arms around my face and dived to the ground, feeling a blast of leaves and hot, swirling air. After the cloud of smoke and dust shot past us, hearing a high-pitched ringing in my ears, I picked myself up off the ground and glanced at my team. Everyone was okay, and I realized that the dense vegetation that had once tormented our every step had saved us by absorbing the blast.

Unfortunately, there was no time to rejoice, since the gunship, still thinking we were the enemy, was quickly banking to one side to make another pass. Just then Griffith popped a smoke grenade in front of our position. Not certain if one was enough, I dropped my rucksack and grabbed a smoke off the back.

But just as a thick cloud of yellow smoke drifted up from Griffith's grenade, a LOH and an OH-13 suddenly appeared and started flying in wide circles around us. Shocked by all the noise and aware that we were now facing two scout helicopters as well as a Cobra—which would be emboldened by the smoke grenade Griffith had popped, reasoning that it had been dropped by one of the scouts to mark our position—I dropped my smoke grenade and reached to the ground for the dropped signal panel, now our only hope.

By now the Cobra had completed its turn and was diving at us for the kill. As other team members shouted, "Get 'em on the radio, Ward!" and "Hit the dirt!" I opened and closed my cloth signal panel high over my head, desperately hoping the Cobra could see its bright red in spite of the smoke.

The next instant, the LOH suddenly flew low into the Cobra's path and faced us. As vegetation whipped from the rotor blast and the air echoed with the whine of its engine, I looked at the minigun on its side and continued to collapse my panel, knowing there was nothing else I could do. Just then the Cobra broke from its dive, and the LOH started to land in the small clearing the rockets had made. Falling to my knees in relief, I picked up my rifle.

After I could find my feet, I stood up and worked my way through the vegetation to the LOH on the ground, waiting

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with its engine running and rotors spinning. When I approached, the warrant officer piloting the craft leaned out and shouted, "Is everyone all right?"

"We're okay," I replied, still numb.

"Do you need anything?"

I shook my head in a silent reply.

"I knew that smoke wasn't ours," the pilot said, grinning, "but with things happening so fast, I didn't have time to radio the Cobra, so I just blocked for you guys!"

Still dazed, ears still ringing, I nodded and waved.

"You sure you're okay?"

"Yeah, we're all right."

"Well, you Lurps take care," he said, giving me a salute.

As I returned his salute, he increased engine power and pulled back the stick, lifting off and heading west to meet the other helicopters.

Silence returned, and I worked my way back to my team.

"What'd they say, Sarge?" Bedford asked when I returned.

"The pilot said he knew that smoke wasn't theirs, so he blocked the Cobra so it wouldn't shoot."

"He didn't see your panel?" Williams asked.

"No, just the smoke."

"Shit!" Ward cried. "If it wasn't for that guy, graves registration would be out here now sponging us up!"

"You mean that guy and Griffith," I added.

"Yeah, you're right," Ward said.

"The sad thing is, I forgot to thank him."

"Hey, nothing you can do about that," said Bedford.

"Yeah, there is," Griffith said, smiling. "You can thank me!"

"You're right, Tony," I said, looking at his warm, smiling face.

"We owe you."

With nothing else to do but continue the patrol, we mounted our gear and resumed our slow trek south through the continuous wall of vegetation. By 1300 hours we had moved another three hundred meters and reached a seventy-foot hill, where we set up an OP on the west side because it provided a clear view of the reservoir and two trails. But after several hours passed and we saw no sign of the enemy, we set up claymores around our perimeter, and Bedford and I worked our way west a hundred meters to check out one of the north-south trails.

That night at 2200 hours, Griffith caught sight of several small lights heading east toward us a couple of miles away. "Take a look, Sarge," he whispered, nudging me with his hand. "Damn, that's gotta be gooks with flashlights!" I said, watching the lights bob and then suddenly disappear.

With such a brief sighting, we had no accurate range for a fire mission, but just in case, I notified our tactical operations center (TOC), who confirmed that we had no friendly forces

in the area. But after spending a couple more hours without another sighting, I allowed all but one man to sleep, since I was confident the enemy wouldn't continue toward us with all the hills and the water reservoir in their path.

However, at 0210 hours that night, Bedford woke me and the rest of the team, whispering, "We've got movement!"

"Okay," I said, clutching my rifle as my heart began to pound. By then each of us was sitting, straining to hear under the black, moonless sky, when we caught the sound of vegetation and branches moving fifty meters west. The crickets must have heard it, too, because they stopped singing.

"What do you think, Sarge?" Williams whispered as the sounds grew closer.

"I don't know. . . . Hold your fire!" I said as my mind raced with questions: How'd they see us? How'd they get here so quick? Is it just by chance they maneuvered around the reservoir and back to us? Are they coming because of the rocket attack? Did they see Bedford and me when we went to the trail? How many men are coming? Are they coming from other directions as well? Should I fire our claymores? Should I tell my team to just throw grenades so we don't give away our position? If I do, will one of the grenades hit the vegetation and bounce back? If I tell 'em, will the enemy hear me? What should I do? Where in the hell did I go wrong?

Recovering my senses, I whispered to Ward, "Give me your handset." After he gave it to me, I put it to my ear and signaled TOC that we had movement nearby, by breaking squelch a certain number of times, hoping that if things did go to hell, TOC would know our situation and could mount a rescue. But with our position so far from friendlies, and TOC unable to do anything in so short a time, we sat huddled in the dark vegetation with our rifles and claymore generators, knowing we were on our own. Just then the noise came to within twenty meters and then suddenly diminished from a loud, steady ruckus to a quiet, stealthy advance that I knew only a large predatory animal could make.

Relieved that we were facing an animal rather than the enemy, Ward notified TOC of our status just as the noise separated into two encircling paths, ten meters out.

"Tigers!" Bedford whispered, hearing snorting and heavy footfalls. "Sounds like big-ass Bengals," I added. "Don't shoot unless you gotta."

"For sure," Bedford replied as the tigers circled at a constant distance.

But when they continued circling for a couple of minutes, Bedford said, "Let's try scaring 'em off with rocks."

"Yeah, why not, John?" I said, reaching to the ground and feeling blindly for rocks.

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Once we all had some, we lobbed them over the vegetation at the tigers, which caused them to leap to one side, but they quickly returned. As this went on for the next hour or so, with the beasts not coming closer but not leaving, either, we knew we could keep them at bay as long as we could find enough rocks.

"I think we can forget about sleep," I whispered, reaching for another rock. Just before dawn a cold rain developed, and finally the tigers left. With all of us exhausted, hungry, and wet, I had two men keep watch on the reservoir and trails as the others ate and went to sleep.

An hour later Bedford and Ward were sitting watch as Griffith and I slept, when a piercing scream suddenly came at us out of the dark clouds. Glancing up, I saw one of two camouflage-painted F-4s diving directly over our position, and we all hit the cold, muddy dirt, thinking it was coming at us. Within seconds it broke from its dive with a loud explosive noise as the twin afterburners hurled the twenty-ton jet back up into the sky.

Still lying on the ground, we felt the earth shake and, a few seconds later, heard the air thunder as two 500-pound bombs exploded on the far side of the reservoir, three-quarters of a mile away. At that instant the second jet dived from the clouds and dropped two bombs as the first prepared to dive again. Curious why they were striking so close, I had Ward radio TOC, who told us the jets were targeting an area they had struck before.

Minutes later the Phantoms had dropped all their bombs, and low-flying helicopters started to roam our area, moving in and out of LZs Betty and Sharon. Frustrated by all the activity, we stayed buried in the vegetation, waiting for them to leave, figuring any enemy troops in the area would be doing the same.

It kept raining the rest of that day, and we stayed wet and shivering. But just after dusk we again heard movement, this time approaching from the south. Sitting in place with our weapons in hand, we realized that the tigers were back. But after nearing our position and circling us as before, they started to come closer, clearly less intimidated by our rocks.

For the rest of that night the tigers tormented us as before, departing at dawn just as the two Phantoms returned for another bombing run. After the jets completed their attack, the low-flying helicopters returned; the tigers came back again that night, and the cold, rainy weather continued. Then the cycle continued for yet another day, only without the Phantoms, with the tigers becoming more emboldened each night.

Just before dusk on our last evening of patrol, Griffith sat heating a cup of water for his usual chicken-and-rice LRRP ration. Ward

sat under a poncho next to him, eating a spaghetti ration. But once Ward was halfway through, he suddenly stopped eating and said, "Hey, Sarge, I've been thinking about tonight."

"What about tonight?" I asked, eating the skin of an orange. "There's no way those tigers can come closer without 'em getting one of us."

"We'll be all right."

"Maybe you, but not me."

"Why's that?" I asked.

"Because it's me they're after."

"What makes you say that?"

"Cause I'm the biggest."

"Gimme a break, Ward; you're big but you're stupid."

"Oh, yeah? I'll show you who's stupid!" he said, picking up his half-eaten LRRP ration and crawling in the mud toward me.

"What the hell you doing?" I asked as he crawled over my legs and past my feet.

"I'm gonna put this by you so they'll eat your ugly ass!"

"Okay, Ward," I said as he set the ration at arm's length in front of my feet. "If that helps you relax. . ."

After he crawled back, I grabbed another orange from my rucksack, careful not to move Ward's ration and ruin his fun. When night fell, the tigers returned like clockwork, and we started throwing rocks. But halfway through the night, during the early morning hours of Wednesday, September 4, one of them approached me. Unable to see anything in front of me but a black void, I pulled my feet in and sat up. Pointing my CAR-15 at the sounds, I flicked the selector to semi as the tiger paused and then cautiously stepped toward the ration Ward had placed by my feet.

I could hear it as it reached the plastic bag the ration was in and began to eat. As I listened carefully, with my finger next to the trigger in case it should make a sudden move, it finished the meal and started to lick inside the wrapper. I couldn't help thinking how much it sounded like my cat, Fluffy, back home. At that instant the tiger stopped licking and stood silently. Apparently not satisfied with the skimpy meal Ward had left, it stepped toward me. Aware of every lump and contour of the ground after five days of stationary patrol in this spot, I knew there wasn't another morsel of food between the big cat and my team—except me.

So with no time to lose, I fired two quick shots. As each shot echoed through the night with a bright flash, I heard the tiger leap to one side. Satisfied that it wasn't coming closer, I held my fire, not wanting to give enemy troops more of a fix on our position. But instead of falling or running away, I heard it pad calmly over to its companion, whereupon the two walked away.

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"Man, that thing wasn't even scared!" I whispered. "I know I didn't miss it!"

"That cat just used two of its lives!" Ward muttered.

"Hey, Sarge," Griffith said, "since we're getting out at first light, why don't we zap 'em with claymores when they come back?" "You know, Tony," I said, "they've dick'd with us long enough. Let's do that."

But hours passed and daybreak came, and the tigers didn't return. We then prepared for our extraction by retrieving our claymores and gathering our gear. At 0705 hours TOC radioed for our extraction, so we headed north a short distance to a bomb crater we had passed, which would serve as a pickup zone.

Once there, we sat exhausted inside the wet vegetation surrounding the crater, and I dozed off. Just then a flock of birds flew up from the brush, waking me just before I heard the heavy whump, whump, whump of a helicopter rotor approaching.



September 4, 1968.
Sgt. Ankony and
RTO, Cpl. Ward)

Suspicious of the timing, I stood up and peeked out to see a lone Huey gunship a quarter mile to the north, a pair of gold crossed sabers painted on the nose, flying low directly at us.

"Stay covered!" I shouted, falling to the ground.

At that second the gunship's nose-mounted minigun opened fire with a long burst at a tall clump of vegetation two hundred meters north of us. As tracers ricocheted and whined through the air, the gunship started to work its fire toward us.

"They're from the First of the Ninth, Ward!" I hollered. "Get 'em on the horn and tell 'em we're here!"

Ward, who had already pulled his rucksack in front of him, quickly switched frequencies and was soon in contact with the gunship, yelling, "Cease fire, Blue Max! Cease fire! Slashing Talon Five Nine a hundred meters south, over!"

At that instant the gunship quit firing and the pilot radioed, "Sorry about that. We were reconning by fire, over."

"Roger, Blue Max," Ward replied as the gunship turned and flew away.

Shaken by the event, I pulled out one of my last fruitcake bars. "I told ya, Sarge, your last patrol was gonna bring bad luck," Griffith said, taking a seat.

"Bad luck, Tony?" I replied, staring at the exhausted, weathered faces of my team. "It's been a fuckin' nightmare!"

We saw several Hueys approaching below thick black clouds to our north, but we stayed hidden even though we knew that our extraction ships were in the air. Once radio contact was made, we crawled out of the vegetation into the crater's edge.

Bedford guided a Huey to a hover by holding his rifle high over his head as the other birds circled above. When it reached our crater we ran through the mud and rotor wash and leaped inside as each door gunner trained his M60 beyond us, watching for the enemy. We lifted off into the cold, drizzly sky as I sat on the floor with my CAR-15 in hand and my wet, muddy feet hanging out the door. Speeding back to our LZ, I leaned against Griffith's leg, knowing that my patrols were over and I would make it home.

* * *

Five months later, during the early morning hours of Wednesday, February 5, 1969, Sergeant Tony L. Griffith from Company H, 75th Infantry (Ranger) led his five-man long-range reconnaissance team through thick fog and dense, short brush between An Loc and the Cambodian border, wearing my old flop hat, which I had given him for luck. Hearing wood being chopped not far off a trail they were assigned to surveil, the experienced Recondo School grad had his team set up an ambush. But members of the North Vietnamese Army had also detected the team.

At dawn several enemy soldiers stole through the fog and flung a grenade into the middle of the team, who were spread in a line by the trail, in sight of each other. The grenade exploded next to the front scout, Cpl. Richard E. Wilkie, showering him with shrapnel. As the enemy opened fire, the two team members on Wilkie's left panicked and fired in the direction of the grenade's blast. Caught in an intense crossfire, Wilkie, a Special Forces veteran, was shot five times—once by the enemy, twice by his team, and twice by bullets that passed through him. Miraculously, he survived. So, too, did the assistant team leader, Lewis D. Davidson, who was hit twice in the leg. Tony Griffith's luck, however, ended that morning, when he was hit by multiple gunshots to the chest, just days before his twenty-first birthday.



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

Unit Director - David Flores



Phu Loi Mission.

8-12 May, 1968

Written by Dave Hill, Roger Anderson and Robert "Paul" Elsner

This mission took place during the "middle era" of our unit, when it was Co. F/52nd Infantry (LRP). The 12-months period following the 1968 Tet Offensive has been characterized as "the bloodiest year of the war".

Our teams and those of the other Vietnam LRP and Ranger units saw much combat during this period. Tough losses were taken; hard lessons were learned. Most of our 1st Division LRP missions had by then moved away from reconnaissance. We were now focused primarily on initiating contact whenever and wherever we felt we could prevail. Our stealth allowed us to make many such contacts even within relatively close proximity of major US or ARVN bases—areas frequently swept by line infantry units, but with them having made little or no enemy contact. The firepower we could bring to bear—particularly that of artillery and air support—could make our teams "force multipliers" of the highest order when surprise was achieved.

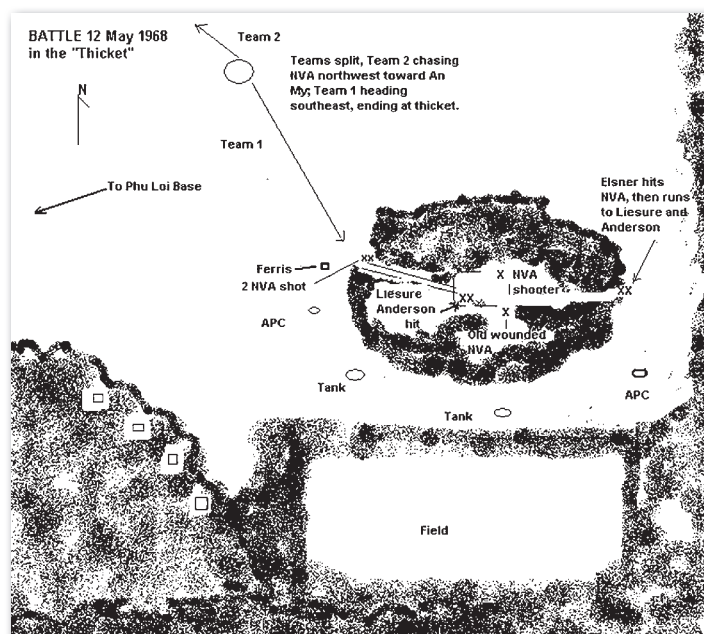


On the fifth day of May 1968, Viet Cong and NVA forces attacked Saigon and 118 other South Vietnamese district and provincial capitals, major cities, and US and ARVN military installations. This marked a sharp resurgence in Communist efforts to carry the war from the borders into the South Vietnamese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

lay along Highway 13, about thirty kilometers northwest of Saigon. It was home base to the division's artillery and armored and air cavalry, along with other units. It was a major complex with great strategic importance.

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

Surrounded by villages, vast rice paddies, and rubber plantations, Phu Loi had been the scene of fierce combats during the 1968 Tet Offensive just a few months prior. NV A and VC used the area around Phu Loi as a staging area, a gathering point to strike Saigon and other key targets. On January 31, 1968, Team Wildcat 2, led by Sergeant Luse, exposed an estimate full regiment of NV A and VC attempting a night crossing north of Phu Loi from Dog Leg Village to An My. The Lurp team directed an artillery attack on the huge unit, which prematurely began the Tet Offensive against Phu Loi base camp. After being badly mauled by the



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artillery directed by the long-range patrollers, the VC and NV A survivors escaped into nearby An My village, where a vicious battle ensued. Elements of the Big Red One's 1st Battalion, 28th Infantry, and the 1st Squadron, 4th Cavalry, engaged the hostile force for a few days, finally dislodging it from the village.



**L-R, kneeling, Ron Luse, John Mills.
Standing, Dave Hill, Bill Cohn, Roger Anderson.**

The Lurps' early warning and the subsequent defeat of the enemy was a major blow to the No1th Vietnamese's plans for the region. Ironically, the Wildcat 2 LRRPs received credit only for discovering the Communist force. The official after action report entirely omitted the fact that the LRRPs had actually stayed in position, spotting and adjusting artillery and aerial fire on the enemy throughout the night of January 31, 1968. So, 1st Infantry Division G-2 (Intelligence) believed that, because of the renewed attacks and continued pitched battles in and around the capital city of Saigon, the Phu Loi area would again be a transit route for major enemy forces. The Tet Offensive had almost eliminated all Main Force Viet Cong units in the area, so the local "part-time" Viet Cong forces had begun escorting the North Vietnamese Army soldiers through villages and rest areas as they moved toward Saigon. Thus, Wildcat I and 2 were deployed to find and foil the infiltrators' plans once again.

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

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

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

The team was going to the exact place that Sergeant Luse and Team 2 had so successfully worked from back on January 31. On May 10, Wildcat 2 moved out of Phu Loi just after dark. Wildcat 1 was to be used as a reaction force if the need arose. Team 2 proceeded about three clicks to the Chinese graveyard it had used in January. After scoping the area for a while, they moved over to the same stone grave monument, one that looked like a kind of pagoda structure. Then they deployed around it, with half the team climbing into it. From there, elevated about five feet above the surrounding terrain, they could observe the area. It was an excellent place to watch for enemy forces moving through the surrounding area, thinking they would be concealed by the darkness. A starlight scope gave the Lurps unrestricted visibility for several hundred yards in every direction. So they began sharing watch shifts, searching for anything out of the ordinary. They paid particular attention to the north, where the Tet crossing site had been. That was the shortest route between Dog Leg and An My.



**L-R, Dave Hill, Scout Dog Rex, Jackie Leisure,
John Mills, Ronnie Luse, Bill Cohn in Phu**

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At approximately 0100 hours, business picked up. A squad of enemy was spotted moving into the rice paddies north of the Lurp position, from east to west. The TL immediately called in artillery on them, but they escaped southeast, toward the still-undetected Lurps. As they began to veer away back toward the village, the team opened up, first, with its own weapons, and a brief firefight took place before the enemy finally reached the wood line of Dog Leg village. With Wildcat 2 now compromised, it was time for them to “get out of Dodge”. So the team carefully but quickly moved back to Phu Loi, scoping the paddies all round them as they moved, to ensure they themselves did not walk into an enemy ambush or force.

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

As night took over the sky, the painted faces slipped from the Phu Loi perimeter, taking a different route from that used the previous night. They carefully wound their way to within

three hundred meters of the graveyard, and then stopped for a visual scan with the starlight scopes. After carefully examining the grave monument, they slowly approached it. It was close to 2300 hours as they encircled the monument. As the rest of the men prepared to place claymore mines out, Sergeant Luse climbed up on the perch to begin observing. No sooner had he started his observation, than Luse quickly whispered to SSgt. Leisure that he had spotted a column of troops and a truck moving slowly from south to north just inside the tree line adjacent to Dog Leg village. Leisure warned the other team members, then climbed up next to Luse for a look-see. It was then that they also saw a large number of enemy troops moving westward into the rice paddy toward An My, apparently the head of the column first spotted or an advance contingent of it. They were traversing precisely the same trail as in the earlier encounters in January and the previous night!

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

With over two hundred enemy in the open rice paddy, Luse asked for a spotting round. It hit just beyond the juncture of the trail and tree line, and Luse quickly called for the next rounds to “drop five-zero and fire for effect”. The first five rounds burst like a string of giant firecrackers overhead of the tail of the enemy column. The airbursts exploded downward, showering the troops with deadly shrapnel. Then Luse called for “traversing fire”, having the artillery fire continuously along

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the east-west axis of the trail, savaging the entire column. The enemy troops were facedown in the rice paddy or running, with no overhead cover, as illumination rounds kept the area lit up and 4.2 inch heavy mortars added to the carnage. Leisure and Luse alternated adjusting fire onto any groups or individuals trying to flee the impact area. The NV A must have known that they were under observed fire, but they seemed to have no idea where the culprits were bidden. The Lurps' position lay just outside the ring of light being cast by the artillery illumination.

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

Taking turns watching through the starlight scopes and directing fire, the Lurps again brought in the artillery and mortars each time a new target or movement was detected. Each time troops tried to run or crawl away, the teams directed a barrage on them to hold the trap shut. This continued throughout the night. At about 0400 hours, the Lurps heard rockets and mortars (actually saw the rockets) being launched from behind the eastern wood line, and they immediately warned the FDC that the rounds might be heading for Phu Loi. They gave estimated grid coordinates and an azimuth (compass direction) to the enemy firing points. After firing some counter fire, the FDC advised the Lurps that since fire missions had become less frequent, they were ceasing fire to give the artillery battery and mortar teams some time to restock and rest. They said that they would bring in a "time on target (TOT)" barrage just before dawn. [A TOT occurred when multiple batteries were fired in timed sequence so that all of the rounds arrived on target at the same time.] The Lurps were also informed that they would get some relief by first light, when tanks and ACAVs (tracked armored cavalry vehicles) would come in to help the teams. In addition, an

air force FAC (forward air controller) plane would come on station soon to coordinate air cover for the Lurps.

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

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

Shortly thereafter, the promised TOT struck the original crossing, devastating any surviving enemy who might still be there (the LRRPs were pretty sure the enemy had, for the most part, taken away his wounded and dead and their weapons by that time). Leisure asked Phu Loi control if the heavy LRRP team could move out and sweep the battlefield before any more of the enemy could escape to the tree line. The request was denied, and the LRRPs were told to "hold tight" until the Cav arrived. Finally, about an hour after sunrise, the LRRPs could hear and see the ACAVs and tanks moving their way. The LRRPs moved out of the graveyard and joined in a skinnish line in front of the armored vehicles. The American force then moved northward to the crossing point. A few bodies were found, and a few live NVA exchanged fire with the Americans before they too were dispatched. After clearing the paddies, the American troops moved eastward through the woods behind Dog Leg, finding some more wounded enemy along the way. Hill spotted one Vietnamese squatting behind a hedgerow and herded him to a helicopter that had been dispatched for prisoner recovery. The lapse in artillery and mortar fire had obviously allowed the enemy to police up many of their dead and wounded.

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

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

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

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

Suddenly, Anderson, moving behind Leisure, heard shots, and SSgt. Leisure was flying backward toward him. Anderson quickly flipped off the safety on his M-14, but before he could get a shot off, found himself spinning like a top, hit in the back and hand. Thinking that he was dying, he landed on his right side. Then, realizing that he was still alive, he tried to grab his rifle. But the enemy bullet had mangled his right

hand, so he pulled the rifle into his left hand and emptied the magazine into the bush from which the shots had come. He hit the mark, killing an enemy soldier before he could finish reloading his AK-47. Anderson tried to load another magazine into his rifle, but discovered that a bullet had hit the only one within his now limited reach, probably saving his life by deflecting the round. Unable to move due to his wounds, Anderson could only stare at the suspected NVA officer they had originally gone after, who was still lying in the clearing. He appeared to be conscious and had a holstered pistol, and though he could easily finished off Anderson, for some reason he did not.

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

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

Wildcat 1 now had only two surviving team members, Charlie Hartsoe and Chris Ferris, so Luse took them onto his team and they returned to Phu Loi for debriefing by the division artillery G-2 staff. Afterward the men went back to their hootch to grieve and discuss the entire mission. What could

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

have been a “clean sweep” for the two teams had been beset by a number of factors beyond their control. Artillery fire discontinued much too early and allowed the NVA time to remove most of their wounded and dead, along with their weapons and documents. In addition, it had allowed unhurt enemy to escape the artillery ambush zone. The lack of regular infantry support was also puzzling at best. Properly used, infantry could have sealed off the battle area, preventing most escapes. Finally, there was no good reason to use LRRPs to conduct a post-battle sweep with just a few armored vehicles, especially since at least an NVA battalion had been engaged.

In one final attempt to hit any enemy units remaining in the area, and possibly attempting yet another crossing from Dog Leg over to An My, Sgt. Luse reorganized the combined teams, now bolstered by a M-60 gunner and assistant gunner “borrowed” from the Phu Loi Security Platoon (for added firepower), and led them out again on the night of 12 May. This time the LRRPs set up directly astride the original crossing trail itself, taking up L-shaped ambush positions behind gravestones, approximately 300 meters into the rice paddy northwest of where it left the wood line behind Dog Leg. Instead of initiating any contact with artillery or air support, they planned to take under direct fire any enemy troops attempting to use the trail that night. Again, they posited that such an audacious plan would provide them the needed element of surprise to ambush and defeat even a numerically superior enemy force. Alas, nothing came of it, the enemy either no longer being in that particular area or having learned from its mistakes of the two previous nights. Having made no enemy contact, the heavy team exfiltrated back to Phu Loi just prior to first light. Thus ended the Wildcat 1 and 2 Phu Loi mission.

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

rounds, put out a tremendous amount of firepower. Plus they received additional support from “Spooky”, a DC-3 gunship circling overhead like a dragon, armed with miniguns. A morning sweep of the area on 13 May found fifty-seven dead NVA and a number of individual and crew-served (mortars, machine guns, etc.) weapons.

Though Wildcat Teams 1 and 2 had successfully conducted the artillery ambush throughout the night of 11 May and conducted its sweep the following morning, with no infantry support, 1st Infantry Division after-action reports connected the LRRPs only with the initial sighting and contact of 11 May. Many LRRP operations were classified during the war, which might account for the oversight. But the irony cut very deep when the LRRPs learned that several U.S. infantry units were within a half-hour chopper ride of the action as it unfolded, and at least could have (should have) been brought in on the morning of 12 May. Ten LRRPs and a half-dozen armored vehicles were not a match for a mauled but still very



**SSgt. Jack
Leisure**

dangerous enemy battalion, but that was the American force deployed on the scene. To their credit, neither the LRRPs nor the cavalry unit backed away from continuing to attack and pursuit of a much larger force, and the Wildcat teams had proved again that the enemy no longer ruled Vietnam after sundown. SSgt. Jack Leisure had paid the ultimate price and the rest of his men paid a sorrowful farewell tribute to a fine leader and friend.

It has been over four decades since I left Vietnam in December, 1971, in the space of time, it was a long ago; in my reality, it seems in thoughts and those many unwanted intrusions, like yesterday.

Though the endless skirmishes and battles relentlessly replay in my mind, I ask myself: “What could I have done better, what could have I done differently and could I have done more?” Endlessly, these musings pursue me over all these years. I often wonder how could so many courageous men win on the battlefield over and over again, to have given so much (and far more than I wish to remember “gave all”), only to see their nation quit and then willingly push these unique and daring men aside while so unjustly treating them.

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

It was then and still is the greatest disservice of any people and country of its warriors known to man; yes I believe, even more so than the indifference with which our courageous brothers who fought in Korea were treated. Though the people have made some attempts to right these injustices--with monuments and parades-- the damage, in my mind, cannot be undone.

I had the honor of serving in many great units in Vietnam; LRRP, LRP, Airborne Rangers and Black OPS However, none were more memorable then the two years I spent with the 1st ID LRRP/LRP unit. Many thought these men to be rebels, renegades and in the words of General Abrams, "brigands". Perhaps in their eyes, yes, but not in mine and not in the eyes of Division, Brigade and Company commanders who continuously asked them to accomplish the impossible . . . daily.

In their eyes, these men were some of the finest warriors to ever take the battlefield. I believe neither the Spartan 300 nor the Roman Legions would attest differently describing their own prowess in battle. I know some will say that, over these decades of time, my mind is conferring a vision of undue magnitude, by which legends are made of ordinary men. Perhaps, but ordinary men they were not. I stood shoulder to shoulder with these men with blood, sweat and unearthly, breath-robbing red clay running down their faces, looked into their eyes and saw the fear that only shows itself in such men when death is beyond certain. I watched as that fear drained from their eyes and turned into a deadly determined stare of "fuck'em not today . . . no, not this day"! Ordinary men? I think not!

The impossible missions and battles these warriors undertook and won are the accounts of what legends are made. Those

feats of arms became true and common also with the other LRRP/LRP and Airborne- Rangers units into which they evolved--adding their own feats of untold heroics. Sadly these acts will remain in many ways untold. Mainly because of the types of missions and for the sake of their own security, little was ever mentioned of them during and after the war (well, who but they and their families cared?).

A few books have since been written but still, little is truly understood of what these "brigands" endured and accomplished. However, the greatest testimony in my mind came when I, along with fellow LRRP/LR/P Ranger brothers had the honor to visit the 2nd Ranger Battalion at Ft. Lewis. To our surprise these great warriors knew all about us and what we did and have adopted many of our tactics. They knew many of our brothers by name or by the missions they completed. I believe this is the greatest legacy one could ever ask for, to be remembered by other great warriors who continuously add to the history of unfailing honor and warriors' spirit.

I am also blessed by the opportunity to talk over phone with my fellow LRRP/Ranger warrior veterans and though never often enough, in person during mini reunions. To reunite with these brothers, to again experience the bond of these warriors that will never be easy to put into words, but it is readily seen in their eyes when they gather together. They may now be in their 60's, a little frayed around the edges and carrying a few extra pounds but still, if you look, you can still see in their eyes a little bit of brigand and whole lot of warrior!

Thank you my brothers, for allowing me to be among your company. ~ M.J. Sharp, 2/8/2014

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

Unit Director - Roger T. Crunk

Greetings Fellow LRRPs and Rangers,

One of the originals (Camet Chester Hawthorne) 2nd Brigade LRRP (66-67) died August 4, 2012. His dedication, experience, sacrifice and that of his fellow LRRPs helped lay the foundation of K-Co. His Brothers do not forget. Our condolences to his wife Leda, and his family. Know that we hold him up as one of our own.

Sua Sponte. (Of their own accord) This best describes the dedication, the sacrifice of many dollars and countless hours of Jim Bell, his wife Antoinette, and their family in building the K-Co KIA Memorial in Harrison City, PA.

**KIA Monument**

K/75 - E/58 LRP - 4TH DIV LRRP (Continued)**Memorial plaque**

The Memorial was dedicated August 24, 2013. I was privileged to attend along with 12 other LRRPs and Rangers of K-Co. Also in attendance was Kevin Ingraham, VP of the Ranger Regiment Assoc. along with approximately 150 other family, friends, neighbors, representatives from local law enforcement, veteran's organizations and numerous local, state and national representatives.



L-R: Jim Bell, Rick Noble, Ken Nelson, John Chester, Emmett Mulroney, George Douglas, Russell Temple, Kevin O'Brien, Roger Crunk, Roy Simpson, Jim Joyce, Bill Postelnic, and Steve Lockard.

The standing ovation for K-Co, the reading of the name and ringing the bell for each of our fallen Brothers and the 21 gun salute made for a very moving ceremony on a beautiful day.



It was my honor to be the key note speaker on the most special day. I hope that I was able to tell and show the great honor and respect in which we hold our fallen Brothers, to impart to the audience how special K-Co was and is today and convey the love that that we have for each other.

I received this letter from my daughter Andria a few days before the dedication. I want to share it with you, My Brothers.

Dear Dad,

I have been thinking about this memorial for a few days, and these are my thoughts. Feel free to use them if you want. It has always been my wish that you all find some peace and let go of your survivor's guilt. I don't think your Brothers who died would want you to grieve so hard for them. They will never be forgotten as the children of the survivors will always be grateful for their sacrifice because our Fathers came home. So, I wrote this for you.

Let the mourning end here; Lay your grief at the gates
 The dead have long rested gently in their peace
 The lost demand not your grief, your sorrow, your guilt
 They had plenty of that at their death
 Lay at their feet in tribute
 Your loves, your triumphs, your joy
 Let them share in your life
 And know your daughters, your sons, your wives
 So lay your burdens down My Brothers
 And leave them there forever
 Come here again with a peaceful soul
 And honor the dead by living

Very poignant. I don't think I can add anything to that, not that I should.

I just returned last week from a very enjoyable trip to California. On the way I stopped for a visit with my daughter Kaitlin

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

in Elko, Nevada. Next day it was on to Carson City and a great visit with Hank Alderson. He was a platoon leader and then our operations Officer. It was fun talking about our time in K-Co. Then I drove on to Sacramento to pick up Wayne Mitsch at the airport and traveled to Tom Sove's house in Modesto. Rick Noble drove over the next day from Watsonville. Lots of time going over old memories and stories that we've probably told before. A good time attending the Veterans Day parade and ceremonies at the park. Tom and I spent a day working on treasurer and secretarial stuff for the Association.



Then we traveled to Las Vegas to meet with the President Bill Anton) for more of the same.

Also you might be interested to know that Watsonville, CA declared a Rick Noble Day. Congratulations Rick !!

The Women of K Company have created a private Facebook page in which they can get to know each other, plan upcoming events, share what's going on in their lives. If you are/were related in some way to a K Company Ranger and would like to be a part of this group, please contact Cass Sove at cassandrasove@gmail.com, Mary Anne Colledge at ma.colledge@verizon.net, or Sue Williams at bsuewilli@yahoo.com. They would love to have you be a part of the group.

This from Harry Phair, our reunion organizer.

The reunion will be held Sept 23-29 2014 at Shephards beach resort on Clearwater beach FL. You can google it and get a good idea of their facilities. We have a choice of ANY room at \$99.00 a night and they will extend this rate before and after the reunion on an availability basis for those wishing to make a longer vacation. Reservations can be made by calling 727-442-5107 and mention Ranger reunion.

I encourage everyone to make reservations as soon as possible for best choice of rooms. The hotel has free parking for guests which saves \$7-12 per day...they have a brand new wing opening in Jan. and a new \$80,000 sound stage. Transportation from airport to hotel is approx. \$45 by cab...Clearwater hotels do not provide transportation but there are several limo/van services with prior arrangement...once on Clearwater Beach there are free transport {work on tips} and a pass for Jolly Trolley at \$4-5 per day.

There are many things to do in the area and I am negotiating discounts but need to know the number that will attend

as I will be responsible for balance if minimum number do not attend...These include...dinner cruise with private deck and choice from menu, \$46-\$48...1/2 half day fishing trip \$45-57, local restaurants will prepare fish and supply sides for nominal charge....Armed Forces museum {good museum} 14.95...dolphin sighting boat \$30...the hotel has a small beach and parasailing and jet skis are available and i am negotiating discounts for them.. Also hotel restaurant discount...Clearwater Beach (Town) is a short walk from the hotel...i will be checking with local golf courses for discounts. Catherine has been working on things for the ladies including a surprise...this is still in the early stages and I hope to come up with more ideas and discounts.

The hotel has banquet facilities or we can use the dinner cruise for that but I'm not sure how quiet the private deck would be for that. We will have a hospitality room available to us also. We still need to decide what to charge for registration and banquet fees. If you can commit at this time let Harry or myself know what dates you would be there, number in your party, what activities you might be interested in.

You can contact Harry at k75phair@tampabay.rr.com or 352-560-7922 cell 813-842-9950.

Rogertrunk@msn.com 970-858-4579 cell 979-640-3815.



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

K Company Reunion Registration
September 23-29, 2014
Shephards Beach Resort
Clearwater Beach, Florida
727-442-5107

Name _____

Address _____

Phone # _____ Cell _____

E-Mail Address _____

Number of Guests _____ Arriving _____ Departing _____

Activities of Interest

| Activity | Estimated Group Rate | Yes | No | Number of guests |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Dinner Cruise | \$46.00-\$48.00/person | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |
| Half Day Fishing Trip | \$45.00-\$57.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |
| Armed Forces Museum | \$14.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |
| Busch Gardens | Unknown | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |
| Dolphin Sighting Boat | \$30.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |
| Tampa Bay Rays Baseball | Unknown | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | _____ |

Registration Fee / Person \$30.00 x _____ guests = _____

Banquet Fee / Person \$45.00 x _____ guests = _____

TOTAL REGISTRATION & BANQUET FEES = \$ _____

Please print this form and complete, then mail or fax to Wayne.**Fax # 678-325-5960****Or you may scan and attach to your e-mail to: wayne @valuesource.net****Make checks payable to: K Company**☐ **Check here to pay at sign in.****Credit card orders/please include: name on card, cvv code and zip code****Wayne can accept credit cards (Visa & MasterCard only) at 678-325-5959****Send to: Wayne Mitsch, 826 Lakeshore Drive, Berkley Lake, Georgia 30096****For Further information call or e-mail Roger Crunk at: 970-858-4579 or rogercrunk@msn.com**



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

Unit Director - Gary Linderer



Greetings, brothers.

First, let me apologize for my failure to get the last couple of Patrolling issues out. I've had some health issues that arose in November, 2012 and have continued to cause me some problems. I've got an upcoming surgery that should remedy the issues and restore my health. I appreciate the prayers and well-wishes as they have surely worked, since I'm still here.

Marshall Huckaby, a VN era 25th Div. LRP, organized a LRRP/LRP/LRS reunion Apr. 10-13 at Ft. Benning. It was too late to get the word out in Patrolling, but it appears that the event was a major success. Hopefully, it will become an annual event for those of us who served in long range patrol units. You can check this out on Face Book at "Rally Point 2014—LRRP/LRP/LRS Rally.

Since, no plans were made for a 2014 unit reunion last year at the Ranger Rendezvous, I am willing to host one in Branson, Missouri in late September. Weather is nice that of the year and since none of us have young children to worry about, it's a good time to get together. We held one here a couple of years back that was very successful, with one of our best banquets/auctions and even a Huey setting in a field outside our hotel that provided rides for all of the attendees and their wives.

Those of you who attended enjoyed the fish fry on Thursday, which I promise we can do again. Branson has a ton of shows, river/rail/lake cruises, great fishing, and restaurants. I can book rooms in a pretty decent hotel for around \$50-\$60 per night, which is considerably less than what we pay at other locations. You can fly into Springfield or Branson, Mo. I'll do my best to arrange transportation from either location for those who do not chose to rent a vehicle. Springfield Airport is 40 miles away and Branson Airport is 12 miles away. Southwest flies directly into Branson. I'd appreciate some quick feedback on who is interested in attending, so I can get the ball rolling. You can call me at 417-331-2834 or email me at lindlrp@yahoo.com.

I don't know how many years we've got left to join together in brotherhood, but it's growing fewer every year. Many of us are



no longer here, while others are suffering from sickness, disease and infirmity. We've grown old, my brothers, and old is a permanent condition. Time is rapidly running out. Far too often have I spoken to the loved ones of a departed comrade who told me "he always talked about going to one of the reunions, but just never did." What a shame! His loss and ours, too.

Personally, I always feel renewed after a reunion. You are my brothers, my family. We made history together and created a proud legacy for those who have followed us. As our generation draws to a close, we must be there for each other and the generations yet to come. We have been documented more than any other LRP/Ranger unit that served during the Viet Nam war. Reenactment groups in California,

Virginia, Texas, and Kansas have portrayed our unit. Other groups have done the same in England, Holland, France, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Russia. I feel honored every time I hear from them or receive photos of the events they attend. Be proud, gentlemen, you have become legend.

Those of you who know "Wild Bill" Meachum and W. T. Grant, know they are two of the finest aviators ever to insert or extract a long range recon team. Twice they saved this writer's butt from a trip back to the states in a flag-draped coffin. I know that a number of you can make that same claim. W. T. is coming off a close one following open-heart surgery to repair a valve in his aorta. Wild Bill is in hospice care following discovery of cancer in his kidney, liver and lung. He has only months left in this AO. Any of you who like to contact either of these gentlemen, call me or email me for the necessary info.

Feel free to contact me in the future with intell, info, or any other topic you'd like to see in a future Patrolling issue. I'll write the unit articles for the publication, but it's up to you to provide the material. We were all a lot more interesting when we had hair and waistlines. Now that we're balding and bulging, we create about as much news as an Obama State of the Union address. If you've got something you want to share with the rest of us, let me know...or all start making up lies about you. Until the next issue, Linwood 2-2, out.



M/75 - 71ST LRP - 199TH LRRP

Unit Director - Robert Q. Tate

WARRIORS,

FIRST, I would like to thank RANGER/SPECIAL FORCES COL RET JIM HANKE for his outstanding information he provided for us in the last issue of PATROLLING MAGAZINE! All you guys voiced your approval as did others via e-mail complimenting Jim for a much needed historical version of the LRRPS TO RANGERS! All Units should be proud of this link which has obviously been overlooked for so long. The Colonel was sent a RANGER SHIRT from all of us with an invitation to join us the next time we are gathered together.

SECONDLY, DAMN WHAT A REUNION FOR US! Many Thanks to those who worked so very hard to insure that we had a great time and enjoyed ourselves—and that we did! What a treasure to sit down and talk about our missions so many years later! Very few could understand, but we spoke with respect, knowledge, clarity and laughter about carrying out extremely dangerous missions so many years ago...but which we somehow seem to remember on a daily basis. Roger Blanchards wife, Cheryl, probably said it best when she told Roger, "Now I know the faces behind the stories..." Would have liked to called everyones name but Sampson told me the LT ran off with our Sign In Sheet...Oh well.

WARRIORS, BEAUX BRIDGE, LOUISIANA is alive and well...and most importantly very much looking forward to our visit next May. Our Headquarters for lodging will be the



MICROTEL INN & SUITES in Beaux Bridge. Room Rates are \$69.95 per night with us arriving on 28MAY14 and leaving on 01JUN14. Everyone please mention 75TH RANGERS when making your reservations. the Toll Free Number is 800.771.7171 and the local number is 337.332.0432. Deadline for reservations is 01MAY14.

The owner of the Microtel is also the owner of CAJUN CLAWS - which is on the same property as the hotel... and Crawfish Boils are a daily routine. So, there will be an unlimited supply of mudbugs. Other meals will be taken at

BUCK & JOHNNYS'...that's Johnnys as in Johnny Raymond, the legendary RANGER and SPECIAL FORCES WARRIOR! It's all worked out for SWAMP TOURS, AIRBOAT RIDES, CAJAN MUSEUM, AIRBORNE REST AREA, and a host of other things that we will be doing. Would like to see us Remember our Fallen with a Ceremony at the Special Operations Memorial in Beaux Bridge.

We all need to have a BRICK at the RANGER MEMORIAL. I do not have one, JON TURK (KIA) does not have one as well. Need someone to check out the cost & requirements for us so we can all be on the same page. SAMPSON, you did a great job of setting up our MAVERICK COMPANY FACEBOOK PAGE.! LT, get in step! Sampson says you're scared of the 21st Century! Hell Sir, we were scared of the 20th Century!

Love you my brothers...see you down the trail! Robert Tate



N/75 - 74TH LRP - 173RD LRRP

Unit Director - Robert "Twin" Henriksen



Some folks have spent fortunes to go on that once-in-a-lifetime Safari to hunt a Tiger. Hell, we had them hunting us!



Be it ever so humble. Hotel Team hooch, LZ English 70-71.



Jake Dymond cooking dinner. DO NOT attempt to put this fire out by stomping on it!

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



"So this guy goes into a bar see and...
aw come on man, you'll like this one.
So this guy goes into a bar.."
POW captured by Alpha Team N/75th.



Biker Bar



Look...up in the sky...is it a bird? Is it a plane? No its...

By Dave Cummings:

I arrived in N Company in August 70. After completing the training and assessment course I was assigned to my first team (Oscar I think, not sure) with a veteran SSG E-6 Team Leader (who shall remain nameless). My first missions consisted of an infil into an AO late in the day and soon going into Night Laager for the evening. Next day we usually made contact. Contact consisted of the TL shooting at something on a ridge (that I never saw) and calling for gunships. He would have the gunships beat up the ridge for awhile then he would call for an extraction and we would be back in early. I could tell by the way debrief went back at the TOC that there was some suspicion about the conduct of our missions. But I was a newbie and figured I didn't know shit so kept my mouth shut.



Article from Sky Soldier newspaper.
Bet Charlie threw a big party when
they heard Tad was ETSing.

But I was not happy. I had thought I had joined an elite outfit but things just didn't seem right. The TL was flighty, fast talking, and nervous. He didn't inspire much confidence in me and I was becoming disillusioned. Then one day the TL finally got us into a whale of a gunfight in the Tiger Mountains. Unfortunately it was with a group of unarmed civilian woodcutters. We had to hang around for a MACV investigation team. By the time we got started back the VC had had plenty of time to booby trap our trails. The TL and slack man were hit pretty bad and evacuated out, never saw them again. I was contemplating quitting this mess. I was really down.

I was then assigned to a new team (Kilo I think, not sure). SGT E-5 Johnson (JJ) was one of the new breed of TLs. He was not a career soldier, he was here to fight for his country, kick some commie ass, then go home. He was average height but stocky and bull strong. He had grown up on a ranch in the Dakotas and was at ease in the woods. He had been picked from the ranks to be a TL purely on ability and displayed leadership. He was rather easy going and unassuming in the rear, but totally in charge out in the boonies.

The opposite of JJ was the Assistant Team Leader, SP-4 Gary Bushinger. Where JJ was generally good natured, Bush was dark and foreboding. Tall, dark eyes, deeply tanned and black hair, he was always intensely serious and rarely cracked a smile.

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

He was hard to get close to which suited his reputation as calm under fire and a cold blooded killer. Countering Bush's constant seriousness was PFC Larry Snook. "Snookie" was the class clown type. Thin and wiry with a beak nose, he even looked the part. JJ made me welcome and I was struck by the difference in style between him and my last TL. Instead of up-tight and nervous he was easy going but confident. You just felt everything was OK and under control with him in charge. The atmosphere in the Kilo hooch was just different than it had been in my old team. The easy confidence exhibited by all of the Team members was infectious and I immediately felt better about life in general than I had before.

Soon we were headed for the eastern mountains on a mission. The chopper flared over a clearing in the rain forest. Most often these clearings were choked with tall tropical grasses known variously as elephant grass, saw grass, or razor grass. It varied in height from five to fifteen feet. Since the pilot can't see the ground beneath they settle the skids into the grass and hover so you can jump out. Of course you never know just how high a particular stand is until you jump into it. Sometimes it's a short step, sometimes you feel like you are free falling forever. Hopefully the thickness of the grass breaks your fall enough so your hundred pounds of gear doesn't bust something as you break your fall with a PLF roll. There were occasional sprained ankles.

This fall was about six feet, not too bad. Just a little "oooph" knocked out of you when you slammed into the ground. The Team assembled, checked gear, and headed out single file until clear of the LZ. We then stopped for an extended halt. The purpose of this was to get 'tuned in' to the normal sounds and smells of the area which allowed you to recognize those that did not belong and to see if anyone was following us from the LZ.

We did our utmost to limit our signature. We painted our faces and hands with green camo stick. No after shave or scented soap, smoking was tightly controlled as was heating our rations, and we rarely communicated by voice. There were times we went all day without speaking a word. Yet we communicated with each other just fine with hand signals, facial expressions, pointing, etc. Moving along a trail I suddenly sensed something, turned, and brought my weapon up. It was only an animal, but all six of us had done it together as if choreographed. When a team was in synch we all sensed the same things and reacted the same ways without anyone signaling anything. We were so attuned to each other it was like we could read each other's minds as if we were telepathic, it was weird. It was also one of the keys to our survival. Soon I was in tune with the men of Kilo Team.

The second day we came across a recently used trail and JJ set up an ambush. Two men pulled security, one in each direction. We daisy-chained two Claymores placed ten meters down trail and two more up trail. The ideal ambush was to catch them all in the blast arc of the Claymores. Boom! Then go count bodies, no one left to shoot back and hurt you. But, all too often there was return fire. After a couple hours laying in the ambush site four guys wearing green uniforms, pith helmets, and AKs (full kitted NVA Regulars) approached from our right. My heart raced and I forced myself to remain calm. Avoiding sudden movements that could be noticed, I slowly brought my M-16 to bear and eased off the safety. WHAM! The Claymores blew and we all emptied a magazine. Then the Team stood up and swept through the kill zone to finish them off while I stayed put working the radio reporting the contact.

The team collected weapons and gear and then stripped the bodies of their bloody uniforms. I was always struck with how undignified it seemed to leave them not only dead but naked, but that was the SOP. Ostensibly the purpose was the clothes might have documents sewn in them that could be found with a thorough search by MI back in the rear. I later learned however that the main reason was higher wanted proof that the team had actually been in contact and claimed the proper number of bodies. Given my experience with my last team I could not fault this.

Having called in the contact report JJ took the handset and called for an extraction. Carrying the captured gear we headed toward a PZ clearing. While waiting for the bird we went through the captured gear for any souvenirs which were put in a separate pile. It was the TLs prerogative to divvy it up. Priority went to team seniority, then to whoever did not have a particular item. If you were the only one without an NVA belt buckle, which I was, then you got one, which I did. The prized souvenir of them all were Tokarev pistols, which were legal to take home with you.

"Tango Kilo one-one, this is Starblazer three-seven on your freq over." I answered, "Starblazer three-seven, this is Kilo one-three over." "Roger Kilo, am inbound ETA five minutes over." "Roger that Starblazer, PZ is clear, popping smoke." Snook held a purple smoke grenade in his hand and looked at JJ. When the 'whop-whop' of the Huey seemed close enough JJ nodded and Snook tossed it into the clearing. The pilot came back immediately, "The Starblazer is seeing Purple Haze." "Roger, that's us," I answered smiling. The Jimi Hendrix reference was an old one but always humorous. Pilots always verified the smoke color on approach to insure he was landing on the right

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

signal. Charlie was known to throw his own smoke on hearing a descending Huey to lure it into his own clearing. The UH-1H with the unit's blazing star painted on the nose settled into the clearing and we scrambled aboard. As the bird lifted off a door gunner let off a burst just for the hell of it. We sat in the door with feet on the skids enjoying the cool wind blowing the jungle stink off of us. It had been a smooth as silk mission with real results, what a contrast to my last team. Life was good and I was happy.

From Reed Cundiff:

We were in Livingstone, Guatemala (mouth of Rio Dulce on Caribbean) and ran into a guy on a wharf (we had just got off a launch and half hour ride from an eco-lodge in jungle) and ran into a guy with N Ranger tattoos on both shoulders. His name is Kurt Brown and he said he was with Team Bravo of N Rangers 1969 - 1970. He mentioned someone named McAllister. He may be legitimate - this was ten days ago and he was planning to take a bus to Panama with his girlfriend. We are currently on Isla Utila in Bay of Honduras for two weeks of snorkeling. Herbie Baugh has been here before for scuba. (Note: Cameron McAllister was KIA Nov 69)



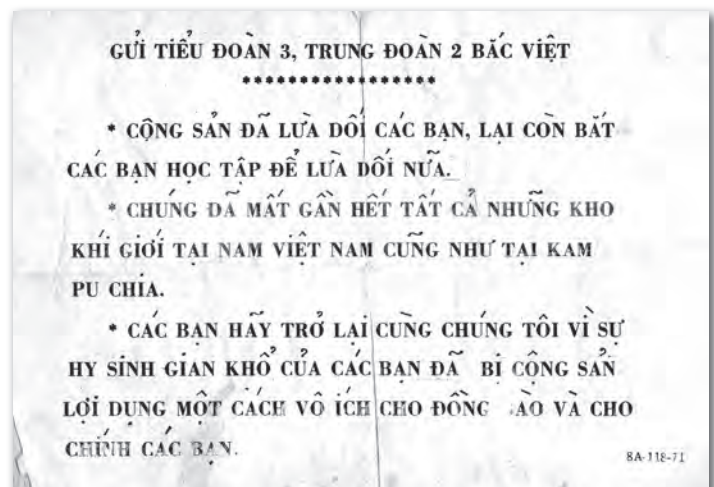
Reed Cundiff and fellow November Ranger Kurt Brown.

Ran across this old reunion photo the other day. Remembering some of the guys no longer with us. Roy Boatman, our founding Unit Director. Gary "Mad Dog" Cupit still in uniform. Front row center in black shirt is Kenny Perry. Kenny lived nearby in Thomaston, Georgia. What a character. Kenny got brain cancer. Knowing his days were numbered he had a long time



Reunion photo circa 1990.

to plan his own funeral which he did. He wanted everyone to have a good time, and so it was. As you walked into the church there was a clown at the door handing you a balloon. So we were all setting there in the church, listening to good music he selected, holding your balloon, and everyone was smiling.



Quiz – What are these? Hint, a REMF wouldn't see one unless it was brought back from Indian country by field Soldiers.

Hope you enjoyed the article. If not it's your own damn fault. On page 2 in the box listing the 75th RRA officers you will see the deadlines for submitting articles. Just email them to me any time prior to those dates: davidf4f4@mchsi.com. For those of you only semi-literate don't worry about it. I will edit your story and make you look smarter than you really are.

There it is.

Unit Director - Michael L. Feller

The image displays four distinct patches of the 75th Airborne Division. The top patch is a banner for the 'ARCTIC RANGER' Co. 0, 75th INF. Below it is another banner for the 'AIRBORNE RANGER' Co. 0, 75th INF. The bottom left patch is a square with 'AIRBORNE' at the top and a large 'AA' in a circle below. The bottom right patch is a circle with 'AIRBORNE' at the top and a bear head with a star above its head below.

Larry Lee - 812-972-1396 • Mike Feller - 231-848-4948



Unit Director - Terry B. Roderick

A black and white photograph of a military patch. The patch is shaped like a banner at the top with a diamond in the center. The banner contains the text "AIRBORNE RANGER" in the middle, "P CO." on the left, and "75TH INF." on the right. The diamond is empty.

Marauders Association I'd be attending, they asked me if I would mind stopping by Winter Park, Florida and picking up a WWII Ranger who wanted to attend, but didn't drive that far from home anymore. It wasn't that far out of my way and I thought I'd enjoy yukking it up with one of the old guys from WWII. I asked who it was I would be picking up so I could schedule our rendezvous the next day.

P/75 - 79TH LRP (Continued)

MG John Raaen, 5th Ranger BN, WW II, January, 2014

I was told his name was John C. Raaen Jr. and given his phone number. I called him up and set up a time to be ready and later I decided to "Google" his name to see if there was anything on him on the Internet. Lo and behold, pages of links to him were there and I found out that he was the Commanding Officer of Headquarters Company, 5th Ranger Battalion on D-Day and part of the invasion force. He also was a retired Major General and

had a list of accomplishments that was never ending. I knew I had to be on my A-Game the next day and wore a suit and tie. We met early that morning and he made me feel comfortable right away. We had a nice conversation on the way and I had seen that he wrote a book called, **"INTACT"**, that is a first hand account of the D-Day invasion. I got an autographed copy by the way. In fact, he was tasked to do the AAR (After Action Report) for the 5th Ranger Battalion after D-day and he told me his book is pretty much what he wrote back in the time frame with comments interspersed in his book from the eyes of others too. I'm reading it right now and gaining a much better idea of how it all went down on D-Day as far as the Ranger forces. I can't think of a better source.

When we arrived in Bartow, about an hour and a half drive away, there was a nice crowd of Rangers from all eras there already and that was nice to see. I understand there was another Marauder there and the church was full as Colonel Ketcham had been in the community a long time and touched a lot of people in the area. You could tell he was highly respected and would be missed dearly by his family and community. After a very nice service there was a 25 minute slideshow of Colonel Ketcham and it was easy to get a feel for the man I did not even know.

We did not attend the burial ceremony and left the church after the service and headed back to the Orlando area. We had planned on lunch after the services but it was getting along into the afternoon and we didn't want to get stuck in the busy Orlando/Winter Park area traffic on a Friday afternoon so I took General Raaen home safely and got a rain check for a FREE Lunch down the road. When I think of the things he saw on that day years ago it is simply humbling. He was a class act and he's still as sharp mentally as he ever was. He is still writing and doing research in projects at home and active with his church and family.

During the week of February 28, 2014, Duke DuShane, Ted Tilson, and I gathered in Columbus/Fort Benning to attend

the graduation from Airborne School of 1st Lt. Matthew Catanzaro. Matt is the firefighter that Ted and I met with Gary O'Neill and Jim DeSalvo in New York City this past summer at Duke's Bar in downtown Manhattan. He is in a Special Forces Reserve unit in Massachusetts and drives there from New York for training, etc.



Ted Tilson & Matt Catanzaro.

Well, he had orders for Combat Assault School and got through it in a breeze. Then he had to attend the Special Forces Selection Board at Fort Bragg and he made it through that and Jump School was next. We knew from our conversation with him last summer that Fort Benning and Jump School were in his fairly near future, but not sure exactly when. Ted and I told him that we would come to his graduation from Jump School if he did come to Benning and sure enough, he was there. Duke had not met Matt but Ted and I told him we were like two blind hogs and that we'd found an acorn in the pen mucking around in the "Big Apple".

We got into Columbus on Tuesday evening and met up for breakfast Wednesday morning with Duke. Then knowing Matt had already made 4 jumps and needed only one more on Wednesday to finish up, we headed to the building that held his class getting them ready for their final jump at Lawson Field. We were directed to the CO's office there and met the 1st Sgt. of that Jump Class and they welcomed us warmly and enthusiastically.

We told them who we came to visit and they called his number, A400, out loudly and told him to report to the office. He was facing away from us when we walked through the building so he had not seen us yet. He sorta came in the door and saw us and we got to visit with him for a while before he went back with his class to wait for their turn go through inspection to load the aircraft for their final jump. It was raining early that morning but the forecast was for it to clear enough for them to jump after lunch on Wednesday. It was cold and windy and we headed by POV to the Fryar Field Drop Zone to wait for his stick to jump. Shortly afterwards we saw Matt running up to the covered area we were in to drop off his chute and check in with the Black Hat.

We left him there and met him and several of his buddies for dinner that night at the Longhorn Restaurant in Columbus. On Thursday they had some cleaning up to do and a few final chores and a graduation rehearsal. On Friday the graduation was held near the Airborne Walk. Duke, Ted, and I arrived a bit early and it was cool but sunny. We ran into the 507th Bn. CO and CSM and they asked us if we would like to sit on

P/75 - 79TH LRP (Continued)

the platform in front of the class where the VIP's and Guest Speaker sat. We did and it was pretty cool.

The students and the families and friends were warned prior to the ceremony that pinning "blood wings" on the graduate would jeopardize the student from graduating as this was a clear violation of a DOD Directive, not just an Army Directive and that it could jeopardize the Commanding Officer and the Senior NCO's in attendance as well. In spite of this clear warning on multiple occasions prior to the pinning, some idiots tried to do it anyway in a poorly disguised way. To my knowledge no one was punished or singled out, but watching it made me realize what an idiot looked like again and I just don't understand this. The "blood wings" could have been administered later in private but to just blatantly ignore the reasonable request by those in charge was distressing. I'm glad it wasn't one of our guys but it's something to remember for the future. It did not look good and I thought took any pleasure out of it for either party.

Anyway, after the ceremony we met Matt over at the Guest Housing and Ted took him to the Columbus Airport. He had an early afternoon flight back to NYC and work the following day. We had a great time with Matt and expect many more good times to come in the future. He'll be leaving his job as a NYC Firefighter in the summer sometime to begin a two year stint of Special Forces training at Fort Bragg. Good thing is he



John Mires & Duke DuShane

received credit for his time on active duty towards his retirement from the fire department and they cover any financial losses salary wise he might incur while being on active duty. He's a fine young officer and I hope you all get an opportunity to meet him. I'd be remiss if I didn't mention a former Marine and a buddy of Matt's who he met during SF Selection, John Mires. John is in the Army now out of Alabama and lives in Tennessee. We took them both over to the 75th Ranger Regiment to see the place and meet the heart and soul of the Regiment for over 30 years, Mrs. Linda Davis. We had a nice visit with Linda as always and always look forward to seeing her smiling face.



**John Mires, Linda Davis
& Matt Catanzaro, 2014**

CSM Rick Merritt, his lovely wife, Elizabeth, and Bonnie and Lindsey rolled in here tonight (March 10) for a few days of

warmth and sunshine after over 400 inches of snow at his last post, Fort Drum, NY, where he was the Division CSM. Rick is on his way to Washington, D.C. to work for the SMA for a couple of years as a Special Assistant and to be near Walter Reed Hospital to deal with some health issues he's been fighting for a while now. He'd like to get healthy again and continue to serve this country and our country is lucky to have soldiers like him leading our military. Rick had a death in the family in Ohio and came to Fort Benning for the Change of Responsibility as RSM Nick Bielich left the Regiment after two plus years leading the finest light infantry unit in the world. Good luck and Godspeed to Nick and Sylvia as they move on with their lives. We're going to join him and his family in Savannah for St. Patrick's Day and then they will head to their new home in the nation's capital.



**The Merritt's in Florida,
March, 2014.**

Our Patriarch, Duke DuShane, and retired CSM Dave Gates and his lovely bride, Sheryl, recently returned from a trip to Israel together. Since we didn't see any international disturbances on CNN or FOX, or any other major news organization, I have to assume they had a good time. I know they returned safely and I'm sure it was an amazing experience for all of them.

Not much else to report on. Steve Nash told me he and George Dennis linked up recently and had a good time reminiscing about the old days. We're getting a nice group lined up for Colorado. Looking forward to seeing everyone there. Critter Cookout coming up last weekend in April. That same week, a new memorial for the 5th Infantry Division will be dedicated on April 25th near the new Infantry Museum. Until next time, keep your powder dry and your hatchet sharp!!





D/151 LRP/RANGER

Unit Director - Tom Hughel

Since this was a non-reunion year for the Unit several of the members got together and planned a mini-reunion. The owner and operator, our own Dwain Robinson, of the Whitewater River Campground in Connersville, IN hosted the event by setting aside camp sites for the members and their families. We had 28 men from Company D and in all 80 or 90 people were there over the three days in September. Food, fun, games, music and war stories prevailed. If you're looking for a great camping site, see Roby at Whitewater. This is starting to look like an ongoing event for the Indiana Rangers.



in that Veterans Day parade, followed by camaraderie and food at the Elbow Room. Gary Bussell was kind enough to bring his Jeep again for some of the guys to ride in.

On February 9th we gathered at the grave of Charles Larkins in the Greenwood Cemetery to honor our first unit casualty. This is something we do annually in remembrance of Charlie and all those who were killed in action and those that have passed since our return.

Ranger brothers who have left us to "Lead the Way" in 2013:

This year the Unit participated in the November 9th Veterans Day activities in Evansville, IN. We had 24 members of the Unit attend and met for lunch at Max and Emma's at the Aztar Riverboat prior to the parade. Those of us that got there early (Evansville is on Central Time and most of Indiana is on Eastern Time) had some time for gambling. As part of the actual parade our Unit and family members rode on Larry Rhodes' Duce and a Half and Gary Bussell's 1967 D 151 Jeep he brought down from Muncie. On November 11th 14 members of the Unit met in Indianapolis to march

Leroy Richardson – February 4, 2013

Marvin Carey – June 23, 2013

Leon Moore – August 12, 2013

Bruce Bennett – August 29, 2013

Veterans Day Participants

Gary Bussell and MG Umbarger

Charles Larkins KIA February 11, 1969

His Ranger Brothers



F/51 LRP

Unit Director - Russell Dillon

LONG-RANGE PATROL

This article is from Steve "SGT Rock" Vargo. It is about a LRP mission that happened at the start of TET in 1968. Steve was a assistant team leader for team 1/5. Steve came to F Co 51st Inf LRP by way of the 173rd Airborne C/2/503 3rd platoon fire team leader. Steve had submitted the article to Military Mag B-U College, NCU

Vietnam in 1968 kicked off the New Year with the start of TET I. It was to be a critical battle that would prove to have a profound effect on the war effort both in battle and on the home front. Young paratroopers highly trained into six-man teams comprised Co "F" 51st Infantry Long Range Patrol, Airborne. The unit had been drawn primarily on infantry companies for the manpower needed to form the special unit.

F/51 LRP (Continued)

Mission: To travel a designated route gathering information, to monitor a large trail deep in enemy territory and to report on any troop and supply movements.

The team leader nodded as the chopper pilot motioned thumbs-down to indicate that the chopper was going in. Faces held the truth of all as beads of perspiration formed on the skin of the young men. Young men with deep, serious eyes grew older by the moment. Sergeant Rock stood on the landing skid and braced himself for the fall. It wasn't safe to have the helicopter fly too low, so it was mandatory to jump from it as it hovered five to fifteen feet above the ground.

The world was still and quiet as the beating of the choppers blade faded into the distance. This was a critical period for the team as they sat and waited in the bushes. The sergeant thought briefly to a previous mission when the treeline erupted with gun fire as the team hit the ground.

There was a radio check back to base by the team leader who then, by use of a non-verbal hand signal, ordered the six men into the jungle. They formed a human snake that moved as one with each man having a specific job to do- the point man, left security, radio man, team security, and rear security. The point man led the way and so it went for three uneventful days until they arrived at the trail.

Two men moved out to scout it and signaled that they found fresh footprints and a second path that entered the other from the north. The area was sparse in vegetation, making it necessary for the men to set up behind an extremely scrawny bush.

This was a good vantage point as the team could watch the trail from a few short yards away. The first night passed sleeplessly but without incident. During the day they remained in a prone position, not moving or speaking because noise discipline was the key to their survival. Drinking water from a canteen, ordinarily a simple task, would be done in slow motion by the men to prevent any unnecessary noise.

By midday the men were as well-done as most lobster one dines on. The oppressive temperatures reached over one



hundred degrees. Sergeant Rock gazed at his companions while he reflected on moments of "contact". The eternity of eternities is combat. Surrealism and at times Dante's Inferno, complete with the deafening drone of gunfire: Death for some.

Reality: Two VC walked slowly and carefully up the trail, moving from right to left in front of the team. Frozen in place, the men watched the VC cross out of sight. This information was radioed back to base. They had a feeling that the night would bring activity on the trail.

Another sleepless night, again due to the extreme tension of the situation. Ghost and figures occasionally appear as the sergeant blinked them out of sight and mind.

A light suddenly appears in the distance. The full moon made it difficult to tell what it was. Closer and closer the light came, getting brighter as it did so. The sound of equipment banging together broke the silence of the night as a group of thirty to forty men, along with a large cart being pulled by the soldier made its way slowly from the north trail south toward Saigon. This important information indicated troop and supply movements in obvious reinforcements of a large enemy offensive.

On their knees the team remained motionless with M-16's in hand, watching the VC moving to their front. Staying close to the path the column moved slowly while the hearts of the young men pounded against their chest. The team could quite possibly escape in the bushes but the thought of taking on this large force didn't appeal to anyone. A cough, sneeze or other noise could mean death of all as the men sat with sweaty palms. The adrenalin rush created anxiety which pushed each man to his individual endurance point.

This was worse on the nerves than actual shooting because firing at least has a way of releasing tension. Just sitting and waiting was unbearable pressure. Men could stand pressure but now much could anyone take? One never knew.

Faceless silhouettes moved without speaking and without pausing. Finally the last VC moved out of view. Stillness once again resumed as the team leader radioed the information back,

F/51 LRP (Continued)

utilizing a method of non-voice communication by clicking the voice control lever to produce a type of morse code. Slowly the team members sat back and relaxed. Relaxed? A pile of grenades sat in front of each man which fate had decreed they didn't have to use. Green-faced zombies with wide open eyes kept the night vigil.

Morning came slowly with everyone wet from the heavy mist. Although shivering they were unable to light a fire, so they gritted their teeth and awaited the warmth of the cursed sun which would later fry their brains.

After two hours on the move a small opening in the jungle suddenly revealed itself to the team. They carefully moved around the landing zone to insure no enemy were in the area. A radio call to base had a helicopter coming to pick up the men.

This time they had made it. One by one the men ran to the hovering bird and jumped on. The door gunner scanned the tree line with his machine gun as a rear security, the last man to come aboard, scrambled on. The chopper rose quickly, accelerating as the men took a final look below. Exhaustion, fatigue, spent nerves, eyes that look like eyes of all men in all wars. They were headed back to base over a green sea which raced by below.

Soon they could sleep. Until the next mission...

**ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ)**

Unit Director - Bill Miller



Fellow Rangers and Co Vans:

SIT REP

The dates for the 2014 reunion have been established. Sept 26, 27, 28 in Atlanta, GA. The Hotel and further information to follow. Save the dates. Let's have a huge turnout.

FEATURE**Ranger Advisor Awarded Medal of Honor**

By Larry A. Greene, CPT, USAR

Dak Seang, Republic of Vietnam

April 7, 1970 was a hot day in Kontum Province. For the American advisor to the Biet Dong Quan, the Vietnamese Rangers, it was even hotter. Three days before, the 23rd Vietnamese Ranger Battalion had set up a defensive perimeter on a hilltop and the advisor, a U.S. Army sergeant was preparing to pop smoke to direct in the resupply Chopper. Except for being a few inches taller than the men around him, there was little to differentiate the American from the Vietnamese Rangers. He was dressed in the same camouflage fatigues and jungle boots as the other soldiers and had the maroon beret



of the elite Vietnamese Rangers tucked safely in his pocket, to keep it away from the prop-wash of the chopper as it came in to drop off mail and rations.

While guiding the chopper in, the sergeant was startled by three explosions in rapid succession for the hilltop he had just left. He heard the Vietnamese screaming "ambush", along with cries of pain. One of the first three mortar rounds to fall on the Ranger battalion killed one of the other advisors, and the battalion commander, signaling the beginning of one of the hardest fought engagements of the Southeast Asian conflict.

During the next four days, until the eighth of April, the rest of the American advisors to the 23rd Vietnamese Ranger battalion, as well as many of the Vietnamese officers and soldiers would be killed or wounded, leaving the one American sergeant as the sole advisor. Seen after the initial mortar attack and the ensuing barrages, the advisor realized that this was not the customary harassing fire that they had been getting from the communist troops. In fact, they were surrounded at this time by three of Hanoi's crack regiments, sent to destroy the 23rd Ranger battalion, in order to demoralize the South Vietnamese Army.

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (Continued)

During the four days following the initial mortar attack, the Rangers stood off wave after wave of attacking communist troops. Repeatedly abandoning safe positions, the American advisor ran to where the fighting was thickest, in order to direct the defense and call in artillery fire and air strikes against the attackers. By constantly exposing himself to enemy fire, he provided encouragement to the beleaguered and decimated defenders. When it looked as though the numerically superior enemy troops would overwhelm them with sheer weight of numbers and with fanatic determination, the Rangers would find the round eyed advisor right beside them directing the American fighter planes and encouraging them in their own language.

The nights were filled with illumination flares and enemy assaults. The advisor, although almost totally exhausted from lack of sleep and the grueling demands of combat, doggedly continued to instill in the Rangers the will to resist, and the enemy's assaults were repelled. Finally, on the eighth of April, The Ranger battalion was able to disengage the enemy and escape from the trap sprung on them by the 66th NVA Regiment, the 29th NVA Regiment and an NVA Sapper battalion.

For his valor, which significantly contributed to the survival of the 23rd Ranger Battalion, Sergeant First Class Gary Littrell, the sole American advisor to survive the battle unscathed, was awarded the Medal of Honor by the President of the United States.

Sit Rep

In 2013 I decided along with Mike Martin that we would go to Fort Campbell, KY for a weekend. I then looked up our membership and invited those fellow BDQ's that live in the area to join us. We had a great time and visited the Air Assault Museum. Below is an interesting article

Air Assault School Named In Honor of Walter James Sabalauski
From Wikipedia

Walter James Sabalsuski was born March 31, 1910 in Lithuania. His family moved to the United States while he was a small child. From 1929 to 1937, he boxed professionally while living in the Chicago area. An auto accident ended his career with an outstanding record of only two defeats in 33 bouts.

Command Sergeant Major Sabalauski entered the U.S. Army in June 1941. During WWII he served in the Pacific Theater, fighting on the beachheads of the Solomon Islands,

Guadalcanal, and the Philippines. He later served in the Korean War with the 187th Regimental Combat Team (Airborne) and the 25th Infantry Regiment. In 1963, CSM Sabalauski went to Vietnam for the first time, where he served as an advisor to the 32nd Vietnamese Ranger Battalion. After service in the Dominican Republic in 1965, he returned to Vietnam in 1966. It was during this tour that he fought his most memorable battle.

Early in June 1966, Charlie Company, 2nd Battalion, 502nd Infantry Regiment was conducting a mission to locate elements of the 24th North Vietnamese Regiment. Charlie Company made contact with what was estimated to be a battalion sized enemy element. Under heavy enemy fire and unable to maneuver, the company commander, Captain William Carpenter called for air strikes in his position in an attempt to force the enemy to withdraw. The enemy ceased fire long enough to allow Charlie Company to consolidate, reorganize and establish a position from which to defend and begin evacuation of wounded personnel. First Sergeant Sabalauski, in utter disregard for his own safety, repeatedly placed himself at risk for the sake of his soldiers during the conduct of this mission. For his extraordinary heroism in destroying the enemy and in evacuation the mass casualties, he received both the Distinguished Service Cross and the Silver Star.

After his second tour in Vietnam he returned to the United States to serve as Cadet Regimental Sergeant Major at West Point. In 1968, he again returned to Vietnam and the 2nd-502 Infantry Regiment. Command Sergeant Major Sabalauski continued to serve until 1971 when he retired at the age of 61.

Command Sergeant Major Sabalauski's awards include the Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star, Legion of Merit, 8 Bronze Stars, 3 Air Medals, 6 Army Commendation Medals, 4 Purple Hearts, 3 Awards of the Combat Infantryman Badge, the Master Parachutist Badge along with Campaign Medals for Service in WWII, Korea, Dominican Republic, and Vietnam.

Command Sergeant Major Sabalsuski died in 1993 and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. To the soldiers who served with him, he is remembered as a fearless leader in combat and as having a heart as big as any country in which he served.

The Sabalauski Air Assault School located in Fort Campbell, Kentucky was renamed in his honor in 1994.

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (Continued)**SIT REP: Sad News**

Major (Ret) Walter Anderson “Buzz” Gunn, Jr., of Crossville, TN passed away on November 4, 2013 at Life Care Center of Sparta. Family received friends on Thursday November 7th, 2013 at the Church of the Nazarene. A funeral service followed with the Rev. Gregory L. Keller and John Anderson Cayton officiating.

Buzz was born on March 12, 1937 to Walter Anderson Gunn, Sr., and Ernestine Dorris. He retired from the U. S. Army. In his younger years, Buzz built small scale model houses with intricate details, but his passion was church ministry, where he worked in all phases.

Buzz was the Senior Advisor to the 37th Vietnamese Ranger Battalion at Khe Sahn during the siege in 1968. Buzz was a great Soldier and Ranger but he was an even greater Friend. He will be truly missed.

Buzz is survived by his wife Phyllis Adams Gunn, daughters Amy O’Neal (Richard), and Mary Strobe (Ron), seven grandchildren, four great grandsons, sister Bettye Cayton.

Feature: Continued

The following is an excerpt from “United States Army in Vietnam, Advice and Support, Center for Military History, by Ronald H. Spector:

A Senior Advisor’s Report

Vietnamese 20th Special (Ranger) Battalion
II Corp, South Vietnam
Operation Phi Hung
21 September- 8 October, 1962

Weeks later, while undergoing a harsh and unjustified “third degree”, because of casualties, he attributed to the Navarone remark to me. He also mentioned the “contemptuous eye of the American Advisor, Capt. Quinn”. Not so, but even to this day, I do not hold those comments against him. The Saigon investigators were ruthless to him, and he was fighting for survival. We were pretty good friends—we took care of each other—most of the time. Lt. Ai, the 303 Company Commander who risked other’s lives by lying about his mission proved to be a Saigon informant, and when the operation was over went AWOL from the Battalion, to Saigon, to express his dissatisfaction with Capt. Hahn. Thus, the investigation—to include grilling Capt. Hahn under a bare Light bulb.

Before he gave the crossing order to his unit, I suggested that we recon to the east and look for a better crossing site. He refused, so I told him I would go alone—and I did. About ½

mile east, I found a trail coming south to the river. From the looks of boulders in the river, and the trail, I thought it would be reasonable to try to cross there. As I turned to return to Capt Hanh, I saw a figure in the heavy trees and bamboo thicket. I started to fire—thinking the end was close—but fortunately saw it was 203 Co 1st sergeant (Thoung Si) Tdu—waving. He had seen my tirade with Capt Hanh and decided to cover me.

When we arrived back at Hanh’s location, he had already given the order. Many rangers were already in the river. Some were hanging on to shrubs near the mid point of the river. Others were being swept down stream. Knowing that Hanh could not swim, I asked him what he was going to do. He said “cross”. I told him that Capt Honma and I would get him across—and Honma and I made our hasty poncho raft with our carbines. Hanh had a load bearing ranger, and that man already had all of his gear (Hanh did not carry any)—except his pistol and belt and fatigues. LT Moore and SFC Melton made their poncho raft. Honma and I told Hanh to hold the edge of our poncho raft to stay afloat—we each held a three foot rope and we shoved off. Fortunately, Doug Honma, besides being a great guy, was also a great swimmer. That helped, until Hanh panicked and climbed on top of the poncho raft. We were carried very rapidly to the west—about 200 meters west of where we launched. We thought we were hitting the south bank, but it was actually an island. The load bearing ranger and, yes, 1st Sgt Tdu, were there and grabbed Hanh and swam him the remaining 80 meters to the south bank. Rifle fire was popping overhead, almost inaudible over the roar of the river. I looked for Moore and Melton, and there, halfway out in the river, they were clinging to shrubs. We could see rangers on the south bank—one with a radio. I knew then that our only chance to rescue those in the river was by chopper. By some miracle, the rangers with the AN/GRC-9 had made it across.

I screamed some words to Moore and Melton, and then Honma and I pushed off with our poncho raft, for the south bank. Halfway across the current had us and we were moving laterally—west. A smooth, 6” tree trunk was vertical in the water and as I was passing it I grabbed it with my right hand, my left hand holding the poncho rope. Honma was on my left—nearer to the bank—and some rangers were out on an overhanging tree hoping to catch his left hand. They did not, but he caught a rope they threw. I could not see much—except my feet—because by grabbing the tree trunk, the current had me horizontal with both arms outstretched (it swept off my drawers). A fast “O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee”. I was sure we were going down stream, and my worry was that the letters from Kay and the boys, in my pack, (in the poncho raft) would be found by bad guys and thus they would

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (Continued)

have our address. My right hand lost its grip—as Honma made contact with the rangers, and the current swept us to shore.

We found Capt Hanh—who praised us for saving his life—put on my wet fatigue pants and boots, and then sent out some security. Some rangers were swept back to the original north bank, so we had a PRC-10 radio on each bank. Hanh sent an AN/GRC-9 message to Pleiku, with a SITREP and a request for H-21's to try and evac those 20-25 still in the river. (Pleiku was the II Corps HQ of Lt Gen Minh and his advisor (of Ft Bragg fame) Col Wilbur (Coalbin Willie) Wilson—followed by Col Hal McCown. Later, after a Nov 1963 coup, “Big” Minh would be President (until a following coup). Also later—in mid Dec 1962—Col Wilson would spot two gaunt advisors (Quinn and Melton) drinking coffee in his spotless (empty) mess hall and tell them to leave—because of two weeks worth of jungle crud on their bodies. I told him I had been thrown out of better places).

A ranger had a civilian air mattress, so he and I took it and a 100 ft rope and went upstream (east). I tried to swing out on the river—on the air mattress—tethered to shore—hoping to be carried out to Moore and Melton. I failed. The river just carried me back to the south shore. I yelled to Moore and Melton about the choppers coming and they yelled that they had a pretty good grip and foothold on the heavy brush.

Dusk and fog were moving in when the rangers on the north shore took fire from the west. Hanh used machine guns on the south shore to hit the positions the fire came from. The river was so loud we could not hear much, but Melton and a couple of rangers sang some wild songs to keep those stranded alert. It was close to midnight when we heard choppers and we vectored them in using the PRC-10. They were overhead, but the fog prevented them from coming low enough to see the river. They had a USAF C-130 four engine aircraft working with them and it dropped flares, but the flares did not improve the chopper visibility. Melton yelled, “Turn off the damn lights, we got enough trouble”.



**SFC McQueen with
bedroll on the right,
and the 20th Ranger Bn
Commanded Captain
Hahn with raised arm.
Capt Hahn was KIA
in 1975 near Ban Me
Thuot.**

Courtesy Mike Martin

By now the chopper fuel was low. Those fabulous guys said they would be back at first light—and they were—with VN Air Force cover. It was clear—Melton was singing. He and Tom Moore were well respected by the rangers and they did a great deal to keep up the spirits of the rangers around them. Tragically, some of the rangers lost the river current battle during the night. The birds came in along the river, singly—door gunners (volunteers from the 25th Inf Div at Schofield Barracks, HI) alert, and hovered inches above the roaring river, four of our guys grabbed onto the wheel struts of each chopper and were carried to the small island I mentioned earlier (guided in by, yes, 203 Co 1st Sgt Tdu). There they scrambled into the chopper and were flown to Pleiku. Possibly six loads, but I do not recall exactly. It was miraculous. I have loved H-21 crews ever since.

Later, two H-21's returned and 1st Sgt Tdu landed them, one at a time, on the island. The first bird had Col Tri, the ARVN 22d Div CO; Maj Evans, the G-3 advisor; Maj Riley, a fine officer who, in May, tried to save Col Tenza; and an unknown Kontum Capt named “Doe”. The second bird had two ARVN staff officers and two engineer boats with 25 hp outboard motor. The choppers took off for Pleiku and our visitors pushed one boat into the water—with Tri, Evans, and two others onboard—to come to our position. They pulled the motor rip cord and it did not start. Immediately, the current swept up the boat and it headed for Cambodia or the Mekong Delta. 1st Sgt Tdu and another ranger NCO leaped into the river, grabbed the boat and managed to wrestle it back to the island. Finally, Col Tri found two rangers he did not hate!! He was very appreciative—and did not get back into the boat until the motor was purring. Despite what we had gone through, these Kontum guys had no respect for the river—and almost bought it.

Once the motor was finally started, they came to our position. Hanh went aside with Col Tri and the Americans asked me where my CP was. I was astounded—I told them it was “that tree that my pack was leaning against”. After a SITREP, Col Tri decided to bring in another boat or two, have us move back to the north bank, and move north back to Polei Krong. Evans suggested that Honma and I go back with them in the chopper. I told him “no way in hell”, but it was proper for Honma to go back—and he did, unwillingly. In the meantime, Capt Doe had left his brief case and a C ration meal against a tree. A ranger swiped the C ration and slipped it under my pack. Capt Doe had a fit—it was noon time and he was hungry—he had never missed a meal. I gave it to him and he offered to share it. I told him “not hardly” and that we had some left-over dog in our wet packs. He acted sick and went back to the boat. Soon the choppers came back from Pleiku and they were off.

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (Continued)

Caption: Ranger John Quinn with the 203rd Co of the ARVN 20th Special (Ranger), Battalion Nov. 1962. Quinn was the Senior Advisor, he retired as a Brigadier General. The CO Lt. Tam, is on the right, 1st SGT, Tdu is on the left.

courtesy Mike Martin

We did as Col Tri ordered and followed different routes north. We (I was the only American left) came up against several groups of VC who had been left behind to slow us down. The rangers handled them very well. One of the training sites they had been protecting still had diagrams of H-21 choppers and showed “sighting leads” to be used in firing weapons at choppers in flight. We were resupplied by H-21 on Oct 4th. Capt Hanh wanted to remain in that operational area and disrupt the enemy—hopefully with some division help. We really had taken the initiative from the VC in their sanctuary. With all his faults, Capt Hanh was a soldier. However, the higher ARVN commanders chose to give up the area and remain east of the river, around Kontum.

[Some of the comments in Capt Hanh’s report were very valid, I think. The rangers did in fact prove that ARVN could disrupt and destroy enemy sanctuaries. The myth that the VC lived solely off the land was challenged. Unfortunately, our American authors and reporters perpetuated that myth. (Where were those wizard writers who claimed they understood the war in 1962-1963? Not with the 20th Rangers!) Yes, the VC had base camps, and we were in one! No, they did not all live in villages friendly to the South VN government! ARVN had a substantial ability to disrupt VC plans, activities and morale. The problem was, the South Vietnamese did not have a civilian government with the stability, loyalty, honesty and tenacity to fight the war at the 100% level. The attitude permeated the military and senior officers like 22d Div Commander, Col Tri and II Corps CG, General Minh, avoided risk and subsequent censure.]

We arrived back at Kontum on about day 16 or 17. I showered at MAAG and worked on some foot calluses. Then I sprawled on a cot and was rudely awakened a few minutes later by a LT who told me it was volleyball time. He was sent to get me by Lt

Col Sweet. When I arrived at the little volleyball court, Sweet told me that everyone in MAAG Kontum compound played volleyball to stay in shape. That night, “it was my turn” for officer of the day (OD) and I checked the compound guards every hour!! During the night, I wrote my after action report, dated 9 Oct, 1962, a copy of which is in my personal files. (A copy of Capt Hanh’s report is also in my files). The following night, however, I had a beer!! Five days later, we ran an air assault operation into Cheo Reo, SE of Pleiku—a success story—for later. Photographer Al Chang (Korean War 27th Inf Wolfhound)—and a fabulous man AND photographer—was with us. No, the CIB was not then authorized.

This report illustrates that a civilian government sets the tone and the standard—and the quality of the results—of its military force. Honesty, loyalty, perseverance, dedication and success on the part of the government, will have a direct bearing on those same qualities within the military. Operation Phi Hung could have been a keystone for ARVN operations throughout South Vietnam—except that the government was a shell, propped up by the U.S. The real trouble began in 1945, when we fostered the return of French colonialism, and later, in 1954, backed Ngo Dinh Diem, another false and aristocratic “Chiang Kai-shek”. None of our leaders—President Kennedy, Ambassador Nolting, nor General Harkins—had any favorable impact on the South Vietnam civilian or military leaders. They—nor their immediate subordinates—ever got their feet wet. What Mao Tse-tung did to Chiang and to China, Ho Chi Minh did to Diem (and his rapid array of successors) and Vietnam. When it was obvious in 1963 that Diem could not and would not get his adequate military forces to lead and to fight, we should have gone home—although that route is almost impossible for Americans. When Diem was killed, the vacuum passed from clown to clown. We did not know how to get out, so we reinforced failure. The song is so true: “When will we ever learn.” I went a second and a third time, because I thought I could help. I did help—Americans—but with no leaders at the top, the South Vietnamese forces did less and less, as the American forces (and Aussies, Kiwis and Koreans) increased. Captain Hanh was still scrapping at his level when he was killed in 1975, but those upstairs in Saigon, chose failure in 1963—it just took 12 years for it to catch up with them.

Captain Hanh, the battalion commander in this operation, was not the best in South Vietnam, but he was not the major problem. After three tours in Vietnam, and after researching

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (Continued)

a thesis on the war for the National War College and George Washington University, the major blame, I submit, is with the senior commanders above him, who were a reflection of a government in disarray. My purpose was not to resurrect a 34 year old battle, but rather to encourage an approach to: world affairs; to business; to family affairs and to life in general, whereby we seek to build and to foster and to establish reasonable standards at all levels. If we begin at the bottom, there will be a vacuum at the top. If we begin at the top, the bottom will crumble before we get to it. In other words, problem solving at various echelons must be done concurrently and not consecutively.

Capt Hanh was eventually relieved of his battalion in Jan, 1963. However, Col Tri, General Minh and President Diem remained (temporarily)—and never improved. I guess the real lesson learned is, “There is a little bit of good in the worst of us, and a little bit of bad in the best of us.”

Over the years, I was informed that Capt (colonel) Hanh was KIA near Ban Me Thuot; LTC Sweet died in South Carolina; Major (Colonel) Baldwin died in the 1990's; and I was near 1st Sgt Tdu when he was KIA in March 1963, trying to rescue a US Army pilot named LT Ed Cribbs. They, and their comrades like Captain Tien, all served nation and GOD, and, the good Lord willing, they are with Him now. To those Americans and Vietnamese who survived, “Well done and God bless”.

John T. Quinn
Brig General, US Army, retired



BDQ Flag Photo courtesy Bill Miller

Sit Rep:

The following was published in the Australian Red Beret newsletter the “Drop Zone”.

Rudi: We received our new BDQ Flag and you can see the AATTV Patch on the flag. It is with great and lasting respect for our Digger Brothers in Arms that we add such a war tested patch to our flag that was worn by some of the most courageous, professional soldiers that anyone could serve with or serve under! Trooper Robbie was an extraordinary example of such a soldier! AIRBORNE and Rangers Lead the Way! I have never met a Digger I did not like or respect! God Bless you and yours.

Our flag was produced for Troops to rally around for reunions. In ‘Nam were assigned to MACV which none of us thought of as a US unit and we wore the USA Ranger Tab (the top tab on the flag) plus a ranger scroll of our making—similar to WWII Ranger units. We normally wore the Viet’s Black Tiger patch on our shirt pocket—like the Viet’s did. They also wore it on their Helmets. The Black Tiger patch was developed by a (Vietnamese) Colonel Chung when the US started Ranger units in ‘Nam. “Biet Dong Quan” was their term for Ranger. It translated a “he who fights alone”. We felt we needed the flag to post the colors at functions and when we had reunions with the Viets; they always had their unit flags. The black tiger looks like a panther but to the Viets it was a Tiger. Col Chung died a year or so ago in the US—a good troop! We and they also wore a maroon beret with a unique badge. Airborne/RLTW! Ed Scholes MG USA (Ret)

Interesting Come Back:

The Reverend Edward Everett Hale vs US Senators when asked if he prayed for the Senators.

Response: No I look at the Senators and pray for the country.

Mu Nau

Bill Miller
Unit Director

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (Continued)

Photo Gallery



Major Skip Chittenden,
Senior Advisor 41st Ranger
Group 1971
Courtesy Mike Martin



SFC George Charity "The
First Team" Moc Hoa
ARVN 1970
Courtesy Mike Martin



LTC An, CO 41st Ranger
Group receiving the US
Bronze Star W/V, Moc Hoa
ARVN, Jan 1971
Courtesy Mike Martin



Vietnamese Ranger sharing
a meal with an elderly
Vietnamese man epitomizing
one of the principles of the
Vietnamese military, Fighting,
Protecting, and Building.
Courtesy Mu Nau

Quote

When asked by a Canadian Custom agent if he had anything to declare'. Response: Sure I am proud to be an American.
- Steve Foster 1966

Mu Nau
Bill Miller, Unit Director

SPECIAL OPERATIONS MEMORIAL FOUNDATION

UPDATE - 15 FEBRUARY 2014

Of the 24 Medal of Honor recipients to receive their awards from the President on 18 March, two of these names will be added to the Special Operations Memorial: **Staff Sergeant Melvin Morris** and **Sergeant First Class Jose Rodela**. Both men had received the Distinguished Service Cross for their respective actions while assigned to the 5th Special Forces Group (Airborne) in the Republic of Vietnam.

During this reporting period we lost **Staff Sergeant Daniel T. Lee**, **Specialist John A. Pelham** and **Sergeant First Class Roberto Skelt** all assigned to the 3rd Special Forces Group (Airborne); **Staff Sergeants Anthony D. Brock**, **Alex A. Viola**, and **Richard L. Vazquez**, assigned to the 7th Special Forces Group (Airborne); and **Captain Clayton D. Carpenter**, assigned to the 160th Special Operations Aviation Regiment.

No Rangers were lost during this reporting period.

Geoff Barker
President and CEO, Special Operations Memorial Foundation, Inc.



MERRILL'S MARAUDERS

This Page Dedicated to the 5307th Composite Unit (Provisional), Merrill's Marauders, Our 75th RRA Lineage.



MERRILL'S MARAUDERS

—What really Happened



**The armchair critics have
ad a lot to say about Merrill's Marauders,
but they were far from the
trackless jungle where these men fought on
when nothing was left but their gallantry.
Here is the true story, told by
a man who was there**

**BY CAPT. FRED O. LYONS
as told to PAUL WILDER**

I WAS ONE of Merrill's Marauders.

I was one of those who marched that thousand miles through hell to slash the hamstrings of the Japanese armies in Burma while General Stilwell's Chinese troops herded them backward and backward, finally to reopen the Burma Road, the famed life line of China.

The world is fairly familiar with the result of our march and our battles. The map of Burma is testament to that. People know that only three thousand of us started out, just three battalions, and that not all the three thousand came back. But since our return a lot of questions have been raised about Merrill's Marauders. They all add up to saying that we cracked, broke down; that our morale was shattered—even though we won the victory.



The people who say these things don't know our story, because it is in the footprints we left for a thousand miles across a never-never land of mountains and jungle, of blood-sucking leeches and chat-



story
continues
on page 83

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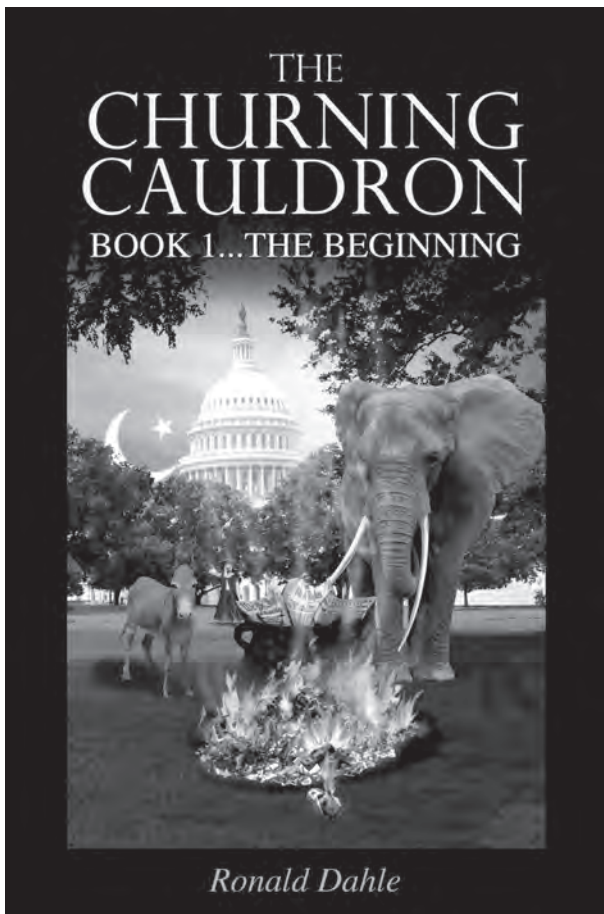


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“LaGuardia tower suddenly came alive as they lost the sight of the two aircraft. They had heard the beginning of a Mayday from Iran Air 626 but it went dead.

Ron smiled and started the Zodiac. He had no idea what the long term ramifications of their actions tonight would be but in his heart he knew that generally the world and specifically America was now a better place to be.”

What happens when a group of 60+ year old retired Rangers and Special Forces Warriors decide that our government has exceeded its authority to lead our Nation?

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MSS on Nua Ba Den courtesy Billy Thornton



Burma 1941 courtesy Quentin Waite

tering baboons, of thundering elephants and silent Japanese. Yes, that's where the answers to all the questions about Merrill's Marauders can be found.

Well, this is the story of those footprints made across the long, terrible miles of Burma. I tell it as I remember it, as it happened to me, right from the beginning.

I had been stationed in Trinidad for almost two years and had begun to feel that the war was passing me by, when one day back in August, 1943, Colonel H. McGee, my regimental commander, called me into his office.

"Do you want to volunteer for a dangerous and hazardous secret mission in an active theater?" he asked me.

A dangerous and hazardous secret mission! My heart gave a jump. But wasn't this what I'd been waiting for?

"Sure as hell," I replied. "When do we start?"

Colonel McGee asked the same question of all the officers and men in the regiment and everyone gave the same answer, but in the end only 1,100 were allowed to go. I felt lucky, for they took me. And from then on things moved fast.

Every westbound transport plane on the African route that landed at Trinidad was detained. Passengers who had waited weeks for reservations were forced to wait some more while soldier after soldier went aboard. Finally my turn came, and I boarded a huge transport to begin the first lap of a long, long journey.

The first lap ended at Miami Beach. There, secrecy was the watchword. I was confined to a hotel along with my men and not allowed even to walk around the block or telephone my home, just two hundred miles away. Other men who had volunteered for the "dangerous and hazardous secret mission" were pouring into other hotels: cavalrymen from Jamaica,

engineers from Puerto Rico, riflemen from Panama, radio experts from Washington. They had no more information than I on where we were going or what we were to do.

The next morning we boarded two trains with curtains drawn. Five days later we were in San Francisco. At least we knew we weren't going to Europe.

Kept close in barracks at Pittsburg, California, we were given shots of vaccine against diseases in tropical or arctic climates. We thought we had learned something when we got wool clothing, but the next day we were issued another outfit of cotton uniforms. The rumor factories were put in production, but we still had no inkling of our real destination.

At last, just before the time came to sail, I was allowed to make a telephone call. I called my mother in Florida, but all I could tell her was that I wouldn't be seeing her for a while, and not to worry. She said, "All right, son; take care of yourself." If she had believed in medals, I'd have given her one.

At sea on a converted luxury liner, I found that we were to be given plenty of training for our mysterious mission. Day after day on the wide decks we jumped and crouched, slashed with bayonets and parried with gun butts. We shot at bobbing Japanese cardboard faces, peered at cardboard models of Japanese tanks and airplanes. We had to learn a lot about fighting the Jap, and every minute counted.

At New Caledonia we met new members of our outfit, leather-faced veterans of Guadalcanal and New Guinea. On



At sea, on a converted luxury liner, we were given plenty of training for our mysterious mission.



story continues on page 85

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| AREA CODE/BEST PHONE | | AREA CODE/ALT PHONE | E-MAIL ADDRESS |

UNITS SIGNATURE _____ DATE _____

| | | | |
|-------------|-----------|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| FROM (DATE) | TO (DATE) | UNIT (Company or Battalion) | NAMES OR ORDERS |
| FROM (DATE) | TO (DATE) | UNIT (Company or Battalion) | NAMES OR ORDERS |
| FROM (DATE) | TO (DATE) | UNIT (Company or Battalion) | NAMES OR ORDERS |

REMARKS: _____

VISA or MASTERCARD # _____ EXP. DATE _____ 3 DIG SEC CODE _____

CHECK ONE: NEW APPLICATION _____ RENEWAL _____ SUBSCRIPTION MEMBER _____

MEMBERSHIP CONTINGENT UPON PROOF OF SERVICE: ORDERS OR NAMES OF INDIVIDUALS YOU SERVED WITH IN THE UNITS LISTED IN THIS NEWSLETTER. UNITS MUST CARRY THE LINEAGE OR BE IN THE HISTORY. WE ARE NOT JUST A VIETNAM ERA ASSOCIATION. ALL UNITS OF THE 75TH RANGER REGIMENT ARE ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP

board ship the veterans were assigned places in our units, to give weight and experience to our novice ranks. By then we knew our goal wasn't the South Pacific.

At other ports, we were ashore only a few hours. The most welcome sight in years was India, for it meant the long sea voyage was over.

A clanking, snorting train carried us to a rest camp, and after three weeks we moved to training camp. There we learned for the first time where our battleground would be.

It was the now-legendary General "Sword and Bible" Wingate who broke the news to us. He told us every detail of his famous Raider campaign in Burma the year before, so we could profit by his experience and come out of the jungle alive. I can see him now, his hawklike face animated as he warned us never to speak above a whisper in the jungle, never to try to pull away a blood-sucking leech, never to drink jungle water without sterilizing it.

For two months we trained in the maneuvers of the jungle. We were issued jungle clothing—not the splotched camouflage uniforms of the New Guinea boys, but solid dark green outfits that offered even more complete concealment in the bush. Our fatigue blouses and our pants, our undershirts and drawers, even our handkerchiefs and matches were green. Day and night we marched, ran, hid, feigned, learned all over again the lessons that first had been learned by American frontiersmen in their struggle with the Indians. Right along with us was Brigadier General (now Major General) Frank Merrill, learning too. We became hard as our green helmets, tough as our green GI brogans. I weighed 146 pounds and there wasn't an ounce of fat on me. I could run for twenty miles and still enjoy a brisk walk in the cool night air of an Indian village.

At last the day came when we were considered ready. Another rocking, rolling train carried us to a little Indian town some eight miles from Ledo near the Burma border. Supplies were waiting for us; mules and horses were milling in a fenced field; airplanes were on landing strips ready for supply hauls. The staff work of General Stilwell's headquarters had prepared everything for the jump-off. It came at dusk on February 7, 1944.

One after another, men and animals pulled into line and marched off down the Ledo Road, a twisting forty-foot-wide expanse of hard-packed earth stretching from India down into Burma and linking with the famed Burma Road snipped off by the Japs. That was the reason for the march: to help push the Japs away from the connecting link between India and China, the life line that could turn the trickle of supplies to beleaguered China into a torrent.

Lining both sides of the road as far as I could see ahead were the bobbing heads of men in green helmets, with green packs riding high on their backs. Mules ambled along, their packs lurching from side to side in rhythmic movement with the marching feet. Behind me stretched an endless line of



All I wanted was unconsciousness.

faces chalky white in the iridescent light from a Burma moon.

The conversation was in snatches. "I hope this thing's over with in a hurry," said Sokolowsky, a sergeant from Pittsburgh. "I have a feeling this is going to be no jaunt."

But for ten nights there was nothing to bear out his feeling. All there was to it was marching. As dawn approached, we pulled off the road and made our camp in the jungle till sundown. For 137 miles, we were disturbed only by the dust of 100-truck convoys roaring past with provisions for the Chinese Army hacking at the Japs in North Burma.

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On Myitkyina Airfield after its capture from the Japs. Gen. Stilwell at right. The man with the pipe is Gen. Merrill.



KEY TO ROUTE OF MARAUDERS

1. Left Ledo Feb. 7, '44. 2. Hell's Gate Pass. 3. Tagap Ga. 4. 137 miles. Left Ledo Road Feb. 17. 5. Rest 2 days. Leeches started. 6. 1st road block Mar. 5. 7. Crossed river 49 times. 8. 2nd road block. 9. Nhpum Ga. 10. Airfield. 11. Myitkyina Airfield. Left May 28.



In Burma, the Marauders' path through ten-foot Kunai grass is lined by two dead Japs slain by another patrol.



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Four of 3rd Battalion's best with four of our finest at the 2013 Rendezvous (from left to right . . . the girls):
Lynne Eberhardt, Catherine Tinney Rome, Dianne Wrenn Timmons, and Emily McKinney.