

PATROLLING

SPRING 2017

75TH RANGER REGIMENT ASSOCIATION, INC.

VOLUME 29 ISSUE I



*Photo credit: The Knoxville News
Sentinel, May 31, 1951.*

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

COVER PHOTO: The “coming home” cover photo for this issue of *Patrolling* was first published May 31, 1951, on the front page of “The Knoxville News Sentinel,” and accompanied the news story below written by Leon Powell.

The caption at that time read: **“You’re home”** - Red-haired Mrs. Vincent (Frankie) Melillo rushed into the arms of her husband M/Sgt. Vincent Melillo, when the Korean veteran of ten months landed at Municipal Airport yesterday. Jonnie Marie, their four-year-old daughter, waits her joyous turn. What the article didn’t say was that Sgt Melillo was also a veteran of the WWII Merrill’s Marauders...

4-year-old greets Daddy, back after months in Korea

By Leo Powell

SGT Melillo First Knoxville Veteran Home on Rotation

Four-year-old Jonnie Marie Melillo watched the big DC-6 circle Municipal Airport.

“He’s there! He’s there!” she shouted. And in a moment out stepped her daddy, M/Sgt. Vincent Melillo, back home after nine months in Korea. He was the first Knoxville Army veteran home on rotation.

Jonnie Marie recognized her father through the windows in the plane. She hadn’t seen him in ten months. Neither had Frankie, the sergeant’s red-haired wife. They met at the foot of the ramp and raced to each other’s arms. Frankie’s eyes were moist.

Rougher than Korea

After a moment the sergeant looked at his crying wife, drew back and asked, “What’s the matter?” She answered only with a smile.

SGT Melillo turned to this reporter and said, “This is rougher than Korea, but...I’m glad to be home.”

On the plane also were three other Korean veterans returning on rotation. They are S/Sgt. Bobby J. Cook, 18-year-old soldier of Route 1, Caryville; T/Sgt. Alphonse Dufelt, 22, of Columbus, Ga., and M/Sgt. Roy Monhollen, 35, of Middlesboro, Ky. All three are from Company K, 32nd Infantry Regiment, 7th Division. They spent last night in Knoxville and went home today.



Had Another Surprise

A host of friends and relatives also were on hand to greet Sgt. Melillo. It was only a matter of minutes after the big plane from Chicago late yesterday set down, that the Melillo family had another big surprise for the sergeant. They had bought a brand new car (Hudson Hornet) for the occasion and had driven it to the airport.

The Korean veteran didn’t say much about it all. “You see, I’ve only had catnaps on the plane since we docked in San Francisco yesterday,” he said.

Was in Occupation Army

The Melillos live on Ruggles Ferry Pike.

Sgt. Melillo left Korea April 10. At that time he was with the 5th Regimental Combat Team, attached to the 12th Division, some 12 miles above the 38th parallel. His unit has taken part in some of the bloodiest battles.

The veteran was in the Army of Occupation in Korea in 1949. During that year, he was assigned to duty in Hawaii. At the outbreak of hostilities last June 25, he was rushed back. He’s been slugging it out with the Reds ever since.

Good as it was to be home, SGT Melillo was at a disadvantage. He was still wearing the Army winter uniform in yesterday’s 88-degree weather. But he said he could fix that as soon as he got home.

Vincent Melillo's daughter talks about her Dad

By Jonnie Melillo Clasen, Merrill's Marauders Proud Descendants liaison officer

When Vincent Melillo died at 97 and a half Christmas Eve 2015, he was Georgia's last original WW II Merrill's Marauder. Vincent did not ever stop being a soldier and participated in Ranger events until suffering a mild heart attack less than a month before his death. The week before he died, he was singing Christmas carols with visitors while tapping out rhythms playing "the bones."

Vincent said the Army "always seemed like home" since he was raised by nuns in the structured environment of a New Jersey orphanage after his mother died in the 1918 flu epidemic. He was happiest being around soldiers, young and old, and spent his 97th birthday at the National Infantry Museum talking with visitors who stopped to look at his WW II and Korean War display.

He had an infectious exuberance for living, despite suffering many losses including the death of his only son, Vincent Franklin, at age 40 and his wife of 60 years at age 80. That exuberance for life characterized most of Vincent's buddies who survived WW II—some going on to fight in Korea and even Vietnam.

Today there are only 22 original Merrill's Marauders living out of almost 3,000 who volunteered in 1943 for that top-secret "dangerous and hazardous" mission expecting no survivors. That any survived is almost miraculous.

Their fighting spirit was fierce despite not even having a unit name after they were formed, being denied an American flag and set of colors to carry into battle along with a unit patch to wear on their shoulders. The small can opener (P-38) that came with their C-rations became the unit's "adopted symbol," and was attached to their uniforms. Many, including Vincent, carried a P-38 on their key chains until they died.

No ticker-tape parades or fanfare welcomed the Marauders home after the unit disbanded Aug. 10, 1944. Today, 99.99 percent of Americans don't even know there was a WW II China Burma India Theater, called the "forgotten theater" of WW II. It's only been in the past 10 years or so that many Marauders received the awards and decorations due them. Many died without ever receiving those awards.

Although not ever officially authorized, the Merrill's Marauder patch, designed by the men in Burma, is proudly worn today by members of the 75th Ranger Regiment as their unit crest to honor accomplishments of the tough 5307th Composite Unit Provisional.

Marauder and Nisei warrior Tom Tsubota, 102, was briefly the oldest Army Ranger earlier this year after WW II Ranger Joe Hilsman died Jan. 18, 2017, four days before his 103rd birthday. Tsubota died Valentine's Day, Feb. 14, 2017.



MERRILL'S MARAUDERS

Please support Congressional Gold Medal for Merrill's Marauders



Bob Passanisi

Congressman Peter King.

A bill, HR 667, to award the Congressional Gold Medal to WW II Merrill's Marauders, officially the 5307th Composite Unit Provisional, was introduced Jan. 24, 2017, by New York



In order for the bill to be passed by Congress, two-thirds support from members of both the House and Senate must be obtained during 2017. "This is a very difficult accomplishment that needs support from ordinary citizens in every state," said Merrill's Marauder spokesperson and historian Bob Passanisi, 92.

MERRILL'S MARAUDERS (Continued)

"We are asking people to please write or email their national representatives and senators as quickly as possible, asking them to support HR 667," said Passanisi. "There aren't many of us left, but those of us remaining can't thank you enough for your help."

Passanisi was instrumental in having the bill introduced in his home state of New York. Representatives Lee Zeldin and Kathleen Rice from New York, Sanford Bishop from Georgia, Tim Ryan from Ohio, Tuls Gabbard from Hawaii, Linda Sanchez from California

and David McKinley from West Virginia have already lent their support for passage of HR 667.

More information can be obtained by going to the Merrill's Marauders Association website, marauder.org, or the Merrill's Marauders Proud Descendants website merrillsmarauderspd.org. For a sample letter, go to: merrillsmarauderspd.org/template-generic-cgm-letter-to-congressman

You can also contact MMPD liaison officer Jonnie Melillo Clasen, jmc6154@aol.com or 706 689-0153.

"Expendable" Merrill's Marauders living into their 100s



Tom Tsubota

Merrill's Marauder and Nisei warrior Tom Tsubota, 102, was very briefly the oldest Army Ranger earlier this year after WW II Ranger Joe Hilsman died Jan. 18, 2017, four days away from his 103rd birthday. Tsubota, one of 14 Nisei or Japanese American interpreters with Merrill's Marauders, died Valentine's Day, Feb. 14, 2017.

Tsubota was on maneuvers with G Company of the Hawaii National Guard's 298th Infantry Regiment when Pearl Harbor was bombed Dec. 7, 1941, and used his Japanese language skills to help capture on Dec. 8 the United States' first WW II prisoner of war, LT. Kazuo Sakamaki.

The "expendable" Merrill's Marauders were essentially a suicide unit since they weren't expected to survive their mission, yet they persevered with several living into their 100s and many into their 90s. Only 22 original Marauders are still living.

Retired MG Milton A. Pilcher, 100, a communications officer with Merrill's Marauders and Mars Task Force for 18 months in Burma, is the oldest Merrill's Marauder. Ernest "Ernie" Hubacker, a member of Mars Task Force, which succeeded the Marauders in the China Burma India Theater, is 101. A photo of Hubacker as a young Cavalry soldier astride his horse at Fort Reno is displayed at the Benning Club's "Fiddler's Green" Bar.

John M Jones, who coauthored "Spearhead" died at 101 in 2016. A journal kept by Jones was published as "The War Diary of the 5307th Composite Unit Provisional." Jones' widow, Arne, lived to 101.

Everett W. Stanke died at 101 in 2015, three months away from turning 102. Stanke joined the National Guard in 1931. Roy Matsumota, another Nisei Marauder, died just weeks away from 101 in 2014 on the 70th Easter Sunday anniversary of Merrill's Marauders 2nd Battalion being rescued by the 1st and 3rd battalions at the bitter battle of Nphum ga, Burma.

Reflections on the North Burma Campaign of 1944

Written by Sam V. Wilson in 2014 for the *Farmville Herald*

In recognition of Aug. 10, 2014—National WW II Merrill's Marauder Day

These days I spend much of my sunlit mornings in a rocking chair on my front porch listening to birdsongs and watching the butterflies flit and careen around the shrubs and flowers. Down below in the small lake, largemouth bass leap after dragon flies. In boyhood we used to call them "snake doctors." Their random

flight patterns remind me of helicopters. Often in the distance there is the wild sounding call of the pileated woodpecker, strangely similar to the cries of Gibbon monkeys that I listened to in faraway jungles seventy years ago. When the monkeys went quiet, we knew the enemy was near.

Battle scenes in jungled mountains are never far from my mind.

MERRILL'S MARAUDERS (Continued)

When we first went behind the Japanese lines in North Burma in early 1944, we were known as the "Galahad Force." Galahad was our radio call sign. Later, the news media dubbed us "Merrill's Marauders" after our commander, Brigadier General Frank D. Merrill. We were 3,000 volunteers who had responded to a presidential call to engage in a "dangerous and hazardous" mission. Some eight months and almost 1,000 zig-zag miles after the first shots were fired, we had been whittled down to 200 soldiers still able to fight. The arithmetic itself tells the story.

The feeling I remember most from those harrowing days is fear-numbing, paralyzing, choking, dry-mouthed fear. We were deep behind the lines of a ferocious enemy who greatly outnumbered us. Danger was everywhere, 360 degrees, every minute of the day and night. Our umbilical cord to safety in India had been cut—we had cut it ourselves. Our only connection with the outside world was by air—and that link was a tenuous one, vulnerable to fickle weather conditions and to Japanese Zero's, superb fighter aircraft with veteran pilots. Yet our only means of sustenance and support hung up there in the air above us. It is a wonder that some of us could survive, let alone put up a good fight. But fight we did, and somehow we managed to succeed against the odds and at great cost.

It is at times like those that intangibles, things that you can't see or touch come into play. I shall never forget one such instance.

We were deep into our campaign. The going was tough, and our losses had been heavy. Then one day in an aerial resupply drop there came several pouches of mail. Letters from home. I had two personal letters, an overdue officers club bill and a small package. I took my treasures and went behind a clump of bamboo and sat there for a few minutes holding those precious items tightly in my hand. The return address on the small package read "Jamestown Presbyterian Church, Rice VA." For some reason, I opened it first.

It was a small autograph book, the kind that high schoolers exchange with sentimental inscriptions on graduation day. My little book was full of personal messages, prayerful inscriptions from members of the Jamestown congregation—family, neighbors, Sunday school mates, close boyhood pals, more distant kinfolk and people whom I hardly knew. The words varied, but the message was constant: "We love you and pray for your safe return."

Choking back a sob, I turned to the first inscription. It was from my mother.

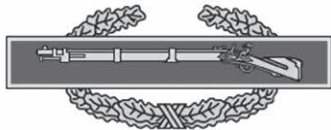
"Sam, this verse brought you clearly before me. '...I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help.' "May you ever keep looking up." (signed) Mom

I put both hands over my mouth. I didn't want my men to hear me cry.



"Mexican Mafia"

This picture is from the 40th anniversary of 1st Battalion, just before the reunion ball held in Savannah GA. They are all members of the original 1st Bn. From left to right are: Bill Acebes, Rick Barela, Humberto Fraire, Victor Aviles Sr., Richard Negrete, Ernie Estrada.



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.
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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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

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Richard S. Barela



Richard Barela

Commemoration of the 75th Anniversary of the establishment of WWII 2nd Battalion Ranger begins with this Summer's Ranger Rendezvous (26-30 June). We've been passing info on that for the past 6+ months, and we hope we'll see many of you there!

This issue of Patrolling: We've learned a couple of things (some more obvious than others). We need to be more attentive to "due dates" for content, and that it cost money to deliver a high-quality product. We need contributors to understand that we can't begin doing our assembling and editing until all material is in. When one (or more) submissions come in late it backs up everything. Please be mindful of this and help by getting what you want in the magazine in on time, or early if possible. Each of you have only one unit or section to administer. We've got, at any one time, as much as 30 people submitting...help!

Traditionally we include ballots for proposed By-Laws changes with Patrolling. We've made a late decision to send the ballot out via first class mail. This way the ballot doesn't get lost if the cover is torn off your magazine and we think the ballots might just arrive ahead of the bulk mailed magazines.

Important...your ballot is your voice. It is particularly important to those not able to attend the business meeting during Ranger Rendezvous. We want important decisions to be made by the greater number of members, so please don't delay in returning your ballot to the secretary ASAP.

By the time, you read this we will have met with the Ranger Hall of Fame committee for review and voting for the 2017 inductees. We will post results on the website as soon as they are released.

Election of officers will take place during the business meeting this summer during the Rendezvous. Nominations will be accepted for President, 1st and 2nd Vice Presidents, Secretary, and Treasurer. We ask that nominees are both motivated to serve and have the available time to function in the capacity of the office they run for. Please do not nominate individual without their knowledge.

Qualifications for voting and to run for elected office. Only Regular Members (per By-Laws Article VIII, Section 1) in good standing may participate in voting and/or run for elected office. For these purposes, "in good standing" is meant that the Regular members' dues are current (or he is a life member of the Association).

**Please fill out and return your ballot by mail.
Your vote counts so don't put it off!**

2ND VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By David Regenthal



David Regenthal

Wow, our next Ranger Rendezvous is just around the corner. This is going to be the big one...Not to be missed! Plan on attending, June 26-30th. (from the Fort Benning website): Ranger Rendezvous 2017 marks the beginning of a 15-month celebration of the 75-year anniversary of the modern American Ranger during World War II with the establishment of 1st Ranger Battalion on June 19, 1942 and Merrill's Marauders on Oct 3, 1943.

New digs this time (DoubleTree) and we've moved our banquet to Thursday night so that more people can attend. We've been informed by members that, in the past, they were unable to make the Saturday evening banquets due to return travel plans. We will be at the Infantry Museum again for this one. I would recommend to anyone coming that has not already booked a room to try www.hotels.com. No kidding...it works. Our most current agenda is accessible through the main page of our website (as is the scheduled events for the active duty).

You'll hear about voting and your ballot elsewhere in this issue, but I'm going to give you my plug anyway. "Oh, of course, you wouldn't be Dave Regenthal if you didn't!" Who said that? Okay then, a part of our job description is to make recommendations to you regarding policy and procedures. So, unless your dog ate it or it otherwise suffered some calamitous event, your ballot should have been included with this issue of *Patrolling*. You have a voice—you should use it. Do yourself and the organization a favor by filling out your ballot and returning it by mail right away. Doing it now will get it to the secretary in time to be included in the overall count, and prevent allowing other things to get in the way or forgotten.

A very few of the 2015 ballots we sent out with *Patrolling* were returned. What does that mean? Simple: The decisions available to the membership were made by fewer than 100 people (which is about 4% of our membership). The day will come when you can vote electronically (e-mail, webform, etc., but not via social media), perhaps that will make it easier for

some and build participation. To be clear, I am in no way suggesting that we eliminate balloting by mail but that I think we should offer our members both (mail and electronic).

I hope I'm still around to see us elect officers giving the members the option for mail in or online balloting. What that will take is for members that have an interest in serving the organization to announce their intention to run at least 6 months out so we can publish that information, perhaps a short bio, and produce the ballots. The way we've been doing it is for the number of current (regular) voting members to nominate and elect. We're not alone in this department so I'm not intending to be critical but to make the point, "not a lot of people are making important decisions for the rest of us."

Good Commo. Now that we've wrangled control of the magazine, sending out a print version and making it available in PDF online, the next item on my agenda is doubling down on communication. One of the things we've begun to increase members awareness is to use "Constant Contact." Many of you were already receiving traffic from other places, like the National Ranger Memorial Fund (NRMF) and are familiar with it. Basically it's a sexier e-mail blast . . . goes to all members that we have valid e-mail addresses for. Everyone receiving this information has the option (at the bottom of every message) to "opt out." To this point we've only had two people that decided they weren't interested in being kept informed and have taken advantage of that option. IMPORTANT: If you are not receiving these occasional messages but wish to it's likely we don't have an e-mail address for you, or the one you have now is not the one you provided when you joined. Without notifying the secretary we have no way of including you. I think will become more important over time as we desire to pass along important traffic between issues of *Patrolling*. You will find a "change of address" form on the lower left of the main page of our website. Please use that so we can add/correct your e-mail (and mailing address as necessary to continue receiving *Patrolling*). www.75thrra.com

See you soon. Dave

TREASURER'S MESSAGE

By Roger Crunk



Roger Crunk

75th Ranger Regiment Association Statement of Financial Position as of March 31, 2017

ASSETS	Total	LIABILITIES AND EQUITY	Total
Current Assets		Liabilities	
Bank Accounts		Total Liabilities	
1000 Affinity/Operations	26,339.75	Equity	
1002 Affinity/Family Fund	20,683.57	3000 Net Assets - Unrestricted	126,585.19
1030 Affinity/Savings	25,629.27		
1040 Benevolent Funds MM	17,643.41	Net Revenue	1,928.79
1042 Life Funds MM	36,711.34	Total Equity	<u>\$128,513.98</u>
1050 Paypal Funds	<u>1,706.64</u>	TOTAL LIABILITIES	
Total Bank Accounts	\$128,713.98	AND EQUITY	\$128,513.98
Accounts Receivable			
1100 Accounts receivable	0.00		
Quartermasters Sales	-200.00		
Total Accounts Receivable	-200.00		
Total Current Assets	\$128,513.98		
TOTAL ASSETS	\$128,513.98		

GOLD STAR

By Dianne Hammond

6TH ANNUAL

HONORING SANDRINO'S SACRIFICE FUND GOLF OUTING
FRIDAY, MAY 12TH, 2017
PITMAN GOLF COURSE & BOGEY'S CLUBHOUSE AND CAFE
501 Pitman Road, Sewell, NJ 08080

**GOLF REGISTRATION & SPONSORSHIP OPPORTUNITIES
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or email honoringsandrinossacrificfund@gmail.com

FEATURE ARTICLES

Ranger Down

A few days ago I got “second hand” information about a friend and fellow 25th ID LRRP who had passed away a few months earlier. We have had occasional contact via email and I wondered about him, but did not check!

As you may be aware the 75th RRA has a network of volunteers or State Advocates, who I notify when we have a member who passes away. I also inform them about Active Duty Fallen Rangers as I receive that information.

On the 75th RRA website is a **FALLEN RANGER** notification link, which immediately notifies me and others when the form is completed and submitted. Unfortunately, family members may not be aware of this very important link. Please let your family members know of the link and how to use it, or how to let the 75th RRA know.

I have a list of State Advocates, which I am far behind in updating, but will get on it! If you wish, and can assist in your AO, please let me know. We need good coverage, especially in huge states like California!

If you have questions contact me at: nationalcoordinator@75thrra.com or rvnlrrp@aol.com.

Marshall Huckaby, National Coordinator



Save Our History



The Army is the only US military service without a national museum, but that is changing and I am a part of it...and you can be also!



The National Museum of the United States Army

The National Museum of the United States Army will serve as the capstone of the Army Museum System and provide the only comprehensive portrayal of Army history and traditions. The National Army Museum will celebrate the selfless service and sacrifice of over 30 million men and women who have worn the Army uniform since 1775.

The Museum will be a technological marvel incorporating the latest advances in museum exhibits while providing advanced educational opportunities that will capture the attention of visitors old and young.



As the Army's national landmark, the Museum will honor United States Soldiers – past, present, and future – and provide an interactive educational experience explaining the Army's role in creating and defending our nation, as well as the Army's social initiatives and contributions for more than 241 years.

FEATURE ARTICLES (Continued)

The National Army Museum will be located on over 80 acres at Fort Belvoir, VA, less than 30 minutes south of our nation's capital in Washington, D.C. The main building will be approximately 185,000 square feet and display selections from over 15,000 pieces from the Army Art Collection, 30,000 artifacts, documents, and images. The vast majority of these rare and priceless artifacts have never been seen by the American people. The Museum will welcome an estimated 500,000 to 700,000 visitors every year.

The museum is being funded by donations and you are encouraged to be a part of it by becoming a Founding Sponsor. The Founding Sponsor Program recognizes the donors who are helping to make the National Museum of the United States Army a reality. In recognition of their support, all Founding Sponsors will be featured in electronic kiosks stationed near the entrance of the Museum once it is open, for more information email: ArmyHistoryCustomerService@oaktreesys.com.



The Army Historical Foundation

Preserve the Heritage – Educate the Future

Since its establishment in 1775 the Army has played an integral role in the history of our nation. Soldiers have seen action in every major conflict we have fought throughout our 241 year history. Without the men and women that have served, this country wouldn't be what it is today. At the Army Historical Foundation we are dedicated to remembering and honoring their legacies.

The Army Historical Foundation was established in 1983 as a member-based, charitable 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization. The AHF seeks to educate future Americans to fully appreciate the sacrifices that generations of American Soldiers have made to safeguard the freedoms of this nation.

AHF funding helps to refurbish historical Army buildings, acquire and conserve Army historical art and artifacts, support Army history educational programs, research, and publication of historical materials on the American Soldier, and provide support and counsel to private and governmental organizations committed to the same goals.

The Army Historical Foundation day-to-day operations includes producing On Point: The Journal of Army

History, answering over 400 historical inquiries annually, conducting staff rides to Civil War and other battlefields, recognizing excellence in Army History writing, raising funds and constructing The National Museum of the United States Army.

On Point: The Journal of Army History has been published as the Foundation's quarterly journal since 1995. In addition to publishing various articles and book reviews on U.S. Army history, On Point also provides information on the Foundation's activities, including the status of the National Museum of the U.S. Army. On Point is provided to all AHF members. In addition to On Point: The Journal of Army History, a quarterly magazine featuring articles on Army history, book reviews, and more, the AHF has published U.S. Army: A Complete History and The Army, two of the most engaging and authoritative books ever produced on Army History.

For more information on how to participate in this program, contact Jenna Truax at 703-879-0010, or via email at jenna.truax@armyhistory.org.

Unrecorded history is lost history.

As members of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association from the Vietnam Era and GWOT began to pass on, it is vital that their stories and histories be preserved and not lost to time as many have. We have lost many members in the past year, and many of their stories are lost forever!

The Long Range Reconnaissance Association (LRRRA) has taken on the task of compiling and documenting histories of LRRP-LRP-LRS Units and members to preserve their histories.

The LRRRA has placed memorial benches to honor the service of LRRPs-LRPs – LRS who have served our Country. The LRRRA also purchased a Paver to be placed at the National Army Museum when it opens. 75th RRA Units might consider doing so also to honor the service of their members.

Remember the LRRP Units who served in Europe in the late 50s and early 60s...where are their stories...lost to time?

Help us preserve our history!

Marshall Huckaby, 1SG (RET), rvnlrrp@aol.com
25th ID LRRPs, Vietnam 1966-1967

UNIT REPORTS



1ST BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

Unit Director - Steve Cochran

CSM Reggie Salinas passed away and was buried on 1 April 2016. Reggie was one of the 1st BN 1974 Originals.

Saw SMA(R) Glen and Karen Morrell over the Thanksgiving weekend. Saw them again for a few hours in December. They are doing well.

Attended Memorial Ceremony of Staff Sergeant Avonye (John) Chisolm, on Thursday, 1 December 2016. SSG Chisolm died on 25 August 2016; from injuries sustained during an airborne training operation at Fort Stewart, GA.



Saw posted on Facebook; that Ken and Mary Ellen Keen had Sandee Markwell Rouse and Bill Rouse over to their home in December – Bill (Doc) Donovan was there also – Sandee stated that “Santa came early for us this year” – (picture attached)

CSM (R) Joe Mattison passed away on 20 December. Joe was one of the 1st BN 1974 originals – Helped stand up the Battalion as a Private. Marie Laws (wife of 1SG Rick (Charlie) Laws) passed away on 28 December.

1st Battalion Sua Sponte Foundation has a Facebook page – Check it out. They do great things for 1st Battalion Rangers and the family members.

Shelia Dudley retired in June but that doesn't mean she stepped away from the Battalion. She reports in with: “I am honored to be selected by the Ranger Lead the Way Fund to be the Gold Star Program Director for this great organization. Our first main event, in your honor, will be at Ranger Rendezvous



2017. Contact me at Goldstar@leadthewayfund.org and provide your contact information.”

James Fredrick Steward (Stewie) died Sunday, January 15, 2017. Then PFC Steward served in 1st BN, Charlie Company; 1977, and rose through the ranks to Staff Sergeant. He retired later as a Master Sergeant.

Charles Leross “Ross” Gibson, (42); lost his battle with cancer on 16 January 2017. RIP brother. Ross was 2nd Platoon, B Co 1/75 back in the late 90s.

Senator Joni Ernst (R, Iowa); introduced the Medal of Honor Awardees at the Military Ball during the Inauguration festivities. Joni and CSM (R) Gail Ernst was in 1st Battalion in the early 90s. He later served in the 75th Ranger Regiment. CSM (R) Ernst states he and Joni sat with MOH Recipient CSM (R) Gary Littrell and his wife Susie. CSM (R) Littrell served as First Sergeant in the 77-78 time frame at 1st Battalion.

From Facebook posting: Jeff Robitaille just passed on some hard news...If there's any late 90's 1/75 guys in here. I just got word that Gene Descisci passed away this afternoon after battling brain cancer. He leaves behind his wife and two young kids.

Aaron J. Goff, 34, of Riverside, passed away on Thursday, February 2, 2017, in Columbus Junction, Iowa. Aaron Goff served in the 1st Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment. This has been reported as self inflicted.

Get your health checked out - we are losing too many of our brothers and sisters at a young age. Also, Suicide does NOT have to happen. Ask for help. PLEASE...

Looking forward to St Patrick's Day “doings” in Savannah in March – Shelia Dudley and Sherry Klein have worked really hard planning this “gathering”. Until the next time; keep your head down; your powder dry; your hatchet sharp and see you on the high ground.



2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

Unit Director - Kevin Ingraham

I'm starting this quarter with a plead for material. Don't just share your memories, observations and tidbits to Facebook—remember your <2> brothers who've made the effort to pay their dues to support your association—the only Ranger association for scroll bearers who lived the life. 'Literature level' material is not required, a casual note letting us know where you went to or can be found would be appreciated by your brothers. (speaking of which—where are Al Hultgren and Juan Robles?) Even just a photo is helpful—provide a caption and submit as an attachment to your email. The jpeg should be in the highest resolution possible, downloads from Facebook cannot be published as they are too small. The modern Ranger's 75th anniversary commemoration is this year—see the coverage elsewhere in this issue for our reunion and Ranger Rendezvous. By the time you read this, time will be short!



way by accident. It comes from hours under a ruck, climbing ropes, lifting heavy things, climbing walls, carrying other full grown men. Running for miles, endless miles. Miles that make the feet bleed, soaking the white socks red. Miles over road, on gravel, on sand, on dirt, up hills, down hills, upstairs, down stairs...Miles that crush a man's soul at the mere thought.

He wears a watch on one wrist, a simple Timex. It is well worn from the hundreds of missions it has been on. The other wrist has a black metal bracelet. It is scratched up, beat up, but never leaves the wrist. It bears the name of a fallen brother. The name of a man who left behind a daughter, a wife, parents...The name of a man who he shared a room with, played Halo with after the mission, drank beer with...The name of a man who received nothing but silence in response to the Sergeant Major beckoning him during that final roll call.

Ranger Ball 2017: Mark your calendar! If you aren't spent out from Rendezvous, our ball is scheduled for 28 July, 1900-0130 at the Tacoma Dome Hall, Tacoma. Please RSVP (ASAP) to the battalion admin: Attn: Ms McCullah. Nicole.mccullah1@soc.mil or phone the S-1.

The old scrolls have reached the stage where our ranks have begun to thin from the ravages of time. In this last half-year CSM Jan Schalavin, Doc Ford and Dave Sissons, all plankholders, reported to Valhalla. More to follow.

Rangers of any era who ever mounted up for a mission will recognize themselves in this piece from a recent book about our regiment at war since 2001. Substitute "prick-77" for "Peltor" and there you are. By Marty Skovlund Jr.

You can't put your finger on it, and you can't quite identify what it is. It is a certain presence that resides permanently around him. He stands straight, the type of posture that is rarely seen in men today. The posture silently screams self-confidence. It is the kind of confidence that comes from going out night after night to hunt other men. Men that hunt back. His back is rounded, shoulders wide. The arms are like leather. The neck thick. A man doesn't get this

His arms are tattooed. They bear the images of skulls, Spartans, a tattered American flag and flames. There is a weird way in which the ink compliments the blank stare on his face. Almost a slight frown, yet a look of deep thought. His hair is longer than the average soldier, but not too long. He's particular when he explains what he wants at the barber. But then again he is particular about everything in his life.

He pulls his kit out from its cubby in the ready room. It falls over his shoulders in a familiar way. It's weird how the distinctive sound of the Velcro on the cummerbund can be so easily associated with the looming prospect of combat. The Peltors go on, plugged into the radio on his side. He turns them on and turns them up. It just got real loud. The MICH goes on; the NODs are flipped down and tested. He's paranoid and knows he put fresh batteries in last night, but changes them out again anyway. The amber lenses are dusty, so he takes a red rag and rubs them clear. The helmet is heavy and weighs on a man's neck, but he is used to it. Hours have been spent under the weight of Kevlar, night vision, strobes, Velcro, flashlights...He snaps the safety line around his waist, pulls his gloves on, and slips his Oakleys over his ears. You hear a sigh, and then see him do a few squats to make sure

2ND BN, 75TH RANGER REGT (Continued)

everything is on just right. Finally, he grabs his wrist Garmin and his quarterback forearm pad. One goes on each forearm.

He turns the knob on his MBITR and asks for a radio check. He gets a response and is satisfied. Someone yells out that "FMC" will be in five minutes. The others start shuffling away from their cubbies. He grabs his rifle, pulls the charging handle back checking to make sure it is clear, and then releases the bolt. He slides a plastic magazine in and routes the adjustable sling over his shoulder and starts walking for the door. As he walks away you notice that all that heavy gear looks kind of small on his V-shaped torso. He walks with a gait that is swift but quiet.

He floats into the dark, his playground. The air is thin, the moon barely visible. All you hear is the crunch of pea rock under his hiking boots as he walks away toward the flight line. It dawns on you that you just

witnessed something few will ever set eyes on. Half the world away, men of a similar age are drinking, playing beer pong, setting new high scores on games. But he is boarding a rotary wing aircraft in the hopes of taking a few more souls off his planet during this period of darkness. Few have seen or done what he has, and fewer still do it with the ferocity that he does. He is a Ranger. He is the hammer some nights, the scalpel others. His work is carried out with unprecedented surprise, speed and violence of action. He does not seek glory, nor recognition of any kind. He lives by a Creed, but for his brothers. He is satisfied knowing that he is doing exactly what needs to be done, his job!

Rangers Lead the Way and God Bless America!

Used with permission of author: Skovlund, Marty Jr., Violence of Action: The Untold Stories of the 75th Ranger Regiment in the War on Terror. Blackside Concepts, 2014. ISBN 978-0991286522.

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

Unit Director - Stan Jones

It is with great sadness I must pass along the passing of John Simmons, our former Unit Director and member of D/17. John passed away Jan 4th 2016. I met John at the 2009 Reunion. John did a lot for the Association over the years, locating lost souls and helping them reconnect.

Last time I introduced myself as the new Unit Director, and then left for Tennessee for our fall trip to Ranger Carlisle's.

The week at Carlisle's was Nov 6-13, including Veteran's Day. We probably had the biggest crowd that I have seen on Saturday night. Although not all were from A Co, there was myself, Mike Fisher, Bill Bowman, Mike Cantrell and Mark Carlisle all from A Co. I had two of my grandsons, Bryce and Austan, Fisher's brother-in-law Steve and his son McClain, Bowman's sons, Joe and Josh, and friends of theirs JD and Josh. Carlisle's grandson Riley and Fisher's fishing dentist buddy, Ken Zlotkowski and another dentist Mike Bobrow and his son Jake. Fisher told me that Bobrow and his son had never fired a gun before. After a couple of days on the hilltop, they are bitten



by the bug and Ken has purchased handguns and gone to an indoor range for shooting practice. Unfortunately they live in the great state of Illinois and can't carry.

Fisher bar-b-que'd about 50#s of ribs Saturday night and Cantrell smoked a turkey Sunday. Breakfast on Sunday morning took about six dozen eggs, five #s of bacon and three packs of English muffins. We really missed Charcoal Boy AKA Mike Theisen; we all shared getting charcoal ready and KP.

My grandson's left Sunday morning; Bryce had to be back for school Monday. Steve and McClain left Sunday afternoon. The dentists left on Monday. Bowman made another great escape and managed to hang on to the shooting trophy for yet another year. He kept practicing every day and then come Tuesday everyone is ready for the shoot off and he says work called and he has to leave. Carlisle comes and goes as work allows. He is still running the saw mill. His son in law, Joe, which had been working with him, took a job in Missouri so Mark is working more for now.

A75 (Continued)

By Tuesday afternoon, it was fairly quiet with just me, Fisher and Cantrell. Then Cantrell up and leaves on Wednesday. He swore he was there for the week, but was sure that Auto Zone would not survive if he did not get back. So now it's just me and Fisher to tear down the big kitchen tent and do police call for the hill top and bring in all the targets. But we got er done and slipped out on Friday morning.

We had another trip this fall, October 28-November 4th 2016. It was attended by myself, Fisher, Cantrell, Bowman, DJ and EJ, Ken Zlotkowski, Bowman's sons and a couple of friends and of course our host Mark Carlisle. Long hot week on the hilltop as Tennessee hit record highs three days that week of 80+, a couple days hitting 85. We were all set for the Bowman pistol shoot off but again he pulled camp and headed back to Indiana, but left the trophies. It was with great restraint that we did not put them on the firing line and shoot them to pieces and send him the video, but we didn't, so maybe next trip. EJ went bow hunting a few times and didn't see anything. Friday we are packing up and we look down range and a buck is sitting on the range. Big story this trip was over by the cabin, Mark has had a meteor hit. He found and verified by a geologist at University of Tennessee that a meteor approximately 2-3 tons in weight hit at approximately 17,000mph. It was heard by the closest house over a mile away. He has started digging and was 45 feet down when we left. Have not heard if he located it yet. More on that next issue.

This story is from Mike Theisen: I was talking to Stan Jones today and he mentioned the magazine and wanted an article that wasn't too full of bullshit and I said I could talk about how when I first came to A Co.

I graduated class 8 of 73 with a lot of the guys we all know and got to the company about ten at night and walked by a jeep with some guy sitting there and whoever was on CQ duty (maybe Dicky Welch or that other tall guy that was always gone recruiting and when he was back at the company he was always hounding everyone to reenlist {I believe it was Herbie Owens} told me to get out to the jeep and my father was dying so I left right then and after the funeral and leave I came back to the company.

I was put in Duke Snyder's platoon and Bayless was my team leader. We all know Clyde and he took me under his wing and told me to do everything and he would keep an eye on me. Said I'd have to learn sooner or later what it took to be a team leader.

All I know is he and Welch could stay up all night entertaining female company and still go all day.

Within a couple weeks of meeting Clyde he told me to get the team and we were going rappelling so we took our ropes and threw them in the back of his little white Toyota truck with the topper and the mags and headed out.

We're going through Killeen and he pulls into a dirt parking lot with a little flat roofed building. It was cinder block and had the little windows at the top like a basement. I looked at him and he said let's get some lunch at nine in the morning. I had a gut feeling that it wasn't lunch time and we shouldn't be there but he was our team leader and we stick together no matter what.

So we go in and it's a bar and we're drinking beer in the daytime and I don't see any food and I'm getting buzzed up playing pool with some cowboy and I hear Bayless talking to some guy at the bar and he says I'm going to reach down your throat and grab you by the asshole and pull you inside out and there's not a goddamned thing you can do about it. For a second I hoped it was a joke but my gut was telling me he wasn't kidding and all hell broke loose. I think Cantrell and Lopez were there but I'm not sure. I know it wasn't just Clyde and me.

As I turned towards Clyde the guy I was playing pool with tried to choke me with his pool cue. He must have been a friend of the guy at the bar. All I know is I saw a pool cue come down in front of my face and the guy jerks it back but pulls it right into my open mouth and snaps off two of my teeth. I remember the pain and realizing this was very bad and we're supposed to be rappelling and we got a mess and I'm going to throw this piece of shit out the window. So I turned around and started punching this guy and I'm a hundred and sixty pounds so I popped his head off the wall so I could pick him up and throw him through the window but it was too high so I kept just throwing him against the wall I was so pissed.

All I know is Bayless stopped me and said we have to get out of here right now. So we made up a story about rappelling and I hit my mouth because I still had to go to the hospital.

Capt. Nolen was waiting for us with First Sergeant Romo and we told our story and didn't waiver. Me and

A75 (Continued)

Clyde stood side by side and said how he rappelled down and got me after I hit my face against the rocks. They dismissed us and we got to the orderly room door and Capt. Nolen says behind us "sergeants your terrible liars." That was the beginning of my friendship with Clyde. We were thick as thieves until he broke his neck in that jump and I took over the team. He taught me a lot and I owe him for a big part of who I am today.

The picture of Theisen, Lopez, Bayless and Sundquist was taken in Germany during Reforger 1973. "Mike Theisen"

My grandson, Austan, took the plunge and enlisted for three years in the Army. He said he tested three points to low to get an enlistment contract for Ranger school. Not sure but he did mention his recruiter said he would not lie to him. Supposedly once he gets "somewhere", he can retest. We all know how that works out. So anyway his contract is for 3 years with no guarantees. I tried to talk to him and explain how hard it would be to even get to jump school without

a guarantee to an airborne unit, but he had made up his mind and was OK with the no guarantee. I wish him well. His 1st week of Basic in Ft. Benning started January 25th. We are thinking about going to his graduation, but was hoping he would get jump school. I think I would be able to pin his wings on. Update on Austan, we went to Ft Benning and watched Austan graduate Basic and AIT. The Army has really changed, but it is still the same at the same time. Austan is now in Germany serving with the 2nd ACR in Vilseck, just a short drive from an old camping spot of mine in Grafenwohr.

Tom Brizendine recently had surgery to remove part of a lung. He will be starting radiation and chemo shortly. Give him a shout if you have a minute:

Home Phone 918-484-5192 • Cell 918-990-0805
Rt. 2 Box 8000, Porum, OK 74455

That's it for this month. Need you guys to jump in and tell some stories. I hear all kinds of lies and stretched truths sitting around the campfire on the hill top, but would like to hear it in your own words here.



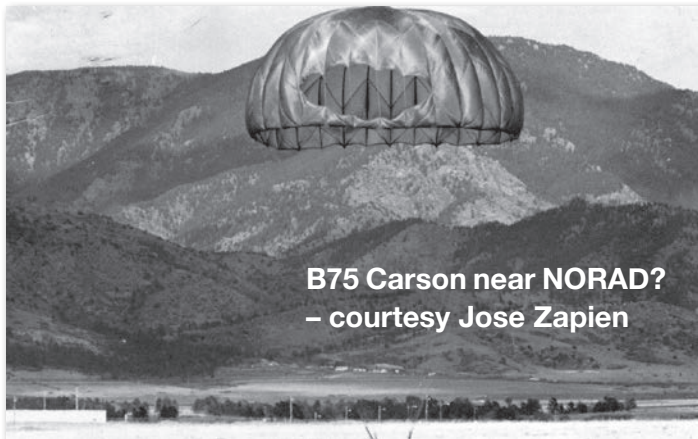


B/75 - C/58 LRP - VII CORPS LRRP

Unit Director - Marc L. Thompson

You should have this issue in hand as Memorial Day approaches. The RRA needs you to be able to vote on the bylaws changes and the elected officers need to provide the information about the Rendezvous and other association news prior to the June meetings in Columbus.

Here's a photo taken in 1971 at Ft. Carson that was posted in the Facebook group for VII Corps, C/58 LRP, and B/75 Rangers. You'll notice that it wasn't a T-10. Photo courtesy of Jose Zapien. If you've never jumped at altitude you've missed that rapid descent...



The upcoming Memorial Day, and the growing number of guys we've lost recently from the Association and those who served in the Regiment, led me to thinking of the guys we've lost over the years. I suppose we all reflect on them at one time or another, and, as I do, not really a day goes by without thinking of them. Perhaps not consciously, but as a constant part of ourselves. We can't really divorce ourselves from our past, and those associations that made us who we are.

Not to make this a comprehensive list (because it's not), but men like Clarence Faught, Joe Gooden, Bob Hensley, Gary Lauderdale, Bugs Moran, George Nick, Jack Schmidt, Doc Wentzel... come to mind. Names that pop into your head when you least expect it, for various reasons, in various contexts. Or, guys from the community, not Bravo Company, like Brad Leatherman or Joe Mattison, who not only served on active duty, but later, after they retired or were separated, continued to support their fellow Rangers and the Special Operations community.



When I'm instructing or participating in Leadership courses for Boy Scouts, or coaching, and am asked to define leadership, I always say it's two simple things; accomplish the mission, and take care of your people. You can't really separate the two, because without your people, you're never going to complete the mission. You have to do your job, you have to do the right thing. You always know what the right thing is... often it's not the easy thing to do in the particular circumstance you find yourself in... but there's always that little voice inside you telling you what

it is. And, if you choose the easy path instead of the right thing, it will bother you... and keep bothering you. Because as John Henry Voyles says... that's who we are... that's what we do. And our associations with this brotherhood of men who expect that not only of themselves, but also of their brothers, raises everyone's expectations of themselves, and of each other.

Where did I learn this? From all the outstanding men I was honored to have served with, From each and every one of you. We take with us a little part of everyone we met, everyone we served with, all the things, large and small, we learned from each of them... and we pass it on. In large lessons and small ways. So when Memorial Day rolls around again this year, during the obligations we have to family or community, we'll all be thinking about those who have preceded us into the tall grass, those who relished life at the tip of the spear... the quiet men, with serious eyes... the ones waiting for us when our time comes to make that final leap off the skid onto the LZ... that final jump out the door...

What We Do in Life – Echoes in Eternity

I believe I've either posted or written this before in Patrolling, but it bears repeating (especially now that we have a digital edition and I can post a link).. there's a motivational YouTube video by a Portugese man named Jorge Coutinho set to images and music from the film "Gladiator" that serves as a good life guide and (reminder)...I have all my lacrosse players to watch it for motivation...www.youtube.com/watch?v=zKiW3DH_lh8 (another version with English subtitles: www.youtube.com/watch?v=-1JUwCXyxp9)

"Fratres! Three weeks from now I will be harvesting my crops. Imagine where you will be, and it will be so.

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

Hold the line. Stay with me. If you find yourself alone, riding in green fields with the sun on your face, do not be troubled; for you are in Elysium, and you're already dead! Brothers, what we do in life, echoes in eternity."

Success, acknowledgment, fame, glory, many of us fight for reasons like that but your don't build a good name from one day to the next. It is necessary to work hard. Even if there are stumbles and falls. It is necessary to overcome obstacles, it is necessary to have motivation, to persevere and insist. Life is a succession of battles. Job, family, friends: all of us have a current status and expectations for the future. However the twists and turns of fate take us by surprise.

One cannot always do what one likes. But those that like what they do and are proud of always doing better make more progress day by day. In our moments of quiet, hectic, decisive moments, when mere good intentions are not enough, that's when life demands of us, courage, boldness, creativity and an unquenchable fighting spirit. The truth is that problems and setbacks happen more frequently that we would like.

Times change. New challenges arise and new objectives. The warriors look into the eyes of the future without fear or arrogance but with the confidence of those that who are ready to do battle. Living is also being prepared for difficult situations. How we approach the difficulties is what makes the difference. Sometimes we ask, how can we cope with the radical changes that we are faced with? It's like acting in the new scenario where things we knew so well need to be relearned.

And how can we fight without letting go of fundamental values? And more, how do we know exactly what needs to be done at the right time? The amazing thing is that it is precisely by facing difficult situations that many rediscover the best in themselves: ethics, friendship, the capability to create new strategies based on experience, the talents that promote positive alliances, the spirit of leadership, the awareness of a strength that resides in true teamwork.

All this comes to the fore when required by circumstances. When one knows that there is an important ultimate goal. Naturally it's not easy to give up habits, customs, it's not easy to adapt to new environments or employ resources that we're not familiar with. But all warriors know that pessimism and uncertainty hold one back at moments like this. Even if the threat comes from many sides, with agility, strength and determination we can achieve our goals.

The combination of energy and intelligence as well as a balance between emotion and reason are essential to success. It is a most satisfying feeling to reach the end of a task with a feeling of duty fulfilled and receive the accolades and respect of all our colleagues, the admiration of the people we love. To hear our name spoken with pride, the pride of having seen the obstacles, the opportunity of growth. The pride of being able to face life's ups and downs and win. The pride of being a winner who did not give up fundamental values.

Fortitudinem et Honorem

Recognizing that I volunteered as a Ranger, fully knowing the hazards of my chosen profession...

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

Unit Director - Del Ayers

Our Company reunion is June 28th (early check-in) thru July 1st. Dinner will be held at the Infantry Museum. Cocktail Hour starts at 6pm. The business meeting will be held at 9am. the day of departure.

Our hotel is the Wingate at 1711 Rollins Way. 706-225-1000



This years reunion is the 50th anniversary of the activation of E. Co. Any questions call me, Milt Hendrickson or Bones. Reunion registration fee is \$75.00 for singles and \$125.00 for couples.



D/75

Unit Director - Richard "Herd" Nelson

Greetings D Co. rangers, I hope this finds you well and fit, and enjoying the new year. I am writing this article due to our unit director's recent health issue. Richard (Herd), called me a few weeks back very sick and at the VA emergency room. Fortunately for Herd, he was at a good facility for a few days and is feeling much better, thanks to modern medicine and the good Lord above. According to Herd the problem was congestive heart failure and he was retaining a lot of water. The good news is the VA took good care of him and he is recovering well. It seems like as we get older we are experiencing a lot of different aches and pains, some more serious than others, all part of life I guess. God speed in your recovery Herd.

Last Veteran's Day I quoted part of the ranger creed to some high schoolers which states that "I will never leave a fallen comrade... and though I may be the lone survivor I will fight on to the objective and complete the mission." That's what we do, that's how we live our lives, pressing on to do what the mission calls for, and not forgetting to look back and extending a helping hand to our brother in arms when called for.

Herd's update to me was that everyone in our group is about the same with nothing too much out of ordinary going on which is good news. I did hear that Carl Norris is traveling in North Carolina. I'm just glad to know that Carl is in the Eastern US close to a bunch of us, we love you man and hope you are doing well. Without Carl Norris, things could have turned out much differently for D Co. when we were calling for air support or emergency evacuation 46 years ago in a land which now seems like a distant memory or dream.

We all played our part with a high degree of professionalism and skill however, with all that training and desire it could have been much worse without the



outstanding support from our air squadron, headed by Carl Norris and his band of knights, always ready to defend and protect us to the end, thank you brother for your part. I know that I am writing this day because of your willingness to show up when we needed help.

A JROTC cadet told me the other day that he wanted to be a special forces soldier when he graduated high school and asked for advice. He had the hope and desire in his

eye, but he was a little overweight and out of shape so I looked at him like you would a grandson and advised him to "train, train, train". When I think back to our days in D Company I remember that we just didn't "show up" in late 1969 and 70 but was there by our own desire and training.

In October 69, I didn't know what the future held but found out in a short order that I was serving with some of the best trained soldiers the United States Army produced at that time, and I can prove it by our accomplishments in the field. A big piece of that was that through the contacts we encountered with the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese Army, we never suffered one friendly KIA however the percentages of wounded were notable. Some of our group still carry the wounds, some quiet severe, from the time we served in Vietnam. I count it high honor to have served with such a group of men that chose to serve their country and never leave a fallen comrade behind.

I look forward to this summer and the sandy beaches of the Gulf when I can hopefully look at the sea and think of my past and my brothers who shared their lives with me and gave the very best they had to offer, to be an Airborne Ranger is one of the highest callings a soldier could ever have or hope to be, God bless you all, RLTV



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

Unit Director - C. "Jeff" Webb. Jr.

Ladies and gentlemen of our E Co. family.

I hope this communication finds you well and ready for spring! We just had a few late winter snow storms on the east coast but April is around the corner and it's also time to get serious about planning for the October reunion.

I understand from Bob Hernandez that reservations are at an all time high so if you have not reserved rooms or contacted Bob yet now is the time to respond. Bob can be reached (925)-437-5058 or by e/mail at: lucky322@sbcglobal.net

2017 E50/E75 REUNION The reunion dates are October 8th through 15, 2017. The reunion hotel is the Fiesta Henderson Hotel & Casino, Henderson, NV (Las Vegas).

The room rates for the Fiesta are \$59 per night Sunday through Thursday and \$99 per night for Friday and Saturday plus a daily fee of \$11.29 (tax inclusive). Reservations can be made by calling (888) 899 7770 or at <https://rooms.sclv.com/cgi-bin/lansaweb>.

This is going to be a well attended reunion.

Now for the Warning Order No. 1: They are scheduling an all day tour for us. The information below is important and requires action from you. So read it carefully and let them know if you are interested in participating on the tour by sending the required information to Terry Leishman.

Las Vegas Reunion Get on the List!

One of the activities the committee is planning during the reunion is a visit to the Nevada Nuclear Test Site. This site was called the Nevada Proving Grounds and now is known as the Nevada National Security Site (hereinafter known as NNSS Tour).

The NNSS Tour is free and is scheduled for Thursday, October 12, 2017.

Public tours are conducted only four times a year, with specific dates determined a few months in advance.



The size of the group is limited. If you want to participate on this tour you must get your name on the list.

In order to participate on this tour you must be at least 14 years old and accompanied by an adult.

We will need the following information from each participant:

- 1) Full Name
- 2) Place of birth
- 3) Social Security Number

Once we have confirmed the group we will notify you. In order to pickup your badge for the tour, you must present your drivers license or passport.

This is an all day tour. We will board the tour bus at 07:00 hrs. and will return to the hotel at about 16:30 hrs.

Dress appropriately, wear sturdy shoes. You will not be allowed to take the tour if you wear shorts, a skirt or sandals. Las Vegas is very hot in the summer and very cold in the winter, with temperatures ranging anywhere between the extremes.

You cannot bring any of the following on the NNSS Tour:

1. Any recording devices or electronics of any kind.
2. Cellular telephone.
3. Camera.
4. Binoculars.
5. Recorder.
6. Firearms or weapons of any kind.

Note: Mandatory Checks Are Conducted.

Anyone who wants to sign up for this tour, please send your information to Terry Leishman at leishman4@gmail.com ASAP to lock in a tour for our group. Remember, the tour is free!

Please identify your email message to Lishman in the "Subject" line as "NNSS Tour" so he knows the purpose of your email.

As the committee releases more scheduled events we will communicate with you via e/mail and postings to the company web site

RLTW!!!



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

Unit Director - John McGee

When you receive this issue of Patrolling we should be very close to the Ranger Rendezvous at the end of June celebrating the 75th Anniversary of the formation of the 1st Ranger Battalion. I am looking forward to having a great turnout for the event. This one is going to be a great one, Tom Besser who has never attended one of our reunions has made reservations to be there to see old friends and comrades. Can't wait to see all you at Ft. Benning.

I have been approached by a couple of our members (Regenthal and Huckaby) to float the idea of having the next F Company Reunion at the Vietnam Memorial Wall on Veterans Day, November 11th. I fully understand that going or not going to "The Wall" is a highly emotional and personal issue for some of you. Having said that I would offer this, if you have ever contemplated going and had doubts about it. Visiting the Memorial with men you have served in combat with may just be the best way to ease any apprehensions. A large group of us attending would be a very fitting way to honor our fallen brothers. Let's face it The Wall like the Wop-Wop sound of the Huey's rotor blades is part of our legacy. I believe that it is there not only for us to honor our fallen but to remind us of our common experience and how for good or bad that experience help mold us into who we are today. Think about the suggestion and we can discuss the matter at the Rendezvous.



We have recently lost two of our Teammates. R.W. Sanders and John Collins have reported to their eternal duty station. I do not believe that either of these men had Stones at the Ranger Memorial. I believe that if that is fitting that we purchase a stone in their names from the unit "Flower Fund" and as unit director will ask our unit treasurer Tim Walsh to make that happen.

One of the items I want to discuss with the membership is how we can honor our fallen. I personally believe that purchasing a stone at the memorial for the family is a hell of a lot better than sending flowers. We need to think about how we want to manage this account as we age and our numbers start to dwindle. I will present a couple of options to the membership for your approval at the Rendezvous. Please take some time and think about this subject. I am open to all suggestions.

Finally, I want to thank Bill Mrkvicka for updating the unit roster and sending out all the e-mail blasts to the unit. Can't thank him enough for being the unit historian and a great sounding board and advisor to the unit director.

Look forward to seeing everyone in June. RLW!!



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

Unit Director - Stephen Johnson



Company G, consisting of the 196th LRRPs, E-5st LRP, and G 75th held its annual reunion in Norco, CA hosted by Steve Deever. We look forward each year having our reunion, rotating from the West Coast, to the East Coast, and then to the Midwest.

An important part of those gatherings is having a ceremony of our fallen Brothers. In Norco we were fortunate to have Ed Mathern's brother and five sisters spend time with us. Ed was killed in action on September 3, 1970.

Another important part of our reunions is to raise money through our auction and to just share some camaraderie. Stephen Crabtree was the target of Shawn Ranahan on one of the items sold, Crab's old Randall knife (story).

I am looking forward to the Rendezvous this year and will have an opportunity to see my Brothers and all the events for that week!

RLTW!

Stephen "Tower" Johnson, G 75th RRA Unit Director

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

I can remember when David L. Swires was about to go back to the "World" when he sold his Akai reel-to-reel tape recorder including his beloved country western tapes to me for a "song". Most every one of us who were not medically evacuated sold stuff. When I left for home, I sold that Akai tape player with an AK-47 thrown in for \$60 to Bruce Lewis who was on Team Texas. Steve Crabtree left, but not before selling his model 18 survival Randall knife with his engraved name to Shawn Ranahan for \$50. Shawn brought that heirloom home with him and kept it 46 years until the auction at the Norco Reunion this year.

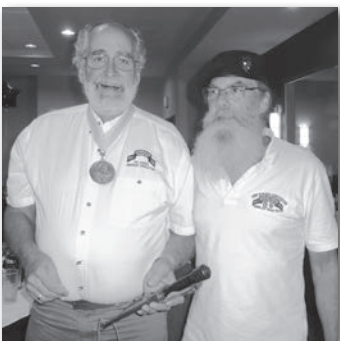
We all know that Shawn can instigate an event in a heartbeat and he and his wife Lynda came up with a plan that he shared with most everyone in Norco with the exception of Steve and Lori Crabtree. He wanted to return that Randall to Crabs, but not before making him squirm. Shawn said the sold price on "his" Randall contribution was going to be \$350 going to the association and our job was to take advantage of Crabs' desire to get his knife back to raise the price beyond ridiculous. Right now there is an exact T 18 Randall on EBay being sold for \$2500. You want to order one it would be about five years before you got it; that is how much they are in demand.

When it was time, Shawn brought up the next item for auction, Crabs' old Randall and judging from the expression on Steve's face and the rest of his body language, I thought we might have to call 911 for a "dust off"! Watching all the angst from the Crabtree table during the auction was priceless. Before the first bid, Chief gave a brief background of the Randall. I have taken from the Randall web site some of the information that Moncada talked about.

Starting in Vietnam, or maybe even earlier, SOG (Special Operation Groups) gear included a near-compulsory Randall Knife. The knives are less beloved today, but they are still handcrafted by the Randall shop in Orlando, and they're still damn good knives.

These days, they tend to be utterly wasted on the collectors who lock them in safes or glass display cabinets. With a Randall, you could cut just about anything that needed cutting, including (in one well-know case) through the skin of a burning helicopter wreck to safety.

Randall made knives take and hold an edge (especially the carbon steel blades). Some do swear by the tubular-hilted No. 18, wrapping the hilt in "550" cord. The knives are built like a bank vault. No Chinese copy of one could do it justice, we fear.



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

Current order deliveries are being scheduled for every 56 months or nearly five years! 2022 would be the born date of your new Randall. If you need one now, dealers can help you, but expect to pay nearly double the price! If you want a used one with "character", good luck- SOG used Randalls are much more pricey. Collectors lock up almost all new Randalls and never even put in the sheath. Pity that!

DESCRIPTION: Sawtooth edge on top. (sawteeth not offset) Approx. 4 3/4" stainless steel tubular handle, 1" diameter, silver soldered to 1/4" oblong brass hilt, fitted with removable, threaded brass butt cap and waterproof "O" ring. (See detail above.) Flared holes in top and bottom of hilt accommodate wrist thong. (Stainless steel, knurled handle, compass and etching on blade are the only extra features available.)

Handle Shape: Standard, Handle Material: Steel
Hilt Style: Brass Double

Weight: 5.5" - 10-12 oz. | 7.5" - 12-14 oz.
Price: 5.5" - \$430 | 7.5" - \$440

Before the bidding was even started, Lori Crabtree shouted across the room, "\$500!" Then it went back and forth between several members with Crabs outbidding every last bid but quit after the bid for the Randall went for \$2,000. Crabs looked to be in shock but was soon revived after Frank and Shawn came to his table, gave him the knife only after explaining the charade or shenanigan!

The autographed Randall is now in possession of its rightful owner displayed in a case of Ranger-LRRP heirlooms. Lynda Neumann gave her loving husband, Shawn, a KA-Bar to alleviate separation anxiety from not having a SOG knife in the house.

All is well that ends well!
Stephen "Tower" Johnson

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

Unit Director - James P. Regan

The Law

It was a usual day in the Company AO, about Mid-May '69, Rangers doing what they do when they are not in the bush. The call came out of our TOC, "WE GOT A TEAM IN CONTACT!" The energies and adrenaline pumped as we all did our "magic" to recover the Team. They had made contact with a Company size unit of NVA. Grabbed my gear and PRC 77, jumped on the Mule, and headed for the revetments where my "Calvary Horse" a Slick from Charlie 1/9 Cav was already cranking.



Gunships had already been "bounced" for the Team. Cobras from 1/9th Cav and 2/20th ARA (Blue Max). Response from those folks was never a problem or question. All they needed from us was a call and they hauled ass to the Team's AO to support. Tube Artillery was cranking. The remainder of the Company prepared for the worst and prayed for the best. Rangers grabbed their gear, which was always ready. Web gear, flack jackets, steel helmets with chin strap down. Everything that they would need if inserted into the "bee hive."

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

As I flew to the Team, it was a First Platoon Team, I monitored the radio, they already knew that I was in the air and how many minutes out from the PZ. The CO did his usual on the radio. "Watch your security, semi-automatic fire, keep me posted!" Capt. "P" had a way that calmed down folks even in the most trying times, "COMBAT!" Well the RTO reports that the PZ is "Hot" and they just suffered a KIA. The five man Team is down to four. As we approach the PZ we can see the Cobras and LOHs making their gun runs and it's a horrendous site. Miniguns and 2.75 rockets tearing up the area.

Another call from the RTO, "we have two WIAs." Wow! These guys are hurtin'! Smoke is popped and we slam into the PZ. I had told the Crew Chief to keep the door Gunner under control so we don't fire up the Team. It was a small PZ but seemed as big as a football field. We could see the green tracers, could see the muzzle flashes from the Mike 16s, AK 47s, hear the steady thunk of the "Chunker", and saw what I thought to be B-40 Rockets slamming into the area around the Team. I unassed the bird and beat feet towards the Team. As I approach the TL, I throw my claymore bag with M-16 Mags. Always carried about twenty extra. "Where's the dead guy?" I hollered. TL pointed to his right, towards the tree line. The guy with the Chunker turns and I throw a claymore bag full of "HE" at him.

I'm really "pumped" and as I streak toward the dead guy I see the ATL, Blanchard. He is lifting an extended LAW to his shoulder. I'm running about a hundred miles an hour and am right behind him as he squeezes down on the trigger mechanism. He sees the motion behind him, I turn my head away and wait for the backblast to blow my head off!! Nothing happens! IT'S A DUD, A MISFIRE! Blanchard throws the LAW at the bad guys.

I reach the dead Ranger and flop down. Yes, he is surely dead. Let's go Regan, get your stuff in gear and get out of here. I try to pick him up so that I can hump him over my shoulder. No go, he's not so big but he's "Dead weight." So I laid down with my butt into his stomach, grabbed as much of his web gear and fatigues as I could and rolled over on my knees. Up and running for the Bird!

The Team is still putting out suppressive fires and moving toward the bird. The wounded Rangers are doing OK and able to move on their own. Now

comes the hard part. The terrain is much like that of the Florida swamp area. Humps of grass, so that you can't really put your feet down solidly. It seems as if every thing is in slow motion. I no longer hear the firing of the weapons. All I hear is the steady beat of the rotor blades. They seem to be a hundred miles away. Approaching the Slick, I wonder if I'll have the strength to finish the run. The Team has reached the Bird and are on board. As I near the Bird, the Door Gunner suddenly decides that he wants to get into the act. His M-60 is scaring the daylight out of me. He's firing directly over me and all I can think of is "oh no, they're right behind me and I ain't going to make it!" I know in my heart that the bad guys are going to get me or the Door Gunner is going to "stitch" me with 7.62 rounds! I do a low crawl for the last yard or so. Hands reach out and grab my burden and haul me into the Slick as it lifts off from the PZ. The Team and the Door gunners are "coming out "HOT" and expend about a million rounds into the AO.

As I sit there with the Dead Ranger's head in my lap I think, "Man, I can't even remember this guy's name!" Blanchard is having a "Hissy Fit" about me and the close call with the LAW. He settles down and they start to look after the wounded Rangers. Only "Te Te" stuff. Nothing now but the routine Radio Calls to Slashing Talon 65 that we were out and on our way home. Crew Chief breaks out the cigarettes and we chill. Before we land I remember, this is Dan Arnold. Don't know much about him, I forget where he was from. He was a quiet, solid Ranger. I never got close to anyone during my tours in the 'Nam. Sometimes I think I should have done better, and spent time chit chatting with the Soldiers. That just wasn't my deal. I may be bad on names but I remember lots of faces.

I daydream now and then and recall mostly the good times we had, like stealing Latrines from the civilian engineers, and stuff from Bien Hoa, (Requisitioning), and watching LURP the dog "bait" other dogs, and keep the rats under control, flying to Vung Tau to get a Ranger out of the Hoosegow. That's another TALE! I try to remember all the funny stuff. like running around the base road with the Ranger Trainees and terrorizing them. Hearing LURP the dog tearing thru mosquito nets in the billets at night chasing rats as big as cats. Then the scary stuff creeps into my mind. I'll never know how I survived. Yes I do know, it was because I was serving with the best Infantry outfit in Vietnam. Rangers who led the way. Thanks, Jim RLTW



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

Unit Director - Michel J. Sharp



2017 F 52nd/I 75th Reunion – Ft. Benning, GA

Our unit hosts for 2017 reunion ~ John and Debby Douglas as well as Judi and Bob McGath have arranged for a block of rooms to be available from June 22- July 1, 2017. This is longer than normal due to the fact that our reunion will be in conjunction with the “Ranger Rendezvous” (as requested) which will occur June 26-30. For folks only wanting to attend during the actual reunion dates, please plan on arriving June 25 and departing on July 1.

Outside of the reunion, an additional event that some folks might be interested in seeing, the “Rangers in Action” competition will occur on June 23rd. Because of this event, the hotel agreed to extend our block of rooms at the same rates originally agreed upon and interested folks should arrive on June 22nd. We are already working on special arrangements for our group, if possible.

To reserve a room under our group block, you can either call the front desk at 706-660-5550 or book online at hamptoninn3.hilton.com/.../hampton-inn.../index.html and type in the group code FCO under the “Add special rate codes” link. Please keep in mind that the cutoff date for booking rooms will be 6/5/17.

Here is hotel info:

Hampton Inn Columbus/South-Fort Benning
2870 South Lumpkin Road
Columbus, GA 31903

Double Rooms: \$99.00 plus taxes. (30 blocked for now)
King Suites: \$109.00 plus taxes. (5 blocked but they can add more depending upon availability)

All bookings will include a complimentary hot, full breakfast, Internet and parking. We will have also a complimentary hospitality suite at our disposal.

Incident: LRRP Team Extracted by Cobra Gunship, Republic of Vietnam

Date: 18 June, 1968

Units Involved: Co.F/52nd Infantry (LRP), 1st Infantry Division ~ D Troop (Air), 1st Squadron/4th Cavalry, 1st Infantry Division



On 14 June, 1968, Team Wildcat Two of Company F, 52nd Infantry (LRP), 1st Infantry Division, was sent to an ARVN Regional Forces-Popular Forces (“Ruf-Puf”) compound located 18 kilometers northeast of Saigon, from where it was to conduct patrols for the next 7-days period. Supporting the team from the compound would be a Forward Operations Base (FOB) communications relay team, also from Co. F. Two days later, the team, led by PFC Robert P. Elsner (New York City, NY), was given a warning order to conduct a two-day reconnaissance mission near the village of Ap Go Cong, a long suspected

VC sanctuary, two kilometers northeast of the ARVN compound. Elsner, though a PFC, was an excellent, experienced and much-decorated team leader, and that was rightfully the criteria (not rank) upon which Co.F team leaders were selected. Ap Go Cong, with only 1500 inhabitants, was not a large village, but over the years had earned a reputation for being staunchly sympathetic to the enemy (this assessment was later proven to be a significant understatement). Without benefit of the usual helicopter overflight, the team was ordered to walk off the compound at dusk on 18 June and patrol toward the village, reaching it by 1900 hours. Once there, they were to remain hidden until dark, then move into a gully that reportedly ran across the mouth of the horseshoe-shaped village. If they were able to reach that point unobserved, they were to pause, then move slightly east of it and set up an observation post (OP). Their primary mission was to monitor the village and a large rice paddy area to the east of it, which ran all the way to the river. They were to watch for a VC company that was reportedly using the village routinely for resupply and recreation. If they spotted the enemy column, the team was to avoid direct contact and instead, engage them with artillery. Contact was expected, as the team had briefly engaged a VC force of unknown size two nights previously, closer to the river.

This was not Elsner’s usual Team 2, generally comprised of five men. He still had his regular Assistant Team Leader, SGT Billy Cohn (Old Mystic, CN), carrying his M-79 grenade launcher. Cohn and Elsner had been working together continuously for many months. Walking “slack” (number two position, right behind the “point man”)

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

and carrying the team's radio, was a relatively new team member, Spec. 4 Gerald Paddy (Maryville, TN). The patrol's "rear-security" was Sgt. David Hill (Visalia, CA), a scout-dog handler who had been attached to Team 2 since March 1968. A bad experience on the first night patrol using the dog team had convinced Elsner and the previous Team 2 Leader, Sgt. Ronnie Luce (Kansas City, MO), that the German Shepherd was far too noisy to accompany a long range patrol, and the decision had thus been made back in March to leave the scout dog behind in base-camp. However, this did not apply to the dog's handler. Hill had proven over the following months to be a more-than-capable team member without the dog, and stayed on as a regular team member. Hill, instead of carrying his usual weapon, the M-79, was carrying an M-2 carbine (borrowed from the ARVNs), as Elsner wanted to have at least one weapon which would not immediately, by sound alone, identify the patrol as American should some nearby target need to be taken out.

Walking point, Elsner led his four-man patrol out of the compound nearly an hour before dark. The weather was high/overcast. It was not supposed to rain during the mission, but Elsner knew that any cloud cover could have some adverse effect on the capabilities of the "starlight" scope he was carrying. The starlight, a relatively new and very effective night-vision scope, was carried by the team whenever one was available to them, and it would prove to be a key factor to the team's survival on this particular night. The team initially moved to the west to deceive any prying eyes, then swung to the north until they hit a treeline. The terrain bordering the rice paddies was covered by low brush and single canopy trees, and offered only minimal cover to the team. From his map, Elsner knew that the treeline they were moving within ran almost to edge of Ap Go Cong village. They followed it until it intersected with another treeline that extended out from the south wing of the village. Taking advantage of what cover the thin brush and trees offered, the team moved to within approximately two hundred meters of the village. They quickly set up in a circular perimeter, all facing outward, and remained hidden there until full darkness.

As the sun was nearly set, Elsner began to scope out the approaches to the village. He could see that at the end of each leg of the horseshoe-shaped village, a treeline extended another two hundred meters or so, ending at the leading edges of the vast rice paddy. He quickly spotted a trail in front of them that snaked from the end of the southernmost treeline and ran out

across the the rice paddies toward the distant river. Elsner decided that this was most likely the trail the enemy regularly used to enter and depart the village. The team leader also spotted a waist-deep gully that separated the area inside the village horseshoe layout from the rest of the huge rice paddy. As soon as Elsner felt that it was dark enough to move in closer, he led the team into the southern treeline and stopped 60 meters from the nearest point of the village. Even without the starlight scope, the LRRPs could see the shadowy forms of the village's inhabitants moving back and forth between their hotches. They could also hear the sounds of Vietnamese music, and soon realized the villager's were carrying on some sort of celebration. The music seemed to be coming from points throughout the village. Faint lights shown from the hotches and a few outdoor fires burned in various parts of the village.

The team remained in that position for nearly fifteen minutes, quietly observing-Elsner using the starlight scope. He could clearly see the activity in the village, but saw no movement outside of it. To get a better view, Elsner led the team out of the trees and northward, initially paralleling the gully, then turning in toward the center segment of the village. When they got within 30 meters of the nearest hotches, Elsner again motioned for the team to halt. From this new vantage point, the LRRPs could hear dogs barking in the village, but with the slight breeze apparently in the team's favor, the domestic canines did not seem to notice them. It was now nearly 2000 hours and the team was on schedule per the original plan.

While able now to closely observe the village itself, Elsner decided that a large mound to their rear denied them a clear view of all of the trail that ran across the rice paddy and into the village. That probable approach route by any VC was too critical a sector not to be under complete observation by the team. While the team remained in place, Elsner backtracked slightly toward the treeline to find a better observation position, and quickly found one-now able to see about 300 meters into the rice paddy through his scope. Now all critical portions of the village, the rice paddy, and the trail were as visible to the team as the scope's limited range would permit. Elsner advised the team that they would remain in that location until 2100 hours, then move twice more in succession further out into the large rice paddy until they were within approximately 50 meters of the primary trail he had spotted, which is where G-2 wanted them to be not later than midnight. As it turned out, they would never make it to that final objective.

Scheduled Events for 75TH RRA Rendezvous 2017

(Tentative—be flexible)

Sunday 25 Jun 2017

- Officers Arrive and Set up for Registration
- 1400 – 1600 Early Registration

Monday 26 Jun 2017

- 0900 – 1500 Registration
- 1000 – 2400 Hospitality Room Open
- 1530 – 1700 Airborne Operations – Fryar Drop Zone

Tuesday 27 Jun 2017

- 0900 – 1500 Registration
- 1000 – 2400 Hospitality Room Open

Wednesday 28 Jun 2017

- 1000 – 2400 Hospitality Room Open
- 1000 – 1145 General Membership Meeting
 - o Presentation, Discussion
 - o Voting for President, 1VP, 2VP, Secretary, and Treasurer
- 1000 - 1630 Ladies Outing Bus departs at 1000 hrs. from the hotel
 - o Wine Tasting at the Warm Springs Winery
 - o Ladies Luncheon – Bulloch House, Warm Springs GA
- 1300 – 1600 Ranger Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony – Marshall Auditorium
- 1400 – 1600 (T) Veterans Administration Briefing
- 1730 – 2000 No Host Bar-B-Q – Sponsored by the 75th Ranger Regiment

Thursday 29 Jun 2017

- 0900 – 1000 Change of Command - National Infantry Museum Parade Field
- 1000 – 1300 Hospitality Room
- 1800 – 2300 75th RRA Banquet U.S. National Infantry Museum
 - o Guest Speaker – General (Ret.) Stanley A. McChrystal (Bio next page)
 - o Introduction of New Officers

Friday 30 Jun 2017

- 0900 – 1000 New Officers Meeting (T) Based on Incoming Officers Direction
- 0800 - 1200 Checkout (Those Departing on Friday)

**** Saturday 01 Jul 2017**

- 0800 - 1200 Checkout (Those Departing on Saturday)

75th Ranger Regiment – Active Duty RR 2017 complete schedule here:
www.benning.army.mil/tenant/75thRanger/RR



General (ret.) Stanley A. McChrystal

A transformational leader with a remarkable record of achievement, General Stanley A. McChrystal was called “one of America’s greatest warriors” by Secretary of Defense Robert Gates. A retired four-star general, he is the former commander of U.S. and International Security Assistance Forces (ISAF) Afghanistan and the former commander of the premier military counter-terrorism force, Joint Special Operations Command (JSOC). He is best known for developing and implementing the current counter-insurgency strategy in Afghanistan, and for creating a comprehensive counter-terrorism organization that revolutionized the interagency operating culture.

The son of Major General McChrystal, GEN McChrystal graduated from West Point in 1976 and joined the infantry. He began his military career as a platoon commander in the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Over the course of his career, he held several leadership and staff positions in the Army Special Forces, Army Rangers, 82nd Airborne Division and the XVIII Army Airborne Corp and the Joint Staff. He is a graduate of the US Naval War College and he completed fellowships at Harvard’s John F. Kennedy School of Government in 1997 and at the Council on Foreign Relations in 2000.

After 9/11 until his retirement in 2010, General McChrystal spent more than 7 years deployed to combat in a variety of leadership positions. In 2002, he was the chief of staff for military operations in Afghanistan. A year later he was selected to deliver

nationally televised Pentagon briefings about military operations in Iraq. From 2003 to 2008, McChrystal commanded JSOC where he led the US Military’s counter-terrorism efforts all over the world. From the summer of 2008 until June of 2009, General McChrystal was the Director of the Joint Staff. In June of 2009, the President of the United States and the Secretary General of NATO appointed General McChrystal to be the Commander of US Forces Afghanistan and NATO ISAF. His command included more than 150,000 troops from 45 allied countries. On August 1 of 2010 General McChrystal retired from the US Army.

General McChrystal is a senior fellow at Yale University’s Jackson Institute for Global Affairs where he teaches a course on Leadership in Operation. He sits on the board of the Yellow Ribbon Fund, Navistar International Corporation and JetBlue Airways. He is also the chair of Service Year Alliance, a project of Be The Change and the Aspen Institute, which envisions a future in which a service year is a cultural expectation and common opportunity for every young American.

General McChrystal co-founded the McChrystal Group in January of 2011 where he is currently a partner. McChrystal Group’s mission is to deliver innovative leadership solutions to American businesses to help them transform and succeed in challenging and dynamic environments.

General McChrystal resides in Alexandria, Virginia with his wife of 39 years, Annie.

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

At 2100 hours Elsner gave the signal for the team to get ready to move. Silently, with Elsner leading, they formed into a file, five meters between them, and began heading toward the next point he had selected. They had gone only about 10-15 meters when the hair on Elsner's neck suddenly began to tingle. He had not seen or heard anything, but his "sixth sense" was telling him that something was amiss. He immediately raised a clenched fist to stop the team. He raised the startlight scope toward the gully and out beyond it to the large rice paddy. They were no longer alone! Despite the team's seemingly successful infiltration, enemy soldiers had apparently detected the team and had themselves moved to set a trap for the LRRPs. The VC, down among the bushes on top of the gully, had not been visible on his previous scans of the area. However, Elsner could now make out an enemy soldier behind a tripod-mounted .30 cal. machine gun set up directly in their current path, on the near side of the gully. As Elsner scanned slowly right to left, he counted another fifteen VC strung out along the gully on either side of the machine gun, laying in the brush and seemingly relaxing. Continuing to pan around the team's position, Elsner quickly spotted another machine gun and crew at the point where the southern treeline ended at the large rice paddy, and yet another group of VC toward the edge of the northern treeline. Why they had not been visible previously was not known, but they clearly had the team effectively trapped. The team's precise position was apparently not yet known, but their possible routes had been accurately predicted. Now, with the village at their backs, and only the two foot high paddy berms to protect them, the team was effectively boxed in, with no safe place to run.

Elsner turned to the team, apprised them that they had "gooks all around them", and to form up in a "wheel" against the junction of two berms, their feet to the center, each to cover their assigned sectors of fire. They quickly put out five claymore mines in a circle around them: two facing the gulley to their front, one each on the flanks and another facing the now quiet village. While his teammates pulled security, Elsner took a few moments to evaluate their situation. He was certain that the VC knew the team was out there somewhere, though not its exact location. But it was clear that there would be no escaping the trap without supporting fire-lots of it.

Soon, the LRRPs detected movement in the section of the gully to the team's left front. Elsner told the rest of team to stay in place, while he crawled out to toward

the gully, grenade in hand. When he reached the gully, he heard more movement, and now, whispering. He slowly pulled the pin from a white phosphorous grenade and lobbed it toward the sound. In the resulting flash, he could see that he had caught two VC in the blast. He could also hear more of them running back up the gully. Jumping to his feet, he threw a fragmentation grenade as far as possible up the gully toward the end where it merged with the treeline, then quickly moved back to the team's tiny perimeter. Amazingly, the VC did not respond with fire of their own, perhaps themselves surprised that the initiative had been momentarily seized by the as yet unseen LRRPs.

Gerald Paddy had already contacted the LRRP company's Tactical Operations Center (TOC), and as soon as Elsner dropped down in the center of the perimeter, he took the handset and gave his CO a brief sit-rep (situation report). Elsner advised him that the team was boxed in by the surrounding village and treelines, with over 30 VC between them and the river. Without waiting for a reply, Elsner also asked for helicopter gunship support. The CO recommended that Elsner call in artillery while the gunships were being scrambled out of Phu Loi. Meanwhile Elsner had also advised the other team members that they were to use "grenades only, no shooting yet", as the VC apparently had not yet pin-pointed the team's exact position and Elsner wanted to keep it that way as long as possible. For the next few moments, each of the team moved slightly outward from his respective sector and over the paddy berm, flinging fragmentation grenades as far toward any movement/noise or the VC machine gun and rifle positions as they could, then quickly crawled back behind the small berm. Still the VC did not assault toward the LRRPs position, seemingly hesitant for some unknown reason.

Elsner proceeded to radio for artillery fire, based on the pre-plotted concentrations he had established with their artillery support prior to departing on the patrol. He called for a "marker" round at the first concentration, estimated to be approximately 500 meters out along the trail, toward the river. Giving the artillery battery's Fire Direction Center (FDC) the azimuth to it the concentration, he advised them that rounds would need to be "danger close" to the team's own position to be of any value. An appropriate time after the artillery radio operator advised: "Shot", no round was yet in evidence. Sensing something was wrong, Elsner then called for a drop of 300 meters and a second marker round. Nearly 30 seconds later, far

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

in the distance, they spotted a flash-so far away that they barely heard its sound. Frustrated, and unsure why the rounds had been nowhere near where they should have been, Elsner reconfirmed the azimuth and the team's approximate position to the FDC. He was preparing to continue adjusting the rounds in toward the enemy position in increasingly larger drops, when suddenly a voice broke in: "Wildcat 2, this is Dark-Horse 32". Lt. Larry Taylor (Chatanooga, TN), piloting a Cobra helicopter gunship, was trying to establish contact with the team. That night Taylor was the Flight Leader of a two-ship flight of Cobras from D Troop (Air), 1st Squadron, 4th Cavalry, which had been immediately scrambled out of Phu Loi in response to the team's predicament. Flying with Taylor as his co-pilot/gunner was WO Bill Ratliff (Cody, WY). Flying as aircraft commander in the second Cobra was Capt. Roger Trickler, with Capt. LeMay as his co-pilot/gunner. The sleek, two-man gunships were "loaded for bear" and nearing the LRRPs location. Taylor advised Elsner that he expected that his running lights should be visible to the team in "about two minutes", and in which general direction the team should look, as he would need a precise vector into the team's location once he had been spotted by them. Elsner felt momentary relief: the pilots of the "Quarter-Cav" (as the unit was known throughout the 1st Division) had never let any of the LRRP teams down, and they were now clearly on the way to help his team. Elsner immediately canceled the artillery, deferring to Taylor for any further calls for artillery support, then switched to the gunship frequency and gave Taylor a sit-rep. He advised the pilot that he would get him started in the right direction upon sighting his lights, then, when the gunships were close on station, the team would fire star-clusters (hand-fired flares) over the known and suspected enemy positions. With that agreed to, Taylor proceeded to, himself, contact the supporting artillery battery. Having reconfirmed the coordinates of the village on his map, he advised the artillery unit that as soon as he had clearly marked the team's location he would be calling for illumination rounds to light up the village and treelines which surrounded three sides of the team, as well as the large rice paddy behind the closest enemy positions. The battery was to commence firing the artillery flares only upon Taylor's command and he would adjust their rounds as needed. [Starting the artillery illumination prior to his arrival over the team would needlessly expose the LRRPs at this point; he did not want to "flip the switch" until he and his wingman were in position to deal with the enemy troops surrounding the team.]

When the LRRPs were first able to pick out the lights of the Cobras, they appeared to be still over a full click (kilometer) away. Elsner advised Taylor that he had the gunships in sight and their estimated distance and direction from the team. He then turned to the team and reiterated his make-shift marking plan. He told his team that he would fire a starcluster over the machine gun and troops nearest them, Cohn was to launch his towards the northern treeline, Hill was to fire his at the southern treeline, and Paddy was to fire his toward the village. [No enemy had yet been spotted in that direction, but it had to be assumed that some were, or soon would be, there.] This would not only give the pilots target reference points, but would also pinpoint the team for the gunships. The Cobras carried a huge, deadly arsenal, but they had to know precisely where they could safely deliver it around the team. Once that was known, everything outside the team's position would be "enemy", and thereby a target for the Cobras.

Elsner got on the radio, advising Taylor of the plan with the star-clusters. Taylor answered that he understood and told them to go ahead and launch them, as he was nearly in position. When the LRRPs complied, it seemed that everyone began firing at the same time-the VC, the gunships and the LRRPs. Each of the star clusters had been "on the money", marking the enemy positions for the Cobras, now roaring in on their gun runs. The team was now receiving intense fire from the gully to their front, and also from the north and south treelines, but as yet still no fire from the village itself. While calling for the artillery illumination to commence, Taylor and his wingman split on either side of the team, hitting the treelines on each flank with six 2.75 in. rockets each. They were on target and devastating. Taylor then came back around and sprayed the gully with mini-gun fire, the team scrunching down as far as possible below the top of their meager paddy berm. Both Cobras then circled out into the large rice paddy to commence a second run. This time the gunships came in simultaneously on parallel runs close on either side of the team. Returning over the team, they took turns pivoting directly over the LRRPs, spraying rockets and mini-guns all around the team's position. The air over the team was split with the explosions as the rockets left their pods, the impacts coming immediately thereafter at points all round the team. The gunships then again made runs down the length of the treelines, culminating at the edge of the village, firing dozens of rockets in the process. The enemy, however, was still returning heavy fire at the gunships

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and the trapped team. While the firing was now concentrated on the Cobras, as Taylor and Trickler had known it would be, there seemed to be plenty left over for the LRRPs as well.

For the next 30-40 minutes, the Cobras kept up their forays toward VC positions, now judiciously firing their rockets and mini-gun rounds at the points of heaviest enemy fire. Then, as the Cobras once again turned out over the rice paddy, Capt. Trickler reported that he was now also receiving fire from an enemy machine gun on the northeast corner of the north treeline. He could see that another large force of VC were apparently attempting to reinforce the VC already being engaged in the horseshoe. With the newly arrived VC unit trying to blow his Cobra out of the sky with machine gun and small arms fire, Trickler went around again and came back at them firing nearly everything he had left. He succeeded in knocking out the machine gun with the last of his rockets and scattering the remaining VC.

Meanwhile, Taylor, hovering at about 50 feet out over the rice paddies east of the team, conferred with Trickler. Trickler informed Taylor that he had just expended the last of his rockets. Taylor responded that he, too, was out of rockets, but they would stay with the team and cover them as well as possible with their remaining mini-gun rounds. By that time, the Cobras had already fired 152 rockets and nearly 16,000 rounds of mini-gun ammo.

For the next 15 minutes, the LRRPs remained heavily engaged. The enemy fire coming from the gully had been totally, devastatingly eliminated by the Cobras and team. However, muzzle-flashes were still winking at them from the trees, followed by the "thunk" of bullets hitting the berms behind which the team still lay. Only 2-3 feet high and across, the sun-hardened earthen berms had certainly borne the volume of fire well to this point. Fortunately most of the enemy fire remained on the Cobras. Still making gun runs to keep the VC occupied and discourage any further assault on the team's position, the Cobras fired what little remained of their mini-gun ammo.

Taylor called Elsner and advised him with that he would hit the VC in the treeline to their south, but the team would have to handle the remaining enemy by themselves, as he and Trickler were definitely now down to their final mini-gun bursts. Elsner acknowledged Taylor's transmission. Taylor soon radioed the team that he had just run out of ammo and could only make "dry-

runs" to try to distract the VC and continue to draw fire toward his now unarmed helicopter while he and Elsner hurriedly identified the best "escape and evasion" route for the team to exit the area. Capt. Trickler reported that he was down to a single one-second burst of mini-gun fire. Taylor told him to save it, and then immediately broke into a series of dry runs, even turning on his Cobra's searchlight to further distract the enemy. The team now supported the unarmed gunship as best they could, firing at the muzzle flashes from guns aimed at the Cobra. Increasingly now the team was receiving small arms fire from the village proper, a direction from which the team had far less cover from the paddy berms. However, Taylor had an innovative way to deal with that threat. Quickly contacting the artillery battery, who had been continuously firing illumination rounds for him throughout the night, he requested them to adjust the bursting height of the flares to minimum altitude over the village (so the magnesium would still be burning when it fell into the hootches on the village's near side). He quickly succeeded in thus starting some spot-fires among the hootches, rooting out or at least temporarily distracting the VC who had been firing from the village.

Soon, however, the VC were on to Taylor's dry-run tactics and stood their ground, increasing the fire directed at him and the team. Taylor told Elsner that the LRRPs needed to be prepared to "di di" (run) across the gully and out into the open rice paddy toward the river. Elsner was told to move his team out on an azimuth of 135 degrees as far and fast they could go, timed to coincide with Trickler's final run on the northern treeline. Elsner said he understood, and advised that the team would first fire all of their claymore mines, then use "fire-and-maneuver" to make their way further out into the large rice paddy.

Though the team did not yet know it, Taylor had decided that he would extract the LRRPs on his Cobra. He knew that the team were themselves nearly out of ammunition, and would soon be overrun at any rate now that the gunships could no longer protect them. No relief gunship teams had yet arrived and Taylor did not know when any would, and no Huey "slicks" (troop transport helicopters) were yet available. The Cobra had no internal cargo hold to carry the team, but Wildcat 2 had to be lifted out of the area immediately and Taylor knew his Cobra was the only option available to the LRRPs. The "Quarter-Cav" never left LRRPs in contact, and he was determined to not even leave this team on the ground, regardless of what that entailed. He, Trickler and their co-pilots could not

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

sit helplessly by while the team got massacred. But Taylor had yet another problem, learned of only later by the LRRPs: When Taylor had radioed his plan to extract the LRRPs on his Cobra, he was ordered by successively higher-level ground commanders that he was not, under any circumstances, to expose his valuable ship and crew in such an unorthodox maneuver. He was told that since the LRRPs were now committed to escape and evade across the rice paddies to the river, they would just have to continue with that strategy until a slick could be brought in to extract them in the "standard" manner. Taylor immediately, and in no uncertain terms, responded that he was "exercising his prerogative as the senior on-scene commander and was proceeding with the Cobra extraction, regardless of the consequences".

Taylor stopped all illumination rounds except those over the village, and upon his command, the team detonated their claymore mines and moved out, each team member firing up his designated area of responsibility and covering each other. They immediately came under increased fire from the treeline to their south and the village behind them, but kept running and firing. Once they had crossed the gully, unbeknownst to Elsner, Cohn dropped off to lay down covering firing for the rest of the team with his M-79. Hill, still on rear-security, fired a final magazine at the VC in the village and passed through Cohn's position as the rest of the team ran further into the rice paddy.

The team was nearly a hundred meters out into the large rice paddy when they suddenly felt a powerful blast of warm air and noise coming from directly overhead. It was Taylor hovering over them without any running lights. Hill, suddenly realizing that Cohn had still not caught up to the team, turned and screamed for Cohn to "come on". As Cohn leaped to his feet and began running towards the team, now 70 meters away, he failed to see two VC pursuing and shooting at him. Elsner and Hill immediately opened fire on the two VC and took them out before they could get Cohn. At that point, Taylor was still hovering 50 feet up in the night sky above the team. Then just as Cohn arrived, Taylor dropped the Cobra to the ground ten meters from the team's position and frantically motioned for the LRRPs to climb aboard. The LRRPs at first looked at Taylor and then each other, thinking that the pilot must be insane, but then figured it out and quickly ran to the Cobra. Taylor knew that, given the grim alternatives, the LRRPs would devise some way to secure themselves

to the Cobra. Cohn and Hill continued around to the other side of the aircraft, each climbing onto and straddling one of the rocket pods while hanging on to the leading edge of the ordnance pylon. Meanwhile, back on the other side, Elsner quickly snapped off Paddy's extended antenna, and each fired off a final magazine at the enemy weapons flashing in the treelines behind them. As the aircraft began to slowly lift off of its landing skids, the two LRRPs still on the ground secured themselves with elbow locks on the skid, finally climbing fully onto the skid as the Cobra continued its ascent from the rice paddy.

Moving carefully but steadily upward and away from the area, still taking hits from VC small arms fire, Taylor was finally able to level off at 2,000 feet (out of small arms range) and turn southwest toward Saigon. After about 15 minutes of "white-knuckle" piloting, the "Cobra-turned-troop transport", with all of the LRRPs still aboard, landed gingerly (Taylor could not be sure where Elsner and Paddy had latched onto the Cobra, but suspected they were on the right-side skid) within the fenced confines of the Saigon Waterworks, near Tan Son Nhut Air Base. The team quickly jumped off, motioning their thanks to the Cobra crew via "thumbs-up" and salutes, as Taylor lifted off for his Phu Loi base.

Team Wildcat 2 were later picked up by a Huey slick and taken to 1st Division headquarters at Dian, where they got hot showers and clean clothes and were debriefed by G-2 officers. They were congratulated and told they had done an excellent job. The next morning, Company F Commanding Officer, Capt. Price, and First Sergeant Morton (who had monitored the battle via the radio relay from the FOB team still at the ARVN compound) arrived to congratulate the team and accompany them back to their own base in Lai Khe.

Captain Taylor, whose Cobra had taken sixteen hits supporting the team during the battle and subsequent extraction, received a Silver Star for his heroic actions that night (though the team had enthusiastically recommended that he receive the Medal of Honor). Elsner, Hill and Cohn were each awarded the Silver Star, and Paddy a Bronze Star with "V" Device, for their actions.

This possibly first, and one of the very few, "Cobra extractions" of the Vietnam war, would go down in the annals of the 1st Infantry Division's Long Range Patrol/Ranger unit and that of D Troop, "Quarter-Cav".



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

Unit Director - Roger T. Crunk

Greetings to all,

Gold Star Mother Elizabeth Olgyay, (Mother of Roy Olgyay, KIA 9/19/1970) passed away January 24, 2017 at her home.

I'm not sure but I believe she was the last 4th Div. LRRP/Ranger Goldstar Mother. Please remember Roy's Sister Joy in your thoughts and prayers.



Elizabeth Olgyay was born in Budapest, Hungary to Count Imre and Countess Stella Andrassy in December 1924. She grew up in Hungary, spending holidays with her mother's family in Sweden. Elizabeth fled with her family to Sweden at the end of World War II, a dramatic journey across war-torn Europe which her mother documented in a best-selling memoir. From Sweden, the family emigrated to the U.S. and Canada.

While attending college in Indiana, Elizabeth met Hungarian architect Aladar Olgyay, whom she married in 1950. The couple settled in Princeton, New Jersey, where Aladar was a professor of architecture and a pioneer of passive solar design. The couple had two children, Roy and Joy.

After her husband's death in 1963, Elizabeth moved to New York City with her two children and then to Paris in 1968. She returned to the U.S. eight years later and lived in Alexandria, Virginia until 2006, when she joined her daughter in Eugene.

Elizabeth loved life, the people around her, and animals. Growing up, she roamed the Hungarian countryside on her favorite horse, Pompas. During the late 1950s she and Aladar enjoyed rally racing in her TR-3 sports car, and together they won the New Jersey 500 in 1960. She never lost her love for fast



cars and twisting roads. She did extensive volunteer work with the American Red Cross for 27 years, providing relief after hurricanes, floods, and other natural disasters. A Gold Star mother, Elizabeth was recognized by that organization when the Vietnam Memorial visited Eugene in September, 2016. She was a talented cook and loved knitting, playing bridge with her friends at Brookdale, and visiting her daughter's small farm.

Elizabeth died of a heart attack at her home on January 24. She was 92 years old. She is survived by her daughter, Joy, and her older sister, Maria.

Published in Eugene Register-Guard on Feb. 5, 2017

Please remember your Brothers and their families who are suffering with medical issues. Bill Fillipini, Doc Thomas, Clay Andrews, Bob McSweeney come to mind. I'm sure you know of others.

Again if you plan to attend the Reunion in June, (75th Anniversary of the Rangers) you need to get registered and make your room reservations. The details are in another section of this issue. Hope to see as many as possible there.

The 4th Inf. Div. will be celebrating their 100th anniversary Aug. 13-20 in Colorado Springs, Co. /Ft. Carson. Headquarters will be the Double Tree Inn. Their phone is 719-576-8900. You can find all the details on the 4th Div. website or in the Ivy Leaves publication.

Also the 1st Brigade LRRP/Rangers are hosting a reunion Sept. 21-26 in Columbus, Ga. /Ft. Benning. The hotel is the Hampton Inn which is next to the Infantry Museum. Calvin Gotts is the organizer so you can contact him for the details. 231-357-7070 or cgotts@aol.com

See you in June.



M/75 - 71ST LRRP

Unit Director - Lyle Webster

Finding lost brothers can be frustrating and a pain but when you are successful it made all your work worth it. That is exactly how I felt when after several years trying I located Joe Acosta. We set up a meeting at a little Thai Restaurant in Tehachapi, CA well it is hard to explain the feelings I mean after 40+ years well that is another story for later.

David Weinberg has been having a rough time, had to have a tumor removed from his brain and is going through Chemo please keep him in your prayers.



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.

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 you're 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 happen 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 Minnie dress and white boots.... 1967/68... 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 seven mile runs with the sand bag

My first time at a Fire Support base during a "Mad Minute"... 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... Ifell 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 your 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 syret 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

M/75 - 71ST LRRP (Continued)

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...Tan Son Nhat 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

Never forget

KIA 71 st LRRP/ M Co 75 th Rangers 199 th Lt. Inf. Bde.		
Midgyette, Joseph H	PFC	71 st LRRP
	Drowning	7/31/67
Carmody, Robert J.	SSG	71 st LRRP
	Sml Arms	10/27/67
Dixon, Linden B.	PFC	71 st LRRP
	Mult. Frag	10/27/67
Jones, Stephen P.	SGT	71 st LRRP
	Sml Arms	10/27/67
Turk, Jon P.	PFC	71 st LRRP
	Sml Arms	10/27/67
Williams, Robert A.	SSG	71 st LRRP
	Sml Arms	10/27/67
Hammerstrom, Ronald A	SP4	71 st LRRP
	Sml Arms	12/7/67
Smith, Neal A	SP4	M Co. 75 th
	Mine	9/6/69
Oaks, Robert L	SSG	M Co. 75 th
	Sml Arms	11/11/69

In closing I am looking forward to seeing all at the LRRP Rally or the 75th Ranger Rendezous.

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

Unit Director - Robert "Twin" Henriksen



As you read this issue, we are almost half way through 2017 and we are all getting up in age. It has been a sad start to this year as I am writing this message in late February. We had 4 members pass away - Tony Foster Nov. 2016/ John Kelner end of January / Don Bizadi and Steve Spradlin in February. We had members of the unit attend the funeral services of all of them. In this issue there are tributes to them. We need to stay connected so if your contact information changes, contact me. Also, contact me for any assistance that I or the members can help you with. Special thanks to Jay Borman for assisting me and other members with recording history. He is planning to do a second edition of the LRRP book. We all need to get our photos / stories / documents to him as he is our best chance to be remembered of what we did. Remember to make



every effort to attend reunion in June 26th to 30th. Keeping my comments section short as there was allot submitted for this issue.

Robert "Twin" Henriksen

Tony Foster – 173rd Airborne Lrrp 1967

He passed away on 11/20/2016. Met Tony Foster over 10 years ago at the VA clinic at Atlanta GA. I notice he was wearing a Ranger hat with several pins in it that consist of 173rd pins, C-75th pins. I only spoke to him for about five minutes about the units represented on his hat, and I told him I was also a Ranger with time N-75 and C 2-75. I didn't know at the time, Tony kinda

doubt my time with the rangers. So he contacted some key Rangers (Hog Brown) at the Ft. Benning area from our era to check me out. The next time I

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

seen him again at the clinic he started to apologize about him doubting my time with the rangers. I laughed about it ever since that time we link up and I would enjoyed his stories about his time with the 173rd and how he got wounded with the LRRPs and was shipped back to the states to recover. He later was assigned to Benning and the 3rd Ranger Co at Benning as a RI, once he graduated from the Ranger course. Once he done his time with the Ranger committee, he returned back to Nam with C-75 as a Team leader. Once again he got bang up in which got him a medical discharged eventually with 100 percent in which he fought for over 15 years after his discharged. The picture I enclosed was the Airborne Awards at Atlanta, GA in which we both attended and had a great time, throughout the years we link up at every Ranger events at Benning. I will miss



Tony and his stories, he always made me laugh and I enjoyed his company when we link up.

by Rudy Teodosio
- N-75 / C 2-75
Vietnam 1969-71

**Tony Foster and
Rudy Teodosio**

In Memory Of LRRP John Kelner

I first met John Kelner in 1966 when we both were in the 82nd Airborne M.P. Company of the 82nd Airborne Division at Ft. Bragg, NC. Most of us enjoyed the 82nd with all of the jumping, but we were young, aggressive and did not want to spend our three years enlistment at Bragg. Many of us volunteered for duty in Vietnam. My self and one other M.P. were the first to get orders, and we arrived at the 173rd M.P. Platoon on the 173rd Airborne Brigade at Bien Hoa in February of 1967. Within a few months, John and about six others from the 82nd M.P. arrived to the 173rd. The M.P. Platoon was in the process of moving up North to the Pleiku area of II Corp where our battalions were operating. We commenced running convoy escort from Pleiku to the Special Forces camp at Dak TO. John was an excellent M.P. (both with the 82nd and the 173rd), and he was always liked and respected.

Sometime in the period of May 1967 we saw a memo requesting volunteers for the 173rd LRRP Platoon which at the time was attached to E Troop, 17th Cav, the

reconnaissance element of the 173rd. If my memory is correct, about seven of us from the M.P. Platoon went before the LRRP interviewing panel and five of us were ultimately selected, including John and me. I was the first to receive orders and arrived at the LRRP Platoon in Dak To in June 1967. John and the others followed shortly thereafter. Out of the five of us Don Waide, Wayne Harland, and Michael Gerome were subsequently Killed In Action. John and I returned home in April and July of 1968 respectively. John was an outstanding Airborne M.P. and even greater LURP. He was well respected within the 173rd LRRP Platoon, and a sought after team member. He was a Recondo School graduate.

In early 1968, a couple of our teams had been running missions in the Pleiku area of II Corp and when we finished the mission, we were attempting to fly from Pleiku to the Tuy Hoa Coastal area. We boarded an old fixed-wing Caribou aircraft at the Pleiku airstrip for a ride. After taxing down the runway, we came to a complete stop and returned to the hanger area. We were told to standby as mechanics started working on the engines. After a long wait, John had enough and stormed off the plane to see what the problem was. The rest of us were just grabbing some sleep. I looked out and saw that John was working on the engines while the mechanics were watching him and handing him tools. It seems that John had grown up on a farm and was used to "repairing things". When he returned back inside the plane, he said an airplane engine was easier to work on than a tractor. I knew that we were not being issued any chutes, so I prepared for an interesting plane ride to Tuy Hoa. Apparently John was right, as we took off and had no more engine problems.

As I recall, John was one of the LRRP Platoon members who escorted home the body of Alain "Sgt. Rock" Trembley who was killed in action on July 7, 1968. John's ETS date was not far off, so he was not sent back to Vietnam. John had a career as a Deputy



Sheriff in his home town area of Onaway, Michigan and he lived his life on his farm. He was a good man, a true patriot and will be missed.

by Irv "Bugs" Moran –
Lrrp 6/67-4/68

**1967 Lrrp John Kelner
at Tuy Hoa**

N/75 - 74TH LRP - 173RD LRRP (Continued)**Message to Kelner's sister**

There is a place far away in the central Highland of Viet Nam, right where the borders of Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos, come together. a place of extremes; Extreme beauty, colors of green, and yellows and reds, not matched elsewhere, a place of extreme weather, monsoon clouds of the 40-50,00 foot range, white and blue, grays and dingy Tree canopy so high and vegetation so thick only bugs and birds could penetrate. Valleys so deep and steep man must work to stay upright; a place so fearsome, so alive, so deadly only the fearless and fearsome dare to roam. A place where in 1967 a war was at hand, a war of hide and seek, of stealth, and cunning being waged between the most elite troops of either side, who spent long periods to search for one another amongst the heat, cold, bugs, leeches, mud and rain. To gain the upper hand of locating and compromising the other. A place where instant death and the threat there of turned young twenty year olds into old men, cold, calculating and unforgiving to the perils of war. We were those men; on one side the 173rd ABN (SEP) LRRP, on the other the finest of the 24th and 41st NVA regiments. Both sides knew, that meetings or compromise could never end well. One group small and out manned, the other on home turf with abundant resources to react to compromise. Trying to avoid contact, location and engagement with the smaller LRRP teams; for they knew of the ferocity, and power of well placed claymores, or the accuracy of artillery. The men of those teams could never be replaced, but their actions, methods, and procedures would lay the ground work for all future special operations, well into the future. One of those guys in this place, was John Kelner. A bald guy, former MP turned jungle fighter, a natural for a camouflaged face. Truly one of the warriors of stealth who walked this place that is so, so near and dear to the hearts and minds of those who have been there. Nowhere else on earth, will there ever be such men again!!!!

by Robert "Doc" Clark - 1967-68 Airborne/ Recondo

Timber, Timber, Timber

John Kelner: Stephen Carazo here...AKA Caruthers! I hope this message gives you some comfort to know that there is at least one Airborne Recondo on the "left" coast that has had thoughts about you every day of his life. November 1967 the only mission I ever ran with you and Ralph Resor. Just one of the many harrowing experiences we both lived through...but it

has been a big part of my life for 50 years. I will never forget the urgency in your whispered voice when you said to me..."CARUTHERS, FIND US A FUCKING LZ"! Well, it wasn't much, but I did find that small opening on the slope of a ridge line. And, after that 1st Cav. pilot slammed me and Harland into the trees, and our subsequent flight hanging under that Huey, I remember thinking about you guys still on the ground back on that LZ not knowing if you made it out.

I remember being told later that Ralph radioed the next chopper pilot that "if you drag one more of my men through the trees, I am going to shoot you down". "CARUTHERS, FIND US A FUCKING LZ" has been a rallying cry for me for my entire life. Often used in business and life in general it was always my way of not giving up, and not giving in, and never surrendering. Take care, you Airborne Recondo. And make sure



you "FIND THAT FUCKING LZ"! With warmest personal regards, Stephen Carazo - LRRP 1967-68

**Lrrp Team,
John Kelner
front right**

Death of a Battle Buddy

I came to November Rangers in April 1970. Other than Dale Watson, I knew no one else. After a short while I met Don Bizadi. He had been in country several months longer than I had. We became friends and eventually got of the same team. I had never been around a Native American indian before so I received a crash course on life on the Navaho Nation.. Team Bravo was a close team (as most were) led by the "Mad Russian" Walter Sogalow, team members included Chris Simmons, Curtis Owens, Mike Hines, and Don Bizadi. I was the ATL and pointman. Many mission and days off together with Bizadi made me see how special and kind that quiet little man was. He rarely spoke, but when he did all took notice. In May of 1971 Bravo team became locked in a battle with an estimated 500 man enemy base camp. During this battle Don was shot. Fortunately it was not life threatening. He was airlifted out and never returned to our unit as we all left country in august of that year. I did not have contact with him for many years after that. About 20 years ago his contact info became

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

available (he did not do computers). I made contact with him and we stayed in touch. At several reunions, we would get together with our wives and talk about things in the past and in our futures. My son lives in Yuma Arizona so on those times that we drove from our central Illinois home to Yuma, we would stop and have lunch with Don and Virgie in Gallup, New Mexico. They lived on the Navaho Nation about 100 miles away in Chinle, Arizona. When Vergie called and said that he was not doing well I asked her to tell him that I was thinking and praying for him. On the next day she called and said that he had passed. Unit Director Robert and I made arrangements to meet in Vegas and then we drove to Chinle for the funeral. He was laid to rest in his native clothing, grasping his beret. As we travel through life we meet lots of different kinds of people. Some are forgettable and some are truly not.



Don Bizadi was my friend and truly not forgettable. Battle-Buddies in life and death forever. RLTW

by Terry L.
Ziegenbein - Bravo
Team 1970-71

**Don Bizadi and
Terry Ziegenbein**



**1970 insertion An Lao Valley –
Ziegenbein, Bizadi, Sayles**

Song Fest Ends As Rangers Engage

Four North Vietnamese regulars sang their way to death as a 173rd Airborne Brigade Ranger team shattered their musical notes with small arms fire and captured five AK-47 rifles. The team was operating nine miles Northwest of Landing Zone English, location

near the coast about 300 miles Northeast of Saigon. Team Bravo of Company N 75th Infantry (Rangers) observed lights and heard shorts and voices at the base of a mountain during the night. "The next morning we headed down a finger toward the area where we saw the light," explained Sgt. Darryl Paul, a scout with the team. "We moved about 500 meters and came across a trail." The Rangers followed the trail until it branched out into a fork. Assistance team leader, Spec.4 Jimmy Grey said "Two of us dropped our rucksacks and continued on the trail leading off to the right. After following it for about 50 meters, we found ourselves on top of a small hill used as an observation position. We heard people singing on the other side of the hill." The two paratroopers rejoined the other scouts who also heard the voices. Spec.4 Lielie Elegel, the radio operator, requested gunships. "I informed our rear area that we located a possible base camp and people were in it," he said. The team leader, Sgt. Scotty Norwood briefed his team. "We moved real slow because of the loose rocks and stones in the area. We made the least noise possible." After advancing 20 meters, the pointman, Spc.4 John Knaus saw two enemy soldiers standing among some boulders near caves. "I signaled the team that I saw the soldiers and we got into position." Firing their weapons and tossing hand grenades, the Rangers charged the enemy. "We caught them by surprise" commented Don "The Biz" Bizadi "The ones that were fortunate enough to escape will never forget that song fest" Following the 45 minute fire fight, the team killed four NVA soldiers, collected five AK-47, ten chicom hand grenades, six rucksacks, ten pith helmets and five pounds of documents.

Article from Fire Base 173rd Airborne newspaper

**Passing Of Lrrp – Steve Spradlin
Message for Connie and Grandkids,**

A word or two about Steve from a guy who served with him in the 173rd Airborne LRRP in 1967-68. Steve came to LRRP in 1967 while we were at a place called Dak To. For those who do not know, Dak To is located in the Central Highlands of Viet Nam, right at the junction of the borders of Cambodia and Laos. Without a doubt one of the most dangerous and enemy saturated areas of the country.

LRRP (Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol) were groups of five and six man teams who ran missions of a wide variety deep inside enemy held territory; our primary mission was to locate large groups of enemy, observation, detection of movement, prisoner

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

snatches, ambush and generally bring the US version of Guerrilla Warfare to the enemy in their own backyard. Born of OSS, and Merrills Marauders of WWII, they were the forerunners of units you hear about as Special Operations, Delta Force, Marine Recon and Air Force Pathfinders. All voluntary unit was LRRP; One can imagine the layers of voluntary duty required to be in the unit. 2.7 million men served in Viet Nam, 16 million evaded the draft. Volunteering for the Army, Jump School, going to the Nam, and volunteering for LRRP and being accepted by the entrance board was truly exceptional. Recondo School was another part of the exceptional process. Painted up with camouflage, bug juice, insecticide, taped up for silence, moving without noise, or compromise, silent was the order of the day for all missions, medications for body functions, no sleeping, minimal food, and no talking were the requirements not to be ignored. Doing so would be deadly. I encourage grandkids to Google the following for deep details of locations and history of our unit. Search following: MAC V Recondo School, Hill 1338, Battle of the Slopes, Hill 875, and LRRP. Each of these topics will shed additional light on the exceptional nature of their Grandfather and be worthy of school projects for years. They will shed light on the overwhelming numbers of enemy forces in the surrounding mountains and valleys, and the validity of the levels of ferocious nature of the war operations of both sides in the area. A side note, NOT to be tried at home Steve Spradlin could twiddle a double sided, razor sharp British Commando knife between his fingers for times on end and without a scratch. DO NOT try!!

In closing perhaps, a bit of philosophy from a fellow old soldier; Sometimes when men travel to the darkest locations, and deal with the terror mankind can wage upon each other, under orders and exposure to the pitfalls of war, one emerges in search of a brighter light and future for those around him to follow, I believe Steve found that calling and answered it with his whole heart. A fine man he was, a fine soldier of the rarest of breed/.



You who are related to him can never not be related to him, he is in your hearts and mind and will look proudly and honorably upon your lives.

by Robert "Doc"
Clark – LRRP 1967-68

**Steve Spradlin at
Pyu Hip after Hill 875**

"Turtle" Christenson

One of the early guys in LRRP was Chris "Turtle" Christenson who died of heart attack a number of years ago after he returned from doing security work in Iraq. We got together at the 2005 Ranger Rendezvous Reunion. He was wearing shorts and had scars running down his leg where they had pulled arteries/veins to do bypass surgery. He had his fatal heart attack in Arizona where he was taking his newly acquired sailboat. He spent 30 years as a cop in Kalispell, Montana and his widow said he really hated winters -and he was living in northern Montana! I never knew why he was called "Turtle" and it turned out neither did she. Turns out they did a mud pit elimination at Recondo Class 00 aka last LRRP class at SF HQ in September 1966. It was either Gary Loetze or Bolen that tried to drag him out and he just him out said it was like trying to dislodge a mud turtle.

Backstory On Photo

Team 4 has had its photo in a lot of anthologies of RVN photos and it does have a backstory. The Brigade had made the parachute drop at Katum. Teams three and six had been inserted two days before the drop to keep the DZ under surveillance to make sure that 4/503rd Parachute Infantry was not dropping into a fire sack. Four teams were to be inserted the second night we were at DZ. The first three insertions were run out under fire with a number of casualties so Team 4 stood down that night. Team 3 did not get in since they were fired upon at primary and secondary LZ's. They attempted a passage of lines the following morning and were engaged by VC/NVA skirmisher fire. This was the last patrol action of Sgt Frank Guill. Guill had jumped into Philippines with 11th Abn and made both drops with 187th in Korea along with a second Korean combat tour with 2ID. He was on his fourth tour in RVN and had his third award of CIB. He had incredible corporate knowledge which he was willing to partake with those who would listen. A number of us are alive because we listened.

Team 4 was inserted the following night just after photo was taken. I do not remember the photographer being there since I had other things on my mind. It does help to have team photographs by a world class LIFE Magazine photographer.

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

**1966 Hill,
Cundiff,
Moya,
Bumgardner,
Baughn**

The LZ was on a small clearing about 2 or 3 km from Cambodia. A major trail ran around it. This was about 2 meters wide and was entirely Lambretta motor trike tracks. There were all-weather roads to large villages/towns on the border and the track ran straight to where the Suoi Ba Cham and Suoi Saigon met to make the Song Saigon. The track ran down an elevated region that was perhaps 1 or 2 meters higher than the marshland that ran for several km on either side. We reported the trail and were told that our patrol had been changed from area recon to point recon of the trail. We moved back about 50 m from the trail so we could listen for movement. We heard bicycles being ridden during the night (squeaking bike wheels). We moved back to observe the trail and just as we got near the trail, two guys in black pajamas walked towards us, each carrying an RPD but neither had pack nor hat. We could have easily taken them out but I remembered that Guill had said to never engage if folks were not carrying packs since they were probably within a cantonment area. The terrain was fairly open high timber with a lot of large termite domes. We figured we had probably been spotted and requested infiltration but all choppers were involved with battalion lifts. We moved several hundred meters and waited for exfiltration. After two or three hours we were directed to head back to original LZ by "leaning into the fire". I had to ask what this meant. Artillery would fire 18 rounds of 105 mm and we would move into the beaten zone and artillery would fire another 18 rounds. We spotted the LZ and I had the team go on-line and just as we got to the trail, three folks on bicycles rode past. We fired on them and dropped all three - and the RPD waiting for us nearly nailed our point man, Manuel Moya. They had apparently covered the possible exfiltration LZ(s) and were waiting for us. This pinned everyone down and everyone emptied a magazine downrange (my SOP was first magazine was half ball and half tracer so it looked like the Roger Bumgardner was behind a two foot thick tree and he heard a lot of rounds impact the tree. I thought Moya had been hit at the first burst of

fire from the three cyclists and figured we had to take out the RPD. I located the RPD and put a magazine of aimed auto fire (it was only 15 to 20 meters away) into the prepared RPD position. I did it the way that Guill said to do it. Remain standing and fire down into the dug in position. It worked. Someone yelled "you got them." since two bodies went about a meter in the air (got a grenade or ammo box). Someone else was still firing from behind a termite dome. Went over to Bruce Baughn (RTO) and Ray Hill (ATL) who were arguing. Ray's rifle was jammed (he had taped two magazines together and jammed his weapon). I told Bruce to trade with Ray since he was to communicate and gave him my .45 and gave Ray a WP grenade. We took off as Ray tossed the WP on the guy and the NVA quit firing. Ray lost contact with us for a short time and ran right past us. He heard footsteps coming towards him, figured this was it and switched to full automatic and almost took out our point man. He had gone past us. We changed direction several times to throw off pursuers. Stopped for water several times. We heard folks talking all around since we were within a large base camp. We heard chickens and people laughing and talking. We also found a pile of brand new shovels, mattocks and unused sandbags (they may have stolen these off the drop zone - we were 10 km from the Katum DZ). We walked through several hundred yards of base camp (sleeping platforms, tied over bamboo and cooking platforms). We finally were told that they would pick us up in 30 minutes but they asked that we cut an LZ in 30' bamboo (with Kabars and Randalls!). I asked for rope exfiltration but they finally agreed to a ladder exfiltration. I took radio and tied on seat sling (could always clip on to ladder and at least had radio if I had to solo E&E. Ray went up first followed by Moya. Ray moved over to other side of chopper, Moya crawled in and hit Ra's butt with his head driving Ray out the other side of chopper but door gunner grabbed him. I only found out this year at the Reunion in Branson that Ray saw NVAs on line heading our direction. We were being tracked. I had thought a bit about moving into the



swamp and trying to recon the base camp but they would have been waiting for us.

by Reed Cundiff -
Team 4 1966-67

**1967 LRRP Team
of 173rd Airborne**



O/75 - 78TH LRP

Unit Director - Michael L. Feller

This fall saw the successful completion of another O Co (Arctic) Ranger Reunion. This time The Big Easy was the location.

A long time friend and his other joined my wife Terry and myself on the journey and my daughter and her husband met us there.

The two gents traveled on bikes and the ladies escorted us in the car. Stopping in Louisville for a visit with Learch and Diane Morris, Tommy and Judy Thomas. We then proceeded toward New Orleans and upon arrival were policed up and shown around town by Dwight and Peggy Clements. The first day of the reunion



Joseph Logan arranged a tour of the WWII museum which was a real interest to all. Larry and Linda Lee did a hell of a job as did all who aided in the event. Dinner was excellent as was the gathering thereafter. I got shitfaced on Bourbon Street and a couple others. Now I can say I saw New Orleans.

On the way home we visited Van and Glenda Kominitsky at their home in Anniston AL. Weather was cooperative all the way and all in all was a great time. Suggest you attend the next in the Ft Benning area of Georgia.

Later, MLFeller



P/75 - 79TH LRP

Unit Director - Terry B. Roderick

It's the end of February and I'm writing some news for you all to absorb. Ted Tilson and I just got back for the second time to the SOWW Special Operations Wounded Warrior Hog Hunt, called "Takin' Bacon" near Myrtle Beach, S.C. I'm happy to report Ted and I are both unable to chase those hogs through those swamps and we know it, but we have one member of our company who does it on a regular basis. That



being Eddie Olgesby, or "Mr. O" as he's called in his home base of Cowpens, S.C. Eddie is a regular guide for these wounded warriors on these hog hunts and he and his son, Eddie, and his neighbor and grandkids and son-in-law all participate. He had a dozen or so of his dogs, three 4-wheelers, and other equipment needed to hunt these critters properly. Three pickups with trailers and a major movement to provide his services

P/75 - 79TH LRP (Continued)

to these men who are selected to hunt. There were three hunts each day. Morning, afternoon, and nighttime. Eddie is my age of 68 and he's out there running his dogs chasing these pigs down and killing them three times a day !! Ted and I have no way to know how he does it but I'm not kidding. Incredible people I'm telling you. And his neighbor is older than he is.... Must be something in the water in Cowpens!! The weather for late February in Myrtle Beach was fabulous I might add. We plan to attend again next year. Even if you don't hunt, there are some real special people there from all the services who have served in Special Operations. I think Ted, Eddie, and I were the only Vietnam vets there to show you how old you're getting!! Two of the past hunters/honorees are Rangers John Burns and Bryan Schrader. I've known both of them for a long time. John was in Somalia and Bryan lived with CSM Rick Merritt in Savannah years ago and went on to serve in 1st Bn. and later the RRD in the 75th Ranger Regiment. Bryan was involved in two combat halo jumps into Afghanistan in the early days of the GWOT and served our country proudly and exceptionally until he retired a few years ago after serving as an Instructor at the Army Free Fall School in Yuma, Arizona. John and I go way back and we've remained close friends for over 25 years now. He served as a Platoon Sgt. and other leadership positions within B/3/75 for years before being wounded multiple times in Somalia in 1993. Both now remind me of the roles the we, the Vietnam era veterans, served in the early 1990's timeframe at the Ranger and veteran gatherings. We're beginning to be the old guys who go home early and call it a night instead of staying up all night drinking and telling funny stories that sound like fiction, but are mostly true!! I love it personally.

One of our adoptees, Colonel Joe Rippetoe (ret.), had a birthday recently in Aurora, Colorado and I'm told he got a card or two from some of you who have embraced him and his lovely wife, Rita. Mary Rossi joined me here in Paradise over the Christmas holidays as she tried to escape the arctic temps and weather in her native Ohio. She was on a "road trip" vacation with her daughter and granddaughter and they all ended up here in Cocoa. They flew home and Mary stayed and enjoyed a tropical Christmas here in Florida. She's back up north now and has a new baby, a puppy, to take care of now. Dick Foringer came barging into my AO on a Sunday during the NFL playoffs and we spent the afternoon watching football together as he was in Florida to drive a U-Haul back to New York for his brother and his sister in law who are moving back to the family AO. We got to spend some time together but he was more interested in working on his tan and he

had quite a bit to do to get ready to depart.

We've got Best Ranger coming up in April 7-9 at Fort Benning. I'll be there as will some others. Lynn Towne is coming from California and Rita and Joe Rippetoe plan to attend again. One of the awards they give during Best Ranger is named for Col. Rippetoe's son, Captain Russell B. Rippetoe, killed in Iraq April 3rd, 2003. Ted Tilson will be there with me as usual. He's my main "running Ranger" these days and has been for a while now to be honest. He's always ready to join me in nearly any endeavor I seem to find to do. Thanks, Teddy Bear !! Always nice to have a Ranger 1st Sergeant watching your "6" and advising you.

April 21 and 22 are this year's dates for the annual Open House and Critter Cookout at Dahlongega, Georgia at Camp Merrill, the Mountain Ranger Camp. On Friday night, April 21, there will be a big fish fry leading up to the Open House Saturday for the entire community to attend. After that's over, the members and guests of the Mountain Ranger Association have their annual Critter Cookout and it's really a Critter Cookout. It's a beautiful area if you don't have to stay there and the air is clean and fresh. Great scenery and great people there every year. Probably my favorite Ranger event to be honest. Very laid back and plenty to keep you busy. My oldest daughter has rented a house there for this event this year after coming last year and there will be about 10 family and friends attending this year from Florida and the Charlotte, N.C. area. There are hotels and motels nearby I think, but Ted and I sleep in an Army tent and hope for good weather. I'm upgrading from a cot and sleeping bag to an inflatable Queen sized air mattress this year if I can find power to blow it up. If you ain't doing anything, give it a try and see if you like it. There are many of you within easy driving distance. I think Eddie Olgesby and Jerry Yonko will be attending this year for their first time too.

The 75th Anniversary of the Modern Ranger will be celebrated with many events at this summer's annual Ranger Rendezvous at Fort Benning and Columbus, Georgia. The dates are: June 26- July 2. I have invited Dr. John Thiel to come as my guest and to be sure to bring his Chemical Hall of Fame medallion with him and he can sit with Duke at some of the events !! We're very thankful to Dr. Thiel for his recent work concerning the events in our company on June 6, 1970, when a bunker complex blew prematurely. I've shared his report with many of you and if you did not get it, contact me and I'll get you a copy of very well researched report on the day that remains a mystery in our company.

P/75 - 79TH LRP (Continued)

Trying to get spun up and make a trip to Seoul, Korea to visit my young Ranger Buddy, CSM of the 8th Army, Rick Merritt. He wants me to bring his Mom with me if I come. The thought of such a long plane ride does not enthruse me, but the opportunity makes it pale in comparison to the experiences I'd miss if I don't go. I'm trying to figure out a way to make it happen so stand by for an update by late Summer.

I hope many of you will try and get out to one or more of these wonderful events and enjoy them as I do all the time. Before I go, Steve Nash got in touch with Dave Slone and made a trip to his AO and got to spend some quality time with Dave and his wife, Stephanie and of course, the lovely Barbara Nash. We're hoping Dave and his family can get out and join us in the near future for one of our events. He's done some incredible

things with his life over the past years and has much to be proud of. Not just him, but his entire family. With that said, it's time for me to cut the line here and get this article in to the Patrolling magazine as I'm running right at the deadline again tonight. For those who don't know, my Little Buddy, GIZMO, passed away right before his 9th birthday on November 22, 2016. That boy attended so many Ranger events and was always loved and pampered by all of you. For that we both say Thanks. He's with Cookie now and I'm told they're somewhere waiting for me. I'm in no hurry but it would be nice to join up with them again in the future. I hope it works out that way for all of us. See you all soon I hope. Blue skies and fair winds to you all.

In Ranger brotherhood,
Terry B. "Rock" Roderick

**ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ)**

Unit Director - Bill Miller



Fellow Rangers and Co Vans:

I still need your articles and photos. If you don't respond I will not have much to send in for publication. I know that many of you like and wait for the patrolling magazine to arrive, and there have been problems, but I believe that it is a great magazine and we need to continue this publication.

If you are an annual member please send your dues to the following address.



75th RRA'
PO Box 348360
Sacramento, CA. 95834-8360

Sad News

I hate to start this with the announcement that we have lost two Ranger brothers and BDQ recently.

Ranger Col. Bob Tonsetic passed. Bob served as the Senior Advisor to the 44th Vietnamese Ranger Battalion 70-71. Bob was a noted

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (Continued)

author and published "Days of Valor", "Forsaken Warriors," and "Special Operations During The American Revolution". Bob was inducted into the Ranger Hall of Fame in 2014. We will miss you Bob.

Ranger Maj. Gerard "Jerry" Devlin passed unexpectedly on November 6, 2016 in Blufton, SC. The following is a letter to the editor that I wrote concerning Jerry.

Treatment of Army Major a disgrace

On November 6th (Veterans Day) America and especially South Carolina lost a real American hero. Retired Army Major Gerard M. Devlin passed.

Jerry enlisted in the Army when the War broke out at the age of 17. He volunteered for Korea and served the 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team where he was awarded the Combat Infantry Badge.

He went on to serve in the 11th Airborne Division and was deployed to Germany. Then Sgt. Devlin returned to the US and attended Officer Candidate School and was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant. Before returning to Germany for a second time he earned the coveted Ranger Tab.

Upon returning to Germany he commanded a Company of the 7th Infantry which was a part of the 3rd Infantry Division. Jerry's company was the lead company that spearheaded the forced passage into Berlin when the Russians tried to seal it off in 1961. Jerry faced down the Russian and East German military and successfully entered Berlin.

Once stateside Jerry went on to earn his GED, Bachelor's degree and a Master's degree. In the early 1960's Jerry attended the Army's Vietnamese Language School. Jerry served two tours in Vietnam, the first as Senior Advisor to the famed "Black Tiger" 44th Vietnamese Ranger Battalion.

Jerry received severe wounds from a mortar to his stomach and intestines. He spent a year in the hospital in recovery and the Army sent him back to Vietnam in 1967 where he served with the 25th Infantry Division. Jerry was also a graduate of the Army's Command and General Staff College.

Among Jerry's awards and decorations are the Distinguished Service Cross, Bronze Star (V), Purple

Heart, Parachutist Badge, Ranger Tab, Korean Service Medal, UN Korean Service Medal, Combat Infantry Badge, RVN Gallantry Cross w/palm, VN Service Medal, VN Campaign Medal, National Defense Medal and the Vietnamese Ranger Badge.

After his retirement went on to become a noted Airborne Historian, writing three books. "Paratrooper" which is noted as the Bible of the Airborne, "Silver Wings" which became a TV documentary about the Glider forces of WWII and "Return to Corrigidon" about the US forces that took back the island prior to General MacArthur's taking back the Philippines. Jerry was inducted into the "Ranger Hall of Fame" in 1994.

Upon Jerry's death his wife asked me to contact Hunter Army Airfield (home of the 1st Battalion 75th Ranger Regiment.) and request a funeral detail be provided for Jerry's funeral. They denied the request because they were understaffed. I provided a list of awards and decorations and requested they provide one Soldier to represent the Rangers. They said they would get back to me and did not send a representative.

It is a travesty and disgrace that the 1st Battalion could not send one Ranger 30 miles to Blufton to honor this fallen Ranger. I am proud to have served as a US Army Ranger Advisor with Jerry, even prouder to call Jerry my friend. May God Bless you Jerry, for you were true warrior and patriot.

UNC 8th Army Honor Guard 40 Year Reunion 'Better Than The Best'

The United Nations Command 8th ARMY HONOR GUARD members stationed in South Korea in 1978 met in Tullahoma, TN for the first time in 40 years Jan 27-29, 2017.

CSM Mike Martin stated he was happy to see about 40 members in attendance and said they came from all parts of the US including Washington, Texas, Ohio, Florida, Hawaii.

As reunions go there are lot stories and memories passed back and forth. Here are a few to the memories compiled by Captain Charles Crow.

1SG Martin's soft counseling techniques which caused me on MANY occasions to my door because his whispers interrupted my thought process.

ARVN RANGER ADV, (BDQ) (Continued)

1SG Martin kept filling my small cup with rice wine and smiling as he kept asking me if I felt alright. About an hour later I stood up, and I distinctly remember looking the 1SG as he smiling and Laughing as I tried to stand up. Thanks Top

March to Inchon in honor of the Inchon Landings during the Korean War; 1SG Martin's idea. Was a great event, except for the sore feet.

1SG Michael Martin taught me how to be a commander and a better officer, and I like to think it made me a much better commander when I went to the 5th Mech Division in Fort Polk, LA. Thanks Top

I remember many of the "AdventureTraining" events we did as a company. 1SG Martin was the driving force behind those, and I was proud to use many such ideas when I thd the privilege of command my next company. And, of all the things the first sergeant

taught me, I could never fix mushrooms like Top did we did field training. He clearly had a special touch when it came to cooking fungi.

Mike Martin was initially the 1SG, later CSM. Mike told me he was overwhelmed and honored that these men wanted to come to Tullahoma to hold this reunion.

Lost Souls

If anyone knows the whereabouts of the following Rangers please let me know.

George Chigi
Dan Donohue
Robert Gill
Calvin Morse
Gary Littrell

David Cuellar
Courtney Frobis
George Horvath III
Phillip Vargas
Joseph Connolly II

Mu Nau, Bill Miller, Unit Director

**LRRP DETACHMENT-3RD ID**

Unit Director - Michael McClintock

When World War II officially ended with the surrender of the Empire of Japan on September 2, 1945, the world did not automatically become a peaceful place. This was particularly so in French Indochina (Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia) where, after the Japanese occupation, the French expected to regain their colonial possessions. Standing in their way were international opinion against the colonial powers and Ho Chi Minh and the Viet Minh. Negotiations took place between the French and the Viet Minh, but to no avail. In November 1946 fighting broke out in Haiphong between French forces and the Viet Minh. The Viet Minh were routed by the French and had to take to the jungle for survival...and so it began. The First Indochina War started in December 1946 and ended with the entrapment and surrender of 10,000 French soldiers by 45,000 Viet Minh in the valley of Dien Bien Phu in May 1954.



Fast forward eight years to Bad Kissingen, W. Germany in 1962, where the 3rd ID LRRP Detachment was preparing for what could very well have been World War III. When we young EM discussed Dien Bien Phu, we called the place Indochina. The name "Viet Nam" had not yet entered our vocabulary, but we knew that the French soldiers there had been equipped with

the same WWII weapons, commo gear, and uniforms that we used. Today, through the power of the Internet, it is possible to go back to the early 1950's and see French soldiers in Indochina carrying M-1 rifles and wearing the Wehrmacht splinter pattern (splinter pattern) camouflage uniforms worn by the V Corps and 3rd ID LRRPs. The French also used the A/N-GRC-9 (Angry 9) radio with its hand-cranked generator that was the mainstay of the 3rd ID LRRP team's field communications. Our rucksacks were the same WWII U.S. Army issue as those used by the French, only 8 years older. The few pictures we were able to see of the French "Paras" (paratroopers) and Foreign Legionnaires in combat, generally showed

LRRP DETACHMENT-3RD ID (Continued)

them with their pants legs rolled up, not bloused. So, it was the fashion among the LRRPs to un-blouse our trousers when in the field. This definitely set us apart from our brothers in the TO&E infantry units, and were they readily available at the time, I'm sure we all would have worn French military berets as well.

Remember this was in the early-1960's, and camouflage uniforms and berets were not standard issue except for Special Forces and the green beret. So, the LRRPs stood out from the rest of the U.S. Army units in W. Germany. Our unit was originally billeted with troops of the 2d Squadron of the 14th Armored Cavalry Regiment at Daley Kaserne in Bad Kissingen. The Cav troops weren't sure who these crazy "Lurps" were, who wore cammies and ran several miles every day regardless of the weather, even in deep snow.

The fact that the unit wore distinctive German army camouflage uniforms and carried rucksacks instead of standard issue web gear only heightened the Cav's interest. The unit also wore a distinctive, but unauthorized "Long Range Patrol" scroll on its fatigue hats. So, there we were, a group of non-conforming, individualistic young soldiers whose sole desire was to be in the field doing what we did best—long-range recon. And we did it with WWII weapons and equipment just like our French predecessors—and we loved it. The unit was disbanded in August 1964 and several of our members went on to the V Corps and VII Corps LRRP units. Many served multiple tours in Vietnam, and I wonder if they ever thought about the First Indochina War and its consequences?

McGeek sends.



D/151 LRP/RANGER

Unit Director - Tom Hughel

The Mine Field

RON- Rest Over
LZ- Landing Zone
Charlie- The Enemy

In 1969 I was a patrol leader serving with Co D (RANGER) 151st INF in the 3rd Core of the Republic of Vietnam.

Out of all the warning orders received, very little can be remembered; but when Sgt. Eads gave the warning for this particular mission, the first part can be recalled word-for-word: Sgt. Eads, "Jim, you will have to cross an open area," – something dangerous



to do deep in the enemy's area, with a small force. When I inquired about this open area, Sgt. Eads said, "That is not the worst part." I said, "What is the worst part?" Sgt. Eads replied, "It is mined!" I then questioned "By them or us?" He said, "By both." After that sunk in, I inquired about a mine chart for the U.S.-planted mines. Sgt. Eads explained that the chart was unavailable. He never gave me a reason for crossing the mine field, which, by the way, was also the Cambodia-Vietnam DMZ. He went on

to explain that it was a very important special mission to place a radio beacon at a specific spot to help

D/151 LRP/RANGER (Continued)

direct an already-scheduled B-52 strike on the day we were to extract. Sgt. Eads then went on to explain that the area was a suspected staging area for a large number of enemy troops.

The exact date of the mission is lost to memory, but it must have been late in our tour because we were then using the sniffer technology and our team was experienced. (The sniffer technology detected the urine of the enemy troops and had a good record for reliability.)

Our team number was 3-1 and consisted of myself as the team leader and point-man; Spec 4 Tom Blandford, the radio operator and assistant team leader; Spec 4 Dave Drysdale who usually pulled read security; and Private Al Duncan who usually carried the M-79 grenade launcher, but on this mission he carried the M-60 machine gun. We had one other man, whose name I do not recall for sure -- on previous special missions Sgt. Eads would allow me to pick from available men in the platoon, and Spec 4 Jacobs was one of my favorites, so I'm thinking it very possibly could have been him, as I would have selected him if he was available. Later, when briefing the entire team, those men accepted the mission much as I had done -- with quiet professionalism.

I mentioned the sniffer technology earlier, but another indicator that what we found to be useful in determining enemy activity was the presence or absence of flare parachutes that would often be seen in the treetops. Charlie would use the parachute material to line their tunnels and make things, like hammocks; thus, if there were not any parachute material to be seen, it was a good indication that he was there. Normally as we neared our insertion LZs, the helicopter pilots would dive down into other landing zones in an attempt to confuse the enemy as to our exact insertion point. As we did this, we noticed the entire area was totally devoid of parachute flares.

As the chopper touched down in a small clearing, we jumped out and rushed the wood line. We found a good hiding spot to stop, listen, and try to determine if we had been detected. After a reasonable amount of time had passed, we started our trek to the beacon drop-off point, which would take several days to reach. This objective was much further away from our insertion point than on most other missions.

Our progress was immediately hampered by extremely thick foliage; much thicker than we had encountered

before. Having a B-52 strike deadline added an element of stress -- yikes, what if someone got the day wrong? The next day we encountered the same thick undergrowth, except now we realized we had unwanted company: at about 100 yards to our right, on a semi-regular basis, there would be a single AK-47 shot fired. They had briefed us about this enemy technique while training at Ft. Benning. On one of our previous missions we had a shot fired near us, but our scout explained that they were just hunting chickens. This guy was not hunting chickens, he was hunting us, and letting every gook in the area know that we were there. Always the shot was about the same distance away, perfectly abeam to our right.

Getting through the thick undergrowth was easier for me than it was for Duncan who was carrying the M-60 and a ton of ammo, and Blandford who was carrying the cumbersome PRC-25 radio with extra batteries. We were all carrying at least two claymore mines each and extra ammo for the machine gun. Our team had a simple SOP: any time someone was too tired to move without making undue noise, we would halt for a rest break. It was hot and the foliage was thick, and we were in a vulnerable situation: there were no close LZs to run to if we had contact. Even though we were running behind schedule, fatigue required a number of rest breaks before reaching our next RON. Normally after setting out the claymores at a new RON, Drysdale and I would do a slow circle around our new position; but since our follower was near, we just held tight to avoid an unnecessary contact.

The next morning we moved out at first light, hoping to give our follower the slip. Soon after, another shot let us know that he was still there. As we moved, I was doing everything I could in an effort to spot him before he spotted me. Later that day, the thick foliage opened up into a large area of completely beaten-down brush and interconnecting trails. I had never walked directly down a trail before, but this was a whole new situation; without hesitation or briefing, I started running as fast as I could with the gear we were carrying and everyone else instinctively spaced and followed. It was obvious that we were in a large active base camp, or one very recently used. Running through it turned out to be the correct thing to do because, as Tom Blandford later said, "That is when we lost our follower." It also enabled us to reach our objective easier and on time. We hid the radio beacon where the Air Force needed it, made sure it was on, and moved out to our next RON point, which would put us on the edge of the mined DMZ.

D/151 LRP/RANGER (Continued)

The DMZ was not accurately depicted on our map, and that is why we were in shock as it came into view. We were not expecting to see such a totally open area; it was at least 80 yards across and open as far as you could see over both the North and South horizons.

As we settled in for the night on the edge of the DMZ, I remember feeling uncomfortable; due to the thick foliage, we had left a trail right to our position that remained obvious even at last light. That night, I couldn't help but think about how Roger Mohr used to joke around pretending to be a disabled veteran that had been cut-off at the waist, using a mechanic's dolly for legs as he pushed off with his hands.

The Crossing

For the crossing, we planned to space far enough apart to prevent more than one casualty if one of us hit a mine. Every effort would be made to step precisely in the footprints of the man in front of him. We realized that if we did make it across successfully, the chance of being compromised in such a large open area was likely. To deal with that contingency, the plan was to enter the jungle on the other side in an effort to make it appear as if we were continuing on, but instead we would double-back on our trail and ambush those we expected would be following us.

Before crossing, we checked for any obvious observers; none were seen. It was not lost to any of us that if we stepped on a mine, if we survived, our lives would be altered forever. Those first steps were agonizing, so it was probably a blessing that there wasn't the luxury of time to really contemplate each step. We knew Charlie was there, so minimizing the

time in the open was also an important consideration. I hated knowing that if we were seen they would know just how small of a force we were.

I intended to go straight across to minimize the steps required to reach the other side. I do not recall ever looking back as we crossed. If God ever left a trail for me to follow, it was on that day; at about a third of the way across on about a 10 degree angle, a single animal track intercepted our course. I realized that following these tracks would entail a few more steps in order to cross, but it gave some comfort to be able to step directly on the same spot where the animal had. We made the crossing without hitting any mines or drawing fire.

After penetrating the jungle on the other side, about sixty yards in, we doubled back to set the ambush. Even though we had never before set such a hasty ambush, we pulled it off flawlessly; within minutes we had every claymore and weapon directed on the trail that we had just made. The tense anticipation of a certain contact finally gave way to the realization that we were not being pursued.

Later we moved to our last RON. The next morning we found our extraction LZ and got out before the B-52 strike. When we landed back at the company area, Sgt. Eads was waiting for us at the debriefing shack with a serving tray full of cold beer. There were a few new faces from Mac-V at the debriefing, but there was no fanfare associated with the fact that we had crossed a minefield in the open in an area full of gooks.

Just another mission asked of, and completed, by the Indiana Rangers of the 151st Inf.

Sgt. Bohanan

**F/51 LRP**

Unit Director - Russell Dillon

F Co 51st Inf LRP

Airborne Reunion

Dates: September 17th through
September 24th 2017
Location: Comfort Inn and Suites
19 Hatfield Lane
Goshen, NY 10924
Telephone: 845-291-1282



This is F51's 50th Anniversary and we would like to invite any Rangers, LRP's and LRSS from F CO, D Co, O Co and P Co Rangers F Company was the start for everyone.

A bus will be charted for transportation.

John needs the names of those that will be attending. Some of the places we will be visiting require this information.

F/51 LRP (Continued)

At this time the activities that follow are tentative as John is going to need a head count of people that are coming following:

1. Visit to FDR museum and library (fdrlibrary.org) and a trip to the Culinary Institute of America (ciachef.edu). John is hoping to get a tour and dinner at the Institute. Also included is a walk across the Hudson River foot bridge (walkway.org).
2. Visit Woodstock museum in Bethel NY (bethelwoodscenter.org).
3. Visit and dinner at Orange County Chopper with a hello from Paul Sr (orangecountychoppers.com).
4. Trip and tour of West Point Military Academy (usma.edu) with a planned lunch in the West Point Club (westpoint.armymwr.com).
5. 2 hour scenic boat cruise on the Hudson River from Kingston NY to Hyde Park NY (hudsonrivercruises.com).
6. Visit Ground Zero Museum (911memorial.org) and a tour of the Freedom Tower Observation (oneworldobservatory.com).
7. 2nd day in Manhattan still being planned, will probably be on Wednesday as this is theater matinee day.

As you can see events are scheduled for Monday through Friday. John is asking that if you can to arrive on Sunday so you can enjoy all the festivities.

More information will be posted on Ranger website as it is received from John Chester.

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THE DEADLINE!



The National Ranger Memorial Foundation is seeking qualified candidates to compete for scholarships. The application deadline for 2017 is June 1. To apply or find out more information regarding this exciting opportunity, check out the Foundation's website: www.rangermemorial.com

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The Association makes donations to each of the four Ranger battalions for the benefit of the young rangers and their families. We have also established a Gold Star fund to support our Gold Star families program. If you wish to help out, anytime is the right time—especially right now. If you wish to pay with one check for any combination of dues and funds, please specify how much is to go to each. Thank you!



75th Ranger Regiment Association, Inc.
PO Box 348360
Sacramento, CA 95834-8360

Membership Application Form
Annual dues: \$30.00
Annual subscription: \$30.00
Checks Payable to:
75th Ranger Regiment Assoc.

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

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	MI	DATE
STREET ADDRESS	CITY	STATE	ZIP PLUS
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 _____

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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

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What you need to know...

Only REGULAR dues current and Life members may participate in voting. Your ballot is NOT included in this issue but will be sent first class mail.

The mailed ballot is for important recommended By-Laws changes and must be returned NLT June 10, 2017 with your name and member number. If you do not receive your ballot contact the secretary immediately.

Nominations and election of officers will take place during the business meeting beginning 1000 hours on Wednesday, June 28th.

Our banquet will be held at the Infantry Museum on Thursday June 29th. You can pre-register and secure banquet tickets online. See the main page for a "print & mail" form and the quartermaster page for online service.