

# PATROLLING

Summer 2018

75th Ranger Regiment Association, INC.

Volume 30 Issue III



*PHOTO BY MANDY WATTS DEARBORN*

*2018 RHOF -MSG CLIFFORD MANNING AND HIS WIFE- THERESIA*



To care for him who shall have borne the  
battle and for his widow, and his orphan.

Abraham Lincoln



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## Editor's Corner

By Stephen Odin Johnson—Editor

Hello Patriots!

This is the third on time issue of *Patrolling Magazine*. Again, I would like to thank all who are contributing to our magazine!

*Read with discretion:* This will be a new *phrase* for those who may have “triggers” related to PTSD or other issues that may be affected by content; whether words or pictures. I’ll stop there and hopefully this will give everyone a heads up before reading an article that may make you feel uncomfortable.

Recently, I was at the Regional VA and was wearing my Critter Feed tee and on separate occasions I was stopped by 4 Brothers who served in the 75th. I always carry extra *Patrolling* magazines and offered all a copy with hopes, perhaps, that they would buy a membership. 3 Rangers accepted the magazine. The one person who didn’t was a professional mental health counselor who shook my hand and we talked about what units we served with. When I offered him a *Patrolling* he became very uncomfortable and didn’t want one.

At that point, I told him, “I understand.” Some people seem to avoid reminders of maybe some unpleasant combat experiences and that is OK. That’s normal. I do understand.

As for myself, I am very, very reluctant to hear or read someone’s experience in combat, but reading those experiences of others allows me to process what is being visualized in my mind and the writer’s. I can set the book down and either read on at a later time or put the book or story away for good. So can you.

On the other hand, when someone starts telling a war story, I always walk away. I can’t stop and process what is being said because it’s like a movie that you can’t stop.

Thinking and doing always has an impact on our physiology and emotions.

For those of you who send me pictures and stories, please try and remember to send me pictures with photo credits, if possible, by themselves and word documents also by themselves. Please do not embed your photos into a word document.

The next deadline for submissions to *Patrolling* is November 15 with the *Patrolling* being printed on December 1 and mailed to you no later than the third week in December.

Unit Directors, Advocates, I will remind you 1 month, two weeks, and one week in advance of the cut off date for submissions.

Thank You!

Stephen Odin Johnson RLTW!!!!

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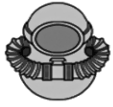
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The Officers and the Editor reserve the right to edit submissions for clarity and space constraints. Every precaution will be taken to preserve the intent and scope of the author. The Officers and Editor reserve the right to refuse any submission that is in bad taste, offensive, or discredits unnecessarily an 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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## CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE

BY JOE MARQUEZ

Greetings Rangers,

*My wife and I* recently helped out at a Father/Daughter Camp in the Coal Country of Pennsylvania. There were about a hundred and thirty campers. One of the activities was a rappelling tower/zip line. So the director and owner of the Christian Camp and I trudged up the stairs of the four story tower to take a look. Looked a lot like a thirty four foot tower but with all the modern harnesses, safety standards, belaying, etc. Some of the little girls rappelling were just five or six years of age. Took me back to 1970 and the Rappelling Tower on Ranger Hill, LZ English, RVN. As I was up there they had a length of half inch rope about eight foot long lying there. I picked it up and racked my memory trying to tie a Swiss seat that we used to practice rappelling with near fifty years ago now. Within a couple of minutes I tied one that the young men who were running the show approved of. One of them watching me commented on how one never forgets some things. I responded that we sometimes used them in war so carried a length of nylon cord in case of emergency extraction. Never personally had to get out that way but knew some who had.

*The only time I* used my rappelling skills since was in Paraguay in about 2000 when I went down an 18 meter, or sixty-foot dry hole to rescue my youngest daughter's cat. It had been up on the brickwork around the hand dug well trying to evade a pack of dogs and had fallen into it. Amazingly the animal only suffered a minor scrape on the side of its head. The neighbor lady had seen the incident but didn't know it was our cat; she threw scraps of meat down to it for the week it took for us to find out it was there. Tinta, which means ink in Spanish, or teen-teen as Julia called it, mewed pitifully as we looked down the well and made preparations to get it out. I tried to let down a basket for the cat to get into but since I don't speak cat, and Tinta didn't speak English, Spanish or Guarani, we couldn't communicate.

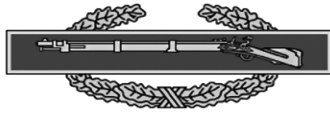
*The brickwork* was in bad shape so I put a length of two by six across the top, borrowed a well diggers one inch hemp rope, tied it off, made a Swiss seat, and down I went. That cat was so glad to see me. I put the animal in a bag and had it hauled out. Now it was my turn. It took about twenty minutes for my two sons in law and another neighbor to heave me up a few feet, rest while I braced against the walls of the well, and then continue the process. By the time I emerged from the hole, they were spent, as was I, and we just lay out on the ground looking up at the starry sky, huffing and puffing like old men, at that time I was near fifty. Had I mentioned that all this was done by flashlight? An hour or so later we were back by the house talking about the rescue when the cat, now recovered, padded up to me and rubbed its head against my leg. As much as to say, thank you for your efforts. He continued to live for several years after that ordeal.

*This incident reminds me* of the history recounted in the Gospel of Luke, Chapter Seventeen, where the Lord Jesus was walking through a certain village and met ten lepers who cried out to him from afar, because they were not allowed to get too close for fear that their disease might contaminate others. They said, "Jesus Master, have mercy on us". Seeing them he replied, "Go show yourselves to the priests" and as they went, they were cleansed, and healed. One of them, a Samaritan despised by the Jews as a mongrel race, perceiving that he was healed, turned back and loudly glorified God, falling on his face at Jesus' feet while giving him thanks. Jesus answered and said, "Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, except this stranger." And Jesus said to him, "Go your way, your faith has made you whole."

*My point is this.* When I had compassion for my young daughter's anguish over the plight of her pet, I reacted. She was fearful for my safety, but grateful. The cat apparently was too. Yet we humans seem to be oblivious to what it cost God the Father to make a way to deliver us from our own predicament. Like lepers we are being eaten alive by a dread disease with no human cure, sin of both nature and conduct. He sent His Son with power to heal and forgive us. Yet nine out of ten in this case, while glad to be healed of their immediate disease, were heedless of their real need. What was the evidence that he understood his danger in the action of this Samaritan? His profound gratitude to Jesus who as Savior exercised that divine God given ability to heal his body and then receiving the reward of his faith by being healed in his soul as well.

*Acts Two records* the answer of the Apostle Peter to the folk who were concerned for their souls when they asked, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" after being convicted of their irrational hatred of Jesus, and complicity in the crucifixion of their Messiah. His answer; "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you will be saved." Why? Again in First Peter Two, verse Twenty Four we read, "Who his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes you were healed."

*Joe Marquez, C/1/503rd,'69 N/75th, Juliet,'70, A/2/503rd,'70 .* Chaplain: SC Chapter 30; National 173rd Airborne Brigade Association: 75th Ranger Regiment Association. Serving those who served. 864-467-0424 Cell 864-525-6941 Our lives are but for a moment, while what we do or leave undone will echo down through eternity.



**WHO WE ARE**

The 75th Ranger Regiment Association, Inc., is a registered 501 © 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 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 past 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 to each of the three Ranger Battalions and \$2,000 to the Regimental HQ. These funds enable the families of the junior enlisted men, (E-5 & below) to get certificates for toys for the children and provide 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.

**Section 4:** 75th Infantry Ranger Companies

- Co F (LRP) 52nd Infantry
- Co C (LRP) 58th Infantry
- Co E (LRP) 58th Infantry
- Co F (LRP) 58th Infantry
- 70th Infantry DET (LRP)
- 71st Infantry DET (LRP)
- 74th Infantry DET (LRP)
- 78th Infantry DET (LRP)
- 79th Infantry DET (LRP)
- Co. D (LRP) 151st Infantry
- 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.



We have funded trips for families to visit their wounded sons and husbands while they were in the hospital. We have purchased a learning program software for the son of one young Ranger who had a brain tumor removed. The Army took care of the surgery, but no means existed to purchase the learning program. We fund the purchase of several awards for graduates of RIP and Ranger School. We have contributed to each of the three Battalions Memorial Funds and Ranger Balls and to the Airborne Memorial at Ft. Benning. We have biannual reunions and business meetings. Our officers, (President, 1st & 2nd Vice Presidents, Secretary, and Treasurer), are elected at this business meeting. This reunion coincides with the 75th Ranger Regiment's Ranger Rendezvous which is held at Columbus, GA (Ft. Benning). We have off year reunions at various locations across the United States.

**Presidents**

1986-1988	Bob Gilbert
1988-1990	Billy Nix
1990-1992	Bob Gilbert
1992-1994	Roy Nelson (resigned)
	Milton Lockett (resigned)
	Duke Dushane (selected by Directors)
1994-1996	Roy Barley
1996-1998	Rick Erther
1998-2000	Terry Roderick
2000-2002	Emmett Hiltibrand
2002-2004	Dana McGrath
2004-2005	Emmet Hiltibrand
2005-2007	Stephen Crabtree
2007-2009	William Bullen
2009-2011	John Chester
2011-2013	Joe Little
2013-2015	Bill Anton
2015-	Richard Barela

**SECTION 4 (Continued):** 75th Infantry Ranger Companies

- Co N (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- Co O (RANGER) 75th Inf.
- Co P (RANGER) 75TH Inf.
- Co D (RANGER) 75TH 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 1974
- 75th Ranger Regiment HHC Company, activated in 1984
- 75th Ranger Special Troops Battalion, activated in 2007
- 75th Ranger Military Intelligence Battalion, activated in 2017

**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.

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History 44 years Ago: As I sit here writing this my mind went back 44 years ago to early July 1974 and driving to Fort Stewart GA. I had heard it referred to as “Camp Swampy or Mosquito Heaven” and they were right. And then there was the town of Hinesville which was something else. Laid back was not a word I would have used for the town.

I was reporting into 1<sup>st</sup> Bn (Ranger) 75<sup>th</sup> Infantry, it wasn't activated but was in its infancy. I didn't know what I had gotten myself into but when I got there I felt welcomed and was given that feeling by CW4 Ibarra the Bn PBO. He informed me I was now assigned to the best light infantry battalion in the world. He then directed me to the Bn HQ's where I signed in and was assigned to Co A. The first person I met was SP5 Gilbert Lujan, the company clerk who I have kept a strong friendship for over 44 years. He then brought me to a rather diminutive person by the name of 1SG Bonifacio Romo. My thought process of him changed he was dynamic and someone I have grown to respect ever since. I was assigned to the arms room as the company armorer. He then introduced me to the Co XO, 1LT Knight. (Who went onto a career in 1<sup>st</sup> SFOD better known as Delta). I was then introduced to my Platoon Sgt, SSG James Coates, the Co Commo NCO, who took me to the barracks and met the guys I would spend my days in A Co getting to know. Pat Stevens, Doug McGrath, Daryl West, Dave Stockwell. These men are my first real contacts in the company and to a man they all made me feel welcome and got me up to speed.

Granted there were others who taught me and guided me, MSG Joe Alderman, PSG, Lenny Valeen, CSM Vic Aviles, MSG Sammie Brown and CSM Gibson. These were the NCO's of A Co and from the other companies that were instrumental in turning 1<sup>st</sup> Bn into the cohesive Ranger force that is known today.

The officers seemed different from what I dealt with in the 82<sup>nd</sup> Abn Div., they seemed more focused. Officers like 1<sup>st</sup> Dudley the FSO, Ric Favati, a dynamite officer who sadly is no longer in our ranks. I can't forget 1<sup>st</sup> Lindeman, the Weapons Platoon Leader and then there was that one tough hombre, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon Leader now Gen (Ret) Gary Speers.

I have run into a lot of these rangers throughout my military career and was always glad to see them. There are quite few that I have a special bond with. The members of Ranger Class 501-75. I am proud of these men as we became bonded brothers for life. One of those was Ranger Richard Negrete. Richard Negrete a true ranger who always has a smile on his face and a

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

BY RICHARD S. BARELA



story and one of the best cooks in the U.S. Army culinary class ever produced.

Sadly, we have lost a some of these great men and are now gone from our ranks, Joe Alderman, Ric Favati, Gen Wayne Downing just to name a few. However, I still think of them.

Our time at Tac X training site was where the initial standards and protocol were used to develop the 1<sup>st</sup> Bn into the finest light combat infantry unit. We all started from the ground up, learning to walk and then run and was and still is the base structure for the finest fighting Regiment in the world, the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment of today. When the Ranger Regiment came into full being in 1984, I thought the U.S. Army has done something right. Programs and doctrine that were developed and upgraded that established a set standard for being a member of the Regiment of today. I am proud to have been involved in the activation of the 1<sup>st</sup> Bn (Ranger) 75<sup>th</sup> Infantry, the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment and that of 3<sup>rd</sup> Ranger Bn. I have been a proud member of all three ranger battalions and the Regimental HQ's and wear the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment scroll on my right sleeve with pride.

I attended the 40<sup>th</sup> reunion of 1<sup>st</sup> Bn in Savannah a couple of years ago. This brought a lot of us together first from the battalion but then broken down to each company, platoon and squad or section. We all had a great time talking about the “good old days” and about those still around and as normally happens gets around to those now gone. We give them a toast and we all know one day we will be together again with Ranger Six.

I have a deep respect for each of the Battalions which have given me many tools that made me a better soldier, ranger and a better person in life. However, to tell the truth, my heart as a ranger lies with 1<sup>st</sup> Bn. This is where I started down the path and became a U.S. Army Ranger. Rangers Lead the Way!!!!

Officer Elections: I know I am harping on this, but we need to move the association forward. WE DO NEED NEW BLOOD and new ideas. I am challenging those rangers from the regiment to step to the plate and throw your name in the hat for one of the officer positions. You are members of this association which is for all rangers who have served in 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment and or Viet Nam era ranger Companies that includes you from the BDQ. Please take an active role in running the association into future.

STEP UP AND VOLUNTEER!!!

*President's Report Continued on the next page*

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE CONTINUED

We still need a couple of Unit Directors, especially that for 3<sup>rd</sup> Bn and H Co. The UD's are the link between the officers and the association members. They send in an article once a quarter and keep us informed of any members who have passed. The main item is they develop the packets for Ranger Hall of Fame.

2019 Rendezvous Status – Roy Barley, the 2<sup>nd</sup> VP should be putting this information out and we will be segregated from USARA. We will use a couple of hotels and have one main Hospitality Room. More to Follow and please sign up early. One of the main items we did is have a direct number to call for reservations, no central call center.

Patrolling Magazine: The change in the printing company has been remarkable and we have plenty of great comments and kudos go out to Stephen Johnson who has done a really great job as the editor. We look forward to the coming issues of Patrolling. UD's please ensure you get your submissions in on time and send them to [patrolling@75thrra.com](mailto:patrolling@75thrra.com) for inclusion into the magazine. I implore you not to use this email for any conversation with the officers. This is for the submission of articles to the magazine.

Every now and then we run up against a controversy on a word or phrase. There are sufficient examples of these, so I will leave it to your own devices to decide what's correct. The Association does not edit what is submitted except for punctuations and spelling (and sometimes we do miss these). There's no doubt that we write from our memories in telling the story, that does need to be told to share our experience or feelings are ours alone. We would not choose to change any of them. We are all warriors with life changing experiences, I'm not asking you to be "politically correct", but a little common sense needs to be applied and a level of judgment required by all who submit articles.

There are times when maybe what we transcribe may be more appropriate to our memoirs or the audience of your next "there I was knee deep in grenade pins" novel. I am not suggesting we establish a bunch of rigid rules for our article that are destined to appear in Patrolling (Yes, I want your submissions). We just want to promote thoughtfulness as we need not overlook the wider audience that reads our quarterly magazine. It's a safe bet that most of our members will accept the stories as long as they are truthful. But we're not publishing only for your sensitivities Ranger, but for all those who comprise our inner community.

Why do I say this is, because I did receive a few calls and a couple of emails (not enough to talk about) from family members of deceased rangers that maybe this was a little too graphic as some of the younger family members are now reading Patrolling. Our magazine not only goes to our members, but we send copies to the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment who I am told enjoy the magazine. However, we send to families of rangers who are no longer with us and to our Gold Star Mothers and families. We have businesses that pay for advertisement in Patrolling and they place them in their businesses for their customers to read. I pass them out to the American Legion, VFW and the Veterans Hospital. When I want to tell a story I always consider the audience I am trying to communicate to, but I also look at the bigger picture then ask myself "Are these the most appropriate words and do they add to the story?" You can't go wrong with that. It would be shameful if we just go the way of Soldier of Fortune magazine after 40 years of print and now defunct. End of Statement on this Issue.

Ranger Hall of Fame: Congratulations to MSG (Ret) Clifford Manning and all the inductees into the class for 2018. Again, start now on your submission packages for 2019. We want to have good packets with all supporting documentation. Remember the RHOF requirements have changed over the last 5 years and are much more restrictive. The RHOF board selects a total of 15 rangers for induction into the RHOF each year. The MoH awardees are not included as part of the 15 regular inductees. I would like to see three inductees from our Association every year as this is my last year as president.

Again, don't just look within your unit, look outside of your own personal units. There are Rangers within the Association who have done great things to promote the Ranger ethos and code and are worthy of nomination. If you feel a Ranger is deserving put his name forward. The hardest part we have is packages that come in and the person had a great military career but hasn't done anything to promote the Ranger code.

Sadly, I was unable to attend the Ranger Hall of Fame induction ceremony this year due to knee surgery and recovery. Hopefully this will be my last surgery and can get back to a normal life of golf, fly-fishing, and hunting. I will always continue to support this great organization of ours.

Rangers Lead the Way – All the Way!!!



**Richard (Rick) S. Barela, President**  
**75th Ranger Regiment Assn., Inc.**  
**(509) 440-1126**



# 1st VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

STEPHEN ODIN JOHNSON

## A True Warrior

**Col. James J. Montano USA Ret**

*He recruited many a troop, myself among others.*

*Even today, years past, we are all still brothers.*

*As a Plt. Ldr. & Co. Cdr. in the Nam, he had men fall,  
not ever forgetting, shed a tear..seeing their names on the Wall.*

*1st Bn 75th Rangers formed, one of the first to volunteer.  
Helped lay the groundwork for the Regiment, a history revered.*

*For over 25 years, he has led men in peace and war,  
when they exceeded the norm, he pushed them even more.*

*Grunts have terms of endearment, Old Man, O6 and Hard Core.  
In the Nam, he was Mountain Man and all the above and more.*

*Always striving to be his best,  
evident to all by the badges & medals, worn proudly on his chest.*

*"The Ranger Hall of Fame", where legacies are preserved,  
his service warrants induction, an honor well deserved.*

*To list all his accomplishments in verse, difficult to say.*

*Our history says it best, "He Led the Way".*

Michael D. Monfrooe USA Ret

"E" Co. RECON 3/506th-"L" Co. 75th Rangers

July 14, 2018

Now how does one's poem get into my VP Message?

That's easy to answer: As a friend, neighbor, and Brother, Mike Monfrooe (The Poet) asked me to include his poem into this issue and felt rather strongly about it (my perception) so how can I say no to him. No way! That is not the Ranger Way. Since there wasn't sparrow-spit (space) left for his poem in Patrolling, I offered him part of my column and here it is in the left column.

President Barela and the other elected officers, continue to try and address, maintain daily matters, and direction from suggestions of our membership. Should you have a concern or a suggestion, I would strongly suggest that you let us know about that problem or idea so we can proactively deal with it.

The current 75th Ranger Regiment bylaws defines who can be a member. So does my Vietnam company's bylaws, the 196th LRRPs - E 51st LRP - and G 75th Rangers.

But there is a big difference.

Once the "last man standing" is gone with my Vietnam company, so has our Association. The bylaws do not allow new "blood".

Not so for the 75th RRA. We expect the younger warriors from the present serving 75th Regiment to carry on. Just because our 75th RRA bylaws allows for us to perpetuate, doesn't necessarily mean that our Association will continue. Unless you younger guy's step up to the plate and volunteer to take risk and serve for the "next Ranger generation".

There will be an election for officers of the Association at Columbus at the 2019 Rendezvous. I challenge you, the younger stud-muffins to do just that!

This way we continue to generate new ideas, grow, and share "Lessons Learned" to the "Maxine". The future Rangers who, perhaps, are not conceived, or now in a crib, elementary, middle, high, college, and graduate school could greatly benefit from your willingness to make them a stronger Ranger and Brother!

I shall not let my Brothers down. Now, I am gladly and proudly accepting my duties and responsibilities to serve the 75th RRA and Brothers at large, past, present, and future. So Can You!

Stephen Odin Johnson - RLTW!

## 2nd VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

# Book Now!

BY ROY E. BARLEY



This very busy summer is almost behind us and we can discuss how hot it was, but nowhere near as hot as Viet Nam was. Hard to believe it was 50 years ago. This past Spring has gone by very fast with trips to Branson, MO and Fort Benning, GA. Of course, those trips were in anticipation of the 2019 Ranger Reunion at Ft Benning in July of next year. Time to give the basic information to plan. **Reunion dates are July 8th through July 12th , 2019.**

2019 reunion will be different from last year and probably from all other reunions. Usually we stay in one hotel and have all our activities coordinated out of that hotel. This reunion will use 4 hotels with one of them being the headquarters. All are in a 300 meters distance of each other and there are plenty of restaurants in the area catering to different tastes. This will allow for each unit to be able to have their own reunions in conjunction with the 75<sup>th</sup>. All hotels offer a hot breakfast as part of their rates.

The primary hotel and HQ will be the Best Western Plus, 4027 Veterans Court, Columbus, GA. This hotel will be where you will sign in; where our membership meeting will occur and where you will pick up your Registration packet. The quartermaster will be located here along with other vendors. If you want to stay there you must make your reservation by calling the hotel direct at 706-507-1111 and mention that you are with the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment Association. They have 40 rooms set aside for us at \$99.00 per night, plus tax and fees. Check in time is 3:00pm and check out is at 11:00 am. Reservations must be made by June 3, 2019.

Another hotel is the Hyatt Place at 2974 N Lake Parkway, Columbus, GA. The hotel is holding 50 rooms for us at \$93.00 plus tax and fees. Reservations are to be made by calling the hotel at 706-507-5003 and mention that you are with the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment Association.

The Hampton Inn at 7390 Bear Lane, Columbus, GA is also holding 50 rooms for us at \$99.00 plus tax and fees. Contact the hotel to make reservations at 706-256-2222 and again mention you are with the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment Association. Cut off for reservations is May 24, 2019.

The Holiday Inn Express and Suites at 7336 Bear Lane, Columbus, GA is our 4<sup>th</sup> hotel. They have 30 Rooms reserved for us at \$104.00 plus tax and fees. Reservations must be making by calling 706-507-7200 and mention the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment Association. The cut off for a reservation is June 10, 2019.

Mr. Rick Stetson, a friend and a fantastic officer has agreed to Assist in all the planning and such for the event. Rick was one of the originals to go to Viet Nam with the LRRPs of the 9<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division.

The hotel information will be run in future issues of Patrolling with more information as it becomes available. **RENEZVOUS HOTEL DATES-JULY 8-12 WITH CHECKOUTS SATURDAY 13 JULY**



# TREASURER'S MESSAGE

**Accrual Basis Tuesday, August 14, 2018 07:22**

PM GMT-7 1/1

75th Ranger Regiment Association

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL POSITION

As of June 30, 2018

TOTAL

ASSETS

Current Assets

Bank Accounts

1000 Affinity / Operations 11,083.87

1002 Affinity / Family fund 13,363.98

1030 Affinity / Savings 45,322.83

1040 Benevolent funds MM 17,058.39

1041 Legacy funds MM 4,630.04

1042 Life funds MM 38,463.86

1050 Paypal funds 1,736.47

**Total Bank Accounts \$131,659.44**

Accounts Receivable

1100 Accounts receivable 0.00

**Total Accounts Receivable \$0.00**

**Total Current Assets \$131,659.44**

**TOTAL ASSETS \$131,659.44**

LIABILITIES AND EQUITY

Liabilities

**Total Liabilities**

Equity

3000 Net Assets - Unrestricted 139,828.55

Net Revenue -8,169.11

**Total Equity \$131,659.44**

**TOTAL LIABILITIES AND EQUITY \$131,659.44**

**Accrual Basis Saturday, August 4, 2018 07:08**

AM GMT-7 1/2

75th Ranger Regiment Association

STATEMENT OF ACTIVITY

January 2011 - December 2017

TOTAL

Revenue

4000 Program income - DNP 0.00

4002 Membership dues 202,490.87

4004 Life membership 18,842.89

4006 Reunion income 97,850.50

4008 Patrolling ads 2,200.00

4010 Coin sales 7,526.63

4012 Quartermaster sales 4,198.55

4020 Miscellaneous revenue 587.13

**Total 4000 Program income - DNP 333,696.57**

4100 Member donations - DNP

4102 Family fund contributions 49,807.18

4104 Goldstar contributions 1,760.00

4106 Member fund contributions 35,327.09

4108 Merrills Maruaders contribution 20.00

4110 Operations contributions 9,387.50

Scholarship 736.00

**Total 4100 Member donations - DNP 97,037.77**

4900 Interest income 1,644.68

**Total Revenue \$432,379.02**

**GROSS PROFIT \$432,379.02**

Expenditures

6000 Program expenses - DNP

6002 Cash awards & grants - Battalions 64,541.03

6004 Cash awards & grants - Goldstar 8,236.32

6006 Cash awards & grants - Members 15,431.25

6007 Coin expense 10,829.06

6008 Association patch 829.16

6009 Association lapel pin 207.00

6010 Membership cards 4,438.41

6012 Other costs 3,099.64

6014 President's travel 5,208.29

6016 Reunion costs 94,665.51

6018 Reunion supplies 12,391.70

6019 Regiment promotional 750.00

6020 Website maintenance 22,412.08

6022 Intuit Subscription 584.30

**Total 6000 Program expenses - DNP 243,623.75**

6100 Patrolling expense - DNP

6102 Patrolling printing 72,013.30

6104 Patrolling postage 25,514.94

6106 Adobe subscription 3,254.01

**Total 6100 Patrolling expense - DNP 100,782.25**

Accrual Basis Saturday, August 4, 2018 07:08  
AM GMT-7 2/2

TOTAL

6500 Operations - DNP

6502 Bank and merchant fees 4,650.82

6504 Business registration fees 425.00

6506 Computer software 1,972.46

6508 Computer maintenance 6,598.42

6510 Insurance - D&O liability 8,380.00

6512 Legal and accounting fees 3,000.00

6514 Office supplies 4,135.01

6516 Postage and mailing service 9,597.05

6518 Printing and copying 6,308.73

6520 Subscriptions and reference books 475.78

**Total 6500 Operations - DNP 45,543.27**

**Total Expenditures \$389,949.27**

**NET OPERATING REVENUE \$42,429.75**

**NET REVENUE \$42,429.75**

## FEATURE -LAFFS and GIGGLES

By Louis O. (Lon) Constantini

Service (1969) with the Army of the Republic of Viet Nam (ARVN) was not unrelieved violence; there were moments of humor and laughter. My intent here is to share some of those moments. The context of this humor was indeed conflict so I will sometimes skirt and even charge into violence at times. The descriptions will be isolated events with de minimus explanations.

I was an adviser to units of the Vietnamese (VN) army: a village defense force, (Nhia Phum Quan), a province level infantry company (Dia Phum Quan) and a light infantry unit, ranger missions (Biet Dong Quan). To read a more serious article that I wrote, go to [www.75thrra.com/Patrolling](http://www.75thrra.com/Patrolling), Spring 2011, page 18

While waiting for transfer to the 1st Division as a platoon leader, a clerk entered the room, counted to five and said MAC-V, Military Advisory Command-Viet Nam. I was a member of a five-man team, Military Advisory Team, MAT 19. I went to a province in 4th Corp; a fine example of modern personnel management.

My first day with the village assignment, my new friends and I went to a three-sided thatch hut to have a bowl of soup, a broth with pork. On the table was a can with different sized chop sticks. We chose our sticks, finished the meal and then everyone licked their sticks clean and replaced them in the can. (Gasp!). From then on, I carried my own chop sticks.

I was assigned an interpreter to whom I instantly took a disliking. Our first contact with the enemy, the soldiers were laughing and shall we say, avoiding him. Every, and I mean every, involuntary muscle relaxed. He was soiled on both sides. That was when I decided to learn the language.



Walking down a trail near a village I saw a huge crowd who were enjoying themselves watching two oxen fighting. It was not going well for one of the oxen. There was one man, very distraught, who kept running to the oxen trying to separate them while everyone else were enjoying themselves. I suddenly realized that I was watching a living metaphor: “Yeah, but its not your ox getting gored.”

One night, we heard a clear bang! A village man was arguing with his wife and took the opportunity to quickly resolve things by shooting her. Repentant, he brought her to the team medic. The bullet made a clean, neat hole in her shoulder just below the collar bone, and above the ribs. After careful examination, the medic put a band aid on each side and sent her home with her remorseful husband.

When living or visiting foreign countries I tend to go native but sometimes, there are consequences. Outside our team hut with the village force was a large clay cistern for water. We would fill it with muddy river water and by morning the mud had settled and the water was very clear. The right thing to have done was boil the water until a third of it had evaporated; strain it and let it cool. I just drank it out of the cistern. Then, I became uncomfortable urinating, which is to say, I was peeing liquid fire. I found reason to go to the district compound where I saw a doctor. After which I joined a group of sergeants whom we all know to be warm, nurturing and sympathetic kinds of fellows. One of such saw the medical bottle in my hand and asked what was it. I read haltingly: tetra-cy-clene.

He turned and in a stentorian voice announced, “The lieutenant has the clap! The lieutenant has the clap! “No, no,” I futilely protested, “it is a urinary tract infection.”

*Continued on the next page*

## FEATURE ARTICLE CONTINUED

I am sure everyone, even millennials have seen pictures of a VN woman with a shoulder brace carrying items hanging

from each side. One day, this very, very old woman (probably 45 years old) was standing next to me. I asked to carry the two clay pots of water using the cross bar. I lifted what seemed to be a huge weight. I then tried to walk only to have the pots going in every possible direction. Embarrassed, I gave them back. It requires a bouncing gait which was an art that I did not seek to master.

Down another trail, an ox was balefully staring at me. I kept shuffling along, keeping an eye on the ox. The ox started to walk toward me and I began increasing my gait; it began running toward me and I was in full flight, shucking gear. I dived into an unforgiving rear of a Jeep. Peering over the spare tire, I saw a small chattering boy, leading the ox by its nose ring and all the while, whacking the face of the huge animal with a switch.

Most of us do not realize that we are a product, actually prisoners, of our cultures. Early on with the village defense force, we were relaxing during a blocking movement. I was leaning against a tree with my knees up. A young man came to me, thrust his legs between mine with his ankles holding my bottom, clasping his arms around my knees with a huge grin. I am sure my eyes were saucer wide, my mouth wide open with a recoiling, shocked look. I could see the confusion in his eyes. That moment, I realized that the VN did not share the American three-foot-of-personal-space rule.

I needed to go to an American compound with a VN lieutenant. Walking on Main Street, surrounded by Americans, the lieutenant became insecure so he reached out to hold my hand. Hand-in-hand, we strolled and I could feel eyes staring at us.

When an American soldier is assigned a poncho, it is his poncho and he enjoys it in solitary utility. To a VN soldier, it is a communal possession. We were on a mountain side watching jets drop 500-pound bombs on the plain at the foot of the mountain. We were counting the water skips as the shrapnel hit the paddies below. It was raining and a poncho was tied to form a roof with one on the ground and eight of us jammed together. Suddenly, we heard a whussshing sound. Rain began dripping from a hole in the roof and someone noticed a hole in the floor. We dug out a candy bar sized piece of metal. That bomb shrapnel missed all those huddled bodies.

The ranger unit was being inserted by helicopter but we did not have enough helicopters so men were being sequentially

delivered as the unit continued to move. One helicopter, a gun ship, was dropping smoke grenades as markers. Bong! A tossed grenade had hit a soldier square in the center of his helmet. Staggering, he was wondering what happened to him. Amusing now, but not so funny then.

In the provincial unit there was a chung oiy, described as an officer aspirant, who was walking the firing line during contact. An older man, he seemed more like a grizzled NCO than a young officer. Watching him, I wondered who he was trying to impress by exposing himself to enemy fire. Then, bong! a bullet hit him square in the center of the front of his helmet. After that, he was more discreet in his movements. Amusing now, but not so funny then.

I was, for only a few weeks, an aid for a man who became dubiously famous during the VN war, John Paul Vann. (You could read [A Bright and Shining Lie](#) by Niel Sheehan.) He was piloting a small helicopter when he flew us into an artillery barrage. It sounded like twenty railroad engines roaring past us.

With Vann, we took a bomb disposal expert to defuse a 155 round which was launched by the VC toward a village. It did not explode for the VC either. Lounging, we watched the expert examine the bomb which had slid into a position with the nose up. Staring at the bomb, the expert casually took out a hammer and began banging on the nose. Van and I climbed a wall in equal panic. Amusing now, but not so funny then.

My last six months were with the Biet Dong Quan, a light infantry unit dubbed a ranger unit by the advisers. (We had unauthorized patches like the ranger scroll.) I needed to go immediately so with only a 45 pistol I went to the air shed where a major was harassing the sergeant booking flights. The major demanded that he be sent that day to Rach Gia as, he made clear to all of us listening, he was very important. The sergeant was earnest but said there was no place for him to sit. Fuming and abusing the sergeant, the major stormed out of the shed. I went to the sergeant and said I too needed to go to Rach Gia and explaining my situation asked if I could loiter underneath a tree until a seat became available. The sergeant said, 'No problem; get on the chopper,' which was waiting with the engine running.

One day, the Rangers decided to go fishing. They tossed two grenades in a stream and fish began rising to the surface. A soldier jumped in the water to harvest the bounty. Unfortunately, a third grenade had been lobbed into the water. *Next Page*

Stunned, the ranger could barely walk.

To my surprise, a group of wives appeared in the encampment while on an operation. That afternoon, an enclosed hammock began wildly bouncing about to the ribald jeering of the happy couple's friends.

We were on an extended operation. VN resupply was haphazard at best and this was the worst. We were starving! A helicopter flew over us and dropped burlap bags - full of bread loaves - into the flooded paddy. I remember finding one floating in the paddy water, shaking off the water and eating it standing in the paddy. We were shooting monkeys out of trees. While moving forward under fire, I became woozy and fell against a tree for support. Finally, it ended, and the Senior Adviser and I went to the district mess hall. The first thing I saw was toast, cooked in butter, covered with sugar and cinnamon. I wolfed down several. To this day, when on the rare happenstance I eat cinnamon toast, like Pavlov's dogs, I reflexively respond with a wave of relief and satisfaction which comes over me.

It was a long day of intermittent contact. During the day a small helicopter buzzed us and threw out a red mail bag for the advisers. For me was a letter from my girlfriend. I put it in my pocket to read later. Finally we had set up a defensive position. To my right a 50 caliber machine gun was thumping; flares would occasionally brighten the tree line in front of us and we prepared for a possible assault. I opened the letter and the first line went, "I have met someone special...." That was as far as I read. It was hilarious. The whole situation was like something out of a B-movie. It was funny then and is still funny today.

It had been a long day. I was tired. I dug a shallow fox hole and after coordinating with the senior adviser went to sleep. Groggily I awoke to see a helicopter in the middle of our position. I found the senior adviser and asked what was happening. He

## FEATURE ARTICLE CONTINUED

blurted out, "Where have you been." Startled, I replied "I was sleeping." He said the

helicopter was taking the wounded. Our outposts had been penetrated. Umm, it was awkward.

For one year I ate rice and something else every meal. I wondered if I would eat rice upon my return. Well, given the opportunity, I would eat rice with something else, every meal.

The Biet Dong Quan had a mission in the U Minn Forest. Legend has it that a French battalion simply disappeared in the region during the French occupation. Walking past a small grouping of homes, an older woman began shouting and

pointing at me, Phap! Phap! - French, French.

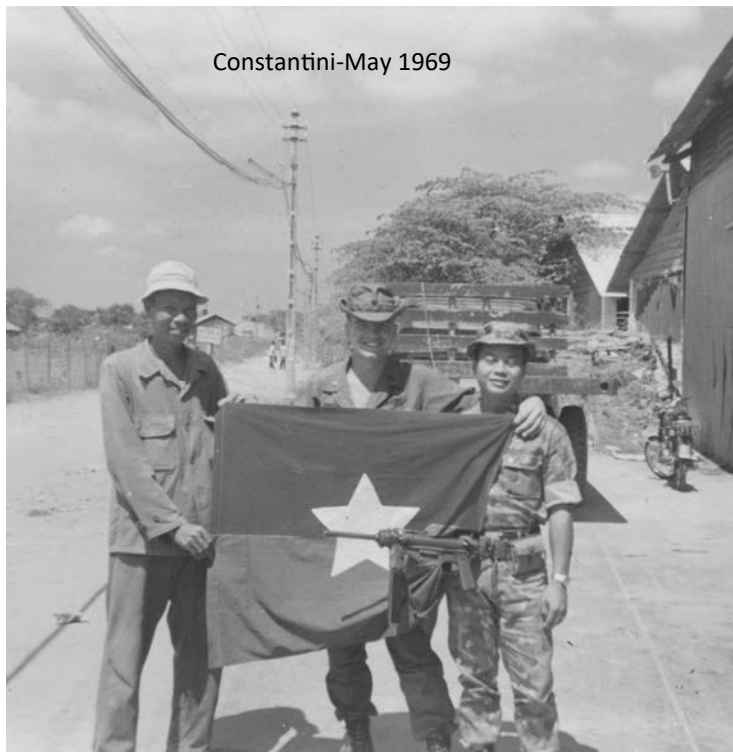
During this time I was behind a Ranger and I noticed his pack was wriggling. I called his platoon leader and liberated a piglet to be returned to the village.

I had to go to Saigon. A soldier had fired his rifle close to my face and the gasses had burned my eye. (I never asked for a Purple Heart.) I found myself with no place to stay and randomly chose a hotel which I later learned was the famous Rex Hotel. Drunken correspondents

would sit on the fifth floor watching flashes on the horizon and then writing "I-was-there-dispatches." The clerk looked at me and said "no prostitutes are allowed." I was standing there with an M16, four magazines, two grenades, a loaded 45 and a big knife. I wondered how he was going to enforce that edict.

That night, I toured the sights with two Chinook pilots. They decided to visit a brothel. I went with them. They started talking to the madam and I realized they were being charged an exorbitant price. In Vietnamese, I interjected myself and got a VN soldier prying. I then waited outside. Honest; for real; it's true!

*Continued on the next page*



We would get Special Purpose Packs composed of soft drinks, candy cigarettes and books, all kinds of paperbacks. I read much faster than the Senior Adviser and inevitably, I would be sitting next to him waiting for him to read a few pages from the last book, which he would tear out and give to me.

## FEATURE ARTICLE CONTINUED

48 years later, after refusing for years, I caved and went on a cruise which spent time in Thanh pho Ho Chi Min - Saigon. For several months I used a language app to recover my long dormant Vietnamese. It worked and I was able to communicate with people on the street. I wanted to visit the Rex Hotel again. We made our way, with me asking directions, and there it was! At the door was an elegant older woman in a beautiful blue Ao die, the National dress of VN, but now rarely seen. My wife and I entered, but, you cannot go home again. Instead of burnished wood, languidly shushing ceiling fans plying heavy, humid air, it was all chrome, glass and air conditioning. Bummer.

*(If you are sensitive, skip this paragraph)* The humor is gallows, and macabre. Now you know.) It was a miserable day. We slogged through the swamp; it was hot and mosquitos plagued us. Finally, with weary relief we struck camp for the night. The Bn commander was slapping the XO; the XO was punching the company commanders; the company commanders were shouting at the lieutenants; the lieutenants were kicking the sergeants who were abusing the men who were quarrelling. We were divided by a rather large stream. Suddenly, everyone was cemetery quiet. There, in the center of all this, in the stream, were two VC, heavily armed, in a motorized canoe, oblivious to our presence. I realize how thin is the statement that it would have been better to take them prisoners but defense mode seized everyone. I think fifty magazines emptied in seconds. The water frothed with bullets; the canoe was a cloud of splinters. The two unfortunate VC rolled into the water while the canoe drifted right in front of me. I looked inside and to my astonishment realized it was a cigarette resupply mission! I reached down and grabbed six packs of Capstone



cigarettes, my favored local brand. A VN officer took control of the canoe and more equitably divided the cigarettes. The tobacco of Capstone cigarettes was much like finely shaved used Jeep tires but I had them. The fate of the two VC wasn't amusing then, and not funny now.

Hearing enemy fire, I was running forward when hurtling toward me were Rangers in seeming panic! Warily, I continued until the wasps got to me. Like the soldiers, I ran to the nearest stream and dived in the water. We looked like a flotilla of turtles breathing from the insides of our helmets.

*More military humor but elsewhere.*

I was working in an embassy in a small, very small, Arab sheikdom (1974 - 6). Follow my description: I was with a government AGENCY at the embassy. One day, I see some correspondence that two officers were going to attend Ranger School. I ran to the ambassador to arrange for me to speak with those officers. He was a career State Department functionary and after this one ambassadorial experience, descended into deserved bureaucratic obscurity, though I

am sure he dragged his title with him like toilet paper stuck to a heel. He refused. Not long later I saw, by coincidence, correspondence which said very clearly, "do not ever again nominate these officers for a US Army school." I bet they thought the randomly assigned Ranger Buddy was a personal man-servant.

I did a Reserve tour with Commander, Middle East Force on the US Lasalle, the flag and only ship. Assigned to the ship was an infantry major, the lone regular army presence. During the exercise we were on the bridge. A dark room with many, glowing red screens. As part of the exercise, a jet flew by the ship very closely with a roaring sound, shaking the bridge. The major and I reflexively dived toward the deck in strained fetal positions. The naval officers stood, staring at each other asking, "Wot wuz dat?"

*Continued next page*

The next year, done with the navy, I decided to manipulate the system. I told RCPAC, Reserve Components.... that Military Advisory Commend -Iran said if it was ok with RCPAC it was ok with them. With RCPAC's permission, I then told MAC-Iran, that if it was ok with them, it was OK with RCPAC. I got the assignment, an armored infantry brigade. Iran had become a sump hole for left over VN-era colonels. It was good to be with soldiers over those effete State Department types.

Inside each armored vehicle was a picture of the Shah.

We were going to test fire some new armament just purchased from the now erstwhile Soviet Union. We went in convoy in new Soviet, Jeep-like vehicles though we arrived somewhat uncomfortable as people crowded in the surviving vehicles. Many vehicles broke down on that first day of use. At our destination, a group of Iranian soldiers fiddled with a shoulder fired weapon. Eventually, an Iranian hoisted it to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. One could read the markings on the rocket as it oozed out of the tube; it paused in the air and then plopped on

## LAFFS & GIGGLES-CONTINUED

*By Louis O. (Ion) Constantini*

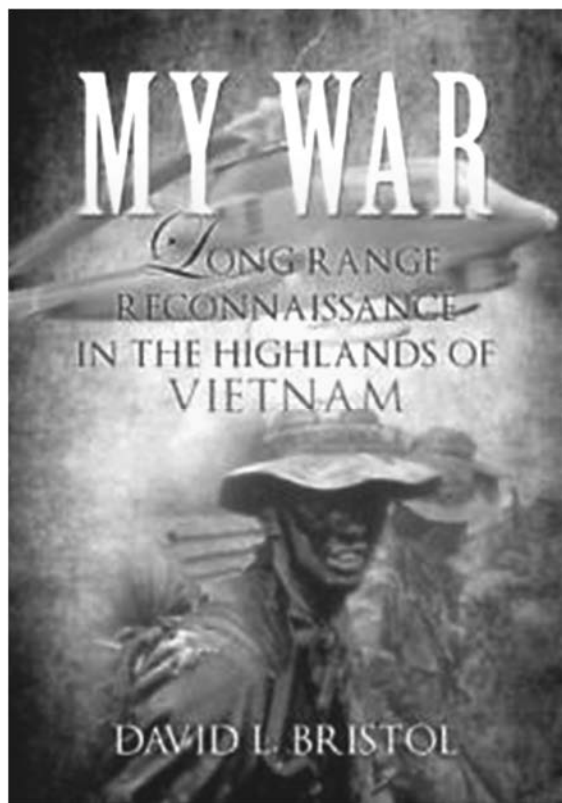
the ground, scooting a few more feet. Amusing now, but not so funny then.

We were given a mission of defending a ridge line. So, the vehicles were driven there and lined up - hub cap to hub cap.

These comments have a multi-cultural quality about them because of my position as an adviser and with the embassy. I must believe that many modern soldiers have such experiences in that from what I have read, much of modern service is in conjunction with the host country military.

Herewith, I suggest that Patrolling Magazine create a Laffs and Giggles column, or with maybe a more dignified title. There is a new generation of humorous experiences to be shared.

The author served four years in regular service and 17 years as a reservist. He retired from the military as a major and retired after forty years as a financial adviser with a national investment firm.



## MY WAR

Is the story of a young Ranger, in the Highlands of Vietnam, his experiences and the men he served with. It was written for those who were not there, but Veterans have found it helpful as well.

The book is available online at Amazon in paperback and E-book. Signed copies are available at [www.mywarvietnam.com](http://www.mywarvietnam.com)



# 75th RRA National Coordinator

Marshall Huckaby

## 75<sup>th</sup> RANGER REGIMENT FALLEN RANGER PROGRAM

### State Coordinators

A few weeks back, I received a call from a man who was seeking assistance for the services of his Father, a Merrill's Marauder. He wanted help with a Flag Detail, Firing Squad, and Honor Guard. After contact Fort Benning Protocol and some others, the Son's wishes to honor his Father were carried out.

I realized that the 75<sup>th</sup> RRA State Coordinator Program needed reviewing and the State Coordinator contact list need updating.

On the 75<sup>th</sup> RRA Website there is a FALLEN RANGER Form, when completed and submitted, notifies a number of Association Officers/Advocates of the Fallen Ranger and of Funeral Arrangements.

The duty of the National Coordinator is to inform the State Coordinators in the area of the service and point of contact. While we have limited resources to assist with the service, we can let Association Members in the area of the service and encourage their attendance / Support for the service.

State Coordinators notify other Rangers, LRRPs in their AO of the service and attend if possible. Sometimes the notice is "short fused", but we support the best we can.

It has become time to update the list and I am requesting your assistance in doing so. If you are able to support a state, portion of a state, or area, please step forward. I need the following information for the list, Under Area/State, list area you can cover:

Area/State/Region   Last Name   First Name   Email Address   Phone Number

In large States like California, there will need to be several State Coordinators to provide coverage. Even if you have previously provided the information, please do so once more we can update the list.

Send your information to: [rvnlrrp@aol.com](mailto:rvnlrrp@aol.com)

There is a new 75<sup>th</sup> RRA State Coordinators Facebook page on which all coordinators will/can become members. The Facebook Page will be used to provide program information and/or updates.

Thank you for supporting this important 75<sup>th</sup> RRA Program.

Marshall Huckaby

25<sup>th</sup> ID LRRPs 1966-1967

National Coordinator.

[rvnlrrp@aol.com](mailto:rvnlrrp@aol.com)





# 1st BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

UNIT DIRECTOR—BILL ACEBES

SSG JASON DAHLKE ADVENTURE RACE; 6 OCTOBER LOTTS ISLAND.

Brenda and I visited with SMA (R) Glen and Karen Morrell in May – He is doing good and sends his regards.

Over Memorial Day weekend; Bill (Doc) and Karen Donovan hosted a Memorial Day gathering – Some of the attendees included: Gen and Mrs. Ken Keen; BG and Mrs. Stringham; the Steve Murphys; Stephen Caldwell; Art Attaway; Willie and Christine Nunez; Amanda Broad. (picture attached of the Donovans and Mrs. Rouse)

A special birthday/memory celebration of PFC Markwell was conducted by his mother; Sandee Markwell Rouse. The Memorial Day Remembrance was held just a few days before PFC Markwell would have turned 50 years old. Take a moment and let that sink in. Bill (Doc) Donovan spoke about the accomplishments of PFC Markwell in his short time at the Ranger Battalion. PFC Markwell was killed during the initial assault in Panama, December 1989. Never forgotten!

Major General Jeffrey L. Bannister passed away of natural causes, in May, while he was on transition leave at Lake Murray. Officials confirm Gen. Bannister was working as a special project officer for the Chief of Staff of the Army while waiting to retire in the area.

Words from Shelia Dudley: “Think Ranger Warrior and this man appears. Jeff Bannister, you will never know how you impacted



your 1/75 Buddies in the early years. You helped me integrate into the Ranger Family with open arms and heart. I will never forget the happy times cooking critters nor the hard days when training occupied most of your life and seemed as if it would never end. You are the epitome of what we all admire - honesty, courage and a kind heart. I love you Ranger Buddy”. (photo attached)

Maj. Gen. Bannister served in Afghanistan and Iraq during his tenure with the U.S. Army. He also led divisions at Ft. Carson, Colo., and Ft. Drum, N.Y.



Mrs. Rouse and the Donovans

He is survived by his wife, Trese, and their daughter, Lindsey. He was buried on 11 June.

Between June 1st and 6th, several of our US Mountain Ranger Association members had the honor of supporting the [Blind Veterans Assoc.](#) and [Blind Endeavors](#) on a 74 mile hike of the Appala-

chian Trail culminating in a rappel down the 60ft cliff at Camp Merrill. The 74 miles represented the 74th anniversary of the D-Day invasion on June 6, 1944. The event was the result of a year of planning and preparation by Joe Amerling, Mike Ramsey and many others. The group of 8 American and British blind hikers is already talking about next year's event. Check out the websites above and look for blind veteran's activities in your area. Get involved: it will change your life.

Details and photos can be viewed on the [Blind AT](#) Facebook page.

*Continued on the next page*

## 1st BN, 75TH RANGER REGT

300 boxes packed in June (by Sua Sponte Foundation) for our deployed Rangers.

10 July; Battalion Change of Command witnessed by teleconference. Outgoing COL Brown; incoming LTC McGee.

Brenda wants to know if Mrs. Brown will live in her "child hood home" at Fort Benning when COL Brown is 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment Commander.

SFC Christopher A. Celiz; KIA; 12 July. RIP Warrior.

Ranger Hall of Fame activities. Colonel John Ellis and Major Mike Wagers (two original 1/75 soldiers) were inducted. Proud to see their accomplishments noted and recognized. Got to see a lot of other 1/75 "people" there (all retired). SMA Glen Morrell; CSM Hoot Gibson; CSM & Mrs. Jim Fowler;



Major General Jeffrey L. Bannister

CSM & Mrs. Cobb; BG & Mrs. Joe Stringham; CW3 & Mrs. Steve Murphy; CSM & Mrs. Luis Palacios; CSM and Mrs. Jeff Mellinger; CPT and Mrs. Roger Brown; CSM & Mrs. John Edmunds; Doc Attaway; Steve Caldwell; CSM Mike Hall; Gen Buck Kernan; CSM Max Mullen; BG & Mrs. Leszczynski; 1SG & Mrs. Bonifacio Romo; CSM & Mrs. Frank Ashe; CSM Steven England; CSM & Mrs. Tom Cruise; CSM & Mrs. Dave Dalton; Gen & Mrs. Ken Keen; MAJ Larry Moores; CSM Matt Walker. I know I saw others; but my brain is old... Brenda and I had a very good time being around our "old buddies".

Ranger breakfasts everywhere – Look for one in your area.

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



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

UNIT DIRECTOR—STAN JONES

In July of 1973, Mark Carlisle was assigned to Co A, 75<sup>th</sup> Infantry, Airborne Rangers at Ft. Hood Tx. On June 29th 2018, we said goodbye to our friend and brother.

Over the last 30 years members of A Co have gathered at Mark's 'cabin, meadows and hilltop' for camping, shooting, cooking, riding 4 wheelers and telling stories.

A "Celebration of Life" was held in Gainesboro, TN on July 7, 2018, attended by A Co members Bill Bowman and his son's Josh, Joe and JD, Mike Cantrell, Mike Fisher, Bain and Elizabeth Smith, Stan Jones, EJ Alexander and DJ and Judy DeJarnett. Also present were Mark's wife, Marie and his five daughters Melanie, Molly, McKenzie, Morgan, Marki, their families and several hundred of Mark's friends and family.



Bill Bowman gave a eulogy that was very difficult for him and all present to get through. Bowman talked about Mark on many levels and told several stories. He said Mark was loved by all who knew him because it's easy to love a man who is kind, authentic, generous, admirable, a hero and wise. He told a story about when he visited Mark in May of this year and we conducted a conference call with 15-20 members of A Co from all over the country and even one checked in from the Philippines. At the conclusion of the call Mark gave Bowman a stack of wooden sticks that were from one of Mark's barn. Bowman said, ok, but don't really know what I'll do with them. Mark

proceeded to tell him that the sticks were used to hang tobacco on in the barn and its American Chestnut, an extinct tree. At one time there were billions of trees all over the world.

*Continued on the next page*

They grew straight and true and the nuts fell and fed the forest.

The grain grew straight and true.

Then a few days ago, Bowman said he realized that those sticks were Mark Carlisle. Straight and true and he fed the community through his business by labor and land and equipment expenditures. When you cut down a Chestnut, it will spout again. Mark cut off his hand and it was reattached and grew. If a Chestnut tree burns down it will grow back. Mark had a fire at the mill about 20 years ago and he rebuilt. (After the ceremony, Bowman gave all the Rangers present a stick of American Chestnut). At one time Fisher asked Bowman if he and Carlisle would like a Mark 4 Ranger knife. Bowman said yes and paid Fisher \$70 for both and Fisher said he could collect \$35 from Carlisle for his and they would be even. Carlisle took the knife and said he would pay him for it. After 20 years or so Bowman asked if he would ever pay him for the knife and Carlisle said "yes, but I would rather owe you than beat you out of it". Bowman concluded by saying Carlisle did not beat me out of it nor did Mark owe him anything!!! Bowman called Ranger Alexander to the front. Ranger Alexander conducted the "Final Roll Call, the Once an Eagle Ceremony". All Rangers stood at attention and answered to their name. Mike Cantrell answered for Mark saying "Sir, Ranger Mark Carlisle who was "Once an Eagle" is now reporting as a US Army Ranger to a much higher authority. May God bless him and his family.

We promised Marie that at her's and Mark's wishes, we would once again return to the "hilltop" this November.

We all stayed at the Donoho Motel in Red Boiling Springs, TN., close to the hilltop, cabin and to Mark's family. We were told by the motel owner that one of Mark's daughters had been married there two years prior. They had the photo of Mark in his beret and Ranger t-shirt on the counter in the lobby. The motel staff took good care of us and allowed us some freedoms to sit on the porch and tell stories and laugh and have an adult beverage or two. Both mornings included a breakfast feast fit for a king, served home style in bowls and meat platters. There were laughs and tears and hugs by all both at the funeral and at the motel.

There is an old saying that we are only separated in life by 6 degrees. Our association and friendship with Mark over 40+

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

years and this trip proved that is true. When my youngest son's wife's

grandfather passed away, I found out he and her grandmother were from Moss TN. All of us from the north going to the 'hilltop' passed through Moss every trip. Several years ago, I was having my Goldwing repaired in Thorntown IN. One of the mechanics in the shop was Mark's cousin. On this trip alone, we had several coincidences or incidents. When I signed into the motel, the last person to sign in was from Lafayette, IN. I didn't recognize the name and they had already left but.... Saturday morning in the dining room in the motel, we had a gentleman join our table wearing an Air Force t-shirt. Naturally, us wearing Ranger tees struck up a conversation. Finally came around to where he lived and he had just moved to Florida from Kokomo, IN., less than 20 miles from my house and owned some property in Clay County, TN, Mark's home county, and was just passing through. On Saturday evening we were on the porch, and called Doug Nolen, our CO at A Co. During the conversation he said he had ordered flowers for the funeral from the same shop he had always used, but when he told her where the flowers were going she said she was from Red Boiling Springs but did not know Mark. Doug now lives in Austin, TX. Sunday morning when we were leaving, I had a couple of bananas I was going to throw away but instead offered them to a couple sitting on the porch. I told them I was going to Indiana and did not believe they would last the trip. They were from Shelbyville, IN. Finally, I had not

even made it in the house Sunday evening when my wife said my oldest son was on his way over to have me ride back to Plainfield, IN with him to pick up a truck he had bought. While Todd was talking to the guy about the truck, his buddy and I started talking and I told him I had just come back from a funeral in Tennessee for a friend I was in the army with. He said he was born in Tompkinsville, KY. We go through Tompkinsville every trip to Mark's.



He saw my t-shirt had the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Assn. Logo and said he wanted to show me some pictures. We stepped up in the shade and showed me some pictures of medals and a picture of his uncle; his last name was Gentry, a member of D/151<sup>st</sup>. While we may not have known all these people personally, they were all centered on the fact that we had met Mark Carlisle in A Co in Ft Hood TX in 1973.

R.I P Ranger Carlisle, we'll meet again.



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

UNIT DIRECTOR—MARC L. THOMPSON

Greetings and Salutations:

Hello again, fellow Rangers, LRRPs, and Jayhawks.

Mother Nature forgot to turn off the water tap! It has been more than a little damp here in Pennsylvania. Moving significant quantities of water from the basement outside is not only time consuming, but tiring.

## HEALTH AND WELFARE

Greg Phillips: As of my last check, Greg Phillips is waiting to see if he's accepted into a treatment program for prostate cancer. Please keep good thoughts out for him. If you're on Facebook, you can check his page for updates.

Bill Walter:

Bill continues to recover for cancer at home after leaving the hospice. He also has a Facebook page.

Ranger Voyles: John Henry, likewise, continues his battle to recover from cancer treatments.

Tony Harley is recovering from a knee replacement, and was doing well the last time we heard from him.

I am growing ever-more wary of putting contact info in the clear on anything which will appear on the web. If you do not have contact information for any of them, please get in touch with me and I'll provide you with the necessary info.

HEARD FROM: (in no particular order)...

Bill Walter, Ranger Voyles, Tommy R. Wright, Stan Harrell, Jim Broyles, Richard Stutsman, Pat Fuscaldo, Alfredo Moncayo, Sr., Willie Mack, James W. Ardwan, Lynn Thompson, Greg Phillips, Jeff Rice, Don Bruce, Steve Murphy, Bill Mathiak, Chuck Straehl, Neil A. Lofgren, Ricardo Torres, Jose Zapien, Robert Skip Robertson, Tom Forde, Bob Wolstrum, Leo Starkey, Dirty Eddie White, Richard Stutsman, Dennis Lucas, Curtis Christopherson.

We have a large amount of VII Corps news, so I will leave the B75 news here in order to allow all the Jayhawk info to get in.

Until next time...

Respectfully,

Marc L. Thompson

Unit Director



VII CORPS LRRP REPORT:

THEO KNAAK MEMORIAL

(WARNING ORDER)

To All Concerned:

At Mrs. Knaak's suggestion and in line with LRRP protocol, all LRRP and Ranger personnel are hereby directed to don their best LRRP shirt and Beret to the cemetery for Theo's final farewell honoring his memory and his Family. Let us make our loving and loyal schweinhund Brother proud. To those of you who remain confused, we will meet at 12:45 at the gate for the 1:00 PM ceremony at the General Doyle Cemetery in Wrightstown, NJ, 350 Provinceline Rd.

## AFTER ACTION REPORT - THEO

On Friday, June 29th, 2018 six Lurps and two spouses gathered together in Wrightstown, New Jersey to pay our final respects to "The Good Sargent", Theo Knaak who died last month from cancer which he was courageously battling for the past several years. Those in the Honor Guard were, Kirk and Sally Gibson, Tom Forde, Rick and Melissa Hathaway, Dick Foster, John Fisher, and Joe Chetwynd. The memorial ceremony was held in a chapel at the Brigadier General William C. Doyle Memorial Cemetery in Wrightstown, NJ.

At the front of the chapel, set on a small pedestal, was a box containing Theo's ashes. In front of it was a tri-folded American flag. On the altar behind, was hung the black and gold unit guidon, with the letters " LRRP " above, and the Glider /" bird "symbol for " Airborne ", below.

Propped up on the altar, above the guidon, was an enlarged color photo of the front cover of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association magazine "PATROLLING", for Summer 2001, which featured four Lurps; Kirk Gibson, Theo Knaak, Bob Griffin, and Joe Chetwynd. It was taken at Altoona, PA months earlier on the occasion when we brought the old headstone for SSG Glenn H English, Jr, (KIA RVN Sept 7, 1970, Medal of Honor (post ), BS, PH, CIB,) to Altoona, his place of birth, to honor him there. We were joined by the Vietnam Veterans group, Fire Base Eagle, who took possession of the headstone and, later, erected it in a suitable grassy plot, "In Memory of Glenn H English, Jr.". While Theo was thrilled to find himself, along with the rest of us, on the cover of that prestigious magazine he was most proud of all to be a "Lurp".... and, to be "AIRBORNE All the Way."

*Continued on the next page*

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



Following the U.S. Army ceremony, which included the playing of Taps, the unfolding and slow, precision refolding of Theo's flag and, finally, then the presentation of the tri-folded flag to Lucie Knaak, "On behalf of the President of the United States of America ...", we, six, then stood up in front of the family and proceeded to read two prayers, sent to us by Mike Holub, who regrets he could not attend. The first, titled "The Prayer of The Airborne Soldier", was read by Joe Chetwynd, and the second, titled "A New Set of Wings", was read by Kirk Gibson.

Then, one by one, we all spoke to the family about who and what Theo was to our little "Band of Brothers" offering them our unprepared, but, most sincere, heartfelt thoughts and remarks. Then Kirk Gibson called us to attention and commanded "Present Arms". We held the salute as he then counted aloud, "One Thousand... Two thousand... Three thousand... Four Thousand..." ,the standard count that we all bark out as we make our jump and wait...hopefully... for our chutes to fully open. Then "Order Arms", and we slowly brought our hands down to our sides. This concluded the ceremony.



Following the ceremony, the box containing Theo's ashes was removed by army staff who would later place them in the columbarium wall. We all then drove over to that place and located his final resting place. Kirk

placed some flowers in his vault with the flower petals facing outward. After some time there with the Knaak family, we then all drove to a nearby German restaurant, The Schnitzelhaus, where we enjoyed meals of authentic German cuisine, along

with some BYO German beers and wines. We concluded the meal with a toast and "AIRBORNE, All The Way" salute to Theo with shots of, appropriately, cold Jagermeister schnapps. Seated on the table, and, on his best behavior, was the dreadlock-wearing, "bad little bear", Sgt. Jagermeister, Theo's alter-ego.

During the dinner, we Lurps presented Lucie and Theo's grand daughter, Rachael Shenk, with a small present for her newborn daughter, appropriately enough named "Thea", after her great grandfather, Theo. It was a small blanket which bore the design of the United States Army on it, along with a matching back blanket that was as close to the old army O.D ( olive drab ) color as was possible to buy without having bought an old WWII era army bunk blanket, instead. The two blankets will "require some assembly", however they are intended to be tied together by cutting inch wide strips from the outer edge into the fabric for some six inches. The strips are then tied by square knots, thereby joining the two blankets together, leaving a "knotted fringe" around the four sides.

The original plan was to have the six of us Lurps do this, ourselves, while, perhaps, enjoying some social libations and the re-re-re-telling of some very, very, very old and tall " war stories ". Thankfully, saner minds prevailed and, instead, we decided that this might be a better job for the women in the Knaak family to do together...a "bonding experience "for mother, sister, sister-in-law, grand daughter and great grandmother, Lucie. Besides, we determined that it would have been very selfish and utterly heartless of us Lurps to do this all by ourselves, thereby denying the women folk the joy of this traditional shared experience and social community. Lord knows we have had- warranted and deserved as it may well be- more than our rightful share of it. At least we still can maintain our unabashed humility and we will delight in our "sharing the glory and limelight" with others less fortunate than ourselves.

It will, of course, be most interesting to see just how well they do with this "Baby Blanket Bonding Bee", what, with the accurate measuring of the cloth strips, the neat cutting of the many dozens of narrow strips, and, lastly, the square-knotting of them all around the four edges. Well, we have every faith that they will do, at least a reasonable or credible "job of it" I mean, how difficult could it be, any how...if we Lurps could have done it... even, quite possibly, in a slightly bibulous state??? We have every faith in their abilities, however. Besides, who are we to judge others? Perish the thought!

God Bless and AIRBORNE, Theo. We will see you on the great Drop Zone in the sky. Just keep your eyes peeled for those big pine trees and the frozen plowed-up ruts of rutabagas. Give our best to Col Maltese and the others who have gone ahead of the rest of us. Be sure there is a Rod and Gun club nearby, too.

Sincerely, and respectfully submitted,

Joe Chetwynd

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

ROBERT MILLER - LRRP

Robert Miller was a VII Corps LRRP, who spends his free time helping at-risk children. Since he is confined to a wheelchair, this can, at times, present a problem (if the chair falls, etc.) His fellow Jayhawk LRRPs have started a GoFundMe page to secure a new all-terrain wheelchair for him. If you have the capacity, please contribute to the fund, or help to publicize it through social media, etc. The link to the fund, and description, follows:

Go Fund Me – Robert Miller

<https://www.gofundme.com/zmmx5-robert-miller>

Bob and I served together in Germany in 1964. Both of us are disabled Veterans. Bob works with the youth in his area trying to keep them off the streets. An all-terrain wheelchair would help him do that. Currently if his wheelchair from the VA falls over, his wife has to call the paramedics to help raise him upright. This is degrading to such a fine Veteran



## C/75 - E/20 LRP

UNIT DIRECTOR—JOE HAYES

I've got an MFJ-9420, 20-meter transceiver, on which I listen more than I transmit. One night last winter, I picked up a guy transmitting from Mauritius out in the Indian Ocean. He was calling any station so I tried to get him, but my five watts, at best, of power, off a backyard dipole was not too likely to get him; and it didn't. But, I could hear some operators talking to him. One was in Florida and another was in England. They didn't say much: a call sign, location, signal strength and a thank you. I probably would have had better luck transmitting in code – lower power, but I lost those skills not long after I got out of 05B School back in 1970. I learned a lot in that school. The instructors were great but there were a whole lot of things that like everyone else, I would have to learn on the job.

I was assigned to the Commo Platoon in May 1971. SSgt. Parson was in charge. The other guys in Commo when I got there were Greg Williams, Sgt Bob Dey, Dwayne Desmond, Jack Scott, and Scott (Marty) Martin. John Gresko came in later from Oscar Rangers (I think they were up in Alaska). Warren Slaughterback, came after John Gresko. When I went on an X-Ray with Warren, I would stay awake with him at night because when the team had to speak at a whisper during the night, Warren had a hard time hearing them. But Warren was a good friend.

About a week after I got into the unit, SSgt Parson told me that I



was going out on the next X-Ray with Desmond. I didn't have a clue what an X-Ray was. I never heard the term used in 05B School except for the letter X. But, I was kind of looking forward to doing what I was trained to do. As it was, I didn't go on that first X-ray. Marty asked me to do him a favor, and let him go in my place. I didn't want it to look like the new guy was weaseling and I didn't want to do it. Well Marty pressed the issue because his buddy, Tim Penman, was going to be on the security team, and he wanted to go out with Tim. Marty ended up

going out. It turns out that those two guys threw a little scare into the X-Ray team when they decided to take about a six-hour sightseeing tour away from the X-Ray site. Phantom, the call sign for TOC at that time, was not happy. SSgt Parson pulled me aside and asked me if I knew anything about what was going on out there. I told him no because I didn't. That's the first time I was scared in Vietnam. All I could think about was that that was supposed to be me out there, and I was afraid for those guys. They eventually got back to the site. When I asked Marty about it later, he just said, "Man...It was beautiful out there." I didn't ask any more questions.

My first time out was with Sgt. Bob Dey. He was a great guy; very patient. He seemed to have a feel for how green I was, and he would explain how things worked.

*Continued on the next page*

I was on the radio and acknowledged.

I honestly did not know what to do.

05B School never prepared me for

this. I didn't have to relay to Phantom, they picked up the team's transmission and they scrambled the FAC and gunships. I got lost in the chatter and when the FAC arrived on the scene I'm pretty sure that he realized that I didn't know what I was doing when he asked for a KAK. I can't remember his name, but he was a Captain from either Alabama or Mississippi. He wanted to talk to echo 5 delta that was Bob Dey. Bob took the horn and

took care of business. He was there for me, but mostly he was there for the team down in the valley. I learned a lot in about forty-five minutes. The team suffered no casualties. They got one kill and some weapons. Our X-Ray was out for four more days relaying for the other team. Things were quiet, and I spent a lot of that time praying to God that there wasn't another contact.

There wasn't. I'll never forget Bob Dey's graciousness (if I can use that term), in

handling my shortcomings on that first X-Ray.

The hard thing about being on an X-Ray was knowing that six guys were down in a valley sweating in the day, freezing at night, sleep deprived all the time: carrying enough gear to kill a pack mule, and hunting people who wanted to kill them; not to mention the terrain that wanted to do the same thing. I would think about them down there and I would think about how safe I was up on the mountain – relatively safe and relatively comfortable. Well – that's the way it was. I remember using one X-Ray site so much that rats became a problem, ( too many C-Ration leftovers). When we left that one, Doc Gove took some C-4 and burnt out the site. I think that we never used that site again. Charlie got to know our other sites. I remember one where there was a little hike up a hill to where you would set up the antenna. We were dropped off as usual. I picked up the antenna and started walking up the hill. A hand grabbed me hard and pulled me back. It was Sgt Lazarov. He told me to stay put and he walked off the trail disappearing into the bush. When he came back, we resumed walking up the trail to where he had disarmed a booby trap. Lucky me. At another site, I picked out what I thought would be a good place to set up my home for the next few days. After spending the night with a lump under my

## C/75 - E/20 LRP



to show him. He turned whiter than he actually was. He just said, " Find another place to sleep". Parson thought it was a Bouncing Betty left over from the French. Lucky for me it didn't go off because unlike Daffy Duck, I didn't have all my feathers numbered. Another time, when we were waiting for the choppers to pick us up, Bill Nestor, who was one of the security guys, gave me a wide-eyed look and said, "Don't move." I didn't as he

back, I decided to see if I could dig out the rock. It turned out to be metal. I got SSgt Parson

slowly pulled his machete out, slowly raised it, and quickly swung it down along my right side. On the ground next to me was a bamboo viper in three pieces.

X-Rays were places where one had a lot of time to think, to write, to read, and to wonder how those teams were doing down the hill. I think that the time I liked the most was in the middle of the night when you had the watch – handset next to

your ear – turned down low, and calling a team to see how they were doing. Sometimes the team member on the radio couldn't talk so I'd get one squelch. Squelches worked pretty well. I'd ask yes or no questions and get a one or a two. Other times they could talk in a whisper and would ask whom it was. I'd say, "This is echo four hotel." They'd say who they were and then you would have a little conversation. I knew that they felt good about that. They would always end the conversation with something like "It's good to hear you." That's when I think – they are down there and I'm up here. God, please keep them safe.

I liked to think that X-Ray's were kind of a life line: a sliver of hope or a little ray of light for you guys that pulled mission after mission in those valleys of darkness where one could easily have become a victim not only of the VC who were trying to kill you and us, but also of the environment itself which could literally shut off the light and just about steal your soul. I am proud to have not only worked with you, but also to have worked for you.

I'll see you in November. Joe





## D/75

UNIT DIRECTOR—RICHARD “HERD” NELSON



“Herd”



This summer has been busy and eventful for everyone, but for unit

director Herd, summer 2018 has been pretty busy. Herd’s planned trip to Mo and Cindy’s for a biennial reunion of D Company Rangers 2018 was a tough one due to health reasons, but this old ranger managed somehow to show up in South Dakota for the reunion, and on time. After a trip to Wisconsin to see Ed and Janice Krause, Herd stopped by for a few days to see me and my family in Kentucky.

Ed was planning to also attend the reunion but he had a major heart attack and had to get a triple bypass two weeks before the reunion and was unable to travel. He invited me (Herd) over for a visit so I decided to go since there was only one state between South Dakota and Wisconsin. He was still in quite a bit of pain, and so was I after falling getting out of the shower that morning.

I had driven so many miles by the time I got to Kentucky I had decided to spend three nights in Corbin to rest my butt which was getting pretty sore from all of the driving. It was great to see Mike’s family again; the last time I saw his Grandkids they were very young and now one is in college and another is in high school and working at a Cracker Barrel Restaurant. All said, I drove over 5,000 miles in less than a month and accomplished the mission. What was that mission? Seeing and talking to the people who mean a lot to me, and sharing a meal with my ranger brothers.

I was glad to see Herd and hearing his stories of the road, about his trip to South Dakota and Wisconsin and seeing old friends

and comrades. Although he completed the trip, he bounced his noggin off the concrete carport floor and got the prettiest shiner you ever saw.

In our last Patrolling article we stated that Fitz and Kathy’s grandson was planning a wedding in Texas next year, not true. Apologizes to my good friend and brother, and to Kathy for reporting something that on the surface sounds pretty good, just not factual, sorry Fitz. I hope your family is well and that the summer

has been good for you and Kathy, continue mission.

Gary Olsen made the M Company reunion in Louisiana this summer, all is well with Gary, the original Rambo.

Tom and Janice are well, Tom commenting on the North Carolina heat and being too hot for fishing. Fall is right around the corner.

Ken Dern and Linda are doing well and enjoying the summer. Florida has its advantages that’s for sure. We miss seeing you guys.

Frank Park and his girlfriend Sue were at the reunion in South Dakota and are doing well from all accounts. You can count on Frank to make the meetings whenever possible. After South Dakota they went into Nebraska to visit one of Sue’s friends from High School, and then back to Pennsylvania.

Don Viccaro, (Vic), was at the South Dakota reunion and brought along his daughter Colleen and two grandsons. The youngest was Collin and the oldest was Lucas, they live in New Mexico. Having young folks around always makes for a good time and this was no exception. From what Herd said, they really enjoyed the company of the old rangers.

When Herd left Kentucky he drove about 720 miles to his house and fell face-first in the driveway on his way into his house. From what he tells me, he still has two black eyes and resembles a raccoon. X-rays didn’t reveal any new fractures, plenty of old ones but thank goodness nothing of serious consequence. My family really enjoyed seeing my old friend and brother.

## D/75 CONTINUED



*Mike and Sharon Warren*

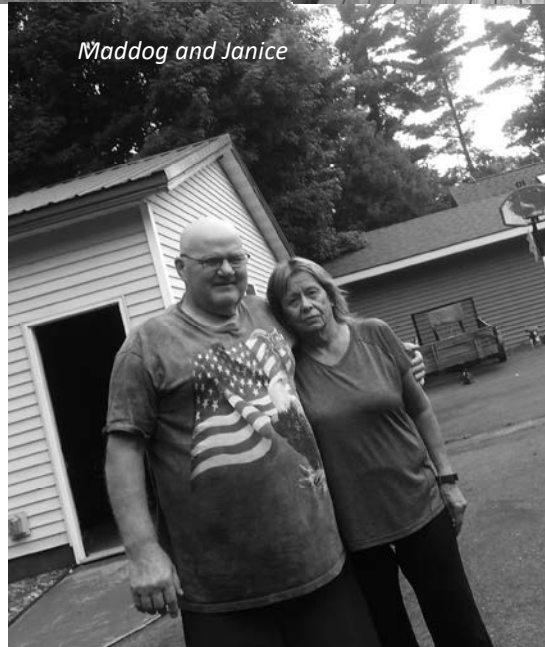
Herd is going to say something about the reunion in South Dakota so I'll sign off until next time. It has been good hearing the reports from Herd about all of you and your lives, until the next article.

Richard Lowes again stopped along the way and picked up Onicia Mercer. She and Ed enjoyed that trip prior to his passing. Richard and Onicia rode with me as we all traveled around South Dakota with the whole group. We went to Mount Rushmore and the Crazy Horse Mountain Carving. Of course no trip to South Dakota

is complete without a trip to the Alpine Inn in Hill City, and then some shopping down Main St. We also took a ride through Custer State Park where we saw a herd of wild buffalo where we took a lot of pictures some of which I will submit for the next Article. We also ran into some wild donkeys which we also photo'd.

Mike and Vicky Jausaud also attended as in the past from Indiana. It just wouldn't be the same without them.

I arrived 3 days before the rest of the group and went out shopping for rocks and crystals. I also did some shopping for a nice silver bracelet with torques and a bear claw, and some coral. After everyone else left for home I resumed my rock shopping



*Maddog and Janice*

and then went to Deadwood South Dakota where Wild Bill Hickok was murdered, where I spent two days. Yes I did leave a small winner from my gambling session. I did buy a good bit more rocks on this trip than others, because all of the other trips I flew out there and shipping would have been cost prohibitive. I wanted some larger rocks for my rose garden.

This year's reunion was not as well attended by members of D 151 as in the past, probably because it was scheduled too close to their 50<sup>th</sup> year reunion, which was in August.

The pictures I elected to submit were all from my trip to see everyone I visited on my trip. One of them is of our group in front of Moe and Cindy's house, Another was of Maddog and his wife Janice two weeks after his triple bypass. I also included one of Mike and Sharon Warren, as well as one of Herd and Mike. The last one is of the black eye herd got trying to get himself into the house at the end of the trip. My neighbor took it two days after the fall when only one eye was black but two days later both had turned black.

RLTW

Herd and Mike

# D/151st/LRP/LRS

Unit Director Bob McIntire-Submission by Tom Hughel

## The "Indiana Rangers" Celebrate 50 Years as Brothers in Arms

On August 2<sup>nd</sup> through August 5<sup>th</sup> over 50 members of the Co. D (Ranger) 151<sup>st</sup> Infantry Association gathered near Camp Atterbury to celebrate a 50-year-old brotherhood. It began with a golf outing at Timbergate Golf Course on Thursday afternoon and was followed up by early registration and a social gathering at the Holiday Inn Express that evening.

On Friday morning the brave took to the Timbergate Golf Course again for another round of golf. The low score on both days was eight under in the scramble format (not bad for seventy year olds). The remaining members attending registered that afternoon. The evening was spent drinking,



eating, catching up and telling war stories.

Saturday morning was spent recovering with a few guys seeing what they could still hit at the Atterbury Shooting Complex. Lunch and dinner were catered at the Atterbury Conference Center. The association business meeting was held that afternoon with the election of a new President and Vice-President. The group took time to read the names and remember those brothers lost in Vietnam and since. The rest of the evening was occupied with a very robust auction of

great items donated to the Association, and a little more drinking.

Sunday morning was breakfast and farewells at the hotel.





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

UNIT DIRECTOR—C."JEFF" WEBB JR.

Greetings to all members of Echo Company and our warrior women! Hopefully all of you are enjoying a pleasant summer and participating in some relaxing events, vacations, or visiting family members.

These days it seems that there is always a lot of communication about reunions – rallies – meetings and this edition is no different.

### 2018 LRP & LRRP Rally, Branson Mo.

Several E Company veterans and wives attended the LRRP Rally in Branson Mo. in June and the following reports from Bob Hernandez and Duane "Poncho" Alire cite the excellent outcome of the rally's proceedings.

From Bob Hernandez:

The LRA rally in Branson was well represented by Echo Co. this year as more than 20 members and number of wives attended.

This was the fourth rally held in Branson because the city is very friendly towards the Military and associate families and it's a great location. The rally is very informal and people have time to relax, reacquaint with old friends, teammates and maybe drink a little beer or two!

Our time in the evening was usually a gathering of "old" and young warriors sharing stories of our experiences' during wartime. The younger fellows were amazed and excited to meet and hear about the "men with the painted faces" in person. Many of them requested to have our pictures taken with them. It was a truly great and humbling experience.

On Saturday morning, we drove out to the Branson Veterans Memorial for our own memorial service to honor our KIAs. After we returned to the hotel, we held a brief business meeting, elected new officers and held a raffle to raise funds for the association. We had a noon meal of barbeque chicken, pork & beef ribs, sausages and of course beer!

It was a fine bonding time. I will be sure to return next year which is scheduled for June 5<sup>th</sup>-8<sup>th</sup> 2019 in Branson. More information with details to follow.

LRP & RLTV!

Bob

From Duane Alire:(AKA "Poncho")

Subject: AAR, Long Range Reconnaissance Rally (LRRR), Branson, Missouri July 8<sup>th</sup>-10<sup>th</sup>

Insomuch as I had not been to Branson before, I decided to arrive a couple of days early so I could do my usual "over flight" into this new AO. I took two days to make the 800 (+/-) mile road trip to Branson which included a recreational stop at one of my favorite stops – The Will Rogers Memorial Museum.



The Will Rogers Memorial Museum is just outside Claremore, Oklahoma and memorializes the entertainer, Will Rogers. The museum houses artifacts, memorabilia, photographs, and manuscripts pertaining to Rogers' life, and documentaries, speeches, and movies starring Rogers are shown in a theater. Rogers' tomb is located on its 20-acre (8 ha) grounds overlooking Claremore and Rogers State University. This is one of my "must visit" sites when travelling by car through central Oklahoma. Interestingly, much of what he had to say, as a humorist, about politics, politicians and government is as applicable today as it was when he first uttered his comments in the mid-1930s.

But I digress ... Back to the LRRR Rally. From the association's brochure, "Long Range Reconnaissance Association was formally organized in April 2014. In that

year men from the USAEUR Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol members from the 1960s, Veterans of Vietnam Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol and Long Range Patrol units met with COLD WAR and GWOT Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol, Long Range Patrol and Long Range Surveillance members to discuss organizing an Association." Again, from the LRRR brochure, "The purpose of the association was (is) to promote, foster, preserve, record and celebrate the history and lineage of the United States Army's Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol, Long Range Patrol and Long Range Surveillance units".

The LRRR Rally was an outcome that those early, organizational meetings.

The rally was held under a very large tent that was erected in an open area between the two headquarters motels -the Spinning Wheel Inn, 235 Schaeffer Drive, Branson, MO. 800-215-7746 and the Twelve Oaks Inn: 205 Schaeffer Drive, Branson, MO. 888-336-7340.

Highlights:

An estimated 100+ men and their significant others attended the rally. The 23 men representing the Vietnam era E/50 LRRP, LRP and E/75 Rangers were: C.R. Mathis\*, Gerald Cody, Bob Hernandez, Ron Tessensohn, John Berg, Dennis Lastine, Ken McConkey, Don Booth, Larry Styer, Jim Thayer\*, Bill Christiansen\*, Jim Martens\*, Dave Stone\*, Lonnie Johnson\*, Howard Munn\*, Roy Barley\*, Tyrone Muse, Dan Stouffer, George Morrison, Norm Breece\*, Chuck Watson\*, Mike Kellogg, and, of course, Poncho (aka Duane Alire). \*We also had 10 wives in attendance.

The Saturday BBQ was outstanding as were the morning, breakfast burritos.

*Continued on the next page*

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

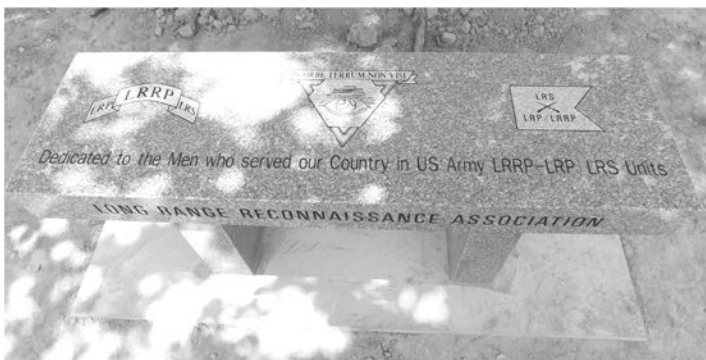
an unequivocal YES!  
LRRPs Led The Way; Rangers  
Lead The Way,

Poncho - Retired: E50/E75 Unit Director



Branson Rally

The ceremony to dedicate the memorial bench honored the LRRP, LRP and LRS units. The bench was donated by LRRRA members. The bench is situated under a large tree in the open area between the motels.



- The out-of-doors memorial service at the Branson Memorial Gardens was exceptional.

It included a bag piper and an active duty U. S. Army chaplain who delivered a moving and spirited tribute to all veterans and their families.

- The official Rally meeting was interesting affair. Discussions concerned electing new officers and, of course, whether the Rally should be moved around the country. The latter subject seemed to hinge on the person who was willing to commit the time and resources necessary to organize a quality Rally. Branson was, again, selected mainly due to the location of the motels, the park between the hotels, the support of the local community, the number of guys who live in the area and Branson's central location in the county.

The motels are a bit "lived in" and quaint, but absolutely acceptable. At \$59 a night the price was right. And Branson has a lot of family friendly activities. The formal Rally agenda ended with a "drinking from the horn ceremony".

- And, of course, the guys from all the different eras, units and disciplines created an enjoyable mix of stories, laughter, and, I am sure, a few tears as well. The bottom line, guys, would I attend another LRRRA Rally? My answer to the question is

2019 Ranger Rendezvous & Business Meeting Ft. Benning Ga.  
Our newly elected 2<sup>nd</sup> Vice President of the 75<sup>th</sup> RRA, Roy Barley, is the reunion coordinator of the **2019 Ranger Rendezvous which will be held at Ft. Benning from July 8th-12th**, 2019. More information to follow, but it usually is a very active week with generally the Regimental change of command, Ranger HOF induction ceremony and the 75<sup>th</sup> RRA business meeting & election of new Officers.

### ATTENTION: Request for Volunteers

Roy's responsibilities for the rendezvous are extensive and numerous. He has asked if others plan to attend the week's events and if they have the wherewithal, could they lend him assistance in the planning and coordination of the weeklong meeting? If so, please contact Roy at: [lordshill@aol.com](mailto:lordshill@aol.com) Thank You

### 2019 E50th & E75th Company Reunion Kalispell Montana July 14<sup>th</sup>-21<sup>st</sup>

Terry Leishman (AKA "Jingles") and committee has set the date in late July as to avoid interaction with wildfires (which did close Glacier National Park during the last reunion in Montana) and to ensure availability without weather events of all the magnificent assets that the Northern region of Montana has to offer. Jingles reports:

"Right now unless something changes I am planning on July 14th to the 21<sup>st</sup>. Two places that can accommodate a group of our size are being considered; one will rent by the week and we're trying to find a way to secure a hospitality room as they don't have one or two connecting rooms (and would be very expensive); the second has a great hospitality room but the rooms are \$30 a night more expensive."

Activities:

"If some people would like a float trip, that can be arranged. Also available for the adventurous outdoors people would be a professionally guided day trip through Glacier National Park (<https://www.nps.gov/glac/index.htm>) or a day trip to the bison range. A visit to the historic St Ignatius Mission Church ([stignatiusmission.org](http://stignatiusmission.org)) built in the 1700 hundreds has the most beautiful ceiling paintings. One of the original brothers was an artist (muralist) and painted the ceiling similar to the Sistine Chapel. More outing options, restaurant suggestions and just plain ole tomfoolery to follow!"

Terry Leishman

Note from the Unit Director:

We understand that the 2019 schedule of reunions may pose a challenge for some members. Since coordination with other organizations is not possible we have provided these choices for your consideration.

OVER AND OUT



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

UNIT DIRECTOR—JOHN MCGEE

This will be a very short report. Everyone is still well into enjoying the summer by now. George Timmons and the lovely Dianne have finally returned from circumnavigating the entire country in their RV. Great photos can be seen on Facebook showing their trip. The next event where F Company members can get together this year is rapidly approaching, that being the 3 /4 Cavalry Reunion September 26-30 at Colorado Springs, CO. I hope that everyone has a safe and wonderful trip.

Marshall Huckaby still wants to hear “your” stories about Vietnam. We cannot let our experiences become lost and it’s important to have those stories included as part of our history. Most of us have spent a lifetime trying to refute the false narrative of who the Vietnam Veteran



really is. We are not the drug addicted, guilt ridden, uneducated, unemployed, psychotic losers they made us out to be. We are a generation of Americans who answered their country’s call just as our fathers and grandfathers had done before us. We were young, but we were dedicated. We were doing our duty as best we could. We cared for our fellow soldiers, went on missions and did our best to make sure everyone came home alive. We must tell our stories or else we risk the truth being lost in the historical translations and opinions of others.

I have had very little response on my plea for help in nominating one of our own for the Ranger Hall of Fame in 2019. Time waits for no one and time is rapidly running out.

McGee Out.



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

UNIT DIRECTOR—AL STEWART



I recently came across an interesting article (on the Internet of course) that I want to share. This article rings true to those of us who have experienced the closeness of serving with our comrades in arms under conditions ranging from hilarious humor to bone-shaking fear. While this article is written for the general population, it seems especially pertinent to those of us who served together in similar environments and situations. I hope you see the relevance in the context that I found interesting.

A newlywed young man was sitting on the porch on a hot, humid day, sipping iced tea with his father.

As he talked about adult life, marriage, responsibilities, and obligations, the father thoughtfully stirred the ice cubes in his glass and cast a clear, sober look on his son.



"Never forget your friends," he advised, "they will become more important as you get older."

"Regardless of how much you love your family and the children you happen to have, you will always need friends. Remember to go out with them occasionally, do activities with them, call them .."

"What strange advice!" Thought the young man. "I just entered the married world, I am an adult and surely my wife and the family that we will start will be everything I need to make sense of my life."

Yet he obeyed his father. He kept in touch with his friends and annually increased their number. Over the years, he became aware that his father knew what he was talking about.

*Continued on the next page*

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

Inasmuch as time and nature carry out their designs and mysteries on a man, friends were the bulwarks of his life.

After 50 years of life, here is what he learned:

Time passes.

Life goes on.

Distance separates.

Children grow up and become independent; it breaks the parents' hearts, but the children become separated from the parents.

Jobs come and go.

Illusions, desires, attraction, sex ... weaken.

People do not do what they should do.

The heart breaks.

The parents die.

Colleagues forget the favors.

The races are over.

But true friends are always there, no matter how many miles away they are or for how long.

A friend is never more distant than the reach of a need, intervening in your favor, waiting for you with open arms or blessing your life.

When we started this adventure called LIFE, we did not know of the incredible joys or sorrows that were ahead. We did not know how much we would need from each other. Love your parents, take care of your children, and keep a group of good friends too.

You might send this to a friend (even those you seldom see) who help make sense of your life.

If you are a G Company Ranger/E-51<sup>st</sup> LRP or from any of the 15 LRP/Ranger Companies of the Vietnam era, you are now on the far side of the hill. We are part of the social security generation and attend far more funerals than weddings. Catching up with old friends is always a treat, even if you find them in bad health or less than desirable circumstances which is always a possibility when reaching out. I certainly recommend making the attempt. With the Internet and various forms of social media, it is much

easier to find old friends.

I have been fortunate to have had several ventures in life where I have met people who have become great friends under difficult circumstances even if I don't see them for years on end. I assume that all of us are in the same boat. A few days ago I heard from an old Army buddy that I connect with at least once a year. We were friends in the NCO Academy, jump school and Ranger school and after Vietnam with A Company Rangers at Ft. Hood. He was a Lima Company Ranger in Vietnam and we had lost contact until I reported into Ft. Hood and by chance, he was the first guy I ran into. As it turned out, there were several guys in Alpha Company with whom I had served. It certainly made it easier for me to assimilate in my new assignment. Friends make everything easier.

Over the years, several of my Vietnam friends and I have made trips to each other's homes and still check in now and then. The older we get, the more important those connections seem to be, at least to me. While I don't stay in touch with as many G Company guys as I should or would like to, it is always a pleasure to make a contact or get a surprise phone call just for a "hello." Nostalgia is a powerful emotion and blended with old friends, it can be rewarding and even healing.

Our Company Association reunion takes place this year (September 6-8) in Deadwood, South Dakota. We are hoping for a great turnout. For all our members, I hope you will reach out to old friends and encourage them to attend. Just the small effort of talking to an old friend will spark other memories and bring smiles to faces.

**Al Steward**

**RLTW!!!**



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

UNIT DIRECTOR—DAVID A. CHRISTIAN



## Branson LRRP/Ranger Reunion-

Note – due to the death of my Sister days before the Reunion I could not make the festivities of Branson. The following words and photographs were made possible by Greg Bennet.

It is also important to point out that Gary Linder, Ranger/LRRP 1<sup>st</sup> Infantry Division Brother helped Greg and his wife make our reunion possible. A “Big Shout Out” to Gary Linder and Greg for submitting this article.

Thank You,  
David A. Christian  
Unit Director

To those who attended, it was great that you could make the trip! I hope you had a good time and enjoyed Branson. We missed everyone who could not be there.

LRRA was very accommodating and generous and made us all feel welcome. Moose, one of their younger members, fired up his grill and started cooking up great food already on Thursday. LRRA supplied plenty of food and beverages, especially for the Saturday cookout.

A representative from the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was there to express appreciation for the valor, service, and sacrifice of us Viet Nam vets. She apologized for the way we were treated when we came home, and



presented each of us with a personalized certificate and pin.

The younger vets were honored to meet us and enjoyed our stories. I heard that many times over!

Our raffle for the quilt donated by Judi McGath's talented friend was won by Kris Kellog, son of Gary Kellog. Dave Flores donated a print for another raffle, which was won by Mike Wise. Both raffles resulted in a nice contribution for our company, which is greatly appreciated.

Thank you to all who contributed in many ways; keeping us supplied with our own snacks and drinks, sharing chairs, helping

with ice and coolers and many other logistical opportunities.

It was good to see so many of our dedicated wives and family!

The whole event was a great opportunity to catch up with our brothers and to make new friends. I hope to see you in Philly.



Branson Rally-Raffle Quilt

Greg  
RLTW!

*Continued on the next page*



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

Philly, Philly – Talking Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 2019

We are under way for the 2019 reunion of LRRP/Rangers/LRS

I would like to list activity as of today. (August 15, 2018). I will post confirmation, dates and times so that members and families can prepare for attendance. I hope to have all locked down by September 15 and I will get information out via Social Media, emails, Facebook and telephone.

- We had delegates meet with City Council members and Councilman David Oh pledged his full support.
- Hotels are all submitting final numbers. Our goal is to be within walking distance of 90% of events. (Examples- the Constitution Center, Independence Hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed, the Betsy Ross House, museums and other historical sites.
- We have the State of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia City Council welcoming the 75<sup>th</sup> to Pennsylvania and especially Philadelphia. We are working with the tourist center and the sport venues (Baseball, etc.). Our goal is to see as much of the City as possible and to be welcomed as Ranger/LRRP delegates.
- We will have a closing dinner and other Special Units asked if representatives could attend ( example – SF, Airborne Association members and active duty/reserve/guard elements similar to the LRRS/LRS). I surveyed a number of members by telephone and all were in agreement of “Yes”.
- We will most likely have a fund raiser to assist is defraying some of the costs. A report will be sent to all members via Social Media Email or telephone.

Dates are the most difficult as Philadelphia is a tourist City and they make most of their tourist revenue during traditional months of holiday/vacations.

I will be in touch with a schedule which will include hotel and daily itinerary. Note any suggestions are welcome. Also note that Philadelphia is a friendly city for disabled people to get around.

Thank You for all your kind words in reference to my Sister Marianne’s death. If you have any immediate questions please telephone to me @ 267 884 5802.

David A. Christian

Unit Director

Hope to see you All in Philadelphia !!!!



More reunion photos are on page 43



# K/75 - E58 LRP - 4TH DIV LRRP

UNIT DIRECTOR—ROGER CRUNK

Greetings to all,

I think I mentioned before that Jan and I have been on the road so much this year. We're two weeks home from the Pittsburg reunion and we have only been to the grocery store. I consider that a good thing other than the amount that groceries cost.

The reunion was a great success. Seems everyone had a great time visiting and the old LRRPs told old stories, most of which we've heard before.

That success was due to the tremendous amount of work by Jim and Gigi Joyce plus support by their Family and friends. If you do not already know, Jim did a lot of legwork in securing several thousand dollars to fund the hospitality room with beverages and snacks, the ladies luncheon, the banquet, shirts and goodie bags, flowers and gifts, the bus service, and did I mention that I probably forgot something on the list.

I owe Jim and Gigi a tremendous debt of gratitude for their love and dedication for turning it into a great week for all. I really didn't have to do much except help set up the non-profit bank account for the various expenditures. The following list of sponsors either donated money, goods or services or labor.

Bruce & Meg Freeman, UPMC, Chuck Booth, Bob Steen of KPMG, Triangle Fasteners, B&W Wholesale Flowers, Mascaro Construction, Priority Flooring, Richard Archer of KPMG, Reuben Siverling, Gail Domico, Michael Spinneweber, Dominic Laidada, Ed& Judy Friedman, Maureen Meisnberger, Peter Vijaklia, Judy Krivanek, Anchor Hocking Glass Co, Cliff Ruderer of Flag Factory, Sarrys Candies, Salvatore's, Steve Vassos, Erin and Anna Joyce, Brooklyn and Delco Joyce, Jim and Brian Joyce. If I have missed anyone please accept my sincere apologies and a big thank you to all.

Those in attendance were:

Jim & Gigi Joyce, Tom Reed, Herb Reichel, Dana & Peggy McGrath, Gary & Mary Lucas, John Chester, Mary Ann College, Bob & Rachel Fraser, Bob Wright, Don Melanson, Willie & Sue Williams, Steve & Valerie Lockhard, Jim & Antoinette Bell, Worth



Anderson, Denver & Linda Hall, David & Cathy Czajkowski, Brian West, Kathy Spaulding, Dave Bristol, Ron & Peggy Clark, Ed & Kathy Mateer, Dave Darby, Ray & Martha Bailey, Pat Navarro, Tom Sove, Bill Miller, John Whitney, John Gibson, Rick & Carol Noble, Wayne & Fran Mitsch, Bill & Donna Bullen, Tom & Gretchen Schedagg, Michael & Brenda Claymore, Jake Makepeace, Frank DePaul, Bill & Clare Postelnic, Mike & Marla Mooney, Gary Shellenbarger, Gary Joyce, Michael Simms, Paulette Poehlman, Alan & Jan Jacobs.

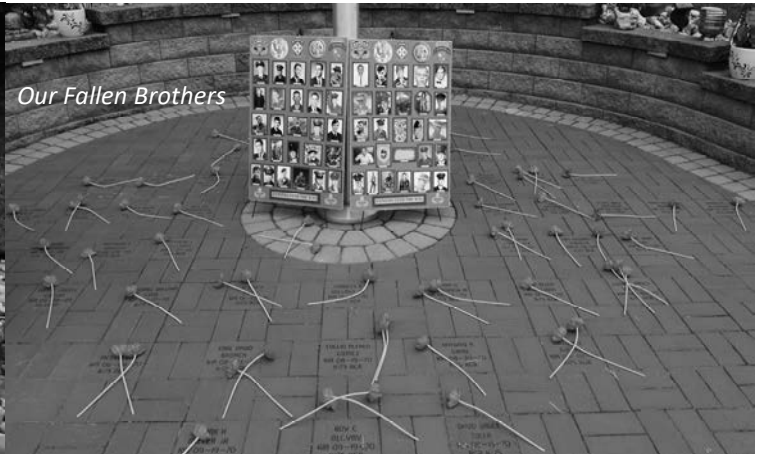
I have several hundred pictures to sort through and I'm not finished but I'll add a few here:



## K/75 - E58 LRP - 4TH DIV LRRP



Memorial Plaque



Our Fallen Brothers



Memorial Service



Missing Man Table

Then there was the Memorial:

We traveled to the home of Jim and Antoinette Bell in Harrison City. In their backyard Jim built a beautiful Memorial to honor the KIA's of the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division LRRPs and Rangers. We cannot say Thank You enough to Jim and Antoinette for providing a peaceful spot to honor our Fallen. I was pleased to see so many

of my Brothers present to pay tribute to those of ours who did not come home. It was especially moving to hear the name of each KIA called, the bell tolled, and a Brother stepped forward to place a poppy on the engraved stone of each in turn.

Thanks again Jim and Antoinette for making sure it all came together. The caterer, the Honor Guard to post the colors and 21 gun salute, the Boy Scouts who rang the bell, the speakers, the photographer, the musicians for the ceremony, The DJ and all those oldies. Thanks to your family and friends who helped. Thanks to your neighbors for being so gracious for allowing us to crowd the neighborhood.

While I'm thanking all you folks, I'm happy to report that Herb Reichel, has donated the proceeds of \$300.00 dollars from the reunion Blue Bucket, to The Family Fund of the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment Assoc. Thank you Herb, you are a true Brother.

I will end with the news that our Brother Russell Temple passed away on July 19, 2018. He suffered a heart attack and was not resuscitated in time to prevent brain damage. His son Sean had to make the agonizing decision to remove life support. Our condolences to Sean and Russ's love Carole Foster. Services will be held at a later date.

Our 2<sup>nd</sup> Brigade Brother Doug Flowers also passed away in July as reported by Ron Coon. He and Ron volunteered for 2<sup>nd</sup> Brigade Lrrps together. I don't have any details yet other than he didn't want a service.

We also received word that our Brother Jerry R. (Rosie) Phillips passed away on January 4 2017. Too many Brothers gone, but they are never forgotten.

# M/75 - 71st LRP - 199th LRRP

UNIT DIRECTOR—Lyle Webster

## Day of the Elephant.

Late 1969 we were inserted into an area that had been hit real heavy with Agent Orange. Most of the foliage was dead and dry leaves covered the ground, there was no way you could move quietly, every step you took was loud and seemed to echo through out the jungle.

As we moved we could hear movement in the distance, to be honest it spooked us, sounded like a Company of NVA. We took up a defensive position waited and listened, sounded like they were all around us, after about an hour everything was quiet so we started to move again, a few minutes later sounded like a freight train was coming, Me and McCloski took up a position behind a huge termite mound, he asked me what I thought it was I said I don't know he said maybe a water buffalo I said no it wasn't I said it was an elephant he said how do you know that I said because he is looking at us. The elephant started to move towards us I said time to leave got up and took off back towards the team I looked back and the Elephant trumped and was charging McCloski was trying to run but was caught up in some vines, well the Elephant ran into a tree turned and went the other way. I went and helped McCloski we got back to the team and started moving.



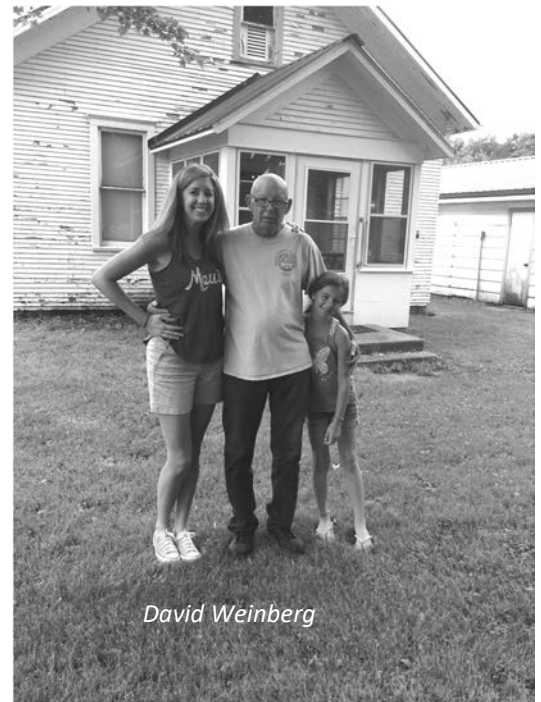
Later that day when we set up our night site got our claymores out and settled back and was having some chow, we starting discussing what happened earlier, that was when we saw an Elephant standing about 30 meters away looking at our position he turned around and left. Everyone

was relieved that was when everyone started suggesting ways to deter any elephant attack. Someone suggested a claymore. Well that idea was thrown out same as the idea of a frag, gas or shooting it with an M-16. We all agreed that it would just piss them off about that time the Elephant came back but this time he brought the family with him and they were coming right at us, what to do?



Well I grabbed my LBE and weapon and took off the entire team hot on my ass. We moved about 100 meters away and waited about an hour. It was starting to get dark so we moved back to our old position gathered up all our equipment and found another night site. Never ran into Charlie but saw a lot of Elephants, we kept our distance.

We are always looking for our brothers we served with and sometimes when we find someone it is to late and we find out that they passed away that was the case with Tony Corsetti. Alan Ross had connected with his daughter Gina and was informed that Tony had passed away in 2013.



David Weinberg

Any 71<sup>st</sup> LRRP/Co M brothers out there that hasn't checked in for a while please do so, in the mean time we will look for those who aren't members of the 75<sup>th</sup> RRA or LRRP Assoc. and encourage them to do so. For those who know David Weinberg he lives in Shell Rock, Iowa if you want to contact him let me know I will get you his Phone # and address, the last time I talked with him he says he is doing better.



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

UNIT DIRECTOR—ROBERT “TWIN” HENRIKSEN



The 2018 Ranger Hall of Fame induction ceremony

was held at Fort Benning July 2018. 173<sup>rd</sup> LRRP/Rangers in attendance included Bob Foti (far left), John Hodgkin (near left), Jim Fowler (near right), and Dave Cummings (far out). Afterwards we shared a meal at Country’s Barbeque in Columbus, then went over to Jim’s house for some great camaraderie and to get our stories straight.

### ***Read with discretion***

8/12/69 Lima Team operation. By Robert Foti

I always thought this was a damn good L Team op. It’s “classic Ranger’ing with N75”. L Team, 2nd Plt., CO Capt Lawton, an excellent CO and “Big John” Shelton an excellent 2<sup>nd</sup> P/Sgt. Last quarter of ‘69, TL Gary Cupit, ATL Robert Foti, Snr Scouts, Dale Short, a full blood Navaho and Bob Hughes, from Maryland, both very fine soldiers and great buds. No disrespect but I don’t remember the RTO and Jr. Scout. Our team for various reasons regularly had FNG’s rotating through. It’s possible we did have an ARVN w/us and a “Hoi Chanh”. We deployed to the far SW. limits of the Suoi Ca. The slick ride one way was 40+ kms. It’s all double canopy. Our infil PLZ was in a fairly open area, next to a very thick tree line. We’re in and there’s an immediate sense the NVA are everywhere. Soon into the hump, major trails, so hard-pack you couldn’t see the imprint of any boots, feet, ho chi’s, etc. Still, were following the trails off to the sides. Doing best to leave no tracks. The “Bad Guy vibes.” It’s akin to a sense of hitting your chest as you walk. We humped/stop/listen for hours, but heard nothing. Near last light we did a move to a false NDP and waited. Still Zero. We then moved to our primary NDP into very thick brush. It was overcast all day then heavy cloud cover rolled in. No stars /light/no moon, total zero visuals. You could not see your hand in front of your face dark. The blackest night as ever remembered. At about 0400 the team awoke at the same time due to a massive smell of NVA bodies, sweat and feces. NVA shit and nuoc mam. We don’t hear a thing but 100% maintained noise discipline. TL Gary had drilled that into us from



Day 1. We all knew one sound from us and “it’s over”. We would be lit it up, NVA on extended line with flashlights! It’s still so dark, no visuals at all. No one racks out again and we wait for first light. We move out and ...10 ft from our NDP is another max hard packed trail 10 ft wide with gook shit mixed into boot prints. The NVA were sick as hell and still humping. We cross the track and hump about 3-400 meters, look to our 9 and see a mini hootch. We approach it. Mini way station? NVA OP? We get close. There’s an NVA in a hammock under a poncho. Cupit puts out 360 team security and says to me “go get him”. OK, I pull a very large knife called “the Buffalo Skinner” and stalk. Gary’s just to my right less than

a foot. It’s a barely breathing NVA with empty hands on his stomach! Gary slowly pulls back the poncho. . We got a total view now. At this point, my left hand is milli-secs from clamping Nguyens mouth, the knife is about 6 inches from his throat and my total camo Ranger face is about nose to nose with this NVA. Just then, Gary hand-signals “snatch him”. OK. Right then the NVA wakes up. He takes one look at me, then Gary and... Faints... We grab him, sterilize the area and start to hump back to the general area of our PZ. Gary’s immediately on the horn calling, “POW for immediate extract” ... For whatever reasons, someone at Brigade level waffles on the extract. Gary’s now “agitated” in his own “special way”... Ya had to know him. Finally after 30+ m’s we get the “OK” for the exfil. Checking the track, it appears zero had followed us from our infil LZ. It’s the fastest way out. Major Rogers woulda said “no way” but field expediency is now up and running. The bad news, Pvt. Nguyen is so ill he can’t walk or is faking it... Enter our Scout, Bob Hughes.. A 6 ft very solid Ranger. Gary looks at Bob and says “carry him out”. Bob w/o the merest hesitation gets Nguyen up “piggy back”, stands there w/a “OK GTG”. Nguyen now gets it that “its going real bad for him” so he starts with a lot of verbal BS. Gary looks at me, “get him to stop.” I give Nguyen “the look” with the knife. He starts urinating and defecating down Bob Hughes back. Hughes says to me, “ Cut this shit out.” At which point the entire team is giggling to the max. We hump out to the exfil LZ no incidents. Nguyen rolls over to MI or whoever. After a couple days, the team gets info that Nguyen won’t talk. *Continued on the next page*

following year. Ken was very aggressive and real “stand



He was one physically ill NVA. In the pic he looks like “death warmed over.” Add in whatever MI was doing to him and he still won’t spill. Real hard-case NVA who we find out later was a Sapper. Finally, we get word he broke. How? MI or “they” threatened to put him in a CON-EX with the “Rangers with the big knife”. Pvt Nguyen was part of an NVA Sapper Co, 100+ who walked by our NDP that we only

smelled, didn’t hear. WTF! We’re on max adrenalin pumps affecting all our senses and didn’t hear them from 15 ft. What discipline they had. Gary regularly used that on our FNG’s as a “noise discipline” examples re them and us. The Sappers had come from a nearby basecamp and left him. He couldn’t walk from combo malaria/dysentery, a pick up, early AM, by NVA from the camp. The Sappers were humping to a Redleg firebase (loc unknown to this day) for an overrun. We never knew if they did the assault but as we didn’t hear about any Sapper attack on a firebase=Premise is the intel shut it down. L Team was real proud of that op. Once we got the final intel, Gary and I never talked of it again until late 90’s at a reunion. We both agreed. That was the only NVA that ever saw his or my face and lived. We laughed like hell. Upon occasion I’ve been asked “how the hell were you guys able to do that stuff?” I don’t talk about RVN to non-vets and never have. “War stories” outside our loop are just not done. My SOP response to that question would be 1) “We were led so well by our Capts and Snr NCO’s and totally respected them. It made much of our op time easy. They set the tone/rules. 2) Army Rangers were all volunteers, many were on 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> tours and reveled at “walking the edge” on Ranger Ops. We liked the work. 3) The Ranger Creed was not written then but we still ran on that, forever unwritten rule. You can’t let your Ranger buds down. Combine 1-3 and that was N75 Rangers. Gary Cupit, Dale Short, Bob Hughes. Very fine Ranger Buds/Brothers, Ref that “Big Knife”. It was called the “Buffalo Skinner” and had a curved 9 inch blade. Very nasty looking. We had it engraved for Ken Perry and Col Lawton gave it to him at an N75 personnel dinner at Benning during a 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regt reunion. Got a picture of them and the presentation. Several of us went to see Ken twice at his home in Ga. later. Ken died the

up” in and out of the field. He knew what we thought of him as an N75 Ranger and man. Him and Capt Lawton. A couple of great N75 Rangers! Rgrs Lawton and Perry have both passed. RIP Ranger Buds..

“Brotherly Love” By Lee Roy Pipkin

Bravo Team Leader, LRRP & 74<sup>th</sup> LRP Det. Late 1968.

I was laying in a hospital bed inside of a Quonset hut at the EVAC Hospital in Nha Ttrang. The day before, I had been the team leader of a mission into the Tiger Mountains outside of Bong Song. I had stepped on a booby-trap near the perimeter of a known battalion-sized NVA base camp and subsequently lost the front half of my left foot. (NAH! That’s not true. My foot isn’t lost, ..... I know exactly where it is). On with the story. I was pulled out by jungle penetrator; my team came out on ropes. When they got me back to B-Med they took a look at my wounds and put me on a med-evac chopper to Nha Trang field hospital.

Now, prior to the mission my actual brother, David Pipkin, had come from his unit in ‘Nam to visit with me and to say his good-byes as he was being rotated back to the states in about 10 days or so. Another team leader, David Brueggeman (“Bruggie”) and my brother, David, flew down on the chopper with me to Nha Trang. I had shrapnel in the back of my right thigh, in my groin, my face, and in the windpipe. As I awoke in that Quonset hut I raised my head and looked around. There were two gooks across and down always from me with tubes running into them. There was an MP in a chair at the end of the ward. I couldn’t see anyone else and fall back into a drug induced sleep caused by the emergency surgery I had just been through.

I found out that the Vietnamese down from and across the way was the enemy, NVA or VC, who had been wounded on the battlefield and had been captured, treated, and were recovering after their own life saving surgeries. One guy had an open stomach wound. They both were in sad shape but now it was clear why there was that armed military policeman sitting at the end of the ward. Now, my brother was also a military policeman serving with the combat MP’s of the 4<sup>th</sup> ID. He too wore the military police brassard on his upper arm just like the MP in the ward. They shared their own special bond. You could see their mutual respect for one another.

As best as I recall, “Bruggie” and my brother had already visited me on that ICU unit until I got too groggy to communicate.

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

And, because of a shard of shrapnel in my windpipe they performed a tracheotomy on me so, speaking was a process. Breathe in thru the trach hole, cover it, and then speak while expelling the breath. Repeat the process each time you want to talk. Here is where it gets totally ludicrous as can only be found in or around combat vets. (Especially Nam vets.) "Bruggie" and my brother had, of course, gone into Nha Trang whilst I slept on and on in that ICU unit within the Quonset hut. So it was that I awakened on this one particular time feeling a weight on my chest. AS I opened my eyes I saw "Bruggie" on one side of my bed and my brother, David, on the other/ ON my chest was a white box, much like a box that would hold a present like a shirt, or P.J.'s, or shorts. Going thru the "Process" I took a breathe, covered the trach hole and asked, "What the \_\_\_\_ did you," (took a breath in, covered the hole, then spoke to finish,) "... bring me?" They told me to open the box and I did,... carefully,... very carefully. I know these two guys. Now, I don't expect you to believe what was in the box because I could hardly believe it when I opened it and saw what they had put in.

"Jaw breakers!" Yeah true story. Multi-colored 1 half inch to ¾ inch gumball. Jawbreakers! So,... I asked, "What the hell is this?" And without hesitation they looked at each other with shit eating grins on their faces, each smiling like a possum eatin' fresh bird crap and then they each picked up a jawbreaker, looked at me and said something to the effect that these damn'd gumball Jaw breakers were to keep me happy. In other words according to them,... improvise, adapt, attack, and conquer. They then said these Jawbreakers were miniature "Mortar Rounds" and, with that they both turned and tossed those "Rounds" in high arc trajectories and each falling on the enemy down the row of beds. Those "Rounds" fell nightly.

With both love and tears both said their goodbyes and were gone. David "Bruggie" Brueggeman is still with us living in Illinois and still selling insurance. I hope that's where he's at. Vietnam claimed my brother David Alan Pipkin. After I was med evac'd out of 'Nam to Japan and then back to the U.S.A, I found out that he had returned to the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division combat M.P.'s and extended to stay in-country again, and again, and again. Spending three sound years in heavy combat, David came home. After being diagnosed years later with "Peetsy-Deetsy" (PTSD) the V.A helped open his box of ornamental (Oriental) dreams and dragons from "Nam. He just didn't have it in him to fight them anymore. On January 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1989 David was slain by the mistress bitch dragon named Vietnam. I was a block away in the V.A hospital being treated for a relapse of "Peetsy-

Deetsy" when they notified me.

"Pip"



"Bagpipes" Hanbury

LRP Patrol

Probably about June, 1968, LZ English got mortared a few times on consecutive nights. (If you were there then, you'll recall Bagpipes standing on the slit trench playing the bagpipes as the mortars came in.) Word came down that the 173<sup>rd</sup> CG was to have none of that. At some point, someone made the decision to send out a patrol to attempt to find the VC mortar launching site or to set up an ambush somewhere towards the base of the hills west southwest of English to discourage further VC activity.

A warning order was issued for a LRP team to conduct a patrol outside the wire. John Thompson's (deceased, 1976) team was selected for this cluster \*\*\*\* and John was none to happy that a LRP team was being wasted on something that a couple of line company squads could have done. John and I (I was ATL) decided (with an appropriate amount of sarcasm) that a LRP team had been selected because of its ability to slip, undetected, into the target area, pick up the scent of VC and mortars and hone in on the exact location. We would insert by foot, humping west from English via the garbage dump below LRP hill. As we prepared for the "mission", we had to draw ammo. Along with the rest of the ordinance was a case of dynamite, not something normally carried by a LRP team. John directed to take half dozen sticks or so with us. It was unclear to me at the moment why he thought this would be necessary but John had been around much longer than I and I did not question it. . What I did notice was a grin on his face and an irreverent smile in his eyes. John was a team leader who pushed the edges of the envelope so it was not a great surprise to me.

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

We departed the perimeter probably about 1300. As we moved, we came to the river. It was slow, meandering, and about 75 to 100 meters across, depth unknown when we came upon it. On the bank on our side of the river were several fishing boats and we quickly determined them to be local fisherman/VC boats. The decision was made to toss a stick of dynamite in each of them. The boats were rendered matchsticks. As we contemplated our success, we began thinking of the best way to cross the river since stealth was no longer an advantage (Dynamite is really loud).

We soon realized that we'd just blown up our river crossing vehicles. Tome Roubideaux was on point and volunteered to attempt to cross and, if successful, set up security on the far bank so the rest of us could follow. Tome didn't go under but at several spots, I swear, all I could see was his rifle above his head and his nose above the water. However, he made it and the rest of us followed at the appropriate interval for a wide river crossing.

Looking at it from afar (like Brigade HQ), one could have argued that this LRP team was not taking the mission very seriously. However, John's explanation was that it would be difficult to find the exact location of the mortar position that had launched rounds too close to the CG's air conditioned trailer. It was more expedient to bring the VC to us.

Shortly after crossing the blue line, we emerged from the tree line into a dried up rice paddy area. To the right of the trail we were on at about 20 -30 meters was a lot of undergrowth. To our front, perhaps 100 meters, the same. To our left were several hundred meters of dried up rice paddy and to our rear, the tree line from which we'd just emerged. We were stretched out with a good 15 meters between patrol members and I was a bit farther back covering the rear. We were in the wide open. Suddenly, a shot cracked off from the undergrowth to my right. It sounded like a firecracker going off next to my ear. It took me that millisecond to recognize it as incoming and I yelled, "incoming!".

All team members hit the dirt and at the same time we received an automatic weapon burst from the undergrowth to our front. The automatic weapon was perfectly set up for enfilade fire and Tome was face to face with it. The sniper to my right rounded out the perfect L shaped ambush. The outgoing firing started immediately. I emptied a magazine into the undergrowth to my right where the first shot had originated. The guys up front

were emptying magazines to the front and probably in all directions but I'm not sure as I was focused on the sniper and to the rear. At some point in the first 5 or 10 seconds, I glanced toward the point and clearly saw a VC with an RPD stand up and run to his right (our left) and quickly disappear into the undergrowth to our front. He just stood up and ran away.

Gunships had been requested and they found targets at our 1 o'clock to 3 o'clock. They worked out. We egressed the same way we'd ingressed but with Tome now the rear security and I on point. There was no more contact and we got back to English right at sunset without injury. We had found the VC within about 3 hours. Between our gaining fire superiority in the "ambush" and the gunship blowing up the area, the local VC no doubt got a bit more than they had envisioned and we didn't need to spend the night on an ambush.

Lessons learned: When your team leader determines that it is easier to bring the local VC to you rather than trying to track him down, listen to him – he's absolutely right. If you blow up a local VC's boat, it will piss him off enough to stage a hasty ambush. Local VC are not very good at hasty ambushes. The local VC are not marksmen. I am here to tell you that. If you fire a few bursts at a local VC he will run away, even if he has you dead to rights with an RPD. Conducting this sort of mission will absolutely stop the mortars. There was no more incoming in subsequent weeks. Most important, with some forethought and guts, LRP/Rangers can create their own successes.

*In memory of John Thompson, a smart and gutsy LRP team leader and friend.*





## P/75 - 79TH LRP

The Papa Company Rangers gathered for another memorable reunion in Narragansett, Rhode Island June 17<sup>th</sup> through June 23<sup>rd</sup>. We were hosted by Steve Nash and David Slone this year and they did a great job making all the plans for us and providing us all a good time. We had two first timers in David Slone, and one of our former Company Commanders, Fred Johnson. Many of the attendees served under then Captain Johnson so he was no stranger, nor was David. We had 3 of our "OG's" this year. Clyde Tanner, Richard King, and Al Souza who all came from D/51<sup>st</sup> LRP (ABN) to start our company late in 1968 from Bien Hoa. David was the only survivor from a helicopter crash in September 1970 while trying to insert one of our teams. The emphasis this year was on David's team, Killer 18, more than usual for the obvious reasons. I served in P/75<sup>th</sup> with them when the crash occurred and two of the Rangers we lost were Rangers I had served with for most of my tour. Fred Johnson was our brand new CO at the time and this was one of his first experiences in our company. What an introduction he got from us!! He and our XO at the time, Roger Bergh, both went onto the ground to secure the area which came under attack shortly after the crash and both were wounded on that day. They found David still alive and got him out of there safely. The TL, Harold Sides, and the ATL, Ray Apellido. David, and three other Rangers, Glenn Ritchie, Dale Gray, and Tony Gallina, we lost that day were fairly new in the company as I've written before and we honored them and of course, all of our other KIA's in a moving ceremony at our banquet on Friday night.

There were trips to Newport and other scenic areas in the bay area there. Beautiful New England coastal scenery and ferry boats to get across the bay to different attractions there. The weather was good, but the evenings were a bit cool and windy, but it didn't keep us from gathering on the rooftop courtyard there. We were pleased to be joined by a longtime friend of mine and Ranger supporter, Jim DeSalvo and his lovely bride, Michelle from the DC/NY area. It's always good to be around someone so respectful and giving to our Ranger community. We're lucky to know him and he fit in very well with us all week. Wednesday evening, David and his wife, Stephanie, and their friends and neighbors hosted us for a barbeque and social gathering at a Clubhouse in their community and everyone there could not have been more inviting to us. They supplied great food, and live entertainment and treated us just like we belonged there. It was an amazing night with some amazing peo-



ple. We all had a great time at a great venue that most of us might never have seen. A really beautiful part of our great country. The attendees this year were... Sheri Auten, Mary Rossi, Al Souza, Fred Tompkins, Terry Roderick, Jose Dominguez, Gregg Gain, Dave Gates, Richard King, Richard Foringer, Steve and Barb Nash, Jim and Michelle DeSalvo, Jerry and Marlene Cornelius, Rick and Linda Chitwood, Ed Hoppe and Barbara, Clyde Tanner and Susan and Sara, Tom and Laurel Jones, Jackie Glidden and Kelly Lawrence, Ted and Sheri Tilson and Isaac, their grandson, Tom and Jeannie Perry, Carney and Mary Walters, Bobby and Lydia Hampton, Dave and Stephanie Slone, Fred and Mary Johnson.



*Ladies and*



*Gentlemen*

*Continued on the next page*

## P/75 - 79TH LRP

Kelly Yonko, son of our own Jerry Yonko, was pinned Captain and promoted to HHD CO with his National Guard Battalion on Saturday Aug 11. He was previously assigned to a MP company as Platoon Leader at the Brandon, Mississippi Armory before his promotion and new position located in Canton MS. Pictured from the left in the photo: Jerry and Marie Yonko, Charlee Mulligan and Grandfather Joe Kelly. I might add that I was given a knife last year that Kelly made for me at the Critter Cookout and I got with him after this year's Critter Cookout and asked him to make knives as gifts for hosting our Reunion this summer for Steve and David. They may be in the mail as of this writing and unfortunately, due to my bad planning, they weren't ready at reunion time. I'm honored that he chose me for his first knife recipient and I can easily say I'd not trade it for a brand new Randall. It's definitely a keepsake now as I expect the ones he made for Dave and Steve to be for them. We've watched Kelly grow up from a youngster to the solid man he's grown to be. Jerry and Marie should be very proud of him.

Rob Ellin, a medic who was assigned TDY to our company in 1970 for a while checked in recently and has joined our Association. I didn't recall Rob myself but I served with him. Several of the others did and we're glad to have him back aboard this train trying to run off the tracks!! Ha! Ha! Maybe he'll get it righted!! As I told Rob, I didn't even know we had a medic assigned to the company to be honest, but I'm sure we kept him busy. Welcome back, Rob. Hope you'll be able to join us soon at one of the events.

I mentioned the Sullivan twins from New Jersey in my last article that Ted and I met at Best Ranger this year. Well, Dylan is headed to the Florida phase of Ranger School and I plan to attend his graduation in late August or early September if I can fit it into my busy schedule. I still want to make the 3<sup>rd</sup> Bn. Ranger Ball on September 28<sup>th</sup> and also the 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Task Force Ranger (Somalia.... B/3/75th) at Fort Bragg in early October. Time will tell if I can get it done.

In addition, I recently had commo with Mike Conklin, the father of the three Conklin boys who were in 3<sup>rd</sup> Bn. together a few years ago. I love these extraordinary Ranger family stories..... I also referred to them last article and the oldest, Chris, is now a Captain. #2 son, Kurt, is now CSM Kurt Conklin, and the youngest, Casey, got out after 6 years as a medic and is now a Registered Nurse doing some wonderful things around the world in disaster relief. The job Peggy and Mike Conklin have done raising these boys is a wonderful story indeed. Mike also runs a veteran organization to help wounded soldiers called **Sentinels of Freedom** that he started himself as his boys began to enter the service and the Ranger community especially. We're so fortunate to have great men and families like his to support our community. If I ever grow up, "I'd like to be like Mike"..... Conklin. RLTW !! Terry Roderick



*Kelly Yonko Promotion to Captain*



*Rob Ellin, a medic who was assigned TDY to our company in 1970 for a while checked in recently and has joined our Association.*

# ARVIN RANGER ADV, (BDQ)

UNIT DIRECTOR—BILL MILLER

Fellow Rangers and Co Vans:

First order of business: At the reunion last year in Las Vegas it was voted that we would hold our reunion every eighteen months. Well here we are and I am asking you all to save the dates Sept 6,7,8,9, 2018 to be held in Huntsville, Alabama. Check in on the Sept 6<sup>th</sup> and Depart Sept 9<sup>th</sup>. Details are not finalized as of this time, but will be made available as we move forward. Mark the dates on your calendars. Please try to make this one as we are not getting any younger.

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.

75<sup>th</sup> RRA'

PO Box 348360

Sacramento, CA. 95834-8360

In Memoriam:

(1) Lt. Col (RET) James Kirk Waters Jr.

Died January 14, 2018. Jim was born on April 25<sup>th</sup>, 1944, in Lewistown, PA to the late James Kirk Waters and Ruth Cramer Waters. He grew up in McAlisterville, PA and graduated from East Juniata High School in Cocolamus, PA. He attended Bloomsbury University and Penn State. Jim worked at Leo Graybill Hatchery and always referred to his employer as "Uncle Leo".

Jim wanted to serve his country and enlisted in the Army in Harrisburg, PA, in 1965. During his enlisted Service as an Infantryman, (Nov.65 to Feb 71), he attained the rank of Staff Sergeant, and served two combat tours in Vietnam. One tour with the 42<sup>nd</sup> Vietnamese Ranger BN. Jim attended Officers Candidate School at Ft. Benning, GA and in Feb 1971 was commissioned a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt in the Infantry Branch.

During his 29 year career in the Army, in addition to his two tours in Vietnam, Jim served in Germany, Panama, and Saudi Arabia. Jim's military education included Jungle Warfare School, Ranger School, Airborne School, Infantry Officers Advanced Course, Command and General Staff College and the Army War College. Jim also received a Bachelor of Arts from Methodist University and a Masters of Arts from Georgetown University

Jim's Awards and Decorations are as follows;



Legion of Merit  
Bronze Star 2 (OLC)  
Purple Heart (OLC)  
Meritorious Service Medal 2 (OLC)  
Air Medal  
Joint Service Commendation Medal  
Army Commendation Medal 2 (OLC)  
Republic of Vietnam Honor Medal 2<sup>nd</sup> Class  
Army Ranger TAB  
Parachutist Badge  
Combat Infantry Badge  
Vietnamese Ranger Badge  
Army Staff Identification Badge

After his retirement from active duty Jim worked as a defense contractor as an instructor at the Army Force Management School at Ft. Belvoir, VA. Jim also served as a docent at George Washington's home, Mount Vernon. Jim also served the membership of the U.S. Army Ranger Advisors to the "Biet Dong Quan" gaining admission for Burial at Arlington National Cemetery. Internment with full military honors will be at Arlington National Cemetery at a date to be determined.

Contributions in memory of Mr. James Waters may be sent to: Three Rangers Foundation; P.O. Box 713 Sheridan, Oregon 97378.

(2) Wallace Crane

Passed December 2017. Wally resided in Clarksville, TN. From August 1964-October 1964 Wally served as an Advisor at Duc My and from October 1964-August 1965 he served as the Senior Advisor to the 37<sup>th</sup> Vietnamese Ranger Battalion (Biet Dong Quan)

Sua Sponte Jim and Wally

Until We Meet Again

Feed Back:

Fellow Rangers, I would like some feed back from those of you who may have watched the Ken Burns Vietnam Documentary. I am interested in your opinions. Did anyone see what I saw!! I would like to print your opinions in the next Patrolling. Please send me some feedback, and let me know if I can publish your comments. Many Thanks

Dana Perino Quote:

"I get a choice every time I open my mouth: that it can be with civility and dignity and grace-or not".

Mu Nau

Bill Miller, Unit Director

Unit Director



# LRRP DETACHMENT— 3RD ID

UNIT DIRECTOR—MIKE McCLINTOCK



**3rd ID LRRP Detachment**

**Mike McClintock - Unit Director**

**Summer Issue – 2018**

I just received a note from COL Ed Jentz (Ret.), the original commanding officer of the 3<sup>rd</sup> ID LRRP Detachment (1961-62). Ed forwarded an article from the August Issue of Army Magazine written by MAJ David M. Spangenberg entitled: “Hunters’ Aim to Win” (<https://www.ansa.org/publications/army-magazine#slide-2>). In the article, MAJ Spangenberg envisions the “creation of tactical level units called ‘hunters’... small, independent teams of two to four soldiers designed to set conditions on the modern, multidomain battlefield for a decisive operation.” According to the author, these 2 to 4-man teams would be “well-equipped with modern systems and weapons...be highly mobile with airborne, motorized, and light [sic] capabilities.”

Moreover, hunters would rely heavily on the initiative and judgement of the individual team members to carryout their assigned mission with minimal guidance and control. Hunter teams would have the ability to operate with minimal technology and support, but still be highly trained in the areas of “weapons, [fire direction], communications, electronic warfare, UAVs, demolitions, and concealment and protection techniques.”

Guys, if this sounds familiar, it may be that the LRRP/LRP/LRS units may be reborn. Isn’t this almost exactly the type of missions that we performed as Rangers in Cold War Germany, Vietnam, and Iraq and Afghanistan? The only difference that I can see is that MAJ Spangenberg sees the hunters as cyber-soldiers with capabilities that did not even exist in Germany or Vietnam, and which have evolved far beyond the technology of the 1960s and ‘70s with respect to electronic warfare, systems, and sensors. The author expects a lot out of his hunters in a multiplicity of possible combat roles as individual teams, hunter platoons, companies and battalions (sounds similar to how the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment is deployed). My impression is that there is never anything really new under the sun, it just gets a new name. I must admit, however, that “lurp” sounds better and has more panache than “hunter,” but if this comes to pass the 75<sup>th</sup> Association may have to add a new “Section 8” to Article VII of the Associations’ By-Laws for membership for hunter units.

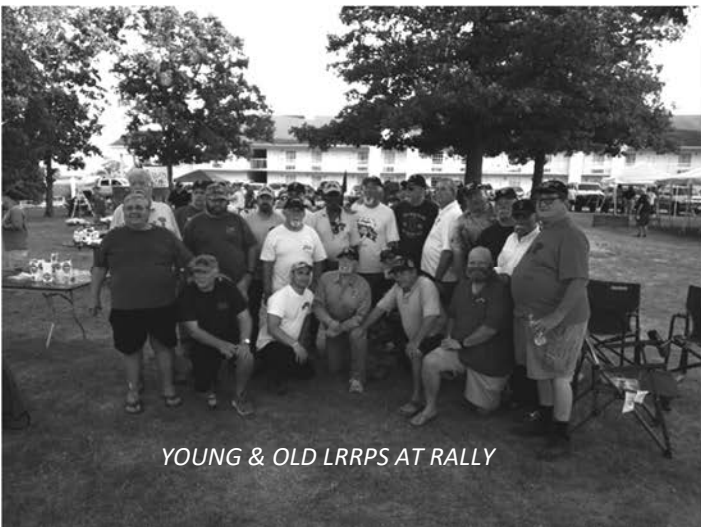
Mike McClintock

RLTW!

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



THE TRUE BACKBONE OF THE I 75TH - F /52 LRP - 1ST DIVISION LRRP



YOUNG & OLD LRRPS AT RALLY



STAYING COOL AT THE POOL

# SANDRINO'S GOLF - GOLD STAR MOM - DIANNE HAMMOND

WE (Honoring Sandrino's Sacrifice Fund, Inc.) held our 7<sup>th</sup> golf outing on 11May2018. Again, a great success with over 250 golfers. Quite a few Rangers came, some to golf, some just to be there and enjoy the company of others. It is hard for me to believe that it has been 7 years since that terrible morning on 08 August 2011. We have managed to raise \$40K again this year!

All money is to be given out to organizations that stand by our Rangers. [www.honoringsandrinosacrificefund.com](http://www.honoringsandrinosacrificefund.com) Here a few pics of the event. Remember SAVE THE DATE HSSF 8<sup>th</sup> Golf Outing 10MAY2019



*Dianne in Good Company*

Rensburg/Bryce Mahoney/Matt Connell/Josh Eilers with Everett Jams Katzenberger (son of Jeremy Kl-r Josh Jones/ Ethan Killeen/Luis Romero/Justin Kurtzhalts/Bryan Jensen/Chuck Fountain/Cory Katzenberger)



2019 SANDRINOS  
SACRIFICE  
GOLF EVENT  
MAY 10TH  
2019



## “NAME YOUR PLANET” - GOLD STAR MOM - JILL STEPHENSON

I spent the last week at camp. It was a camp for children age 7-17 who have lost an immediate family member that served in the military. Of the 100 or so kids who attended, all had lost their father or stepfather, except for one uncle, one mother and one pair of siblings who have lost both their father and stepfather. Not all were Killed In Action, some died from various accidents while actively serving, some had cancer or other health issues, some were suicides. No matter the cause, all of these children have experienced the death of someone they were very close to.



Imagine being 12 years old and attending camp because your father died and having such a good experience you are 100% supported to not only come back, but encouraged to pay forward what you received. Not one person is forced to do this, they all want to. This camp is doing something right and it wasn't just my observation from night one that convinced me.

With the exception of one weekend church camp with a friend, I was not a kid that attended camp. This was a new experience for me. When I was asked to be a counselor and told what kind of camp it was, it seemed like a natural fit. My role would be as emotional support to the lead counselors and to be there as a backup for crisis intervention if needed. Being a Gold Star mom and having lost a sibling when I was 15, it was a no brainer for me to say yes.

The first evening included an introduction to some of the camp songs, a glance at the week's itinerary and an introduction to the campers and the counselors. One of the things I learned during this time is that the campers are allowed to attend for five years. After this, if they are old enough, they can train to become a counselor themselves. In fact, they are all encouraged to do so. I learned there were a handful of counselors and counselors in training, who were once campers, attending this week. I was awed by these young adults. They were introduced to this camp as a child and were influenced in such a positive manner, they came back to give back. Honestly, they are barely adults, with the oldest being 23. Even more reason to admire them, in my opinion. Seeing their energy and excitement was truly inspiring.

I was assigned to be the support of counselors who had the boys aged 11-13. I spent some time with them a couple evenings before bed for "reflection" time. The topic of conversation was about being "one tribe" through every circumstance. These boys came from all over the country, some were newcomers, some were not. Given their age, they had some differences and hurtful words were exchanged. I was asked to help temper their emotions. I asked them to think of their fathers and the oaths they took and creeds they lived as soldiers (generalizing here - all military branches were represented). In the heat of a battle, their focus was on having each others' backs and functioning as a team, not as individuals. It was their duty to be stronger than their weakest link. I explained the "all for one and all for one" concept. When we were finished talking, they thanked me and said it was a "good talk". In my eyes, that's quite a compliment from tween-age boys.

As an opener for these talks, I asked the boys how many were new and how many had attended in the past. There were only a couple who were new. I told them that I could not tell they weren't all friends because of the way they interacted. From what I was seeing, they seemed comfortable, like old friends. That made them think. There are a lot of camps for children of the fallen throughout the country, many of these kids have attended others. I asked the boys how this one compared.

*Continued on the next page*

## GOLD STAR MOM - JILL STEPHENSON

Two of them spoke and said this one was more personal, they felt like they belonged and the counselors and staff cared about them. The first thing one boy actually said was that he felt loved. Ahhhhhh. Exactly what this is about! Loving them right where they are. Made my heart happy to be a small part of that. I asked them if they would come back again and not one hesitated to say yes. I saw future counselors among them!

In a recent blog I mentioned one of my favorite quotes as of late being, "I love when people who have been through hell walk out of the fire carrying buckets of water for those still consumed by the flames." These kids should be the headline of that statement. They are taught at camp to see each other as having a common experience and to reach back and help those coming behind them. We need each other. We need those who have learned to walk through the flames we are just now experiencing. Meeting people where they're at is the cornerstone of acceptance and love. Teaching the children to help each other, teaches them resilience.

At camp we had an outbreak of sickness and some of the kids had to be separated. I volunteered to stay with them. When bedtime came around, I spent some one on one time tucking each of them in. One of the boys, a brilliant nine-year old with some emotional issues, was one of the last to fall asleep. I sat at his bedside talking about whatever he wanted to get him calm for sleep. The night before we had looked at the stars through the stargazing app on my phone. I offered to take it out and look at it again as I knew it still worked through the walls of a building. He was holding a block that lit up. It was given to him at an honors ceremony we had earlier in the evening. It was glowing an orange color, like a planet. I asked him if he could name a planet, what would it be? He smiled sweetly and said, "I would name it Jill, because you are so nice to me." My heart be still. This moment made the entire week at camp worthwhile (even after cleaning up vomit in the middle of the night!). In all my years of living, this is the second nicest thing anyone has said to me. I will share the first in a future blog.

When you make a difference in the life of a child, or anyone for that matter, you set them up for giving back. The children at camp this past week were welcomed for who they are and accepted for the experience they had no control over. I witnessed resilience in every one of them, from age 7-17. They have all

kept going. They are my heroes and I know their fathers would all be proud of them, especially the campers turned counselors. They should all have planets named after them.





# United States Mountain Ranger Association

The USMRA is an organization built on Brotherhood and Fellowship.

It was started in 1998 by a number of former Mountain Ranger Camp Instructors at a meeting in Dahlonega, Georgia. From that initial meeting, membership has grown to over 1400 members today. Our purpose is to promote brotherhood amongst fellow Rangers of all eras both active duty and retired. We have honored over 100 Fallen Rangers since 2000 where six Rangers who are no longer with us are eulogized each year at the Fallen Ranger Memorial Ceremony during the annual Open House and Critter Cookout. We reward academic excellence of sons, daughters, grandsons and granddaughters of Rangers with the award of several one thousand dollar scholarships. Also each year the USMRA provides support to Ranger families during holidays such as Easter, Halloween, Thanksgiving and Christmas. We recognize past Mountain Ranger Instructor members by naming a Planning Bay in their honor each year. We have a Ranger Rally Point at the fire pit marked with stone pavers where both living and departed Rangers can be memorialized. We support the 'Best Ranger Competition' as needed. We stand ready to help Ranger Families when disaster strikes and have provided both funds and assistance during fires, automobile accidents and tornadoes. With contributions from both USMRA members and the local community, we continue to give back to our fellow Rangers both active and retired. Each year in the spring and in close coordination with 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Training Battalion's Open House activities, we conduct "Critter Cookout" to further our fellowship and friendship by catching up with Ranger Buddies and their families. This past year's Open House and Critter Cookout saw an estimated crowd of 3000 plus. The event was a tremendous success. The USMRA meets each month at the Mountain Ranger Camp's 'Overhang' NCO club and we welcome your membership. Membership in the USMRA is simple. All that is required is that you be a graduate of US Army Ranger School and been awarded the coveted Ranger Tab or have served in a recognized Ranger unit during combat operations. There are **no** membership dues. The USMRA is a non-profit and tax exempt organization and we operate solely by donations. As approved



by the IRS, The USMRA is a non-profit 501(c)3 tax exempt organization. Any donation to the USMRA is tax deductible. The USMRA is all about helping Rangers and their families. If you earned the Black & Gold Ranger Tab, or have been a member of a Ranger unit in combat, you are qualified to become a member of the USMRA. Our website is: <http://www.usmountainranger.org/index.html>

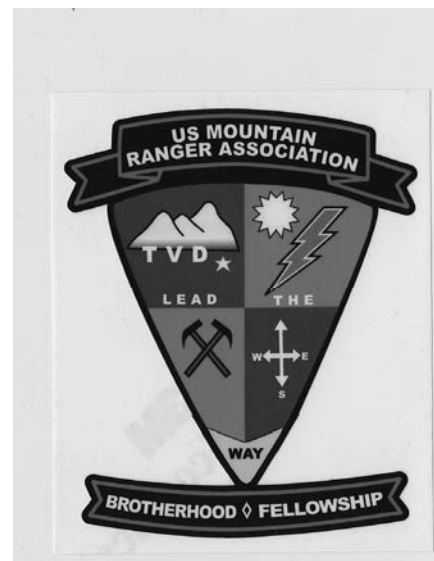
And the membership page is: <http://www.usmountainranger.org/ur/member.htm>

Being a member of the USMRA is not about us as individuals. It is about Ranger Brotherhood and Fellowship. It is about service and honor. It's about that beloved encampment at the end of nine-mile Camp Wahsega Road just north of Dahlonega, Georgia. It's about the TVD, Cooper Creek, and Mt Yonah. It's a humble tribute to the great men, past and present, who have earned the right to wear the coveted black and gold--the RANGER TAB.

Robert K. Suchke

USMRA Treasurer

Donations can be mailed to USMRA PO BOX 201, Dahlonega, Ga. 30533



# MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

To prevent lapses in your memberships, please send dues and any ADDRESS CHANGES to:

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

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**

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**MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM**

Annual Dues **\$40** Checks Payable to:  
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To care for him who shall have borne the  
battle and for his widow, and his orphan.

Abraham Lincoln



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