



Sua Sponte

www.1rrpranger.org

Third Quarter 2012

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Deadlines: Sua Sponte is published quarterly in March, June, September and December. Absolute deadline for submitting material for the newsletter is 45 days prior to the month mentioned above.

Submissions:
Please send to Michael Chu, Editor.
Address page 2, inset

Branson



Corky and Jo Jo Corkan, the hosting couple at the Branson Reunion, showed our members and guests a super time at the 2012 Reunion. The Association thanks them for that! Most of us were able to muster for this group photo, but like always, there were many awol's in between the sheets making up for lost sleep the previous night. Chief was the auctioneer raising money for the Association; the quilt alone raised more than \$1,000 dollars. Just before the banquet, we moved into the Medal of Honor Room, where photos of those who have received the Medal of Honor. Richard Corkan unveiled Pruden's photo after the reading of our fallen brothers by Tom Nash. The Branson Honor Guard posted the Colors with Tim Garvey giving the invocation, followed by a wonderful, catered meal.

Sua Sponte

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Sua Sponte

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Sua Sponte is the official newsletter published quarterly by the Company G (RANGER) 75th Infantry Association edited by Michael Chu.

Change of Address: Any Address Changes should be sent to: Sharon Robison, 5523 North Ocean Blvd., Suite 1512, Myrtle Beach, SC 29577 or email: tomsharonrobison@msn.com

Membership Information: All former members of the 196th LRRPs, E/51st LRP's, and G/75th Rangers are eligible to receive Sua Sponte. Membership applications can be obtained by contacting the Association at any of the addresses or phone numbers listed above.

Newsletter Submittals and Deadlines: see page 1

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN



On behalf of the Association, I would like to give a special thanks to "Corky" and JoJo Corkan, our hosts at this year's reunion in Branson. They did a superb job, just like every other member who has anchored previous reunions!

The picture above is "Corky" unveiling Pruden's Medal of Honor with photo at the Medal of Honor Room, dedicated with MOH Servicemen where Tom Nash read our company member's names that gave all.

We had 72 people at our banquet sponsored by the Association. I would like to thank those members for bringing items for the auction which basically covers the cost of the reunion including the banquet (see reunion treasurer report on page 11).

Between the auction and yearly dues, we can cover the cost of the quarterly newsletter per year at \$2,800 and our reunions, among other things

This year we had 6 new attendees! Al Cross, Steve Deever, Robert Fullerton, Richard Kayser, Ron LaBar, and James Odgers.

I got a call from Juan "Apache" Ozuna who has health issues that prevent him from freely leaving his house and would like to hear from any association member whether you knew him in company or not.

Please give "Apache" a call at 361-455-1927 or write to him at his address:

Juan Ozuna
PO Box 330
Kingsville, TX 78364

I would encourage you to consider buying a brick at the Ranger Memorial sponsored by the National Ranger Memorial Foundation; for that matter, you can do the buddy plan, 2 bricks, one for you and one for your buddy. Go to www.rangermemorial.com/ for more information, or contact Crabs at Stephen.C.Crabtree@gulfstream.com

I would like to thank Dave Travis for his service as a board member for several terms. Also, I want to thank those officers and board members listed on the inset of this page for stepping forward and making a commitment to its members of LRRP's, LRP's, and Rangers who continue to contribute to our society and Association! "Tower"

Remembering Robert “Prunes” Pruden

REMEMBERING SSG ROBERT (PRUNES) PRUDEN RECIPIENT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR (POSTHUMOUS)

*By: SSG Jesus (Chief) Moncada, G Company, 75th
Rangers (Airborne), Americal Division*

PART 3 OF 3

“HOT” EXTRACTION

Pruden and I were situated facing down slope in our position, while the rest were facing outward to cover their sectors. At the same moment, Pruden and I saw four to six NVA soldiers advancing toward us from lower ground, who were about 30 to 50 meters away. We were taking aim toward them, when suddenly and without warning, Tabalno or Velasquez began firing his weapon outward. The shit had definitely hit the fan...we were compromised! Pruden and I simultaneously sent out a full automatic burst toward the advancing NVA we had in our sights, dropping all or most of them. It was sheer controlled chaos.....aim, shoot.....reload.....aim and shoot again. I even had the presence of mind to throw a few fragmentation grenades. Somehow we maintained fire superiority and held the upper hand for a few minutes. Tabalno then yelled out that we had to move to another area with fewer trees to allow for easier Maguire Rig extraction. To a LRRP/Ranger in a fire fight this was pure madness.....moving to a more open area equals being in an exposed area that increases your chances of getting your ass shot full of holes. This was becoming increasingly insane rather quickly!

Tabalno began running and shooting controlled bursts toward slightly higher ground, which prompted the rest of us to follow him, with Velasquez covering our movement with short bursts from his CAR-15. Somehow, the five of us made it to a more open area about 100 meters from our original position, but still double canopy jungle. It seemed that the NVA were closing in on us from at least two separate approaches, and possibly from three. We still held the higher ground however, a definite advantage.

We were huddling behind trees, rocks, or anything that provided cover & concealment while shooting, but we still had plenty of ammo, although I was running short on frag grenades. I was beginning to wonder if my first mission would be my one and only mission. In the chaos and focus of the firefight I never heard our helicopters arrival, until Tabalno threw out a smoke grenade (I don't remember the color of smoke) to identify our position for the pilot. I looked up and saw the bird through the trees holding a steady hover, and the ropes being dropped with the heavy sand bags. Cobra gunships were effectively shooting their mini-guns all around us, giving us just enough time to concentrate on wrapping our Swiss seats around us and waiting for Tabalno's order to tie in to one of the dropped rope lines. The arrival of the extraction helicopter also provided a sort of reprieve from being shot at by the NVA, as they began to focus their weapons fire on the helicopter.

It suddenly dawned on me and the rest of us that if the NVA were able to bring down the helicopter while it was hovering, they would win on all fronts – they would have a LRRP/Ranger Team surrounded on the ground, and a downed helicopter in the same battle. We followed Tabalno and Velasquez's lead of tying into the individual rope lines. When I was satisfied with my rig set up, I began to acquire and to shoot as many NVA soldiers as I could see. We had to prevent them from shooting down the helicopter. I saw that the rest of our team was doing the same once they were tied into their ropes. Tabalno looked at me and the rest of us to give him a “thumbs up” that we were securely tied in. At last, Tabalno gave the signal to the pilot that we were set for extraction.

What a ride.....we were yanked violently upward and somewhat diagonally through the trees, while being slammed, poked, and abused by seemingly every branch on the way up! Within seconds, we were clear of the trees and in open air, speeding away from the NVA soldiers who were still shooting at us and the helicopter. As we spun in the air 150 feet below the helicopter, we had to concentrate on holding onto each other to prevent us from slamming into one another on our individual lines.

(Continued on the next Page)

Continued: Remembering Robert “Prunes”

By David “Chief” Moncada

We rode attached to those rope lines the entire trip back to Chu Lai, which was pretty damned amazing! I remember whooping and yelling for a bit, along with the rest of the team, celebrating our improbable escape and the fact that not one of us had been even slightly wounded. What kind of odds would a Las Vegas bookie give on those circumstances? What was equally amazing was that the trip back to Chu Lai took about 20 to 30 minutes; the air was clear and much cooler than on the ground; and the sun was setting over the mountain range in the west, from where we had just cheated death. What a paradox – a beautiful sunset amidst all this killing and violence! This was being a LRRP/Ranger in action!!!!!!

DEBRIEFING AND COOLING DOWN

When the helicopter gently brought us down in the Americal Division helipad field, we were met by Smitty (sporting a clean half-face bandage), the 1SG, and Pappy Rutherford (Opns NCOIC). Tabalno and Velasquez were immediately taken to the Division Intel section for debriefing, while Scotty, Pruden, and I were taken to our company area.

While on the short drive to our company area, Smitty and Pappy Rutherford produced a few beers on ice in the back of our deuce and half truck for our pleasure. Those were some wonderfully cold and delicious beers!

As you can imagine, Smitty was a bit pissed off because he had missed the entire party through no fault of his own. It was just his bad luck that he jumped off the skid and landed in a punji pit.

It was more than a little funny when Smitty commented that it would probably be a good idea if we all had some real Maguire Rig training before the next mission.

After cleaning weapons, cleaning and stowing our gear, and taking a nice hot shower, we all met in the LRRP/Ranger Clubhouse (below our orderly room). All other personnel who were present and merrily drinking cold beers wanted to hear the details of our mission, including Smitty.

There were plenty of congratulations and back slapping that was directed at Pruden, Scotty, and me but more importantly, that which was evident was our acceptance of belonging with this group of crazy assed LRRP/Rangers. The crucible of direct combat had baptized us by fire on our first mission, we had survived, and now we were laughing and joking about the entire affair. Tabalno and Velasquez finally walked through the door of the clubhouse, went to the bar and ordered cold beers for themselves, Smitty, Pruden, Scotty, and I. We raised our beers high, following Tabalno’s lead, while he looked at all of us and said, “You did good - welcome to the Nam!” Later that night in our clubhouse, Tabalno told me all of our missions were not like what we had just experienced, but that many were just as crazy or crazier. While talking with Pruden, Smitty, and Scotty, we were keenly aware that although we had been in Vietnam for only about two weeks, we still had a hell of a long way to go to complete our one-year tour. We also realized that we would not want to spend that year with any other group of soldiers. We were happy to be in the company of LRRPs and Rangers, soldiers who trusted each other, who helped each other without hesitation, and soldiers who were unafraid to face the most difficult of combat situations, even those who had never heard of a Maguire Rig!

FOOTNOTES

On 12 May 1969, SGT Arthur Scott (Scotty) was a Ranger Team member assigned to conduct Ranger operations out of LZ Baldy (a Fire Support Base), near Chu Lai, Vietnam. While on stand-down with his teammates on LZ Baldy, a significantly large NVA force attacked and penetrated the wire and defenses of the Ranger compound during darkness. SGT Scott, along with his fellow Rangers, secured their weapons and ammo and began to engage and to repel the NVA attackers.

SGT Scott died that night on LZ Baldy from mortal combat wounds. LZ Baldy was repeatedly attacked for two consecutive nights after the initial attack.

Continued on next page

Part 3 Final: Robert “Prunes” Pruden

By David “Chief” Moncada



Robert Pruden is buried at Ft. Snelling in Minneapolis. A photo taken by the Minneapolis Star Tribune shows an eagle overlooking those veterans. To the right is Pruden’s gravestone with eagle talon markings on top of it!



Many other Rangers were wounded during the defense of LZ Baldy. I was there. I often think of the quiet and unassuming son of a Baptist Minister who read his Bible daily – my friend and Ranger School Buddy, Scotty.....and I miss him.

On 20 November 1969, SSG Robert Pruden (Ranger Team Leader) was establishing an ambush position in the mountains West of Duc Pho, Vietnam. While doing so, NVA soldiers came upon Prunes and his team and engaged his team with small arms fire.

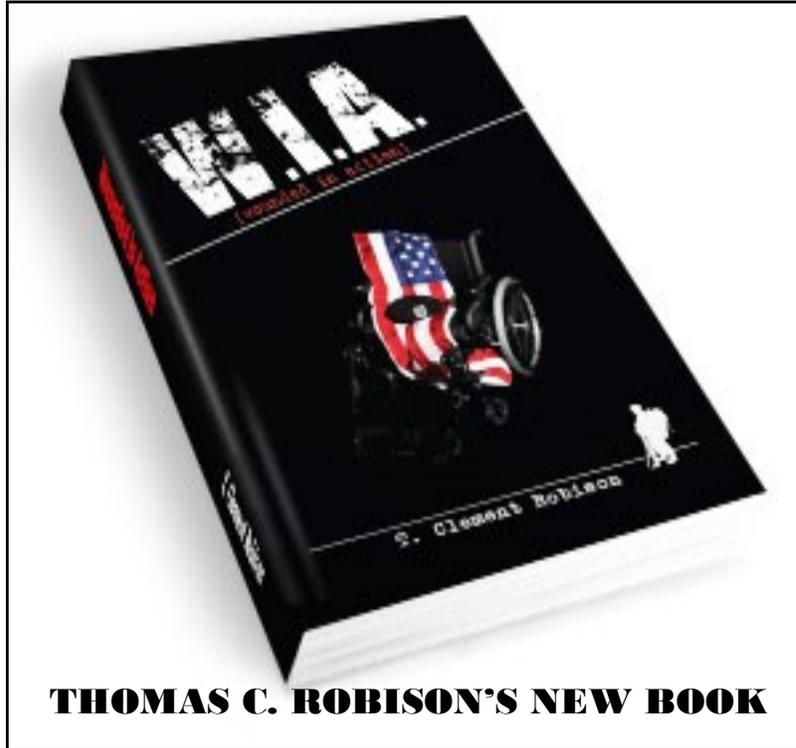
Without regard for his personal safety, SSG Pruden stood and advanced toward the NVA soldiers, engaging the enemy with all that he had.

SSG Pruden was gravely injured several times while he advanced toward the enemy, but he rose twice so as to continue his advance, until he killed enough of the enemy force to cause them to disengage. SSG Pruden died of his multiple wounds that day, but his heroic actions saved the lives of his Ranger teammates, whom he deeply cared for. As a result of his heroism, SSG Robert Pruden, a friend to me and all other Rangers who knew him, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor (Posthumously). I often think of the quietly confident Ranger from Minnesota... and I miss him.

OUR ASSOCIATION AUTHORS' NEW BOOKS *BY* THOMAS C. ROBISON AND JOHN FRITZINGER

Highly trained Army Ranger and leader of an elite long-range reconnaissance team, the author, Sergeant Thomas Robison, takes readers on a perilous journey from the enemy-infested jungles and rice paddies of South Vietnam to the sterile operating rooms of military and veterans' hospitals. Struggling to survive while those around him succumb to their wounds, he is given less than twenty-four hours to live. ***Wounded in Action*** is the author's emotionally gripping story of survival and determination that could only be told by someone who had to live it day by day and minute by minute."

To get your book, order online at www.tclementrobison.com.



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DECADE OF DECEIT

MEMOIRS OF AN ELITE AMERICAN SOLDIER IN VIETNAM,
GROWING UP IN COLD WAR AMERICA, & THE JOURNEY BACK



JOHN FRITZINGER

For those of you who knew my Dad, John Fritzinger Sr., this is an update to anyone who knew about the book project he was working on before he passed away. John Fritzinger was, among many things, a proud member of G Company, 75th Infantry Rangers. He decided to write a book about his experiences in Vietnam during the war, growing up in cold war America, and about his journey back in 1999. His memoirs are a reflection of an America that had transformed from the sleepy 50's into the violent and turbulent 60's, and how his experience as a soldier in a tiny warring country in Southeast Asia totally consumed him - both then and thirty years later. He started writing these memoirs during and after his return trip to Vietnam in 1999. Sadly, Fritz died suddenly of a heart attack in 2002. As his son, I took it upon myself to finish what he started. My career as an Art Director has allowed me to design, arrange, and self-publish his memoirs in his book, Decade of Deceit. Everything that he wrote in his handwritten memoirs is included in this book he wanted to write about. *John Fritzinger II*

Room 316

Preface

On occasion, Sua Sponte may reflect back to early published articles and will selectively reprint them. Room 316 (Fall 1994) was originally submitted by Gary Bjork and is one that stands out as a memorable, non-combat story. It's an entertaining account of a hotel room key originating from one of our Association auctions. We leave it to the reader to determine the fine line where fact and fiction begins and end.

Who won the re-bid for the 316 key during the Nashville reunion and who owns it now?

ROOM 316

Re-published From Sua Sponte, 1994

A Publication by the E/51 & G/75 LRRP Ranger Assoc.

By: Jim Winters

Dear LRRPs and Rangers:

I'm not a member of your organization, but it sounds like a damn fine outfit. Sounds like you also have a lot of fun at those Ranger auctions.

What I'm doing is returning a key that Captain Gary Bjork let me use. It's the key to room 316 in the Bangkok Hotel, the one he took home from last year's auction. I don't know how much he paid for it, but it was worth every penny.

Anyway, I thought you might want to put it up for the next year's auction.

I guess I ought to explain all this. What happened is that Captain B said that because he was married, he couldn't avail himself of certain services likely to come with the key. So he said I could use it instead, since I was going to be stopping for a few days in Bangkok on my way to Malaysia, where my company's laying some pipeline.

Anyway, I phone the hotel and tell them that I'm coming in and that I have the key to 316. The desk clerk doesn't speak English very well, but he says he understands. Says the room will be ready, "*sanuk....sabai*."

A week later, I'm there. The plane is coming down through the clouds, and I can see the sprawling gray city, mostly huts and small buildings, kind of nestled in the loop of a wide brown river. It takes about an hour for the bus to get to the hotel. The streets are crowded.

The hotel is nice but not very impressive....rather dark. I sign in at the desk. The clerk is friendly. I tell him I have only one bag and can take it up myself.

The elevator creaks as it moves slowly up three levels, the door opens with a clatter. I walk down a corridor of heavy doors until I reach the one with the brass number I'm looking for. I hesitate for a moment, then slip the key into the lock. It's 5:20 in the evening.

The room is softly lit by the glow of an oil lamp on a table near the wall. The air is heavy with the rich odor of incense, sandalwood I think, filling my nostrils, and then my lungs with sensuous warmth. A large four-post bed, draped with a light veil, sits at one side of the room, piled high with pillows.

The back of a large leather chair is toward me. Then it turns slowly, and she smiles as she stands up and comes to me, carrying two slender glasses. "Shaken, not stirred," she says softly, kissing me on the cheek and handing me one of the glasses.

She is beautiful...tall, I think perhaps Chinese. Her hair is bound on the top of her head, intensely black, glistening in the lamp light. Later she will let it down.... a shining, tumbling cascade falling down around her shoulders and reaching almost to the small of her back. A light rain begins to patter against the window now. It's September, the monsoon season, growing chilly. She lights a fire in the fireplace and I sit down on a pile of pillows on the floor and finish what will be the first of several martinis. She has a very nice figure, long legs. She is wearing loose black silk trousers that rustle when she moves.

"My name is Selena," she says. She sets before me a low table covered with small wooden bowls, filled with wonderful assortments of delicacies....shredded crabmeat and pork, duckling, slivers of sweet dried beef, glazed banana wafers, coconut custard, mangos. "*Sanuk.... sabai*," she says.

I ask her what the words mean.

"Sanuk means something is very enjoyable, very much fun."

Her deep almond eyes crinkle in the corners when she smiles.

"Sabai means comfortable, relaxing, warm. Together these words mean it's the best it can possibly be, very good being."

ROOM 316

CONTINUED BY JIM WINTERS

The rest of the evening is indeed sanuk, sabai..... silken sheets and her silken body ----- ah, but Rangers, I leave the rest to your imagination.

The next morning we decide to visit a temple..... my plane doesn't leave till 4:00. The road is filled with cars and ox carts and bicycles and people, so we decide to take a motorized canoe up one of the klongs or canals.

Giant Banyan trees lean out over the water. The huge rocks lining the banks of the klong are covered with moss. We pull up beside a floating cookshop and have eggs and seaweed wafers for breakfast, then continue up the klong.

After awhile, Selena steers the canoe toward the bank. We tie up at the roots of a giant Mango tree, half in the water, and she leads the way through the trees toward a special little temple she wants me to see.

At first I hear only the faint tinkling sound, but now I see the temple through a break in the trees, and realize that what I hear are hundreds of little wind chimes, hung around the temple and in the trees.

As we enter the clearing, clouds begin to roll in, covering the sun. And the rain is coming down and we are running for the temple.

We slide open a paneled door and slip inside, closing it behind us. Dozens of candles fill the room with a warm glow. At the far end of the room sits a giant gold Buddha.

"This is the temple of the monks who live deeper in the forest," she whispers. Her white silk shirt, wet from the rain, clings tightly to her body. She presses against me and puts her arms around my neck. Her body is hard, warm. We make love on the floor.

Later that afternoon, I say good-bye to Selena, one last time before I leave for the airport. She is standing by the window.

"Will you leave now, too?" I ask.
"No," she says. "This is my place – I will always be here for the LRRPs and Rangers." She crosses the room to the table beside me and picks up the key. She places it in my hand, gently folding my fingers around it. "You don't understand yet, do you?"

She is cocking her head slightly, smiling, "You see, I own this hotel."

.....I feel a great loneliness as I stand in the airport, watching the rain come down against the window, waiting for my plane to arrive. And I know I will never forget Selena and room 316. And hey, Rangers, thanks for the great experience — I owe you big time. And Selena is waiting.

*Jim Winters
Austin, Texas*

huge rocks lining the banks of the klong



SPECIAL FEATURED MEMBER FELIX BINN

My wife and I are living in Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam for two years. We arrived in early May last year and are scheduled to leave next April. We are serving a humanitarian mission for our church.

This year we have organized wheelchair assessment and fitting training for some local organizations. This training is to teach them the revised World Health Organization standards and requirements for selecting wheelchairs. We will follow up the training by donating 1,000 new wheelchairs to poor disabled residents of southern Vietnam. There is another couple working in the north. We just got back from visiting them in Hanoi.

Last year we installed three clean drinking water systems into children's shelters here in Ho Chi Minh City. We are continuing that effort by installing four more systems this year. We just finished one earlier this month. In addition, on the 25th of May we will attend the handover of a school clean drinking water system down in the Mekong Delta.

Later this summer a water specialist is flying in from the states to assess the possibility of constructing a community water system. I'm working on finding three options for him to choose from. If the project is a go we will get it started but our replacements will probably oversee the finish.

My wife is working on a Neo-natal Resuscitation Training project in a couple of the local hospitals. If we can provide training that will save a few thousand newborn babies every year it will be worth the time and effort we expend.

We have other projects that are finished or still in development. Anyone interested can see more about them on my wife's blog. You can find her at janblinn.blogspot.com.

I'm really having fun here. These two years will give me a total of four and a half years here in Vietnam. There have been many major changes in the country since I left here 40 years ago. It's hard to believe it was that long ago. Ho Chi Minh City has grown from about two million people into a mega city. The official population estimate is 11 million. The unofficial estimate is 17 million. Compare that to the 8 million that live in New York City.

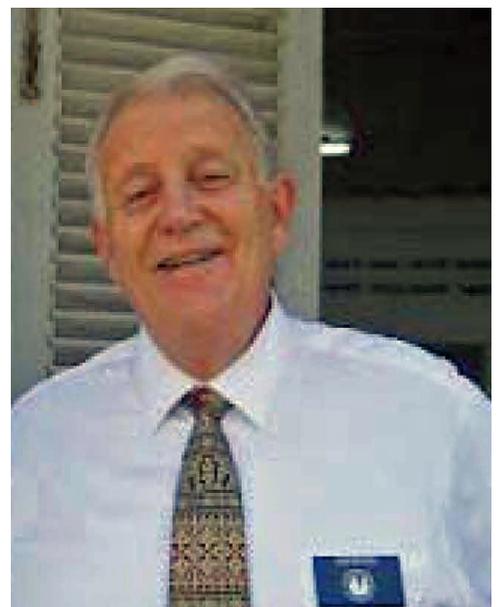
One change is that this time I have not seen a single Ho Chi Minh Sandal. Some of the older people dress like we remember but most of the young ones wear jeans and western clothing. About what you would expect to see in South Florida. I just got word today that I'm scheduled to visit Chu Lai in August. While there I want to visit the old base. I hear that access is restricted so that I will try and arrange to go with as a guest of the local peoples committee. I'll have my wife post any photos on her blog.

The traffic is a real challenge. Millions of motor bikes with the number of cars increasing daily. In spite of what you may have heard, they do have traffic laws here. I've heard, but cannot confirm personally, that some drivers even obey the rules. It is interesting to go down a busy street and see the on-coming traffic pass by on either side of you. Automobiles are not suppose to drive on the sidewalks and that rule is usually followed. Motorbikes usually don't drive on the

sidewalk unless they have a good reason to do so. The driver determines if the reason is good.

I'm finding the people here very friendly and have made lots of new friends. Anyone with a Vietnamese wife or girlfriend can live here very cheaply. You do see some American retirees here and there. The weather seems warmer then I remember. The rain isn't as bad as before when you're not outside walking and sleeping in it. I'm very glad to be here and happy to be doing some good works.

A few months ago I was down in Ben Tre having lunch with some local leaders. We had just finished a wheelchair distribution. The guy on my right had been an ARVN interrogator during the war. His friend on my left had spent the war avoiding getting caught by his friend. He was the local V.C. leader. Most people here were born after the war or were too young to remember it. I hear comments like, "that's history, I read about it in school." Reminds me of the young people back in the states.



BRANSON BUSINESS MEETING

BY ED "DEALER" CAREY

Meeting called to order 0806. June 23, 2012

Board attendees: T. Nash (Svensson Proxy, D.Moncada (Crabtree Proxy), R. Corkan. Board Absentees: Crabtree, Svensson

Officers Attendees: S. Johnson, C.Williams, L. Walker, E. Carey

Motion made by Nash to open the meeting with a quorum. Second with an unanimous vote.

Motion made and second, unanimous vote to accept the minutes from last meeting.

Unfinished business

Two Board seats up for vote, one by resignation (D. Travis), second seat term completed (D. Moncada). Appoints F. Svensson to take Travis' seat.

Treasurer Report – L. Walker

As submitted. Balance Sheet distributed to Board Members and Officers and will be published in Sua Sponte.

Treasurer Actions:

Corkan – suggested an after action report detailing when and where expenses incurred. Discussion followed that S. Johnson did not receive an itemized report from after the last reunion.

New Business

Motion made, seconded to send a Certificate of Appreciation to the donors by S. Johnson – unanimous

Motion made, seconded to pay a gratuity to the Honor Guard – unanimous

Motion made by S. Johnson, seconded by R. Corkin to increase yearly budget for Sua Sponte from \$2700.00 to \$2800.00. Discussion followed with a friendly amendment that all funds will go through the treasurer – unanimous

Motion and seconded to print all Officer reports in Sua Sponte – unanimous

L. Walker and T. Robison are working on a continual update of the membership roster.

T. Nash nominated E. Carey to be the Unit Historian – unanimous

D. Moncada brought up a discussion concerning concessions. We have many items that are not selling, dead-weight shipping, reordering is very expensive (coffee mugs are \$8.00 each). D. Moncada will check on new unit patches.

Ranger Hall of Fame – S. Chaney has been submitted and rejected two times (apparently he can be resubmitted according to the selection committee). Discussion of Selection Committee criteria regarding time frame for submission. D. Moncada urges caution in moving forward on resubmissions. S. Crabtree will be asked to investigate how to change the by-laws (S. Johnson will talk to Crabtree).

Motion made by D. Moncada, seconded, to resubmit S. Chaney, C. Williams, and ??? for consideration into the Ranger Hall of Fame – unanimous

Motion made by T. Nash, seconded by D. Moncada, to hold 2013 Ranger Reunion in San Diego, CA – unanimous

Motion made, seconded to donate \$500 to the Ranger Memorial Foundation for two of our deceased members – unanimous

Discussion concerning a donation to the Monument to Four Chaplains. Motion tabled.

Discussion concerning \$1000.00 donation to the Ranger Battalion's Christmas Party – motion tabled.

Members voted Svensson and Moncada as board members

Board Appoints Johnson as president, Williams as vice-president, Carey as secretary, and Walker as treasurer

Motion to Adjourn by S. Johnson, second – unanimous

Respectfully submitted,
Ed (Dealer) Carey

Treasurer Reunion Financial Report

By Treasurer Lynn "Cowboy" Walker CPA

Radisson

**LRRP Ranger Association
United States**

Room No. : 9176
 Arrival : 06-22-12
 Departure : 06-24-12
 Page No. : 1 of 1
 Folio No. :
 Conf. No. : 933996
 Cashier No. : 2

INFORMATION INVOICE

Membership No. :
 A/R Number :
 Group Code : 1206LRRPRA
 Company Name : LRRP Ranger Association

06-24-12 09:46:46 AM CST

Date	Text	Charges	Credits
06-22-12	Advance Deposit Transferred at		500.00
06-23-12	Banquet Check Posting	39.56	
06-23-12	lrrp ranger association memorial svc beo#370747		
06-23-12	Banquet Check Posting	2,342.39	
06-23-12	lrrp ranger association/banquet beo#370748		2,381.95
06-23-12	Check		
Total		2,381.95	2,881.95
Balance			-500.00

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Please note that all credit/debit cards will be authorized for the estimated amount of your stay. Debit card funds can be held by your bank for up to 14 business days. Our authorization ends upon your checkout.

Thank You And We Look Forward To Your Return!!

I agree that my liability for this bill is not waived and agree to be held personally responsible in the event that the indicated person, company or association fails to pay for any portion or the full amount of these charges.

Guest Signature _____

Radisson Hotel Branson
 120 South Wildwood Drive
 Branson, MO 65616
 Telephone: (417) 335-5767 Fax: (417) 335-7979
 Email: RHI_BRMO@radisson.com

2013 San Diego Reunion

Dates to be determined in San Diego, California



ASSOCIATION CONCESSIONS...
Association Tee's



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