



# Sua Sponte

www.1rrpranger.org

*Fourth Quarter 2013*

***Inside this issue:***

**2013 Reunion**  
San Diego, Sept 5-8 — 1

**Sua Sponte Board of Directors and Info** — 2

**President's Report**  
By: Richard Corkan — 2

**Featured Member**  
By: Steve Seymour — 3

**Important Notice**  
By: Tom Nash — 7

**Editor's Corner**  
By Michael Chu — 8

**Business Meeting**  
By Ed Carey — 9

**Financial Report**  
By: Lynn Walker, CPA — 11

**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

*By Sua Sponte Staff*

## Bayside Reunion



Company G (Ranger) 75<sup>th</sup> Infantry Association, consisting of the 196<sup>th</sup> LRRPs, E 51<sup>st</sup> LRP, and G 75<sup>th</sup> Rangers, had its 2013 annual reunion at the San Diego Bayside Holiday Inn, September 5<sup>th</sup>-8<sup>th</sup>. There were over 30 members of the Association in attendance and thanks to our wonderful hosts, Annie and Dan Linehan, we had a most delightful time in San Diego.

On Friday night, Annie and Dan Linehan, hosted a welcoming buffet with various local foods and produce, including wine from nearby vineyards. Three first time attendees were recognized: Lincoln Lewis, Mike Dodson, and Carl Velleri.

Saturday morning we gathered as a group at the hotel and were given a Patriot Guard escort to Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery to honor our fallen Brothers. Tom Nash and Stephen Crabtree had some thoughts to share along with the reading of our Brothers' names read by David Moncada and Dan Linehan. Dan was sworn in as a Patriot Guard. The view of Ft. Rosecrans with all the military white headstones overlooking the Pacific Ocean is a special place of remembrance by those who attended.

Saturday evening we had our banquet with the Association serving sixty people with our guest speaker, Dan Linehan, sharing his thoughts with the group.

**Company G (Ranger)**  
**75th Infantry Association**

1105 Bell Road  
Success, MO  
65570

Email: [Ranger69@centurylink.net](mailto:Ranger69@centurylink.net)

**Sua Sponte**

Michael S. Chu, Editor  
42 Moanawai Place  
Honolulu, HI 96817  
PH: 808-282-8109 (cell)

E-mail:

[mchu-moanawai@hawaii.rr.com](mailto:mchu-moanawai@hawaii.rr.com)

**Officers**

Richard "Corky" Corkan, President  
Chuck "Wolf" Williams, Vice President  
Lynn "Cowboy" Walker, Treasurer  
Ed Carey, Secretary  
Ed Carey, Historian  
Tom "Dolly" Robison, Corporate Counsel  
Stephen Johnson, 75th Regiment Representative

**Board of Directors**

Tom Nash Board Chairman  
Steve Franklin, Board Member  
Tim Garver, Board Member  
David "Chief" Moncada, Board Member  
Frank Svensson, Board Member

**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](mailto:tomsharonrobison@msn.com)

**Membership Information:** All former members of the 196th LRRPs, E/51st LRP, 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

I would like to thank everyone for their faith and trust in me by voting for me to be president of our Association.

One of the first things I like to accomplish during my tenure as president is to try and get more brothers involved in the running and ongoing operations of the Association. We have a very limited number of LRRP/RANGER members who are willing to step forward and get involved with the running of our Association. It seems like when we go to the annual reunions we continually see the same faces year after year. While this is great and I would not trade the experience for anything I would like to see some new faces. We need to contact those members who have dropped out and do not attend the reunions any longer and get them to return to the fold. We also need to try and get those brothers that we have a contact address or phone number try and get them involved.

If you know of a team member that you have not contacted in a while, why not pick up the phone and give him a call. I am as guilty of that as anyone and plan on changing, so I encourage you all to do the same. At one time we all were really, really, close, some would say closer than brothers and we have let that brotherhood go by the wayside. I think you are all in the same boat that I am! I seem to be getting older and older as the time passes, and it seems that as the time passes we lose more and more of our LRRP/RANGER brothers. We were and are still a group of elite soldiers who took on missions that no one else would consider. Enough about my visions for this first presidential letter.

We need to thank Steve (Tower) Johnson and his RANGERETTE Pam for a job well done, and as always, above and beyond the expected. Steve has done an awesome job as president of the Association. Steve spent much of his time and money to see that the Association was run right and has attended numerous functions as the Associations representative. While Steve sat in the president's chair we have had numerous brothers inducted into the RANGER Hall Of Fame (RHFF) at FT. Benning. Steve was instrumental in helping put together the packets of those individuals who were submitted to the RHF committee for consideration for induction to the RHF. That is a time consuming feat and the packets have to be exact in form and substance. We have added some bricks to the RANGER memorial for our brothers that have passed on. We all owe Steve a RANGER Hooha for a great job. THANKS TOWER!!!

Everyone needs to start planning and saving now for our next annual reunion to be held in Savanna, GA. It is good therapy and a great time to be had for all. We can get together and down a few cold ones (not Falstaff or Black label I hope) or whatever beverage you prefer, and swap a few lies. As Tom Nash says the difference between a fairytale and a combat story is a fairytale begins with once upon a time, a war story begins with this is no shit. We look forward to seeing everyone in Savanna, GA, where a good time will be had for all.

RLTW Richard "Boot" Corkan

## FEATURED MEMBER STEVE SEYMOUR



Mike Sutherland, left, President of Chapter 937 Brazo Valley, TX is standing next to Steve Seymour, VP of the same chapter

I like to call it like it is—or like it was—so let’s get this straight up front: I was a hooligan in small-town central North Dakota in 1968, proud to always be one step ahead of the law for a variety of petty offences. Suddenly, though, after crossing the line one too many times, I was about to lose that step, so I “volunteered” for the Vietnam draft to disappear for a little bit. (As I’m sure you know, the draft was a two-year obligation, versus three years if you simply joined up—so I went US rather than RA.)

During the induction process in Fargo I was summoned to the officer in charge, who had both my juvenile delinquent record and my current rap sheet in front of him on his desk. He said something to the effect of, “Son, I see you’ve been in a little trouble,” to which I replied something along the lines of “Just some good ol’-fashioned mischief, sir.” After he threw a few more questions at me and I managed to convince him that he wouldn’t regret it, he passed me through. It was only much later that I realized that, if I had answered his

questions honestly I would have likely been declared 4F, missed Vietnam, and my life would have unfolded completely differently.

After AIT at Fort Lewis in Washington state, I flew across the Pacific and was milling around at Chu Lai base being processed when I saw a soldier in an unusual set of fatigues giving a speech to a small group of men. He spoke with pride about being a part of an elite, highly trained unit that accepted only the best—and he pointed out how hard getting through the initial training would be, as the weak would be constantly weeded out along the way.

I tried out for Company G, 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger because even though the work would be more dangerous, I figured my chances for surviving the war would be greater serving with a group of elite professional soldiers. I have a t-shirt that says “STAY A LRRP: STAY ALIVE,” which echoes my sentiments perfectly. *(Continued Next Page)*

# FEATURED MEMBER STEVE SEYMOUR

In the summer of '69 I graduated LRRP training in Chu Lai and was sent on to LZ Pineapple. My first mission: A patrol to the base of the mountain that LZ Pineapple sat on top of—something that was supposed to be a piece of cake. Just after we got down to flat ground, though, all of a sudden our team leader signaled for us all to get down and freeze. We could clearly hear Vietnamese voices getting louder and coming closer—in fact, to within several feet of our position. To our immense relief, though, we soon noticed that the NVA were walking on a trail going parallel to us rather than directly toward us. We stayed frozen and waited for them to pass. Because of the way I froze into position, though, I didn't get a look them—I wanted to turn to look, but didn't dare switch position as to perhaps make a noise to give away our position, I instead just kept my eye on our team leader. So I couldn't tell how many NVA there actually were. (Of course, when I see y'all at the Savannah reunion I'll remember it was about 100, and if I see you again at the 2015 reunion that number somehow will have grown to 200. By 2016, all bets are off!)

After a half hour or so, the NVA had disappeared, and we started running back up the mountain to put some space between them and us. As the RTO, I watched the team leader call for an artillery strike and noticed that his hands were shaking so bad that he could hardly hold the phone. Apparently the strike was denied, so we just ran the rest of the way back up to the LZ, where the team leader hurried off to his debriefing and I was dismissed to one of two bunkers on the site.

A short time later I was transferred to one of our teams at Doc Pho.

Do any of y'all remember huddling around a radio listening to what was happening to the team that was out? I remember one night when the out team got caught in a firefight and was in the midst of an E & E operation. Our CO hovered over the radio with a worried look on his face—we could hear gunfire over the team leader's voice as he shouted instructions to the rest of his men. All of us also knew that we might be dispatched to help at any second. Finally, though, we heard that the team had been extracted and was heading back to the base. When they entered the tent they seemed to be vibrating with adrenalin; soon enough, though, they all had Black Labels in their hands and were talking wildly about what happened. I remember one of them laughing about his bandaged-up middle finger—turned out a dink

round blew his M 16 right out of his hand, taking a good portion of his finger with it. He said he felt lucky—better a finger than a hand.

I was injured in a helicopter jump on a dawn insertion in the Central Highlands. It was the first time I'd experienced elephant grass, and when I was looking to land I couldn't tell where the real ground surface was. I landed hard on my knees—one of them broke, while the other one was messed-up but still intact. Pat Hardy, my team leader, came up to within two inches from my face and asked me, "Can you run if you have to?" I couldn't, and the mission was abandoned. Back at the base, I was lying on a stretcher waiting to be medevac'd as all the guys from our unit came by and shook my hand, offered encouragement, and said their goodbyes. Any of you who've been in a similar situation know just how much things like this mean at times like this.

Since it was still early in the day, I was the first one loaded on the evac chopper. The line companies must have seen some heavy fighting that day as we made several stops, taking on more wounded each time. Soon there was a guy next to me who'd had his legs blown off, while the guy in shock on my other side was in even worse shape. In fact, I was the only guy on the chopper in one whole piece.

Our first stop was an in-country field hospital—judging by the sound of incoming mortar rounds, it must have been very close to where the line companies were fighting. From there I was flown to a spotless clean hospital in Japan. I remember this place mostly for the little bar a few blocks down the street: After lights-out, another patient and I would roll ourselves down there in our wheelchairs to listen to a Japanese band wearing jean jackets, red bandanas, and cowboy hats and boots sing Johnny Cash songs—totally surreal—but we always made sure to roll on back to the ward before anyone noticed we were missing.

The single most wonderful flight of my life happened a handful of days later when I was sent back to the world lying on a kind of gurney bed and attended to by a team of beautiful and incredibly sweet American nurses—if there's a heaven on earth, this was it. Of course, all good things must come to an end, and the plane eventually landed at an Air Force base somewhere in California, where I stayed at an USAF hospital for two days before being medevac'd by small plane to the fourth and final stop on my DoD hospital tour, Madigan Army Medical Center (now Joint Base Lewis McChord) outside Tacoma, Washington. Except for a single (*next page*)

# STEVE SEYMOUR

(and hot, in case you were wondering) nurse assigned to watch out for me, I was the sole passenger on the plane.

The hospital was so overcrowded that I was put in a closet (hey, a private room!) for a week until a room became available—you couldn't open the door without hitting my bed—and so overwhelmed with wounded that, for reasons that are still hard to fathom, the doctors didn't get around to operating on me for one day less than six months. (I counted the days.)

Maybe there really were that many others that needed surgery more than I did; maybe I got lost in the system. But every day I would tool around the hospital in my wheelchair and greet the less fortunate. I saw hundreds of messed-up bodies during that time—so many soldiers with missing . . . well . . . everything you can imagine. I felt both lucky and, somehow, guilty.

Finally, after an operation to try to put me knee(s) back together, I assumed I'd be discharged to back home. Instead, ten days or so later I was given a sissy assignment as a colonel's driver in Fort Hood, Texas. The colonel was a pompous ass, but then again so was I, so we got along great. He got me out of shit details like guard duty—hell, he even bailed me out when some punk-ass 2<sup>nd</sup> lieutenant wanted me to bow down and worship him. When I mouthed off to the louie, he turned me in to my superior to be reprimanded. What he didn't know was that my superior was the colonel. Guess which one of us ended up being dressed-down—and which one had a front-row seat to watch?

When I was finally discharged after a few months, I flew commercial back home to North Dakota and noticed a lot of strange and unfriendly looks from my fellow passengers. At the first change of planes, I switched my uniform for civvies—and was surprised to learn that I had to pay extra for the remaining leg of the trip, as only soldiers in uniform received military discounts. But I paid the extra fare because I couldn't stand the stares. (Hey—that sounds like a good protest song!)

Only after I reentered civilian life I discovered how disturbed I really was about all the pointless misery I had witnessed—not just in Vietnam, but in the VA hospital I'd spent six months in as well. The whole experience haunted me, frankly. But instead of joining the Vets Club in the college I was attending (something I now regret), I dove straight into the dirty business of being a hippie in Middle America. After a lot of drugs and a few months of jail time, though, I finally straightened myself out, got my college degree and a masters to boot, and became an addiction counselor in the alcohol and drug addiction ward of the Fargo, North Dakota VA hospital. Four decades later, I still keep in contact with some of my co-workers from the VA, but frankly the government pay was

cramping my style. After a short stint as a private investigator, somehow I ended up working for a commercial roofing company in Houston, Texas. (I'm still trying to figure out whether or not it's ironic that my company put a new roof on the US embassy in Hanoi.)

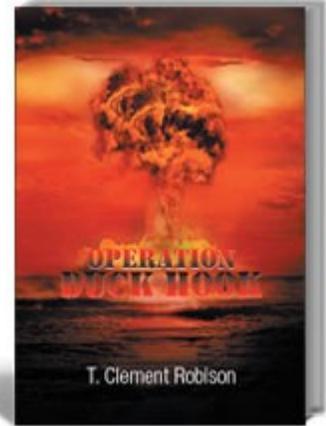
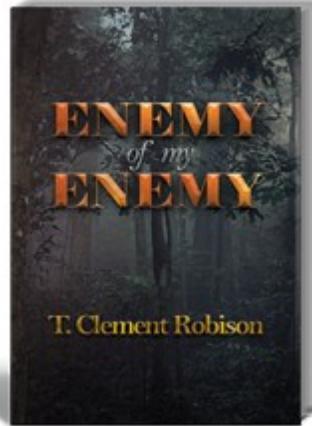
Because I was only in Company G 75<sup>th</sup> a few months, for years I didn't attend any reunions—I just assumed that nobody would remember me. Some years ago, though, Jerry "The Sheriff" Schuster called me and convinced me to go to an upcoming reunion in Dallas. I had barely entered the hospitality suite when a man came running up to within two inches of my face and said, "Can you run if you have to?" Pat Hardy—my old team leader! I could barely believe it. Suffice to say that I was pretty much floating throughout the rest of the reunion.

Sadly, we lost one of our brethren during that reunion. He'd registered too late and couldn't get a room, so another brother offered up half of his bed. He woke up next to a dead man. The next day, one more name was added to the list of the departed to be read aloud, as we do each year.

When I retired a year or two ago, my wife of thirty years wanted to try country living for a change, so we bought some rural acreage between the towns of Navasota and Anderson, Texas, just down the dirt road a bit from Chuck Norris's Lone Wolf Ranch. I didn't know a mouse for miles around until I decided to participate in a local Veterans Day Parade. Afterward at the VFW hall, when I asked a Korean War veteran if there might be a part-time job in the area for a guy like me, he replied, "How about mine? I've been looking to retire." Just like that, I became the new Veterans Service Officer—a job that has enabled me to befriend and help out scores of local vets. Recently I was elected vice president of the Brazos Valley Chapter 937 of the Vietnam Veterans of America, and I've been thrilled to be heavily involved in various chapter undertakings. Recently I worked to help pull together our Veterans Day parade, which featured various veterans-only motorcycle groups including the Patriot Guard Riders, and the Combat Veterans Motorcycle Association. We gave Navasota a Veterans Day parade the likes of which they had never seen before!

So look out for a big guy in Savannah with a shaved head wearing a "Stay A LRRP, Stay Alive" t-shirt with Co. G 75<sup>th</sup> Rangers—along with a bunch of tattoos on his arms including a map of Vietnam and a few jungle scenes and the words "LRRP: Rest In Peace my Vietnam brothers." I'll see y'all there.

# BOOKS FROM T. CLEMENT ROBISON



## Three Riveting Stories Of Vietnam From T. Clement Robison:

Award winning author T. Clement Robison is a master at bringing his readers along with him on one perilous journey after another as he introduces them to the physical and emotional trauma of war.

Using his own experiences, first as a decorated United States Army Ranger serving during the Vietnam War, and later as a defense attorney; the author weaves stories of danger and adventure that explode in realism off the pages in minute-by-minute, hour-by-hour detail.

Historically bold in their presentation, imaginative in their scope, insightful in their depth; these stories give the reader a new perspective and understanding of the damages that only war can inflict on both the mind and body of combat soldiers.

### ***Operation Duck Hook***

In an effort to end the Vietnam War, President Richard M. Nixon developed a diabolical plan and placed the United States military on the highest combat alert status while setting in motion one of the most dangerous scenarios ever conceived by a national leader. So dangerous that it could trigger a world war.

### ***Wounded in Action***

Based on actual events and set against the historical backdrop of America's longest war, *Wounded in Action* tells the compelling and gripping story of courage and determination of one of the Army's most elite combat soldiers as he faces the realities of surviving near-fatal wounds and struggles to overcome the life-changing devastation inflicted on his mind and body from the explosion of an enemy landmine. This is author T. Clement Robison's real-life drama of struggle and survival.

### ***Enemy of My Enemy***

Facing a military court martial for the murder of a Vietnamese soldier, Army Sergeant John L. Coletrane is offered a plea bargain if he agrees to return to South Vietnam for one final combat mission. The agreement would save him from the gallows but the near suicidal mission could cost him his life.

# Important Notice

## INFORMATION NEEDED

We still need your assistance. There are far too many guys for whom we do not know specifically when they served with us, and for whom thus, we do not know whether the guy served with E51, G75 or the 196<sup>th</sup> LRRP. Please review the following list once more and, if you recognize a name and potentially when he served, tell us with which of the three units he served.

If you recognize any names listed below and can fill in the blanks, please send information to:

Tom Nash at [196lrrp@gmail.com](mailto:196lrrp@gmail.com)

or

Sua Sponte at [mchu-moanawai@hawaii.rr.com](mailto:mchu-moanawai@hawaii.rr.com)

Thanks for your attention to this request.

Edmund Adams	Robert Anderson	William Barton	Michael Beamis
John M. Bees	Daniel K. Bennett	David Bradford	David Cpiker
Ralph Cole	David C. Cruse	Delbert DeLowe	Donald L. Denney
Danny W. Dewsnup	John Eckert	John Evans	Gary Fortson
Stuart E. Harkness	Jimmie Haselden	Alan G. Hendley	Robert L. Hogan
Hubert H. Hudgens	David W. Jackson	Clifton Johnson	Zola R. Jones
Joseph F. Kraus	Harry E. Lewis	Richard A. Likely	Terence Longway
John McGee	Leroy A. Mouton	David Nelson	Stanly C. Paige
John P. Payne	Ronald Robertson	David L. Roehner	Bill Ross
Robert Salwin	Bridgeforth Simmons	Dial L. Skinner	Morris E. Smith
Robert L. Smith	Julius W. Smith	Randy V. Stepek	Eddie C. Sutton
Steve Ward	William Watson	Richard Wessel	Jarrell A. Young



Chairman Tom Nash speaking at the Ft. Rosecrans Ceremony in San Diego

# Editor's Corner



## 2014 Savannah, GA Reunion

Information in the next issue of *Sua Sponte* and on our website  
[www.lrrpranger.org](http://www.lrrpranger.org)

Sua Sponte is pleased to issue it's final newsletter publication to the Association membership for year ending 2013. Have a great and safe holiday season. We'll be back in touch in 2014!!!

### Who Were We

Joe Meinike has announced that a few copies of the Fritzing CD are still available. If you want or need a backup, contact Joe at [jpmranger@wowway.com](mailto:jpmranger@wowway.com) He will send it to you, no cost.

### Feature Member

The featured member for this 4<sup>th</sup> quarter is Steve Seymour, the 8<sup>th</sup> Association member to be featured. All have been gracious and given generously of their time. Sua Sponte extends its thanks to them.

Previously I described the selection process as throwing a dart. Clearly a metaphor. Anyone wishing to be considered as a featured member in the Sua Sponte newsletter may contact editor Michael Chu at [mchu-moanawai@hawaii.rr.com](mailto:mchu-moanawai@hawaii.rr.com)

Sua Sponte has posted featured members to date to include:

- Steve Castile
- Ron LaBar
- Felix Blinn
- Tim Shur
- Steve Franklin
- Darrel Wasson
- Shawn Ranahan
- Steve Seymour

### Data

The Association is constantly trying to update its data base of the men who served with the 196, E51 or G/75. Tom Nash submitted a list of 48 men, asking for information. Please review this list and respond if you recognize any names listed.

Michael Chu  
Editor, *Sua Sponte*

# Business Meeting San Diego 2013

Meeting called to order at 8:09 AM

We had a quorum including Richard Corkan's proxy: Chuck Williams.

Suggestion on courtesy when addressing the board or the officers

2 minute maximum with no interruptions

Motion to accept minutes of last meeting, 2<sup>nd</sup> by Stephen Crabtree. Unanimous

## **Treasurer's Report – Lynn Walker**

Last 2 years of dues showed an increase in income.

Made money at the Auction

## **Concession Report – David Moncada**

Full accounting of concessions: stock on hand, income, and what has been ordered for the reunion.

## **Unfinished Business**

Secretary requested an explanation of TIPs and was given an explanation

Suggestion made to move money to CD's. Stephen Crabtree reminded the board that the interest rates are too low.

Motion by Tom Nash to accept Karen Zaramba's investment report, 2<sup>nd</sup> by David Moncada. Unanimous

Motion by Tom Nash that Karen Zaramba and Lynn Walker communicate regularly and directly, and make necessary adjustments, 2<sup>nd</sup> by David Moncada. Unanimous

## **New Business:**

Motion by Stephen Crabtree to hold the 2014 Reunion the end of September, early October in Savannah, GA to include the purchase of three bricks to list our KIAs at the 1st Battalion Ranger Memorial at Fort Stewart and authorize expenditure of \$450 for this purpose. 2<sup>nd</sup> by Dave Moncada. Unanimous

Motion by Crabs to have Stephen Johnson begin planning the 2015 Reunion in Minneapolis. 2<sup>nd</sup> by David Moncada. Unanimous

Tom Bragg and Chuck Williams were inducted into the 2013 Ranger Hall of Fame. It was pointed out that pursuant to a prior resolution, our Association would provide each RHOF inductee from our Association with our Association Ring. Waiting on ring sizes from our RHOF inductees.

Special Report made by Nash to investigate purchasing stones at the Special Operations Museum at Fort Bragg. Discussion followed. Stones estimated cost \$150.00-400.00.

Motion by Dave Moncada to investigate the procedure and cost options to purchase stones that Nash will undertake. 2<sup>nd</sup> by Stephen (Crabtree). Unanimous

Motion by Tom Nash to allow him to use the Association logo for him to raise money to buy stones for all of our dead at the Ranger Memorial in Fort Benning. Nash estimated the cost around \$15,000.00. 2<sup>nd</sup> by Dave Moncada. Unanimous

Motion made Tom Nash to have Stephen Johnson as 75<sup>th</sup> RRA Liaison. David Moncada 2<sup>nd</sup>. Unanimous.

Motion by Tom Nash to accept Richard Corkan's resignation from the Board and become the President of the Association. 2<sup>nd</sup> by Dave Moncada. Unanimous.

Motion to accept continued service of officers and Board as *Insitu*. 2<sup>nd</sup> by Frank Svensson. Unanimous

Motion made by Lynn Walker to send out membership cards to those that want them by responding through dues mailing check box. 2<sup>nd</sup> by Frank Svensson. Unanimous.

Motion by Stephen Crabtree to continue our support of the Children's Christmas Party at the following Ranger Battalions. 1st Battalion receives \$1000, 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion \$.00, 3rd Battalion \$500. 2<sup>nd</sup> by Dave Moncada. Unanimous.

Motion made by David Moncada to reappoint the officers with Richard Corkan as President. 2<sup>nd</sup> by Tom Nash. Unanimous.

Board Meeting adjourned at 9:00 AM

## **Minutes from the Annual General Membership Meeting on September 8, 2013, San Diego CA**

General Membership Meeting Called to Order at 9:18 AM

Motion made by Dave Travis to have Tim Garver as board member replacing Richard Corkan. 2<sup>nd</sup> by Frank Svensson. Unanimous.

Motion made by John Starnes to have Steve Franklin as board member replacing Stephen Crabtree. 2<sup>nd</sup> by Frank Svensson. Unanimous.

Meeting adjourned at 9:48 AM

Total ordinary income/expense-direct public support, individual business contributions		\$ 315.00	
Concession income		\$2003.00	
Reunion auction proceeds		<u>\$4355.00</u>	
Total types of income		\$6358.00	
Program income membership dues total		<u>\$ 560.00</u>	
Total income/Gross profit		\$7233.00	
Bank fees		\$ 21.00	
Business expenses/business registration fees		\$ 20.00	
Operations; printing and copying		\$1976.25	
Operations; supplies		<u>\$2377.63</u>	
Total operations		\$4353.88	
Total ravel and meetings reunion expenses		<u>\$3796.29</u>	
Total Expense		\$8191.17	
Net ordinary income		-\$958.17	
Net income		<u>-\$958.17</u>	
Beginning balance,			Balance
cleared transaction, checks and payment-5 itmes	Amount		\$17,791.39
Check 7/29/2013 308 Ink Spot Press	\$538.72		-\$538.72
Check 7/29/2013 309 Ink Spot Press	\$120.03		-\$658.75
Check 8/27/2013 311 Michigan Department License	\$ 20.00		-\$678.75
Check 9/07/2013 312 Holiday Inn Bayside	\$2526.80		-\$3205.55
Check 9/20/2013 313 Daniel T. Linehan	\$1209.49		-\$4415.04
Total Checks and payments	\$4415.04		-\$4415.04
Deposits and credits 2 items			
Deposit 9/30/2013 Cash	\$1575.00		\$1575.00
Deposit 9/30/2013	<u>\$4528.00</u>		<u>\$6103.00</u>
Total deposits and credits	\$6103.00		\$6103.00
Total cleared transactions	\$1687.96		<u>\$1687.96</u>
Cleared balance	\$1687.96		\$19479.35
Registered and ending balance as of 9/30/2013	<u>\$1687.96</u>		<u>\$19479.35</u>

Lynn "Cowboy" Walker is home on the range in Montana



# Reunion Photos

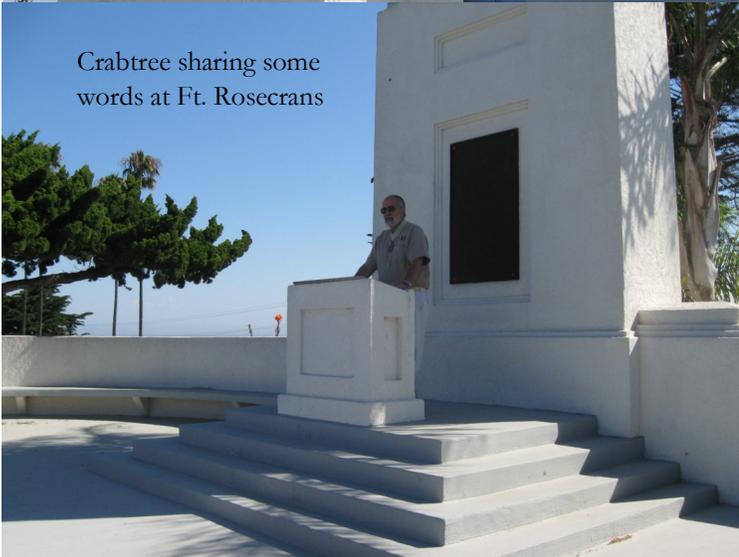
Moncada & Linehan reading our KIA names



Patriot Guard Escort & new member



Crabtree sharing some words at Ft. Rosecrans



Mike Maar at the poolside



## ASSOCIATION CONCESSIONS... Association Tee's

RANGER-LRRP Gear at its Best!

*Order early and have all your LRRP gear at the ready...*

For prices and ordering: [www.Irrpranger.org](http://www.Irrpranger.org)  
or email Dave "Chief" Moncada at  
[meganmoncada1@comcast.net](mailto:meganmoncada1@comcast.net)



Sua Sponte  
5523 North Ocean Blvd., Suite 1512  
Myrtle Beach, SC 29577

PRESORT STD  
U.S. POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
BEMIDJI, MN  
PERMIT NO. 71

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



*"of their own accord"*

Quarterly Newsletter of  
The 196th LRRPs, E51st  
LRPs, and G-75th Rangers

[www.lrrpranger.org](http://www.lrrpranger.org)

Ft Rosecrans overlooking the Pacific Ocean in San Diego



2014 Reunion in Savannah, GA-next issue