



# Sua Sponte

www.1rrpranger.org

*First 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

## ***Recalling Pruden***

By David "Chief" Moncada



David "Chief" Moncada, TL Henry Talbano, and Robert "Prunes" Pruden

**REMEMBERING SSG ROBERT (PRUNES) PRUDEN**  
**RECIPIENT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR (POSTHUMOUS)**  
By: SSG Jesus (Chief) Moncada, G Company, 75<sup>th</sup> Rangers (Airborne), Americal Division  
Part 1 of 3 starting on page 3 is our featured article for this issue of Sua Sponte...

## 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, 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



Justin Stay, our webmaster, is presented his honorary life-time membership by me on behalf of the Association. He is into his 13th year developing our website and has put more hours into doing this than any other member of the Association and we thank him for that!

We encourage you to buy your own brick at the Ranger Memorial as many of our members have. At the same time, we are buying two bricks every year for deceased members who we can identify by the unit in which they served: either the 196th LRRPs, E-51st LRP, or G 75th Rangers. An article addressing this can be found in the next *Sua Sponte* issue.

The reunion is shaping up in Branson and I can't encourage you enough to attend this if you can. This last year we had 4 first-time attendees and we welcome old faces and especially new ones! Please confirm your hotel room. David Moncada's article on, "Remembering Pruden", is very informative and is in a three part series. Michael Chu's collecting articles of members is also a good read. This issue we have the pleasure of having Ron and Tricia (ON) LABAR as our featured member in *Sua Sponte*.

You should have received from Ed Carey a notice for annual dues and an envelope addressed to Lynn Walker, treasurer; this is very important to the Association by providing quarterly newsletters, our website, ongoing support for active duty Rangers and their families and the incidental cost

of running the best association of any military group (no bias here, just a plain simple fact)! Some members have asked how they can help with money contributions and now is their chance for 2012. I would like to bring up an important point about volunteering as an officer or board member of the Association: too often a few serve beyond expectations and like a relay team, we need "new blood" to keep us healthy; both as individuals and as an Association! If you have an inkling that you might like to help us out, please let one of the officers or board members know that and we can share expectations and help with a transition for a win-win!

Our directory project, led by Michael Chu and our data guru, Sharon Robison is still posted. To date we only have thirty-some responses. Please give the directory submission some thought.

Sharon has been helping us organize company data to make our jobs a little bit more easier. You can ask Pam about my organizational skills and she would probably fall off her chair laughing. I suspect that may be the case for a lot of our members and we thank Sharon for improving our Association with her organized data skills! For those North Carolina Veterans, there is a Welcome Home Vietnam celebration this March 31st at the Charlotte Speedway ; don't miss it! [www.charlottemotorspeedway.com/](http://www.charlottemotorspeedway.com/) Lynn Walker has just sent us an updated balance sheet giving us monies that we have in our Association Co-fers.

### **Association Balance Sheet December 31, 2011**

Assets	
Charter Oak Capital Mgt.	\$11,044.78
Checking Savings	<u>\$14,625.84</u>
Total Current Assets today:	\$25,670.62

Submitted by Lynn Walker, Association Treasurer  
An updated account reflecting all expenditures and income will be posted in the June 1st issue prior to our reunion at Branson for all members.

# Remembering Robert “Prunes” Pruden

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

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

### PART 1 OF 3

#### THE JOURNEY BEGINS IN GEORGIA

I reported to the US Army Ranger School at Ft Benning, GA in early November 1968 at the ripe old age of 19 years. It was bitterly cold even when the sun chose to pay us a short visit, and I was questioning the wisdom of volunteering for Ranger School during a winter training cycle.

Ranger School was and is divided into three phases – the Benning phase, the Mountain Phase (Dahlonga, GA), and the Florida phase (the swamps at Eglin AFB). All in all, Ranger School is 8 weeks of sheer hell!

Upon reporting to the orderly room about two days prior to the start of our class, I was assigned to a barracks building in the Harmony Church area at Ft Benning, along with many other students. The Ranger Training Cadre separated our large class into two major groups, primarily because our class consisted of over 200 students due to the needs of combat operations in Vietnam. In its infinite wisdom, the Army concluded it needed more Rangers. We were told that our class was perhaps one of the largest ever attempted. I don't know if that bit of information was true, but what does a 19 year old really know? In any event, our class was broken down into “enlisted personnel” and “commissioned officers.”

The barracks I was assigned to was comprised mostly of enlisted men with a small sprinkling of young 2LTs, most of whom were West Point or ROTC graduates, either Infantry or other assorted combat arms officers.

I found an open bunk and wall locker in the barracks, stashed my gear, and began to meet and greet the other students in the immediate area, one of whom was Bob Pruden. Also in the same barracks, I met David Smith, Arthur Scott, Roger Peet, Bill Dickerson and others whose names I don't remember.

It was in fact a prophetic meeting that day, because I would later serve with Pruden, Smith, Scott, and Peet with G Company, 75<sup>th</sup> Rangers in Vietnam. Bill Dickerson ended up with the 173<sup>RD</sup> Airborne Brigade in Vietnam, who was killed in action on May 13, 1969 in Binh Dinh Province. Pruden was quiet, friendly, and confident as I recall.

We chatted as most soldiers do about our families, our hometowns, schools, and other friendly topics. Pruden was from Minnesota, Scott from Georgia, Peet from Illinois, Dickerson from Arizona, and Smith and I from California. Later that day and the next, because we weren't permitted to leave the area, we simply lounged around the training area, ate at the mess hall, and slept.

The first event of Ranger School took place at about 2am when the entire class was called to a mass formation for the purpose of a 7-mile fun run. After this first event, I rarely saw Bob Pruden again, as we were assigned a Ranger Buddy and placed into separate platoons for the next 8 weeks. Arthur Scott (Scotty) was my Ranger Buddy, and I don't recall the name of Pruden's Ranger Buddy.

I would occasionally have brief encounters with Pruden and some of the others during the course of Ranger School, during which we merely acknowledged that we were lucky to still be in the course after each phase. By the end of the Benning Phase our class was reduced by at least a third, because of drop outs, injuries, and other training related accidents.

*(Continued on the next Page)*

# Continued: Remembering Robert “Prunes”

By David “Chief” Moncada

Our class graduated approximately 70 students, and I recall shaking hands with Pruden at our graduation ceremony in Florida. I did not expect to see Pruden or the others with whom I graduated again, as we were to receive new orders. We were all proud of our accomplishments, especially being awarded the highly coveted black and gold US Army Ranger Tab.

Without question, Ranger School was the most difficult thing I have ever done in my life. Along with developing strong leadership skills, Ranger School involves prolonged and sustained food and sleep deprivation, and extreme mental and physical hardship. It taught me, Pruden, and the others the qualities of perseverance, stamina, character, and more importantly I believe, the means by which I could call up an inner strength I thought was unreachable.

I received orders to attend Jump School (3 weeks) immediately after Ranger School, still at Ft Benning, GA, which I also completed. I was also fortunate that Scotty and David Smith also attended the same jump school class with me. I did not know where Pruden ended up after our Ranger School graduation. After jump school I received orders for combat in Vietnam, as did most of my friends, including Scotty and Smitty.

I visited my family in California for the few weeks of leave prior to reporting to Ft Lewis, WA for further assignment to Vietnam. Due to the nature of the Army and the confusing manner in which it reassigns soldiers, I did not expect to run into old friends ever again.



## ARRIVAL – “IN COUNTRY”

I reported to a personnel-processing station at Cam Ranh Bay, South Vietnam in early March 1969, where I received further orders to the Americal Division (a Light Infantry Div of three Brigades), whose HQ was in Chu Lai (I Corps). Within a day or two of reporting to the Americal Division Replacement Depot in Chu Lai, I unexpectedly ran into Pruden, Scotty, and Smitty, all of whom had also been assigned to the Americal Infantry Division. We were equally surprised and elated to bump into each other again! We expressed our hopes that somehow we might all end up in the same Infantry Battalion, either the 11<sup>th</sup>, 96<sup>th</sup>, or 98<sup>th</sup> Bns of the Americal as squad leaders or platoon sergeants, even though we knew it was practically impossible to expect such luck or providence.

We were told to expect reassignment orders to a field unit within the week. We attended various classes on recognizing booby traps, studying the various areas of each Battalion, and other topics, while awaiting orders. We also began to acclimate to the extreme humidity and hot temperatures of Vietnam. One particularly hot and sunny afternoon, we were walking by a set of outdoor field bleachers on the way to the mess hall (me, Prunes, Scotty, and Smitty). SGT Gary Gentry, a rather tall and large Texan, and another unrecalled NCO were speaking to soldiers sitting on the bleachers, describing and asking for volunteers to a unit within the Americal Div who called themselves LRRPs (Long Range Reconnaissance Patrols). Furthermore, this LRRP unit was less than 200 yards from the replacement depot. Gentry went on to describe all the other fine attributes, accomplishments, and advantages of being a LRRP.

*Continued on next page*

# Part 1 Continued: Robert “Prunes” Pruden

By David “Chief” Moncada

Naturally, we were quite interested, because these LRRPs operated in small teams deep behind enemy lines as a recon asset to the division – this was very much in keeping with our past Ranger training! What’s more, one could only volunteer for the LRRPs – one could not be ordered to do so – and they would accept only the best from the volunteers. Me, Prunes, Scotty, and Smitty were standing off to the side of the bleachers away from the main crowd. SGT Gentry glanced towards us and noted our Ranger Tabs, after which he more or less challenged us to become LRRPs.

“Why not?” we said to each other, it was worth investigating, as we all had previously “volunteered” for what the average soldier would describe as insane, crazy, or flat out stupid. Gentry sealed the deal by telling us that if we followed him to the LRRP unit he would buy us a beer in their club house/bar.

Imagine that....bribery with a simple beer! I wonder how often that actually worked as a ploy? Needless to say, we followed Gentry and the other NCO to the LRRP Company area, which we later found to be E Co, 51<sup>st</sup> Inf LRRP (which would transition to G Co, 75<sup>th</sup> Rangers by April or May 1969, a short period after our arrival).

Each of us was interviewed separately by 1SG Clifford Manning and then by the Commanding Officer (CPT McWilliams) in their orderly room. Next to the orderly room was a sturdy and tall wooden rappel tower, which added to the allure and mystique. After the interviews we cashed in on those beers that Gentry had promised us in the LRRP/Ranger bar under the orderly room.

Yes, we were impressed, and we were excited about the opportunity to serve with the LRRPS, even though we recognized the inherent dangers, which were exponentially increased by going deep into the mountainous jungles with nothing more than a 6-man team. But we justified all this with the knowledge that goes something like this: “This is exactly what LRRPS/

Rangers are supposed to do!”

While we were enjoying our beers and speaking with a few of the LRRPs who wandered into the bar, we received news that CPT McWilliams had accepted each of us, and that we were to return to the Replacement Depot to await new orders assigning us to the LRRPs. We were also told that we would not be required to attend the mandatory Recondo School training on site, because we had previously attended Ranger

School stateside – good news indeed! What truly struck me and the rest of our small group of “Stateside Rangers” was this simple fact: What are the chances of having been in Ranger School in Georgia, then being separated by official orders, then running into each other in Chu Lai, Vietnam months later, and finally, being assigned to the same combat unit – a LRRP/Ranger unit no less!?

## ORDERS TO THE LRRP/RANGER COMPANY

Within three or four days we each received orders to report to E/51<sup>st</sup> LRRPS, which really upset a few of the folks at the Replacement Depot, because the Americal Infantry Bns had effectively lost four new Ranger NCOs. When the four of us reported with our gear, we were assigned to a hooch in the company area near a mess hall we shared with an aviation Bn.

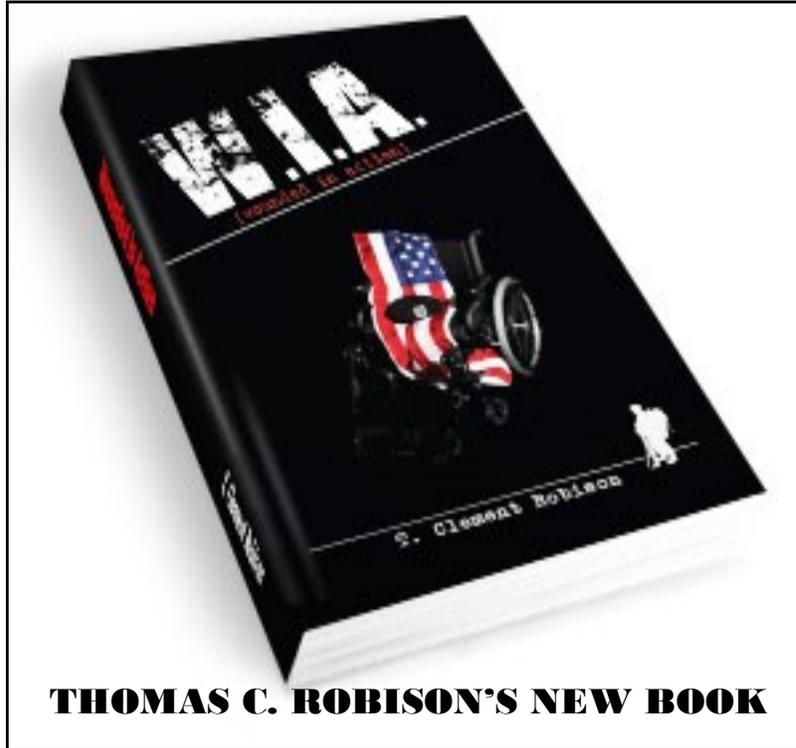
*Continued page 7*



## 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](http://www.tclementrobison.com).



**THOMAS C. ROBISON'S NEW BOOK**

### JOHN FRITZINGER'S BOOK

Order online at [www.blurb.com](http://www.blurb.com)

# 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*

## Warning Order for LZ Branson

All teams will be at LZ Branson on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of June 2012 and remain in place for at least three (3) days! Pack your rucks and do last minute checks.

Dress is casual, shorts, t-shirts, and crocks, with one exception. Frank, your dress is jock strap and a steel pot. You will have to talk to Chuck about the jock strap the pot will be issued.

Your mission is to arrive in Branson, Missouri on or about June 22, 2012 for a three (3) day mission. While in Branson you will enjoy yourselves by meeting fellow LRP/Ranger buddies. Drink A beer and possibly tell A lie (war story). When not telling war stories there will be lots of other activities for the whole family; Presley's Country Jubilee, Yaakov and Show Boat Branson Bell, just to name a few.

There are seven golf courses in the area. Rangerette Johnson should be able to line her coffers by suckering in unsuspecting Rangers like Guynn, Garver, and Moncada.

Branson is family oriented so there are lots of things for the smaller LRRP/Rangers to do. They have Silver Dollar City that has all kinds of rides and demonstrating craftsmen (blacksmiths, weavers, etc).

Sorry Danny, the only strippers they have is the furniture kind. They have recently added a Zip line, so Steve Franklin and John Starnes do not need to practice their PLFs.

The point man, Corky (Boot), has locked in the Radisson Hotel for the insertion and they are giving us a good deal for the time of year of the mission. They will honor the room rate for three (3) days prior to insertion and Three (3) days after extraction. Reservations must be made by 15 May 2012 to get the guaranteed rate of \$85.00+tax. The room rate also includes a free continental breakfast which can be upgraded to a full breakfast for \$4.50. Make your reservations by calling (417) 335-5767 and ask for the LRRP Ranger Association Group.

If you are flying in, you can fly direct to Branson from Denver, Phoenix, and Atlanta. Go to fly Branson.com or call 1 888 359 2514 for more information. You may find better rates to fly into Springfield and rent a car.

Those of you who would like a welcome packet from the Branson Chamber of Commerce, call Kimberly Carr at 1 800 214 3661 ext 317 or go on line to [kcarr@bransoncvb.com](mailto:kcarr@bransoncvb.com). The packet is free and will be mailed to your address; it contains a listing of all the shows and other activities. It also includes discount coupons. For those able, there are many activities and eating places within walking distance.

Recap:

What: 23<sup>rd</sup> Ranger Reunion  
When: 22, 23 and 24 June 2012  
Where: Branson, Missouri

We Will See Everyone in Branson

Corky

RLTW!



*Do you remember those days after a mission when you had some free time, smoking a Pall Mall and drinking a luke-warm Schlitz beer; maybe 60 or 70?*

*"Corky" looks as if he is practicing for life back in the "World" somewhere south of the Mason-Dixon Line!*

*Photo submitted by Richard "Corky" Corkan; our team leader on insertion of LZ Branson. Sua Sponte Staff...*

## SPECIAL MEMBER FEATURE

FEATURING RON (ON) LABAR



RON (ON) LABAR AND HIS LOVELY WIFE TRICIA

I grew up in Wichita Falls, Texas, 130 miles West Northwest of Dallas, Texas. A week after high school graduation I was in a classroom at the local college, Midwestern State. My Dad wanted me to get the jump on higher education. It was a fantasy of his that I become a dentist. Funny thing—it was all I could do to keep a strong C average in high school, which made trade school more appropriate and an institute of higher learning far-fetched if not absurd.

I lasted through two full semesters. When on 23 January 1968 without mention to my Dad I completed final examinations and left for the adventure of the U.S. trainee to represent their company for the battalion's Trainee of the Cycle award.

I was selected to represent my company; at the interview they wanted to know my expectations and opinions and other beauty pageant-like stuff. I did not prepare an acceptance speech nor did I need one on this occasion.

The next order of business was Advanced Infantry Training, followed by Non-Commissioned Officer's School. At the ending of NCO School the entire class listened to a recruitment speech from a group of Rangers wearing Black Berets. The Black Berets were impressive. So impressive I volunteered for the preliminary swimming test, passed, and amazingly, passed Ranger School. To this day having that Ranger tab pinned on my left shoulder sleeve and the ensuing celebration, hats flying high in the air, remains the accomplishment (*next page*)

## MEMBERSHIP FEATURE: RON LABAR

I am proud of. After Ranger School I successfully completed jump school at Fort Benning.

In February 1969 I made it to my destiny, Vietnam. In the Americal Division I was a squad leader in Bravo Company the 196th or 198th Infantry—I cannot recall. After two months with the line company and its fifty percent casualty rate, I volunteered for G 75th (Ranger) Infantry Company. For seven or eight months I was the Team Leader of Team Georgia. A privilege I will never forget. In order to get an early-out I extended six months and was re-assigned to supply sergeant for the duration of my tour. I turned twenty and then twenty-one years of age in G Company, developed a taste for alcohol and classic novels. I shipped out August 1970, uninjured—physically.

Back home I moved in with my best friend and his parents, re-enrolled at the local college and changed my name from the puzzling 'On' to 'La Bar'. My stay at the university was brief. One semester and after a month in the second semester I dropped out to go into the Merchant Marines. By the way, I never actually got around to enlisting in the Merchant Marines, such was my impulsive nature. I did come to realize I had limited opportunities and re-enlisted in the Army on the condition that I be assigned a duty station in Vietnam. Initially, I was sent to Fort McClellan. I worked part-time as a bartender at the Officer's Club. It was enlightening—chatting with officers and the women pursuing them. Unexplainably, I tired of life away from the combat zone, not for want of action, but for the camaraderie of my fellow Vietnam buddies. The upshot was I got my way. I was assigned to the 1st Cavalry and quickly found work with an air rescue outfit. I made it two months before I stepped on an anti-personnel mine.

Fortunately, I survived, but the price at the time was high—my legs above the knees and an indeterminate future. While at Fitzsimmons Army rehabilitation hospital in Aurora, Colorado, I celebrated my twenty-third birthday, got married and was fitted with artificial legs. Sadly, neither the impromptu marriage or fake legs continue to exist. On the positive side, two children came from it and three grandchildren.

In Aurora after I was discharged I entered into a bank management program. Upon completion I turned down the loan officer position in favor of a return to my home state, Texas. Soon after the return to Texas I decided I wanted to be of all things, an IRS agent.

I enrolled at the University of Texas at Arlington and was asked to try out for wheelchair basketball. At twenty-six years of age I was older than most of the other students and at the top of most of my classes. How could this be? Could my legs have been holding me back for lo these many years? No way to know I supposed. The long and short of it, I obtained a Bachelor's Degree with 'Honors' in business accounting and was hired by the IRS. However, in less than a year my capricious side overwhelmed the other and I quit to devote my time to a new adventure, wheelchair basketball.

To say I have a compulsive side might be regarding it lightly. In the beginning I had a basketball half-court installed behind my garage. I played early and late, in the sun and rain and wind, day after day after day. It was apparent, I had a full-blow disorder. More to the point, I became one of the most dominate players in the league, making three National teams before giving way to the next generation. I stayed away from basketball five years before returning with a flourish as general management and coach of the Dallas Wheelchair Mavericks the all-time winningist organization in the National Wheelchair Basketball Association. This season I retired for the umpteenth time, but unlike the other times, I have given my word as an old man to stay retired.

Other joys follow: reading, new movies, abrupt departures in my supercar, my best friend, Doug Carroll, Javier's restaurant with my lovely wife, Tricia, and swinging in the backyard with her and reflecting over the happy times that have massively outnumbered the bad. And then it rained

Ron (On) LaBar



**National Wheelchair Basketball Association Champions**  
2007, 2006, 2005, 2003, 2000, 1999, 1998, 1997

**Ron LaBar (Coach)**

**Ron La Bar**- US Army Ranger injured while serving in Vietnam Conflict. 1977 graduate of UTA; member of inaugural UTA wheelchair basketball team in 1976; three-time national team member as a player, coached All-Start team in 2008, and selected as 2010 All-Star coach

**NEW DIRECTORY ASSOCIATION**  
**BY SHARON ROBISON AND SUA SPONTE STAFF**

**NEW DIRECTORY NOTIFICATION**

The Association will be undertaking the task of producing and distributing a new directory of all current, annual and life time Association members. This directory is intended to include names, phone numbers, mailing addresses and internet email addresses of all current members and it will be distributed ONLY to the membership enabling Association members to contact each other directly. The target date for this distribution is early 2012 but there's a catch..... Current laws prohibit the publication and distribution of such personal information without proper authorization from each individual.

In order for you to be listed in this new directory, Sua Sponte strongly recommends that you submit your authorization for inclusion in the new directory. You may do so by the options listed below:

- (1) Send an email message authorizing the Assoc. to publish your personal information in its director. Send message to:

Sharon Robison

Email address tomsharonrobison@msn.com

Or:

- (2) Or fill out authorization form and mail it to:

Sharon Robison

5523 N. Ocean Blvd., Suite 1512

Myrtle Beach, SC 29577

This Directory project is undertaken as a service to our loyal members in order to facilitate internal communications. Sua Sponte encourages you to respond as soon as possible. Failure to provide an authorization will cause your information NOT to be published in the directory.

**AUTHORIZATION FORM**

I, the undersigned, authorize the Company G (Ranger) 75<sup>th</sup> Infantry Association to publish my name, phone number, mailing address and internet email address in their association directory until such time that I notify this organization in writing, to the address listed below, of my withdrawal of this authorization.

\_\_\_\_\_ Name (Type or Print) \_\_\_\_\_ Date

\_\_\_\_\_ Signature

**CURRENT INFORMATION IS:**

**Address:** \_\_\_\_\_

**City, St Zip:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Internet Email Address:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Internet Email Address:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Phone:** \_\_\_\_\_

## **“Remembering Pruden” Conclusion part 1 of 3**

We were informed to await assignment to an LRRP/Ranger Team, with whom we would operate for an undetermined period of time. The conditions were explained that each of us (Prunes, Smitty, Scotty, and myself) would eventually become Team Leaders of our own teams, once we had proven our leadership skills in the bush. We were to go out on combat missions with proven LRRP Team Leaders who would assess our abilities under duress and actual combat conditions. Those proven leaders would in essence report our progress (or lack thereof) to CPT McWilliams for his determination. For a day or two we roamed around the company area, observing a bit of the training that was underway with the current Recondo School class, and learned as much as possible from other LRRP/Ranger soldiers who were not in the bush at the time. We also took advantage of the down time by visiting the company supply room to pick out our ruck sacks, web gear, and other tools of the trade. We paid a special visit to the company armory and selected our individual weapons, which we inspected and cleaned thoroughly.

In the company area, we ran into a Special Forces trained field medic who was assigned to the company, whom we simply called “Doc”. Doc, who sported a sharp looking handle bar mustache, examined our inoculation records to ensure we had all the proper boxes checked off, and who issued us our individual “survival kits”. Doc carefully went through the survival kits with us, showing us what they contained, how to use them, and explained that they would come in handy if we ever found ourselves in an “Escape & Evasion” situation in the bush. Doc had to personally witness our signing for these survival kits, as each contained pharmaceutical drugs, such as morphine and amphetamine. He also explained that he was required to inspect them from time to time to ensure we weren’t using the drugs for personal use. Doc had been “in country” for some time, even a previous tour with Special Forces teams, and he informed us that he would also accompany LRRP teams on missions as needed – especially those missions where friendly casualties were likely or expected. Nice to be wanted or needed!

## **Branson Hotel Reservations 800-333-3333**

**June 21-23 in Branson, Missouri**



### **ASSOCIATION CONCESSIONS... Association Tee's**



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**For prices and ordering: [www.lrrpranger.org](http://www.lrrpranger.org)**

**or email Dave “Chief” Moncada at**

**[meganmoncada1@comcast.net](mailto:meganmoncada1@comcast.net)**



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Pruden Team after a mission from Duc Pho.  
From left to right:  
Gromacki  
Schultz  
Kalway  
Pruden  
Jacks  
Beattie