

Spring  
1992



# Sua Sponte



The Quarterly Newsletter of The Company G(RANGER) 75th Infantry Association

**DEADLINE FOR BOARD NOMINATIONS - MAY 23RD** (PAGE 3)

## First Membership Meeting Scheduled

### Election results top first meeting agenda

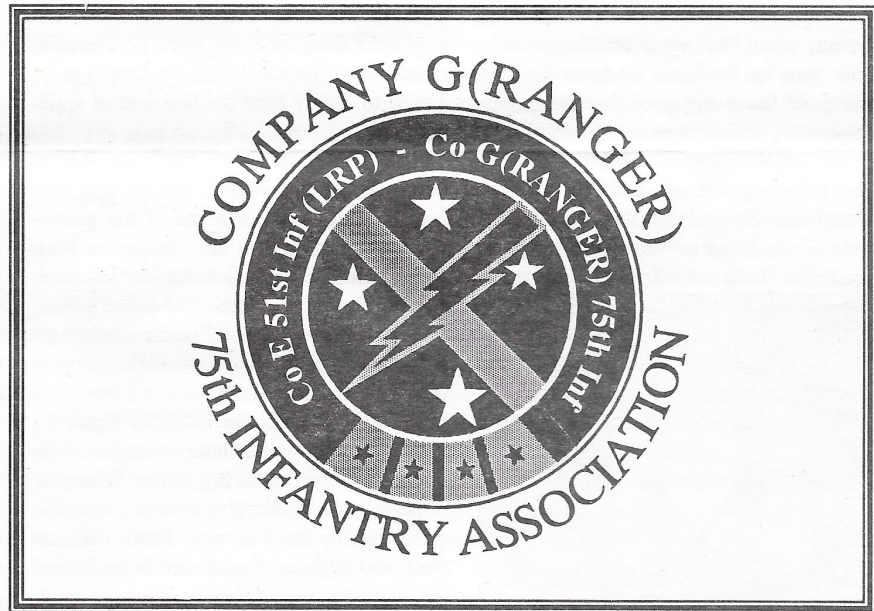
Newsletter Staff

Results of the first annual elections to the Board of Directors will be announced at the Annual Membership Meeting of the Company G(RANGER) 75th Infantry Association to be held during Reunion '92 in New Orleans.

Balloting for the election will be held through the mail during the month of June, and the Directors-Elect will be announced at the meeting which will be held on the evening of Friday, July 3, 1992 at the Fairmont Hotel-New Orleans.

This first Annual Membership Meeting will be especially important to the future of the Association because in addition to the announcement of the Directors-Elect and other business that may come before the meeting, the Bylaws of the Association will be presented for ratification by the attending members.

The meeting and elections will cap off a busy year-long effort by current officials to finalize the organizational structure and administrative procedures necessary to conduct business and provide for equitable representation of the membership in all matters concerning the Association.



### First Association Elections to be held in June

Newsletter Staff

The first general election of members to the board of Directors will be held during the month of June. Four of seven Directorships will be decided by ballots which will be distributed to members of record on May 30, 1992 and will be due by June 27, 1992.

Each member in good standing will be entitled to cast one ballot for the candidates of

his choice as set forth in the bylaws of the Association.

Remember, only members in good standing will receive a ballot, so make sure your dues are paid up before the May 30 deadline so you'll have the opportunity to vote.

The elections mark an important step in the development of the Association and everyone is encouraged to exercise their voting rights and participate fully.

## Fun, Travel and Adventure included in ticket price

Newsletter Staff

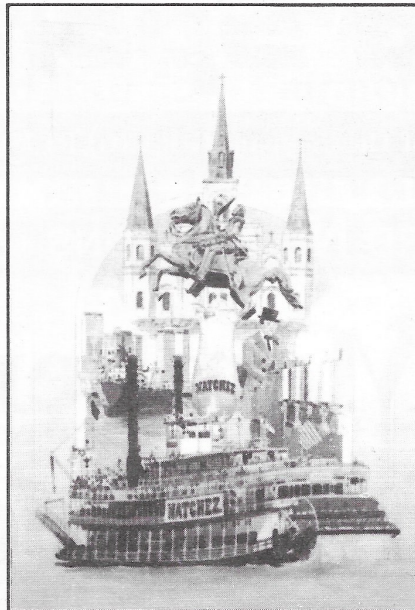
This year's Reunion tickets include so many activities that you will be hard pressed to find as much value for your entertainment dollar anywhere. Our Reunion Committee has worked feverishly to secure a multitude of extras and discounts on activities and although the ticket price is slightly higher than Reunion '91, what you get for the money is nothing short of spectacular.

First off, in addition to special packets of "Goodies" that each attendee will receive at registration, all refreshments in the hospitality suite are included. There will be beer and soft drinks, cocktails and munchies for all. For many of us, that alone could run into a goodly sum by the time we have finished toasting old times and good friends.

Secondly, on Friday morning, we'll board the Steamer Natchez for a cruise down the mighty Mississippi River. You'll board New Orleans' only Sternwheel Steamboat to the sounds of the Natchez's Steam Calliope in concert. But that's not all. While you're en-



The Vietnam Veterans Memorial at the Superdome will be the site of the memorial ceremony on Saturday morning.



joying the view of New Orleans as you can only see it from the river, you'll be treated to a bodacious Cajun style luncheon that's guaranteed to satisfy even the heartiest of appetites.

After the boat docks, you'll be able to stroll through the French quarter and perhaps avail yourself of some of the gastronomical delights that are unique to New Orleans before we gather for the Membership Meeting at the Hotel. Woldenberg Park, Jackson Square and the French Market are just some of the attractions available on your way back from the boat.

More? You bet. On Saturday night, it's the Grand Banquet Dinner, complete with guest speaker, dancing with "Jammin' Jarhead" and a sumptuous meal expertly served up by the Fairmont Hotel Banquet Staff and all in an atmosphere of traditional New Orleans elegance.

Last but not least, Reunion Tickets are the only tickets you can buy that will reunite you with your buddies from the Company and that alone is worth much more than the price. From the Reception in the hospitality suite, to the last dance at the Banquet Dinner, all of the Reunion '92 activities are included in the ticket price. Combine these activities with the multitude of sightseeing, dining and entertainment options you'll have during your free time and you're in for a weekend filled with Fun, Travel and Adventure. (This time the phrase means what it says)

## Registration Begins for Reunion '92

Newsletter Staff

Registration for the third annual Company G(RANGER) 75th Infantry Association Reunion, **Reunion '92**, has begun.

The registration form can be found in the center pull-out section in this issue of Sua Sponte along with a T-Shirt order form and a Membership Application on the reverse side of the registration.

Early registration is the best way to avoid a long stay at the registration desk and the only way to be sure you'll be able to participate in all of the events at the reunion. Register before June 5th and you'll be eligible to win free lodging during the Reunion. Also, the Association has to cough up a ton of cash in advance of these events, so PLEASE REGISTER EARLY! You know you're going to do it. So, just do it . . . Now!

For those of you whose dues are not current, please fill out the Membership Application on the reverse side of the Registration Form and get your dues paid up for the 1992 calendar year. Again, save yourself some time at the registration desk and pay your dues before you get there. Even if you won't be able to attend this year's bash, you can use the Membership Application to get current with the Treasury. That way we'll be able to afford to notify you of Reunion '93.

Make sure you cut the top off of the Registration form before you mail it because the T-Shirt Order Form on the back has to go to Arizona while the Registration Form must be mailed to Michigan. Also, the addresses are on the forms so unless you have a photographic memory, don't seal the forms up in the envelopes before you address them.

Remember, Registration to Michigan, T-Shirts to Arizona and the Deadline for both is June 20, 1992. How copy? . . . over.

**REGISTRATIONS  
DUE BEFORE  
JUNE 20TH**

## Submit your name for nomination to Board

**Mike Chu**

The Association is run by the Board of Directors. They meet once a year to elect officers and make all policy decisions related to business transactions for the Association.

The Board selects reunion sites, reviews the annual report, approves the operating budget, reviews proposed amendments to the bylaws, and generally is responsible for making all the major decisions affecting the Association.

With the first annual elections coming up, we are encouraging all of you who may have the desire to become involved in the day to day operations of the Association to submit your name for nomination to one of our seven elected Directorships.

Strung out from North Carolina to Hawaii, the Board of Directors and the Officers rely heavily upon long distance phone calls and FAX messages to communicate, with a flurry of activity usually occurring from February right up through the summer reunion. There are no reimbursements for phone bills, mailing cost, photocopying or any other out-of-pocket expenses. The gratification lies in the unexpected long distance call from

a buddy, observing the renewed friendships at the reunion and the newsletter that appears in the mailbox.

If you would like to volunteer some of your spare time to help with the work that is crucial to our continuing success as an Association, please submit your name to the Nominations Committee at Association HQ.

The committee can't possibly know each applicant personally, so please send a short biography (ie. Company, dates of service, duty assignment, LZ etc.) along with a brief statement outlining what you hope to accomplish if elected to the Board of Directors and your name will be placed on the ballot.

The association requires many and varied talents in order to continue with our mission and we sincerely hope that many of you will step forward and offer up some fresh ideas for the benefit of all the Membership. Remember, the deadline for nominations is May 23rd, so put your name in today.

## Directories mailed out to members

### Newsletter Staff

Members who have paid their dues for the 1992 calendar year, should have received their Membership Package from Association HQ by now. Included in the package are the 1992 membership card and the updated 1992 Directory which contains hundreds of new or updated names and addresses of our LRRP/RANGER brothers.

Your Membership package should arrive within about two weeks of sending in your dues so if you are paid up and haven't received your Membership Card and 1992 Directory, please contact Association HQ.

The directories are as up to date as possible and contain over 700 names and addresses of LRRP/RANGERS from E-51/G-75. The Directory is the only source that shows the status of your RANGER buddies. So, if you haven't done it already, get your dues in the mail and your Membership Package will be on the way.

Also, if you notice any errors or omissions in the directory, or have information regarding the whereabouts of any of our brothers, please forward it to HQ ASAP.

## From the Prez

**Dave Moncada**

Reunion '92, July 2nd through the 5th, 1992, is practically upon us. G2 has informed S2, who has informed the company TOC that, although the AO (New Orleans) is unchanged, an alternate LZ has been established. Some things in life simply will not change. How many times do we remember primaries and alternates being changed as the operation unfolded. Not to worry though, my brothers. . . as we proved our adaptability in the face of turmoil, we can once again prove our versatility in ever changing circumstances. We continue to employ the old "Seven Ranger P's". Y'all remember the Seven P's don't ya? Proper prior planning prevents piss poor performance!!! Our advance on-the-ground team is addressing each and every factor of the Seven P's.

Apart from retelling of old war stories, drinking generous amounts of beer, and sampling Cajun cooking, we will also address and finalize some Association business at the Annual Membership Meeting that will be held on Friday night.

I wish to encourage those of you with the time and inclination to submit your name for nomination to a Directorship. Association activities require a team effort just like the old days, and if you feel you can contribute, please don't hesitate to step forward.

The Ballerina (Bob Parker) informs me that many of you continue to be generous in terms of monetary contributions, and for that I thank all of you. We appreciate your generosity as we continue with our efforts to build a fiscally sound Association.

I'm sure that New Orleans will prove a worthy adversary for our indomitable LRRP spirit. I hope that each and every one of you will seize the moment and take advantage of this opportunity to once again come face to face with your RANGER brothers down in Cajun Country. The surroundings will be better than the HorseShoe Valley or AK Valley or any of the other AO's we assigned unofficial names to. Please join us in New Orleans, at the Fairmont Hotel, and in the other environs of the lovely city down by the bayous of Louisiana. And don't forget to use the "800" number for flight scheduling and hotel reservations.

**COMPANY G (RANGER) 75TH INFANTRY ASSN.  
46766 SPINNINGWHEEL DRIVE  
CANTON, MICHIGAN 48187**

**PRESIDENT**

DAVID "CHIEF" MONCADA

**VICE PRESIDENT**

STEPHEN "TOWER" JOHNSON

**SECRETARY**

MICHAEL "HO" CHU

**TREASURER**

ROBERT "BALLERINA" PARKER

**DIRECTORS**

J.R. "ARIES" McCULLOCH - CHAIRMAN

RICHARD "BOOT" CORKAN

STEVEN "CRABS" CRABTREE

JOHN "KRAUT" FRITZINGER

GARY "BUFFALO" GENTRY

TOM "ROCK" HARDY

DAVID "LIMP" PURSER

FOR INFORMATION CALL:  
**(313) 453-4155**

# War Story

Danny Jacks and Steve Castile recall one mission that was anything but routine

Time was standing still in the humid jungle night as the team waited silently for what was certain to be a test of every skill a RANGER could muster. Just before night-fall, the team members had detected heavy movement in the vicinity of their position, and now a stream of lights was snaking its way, like a Chinese dragon, up the ridgeline toward their night defensive perimeter.

The mission had begun quietly enough. Already experienced as Team Leaders, Danny Jacks and Steve Castile had been assigned to evaluate Tommy Radel's performance on his first mission in command of a Reconnaissance Team. So far so good. The insertion had been uneventful and up until the Team reached the NDP, things seemed fairly routine. Uncomfortably routine Castile had thought. Now, with the team nearly surrounded, the situation was anything but.

Sir Charles must have somehow spotted the team earlier, but kept a low profile until dark when it would be more difficult for the team to bring in an extraction ship and his chances were better of avoiding deadly fire from the Huey Cobras that would surely retaliate for any bold attack.

As the lights advanced, Jacks caught himself wondering. Why was he here in this God forsaken land fighting for a God forsaken people for who knows what? But with the Dinks closing in and probing with their flashlights in an attempt to draw compromising fire from the RANGER position, he could only ponder his motives briefly. He could hear bamboo thrashing at the brush as Charlie beat the ground with the poles in an attempt to flush the team, like a jungle animal, from its hiding place. Now a light was coming straight at him and in the darkness he could hear its owner chanting "GI. Die".

BLAM! Every muscle in his body tensed as Jacks squeezed his claymore detonator sending a tremendous blast laced with 700 steel shot tearing through the jungle to kill or maim everything in its path. BLAM! The other team members blew their claymores in unison sending more of the bastards to meet their beloved ancestors. As the debris of

vegetation and torn humanity settled into what was left of the dense foliage, the team made their move toward the emergency LZ while the sound of their escape was temporarily drowned out by the screams of their badly wounded pursuers.

Jacks had been assigned rear security and as the team made its way toward the overgrown rice paddy that had been chosen for the extraction, his job was to cover their escape route. He could see that the confusion caused by the claymores had not lasted long enough. The enemy had re-grouped and were closing quickly as they once again searched with flashlights and screamed insults at the evading LRRP team.

As the Dinks closed on the team, Jacks began to fire his Car-15 on full Rock and Roll. The nearest silhouette crumpled to the ground as Jacks, now running backwards, pumped one magazine after the other into the pursuing enemy company. He knew he was slowing them down a bit, but he also knew they were still coming as he emptied his last remaining magazine into their column. Suddenly, as he continued to scramble for the LZ, the earth disappeared from beneath his feet and Jacks was in free space hurtling downward in the darkness.

As his head began to clear, Jacks figured he couldn't have been unconscious for too long. He could feel terrible pain shooting through his right leg and he bit into his lower lip to keep from crying out. His kneecap had been fractured and he had sustained a severe blow to the head during his fall from the cliff that he could now see above him. Fortunately, he had landed on a small ledge and had not made the full descent to the bottom.

The Dinks knew Jacks was somewhere nearby. They were scouring the cliff and beating the bushes with their bamboo poles while probing the darkness with their flashlights. Jacks could see a Huey settle in to a hover over the rest of the team in the valley. They were calling out to him, but he couldn't respond. The enemy was too close. He dared not even breathe too loud. As he crawled beneath a small bush, Jacks could see his

team mates scramble to the chopper. It hovered for a few seconds more, then turned and lifted off into the blackness.

Jacks surveyed his position. He was bleeding and couldn't walk. His head was hurting badly, he was out of ammunition, the Dinks were almost on top of him and his only help had just flown away in the Huey. He was no longer wondering why he was there. Now he was just wishing that he wasn't. He wished he'd gone on to college instead of the Army. He thought about being 13 thousand miles from home. He thought about his folks reading the telegram. It would read Missing In Action. They would never know what really happened. They wouldn't even get to bury him.

As the enemy searched all around him, Jacks prepared for the inevitable. Now he could hear the scraping sound of a man climbing the steep slope in front of the ledge. As he said a hurried prayer to the "Big Ranger in the Sky", he unsnapped his K-Bar from the scabbard on his web gear. They had him all right, but he wasn't going to be easy. He knew he would fight them to his last breath. A dark figure appeared above the ledge just inches out of reach of Jacks' K-Bar. Jacks thought "just a little bit closer" as the shadowy figure peered into the darkness beneath the bush.

"Jacks, is that you?" came a whisper from the dark figure. Jacks heaved a sigh of relief as he recognized his friend and team mate Steve Castile peering at him over the ledge. With no time to waste, Castile looped his arm around Jacks and began to drag him, on his back, toward the paddy.

As Castile pulled, he lost his footing on the nearly vertical slope and became entangled in an overhanging vine. Although the vine had stopped both men from falling even further, it had wrapped around Castile's neck and was slowly strangling him. Castile regained his footing allowing Jacks to cut the thick vine with his K-Bar and Castile then began to drag and carry him to safety.

When they reached the paddy where Jacks had seen the helicopter hover and lift

off, the rest of the team materialized out of the bush.

As Castile administered first aid to Jacks' split knee cap, Radel explained what had gone on during the time Jacks had been separated from the Team. Knowing Jacks was in trouble, they had faked an extraction in order to draw attention away from themselves so they could concentrate on the rescue. They knew that one man would have a better chance than the whole team of getting past the Dinks and rescuing Jacks. Castile volunteered for the job.

The extraction ship was nearly on station as Castile watched his team mates assist their battered comrade to the LZ. He had laid his weapon in the tall grass in order to apply a bandage to Jacks' broken knee cap and now with the chopper blowing everything around, he was unable to locate it. Seconds seemed like hours as Castile, on his hands and knees, groped frantically in the blowing grass for his Car-15.

Just as his fingers found the weapon, an NVA soldier leaped from the bushes onto Castile's back. Spinning out from under his attacker like a high school wrestler, Castile jammed the muzzle of the Car-15 into the Dink's face and dropped the hammer. As the rounds left the barrel, the Dink's head exploded sending a fleshy fragment to the rear of Castile's throat as he gasped for breath in the struggle.

Castile now felt detached, almost as if he were dreaming, as he looked toward the Huey and saw the other RANGERS still on the ground. Gagging and running for the chopper, Castile could see that the bird wasn't able to get low enough and he leaped for the skids and held on. The rest of the team boosted Jacks up Castile's back, onto his shoulders and into the chopper. As Castile hung on, his team mates were able to climb onto his shoulders and pull themselves into the hovering ship. As the Huey began to rise, Castile swung his weapon across the top of the skid and hung on while the other RANGERS grappled to pull him aboard.

As his team mates pulled him into the chopper, Castile began to dry heave and they wondered aloud if he had been hit during their escape. At least they were airborne and on the way to their base camp where Jacks and Castile could get proper medical treatment. After catching his breath and swallowing most of his stomach, all Castile could manage to say was "I'm O.K."

## The Early Days

**Jerry Schuster**

### *NVA get credit for the first Clean Air Act.*

This ain't no shit! All good stories start with that line and this one is no exception. You see, back in the early days of the LRRPs, when the company area was still pretty new to us, our CO, Captain Bjork, had a screened in, tin roofed, two holer that he was very proud of.

As a matter of fact, he was so proud of it that he spent a few minutes in it each day in deep meditation. Having spent a lot of time in the bush with another unit, he could appreciate the luxury of something to sit on while he was "meditating".

Now, Company E hadn't been on the books very long so nobody'd had a chance to screw up bad enough to be put on Shit Burner detail and this created a problem with

the CO's two holer. It stunk to high heaven. A breeze in the right direction would bring you to your knees for miles downwind. Even snakes even kept their distance and all the Enlisted Personnel were truly glad that they had their own outhouse. Yeah, it was tough. It smelled worse than the mess hall. Must have been a real strain on Capt. Bjork.

The Second NVA Division unwittingly came to the rescue when they kicked off Tet '68 by using the Purple Haze rising from the two holer as an aiming point for their 122 mm rockets. A couple of shots, well placed by their sanitation crew, and Choi Oui, The smell was gone. Fortunately, Capt. Bjork was not enthroned at the time. I think he was bunkered with the rest of us.

Anyway, after accomplishing what must have been the first enforcement of a Clean Air Act by any country, the NVA took a shot at the MAG 13 bomb dump (their secondary target and a minor threat by comparison) and promptly blew it up.

As a great mushroom shaped cloud rose over Chu Lai . . . Well, that's part of another story . . . from the early days.



JERRY SCHUSTER

**Captain Bjork's two holer after Tet '68 rocket attack clears the air over the Chu Lai.**

**Americal AO Grid Maps are available from Associaton HQ  
Send your Name and Address and the names of the Map sheets  
to: Ranger Maps - 46765 Spinningwheel - Canton MI 48187  
Please enclose \$5.00 for each Map ordered.**

*The Mailbag*



Gary Bjork, architect of Americal LRRPs

Finding it surprisingly difficult to write this letter. Mostly, because I'm having trouble getting my head right. It's 1992, I'm working at a military/civilian think tank in California, and then the phone is ringing, and suddenly I'm hearing voices I haven't heard for 25 years. And bits and pieces start coming back. I'm seeing the men again, studying their maps as I walk from hut to hut in the morning darkness, checking out the patrols. I hear someone testing the action on a shotgun, someone else sharpening a KA-Bar. And then the packs are up, and the men who are going out today are heading down the beach, climbing into the choppers, and taking off for the mountains.

But I packed all that away in a cardboard box and left it in an attic somewhere a quarter century ago. So I turn back to my desk and start working again, focusing on today. But then yesterday comes creeping back again. I see the men coming off the rappelling tower, and I'm remembering those patrols where it never stopped raining, and ringing out our bloody socks in the morning from the leeches that crawled into our boots dur-

ing the night. And the smell of rotting leaves as we lie there in ambush.

As I talk to the voices on the phone, I begin to realize how many years have come and gone between yesterday and today, and how far I've drifted from who we were. For example, I was talking to David Swires on the phone the other night and he mentioned that he'd stayed on a couple of years and pulled over 80 missions. My immediate response was, "God, you went in that many times and never got hit— you were really lucky, David." There was a pause on the other end of the line, and then he said quietly, "Well no, it wasn't luck, Captain. It was because we did what you taught us."

And so that's what I mean when I say I need to get my head right. We didn't talk about luck back in 1968. We didn't have to. The LRRPs were the toughest, most together outfit in Vietnam. I remember always being filled with a tremendous sense of strength and confidence, almost invincibility, in everything we did, whether it was just piling into a Jeep and heading off to G2 ... or coming down on an enemy patrol like the wrath of God through the smoke of the Claymores ... and afterward E&Eing as fast as we could, running, stumbling, twisting our way through the vines and that damn razor grass, which I hate to this day, cutting into our faces and arms.

I've never been to any kind of reunion before— that old high school class sort of stuff. I don't know what they're supposed to accomplish, or how to interact. I also don't much like being in a room with more than six people at a time. But, this is really something else. So many of the original Company, and wave after wave of those who came after us, getting together. It's all quite startling, and humbling; and it gives me so much pride, knowing I was part of this.

I'll be at the Reunion; and I'll be coming in with a slash of black and green on my cheek, just to make sure my head is right, and to remind me that I'm checking in as an LRRP and a RANGER.

I'd also appreciate it if the committee who's putting this thing together could give me five or ten minutes at the dinner to talk about how we began ... right from that first moment when I stepped out of the General's quarters, took a deep breath,

and just stood there—looking off into the mountains, filled with the thrill of it, knowing we were going to be. I salute you all.  
"1st LRRP"

Gary Bjork  
1415 Fernwood Pacific  
Topanga, CA 90290

**New war finds  
Ranger still  
"Airborne"**

We still work in teams, light & heavy, but we have changed our weapons a little. The Sprite of G Company has moved into the cockpit of the AH64 during the Gulf War. I thought often I would revert back to a LRRP if shot down while conducting operations in Iraq.

CW4 Michael T. Moorehead  
3-1 AHB Box 2288  
Katterbach Kaserne  
APO NY 09250



Mike Moorehead at the controls of his Apache at the start of the air war in Iraq.

(It's interesting to note that the first letter in the Mailbag is from the first Americal Division LRRP and the second is from one of the very last - ed.)

# LRRP Gear for Reunion '92

Strac Reunion fashions for the Discriminating RANGER Veteran

**New  
for  
1992**



**T-Shirt  
\$15.00**

**Cap  
(with color  
patch)  
\$10.00**

**Patch  
\$3.00**

**T-Shirts - Black Mesh Caps - Ranger Scroll Patches**  
Distinctive new designs for Reunion '92 - Same LOW prices

**LRRP Gear - 2823 E Norwood - Mesa AZ 85213**

**Directory Update**

**New or Updated Addresses  
and Telephone Numbers**

**Announcements**

- Bjork, Gary F "1st Lrrp" 1415 Fernwood Pacific, Topanga CA 90290 (310)-455-3165
- Gallman, Robert G "Spook" 6291 Springcourt Ln, Harrisburg NC 28075 (704)-455-5691
- Hardy, Thomas N "Rock" 3622 Via Picante, La Mesa CA 92041 (619)-660-6131
- Hofherr, Harry H "Dragon" 1054 Camargo Dr, Ballwin MO 63011 (314)-230-8970
- Lewis, Bruce C "Banner" 2727 N Pine Grove #104, Chicago IL 60614 (312)-871-5190
- Meabon, David L "Helen" 2034 Hwy 141, Helmville MT 59843 ( ) - -
- Miller, Kenneth M 8401 Southside Blvd #202, Jacksonville FL 32256 ( ) - -
- Moorehead, Michael T "Buckeye" 3-1 Ahb Cmr454 Box 2288, Apo AE 09250 09829 1459
- Pacheco, Richard "Chico" 920 Wolf Springs Rd, Ferris TX 75125 ( ) - -
- Price, Clifford L "Rosey" 8562-B Jackson Loop, Fort Drum NY 13603 (315)-773-7529
- Rios, Robert 885 Stamoules St, Mendota CA 93640 (209)-655-3148
- Shook, George W "Funny Face" 5411 Sycamore, Kansas City MO 64129 (816)-923-8005
- Simpson, Robert A 7600 Pacific Ave Se, Olympia WA 98503 (206)-923-9621
- Wagner, Donald C 41 Pinion Ln, Texas Creek CO 81250 ( ) - -
- Williams, Charles P "Wolf" 2630 Garfield St, Carlsbad CA 92008 (619)-729-2385

**Congratulations  
Donna and John**

John "Lightning" Shenkaruk (Chu Lai '69-'70) and wife Donna, who's wedding was announced in the first issue of Sua Sponte, are the proud parents of a brand new baby boy.

John W. Shenkaruk III was born April 9, 1992 at 2:15 P.M. in Providence Hospital, near Detroit.

Fortunately for Donna the baby weighed in at about 250 pounds less than John II (8lb. 4oz) and mother and baby are doing fine.

# **Reunion '92 Travel Guide**

Reunion '92 - July 2nd thru 5th - Fairmont Hotel - New Orleans

**For Hotel and Flight Reservations Call Now:**

**1-800-462-2980**

**The Travel Agency of New Orleans**  
155 University Place  
New Orleans, Louisiana 70112  
(504) 524-8141  
Fax: (504) 525-0203

**The Fairmont Hotel - New Orleans**  
123 Baronne Street  
New Orleans, Louisiana 70140  
(800) 527-4727  
Fax: (504) 522-2303

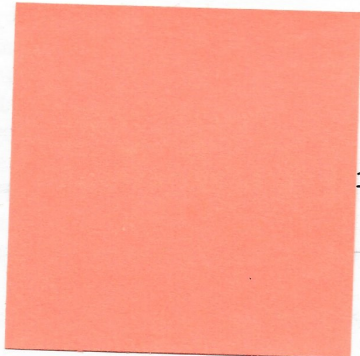
**Make Your Reservations EARLY!!!**

# **REUNION REGISTRATION**

**Company G(RANGER) 75th Infantry Association**  
46765 Spinningwheel Drive  
Canton, MI 48187-1422

**FORWARD & ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED**

**FIRST CLASS  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
CANTON, MI  
PERMIT NO. 264**



107

