



NUMBER 49

THE LRRP/RANGERS OF THE FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION DURING THE VIETNAM WAR



AUGUST 2006

THIS NEWSLETTER IS DISTRIBUTED ON FEBRUARY 1, MARCH 1 (REUNION INFORMATION ISSUE) AND SEPTEMBER 1 OF EACH CALENDAR YEAR. IT IS FOR THE MEN WHO SERVED IN THE LONG RANGE PATROL UNITS OF THE 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION DURING THE VIETNAM WAR. THESE UNITS ARE: LRRP DET., 191ST MI; HHC (G-2) LRRP; CO. F (LRP), 52ND INF.; CO. H, (RANGER) 75TH INF.; AND DET. 10, (RANGER) HHC, 3RD BGE.

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THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

From Larry CURTIS

Wow! What a great reunion. This was the 1st Cav. Div. Association's 59th Annual reunion and the LRRP/Rangers' 20th reunion. Things started off with a bang right from the start, by the time I checked in there were already 20 Rangers waiting for me to get the hospitality room open and things got better from there. On Monday night we decided to go out for dinner so we passed the word around to see who wanted to go. In the end we had 30 Rangers and family members. You should have seen the faces on the people at the Texas Road House when we said 45 for dinner.

By Tuesday we had a total of 65 Rangers sign in, of which 20 were there for the first time. We had 7 members of the James Gang. By that I mean Col. Jim JAMES and 7 of the original LRRPs, the men who started the unit. What a privilege it was to meet them. At night in the hospitality room you had Bob CARR and Art GUERRERO entertaining everyone till after two in the morning. On Tuesday we told everybody we had a surprise for them. Joseph DILGER had made arrangement with a corporate sponsor to take everybody out for a dinner cruise on the Ohio River on the Star of Louisville. The bus would be leaving the hotel at 5:00PM and happy hour would be from 6-7 with dinner afterwards. Well Joe couldn't make it, he was sent out of town on business and couldn't make it back in time. He sent Dave to coordinate everything and boy did he do a great job. We would like to thank Joe DILGER and Dave and all of the crew of the Star of Louisville for showing us a wonderful time that no one will soon forget. Thanks again Joe, for all you did for us.

At the luncheon on Wednesday the guest speaker was MG Michael DAVIDSON. Gen DAVIDSON was the XO of H 75th Rangers in 1970-71, his talk was on the Army today and what's going on in the Middle East. It was very interesting. Then Mike BRENNAN gave a talk on our Ranger Association and how it has developed over the last 20 years. We would like to thank Mike and Bonnie ECHTERLING and George PACCERELLI for all the work they did to get this association up and running, without their hard work in the beginning there wouldn't be a Ranger Association today.

At the breakfast on Thursday morning Col. Pete BOOTH honored Bob GILL with an award from the 1st of 9th. We also had a very special guest in Joe DILGER's mom, June. What a sweet lady and she had a lot of stories to tell us about Joe.

Almost forgot, the Louisville Courier-Journal did a nice story on us. The article was written by Maggie A. J. Gilmour. We all had to feel sorry for Maggie because Bob CARR and Jim FAULKNER talked her ears off. I know they must have talked to her for six hours.

This was also an election year, the officers for the next two years are, President Larry CURTIS, Vice-President Keith PHILLIPS, Secretary David KLIMEK, Treasurer Doug PARKINSON, Sergeant At Arms Doc GILCHREST, Board of Trustees Forrest DECKER, Bennie GENTRY, and Walter SEYMOUR

Next year's reunion will be in Riverside, CA. so start making plans now, the hotel is filling up fast. The reunion dates are July 11-15, 2007.

MEMBERSHIP MEETING

JULY 15, 2006

LOUISVILLE, KY

From David KLIMEK, Secretary

Meeting called to order by Larry CURTIS, Chapter President. Forty three members were in attendance.

OLD BUSINESS: minutes of the 2005 meeting were approved. Mike BRENNEN gave a short talk about the formation of our chapter, then he proposed to lead a fact-finding committee, with the goal to complete an accurate historical profile of our unit in Viet Nam from beginning to end. The motion was passed. Anyone with any information regarding this matter please contact Mike.

Dutch EISENTRAGER, our former web-sarge, was thanked for his past work. Our new web-sarge is Bill WINN. This motion was passed. Bill CARPENTER agreed to serve another term as our newsletter-sarge. This motion was passed. Bill was also recognized for his past work. Jim REGAN asked everyone to submit something for our newsletter.

Doug PARKINSON's treasurer's report was accepted with a reminder to send late dues to him. Bill ANTON, our 75th Ranger Regiment Association representative, gave an update, wished more would join and agreed to serve another term. This motion was passed. Bill was also recognized for his past work.

A donation of 5% will be made to the First Cavalry Scholarship Fund at the conclusion of this reunion this motion was passed.

NEW BUSINESS: Timothy V. HARPER, KIA 2/17/71, was nominated for the Ranger Hall of Fame. This motion was passed. John LEBRUN tabled a discussion about a life-time membership fee. Contact him with any follow-up. Howard SHUTE was sadly missed by all due to a medical procedure. He expects to be fit, retired and attending next year's reunion.

Next year's reunion is July 11-15, 2007, at Riverside, CA. The move from Ft. Hood, TX was necessitated due to the 1st Cav being deployed in the Middle East. Jacksonville, FL will host the 2008 reunion.

Running unopposed, all candidates were re-elected to serve another term. This motion was passed.

Bob CARR motioned to close, this motion passed.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

By David KLIMEK

Our membership now stands at 271. New members are James DICKMAN, Richard HAMILTON, William POOLE, Robert RAAB, David REBER, Cesaro LIZERRAGO, Jerald THOMASON, and Steven THOMPSON. New applicants are Jerry BALLAMTYNE, Richard GASAWAY, and Bernard WELLS.

Some members were offended that our unit's designation on their name cards at the reunion was different. I have sent to the 1st Cav. Div. Assn. asking that our unit be designated as LRRP/RANGERS for all future use. That, and some other changes, so we can see them better.

Well, it sure was fun taking a dinner-boat-ride on the Ohio River. Whoever sponsored that effort, thank you very, very much. It was also fun for me to see that so many came and also to see some old friends who use-to-be angry, but are now calmed down and were even seen laughing. I know its tough dealing with PTSD. We all have it to some extent. Of course we hate having bad dreams or any of the many other symptoms, but I'm not one bit ashamed about having served in our unit. There is also no shame for any of us to go to the VA for help in coping with this monster. So please guys, if you still have some issues to resolve, go to the VA or local Vet Center and ask for some help.

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I'll close by saying myself, Ron HAMMON, Leonard DECLUE, Dennis RAINE, and Richard GASAWAY (Team 71) got together the weekend before our reunion and we had a blast being together again. Talking it all out was good for all of us. Maybe some of you guys in different areas could get together to do the same. You won't have to worry about what you say, everyone will understand and you will feel better.

Ranger Lead The Way
David Klimek, Secretary

OBITUARIES

Robert Louis FONTAINE, 55, of Reno, Nevada, died Thursday, August 8, 2002, at Washoe Medical Center of cancer. Robert lived in Reno for 7 years, coming from Barnes City, Iowa. A US Marine for 17 months, US Army for 4 and one half years, serving in Viet Nam for 2 tours.

Rayford WILSON died on 11 January 2002. His mother is Edith Wilson, 601 N. Mount Carmel Street, Wichita, KS 67203-5026, phone 316/943-3996. She is 84 years old, very nice, and very hard of hearing!



TREASURER'S REPORT

By Doug PARKINSON

As of today gentlemen.

Account Summary - (All Accounts)

August 10, 2006

SAVINGS	132105 - \$50	\$50.00
CHECKING	132105 - \$51	\$ 9147.60

MISSING RANGER FOUND

From Lou BRUCHEY

We need to add Carl Richard McCARTHEY, Jr. to our list of fallen rangers. He died on September 20, 1970. He was the man cut in half by a rotor blade on an insertion. He's the guy nobody could remember. Lizzaraga was the TL.

I emailed and talked to his sister. She sent me photos of him with members of our unit and his headstone has Co. H, 75th Rangers, 1st Air Cav. Div. on it. I actually "kinda" remember the guy, but he wasn't in the unit that long. However, I know he's our missing brother. She is still digging for further verification, like orders. but I think we have enough proof.

Lou Bruchey



2006 REUNION ATTENDEES

Gair Anderson	Sam and Cathy Dixon	Ed Partin
Bob and Cathy Ankony	Alton and Sharon Eady	Keith and Frankie Phillips
Bill Anton	Pete Eisentrager	William Poole
Henry Avila	Harry Elston	Bob and Barb Raab
Roy Beer	Jim Faulkner	Dennis Raine
Bob and Susie Block	Stan and Danita Freeborn	Jim and Louis Regan
Mike and Bev Brennan	Richard and Barb Gassaway	Dan Roberts
Lewis Bruchey	Bennie and Sandy Gentry	Jim and Ellen Ross
Tom Campbell	Doc Gilchrest	John and Joan Simones
Bill Carpenter with	Bob Gill	Danny and Bev Svoboda
daughter Stacy and son Dan	Michael Gooding	Daniel and Barbara Tarver
Bob Carr	Art Guerrero	Jerry Thomason
Harvey Claypoole	Ron Hammon	Owen Tomlinson
Howard Coble	Jim James	John and Judy Trumbull
Larry and Jeannie Curtis	David Klimek	Jon and Margie Varesko
Michael Davidson	John LeBurn	Terry and Shan Wanish
Forrest Decker and Maryann	Cesario Lizarrago	William Weaver
Leonard and Marlene DeClue	Jim Massengill	Bernard Wells
Dan and Kathy De Mara	Doug and Debbie Matze	Barry White
Peter Dencker	Wayne Okken	Ken White
James Dickman	Doug Parkinson	Ronald Wood

REUNION NOTE

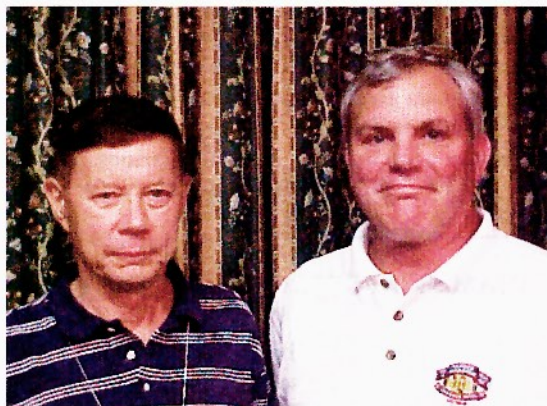
From Bill CARPENTER

We had a stretch van for our trip to the reunion. Well, on Tuesday, we decided to relieve the busload a little and take the van to the riverboat ride. There were three LRRPs in the van, men who should know N S E and W. The boat is on the Indiana side of the Ohio River. We would simply follow the bus. We weren't even out of the hotel parking lot before we lost sight of the bus. Very complicated directions, take I-65 north over the river.

Somehow, N and E got confused and we ended up on the wrong interstate. My son enjoyed telling how it took an army engineer to correct the land navigation of three LRRPs.

Pete, I don't want to say much, but weren't you with some Rangers who got lost in Texas a couple of years ago.

REUNION 2006



ALPHA AND (almost) OMEGA
Jim JAMES and Pete DENCKER

Jim JAMES was our unit's first commander (11/66-6/67) and Pete DENCKER was the next to last (7/18/71-6/23/72). Our colors were folded on 7/20/72. Bob HOFFMAN was the CO at the end.

There are a lot of reunion pictures on our web page, check them out.

RANGER IN NHA TRANG

GARY PATTERSON

78H/9 TUE TINH ST

NHA TRANG, VIET NAM

Phone: 058 524004

Email: MYKIEUGARY@YAHOO.COM

Hi Guys, just a few lines to let ya know I'm still kickin' and am alive and well in Nha Trang. I've been here for the better part of six yrs. now and have been married to a real sweet gal for about three of them.

Met her here in Nha Trang, all though she is from the north ... As a matter of fact, she joined the NVA in '70 when she was 15 yrs old, took her training and made her way down the HCM Trail. She was wounded in Quang Tri (B-52) in '71 and MEDIVACed to Hanoi where she recovered and was discharged in '75.

Hope you guys had a great reunion ... Wish I could have been there ... God Bless you all.

Your Ranger Bud
Gary PATTERSON
p.s. fire me an email

Romance at the reunion

from Pete "Dutch" EISENTRAGER

No, It wasn't any of us old farts. It started late Monday afternoon while Gair ANDERSON, Bob GILL and I were walking through the courtyard by the pool when a young man come up to us and introduced himself as PFC Loren Brinson. Sent from Ft. Hood to mingle with those at the reunion. He was leaving with the division this fall to Iraq. He asked what we had planned and we told him we were meeting some other Rangers to go out to dinner. He asked if he could go along and we set him up with the one person who could make the Pope feel at home in a Synagogue **Bob CARR.**

As it turned out there were 24 of us that went. After dinner Loren came to our hospitality room and continued to have a great time. He was invited to go on our dinner cruise, Tuesday night, on the Ohio River, sponsored by an anonymous donor. During the cruise I took pictures of everyone then started taking photos of some of the crew with us. I took as many pictures of Loren with every girl on the crew so he could show all his buddies back at Ft. Hood. One very pretty girl cornered me and said she thought Loren was **hot**. But she was too shy to tell him. She asked me to find out what he thought of her and after some back and forth each had their respective cell phone numbers. I wish Chrissy and Loren all the happiness in the world. And don't forget to invite me to the wedding.

MERCHANDISE REPORT

From John LEBRUN

Wow, what a reunion. I want to thank all those that brought, forwarded or mailed items for the raffle. They were all warmly received and gladly given away. The raffle alone raised \$1040.00. A job well done by all.

Additionally, we sold a whole lot of items at the reunion. All the jackets went and a ton of polo shirts. We still have a large inventory of items that will probably get us through until next year. I am working on getting a few more Ranger rings and men's /ladies watches. There seemed to be a big demand at the reunion for watches and as usual I didn't have a single one. They should be available by Christmas, both items.

I haven't heard from those Rangers that I mailed items to so I am assuming everyone got the items they asked for. If you purchased something on credit at the reunion or picked something up and couldn't find me to pay for it remember that you can still mail you payment to me. Thanks.

I will attempt to get the merchandise list added to the web site so that items can be ordered directly from the site. The money will still have to come through the mail but it should speed up the delivery of the items.

After this reunion everyone should be putting the reunion at Riverside on their calendar. Better yet, call or e-mail Larry, as he has put thirty rooms aside for our unit. Make your reservation early and avoid staying at another facility.

Until next time, take care and see you all in Riverside in 2007.

LRRP/RANGER MERCHANDISE PRICE LIST

T-Shirts Black/White all sizes	\$13.00
T-Shirts Novelty White all sizes	\$15.00
T-Shirts Recondo Grey all sizes	\$15.00
Decals: Interior/Exterior	\$2.00
Ranger Ring	\$35.00
Belt Buckles: Numbered	\$20.00
Golf (Polo) Shirts: all sizes Blk/White	\$30.00
Hats: Black or White	\$12.00
Windshirt, Pullover: Black M, L, XL	\$36.00
Sweaters: Black M LR XL	\$40.00
Windshirt: (converts to sleeveless)Black with Khaki trim.(M, L XL only)	\$48.00
Cloth scroll patch: (Co H 75 th nf.)	\$4.00
Cloth logo patch	\$4.00
Wooden Nickel	\$1.00
Ranger Lapel Pins	\$4.00
Training Video: Bear Cat	\$10.00
James Gang DVD	\$10.00
ANNUAL DUES	\$15.00
Shipping per order	\$5.00

Please mail check/money order payable to

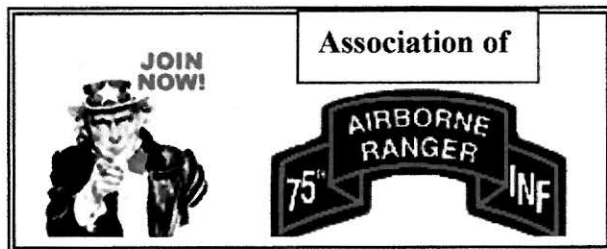
LRRP/RANGER:

John LeBrun

932 3rd Street

Blaine, WA 98230

The \$5.00 shipping charge covers only one or two shirts. Donations are gladly accepted. There is no shipping charge for decals, patches, lapel pins, wooden nickels, novelty T-shirts or the ring. Take care and see you in Riverside California in 2007.



**You could generate \$2.00 for
our organization.**

The 75th RRA will reimburse us
for each 1st Cav/LRRP Ranger who
joins the 75th RRA.

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VA UPDATE

From John SIMONES

Two items:

1. The US House and Senate each has a bill (HR 5549) and (S 2694) that would remove a stipulation for attorneys to receive monies for helping veterans with benefit claims. You can hire an attorney, but the monies paid are minimal at best. Service organizations provide FREE service to vets. I urge you to write/e-mail your Senator and Congress person to vote no. Remember, Talk's cheap, 'til you need a lawyer.

2. When pursuing a claim for compensation, remember, document, document, document. The more records you have to back up your claim, the sooner it will be adjudicated. CONTACT me anytime. JS

If you have any questions or comments about veterans' services, or if there is a topic you would like discussed in future newsletters, feel free to contact John at:

John Simones
PO Box 484
Middleboro, MA 02346-0484
508-947-4187
johnsimones@yahoo.com

From Randy KIMES

For those of you who have a 100% VA Rating, and perhaps some other insurance program which VA doesn't know about; If it ever becomes necessary that you need local Emergency Room services, note this; When asked who will be paying the bill, you can say "VA", and show them your VA ID card.

If you say something like, "VA, and Medicare", OR "Medicare and VA", VA will leave you hanging with the bill. VA has told me - verbally, and in writing- that they will pay the ENTIRE bill (when the veteran has a 100% rating), but WILL NOT pay part.

In my case, I stated Medicare as 1st Payer, and VA 2nd-Payer. Medicare did their thing and paid all that was due [~80%]. But VA rejected any request to pay the remainder, stating they do not make the "co-payments" for Veterans.

It sounds pretty stupid; after all VA would have been paying only 20%, instead of 100%. But that's the way it is in the regulations.

Randy KIMES

TEAM 54 INFORMATION REQUEST

1 SEPT 1970

This request came through the 75th RRA. It is from Ed Kersey, whose brother, a chopper pilot, was killed on 1 Sept 70. The following is the accident summary.

Mr. Kersey was the pilot of the aircraft that departed FSB Nancy enroute to grid coordinate YT553354 to establish contact with Ranger Team 54. the Ranger Team leader stated that at approximately 1930 hours a helicopter passed over his location, extremely fast and at a very low altitude. He thought that by the speed of the aircraft that it was an AH-1G. Shortly after the ship passed the Rangers position they heard a loud popping sound. Similar to that which is encountered when a helicopter is in a banked turn with power being applied. The leader stated the sound was much louder than he had ever heard. Less than 30 seconds later there was an explosion. Upon investigation the Ranger team found a helicopter that had crashed and burned.

Mr. Kersey is hoping to contact anyone who was on Ranger Team 54 at that time. He states, "I would just like to talk to someone who may have been there and might be able to fill in some blanks from the "official" story.

Ed Kersey's email is dek2504@earthlink.net

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HISTORICAL OCCURENCES

VUNG TAU EXTRACTION

By Jim REGAN

Long ago, in the Vacation Land of Southeast Asia... a quiet night around the TOC. Me and the CO were hanging around, listening for any "calls" from the bush. Only one team deployed and it was in a quiet AO. The RTO answers the land line and says someone from Vung Tau is on the line. I take the call and the guy on the other end is the Desk Sgt. in the R & R Center at Vung Tau, RVN. Got one of your Rangers here, he says. If you get here before 0600 hrs, with your CO it won't end up on the blotter report. Thanks, we will see what we can do.

The CO, Cpt. Griffiths calls over to the 2/20th ARA, Blue Max, and gets the Ops Officer to lay on a slick. I call back to Vung Tau and contact my buddy, a 1SG at Big Daddy Aviation and lay on ground transportation. Bring a case of Bud, say he. No sweat. Otto!!! Me and the CO get to the pad and the slick is cranking.

Only a major in the left seat and the Crew Chief in back with me. Cpt. G is in the right seat "playing" with all the stuff the pilots play with to fly those birds. The Crew Chief goes funny faced and asks me who in the world is that guy up there. I tell him he is one of those Rangers and wants to fly helicopters! Thought the Crew Chief would lose it. Once we're airborne the Major takes a nap and we head for Vung Tau.

Out from VT I call on the FM and get my buddy at the pad. He has a jeep and driver, we hand over the Bud, climb in and take off for the hoosegal. We arrive and approach the Desk Sgt. We're here for that Ranger you have locked up. The CO shows his ID and signs for the Ranger. Back we go to what looks like a modified Conex container. There sits this forlorn Ranger. When he sees us he wants to die. Don't say a word, says I, get your stuff and let's go. My buddy

takes us back to the pad, laughing all the way. You see, he and I extracted some Troopers from jail in Sumpter, SC back in the early '60s the slick is refueled and cranking. Off we go, heading back to PV, as the sun slowly climbs in the East.

Back safe and sound at PV we thank the major and the Crew Chief and head to the company area. No, the Ranger didn't get an Article 15 or anything like that. He did, however, become proficient with burning that stuff back by the latrine for several days!!! By the by, like all the other Rangers in the unit, he was one hard chargin' guy who knew his job and did it well. No Ranger left behind!!!

A little about that Major, I'll call him Major "C". I later met up with him 'bout '82, at Babenhausen, FRG. He was a Col. and turning over the Artillery BDE. We hugged and all the folks thought we were nuts. Then he starts telling all who would listen about his days "Shooting" for the Rangers and extracting them from Vung Tau. My Corps CSM thought we were all "oppy doop". Years later, around '90, a fellow sticks his head into my office at Fortress Belvoir HQ.. "Can I get a set of quarters on this post, Sergeant Major?" he asks. He is now a three star general. Wow! He comes in and we start our act again, hugging, laughing, and my boss, a one star, comes in and doesn't know what to think. We get the quarters squared away and I go down after he moved in. I give a class to his Enlisted Aide. In comes the General and I tell him I'm checking to make sure he keeps his AO squared away. The Sergeant looks terrified but then me and the General laugh and hug again. What friends we make in the military! Lots of similar talks out there where COs and NCOs took care of their troops. Jim RLTW

RECONNAISSANCE AND SURVEILLANCE LEADERS COURSE

4th Ranger Training Battalion

May 5, 2006

The featured speaker at graduation was our own Bob ANKONY. The following is some brief excerpts from the speech he gave to today's Rangers.

I want to congratulate the members of this class for having the fortitude and academic ability to complete this Reconnaissance and Surveillance Leaders Course. And I would like to thank Major Eric Flesch for inviting me here to talk about my book, Lurps: A Ranger's Diary of Tet, Khe Sanh, A Shau, and Quang Tri and how my experience could relate to members of this class.

I did nothing extraordinary in the war; I merely responded to the call to do my duty and managed to have some fun while I was at it. But I did serve with some extraordinary men. One was my commanding officer, Captain Michael Gooding, and another was my platoon leader, Lieutenant Joseph Dilger. But the one who stands out most to me -- was my team leader, Sergeant Douglas Parkinson. He had a kind, fatherly manner, all of which made me feel safe.

I am convinced that my experience in the military, and especially by how these men influenced me, gave me the inner strength to move on rather than languish, and to become a responsible citizen, husband, and father.

A few months after joining the 1st Cav's LRRP unit in Viet Nam, I went to MACVs, 5th Special Forces Group, Recondo School in Nha Trang, Vietnam. It was for three weeks and consisted of training similar to what I had received when I joined the LRRP unit, but in much greater detail.

All students in the course were combat vets from various Army and Marine reconnaissance units. The cadre exhibited a quiet professionalism whose knowledge was impeccable. They never raised their voices. If

you couldn't perform --- you were just dropped from the course. Of the 57 men who reported to Recondo School --- 23 of us graduated.

In April 1968 my team was one of several involved in securing a radio relay station on top of a mountain overlooking the A Shau Valley. Three men were killed and several were wounded on top of that mountain. But we held the mountain top.

A week after A Shau, my assistant team leader, Bob Whitten, was killed in action. Three other men from the assault force were also killed. And Sergeant Curtis lost an eye from a grenade blast.

In the short days following, Sergeant Parkinson returned home as a marine biologist. Lieutenant Dilger recovered from his wounds and became a member of the Special Forces, and Captain Gooding was promoted to major and assigned to Special Warfare Operations in the States. As for me, I became a team leader, eventually completing 22 patrols in which we found and destroyed more of the enemy.

This July I will see most of these men at my division's reunion. ----- When my former team leader, Doug Parkinson, heard I was coming to this ceremony, he said -----, I should warn you graduates to be nice to the people you serve with ----- so they'll say nice things about you --- if they ever write a book.

Again, I would like to thank Major Flesch for inviting me and to congratulate every member of this class. Sometimes people ask if I have nightmares--- to which I reply -- I do ----- of college ----- but not of the military. Of that, I only have dreams --- pleasant dreams -- that I'm back on patrol -- in the company of men.

Take care graduating members -- and
GOOD LUCK!

A WEEKEND WITH U.S. AND VIETNAMESE RANGERS

BY Jim REGAN

When I DEROS'd from H Company I was assigned at A Co, 75th, Fortress Benning. The SGM at Ranger School snatched me up and gave me a choice of assignments: Benning, Florida Ranger Camp (FRC) or the Mountain Ranger Camp (MRC) at Dahlonga, GA. Told him I'd get back to him in the AM.

Went to the NCO Club and met an ol' buddy, Lou Carista. He was with the Airborne Dept. Next morning I told the SGM I'd take Dahlonga. Thought he was going to hug me! Seems as if everyone wanted Florida. Got to the MRC, 2nd Ranger Co., and was assigned to the Patrolling Committee. Walked into the Patrolling shack and first person I see, sweeping the floor, was CPT Clark Surber, one of my former Cdrs. At H Co, 75th Rangers.

Next, as I looked around the room, three fellow NCOs that I had served with in the same rifle company of the 1/501, 101st ABN Div in '58. Had not seen them since '62. What a hoot that was! Paid my dues walking with Ranger Patrols in the mountains and was later assigned as the Operations NCO.

Back to the 'Nam and assigned as an advisor to the 76th Vietnamese Ranger Bn, BDQs, on the Cambodian border. No, they did not perform Lurp type missions. They were a hard chargin' Strike Force and we spent most of the time 'cross border. Left in Apr '72, lost contact with the BDQ Rangers. Several of my fellow instructors at MRC had been BDQ Advisors.

On Mothers' Day weekend, 2006 there was an Open House at MRC with "Rangers in Action". Static and Action demos put on by the 5th Ranger Training Bn, 75th Ranger Rgt. Along with that, several former Vietnamese Rangers, BDQ, were there for the weekend.

These guys were captured and imprisoned when Saigon fell in '75. The tales were bad. No food, clothes, medicine. Reeducation camps they were called. You could see their joy when they met up with all the former Advisors and observed the US Rangers in action. Had to keep my jacket closed so my heart would not thump out of my chest!

I was proud to associate with the BDQs and even prouder of our Rangers as they showed their strength, ability, and Es Sprit doing their magic. Whether it was rappelling from the tower, Fast Roping from a Black Hawk, ambushing the enemy, or being Roped out by a Black Hawk.

You could feel the dedication and pride of our Rangers. They knew their job and they knew that they were the best! Truly Rangers leading the way! I look forward to attending next year's gathering. Saw some Ranger Instructor Buddies that I had not seen or heard from since 1971! Wow!

The years had taken the toll on most of us, but our spirits were souring that weekend in the mountains of North Georgia. The Big Ranger in the Sky looked down and favored us with good weather and an "all 'round" great time was had by all! Jim RLTW

Ranger Training Brigade.

We like to keep the alumni Ranger and LRRP association informed. We have a lot of Ranger Company and LRRP paraphernalia in our classroom "Rable Hall". Not too much from the 1ST Cav. If your organization has anything - photos, uniform, Recondo Badge, etc. it would like to have displayed we are re-doing all of the historical stuff and class plaques in our new day room this fall / winter.

Contact:

Major Eric C. Flesch

Cdr, Recon & Surveillance Ldr Crs

4th Ranger Trn

Bneric.flesch@benning.army.mil

THE LAW

By
Jim Regan

It was a usual day in the Company AO, about Mid-May '69, Rangers doing what they do when they are not in the bush. The call came out of our TOC< "WE GOT A TEAM IN CONTACT!" The energies and adrenaline pumped as we all did our "magic" to recover the team. They had made contact with a company size unit of NVA. I grabbed my gear and PRC 77, jumped on the Mule and headed for the revetments where my "Calvary Horse", a slick from Charlie 1/9 Cav was already cranking.

Gunships had already been "bounced" for the team. Cobras from 1/9th Cav and 2/20th ARA (Blue Max). Response from those folks was never a problem or question. All they needed from us was a call and they hauled ass to the team's AO to support. Tube Artillery was cranking.

The remainder of the company prepared for the worst and prayed for the best. Rangers grabbed their gear, which was always ready. Web gear, flack jackets, steel helmets with chin strap down. Everything that they would need if inserted into the "bee hive".

As I flew to the team, it was a First Platoon Team, I monitored the radio, they already knew that I was in the air and how many minutes out from the PZ. The CO did his usual on the radio. "Watch your security, semi-automatic fire, keep me posted!" Capt. "P." had a way that calmed down folks even in the most trying times, "COMBAT!" Well the RTO reports that the PZ is "Hot" and they just suffered a KIA. The five man team is down to four. As we approach the PZ we can see the Cobras and LOHs making their runs and it's a horrendous site. Miniguns and 2.75 rockets tearing up the area.

Another call from the RTO, "We have two WIAs." WOW! These guys are hurtin'. Smoke

is popped and we slam into the PZ. I had told the Crew Chief to keep the door gunner under control so we don't fire up the team. It was a small PZ but seemed as big as a football field. We could see the green tracers, could see the muzzle flashes from the Mike 16s AK 47s, hear the steady thunk of the "Chunker", and saw what I thought to be B-40 rockets slamming into the area around the team.

I unassed the bird and beat feet toward the team. As I approach the TL, I throw my claymore bag with M-16 mags. Always carried about twenty extra. "Where's the dead guy?" I hollered. TL pointed to his right, towards the tree line. The guy with the chunker turns and I throw a claymore bag full of HE at him.

I'm really "pumped" and as I streak toward the dead guy I see the ATL, Blanchard. He is lifting an extended LAW to his shoulder. I'm running about a hundred miles an hour and am right behind him as he squeezes down on the trigger mechanism. He sees the motion behind him, I turn my head away and wait for the back blast to blow my head off!! Nothing happens! IT'S A DUD, A MISFIRE! Blanchard throws the LAW at the bad guys.

I reach the dead Ranger and flop down. Yes, he is surely dead. Let's go Regan, get your stuff in gear and get out of here. I try to pick him up so that I can hump him over my shoulder. No go, he's not so big but he's "dead weight." So I laid down with my butt into his stomach, grabbed as much of his web gear and fatigues as I could and rolled over on my knees. Up and running for the Bird! The team is still putting out suppressive fires and moving toward the bird. The wounded Rangers are doing OK and able to move on their own.

Now comes the hard part. The terrain is much like that of the Florida swamp area. Humps of grass so that you can't really put your feet down solidly. It seems as if everything is in slow motion. I no longer hear the firing of the weapons. All I hear is the steady beat of the rotor

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blades. They seem to be a hundred miles away. Approaching the slick, I wonder if I'll have the strength to finish the run.

The team has reached the bird and are on board. As I near the bird, the door gunner suddenly decides that he wants to get into the act. His M-60 is scaring the daylight out of me. He's firing directly over me and all I can think of is "Oh no, they're right behind me and I ain't going to make it!" I know in my heart that the bad guys are going to get me or the door gunner is going to "stitch" me with 7.62 rounds! I do a low crawl for the last yard or so. Hands reach out and grab my burden and haul me into the slick as it lifts off from the PZ. The team and the door gunners are "coming out HOT" and expend about a million rounds into the AO.

As I sit there with the Dead Ranger's head in my lap I think, "Man, I can't even remember this guy's name!" Blanchard is having a "Hissy Fit" about me and the close call with the LAW. He settles down and they start to look after the wounded Rangers. Only "Te Te" stuff. Nothing now but the routine radio calls to Slashing Talon 65 that we were out and on our way home. Crew Chief breaks out the cigarettes and we chill.

Before we land I remember, this is Dan ARNOLD. Don't know much about him, I forget where he is from. He was a quiet, solid Ranger. I never got close to anyone during my tours, in the 'Nam. Sometimes I think I should have done better, and spent time chit chatting with the soldiers. That just wasn't my deal. I may be bad on names but I remember lots of faces.

I daydream now and then and recall mostly the good times we had, like stealing latrines from the civilian engineers, and stuff from Bien Hoa, (Requisitioning), and watching LURP the dog "bait" other dogs, and keep the rats under control, flying to Vung Tau to get a Ranger out of the Hoosegow. That's another TALE!

I try to remember all the funny stuff. Like running around the base road with the Ranger trainees and terrorizing them. Hearing LURP the

dog tearing thru mosquito nets in the billets at night chasing rats as big as cats. Then the scary stuff creeps into my mind. I'll never know how I survived. Yes I do know, it was because I was serving with the best Infantry outfit in Vietnam. Rangers who led the way.

Thanks,
Jim
RLTW

WEBPAGE GUESTBOOK POSTING

from Jim ROSS

I recently read something that made me reflect on our group and wish to share the impact it had on me. It was written by a CCN Sog Recon named Nick Brokhausen in his book "We Few" It goes like this...

"We are a diverse lot. Some came home and did as our forefathers have done war after war. They picked up where their lives had left off and became citizens and pursued a life outside of the military. Others stayed in the harness and acquitted themselves with honor and distinction in the wars and conflicts since. Some have risen to positions of power and influence, and others have become examples of the bedrock of American society, average men with families, kids, mortgages and the loves and woes of just being.

We had our weaknesses and we certainly had our fear. We all have our ghosts that haunt us in one way or another and at times, I am sure, regrets about not being a better person. To us, Ranger is a way of life, not a job description, and that code of conduct is exemplified in how we have lived.

We are and will always be a band of brothers, bonded by war and bathed in the pure love for each other that only combat veterans can understand. These men are my peers and I am proud to be one of their numbers."

WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

by Glen McCrary

Any inaccuracies are unintentional and purely a result of the passing of thirty-six years. Corrections and comments are welcomed.

The following tale is not so much a war story as one of twists and turns and coincidences that resulted in this Soldier's journey from one unit to another and full circle back again.

It was on or about 1 Aug. 1970, at the time I had been in country since May serving with E Co. (Recon Platoon) 2/5, 1st. Air Cavalry. As the Recon Platoon for the Battalion we spent the majority of our time in the bush with an occasional stand down usually in Quan Loi. The duration of our missions necessitated that the unit periodically be re-supplied by Helicopter (Log Bird). While I don't recall the exact intervals for re-supply, I would guess Log Day occurred approximately once a week. In addition to the necessities required to sustain a force of approximately 20 men there was the occasional small supply of beer and ice and more importantly mail from home... Thank God for mail from home.

It was not unusual for the Log Birds to carry human cargo as well. Replacement troops or troops returning from R&R, sick call or wherever, would hitch a ride back to the unit. That being the case, on this particular Log Day we were not surprised to observe five men exit the Huey as it settled in for off-loading. Curiously, the soldiers emerging from the Slick did not look familiar and it was obvious they were not new replacements. Outfitted in camo fatigues with painted faces and sporting a strange array of weapons prompted the question, "Who are these guys?" It was apparent that the men of Echo Recon were in for a new experience.

Our Platoon Leader assembled the Squad Leaders for a briefing and it was revealed that the mysterious soldiers were a Ranger/LRRP Team from H Company assigned to perform a "stay behind mission". It was a well-known fact that

our field units were prime suppliers to the VC and NVA. Our discarded items were valuable commodities to the enemy. In addition to food and other supplies carelessly abandoned, there was always the possibility that documentation identifying the unit or their intentions may also be thoughtlessly left behind.

We were instructed to consolidate all of the debris from the re-supplying activity into a centralized location and then to prepare to move out. The Ranger Team would take up a concealed position and "stay behind" to observe and attempt a prisoner snatch. In closing the Lt. asked for volunteers to stay with the Ranger Team. While I was no stranger to enemy contact I was more accustomed to a friendly force of twenty some odd men, not seven or eight. Nonetheless I nervously stepped forward along with two others and volunteered. While we were made to feel welcomed I have often wondered how the Rangers felt about having strangers attached to their Team.

To provide concealment the Ranger TL carefully selected a position behind a stand of small bamboo allowing for a clear line of fire to the ambush site. With the Team members in position the Recon Platoon packed up and moved out of the LZ. The rear guard of the Recon unit had not been out of sight for more than twenty minutes when two VC rushed to the bait. The trap was sprung with the blast of several Claymores and small arms fire. Miraculously, the first enemy raider danced through the wall of blistering steel never missing a step. The second, not as fortunate, went down...down, but not out! Armed with a M-1 carbine the wounded VC proceeded to lay well-directed fire on the Team's position. As if M-1 rounds splintering the bamboo just above our heads weren't exciting enough, there was more to come. The commotion from the firefight disturbed a colony of fire ants that boiled from the ground and immediately attacked the Team. Man!!...Rounds sizzling overhead.... Fire ants making a meal of my exposed flesh...I

thought, what am I doing here, had I learned nothing about volunteering?

In a matter of minutes, which at the time seemed like an hour, the small battle subsided and the TL directed the Team to move up to assess the results. At that point what moments before was a killing zone became a hospital zone as the Team did everything possible to save the life of their determined opponent. All attempts failed as the courageous VC had sustained a fatal chest wound. Further examination of the ambush site revealed a blood trail leading off into the bush indicating that the first VC was not as fortunate as first thought. An attempt to track the wounded VC failed as a typical afternoon downpour washed away the trail.

At that point Echo Recon returned to secure the LZ for the extraction of the Ranger Team. As we sat and talked one of the Team members was casually poking around in the dirt with his Kabar and happened upon a spent round, a quick glance around revealed that we were sitting in a direct line with our ambush position and the kill zone, the assumption was that the slug was from the M-1. Many times I have wondered what the chances were of finding that slug in the dirt. Is there a chance that the Ranger Team member was having some fun and messing with my mind? To this day I don't know the answer to that question.

And now..... the rest of the story:

Unbeknownst to me at the time was the fact that before my tour was completed I would become one of "those guys".

In an effort to raise the performance level of the unit our new Platoon Leader felt that additional training was in order. Being a young aggressive First Lt. with stateside Ranger Training his first choice for our additional training was the in-country course at, you guessed it, H Company.

SSG. Al Rapp and myself were chosen to be the first to attend and reported for training on 4 Oct. 1970. Having been in the boonies for most

of our five months in country we were unaccustomed to the harassment but fully recognized the value of the training and were determined to successfully complete the course.

After completing the course and the required training missions we had developed a strong appreciation for the small unit tactics and more so for the professionalism and dedication of the men of H Co. and discussed requesting transfers to the unit. In addition to our respect for the unit, rumor had it that the 2/5 was scheduled to stand-down, which would result in the dismantling of Echo Recon. The demise of Echo would undoubtedly result in its members being reassigned, many to line companies. We reflected back on the "stay behind" mission and concluded that if the enemy could easily track the movements of a twenty man Recon unit what chance did a large line company have of operating undetected. Besides, we did not feel that our 11F40 (recon/intelligence) MOS would best be utilized serving with a line unit. The pros far out weighed the cons and we requested the transfers.

As we all know nothing happens quickly in the military and Al and I returned to the Recon Platoon on 7 Dec. 1970 to anxiously awaited word on the transfers. Long story short, my transfer was approved, Al's unfortunately was denied. While disappointed that Al would be staying behind I looked forward to returning to H. Co. and reported on 14 Jan. 1971 to proudly complete my tour as one of "those guys".

Upon returning I was saddened to learn that Omer Carson, my first TL, had been killed in action on 7 Dec. 1970. Omer was one of the many warriors of H. Co. whose dedication, loyalty and soldiering skills played a large part in my decision to volunteer to return to the unit. I think of him often.

Pop Quiz:

Who were the team members on the stay behind mission? No seriously.... who were they, I don't remember.

IN TRANSIT

From Keith Phillips

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Shoot low Rangers, they're ridden Shetlands!

As I contemplate the naval of the world it occurs to me that there simply is not enough time to do what is truly important, such as make all Ranger reunions. The Co H Ranger reunion has come and gone and I have yet to make a Co L Ranger reunion and that is something I hope to correct next year.

As most of you know when Co.L Rangers, attached 101st Airborne, stood down November '71, there were about thirty plus of us that went south to Co. H Rangers, attached to the 1st CAV. It all took place pretty fast. Capt. Robertson told us we had orders to the 1st Cav but he had talked to the CO of Co.H and was assured we would all be assigned to Co. H.

When we arrived at Tan Son Nhut Airbase we realized our orders stated we were to report three days later. Rangers being Rangers, we all took off for Saigon. Steve Shiflett, (died in a car wreck while at Ft Hood in 1972), myself, and a few others caught a MACV Taxi and we were on a way to one hell of a three day drunk.

We checked in at the Majestic Hotel in Saigon, as far as I know that was the hotel's name. The hotel had a bar located on the roof; we set up our perimeter and got down to business. As luck would have it, there were some young ladies at the bar that were so taken with our black berets they couldn't keep their hands off of us or maybe it was the Saigon Tea they kept having us order for them... well that's another story.

At some point Steve and I decided we needed to change our AO and caught a Saigon Taxi to a ... well let's just say a new AO. While at this new AO, we noticed all of a sudden we were the only ones sitting in the courtyard which had an eight foot wall around it. Steve and I pulled

ourselves up and looked over the wall. There, big as life, were three VC (the locals called Cowboys; basically Saigon punks) walking down the middle of the street. I had a six shot 38, Steve had a 45 and between us we had two ½ 5ths of napalm the proprietor wanted us to believe was whiskey.

We decided that we might need the whiskey for medicinal purposes and would not include it in our arsenal. As we were formulating a quick ambush plan Momma Son came out with a panicked expression on her face and was talking very fast in a hushed tone. By the look on her face she was demanding we come back in the house and kept saying, "You number 10, you dinky dua (sp)". As fate would have it, during this debate and a few more pulls on the bottles the VC had disappeared. I don't remember the details but the next thing I knew we were back at the hotel and I was wishing I had used the contents of that bottle as a weapon instead of drinking it.

Somehow all of us showed up at the Replacement Center three days later just as our orders stated. We were met by Danny Svoboda and his smile. Danny put us on a military bus and we were off for Co.H. All were wishing we had some hair of the dog that that had bit us, so we told this Speck 4 driving the bus to pull over at the first place we could by beer. He was foolish enough to say he could not do that and found himself detained in the rear of the bus.

We found a vendor on the side of the road that had three cases of 33 beer which was at the ambient temperature and covered with dust. We quickly purchased the beer and were off again. As we arrived at Co. H we were falling out the bus door, hanging out the windows and generally expressing our gratitude to have made it. Captain Dencker took it in stride, the bus was returned to the Spec 4 and Danny had set a record for recruits. By the next day we were in briefings on Co. H operations and back in the saddle. Keep Your Powder Dry!

RUNNING SLACK

By Bill Carpenter

Like everyone else is saying, WOW, what a bunch of reunions. Yep, we did not have a reunion last July; there was a whole bunch of reunions, guys getting together from all time periods. I will let Larry CURTIS get into the numbers part of this report. There seemed to have been more ex-officers at this reunion than usual. I like the idea of forgetting what rank some one had 35-40 years ago, but Jim JAMES is still "Sir" to me.

I am at a loss for words to describe seeing John SIMONES after 39 years (insert your own version of the "TL Who Saved Our Butts" story here). Art GUERRERO and I have kept in contact through the years.

The last time I had seen Bob BLOCK and Jim ROSS they looked like zombies walking through the Rock Quarry. Team Two had just been extracted after spending about a day and a half inside the perimeter of a very large group of the enemy.

For me, having Tom CAMPBELL and Jerry THOMASON show up was the candle on top of the icing of the cake.

For those of you who were at the reunion, be honest, didn't you feel some sympathy for that young, tall, slim, blond newspaper reporter? Talk about grace under fire.

There on the front page of the Louisville *Courier* the next day is a picture of Jim REGAN, Jim JAMES and Mike GOODING and a picture of Spanky's team. The article was titled JUNGLE-FORGED BROTHERS and begins with, "They are softer now than the tanned, lean men in the faded photos ..."

*He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'*

*Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names
Familiar in his mouth as household words
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
William Shakespeare*

I stopped off to see Bruce JUDKINS on the way to the reunion. Had a wonderful visit with him and his wife, Jeannie. Then on the way home we dropped in on Bill ELLIOTT. We spent a very pleasant few hours with him before the final leg home.

So if you want to see some of the beauty of our country try Bruce's Appalachian Mountains of western Virginia, or Bill's rolling hills of southeastern Ohio. I would say the third weekend of October should have the leaves in full fall color.

If your timing is right, maybe ELLIOTT will let you help hang, gut and scrape off a hog. A mess of freshly butchered tripe and lights makes it worth all the smelly work. If that isn't you thing, how about shooting a wild turkey off the back porch?

I DIDN'T DO IT, IT WASN'T MY FAULT

I know, a bunch of you did not receive the newsletter last spring. Well, it seems that the anonymous person who maintains the mailing list used a very old list to print the mailing labels for the last newsletter. I have been assured that it will not happen again.

My wife of 37 years died last spring. Thanks to all of you for the huge, beautiful wreath from the association and for the personal cards and floral arrangements. Also, a special thanks to Dave KLIMEK for representing the association at the funeral. Pam is buried at the National Cemetery

close to home. I guess I am next. The grave is on top of a hill with a spectacular view in all directions. Representatives of the local Purple Heart Association, all VN vets, did a very touching graveside service.

Pam was very proud of the veterans in her family; her father was with Patton, an uncle flew on bombers out of England, and another uncle was killed in the navy in the South Pacific, all in WW II. Our son was at the tip of the spear with the Marines "thunder run" to Baghdad. Then there is me.

In case you didn't notice, we have added a new feature to the newsletter. John SIMONES will be doing veterans' updates in each issue. John has been a Veteran's Advocate for several years.

Mike BRENNEN has taken on the task of compiling a complete history of our unit. He wants as many names, events, locations and dates as he can get. I am sure he will be providing periodic updates.

Both of them would appreciate any information you will provide to them.

SIGNAL HILL

There was a rather long write up in the ENGINEERS section of the Mar-Apr 2006 issue of THE SABRE by one of the engineers, Joseph MCPEEK, who was on Signal Hill, A Shau Valley, Apr 1968. He was on the third chopper in and spent the next two days on a machine gun. One of his comments was, he stayed awake for 52 hours. McPeek also made a comment about "bad water" being another story. Anyone know that story?

SMALL WORLD

From Doc GILCHREST

I went to see a new doctor today. He was treating the aneurysm in my temporal artery that was caused by a freakish accident with a little bird at 70 miles per hour.

Dr. Cross noticed the Jane Fonda patch on my leather vest, as it lay on the chair, and remarked as to how much he liked it. I picked up the vest and put it on. He then saw my Ron Hall Memorial patch. He then asked me, rather bluntly, "How do you know Ron Hall?"

I told him we had served together in Viet Nam. He was really surprised. He said that he had grown up in Killeen and had known Ron very well. He had been one of those young men that liked to hang out at the Harley shop as a teenager. He is now a topnotch cardio-vascular surgeon.

I think we both felt like we had made a connection to one another, and with my coronary-artery disease, I'm sure we will meet again.....Thanks to that little bird.

VARESKO's Recipe

You probably have forgotten, but in the first issue I was responsible for, September 2002, I promised you a recipe for a wonderful dish by Margie VARESKO. I finally saw Margie again in Louisville, the first thing she said to me was, "You want that recipe don't you?" Well, here it is.

Line baking dish (8 X 12) with aluminum foil

Place the following items in layers

About 4 sliced potatoes

1 sliced medium onion

1 sliced large green pepper

2 sliced tomatoes

½ lb. sliced bacon

Cover with foil and is best baked on the top rack of a covered grill. Bake on high for 20 minutes, then on low for 15 minutes. When potatoes are done, take off grill and cover with sliced American cheese, Land o Lakes is best. Serve hot.

It may have taken four years, but I kept my promise.

STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER

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