

THE NEWSLETTER NOW HAS A MAGAZINE FORMAT

**THIS IS PAGE ONE, PAGE TWO IS ON THE
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THE LRRP/RANGERS
OF THE FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION
DURING THE VIETNAM WAR



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THIS NEWSLETTER IS DISTRIBUTED ON JANUARY, MARCH (REUNION INFORMATION ISSUE) AND SEPTEMBER 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. E (LRP), 52ND INF.; CO. H, (RANGER) 75TH INF.; AND DET. 10, (RANGER) HHC, 3RD BGE.

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**2010 REUNION
LRRP/RANGERS
63rd Annual 1st Cavalry Division
Association Reunion
Bloomington, Minnesota
2-6 June, 2010**

WELCOME TO MINNESOTA

FROM John Fort

Gentlemen I would like to invite you to the great state of Minnesota for the next first Cav reunion. In about 1998 I received a phone call asking if I had served with H Co 75th Inf Rangers. That call opened a book that had been closed for nearly 30 years. I did go to the Orlando, FL convention in 1999 and have never had any regrets. I was raised in northern Minnesota and live currently in Hibbing, MN, home of Bob Dylan and Kevin Mchale. We are the iron mining center in the U.S. I plan to be at the reunion early and have volunteered to assist the Minnesota Group. If you decide to come and need a ride from the airport or Amtrack station please contact me and I will try to help. Hope to see you at the reunion.

John Fort
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NOTICE: ELECTION OF ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

Please note that this is election year for our association officers. So if you want to nominate someone for office, or wish to hold an office, please contact a member of the board. The election will be at the reunion.

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TREASURER'S REPORT

From Bob Carr

BEGIN 11-18-2009 \$10202.23

INCOME

DUES & MERCH 127.00

DONATIONS 251.50

EXPENSES

NEWSLETTER [531.00]

SHIRTS [372.00]

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SP OPS MEMORIAL FOUNDATION [500.00]

END BAL \$8702.73

HI ALL ITS TIME TO SIGN UP \$15.00 FOR A FULL YEAR DUES. WHAT A DEAL. THAT WAY I DONT HAVE TO CALL THE WHITE HOUSE FOR A BAIL OUT. THANKS BOB

SECRETARY'S REPORT

from John LeBrun

I am preparing the agenda for the reunion. If you have any items please forward them to me and I will include them in the agenda. If you are going to be there I will use your name for the discussion portion. If you are not attending, send a brief discussion of your item and I will present it at the reunion. Hope this finds you all will and preparing for the reunion. See you then.

VETERANS AFFAIRS

From John Simones

Arthritis: A subject that may be near and dear to most of us. There are two types: Osteoarthritis, often called Degenerative. It usually appears after age 40 or 50. Onset can come from severe joint trauma or a wearing out of the joint through overuse. The exact cause is not known, but cartilage damage is a key factor. Other risk factors: aging, lack of exercise, overweight and genetic factors.

Rheumatoid arthritis: Can begin between the ages of 25 and 50. 75% of those affected are women. This type of arthritis is considered an autoimmune disease.

Other forms of arthritis affecting older adults are: Gout and pseudo-gout caused by crystals of uric acid (gout) and calcium salts (pseudo-gout)

Again, with the disclaimer, consult your Primary Care doctor about an exercise regimen. In addition to helping you feel good and weight management, you can strengthen muscles that support your joints, reduce joint pain, and help you maintain your mobility when it's done correctly. J.S.

P.S. I had a go around with pseudo-gout last September; on my back for three days.

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HISTORICAL OCCURRENCES

R&R Taipei, Taiwan 1967

By Ken White

As I mentioned in the January 2010 newsletter, I had the opportunity to visit Taipei in November, some 40+ years after having spent a week there on R&R in July 1967. My lady friend was lucky enough to be able to attend a two-week long Chinese gourmet cooking class in Taipei for overseas Chinese, so we flew there several weeks before the class started to spend time touring Taipei and visiting some neighboring cities, such as Keelung. I'm happy to report, that Taipei is still there, just bigger, busier, and more colorful than ever. Taipei is a very large city —on the scale of New York City, and for the most part, is very modern, clean, and fast paced. It is filled with taxicabs, subways, and coffee shops, and of course, motor scooters. The tourist literature in the hotel claims that there are 1.5 million scooters registered in Taipei, ranking it right up there with Rome, Italy for having the most in any one city.

Of course, I couldn't wait to get to Taipei to see if I could find any of the old haunts from R&R days. With the help of Google and YAHOO Maps, I was able to locate the old club and bar district frequented by myself and the other Americans on R&R. It is located in the Jungshan District in the northern part of the city, about half-way between Taipei Sungshan Airport and the Dapshuel River, along Min Quan Road East, and immediately south of the Taipei Art Park, a large urban park of Chinese gardens and horticulture exhibits. Min Quan is one of the main east/west roads in that part of the city.

In 1967, Taipei was really off the beaten path for most American tourists but was a favorite R&R spot for American troops. It was one of about eight or so R&R destinations that we could pick from - Bangkok, Singapore, Hong Kong, Tokyo, and Manila being some of the others. Taipei had a reputation for being a bit more low-key compared to say Bangkok or Hong Kong. After spending a week in Taipei, I can't imagine what those places must have been like.

We flew on a U.S. Army Caribou airplane from the Cav's base camp at An Khe to the U.S. Air Force Base at Nha Trang, some 20 miles north of Cam Ranh Bay on the South China Sea. There we boarded a U.S. Air Force C-123 for the three hour flight to Taipei. In 1967, Taipei Sungshan Airport was the international airport in Taipei. Today, Taipei Sungshan is a domestic city-to-city airport, much like National Airport here in the Washington, DC area, and Taiwan International Airport in Tao Yuan City west of Taipei is the international airport. Once we arrived there, a U.S. Army bus was waiting to take us to the R&R Center located just off Min Quan Road East, south of the Taipei Art Park. There we went through an abbreviated immigration procedure and were then set loose only to be met by an army of representatives from the local hotels located along Min Quan Road East eager to register us for our week-long stay.

The R&R Center was actually co-located with the U.S. Navy's Sea Dragon Club, a 24/7 enlisted man's club that served food and drinks, and had live music and dancing. If I remember correctly, it also had a steam bath and sauna, and offered

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Son to track him down so that I could say "Hi" when we got to Texas this year. massages. Today, the Sea Dragon Club is the headquarters of a local Taipei taxicab company and has yellow Honda taxis lining both sides of its street.

The notorious OK and Suzie Wong Bars, known for separating the GIs from their money in record time, were located just a block or so from the Sea Dragon Club and served as the local water holes when not at the Sea Dragon. I don't remember what the legal drinking age was in Taipei in 1967, but I don't remember anyone ever having a problem getting served alcohol.

At any rate, it was a thrill to visit Taipei again and I look forward to returning again someday.

MEMORIES

From John Fort

After seeing the posting in the guest book that we are all getting CRS, I started thinking of what I can remember.

****At Ben Hoa "volunteering" for Ranger training****

****Arriving at Phuoc Vinh****

****Training, P.T., classes, most of the 5 mile run****

****An intense pride when I could wear the Black Beret****

****Seeing spots of light on my first mission and waking the TL and having him tell me, after what I thought was forever, "fire flies"*****

****Another mission late at night on my watch, and again waking the TL to the sound of movement in the jungle.**

His response again after what seemed forever "monkeys"***

****The FU lizard, scorpions, bugs****

****Laying on the ground near May 1 1970 on the Cambodian border and feeling the ground vibrate from bombing runs****

****The Loach ride back from Tay Ninh to Phuoc Vinh****

****Jumping out of helicopter at our second L.Z. and them being picked up again because of bad communications****

****Having the first sergeant send me to the aid station to have a look at my "sprained Ankle" which was determined to be broken****

****Immediate flight to Saigon Hospital, short stay then to Japan, short stay then to Fort Riley, Kansas****

****Qualifying for the CIB badge****

****My feeling of disappointment, nearing desertion, for being sent stateside for a silly broken ankle****

****Blocking all this out for nearly 30 years until I got a call asking if I had been a Ranger****

Thanks for the memories

John Fort

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Doctors Study Combat and the Brain

January 23, 2010

Stars and Stripes|by Seth Robbins

The California neuropathologist who discovered damage in the brains of former professional football players has found similar damage in the brain of a deceased Vietnam veteran — a potentially groundbreaking finding that suggests combat troops who suffer head trauma might be susceptible to a degenerative brain disease.

Dr. Bennet Omalu, an expert in forensic neuropathology and the chief medical examiner of San Joaquin County, Calif., said the 61-year-old Army veteran had a history of drug and alcohol abuse, as well as psychotic behavior, much of which had been attributed to a diagnosis of post-traumatic stress disorder.

Autopsies show something else: an abnormal buildup of harmful proteins in the vet's brain, the same proteins linked to repetitive concussions in boxers, and now football player.

This suggests that some veterans diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder may actually have brain disease caused by concussions, he said.

Links between concussions, brain function and PTSD are being widely and carefully explored by military researchers. Not all researchers agree that concussion-related brain disease is a main or important culprit. But all say that more brains and more time are needed to crack open the mystery of how a head injury can affect a combat veteran's mind.

Doctors hope such findings will lead to earlier diagnoses of problems inside the brain, and eventually to the development of drugs that can slow the deterioration process.

The Tau Protein Factor

During a routine autopsy of a veteran, Omalu became suspicious after the medical history revealed a litany of psychological disorders, such as PTSD and manic depression. Many of the former football players Omalu autopsied had similar histories, so he kept the veteran's brain for further testing.

During microscopic examination of the brain, Omalu recognized what he saw. "I saw tau," he said, "the same protein I saw in the contact-sport athletes."

Though he cannot prove the veteran suffered head trauma from blasts in combat, Omalu said it's possible, because the former soldier had never shown any signs of psychotic behavior or drug use prior to going to Vietnam, according to family members and medical records.

It has long been known that boxers who suffer too many blows to the head can suffer long-term brain damage — a condition dubbed dementia pugilistica. Now, there is growing scientific evidence that persistent head trauma, like repeated concussions in football, can contribute to the build up of tau.

The tau protein "impairs normal functioning and eventually kills the brain cells," Omalu said. It causes a degenerative neurological condition known as chronic traumatic encephalopathy, or CTE. The patients lose their ability to maintain their mood. No matter how much Prozac is taken, the destruction will not be stopped.

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The condition can mimic Alzheimer's disease: its symptoms include dementia, memory loss and depression. But the condition differs from Alzheimer's in that only tau is detected in the brain cells, rather than in combination with beta-amyloids, other proteins thought to play a part in Alzheimer's. Excessive tau has been found in the brains of 11 deceased NFL players, two professional wrestlers and a hockey player. "Every time your brain receives a jolt that would move it back and forth at a high rate of speed in your head, irreversible brain damage may occur," Omalu said.

Along with CTE, tau protein is only found in certain regions of the brain rather than spread throughout it, as in Alzheimer's. Tau cannot be detected by MRI or CT scans, and as of now only be tested for during autopsy.

When the athletes diagnosed with CTE reached their 40s, some even earlier, they began to suffer depression, memory loss, severe mood swings and dementia. The football players were also prone to suicide.

The brain does not simply heal itself, Omalu explained, and even concussions in which a person does not lose consciousness or recovers quickly may result in brain damage later. Whether head trauma is solely responsible for triggering the buildup of harmful proteins within the brain cells is not known.

New Research Front

Since 2000, about 160,000 service members have been diagnosed with mild traumatic brain injuries, or concussions, caused by powerful explosions.

Whether troops will suffer the same long-term damage as head-crunching football players or punch-drunk boxers is of paramount importance to the military, whose researchers in recent years have also wondered about links between concussions on the battlefield and PTSD. The military is currently funding some 50 studies looking into TBI, PTSD and other brain disorders.

Research groups and clinics dedicated to the study of mild traumatic brain injuries in troops, are in an ideal position to examine combat vets for CTE because they will be able to match extensive clinical records with autopsy findings.

"We are concerned that CTE is a condition that we need to watch for," a researcher said, "We will be looking into these possibilities with diligence. That is what the center is intended to do."

Researchers are trying to find ways to test for the tau protein in living people by tapping the spinal fluid and examining blood. They are also working with pharmaceutical companies to possibly develop drugs that would prevent the buildup of these harmful proteins after head trauma.

He also hopes service members, especially those who have been diagnosed with PTSD or who have suffered concussions on the battlefield, will agree to let their brains be studied after their deaths.

So guys, how many times did you call in artillery, air strikes, or blow the claymores so close that you felt the concussion? Every time your brain was rattled even a little bit,, there was some effect. The little rattles add up. Can you control your moods? If not, well, it may be time to talk to a neurologist about the TAU protein.

The Chaplain's Box

From Jim **Regan**

When I first started this, I wondered what to "call" my article. "Box" kept resonating in my mind. I recalled all the boxes I'd been around in my life. The Sand Boxes where my kiddos played, the Batter's boxes at the ball fields, the hundreds of boxes that I had lifted and carried while moving or working. Then I thought about, probably the most significant box in my life.

The Areas of operations for our LRRP Teams! While I was there, it was literally a "Box." It was, on a Topo map, two Kilometers (Clicks) across, two clicks high, with a one click "Buffer zone" all around the box. I say significant, because it was always a challenge for me to get the Teams to the proper location, in the box. Worked hard to read that map, and the terrain as it swiftly passed below the Slick.

Got challenged once by the Insertion Pilot. Had the Team verify their location w/ a Willy Pete, 200 mtrs, height of burst. They were "Right on the money!" I often wondered, then and now, how those guys made their way in the box. I worried when they got near the edges of the box. There was no way to check the entire AO/Box.

Generally, we knew where we wanted the Team to concentrate it's effort of Recon and Surveillance. It always amazed me when I was able to "Find" the Team for extraction, amidst all that single and double canopy. It was easy when they were "In Contact!" Just look for the smoke and strike of the Rockets and Mini Guns from the Cobras/ Loaches!

Since returning from our last Reunion at Fortress Hood, I have tried to go "Outside the Box." Getting in touch with folks. So far it has worked, just marginally. I need to knuckle down and try harder. You all have responded in kind. Several of our folks have, "come up on the net" w/ problems. You all were there w/ advice, prayers, and encouragement. Keep up the good work. Get "outside the box!" Contact someone you've been thinking about. It may just be that phone call or note that gives someone some peace of mind and encouragement. Think about my "Don't Wait" TALE. Jim RLW

"DON'T WAIT"

From Jim **Regan**

In years gone by, I have written some TALES/STORIES about "DON'T WAIT!" Well, I don't know if someone is "talking" to me or not, I have another "DON'T WAIT" TALE!

Started with a TALE about a Ranger Buddy, circa '78, who planned to end his life, and I was able to "interrupt" that! Then a TALE about a fellow, a crusty Navy Chief, POW Returnee, WWII, who may have been on the same Japanese, Prisoner of War, Troop ship that my Dad went "Down on!" Nother TALE about my friend/brother, when he was on his "death bed!"

Then with a Ranger Buddy/Instructor, who I had not seen in years, who was dying from the big "C!" How come I'm talking about this? It's because we forget to "stay in touch!" I have failed, for so many times to; stay in touch, and seek out, and just "Touch someone!"

Lastly, I found that a Soldier, POW Returnee, from '73, had died last year. I had the privilege and honor to debrief this young fellow. Lost track of him. Asked my

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Sorrowfully, Marty died last year. I failed to stay in touch. He was one of my "HEROES" from Vietnam! Spunky, wise guy, SP4 from Jersey!!! In all his five years or so as a POW, he did not "give up!" He inspired me! "Don't give up!"

Went on too long! Think about it; call someone who has been on your mind, call your family members, call your buddies. Don't sit there waiting for the phone to ring, or a card to be dropped in your mailbox!

"DON'T WAIT!!!" Jim RLW

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MIKE BAKKIE

I wrote the following verse while in boot camp when my brother, a Marine LRRP, was killed. It was printed in the Hayward Tribune, the local paper. Some how the fort brass found out about it and raised hell. Mike

MY BROTHERS DAY

If life had no space
In the times that we live,
And I could live in my dreams,
I'd wish for a day,
Long ago, far away.

One magical day
To spend with my brother
Just one last time.
We could be together

I'd hold his head
In m arms and say,
Soft word of love,
As he went away.

No matter my dreams
I can not change that day.

He was just a Marine
Who fell that day,
Killed in a rice paddy
In the mud and the heat of day.

Just one more of LBJ's boy's,
One of the many
Who died that day.

I write and am published in different magazines. My latest contribution was to the Deadly Writers Patrol. I am including a past item published 2 years ago. Mike

PICKET FENCES

They are there if you look
Two feet high in perfect rows
Picket fences of insanity.

Sentinels in ranks
With chiseled dates
And the saddest words;
Honor, glory, known
Only to god.

They have out soared
The shadows of night
Residing in the uplands
Of the ages past.

Only mortal imagination
Can bring back the dead
Transcending memory
That swiftly passes away.

They found their destiny
In purpose, steadfastness,
Tenacity and endurance
Without wavering hearts.

Death is precise
As a minuet dancer.

A French Infantryman's View of American Soldiers

by Jean-Marc Liotier

[The U.S. often hears echoes of worldwide hostility against the application of its foreign policy, but seldom are they reached by the voices of those who experience first hand how close we (the French: ed) are to the USA. In spite of contextual political differences, we do share the same fundamental values -- and when push comes to shove that is what really counts. Through the eyes of that French OMLT (Operational Mentoring Liaison Teams) infantryman you can see how strong the bond is on the ground. This was translated it into English, so that American people can catch a glimpse of the way European soldiers see them. Not much high philosophy here, just the first hand impressions of a soldier in contact. Here is text on American troops in Afghanistan through the eyes of a French OMLT infantryman]

"We have shared our daily life with two U.S. units for quite a while - they are the first and fourth companies of a prestigious infantry battalion whose name I will withhold for the sake of military secrecy. To the common man it is a unit just like any other. But we live with them and got to know them, and we henceforth know that we have the honor to live with one of the most renowned units of the US Army, one that the movies brought to the public as series showing "ordinary soldiers thrust into extraordinary events". Who are they, those soldiers from abroad, how is their daily life, and what support do they bring to the men of our OMLT every day? Few of them belong to the Easy Company, the one the TV series focuses on. This one nowadays is named Echo Company, and it has become the support company.

They have a terribly strong American accent -- from our point of view the language they speak is not even English. How many times did I have to write down what I wanted to say rather than waste precious minutes trying various pronunciations of a seemingly common word? Whatever state they are from, no two accents are alike and they even admit that in some crisis situations they have difficulties understanding each other.

Heavily built, fed at the earliest age with Gatorade, proteins and creatine (Heh. More like Waffle House and McDonalds) - they are all heads and shoulders taller than us and their muscles remind us of Rambo. Our frames are amusingly skinny to them -- we are wimps, even the strongest of us - and because of that they often mistake us for Afghans.

Here we discover America as it is often depicted: their values are taken to their paroxysm, often amplified by promiscuity and the loneliness of this outpost in the middle of that Afghan valley. Honor, motherland - everything here reminds of that: the American flag floating in the wind above the outpost, just like the one on the post parcels. Even if recruits often originate from the hearth of American cities and gang territory, no one here has any goal other than to hold high and proud the star spangled banner. Each man knows he can count on the support of a whole people who provides them through the mail all that an American could miss in such a remote front-line location: books, chewing gums, razorblades, Gatorade, toothpaste etc. in such way that every man is aware of how much the American people backs him in his difficult mission. And that is a first shock to our preconceptions: the

American soldier is no individualist. The team, the group, the combat team are the focus of all his attention.

And they are impressive warriors! We have not come across bad ones, as strange as it may seem to you when you know how critical French people can be. Even if some of them are a bit on the heavy side, all of them provide us everyday with lessons in infantry know-how. Beyond the wearing of a combat kit that never seem to discomfort them (helmet strap, helmet, combat goggles, rifles etc.) the long hours of watch at the outpost never seem to annoy them in the slightest. On the one square meter wooden tower above the perimeter wall they stand the five consecutive hours in full battle rattle and night vision goggles on top, their sight unmoving in the directions of likely danger. No distractions, no pauses, they are like statues nights and days. At night, all movements are performed in the dark - only a handful of subdued red lights indicate the occasional presence of a soldier on the move. Same with the vehicles whose lights are covered -- everything happens in pitch dark even filling the fuel tanks with the Japy pump.

And combat? If you have seen Rambo you have seen it all -- always coming to the rescue when one of our teams gets in trouble, and always in the shortest delay. That is one of their tricks: they switch from T-shirt and sandals to combat ready in three minutes. Arriving in contact with the enemy, the way they fight is simple and disconcerting: they just charge! They disembark and assault in stride, they bomb first and ask questions later - which cuts any pussyfooting short.

[This is the main area where I'd like to comment. Anyone with a passing knowledge of Kipling knows the lines from Chant Pagan: 'If your officer's dead and the sergeants look white/remember it's ruin to run from a fight./So take open order, lie down, sit tight/And wait for supports like a soldier. This, in fact, is the basic philosophy of both British and Continental soldiers. 'In the absence of orders, take a defensive position.' Indeed, virtually every army in the world. The American soldier and Marine, however, are imbued from early in their training with the ethos: In the Absence of Orders: Attack! Where other forces, for good or ill, will wait for precise orders and plans to respond to an attack or any other 'incident', the American force will simply go, counting on firepower and SOP to carry the day.

This is one of the great strengths of the American force in combat and it is something that even our closest allies, such as the Brits and Aussies (that latter being closer by the way) find repeatedly surprising. No wonder it surprises the hell out of our enemies.]

We seldom hear any harsh word, and from 5 AM onwards the camp chores are performed in beautiful order and always with excellent spirit. A passing American helicopter stops near a stranded vehicle just to check that everything is alright; an American combat team will rush to support ours before even knowing how dangerous the mission is - from what we have been given to witness, the American soldier is a beautiful and worthy heir to those who liberated France and Europe.

To those who bestow us with the honor of sharing their combat outposts and who everyday give proof of their military excellence, to those who pay the daily tribute of America's army's deployment on Afghan soil, to those we owed this article, ourselves hoping that we will always remain worthy of them and to always continue hearing them say that we are all the same "band of brothers".

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THE PAGER

from Jim Regan

Back in '85, when assigned at the White House Communications Agency (WHCA,) I was issued a pager that I was to keep either on my person or nearby, 24/7. Things went well and I only got "paged" a couple of times. When paged, I'd call the White House Signal Switch and get connected with whoever was looking for me. Had some interesting things occur. While departing my flight in Dallas one morning, the page went off and scared me and the guy beside me. Called and found that the Detachment Sergeant was waiting for me at the curb w/ transportation.

Lost the thing while shoveling snow at my quarters. Called the Switch and told them to page me for about fifteen minutes. I searched and listened with no luck. Then I realized it was on vibration. Looked for "moving" snow. Decided that it would be Spring time before I found it.

When I first got to the WHCA, the Sergeant Major of the Army had a conference with all his major command Command Sergeants Major. He asked me to attend and brief the guys on the WHCA. It was like old home week, meeting lots of friends and mentors from my past. Well, the CSM at the Military District of Washington (MDW) decides that I should attend his meetings with the CSMs from MDW. I really did not need to go to his meetings but went reluctantly. As we arrived at the meeting place, I asked my driver to call the signal switch in about fifteen minutes, and have them "Page" me. No problem. At the meeting, again with old running buddies, the MDW CSM gets down to business. My pager goes off and all the guys look at me as if I'm a culprit. The CSM says "Jim that has to be important and you better go!" Thanks say I, and I'm out of there. Was traveling several times and "missed" some other meetings with him. If I got stuck and had to go to a meeting, I'd do the drill with the signal board. Worked every time! I briefed my replacement. He told me how clever I was and promised to keep up the "Image!"

The Master Chief Petty Officer at the Washington Navy Yard invited me to attend the newly promoted Navy Chiefs' "initiation" ceremony at the yard. I wore my Army Greens with three rows of the best seller. He was expecting me to wear a suit and tie. I put my pager on vibration mode. The ceremony starts and my pager "sounds off" the Master Chief goes ballistic! I go out and call the switch. Sorry Sergeant Major, a mistake, they tell me. I go back and insure that the thing is on vibration. One of my navy Chiefs comes up and pats me on the back and side and settles me down. A while later, the Pager goes off again, and I thought the guys would crucify me for disrupting their ceremony. Again, signal says it was a mistake. I already know I'll "KILL" someone at the White House Signal when I get back. I remove the battery from the pager and take my place again. Here comes another one of my Chiefs, asking if everything was ok. He starts to pat me and I tell him, "I removed the battery Chief!" Seems as if it was a great conspiracy from my Navy Chiefs and the Master Chief was in on it! Later he told me what a good sport and brave person I was for wearing an Army uniform to such a gathering. (I was the first "outsider" to ever attend the ceremony!) No, nobody got killed but the Chiefs caught the devil from their Sergeant Major for several days.

When I left the WHCA and took the Post at Ft. Belvoir, they tried to tie a "Pager" on me. No dice! Jim RLTW

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PULLING SLACK

From Bill Carpenter

FROM KEITH MARQUARDT

Keith contacted Rob **Perez**, our webmaster. I know some of you have already contacted Keith. But I'll bet a word from more LRRP/Rangers would be appreciated.

"I'm back and need help. PTSD taking hold, stress related"

K Keith Marquardt
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Yea, I know there were some pages printed out of order in the last newsletter. Blame the print shop for that one, not me. As my grandchildren say, *I didn't do it, it wasn't my fault.*

Bill **Greensfield** had a posting on the 75th RRA guestbook. The email address listed for him was honeygreenshields@yahoo.com. I sent him an email to get a ground mail address for the newsletter but did not get a reply. Anyone else contacted him?

From Daniel **DeMara**

During my visits to the VA at Long Beach, CA, I ran into Tony Nunez, a stated member of A/75th and Mac/Sog during 1968-1970. He currently lives in Malaysia (about 25 plus years), he came to CONUS for treatment to injuries suffered on active duty. Anyone knowing him please contact me at danieldemara@yahoo.com.

Thank you, Daniel, H/75th RVN 1970-71

From Robert **Oakes**

Subject: Company Records

I am trying to file for some benefits with the VA and have gotten some of my records from St Louis and other personnel locations. Some of the information that I need is not in these records. Do you know of a way to get copies of records of individual missions that would have been from the debriefings?

I had a fractured kneecap on an insertion that is not in the medical records and I also had a heat stroke and spent 6 days in the hospital with limited information on that. I was H Co from 70 to 71. Any info you may have would be greatly appreciated.

Bob Oakes

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5494



**THE
LRRP/RANGERS
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DIVISION DURING THE
VIETNAM WAR**



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2008-2010***

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