

THE NEWSLETTER FOR
THE LRRP/RANGERS OF THE 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION
DURING THE VIETNAM WAR



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JANUARY 2012

THIS NEWSLETTER IS DISTRIBUTED IN JANUARY 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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the LRRP/Rangers
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The 75th RRA will reimburse
us for each 1st Cav
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Vice-President Report

From Doug Parkinson

Gentlemen. I hope you have all been enjoyed last year and looking forward to the New Year.

The board of the LRRP/Rangers of the Vietnam War would like to express their sincere thank you to Keith Phillips for his contributions as our President of the organization.

Next, I would like to thank all the members, both elected and unelected, that contribute their efforts to keep the mission going. For those of you who encourage members to attend reunions for the first time, those of you who stay in contact with some of the reclusive members of the unit, those unnamed souls who have generously contributed financially to the unit for the brick fund or to get members to the reunion or slip a few extra dollars into the refreshment fund at the hospitality room.

Thank you.

I certainly need to express my thanks to the members who make the operations at the annual reunions possible. From setting up the hospitality room, purchasing the consumables for the enjoyment of all, the purchase and presentation of all the merchandise, the setting up of the breakfast and luncheons, inviting and the deserved recognition of guests at same and especially those who assisted me in the smooth operation of the luncheon and breakfast at the 2011 Killeen reunion.

There is enough experienced talent at the reunion that a first time attendee could be put in charge and turn to all and say how do we do this? And the operation should proceed without interruption. (I think that's why we had ATL's)

Please feel free to take on a project without having to be asked, tasked or elected. Individuals have stepped up in the past to perform duties that we have benefited from as a group.

Please try to encourage as many of your cohorts as possible to show up at the reunions who have not attended in the past. The no-shows just need the little extra encouragement sometimes to get the momentum started to attend the reunions.

It really is encouraging when I see everybody make bail at the same time.

"Still Running Missions Parkinson?"

OUR HISTORY

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE LRRP/RANGERS OF THE 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION IN THE VIETNAM WAR

From Bill Carpenter

You guys have sent in over 90 "Historical Occurrences" for the newsletter. Well, life goes on. I have stopped working for pay. So it looks like I will have time to put your stories into a book. The rest of the story is, I would like to get into the National Archives and find reports about our unit. It would be nice to tie together the official army version of what a team did, followed by your story about what really happened.

Your next mission is, digging through the stack of papers in the archives is a very time consuming event. The more people digging, the quicker it will get done. So how about some help? Frostburg, MD is between me and our capital. That town earned its name, so I do not plan to go through that area until after the spring thaw.

So if any of you would be interest in doing some of this digging, let me know and we will set some dates.

AND, Spanky, when are you going to publish your book? If you are interested, there is a print shop in my town that will print it for you.

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ATTENTION: A MUST READ FOR REUNION ATTENDEES

At the time of this printing, there is a move afoot for us to have a get together with HHC-2-75 at Ft. Lewis. This is the company that now carries the colors of Co. H, 75th Ranger Regiment. This event is tentatively planned for Friday, June 8.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

From John LeBrun

Just a short note to remind everyone that at the next reunion we will be having our election once again. We currently have nominations for all position except secretary. Need someone to step up and serve in that capacity. It's not a lot of work and in fact quite rewarding. A mail-in ballot is in this newsletter.

The reunion in Portland looks like it will be well attended. I have confirmed that George Paccarelli has booked a room so it looks like he will be attending. If you haven't been to the west coast this is a great opportunity to see a great part of the country and at the same time meet some old friends. Take care and see you in Portland.

John LeBrun

Secretary

TREASURER'S REPORT

From Bob Carr

START	5-1-11	\$8,136.60
INCOME		
DUES, & DONATIONS	\$3495.00	
TOTAL		\$11,631.60
EXPENSES		
POSTAGE	<\$ 16.90>	
REUNION	<\$749.90>	
UPS STORE NEWSLETTER	<\$540.18>	
TOTAL EXPENSES	<\$1306.98>	
BALANCE	11-16-11	\$10,324.62
BRICK FUND BALANCE \$1144.08		
BRICK FUND MONEY IN SAME ACCT.		
THANKS TO ALL BOB.		

2012 REUNION Portland, Oregon June 6-10, 2012

The 2012 reunion will be held at the Red Lion on the River hotel, with the Oxford Suites hotel, which is next door, handling the overflow. There is a nice RV park on the river within a 10-minute walk of the hotel. There are also other hotels in the area.

The annual Rose Festival will be underway during the reunion, so make your reservations early.

Red Lion Hotel on the River, Jantzen Beach
909 N. Hayden Island Dr.
Portland, OR 97217
1-800-RED-LION or 1-503-283-4466
www.redlion.com/jantzenbeach

Oxford Suites Portland – Jantzen Beach Hotel
12226 N. Jantzen Beach Dr.
Portland, OR 97217
1-800-548-7849 or 1-503-283-3030
www.oxfordsuitesportland.com

Jantzen Beach RV Park
1503 N. Hayden Island Dr.
Portland, OR 97212
1-800-443-7248 or 1-503-289-7626
www.jantzenbeachrv.com

Several tours will be arranged for the reunion. There are several points of historical and "Mother Nature" interest in the area. The volcanoes Mt. Hood, Mt. St. Helen and Mt. Adams are within sight.

Portland has a variety of restaurants and many microbreweries that brew their own beer. Wine tasting tours are available since Oregon produces some of the world's best Pinot Noir and Pinot Gris wines. Expect occasional showers, with highs in the mid 70's and cool evenings.

Airlines into Portland are Southwest, United, Delta, Northwest, American, US Airways, Continental, Hawaiian, and Alaska. Free hotel shuttles are available.

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OBITUARY

Ronald J. Bitticks

Staff Sergeant Ronald "Bitti" Bitticks (First Cavalry Airborne Division, 75th Infantry, Company H) passed away on June 20, 2011 from conditions resulting from exposure to Agent Orange during his service. Upon his assignment to the First Cavalry, Ron volunteered for the L.R.R.P.s and became a Team Leader, serving two tours of active duty between 1968 and 1969. Ron earned the Silver Star for valor under fire after a mission that has been chronicled in the books *The 1st Air Cavalry Division Memoirs of the First Team, Vietnam, August 1965 - December 1969* edited by Major J.D. Coleman, and *LRRP Company Command The Cav's LRP/Rangers in Vietnam 1968-1969* by Gregg P. J. Jorgenson.

Jorgenson described Ron as a reluctant warrior who was quiet, intelligent and shared his affinity for art with his teammates.

Following his service in Vietnam, Ron taught painting for 34 years at several colleges and was awarded the title of Professor Emeritus at the Milwaukee Institute of Art and Design. Although his paintings drew heavily on his experiences in Vietnam, Ron was reluctant to simplify his artwork into an exploration of the war. As he grappled with post-traumatic stress throughout his life, through his art he searched for truth and peace through beauty - a legacy he leaves behind as a teacher, an artist, and a veteran.

Ron is survived by his devoted wife, Barbara McLaughlin, two children, Meret and Sebastian, stepchildren Lucas Perso, Briana and Justine MacWilliam, his mother Juanice Traywick, sister Bonnie Boettcher, brother Glenn Bitticks, much loved nieces, nephews and grandnieces and nephews, a multitude of friends, and three generations of grateful MIAD students.

Donations can be made to the Ron Bitticks Memorial Scholarship Fund at the Milwaukee Institute of Art and Design, 273 E Erie Street, Milwaukee, WI 53202.

DUTY CALLS

*This is a song written by Chuck Coffin's wife,
Linda when he went on one of his
"see you in a few weeks" tours*

He shines his boots, he cleans his brass, and heads
out of the door.
His little sons can't understand what their daddy's
leaving for.
And there are those who say that there's no need
for him to go.
Still, he packs his bags and leaves, when duty calls.

Duty calls, and it's freedom's voice grown quiet.
Duty calls, though most people will deny it.
And if no one heeds the words, will freedom fall?
Not as long as someone answers duty's call.

He spent a year in Vietnam; he lost some good
friends there.
And sometimes the things he's had to do were hard
for him to bear.
But he served his country proudly then; he serves it
proudly now.
So he packs his bags, and goes, when duty calls.

Duty calls, and it's freedom's voice grown quiet.
Duty calls, though most people will deny it.
And if no one heeds the words, will freedom fall?
Not as long as someone answers duty's call.

When he was young, this nomad's life was not
what he had planned.
And it takes a special kind of woman to know and
understand.
The sacrifice we're making helps to keep our
country strong.
So we pack our bags and go, when duty calls.

Duty calls, and it's freedom's voice grown quiet.
Duty calls, though most people will deny it.
And if no one heeds the words, will freedom fall?
Not as long as someone answers duty's call.

No, not as long as one man answers duty's call.

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SOLDIER-TO-SOLDIER

From Mark Keller

I have noticed some of our members have discussed PTSD and some aspects of their own issues with it. I think we all, in our guts, understand what it is and the varying degrees of severity or maybe even just inconvenience it can pose to us.

I have also noticed how it has been in the past and is today being addressed to our military men and women. And that, I think, is a continuing problem. After all, the answer to PTSD, to my mind, is in the end all about and only about OUTLOOK.

Even aside from the stock definition of PTSD, you really have to be careful about describing memories (painful or not) as PTSD. PTSD can be enforced after all, only by physical injury or by memories and the reactions they bring. And your personal outlook is what drives it to be the boss or keeps it where it needs to be in your life.

I've seen PTSD in a variety of forms. I was shot 3 times myself in the course of 3 Nam tours, spent a total of about 6 months in the hospital system and observed how others were affected by their wounds. I also retired from 27 total years in the Army and full-time National Guard (in 2008) and saw the PTSD thing arise again in the Gulf and Iraqi wars.

Soldiers returning from Iraq and Afghanistan would sit for 4-6 hours in a PTSD briefing. It was full of soft soap, psychological babble, some political correctness and seemed worthless to the soldiers. After the briefing many soldiers ended up in my office to make sense of it. I would give them a mini lesson about PTSD that seemed to make sense to them. I like to think they left secure in their own minds about the subject.

Because of that I wrote a full-on PTSD course entitled **SOLDIER-TO-SOLDIER**. I've not done much with it except offer it to the V.A. at one point, but I guess since I am not a psychologist, it evidently did not merit a response. On the other hand, the soldiers and private individuals I have

given it to, have indicated they thought it was of value to them.

I'd like to offer it to anyone of our organization who would like to check it out for themselves or for someone they feel it may help. I can get it emailed to you in PDF format. Just contact our newsletter guys and give them your name and email address.

And afterwards, I'd personally appreciate your view on Soldier-To-Soldier.

Very best regards to all, Mark Keller

Interested in this program? Contact Mark at:

Mark E. Keller

3178 Isington Ct.

Reynoldsburg, OH 43068-4092

<mekentinc@yahoo.com>

WHY TO ATTEND REUNIONS

"I now know why men who have been to war yearn to reunite. Not to tell stories or look at old pictures. Not to laugh or weep. Comrades gather because they long to be with the men who once acted at their best: men who suffered and sacrificed, who were stripped of their humanity. I did not pick these men. They were delivered by fate and the military. But I know them in a way I know no other men. I have never given anyone such trust. They were willing to guard something more precious than my life. They would have carried my reputation, the memory of me. It was part of the bargain we all made, the reason we were so willing to die for one another. As long as I have memory, I will think of them all, every day. I am sure that when I leave this world, my last thought will be of my family and my comrades... Such good men."

From "These Good Men" by Michael Norman

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LRRP Operations at LZ Uplift in 1967

From Jim Wright

In late 1966, I was assigned to the 5th Special Forces Group, Nha Trang, with a reporting date of early March 1967. Unfortunately, before I reached the Personnel Processing Center at Long Binh, a lieutenant in the 2nd Bn 5th Cav, 1st Cav, was killed along with several of the men in his platoon. As a "Johnny on the Spot" infantry officer I was diverted to An Khe and the 1st Cav. I remained with the 2/5th until being wounded in May 1967 and medevaced to the 67th Evac in Qui Nhon. While at Qui Nhon, I was unexpectedly visited by Captain David Tucker, First Cav HHC/LRRP Commander, who wanted me to join the LRRP unit upon discharge from the hospital. I subsequently reported to the 1st Cav LRRPs at An Khe and continued on to LZ Uplift to assume duties as the Forward Detachment commander. At the time, we were pretty much OPCON to the 2nd Brigade headquartered at LZ Uplift. From this location, we conducted operations principally throughout Bong Son. As I recall, we had 6 operational LRRP teams, 3-4 support personnel and a dedicated Huey. Missions were fairly typical for the LRRP Detachment – essentially providing extended recon in the Area of Operations (AO) not being covered by 1st Cav ground troops. Teams were deployed per detailed mission planning and recon and underwent continuous insertions, extractions and debriefs. I spent most of the time performing aerial commo checks with deployed teams and reconnaissance of likely insertion sites. A great deal of time was also spent gathering and providing intel to the brigade and division S-2/G-2. On 25 July 1967 one of the deployed LRRP teams reported the presence of a sizeable enemy unit nearby. The LRRP SOP procedures when in close proximity to the enemy required specified clicks of the handset in order to report information and avoid any risk of being detected by radio transmissions. This situation report seemed to indicate the enemy presence to be at least a company or possibly an NVA or VC regiment. This, in turn, was reported to the brigade S-2 and

on to the division G-2. This resulted in a command decision to conduct a B-52 Arc Light strike in lieu of trying to redeploy already engaged ground troops. This decision and timing required the unscheduled movement of the affected LRRP team to a location south of a specified East-West grid line before the bombing strike. It also meant establishing radio communication outside the prearranged commo check time for the team. In these instances, the general SOP required LRRP teams to immediately establish radio contact if a helicopter overflew their location at treetop level. On the morning of 26 July 67, we left LZ Uplift in order to establish communication with the LRRP team and the movement requirement. The LRRP Huey included 6 PAX (myself, a pilot and co-pilot, 2 door gunners and Sgt Jim Horne, LRRP Ops Sgt). As we completed low level flights in the vicinity of the LRRP team I observed what appeared to be a column of men moving along a nearby ridgeline. As we attempted a closer inspection we started taking significant ground fire causing the pilot to take evasive actions to include a rapid increase in altitude. During this process I was successful in establishing commo with the LRRP team and made them aware of the situation and pressing need to get south of the designated East-West grid line before the Arc Light occurred. Suddenly, the Huey shook rather violently but seemed to be under control. At this point, a door gunner informed me that the tail rotor had been shot off and we were experiencing other problems with the hydraulics, aircraft controls and loss of altitude. The forward airspeed kept us from an immediate and uncontrollable descent to the ground. The associated aircraft problems and rapid loss of altitude also precluded the execution of the school solution for a missing tail rotor which required making a running landing on some sort of airstrip. Given, these were also the days before helicopters with collapsible fuel tanks the risk of a catastrophic explosion during any crash was "cushioned" crash landing into perceived triple canopy jungle or a somewhat "cushioned" landing

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TIME MAGAZINE ABOUT THE MILITARY

The following comments were extracted from an article in the August 29, 2011 issue of the Time Magazine. Many of the comments applied to us when we came home, especially the LRRP/Rangers

The returning veterans are bringing skills that seem to be on the wane in American society, qualities we really need now: crisp decision making (ED: remember "when do we initiate contact" 40 years ago), rigor, optimism, entrepreneurial creativity, a larger sense of purpose and real patriotism. (as opposed to self-righteous flag waving).

Military skills are far different from the yes-sir, no-sir rote discipline that most civilians associate with the military. (The current wars) are all about small teams who have to interact with the local population. That requires a different kind of soldier.

When we rotated home, we fixed every piece of equipment but their brain. Something had to be done about that.

Our mission was to defeat the military bureaucracy. Our proposals went straight to (Petraeus') desk, rather than through the bureaucracy. The only thing he demanded of us was success.

We (the veterans) are a group that really wants to see America become a better place. We hate the divisive politics of the baby-boom generation. They're running the country into the ground. That's another lovely thing about these veterans: they don't mince words.

We hate the war but love the army.

There is a common sentiment among the vets who turn politicians, they feel closer to one another than to either political party.

(He) has exceptional aptitude, the ability to break a complicated problem down into its component parts very quickly.

Veterans are trained to believe that everyone in their unit rises and falls together. In the

military, it's never about you. It's always about something larger.

The toughest part of leadership is telling people they have to do something that involves pain.

Neither (political) party reflects the combination of service and get-it-done pragmatism most veterans value. Veterans have something important to contribute. We know how to lead.

"(Military personnel) are the most diverse and extraordinary people I've ever met. I'd love to see the values and ethics of the military spread into the general population." <a Yale professor whose daughter went to West Point.>

"I had more freedom to make decisions (in the army) than I do at Citibank. My commander would tell me what needs to be done, and then it was up to me to figure out how to do it."

WELCOME HOME VETERANS!

Secretary of State Colin Powell, a Vietnam combat veteran and former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has often expressed anger about the class gap between those who fought in Vietnam and those who did not.

"I am angry that so many of the sons of the powerful and well-placed managed to wangle slots in Reserve and National Guard units," he wrote in his 1995 autobiography, *My American Journey*. "Of the many tragedies of Vietnam, this raw class discrimination strikes me as the most damaging to the ideal that all Americans are created equal and owe equal allegiance to their country."

By James Bamford for USA TODAY

17 September 2002

THE WALL

39,996 on the Wall were just 22 or younger.
The largest age group, 8,283 were just 19 years old
3,103 were 18 years old.
12 soldiers on the Wall were 17 years old.
5 soldiers on the Wall were 16 years old.
One soldier, PFC Dan Bullock was 15 years old.

5567

in the South China Sea. As I recall, at least 1 or 2 PAX were non-swimmers so we quickly ruled this option out. It finally came down to attempting an auto-rotation without benefit of a tail rotor over the nearby beach area.

The odds for injury or death were high but we had great confidence in the skill of the pilot, 1Lt John Othmer, Spokane, WA. We also switched to the distress frequency, 44.44, to report the situation and probable crash location. Luck was with us since the call was received by MG Tolson, Division Commander, who was conducting air assault operations in the nearby AO. He reassured us he was coming to our aid. At about 350' the airspeed dropped to a point the aircraft went into an uncontrolled spin to the ground. Upon return to consciousness, I discovered the aircraft was on fire but the fuel tanks had not yet exploded. Also, the main rotor blade had hit the ground in a manner that sent the transmission through the tail boom and not the passenger compartment. I was also unable to breathe or move much of anything below the neck.

Sgt. Horne pulled me clear of the crash site to avoid being caught in a fuel tank explosion. As he turned to assist others he collapsed and I believe became paralyzed. At this point gunfire and rocket fire suddenly erupted as MG Tolson landed a reaction force. We were initially medevaced to LZ Uplift and on to the 67th Evac at Qui Nhon for further treatment and evaluation. The pilot and I were diagnosed with broken backs and some paralysis and evacuated to Clark Air Force Base, Philippines, and on to the 249th General Hospital, Tokyo, Japan. The medical developments with Sgt Jim Horne remain largely unknown. He was believed to have been evacuated to Hawaii, underwent surgery and was sent on to a stateside hospital and discharged to a VA Hospital in Arkansas. The fates of the co-pilot and door gunners remain unknown. In any case, I am hopeful Sgt Horne was not totally disabled and has experienced a decent quality of life.

I believe MG Tolson received a valor award for his rescue efforts while being under fire. Captain Tucker verified that the aircraft had taken ground fire resulting in the crash. The deployed LRRP team also cleared the AO in time to avoid the Arc Light. I was later saddened to hear that Captain Tucker was killed while doing a commo check or LRRP team insertion or extraction.

Needless to say, I recovered from the 1967 injuries and eventually returned to Vietnam and the 1st Cav in 1970 in time to command a rifle company in the 2nd Bn, 12th Cav coming out of Cambodia. This time, however, I completed the 12 month long tour and made it safely back to the land of the big PX.

I stayed on active duty after Vietnam and retired in 1987. I am currently serving as a contractor in direct support of Army training operations. The Vietnam experience clearly has many similarities with the previous operations in Iraq and the ongoing operations in Afghanistan. I still believe from my LRRP experience in Vietnam and the AARs from both OIF and OEF that the continuation of divisional LRRP units would prove to be operationally effective and pay big dividends during these times of persistent conflict and asymmetrical battlefields.

If Sgt. James A. Horne can be located I owe him my thanks for his assistance which may have contributed to the severity of his own injury.

Jim Wright

THE WALL

997 soldiers were killed on their first day in Vietnam.

1,448 soldiers were killed on their last day in Vietnam.

31 sets of brothers are on the Wall.

8 Women are on the Wall. Nursing the wounded.

Veterans Day 2011 at The Wall Washington, D.C.

By Ken White

The weather in Washington, DC on Veterans Day was sunny with temperatures in the mid-to-high 50s, and occasionally windy, but overall seasonable and pleasant. This plus the fact that Veterans Day fell on a Friday resulted in a larger than usual crowd on The National Mall. I'm happy to report that our unit was well represented by Terry G. Smith, Springfield, VA (1970-71), and Jim Wright, Poquoson, VA (1967). I didn't have the pleasure of talking with either Terry or Jim, but I did see that they signed the guest register at the 1st Cav hospitality suite at the Crown Plaza Hotel.

The observance at The Wall served as the focal point for the day's activities for Vietnam, and Iraq- and Afghanistan- era veterans. Jan C. Scruggs, founder and president of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund, the group that co-sponsors the annual observance together with the National Park Service, was the master of ceremonies. Scruggs started things off by noting that the National Park Service recently completed several badly needed maintenance projects on the 13-acre site occupied by The Wall. These included rebuilding the in-ground sprinkler system used to irrigate the area and re-seeding the grassy areas in front of The Wall and Three Servicemen Statue. This was the second time in the last five years that these repairs had to be made. The Wall is still one of the most visited memorials in Washington, DC - attracting more than thirty million people annually, so you can just imagine what the grass looks like with all these people walking on it.

Scruggs noted that fundraising efforts for the underground education center, which will be built next to The Wall, are well underway. Construction of the center will cost \$85 million, all to be raised through private donations. So far, \$25 million in pledges has been raised, with donations coming from corporations, organizations, veterans groups, and individuals, according to Scruggs. Groundbreaking for the center is scheduled for 2012. The center will place faces and stories with

the names etched in The Wall. Planned exhibits include a "Wall of Faces," to feature photos of those lost in Vietnam and a gallery of the more than 100,000 items left in tribute at the memorial since 1982, according to Scruggs. To date, more than 23,000 photographs have been collected.

The U.S. Navy Color Guard – Military District of Washington, DC, did the Presentation and Retiring of the Colors, and of course the 1st Cav and 82nd Airborne Division Color Guards were also there. Members of the Cav's color guard wore black Stetson hats and frontier-era cavalry uniforms, but all three units looked smart and were very impressive, as always. It's an honor to have these units in attendance and to be reminded of the traditions they represent.

General Barry R. McCaffrey USA (Ret.) introduced the day's keynote speaker, Joseph L. Galloway, co-author of the book *We Were Soldiers Once ... And Young*. General McCaffrey commanded Bravo Company, 2nd Battalion 7th Cavalry, in the A Shau Valley in 1968. He is the Chairman of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund Education Center Advisory Board and an Adjunct Professor at the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Joe Galloway was a newspaper correspondent covering the Vietnam War for UPI in November 1965 when he hitched a ride on a 1st Cav helicopter en route to LZ X-Ray in the Ia Drang Valley where the 1st Battalion 7th Cavalry was in the fight of its life. Galloway served four tours in Vietnam and was the only civilian awarded the Bronze Star with valor by the U.S. Army during the war. Galloway went on to cover numerous other combat operations during his career, including riding with the 24th Infantry Division (Mechanized) in the assault into Iraq during Desert Shield/Storm. General H. Norman Schwarzkopf, commander of coalition forces for Operation Desert Shield/Storm, called Galloway "The finest combat correspondent of our generation -- a soldier's reporter and a soldier's friend."

See you at The Wall on Memorial Day 2012.

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BOOKS

by and about LRRP/Rangers

The Ghosts of the Highlands by Kregg P.J. Jorgenson, Ivy Books. This is about the beginning of the 1st Cav LRRP/Rangers, 1966-67

LRRP Company Command by Kregg P. J. Jorgenson, Ballantine Books. The 1st Cav LRRP/Rangers, 1968-69

Acceptable Loss by Kregg P. J. Jorgenson, Ivy Books. Kregg's autobiography, 1969-70.

MIA RESCUE LRRPs in Cambodia by Kregg P.J. Jorgenson, Ivy Books. One mission gone bad during the Cambodian Invasion.

Above All Else by Ron Christopher, PublishAmerica. Ron's autobiography about being the TL of the first team to pull a mission as the 1st Cav's LRRP/Rangers.

One-Zulu by Curtis "Randy" Kimes, published by author. About one mission, May 7-9, 1968.

Lurps: A Ranger's Diary of Tet, Khe Sanh, A Chau, and Quang Tri by Bob Ankony University Press of America, of Rowman and Littlefield Publishing group, 1967-68

OTHER BOOKS

For What It's Worth by David Klimek, published by author. Dave's experiences during the Cambodian Invasion before he joined H-75th.

A Troop, 9th Cavalry by Ron Christopher. PublishAmerica. Ron's experiences with the "Blues" A-1-9 before he joined LRRP.

LRRP/RANGER MERCHANDISE PRICE LIST

T-Shirts: Black/White sizes to 4X	\$13
T-Shirts Novelty: White sizes to 4X	\$10
T-Shirts Recondo: Grey sizes to 2X	\$15
Golf(Polo)Shirts:Blk/White sizes to XL	\$30
Sweatshirts M to XXL	\$20
Windshirts:Pullover: Black M LR XL	\$36
Windshirt: (converts to sleeveless) Black With Khaki Trim: M L XL	\$48
Hats: Black or White	\$12
Ranger Ring: size 10 1/2 only	\$50
Watches: Ladies and Mens	\$30
Belt Buckles: numbered	\$20
Ranger Lapel Pin:	\$4
Cloth Scroll Patch: (Co H 75 th Inf.)	\$4
Cloth Logo Patch:	\$4
Wooden Nickel:	\$1
Ankony's book; LURP's	\$30
DVD's 1 James Gang 2 Bear Cat Training 3 Tribute To Our Fallen Comrades 4 History Channel LRRP's	\$15 each
Decals: interior/exterior	\$2
ANNUAL DUES	\$15
Shipping per order	\$5

Please mail check/money order payable to

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1347 20th St.

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macv495soglrp@sbcglobal.net

The \$5.00 shipping charge covers only one or two shirts. Donations are gladly accepted

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HISTORICAL OCCURRENCES VANHOOK'S DEROS GIFT

From Bill Hand

Part 1

This was a "hurry up" mission in that Captain Mike Gooding asked if I could have the team ready to go in three hours. The date time group was approximately 68/20/03 1200 hours. The team (Silent Avenger 3 Foxtrot) was short an Assistant Team Leader (ATL) since Richard Turbitt was home on extended leave in Waukeegan, Illinois. To replace Turbitt, I persuaded a very reluctant Don VanHook to act as my ATL. Don was down to less than three weeks in country and as a serious short-timer was very concerned at my reported propensity to initiate contacts. To assist him in making the proper decision, I assured him that I would conduct myself according to the generally recognized "Code of Self Respecting LRRPs".

Having settled that question, 3 Foxtrot would be comprised of the following members:
Team Leader (TL) – Sgt. Bill Hand
Assistant Team Leader (ATL) – Sgt. Don VanHook
Senior Radio Operator – Sgt. Glenn Lambert
Medic/Assistant RTO – Sp. 4 Tom Ford
Front Scout (FS) – Sp. 4 "Little" John Hardesty
Rear Scout (RS) – Sp. 4 Ron Bitticks
Of the six team members, four were seasoned, one still a rookie, and Bitticks was the "FNG", fresh out of company training.

Some two weeks earlier, Captain Gooding had approached me about one of our replacements, a guy by the name of Ron Bitticks. It seemed that Bitticks was a product of the University of Wisconsin, an art student, and had expressed anti-war sentiments. No other TL wanted him and Gooding hoped that I would take him, either to finish making an LRRP out of him or to recommend his transfer to a line unit.

When I entered the training team tent, I found Bitticks reading an anti-war article in Ramparts magazine. As we talked, he admitted that he was against the war but that since he was in Vietnam, he wanted to see it up close and personal, even though he doubted that it would change his

convictions. We talked some about art, a subject of which I had very little knowledge. I came away satisfied with the certain knowledge that he would make a trustworthy member and that *Degas* was an artist of note and not some new helicopter fuel.

Overflight was performed by myself, while VanHook coordinated communications, gear and ration requisition and the various other pre-mission administrative tasks. The area of operations (A.O.) was four square kilometers, bordered on the southern line by the My Chanh River, and on the east by the village My Chanh (which figured prominently in Bernard Fall's Street Without Joy). From the overflight, the A.O. appeared to be low rolling hills covered with waist high, to shoulder high, scrub. Our mission was to monitor a high speed trail intersection in the North-East Quadrant. This would be the same intersection at which Sgt. Tedder's LRRP team had initiated contact on an NVA unit, losing Sp. 4 Leon as a KIA during the body search of the dead NVA.

I selected an L. Z. (landing zone) in the Southwest quadrant bordering the river with a North-South tributary stream running through it. The LZ was approximately a klick and a half west of the village with a small hill intervening which would mask the insertion from enemy observation. I noted that once we left the insertion area that no water would be available. We then flew to L.Z. Jane to make final arrangements with the 1st Air Cavalry Brigade from whom we would be working and then returned to Camp Evans.

I called the team together and gave them my impression of the area. The team, especially VanHook, was extremely nervous since Leon had been killed on that intersection and also due to the fact that no good cover was available. VanHook briefed me on the admin preparations and I performed a last check of the team. We were ready.

At approximately 1700 hours, we loaded the Huey for insertion utilizing the three plus two trail system. This concept required three slicks and two gunships, with the slicks flying in trail formation and the guns acting as flank security.

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On insertion, things went to hell very fast. Our Cobra pilots had never inserted an LRRP team and "prepped" the LZ with both rocket and mini-gun fire. This of course had every VC/NVA eye in the area looking our way.

Because of the intervening hill, I decided to continue the mission and motioned for Little John to move the team west away from our objective. Little John had only moved a few meters when he came to a small stream with a single canopy stretching over it. He dropped to one knee, and called me forward. As I reached his position he pointed to the mud on either side of the stream. At least five individuals wearing "Ho Chi Minh" sandals had crossed minutes earlier as water was still seeping into the tracks.

Van Hook rolled his eyes as we crossed behind them and moved up-hill on the southside of the trail and set-up our overnight position (RON). Our cover was low scrub but it offered us an excellent point from which to observe the trail. While VanHook positioned the team and directed the placement of the Claymore mines, I called in a "Delta Tango" or pre-plotted artillery target.

The marking round hit a kilometer away, across the river and to the west. After rechecking my calculations and coordinates, the artillery Fire Direction Center (FDC) and I came to the conclusion that I was using an old French generated map, which was not accurate. Within two more rounds, I had the artillery close enough to give us support if we got into trouble during the night.

As last light was falling, I checked the placement of the Claymore mines and discovered that Sgt. Lambert, my RTO, had set his mine facing the team. VanHook rolled his eyes as I proceeded to instruct in a very quietly profane manner on the correct way to deploy a Claymore mine. Lesson learned, the guard schedule was set up and we passed the night uneventfully, making all the required communication situation reports ("sit-reps").

I always took the hour before dawn and as my watch ended, touched the others to wake them up. The team rotated by twos preparing meals, and

Bitticks and VanHook were the first up on this particular morning. No sooner had they lit their C-4 to heat their water for coffee than Little John grabbed me by the arm as three NVA crossed the stream heading west on the trail some 50 meters downhill from us. I elected not to ambush since this was the first day, and called for artillery. By the time that we had the tubes deployed our way for the fire mission the NVA were long gone. We fired a short fire mission west of us in hopes of getting lucky or at the worst to speed them on their way.

A Mister Warren flew over the area in an H-13 scout helicopter to assess the results but found no casualties or signs of blood trails. He then flew slowly back to the village trying without success to draw enemy fire. I held the team on the hill for the next two hours to observe the trail and to otherwise give the area time to quieten down. Then we saddled up to re-cross the stream and move northeast to observe the high speed trail junction which was approximately two clicks distance.

When our point, Little John, hit the hill east of the stream, he found that it was solid elephant grass. Hardesty had gotten his mom de guerre honestly, in the he was short of stature and in a very few minutes the elephant grass had him totally exhausted with only a few meters to show for his efforts. I relieved Little John at point and noisily broke bush by lying down on the grass until we crushed a trail to the far side of the small hill. At this time we broke for chow, made a sit-rep, and observed the activity in the village.

From observation, our biggest dilemma was our route to the target area. To continue our current route would take the team across an area consisting of nothing but waist high brush. To gain any cover at all, we would have to retrace our path back to the stream bed, follow it north to the beginning of single canopy jungle and then find the closest point to cross to the trail junction. This would also entail the expansion of our area of operation in order to accomplish the movement.

I felt that since all of the NVA traffic had been moving toward the jungle cover to the west that our chances were better in the open with proper camouflaged movement.

I quietly briefed the team on our intended route of march and immediately drew a negative from VanHook, who was adamant that we should use the safety of the jungle approach. I patiently explained again my rational, adding that we were due on the trail that night and the enemy would never anticipate an LRRP team crossing such an open area. Hook flatly stated that he would not cross the open area. Rather than continue the argument with VanHook, I instructed the team to saddle up and told Hook that he could go the jungle route but the team was crossing the open area.

I spread the team out about 20 meters between members and we started across. After going about 150 meters, I looked back to see Hook hurriedly catching up with the team's rear position. We crossed the area uneventfully and intersected the trail 500 meters south of our objective at an old NVA anti-aircraft firing position. We took a break at this point.

After a short rest, we moved to a small hill approximately 100 meters south-south west of the trail intersection. At this point the trail was at least 3 meters wide and capable of vehicular traffic. The only cover available on our hill was the ever present waist high brush, but if we stayed low it was sufficient to conceal our presence while giving us excellent observation of the intersection.

While setting the team in place, I discovered that a claymore bag of M-79 rounds had been left at our last rest stop. I told VanHook to finish placing the positions and the claymores, while I returned to retrieve the lost ammo. I found the bag at the anti-aircraft site and returned to the team within 20 minutes.

After I checked our positions and fields of fire, I called in three "Delta Tangos" around our position. One was 100 meters away on the trail intersection labeled "Alpha". The second was on the anti-aircraft site, and the third was to our rear. At this point we were ready to begin our

observation with Tom Ford and myself taking the first watch which was the last hour before EENT (End Evening Nautical Twilight or in National Guard parlance – darkness).

I was looking down the trail to the south and saw a rabbit bigger than any that I had seen in my life, and in a whisper commented to Tom, "Look at the size of that rabbit!" As Tom trained his binoculars down-trail, he whispers back, "That's no rabbit, that's an NVA!" I responded, "Don't give me any crap, that's a rabbit!" He then responded, "I see your rabbit, but look up-trail about 50 meters at that NVA fixing to cross the trail!"

The team alerted and we watched an NVA point man look up and down the trail, cross and signal the rest of his element of four to follow. I immediately got on the horn and requested gunships, as the enemy element would not cross any delta tango.

The NVA element moved toward us and traversed the reverse base of our hill. It was spooky watching their movement, as they moved exactly as a well trained LRRP team would move. The gun-ships showed up right at dark after the NVA had moved out of our sight and up a draw on a hill opposite of our position. The gun-ships worked the draw over with rocket fire with negative results. From the stop, look and observe actions of the NVA element, coupled with the air and artillery activity, I felt that the NVA knew that an American Recon unit was working the area. However, the night passed without incidence.

After a morning with no observable enemy activity, Little John spotted a party of four Viet Cong at least one kilometer north of our position at approximately 1530 hours. Base camp was alerted with a code 2 sit-rep (enemy troops in the open, request gun-ships). When the helicopters arrived over the area, the enemy personnel quickly went to ground seeking cover. Because of the distance distorting depth perception, it was extremely hard

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for us to guide the choppers over the exact area where the VC were hidden, but in a very few minutes one of the enemy was located and taken out with mini-gun fire.

Due to the light cover and the success of the apparently well camouflaged enemy element, the gun-ships made the decision to orbit and call for a zone fire artillery mission utilizing a new type of munition which was code named "firecracker". The inventory nomenclature for this round was "cofram" and it basically was an artillery shell that scattered many smaller explosives bomblets similar to a grenade. It was thought to be very effective in areas such as the one in which we were at the time.

We could hear the artillery being fired in the distance and shortly we heard the rounds rumbling through the air. As the rounds approached the impact area each made a cracking sound and the bomblets were scattered over the target area, exploding on impact with a sound not unlike a string of firecrackers. The explosive carpet covered a half square kilometer area. The birds requested a "check fire" and went in for assessment. Three more enemy KIA were found.

Knowing that we had a heavy volume of enemy traffic in the area and that we had called numerous fire missions over the space of three days, I felt that the NVA/VC command structure had to reasonably admit that a recon team was working the area. The team shared that view especially after observing the cautious actions of the NVA element of the previous day.

Guard duty was set for the night and I passed out the "dex" pills for those who might need them to stay awake. I elected to stay on guard until 2400 hours believing that if we were hit that the action would be initiated in that time frame. By 0100 hours, I felt safe enough to go to sleep and instructed the regular watch to be sure and wake me by 0400 hours, the next period of likely danger.

Shortly after 0200 hours, VanHook put his hand over my mouth to wake me. Leaning to my ear he whispered, "We've got gooks talking!" I raised up slightly and listened intently, hearing nothing. I cranked up the Star-Light scope and made

a 360 degree visual sweep around our location. The trail was empty, and no other movement was apparent. I continue to listen and observe for the next few minutes with no results and quickly began to come to the conclusion that VanHook was suffering from a bad case of "Shorttimers'" jitters. I told Hook that I was going back to sleep and to wake me if he saw or heard anything.

Exactly twenty minutes later, he had his hand on my mouth again, saying that he heard gooks talking again. Once more, I listened and observed with the Star-Light scope with no results. I was convinced that Hook was just imagining things and told him as much, "Hook, you're short and nervous. There's nothing out there, and don't wake me up again unless you're sure of what you've got!" Twenty minutes later, I'm awake with VanHook again. Once again nothing could be seen or heard. With whispered authority I said, "Hook don't wake me up again! I've got guard in forty minutes and I've got to have some sleep. Don't worry because there is absolutely nothing out there! Now let me get some sleep!"

I laid back against my rucksack, pulled my boonie hat over my face to keep the mosquitoes away and promptly fell asleep again, some 15 minutes later, VanHook clamped his hand over my mouth and when he saw my eyes open, he whispered, "Hand! Hand! You son-of-a-bitch, you're talking Vietnamese in your sleep!" The source of the talking had been identified, and I wound up finishing the night watch duties with no further incidents.

*(this mission will continue
In the next issue of the newsletter)*

MILITARY PROVERB

If you earned a Purple Heart, this means you were smart enough to think of a plan, stupid enough to try it, and lucky enough to survive.

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TRIBUTE TO DEV COCHRANE

From Adam "Buck" Bartolik
Formerly SGT, of G Trp 2/11 ACR
Denver, CO
Spam4buck@gmail.com

Last night was one of the saddest nights I've ever experienced, because I had to buy some jewelry.

I was in high school 30 years ago. (That's enough to bring a sea of emotion.) I happened to be in Boston one spring afternoon and ran into a woman who was selling POW/MIA bracelets. Keep in mind that the Vietnam War had only been over for five years at that point. After we had talked for awhile, she picked a name for me -- she knew all the Massachusetts names and their families, and chose this one because she said I looked a little like a picture of the soldier when he was younger, and the anniversary of his disappearance date was coming up shortly.

The name was Deverton C. Cochrane.

It's the name of a man I never met, but is forever in my mind and physically attached to me. He swam in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Mediterranean with me. He went back to the Army with me, and his bracelet was the only piece of jewelry other than wedding rings allowed to be worn during basic training. He helped me stay out of the drill sergeants' crosshairs, so I owe him a beer for that. When I made sergeant, I toasted him and his brethren. He was with me both times I was married, for the birth of my son, and he has helped me carry two coffins. He's gone to every job interview with me, and worked as many hours as I have. He reminds me when it's really cold or too hot. He helped me become more aware of the fate he shares with so many other soldiers, marines, airmen, and sailors. He made me become more involved with the National League of Families, and Vietnam Veterans of America. Dev has been with me for thirty years, and I owe him for a lot of things I know, and people I've met.

I never considered that he would be with me for so long.

For the first few years, I had the hope that I

would be able to give it to him one day. Later, I thought the day would come when I would travel to a cemetery in Brookline and join a line of others to return the bracelet to Dev's family when his remains were brought home and interred. But now I wonder if it will be with me for the rest of my days.

June 17th was the fortieth anniversary of Sergeant Cochrane's disappearance. When I thought about that this summer, I looked at the bracelet with a new perspective. That's when I noticed that the letters and numbers are so worn down after thirty years, that they are no longer readable. So much time. So many physical jobs. So much rubbing. But mostly, so much time.

"Worn down" is an appropriate phrase, because that's how I felt last night when I ordered a new bracelet to replace it. Once I had hoped to return it to the Cochrane family. Instead, it will go into a nice little box and wait silently, while I slip on another band with fresh engraving to keep the memory of this unknown friend sharp and focused, for myself and anyone asking about it.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A SOLDIER

From Jessica Lynch
POW in Iraq

I know now that there was nothing anybody could say to really explain what serving your country meant – or what being an American means to you if you go off to a place like Iraq

I guess it complicated.

Serving your country isn't just putting on a uniform and putting your life at risk. It's being hurt, hurt so bad that you think you are going to die. It's trying to hang onto hope when common sense tells you that there isn't any reason to hope. It's remembering, even when you can't fight or hide or run away, that you are still a soldier.

But mostly, it's loss. It's losing a friend who died because they had pledged allegiance to the flag – and to me.

Jessica Lynch
PARADE Magazine 9 Nov 03

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A PILOT'S VIEW OF FIRST CAV LRRPS (YOUNG IN YEARS, BUT SO MATURE IN WHAT REALLY MATTERED)

From Jim **Bracewell**

As a young rookie helicopter pilot, flying slick Hueys in 1966/1967, I was totally ignorant of Infantry operations. I think my first combat mission (LZ Bird, Dec '66) gave me an instant and enduring respect for our men on the ground. I thought I would never see more courage in another group of men ... but I did.

For some reason, I was made an Aircraft Commander quite early in my tour. Shortly thereafter, I was told that I was going to provide support to the 1st Cav's newly formed Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol unit. Huh? What's that? I found out when I met with CO, CPT Jim **James**; XO, 1LT Ron **Hall**; 1SG, SFC Fred **Kelly**; and Team Leaders, SSG Ron **Christopher** and Pat **O'Brien**. Once they told me about the LRRP mission, my first thought was, "Are these guys nuts?" Then I had to try to explain the capabilities of our aircraft, and how my crew and I could get them to where they needed to go. I decided on a navigation technique called "time-distance-heading." We selected a point (usually a guard tower at base camp), and flew to the desired coordinates after calculating the time required for the flight at 100 knots, based on the latest wind speed and direction. We flew the missions at twilight, when visibility had diminished, and we flew at quite low level. We often had to remove vegetation from our landing gear during our post-flight inspection of the aircraft, much to the dismay of our Maintenance Officer. All of that aviation stuff is nothing compared to what our "passengers" did.

It occurred to me that I was rubbing elbows with the bravest men I would ever know. I still feel that way forty-four years later. Most of those LRRPs were very young (I was 25, and almost felt like a senior citizen). I learned quickly that age in years is not indicative of age in terms of knowledge, proficiency and dedication to the mission. From the first LRRP mission I flew, I

knew that these men were special. My respect and admiration for them skyrocketed, and only has intensified over the years.

One of the greatest thrills of my adult life has been reuniting with the 1st Cav LRRPs at reunions over the past few years. Perhaps the greatest, though, is my being inducted as an honorary member of the 1st Cav LRRP/Rangers Association. I received more than my share of awards and decorations during my career, but that one tops the list.

I am forever grateful to my Aviation Company Commander and CPT Jim **James** for giving me the opportunity to work with greatest soldiers in the universe ... the 1st Cav LRRPs.

Jim **Bracewell**

31 October 2011

BOOK FROM COLONEL BOOTH

From ken **White**

Pete Booth has had a book published. Although it is not about our unit it gives you a lot of incite into the hero's that flew us in and out of some very tough spots. It was because of his bravery and the bravery of the many other pilots that I believe many of us are alive today. The book is titled **"RETURNING FIRE"**

It is published by Author House and the control number is 2011903952. A great read.

ROGERS STANDING ORDERS

4. Tell the truth about what you see and what you do. There is an army depending on us for correct information. You can lie all you please when you tell other folks about the Rangers, but don't never lie to a Ranger or officer.
5. Don't never take a chance you don't have to.
6. When we're on the march, we march single file, far enough apart so one shot can't go through two men.
7. If we strike swamps or soft ground, we spread out abreast, so it's hard to track us.
8. When we march, we keep moving till dark, so as to give the enemy the least possible chance at us.

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Identity Theft Information Rangers Should Know

By
Chuck Coffin

(H Company Rangers, 1969-1970)

A year ago, several Rangers were contacted by a company that would prepare "certificates" for soldiers (or others) who had misplaced their own. The company asked for personal information, which raised the suspicions of several of us.

After discussion with Bill, I volunteered to write an article on Identity Theft. I've worked in Identity Theft Prevention for about 6 years now, and am a Certified Identity Theft Risk Management Specialist. I've worked with LegalShield for 12 years. I speak to civic groups, churches, and employers, anyone who'll listen. Here's a brief summary of what I discuss when I speak.

Currently there are five major types of Identity Theft. Let's take a quick look at each one.

FINANCIAL. This is the one everyone has heard about, so I won't say much. We all know to protect our credit cards, our PIN numbers, and so on. If a thief gets those, they can clean out our accounts. But, that isn't the worst that can happen.

DRIVER'S LICENSE. When we were younger, some of us might have gotten a fake driver's license, so we could buy a some beer (who, us?) before we hit the legal age. A teenage prank then; a big business now. There are websites where you can order a driver's license for any state. They are identical to the real thing, and many are accessed from a state's database—real people's driver's licenses. Perhaps yours. The thief picks out a description that matches their own, and orders the license. It will have a sticker with "For Novelty Purposes Only" on it, which is easily peeled off. Your picture on the license is cut away with an X-acto knife and replaced with theirs. The license number, and description, however, is still yours.

Our thief goes out, gets picked up for DWI/DUI, or speeding tickets or whatever. The license he shows is not his own, but yours, with his picture. Or your wife's, if the thief is female. The thief no-shows court, so a judge issues a warrant.

One Friday evening, about 10pm, you (or your wife or kid) are driving and get pulled over for a broken tail-light. The officer runs the license, and finds there are bench warrants out on you. Suddenly, you are wearing a pair of steel bracelets.

You now have an Identity Theft problem. You also have a legal problem. And since it's late on a Friday, you may not get legal help until Monday. This will not be a fun weekend.

CHARACTER/CRIMINAL. Recently a teacher's identity was stolen. She didn't know it. The person who assumed her identity was a "working girl." This young lady got arrested several times for solicitation, prostitution, drug use, all the usual. She'd show up in court and, using the assumed identity, pay the fine or get probation.

The innocent teacher knew nothing of this, until she applied for a job in a different school district. They ran a background check on her, of course, and turned her down, telling her, "We don't want a person with your character teaching our kids." A variation of this could happen to anyone—preacher, soldier, police officer, salesperson—who has a job requiring a good character, and which requires a background check.

MEDICAL. They're now putting a lot of our medical records on-line or "in the cloud" and that's not a bad thing. However: If it's on-line, it can be hacked. And the uninsured will hack a person's medical records to use their insurance. A few years ago, a fellow got a \$43,000 hospitalization bill from the hospital for the amputation of his leg. He looked down, and by golly, they both were still there. He called the hospital, and it turned out (eventually) that a career criminal, a diabetic, had stolen the guy's medical identity since the thief's diabetes had progressed to the point where he *had* to have a leg amputated.

It could have been worse. The victim was not diabetic. If he'd been in an accident, when they wheeled him into the emergency room, they might note his medical records said he was diabetic. If they gave him insulin, it could be fatal.

Another case I recently learned about was a woman who got a call from the local hospital, asking why she had walked out leaving her

newborn child. She said, "I don't have a newborn child, I have three others and they're all in school. The hospital rep said, "Don't lie to us; you abandoned a newborn baby here. We've notified the police and they're coming for you, and we've notified DCS, and they're going to pick up your kids from school and put them 'in the system.'"

Someone had stolen her medical identity, used it for childbirth services and then walked out. The victim had an identity theft problem, but also a legal problem, since her children were about to be seized by the authorities, and she was about to be arrested for child endangerment.

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER. We've always been told to protect our social security number. Here's one good reason why:

There is a brisk market for stolen SSNs wherever there's a high population of illegal immigrants. They must have a valid social security number for a job, and E-verify will catch fake SSNs. But they can buy a valid SSN for \$50 or so.

But an SSN isn't sold just once. A number may be sold fifty times or more. Let's run some numbers. Say the thief sells your SSN just ten times. Say each of the buyers uses it to get a job, and only earns about \$12,000 that year.

Maybe this has already happened, and you don't know it. Yet. Last April you filed your taxes like the good citizen you are. The IRS may move slowly, but it does move. And they've noticed income credited to your SSN that you didn't report. Of course, you didn't know about it. In a month or so, you get a letter from the IRS, saying, "You forgot to claim the \$120,000 in income [10 x \$12,000] you earned in Los Angeles, Boston, New Orleans, Chicago and New York. You owe us \$40,000 in taxes, plus interest, plus penalties. Please send us the money. Now."

And a Happy New Year to you, too. Again, you have an identity theft problem, but you also have a legal problem. What if instead of ten times, the thief sold it 50 or 100 times?

(Mindful of Bill's space considerations, I won't discuss Cloning and Synthesis—email me, I'll tell you about them.)

PREVENTION. How to keep it from happening? Well...you can't, totally. We're all on too many different databases; we have to give up too much of ourselves in our daily lives. But there are some steps we can take.

1. Shred everything you can. Don't make it easy for them.
2. Get a good monitoring service. But remember what we all learned in Vietnam: There's a difference between "monitoring" (i.e., just watching the stream, the trail junction) and actually taking action. There are good services and bad services. You really want one that has restoration capability—that can fix your credit and identity to back to what it was before it got stolen. I tell employers that if one of their workers has his or her identity stolen, Federal Trade Commission says it takes an average of 600 hours—15 working weeks—to get it fixed. That is not a productive employee.
3. I've mentioned several times that a victim had "not only an identity theft problem, but a legal problem." I'd estimate that at least 95% of identity theft is going to involve the victim in some sort of legal problem. Be prepared.

Oh, by the way—years past soldiers would be told to record their DD 214 at their local courthouse. That way, if it got lost, they could always go to the courthouse and get a copy. Obviously, this is a place for identity thieves to troll. If you did this, you may want to take action.

And you know what the ID Thieves do to your children.

I've touched just the surface here. My standard talk on Identity Theft is about 45 minutes or so, and I can talk longer than that! If you have questions, or want more information or to talk to me, I am at: cfcoffin@mindspring.com or my website: www.legalshield.com/hub/chuckcoffin and click on Identity Theft.

RLTW!

NEW LRRP LEGACY PHOTO ALBUMS: CAN YOU HELP?

From John LeBrun

The intention of the "LRRP Legacy" project is to gather and record the photos of the extraordinary men who served with the LRRPs/Rangers of the First Cavalry Division in Viet Nam. Eventually, we would like to see at least one photo of each of these dedicated men, for them, for those who served with them and for all of their families both present and future.

We have used the website Picasa, a photo-sharing site, to create digital Photo Albums for you (and your loved ones) to view and download pictures from. You can access this photo-viewing site Picasa by clicking on a link on our Ranger website (a yellow box "LRRP Legacy").

The following are titles of albums you can view:

- Team
- Individuals
- Company Area
- Ceremonies
- Group (more than one person in pic)
- VN Combat Support
- Documents

We have recently created two new Albums: Tribute To Our Fallen Brothers and The Roster.

The **Tribute to Our Fallen Brothers** album is currently filled with images of Purple Hearts. Each of these has a caption with a name, date of death and Wall address. Only a few photos have been available for inclusion. This is where we **really** need your help. Out of all the albums we've created, this one is the most special. We really want to remember those men who never came home; their loved ones would surely appreciate seeing them. Do you have photos we can use?

The **Roster** album has been created to feature a photo of each member of the unit. Our goal is to add 30 photos each month to this album. Again, if you have photos — please share them.

We're grateful to those members who have shared their photographs to make this collection possible. Nearly 900 photos have been numbered

and catalogued by the "LRRP Legacy Administrator" (a friend of mine) and it's through the LRRP Administrator that we will continually update the photos and add more to the site. We've done our best to identify the people, time and place wherever possible but there are still many photos without this info. Please view the rest of the albums and maybe you can help identify men, FSBs, team numbers or any other details that are missing.

When you view a photo that you can help us with, please email the *LRRP Legacy Administrator* with the photo's number and the new information at: lrrplegacy@shaw.ca

If you have photos you'd like to share, you can submit them to me two ways:

- Send me the originals and they'll be handled with care and respect, then returned as soon as possible in the same condition

Scan your photos individually and email them as JPEGs, with all pertinent info

As we all get a bit older, it becomes evermore important to build a lasting legacy of our unit, for our guys, our families and our generations to come.

John LeBrun

caabnranger@yahoo.com

Walking heavy

From Jim Regan

I found an interesting site the other day. If you "google up" Walking Heavy, you'll see lots of graphic U Tube on the 'Nam. Even some LRRP spots. Don't try it if you are faint of heart. Some of it is really graphic. Got a chance to watch the History Channel presentation the other night on the 'Nam. No matter how they portray it, they'll never get the real "Feel" for what we did there. Am always proud to say that I served w/ you and glad you were there with me. Thanks for taking care of this ol' fellow. Jim RLTW

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Fairways For Warriors

From Ron Christopher

Fairways For Warriors is an Orlando based 501(3) (c) non-profit organization dedicated to providing a better quality of life for our Wounded Warriors by teaching them to play the game of golf.

The organization's major partners are Celebration Golf Management which provides the golf facilities and instructors and The Golf Academy of America which provides instructors.

Fairways For Warriors has been in existence for a year and on October 11 will begin its second series of instructional clinics focused on the first time golfer while providing advanced instruction to those who have played before.

Visit the Warriors at

www.fairwaysforwarriors.org photo gallery.

For additional information please contact:

Tom Underdown at

tom.underdown@fairwaysforwarriors.org

Or

Bob Hurley at bob.hurley@fairwaysforwarriors.org

If you wish to make a donation to help defray the cost of a special needs golf cart for a double amputee please make check-out to Fairways For Warriors and mail to:

Fairways For Warriors

3361 Rouse Road, Suite 125

Orlando, Florida 32817

The LRRPs at one time were assigned to the 9th Cav. Bob Hurley was a Scout (H13) pilot in A Troop, 9th Cav when I was there 66/67. I am quite certain A Troop came to the rescue of a few LRRP teams as did C Troop. My involvement presently is to help Bob, far away support. Bob is just outside Orlando and I am in Beverly Hills, about 1 1/2 hours away. I do plan however, going over to play. It is a worthwhile project, helping Vets learn the game or enhancing their skills. Any Veteran is welcome. Even the producers of Ping golf clubs has chimed in and donated Ping clubs.

I do know this. If any of our guys, LRRPs, are in the Orlando area look up Bob and I am certain you

will be invited to play. Bob has about 9 full sets of extra clubs in his garage.

CHARITY CONTRIBUTIONS WHERE DOES THE MONEY GO?

The American Red Cross President and CEO Marsha J. Evans salary for the year was \$651,957 plus expenses

The United Way President Brian Gallagher receives a \$375,000 base salary along with numerous expense benefits.

UNICEF CEO Caryl M. Stern receives \$1,200,000 per year (100k per month) plus all expenses including a ROLLS ROYCE . **Less than 5 cents** of your donated dollar goes to the cause

The Salvation Army's Commissioner Todd Bassett receives a salary of only \$13,000 per year (plus housing) for managing this \$2 billion dollar organization. **96 percent of donated dollars go to the cause.**

The American Legion National Commander receives a \$0.00 zero salary. Your donations go to help Veterans and their families and youth!

The Veterans of Foreign Wars National Commander receives a \$0..00 zero salary. Your donations go to help Veterans and their families and youth!

The Disabled American Veterans National Commander receives a \$0.00 zero salary. Your donations go to help Veterans and their families and youth!

The Military Order of Purple Hearts National Commander receives a \$0.00 zero salary. Your donations go to help Veterans and their families and youth!

The Vietnam Veterans Association National Commander receives a \$0.00 zero salary.. Your donations go to help Veterans and their families and youth!

ENOUGH SAID

5581

PULLING SLACK

From Bill Carpenter

Postscript on Ron Bitticks

Bill **Hand** reported that Ron Bitticks had been the TL of the team that got the most kills at one time.

This started an exchange on our webpage about that mission. Bob **Carr** said that the number of KIA was 123. So assuming that there were two WIA for each KIA, that would be 369 enemy casualties. So that team, with the help of some gunships, were responsible for wiping out an NVA battalion.

This mission was written up in Jorgenson's book **LRRP Company Command**. Would anyone else care to write up their version of that event for this newsletter's "Historical Occurrences"?

Using the "clear" button Using credit/debit card?

Push the "clear" button before swiping your gas or debit card and after just to be safe. People are getting really desperate due to the constantly rising gas prices.

If the 'clear' button on the pump is not pressed, someone else can use that pump, and it will be charged to your card,

To keep this from happening, after you get your receipt, you must press the 'CLEAR' button or your information will be stored until the next customer inserts their card.

Quotes from Sun Tzu The Art of War Chinese general, 4,000 years ago

Hence the saying: If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles.

If you know yourself but not the enemy, for every victory gained you will also suffer a defeat.

If you know neither the enemy nor yourself, you will succumb in every battle.

To secure ourselves against defeat lies in our own hands, but the opportunity of defeating the enemy is provided by the enemy himself.

Overseas Service Photography Project Announced

The Department of Defense announced today that it seeks donations of photographs of U.S. military service life overseas from current and former service members for use in a photo recognition exhibition planned in conjunction with the State Department.

The project called "Serving Abroad...Through Their Eyes" will choose images that depict six specific categories: daily life, friendship, places, faces, loss or triumph. Selected images may be used for display in a special photography exhibition planned for the Smithsonian American Art Museum, the Pentagon and other prominent venues, stateside and overseas. Submissions will be accepted beginning Veterans Day, Nov. 11, 2011, through Presidents Day, Feb 20, 2012. Rules, entry form and submission guidelines may be found at <http://www.ourmilitary.mil/their-eyes/serving-abroad-through-their-eyes>.

Media point of contact is Lt. Col. Robert Ditchey at Robert.Ditchey@osd.mil.

Secretary of Defense William Gates on leadership

It is a leadership quality that is really quite basic and quite simple, but it's so basic and so simple that too often it's forgotten.

And that is the importance, as you lead, of doing so with common decency and respect towards your subordinates.

The second fundamental quality of leadership is doing the right thing when it's the hard thing. In other words, *integrity*.

I found that, more often than not, what gets people into trouble is not the obvious case of malfeasance, taking the big bribe or cheating on an exam.

Often, it's the less direct but no less damaging temptation to look away or pretend something didn't happen or that certain things must be okay because other people are doing them.

To take that stand, to do the hard right instead of ignoring the easier, more convenient or more popular wrong requires courage.

STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER

5582

CHAPLAIN'S BOX

From Jim Regan

By the time this hits the streets, most of the Holiday festivities will be behind us. I thought about, as I wondered what to write here, ALL the Holidays and Holy Days we celebrate here in this great country. Because of my upbringing as a student in the Parochial school system, I found that EVERY day is a reason for a celebration. The good Nuns and Priests would remind us, almost on a daily basis, whose "Feast Day" (Saints') that we were celebrating. Along with the Holy Days, there were all the National Days for celebration and remembrance. If you begin to list the days, you come up with quite an impressive number. The commercialism of some of our holidays is sometimes overwhelming. Here's a quick challenge. Try hard to remember the true meaning for the celebration.

During my many tours of duty, I had a chance to attend and participate in lots of Ceremonies, Parades, and gatherings of families. Once, my Jewish Chaplain, my Rabbi, dropped in on me and asked if I would attend the "Seder" dinner (Passover) w/ him. Without hesitation I agreed and showed up in my Army Green uniform with all the "do dads" attached. He gave me my head cover, a Yarmulke. (Had trouble attaching because of my short/thinning hair on my head.) As we, the Rabbi and I stood in the reception line, his congregation arrived and greeted us. There were many surprised looks when they read my name tag and soon discovered that I was not Jewish! Then into the symbolic dinner, seated beside my Rabbi, at the head table. I followed his lead thru the dinner. I still remember the degree of reverence exhibited by all the attendees. I believe, for my benefit, the Rabbi explained each part of the ceremony. It's truly wonderful that we can celebrate such events without fear of persecution. That's what this nation was founded on, FREEDOM!

We've begun a brand NEW YEAR. Let's take every chance we get, to celebrate the Holy Days and the Holidays. Remember all the folks who have given their lives so that we can do so. Embrace you family members and indeed, those folks with whom you have shared your life. Remember the good times, and put the not so good behind you. Love and prayers, Jim RLTW

Veterans' Day 11/11/11

On Veterans Day, my honey, Lois Ann, prompted me to go to "Applebee's" for a Veterans' free meal. I balked at that because, as I viewed it, someone else may NEED the meal more than me. No way! We go off and are met and greeted in the finest fashion. I look around and don't really see a lot of Vets. Lots of University of Kentucky outer gear, but not a lot of shirts, hats, etc, that "say" I'm a VET! We sit and order and then I notice a fellow, lots older than me, with some of his family members. He looks familiar and I think that he may have been from the nursing home where Lois' Mom stayed. Lois looks more closely and tells me, "That aint Brady."

The meal is first class and the manager comes by to say "Thank You!" Wow, more than I would have asked for on any day. Then, the fellow that I had seen, the ol' guy, is getting ready to leave. His family, perhaps his daughter and wife, are helping him into his coat. He is in a wheel chair. As he turns from the table, his daughter (?) puts his baseball cap on. "WWII, NAVY VETERAN!!!"

Wow! I caught his eye, gave him a big "two thumbs up!" He immediately responded with a salute and thumbs up! I just wanted to die right there. Here was, yet, another prime example of our generations of "Fighting Forces" for our country.

I'm really thankful that Lois Ann dragged me to the restaurant. It reinforced my belief that there are still lots of wonderful folks in this world, and reminded me of the past generations that made this country "FREE!" God Bless America and the folks who live and die for it! Jim RLTW



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