



July 2011, Issue 30

Contact: [rto173d@cfl.rr.com](mailto:rto173d@cfl.rr.com)

See all issues to date at this web site: [http://corregidor.org/VN2-503/newsletter/issue\\_index.htm](http://corregidor.org/VN2-503/newsletter/issue_index.htm)

## ~ 2/503d Photo of the Month ~



**So you wanna be a Chargin' Charlie?** *"A young paratrooper with a mud-smeared face stares into the jungle in Vietnam on July 14, 1966, after fire fight with Viet Cong patrol in the morning. He is a member of C Company, 2nd Battalion, 173d Airborne Brigade. (AP caption and photo/John Nance)*



2/503d **VIETNAM** Newsletter / July 2011 – Issue 30

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# Chaplain's Corner

Sky Soldiers of the heroic  
HERD – the 2/503d Bn –  
Families & Friends: Grace and  
Peace to you and all Caring and  
Freedom loving people.



**"The Leapin' Deacon"**

## **Psalms 46:1, 10-11**

*God is our refuge and strength, a helper who is always found in times of trouble. Be still, and know that I am God, exalted among the nations, exalted on the earth. The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our stronghold.*

## **Galatians 6:2**

*Carry one another's burdens; in this way you will fulfill the law of Christ.*

One of our wise and informed leaders of the 2/503d, speaking about suicide declared:

**"If we could just prevent one such happening, it would be a victory."** He is more than right. Troops and Veterans of the Herd, we need to help and assist in the prevention of suicide. We start with our "gifted ears" by carefully Listening, Listening, Listening for pleas and cries of Help!

In our beloved Country, when we address suicide we are dealing with huge numbers of our citizens, patriots, Troops, and Veterans. In the United States each year there are over 30,000 suicides. This is a direct challenge to our Military Community, families and friends of all ages. This calls for serious response and informed action by all of us, to include our entire Medical Team, Counseling Professionals, Emergency Room Teams, Police, families, friends, Pastors, trained lay leaders and Crisis Calls attendants, along with VA help and Crisis Intervention **(1-800-273-8255 – Press 1 for Veteran).**

Please let us increase our listening skills with our ears, minds, and our hearts to give help and hope and even "hand carry" the needy person to immediate suicidal care and assistance.

Let us not be casual about the crucial! Life and lives are of nerve-center importance to our Herd family. We are dealing with persons of deep pain, despair, and depression captivated by anxiety, helplessness and hopelessness, manifestations of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder - mental illness with special needs. One of the most challenging struggles is to de-stigmatize mental health problems and their special acute needs.

Over more than half a century, a helpful discipline that has assisted me in shepherding and caring for Troops and Veterans and their families is Logotherapy. The founding father of this discipline was Viktor E. Frankl. It grew out of his experiences in Nazi death camps. He carefully listened and watched who did and did not survive (if given an opportunity to survive). He concluded that the Philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche had it right when he wrote, **"HE WHO HAS A 'WHY' TO LIVE FOR CAN BEAR ALMOST ANY 'HOW'."**

Frankl called his form of therapy Logotherapy from the Greek word "Logos," which can mean study, word, spirit, God or MEANING. This last word became his centerpiece. In a death camp, a will to Meaning, a reason Why, and Purpose gave Frankl a spark of living hope and Meaning for living. His dear young wife and most of his family members were killed with the exception of one sister.

Viktor Frankl's classic book entitled, *"Man's Search for Meaning,"* published in 1959, reprinted many times, sold over 8 million copies in the United States, and is reported to be one of the most ten influential books in American history.

This living and most useful concept of Meaning, Reason for, Purpose is a bedrock of help and assistance for our citizens, Troops, Veterans, and families in dealing with suicide and other critical needs.

Sky Soldiers of the 2/503d and all Herd brothers and sisters, may we be great listeners "on the line" and alert helpers as we love and deeply care for one another and help in suicidal prevention, as we are able.

Blessings to you in the Name of our kind Heavenly Father, the Anointed One, and the winsome Holy Spirit.

**Chaplain Conrad (Connie) Walker**  
**"The Leapin' Deacon"**  
**National Chaplain Emeritus**  
**173d Airborne Association and**  
**Military Order of the Purple Heart**





## WHODAT?

In our June newsletter we ask you to identify the troopers in this photo sent in by Chuck Dean, HHC/1/503d. Ed



This is a baptism in the South China Sea, Red Beach, Da Nang. The 4/503d was up there under the UPCON of the USMC. The officer on the right was LTC Michael D. Healy or "Iron Mike" and the Chaplain performing the baptism was Chaplain Smith from Clarksville, TN. We were up there from 7 Oct. '66 to 4 Dec. '66. General Order No. 32 was issued on 24 Sept. '73, and the members of Task Force Healy received the Presidential Unit Citation (Navy). I think that the USMC typed a little slow.

Chaplain Billy Smith of Clarksville, TN, is baptizing the 4/503d Sky Soldiers in the South China Sea. Steve Becsei of D/4/503d is one of the persons there. Steve now lives in Yellville, AR, and he was from Indiana. Two 4/503d soldiers were killed in action when we were in the I Corps in Da Nang, RVN. PFC George Belanger of C/4/503d was killed in a mortar attack on 24 Oct. 66, that hit the old French fort where C/4/503d was stationed. PFC Eleftherios Pantel Pappas of B/4/503d was KIA while on a patrol in the southwest area outside of Da Nang. One other member of the 4/503d drowned in the South China Sea while on his air mattress. Two days later his body was recovered.

**Ray Ramirez**  
Recon/4/503d

GEORGE BELANGER

ELEFThERIOS P PAPPAS

# Sound Off!



**VETERANS UNITED FOR TRUTH, Inc.**  
*"Veterans standing up for each other"*

Here's a great newsletter which reports on matters before the Veteran's Administration and other issues of importance to vets. You can order your FREE subscription at:

[www.vuft.org](http://www.vuft.org)



**Handler Lee Brady of the 39th Infantry Platoon (Scout Dog) with Gus, reportedly 1970.**

*I am the Infantry, Queen of Battle!  
For two centuries I have kept our  
Nation safe by Purchasing freedom  
with my blood. To tyrants I am the  
day of reckoning, and to the  
oppressed I'm their hope. Where the  
fighting is thickest, there am I!  
I am the Infantry! FOLLOW ME!*

~ Unknown



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# Mornings at the Pentagon

By **JOSEPH L. GALLOWAY**  
*McClatchy Newspapers*



Over the last 12 months, 1,042 soldiers, Marines, sailors and Air Force personnel have given their lives in the terrible duty that is war.

Thousands more have come home on stretchers, horribly wounded and facing months or years in military hospitals.

This week, I'm turning my space over to a good friend and former roommate, Army Lt. Col. Robert Bateman, who recently completed a year-long tour of duty and is now back at the Pentagon.

Here's Lt. Col. Bateman's account of a little-known ceremony that fills the halls of the Army corridor of the Pentagon with cheers, applause and many tears every Friday morning. It first appeared on May 17 on the Weblog of media critic and pundit Eric Alterman at the Media Matters for America Website.

"It is 110 yards from the "E" ring to the "A" ring of the Pentagon. This section of the Pentagon is newly renovated; the floors shine, the hallway is broad, and the lighting is bright. At this instant the entire length of the corridor is packed with officers, a few sergeants and some civilians, all crammed tightly three and four deep against the walls. There are thousands here.

This hallway, more than any other, is the 'Army' hallway. The G3 offices line one side, G2 the other, G8 is around the corner. All Army. Moderate conversations flow in a low buzz. Friends who may not have seen each other for a few weeks, or a few years, spot each other, cross the way and renew.

Everyone shifts to ensure an open path remains down the center. The air conditioning system was not designed for this press of bodies in this area.

The temperature is rising already. Nobody cares. 10:36 hours: The clapping starts at the E-Ring. That is the outermost of the five rings of the Pentagon and it is closest to the entrance to the building. This clapping is low, sustained, hearty. It is applause with a deep emotion behind it as it moves forward in a wave down the length of the hallway.

A steady rolling wave of sound it is, moving at the pace of the soldier in the wheelchair who marks the forward edge with his presence. He is the first. He is missing the greater part of one leg, and some of his wounds are still suppurating. By his age I expect that he is a private, or perhaps a private first class.



Captains, majors, lieutenant colonels and colonels meet his gaze and nod as they applaud, soldier to soldier. Three years ago when I described one of these events, those lining the hallways were somewhat different. The applause a little wilder, perhaps in private guilt for not having shared in the burden...yet.

Now almost everyone lining the hallway is, like the man in the wheelchair, also a combat veteran. This steadies the applause, but I think deepens the sentiment. We have all been there now. The soldier's chair is pushed by, I believe, a full colonel.

Behind him, and stretching the length from Rings E to A, come more of his peers, each private, corporal, or sergeant assisted as need be by a field grade officer.

11:00 hours: Twenty-four minutes of steady applause. My hands hurt, and I laugh to myself at how stupid that sounds in my own head. My hands hurt. Please! Shut up and clap.

*(continued....)*





For twenty-four minutes, soldier after soldier has come down this hallway - 20, 25, 30. Fifty-three legs come with them, and perhaps only 52 hands or arms, but down this hall came 30 solid hearts.

They pass down this corridor of officers and applause, and then meet for a private lunch, at which they are the guests of honor, hosted by the generals. Some are wheeled along. Some insist upon getting out of their chairs, to march as best they can with their chin held up, down this hallway, through this most unique audience. Some are catching handshakes and smiling like a politician at a Fourth of July parade. More than a couple of them seem amazed and are smiling shyly.

There are families with them as well: the 18-year-old war-bride pushing her 19-year-old husband's wheelchair and not quite understanding why her husband is so affected by this, the boy she grew up with, now a man, who had never shed a tear is crying; the older immigrant Latino parents who have, perhaps more than their wounded mid-20s son, an appreciation for the emotion given on their son's behalf. No man in that hallway, walking or clapping, is ashamed by the silent tears on more than a few cheeks. An Airborne Ranger wipes his eyes only to better see. A couple of the officers in this crowd have themselves been a part of this parade in the past.

These are our men, broken in body they may be, but they are our brothers, and we welcome them home. This parade has gone on, every single Friday, all year long, for more than four years."



[Sent in by A.B. Garcia, HHC/2/503d, '65/'66]

## ~ REMEMBERANCES ~

Republic of South Vietnam,  
Central Highlands, Dak To  
area, 2nd Battalion 503rd  
Airborne Infantry,  
November 19, 1967, a Hill  
called 875.



Hill 875, minute details are difficult to recollect as are names and faces. The main event and its aftermath vividly alive. Most of us were **Augie with the D-handle** young, strong, bold, alive, conditioned to act. Fearing the unknown of when, of where, or who, or how? NOT of why?

Morning:

The slow ascent, the measured steps. The peculiar stillness of nature. The greenness of the place. Suddenly, the noise, the smoke, the smell, the sweat, the shouts, the short rounds.

At Dusk:

The errant bombs, the cries, the pain, the fight to survive. Hot, hungry, thirsty, dirty, almost at the crest, fearing and unable to move up or down. Less than half as many as when we started. Mangled dreams, lost pleasures, shattered hopes, odious faces, men barely alive. Moans, cries, pleas, reassuring words. Search for food, search for water among the litter.

*"Maintain the perimeter, friends are coming."*

Four days later:

Thanksgiving Day. Remnants aloft, fire base. "Turkey Dinner." *"You soldier, shave before you eat."*

*"Augie, welcome back!"*

Twenty-seven years later:

Older, heavier, slower, wiser, fortunate, more fortunate than many. Yet, less inclined to accept hype and make believe, less inclined to shout *"Yes Sir!"* with no questions asked. Time dulls and obscures the past? Time heals?

Some wounds are not visible. The healing process slow and incomplete. It may always be incomplete, for the survivors, surviving with their remembrances.

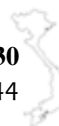
**Augie Scarino**

**Recon/C/2/503d, '67-'68**



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In memory of a  
~ Sky Soldier Extraordinaire ~



William A. Ross

Private First Class



*Award of the Bronze Star Medal for Heroism*

(Posthumously)

21 January 1968

TC 320. The following AWARD is announced.

William A. Ross, RA14921291, 2nd Bn (Abn) 503d Inf

Awarded: Bronze Star Medal with "V" Device (Posthumously)

Date action: 19 November 1967

Theater: Republic of Vietnam

Reason:

For heroism in connection with military operations against a hostile force: Private First Class Ross distinguished himself by exceptionally valorous actions on 19 November 1967 in the Republic of Vietnam. On this day, Company D, 2nd Battalion (Airborne), 503d Infantry, made heavy enemy contact near Dak To, Republic of Vietnam. Upon initial contact, Private First Class Ross rushed forward, constantly exposing himself to the intense enemy fire in order to place suppressive fire against the enemy positions. While moving forward from

position to position, Private First Class Ross shouted words of encouragement and aided the wounded to secure areas. It was during this assault that Private First Class Ross was mortally wounded. Private First Class Ross' outstanding display of aggressiveness, devotion to duty, and personal bravery were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army.



Authority: By direction of the President under the provisions of Executive Order 11046, 24 August 1961 and USARV Message 16695, AVA-S, 1 July 1966.



# Rick Scott “Honors” Florida Homeless Veterans By Cutting Their Benefits

By: Inkberries



Gov. Rick Scott holds up his red veto pen to make a point during remarks before signing the state budget, during the outdoor ceremony in The Villages in Florida.

On Friday, just one day after signing the Florida budget in which he cut and vetoed \$615 million, Republican Governor Rick Scott put out a memorial Day message. Below is part of that message, taken from the Governor's website:

***“This is also a day for us to pay respect to those who are currently serving in the Armed Forces and to show our appreciation for their bravery and the sacrifices they continually make. Let us pray for the safety of the courageous servicemen and servicewomen who are overseas, as well as comfort and strength for their families here at home.***

***I ask you all to join me in observing a Moment of Remembrance this Memorial Day at 3 p.m. local time. This will provide us all with a moment to honor those who have served in the military and reflect upon the ultimate sacrifice some have paid to help ensure our freedom.***

***I would like to thank our military men and women, both past and present, for all that they have done and continue to do for us. May God bless you all.”***

Scott asks that we “join him” and honor, respect and pray for members of the Armed Services past and present because of the sacrifice they’ve made for our freedom. That all sounds nice as a message from the Governor, but “his” words are just that: words. The message rings pretty hollow when you compare his words with his actions concerning his “respect” for those men and women.

Honor? The day before Scott released this message he “honored” some of those military service members in a pretty strange and shameful way. He cut \$12 million from the budget for the ***National Veterans Homeless Support Groups***. That’s how Rick Scott honors homeless veterans. He cuts them off. On the eve of Memorial Day weekend....

A homeless veteran in Brevard County, Florida summed up his feelings on the cuts this way:

***“It’s just too bad he forgot about the ones that are still alive.”***



Homeless Vets saluting flag which is out of the picture.

There are an estimated 17,000 homeless veterans in the State of Florida, which ranks the state second only to California. Facing Scott’s \$12 million budget cuts, the group will have to find other ways to raise money. In response to Mr. Scott’s veto, the group is launching a campaign to raise awareness and money....They said they will use the money to get homeless veterans off the streets.

Members of the group said they encounter many veterans who do not realize all the benefits they are entitled to. NVHS member Dorothy Walsh said,

***“It’s an absolute heartbreak. These men and women have put their lives on the line for us, so we can have our freedom. When you get in this cycle of living in the woods it is very tough to get out....”***

...So much for Scott’s empty message in honoring the sacrifice of those in the Armed Forces.

Source:

<http://www.dailykos.com/story/2011/05/31/980925/-Rick-Scott-Honors-Florida-Homeless-Veterans-By-Cutting-Their-Benefits?via=siderecent>

***“Are there no workhouses? Are there no prisons?”***

(A Christmas Carol)





## Picked-Up at a Local VA Clinic

### VA CENTRAL OFFICE Office of Security and Law Enforcement

AWARENESS  
BULLETIN #:

2011-01

### Situational Awareness

DATE OF  
BULLETIN:

22 Feb 2011

### "Veterans Affairs Services" Group

#### Advisory from National Guard Bureau (NGB)

The following is an advisory sent out by the National Guard Bureau (NGB) in reference to a group called "Veterans Affairs Services"

An organization called Veterans Affairs Services (VAS) is providing benefit and general information on VA and gathering personal information on veterans. This organization is not affiliated with VA in any way. Websites with the name "VA services" immediately after the "www" ARE NOT part of the Department of Veterans Affairs; the real VA website ends in.gov. If approached or called, do not offer them any information concerning yourself or data on other veterans. The Department of Veterans Affairs does not randomly call veterans, nor does it ask veterans for information which it does not already have. If you have not dealt with the VA previously and in person, then you receive a call from someone saying they are with the VA or something similar sounding, hang up the phone. Do not respond to emails which suggest that they are from the VA. The VA never conducts official business nor asks for personal information by email.

VAS may be gaining access to military personnel through their close resemblance to the VA name and seal. NGB Legal Counsel has requested that the NGB Provost Marshal Office coordinate with DoD to inform military installations, particularly mobilization sites, of this group and their lack of affiliation or endorsement by VA to provide any services.

*Sample of group's header*

## Veterans Affairs Services

PO Box 1778 La Mirada, CA 90637-1778

Not Affiliated  
With The  
United States  
Government



Source: NGB Weekly Threat Update/Force Protection Advisory

VA Police Services are urged to disseminate this information to in case of inquiries from veterans and to prevent their unwittingly release of Personally Identifiable Information (PII).

UNCLASSIFIED





### From Ranger Roy:

On page 8 of the Special Edition of our newsletter, COL James Stevenson is mentioned as the Cmdr of 2/503 but that conflicts with LTC Partain, who I think is correct.

I was grateful for several mentions of SFC Leon P. Hostack, a PSG in A/2/503, who I failed to mention in my brief summary. "Mo" Hostack was a PSG for me in B/2/503 and my most influential mentor on Okinawa and during the initial deployment to RVN. He was scheduled for DEROS almost immediately after our deployment but the command guidance was to take everyone, so that a DEROS departure would generate a loss that required replacement. I complied but "Mo" wasn't happy about a few days of deployment. He did his job superbly and was replaced by SFC Eugene Davis in the 3d Platoon without any lost momentum. Both did their best to bring 1LT Ron Zinn (KIA) quickly up to speed after his early involvement and success in the Olympics.

Hostack survived the experience of A/2/503 and later worked for Great Lake shipping until prostate cancer developed. I spoke to him when I tracked him down in the 80's and he laughed when he told the story of being wounded. ***"Sir, I would have court martialed the NVA that shot me. The dumb SOB wounded but didn't kill me with several shots. He just couldn't shoot and should have been court martialed."***

"Mo" had fought with the 187 ARCT in Korea, as I have previously written in the *Static Line*. He was superb with his fists as many troops found out if they crossed him. In Korea, he broke the jaw of a N. Korean with a single punch, when he captured him. Back in friendly lines when interrogated, the PW was unable to speak because of the broken jaw. Hostack threatened to break his neck, which caused the PW to suddenly try harder to successfully speak. I have a million Hostack stories but the vignette about him in the hospital and NCO club in Japan was typical of the carefree life he lived.



Ranger Roy

The 173d generally deployed to Taiwan every Fall but in 1964, the deployment was an amazing full deployment of almost 2 weeks, including vehicle deployment by air and ocean vessel. The logistical sea-tail streamlined the procedures that would work so well in May 1965.

The tactical plan called for a Bde parachute assault and an attack to the south through mountains and across major rivers. This was the first opportunity for the Bde to exercise as a brigade, which could not be done on Okinawa because of limited maneuver space. The kicker was that the Drop Zone was adjacent to a major Nationalist Chinese airbase, which was blanked out on the map. So as we flew to drop from C-124's, the Commanders and Jumpmasters had no idea what the drop zone terrain looked like. Nevertheless, we had the C-124's loaded to the max, with 2 door bundles of mortars to go on the first pass and the remaining 64 personnel to go on the 2d pass.

The jump went as scheduled but the ground winds were high, banging up some of the troops and the few vehicles that were delivered by parachute. Few veteran paratroopers had ever seen such a massive display of airborne might. As the high winds were made apparent, the second pass was canceled and 1/2 of the Bde flew back to Okinawa. Upon arriving, the 1/2 filled the available aircraft, were consolidated and re-manifested as full loads, and dispatched back to Taiwan for a second try.



2/503d blast on Taiwan

(Photo by Tom Goodwin, HHC/2/503d)

Those of us on the ground seized the objectives with reduced forces, much like the airborne forces at Normandy in 1944, but unlike them, we had no real bullets coming our way.

(continued....)



We handled the unexpected well and fought with what we had. On D+1, the remainder of the Bde dropped and joined us on the ground. Almost immediately, Company B (Bravo Bulls) were ordered to attack to the SE to seize an objective on the far bank of a major river (Tainan River, but my memory may be flaky on this. It was at least 1000 meters wide).

We moved out at EENT toward an attack position on the near bank of the river, for a 0900 hrs assault on D+2. Almost immediately we encountered a sheer cliff, with a 10 foot drop. Using a nylon rappelling rope for safety, we descended as quickly as possible. By this time, darkness had fallen. We followed the ridge SE only to learn there was another sheer cliff about 100 feet in height. Rigging the MG's, mortars, and 90mm recoilless rifles to each individual, we used the hasty rappel to descend. Moving as quickly as possible we moved to a night assembly area to pause until my recon could place us where we had to be.

I selected the best reps from each platoon to accompany me to set up the crossing site. SGTs John Lopez, David Howard, and Gary Wright with the company net radio, SFC's Gene Rick, Mo Hostack, and Emmett Wheatfall, and SSG Jackie Siggers were the best that I had. Using engineer tape, each platoon marked its route from the village attack position to the waters' edge, so there would be no delay. The company would cross in company line with each platoon in column. The Weapons Platoon would follow the center rifle platoon and use the rappel rope as a safety line for the mortarmen struggling with the tube, base plate, and equipment/ammo.

With this done, SGT Lopes joined me in selecting a route across the river, which quickly became neck deep. Experimenting until we found a suitable, fording route across, we reconned the objective to find it occupied by sleeping aggressors from the 25 ID (Hawaii). Using the back azimuth, we rejoined the Recon Party.

Back in the assembly area. I briefed the platoon leaders and the company and we prepared to move to the Attack Position before BMNT, to preclude being observed by enemy air. Once in the village, we blended in with the people in the shadow of their huts. Our presence was not questioned but we shared C rations with those interested, as soldiers have always done.

At H-Hr we hit the LD (river's edge) and were off, while A/1/503 was doing the same thing about 1 Km upstream. BG Williamson later told me that he was on a mountain vantage point with his staff and control representatives from IX Corps HQ and applauded as both companies appeared from concealment to cross the LD **ON TIME**. Without incident we got across and surprised the aggressors who were eating an A-ration breakfast from a

mess truck. They fled to avoid capture but they were without their mess truck and cooks for the remainder of the days remaining.

I have gone into great detail to highlight the training and demonstrated skills that made us successful in this exercise and later in RVN when we deployed. We worked with the Nationalist Chinese Airborne regiment throughout and got good at liaison with foreign nationals which also led to success



**BG Ellis Williamson**

in RVN. For about 10 more days we were ahead of the aggressor decision cycle and were hitting and ambushing them at every opportunity, to their chagrin. BG Williamson also told me that the controllers commented that, "*That damn Lombardo and the Bravo Bulls couldn't be stopped or easily controlled.*"

The Lieutenants, all of which were changed/rotated before deployment in May '65, were in a learning role. The success of the company thereafter was primarily as a result of the NCO leadership. The officers changed, some faster than others, but the company NCO's made the difference and were the glue that bonded the troops into a successful team. It was my honor and privilege to have been the band leader of this great orchestra, who played and danced to their own music.

**Roy S. Lombardo, Jr., LTC Inf (Ret)**  
**CO, B/2/503d**  
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### **~ RAFFLE...WIN \$500. ~**

173d Chapter 17 Fund Raiser. For those in your area wishing to purchase Chapter 17 raffle tickets contact Jim Haynes at (614) 746-5605, E-mail at [Jhaynes6@columbus.rr.com](mailto:Jhaynes6@columbus.rr.com) All essential information is on the ticket itself.

Winning drawing will be made in September at the Kokomo (Indiana) veterans' annual get-to-together.





# **2011 RANGER REUNION, COLUMBUS, GA** **LRRP / LRP / RGR of 173<sup>RD</sup> AIRBORNE HERD**

**HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS AT**

## **DOUBLE TREE HOTEL**

**5351 Sidney Simons Blvd**

**(706) 327-0041**



**176 rooms**

**size of hospitality room**

**has elevator**



**“ N COMPANY RANGERS ”**

**GROUP ROOM RATES: \$85 PLUS TAX**

**Group Contact between Double Tree and N Company Rangers – Robert Henriksen**  
**current rooms block for our company = 20**

**IF YOU NEED ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE RANGER REUNION**  
**CALL HOTEL**

**GROUP CODE: N COMPANY RANGERS**

**CONTACT COMPANY UNIT DIRECTOR**

**ROBERT HENRIKSEN email : novrgreo@gmail.com or call (360) 393-7790**



# 2011 RANGER REUNION EVENT

To: All Members, their spouses, family members and friends of the Company.

Subject: Come join us for the Company dinner and meeting at the Fort Benning Officer's Club.

After receiving many email requests for a gathering of our Company at this year's Ranger Reunion, I got together with Dave Cummings, and we have come up with a special gathering for everyone.

Here's a flyer about the event. We need everyone who plans to attend to contact me ASAP to get a head count. Please include everyone's name who will be accompanying you to the dinner.

## Date/Info:

**July 29, 2011**

Doors open at 4 p.m.

Cash Bar

Buffet service at 4:40 p.m.

Cost per person: \$18.50

Registration deadline: Noon, July 27th

## **Fort Benning, Georgia**

New regulations just came out. You are no longer required to stop and obtain a visitor's pass before entering the Post. Just show your ID's at the checkpoint.

**FORT BENNING**  
**479 Fort Benning Road**  
**Fort Benning, GA 31905**

## Contact:

**Robert 'twin' Henriksen**  
**Unit Director**  
**173d LURPS & Rangers**  
**75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment Association**  
**Phn: 360-393-7790**

N/CO Company – Dinner & Meeting at Ft. Benning Officer's Club  
Friday July 29<sup>th</sup> at 1600 – 2000  
All friends of the Company invited so make sure to get on list



Come join us at the Ft. Benning Officer's Club

Fort Benning Officer's Club was organized in 1919, the year Camp Benning became Fort Benning. In 1931 (then) Lt Col George Marshall headed the club's Board of Governors and engaged a prominent New York architect to design a clubhouse, which was built in the Spanish Mission Revival style like most of the post's early construction. The club was completed in 1934 at a cost of \$150,000, most of it private funds. It was considered one of the most modern clubs in the Southeast, with an expensive gallery, lounge for men and women, billiard room, gymnasium, kitchen and grill, transient quarters on the mezzanine level. Today, it serves as the conference center hosting various Fort Benning events.

**" SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY BUFFET "**

TOSSED GARDEN SALAD

GOLDEN FRIED CHICKEN OR BARBEQUE SPARERIBS

BRAISED CABBAGE / COLLARD GREENS SLOW COOKED WITH HAM  
CREAMY MASH POTATOES WITH CHICKEN GRAVY  
SOUTHERN CORNBREAD

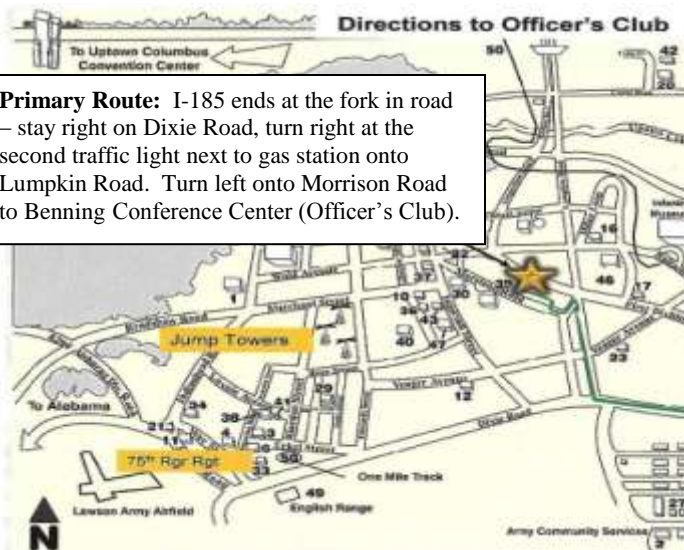
WARM PEACH COBBLER      ICE TEA / COFFEE AND A CASH BAR

**\$18.50 PER PERSON (INCLUDES GRATUITY)**

Dinner Fee Due By Wednesday July 27<sup>th</sup>

To Be Added To The Dinner List

Contact Unit Director - Robt Henriksen - by Email or call (360) 393-7790



**Ranger Tab is received after completion of Ranger School.**

It was not until World War II when the modern Rangers were born, authorized by General George C. Marshall in 1942. The six battalions of the modern Rangers have been deployed in wars in Korea, Vietnam, Afghanistan, and Iraq, and saw action in several conflicts, such as those in Panama and Grenada. Of the current active Ranger battalions, two -- the 1st and the 2nd -- have been in service since reactivation in 1974. The 3rd Ranger Battalion and the headquarters of the 75th Ranger Regiment were reactivated in 1984. **RLTW**



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## President Obama to Award Medal of Honor to 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger



**The White House announced May 31st that SFC Leroy A. Petry will receive the Medal of Honor**

On July 12th, President Barack Obama will award Sergeant First Class Leroy Arthur Petry, U.S. Army, the Medal of Honor for conspicuous gallantry. Sergeant First Class Petry will receive the Medal of Honor for his courageous actions during combat operations against an armed enemy in Paktya, Afghanistan in May, 2008. He will be the second living, active duty service member to be awarded the Medal of Honor for actions in Iraq or Afghanistan. Sergeant First Class Petry's wife, Ashley, and other family members will join the President at the White House to commemorate his example of selfless service.

Leroy Arthur Petry was born on July 29, 1979. He is a native of Santé Fe, New Mexico and enlisted in the United States Army in September 1999. He attended Basic Training and Advanced Individual Training at Fort Benning, Georgia. Sergeant First Class Petry is currently assigned to the 75th Ranger Regiment and attached to Special Operations Command (SOCOM) with duty at Joint Base Lewis McChord as a liaison for the SOCOM Care Coalition where he tracks and monitors injured Rangers returning from the Theater of Operations to the initial place of care to home station care.

Sergeant First Class Petry has completed multiple combat tours to Afghanistan and Iraq totaling 28 months of deployment.

His military decorations include: two Bronze Stars, a Purple Heart, three Army Commendation Medals, two Army Achievement Medals, National Defense Service Medal, three Army Good Conduct Medals, Afghanistan Campaign Medal with Combat Star, Iraq Campaign Medal with Combat Star, Global War on Terrorism Expeditionary Medal, to name a few.

## Army Rangers



The Army Rangers were heavily influenced by the American landscape and the people who populated it before the Europeans. The rough terrain and forests of the newly settled land were much more conducive to the ambushes and raids carried out by Native Americans in battle than the traditional pitched battles fought in open fields by European armies. To have any sort of chance in war against the Native Americans, European soldiers had to adopt the same guerrilla tactics.

This was what Captain Benjamin Church had in mind in 1670 when he assembled the first Ranger-like team in American history. Church created a band of men who conducted hunting parties to find and kill "King Philip," the English moniker given to the Wampanoag tribe chief, Metacomet. Church's scouts and raiders spent long periods of time "ranging" -- quietly covering distances in search of the enemy. This gave rise to the term "ranger." Church's Rangers used the Native Americans' own methods against them, conducting short, sporadic surprise battles and ambushes resulting from the information gathered during ranging.

The man credited with establishing the first Ranger company is Major Robert Rogers. To help the British in their fight during the French and Indian War, Rogers assembled the first official Ranger group in the colonies in 1756. This regiment was made up of deer hunters who knew how to move swiftly and quietly through the woods and hills, how to track, and how to shoot precisely with the highly imprecise weaponry available at that time.

Rogers expanded upon the knowledge these men already had, adapting it to the context of war and creating 28 operational rules that included advisements on ambushing, marching formations, prisoner interrogation, retreat, scouting and reconnaissance. These were documented in Rogers' now-famous *Standing Orders for Rangers*, and 19 of the orders are in use for the 75th Ranger Regiment.

The most famous Ranger brigade of the war is arguably Colonel John Mosby's band of Confederate troops, who, according to Mosby's mode of operation, shared loot from Union Army camp raids with the local population. But it was Mosby's raids and guerrilla-style warfare that became the hallmark of Rangers. Mosby was very successful at striking the Union Army randomly, always catching them off guard.

Although they didn't make any formal appearance in the Spanish-American War or World War I, the Rangers were activated once again in World War II. In North Africa, Europe and South Asia they fought, forming the basis for the modern Ranger Regiment in existence today. RLTW



From: <http://science.howstuffworks.com/army-ranger1.htm>



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# Rolling Thunder XXIV Memorial Day Ride Rangers & Special Forces at Washington, DC



**2011**

**Bill "Wilkie"**  
Wilkinson N-75, C-75

**Bruce Cleveland**  
1-75

**Dave Cummings**  
N-75

**Carl "Milli" Millinder**  
N-75

**Rudy Teodosio**  
N-75, 2-75, 1st SFGA

**Ernie Rios**  
SF RGR, 1st SFGA

**Chuck Moseby**  
N-75



*Sky Soldiers well represented*

[Sent in by Robt. 'twin' Henriksen, N-75 Ranger]





## *~ a date which will live in infamy ~*



President Franklin Roosevelt's War Message delivered  
in a speech before a joint session of Congress  
December 8, 1941

Yesterday, December 7, 1941 - a date which will live in infamy - the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan.

The United States was at peace with that nation and, at the solicitation of Japan, was still in conversation with its Government and its Emperor looking toward the maintenance of peace in the Pacific. Indeed, one hour after Japanese air squadrons had commenced bombing in Oahu, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States and his colleague delivered to the Secretary of State a formal reply to a recent American message. While this reply stated that it seemed useless to continue the existing diplomatic negotiations, it contained no threat or hint of war or armed attack.

It will be recorded that the distance of Hawaii from Japan makes it obvious that the attack was deliberately planned many days or even weeks ago. During the intervening time the Japanese Government has deliberately sought to deceive the United States by false statements and expressions of hope for continued peace. The attack yesterday on the Hawaiian Islands has caused severe damage to American naval and military forces.

Very many American lives have been lost. In addition American ships have been reported torpedoed on the high seas between San Francisco and Honolulu.

Yesterday the Japanese Government also launched an attack against Malaya. Last night Japanese forces attacked Hong Kong. Last night Japanese forces attacked Guam. Last night Japanese forces attacked the Philippine Islands. Last night the Japanese attacked Wake Island. This morning the Japanese attacked Midway Island.

Japan has, therefore, undertaken a surprise offensive extending throughout the Pacific area. The facts of yesterday speak for themselves. The people of the United States have already formed their opinions and well understand the implications to the very life and safety of our nation.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, I have directed that all measures be taken for our defense. Always will we remember the character of the onslaught against us.

No matter how long it may take us to overcome this premeditated invasion, the American people in their righteous might will win through to absolute victory. I believe I interpret the will of the Congress and of the people when I assert that we will not only defend ourselves to the uttermost but will make very certain that this form of treachery shall never endanger us again.

Hostilities exist. There is no blinking at the fact that our people, our territory and our interests are in grave danger.

With confidence in our armed forces - with the unbounded determination of our people - we will gain the inevitable triumph - so help us God.

I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Sunday, December seventh, a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese Empire.

President Franklin Roosevelt

From Congressional Record, 1941, Vol. 87, Pt. 1.



# Letter from the President to his Soldiers, WWII

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

TO MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY EXPEDITIONARY  
FORCES:

You are a soldier of the United States Army.

You have embarked for distant places where  
the war is being fought.

Upon the outcome depends the freedom of your  
lives: the freedom of the lives of those you love—  
your fellow-citizens—your people.

Never were the enemies of freedom more  
tyrannical, more arrogant, more brutal.

Yours is a God-fearing, proud, courageous  
people, which, throughout its history, has put its  
freedom under God before all other purposes.

We who stay at home have our duties to  
perform—duties owed in many parts to you. You will  
be supported by the whole force and power of this  
Nation. The victory you win will be a victory of all  
the people—common to them all.

You bear with you the hope, the confidence,  
the gratitude and the prayers of your family, your  
fellow-citizens, and your President—

*Franklin D. Roosevelt*

Source: 503rd PRCT Heritage Battalion web site.







503rd PARACHUTE RGT ASSOCIATION, WORLD WAR II, INC.



503rd Parachute Regiment 462nd Parachute Artillery Battalion  
161st Parachute Engineer Company

## 503rd DEEP SOUTH CHAPTER CORREGIDOR REUNION

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

JULY 7-8-9-10, 2011

The Deep South Chapter invites you to the *Corregidor Reunion* July 7-10, 2011, hosted by Chuck and Dee Breit and Charley and Edith Hylton. It will be held at the

**Quality Inn (Mid-Town)**  
7100 Abercorn Street  
Savannah, GA 31406

**Tel Reservations:**

**912-352-7100**

**Room Rates:**

**\$66.67 per night, includes taxes**

**(rate is good for early arrival and stay over)**

**Cutoff date for reservations is July 1st**

**Reunion Registration Fee:\***

**\$90.00 per person**

**\*Includes a hot breakfast each morning, hospitality room, trolley tour, riverboat harbor cruise and dinners on Friday and Saturday nights.**

### TAKE THE TRAIN!

The train is an inexpensive way to get to Savannah and we will pick you up at the train station if you let us know when you are arriving.

**TROOPERS**, we are without a doubt aging. Do all you can do NOW as time is not passing us by, it is RUNNING US OVER! Ask your children and/or grandchildren to bring you if you can't make it on your own. School will be out so invite Grandchildren to join us. ALL GUESTS ARE WELCOME.

**ALL MEMBERS OF THE 173d AIRBORNE**, you are our heritage and we welcome you to join us for our reunion.



Please assist the Reunion Planning Committee by completing and returning the following Registration Form as soon as possible which will help us make this a great reunion for everyone.

Also, don't delay in making your hotel reservations with the Quality Inn.

### ~ Registration Form ~

(Please print & copy form for additional names)

Your name: \_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_

Your Unit: \_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_

Guest 1: \_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_

Guest 2: \_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_

Guest 3: \_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_

Mail address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

In the “#” space above, please indicate “1” for roast beef, “2” for grilled chicken, or “3” for salmon for the Saturday night dinner.

Enclosed is my check in the amount of \$ \_\_\_\_\_, at the rate of \$90. per person named above.

Please make check payable to Charles E. Breit and mail to:

**Chuck Breit**  
34 Garden Mall Court  
Inglis, FL 34449

Tel: 1-352-447-3983

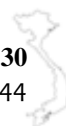


**AIRBORNE....ALL THE WAY!**



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# RECALLING MY WAR

By Verne White,  
HQ Company, 503d PRCT



Ah Lae, New Guinea, land of palm trees, forests, rain and mud all thoroughly overlaid with heat.

We landed there on the south east coast. Immediately boarded trucks called 6 by 6's. It had to do with the number of wheels. Anyway, they were big enough to have about 25-30 guys standing up in the back. We traveled over rutted muddy roads some distance into the interior. We were put into an organized area of tents. Each tent held 4 - 6 troopers. This was to be our home for a short spell.

We were considered replacements for paratroopers who had been lost to active duty during battles fought in various areas around the South Pacific.



Verne at Basic Training

Most of the time we just sat around waiting for something to happen. One of the older men (about 30 if memory serves) taught me how to play bridge and chess. He got into the paratroopers by being pardoned from jail if he'd enlist with them. Don't remember what he was convicted for. This was not an uncommon occurrence back in the States, so many of the troopers were quite hardened to life. Compared to my sheltered life and education you can see that both types had much to learn from the other.

We were finally put out on details. One was to work in a food warehouse stacking and moving boxes of canned goods around. When the shift ended and we were to be loaded back onto the trucks we were required to stand in formation while an officer "frisked" us. The reputation of the troopers was not good as can be imagined from the previous remarks of their backgrounds. Lo and behold, a large quantity of canned foods were found hidden amongst the pockets of the platoon. We then were allowed to load onto the truck. Whoops, someone realized how sneaky we could be and off-loaded us to frisk us again. Another pile of food was retrieved. Finally we were allowed to return to our area, where we all shared in the canned goods which had escaped detection.

Just before Thanksgiving a couple of our company were detailed to deliver turkeys to each companies' mess tent.

As the truck passed our living area one of the deliverers accidentally dropped off a turkey to a waiting cohort. During the evening a turkey was spitted and turned over a fire back behind the company tents. It was basted in the canned butter, which wouldn't melt except under very high heat. The butter and chocolate bars were made of some compound that kept it from melting in the tropical heat. That turkey sure tasted good. It was quite a change from the so-called lamb we had for meat on most days. We claimed that the "lamb" was really billy-goat which had been too old to run very far and had been beaten with clubs. It tasted awful and was very tough and stringy.

The next assignment showed that the brass figured out that getting us next to food was not a great idea so they assigned us to load and unload ammunition. This ammunition was mostly artillery shells for 105mm and 155mm cannon. Very heavy when in the wooden crates.

That night as we were sleeping I was awakened and cautioned to remain quiet and go to the outside porch which surrounded the main building. This was because someone had seen Japanese infiltrators getting in position to attack. As luck would have it I also had a bottle of captured Japanese rice wine, so it went along with us to the porch where we laid quietly, waiting for whatever might be forthcoming.

Some grenades were thrown into the building, but since we were all outside no harm was done. I had one finger in the barrel of the rifle and another in the neck of the bottle to keep any dust and dirt from getting into the critical areas. At that point it came to me that while we fought during the day and rested during the night, the Japanese kept just the opposite schedule.

(On October 25, 1999, it was my extreme pleasure to meet with Harry Akune who had been attached to Regimental HQ as an interpreter. We talked of many people and experiences. During the discussion we reminded each other of the terrible fly problem. They swarmed and lit on everything. It was impossible to eat the food without having to brush the flies off it just as you would put it in your mouth. He had several papers and books and the photos on the following pages have been taken from them).

Next morning was the fateful day for a platoon of Company C, and for me in particular. The mission was to descend the south hillside via a roadway down to the road which circumnavigated the main part of the island. All went well until as we were going west on that perimeter road we came to a large cavern in the side of the hill.

(continued....)

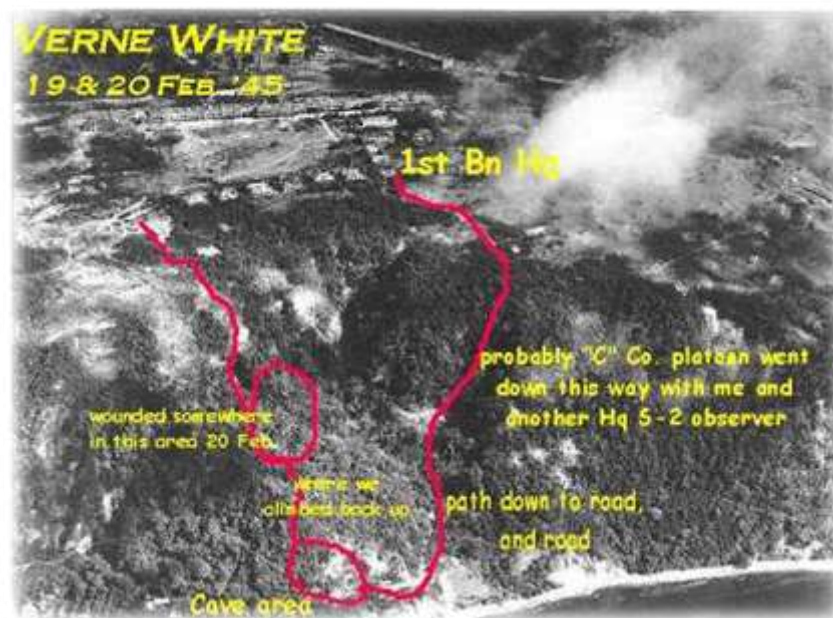




It was at least 20 feet tall. The lead squad had crossed in front of it and had fired rifle grenades into the area which contained several trucks.

They followed those with white phosphorus grenades. Suddenly from the cave three Japanese soldiers ran out across the road and down the remainder of the hillside toward the ocean. The undergrowth was so heavy that they quickly disappeared from sight. A moment of panic ensued but was rapidly brought under control by the Lieutenant.

Our force was divided on each side of the cave. Getting us back into a cohesive unit was of paramount importance. In small groups of two or three we ran across the front of the cave while covering fire was used by one or two guys stationed at the corners of the cave opening. A few of the platoon were wounded and some were killed, including my friend, the other intelligence man. He felt nothing as he was shot right in the head and killed instantly. Another was the radio man.



The route taken by the combat patrol of "C" Co., 1st Bn, on each of the mornings of the 19th and 20th February was down the east side of Crockett Ravine to the South Shore road, and then up towards Btry Boston, on the west side of the ravine. A little to the left of the center and near the bottom of the picture you can see a short white open angled line. This is a part of the road that the platoon was on. To the left of the intersection of the angle and against the side of the hill is a domed-like darker spot; this is the cave opening. We came from the right and passed across in front of the cave mouth. Where the dark shrubbery shows to the left of the cave is where we climbed the ridge to the path that can be seen as a white mark (a little obscured by the shrubs) above the shrub line angling off to the right from the somewhat oval white smoke from an explosion and leading to the top.

When we all were assembled on the other side of the cave the decision was to climb the hill and report back to HQ. We had to climb the hill as to cross in front of the cave to go back the way we had come would invite other casualties. We were somewhat protected from the cave's weaponry since we rounded a small point which put us on a more westerly side of that portion of the hill. Some of the platoon started climbing when it was noticed that we should get the radio from the body of our fallen comrade. I did that and began the climb. Part way up, one of the troopers from a squad took over the task of carrying the radio. It was a difficult climb because of the steepness of the hill and the undergrowth. Added to the arduous task was the fact that we were all scared that the enemy was below and our backs were exposed to any fire that he might wish to send our way. This added emphasis to the speed with which we got back to the top. That night was not a pleasant one for sleep, as you might imagine.

The next morning Col. George M. Jones requested that I lead him back down the "path" by which we had climbed the hill. Colonel Jones, an enlisted man who acted as a body guard, and I began the trek. Since I was the only one of the trio who knew where we were going, it was my job to be in the lead. Evidently, as a result of the previous day's action, someone had ordered the Navy to use their naval guns to bombard the area where the cave was located. Even though we were on the back side of a spine running down the hill, we could hear and feel the impact of the shells hitting the hillside. Some shell fragments were whistling close by our heads. Col. Jones with aplomb would stand upright and look over the edge at the barrage. Quite frankly, I was ducking my head with each explosion.

We had been able to walk some distance down the hill as we were not yet to the area which descended more like a cliff face. When we would have reached that point it would be impossible to stand erect and continue downward. The colonel decided to stop and observe more of the naval activity. So I told him I would go on ahead to make sure the way was clear. A short distance further on my feet slipped and I slid sideways down to another "trail" about 6 feet below the one we had been following.

As I recovered my balance the deadly sound of the double click used by the Japanese to arm their hand grenades came from my right and slightly up the hill.

(continued....)



There, lying prone and peering over the edge of the ridge were two enemy soldiers who had been watching the bombardment. Evidently my slipping had made enough noise to alert them to an oncoming danger. As soon as I saw them I hastily brought my rifle around about hip high and shot at them; simultaneously, I hollered as loud as I could, "Go back, Jones. Go back." Training had made me remember not to use his rank.

Something slammed into my head causing me to fall with my head downhill. Since whatever had struck me had hit me in the head (the hardest part of my body) it did not cause me to lose consciousness. There was blood draining down toward my nose as my body was lying on the left side. It seemed reasonable to assume that perhaps the two had not been killed, so prudence told me to lie doggo. If movement were observed by them a coup-de-gras was more than likely. During the time I was faking death it came to me that it was still a few days 'til my 20th birthday.

So as many other survivors of traumatic conditions will tell you, a prayer started to come to my conscious thought. *"God, please let me live to be 20 and I'll go to church every Sunday."*

After what seemed like 5 minutes, but was more likely one, it became obvious that if either of the Japanese had survived, my fakery was successful as witnessed by the fact that this document is being written. Consequently, I began making my way back to where Col. Jones had stopped. Upon arriving there, Jones had somehow achieved the presence of a few other troopers to protect him. He insisted that one of them accompany me up toward the top of the hill after first seeing that a quantity of sulfa powder and a bandage was put on the rather nasty looking wound. At least it was my suspicion that it looked nasty and serious.

Walking back up the hill was a little tiring and as we neared the top my escort suggested I sit down while he went for help. Soon some stretcher bearers arrived and carried me to the building being used as the hospital/aid station. My stretcher was placed on the floor and someone, a doctor or perhaps a medic, put more sulfa powder on the wound after wiping off dirt and blood. Next a heavy bandage was wrapped around my head which covered my right eye and from my cheek to what must have been near the top of my head. Of course to make sure the thing didn't slip it went clear around to the back of my head which caused my ear to be covered also. Now no one could tell how bad the wound was; it must have looked very serious indeed.

A kind soul asked what could he get me. My ongoing desire for lemonade came to the fore and I requested some of the powdered stuff, mixed with water, naturally. No joy, evidently the powers that be felt that it would

adversely affect my chance for recovery. I did get some kind of shots though that put me out for the rest of the day and night. The next morning they told me I would be transferred to a ship that was to take the seriously wounded to a field hospital. Sure enough, sometime in the early morning a bunch of us were taken, some walking, and others like me were carried down to the beach where we had landed not many days before.

Since there was no shade we laid out on our stretchers or sat in the sand waiting for some kind of transportation to a ship somewhere out in the bay. Probably we were all injected with some pain-killer medicine as there were no screams of pain from those around me.

The next thing I remember was my stretcher being manhandled into a Landing Craft type boat and then being lifted onto the deck of what I believe was a destroyer. My horrible appearance was the cause of some priority handling. A sailor knelt beside me and asked if there was anything I wanted. Now you know what I asked for, don't you? If I could just have some of that powdered lemonade mix, that would be really great. The gob said something like *"Of course,"* and went away. Don't you know that he soon reappeared with a "glass" pitcher of lemonade. Not only that but it had been made with "real" lemons and ICE CUBES. Neither of these things had been within my sight since leaving the states several months earlier.

WOW!! it was almost worth the hurt to get such nectar down my throat.

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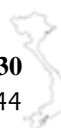
**The author:  
Verne White, 503d PRCT**



Verne as a "bum"



Verne as Mark Twain





## HONORING ARIZONA VIETNAM VETS

The Arizona Department of Veterans' Services and the Arizona Military Museum in conjunction with the Department of Defense 50th Commemoration of the Vietnam War, will host a dinner *IN HONOR OF ARIZONA VIETNAM VETERANS*.



### Special Guest Speaker:

**General Barry R. McCaffrey, USA (Ret)**

**WHEN:** Saturday, October 22, 2011

No host bar: 5:30-6:30 pm

Dinner: 6:45 pm

**WHERE:** Wild Horse Pass Hotel & Casino

5040 Wild Horse Pass Blvd.

Chandler, AZ 85226

**PHONE:** 800-946-4452

**COST:** \$40.00 per dinner. No Host Bar.

**ATTIRE:** Men: Coat and tie or open collar with dress Shirt.

Women: Semi-formal evening wear.

**RSVP:** You must register to attend. Seating is limited. Please RSVP (form follows) before October 14 to assure your attendance. For further information call:

**602-253-2378 or 520-868-6777.**

In Honor of Arizona Vietnam Veterans, I (we) will attend the dinner *In Honor of Arizona Vietnam Veterans* on October 22, 2011 at Wild Horse Pass and Casino. There are \_\_\_\_\_ (number in this party) who is (are) Vietnam veteran(s) (Note: recipient of the Vietnam Service Medal and /or Vietnamese Campaign Medal or served in civilian or intelligence agency in country or in AO or served in the Republic of Vietnam armed forces). Please legibly print names of attendees included in your check. (Please copy form for additional names)

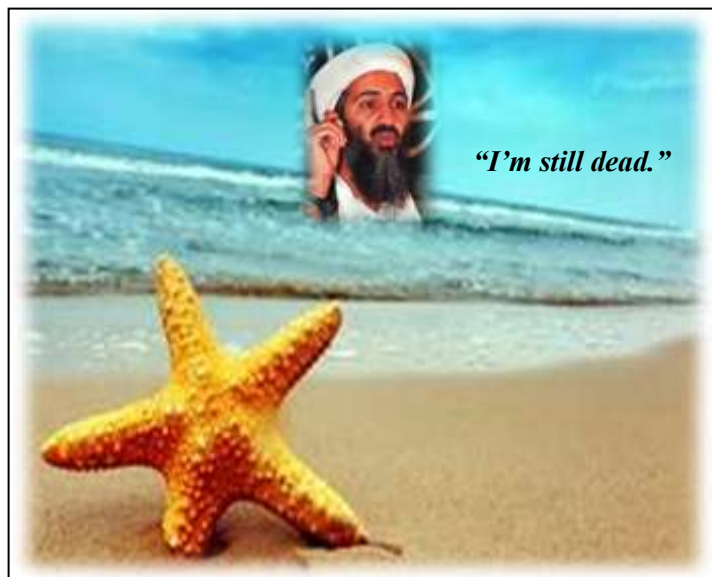
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Contact Phone Number & Address:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Dinner is \$40.00 per person. Enclosed is a check in the amount of \$\_\_\_\_\_ for dinners in my group. Make Check payable to Arizona Military Museum, and mail to:

**Arizona Vietnam Veterans Dinner**  
**Attn: Joseph E. Abodeely, Director**  
**AZ Military Museum**  
**9014 North Wealth Road**  
**Maricopa, Arizona 85139**



### ~ Correction ~

In last month's issue we stated that is Rick Patterson, A/2/503d trooper and former DAV Executive Director, presenting the Louisville Slugger to President Obama. It is not.



*"The caption needs to be corrected. The man standing at attention in this photo is Rick Patterson. I'm blown away at the thought of one of us nasty grunts in the Oval Office."*

**Bill Reynolds**

**A/2/503d**

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***"Airplanes are interesting toys  
but of no military value."***

**~ Marshal Ferdinand Foch, Professor of Strategy,  
Supreme commander of allied forces, 1918**



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[Sent in by Chuck Cean, HHC/D/3/503d]

# Remembering the Wildcats



I don't know whether to say happy Memorial Day or solemn Memorial Day. On an unrelated note, do you think you could do a piece on 2/503d Recon, Wildcats? I was a member.

After 74th LRRP left LZ English, we completely took over their mission, which was Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol. In case there is doubt about what Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol means, it consisted primarily of deep penetration patrols up to the limit of our PRC-25s which was about 15KM. Some outstanding work was done by the Wildcats and I think it is slipping through the cracks of time and death.

My personal contribution consisted of defending the team, engaging enemy elements as they moved through or adjacent to our AO, conducting artillery ambushes, plotting and directing Defensive Harassment and Interdiction missions, conducting offensive zone and sweep fire missions, and on occasion calling for and directing air strikes or gunship fire support. The last two only occurred on three occasions. I did once, walk 10 meters into a Bouncing Betty Minefield which is a story in itself, and was tasked with plotting its location and dimensions. Other than that, we just sat around or slept in a circle to pass the time.

There is nothing noted anywhere about us, although there are short notes and Orders of Battle mentioned about 173d Recon, which was us as well, it is not about us. What does exist in the literature is

an aggregation of 174th LRRP, and references to after action reports of units outside the 173d such as the Recon elements of the 25th Infantry, the 101st Airborne Recon Elements, the 1st Cavalry Division and a few others. We are totally excluded even though we, the Wildcats, were tasked with participating in true-to-the-manual, Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol missions. And the missions were non-stop.

There were no days when Wildcat Teams were not in the field. Ordinarily, we were supposed to conduct three day missions, but were often field tasked with four days or more without the benefit of additional batteries, rations or water. I, myself, participated in one such mission from approximately November 10, 1968 until November 15 1968. As you know, these were not company or platoon size patrol elements, but consisted of 3-6 day combat and reconnaissance patrols conducted by heavily armed six man teams plus an observer.

I don't know, but I think we are being passed by. My teammates and I made many significant contributions, and sometimes paid in blood and life for the privilege. Our missions saved countless American lives, while claiming substantial numbers of enemy KIA while disrupting operations directed against Americans and our allied forces. I would like my feather before I die. Feel free to verify any information I pass to you with any knowledgeable, independent person, including members of our teams.

Warmest regards as always,

**George Rivera, SGT**  
**A/2/503d**



**2/503 Wildcats**

