

Terms of Endearment (including GDES)

'Flyboy' (Air Force), 'Jarhead' (Marines), 'Grunt' (Army), 'Squid' (Navy), 'Puddle Jumpers' (Coast Guard), etc., are terms of endearment we use describing each other. Unless you are a service member or vet, you have not earned the right to use them. Using them could get your ass kicked.

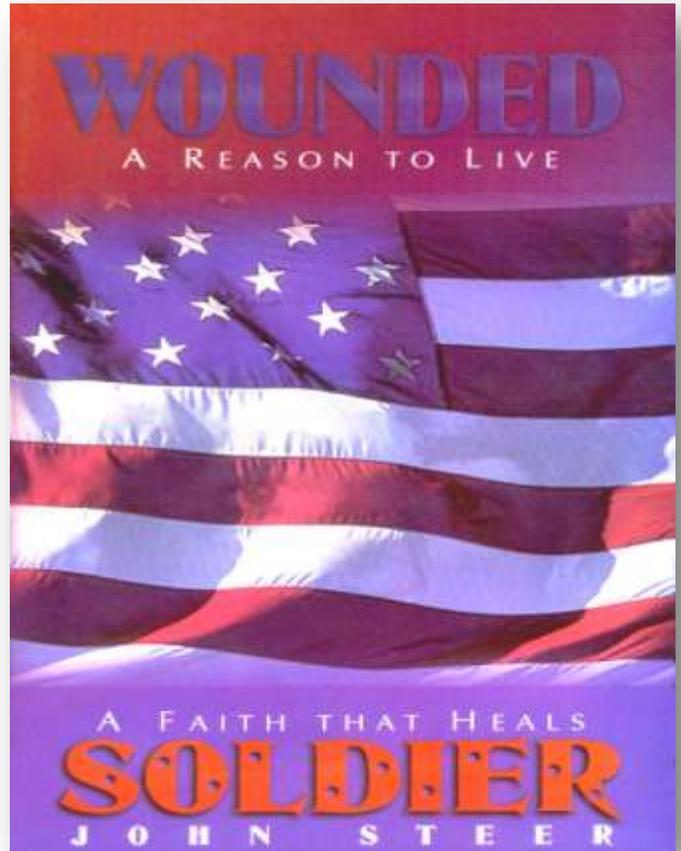


For the record: When Capt. Bill Vose, A/HHC/2/503d, uses the term GDES (God damn enlisted swine), he's really saying "I love you". I think that's what he's saying. Ed



L-R, A/2/503 troopers Maj. Gus Vendetti, Sgt. Woody Davis and Capt. Bill Vose

Vendetti: *What did you just call him?*
 Vose: *GDES.*
 Vendetti: *What's that?*
 Vose: *God damn enlisted swine!*
 Davis: *He loves me.*



A book by John Steer, A/2/503d
www.angelfire.com/fl4/jlsteer/books.html



By Recon 2/503d RTO, '66/'67, gun seller and cartoonist exceptionale' Jerry Hassler



INCOMING!

Pertaining to the article/picture submitted by Joel Trenkle, B/2/503 (Issue 32, Page 37, photo below), "I don't know the name of the medic that replaced me". I was evacuated on November 23, 1965 and never knew my replacement. When I was evacuated the company medics were Griggs and Wolcott.



I arrived in RVN weighing 202 lbs. After evacuation to Japan I was down to 139 lbs. Hook worm infestation, amoebic dysentery, and bone marrow depression took a great toll on the old body. Still have lots of problems. But, I'm thankful because I made it back and so proud of all my old comrades.

Ken (Doc) Eastman
B/2/503d

We spent many weeks in preparation in San Antonio for the National 173d Reunion on the Riverwalk. The San Antonio Team did a most significant job day in and day out and I am most proud to be one of them. They assisted considerably for the Memorial Service on the Riverwalk Arneson Theatre. We went right from the 173d gathering to the National Convention of the Military Order of the Purple Heart in St. Paul, MN. I had the misfortune of having two serious falls during that event (PLF each time helped me to protect my head!). ER work and good medics patched me up nicely, stitches and all, and now a physical therapist twice a week is a real helper. Our youngest daughter, Gracia, had a cane waiting for me and I'm using it regularly.

On 2 March 2012, Texas Independence Day, I will hit the magic marker of 80 years old. On that special day I will take my lovely wife of 60 years on a drive all through S.A., the flags will be flying everywhere and my precious lady, Ann, will ask: "Why are all those flags flying?" and I will retort, "Sweetie, it's my 80th birthday."

Hangeth in there! Stay well.

Airborne blessings to you all,

Chaplain Connie Walker
"The Leapin' Deacon"

And advanced good wishes for your upcoming birthday, Connie. Alleth the Wayeth!

golden corral

MILITARY APPRECIATION MONDAY

Thank You Veterans....JOIN US

Golden Corral and the DAV are partnering for another great Military Appreciation Monday on November 14, 2011, between 5 p.m. and 9 p.m.

That's the day Golden Corral restaurants nationwide welcome our nation's veterans and active duty military men and women to a free buffet dinner and drink, and lots of camaraderie. Last year, DAV Departments and Chapters raised more than \$1 million in donations as a result of this decade-long annual tradition.



DAV

Military Appreciation Monday is Golden Corral's way of saying "Thank YOU!" to our nation's veterans and active duty military. Be sure to visit the DAV information table to meet with members of Chapters in your area and check out the free DAV information.

Source:

<http://www.goldencorral.com/military/default.asp>





ONE DAY IN 1967

By Steve Welch
C/2/503d

Each Airborne Soldier
knows the twitch
Adjusting the heavy rucksack
with a hitch
Nylon straps cutting deep into
your shoulder
Even with a towel it hurts and
made you feel older

Machete cutting the jungles
broad leaves
While elephant grass cut your
hands and made them bleed
Leeches attached at every chance
As the bites of a hundred red ants made you
do that funny dance

The rucksack got heavier as you forged the streams
Water would stream from the hole in your boots
Mud on the path would make you stumble and slip
on the roots

One moment it would rain making you miserably wet
An hour later you would be dry and be breaking a
sweat

Down the column you would hear "take a break"
Lighting a cigarette you thought it tasted great

A sip from your canteen and off you go again
Now it's your turn to pull that dreaded point
It didn't take long before you felt like a cooked
lobster

You finally stop and dig the foxhole then clear the
fire lane
You wondered to yourself as you cut the bamboo that
this is insane

You fill the sand bags and put them on the bamboo
roof over the foxhole
Then the word came down as you started to eat
To grab your gear because you were going on
ambush tonight
While the CP enjoyed your labor and took over
your foxhole

And that was one of the many days in Viet Nam 1967



Because so many sick and disabled veterans lack transportation to and from VA medical facilities for needed treatment, the DAV operates a nationwide Transportation Network to meet this need.

Through the Transportation Network, DAV volunteers drive sick and disabled veterans to and from VA medical facilities for treatment. The Transportation Network is a clear example of veterans helping veterans. The DAV stepped in to meet a substantial community need when the federal government terminated its program that helped many veterans pay for transportation to VA medical facilities. The DAV has 189 Hospital Service Coordinators around the country who coordinate the transportation needs for disabled veterans.



Use the **DAV Hospital Service Coordinator Directory** to contact your nearest HSC for information or assistance. Please remember that the DAV Transportation Network is staffed by volunteers; therefore, it is unable to cover every community. We hope we can help you. Contact your nearest VA medical center for DAV contact information in your area.

~ The Face ~



This photo was sent in by Bob Fleming, A/D/2/503d. We have no idea who this guy is, he could be an old paratrooper for all we know. But, you gotta love that face -- looks like it's been around the world and back a few times on a rusty old scow. Ed



ONCE AN AIRBORNE INFANTRYMAN,
ALWAYS
AN AIRBORNE INFANTRYMAN

That's what I am and will always be. I have been recalled several times for periods of a few days to three weeks for specific tasks our mutual Uncle Sam thinks he needs a weak mind and strong back. Military Intelligence stuff. Actually been to Iraq twice. Thank God my tours have been a matter of days. Had a photo taken with my Uncle Billy while I was on temporary



SP4 Bill on right

active duty a year ago. He's my pride and joy. I was doing PLFs from the barn loft to the cow lot when I was 9 years old. I have now met two Presidents and neither affair was as great a thrill as the look in Uncle Billy's eyes many years ago when he first saw wings on the nephew named for him. They gave me a promotion the last assignment to O6. A youngster I was sharing breakfast with said, "Col Thomas you don't act like a Colonel, Sir." I replied, "Son, they can put all the rank on an old paratrooper they care to. Once an Airborne infantryman always an Airborne infantryman". I had two tours of duty after the trip from Okinawa with the greatest fighting outfit to ever wear jump boots. I am proud of the service I had as an officer and the men I had the honor of commanding. However, make no mistake the proudest point of my military or civilian service to my nation was my tour with my beloved Charlie Company as an 11bush. I once made the comment at a command and staff meeting at III Corps at Hood, "Nobody really outranks an enlisted paratrooper wearing crossed rifles." General Simmons commented to a couple of Captains who looked a tad puzzled, "The Colonel means it fellows".



LTC Bill

Your Brother in Arms. Bill

Bill Shippey, COL (Ret)
C/2/503d, N75 Rangers



Plans are still in the works to feature the brave Medics of the 2/503d and all 173d sister units. Please send your medic stories and photos to rto173d@cfl.rr.com As Bob Beemer, B/2/503d so rightly said.....

"How do you write a story about the greatest people in the world? Everyone of them should receive a lifetime achievement award."

Last Month's Whodat?

This bespectacled trooper hungering down with his maps in the "D" Zone jungle wearing all those white patches which say "aim here", is our very own Maj. Art Martinez, of HHC/B/2/503d, '65/'66. The patches worked too! Art was wounded during Operation Silver City in March '66, when an element of Bravo Company unknowingly strolled into a VC base camp. Oops! Fortunately, Art survived his wounds while, sadly, others did not.



"One of the things that makes our military the best in the world is the certain knowledge of each soldier, sailor, airman, and Marine that they can always count on their comrades should they need help - that they will never be abandoned."

Jon Kyl



Looking for Buddies

I'm trying to find a **Doc Dopart...** and a **Doc Coward** (Texas). Does anyone have a handle on reprobates...?

Cap Gary Prisk
CO C/2/503d
garyprisk@yahoo.com

My name is **Dave Smith** and I served with A/2/503 from 10/68 to 8/69 at LZ English in the Bong Son area. Unfortunately, I didn't keep track of the guys I served with after I left country. Is there a way I can find out the names of those that served with me? Now living in West Linn, Oregon. Thanks.

Dave Smith
A/2/503d
davlsmith@yahoo.com



Dave at LZ English

Brother, it is good to hear from a Herd man. I have no contact with any of them, unless I go to the Kokomo reunion. I am missing the brotherhood.

Doug Larabel
C/2/503d, '72
dflarabel@sbcglobal.net

I was with "A" Co. 2/503 from June to November 1967, if anyone remembers me let me know. Oh, by the way, I was with B Med from 3/67-5/67.

Dennis Barbato
mbarb@comcast.net

This is one of those long shots. I am trying to get the names correct on three folks whose names have faded from me, but not the memory, they live on always.

1. **Larry Brantley**, WIA by a land mine, lost both legs, Operation Junction City. Trying to find out if he survived and what happened to him.
2. An artillery captain that was killed in a mortar attack during the same general operation and time frame. A Chinook was landing and almost was hit during this same attack. Air Force F-100s provided some air support. It was a large base camp where we stayed for several days.
3. A sergeant that was killed when a friendly grenade bounced off a tree and into his position. He was a former instructor at jump school (circa mid-late '65). I swear that I though his name was Copeland or similar, but I find no record.

All occurred during or about the Junction City time and with the 173d. Whatever you know or have records of would be appreciated. Thanks.

Bruce Deville
(aka, Lt John B. Deville)
C/3/319
bdeville@aol.com

We are looking to reconnect with **Jim Raney** – who lived in Caldwell/Nampa, Idaho or Nyssa, Oregon. Jim was an FO for quite a while, but can't remember the years. He wrote and sang a lot of songs about the 173d. Please contact either of us from C/2/503d. Thanks.

Ray Zaccone
rjzaccone@pinetel.com
Wayne Tuttle
tuttle@xplornet.com

“American soldiers in battle don't fight for what some president says on T.V., they don't fight for mom, apple pie, the American flag...they fight for one another.”



Hal Moore, CMDR 1/7 Cav,
Ia Drang Valley, Vietnam





FROM THE 173d CHAPTERS

~ Chapter XVI ~

Colonel Boland Chapter WA State, Oregon, BC, Canada

We need recruits to march! Veterans Day Parade in Auburn, Washington. We have dwindled to four members representing the 173d the last two years. Your participation is required. Contact Chris for details and to participate in this huge parade honoring our service.

The 173d has returned to Kontum. Chapter XVI has teamed with Vietnam Fund for Education, Music, & Infrastructure to provide two libraries/reading rooms in rural schools in Kontum. The first project was dedicated in June and the second is in process, funding secured. Go to www.vietnamemifund.org for details. Your donation, big or small, helps our chapter continue this worthwhile project.

Vietnam Veterans Era Remembrance Day. Chapter XVI members joined with veterans of the Vietnamese Special Forces, Washington Chapter, August 6th at the Veterans Memorial Museum, Chehalis, WA for recognition of Vietnam Veterans. The museum celebrates veterans of different eras throughout the year. www.veteransmuseum.org

Contact:

Chris Clewell

cclewell@aol.com 425-672-7486

More from Chapter XVI:

We need your help.

Searching For: Anyone knowing or having information or the whereabouts of a **Mr. Son - Cholon 1956.**

Bill Logan (of Washington State), served with MAAG Headquarters in Cholon, Saigon in 1956. He volunteered with the Vietnamese-American Association teaching spoken English night classes twice a week. There he met Mr. Son.

"His story as I remember was he was some sort of a technician and worked at the Hanoi Hospital until the communists took over. He went through some sort of interview/interrogation by them and as a result he ended up with both of his ankles broken. He escaped by raft to South Vietnam."

"My impression was that he worked at the hospital in Saigon, he drove a Fiat as a taxi cab, & was in one of the English Classes at the Association."

"His torture, escape, & determination to 'make I' impressed me to this day. He was a good man, I often wonder if I could do as well under the same circumstances."

Bill would like to learn of his circumstances and if he has survived. If you have information as to the whereabouts or information of the circumstance of Mr. Son, please contact Phan Thai at annafotovideo@yahoo.com

173d at Campbell

Many of us came back from Vietnam to serve with the 173d at Ft. Campbell, however, upon deactivation in 1/72, we became the 3/187th Inf. 101st Airborne. We maintained jump status while the rest of the 101st remained Airmobile. We proudly wore our 173d patch on our right side and the Screaming Eagle on our left. General Cushman, was our base commander, and CSM Huff (MOH) WWII highest ranking NCO. Deactivation ceremony was attended by Vice President Agnew.

Chuck Cean
HHC/D/3/503d

Hi Rakkasans!

Just in case you have not logged on the Rakkasan website, www.Rakkasan.net lately. I read a bit of information not printed in the Shimbun Reunion Issue regarding Thursday night festivities.

I clicked on the National Association tab, then clicked on the President's Message tab. For those attending the annual Rakkasan Reunion in San Antonio, the Thursday night banquet has a Western theme. So, do not forget to wear your Stetsons and western wear. Please advise other members. Hope to see you there!

Take care and God bless.

Hopie Novella
Secretary, Sun City Chapter
El Paso, Texas

Falling Down Umbrella Men

The **187th Infantry Regiment (Rakkasans)** is a regiment of the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) of the United States Army.



The regimental motto is the Latin "*Ne Desit Virtus*" ("Let Valor Not Fail"). The nickname "The Rakkasans" is derived from the Japanese word for parachute. The name was given to the 187th during its tour in occupied Japan following World War II. When a translator dealing with local Japanese dignitaries was trying to explain what their unit was trained to do (and not knowing the Japanese word for "airborne soldiers") he used the phrase "falling down umbrella men", or *rakkasan*. Amused by the clumsy word, the locals began to call the troopers by that nickname; it soon stuck and became a point of pride for the unit.

Currently, the 1st Battalion - 187th Infantry and the 3rd Battalion - 187th Infantry are active in the 101st Airborne's 3rd Brigade Combat Team.



From the Archives

In response to SGT Rivera's note in the July issue (Issue 30, Page 22, *Remembering the Wildcats*), I would like to submit the following article out of the *Fire Base 173 newspaper* of September 28, 1970. It was interesting that SGT Rivera mentions the range of the PRC-25. In the spring of '70 I started running missions with the Wildcats as a radio relay operation known as Cat 5, letting us operate greater distances from LZ English.

Dave Colbert
HHC/E/2/503d



Recon Turns Tables

'Bush NVA Aces

LZ ENGLISH: "Remember, those men are good. They're the elite of the elite and their job is to wipe you out," said the operations sergeant.

With this warning a six man recon team from E Co., 2d Bn, 503rd Inf. was sent on an "impossible mission." Their job was to find and destroy a 12-man NVA "Killer Team" believed to be operating in northern Binh Dinh Province.

The NVA had tired of U.S. recon teams sneaking into their base camps, killing messengers and capturing documents. According to captured documents their "trouble shooters," highly-trained and well-equipped 12 man team, were sent into the area to ambush the U.S. recon teams, cause casualties and force the recon elements to cease operations in the area.

The Americans had one big advantage...they knew the plan. An earlier ambush had turned up the necessary information. E Co. swung into action. One of their best teams was outfitted for the mission. Another team was readied as a five minute reaction force.

The team was inserted. Moving as quickly as possible, they waded up a river. The only noise was the gentle sloshing of water as they moved upstream. From the stream the team labored to a ridge. The purpose of this was to move down to the stream at another point, leaving the stream bed undisturbed so that no one would get suspicious.

The team leader checked the river out before he moved his men into position. Motioning quietly, Sgt. William Folk of McClure, Penn. positioned his men. One was rear security, two watched the stream, and one monitored the radio. The remaining two took turns with the others so the constant strain of extreme alertness wouldn't be too tiring.

They didn't have to wait long. Up the river they heard movement. Quietly Folk and his assistant team leader, Spec. 4 Al Volkides of Detroit, moved upstream. When they were within five meters of the NVA positions they opened fire. The NVA lost one man. They left him sprawled on the jungle floor. They took the wounded with them.

The two paratroopers continued the assault with automatic fire and hand grenades. The remainder of the team performed their pre-assigned tasks. Two men stayed with the equipment and guarded the rear. One of those was on the radio calling for support. Two men grabbed extra ammo and grenades and moved upstream to place fire on the fleeing NVA from another direction. Pouring lead at the NVA as they advanced, they swept through the area. The fight was brief and fierce...as suddenly as it started it stopped.

The recon team rejoined and reorganized. Picking up their equipment they pulled back 150 meters to an open grassy area.

By this time the gunships arrived. Their strafing runs ripped up the riverbeds and drove the enemy force uphill.



Dave with his "ears up" on this operation.

(continued...)



More helicopters landed, this time carrying the reaction force. The additional men piled out of the choppers carrying demolition kits, machine guns, and grenade launchers. The only other item they had was one canteen of water each. These “Wildcats” had come to fight.

The sweep up the river produced nothing. The enemy was good. He had escaped. New strategy was needed.

The next morning the reaction force was extracted, along with the Kit Carson Scout who had been injured in the frantic chase up the river. Helicopters buzzed around picking up people. Gunships gave cover and even fired up the pick-up area after the GI’s pulled out. To any observer it appeared all the men had withdrawn.

In the foliage near the river five men still waited. Faces painted green they blended in with the tropical growth and remained stationary the rest of the day. That night they slipped through the jungle searching for the NVA. Not finding the enemy by daybreak the men hid.

The decision was made early that afternoon to move back and ambush the same spot. This was dangerous. The area was a “bottleneck”. A stream fork and trail compressed the paratroopers. In addition, the enemy was always cautious in this area. Now they would be even more so. The first incident was still fresh in their minds.

The Americans moved into the area and set up. Three men covered the trail and stream junction. Two men moved upstream and around a small bend.

The trap was set. When the NVA moved off the trail and into the river bed they would be caught in a murderous cross-fire. If the NVA suspected nothing it would work. If the enemy was suspicious they might try to flank the GI’s...which would be disastrous.

All day they waited, silently. Darkness and the NVA arrived simultaneously. A head was seen looking through the brush. Silently the enemy point man dropped the four feet to the stream bed. Nothing broke the jungle’s silence. Quickly glancing both ways, he moved up to the stream a few feet. Equally silent, the next man dropped down, taking up a position to give flank security to the NVA column. The enemy continued to advance, making no noise; still unaware they were in a trap.

Recon waited, trying to get as many men into the kill zone as possible. This would be a tough fight. The enemy was at his best. The first few seconds would determine it all. They had to make it good.

Suddenly one NVA tensed up and squatted. He acted as if he was suspicious. The time had come. A burst of fire ripped the top off his head. The NVA point man was blown away by the GI’s upstream. The third man was killed by Spec. 4 Richard Celeya, who was repeatedly exposing himself to hostile fire to send tracers ripping up and down the column.

The enemy fired back with everything it had. Only darkness and well chosen positions kept the recon team from being seriously mangled.

The exploding grenades shattered rock and the air was filled with fragments. The firefight was at such close quarters that the fragments injured friend and foe alike. The NVA had gotten as close as seven feet to the team’s positions. That’s where they stayed. The paratroopers stood their ground and shot everything that moved.

The NVA pulled back; they were mangled. They had lost four men killed. An undetermined number were wounded or would die trying to escape.

Recon had the Redlegs lighting the area up with artillery illumination. The gunships were in the air. The reaction force was on the way. Recon decided it was time to move out.

They set up on a grassy knoll and welcomed the reaction elements, D Co., 2d Bn answered the horn this time, Casper, the 173d’s Aviation Platoon, did their best to get the men in close on the steep slopes. Still, it was a night jump with full combat equipment for the paratroopers. The long drop to the ground wasn’t even soft. A night helicopter assault is a frightening experience.



The Wildcats

The darkness, rain, and fog moved in to help the badly mauled NVA. The night searches turned up nothing. The sweep conducted the next morning was fruitless because of the rain. All signs of their escape had washed away. The tracker dogs couldn’t find a scent.

Sgt. Edward McLeod of Homosassa, Fla. summed it all up. He said,

“It’ll be a helluva long time before they send another team in for us. They can’t bear the losses.”



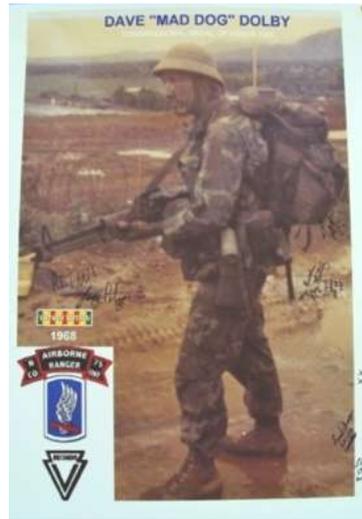
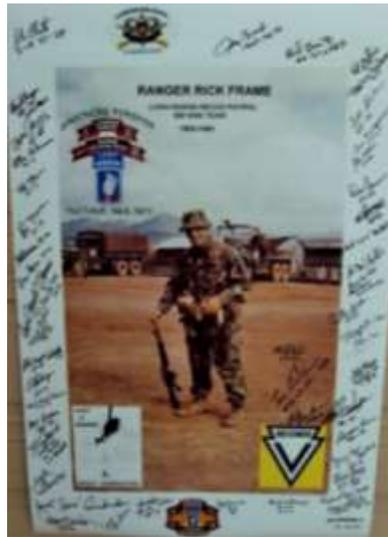
“Remembering” those who
 have left us is the same
 saying as
"No-One left Behind"

**2011 Lurp/Ranger Reunion
 Remembrance posters of those who
 had passed away since last Reunion
 in 2009.**

These posters were created by me, to look old and edited then printed by Gary Schulz (Ideation Design). These are created to remember those members who passed away since the last time we gathered at Fort Benning, Columbus, GA. The posters are signed by Company Lurp/Ranger members plus Company Family members and Friends of the Company and members who support us. Each member's poster will be sent to their Family.

Note: Ranger Leroy Petry, Congressional Medal Of Honor recipient personally signed the poster of Dave Dolby (MOH).

The 2011 75th Ranger Regiment Association Reunion is in the past, so if you have photos of the event please send them to me (email or mail). Our history can only be documented if you get your collection to me.



Contact me if you need assistance in copying your stuff. Also, the many Stories in our heads, need to be written and saved for our Company history. Posters can also be done in the name of any other fallen/deceased member, if you desire one contact me.

**Robt "Twin" Henriksen
 Long Range Patrol Ranger
 70-71 Teams Golf/Delta
 2218 Augustine Drive
 Ferndale, WA 98248
 Cell number: (360) 393-7790**

75th Ranger Regiment

To be a part of the 75th Ranger Regiment requires personal excellence across many Soldier and leader attributes. Rangers are more than just physically strong. Rangers are smart, tough, courageous, and disciplined. Rangers are self-starters, adventurers, and hard chargers. They internalize the mentality of a “more elite Soldier”, as the Ranger Creed states and as their intense mission requirements demand.

Rangers are role model Soldiers – mentally, morally, and physically – who use their minds as well as bodies to make sound judgments, reasoned decisions, and ultimately to never quit. Rangers demonstrate discipline both on and off duty, and their Regimental standards are enduring.

When then Army Chief of Staff General Creighton Abrams envisioned the modern Ranger force, he emphasized the professional unit excellence stems from individual Ranger personal excellence and character. He directed that “*wherever the battalion goes, it will be apparent that it is the best.*” Members of the 75th Ranger Regiment live this charter both personally and professionally every day.



Our Buddy Phuc

In the special edition of our newsletter on *The Battle of the Slopes* (June 2011, Issue 29), I mistakenly referred to hooch buddy Sgt. Nguyen Phuc as a "Kit Carson" scout who served with the 2/503d in '65-'67.... he was not. Phuc was a career soldier, a Special Forces soldier in the South Vietnamese Army attached to our battalion as a scout/interpreter. Phuc was killed at Dak To during that battle in June 1967. For those of you who knew Phuc, you'll particularly appreciate this report by trooper Steve Konek who was tasked with escorting Phuc's body home. Thanks Steve. Ed



Good buddy Phuc, Sept. '66

Photo by Smitty

Phuc's Final Journey

By Steve Konek

Greetings:

The story gets complicated but I'll give it a try by e-mail and see if I can make any sense. The memory has stuck with me all of these years but things are beginning to get fuzzy around the edges.

I was at Dak To and received a call from Cpt. Noel, the Brigade S5 Officer. He told me to catch a plane to ? and go to the morgue there.



Steve in Bien Hoa

Whether in Dak To or at ?, I don't remember which, but it's where I hooked up with a Vietnamese Lieutenant. We were to secure and escort Phuc's body to Saigon but with no real instructions beyond that.

I do remember that the LT and I were at the morgue together at an Air Force Base - they stated we could not fly the body to Saigon on a US plane as he was Vietnamese. I called back to Dak To and spoke with Cpt. Noel, he aptly pointed out and I relayed the

message that Phuc had flown up there on a US plane and he could sure as hell fly back on one. (Understand that I was a PFC with a VN LT. No one paid much attention to either one of us). Finally, it was decided that sometime in the middle of the night they would fly the body and we had a cargo plane with the three of us onboard, the only cargo on an otherwise empty plane.

We arrived at Tan Son Nhut about 2:30 in the morning. The crew got off the plane and the pilot told me they had radioed the tower a half hour ago and an ambulance should be there shortly. We sat there on the tailgate of the empty plane for about a half hour.

I walked over to the tower and found someone, asking where our ambulance was. They said they had called and it would be along. After another half hour wait we were becoming exasperated. The VN LT then took off and came back 15 minutes later with a military ambulance driven by a couple of Vietnamese. We loaded up Phuc and off we went. I thought, "OK, now we have this thing under control" - was I ever wrong.

They took us to a VN Hospital, I think on Tan Son Nhut air base or right outside the gate. The LT goes inside and chats them up and out comes a gurney and we load up Phuc and wheel him into the hospital. A bunch of discussion then takes place and it turns out they had not understood he was dead. They would not take him so out we go, reload Phuc in the ambulance and another discussion ensues with the drivers. Turns out they are not supposed to be off the base with the vehicle but would drive us, but we needed to buy gas for the ambulance! The LT agreed to purchase the gas and off we go.

We then drove to the National Cemetery somewhere within Saigon and they agreed to take the body. They then kept trying to give me the empty stretcher and I pointed out I didn't need the thing, keep it. The ambulance then, under the LT's instructions, takes off through Saigon and drops us on the street at the location he has indicated. He instructs me to stay there and off he goes up an alley/side street.

I had never been to Saigon, and am not a city boy. It is just barely getting light while I'm standing on the street at who knows where hoping this LT is going to come back. I have hand grenades hanging on my web gear, my M-16, my steel pot on - everyone going by is looking at me like I'm nuts. To my relief the LT comes back and retrieves me. Turns out his Major lives down the alley and we go back to his house. After introductions, etc., the Major's driver shows up and we all pile in his jeep for a ride to Bien Hoa.

(continued....)



Phuc's body was escorted or delivered to his home village for burial.

I do not remember why I was chosen for this duty and don't remember what good it did me to go back to Bien Hoa other than I still knew people there who were now working with the 101st and had worked with us when we were in Bien Hoa. I was either on my way to R&R or it was just easier for me to catch a flight back up country. I do not remember my return to Dak To - obviously I got there, damn!



Sgt. Nguyen Phuc

The above photo of Phuc was of him standing in the door of our barracks at Brigade HQ. I remember him as full of energy and he seemed to be a happy sort.

I will send this e-mail to Thai Phan also and he can add what he knows of the story as the interpreters usually had a pretty good idea of where each came from and their backgrounds. As I recall there were about 50+/- interpreters assigned to the Brigade and they rotated around to work with various units.

Thai is a very interesting story of himself and if we ever chat in person or by phone I'll give you the story about our relationship over the years. Thai can correct my facts as he knows them.



173d Scout/Interpreter Sgt. Phan Thai during Operation Robin, Highway 15, Forward Base Camp.

Hope this helps, we lost some good people but those of us who are fortunate enough to have survived can still get some good work done. We are not finished yet! All the way!

Steve Konek, Sr.
173d Bde
(photos by Steve)

WHODAT?



Anyone know who this 2/503 trooper is rendering aid to the little boy during *Operation New Life*?
(Photo by Col. George Dexter)

"Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief breaks into my house, burns and destroys my property, and kills or threatens to kill me, or those that are in it, and to 'bind me in all cases whatsoever' to his absolute will, am I to suffer it?"

Thomas Paine
The American Crisis, December 19, 1776



LRRPS on the Prowl

The photo on the right was taken by Co Reentmeister, a Dutch photographer who made the combat jump as a *LIFE* photographer. He is one of the most renowned photographers in the world and had half a dozen *Life* covers. Jay Boyce is working on a large format book of photos on Lrrp. He has license rights from *Life* for three of Reentmeister's photos and he wrote that you have permission to use them. Since I am on all three of them and I have promised a stirrup of the action it sounds fair, a bit sad but I seem to appear on book covers but only because this world class photographer took the photos. Reentmeister rowed in 8-man sculls for Holland in the 1960 Olympics.



L-R: Mannie Moya & Reed Cundiff, 173d LRRPS

On to story behind the photo.

The first series of area patrols after the jump was to consist of four insertions to consist of teams 3, 4 and 8 (forget the other one). Patrols were to be placed east and west on border and recon inward with the others further south. The first two teams were engaged within 30 minutes with one severe WIA and one lightly wounded. Team 3 was fired upon while approaching primary and secondary LZs. They attempted a passage of lines through one of the battalions but were engaged with skirmished fire in two attempts.

Team 4 had gone through final officer check and was to go in on a second lift that night but all aerial assets were involved in getting the engaged teams out.

We were standing at the lift ship when the *LIFE* photographer, Co Reentmeister, came upon us and took a series of photos. One of these is found reversed on both Lanning's and the Osprey book on Lrrp. You don't have to be good, just get a good photographer. The photo of Mannie Moya (deceased) and myself was taken just as the rotors started turning and I was totally unaware of Reentmeister's presence. Going in after the previous 3 insertions have been shot up or shot out can get one focused on the task at hand

We were inserted on a tiny LZ about one km from Cambodia. We ran off the LZ onto a major infiltration route more than two meters wide covered with three-wheeled lambretta tracks. We were to have done a recon of the area but were told to stay in position for point recon of "trail" since it was an unknown trail. Infiltration was at last light and we found a nice hide. Movement of squeaky wheeled bikes and a few motorbikes was heard during the night

We moved back to the route just after first light and spotted guys each carrying an RPD but no hat or pack. We did not engage even though probably spotted:

1. They are GIs and don't want to explain to their sergeants and officers why they did not take us out
2. Most important, Sgt Guill had told us to absolutely never engage NVA without packs or hats since they are at "home". Guill had made the jump with the 11th in Philippines and both drops with 187th and did a second tour during Korea with 2ID. He got his third CIB during one of his multiple tours with SF as well as time with the Battalions. His rank reverted to E-8 upon his retirement three weeks later.

We ingloriously retreated and hid and were told to watch more and be retrieved early. Our CO, captain Phillips, said we were to "lean into the fire", "say what?" "We will put 18 rounds of 105 ahead of you and you will dash into the debris."

"SAY WHAT!" Ok, I did not say that, but said, "uh, yes sir." Interpret that as "You outta' your mind, Sir?"

It was loud and "amusing" with big branches falling on us but at least it was friendly fire.

We spotted the LZ and went on-line from in-file. Moya as point got to trail, three folks on bikes (who had waited for fire to lift) just about ran over Moya.

Moya fired a short burst which awakened the RPD team which fired at and past Moya. If we had been in-file, team 4 would have been history. The 3 on the trail were 10 meters away and we did them in first and then engaged the MG. They were totally confused and got fixated on Bimgardner 15 meters from them behind a tree and something blew them both a foot off the ground - leaving their right security whom Ray Hill put a WP Graf onto. We e&e'd for 90 minutes avoiding different occupied camp sites before finally doing a cable rope exfiltration.

Reed Cundiff
173d LRRPs



Alice's Restaurant

By Arlo Guthrie

This song is called Alice's Restaurant, and it's about Alice, and the restaurant, but Alice's Restaurant is not the name of the restaurant, that's just the name of the song, and that's why I called the song Alice's Restaurant.

You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant. You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant. Walk right in it's around the back. Just a half a mile from the railroad track. You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant

Now it all started two Thanksgivings ago, was on - two years ago on Thanksgiving, when my friend and I went up to visit Alice at the restaurant, but Alice doesn't live in the restaurant, she lives in the church nearby the restaurant, in the bell-tower, with her husband Ray and Fasha the dog. And livin' in the bell tower like that, they got a lot of room downstairs where the pews used to be in. Havin' all that room, seein' as how they took out all the pews, they decided that they didn't have to take out their garbage for a long time.

We got up there, we found all the garbage in there, and we decided it'd be a friendly gesture for us to take the garbage down to the city dump. So we took the half a ton of garbage, put it in the back of a red VW microbus, took shovels and rakes and implements of destruction and headed on toward the city dump.

Well we got there and there was a big sign and a chain across the dump saying, "Closed on Thanksgiving." And we had never heard of a dump closed on Thanksgiving before, and with tears in our eyes we drove off into the sunset looking for another place to put the garbage.

We didn't find one. Until we came to a side road, and off the side of the side road there was another fifteen foot cliff and at the bottom of the cliff there was another pile of garbage. And we decided that one big pile is better than two little piles, and rather than bring that one up we decided to throw ours' down.

That's what we did, and drove back to the church, had a thanksgiving dinner that couldn't be beat, went to sleep and didn't get up until the next morning, when we got a phone call from officer Obie. He said, "*Kid, we found your name on an envelope at the bottom of a half a ton of garbage, and just wanted to know if you had any information about it.*" And I said, "*Yes, sir, Officer Obie, I cannot tell a lie, I put that envelope under that garbage.*"

After speaking to Obie for about forty-five minutes on the telephone we finally arrived at the truth of the matter and said

that we had to go down and pick up the garbage, and also had to go down and speak to him at the police officer's station. So we got in the red VW microbus with the shovels and rakes and implements of destruction and headed on toward the police officer's station.

Now friends, there was only one or two things that Obie coulda done at the police station, and the first was he could have given us a medal for being so brave and honest on the telephone, which wasn't very likely, and we didn't expect it, and the other thing was he could have bawled us out and told us never to be seen driving garbage around the vicinity again, which is what we expected, but when we got to the police officer's station there was a third possibility that we hadn't even counted upon, and we was both immediately arrested. Handcuffed. And I said "*Obie, I don't think I can pick up the garbage with these handcuffs on.*" He said, "*Shut up, kid. Get in the back of the patrol car.*"

And that's what we did, sat in the back of the patrol car and drove to the quote Scene of the Crime unquote. I want tell you about the town of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where this happened here, they got three stop signs, two police officers, and one police car, but when we got to the Scene of the Crime there was five police officers and three police cars, being the biggest crime of the last fifty years, and everybody wanted to get in the newspaper story about it. And they was using up all kinds of cop equipment that they had hanging around the police officer's station. They was taking plaster tire tracks, foot prints, dog smelling prints, and they took twenty seven eight-by-ten color glossy photographs with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one explaining what each one was to be used as evidence against us. Took pictures of the approach, the getaway, the northwest corner the southwest corner and that's not to mention the aerial photography.

After the ordeal, we went back to the jail. Obie said he was going to put us in the cell. Said, "*Kid, I'm going to put you in the cell, I want your wallet and your belt.*" And I said, "*Obie, I can understand you wanting my wallet so I don't have any money to spend in the cell, but what do you want my belt for?*" And he said, "*Kid, we don't want any hangings.*" I said, "*Obie, did you think I was going to hang myself for littering?*" Obie said he was making sure, and friends Obie was, cause he took out the toilet seat so I couldn't hit myself over the head and drown, and he took out the toilet paper so I couldn't bend the bars roll out the - roll the toilet paper out the window, slide down the roll and have an escape. Obie was making sure, and it

and it was about four or five hours later that Alice (remember Alice? It's a song about Alice), Alice came by and with a few nasty words to Obie on the side, bailed us out of jail, and we went back to the church, had a another thanksgiving dinner that couldn't be beat, and didn't get up until the next morning, when we all had to go to court.

We walked in, sat down, Obie came in with the twenty seven eight-by-ten color glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one, sat down. Man came in said, "*All rise.*" We all stood up, and Obie stood up with the twenty seven eight-by-ten color glossy pictures, and the judge walked in sat down with a seeing eye dog, and he sat down, we sat down. Obie looked at the seeing eye dog, and then at the twenty seven eight-by-ten color glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one, and looked at the seeing eye dog. And then at the twenty seven eight-by-ten color glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one and began to cry, 'cause Obie came to the realization that it was a typical case of American blind justice, and there wasn't nothing he could do about it, and the judge wasn't going to look at the twenty seven eight-by-ten color glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one explaining what each one was to be used as evidence against us. And we was fined \$50 and had to pick up the garbage in the snow, but that's not what I came to tell you about. Came to talk about the draft.

They got a building down New York City, it's called Whitehall Street, where you walk in, you get injected, inspected, detected, infected, neglected and selected. I went down to get my physical examination one day, and I walked in, I sat down, got good and drunk the night before, so I looked and felt my best when I went in that morning. 'Cause I wanted to look like the all-American kid from New York City, man I wanted, I wanted to feel like the all-, I wanted to be the all American kid from New York, and I walked in, sat down, I was hung down, brung down, hung up, and all kinds o' mean nasty ugly things. And I walked in and sat down and they gave me a piece of paper, said, "*Kid, see the psychiatrist, room 604.*"

And I went up there, I said, "*Shrink, I want to kill. I mean, I wanna, I wanna kill. Kill. I wanna, I wanna see, I wanna see blood and gore and guts and veins in my teeth.*"

(continued...)



Eat dead burnt bodies. I mean kill, Kill, KILL, KILL." And I started jumpin up and down yelling, "KILL, KILL," and he started jumpin' up and down with me and we was both jumping up and down yelling, "KILL, KILL." And the sergeant came over, pinned a medal on me, sent me down the hall, said, "You're our boy."

Didn't feel too good about it.

Proceeded on down the hall getting' more injections, inspections, detections, neglects and all kinds of stuff that they was doin' to me at the thing there, and I was there for two hours, three hours, four hours, I was there for a long time going through all kinds of mean nasty ugly things and I was just having a tough time there, and they was inspecting, injecting every single part of me, and they was leaving no part untouched. Proceeded through, and when I finally came to the see the last man, I walked in, walked in sat down after a whole big thing there, and I walked up and said, "What do you want?" He said, "Kid, we only got one question. Have you ever been arrested?"

And I proceeded to tell him the story of the Alice's Restaurant Massacre, with full orchestration and five part harmony and stuff like that and all the phenome... - and he stopped me right there and said, "Kid, did you ever go to court?"

And I proceeded to tell him the story of the twenty seven eight-by-ten color glossy pictures with the circles and arrows and the paragraph on the back of each one, and he stopped me right there and said, "Kid, I want you to go and sit down on that bench that says Group W NOW kid!!"

And I, I walked over to the, to the bench there, and there is, Group W's where they put you if you may not be moral enough to join the army after committing your special crime, and there was all kinds of mean nasty ugly looking people on the bench there. Mother rapers. Father stabbers. Father rapers! Father rapers sitting right there on the bench next to me! And they was mean and nasty and ugly and horrible crime-type guys sitting on the bench next to me. And the meanest, ugliest, nastiest one, the meanest father raper of them all, was coming over to me and he was mean 'n' ugly 'n' nasty 'n' horrible and all kind of things and he sat down next to me and said, "Kid, whad'ya get?" I said, "I didn't get nothing, I had to pay \$50 and pick up the garbage." He said, "What were you arrested for, kid?" And I said, "Littering." And they all moved away from me on the bench there, and the hairy eyeball and all kinds of mean nasty things, till I said, "And creating a nuisance." And they all came back, shook my hand, and we had a great time on the

bench, talkin about crime, mother stabbing, father raping, all kinds of groovy things that we was talking about on the bench. And everything was fine, we was smoking cigarettes and all kinds of things, until the Sergeant came over, had some paper in his hand, held it up and said.

"Kids, this-piece-of-paper's-got-47-words-37-sentences-58-words-we-wanna-know-details-of-the-crime-time-of-the-crime-and-any-other-kind-of-thing-you-gotta-say-pertaining-to-and-about-the-crime-I-want-to-know-arresting-officer's-name-and-any-other-kind-of-thing-you-gotta-say", and talked for forty-five minutes and nobody understood a word that he said, but we had fun filling out the forms and playing with the pencils on the bench there, and I filled out the massacre with the four part harmony, and wrote it down there, just like it was, and everything was fine and I put down the pencil, and I turned over the piece of paper, and there, there on the other side, in the middle of the other side, away from everything else on the other side, in parentheses, capital letters, quoted, read the following words:

("KID, HAVE YOU REHABILITATED YOURSELF?")

I went over to the sergeant, said, "Sergeant, you got a lot a damn gall to ask me if I've rehabilitated myself, I mean, I mean, I mean that just, I'm sittin' here on the bench, I mean I'm sittin' here on the Group W bench 'cause you want to know if I'm moral enough join the army, burn women, kids, houses and villages after bein' a litterbug." He looked at me and said, "Kid, we don't like your kind, and we're gonna send you fingerprints off to Washington."

And friends, somewhere in Washington enshrined in some little folder, is a study in black and white of my fingerprints. And the only reason I'm singing you this song now is cause you may know somebody in a similar situation, or you may be in a similar situation, and if your in a situation like that there's only one thing you can do and that's walk into the shrink wherever you are ,just walk in say "Shrink, You can get anything you want, at Alice's restaurant.". And walk out. You know, if one person, just one person does it they may think he's really sick and they won't take him. And if two people, two people do it, in harmony, they may think they're both faggots and they won't take either of them. And three people do it, three, can you imagine, three people walking in singin' a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walking out. They may think it's an organization. And can you, can you imagine fifty people a day, I said fifty people a day walking in singin' a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walking out.

And friends they may thinks it's a movement.

And that's what it is , the Alice's Restaurant Anti-Massacre Movement, and all you got to do to join is sing it the next time it comes around on the guitar.

With feeling. So we'll wait for it to come around on the guitar, here and sing it when it does. Here it comes.

You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant. You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant. Walk right in it's around the back. Just a half a mile from the railroad track/ You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant.

That was horrible. If you want to end war and stuff you got to sing loud. I've been singing this song now for twenty five minutes. I could sing it for another twenty five minutes. I'm not proud... or tired.

So we'll wait till it comes around again, and this time with four part harmony and feeling.

We're just waitin' for it to come around is what we're doing. All right now.

You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant, *Excepting Alice*. You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant. Walk right in it's around the back. Just a half a mile from the railroad track. You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant

Da da da da da da da da
At Alice's Restaurant!

"Alice's Restaurant Massacre" is a musical monologue by singer-songwriter Arlo Guthrie released on his 1967 album *Alice's Restaurant*. The song is one of Guthrie's most prominent works, based on a true incident in his life that began on Thanksgiving Day 1965, and which inspired a 1969 movie of the same name. Apart from the chorus which begins and ends it, the "song" is in fact a spoken monologue, with a repetitive but catchy ragtime guitar backing. In an interview for *All Things Considered*, Guthrie said the song points out that any American citizen who was convicted of a crime, no matter how minor (in his case, it was littering), could avoid being conscripted to fight in the Vietnam War. The song lasts 18 minutes and 34 seconds. It is notable as a satirical, first-person account of 1960s counterculture, in addition to being a hit song in its own right. The final part of the song is an encouragement for the listeners to sing along, to resist the U.S. draft, and to end war.

