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the POINTMAN Newsletter - April '95

A Publication of Company F 50th (Inf) LRP / 75th (Inf) Ranger

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James Hargett **Ron Harrison** Jay Hickey
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* Raymond W Sullivan * Michael F Thomas * Robert C Thompson * Donald W Tinney * Arthur Tomaschek * John H White *



This issue of the Pointman was to have been in the mail in November—part of the delay was my move from Austin, Texas to Washington, D.C., part of it was needing a *little* break, and still another part of it was having been unemployed for too long.

This will be the sixth issue of the Pointman. If you're not getting it then either we don't know where you are, or you moved your "CP" and did not leave a forwarding address—Don't Do This! Ya gotta let me know where the heck you are if you wanna get the word.

My "staff" <grin> and I welcome your comments, stories, and pictures for publication in the newsletter. Your literary contributions would add a lot to the overall quality of the Pointman.

We'll be putting together an updated directory for the next issue in a couple of months. If you're thinking about moving, DON'T! If you already have let us know, and as always, if you are hiding from someone, by all means, continue to remain anonymous.

This will be the third year that some of us will be meeting at the Wall in D.C. I can only inform you, encourage you, and hope you will consider making the trip ("Ya can lead a horse to water but you can't make 'em drink.") Reasons to be here are varied and they are your own—you don't have to justify being here anymore than you do staying home.

What these reunions mean is probably a little different for each of us—some came while others opted out, both groups sharing some of the same

fears/concerns i.e., "How am I gonna act?" So far, everyone said they had the time of their lives, that it was a good thing, and that they'll never miss another—(Reunions and trips to the Wall).

Where we gonna stay? Same place as always, the National Airport Howard Johnson's at 2650 Jefferson Davis Highway in Crystal City, telephone number 703-684-7200. Call 'em and say your coming in for Rolling Thunder to get the best price. Call Bill's room when you get in, that's our "CP."

When to be here? Friday night or Saturday and leave Monday afternoon/evening. There is always plenty to do near the Wall, music near the steps of the Lincoln, the "the Last Firebase" the "In Touch" tent and, so I'm told, there's a bar in the hotel (for those of you that would join me in a sarsaparilla).

Word has it that some of our brother Rangers have procured computers with modems (LRRPs too!) and, when their spouses will let them, are beginning to communicate with the rest of the universe. I'm not going to get into the World Wide Web, the Internet or a bunch of technical stuff. All I know is that for \$14.95 per month I can send and receive "e-mail" to and from the rest of the guys literally at will.

If you don't already own a computer don't go out and spend a bunch of bucks, but if own one already I guarantee you it's the way to fly! It's cheaper than a telephone call and a heck of a lot faster/more reliable than the Postal Service. It doesn't really matter anymore which service you subscribe to: Compuserve, Prodigy, America On Line, etc., you can send and receive text, files, and pictures without a lot of fuss and muss.

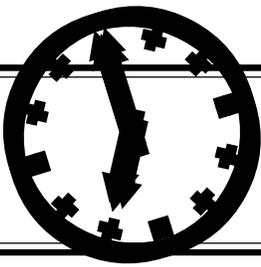
Well anyway, it's a great way to stay in touch—to network. You may want to consider getting on board before your children (or their children) become proficient at something else we don't know how to do, eh?

We're still in the "thinking" stage (as opposed to planning), but we want to put together a Company F book (high school yearbook style). Not sure yet who is going to head up this undertaking. We will need your pictures, poems, anecdotes, stories for the project. Hopefully there will be a lot of "then" and "now" pictures forthcoming from each of you. Written material can be real diverse although original—no profanity or political points of view please . . . well, perhaps a *little* political humor would be appropriate. Be sure to put your name on the back upper-left corner of all pictures you want returned, and say who is in the picture if its not you. If we can't see you it might do a world of good for some of us to see a picture of your mug—so put one in the mail to me for the next issue, okay?

I would like to think we can put it all together and be ready to send the final to the printer by the close of our Ranger Reunion at Fort Lewis in '96. I welcome your comments and suggestions regarding this proposal—anyone with experience in this department please let me hear from you.

Let's start thinking about Fort Lewis for the next Ranger Reunion in the summer of 1996. We had 56 at Benning last summer (names shown on the front of this issue), I'm hoping for 100+ at the next one . . . Team Leaders, consider this your "warning order." Need you guys to come out and meet some of the "Baby Rangers" as friend Martin calls them—these guys are great, you will be as proud to be associated with them as they are of you. Be advised there is a "Ranger Reunion" every summer at Benning but the real ones only take place on even numbered years. And for gosh sakes, don't be afraid to bring your wife and children or significant other with you, we don't bite! Well maybe we do bite, but it doesn't hurt that long . . .

More as things develop.



MAIL CALL

Reunion '94

OK Dave here it comes, sure had a great time in Columbus! Really Great! It was my first time and it didn't even hurt like Mom said it would. That was one of the shortest weekends I've ever had, it ended far too soon! So many great guys and ladies in one place, and we all started out from Cu Chi. Where else can you feel as if you have known someone for years, but you only just met? Guess that Ranger stuff sure sticks us together, the old comrade in arms thing is forever.

I finally found people I served in F Co. with, Bill and Bobby, and only missed Pineapple by about two weeks. And where else can you find someone who, after ten minutes, invites you and the Queen to "Come on over and stay at my place, car included, whenever you are in town." Thanks Chuck.

Chuck I am watching the side of the road for hats, will send same if I find any good ones.

Weren't the "Baby Rangers" impressive? Those guys make me feel proud knowing that they are on the job watching out for our country. Speaking of them, what is going on about "Adopt a Ranger" or "Big brother to a Ranger", I'm sure some of them would like someone to talk to some time.

While I have your eyes, lets get more people to come to DC in May, this year it starts on Friday the 26th. Same place, Airport Ho Jo's in Crystal City, (703) 684-7200. I know I will be there with my Harley. Two years is too long between F Co. Reunions, so try to make DC, you too Norton, Bill will be there and one of ours now lives there.

Rich Martin
Class of '68
Cu Chi College of Genetic Engineering



Richard & Barbara Martin
823 Stella Court
Paramus, NJ 07652

Dear Dave,

Veteran's Day, 1994 was quite memorable say the least. I wish we had more time to spend with you guys. Maybe the next time?

The feelings that I felt, not only my own feelings, but the feelings of the people around me surprised me. I never thought that in the 90's that people still had this kind of comradery. As I was walking along the Wall one cannot help but reflect.

As I looked at the Wall I saw names, names of young men that I did not know. What I do know is these boys were the same ages as my sons.

I looked into the Wall and saw what could have been, what should have been and will never be. I saw sons, fathers, grandfathers, uncles and brothers. I saw unanswered letters that should have been answered. I thought how these mothers, sisters, and fathers felt as I watched an older man try to scratch what I thought to be his son's name from the Wall.

One cannot help being swept up in the moment. A moment that should never have to be. I cannot even fathom losing a son. Can you imagine the strength of these fathers and mothers?

I don't think that I could have been so strong. I'm sure as these people pass the Wall, each lost in his or her own thoughts, one thought is ever present these young lives should not be forgotten.

We should remember what could have been, what should have been and what will never be.

Love to Corky, Barbara (Martin)

Dave-

Just got off the phone with the guy who put the notice about the Riverine Divisions in FLASHES. If we have any space in the newsletter and it's not too late, please add the following:

All Co F, 50th and Co F, 75th Vets are issued a special invitation and are welcome to attend or just drop in to the 1995 Reunion of the Mobile Riverine Force Association.

Admiral Zumwaldt (Ret) will be among the attendees, as will members of other various ground units that worked with the Riverine Forces in Viet Nam.

The reunion is being held at the Galt House, Louisville, KY from June 22 to June 25, 1995. They are booked for the weekend; reservations are now being taken by the Days Inn

(502-585-2200)

He also invited anyone from the LRP/Rangers who so desired, to write an article for their newsletter.

Bill

SOMETHING HAPPENED INSIDE by Ranger David Jacob

Pictures, videos, news articles etceteras all reflect the great fun and events we all had at the 1994 Reunion in Columbus, Georgia. However, they did not come close to recording "what went on inside".

On the Oregon coast is where this all started. You see, my uncles who fought in WWII, were highly respected. They were "heroes".

On the farm, any visitors were more than welcome. When my uncles came to visit, it was even MORE special - They seemed 10' Feet Tall.

Therefore, it was only natural that when I received my "Greetings" letter that I would go and serve PROUDLY for my country. I learned quickly to be a good soldier. My plans concerning the farm and the future with my high school sweetheart were forced to the back burner.

Like with many of us, I received my orders for Viet Nam. I was not in F Co. 75th Infantry Ranger long when my girl friends letters started to change. She would keep telling me that "I" was changing, and that she did not like what I was changing into. Being in combat, I could only see what was going on around my friends and myself. We were too pre-occupied to know just what we were becoming inside.

No one talked openly about dying, becoming a killer, surviving, or being scared. I became hard and cold. We were Rangers! Damn good ones!

Well, when I returned home I felt very lucky to be alive and was very proud to have served. These feelings were to be shorter lived than I ever expected.

My high school sweetheart and I were married shortly after my return home. Like everyone else, I only got married for one reason-that was forever!

I knew for sure I was in heaven-cause I had spent my time in hell.

Then things changed. The evening news did not depict the Viet Nam that I just returned from. The peace demonstrators had more air time than those who gave the ultimate sacrifice for their country.

My marriage in heaven fell apart in a few years. Yeah, she was right! I was not the same young farm boy who went away and then came back home. Moving to the big city for college took its toll also. I found out that people did not want to be around Nam Vets. Others would not rent houses to a Nam Vet. The Nam Vet stigma became more and more negative. I was hurt, I was not 10' feet tall any more. I became a "closet vet."

I marred my present wife, and have three beautiful children. It has not been an easy relationship. It seemed that every time things were wrong, it was because I am a Nam Vet. I was really hurting inside. I didn't even know it. I tell you, my wife has been through the war with me.

I came to know Jesus as my Lord, and Savior. I savor that relationship to this day. He took so much of my hurt and frustration away.

There was still a turmoil inside though. Not big, yet it would not go away. Everything would go along fine and then BOOM I'd explode just like the ambushes we used to pop, only these were on the ones I loved.

About June 1992, I was with Jim Hargett in Seattle, WA having lunch. Jim told me of a letter he had received from this Bill Mrkvicka guy in New York.

It was something about the guys in F Co. having a reunion. My emotions went crazy. We both knew we could not attend the 1992 reunion. Immediately I started making plans for the 1994 reunion. I knew that I was going, and started to do a lot of thinking.

The guys? Who was going to be there? Who wasn't? Who had died? Will I remember the fellows? Will they remember me . . . will they accept me?

In August of '94, I boarded the plane for the 75th Infantry Ranger reunion in Columbus, GA.. The hotel lobby was full of Rangers. I soon found a group from Co. F. I started to cry. These old farts looked the same (my eye sight isn't what it use to be, as you can tell). The greeting I'll never forget. Pictures, videos, and newspapers, captured all the fun and events.

It was so good to see and be with the guys again. All of them (you) are still "a cut above the herd". We are Rangers! 10' tall! I was there with all of you again, and again standing 10' tall.

With much laughing, crying, dreaming, and not enough time, the reunion came to a close. With my head high, I returned home, to my sweetheart and our life together. Yeah, we've had our share of marital "discussions" in our times since the reunion, but something's happening.

Here 7 months after the reunion there isn't that turmoil down inside of me any longer. Our "discussions" for months now have been peaceful.

I've got friends through out the U.S. that mean so much to me again. I can't wait to see you all in '96. You fellas that haven't been to a reunion yet, plan to come in 1996. You see, just as I had changed to hard and cold when I went to Viet Nam in '69, I've had the blessing of changing inside to warm and soft again since the '94 reunion. You guys that were at the reunion, A BIG "THANKS, I NEEDED THAT." I really did, more than I ever dreamed.

*I Love You All
and God Bless You*

"SEE YOU AT FORT LEWIS"



To those of you who weren't able to make the reunion, my condolences. You missed a great time. By far, this one was the best I have attended.

Many people at the reunion, or in calls and letters following the event, expressed their thanks to me. I did do some work on the event and believe me, your words are appreciated. There is however, a big reason this past reunion was such a great success. The work done to get it together was not just one or two people. Many guys put a lot of effort into it. There are two reasons I bring this up.

First, there are others who deserve a lot of thanks for their work. Secondly, until I worked on a couple of these events, I didn't understand how important it was to get a lot of people involved. When I tried to explain to one guy on the phone how many people helped, I suddenly became aware that even I hadn't realized how many had been involved.

There were gigantic efforts and modest ones, but each SIGNIFICANT and the reunion would absolutely not have been as successful if they had not helped. Here are the people that played a part: Dave Regenthal, Emmett Hiltibrand, Tom Cahill, Ray Armstrong, Bill Evans, Gary Horseman, David Jacobs, Phillip Loftus, Robert Newsom, Richard Reader, Mel Rhodes, Ron Zellner, Charlie Rose, Steven Skogrand, Joe Stevens, Fred Stuckey, Tim Walsh, Rick Carr, Bruce Craft, Tom Fevurly, Tom Finnie, Fred Forehand, Colin Hall, Bill "Bear" Hart, Tony Izzi, Joe Little, Rich Martin, Mike Melendrez, and Chuck Reau.

I know I have probably missed a few, but not to publicly acknowledge their efforts would be wrong . . .

SO TO ALL OF YOU—A HEARTFELT THANKS!

Many of the people on active duty deserve our thanks - all the men of HHC, 3rd Battalion, 75th Rangers, Captain Feagan (HHC CO) and his right hand, 1st Sgt Neilson who put together our "Final Role Call" ceremony and did so many other things which made all of us feel both comfortable and welcome.

Lastly, the people who are officers of the 75th Association especially Roy Boatman and Duke DuShane - we can never re-pay you for your magnificent efforts.

ASSOCIATION NEWS

In my role as Representative to the 75th Association, I must report to you on an issue that has been of interest to many of us - awarding of the Ranger Tab.

The Association officers have put literally hundreds of hours of work in the effort to get the Army to approve awarding of the Ranger Tab to people who served in the Vietnam LRRP's, LRP's and Rangers. Initially, they asked the active duty organization to sponsor the request. The active duty leaders came back and said they did not feel comfortable making the request (for a variety of reasons). The Association Officers then began the larger effort of documenting and submitting the request directly to Pentagon officials.

That last request was submitted and approved just prior to the August reunion. Using the Army's standard procedures, once the authority was granted, the active duty Ranger Regiment had to write the procedures for implementing and operating the award process.

The responsibility for implementation was given to Col Jackman, Commandant of the Ranger Training Brigade. Col Jackman wrote a letter to Roy Boatman stating that he would refuse to implement any procedures. The following is a portion of the main paragraph of that letter:

"As the Commander of the Ranger Training Brigade, I take very seriously my responsibility to ensure that the high standards governing the awarding of the Ranger Tab are rigorously and consistently enforced. I cannot conceive of any argument which could be posited, from either a logical or emotional point of view, that could convince me to abrogate the responsibility I have to all legitimate Ranger Tab bearers, past, present or future, to be the standard bearer for the awarding of the Ranger Tab."

Once again, a REMF has said that we are not "legitimate" - at least he used the polite word rather than "bastards" as others have done. The Association Officers are now beginning the process of asking congress to intervene on our behalf. We will try to keep all of you posted through the newsletter.

Unfortunately we also received some bad news . . . Robert Vadnais (Co F '70) died in 1972 and Michael Willis, (8/67-10/68) died on October 3 last year. Our condolences to their family and friends.

Paul Morgucz who served two tours with Co H, 75th recently received a liver transplant. Because of this his family has come on extremely hard times. Nick Gibbone (who was one of the originators of the 75th Ranger Association) wrote and suggested if anyone could help that now would be the time.

Paul Morgucz
7535 Hanover
Summit IL 60501 (708) 458-8478

Later my friends . . .
Bill Mrkvicka

“MY WALL”

by David Regenthal

It's been ten long years since my first trip to the Wall—I went with my brother and a dear friend—two who made an impossible (but necessary) journey a reality for me. I have been many times since, alone, with you guys, and now with my fiancée, my very best friend, Corky.



For me, it's never the same twice. There are times when I “have it all together” and there are those when I'm overcome by my emotions and cry. I am convinced that it's different for each of us because we are individuals and have walked different paths, but I have found there is one common thread between myself and most of the other Vets I have spoken with--and that is that the Wall has been a very powerful and healing experience for each of us.

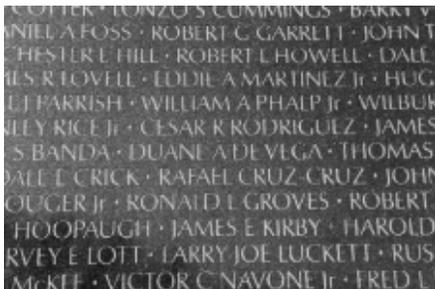
If you have never been to the Wall in D.C. let me encourage you to consider making the trip, or if you have and just need a “booster shot” the “Moving Wall” (a half scale replica) makes

about 50 stops across the U.S. each year. Either way, I can think of nearly 60,000 reasons, plus one (you) for you to go.

I get more than just another opportunity to wrestle my demons when I go . . . Each of the past two Memorial Day Weekends and this Veterans Day I have had the pleasure to have been there with some of you guys. I have also had the privilege to have met a few of the “other” survivors of the Vietnam experience, the sons & daughters, parents, and widows of those memorialized there or who later died as a result of their service.

“My Wall” is in my heart. It is constructed out of the lifetime of my experiences. It was built from blood, sweat, and many tears—yours, mine, and “theirs.” It's held together by the respect and admiration that I have for each of you and the 30+ young men from F Company no longer with us—that touched our lives long ago in that far away place. Sure, there's some disappointment—pain, anger, and guilt in there but, the key ingredient that binds it all together is the love and honor I have for each of them, the families, and **you**.

Meet Me at the Wall this Memorial Day Weekend, or come anytime you want—I'm here now and I'll be glad to go with you. I can use your strength and company and you are welcome to share in mine.



Moving Wall - 1995

Schedule “A”

- 04/23 - 04/29 Davis, CA
- 05/08 - 05/14 Ridgecrest, CA
- 05/26 - 06/01 Fairbanks, Alaska
- 06/03 - 06/09 Anchorage, Alaska
- 06/11 - 06/17 Soldotna, Alaska
- 06/22 - 06/28 Juneau, Alaska
- 07/09 - 07/15 Missoula, Montana
- 07/17 - 07/23 Great Falls, Montana
- 07/25 - 07/31 Helena, Montana
- 08/02 - 08/08 Bozeman, Montana
- 08/13 - 08/19 Buffalo, New York
- 08/23 - 08/29 Meredith, NH
- 09/01 - 09/07 Pembroke, Mass
- 09/10 - 09/16 Springfield, Mass
- 09/19 - 09/25 West Haven, Conn
- 09/28 - 10/04 York, Pennsylvania
- 10/07 - 10/13 Carmel, New York
- 10/19 - 10/25 Union, New Jersey
- 10/30 - 11/05 Succasunna, NJ
- 11/09 - 11/15 * * * *

Schedule “B”

- 03/15 - 03/21 Valdosta, Georgia
- 03/24 - 03/30 Leesburg, Florida
- 04/02 - 04/09 Melbourne, Florida
- 04/15 - 04/21 Plant City, Florida
- 04/24 - 04/30 Augusta, Georgia
- 05/04 - 05/10 Lebanon, Penn
- 05/14 - 05/20 Erie, Penn
- 05/23 - 05/29 Kirtland, Ohio
- 06/05 - 06/11 Bismarck, ND
- 06/14 - 06/20 Defiance, Ohio
- 06/23 - 06/29 Rochester, Penn
- 07/02 - 07/08 Alpena, Michigan
- 07/12 - 07/18 Waterloo, NY
- 07/20 - 07/26 Binghamton, NY
- 07/30 - 08/05 Milton, Penn
- 08/10 - 08/16 Crystal Falls, Mich
- 08/19 - 08/25 Green Bay, Wisc
- 08/28 - 09/03 Milwaukee, Wisc
- 09/07 - 09/13 Fort Dodge, Iowa
- 09/15 - 09/21 Muscatine, Iowa
- 09/24 - 09/30 Decorah, Iowa
- 10/04 - 10/10 Bartlesville, OK
- 10/13 - 10/19 Emporia, Kansas
- 10/21 - 10/27 Wichita Falls, Texas
- 11/01 - 11/07 Winnemucca, Nevada
- 11/10 - 11/18 Buena Park, CA
- 11/20 - 11/26 Hawthorne, CA

PTSD

Went in for my bi-annual "C&P" regarding my (30%) disability for PTSD. You know, the one where they ask you enough questions and make you talk until you finally break down and cry?

Not down on the VA, really. There are some good people there trying to help the Vet . . . it's just that there are not enough of those "good people" to go around. The letter I got back a couple of months following the exam went something like this:

Dear Mr. Regenthal:

We have made a decision on your claim for an increase in your service connected disability compensation. The enclosed rating decision provides an explanation of our decision.

Please see the enclosed VA Form 4107 which explains your procedural and appeal rights.

Sincerely yours,

*J.H. Shepherd
Adjudication Officer*

DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS
AFFAIRS RATING DECISION

ISSUE: Evaluation of service-connected post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD).

EVIDENCE: Examination conducted September 1, 1993, Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) Medical Center, Temple.

DECISION: The evaluation for service-connected post-traumatic stress disorder remains at 30 percent.

REASONS AND BASES: On current VA examination, the veteran gives history of employment with the city for 21 months, has been married and divorced four times. Mental status ex-

amination showed depressed mood with appropriate affect, memory intact. He reported insomnia and some decrease in energy levels, denied suicidal or homicidal ideation. Examiner evaluates his social and occupational functioning as mildly to moderately impaired, a conclusion which is consistent with the 30 percent evaluation now assigned, and does not support a higher evaluation for considerable social and industrial impairment.

Guys, I want to reiterate, I have no major bone to pick here but . . . To begin with I didn't request an increase—I only went in for an exam they requested. The exam took place in the outpatient clinic in Austin, not in Temple (sixty miles away). If I were going to "bump someone off" (including myself) I'm not convinced I would be walking into the VA and advertising it. The four failed marriages, in my opinion, suggests something more is going on after twenty five years back in the land of the "Big PX" than mild to moderately impaired social function, and 21 months at the same job are not exactly what one could call a "career" (I no longer work there, by the way).

Actually, the point to this article has little to do with the results of my evaluation. What it has to do with is this: If you served with Company F and knew someone that died (or were with them when they did), or had a thought at any time that you might die, saw, thought, dreamed, tasted, or heard any of the effects of traumatic injury, death, or war, then you probably have PTSD.

Many of you, to your credit (and that of the lady in your life), have been married to the same person forever. A lot of you have probably only worked for one or two companies over the past 20+ years. A few of you have probably never been depressed or gotten angry . . .

Not here to suggest that if you ever uttered a profane word in anger or you got drunk and behaved in a fashion you

lived to regret that your behavior is directly attributable to Vietnam. What I am saying is that my personal behavior has been, at least, effected by those experiences I had during my time *in country* just as did those which occurred prior to military service and still others which took place after I came back to *the world* . . . And so might yours.

It's worthy of consideration. Not for the money, but for you (and your family's peace of mind). Not gonna give you a list of symptoms—there are plenty of lists available. Just going to say that sometimes, even more often as we grow older, that these "little hiccups" in our behavior can find ways of slipping out at inappropriate moments—my experience tells me that this seems to occur more often in combat veterans, particularly those who have remained so "tightly wrapped" or "okay" for so many years now. You know, "Oh, 'Nam, I dealt with that years ago." It's called denial and it seems like there are a lot of our guys we just haven't been able to get a hold of yet cause they're still "hid'n out in the woods."

Way I found out about this was following a VA physical in 1987. I happened to speak with a nurse when I was leaving and asked almost in passing, "Have you noticed any incidence of anxiety or panic attacks in the guys my age?" Gave me this queer look, asked me about a half dozen questions then had me in with the chief psychiatrist before you could say "fire in the hole." Resulted in my entering therapy on an outpatient basis and a couple of years of the VA mailing me a ton of medication (not the preferred route, believe me). Eventually I stumbled across a Disabled American Veterans (DAV) National Service Officer (NSO) that asked me a few questions then told me I should file a claim—in fact, he did it for me. My "central issue" is anger—there are others to be sure . . .

Not telling you what to do here guys—just suggesting you take a look at it . . .

“AT THE MOVIES”

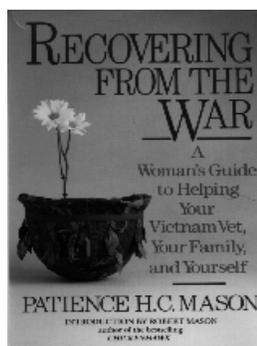
“THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS”

Available on video—but you should have seen it on the big screen. Pic’s as good as the soundtrack (recommended). Young American running around the countryside in the late 1700’s with a rifle doing noble things despite tremendous odds. Seems to work well in small groups, dislikes crowds and authority figures. You probably will recognize him (may be the holder of Recondo certificate #1). Excellent entertainment.

“FOREST GUMP”

By the time you read this “GUMP” will have already swept the Academy Awards, and Tom Hanks will have repeated capturing the Oscar for best actor. Though a large part, the movie is not about Vietnam—it’s more a *touch stone* in time, your time. Few flicks will touch on issues that impact on our age group more. If you haven’t seen it do yourself a special favor and go, if you have—go again. Due out this month on video.

Read any good books lately? Try “FAREWELL DARKNESS” by Ron Zaczek. Chronicles a Vietnam Veterans struggle with PTSD. Ron does an excellent job of blending “his story” with an account of the process through which he was able to



come to terms with himself. Easy reading—you will appreciate the style with which he addresses issues. Should be required reading for all of us.

Ever been misunderstood or experienced relationship problems? Directed towards the women that share their lives with the Vietnam Veteran. “Recovering from the War” by Patience Mason. You don’t have to wait for Christmas to get this book for your lady, get it now—could be a valuable addition to the library of your most important “team member.”

the COMPANY STORE

Don’t want to turn our newsletter into another “Thrifty Nickel” or “Green Sheet” but if you have something of value you want to share with the rest of us let me know and I will see that the word gets out. Hopefully, I can impose on Emmett to take on this project in the future, but for now I’m your guy. Profits (however unlikely) will go toward this and other issues of the Pointman. I hope no one will be offended by the enterprise—as always your comments are welcome.

1994 Ranger Reunion

Fort Benning, Georgia (Video) \$10.00 Approximately 60 minutes. A little shaky in spots but otherwise okay, includes our “Final Roll Call” ceremony with HHC. Video shot at various times/places shows a lot of our guys smiling a lot—hmmmm, wonder why?

Memorial Day 1993 - Washington, D.C. Can be added to Reunion video for \$5.00

Memorial Day 1994 - Washington, D.C. Can be added to Reunion video for \$5.00

For those who are interested please understand this represents a huge investment in time. It takes me (for example) nearly three hours to put all three together on one tape, plus the cost of mailing and a video cassette.

Memorial Day 1995 - Company F Shirts \$10.00 Like the previous two years I will only have a limited number made. To guarantee one for yourself you will need to call/write me before May 5th. I typically get a couple extra in Large and XL but don’t count on them. If you need another size please let me know in time—also, if you are not going to be in D.C. for Memorial Day please include another \$3 for shipping.

At Fort Benning a few of the guys saw our ‘93 and ‘94 limited edition Company F Memorial Day shirts and asked about them. **If there is sufficient interest** I will contact my T-shirt guy and ask him to run these shirts again this summer. Priced as above, I will need to know by June 15th.

If you want one please send a separate check with the words ‘93 (or ‘94) shirt and your size written on the memo line of your check—your check will not be deposited unless I can guarantee production and delivery.

Note: There were one or two of you that requested a shirt last year and never received it. Unfortunately I lost that information during my move here to D.C. and can not apologize enough. If you are one of these Rangers I’m sorry—please drop me a note and I will replace it with this years shirt (size please) or return the funds—your option. **DR**



Chuck Reau
1419 Dominis Street #307
Honolulu, HI 96822



Jesse Moreland
whereabouts unknown



Dennis Hackamack
3651 Arville Street #225
Las Vegas, NV 89103



Robert Ross
PO Box 65
Purdy, MO 65734



David Jacob
11904 S.E. Taylor
Portland, OR 97216



Randy Kemp-whereabouts unknown

AGENT ORANGE

Time has run out on payment to Vietnam Veterans from the Agent Orange Fund. That fund was established as a result of a class action suit and the hard work initiated by Vietnam Veterans more than ten years ago. The deadline for submitting a claim was December 31, 1994. Now all that can be done is to contact the VA to request an Agent Orange exam.

(1) If you served with Company F in Vietnam, you were in an area that was highly defoliated with the toxin: Dioxin.

(2) The mere fact that you may not be aware of any symptoms in yourself, your children (or grandchildren) does not guarantee that they will not present themselves at any time after December 31, 1994.

(3) It is unlikely that your children, their children, or their children's children are in a position to file a claim at this particular point-You Must Do It For Them!

Why me? If you're still asking that question please, go back and read 1, 2, & 3 above.

What to do? Again, contact your VA Regional Office or VA Medical Center and request an appointment for an Agent Orange exam.

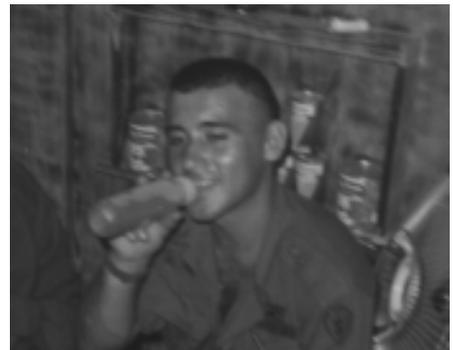
If you have children (or grandchildren) that have birth defects, contact the New Jersey Agent Orange Commission and request a questionnaire be mailed to you for each child.

Do this now gentlemen-If not for yourself, for your children and the children of those who's fathers were unable to return home with us.

Clock's tick'in . . .

Some E-Mail Addresses:

Bill Mrkvicka	NVUB96A
Rich Martin	NVEV95A
Shelby Swift	RMCV17A
Jim Freeman	NGRB67A
Roy Boatman	XMMP18A
Bruce Craft	73532,730
Emmett Hiltibrand	75462,515
Tom Cahill	74367,471
Dennis Peterson	kenwampus@aol.com
Joe Stevens	josste@infi.net
Dave Jacob	jmhouser@ix.netcom.com
David Regenthal	lrrp1@ix.netcom.com
Corky	ccondon@american.edu
FVVM	71035,3126



Ted Miller
PO Box 859
Burney, CA 96013



Tommy Haire-whereabouts unknown
Tommy stepped on a "toe popper" anti-personnel mine and got sent home with a messed up foot--sure would like to find/include him in on the fun . . .

Dear Dave,

Thanks for calling me. It was great to hear from you again. It seems that I have known you for most of my life. I guess LRP/Rangers really are family in a sense!

I'm glad you asked me to write something for the newsletter because for years I have had something on my mind that I need help with. Maybe I will refresh someone's memory and they can provide me with some details:



My name is Bobby Ethridge and I served as the team leader of Cobra 2-3 with F Company, 50th Inf. (LRP), from May to December, 1968.

In the early summer of 1993, a friend knowing I was a Viet Nam vet, asked if I would like to read a book he had just read. I politely told him I really didn't want to read another Viet Nam book. Weeks later I noticed the book on his desk and saw that it was about LRP/Rangers. This got my attention and I asked my friend if I could read it. After reading the book, I noticed on the inside cover there was mention of the 75th Ranger Regiment Association.

I immediately sent a letter to the association seeking information. I was astonished to find out that there was actually an organization made up of former LRP/Rangers. You must remember that it has been 25 years and hundreds of nightmares since my days in Nam. I was filled with pride and excitement. Soon a newsletter arrived and it gave me information on how to

join. In addition, there was information about a LRP/Ranger Rendezvous at Fort Benning that July. I figured, hey this is great! I would see some of my old buddies and maybe get some answers to questions that had been plaguing me for all these years.

I was somewhat disappointed when no one showed up from our company. However, I did meet a lot of great guys and had a wonderful time. I was amazed that there was a national organization that recognized our unit. Finally, there was someone out there to talk to, those who understood the special characteristics of the LRP/Rangers. I learned that this was an off year reunion and the regular reunion would be the following year in August, 1994.

1994 became the slowest year in memory. Finally, August arrived and I made the short drive from Atlanta to Columbus. Boy, was I surprised! At least 20 members of F Company were there, many that even remembered me. Therein lies one of my problems. I couldn't remember them. I had buried those memories so deep I could not retrieve them. Slowly but surely the memories came back. We laughed and cried. We really had a great time. I didn't want to go home. For over 25 years I had kept my Viet Nam experience to myself because no one understood the true nature and uniqueness of LRP/Ranger operations. Now I was surrounded by people who did understand.

This was the perfect opportunity to get some answers to questions that had been nagging at me for the past 25 years. On October 27, 1968, Sgt. Steven E. Collier was killed in action on a mission that I was the team leader. I had forgotten his name. Not forgotten I guess, but rather his name had been put in some obscure compartment in my brain. I found out his name at the reunion. What a relief! I could see his face in my mind, I had relived the incident it seems like a million times in my dreams, but I couldn't remem-

ber his name. Another LRP was wounded. I couldn't remember his name or anyone else on Cobra 2-3 that fateful day. My mind had hid that information from me all those years and would not allow me to recall any of the names. Guys I had fought beside! Maybe someone out there does remember? I would like to know who the other team members were and talk to them about what happened, what went wrong, what we should have done, was it my fault?

Briefly, here is my after action report:

On 27 October 1968, Team 2-3 was given a mission to check a possible Viet Cong staging area, hospital complex, and suspected prisoner of war camp. We inserted with a rifle company and executed a "stay-behind" after the rifle company had swept the area. After listening for several minutes, the point man led us on our compass heading. Later as we continued on our mission, the point man abruptly stopped us and gave the signal to stop and listen. Ahead, the sound of chopping wood could easily be heard. We were some distance from our destination so I decided to move around the wood cutters and continue on our mission.

A short time later, we came to a high speed trail, by this time, it was late afternoon. We were behind schedule because we had taken the time to go around the woodcutters. We needed to setup a night defensive position and send our situation report in concerning the trail. I decided that we would monitor the trail for awhile for any enemy activity, then cross the trail before dusk. The other side of the trail provided better cover and good observation of the high speed trail. The trail showed signs of recent activity. Clearly, we were in "Indian" territory.

After crossing the trail, we set up and began to listen. I called in our position and the location of the trail. I made watch assignments, set out claymores, and settled in. Just about dusk all hell broke loose! Rounds were coming in

from everywhere all concentrated on our tiny position. My radio took several rounds, Collier was killed from a round right between the eyes, another was wounded in the shoulder and we were hopelessly pinned down. We couldn't even tell where the fire was coming from. We blew the claymores and opened up with all we had. As suddenly as it started, it stopped. An eerie silence hung over our position.

Blood was everywhere. Equipment was all chewed up. The wounded LRP was groaning. The smell of cordite was stifling. I was immediately on the RTO's radio calling for a medivac and explaining our situation. A night extraction would be dangerous, but we had a wounded LRP and we could not stay where we were. Thankfully, an emergency extraction site had been plotted before the firefight. We were off to meet the extraction slicks.

Once we arrived at the location to be extracted, we realized that the strobe light had been left at the area of contact. There was no way the extraction slick and the gunships could see us at night. Since I had gotten my men into this mess I went back to the area of contact and finally retrieved the strobe after what seem like an eternity.

I have played this scenario in my mind it seems like a million times. I would like to finally put it to rest. To do this I need to know the names of the other team members, specifically the soldier that was wounded. If anyone out there remembers this particular mission or the team members, please get in touch with me.

Bobby Ethridge is a 26 year veteran with the DeKalb County Police Department in Atlanta, Georgia. He is currently the Training Commander of the third largest police training facility in the state. His responsibilities include the Police Academy, In-Service Training, indoor and out-door firing ranges, Recruitment, and S.W.A.T. He has a Master's degree from Georgia State University.

"IN TOUCH" by Corky Condon

Although it has been decades since Vietnam Veterans completed their "tour of duty" many veterans are just now beginning to come home from Vietnam. For some, that "home coming" includes a desire to locate the family of a fallen comrade. Sometimes this desire is motivated because there are pictures or some memento to share, sometimes it is simply to pay respect to and share memories with families. FVVM's In Touch locator program helps connect both family and friends of Vietnam casualties.

We hear from some veterans who are hesitant to contact the families of their friends because they are afraid it will open old wounds. In the majority of In Touch "matches", it has actually seemed to have had the opposite affect and has been healing for the families to learn that their loved one is still remembered by others. Many family members (siblings and children) have little or no memories of their loved one and are overjoyed to hear about their loved one from their peers.

A recent In Touch match between a daughter and a veteran who knew her father, brought her a priceless gift. She had been born while he was in Vietnam and never got to know him. His friend not only was able to tell her about the father she had never met, but he shared with her an audio tape he had made with his bunkmates to send home to his parents. In listening to the tape, the daughter not only heard her father's voice for the first time, but she heard him tell the guys how beautiful he thought she was. For the veteran, sharing with the daughter was "like having a part of Joe back." I was able to tell her how her Dad took me under his wing when I got to Vietnam and helped me through my first Christmas.

Before making calls to try and locate the family, we attempt to find additional information to assist us when making these calls. Sometimes we can make an immediate connection if the family

has already registered with the program. In Touch acts as the intermediary by explaining the program to the family members when located, and letting them know about the person making the request. We can then give the family the option of initiating contact or being contacted by the veteran. Most families are unaware of our program and are thrilled to learn someone that served with their loved one wants to be "in touch." If the family asks us to have the veteran make the initial contact we notify the requester to let them know we have been in touch with the family and how to contact them.

Although often difficult, the benefits of these connections is often immeasurable in the healing process for families and veterans alike. The best testimony to the success of the program comes from those who have participated. A Gold Star mother wrote us about speaking with a veteran who knew her son; "we cried and talked quite a bit. It did me some good and I think he feels better now also, thank you and God bless."

For an "In Touch" application or more information regarding other Friends of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial programs contact:

FVVM
Corky Condon
Director, In Touch Program
2030 Clarendon Blvd, Suite 412
Arlington, Va 22201
(703) 525-1107



David Regenthal (& Corky)
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 Washington, D.C. 20003
 (202) 547-0426



Joe Gentile
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Billy Thornton
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Rogersville, AL 35652



(top) **Jeff Sandell - Bill Evans**
Bill Mrkvicka - Ray Armstrong



Thomas Gurrobat
PO Box 384445
Waikoloa, HI 96738



Phil Mayrand
7505 Anaca Point
Wilmington, NC 28405



Ron Harrison
with "Ranger Rick"

the POINTMAN
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Washington, D.C. 20003
(202) 547-0426

Bulk Rate
Arlington, VA
Permit No. 5223

**Forwarding and Address
Correction Requested**



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