

THE POINTMAN



NEWSLETTER - MAY 2005



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



25th Infantry Division LRSD

(from the website)

02/01/2005

Mr. Regenthal:

I am currently back in Hawaii because I am PCSing to a new unit the Army is forming with Rangers and Special Forces guys. The rest of the detachment is in Bagram now. They should hopefully be returning back to Hawaii in March. From what we are being told here is that the LRS detachment will be disbanded by November of 2005. The Army plans to do away with division level LRS Detachments as we know it. All is well so far in the detachment. There have been the occasional fire fight but no one has been injured. I would like to think it's due to the exceptional training and the 110% the guys always give when they are in the field. This detachment is full of true Professionals! Many of the soldiers and young NCO's will be getting out of the Army after this tour and it is a shame that the Army will be losing such good men. You know the brotherhood that exists in units like this. I just wanted to let you know how the guys are doing. I am enclosing a picture of the detachment. It is from before we went to Afghanistan. We were at a live fire range on Schofield Barracks.

Thanks again for all your support!

Joe Schoch LRSD RLW

PLANNING FOR REUNION '05 (July 6-10)

Friday July 8th 2005 after RHOV Induction:
Fred Stuckey Wedding (Ranger Memorial)
Group Photo

Friday July 8th

1500 Hrs BBQ place \$9 per person on patio

Saturday July 9th

0800 Rebecca, Heidi, & women that wish to join
for a horse back ride - ten horses available.

Group photo before and after.

Saturday July 9th

0800 to 0945 F Company Unit Meeting Topics:

- Unit fund status and expenditures
- Fund raising-Dan Nate/Marshall Huckaby
- Potential reunions sites (discussion)
- Area coordinators
- DATA Base - Bill Mrkvicka
- Locator service for those still missing
- Long Way Home - David Regenthal
- Friendly Fire/Website discussion.
- Awards
- Past Unit Director acknowledgements
- Nominations for unit director
- Vote and confirmation
- Group Photo
- Adjournment

1000 hrs 75th RRA election of officers & membership meeting



This makes the eighth issue of the point man... of course it's been seven years since the last one. I hope to correct that, with your help, in the months and years ahead. I wish to thank those of you who have, in one way or another, supported the newsletters since the beginning. Rather than run the risk of thanking each of you individually, only to leave someone out, if you don't know you can learn who I'm talking about by reading any of the seven previous issues available on the web site. This of course does not include our members who preferred to remain anonymous, but that dug into their jeans in the early days when financial help was necessary... to each and every one of you I also wish to thank.

You'll find in this issue we have had the good fortune to have others contribute to the actual writing of the newsletter. It goes without saying that the newsletter wouldn't take long to read if there were no news! Let's face it, David is a dull boy, and if you let me write the whole thing it ain't gonna be no fun to read. So if you're thinking to yourself, "self, I don't know how to do that" ... sure you can! Nearly anything that anyone of you would have to say is going to be of interest to some of us — — you have my word on it.

I have two very specific goals for the newsletter (and the web site). I would like for you to help me initiate two new areas or themes. I think one very important addition would be to reignite the HOME FRONT section to be written by our significant others. Many of you have enjoyed the good fortune of having a wonderful lady to share your life. That by itself is quite an achievement... both for you and for her. I know that you know, and I'm not trying to slip one past you here, that it takes a special person to be supportive of us now (and back then). I have to say that the gals and family I have met at our reunions have been wonderful.

It is certainly time that the invitation to participate in writing for the newsletter and the web site be extended formally. I would be honored to include stories, notes, pictures, or anything our family members feel like sharing. I'm secretly hoping that one, or more, of them might volunteer to chair these sections. And whether they do or they don't I still have to say how much I've enjoyed meeting or speaking with every one of them. See, you guys are not so dumb after all <g>.

I also think (yeah I know Regenthal, how you gonna act?), but I think it's time, if you have anything to say, you better get it said. When I review our company roster, comments in the old guestbook, and look at some of the pictures on the web site, I am painfully reminded of some of our recent losses. In the past year or two we have lost some very good friends... John Rowland, Steve "Bouncer" Morey, Bob Camp, Frank Robbins and Dave Jacob. I was lucky enough to have met John Rowland when he was making "BAT RANGER" at Fort Benning seven years ago, and liked him immediately. I served In-Country with Steve Morey — Bouncer called me before deciding to attend his first reunion where Emmett, Emmett's mom, and the rest of you adopted him. I think Bouncer really felt like he was finally home once he was in your company. I, unfortunately, did not know Bob Camp, but luckily do know some of you who did. Any of you who attended a reunion prior to last Summer at Tacoma probably knew Dave Jacob. I know that Jim Hargett was very close to Dave. Dave and a friend stayed with Corky and I 10 years ago when he came to visit the Wall for the first time — there's some video on the web site from that trip.

Thinking out loud for a minute I've long felt there are reasons why some of us came home. I've long-held that one of those reasons is so that we can tell the story use of those whose names are on the Wall, and can no longer speak for themselves. You don't have to write a book, in fact you don't have to utter a single word if you don't want to. I just (speaking for myself) kinda feel like that's what were supposed to do. I know that we're pretty good at it when we are alone or somewhere in small groups retelling the stories of our fallen comrades. I think we should include the friends we have lost more recently, and that we should share those stories with others through utilization of the newsletter and the web site.

Well, yeah, I can't beat that out of you — but I certainly will encourage you to do just that. If we have learned anything at the head of the list would be that time is fleeting... so if you're of a mind to say anything... now would be a good time...nuff said?

Sadly, Corky & I lost our boys since the last Pointman...



Stripe & Gizmo

"LRRP 1"

Dave: Just a short note-wanted to get the enclosed to you and wish you well with your "Pointman" newsletter. I think it's a noble effort and I'm glad you grabbed-the-horns of this matter. Your knowledge of the unit, its history and personnel along with all of the work you already have done on the Internet puts you in a great position to get "it" together for everybody.

Me, I just keep getting older and more out-of-shape daily. If I was in Iraq right now I would only be able to fight the war between 10 and 11 AM and maybe 2:30 to 3:30 or 3:45 depending on the weather. I was talking to Jim Arp the other day. He was one of the original people who did a lot of stealing for us and is currently in real bad physical shape [in Texas] waiting to buy the farm. He's got more wrong with him than most of us combined. The only reason I mention this is because we have a pact [bet] to see who is going to piss on the other one's grave. I might not win. This "Agent Orange" heart of mine is not up to par. I've got seven (count em) seven, Cardiac Stents. This is in addition to the 13 Angiograms and 11 Angioplasties during the past five years. Oh yeah, this all occurred after the by-pass and the in-hospital staph infection, chest wall rebuild and bone removal. My current thinking is my doctors are trying to kill me but God won't let them or [maybe] God is trying to kill me and my doctors will not cooperate.

I've been reading some of the traffic you have been getting from the guys. It's emotional to say the least. There is a picture enclosed of a dozen or so of the originals. That was the first time we had seen each other in 36 years. It was the best couple of days I had had in a long time. I never realized just how much these men mean to me. I get a chance to visit with Marshall Huckaby a lot. He's something special as are all of the 75'h Ranger types. I was never much on reunions - ever. I never attended one until that weekend we met in Washington, DC at the Wall. It was my first time there and turned-out to be an experience I will never forget. Last Summer I got to go to the Ranger Reunion in Columbus Georgia next to Ft. Benning. We had a ball. I'd spent a lot of time at Benning but had not been there for several years. Last October my wife and I went to Colorado Springs for a mini-reunion. It was great!

Saw some people I had never seen, served with or knew. What a great experience. A lot of emotion on everyone's part. I have included several pictures from the Columbus reunion, Washington DC - 2001/2002 (I forget) - I forget a lot lately.

My CRS is probably going to kill me before everything else has a chance. There are also some original snap shots from Cu Chi in early 1966. Please use what you deem appropriate and I'll get the stuff back when next we meet. Lastly, I have enclosed a copy of the writing by Michael Norman - "These Good Men". I don't know where it came from or who Michael Norman is. I do know it's exactly how I feel about us. The types of men we were, and are - the things we did and no longer can do - and the friends we have and may not know them. I tried to read this at the Colorado Springs reunion and emotion over took me and I had a lot of trouble just getting through it. I wish they had been my words - they are not. But they absolutely represent my feelings towards the men; and now their families. I carry a copy, of the poem, with me at all times. Every once in a while I'll take it out and read it to myself. It means more to me every time I experience it. You might want to include it if you have the space.

I babbled on long enough. I hope that some of the material I sent helps you with the "Pointman" project. Call me if you think I can be of any further assistance. Looking forward to seeing you and yours next Summer. I'm not sure but Jo and I may make the Memorial Day weekend next Spring. I'll keep you posted.



MARK PONZILLO, JR.

IN MEMORY

Bob Camp



Dave Jacob



THE COMMUNIST FLAG

I will attempt to tell you how that communist flag came to belong to the unit. We did not have team numbers. Our team which consisted of myself Gene Tucker, Hugh Howerton, Jerry Spicer, Perry, (sorry no first name) and Charles White. We departed on a mission to locate a Battalion of NVA located about twenty miles North West of Cu Chi.

This mission began on the 7th or 8th of August 1966. We were inserted by helicopter using the usual technique of false landings with us jumping out on one of them.

Well, things went well the first evening. The next day as we moved through the area we began to notice numerous signs of what we thought were several large enemy units of a battalion size or larger. We decided to report on our usual sitrep instead of jumping the gun. We also moved farther into the wooded area and began to see even fresher signs of large-scale movement. After our setrep we then set up near a trail where we could watch it, we did so for a day but did not see any enemy.

The third day we began to hit the edge of a rubber plantation. Since it was a rubber plantation we moved very slow and cautious. Apparently we were not as stealthy as we thought we were. At about 1530 hours we were startled when a VC began to run from a position about ten meters in front of us. We later determined that we had surprised him where he had been hiding until he felt that we were getting too close. Anyway the first three of us saw that his rifle was pointed in our direction and we all fired one shot. He went down. He was dead, he had a courier bag.

Upon inspection we noticed that it contained what seemed like important information on troop positions and movements. There was also a communist flag.

At approximately 1600 hours while we were reporting this information, our security element, of which I was a member, came under fire from a Viet Cong machine gun.

While we were pinned down I saw Hugh Howerton and Charles White crossing a small clearing and the machinegun

took them under fire. Seeing them being fired upon and pinned down, I began to place fire on the machinegun and they were able to get free. We began to run and broadcast the words "Flaming Arrow", which was our emergency distress signal.

We ran from a large unit, size unknown but they sure were not afraid to make noise and they wanted us badly. They were on line so when we turned to go in another direction, they were there. They knew our tactics to get them off our tail. It took about 40 minutes for the D Troop gun ships to arrive on station. We used the usual means to mark our advance and get them off our backs with the two smoke grenades. The gun ships strafed and used rockets to keep them down while we were extracted.

When we returned we gave the flag to the unit and it hung in the command shack. Cpt. Ponzillo can relate to you the information we had captured. Ask him about it.

GeneTucker 25th Division LRRP



Over the years that you guys have been having reunions, (And I have always been invited), I've always had some lame excuse why I couldn't attend. Inside, I always wanted to go. Due to the short time that I was in the Unit, I always felt that I was not worthy enough to be there. With coaxing and support from many,

which includes my Wife Lynne who has been telling me for years that I need to go. I had talked to Bill several times over a period of years and with many invitations from him, and support from David, Dan, and others I decided to go to the Reunion at Ft. Lewis.

What the hell was I waiting for!?

Yes there were a few war stories, but mostly it was how have you been all these years, how's the family? In addition to our individual families, all of us are extended family with a bond and love for one another which is hard to explain to anyone who hasn't walked where we have walked. For those of you that have not attended a reunion yet, like Lou, Rick, and others, and you're physically able, you owe it to yourself to do so! God willing and the creek don't rise, I'll be at Ft. Benning in July. If you haven't attended yet, you might find as I did that it can be very medicinal. God bless you all.

With much Brotherly Love, **Bill Eberhardt**



In 1995 I went to my first ever reunion. It was for the ¾ Cav, 25th ID being held in Columbia SC. I didn't want to go and yet I didn't want to miss it. I had retired some 14 years earlier and had pretty well "put the Army behind me". But on occasion I had a yearning to see some of my comrades and often wondered how they were doing, or if they were even still alive or had they returned to Vietnam as I did and maybe weren't as lucky as I had been. I served with the 9th ID, 1st ID, and 1st Avn Bde in 68 -69, and with MACV 70 -71.

I got to the reunion hotel and felt out place because except for the flight crews who flew us, I did not know anybody. One of the first persons I met was easily recognizable. It was SP 5 Millsap who had been Maj Squires crew chief. In the next few days I met more ¾ Cav folks, but no LRRPs and although the reunion was interesting, I was still missing something.

In 1996 was living in Alabama and got wind of the 75th Ranger Regiment Reunion in Seattle. I had somehow made contact with Emmett Hiltibrand and picked him up at a meeting point and we traveled together to the Atlanta Airport and then to Seattle. At the SETAC Airport, Charlie Rose met me and we went to the hotel together. In the next few days I met Bill Mrvicka, Dave Reganthal, Joe Little, Dan Nate, some others, and I met Dave Jacobs and his family. The next few days took me back many, many years and although I had not served with most of those guys, in my heart I knew them.

For the next few months I felt more "fulfilled" than I had in years, but there was still a yearning to see those I served with. After countless of emails and telephone calls, I slowly got in contact with "my guys". Those LRRPs I served with in 1966 & 1967, all except for Capt "P" (Ponzilla). I really did not look very hard for him because after he left the 25th ID and returned to SF, he was killed, and I already had enough ghosts in my life. I got a call one day, I guess it was in 1998, that a Mark Ponzillo was living in North Atlanta and only about 20 miles from where I lived. I reluctantly made the call and after some verbal jousting between us, I realized that he was indeed not a ghost and he realized that the only thing I wanted was to see him. Since that day we have become hard and fast friends (at least as friendly as retired Lt Col and a retired First Sergeant can be).

In the intervening years more and more of our friend have come to the reunions and after each one, I meet someone I did not know before, but afterward is now my friend.

I still have that yearning however. There are still some guys I want to see and I still wonder how they are. As long as they remain out of my life, the yearning will continue to be a part of my life. I feel I have an obligation to find them, . . . and they have an obligation to be found.

I turn 62 in August and although I am still working and am in fairly good health, I know that I'll never have the health I once had and that I have a life insurance policy that is waiting to be cashed. But before I reach that point, I need to have that yearning taken care of. That can happen in 2005 when the 75th Ranger Regiment reunion is held in Ft. Benning and maybe, . . . just maybe, you will be there.

As I said I have an obligation to find you. . . and you have an obligation to be found. See you at Ft. Benning.

Your Friend,
Marshall "Huck" Huckaby



AND DON'T FORGET:

**JOIN THE 75TH RANGER REGIMENT
SEND YOUR STORIES & COMPLAINTS HERE
KEEP US ADVISED OF ADDRESS CHANGES
VISIT OUR HOME PAGE OFTEN
WE MEET AT THE WALL EACH MEMORIAL DAY
BECOME INVOLVED
CALL AN OLD FRIEND
AND NEVER, NEVER FORGET!**

IN MEMORY



John Rowland

Frank Robbins



JOE LITTLE



Huck must have been reading my mind! I feel that many of us have felt the same. I remember walking out of the hotel in Columbus in 1992—the 50th Ranger anniversary. Dragging my bags as fast as my nervous feet would walk, feeling that I did not belong there, because no one I knew was around, I almost made my escape good when suddenly a voice yelled my name in the lobby, and asked where I was going.

That voice was Bill Mrkvicka and I have not missed a reunion since. None of my team was there, but many that I was In-Country with were, most of them knew most of my team was wiped out and I felt a considerable amount of guilt.

Bill Evans spoke with me at the barbeque and made me feel even more welcome mentioning we are one team now. I really feel that had Bill not tagged me before I left I would still have that empty feeling you spoke about. Then there was one reunion, that was special for me when Dennis “Frag” Hackamack showed up and all I heard was his voice at the breakfast table . . . we both hugged that special hug of brothers long lost, I believe he had some tears, I certainly know I had some, both for gladness and memories past.

Every reunion carries a lot of weight for me. Becoming brothers with those I never served with has been just as important as seeing the ones I did serve with. It is important for me not to miss any of the reunions. I do not want to miss out on someone that may show up for the first time. Seeing David Regenthal at this last one was good for me, because he was another that was at my first one. I remember him asking me why did I go back for another tour and actually having a meaningful conversation with him I learned more about him as I have many others. Including you Huck, even when we had a run in over email I did not know what to think. Capt Ponzillo assured me you were okay. Then I met you and found you to have a heart of gold and quite funny!

I recall many very fun times we have had at all the reunions... Heidi & I spending time with Jo and Mark in the Jacuzzi until 3 AM. Then there was the one when a bunch of us were walking down the road back to the hotel about 12 abreast and I was talking about how hungry we were on a mission and sending out one of the guys for a banana recon, then I started talking about Pineapple (Thomas Gurrobat) and he just looked at me and said “it’s about time you recognize me!”, we just busted out laughing.

There are so many great things with so many I could write many pages about, however, the only way someone could really know is just show up and feel the bonding that takes place. We celebrate life, laugh, hear stories, laugh, tell some stories and laugh some more. I know my son really appreciated learning more about his father from the guys there and he would ask me why I never told him some of the things we did, Heidi even enjoys going -- just to see and hear how we seem to have that certain flare for life.

Joe

EMMETT HILTIBRAND



I am so glad I finally decided to go to Colorado Springs because I got to see David (Jacob) one last time. I will cherish that night, talking to him, forever. I have no regrets. I am sorry I missed the opportunity to see these new / old guys a second time. Hey, you guys out there, I miss you and want to see you again. Get your butts in gear and come to the next reunion so we can all see you. What are you waiting for...another 30 – 35 years to make an appearance? I can do the time but I don’t think time is on our side.

I missed seeing Dave Regenthal for several years and was so glad that he came to Tacoma '04 but missed seeing Gary Lemonds. I missed seeing you. There is no sound reason for missing an opportunity to see a friend. You will feel a lot worse, missing an opportunity only to find out a friend has passed away later and you choose not to go. You owe it to yourself. You owe it to all of us. Don’t just talk about it, do it!

Don't wait until the last minute, do it now. Please make sure you arrange to come to the next reunion and make a concerted effort to bring a friend along. We are only as good as the sum of our individual members. We have some good people and fun and laughter will be had by all.

Bring your smiley face, bear hugs and warm hand shakes because you're going to need them all. Bring your family so they can see the men you served with so long ago. Last reunion, someone produced a picture of three guys standing against a sand bag bunker. I recognized the two guys on the outsides but not the guy in the middle. I asked who he was and the guy who brought the picture stepped back and looked at me like "I" was crazy. He said it was, me. Not one to stand on ceremony, I told him "He" was crazy. OK, I added an adjective that shouldn't be printed here. After a careful examination, I had to finally admit it was, me. We all change. What does not change is the bond we have for each other. If you miss an opportunity such as this, then you've missed a great moment in your life to relive the good times that really make up a life. We're all here on this earth for a reason. We've all lived through hell. Come to a reunion and see if you can find your calling.

Emmett

JOE STEVENS



It's been more than a few months since I returned from the Tacoma reunion, a minor pain flying from this coast to that. This has been my third reunion, I've seen some of the same guys at each (a very glad to do so) and I have seen a few at one and never to be seen again (again, glad to have seen them). We have had (in my view) great conversations and drank many and varied alcoholic beverages. Though I may have gotten deep into my cup a time or two more often than maybe I should have and bored more than a couple of folks, I can't begin to say how good it was to see each and every one of you guys...

For that matter to see the few wives who bravely showed up. It is good to see that there are women who through the kindness many women seem to have, have chosen to pick up the burden of living with the likes of us. We are an eclectic and cantankerous group of guys. That being said, you are individually and as a group the greatest people I have ever had the opportunity to be associated with. I treasure the time I spent in Vietnam and I more than treasure the people I knew and went to the field with.

To go to a reunion is for many a difficult decision to make. The reasons are varied, for some our time in Vietnam was difficult and our time after was difficult and both were something to put behind us and forget about. Some of us lost good friends there. Some of us can't put that time behind us and relive it day to day and month to month. For some of us, it was just a thing in a long line of just things. However we came to where we are today, I can promise you that going to a reunion is worth your time and your expense and your effort. Conversations seem to pick up just where they seemed to have stopped so many years ago.

The years seemed to fall away and we all seemed (gray as time has seemed to make us) young again. It seemed that way to me, anyway. While there were a few times over there I would sooner have not brought back to light and a couple of people I would rather not have thought about. My experience at this particular reunion and at the others I have attended is positive and the friendships I have renewed are treasures beyond price.

Good or bad, that time in Vietnam, doing the things we did are things that relatively few people have had the chance to experience. While, that may be good or bad depending on one's perspective. The people I served with and the people who served before or after I was there are collectively the greatest people I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. So, another reunion will roll around next (this) year. This time at Fort Benning Ga. I highly recommend that each and every one of us attend. I am sure that there will be many reasons not to, but if you do choose to attend, you'll be glad you did. **Joe Stevens**

IN MEMORY



Steve "Bouncer" Morey

Veterans Day 2004

David Regenthal

I'm one of the fortunate ones, Washington, DC is only about a 3 1/2 hour drive for me. I like to go to DC on Memorial Day weekend and on Veterans Day. I really prefer the weather in the Spring around Memorial Day. My first trip to the Wall was on Veterans Day 1988 see "Meet Me at the Wall" on our web site.

This year I coordinated with Bill Mrkvicka. We spoke several times on our cell phones on the way down to DC on that Wednesday. Bill and I arrived at about the same time that afternoon and opted to share a room at the Days Inn in Crystal City. I spoke with Dan Nate just prior to my departure to DC and invited him to come along. Dan, however, was unable to accompany me as he already had a previous family commitment. Bill and I were able to raise Joe Little, who was in town as a cadre member of the Arizona Vet Centers and Southwest Airlines "Operation Freedom Bird".

Joe wasted no time in inviting Bill and I to attend the Operation Freedom Bird banquet. It was being held at the Courtyard Marriott, only a few blocks from our hotel. As a consequence of this, and utilizing our best LRRP skills, it only took us about 30 minutes to find our way there! I was beginning to think we should call for a marker round but Joe managed to vector us in to our destination in time for a great meal.

Operation Freedom Bird, now in its 17th year, and the brainchild of a pilot for America West Airlines, himself a Vietnam Veteran. Although I am unable to give you complete details here (you can speak to Joe Little for that), I can tell you in brief that it has been a wildly successful program since inception. The thrust of the program is, as a part of the healing process, to bring Phoenix area Vietnam Veterans to the Wall and surrounding DC area each Veterans Day. Joe Little has been very much a part of this effort since the beginning.

Bill and I were welcomed to different tables. The Freedom Bird participants were very cordial, and clearly excited about being involved in the healing process. It was kind of nice, to dine with 50 of your brothers which you never knew prior to that day. The meal (which included dessert) was fabulous, the company of our brothers even better... it was an honor to be there.

Among the honored guests and speakers were Dr. Alfonso R. Batres, Ph D., and Joe Galloway. Dr. Batres is the chief officer of Readjustment Counseling Services, Department of Veterans Affairs. He has oversight of the 206 Vet Centers providing readjustment counseling service to war zone Veterans nationally. He is also a service-connected disabled Vietnam Veteran. If you have received any measure of quality care through the Vet Centers, you can bet somewhere in there Doctor Batres had a hand in it.

Mr. Joseph L. Galloway is a senior military correspondent for Knight-Kidder newspapers. You may know Joe better as the co-author of the book, "We Were Soldiers Once and Young" which later became the movie *We Were Soldiers* starring Mel Gibson. Corky has known Joe Galloway for some time and will tell you that Joe is the genuine article, with a genuine being the operative word.

After dinner Bill, Joe Little, and I agreed we should go to the Wall together later that evening. The plan was that Bill and I would pick Joe up (this presumes we could find their way back to the motel again) in my van. When Bill and I got back to the Days Inn we found that I had left a door open in the van which basically killed the battery. So we ended up stuffing the three of us and my camera gear all into Bill's car.

We arrived at the Wall about 2330. I like to visit the Wall at night because, ordinarily, there are just not a lot of other people there. This makes it more personal for me and that's just how I like it. I had hoped to be able to capture our Wall visit on video. I knew this would be a difficult task because it's pretty dark down there. Well, practice, practice, practice! We were, indeed, somewhat successful in our task. Those of you with a broadband connection can see those results on our web site. At around 0200, we departed the Wall area in search of a cup of coffee and eventual return to our respective motels. McDonald's still had their drive-through open but for some reason I found it necessary to "walk thru" the drive-through. Well, after a couple a strange looks, I got my coffee. The young sailors we met were amused by us but didn't seem to mind.

Bill and I got up Veterans Day morning, checked out of the motel then jumped off my van. Bill headed over to the Wall to meet Jeff "Sandy" Sandell, as I went looking for a service station to check my battery. After about 30 minutes of driving around Alexandria, Virginia I decided the battery would be okay and headed into the Capital District. I was fortunate in securing a parking space on the bridge near the Lincoln Memorial — right in front of where Bill had parked. I humped my camera stuff over to the reflecting pool. Evidently they don't permit tripods around the memorial area — so I had to do my thing on the QT. I had no trouble locating Bill and Sandy sitting on a bench between a Statue of the Three-Men and the Women's Memorial. As we moved towards the Women's Memorial we ran into Nick Demongeot, then Gene Simpson. Nick came down on a bus with a bunch of other Vets — Gene resides in local area.

Soon after that, as the ceremonies had begun at the Wall — which generally signals my departure, I decided to head back home. Sandy had to return to work, and Bill planned to spend the evening with him before striking out for his home in Rochester, New York, but also made it a point to stop in and see Jeff Bond on his way home.

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HEARTS & MINDS

By way of introduction, I am the wife of a combat Veteran, F Co, 25th Infantry. I was married before; also to a combat Veteran. My father was killed in Vietnam in 1968. As a result, I have witnessed my grandparents, my mother's, my sister's (as well as my own) pain and changes as a result of the Vietnam Conflict. I also have seen to some extent the impact on my husband. Both good and bad.

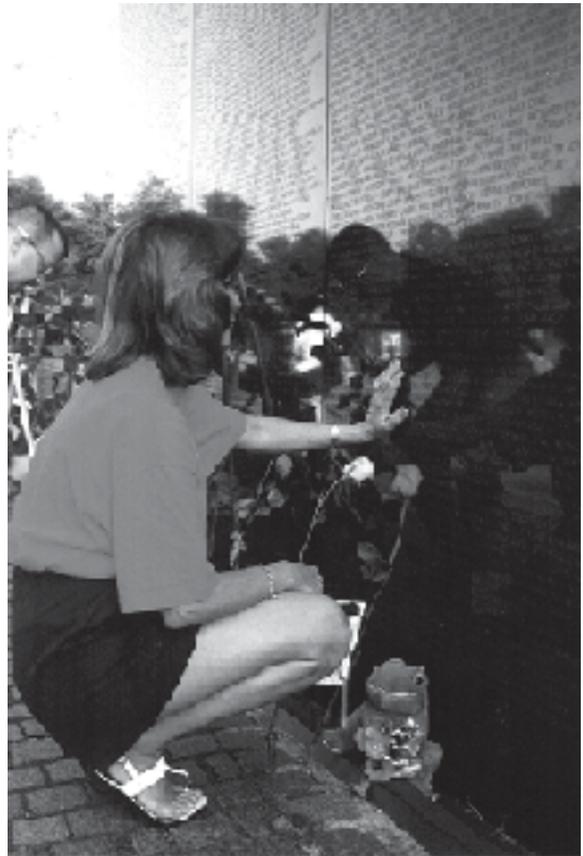
The saying "It was the best of times and it was the worst of times" is often said about War. The strong bonds created, the pride of trying to do something for your country are things that we civilians will never know. Thankfully we will never understand the "bad", such as facing an enemy, horrid living conditions and the sudden loss of comrades both in combat and accidents. Hence the phrase; "To those who have fought for it, Freedom has a flavor the protected will never know."

Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) is considered to be a **normal** reaction to an abnormal situation. I think anyone would be hard pressed to think that the events of War are normal and a low estimate of VN Veterans suffering from PTSD is 15%. Our loved ones served in a special unit that saw a great deal of abnormal situations. Those who suffer from PTSD also include victims of horrific events including the bombings in OK, 9/11 as well as rape, abuse and living in violent situations. Often victims of PTSD have a difficult time coping with ordinary situations (such as crowds, nighttime, loud noises, etc). They also usually have a difficult time with anger, many times as a result of their suppressed anger about their experiences from war. Other common symptoms are anxiety, sleeplessness, nightmares and flashbacks, depression and trouble with intimacy.

My husband (David Regenthal) is one of those who suffer from PTSD. I often forget, because he can go for periods of time without the symptoms blatantly manifesting themselves. But then again I have gotten used to many of them. He rarely sleeps more than a few hours at a time and I don't recall the last time he came to bed before the wee hours of the morning. We don't go out much and I was reminded the other day while shopping how quickly he can become uncomfortable in any given situation. He once explained to me the reason he may seem controlling is because to him "loss of control, means loss of life." He also often seems to be more involved with his "toys" and our pets than me or any other human being. He is hyper vigilant, I'm the opposite and I know that drives him crazy!

Living with someone who has PTSD, isn't always easy, but there are plenty of resources both on the internet and at the library. I love my guy, PTSD and all and wouldn't trade him for anything. He didn't just go to war for his country, but for my freedom!

Hugs, **Corky Condon**



Mack Dennard was with Company F in 1969. He was killed on September 18, 1969. This is a copy of an email I received from his sister:

From: "m.dennard" m.dennard@cox.net
To: William Mrkvicka <wmrkvick@rochester.rr.com>

Hi, I'm Mack's baby sister. I saw your post and was wondering if you could tell me about yourself and how you knew my brother. You are the first person I have been able to get in touch with. I was only 16 years old when he was killed, so I really didn't know any of his buddies. His mother and older sister currently lives with me. My father passed away in 1997. I would really appreciate you responding and I thank you for posting the picture.

Bill, thank you so much for your response. And my family was unaware of the walkway, but I will be going to see it. I actually live in Georgia. I would appreciate you sending an email out asking if there is anyone who can remember him. I understand possibly that he was quiet and stayed to himself, but it would be nice to talk to someone. I tried going through the reports on the 75th's webpage during the time he was over there and didn't see any with his name on them. I did see a person names Salazar, which that name rings a bell. Possibly he may have written my sister or something. So many years have passed, but the wound still is so fresh. Again thank you and I hope that your email will reach someone.



A Ranger in Israel?

I first went to Israel to volunteer for the IDF. (Israeli Defense Force) People from 35 nations volunteer for the IDF. I worked Sun-Wed 9-4 and Thurs 9-2. Off on Thurs. afternoon till Noon Sun. Weekends in Israel start on Fri afternoon and end early Sat. night. I ran a commo section at a base called Bat-Zap S. of Tel-Aviv.

My job was to train new volunteers on radio maintenance and repairs. I actually worked on some equipment I used while in the US Army. Radios and mounts were inspected, cleaned, repaired, and a final commo check was made before being shipped to the field. One of the pics attached is the main commo shack, and the other heading for the field to deliver radios, and the third is Israeli Army girls.. Because of my past experience in commo I was given the authorization by the base commander to do the final inspection on the radios before they went to the field. I had it quite easy at Bat-Zap IDF base once they found out my background with ASA, Rangers, and Nam. As an IDF volunteer you pay for your round trip air ticket and weekend spending money. The IDF supplies you with 3 meals a day, room, uniforms, and various sight seeing trips and lectures. Breakfast and dinner is a light meal. Lunch here is the main meal of the day. Plus, you never know what base or what you will be doing until they meet you at the airport. My wife (Ann) worked in a bakery, motor pool, warehouse and kitchen. You eat, sleep and work right with the soldiers. It is sad to see the young soldiers in the IDF. Just kids 18-19 yrs. old. Over here the boys and girls MUST serve in the IDF when they reach 18 yrs. old. NO exceptions. The boys serve 3 yrs. and the girls 2 yrs. The girls can serve 3 yrs. but only in an elite combat group. Rank is automatic. They get 1, 2 and 3 strips before they are discharged. After discharge they have to serve 1 mo. a year on active duty. NO exceptions. Basic recruits pay is approx. \$105.00 USD monthly. After both of us visited Israel we fell in love with the country and decided to move to Israel. I will continue to volunteer in the IDF and enjoy it.

Our main mission is the missionary field. We have many contacts that help and support Israel. As an old soldier I lean towards to helping the soldiers. They are in dire need of personal items, and clothes. Plus, we are in the position to help the needy in all areas. We can help the homeless, holocaust survivors, terrorist bombing victims, etc. As the scriptures read "I will bless those that bless you and curse those that curse you." Don't believe all you see and hear on the news about Israel. Most of it is propaganda by CNN, and the UN. We live almost downtown Jerusalem. Israel is a beautiful country and just as safe as anyplace in the world. The Holy land is a sight to see. The Bible comes alive in Israel. If anyone is interested in visiting Israel please let us know. We have a guest room set up for any visitors. Any if anyone is lead to help Israel please let us know and we will give you all the information....

Shalom -- Rangers Lead The Way, even in Israel.
Always a Friend, **Bruce Craft**
7 Masaryk St., #3, 93106
Jerusalem, Israel. 828-890-2497

I have walked any number of different trails since my DEROS in July 1969. I've gone back (mentally) and walked a few of the ones in the Iron Triangle, Boli and the Hobo Woods all over again. Unfortunately most of those, realized the same outcome(s) as they did thirty-six odd years ago. But all is not lost on me because those walks, served to be instructive, (even though I can be a slow learner at times).

God bless each and every one of you, all of whom I am very much in awe, for teaching me, for the private conversations, for knowing when to say nothing during those times when it was more important to listen than to speak, as only a brother can. Thank you for your understanding, and your patience when I was difficult (or impossible) to understand. Thank you for never abandoning me (or any of your brothers) then or now.

Truth is I love you guys . . . Yeah, I know, combat Veterans aren't supposed to say that "word" but I don't care because we're running out of opportunities to say it or many of the other things that need be said. When my time comes I'm gonna know that I didn't leave anything unsaid. I'll know that I didn't miss any more opportunities—I may kick deaths ass again a few more times but eventually he'll will win out, but know that, because I am a LRRP, I will never leave you entirely and that when we meet in the after life that John, Steve, Bob, Dave, Frank (and I) will have the hooch in order and your gear in place. Hey, don't be in any hurry . . . take your meds, see your doctor, love your wife (those of you lucky enough to have one) and your children. If you don't have anyone, get a dog or a cat – or just give me a call. You still got me! See you this Summer. **Reg**

RICHARD "DICK" EWALD

I have been mulling this over for awhile and now is the time to strike. There will be two points made herein. The first is about War Souvenirs; the second is where they came from. Right now I want to reach out to whoever has any items picked up in the line of work we were in. I myself have two items, and I am in the process of donating them to the Military museum at Fort Lewis Washington. One is a small hammock which belonged to a young lady nurse who was in the wrong place at the wrong time. The other is a compass, taken off an officer. As I look at these items in my office I keep feeling they would do more good where the public will see them. There is almost know one but me that looks at them anyway.

My second point is I know where they came from and like most of you in my place will never forget how you came by them. And please remember this comes from the heart and how I felt at the time. But I live with it always. In my time in Nam, I saw some things that will linger forever. This particular mission was just one. It was a tough one because there were so many Americans killed. To add credence to this account I asked Ron Hart, a Platoon Sgt. at this time to write a small description of what he saw. Dave you can ad it as a PS, or do what you think about it.

We just finished a mission with no consequence and were headed back to Cu Chi. A call came up about a LOH down. Hart who was leading the pickup said we could divert and secure the LOH. Meanwhile a second chopper filled with a SOG team was shot down while they were rappelling to secure the LOH. We landed about 600 meters away and started down a trail to assist. En route Hart, who was walking point, came up on a VC running toward us. He and Sgt. Benner engaged and we did the immediate action drill. When we started back down the trail, we came upon the dead VC. I took the compass from him.

When we reached the site I remember the carnage. We never saw anymore VC, but we saw what they did. We waited for the reaction force to arrive and secure the whole area before starting to recover the three men from the LOH, and it had burned, so it was a mess. Then gather the crew from the slick, and then the SOG team. There was only one survivor. I do remember Benner standing there talking to him and getting the details of what went on. All of the guys' SOG teammates were dead. There were twelve KIA in all. I have seen dead VC, but never dead Americans. When we put them in the body bags, we did two to a bag to make it faster to remove them. Well that was not going to work because the medivac pilots said there were too many VC running around and they did not want to risk getting shot down. So because of the weight factor and the extra time it would take to raise them we had to remove them and put one to a bag. This was a memory one does not forget, because when I secured one guy to pull him out of the bag part of his head was gone and it squirted fluid in my eyes.



Quite an end for a mission that was so quiet. We then destroyed the slick and finished our business and left. I know in war these are just things you do, but it really can affect a person, especially when you are so close to it. I did not personally know these brave men, but I will always remember them and how they left Vietnam. **Richard Ewald**



David- Sorry to have taken so long to have gotten back to you but things have been busy over here not to mention getting used to cooler weather over here. Has been dropping to below 30 degrees recently and we had snow flurries on Thanksgiving. After living for 13 years in southern Texas or Georgia, that takes some getting used to, especially in November.

Things are good over here. I'm at Camp Casey, working in the clinic. Facilities are modern and comfortable. Seoul is about forty miles and two hours away by road.

Took a trip up to Panmungon abot six weeks ago. Very interesting place. Camp Casey is an enclosed post, surrounded by a perimeter fence with guard towers. On the other hand, we have forest or town right up to the fence. No clear fields of fire out for a couple of hundred meters. Feels rather strange. Take care. **Tom Cahill**

(continued from page 8)

Now I haven't had a traffic ticket in nearly 20 years but I manage to get two in the 15 minutes I spent on the interstate traveling through Delaware. I guess I shouldn't have been so impatient to get home — \$91 later...

Evidently something was eating at me during the trip home and the days that followed. I decided that I should return to DC to accomplish a few of the things I had wanted to do but did not make the time for on Veterans' Day. I wanted to get video for our guys who haven't been or are unable to get there. I started out retracing my steps, taking more video at the Lincoln Memorial, the Women's Memorial, and the new "In Memory plaque near the flagpole, and of the Wall itself.

I hadn't been to Arlington National Cemetery in a while and wanted to pay my respects to three of our guys, Jakovac, Fitzgerald, and McGar. And I also wanted to get, on tape, the changing of the guard ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. I checked in, got my pass which allowed me to drive into the cemetery to visit the grave sites. After some walking around in section 34 I found our three fellows. I hauled my video stuff up the to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, walking up the long road, thinking it was at the Lee mansion (dumb ass that I am). I also wanted to visit a graveside of one of Corky's friends father. (Corky lost her father, a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy and "Frog" (UDT), during 1968).

He is in Rosecrans national Cemetery at Point Loma in California. Her friends father, an Air Force pilot, lost his life near the end of the war. He was MIA for about 24 years before his remains were discovered, identified, and returned for burial at Arlington.

Although I knew approximately where to locate Lieutenant Colonel Anthony C. Shine, I was not fully prepared to see the additional rows of graves from Afghanistan and Iraq. I was suddenly overcome by grief and sadness. Some of the graves were a new and only had temporary markers. Through my tears (because I just couldn't help crying) I made a point to read the names and dates on each and every one. I guess it all just came rushing back...

I know that each of you will join me in support of our young men and women in uniform today. I hope that we will remain vigilant in demanding that our soldiers, sailors, and airmen have both the tools to do the job and will be taken care of when the job is done. I've never had much stomach for politics in but you may be sure that I will become the best watchdog ever on behalf of our troops. We learned through our experiences with Vietnam that, no matter where your heart lies in the issues, it is necessary that we be able to separate them from the soldiers in the conflict. I would not presume to tell any of you what to do. I will ask, though, that you at least keep your eyes and ears open on their behalf -- Thank you!

the POINTMAN
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Mystic Islands, NJ 08087
(609) 296-5886

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Correction Requested

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