

# *Knights of the Roundtable* **Lancers**

Volume 4 Issue 2

B Co 158<sup>th</sup> Avn Bn 101<sup>st</sup> Abn Div

Apr/May/June 2003



Agent orange spray equipment. William "Rob" Roberts photo.

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# Editorial

by Lance Ruck President and David Mussey Secatary Treasurer



## Presidents Message

Welcome to the latest Edition of our Lancer Newsletter. A few new sections have been added, entitled "Project Care" and "Signing In", that will become regular features of future newsletters and ones we think our readers will really enjoy. As of the day I write this (4-28-03), there is good news and good news. Obviously "Operation Iraqi Freedom" was a quick success that clearly shows the superiority of the United States Military; more importantly, casualties were minimal for such a huge operation and we know of NO Modern Day Lancers who were killed or wounded! We are extremely thankful for that and pray that it remains that way until B/5-101 comes back home.

As a copy of this newsletter will be going to every Lancer in the Middle East, we are hoping for some personal profiles from them to be placed in future editions. IF there is any "bad news", it is that we have had no response from any MDL to date from the letters and care packages that have been mailed over the last 6 weeks. Based upon the limited information received concerning mail distribution problems in the theater, we expect responses any day now but it is doubtful any will be in time to make the deadline for this edition. In addition to information from our MDL Brothers and Sisters, I encourage those of you who receive the hard copy at home and are not on line, to mail us personal profiles so they may be included in future editions.

Some Updates: the Lancer Yahoo Group is holding strong at 75 members albeit we continue to experience severe problems with the "Chat Room". A new "Order Form" has been recently completed which makes all items now available from The Lancer Association a "donation" so as to comply with our tax free status. Suffice to say the basic donation for any item is basically the cost of the item plus estimated shipping fees and we continue to rely upon "optional donations" to build our Lancer Fund. Those items currently available or about to be available (form hopefully attached) include: Shirts, Hats, AO Maps, Lancer Patches, and a deck of Lancer Cards. We have not added the Lancer Rings to the list but information on them is included in this Newsletter.

One primary expense of the Fund is plaques and of course the most rewarding ones are those being presented to the families of our KIA as documented on pages 5 and 8 for Pat Hughes and Arthur Smith, respectively. The Memory Months continues on the Homepage and articles like those addressed herein above shall continue to be an important

part of our mission, as well it should be! Please provide stories and pictures when you see a KIA coming up that you have information on; it will be greatly appreciated. Another large expense is this newsletter itself once Gary finally consented to let the Association pick up the expenses rather than continue to subsidize it himself. That expense is now running around \$150 to \$200 for each mailing.

With this years Reunions rapidly approaching, I do want to encourage everyone to make a reunion, particularly the 101<sup>st</sup> Reunion in Reno beginning August 13<sup>th</sup>. Reservations deadline there is July 14 according to the latest edition of "Screaming Eagle" Newsletter. The VHPA is always July 2 and is in Orlando this year. Information on that, the VHFCN, and Ripcord reunions is available on the Homepage. If you have not sent in your dinner fee for the unit dinner in Reno, please do so as soon as practicable. We are looking to see 30 to 50 Lancers in Reno!

I will also be attending the VHPA with a mini-reunion in Houston, Texas on Sunday, July 29<sup>th</sup> at some convenient restaurant located centrally off the freeway to New Orleans; I anticipate a 2 or 3 hour lunch/photo shoot - hehe - better have a damn Lancer Shirt or I'll give you one! I shall be sending personal letters to those in the Houston Area when I find a place (I believe Lancer 50 is going to help me with the selection). And please don't forget my invitation to all our Florida Lancers to come visit with me at the VHPA at the Rosen Center in Orlando.

I did finally file my VA Claim on April 9, 2003 and I was told they will be setting up some appointments as soon as they get my original records. They estimate 6 months to a year to get a determination now? I shall keep all advised of that process as it occurs. Hang in there and always have a nice day.

Lanny - Lancer 13

PS: The Association Fund after this newsletter, is the lowest it has been since the Association was started. I encourage the more fortunate of you out there to make a \$50 or \$100 donation so we can build the Fund going into the Reunion Season. While I have donated at least 50 decks of Lancer Cards, it is unknown as we speak if that will be a "hot item" and generate any significant money in the short term?

# Mail Call

*Comments from our readers.*



—Original Message—

**From:** Donald Byrnes [mailto:dgbyrnes@yahoo.com]

**Sent:** Wednesday, March 12, 2003 12:25 PM

**To:** gwhitty@bellsouth.net

**Cc:** huey653@elp.rr.com

**Subject:** FSB Berchtesgaden

## Secretary-Treasurer Report

Wow, another three months has gone by in a flash. I've a few things to report on beside the state of our funds.

First, let me congratulate the flight on its fantastic effort in supporting the modern day Lancers while they were deployed overseas in Iraq. The letter and care package program went off so quickly, each of the young Lancers should have received several letters and at least one package by now.

Other projects that continue are the Memory Month web pages, trying to locate other Lancers and finding families of those we lost. The Lancer Ring project is underway as many of you already know. For those who are hearing this for the first time, there is an information page elsewhere in this newsletter. Lancer patches will again soon be available through the association for a small donation to the fund.

The Reno reunion will be upon us before we know it and we will be holding our annual business meeting. If any of you would like to see anything special on the agenda, please forward me your input. And if there are any nominees to the ranks of Honorary Lancer, let me know as well. Also, don't forget to mail in your money for the Lancer Dinner (more info p. 23) to the association home address. I'll need a head count for the restaurant.

Our Lancer fund stands at \$753.63 as of 21 April 2003. Thank you to those who have made recent contributions. And if there are any of you who wish to contribute, we could use the plus up.

Thanks,  
David Mussey

I recently read Lancers, Vol 2 issue 4, Oct/Nov/Dec 2001, Page 4 concerning the attack on FSB Berchtesgaden. At the time I was a Spec4 in Co B, 1st platoon, 2/327, 101st Airborne. During the attack, I was in a foxhole approximately 10 to 15 feet in front of the entrance to the TOC. We came under massive mortar fire. The NVA was obviously trying to blow up the TOC. The hill was basically on 4 levels & we were at the highest point. We were in the worst possible position for the mortar attack since it was concentrated on our area, but the best possible position for ground attack because of the crossfire, height, & lack of cover near the top for anyone assaulting the position.

Our position was the only one on that part of the hill without casualties. The rest of our platoon on that section took 100% casualties from the mortar fire. One shell even landed inside the TOC wounding the Colonel in charge. However, no sappers got through to the top of the hill & there were no dead or wounded NVA bodies anywhere near the TOC (command bunker).

There were only 11 of us left in the first platoon. We lost our 1st Lt. & Platoon Sgt., but we were sent out on platoon sized patrols for the next two days until our Capt. (stationed on another FSB with the 2nd & 3rd platoons) ordered our platoon to be dissolved & the 11 of us to be incorporated into the 2nd & 3rd platoon.

There were many acts of courage that went unnoticed or unrewarded, but no one ever personally killed seven NVA sappers. NO ONE.

# News

*From your fellow Lancers.*



## Vietnam Helicopter Pilot's Association Georgia Chapter

*Memorial of Carl Patrick Hughes*

*Presented by Terry L. Garlock*

*February 8, 2003, Savannah, GA meeting*

Flight,

I am pleased to advise that on Saturday the 8th I chaired the meeting of the Georgia Chapter of the VHPA in Savannah. The meeting was held at "The Mighty Eight Air Force Heritage Museum" in their library. We couldn't have found a better location to honor a fellow aviator. At this meeting we had a total of 40 attendee's including Ben Peeples and Bill Griffith.. At this meeting I presented the Lancer Memorial Plaque to the family of Pat Hughes. The Hughes family showed up with fourteen members, including two sisters who came from Kentucky and Ohio. Pat's uncle, Howard Hughes was also there. Mr. Hughes has been flying a flag on Pat's grave every day for the last 33 years. The presentation went extremely well. A friend and my sec/tres for the group who is also a great orator, prepared and presented the speech. I will post the speech as soon as I get a copy. After he was finished there wasn't a dry eye in the house. Ben also gave his own personal recollections of Pat to the family. He also presented them with a picture of a Lancer bird that is believed to be Pat flying. I have lots of picture and will over time will be passing them on.

I want to thank Ben and Bill for taking the time to come to the presentation, it was great to meet them and have them there.

Steve Crimm

Today we honor the memory of Carl Patrick Hughes, a US Army Warrant Officer Helicopter pilot who died in the service of his country on September 3, 1969 at 22 years old. He flew with the Lancers, 158th Assault Helicopter Battalion (AHB), 101st Airborne - Airmobile, from Camp Evans in I Corps, South Vietnam.

Reggie Kenner remembers Pat as short and funny, but Reggie Kenner was 6' 5", so I'm not sure his version of short can be trusted. More importantly, Reggie remembers Pat as a confident and capable pilot, and Reggie said he always felt a little better in dawn's early light when he discovered his assigned co-pilot for the day was Pat Hughes.

And Reggie says Pat was quick. One day they went down in the mountains near Eagle's Nest. Reggie says by the time the dust settled and most parts stopped moving, someone scrambled to open Pat's door to check on him, but he was already sitting on the ground smoking a cigarette.

Steve Crimm flew with the Lancers, too, but Steve didn't know Pat because their timeframe didn't overlap. I didn't know Pat, either. But he was one of us, so we all know some things about him, don't we?

For example, we know Pat Hughes was tough and smart and tenacious, because if he was not ALL of those things he would not have made it through flight school. The washout rate was 65% when I was there. We also know he served his country at a time when it was unpopular to wear a uniform.

There are other things we know about Pat Hughes, because when our country sent us to war as young men, we learned some things you cannot learn any other place.

Those who found a way not to serve might have wondered "What must it be like in battle, would I be frightened or would I have courage?" But those of us who did serve soon learned that courage is not the absence of fear, courage is getting the job done while you're so scared your hands shake.

We learned that when the shooting starts we're not fighting for the flag, we're fighting for one another. We learned what it is to dedicate yourself to a cause greater than your own self-interest, for no matter what we each thought of the war, as we strapped in, cranked up and prepared to fly each day, we were motivated by serving our brothers on the ground. They needed us to take them to battle and take them out, to bring them ammo, food and water and an occasional beer. They needed our gun cover and rockets when the enemy was strong. They needed to know we would pick up the wounded as fast as we could even under fire, and that we would take our dead brothers, too so they could go home. Our brothers needed us, and however bad it was the day before, we always had to go.

We learned firsthand what Admiral Chester Nimitz meant in 1945 when he said "uncommon valor, common virtue" as he marveled at the brutal punishment absorbed by US Marines fighting for control on Iwo Jima.

We all remember the famous photograph of our men raising the flag on Iwo Jima. James Bradley's father was one of those men. Bradley wrote the book titled "Flags of Our Fathers." As he interviewed the "heroes" of Iwo Jima and searched for the essence of Adm. Nimitz's "uncommon valor", he was frustrated as they each told him the same thing. "I didn't do anything special", they each said, "I just did my job like the other guys." Bradley finally figured out the meaning of Adm. Nimitz's observation, and that the real answer was the "common virtue" of ordinary men and women doing extraordinary things. These Marines suffered together, they came to love one another, and they fought desperately to keep one another alive.

And when some of them were singled out as heroes, they



didn't want to stand apart from all the others, they took enormous pride in being one of the guys they grew to love and admire.

That's how it was for them, and so it was for us, too.

Admiral Nimitz's "common virtue" was there aboard my father's ship, the Fanshaw Bay, as they furiously fought the Japanese Fleet, like David fighting Goliath, to protect our invasion force when McArthur's Army returned to the Philippines. Admiral Nimitz's "common virtue" was there in my unit in Vietnam, when two fellow pilots risked their life without a moment's thought to rescue me one day, as just one example. And I know Admiral Nimitz's "common virtue" was there with each one of you, and with Pat Hughes.

Even though I don't know some of you, I am proud to be one of you, because I know some things about you our mothers and fathers taught us to admire. And we know those same things about Pat Hughes, don't we?

Those who have never been to war sometimes wonder why veterans like to gather, like we're gathered here today. Some say veterans gather because nobody else can understand what war is like. But I think its more than that. I think we seek one another's company because we see in each other what is best about ourselves. I think we are drawn by the "common virtue" that binds us all together as brothers and sisters, and I think we are drawn by the often unspoken memory of all the others like Pat Hughes who paid the ultimate price for their brothers and their country.

And now, as we present this plaque to the family of Pat Hughes, please stand with me.

B Co (Lancers)  
158th Assault Helicopter Battalion (AHB)  
101st Airborne-Airmobile Division  
Vietnam 1969 - 1972  
In Memorial  
Carl "Pat" Hughes  
Lancer  
Aviator  
Republic of Vietnam  
Camp Evans - I Corps  
1969

West from the South China Sea through the Ashau Valley to Laos and beyond From DaNang Harbor, North to Quang Tri and the DMZ We depended on him - And he was always there

We most solemnly and sincerely, promise and swear - his uncommon valor Will be treasured and honored in our memories forever

Now in the High Untrespasped Sanctity of Space We know he has put out his hand and touched the face - Of God



The Hughes Family



Ben Peebles, Steve Crimm, and Bill Griffith  
Flight,

I just got this from one of Pat's sisters. She had signed the guestbook at [www.ga-vhpa.org](http://www.ga-vhpa.org).

Steve Crimm

Sent: Sunday, March 09, 2003 21:05

I want to thank you and the association for honoring my brother, Pat at your Feb. meeting. You will never know how much it meant to me and my family after all of these years. Pat was a year older than me and was the typical older brother. I can tell you that all he wanted was to serve his country and fly that helicopter. Once again, I want to thank you

Theresa Martin  
Brandenburg, KY USA - Sun Mar 9 21:05:06 2003



# The Lancer Ring

by *Dave Mussey*

Flight,

For those that said they are interested in a Lancer ring and those who may be sitting on the fence wanting to see what one would look like, attached are some artist drawings.

Additional info:

Cost for the Large elite series is \$365 in 10K gold, \$129 in the non-precious metal Platrium ( a silver color). And \$7.50 shipping, and tax for Texas residents.

The top will have 'The Lancers' and 'U S Army' inscribed around a stone of your choice. The stone colors are pretty much in line with birth month stones and can be facet or smooth. If you wish, a branch insignia, rank, or initial can be placed under the stone. That would work best with light color stones.

One correction from the drawing will be that an 's' is to added to 'The Lancer' on the top of the ring.

One side of the ring will bear the 101st patch with Vietnam under it. You may choose a specific year (ex.1969) or year range (ex.69 70) to the sides of the '101st'.

The other side will bear the Lancer logo with the years 68-72 inscribed over it. That should represent the units advanced party arrival to the redeployment back to Ft. Campbell. The

logo will be in color except for the lettering. All lettering on the ring will be in the color of the ring metal (gold or silver tone).

Orders are now being accepted by:

Jonsil Rings of El Paso, TX. A toll free number to call is: 1-800-458-7464 ask for Elvira Bustamante. Payments can be made by check or credit card. Ring production will begin as soon as 15 orders are excepted and completion should be in 8-12 weeks.

If you have any questions, email me or call Miss Bustamante on the toll free line.

Thanks,  
Dave Mussey

P.S. Please let me know that you've placed an order so I can keep track of when we get the 15.





## Juan Souto

*by Dave Mussey*

Flight,

Got back yesterday from my visit with Juan Souto in Albuquerque. Juan had served with the Argentine Army in the early 80's and had worked with a UH-1 unit and their Special Forces. He currently is an export consultant for a company in Argentina. That job frequently brings him to the US on business.

Juan had made contact with me a couple years ago to let us know about two of our old Lancer birds now in his old unit. He is very interested in aviation and is a private pilot and because of his connections still with the Army he has now qualified in a UH-1 as well.

Juan is also the president of the UH Club of Argentina. The club is made up of present and former members of the military who have strong connection to Huey units. They maintain close contact with current units and provide support where they can. They are also in contact with folks, like us, who have old birds in their units. They are trying to reconstruct the histories of these Vietnam Veteran birds and keep us informed with their progress in their new homes. I met with Juan at his hotel about 1pm on Friday. We spent just over 10 hours doing a lot of talking about helicopters and our experiences with them, our lives today and our families.

We exchanged some gifts. I presented Juan with a Lancer hat and patch, a CCA patch and some decals. He gave me a unit cap from the 602 Attack Helicopter unit of Argentina. Several of the attack helicopters are UH-1H craft outfitted with rocket pods, a club patch, picture collage of 684 after a hard landing and a calendar with aviation art of the Falklands War. I will bring the collage and calendar with me to the reunion for all to see as they are too large for scanning. We really had a good time together and Juan asked me to send his very best to all of the Lancers. The men of the Argentine units with UH-1s are all proud to be part of our history in a small way.

At right are a couple pictures taken during our visit.





## Visit with the family of Arthur W. "Root Beer" Smith

by *Dave Mussey*

On the 14<sup>th</sup> of April I was able to go out on Long Island to visit with the sister of Arthur "Root Beer" Smith, Joan Raymond, and her family.

My visit with the Raymonds was for the purpose of presenting the family with a Memorial Plaque in honor of our first KIA, Arthur Smith. It got emotional, at times, for them and me but it had been a most uplifting day.

I spent four hours with Joan, Charlie (her husband) and their daughter Lisa. We had a terrific lunch and talked at the table for a long time about Root Beer as I remembered him and as Joan remembered him. I got to retell a couple stories of how Root Beer and I got into trouble a couple times and about how things were for us at Ft Carson.

Joan showed me some old pictures of him and also the ones she has on her cabinet shelf. When they found out our nickname for Arthur was Root Beer, she added a couple of root beer lollipops on the shelf with his pictures.

Joan and Lisa may join us next year in Columbus for the 101st Div. reunion. I told them we would be honored to have them there with us and many of you who knew Arthur would especially like to meet them.

They expressed their thanks for our association and what we are doing to contact the families of our lost brothers.

Attached are a couple pictures I took while I visited. One is the presentation of the plaque to Joan, another is of Lisa, who found our site and made the first contact, and the last is with Charlie.



## "PROJECT CARE" - CALLING ALL LANCERS!



### PROJECT CARE

by Lance Ruck

Soon after the Modern Day Lancers (B Co, 5<sup>th</sup> Bn, 101<sup>st</sup> Abn Div.) were deployed to Kuwait for "Operation Iraqi Freedom", information was supplied on various web sites of unit addresses. Because of the close association between the MDL's and the RVN Lancers (B, 158, 101) which began several years ago at Ft. Campbell at the Veterans Day Parade and continued with numerous events at the 2002 101<sup>st</sup> Assn. Reunion in Nashville, many from both groups were already communicating with each other.

However, it was Hannibal Bray, the former B/5/101 Commander who initially made contact with the RVN Lancers, who again came to the forefront and provided the names of the current 63 MDL's so that contact could be made with our Brother/Sister Lancers participating in Operation Iraqi Freedom. In an email dated March 20, Hannibal wrote to Lancer Association Secretary Dave Mussey in pertinent part:

"I'm writing to ask for your help in a letter writing campaign to the Lancers who are currently on the front lines doing our nation's business, like all of you were once upon a time (more years ago than anyone probably wants to remember). By the end of the day I'll have a roster with all the first/last names and the APO address to send mail to the troops. There's about 50-60 names, so what I'd like to propose is that those interested volunteer to send at least one letter to someone on the list. And maybe we can keep track of who's writing to who, to make sure everyone gets something. I'm sure you guys can attest to how nice it was to get mail from time to time."

By March 22, Hannibal passed on the 63 names and Dave addressed the Yahoo Email Group with an email entitled "Calling All Lancers" which stated: "Here is an update from Hannibal on our guys in Iraq. I've randomly selected SPC JAMES DUNCAN as the one I'll write to. Lets try and give this a big effort from the flight."

At that juncture, our steamed (opps . . . , esteemed) President Lance Ruck (whose personality has been best likened to that of Darth Skywalker), sent this "challenge" in an email dated March 23:

"Flight: Of all the projects we have going on with the Lancers, the ONLY ONE that is truly IMPORTANT right now is the "CALLING ALL LANCERS" !!! My list shows the following to date: RS16 - SPC Bassett, Dave - SPC Duncan, WF - SPC Weltch, Me - CW3 Erickson & Nikolao and SPC Towner. There are two reasons for this in my mind: First and foremost, the events of the last 24 hours have shown this is not going to be a "walkover" but a war . . . , I just witnessed film of an American troop on fire rolling on the ground as his fellow

comrades attempted to use their own bodies to put out the fire! This is Lam Son 719, i.e., conventional warfare all over again and it will get much worse when we enter Baghdad! Second . . . John Donaldson said it best some time ago and I shall paraphrase . . . , Shirts, Rings, Reunions are nice but helping fellow veterans (and now modern day Lancers in combat) is a much more noble mission for our group!

In essence, we have 57 names left on the list who deserve a letter and/or care package from our group in order that they know we are behind them 100% and that we care about them and the job they have to do! Step up Lancers . . . , don't make the dark side of me come out again . . . have you had a "bitch slap" lately? Quite frankly, the hour and a half that I spent shopping and preparing the three packages today gave me more satisfaction than I have had in years. Hell, it was even more fun than "ribbing" the "Elite Republican Guard" in our group. Ah . . . , many seem unaware that true "yellow dog democrats" actually have their heart on the "RIGHT" side of their bodies! (hehe)"

*Apparently, "The Farce" was with Lanny on this endeavor; and within 8 days he was reporting to Hannibal and the Group that all MDL's had been covered and most had letters and/or care packages already on the way!*

*As Editor of the Knights of the Roundtable - LANCERS Quarterly Newsletter, I am extremely proud of the way our group stepped up so quickly for this most important "mission"; and obviously, more proud of the Modern Day Lancers in the manner in which they have performed in Operation Iraqi Freedom, thus adding to the history and lore of "The Lancers"! They say there is no greater bond among men than the one that results from being "comrades in arms"? While I certainly agree with that, the events of the last several years have now allowed that bond to transcend the generation gap also.*

*Your "Editorial Board" (don't ask - hehe), has selected some of the many letters sent with various care packages for your reading enjoyment. It is hoped that this edition, or the next, will also include responses from our MDL Brothers and Sisters and hopefully some "personal data" on our MDL's that they are willing to share? Obviously, we plan to insure every MDL gets a copy of this newsletter; and hopefully, it will catch up to them back at Ft. Campbell? Gary - Lancer 28 - Editor.*

Letters start on next page



H Bruce Pusey  
26 March 2003

Andrew,

Both you and James Summers are getting the same letter from me on this first go-around.

By way of introduction, I am just another member of the OldFarts Battalion writing to wish you well as you take advantage of Uncle Sam's all expense paid trip to faraway and wonderful places. May this letter find you in good health and enjoying the comradeship of friends you will remember for decades. The bonds that you form now will last forever. I know that you have already been advised to take a lot of pictures, and I agree with that advice. Years from now you will cherish each of them, especially the pictures of your friends. Quite possibly, years from now, you will find yourself in my shoes, writing to a new Lancer and wishing by all that is holy that you could be with the Lancers again.

Although I can't be with you guys, I can do a little to make your tour a little more bearable. I remember what Army chow was like over 30 years ago, and I suspect that under certain circumstances the good stuff is still not readily available. You should each soon receive a package that contains a few snacks and other items which you might find useful. I have no idea what your tastes are, so I sent you some things that I would have liked to have and a couple things that I would have killed for. Both of you guys will get the same items in this package since I don't yet know what each of you wants or needs. Please let me know what you want or need and I will turn heaven and earth to get it for you. If there is something in the packages that you can't stand, let me know that also, so I can substitute something else in the next package. Don't be bashful about it, mark my words, someday you will have the chance to repay me by doing the same for someone who isn't even born yet. Besides, I am going to send packages occasionally whether I know what you want or not, so it might as well be something you can use.

Don't you guys worry about the frigging idiot protesters. They do not represent the country. The only reason they are getting air time is so that the networks can get advertising dollars. Stories of level-headed people aren't newsworthy; only the outlandish and outrageous stories draw attention, ratings, and advertising dollars. Just because a talking head is on TV doesn't mean that he knows anything, only that he can generate revenue. Rest assured that the vast majority of folks support you and your efforts.

Guys, I know this may sound corny, but check your equipment and recheck it. When you are finished rechecking, check it again. Professionalism will carry the day.

When you guys get a chance to write, I would enjoy hearing from each of you. What is your MOS? age? family size? likes? dislikes?

Good luck and good hunting,  
Bruce

10

Steve Marteo

Enclosed is a letter sent by my one of my sons with our package to CW2 Taylor. I would like to share it with you all.  
Oceanfisher1 - David Marteo

Dear Mr. Taylor,

I heard you were fighting in Iraq so I would like to write to you. My Hobbies are wrestling and playing video games. My favorite video game is Medal of Honor Front Line, and skate boarding. I am in the sixth grade. I am 12 years old now, and my name is Steven Marteo.

I wrestle because it keeps me in good shape and motivates me more to try harder to be a better wrestler. I've won a lot of my matches but my season is over right now. But not entirely, My dad is sending me to a wrestling camp to improve my skills and wrestle in USA open freestyle tournaments. I've gone to three tournaments this year. I got a silver, bronze and gold medals. I went to a wrestling banquet where I got a trophy award for courage. I think you got a lot of courage, because of what bravery you have been displaying in front of all of us Amercians today. What are your hobbies and some of the things you like doing? I live in Sonoma county. Where do you and your family come from? I thank you for keeping our country free. The one reason I like California because it is very interesting and there are a lot of things to do. I like camping in the summer with dad and going fishing on our boat for salmon. What music do you like? I like rock and rap. On my wrestling shirt I am going to put on the back of it, CW2 TAYLOR. And I'll try to win some tournaments for you Taylor.

Take Care and Godspeed  
Your Friend  
Steven Marteo



Message from the Ruck family. "Go 101st. Lancers Kick Ass and hurry home safely."

# On the Ground

*Stories, history and tactics of the ground troops.*



## History of the 101st during the Lancer period Part X

*Reprinted with permission from:  
101st Airborne Division Screaming Eagles  
Turner Publishing Company*

Operation Texas Star began on April 1st and saw the 2/ 506th's Delta company OPCON to the 1/506th acting as a security force to protect the artillery battery on Fire Base Granite. At the same time Charlie Company conducted a combat assault into the mountainous area to clear the way for the construction of Fire Base Gladiator. The Screaming Eagles were moving back into the mountains.

The same day, Bravo Company assaulted onto Ripcord again and bumped into a bigger hornet's nest than Alpha company had two weeks earlier. Recoilless rifle fire, in addition to RPG's, small arms and mortars combined to make the crest and slopes of Ripcord a dangerous place to live. While the battalion began to make the necessary moves to direct its attentions toward Ripcord, Bravo Company burrowed in deep and prepared to hold on.

While Charlie Company remained on Gladiator, Col. Lucas ordered the battalion's Recon platoon to reinforce Bravo Company on Ripcord while Alpha Company CA'd onto a nearby ridgeline. Delta Company was sent on a long sweep toward Ripcord from the north with the mission of looking for the mortar and recoilless rifle positions threatening Bravo and Recon.

It soon became apparent the positions on and around Ripcord where tenuous at best, and the decision was once again made to extract the battalion's elements. On April 3rd, the last of the Screaming Eagles were lifted out, suffered six killed and 21 wounded. On April 4th, the Currahees were back in knocking on the door again. This time Charlie Company got the honors of assaulting into an LZ not far from Ripcord, secured by remnants of Alpha. With Alpha, Charlie, and Delta now on the ground, the operation began to pick up steam and the enemy withdrew. On April 10, Col. Lucas decided once again to take Ripcord. Charlie Company got the honors and combat assaulted the abandoned fire base under the sound of friendly fire impacting in the surrounding mountains. There is no enemy resistance.

Charlie Company spent the next thirty days reinforcing Ripcord's fighting positions and strengthening the perimeter during the lull in action. Bravo Company outperformed Charlie during the following thirty-day period.

Except for the hard work and overabundance of sunshine, a thirty-day stint at Fire Base Ripcord was taking on the characteristics of a standdown. The NVA sneaked in once in a while to drop a few mortar rounds, just to let the Americans know they weren't forgotten. While Bravo and Charlie filled sandbags, Alpha and Delta roamed the hills and valleys around Ripcord looking for the enemy, with Delta seeing some success. Late in May, Recon also got in on the war and donated four dead NVA and a prisoner to the cause.

June saw little opposition from the enemy. On the 16th, Alpha Company took over base security on FB O'Reilly, and Delta moved onto Ripcord to spell Bravo for some patrolling. Charlie Company achieved a little success during the "dead" month.

In late June, radio intercepts, agent reports, and captured enemy documents forewarned that an NVA attack on Ripcord was imminent. On July 1st, Alpha Company 2/ 506th was still securing Fire Base O'Reilly, Delta company was protecting the battalion TOC and the "redlegs" of Bravo Battery 2/319th Artillery on Fire Base Ripcord, Charlie Company was set up on nearby Hill 902, Bravo Company was sweeping the jungles southwest of Ripcord, and Recon platoon was screening across a wide band running from the northeast to the southeast corner of Ripcord. Echo Company, the battalion heavy weapons component, had recently moved six mortar tubes onto Ripcord and another three on O'Reilly.

Over the past three months, enemy sappers had attempted to penetrate the perimeter at Ripcord, but had always failed. On the morning on July 1st, 1970, the siege of Fire Base Ripcord began with a barrage of recoilless rifle fire. Unbelievably, no one was injured in the initial onslaught. But by the end of the day, after eight successive barrages of recoilless rifle and mortar fire, six U.S. paratroopers were medivac'd from Ripcord. Two Chinook helicopters had also been shot down. During the day, Charlie Company, on nearby Hill 902, observed the enemy's heavy weapons being fired and adjusted deadly and accurate fire on the positions, causing serious losses. It would not be long before the enemy realized the source of its losses and decided to remove Charlie Company from its position on Hill 902. At 0345 hours in the morning on July 2nd, the NVA sent a company size sapper attack against Charlie Company's defensive position. The enemy's sappers were inside the perimeter before being detected. Their initial satchel charges confused the Screaming Eagles who did not understand if the explosions were mortars or satchel charges. When the enemy's small arms and RPGs joined it, the Currahees finally began to respond. The Americans fought like Tigers. Their commander, Capt. Thomas T. Hewitt was killed early in the attack. Leaderless the Currahees fought individually to throw the NVA sappers out of the perimeter. When the flight ended an hour later, Charlie Company counted eight dead among its ranks with



nearly 50 wounded. But the enemy had left 20 dead on the battlefield, with numerous blood trails and drag marks leading off the hilltop and into the jungle.

Capt. Jeff Wilcox took over the reins of Charlie Company as it was extracted from Hill 902 and reinserted at another location. Ripcord continued to be the beneficiary of the NVA's main efforts, receiving continual mortar and recoilless rifle fire. Capt. Rollison, Delta's commander, expected at any minute to get hit with the ground assault. Another Chinook was shot down, this time directly on the fire base.

Bravo Company, under the command of Capt. Ben Peters, and Recon platoon, led by 1Lt. Romig, continued to patrol through the jungles surrounding Ripcord, killing several NVA moving to support the enemy units assaulting the fire base.

On July 6, Bravo and Delta Companies flip-flopped positions, with Delta company moving west toward Hill 1000 and the Recon platoon, which was probing toward expected enemy positions around the crest of the hill. The Recon platoon met heavy resistance and pulled back with its wounded. When Delta company arrived on the scene, it's commander sent a platoon forward to recover Recon's abandoned equipment, and decided there was more on Hill 1000 than just a few NVA laying in ambush. He pulled back and plastered the crest with heavy artillery for a solid hour, then put his company on line and assaulted. In a very short period of time, Capt. Rollison discovered he had stepped into a den of angry bears with only a stick for defense. Delta had little choice but to withdraw. However, low on ammunition and dragging along two dead and several wounded, Delta company was having a difficult time breaking contact. Hovering at treetop height, LTC Lucas arrived on the scene just in time, kicking out cases of smoke and fragmentation grenades. In spite of drawing heavy enemy fire the entire time they were over Delta's position, Col. Lucas and his pilot escaped without being injured, even though the chopper took seven hits. The extra grenades and a few well-placed air strikes enabled Delta to break contact and withdraw. They had accounted for seven dead NVA by body count.

The next day, Delta Company, assisted by Charlie Company, attempted a second time to assault Hill 1000, but to no avail. The enemy was there and well entrenched in heavily fortified bunkers. Delta Company was lifted out of the area on July 9th and combat assaulted to an LZ in the Fire Base O'Reilly area. Alone, Charlie Company moved back around to the east flank of Ripcord.

On July 10th, Alpha Company, under the command of Capt. Charles Hawkins, combat assaulted to Charlie Company's LZ while Charlie Company moved in to secure Fire Base O'Reilly. Later that day, Alpha Company, along

with Delta Company 2/501st (which had been placed OPCON to the 506th), commanded by Capt. Straub, combat assaulted into the area just below Hill 805 located southeast of Fire Base Ripcord. On July 12th, the two companies had secured the hill amid light to moderate contact, destroying numerous bunkers and fighting positions in the process. It was then becoming obvious the enemy had dug in all-around Ripcord. D/2/501st set up housekeeping on top of Hill 805, while Alpha Company moved to an LZ 200 meters away and dug in. That night Delta Company 2/501st got hit by a heavy barrage of mortar and RPG fire, and some well directed small arms fire. From its position 200 meters away, Alpha Company was able to observe where the enemy fire pasting Delta was coming from. Capt. Hawkins directed his troopers to place accurate fire on the enemy positions, forcing them to break contact after an hour. Alpha suffered no casualties but Delta had 16 men wounded. Enemy dead littered the slopes of Hill 805.

On July 13th, Alpha Company moved off Hill 805 and went in search the enemy within the confines of a rugged valley southwest of Ripcord. Delta would remain on Hill 805 until July 17th when it was evacuated. It had been bled white by heavy attacks during five straight nights it was on the hill.

For ten straight days, Bravo Company had been trapped in its bunkers on top of Ripcord. The constant shelling made life outside of the bunkers almost impossible. Resupply was nearly impossible, and any attempt to land a helicopter was met by a renewed barrage of mortar fire. Throughout this constant deluge of falling rounds, Echo Company mortarmen and artillerymen of Bravo 2/319th performed brilliantly, putting out continual fire support for the infantry companies working the surrounding areas without missing a beat.

# In the Air

*Stories, history and tactics of the aviation units.*



## Memory Lane

Been housebound for the past couple of weeks while recovering from some minor surgery, and Merle's questions triggered a bumpy trip down memory lane. Remember any of this?

Bruce Nesmith  
CE 648 & 536  
Lancer 7/68 through 4/70

Making morning formation at Carson and then piling in someone's car to ride the mountain roads all day  
Jug wine for breakfast

Butts Army Airfield and 20 brand new hueys

Field exercises in the snow

Being told one morning that we were now "Lancers" and wondering who thought that up?

Escape and Evasion training over the mountain and through the prickly pear

Drinking Black Russians

Cross country flights to exotic places like Cheyenne and Oklahoma City

Mooning the MP's from the bus as we left Ft. Carson  
Boarding the plane and saluting the Commanding General - sort of

The airport terminal at Anchorage. Snow & the fur shop

The terminal at Hue-Phu bai airport where we landed on coming in country. (Strange but true - the terminal at Vicksburg MS is almost identical even to the shit yellow color)

The tent that was the first maintenance hanger  
Salvaging filled sand bags (full of real white sand) from the old Cav bunkers (found out years later that my brother probably helped place those salvaged sand bags originally. He said that they sent trucks to the coast and paid the locals to fill the bags for them)

Our first and as far as I know only battalion parade

Watching the Sea Bees finish our hooches and build the hanger

The big bunker behind the Company office where the medic lived

The K9 unit on the other side of the paddy

The landing pad just down the hill from the mess hall, and the mess in the mess hall when Maj. Tommy T landed on it. I think that may have been the only time it was used

Learning to sleep through the artillery from the 105 unit at the top of the hill, but waking up on the way to the bunker for incoming

How much better LURPS tasted than C's. The little packs of cigarettes in the C's

C Ration can opener - P 38. With a hole so you could hang it on your dog tag chain

Red Cross care packages with cigarettes, candy, WD40, paperback books, etc.

The Great IG inspection and the convoy to nowhere. The reason for it and what happened to Sgt. Snow while with the convoy

Standing in front of the Company office and watching water spouts form over the South China Sea

String extractions

The funny looking bugs that swarmed the lights at night

How we cursed when the officer's pizza oven tripped the breakers on the generators

Learning to appreciate warm beer

Drinking games and poker

Mule races and hill climbing contests

Beer at \$3.00 a case for premium and \$2.40 a case for off-brand. Jack Daniels for \$1.10 a fifth.

A carton of cigarettes for \$1.30

Exercising caution when pissing off the bank by the NCO club at night, lest you slide off the edge into the ravine  
Pissing off the bank by the NCO club at night, and having someone curse you from down below

Shaving and brushing your teeth in a canteen cup of water

Learning to make a C4 stove

Circular rainbows (glories) in the fog

Watching a quad 40MM gun fire tracers from Evans into the western foothills



Door gunner taking a dump in flight. Was that CBW warfare?	Watching as the road to the Ashau got longer day by day
Hearing the 16 inch shells from the New Jersey pass over Evans	Sleepovers at some firebase while on standby for flare mission
Landing on the Repose, or worse yet on the fantail of a destroyer	Ash and Trash. C's, ammo, mail, hot meals, water, replacements
Riding in a C130 or C123	Playing bombardier as we punched off sling loaded drums of foo-gas followed by a Willie Pete grenade to burn off brush cover around some of the fire bases
The casual quarters at Phu Bai. The first time -our first night in country - listening to the out-going artillery and not knowing what it was. The second time - 5 months later - laughing at the newbies for jumping.	25 inches of rain in 24 hours, and 100 inches of rain for the week
Flying spray missions to put Agent Orange on the spots that Ranch Hand missed	A flare going off inside the aircraft and getting it out before it ignited
Wondering if the barber was a closet VC as he approached you with that straight razor	Parachute silk for decorating purposes
The typhoon	The events of the day we flew an aircraft that was 60 hours past a 100 hour inspection to Eagle for headquarters REMF's to use for check rides
Watching an Arc Light mission from the air at night - close enough to feel the concussion and see the trees flying through the air	The monster Mad Minutes at Evans on the 4th of July and New Years where everyone who could walk shot off whatever came to hand
Flying over the Bob Hope show site on our way to Birmingham to be part of the security detachment on Christmas Day and trailing red and green smoke	Tropical Chocolate
Cleaning the brush from our section of bunker line and putting down new wire	Eagle Beach
Seeing the gas truck - and crew - burn on the bunker line when they popped an old trip flare by accident. (Seems like that was an A or C Company operation)	How the headquarters area at Camp Eagle looked like civilization with sidewalks, and REMF's in starched uniforms walking around and saluting each other.
Flying over the resettlement village just outside the wire at night and taking fire - every time	What a treat it was to manage a lunch stop at the Navy base in Danang.
Going out at night with the night scope, spot light, and mini gun. Always wondering whether you were going to light up some lost farmer or someone with a grudge	ARVN's filling up their cigarette lighters with JP4 from the drain cocks
The time the marine artillery at Camp Nancy laid a fire mission on the Evans perimeter	Tracking rotor blades with the canvas flag and 100 MPH tape. (I told some of the new Lancer CE's about that, and they would not believe me. Told them that the rotor blades were made of wood and they thought that might have been possible)
Learning to shoot the 90 MM rocket launcher out by the base water point.	The coffee pot in the maintenance hanger by the supply room that was never washed. Just add a new layer of grounds and more water each time it got low
Deciding to not drink water after seeing where it came from	Walking out to the ramp from the company area in the dark without a flash light
Psyops missions with loud speakers and leaflets & they always wanted to go low and slow	People sniffer missions. Low and slow; and lets go over again but lower and slower.
Never seeing the beginning or the end of a movie	



How cold it was in the Avionics Shops under the air conditioning units

Oretels 92 and Carlings Black Label

TDY at Quang Tri before the Marines pulled out. Eating in their Mess Hall. Marine Charlie Models for gun cover.

Watching Dr. Dolittle with Rex Harrison at Cam Ron Bay, and then staying in the bleachers and watching a rocket attack and perimeter probe while everyone else ran for the bunkers

Name the following: Bull, Swede, Hulk, Nose, Daddy Rabbit, Tater, Doc

R&R - Manila, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Kaula Lumpur, Australia

Gettin' Short

Mama Sans taking a leak standing up

Haulin' Donut Dollies out to Airborne & Ripcord, and perfume blowing in your face

The smell of old blood

A huge black panther crossing a bomb crater on a mountain side north of Khe San

The missions that ended at one of the evac hospitals or at grave registration

Trying to will someone to stay alive until we reached the hospital

Low leveling down the ruined runway at the abandoned Khe San base

Beautiful sunrises and sunsets

A ruined french villa in the jungle just east of Khe San

The huey mast and rotor blades sticking up out of the water in the bay between Hue and Eagle Beach

Hey GI, You got Win-thon!!! Salem!!!

Balls to the wall low level flight down the 10 mile straight-away on HWY 1 playing chicken with the oncoming traffic

The big flag at the bridge north of Dong Ha

Bangkok - a picture of me with a 18 ft. python draped over me. Pretty girls and good food.

A Vietnamese logging crew working days to cut a huge tree at FSB Bastogne

Deer hunting and barbeques. The orders from on high that we had to stop because we might catch some disease and die.

The feeling that you were getting close to home when you got back to the Ashau or to Khe San

RPG trails through the formation on one of our first CA's

The citadel at Hue

Manila - Phillipinas and San Miguel beer. 10,000 drunk sailors from 3 navys.

Earthquakes

12.7mm tracers at point blank range

Red whips of mini gun tracers at night

Signing the "We were never here and swear to never tell" paper for the FOB folks

Spooky putting down fire around an overrun 5th mech laager at night - like a revolving red waterfall

Intermediate inspections twice a week during busy times - in the dark and rain by flashlight

Going to OPs to get the morning flight schedule

Being told "I don't care if you idiots did fly it in, we're going to sling load it out"

Waking crews for early missions and knowing which ones to be wary of

Two guys wearing khakis and Hawaiian shirts and carrying Swedish K's driving a jeep through Mai Loc. Could they have been spooks in disguise?

Seeing one of those John Wayne style booby traps swing out of a tree and bash an APC in the side when we first went into the Ashau

Powered eggs and reconstituted milk

Big orange pills and little white pills

Our abortive company morning formations

Enormous rats

Burning shit and diesel fuel. Black smoke plumes hundreds



of feet high over every US installation

Pretty Vietnamese girls

The traffic in Saigon

Going home and everyone wondering if you were crazy

Wondering if you were crazy

30 years later and still wondering if you're crazy, but now knowing that we're all still there for each other

Bruce,

Hope you have a speedy recovery from your surgery and yes I remember most of those things you mentioned. Would like to know 'Doc's' real name though. I've a picture of him posted on my picture page link but can't remember his name. I thought it might have been Merle Ward, but he said he didn't wear glasses back then. I'd also like to find 'Daddy Rabbit' some day before its too late. Gary W. had discovered that another of our '69 brothers, one close to me, had passed on in 2002 before I could find him, Robert Washington. And been trying, without success, to find Willard 'Bill' Waits.

Thanks for the memories,  
Dave Mussey

Bruce,

Talk about memory lane! I could comment on almost every point you made, plus add some. Thanks for the trip.

I'll relate my experience with the K9 unit which if memory serves me was called Kit Carson Scouts. Now I've been bit by a dog and have been kicked and bit by a horse, so I'm a little afraid of both. On one of the few times I had guard duty on the flight line, it wasn't to guard against Charlie, but to guard against those theiving GI's from the other companies. It seems that they would try to come steal parts from our aircraft if there wasn't a guard posted at night. On this particular night, I was being cool, trying to stay out of sight, when out of the night this big monster comes running up to me and rears up and puts his feet on my shoulders, looks me in the eyes, and shows me his big teeth. It was so big I thought it was a horse, but I knew a horse didn't have teeth that big. It seemed to be 10 feet tall, had teeth that were at least 6 inches long and was showing them to me like he was going to bite my head off. About then, one of the scouts came up, called the dog, and they were gone off in the dark just as quick as they came. Right then someone could have carried off all the parts they wanted and I couldn't have did a thing.

Life is good! I could have been born a Frenchman.  
Merle Ward

Bruce,

I don't remember the send off at Carson, when I sobered up everyone was laughing saying that I tried to hug the general's neck and knocked his helmet off. I eventually got an article 15 for that. It was the only article 15 where everyone was laughing that I can remember.

If "Daddy Rabbit" is still around you can bet he has a half gallon of cheap pink Chablis and is chasing women 20 years younger than he is.

Don Bullock

Bull,

I also think that I remember that they gave you 30 days at company hard labor and fined you 1/2 of a months pay or something like that. So you spent your 30 days filling sandbags with the rest of us and never missed the money as there was absolutely nothing there to spend money on. I always thought a lot of the "Rabbit". If we ever find him, there's going to be one hell of a party.

Really great to hear from you. Chattanooga is not that far away, Maybe we need to see if we can organize some kind of meet.

Bruce Nesmith

Finally someone admits to something to equal barfing in Mr. Whitty's boots. :))))), although I did not get an article 15 for it, and Gary was not yet a General. Hmmmm, maybe you have topped my OOPS.

Gary ..... what can I do now to regain my title ????. Maybe I can barf on the dice table in Reno. I would have Lanny as a witness. I would laugh, and I bet he would too, and you could be a witness and laugh too.

My hat is off to you Don,  
Walt Fuller

Walt,

The way I remember Don's hug to the CG, Don's helmet came off and fell onto the CG's foot. Ow!

Dave Mussey

# Humor

*The lighter side of military life.*



## The Great Crab Feast

*by Brian Bailey*

Submitted just for fun. I was not present for this event but have heard brief accounts of parts of it. In one of my stranger moods I began to look at the possibilities it presented and began writing. So here (taking great poetic license) is the story of the great crab bar-b-que. All names have remained intact to fully implicate anyone I can.

Morale, it was low, as low as could go  
The faces of all were so drab  
The need it was clear, that the time had drawn near  
For feasting on barbecued crab  
All troops near and far, even those in the bar  
Agreed that this was the cure  
For raising morale, they'd put on a chow  
Now that was the ticket for sure

So OP plans were drafted, reviewed and re-crafted  
Until everyone there was assured  
That covertly they could, yes, they knew that they would

Get a load of fresh crabs with a bird  
But here I digress, the theft and the rest  
Involved in getting the chow  
Is a whole nother story, of valor and glory  
And it's best not gone into just now

So preparers prepared, as RLO's stared  
Tossing back cold 33's  
And silver wings shined as the bunkers were lined  
With warrants all set for a spree  
For what better fun, than crab on a bun  
"Let's just put this dumb war on hold."  
And have us a barby, a regular old party  
But the outcome could not be foretold!

Captain P stuck a match for the charcoal to catch  
And learned much to his own chagrin  
That some evil soul, a warrant or troll  
Had flooded the grill to the brim  
A quart, then some more, of jet fuel type four  
Exploded to life in his face  
And turning about, preparing to shout  
Found the warrants had vanished in space





Damned sneaky vandals, just look at my sandals  
Singed, smoldering here on my feet  
And somewhere he heard, like the cry of a bird  
“Look! P’s got no hair, man that’s neat”  
‘P uttered an oath, to maim, kill or both  
If he ever discovered just who  
Had cost him his hair with one fiery flare  
And effectively charcoaled his shoe

But he turned to his chore, tossed back one beer more  
Then piled the meat on the grill  
Hot dogs, and crabs, and burgers and drabs  
Of things that are talked about still  
The feast it was grand, the best in the land  
Crabs, burgers and dogs all consumed  
But little they knew as they sucked down their brew  
That one there amongst them was doomed.

Now this story could close, put an end to the prose  
But the best part would never be told  
Of intrepid Lance Ruck, blessed with RLO’s luck  
Discovering the crabs were too old  
Now Lance, legends say, would rue the next day  
When he cranked up that old UH-1  
And soared off to war, with a whoosh and a roar  
In search of brave deeds to be done

He had scarcely gone far, when he felt with a jar  
A strange contraction and pain  
With a quizzical glance, he checked out his pants  
To see if there might be a stain  
Now his stomach it grumbled, and then loudly rumbled  
And sweat on his face it did glean  
His sphincter contracted, as his colon reacted  
And he slowly began to turn green

Lance, he was smart, and before it could start  
He slammed the collective full down  
And fell from the sky on a desperate try  
To find somewhere flat to sit down  
The skids barely touched, when his stomach he clutched  
And bolted from that darn machine  
He ran for the grass, pulled his pants down his ass  
And squatted down like a Marine

The rumbling sound, heard for miles around  
As Lance preceded to spew  
Was widely mistaken for the normal ground shaking  
Of an arc light by B-52’s  
Click! Realization, as Lance held his station  
Crouched there by the tree  
That nowhere around, nowhere to found  
Was one simple roll of T.P.

So Lance got creative, and kind of went native  
Squatted down there in the grass

His boot it went flying, and he began trying  
Using his sock on his ass.  
His wardrobe diminished, until he was finished  
And humbly thumped back to base  
No socks and no skivvies, all were used on his privies  
Of his underwear there was no trace

The legend lives on, in story and song  
Of Lance, and the crabs, and the squirts  
And no one will know, cause it was so long ago  
If his crew still had any shirts  
But as for me, I giggle with glee  
Each time I think of the Ruck  
Landing here, landing there, with growing despair  
That his zipper just might become stuck.

Brian  
Lancer 33  
SOA 2053-GA  
SFA A2975

Actual photos from the great crab feast.  
oppiste page the famous Capt’n P Salute

The crabs being served up below.



## The Web

*Interesting links and web page reviews.*



## Book Reviews



### DAV, Disabled American Veterans

<http://www.dav.org/>

*Webmaster: unknown*

*review by Dave Mussey*

The DAV's website contains a wealth of information for members and non-members alike. Its homepage is simply displayed and easy to use with abundant links to its contents. The page contains quick links across the top, just under the DAV banner, for the site's sitemap, contact information, feedback form, search form and the DAV Magazine library. The left side of the homepage has links to the DAV's internal plans and operations functions. To the right of those links are links that provide some of the most beneficial information on the site. On the right half of the homepage are news and update links which include recent court rulings and budget information effecting Veterans.

One of the internal links is for DAV members. This link requires you to login for access. If you are a member the login is very simple, just input your DAV membership number and your date of birth. The system does a member database lookup and provides member access. The member section has more detailed information on member benefits, dates and locations for Conventions, Mobile Service Offices, and Information Seminars, the Constitution and Bylaws of the DAV and leadership listing information. The member benefits link gives a listing of participating discount programs. A couple of the more impressive programs is the internet connection via DAV.net for unlimited access at a fairly low cost and the Dell Computer discount.

Two other impressive links from the homepage are the 'for Veterans and their families' and the 'Legislative action and you' links. The former link contains two very important links for Vets dealing with claims before the Department of Veteran's Affairs and other government agencies and a listing of resource material. Some of the resource material includes the VA manuals, forms and employment assistance information. The later, contains a host of information on how the DAV is assisting with legislative actions to benefit veterans and how you can become a voice to be heard in Congress.

An interesting note from the News and Updates section, the DAV is recognized for its support of the Emmy winning documentary *Korean War Stories*. There are also numerous links to pages on the many different programs supported by the DAV and information on how to become a member. Membership isn't necessary to view most of the pages on this site but I have to say that, from personal experience, being a member of the DAV had been a great help to me when I was fighting through the barrage of VA red tape.

### Hunter-Killer Squadron

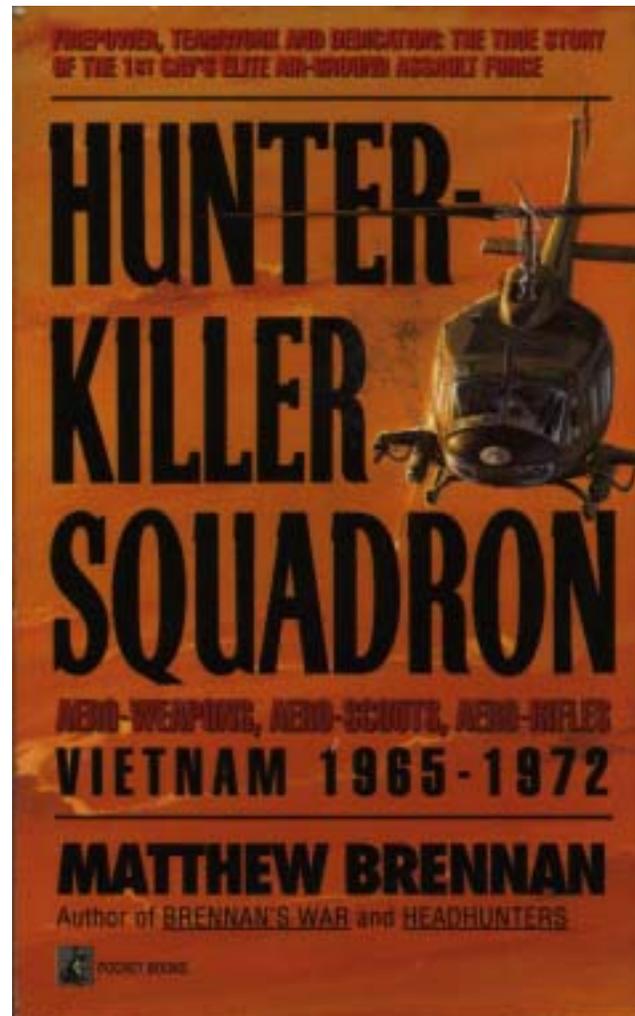
by Matthew Brennan 317 pages

Pocket Books \$6.50

*review by David Mussey*

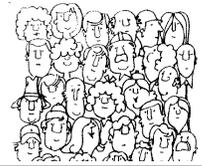
This book is an excellent look into the lives and style of warfare of the air calvary. While Matthew Brennan is credited as the author, the collection of stories are written by the men who experienced the individual events. There are thirty different stories from the men who flew aero-weapons, aero-scouts and aero-rifles, in Vietnam, between 1965 and 1972. I found the book to be very interesting because the majority of these stories depict a very different type of mission that we, in the Lancers, were used to performing.

I highly recommend the Hunter-Killer Squadron to all who have a keen interest in Vietnam aviation.



# Reunions and Events

*The what, where, when and who.*



## Lancer Unit Dinner Night at Famous Murphy's Restaurant 3127 South Virginia Street 14 August 2003

Flight,

The Lancers will dine for unit dinner night in Reno at Famous Murphy's Restaurant. The menu will be a choice of Roasted Prime Rib or Broiled Pork Tenderloin. All dinners will include a Caesar Salad, Vegetables, Sour dough rolls, Macadamia Nut Mud Pie and coffe, tea or iced tea. Cost of dinner, including tax and gratuity, will be \$28.00 per person. Seperate children's menu and other drinks will be available individually. Your choice of dinner will be made at the restaurant.

The reservation is made in the name of The Lancer Association. We are asking everyone who plans to attend to make advance payment to The Lancer Association Dinner Fund. This will give us an accurate head count for the restaurant and have the funds on hand at the time of billing.

The time of our gathering at the restaurant is 7PM and dinner service will be at 7:30. I am sure that we will have enough of us with transportation to and from the restaurant without problem. If you have any questions, please give me a call or write via e-mail or snail mail.

Looking forward to seeing you all in Reno.

Sincerely,

David B. Mussey  
Secretary-Treasurer  
The Lancer Association

## Ohio River LZ Mini



Our whole gang getting ready to do the 158th Line Dance ( Led by Andy, of course)

Paul & Margaret, Andy, Bill & Denise and Steve

Paul and Margarte Cole, Steve Smith, Andy Archer, my wife Denise and I attended this mini-reunion last night in Covington, Kentucky. There were about 120 people in attendance for the dinner at the Hilton Inn. What a great night!

Bill 17

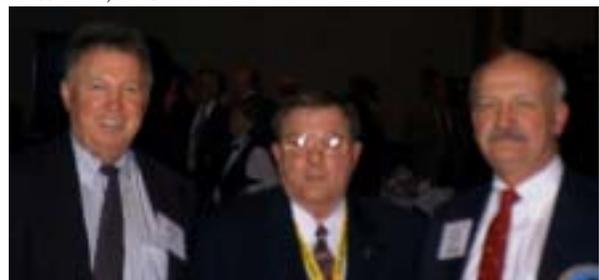
Flight: Mini was had in Cincinnati with a few Lancers and one Redskin in attendance. Photo #121 was taken on aturday afternoon. Photo #147 was in the evening and just after someone slipped something into my drink. Please notice how it began to get fuzzy then. Hum. Later I couldn't HAW. Best to all,  
Andy



Steve Smith and Andy Archer

121 above 147 below

Bill Walker, Paul Cole and Steve Smith



# PTSD



## Boundaries

by Patience Mason

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"I've been thinking a lot about boundaries this month because they have always been a difficult issue for Bob and me. I suspect it is for all trauma survivors and their families. Bob seemed to me to have walls that shut me out, and I didn't seem to have any boundaries in either direction. When we disagreed about something, he thought I was saying that he was crazy, and I always thought he was being deliberately bad (because I was always right). Our boundary problems led to a lot of pain." "For trauma survivors developing healthy boundaries is important. Often in the most literal physical sense, trauma is a boundary violation: the bullet entered your body, the fist hit your face. Recovering the sense of your rights over your body, that it is safe to be in your body in this world, can be a monumental task." "Family members can also have difficulty with boundaries, as can therapists. This shows up as efforts to fix people because we need other people to be fine to prove our worth. I used to let Bob's actions and feelings control how I felt about myself. (If Bob was depressed it meant I was a bad wife, not that he'd been through a lot in Vietnam). I invaded his boundaries by trying to control his actions and feelings to "fix" him. (Don't be sad.) Boundary violations were my way of life. Therapists and people in 12 Step programs who tell you you don't need whatever (usually whatever they are not doing, therapy or program) are having a boundary problem. Only you can know what helps you, and you can only find out by experience. Experience is how one develops boundaries and a sense of self. Many of us have never seen a healthy example of boundaries." "Unhealthy Boundaries:" "Too Weak: when you become enmeshed in someone else's life and wind up feeling what they feel, doing what they do, and not being you, you have weak boundaries. Under traumatic conditions, however, that can be a survival skill. Many combat vets could read each other like a book. Hyperalertness to each other kept them alive. Traumatic bonding between abuser and abused is also a survival skill. Reading the emotions of the abuser and becoming what they want you to be can save your life. It also carries a great price. Being able to sense others' moods is helpful in relationships, but always being what someone else wants you to be (the woman who doesn't mind if he gets drunk/ the guy who will do anything for his wife) is a form of dishonesty which prevents real intimacy. No one can be intimate with someone who doesn't know what s/he feels, wants, likes or dislikes, or who can't be

honest about it, even though such dishonesty developed as a survivor skill." "The weak boundary experienced by survivors who are endlessly triggered because they are so open to sensing danger is a very painful state of affairs. What's outside you controls your inside. Avoiding triggers is helpful, but developing boundaries so things don't set you off is part of recovery. Furthermore, another safety issue is that hyperalertness can lead you to reading danger into a situation where it doesn't exist, causing unnecessary defensiveness or even violence." "Too strong: Walls don't make you safe either. When you hear about the sexual abuse survivor who gets raped by some guy she met in a bar, realize that her wall of numbness prevented her from reading the danger signs. She's not dumb, she's numb. If his buddies died, a veteran may try never to care for anyone again, putting up walls which prevent him from getting the support he needs to heal." "Although aggression (yelling, bossing, rejecting) or isolation (putting up a wall, or simply not being around others) are the usual forms of too-strong boundary, during prolonged inescapable abuse dissociation can be a way of creating a boundary in order to survive. Denial, too, can serve as a boundary (didn't happen/didn't affect me). So can compulsive behaviors like alcoholism or relationship addiction. Overeating puts up a wall of fat to keep others out. (At the other extreme, the person who always wears skintight clothes may be sending an unconscious message, "I have no boundaries.") Reality keeps breaking through this kind of boundary, sometimes traumatically." "Putting up a wall of numbness or anger can lead you to be abusive because if it "didn't bother me," you may be unable to perceive how it could bother someone else. You can't tell that you are hurting them (or that your numbness is evidence that it did bother you)." "Overly strong boundaries require a lot of effort to maintain. Nothing affects you but nothing can get through to help you either. Lots of survivors alternate between weak and too strong boundaries, getting close and then cutting people off, or trusting no one and then quickly becoming totally enmeshed." "Healthy boundaries: Ideally human beings have healthy boundaries that are like the semi-permeable membrane that surrounds a cell. Boundaries allow you to let out bad feelings so you don't drown in your own waste products. They close to protect you from harm, but they open to let good things through. They allow you to give and receive support, become really close at times (like during lovemaking or intimate conversations or quiet cuddling) yet operate independently at other times. Healthy interdependence is the result." "For me it has been important to recognize that small actions taken one day at a time will help me recover, while great resolutions to change completely and forever (I'll never do that again!) have been both futile and led me to self hatred (What's wrong with me? Why can't I change?) So here is a bunch of suggested small actions to help strengthen your sense of self, and your respect for and knowledge of yourself, and your ability to accept others because you have boundaries. Take what you like and leave



the rest. This works if you are a survivor, family member, or therapist.””**Pause Button:** Visualize a pause button when something upsets you and take a moment to pick out an action that might help you rather than reacting in the same old way. Here are a few actions you can take:”Locating yourself in the here and now: When you are struggling with intrusive PTSD symptoms, it can be very valuable to write out on a 3x5 card an appropriate statement for you to read and say over and over:””I am \_\_\_\_\_. I’m \_\_\_\_ years old. I am in \_\_\_\_\_ and no one here wants to hurt me.” Add to this whatever affirmations are helpful. I need to feel this pain so I can let it go. It’s okay if I make mistakes. Having it written out and in your pocket can be a lifesaver. I works best if you pull it out and read and say it till you get relief.””Using the word “I:” People often say “You make me feel...” or “That made me feel...” One of the smallest most empowering changes you can make in your thinking is to use the word “I” when you talk about yourself. Replace “you made” or “that made”, which is giving away your power, with the words, “I feel...” Even if you feel other people do make you feel good or bad, just phrase it differently. Say “I feel \_\_\_\_\_ when you\_\_\_\_\_.” Eventually this new way of talking will strengthen your boundaries. Your perspective on your feelings will shift. You may even feel you have more power over what you feel.””Using the word “I” when talking about yourself can also change your perspective. Many of us habitually use generalities, say “You want to be nice,” when what we mean is “I want to be nice.” or “You don’t want/need that,” when what we mean is “I don’t want you to want/need that.” Using “I” really made me think! Today I prefer to say what I mean. It helps me to know myself better and see if I’m in your business.””**Separating my feelings from yours:** When someone else’s mood controls yours, it means your boundaries need strengthening. Automatically reacting is a lot of work. Identifying it is the beginning of healing. How? Ask yourself is this my feeling or his/hers? If it is not your feeling say to yourself, “I am not whatever. S/he is whatever, (depressed, angry, numb). Or say “I’m me, and I don’t have to feel what s/he feels or think what s/he thinks.” A simple but effective technique is to keep repeating it to yourself. This seems awkward and stupid at first but it really helps over the long haul. These phrases block the emotion and remind you that you are separate from others. Visualize a boundary if it helps, a fence between your garden and his or hers. When you can separate what you feel from what others feel, you will find yourself more able to tolerate other peoples’ bad feelings, even sympathize, because they will not longer control how you feel. Letting other people feel what they feel (acceptance) is a big part of intimacy. Learning to have a good day when those around you are having a bad one lifts the burden off them of ruining your day.””Another thing that helps me is to visualize a glass globe separating me from another’s emotions. When someone picks on me, sneers at me, says something painful, I see the words hit the glass, but they bounce back because, it’s their problem, opinion, attitude. I might want to examine it, but I don’t have to take it in as the truth about me, nor even react to it,

because I have healthy boundaries. Criticism becomes not at all devastating, just information I may or may not find interesting or useful””Another technique is **active listening** which I discuss in *Recovering From The War*. By listening to others and reflecting back what they say, you practice having a boundary with them and you sharpen your perception of the difference between you and them. It’s a self correcting process, too. When you listen and hear it wrong, they tell you! You can see how you hear things as opposed to what they actually said. It’s really interesting. Learning to actively listen takes a lot of practice. We’re usually composing an answer before the other person it through speaking, (which is not listening). Survivors have trouble listening, too, because stuff seems so petty or because they have trouble concentrating, a symptom of PTSD. Active listening helps with concentration by focusing you on what the other person is saying, because you are going to paraphrase it : “I’m so angry! My boss moved my desk to where I can’t see out the window.” Old pattern: “So what!” (minimizing) or “So quit!” (solution) both of which lead to an argument. Active listening: “He really pissed you off!” As you identify the other person’s feeling (confirming the boundary) they feel heard and supported and you get practice in healthy boundaries. It’s the same when a trauma survivor expresses pain. Instead of saying, “Get over it,” learn to paraphrase. Recently a WWII vet was telling me some of his experiences and my paraphrase was, “you really went through hell,” which was exactly what he was trying to tell me.””Trauma survivors need to be able to have and tolerate painful feelings because they are normal when you’ve been traumatized. They are also evidence of what you’ve been through. Your family, friends and therapists need to respect that and learn to tolerate them, too. As they develop healthier boundaries, your bad days won’t ruin their days.””**Tolerating painful feelings instead of running from them eventually leads to healing** (see the HEALS acronym in V2, N2). By tolerating a feeling, I mean actually feeling it for a short period. HEALS means flashing the letters “Healing” in your mind, which is a good pause button. Explain to yourself what you are feeling and feel it for about 30 seconds. Apply self compassion, Love yourself, and then Solve the problem. Feel the feeling without necessarily believing rhat the feeling reflects reality. I may feel hurt, but that doesn’t mean someone meant to hurt me. I may feel guilty, but that doesn’t mean I am: it may just be something I’m used to feeling. Most of us were brought up on large doses of guilt.””**Identifying what you feel is another way of working on your boundaries.** Keeping a list of feelings written down on paper is a good way to start identifying your feelings. Pull it out and look at it if you are having trouble identifying what you feel. You can also start a journal entry describing your immediate reaction (I’m feeling tense... I just yelled at someone...) and look at when you’ve felt that way before (the strength of many feelings comes from a different time zone, often the time of your trauma or childhood) or what that action has been caused by in the past (usually



when I'm yelling it's because I'm afraid I won't get some need met. What need am I afraid about now?). This kind of examination can become a very useful habit." "Many trauma survivors are angry and defensive. **These feelings are a natural result of having one's boundaries violated.** Anger may have saved your life. People who are defensive have healthy fear behind it. However when the traumatic situation is long gone, anger and defensiveness can linger and hurt relationships, leaving you without community or love. Behind anger and defensiveness, there are painful feelings needing to be felt. Stifle them long enough and they blow a hole in your wall, shrapnel hits those you care for, and you feel so bad you retreat behind the wall determined to make it thicker." "It's better to work on making it healthier rather than thicker." "We all hate to be told we're angry. I can't tell you how many times I've said "I AM NOT ANGRY," while smoke was probably coming out of my ears. Ditto defensiveness. "Yes, but—" is my clue there. You may have others like black and white thinking (You're either for me or against me)." "It can help to identify the physical part in your body where you feel: for instance some angry people grind their teeth or clench their jaw or sigh a lot, so if you have trouble knowing when you are getting angry check you body for physical signs or ask your family and friends how they know when you are mad. You may feel fear as a churning stomach. I feel it as total numbness, so whenever I can't feel anything, I know I'm scared. Then I write about the fear till I can feel it, and it passes." "Developing a healthy boundary can also help you sort out feelings. You feel pain because of the trauma you were involved in (combat, battered wife, house fire.) That is your right. You don't have to be over it no matter what someone says. It is okay to be in pain. You can feel the pain at your own rate and it will pass. If you feel shame at having been hurt, you can feel it without believing it. You can visualize yourself handing that shame back to your abuser. You may have to do that many times in your head before it becomes part of your boundary, but you didn't cause your abuse, you didn't want it, and you didn't deserve it, whatever anyone says." "Learning who you are: For people who don't think they have the right to be, much less be themselves, deepening your sense of self is an important part of recovery. Start writing a list with the heading: I like...." "Start one with Things I might like... Trying new things to see if you like them is one way to get to know yourself. This can be as simple as changing the radio station you usually listen to, driving a new route to work, trying a new food. You can also keep a list of Things I don't like. Trying something and not liking it is good. It means you are not afraid to make mistakes and be human. These lists may change with time. Good. It means you are growing." "Other ways of finding out more about who you are include working the 12 Steps especially the written ones (4 and 10), getting into therapy, keeping a journal, or working some sort of recovery book. My experience has been that I do better when I have support. If you start to work a recovery book and become overwhelmed, get help. We weren't meant to

handle either trauma or the effects of living with someone who has PTSD alone." "Another way to start working on boundaries is to figure out who owns the problem? If Bob is depressed because of his experiences in Vietnam, he owns the problem. If I cannot tolerate his depression and insist on trying to fix him, I have made it my problem. I'm violating his boundaries and making work for myself. I need to detach and let him have his problem. The work I need to do is on becoming able to tolerate his feelings, not either adopt them (getting as depressed as he is or more) nor try to change them. There are 22 readings on detachment in the Alanon One Day at a Time, (available from Al-Anon Family Groups, 1600 Corporate Landing Parkway, Virginia Beach, VA, 23462). When I was first learning to detach, I read all 22 every day for weeks. Loving detachment isn't ignoring someone. It is listening without adopting or fixing the problem. Practice detachment and you practice boundaries." "Many people, especially men, are solution oriented (giving solutions violates boundaries, by the way, unless the person has said "What should I do?"). People who have a problem want you to listen to it and say "that must be hard for you," not "Do this. Do that." Each time a person with a boundary problem listens to someone else's problem without trying to ignore or fix it, he or she is strengthening his or her sense of self and increasing his or her tolerance for other people's emotions instead of avoiding them, i.e. growing boundaries!" "Saying no: Another step in developing boundaries is learning to say no to others and learning to accept no. For trauma survivors, being able to say no to activities that might trigger them is important. As part of learning what you like, saying no to things you don't like is important even if you've always said yes before. Screaming no is a sign that you don't yet feel you have the right to say it. As time passes and your boundaries strengthen, you'll be able to say it politely because you will know inside that you do have the right to say no. Other people do to. Today I can accept no for an answer because it is no longer proof of my worthlessness but simply that person setting his or her limits." "Saying yes: Once you can say no, you can also begin to say yes for healthy reasons. You may say yes to things you'd like to do but have been afraid to try. You may say yes to people who ask you to do things because you would like to do them and can do them for free and for fun (not because you should or for a payback). You may even say yes to some things you don't necessarily want to do but are willing to do because they fit your values and help you be the kind of person you want to be (not they want you to be—not people pleasing)." "Asking for what you want: once you have more of an idea of who you are, what you feel, what you like, you can ask for what you want. This stops a lot of people because they feel that if they don't get what they want it was all for nothing. That's where the phrase "do the footwork and turn the results over" helps me. Asking early and asking often, so that saying no is okay, also helped me. I used to only ask when I was desperate so it wasn't a request. It was a demand." "Today I do not have to have other people do what I want. I ask for what I want, but I don't have to get it,



because someone else's behavior is not a reflection of my worth. The fact that they don't do what I want probably has nothing to do with me. It has to do with their issues, because they are separate from me, and I am not central to their lives like I am to mine. (I can trust that they are human and are going to put their interests before mine.)"By the way, when I haven't gotten people to do what I wanted, things have often turned out better than anything I could have imagined."

**Perfectionism:** Once I learned I stop at my skin, I learned to accept myself and to believe that I was okay even if I wasn't perfect. I'm just me. You are you. When I could accept me, I could accept you and begin to stop trying to violate your boundaries to make you perfect. Perfectionism and healthy boundaries are not compatible. Perfectionism is another big issue for trauma survivors who may feel if they had just been good enough or done it right, the trauma wouldn't have happened. So they try to be perfect or to raise perfect kids. Another variation is the trauma survivor who says it didn't affect him or her but is heavily invested in proving it by being perfect and having a perfect family."

"When I'm violating you to make you perfect I do not have healthy boundaries. If I'm letting you violate me to make me perfect, I don't have them either. With boundaries, I can set limits, say no, have and express my own opinions, keep out of other people's business, especially business between two other members of my family (no triangulating), learn who I am, and let other people be and grow."

**Physical boundaries:** No one has the right to touch you or your stuff without permission. "Please don't touch me," is a perfectly polite statement and no explanation is required. "Why not?" on the other hand is rude and intrusive."

Physical boundaries also include having your own space. After being very close one way to return to normal boundaries without quarreling is to simply go do something in a different part of the house from your partner."

"You don't have the right to touch others or their things without permission unless you are a parent pulling your kid out of harm's way. Please don't take it personally if someone doesn't want a hug. You don't know what they've been through. Please don't make your kids hug you or anyone else. You set them up for abuse that way. Please don't hit them either. It makes them hyperactive and confuses love and violence in their minds. Try to see what the child needs that s/he isn't getting and meet that need directly. It is usually attention. If you fail and spank, don't give up. You can always say you made a mistake because you are human and you are sorry and start over again the next minute. This sets a good example that no one is perfect."

**Spiritual boundaries:** One of the worst forms of abuse is spiritual abuse. True spirituality is something you find for yourself not something that is thrust down your throat along with a bunch of rules. No one has the right to tell you what to believe. Different people need different answers. I think that's why there are so many different spiritual and religious paths. Not because one is right and the others wrong, but because they all have something that someone needs. I have no argument with someone who says "X is the answer that works for me." Someone who says "X is

the answer for everyone," doesn't have good boundaries. They usually want your money too."

"For years, I practiced my boundaries by writing out the Serenity Prayer every morning: Grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change (I wrote in people, places, and things that were bothering me), the courage to change the things I can (I wrote in "my own actions, reactions, perceptions, what I'll put up with"), and the wisdom to know the difference."

"The wisdom (and the willingness) to know the difference comes with practice. The courage to change the things I can showed me what was inside my boundary; accepting the things I can't showed me what was outside my boundary. Seeking a higher power also helps with boundaries. If I'm playing God of course I have no boundaries, but if I'm not God then I am finite and do have boundaries. Accepting help from others and learning to take what I like and leave the rest strengthened my boundaries, too. When I thought we all had to think and be alike, I didn't have boundaries. Today I do."

"Living with healthy boundaries is far easier than living without them. I am no longer the prey of emotions that fluctuate with every outside influence. Sometimes I get more reactive, but I know I don't have to continue to react. I call it recycling. I choose to use the tools I've learned to change my reactions by taking new actions. I don't give up when my old patterns come back. I look inside to see what's going on with me. If you find yourself saying "I should be over this," let go of that perfectionism and black and white thinking, get out your feelings list and your journal, figure out whose problem it is, practice your boundaries. It's another opportunity to grow.""



## LancerS

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