



Walking Point

The newsletter for D Co. 2/8 Vietnam 1965—1972

Ghost Mountain by Edward Regan (Range, 68-69)



In the months following the Communist Tet Offensive, the Khe Sahn relief expedition, and the A Shau Valley assault, all in early 1968, warfare continued unabated within the northernmost area of South Vietnam.

This section, named “I Corps” by the military, comprises a coastal plain that stretches from the South China Sea to the foothills that rise gradually above the plain. Beyond these foothills stand many tall, densely jungle mountains. In these lie the unmarked boundary between Laos and South Vietnam.

It was by way of these mountains that the NVA, or North Vietnamese Army, infiltrated through to reach the densely populated cities of Quang Tri and Hue.

Second Battalion entered the foothills of the mountains after returning from the A Shau Valley in May 1968. Their mission consisted of finding and eliminating the enemy’s supply routes and bases.

The Battalion “humped” or patrolled from the foothills to the mountains over the course of late Spring and most of the Summer. By a strange coincidence, the opening and closing weeks of the operation were the worst in terms of enemy contact resulting in casualties. The opening operation involved the discovery of a NVA Regimental command post or bunker complex in the mountains west of Quang Tri, while the closing operation resulted in numerous friendly casualties and the near annihilation of an infantry company. (Off LZ Carol, B Company was reduced to one Platoon.)

The end of the Summer found “D” or Delta Company, a body of soldiers consisting of 100-120 men, led by a Captain, divided into three Platoons of 30 to 40 men each, led by a Lieutenant, manning a frontier outpost deemed an “LZ” or landing zone. Landing zones had names attached to them; in this case, ours was LZ Carol. From a distance, the LZ resembled a tall green giant, with a bald head, due to the vegetation being cleared on top of a mountain. The LZ consisted of numerous artillery guns set in strategic locations around the base, a perimeter of sandbagged bunkers beneath the guns, and in front of the bunkers, three circular strands of barbed wire, which if viewed from the side would look like two circles side by side and a circle on top of the two.

My bunker stood down the slope from the “chopper” or helicopter pad. Looking down toward it, an observer would see many trees blown down as if a tornado and fire combined had swept the hill. Many trees and stumps lay strewn around on the ground. The bunker sat amidst the blown down trees. The immediate area around the bunker consisted of empty C-ration boxes and cans, ammunition boxes, and a vast array of canteens, packs, and other equipment.

From inside the bunker can be heard laughter, as men are playing cards. On top of the bunker, sitting in a cross-legged fashion and listening to a transistor radio, I am quietly contemplating how I will enjoy the upcoming days, if in fact the rumor we have been hearing is true; that we are to be going to a Marine and Navy Seabee base on the South China Sea called Wunder Beach. We will pull base security for several days and enjoy the ocean water while not pulling guard and hopefully enjoying some peace and relaxation. We had just finished “humping the boonies” for the past month and were ready for a much needed rest.

I’ve been in Vietnam now for four months. Only 8 months to go. Man, that seems like an eternity. I carry a radio, which seems to weigh a ton. I am the radioman or RTO for the first squad of my Platoon named Rifle Range or Range for short. I don’t spend a lot of time playing cards like the others. I prefer to sit alone, listen to my transistor radio and the only station available, AFVN or Armed Forces Vietnam radio. They play all of the latest hits that are being played back in the “world,” another name for the good old USA. As I sit here, I like to imagine how things will be, once I get out of here, like having a bed with clean sheets and a pillow instead of the hard ground and a gas mask. While others have various fantasies, my favorite fantasy is to place a glass under a kitchen tap, turn on the water, and let it overflow again and again. I never seem to have enough water. I’m always thirsty. I can only carry so many canteens, but I never seem to have enough. Dreaming again. Why not? With eight months to go, which seems like an eternity, how will I ever make it? Plus, with things that have happened so far, with good brave men getting killed and wounded, how am I ever going to make it?

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Angry Skipper Association, Inc.® Board of Governors

- President: Chuck Kline (Weapons, 65-66) chasman925@cfl.rr.com
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- Secretary: Robin Woo (Skull, 71-72) rwoo@surewest.net

I just hope that if I'm ever needed in an immediate situation, I don't panic and run. Oh well, let's light up another cigarette and think about what might be someday, because all I can do in this moment in time is enjoy life one second at a time because over here, things seem to happen with no warning and immediately one is thrown into a life and death struggle with noise, confusion, and much adrenaline pumping.

All of a sudden, out of a clear blue sky, came an unfamiliar sound. Wheeeuuussh! Wheeeuuussh! Blam! Blam! Two thunderous cracks ran out as all hell broke loose.

"What the hell was that?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Marty, my Squad Leader. "Doesn't sound like mortars or rockets to me. Must be artillery. Enemy artillery!"

"Oh, my God," I moaned. "We'll never get out of here now."

As we found out later, the enemy had two artillery guns trained on our base. A Company, located between the guns and us, warned us of each salvo coming in. By use of this method, we had a few seconds to get our heads down.

"Skipper Niner Niner, Skipper 6," called the CO (commanding officer). "Be ready to Charley Alpha (combat assault) in two zero minutes."

"Skull roger. Range roger. Cat roger," came the replies from the three platoons.

"Saddle up," came the word from our Platoon leader. "Be ready to move ASAP (as soon as possible)."

I hastily readied my radio and pack for the field. The radio itself was a rectangular box twelve inches high, fourteen inches wide, and six inches thick. It was strapped to the upper half of a pack frame. On the top of the radio hung six smoke grenades and on the back, a small pack for miscellaneous supplies. On the lower half of the frame was strapped a bed roll consisting of a nylon blanket called a poncho liner and the poncho itself. Two socks filled with food cans were also tied onto the top of the radio. The pack weight about 75 pounds, more or less. I also had a web belt with two ammunition pouches, a few hand grenades on the pouches, and two full quart canteens snapped on. I also had a gas mask and an extra bandolier of ammunition strapped to my waist.

I put on the web belt first and then my gas mask. With a grunt, I lifted my pack off the ground and jammed an arm between the strap and frame. With another grunt and a shift of my weight, I put another arm through. The pack was now on me and with a few adjustments, it settled heavily on my shoulders. I tied the bandolier around my waist, put on my helmet, picked up my hand phone with my left hand, M-16 rifle in my right, and I was ready to move. I was sweating like a dog, and I hadn't even humped yet.

I humped up the hill to the chopper pad, and as I struggled to the top, I could hear the whup! whup! whup! sound of a helicopter coming in to pick up its load of men. I reached the top just as the chopper set down. The wind from the chopper blade blew me so hard that I had to struggle to reach the platform, and upon doing so, I climbed in and helped others get in as well. The chopper gunned its engine and turned the slow whup whup sound into a fast put put put. The chopper lifted off and soared into the blue sky. The view was fantastic. I could see for miles. I viewed the blue ocean with ships in it miles away. To the West, I observed the high mountains of Laos.

After flying for ten minutes, the chopper began its approach to a clearing on top of a tall mountain. It crept in slowly but surely and upon reaching the clearing, hovered six feet about the ground. I jumped out, and with the full weight of my pack behind me, I fell flat on my face. I arose quickly and ran to one side of the clearing to join my comrades. My squad and I moved into the jungle and replaced a squad of A Company guarding the north side of the perimeter. Upon meeting them, I saw many old friends, men I had trained with at Fort Jackson, back in the world.

"Hey, Big John, how's it going," I asked a huge bear like fellow.

"OK, man," Big John relied. "Be careful out there, gooks all over the place. There's a dead one on the other side of the knoll. We got him a few days ago. You'll know when you get close."

"We'll be ok," I replied, thinking we wouldn't be here too long. Man, was I wrong!

Our squad took up a position bordering a huge trail running over a saddle between a knoll and the mountain we had just landed on. The positioning of the perimeter went according to a clock, twelve o'clock being north. My platoon occupied from ten to two o'clock, another from two to six, and the last from six to ten. In the center of the perimeter was a mortar platoon with three mortar tubes and fifteen men and the command post containing the First Sergeant, Forward Artillery Officer, the Senior Medic, the Captain, and his two RTO's.

The Captain was sitting apart from the men in the CP. For the first time today, his helmet was not on his head, revealing dark black hair with a little thinning on top, sort of like a halo, and a forehead with a few wrinkles, probably the result of intense concentration. Like a tiger examining its prey, his steel blue eyes were focused on a map and compass resting in his lap. His mouth was firm and unmoving, the sign of a grim man with a heavy burden of responsibility on his shoulders. His hands, slightly calloused from use of weapon and equipment were now engaged in holding a compass and writing with a Bic pen. His jungle fatigue shirt was unbuttoned and open wide enough for one to see a small, rounded, discolored scar, the result of a previous wound. From the upper buttonhole on his shirt hung a pair of sunglasses. Contained in his numerous pockets were an odd assortment of pens, a pack of Marlboros, and other papers. His mud covered pants hung outside his combat boots and were rolled up just far enough to keep out of the way. His boots were worn down to a tannish-brown color. They had once been shiny black. He appeared rugged in physical stature, but in mind and spirit expressed a kind and patient nature, so respected by the men under his command. Thus was Skipper 6, Commanding Officer of Delta Company.

Reaching for his radio and picking up the handset, he ordered First Squad, Range Platoon, or Range 1, to occupy the knoll. Thus, my squad and I, comprising a dozen men, including a machine gun team from 1st Platoon or Skull, moved on to our home for the next five days. We formed a separate perimeter of our own on the knoll opposite the main perimeter, separated by a trotter wide enough for a herd of elephants, so that the total position resembled a figure eight, except that we weren't connected.

Marty ordered us to dig in, and we did our best chopping into the hard ground loaded with tree roots. As we were digging, a stench wafted into our midst, a stench that cannot be described or explained, but only experienced, the stench of a rotting corpse. And, just our luck, we were downwind. Marty told us to keep digging. We didn't think we would be there long. Off in the distance, we could hear two short booms. Two artillery rounds passed overhead with a strange swishing sound. Momentarily, we could hear two explosions on LZ Carol. The Forward Artillery Officer or FO set to work with his map, protractor, and ruler, and plotted the line of enemy fire.

He then called in a helicopter gun ship and gave the pilot a grid square to wipe out. We were told that the CP had picked up the radio frequency of the NVA FO and was listening to that person chatter as the gunship was getting closer and closer. We could hear the enemy FO talking wildly as explosions could be heard in the background and suddenly the chatter abruptly stopped along with some explosions. The enemy artillery had been silenced. We thought our mission was over. It wasn't.

Darkness on the first day was quickly approaching. Dusk turned to darkness. The knoll was relatively quiet. Then the wind started to blow. It started with small gusts, but then seemed to turn into a full blown gale. The wind howled, blotting out any ability to listen if the enemy was creeping up on us. We felt completely isolated from the main perimeter, alone with our thoughts, alone with our imaginations, alone with our fears.

Looking out to my front, I saw nothing but pitch blackness. There was no moon, just total darkness that made seeing my hand in front of my face impossible. All I could do was imagine what might be out there. The wind blew so hard, I could hardly hear Marty whispering to me. We both shared the same poncho liner, a wonderful invention designed to keep a man warm whether it was wet or dry. It sure worked this night. The warmth it provided seemed to counterbalance the nervousness caused by anxiety and soon to be fright.

Suddenly, a bright flash of white appeared! Our field of view in front of us lit up as if a bright sun had just appeared. A trip flare that was our safety measure at night had gone off. Its phosphorus was burning in a bright white light. Was it the enemy that triggered it? We didn't know. Should we blow a claymore just in case? We didn't know. It could have been the spooky, eerie trees that now stood out in the light, whose bending would have set it off. We didn't know. It could have been the enemy creeping up on us in our fright, ready to crawl silently up to our knoll, infiltrate between the foxholes, and come up behind us to cut our throats. Fear and more fear!

The flare burned out. We returned to pitch blackness. The wind kept howling. Trip flares were going off all over the mountain. The smell of death still hung in the air. Fear kept us awake that night. Our foxhole was shallow, having encountered roots too thick to cut through. We could barely lie below grade. The night seemed to last forever. When light finally appeared, I felt thankful to be alive, especially sane.

The next four days were some of the most challenging during my entire tour of duty. The enemy probed at various locations on the main perimeter and on day two, sappers got close enough to the main perimeter to kill one and wound others. I should have been on constant alert. I wasn't. After that first night, I thought I needed a hot cup of coffee, so I crawled out of my hole and proceeded to take my helmet off, flip it over, sit on it, and start heating some water. Marty told me to get back in the hole. I didn't listen. I wanted some hot coffee to go with my morning cigarette. I found an empty can, punched triangular holes in it with my "church key," and reached for a chunk of C-4. C-4 was the explosive that came inside claymore mines, a type of defensive weapon that countered human wave attacks. It had a gluey, sticky feeling to it, but when lit with a burning cigarette, it burned with a hot, white flame, hot enough to quickly heat a half canteen cup of water. I was so cold that I wrapped my poncho liner around me as I sat on my steel pot and held my canteen cup over my stove. The water began to boil, and I took it off the flame. I took out my special waterproof plastic bag and extracted two packets of coffee, sugar, and instant cream. I mixed them in and stirred the hot coffee. I picked up the cup and held it between my hands. The warmth felt so good, but just as I was ready to drink....

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! The familiar crack of an AK-47 on automatic pierced the stillness. I dove for cover, and in the process, spilled the hot coffee over me. "Shit," I screamed, as I dived head first into the foxhole. I looked back where I had come from and noticed I had left my rifle, steel pot, and equipment in the open. I crawled back for them and then came back to the hole, where I remained for the rest of day two.

The wind continued to blow. Re-supply from the air was virtually impossible due to the inability of choppers to hover long enough about the clearing in the main perimeter to get close to unload. They tried kicking out food and ammunition from the air, but much of the material landed outside the perimeter. Our dead and wounded were not evacuated until the winds died down on day three. I soon ran out of food, water, and cigarettes. The scary nights continued. Trip flares kept popping as the trees kept bending in the wind. We were sure that we were surrounded, and it was only a matter of time before a full scale attack would occur. We stood at the ready with our claymore triggers. The Skull gun team devised a devilish trap by attaching a claymore blasting cap, wire and trigger to a block of TNT, lightly burying the block and wire, and placing some empty cans on top of the device. At night when he heard the cans being rifled, he blew the TNT. Upon inspection in the morning, all that remained were bits and pieces of clothing, etc.

Fear became a constant companion to me, and as the days wore on, the level of fear kept building to a breaking point. The fear at the beginning and during a sudden firefight cannot compare to the type of fear associated with waiting for something to happen. One never knows what action one will take when the waiting suddenly turns into the stark reality of an action involving life and death.

It was during such an action on the fourth day when my fear, which had been building during the preceding three, suddenly turned to panic. While crouched in my hole, I suddenly heard the unmistakable sound of a mortar tube; the Pup! Pup! Pup! sound that creates terror in ones mind, not knowing where the shells will drop. In my panic, I bolted out of my hole and ran.....ran to the other side of the knoll, where I came face to face with the Skull gunner, who, without saying a word, simply looked at me with an expression that said, everything's gonna be all right.

In the split second it took to say a prayer and collect my thoughts, I did an about-face, returned to my hole, picked up my handset and calmly and professionally said: "This is Range One India, and I have an azimuth of three hundred degrees, at a distance of one hundred yards, and I need a fire mission with smoke." Momentarily, a wheeush! pop! sound emanated from my front. "Looks good," I said. "Fire at will!" Wheeush! Wheeush! Wheeush! Blam! Blam! Blam! The guns from LZ Carol pulverized the area where the mortars were heard. After what sounded like secondary explosions, silence prevailed. We never heard from the mortars again.

Day five began, and we were still on the knoll. Rumor had it that the Battalion Commander wanted us to pick up and push further into enemy territory to make further contact with the enemy. That didn't happen.

GHOST MOUNTAIN (continued)

“Skipper Niner Niner, Skipper Six,” radioed the CO. “Saddle up. We’re moving out, Range One come to me and take point back to Carol.” So, we backed off the knoll, entered the main perimeter, and headed to the far side on a bearing back to LZ Carol. As we withdrew from our positions, the Skipper followed our movement with a wall of Artillery protection on all sides during our withdrawal and our hump back to Carol. Upon reaching the LZ, we tore into the C-rations that were stored on the pallets on the chopper pad and ate to our hearts content. Skipper reported to the Battalion Commander, and we all kept our fingers crossed that he wasn’t in any trouble about acting contrarily to that rumor of pushing in the opposite direction from Carol. Apparently, it was OK, and we humped off the LZ and set up a perimeter down the mountain. A few days later, we were swimming in the South China Sea at Wunder Beach, enjoying a relaxing and restful change from the harrowing experience the week before. It was at Wunder Beach that Marty came up to me and asked me if I remembered when that AK-47 went off on Day four. I said I remembered. He said calmly: “The tree you were leaning back on was smoking an inch above your head!” Fortunately for me, the NVA soldier fired a burst at me on full automatic, and the fire stream went up and over me. If he had fired on semi-automatic, it would have been a different story, and I wouldn’t be sitting here.

By Ed Regan (Range 68-69), First written 1969. Rev 2009.

NEXT SHIFT—D Company, 2/8th CAV, 2009



From L to R: 1LT Mike Pesano (Blue 1), 1LT Zach Disbrow (Red 1), 2LT Chris Brandt (White 1), 1LT Patrick Muldoon (Demon Redlegs), and 1LT Lee Tibbetts (Demon 5)

New Members since the June, 2008 Newsletter:

Henry L. Grable, Skull, 69-70
Jack Seely, 67
Allen Deyo, Range, 71

Deceased Member/s: (Date of Death)

Thanks to **Henry Cruz**, Skull 70-71 (Vice President) for his research and finding our comrades in arms.

Membership count:

Active Members: 702
Members Online: 257



Angry Skipper Association, Inc.® Treasurers Report

Angry Skipper Association, Inc.®
 Profit & Loss (unaudited)
 January 1 through December 31, 2008

Angry Skipper Association, Inc.®
 Balance Sheet (unaudited)
 December 31, 2008

Ordinary Income & Expense

Income	
Banquet	\$ 3,136.00
Donations	11,322.80
Membership Dues	1,160.00
Registration Fees	1,180.00
Miscellaneous	9.70
Friday Event	1,420.00
Shirts, Hats, Patches	<u>2,599.00</u>
Total Income	\$ 20,827.50

Expenses

Office Supplies	28.83
Banquet—Fri Event	3,490.95
Banquet—Saturday Event	3,612.09
Funeral/Flowers	163.98
Corporate	75.00
Entertainment—Reunion	5,180.00
Legal	63.75
Insurance	406.00
Media Production/Copies	420.00
Member Assistance	405.60
Merchant Account	840.39
Postage & Delivery	985.07
Printing & Reproduction	2,254.00
Professional Services—Reunion	2,314.61
Shirts, Hats & Patches	<u>2,378.95</u>
Total Expenses	\$ 22,619.22

Net Income (Loss) **(\$ 1,791.72)**

ASSETS

Current Assets:

Checking	\$ 452.12
Accounts Receivable	<u>0.00</u>
TOTAL ASSETS	<u>\$ 452.12</u>

LIABILITIES & EQUITY

Liabilities

Current Liabilities:

Accounts Payable	<u>0.00</u>
TOTAL LIABILITIES	<u>\$ 0.00</u>

Equity

Opening Bal Equity	3,316.97
Retained Earnings	(1,073.13)
Net Income	<u>(1,791.72)</u>

Total Equity **\$ 452.12**

TOTAL LIABILITIES & EQUITY **\$ 452.12**

Note: The 2007 Tax Return was prepared and filed by **Robert Burke, CPA** (Skull, 70-71) Thanks Bob!

St. Pete Beach, Florida—2010 Reunion site

A reunion site has been selected in St. Pete Beach, Florida for 2010. The Dolphin Beach Resort , 4900 Gulf Boulevard, St. Pete Beach, Florida has a website at <http://www.dolphinbeach.com/> Sparkling blue water, white sandy beaches and beautiful sunshine all year-round. Located directly on the Gulf Coast, this hotel include 173 spacious guest rooms, Boca Sands Grille/Lobby Lounge, Flipper's Beach Bar/ Patio Dining. Sparkling blue swimming pool with sundeck; shuffle board, parasail and other water sports; 400 feet of Sandy Beach on the Gulf Coast. Room rates will be:

- Standard rooms - \$ 99.00
- Poolside Rooms - \$ 129.00
- Gulf Front Rooms - \$ 149.00

Thanks to **Mike** (Range, 70-71) and **Carol Galway** and **Ed Regan** (Range, 68-69) for making this happen.



Angry Skipper Association, Inc.®



May, 14th thru 17th, 2009 Reunion Registration Form San Antonio, Texas

Name: _____ (AKA) _____ Platoon: _____ Yr(s): _____
 Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Ph: _____
 How many will be in your group? _____ E-mail: _____
 In Case of Emergency contact: _____
 List First names of all in your group: _____

<u>Date/Time</u>	<u>Activity</u>	<u>Cost/Person</u>	<u>No. of</u>	<u>Total</u>
May 16, 2008	- Saturday			
6:00pm-10:00pm	Reunion Banquet (check meal selection below) # of <i>Chicken Marsala</i> : _____ # Filet of Beef: _____ # of Eggplant Lasagna _____ <i>(includes house salad, red roasted potatoes and seasonal vegetable)</i>	\$32.00	_____	_____
Shirts & Caps	Reunion Shirts: (order by March 31st) <i>Sizes: Small: _____ Medium: _____ Large: _____ XL: _____ XXL: _____ XXXL _____</i>	\$25.00	_____	_____
	D 2/8th CAV Caps	\$12.00	_____	_____
	Group Photograph	\$15.00	_____	_____
TOTAL EVENTS REGISTRATION				\$ _____

MEMBERSHIP & REGISTRATION FEE:

Membership Fee Life member @ \$200 ea.	.00
Registration Fee:	25.00
Total Registration & Membership Fee: \$.00
Contribution/donation:	.00
Total Events Registration from above:	.00
TOTAL PAYMENT:	\$.00

_____ Check here if you want the membership card and/or shirt & cap and will not be attending the reunion. We will have the items mailed to you.

Please register by May 1, 2009. Please complete form and mail with check (payable to Angry Skipper Association, Inc.) or with credit card info to:

Register With Ease
 Attn: Stacey Smith
 473 Las Cruces
 Winter Haven, FL 33884
 Ph: 863.325-0077
 Fax: 863.325-0051

PAYMENT METHOD: _____ Check Charge to (check one): _____ MasterCard _____ VISA

Card Number: _____ Expiration: _____
 Month/Year

Signature: _____



Do not send this form if you registered online at : <http://www.angryskipperassociation.org>

Hotel Reservations: Phone (866) 293-1842 or (888) 465-4329 Holiday Inn Worldwide
Tell them you are with the Angry Skipper Association group.

You must arrange your own Hotel room. It is not included in this registration.
Your Welcome Package will be available in the Lobby. Please pick up your package when you arrive.

San Antonio, Texas 2009 Angry Skipper Association, Inc. Reunion

Our reunion will be held at the **El Tropicano Riverwalk, 110 Lexington Avenue, San Antonio, TX 78205** (<http://www.eltropicanohotel.com>) from **May 14th thru May 17, 2009**. You must call the Hotel and make your own reservations. Their number is **866.293-1842**. The hotel will honor the discounted group rates for our group for 3 days prior to May 14th and 3 days after May 17th for those early arrivals and stay-over's. The hotel rates are as follows:

\$ 102.00 (singles, doubles, triple and quad);

You must tell the Hotel you are with the Angry Skipper Association for these preferred rates. They will not change the rate if you forget to tell them you are with the Angry Skipper Association group.

El Tropicano Riverwalk is a "resort style" tropical themed property that has 306 well-appointed guest rooms and 37,000 square feet of flex meeting space.

Nestled in the banks of the San Antonio River, El Tropicano Riverwalk is a full service, convention hotel that offers a state of the art fitness facility, pool, sundeck, a "dive in movie screen" and a lounge that overlooks the tranquil San Antonio River. Their restaurant features ample seating for a relaxing meal, or you can order a cappuccino from our "Expreso" Grab-and-Go Coffee bar.

When you enter El Tropicano Riverwalk Hotel, you'll think you have walked into an Acapulco Beach resort. Everywhere you look there are splashes of brilliant color, tropical plants, Mexican artifacts along with Salsa music playing in the background. There is even an Aviary complete with live Toucans, iguanas and a giant tortoise.

The hours for the Hospitality suite is from 7:00 a.m. to 12:00 a.m. The Hospitality suite will open Wednesday, May 14th at 12:00 p.m. and close at 12:00 p.m. on Sunday, May 18th. When you arrive, please pick up your welcome package at the registration table. The package will contain your meal tickets, membership card, name tags, agenda, roster, shirts & caps, etc. Staffing in the lobby for delivery of the packages, will be:

Wed, May 13th:	12:00 pm to 8:00 pm
Thur, May 14th:	10:00 am to 8:00 pm
Fri, May 15th:	12:00 pm to 4:00 pm
Sat, May 16th:	3:00 pm to 6:00 pm

The registration process will be handled by "Register With Ease" ("Stacey Smith"). VISA and MasterCard will be accepted, as well. Stacey has set-up a website for online registrations. Go to <http://www.angryskipperassociation.org> for a direct link, or you can mail the registration, with check or credit card information, to the address on the registration form. You may also fax the form with credit card info directly to Stacey. Or, register on-line, then send the check, payable to Angry Skipper Association, Inc., to the Register With Ease address. Please bring your lanyard from last year, if you still have it. As in previous years, we will mail life membership cards, caps and shirts to those who order these items and cannot attend the reunion.

El Tropicano Riverwalk Hotel Lobby



ANGRY SKIPPER ASSOCIATION, INC. ®
P.O. Box 501
STOCKTON, NJ 08559

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1ST CLASS
U. S. POSTAGE PAID
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Permit #586



***"Remember the bad times once,
Remember the good times forever"***

[We're on the web:
www.angryskipperassociation.org]

I now know why men who have been to war yearn to reunite. Not to tell stories or look at old pictures. Not to laugh or weep. Comrades gather because they long to be with the men who once acted their best, men who suffered and sacrificed, who were stripped raw, right down to their humanity.

I did not pick these men. They were delivered by fate. But I know them in a way I know no other men. I have never given anyone such trust. They were willing to guard something more precious than my life. They would have carried my reputation, the memory of me. It was part of the bargain we all made, the reason we were so willing to die for one another.

I cannot say where we are headed. Ours are not perfect friendships; those are the province of legend and myth. A few of my comrade's drift far from me now, sending back only occasional word. I know that one day even these could fall to silence. Some of the men will stay close, a couple, perhaps, always at hand.

As long as I have memory, I will think of them all, every day. I am sure that when I leave this world, my last thought will be of my family and my comrades...such good men.

From "These Good Men" by Michael Norman

The Association will assist any member with transportation, lodging and meals who may have financial difficulty in attending an ASA National reunion. Please contact Ed Regan or Rich O'Brien, using the return address for this Newsletter, or by e-mail for consideration in receiving aid. Everything will be kept in strict confidence and handled discreetly. The association keeps cash reserves on-hand for this specific purpose. These are funds that donor's have made specifically for the purpose of helping members attend the reunion/s.