



Walking Point

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

Once Upon a Vietnam: The Republic Of.



It was later in the year, we had just gotten new bees. I was one of the fortunate ones to have good old Sgt. Beaumgardner as my sq leader (o lucky me). After serving with him, I think in my mind there should be a place where, after the war is over, you freeze them and thaw them out again when you need them. Well that's just my thinking.

I was B team leader or Pony Team Wildcat:3. I had just gotten Ed Kotch, Paul King, Allen Jauseman. The old guys were me, Milton, Cooper and Eugene Moppen (some group huh).

A mission came in and of course Bummer volunteered the 3 sqd (as always). We were to be dropped at the end of the valley. Were to make our way to a small village, find a safe place to watch it. Hard Core V.C. from the north where reported to be using this as a relay on their way south. Then, make our way up a large mountain, as there was an area at the top being use for extraction, sounds pretty routine but to my surprise, the Bummer wasn't going with us either, he had something else planned. He didn't think this was worthy of his expertise. This was the first time I was going to be with my guys. I started to get them old butterflies in my tummy, you know the kind when someone says Hot LZ. So being the trooper I am, got my guys started setting land marks and distance. Just to know where I was at all times. Had two guys count off 100 meter steps this relay, helps if you can't see how far you went. Cooper was my RTO, so we humped extra ammo for him although we were to avoid contact. You just never know.

We were up way before dawn on the air field loaded (off we go into the wild blue yonder) the chopper was to land just before dawn before Papa-son woke up. As we neared our L.Z, real thick fog with small holes where you could see the ground, this was normal as the mountains are cold at night and hot and muggy during the day and sometimes it rains at 1500 everyday. Pilot said we were there, didn't question him as I couldn't see only fog, hit the ground in a rice paddy, it was dry (good deal) we moved off to the side in the jungle and just held tight for just a little while to see first if anyone had seen us come in to wait to let the fog lift so we could see where we where going. It was a little damp where we were and the first thing I see is leeches (god I hate them).. Fog lifted. Tried to find us on the map, nothing looks like it should. First thought was we were in the wrong place. (So here's a thought) I'm 19 years old, have 5 strong romping stomping paratroopers with a map of the wrong area and compass, well I knew which way we were suppose to go. So time for a decision so we move out being ever so quiet. As we move up the valley we can see a small village, good place to cross to get to a small

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Angry Skipper Association, Inc.® Board of Governors

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TJDTVOLL@aol.com
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smilez4747@yahoo.com
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rwoo@surewest.net

mountain on the right, (Man I hate crossing open areas.) We found a rice paddy dyke that went all the way, we spaced out, went across there was a feeling of relief when we hit the jungle on the other side, (What is wrong with this picture? Feeling safe in the jungle? Bummer must be rubbing off.)

We made it to the top of the little mountain. We could see the village perfect, so I started checking the map, (Sure enough) things were looking up. The pilot had missed the DZ about ¼ a mile, sure was worried for a while. We watched the valley better part of the day and decided to spend the night. Got them together in the morning, checked in with 6. Squad to making our way up the big mountain, there were several hundred clicks of good ole elephant grass, no way around just had to walk through it. (I hate elephant grass. Hell, elephant wont even eat it.) As we worked our way through this man made hell on earth, the going was slow but we could see the top of the mountain. In the clouds, as late afternoon hit, I asked my count guy to count knots and check the map as to where we were about this big country. (What's a click. Right or left) checked with the guys, everyone was beat, I had used everyone on point, we need to stop before dark. So we made a circle with Moppen to be the first radio watch, checked with 6, told him we would be ready for pick up the next a.m. or will call.

There was something about this place that made me uneasy. Couldn't put my finger on it, (Must be Bummer again.) I was so proud of my new bees, everyone got a new guy with them, learned from the old guys and pass it on to the next new bee. I woke up to the sounds of canteens banging against metal. I looked to my right, there was good old Moppen, sound asleep with the radio receiver in his ear. I put my hand over his mouth, woke him up after all the guys were awake, we just laid there almost afraid to breathe. There was a trail about 30 yards from us, a unit, we thought about a regiment size, heading south, north V.C. uniforms and the whole 9 yards. As the last person passed, we waited. Sure enough here came 3 more Larry, Moe and Curly Joe and you could just tell they weren't the sharpest pencils in the box. In fact, one stopped, walked up to the elephant grass, and yes he relieved himself. After a bit of time, I have no idea how long it was, I made my way to the trail, now it was clear. We made some real good time to almost the top, we set out security, called in, here came a spotter plane, then F-4's, all had concentrated their fire power on the little quite village. There was small little hill on the right side of the village, hard anville took care of the mountain, just a flat spot now.

Our ride was on its way, we waited to hear that, "woop woop woop". (Good sound.) All got aboard, asked the pilot to do a fly over, as we fly by there was a company size force on the scene doing mop up. We arrived back at base camp, debriefed and took a bath, I found my cleanest, dirtiest shirt and had another OP, the next day, get some rest. No pat on the back, not a job well done, as we done what was expected of us, no complaints and that's the way it was, once upon a Vietnam, The Republic of

SSG. D.E. Rumppe
D/2/8 65-66
Airborne 1 Cav Div

p.s. this is my short story. didn't want to go into farther detail. would've been too long.

New Members since the June, 2009 Newsletter:

Franklin H Curtsinger, Skull 71-72

Deceased Member/s: (Date of Death)

Membership count:

Active Members: 700
Members Online: 257





WOW!

That is how I would describe the Angry Skipper Association Reunion at St. Pete's Beach, Florida. Mike and Carol Galway did a fantastic job setting up the reunion for everyone to enjoy. The hotel location on the Gulf Coast was perfect, the weather was perfect and the company of fellow vets and family was more than perfect. It was a relaxing weekend all around. People enjoyed the beach, pool and visiting with friends. I know most of the ladies enjoyed their stay and so did some of the store owners in the area. Many attendees enjoyed the Drunken Clam, which supplied the banner for our reunion. The Clam also had a banner hanging in their establishment in honor of our service. It was a pleasure to be there and to have complete strangers come up and thank us for our service. Some people purchased a few rounds of beverages for us, which was even nicer. I'm sure they will miss the business we gave them during our stay. On Thursday night, 64 members and family took a sunset cruise. It was a beautiful evening and the crew of the boat made sure we had a nice time. We had 107 people attend the Saturday night banquet. Once again I want to thank Mike and Carol for a job exceptionally well done.

As most of you know, we are going to Washington D.C in May 2011. We are staying at the hotel we stayed at in 2007 – the Crowne Plaza near Dulles Airport. We negotiated an exceptionally good rate of \$89.00 per night. I am hoping that we get a resounding turnout for this reunion. There are so many things to see and do in Washington, you will not be bored. As we have done in the past, we also plan to go to the Wall to pay homage to our fallen brothers who died for Vietnamese freedom, as well as ours. For those members who have not visited the wall, this is a great opportunity to see the wall and join in with friends you served with to help alleviate any apprehension you may have of visiting the wall alone. This is a memorable visit and so we hope to see a large turnout for our brothers and their families next May.

The following year, by unanimous vote, we will be going to Denver, Colorado in **late June, 2012**. John and Pat Bourdelais will be our hosts in Denver. We voted to change the dates for Denver to June, in the hopes of facilitating better weather. Denver International Airport is a major hub for United Airlines, so hopefully everyone should have an easy time booking flights in and out of Denver.

If anyone knows of anyone who served with D 2/8 in Vietnam from 65-72 and they do not appear on our roster, let Robin Woo know and we can add them to our roster. Anyone who served with D 2/8 in Vietnam is automatically a member of Angry Skipper Association. There is NO FEE. John Lee said it best, "Call people you served with and get them to attend a reunion". This is another way we can hopefully get everyone back together.

I would like to thank everyone for your donations, so that our Association can keep reunion costs to members as low as possible and to help financially strapped brothers to attend reunions. There is a myth perpetuated by a few members that a select few other members are trying to buy their way into our reunion to control the outcome and events of our reunions by donating large sums of money. This could be no further from the truth. The truth is, one individual has donated thousands of dollars for airfare, rooms, shirts and meals so that soldiers who served with him could attend our reunions. The money donated by this individual went directly to those individuals in need and not through Angry Skipper Association accounts.

The donations that are reported on our books come from a significant number of members who feel they can assist in helping their brothers attend reunions and offset the costs of operating the Association. For example, in this last fiscal cycle, we received \$3,196 in donations from 31 members. Other members donate their time and talent to keep the Association operating smoothly and help track new members so we can contact them. If you cannot donate money, then try tracking down and calling some long lost friends from our roster and encourage them to attend one reunion. It was a pleasure to see everyone in St. Pete's Beach and I look forward to seeing everyone in Washington D.C in 2011. *by Tom Vollmar, President, Angry Skipper Association*

VIETNAM BATTLE *BY Dan Beese, Skull 71-72*

A distinctive “WOP-WOP-WOP” could barely be heard as it rolls towards us along the horizon. Within minutes the first gaggle of Huey helicopters will descend into the landing zone. Time to get ready and onto my feet. As I lean forward the weight of my backpack resists my movement. I grab my M-16 by the barrel; plant the butt of the gun onto the ground, slowly raising myself to a standing position. No doubt I am quite the sight struggling to right myself. Having been in the jungle for less than a week, I am sure that I am providing entertainment for the “seasoned” guys. I feel like I have been living in a dream or at least a fog. Henry says that feeling will past. I hope so....

Six months earlier, I was just a naïve midwestern boy from a small rural community. The reality of Vietnam was only talked about on the television. My friends and I knew that there was fighting and dying was going on there, but our lives were not affected. Our reality consisted of working our first jobs. These jobs were mainly to supply gas for our cars. We would cruise up and down Main Street – circling the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, heading north to then circle through the parking lot at the drive-in – repeating this route all night until curfew.

That was a great summer. A transition from high school to attending college in the fall. My academic standing did not allow me to go away, so I enrolled at the junior college near home. I also had registered for the draft that summer. Before the end of my first semester I decided that I was not the college type and not enjoying it, so I dropped out. This made me eligible for the draft. So when the draft lottery was held, I was a winner! My birth date was selected as the 9th draw that year. My fate was sealed. The issue of the draft was no longer....”if I was going, but when”.....

The “WOP-WOP-WOP” is almost upon us. My gaze into the sky is shattered as the first Huey bursts over the tree line. The Huey slowly descends, kicking up a momentary dust storm. I quickly shield my face, turning my back to the Huey until it is on the ground. “Go....Go....In the middle...” Henry shouts while guiding me towards the bird. As I try to run and get into the Huey my backpack once again resists cooperation. I struggle onto the bird finally taking my position in the middle. While catching my breath, I recline back onto my backpack and attempt to relax. Glancing around me, I notice Henry and Ram to my right. Roberto and Garcia are to my left. The four of them are sitting on the edge of the door openings, facing outwards with feet dangling over the sides.

I felt the chopper lurk forward as we leave the ground. The Huey then rises up vertically until we reach the top of the trees. The Huey makes a second lurch forward; the acceleration causes me to be pressed back on to my backpack. Once underway I have no clue as to what we are flying by or flying over. The guys on either side obscure my view. All I can see is a narrow blue ribbon of sky above their heads....

I originally thought the Coast Guard was going to be the hot ticket to avoid the draft. But the morning I was due in Chicago, I came to my senses (I thought) and had a change of heart. At nineteen years of age, serving six years in the Coast Guard seemed like a long time. I reasoned that being drafted for two years was by far a better option. Besides, reports from Washington D.C. kept saying the war was winding down and no new troops would be needed. I would take my chances. I found out to the contrary, Uncle Sam was more than willing to prove the reports as false.

Early one cold February morning I found myself on a bus headed towards Chicago. By the end of that long February day I was thousand of miles removed from the life I had enjoyed. Fort Polk, Louisiana would be my new home, a total of four and a half months, for my Basic training and Advanced Infantry training. I sensed things were going to be the opposite of what I wanted during my processing into the Army. They were kind enough to ask what I would like to do and where I would like to be stationed. Germany sounded good. Tank training also sounded like a good choice. I should have chosen Vietnam and the Infantry, since that is what the Army said I wanted. How silly of me!

At the conclusion of training at Fort Polk, followed by thirty days leave, I found myself at Fort Lewis, Washington. There I was poked and probed, issued new jungle fatigues and finally herded on a jet headed for Vietnam. By the time the plane touched down in Cam Ranh Bay, Vietnam my stomach muscles were cramped as a result of having to sleep in an upright position, bent forward, resting my head on the fold-down tray on the seat in front of me. After thirty plus hours in the air, the idea of standing up and being on the ground sounded great. Even if it was in Vietnam.

My heart is racing as the chopper heads to where....I do not know. I am hot and sweating, but a cooling blast of air swirls around me as the chopper cuts through the sky. The guys on both sides seem to be relaxed and enjoying the trip. I take several deep breaths, which seem to help calm me. My heart feels like it is pounding up into my throat. Henry glances over his shoulder with a look that suggests he wants to know if I am doing OK. As we make eye contact, I smile feebly and with a nod of my head assure him I am fine. Henry’s attention returns to the world outside the Huey. My thoughts again drift from the present to the time of my arrival in Vietnam....

Three weeks seemed like an eternity, but that is all the longer I have been here. When that passenger jet landed in Cam Ranh Bay I was really glad the flight was finally over. Despite being relieved that I was finally going to be on the ground, I was nervous and feeling scared half to death. I was not certain what I expected when the cabin doors were opened. I figured that bullets would be flying the minute we started down the stairs. To make matters worse we did not have any kind of weapon for our defense. In reality, as I stepped out of the plane, I was greeted by a blast of hot and humid air. This was followed by a stench, the likes which I cannot begin to describe and will never forget. WELCOME to Vietnam....

The helicopter seems to be floating thru the air. This flight has a surreal feeling to it. With the exception of the muffled “WOP-WOP-WOP” there are no other sounds. The wind turbulence inside the chopper continues to cool my face. I relax even further into my backpack. I tilt my head backwards while closing my eyes. I inhale a long, slow breath attempting to remove me from the moment....

The stench and heat of that first night in Vietnam sticks in my mind. Leaving the brightness of the jet, I stepped into an ink black, moonless void. With wobbly legs I started to descend the stairs. In the distance ahead I could see a light. My concentration was broken as I planted my feet on the tarmac- the first solid ground I had felt for hours. My attention again turned to the light in the distance and now I could see the outline of a building. I fell into a group guys that were headed in the direction of the light. Upon reaching the building, my orders were processed and I was assigned a barracks. Finally, I would be able to sleep lying down. My fears concerning my safety could not even keep me awake.

I was awakened the next morning as a bright sun was shining in my face. The weather was still hot and humid, but the stench was not as noticeable. Maybe I was becoming accustomed to it. As I followed a group to the mess hall I was amazed at the scenery around me. The complex was surrounded by mountains, jutting into the clear blue sky, bathed in a warm yellowish-red glow from the sun. “Hardly a setting for a war.”, I said to myself.

After two long, boring days my transfer orders came down. I was headed to Bein Hoa, assigned to the 1st Cavalry Division. Within an hour I was on a cargo plane, on my way. Once in the air, my attention turned to the terrain below. As the ground passed below, I marveled at how green and peaceful everything looked. Flying over Saigon I noticed houses with fenced backyards. I had flown over states back home that looked similar. Where was the war?....

After a week at 1st Cavalry headquarters, I was issued my M-16 and ammo, loaded on a truck with a couple of other new guys and transported by convoy to an out lying fire support base. Upon reaching the firebase I was hurried off the truck and lead to a waiting chopper. At that point I never felt so out of control of my life. I had only been in the Army for about six months and the situation was not getting any better by my assessment.

The helicopter lifted off the ground leaving the firebase to disappear behind us into an ever-decreasing brown dot in a sea of green. The chopper skimmed across the tree tops headed to my next destination. On the horizon, a plume of purple smoke could be seen rising out of a hole in the jungle ahead. I assumed this marked our destination or at least I hoped it did.

The chopper reached the opening and started to descend into the hole, dispersing the smoke and creating a massive cloud of flying grit and vegetation. When the chopper skids hit the ground, I was ushered out. I lurched from the chopper clutching my M-16 and fighting with my backpack, which did not want to stay centered on my back. Struggling into the surrounding jungle, I was greeted by Henry.

Henry would be my squad leader. I was introduced to Ram, Roberto and Garcia who where in Henry’s squad. By a quirk of fate, all four of these guys had shared the same journey to Vietnam. They met while in basic training and eventually ended up in the same squad. They all grew up in southern Texas and were all “Chicano”. Our bond was immediate and I was quickly taken “under their wings”. They all possessed a sense of humor. By the end of that first day, they were referring to me as their “Token White Boy”. Not to be outdone I referred to them as the “Chicano Mafia”. None of us were offended and found great humor in the situation. These guys had been in the bush for several months so they were very knowledgeable and willing to pass information to me that would help in my “jungle education”.

That was seven long days ago. I could not guess how many kilometers were patrolled and traveled in that time. We would always be moving during the day. At night a perimeter would be secured for the night. Today, this part of the mission is complete so it has become necessary be air lifted to another location.

My thoughts are shattered by a series of hissing sounds flying by the chopper. These sounds are followed almost immediately by a series of explosions on the ground below. Suddenly the chopper makes a sharp ninety-degree banked turn and quickly starts to descend. This quick maneuver sends my stomach up into my throat to join my heart, which seems to be still beating there also. It is a similar feeling one gets when the elevator drops from the top floor to the ground level without stopping in between. While the chopper is banking I can see gunships launching rockets to the jungle below. There is so much smoke and ground flashes it is hard to tell what is really happening. I know we are getting closer to the ground, but once again my vision is blocked on both sides. The gunners on the chopper start to unleash their firepower on the ground below. Not to be left out, my companions on their respective sides also start to fire at the ground below. I begin asking myself “What the hell is happening?” Smoke starts filling the inside of the chopper and is burning my eyes. The inside of my nostrils start to sting as the odor of spent gunpowder permeates the air. The rapid and tinny sound of M-16s and M-60 machine guns firing is causing my ears to ring. My heart is now beating so violently I am certain it is going to explode from my body. My brain is screaming, “Don’t panic, don’t panic..... keep your cool.” Since my line of sight is blocked, I can only imagine what is going on as bullets fly and bombs explode around the chopper. I try to appear as cool, calm and collected as possible. Unfortunately my brain does not cooperate....suddenly the inside of my head is screaming, “I’m too damn young to die! I’m too damn young to die!!”

(editor’s note: This was Dan’s very first aerial combat assault. The first group into the LZ always decimates the LZ before landing)

Vietnam Trips

Angry Skipper Association member Jim Taylor (Wild Cat 66/67) is going to be planning and leading trips back to Vietnam. Jim is a founding member of the DOVE Fund (www.dovefund.org), a 501(c) 3 Vietnam Veterans charity that builds schools in the former South Vietnam.

Jim is planning to take small groups of veterans back to Vietnam. The trip will cost approximately \$ 3,600.00 per person for double occupancy including air fare from the west coast to and from Vietnam, lodging and air fare within Vietnam and some meals.

Jim will be taking the group from San Francisco to Saigon and then to Hue, Quang Tri, DaNang, Hoi An, Nha-Trang and Qui Nhon. The total time for the trips will be about 10 to 12 days.

Jim has been back to Vietnam five times with the DOVE Fund and knows his way around the country.

The hotel accommodations will be 4 & 5 star. There are a lot of beautiful hotels in Vietnam now and Jim has stayed at many of them.

If you are interested in going back to Vietnam with Jim you can reach him at galaxieguy6@aol.com or at 419-537-0106. The first trip is planned for somewhere around March or April of 2011.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE TO ALL ANGRY SKIPPER MEMBERS

It is my heartfelt hope and prayer that we can get more D 2/8th veterans to attend our Washington D.C and Denver reunions, as well as all future reunions. I am very distressed by the division that has come between members of Angry Skipper. Those of you, who know me, know I am speaking from the heart when I say we miss you. I will tell you, contrary to myths and rumors, no one was ever kicked out or asked to leave the Association. This decision was made individually, by a few individuals. I have tried to offer the olive branch a few times with no success. Believe me, everyone is missed. There are some brothers out there that do not attend either reunion because they do not want to take sides. It is not fair for some people to ask fellow veterans to choose which reunion they are going to attend. I am imploring everyone, on both sides, to look past the petty issues and move forward as the family we once were. We have many friends that go to the other reunion, or just stay home, we miss you all. Let's face it we are not getting any younger. Let's enjoy the time we have left on this earth being together, enjoying each others company and supporting each other in rough times as we have done in the past. We all fought in a war forty years ago; let's not fight another one now.

You all know we vote our officers into office every two years. While we are in D.C we will be holding elections for three officers – President, Vice President and Secretary (Ed Regan was voted Treasurer for life). Anyone is welcome to nominate a fellow veteran, or even yourself, for an office. All the nominations come from the floor. There is no “preferred” slate of officers perpetuated by the leadership, as some have falsely alleged. As part of my appeal to our brothers who have felt displaced, I'd like to address some other accusations that have been made by a few individuals within the Angry Skipper. Five years ago we looked at what we thought were our LEGAL by-laws and found out that we were not a legal entity in the eyes of the IRS. So, the board of governors rewrote the by-laws so they would be in legal compliance with the IRS requirement and filed them to make sure we were a legal non-profit corporation. There was no illegal take over, no shady deals and nothing that would adversely affect the Association. We did it to protect the Angry Skipper Association and for the benefits of all our members.

I am not asking anyone to take sides or chose one or another reunion. I would never do that. However, I am asking that we put this division to rest and find some common ground to meet on, talk it over, make up and move forward. I welcome any comments you may have or any solutions to get us back together as one family again. I can be reached at 760-250-2503 or tjdtvoll@aol.com.

The last thing I want to say to our “Band of Brothers” is that no matter what the future holds for you and I, the Angry Skipper Association and its member are here to support you through the toughest of times and the best of times. Take care and I hope to see everyone real soon.

Tom Vollmar (Skull, 70-71)

President – Angry Skipper Association

Angry Skipper Association, Inc.® Treasurers Report

Angry Skipper Association, Inc.®
 Profit & Loss (unaudited)
 January 1 through June 7, 2010

Angry Skipper Association, Inc.®
 Balance Sheet (unaudited)
 June 7, 2010

Ordinary Income & Expense

Income

Banquet	\$ 6,588.00
Donations	3,196.00
Membership Dues	840.00
Registration Fees	1,370.00
Group Photograph	840.00
Shirts, Hats, Patches	<u>1,798.00</u>
Total Income	\$ 14,632.00

Expenses

Banquet—Saturday Event	6,388.22
ASA Website	00.00
Corporate	5.31
Flowers/Funeral	00.00
Insurance	331.00
Member Assistance	00.00
Merchant Account	469.09
Photographer	804.00
Postage & Delivery	357.30
Printing & Reproduction	556.00
Professional Services—Reunion	2,925.87
Shirts, Hats & Patches	<u>1,235.00</u>
Total Expenses	\$ 13,071.79

Net Income (Loss) **\$ 1,560.21**

ASSETS

Current Assets:

Checking	\$ 2,647.51
Deposits	00.00
Accounts Receivable	<u>00.00</u>

TOTAL ASSETS \$ 2,647.51

LIABILITIES & EQUITY

Liabilities

Current Liabilities:

Accounts Payable	<u>535.00</u>
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TOTAL LIABILITIES \$ 535.00

Equity

Opening Bal Equity	3,316.97
Retained Earnings	(2,764.67)
Net Income	<u>1,560.21</u>

Total Equity \$ 2,112.51

TOTAL LIABILITIES & EQUITY \$ 2,647.51

Note: Accrued \$535.00 for est bal due to Paramount for shirts

Note: The 2009 Tax Return was prepared and filed by **Robert Burke, CPA** (Skull, 70-71) Thanks Bob!

Minutes of the Business Meeting held May 14, 2010 at the Dolphin Beach Resort, Florida

- Thoughts and prayers were sent to Don Burris (recon 67-68), who lost his father that morning;
- Make sure the hotel is handicap accessible for our members;
- Discussed getting more D 2/8 veterans to the reunion;
- Discussed Service Connected Heart Disease related to Agent Orange;
- Discussed CRSC (Combat Related Special Compensation);
- Jim Taylor (Wild Cat 66-67) presented a program to take a trip back to Vietnam in 2011 (info posted at <http://angryskipperassociation.org/>);
- Wish Ed Kotch (Wild Cat 66-67) a speedy recovery from throat cancer;
- Voted to go to Denver, CO in 2012, beginning June 21, 2012. Change in date to accommodate the weather in Colorado;
- Stacy Smith was voted unanimously as a Honorary Life Member.

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

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*“Remember the bad times once,
Remember the good times forever”*

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



D Company, 2nd Bn, 8th Cavalry (abn)1st Cavalry Divivion (airmobile) 1965-1972
Group picture at the St. Pete Beach, Resort and Conference Center, Florida—May, 2010