

Issue 21

July, 2014



ANGRY SKIPPER ASSOCIATION, INC. ("ASA")

# WALKING POINT

THE NEWSLETTER FOR D CO. 2/8 — VIETNAM 1965-1972

# Terry Garlock's speech from our banquet in Myrtle Beach

by Terry Garlock – May 17, 2014

(Introduced by Norm McDonald and Bill Neal)

*You all must read it! There wasn't a dry eye in the room at the end. He seemed to put into words what I never thought possible. Terry was a Cobra pilot in the Nam.*

Thank you. Since Norm and Bill only revealed my minor weaknesses, I know I am among friends.

And since my Loach pilot buddy Mike King goaded Bill Neal to tell you the only thing Cobra pilots could hit was the ground, you should know that if Mike ever flew more than 20 feet of altitude he got a nosebleed.

It's an honor to be invited to speak to you for several reasons. First, grunts and helicopter pilots share a lot of history from the Vietnam War. Somewhere, right now there are helicopter pilots laughing over a beer at the memory of a ground commander whispering on the radio, "Come on in, the LZ is secure!"

If you guys are anything like helicopter pilots, you have to be careful at reunions like this because nothing ruins a good war story like an eye witness! And no matter how different our jobs were 40 years ago, our best stories seem have a punch line, like this one a Navy jet pilot told me. He said the three best things in a pilot's life are a good landing, a good bowel movement and a good orgasm, and when he landed on a carrier in rough weather at night he could have all three at the same time.

It's a privilege to speak to veterans of Angry Skipper, a proud and accomplished Cav unit in a tough war. It's also a special treat to spend a little time with old friends like Bill and Carolyn Neal, and new friends like Robin Woo, Stan Dillon, and Norm McDonald. Too bad Nick Donvito couldn't make it.

Bill Neal is the guy I call when I need wisdom. Those of you who took orders from Bill might remember him as a tough guy, and you might really like the T-shirt I recently bought for a Marine friend who is rather proud to have been an enlisted man. The shirt says – "Officers – making simple shit hard since 1775."

But the truth is, if I had a son carrying a rifle in combat, I would pray for him to have a strong hands-on leader like Bill Neal.

*Terry Garlock continued on page 6*



Terry Garlock

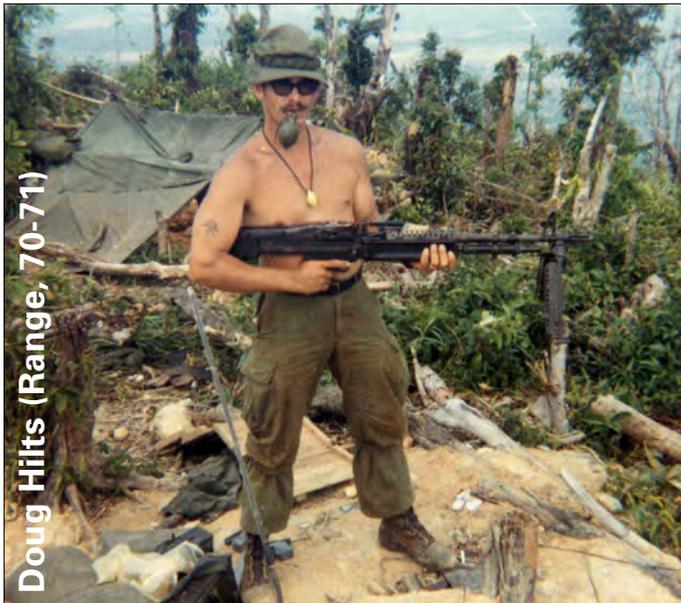
### INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Terry Garlock Speech.....1	President's Message.....2
Kentucky Kampout.....2	Dominic Byers School Essay....3
More Reunion Info!.....4	New Members / Deceased.....4
The Odyssey Years Book.....4	Myrtle Beach Group Photo.....5
Vietnam Memorial Essay.....9	ASA Treasurer's Report..... 11
Business Meeting Minutes..... 11	San Antonio Reunion.....12

### BOARD OF GOVERNORS

#### ASA, Inc.

- President: Doug Hilts (Range, 70-71) hiltedm@yahoo.com
- Vice President: Tom Clark (Skull, 70-71) tmctool@juno.com
- Treasurer: Ed Regan (Range, 68-69) egbar4747@gmail.com
- Secretary: Robin Woo (Skull, 71-72) rwoo@surewest.net



## From the President To the Members of the ASA

First, I personally want to thank our Myrtle Beach hosts this year Jim Wagner, and Eugene and Angela Curtis for helping make this a great Reunion. And I'd like to thank Bob Burke for all the work that he does in preparing our ASA annual taxes.

To all ... what a great reunion! We had our largest reunion ever with 91 brothers coming together to share and reminisce. We had 13 new brothers attend their first reunion and I've heard them say that they're planning to come next year. This shows how important it is to keep reaching out to our brothers and get them to a reunion. So again, thank each and every one of my brothers for greeting our new brothers with open arms. I've received feedback that some of the guys met with brothers that they haven't seen or spoken to since 1965 and others since 1970/1971.

I'd also like to thank my wife Barb and all her helpers from the Sew Nice Fabric store for all (40) "Welcome Home" Quilts. What a great mission. Barb found a fabric store in Myrtle Beach so she could get some different Red, White and Blue fabric for getting started on next years quilts.

We had a fallen brother after our reunion this year, may he rest in Peace. Frank Trapnell had time to share his last days with his Nam brothers. We never know when our time is up on earth, so let's make sure we get our brothers to attend reunions. I want to Thank those that could attend Frank's funeral.

*Doug*

**Ya'll are invited by Tom ("Smiley") Harris** (Wild Cat 68/69) to the Kentucky Kampout for all 65-72 members of D Co., 2/8 Cav. It will be held October 15-19, 2014 at Fishtail Lodge, in Buchanan, TN. The room rate is \$30.00 per person, per night for a double room. If you want a room by yourself then it will be \$60.00 a night. Please do not call the lodge for reservations. Just notify me, Tommy Harris, at 1-770-254-0705 or [tharris@numail.org](mailto:tharris@numail.org) and I will take care of making your reservation. I'll need to know what date you'll be arriving and what date you'll be checking out. James (Top Gun) Dotson (Wild Cat 68/69) will collect the money for rooms



and I will collect for the meals. The food bill per person runs around \$60.00 for the 4 days. It will be split up by the number of folks attending. We take cash and checks only, no credit cards. Pay when you arrive. This is a Men Only reunion with No Registration Fee. You will not be disappointed, we cook our own meals and enjoy each other's company. Bring your photos and stories. This is very informal so keep the "Dress Blues" and "Class A's" at home!!! I'm sure ya'll will have a great time!!! Additional information and the roster of those attending will be sent out as we get closer to the reunion. **BOOK EARLY** because space is limited. For planning and travel purposes only, here is the information about the lodge: Fishtail Lodge, 14275 Hwy. 79 North, Buchanan, TN 38222, 1-731-642-7113. <http://www.fishtalelodge.com/>



Kirk Davis, Editor, *Walking Point* Newsletter: Article submissions; [kirkadavis@hotmail.com](mailto:kirkadavis@hotmail.com)  
Robin Woo, Membership Roster: Additions, changes, and updates; [rwoo@surrewest.net](mailto:rwoo@surrewest.net)

# An Award Winning School Essay written by the grandson of Mark Williams (Cat, 69-70)



As his Award, Dominic Byers got to lay a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Washington D.C.

Here's his Essay:

## After Many Years, A Well Deserved Thank You

The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery opened in 1921. The tomb holds the remains of unknown soldiers from World War 1, World War 2, the Korean Conflict, and the Vietnam War. It is guarded twenty four hours a day and 365 days out of the year. I believe that it is great to honor the unknown soldiers who died serving our country, but as Americans, we need to start by honoring and thanking the soldiers we do know that served as well.

There are many men and women that died in many different wars, but today I would like to tell you about two specific men that have shaped my life in countless ways. The first man I am going to talk about is my grandfather, Mark Williams. He was in the first cavalry Delta Co. 2/8- CAT platoon. He had many experiences in the Vietnam War. Some that created bonds that will last him a lifetime and some that still frighten him to this very day.

My grandfather had just turned nineteen when he volunteered to go to the war months before his enlistment. He made friends while in training and formed very strong bonds with the soldiers in his platoon. They went through many trials together. Once, they were ambushed and had to retreat across the Saigon River. The waves were too powerful for the small raft, and the raft capsized. My grandfather was wearing seventy five pounds of gear that included five days of food and water, his M16, ammunition, and grenades. He miraculously made it back to the boat along with some others but some did not. Albert Alteizer, Jerome Taylor, and Joseph Benson, three of his closest friends drowned that day. That is a hard thing for a young man to go through.

But that is not all. My grandfather and his gun team walked into an ambush and were in a firefight. It lasted so long that they were getting ready to run out of ammunition. My grandpa's squad called for backup on their field radio. This is where I'm going to introduce the second man that has shaped my life; Frank Ware. Frank's squad showed up and took on the North Vietnamese while my grandfather and his platoon retreated. Frank was killed saving my grandpa and his squad.

If Frank would not have saved my grandfather, I would not have become the person I am today. My grandpa always makes me do things the right way and never take the easy way out of anything. For example, one of the most courageous things that he did occurred thirty years after the war. He found Frank's family and told them the story that they never knew: how their deceased family member had died. Also, he made me peel oranges without the peel slicing tool. I thought that it was stupid then, but now I realize that he wanted me to toughen up and never seek the path of least resistance. My grandpa is always there for me and we always do things that are fun and will help me be a better person in the future. He and I drive ATVs together, he helps me with my free throws, and he taught me how to read how much air is in the tire. These are simple everyday things, but without them, I would not be where I am today. Frank fulfilled many courageous acts during the Vietnam War. My grandfather did as well; he also went through some horrendous experiences. But when he came home from the war, the main problem he faced was he was not rewarded for what he had done in his time of service. There were no moments of silence or anything for the soldiers that came home from this war. My grandfather was not respected when he came home. At the airport, people spat at him and gave him a hard time. American citizens were not happy about going to war in the first place, and they directed their feelings of anger and hatred toward these soldiers.

It would be such an honor to lay the wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. I would like to honor all of the unknown soldiers who died and all of the ones who were identified that are dead and alive that served, specifically my grandpa, because without my grandpa, I do not know where I would be in life today.

**By: Dominic Byers**

**In honor of my grandfather Mark Williams**

● Eugene and Angela Curtis and Jim Wagner also worked extremely hard during the reunion in Myrtle Beach watching over every little detail to make sure the events went smoothly, not to mention cleaning the Hospitality suites every morning! Kudos for all their hard work!

## More “Reunion” Info!

● Listed below is the Demographics Report link that Stacey Smith (of Register with Ease) compiled for us in PDF format. We had 91 attendees! It is posted on the ASA website for those who want to see who the attendees were. Just copy and paste this entire link (including the “.pdf” at the end) if you’re reading this online and it will open right up for you. Here’s the link:

[http://angryskipperassociation.org/Reunion\\_Myrtle%20Beach\\_2014/DEMOGRAPHICS\\_2014.pdf](http://angryskipperassociation.org/Reunion_Myrtle%20Beach_2014/DEMOGRAPHICS_2014.pdf)

OR, if you go to the ASA Home Page page, click on the *Reunion Photographs* link first, then the *Registration Demographics* under the Myrtle Beach photo.

● And speaking of the Myrtle Beach Reunion ... We can’t forget about Seattle (or Portland) on the schedule for 2016! The Seattle Reunion will be hosted by Don Miller (Range, 1971) and we’re sure he’ll get lots of help from the Miller clan ... namely wife Robin, and kids Katherine, Jennifer and John all lending a hand to make sure it’s a huge success! Again, if there is anyone else interested in helping out in hosting in Seattle or Portland, please contact Ed Regan, Tom Vollmar, or Bob Burke on the reunion committee. Any and all help, of any kind, will be greatly appreciated!



*Downtown Seattle skyline with Mt. Rainier in the background*



### NEW MEMBERS (since the Jan. 2014 Newsletter):

- Paul Chrzan, 1967
- Azarias L. Bousquet, Rifle Range, 1969-1970
- Jack Fink, Rifle Range, 1970-1971
- Jim “Hawk” Bryant, Range, 1970-1971
- Allen Brown, MAJ (Ret.), Skull, 1972
- Edward Parks, Cat, 1970, (Medic)

### DECEASED MEMBER(S): (Date of Death)

- Roy E. Bumgarner, Wildcat Platoon Sergeant, 1965-1968 (1/26/05)
- Darrell Gritz (10/19/11)
- Lanny “Okie” Scroggins, Cat Platoon, 1970-1971 (2013)

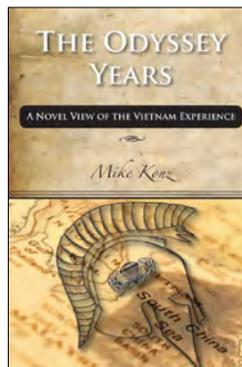


### MEMBERSHIP COUNT

**Active Members:**  
671  
**Members Online:**  
261

## “The Odyssey Years”

— by Mike Konz



*A book by one of our D 2/8 Brothers published in June 2013*

“The Odyssey Years” is a novel about our collective experiences before, during and after Vietnam. The first half of the book covers my time with D 2/8 from 66/67 and my time with the 82nd in Vietnam and at Fort Bragg in 67/68. The second half deals with what it was like going to college as a veteran during the anti-war movement and a little bit of history from the French colonization of Indochina to the U.S. involvement.”



**Caution!** This irreverent look at the Vietnam War will challenge the main stream orthodoxy as to what the war was or was not. (Mike’s book is available on Amazon.com)



**8**  
**ASA MYRTLE BEACH REUNION**  
**MAY 14-18, 2014**

**ANGRY SKIPPER ASSOCIATION®**

*Terry Garlock continued from page 1* Bill told you I was “chumming” last week when our Vietnam vet group went out to the Gulf Stream on a bouncy day, but in case you missed his meaning, I was the weak sister on that boat, and while they hauled in Tuna, Mahi-Mahi, Wahoo and a Sailfish, I was puking my guts out all day long. I thought I was going to barf up my toenails and I am downright tickled to be here on stable, dry land.

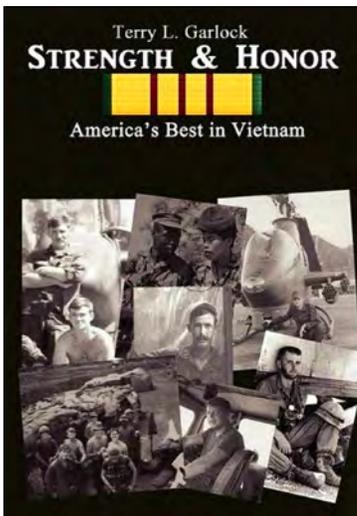
I flew cobras with the Dragons in the 334th Attack helicopter company based in Bien Hoa in III Corps in 1969. When grunts called for help and we were scrambled, things were usually exciting when we arrived. My platoon leader, John Synowsky, had a radio call style intended to calm the ground commander:

“Red Eagle 6, this is Dashing, Daring, Debonair, Devil-May-Care, Death-Defying Dragon 34, lead element of a fire team of cobras whose fire power can only be surpassed by a flight of B-52s, give me a sitrep, over.”

“Dragon 34, we’re getting hurt down here and you’re having fun?”

“Now that I have your attention Red Eagle 6, mark your position and give me direction and distance to place my fire. No such thing as left and right, smoke, direction and distance and we’ll fire them up for you, over.”

John liked to use the same style to screw with the tower operator when we returned to base at Bien Hoa: “Spartan tower, this is Dashing, Daring, Debonair, Devil-May-Care, Death-Defying Dragon 34, lead element of a fire team of cobras whose fire power can only be surpassed by a flight of B-52s, back from kicking Charlie’s butt, weapons are cold, turning on final for lane 5, over.”



If the tower operator was new, he probably would say, “Now who are you again?” and if he had heard it a bunch of times before, he might say “Yeah, so what Dragon 34?” but either way, by then we had already hit the pad and were hovering to our revetment to park for re-arm and refuel.

Now I’ll get serious and tell you some things from deep in my heart, so if I struggle, bear with me.

Like every other helicopter pilot who flew in Vietnam, I have felt the love many times from grunts like you expressing gratitude for slicks coming through a bad situation to take you out of a lousy place, or gunships like mine coming to put our fire where you needed it.

When I was a new guy in Vietnam I used to wonder as I watched 20 year old pilots fly into a firefight, “What motivates young men to take such risks?” I soon discovered the answer was you guys, grunts on the ground, our brothers.

You were the ones doing America’s dirtiest and hardest work. You were the ones down there in thick jungle that made a Klick seem like 10 miles. You were the ones down there with the bugs and snakes, the oppressive heat and humidity, never mind the booby traps and enemy trying to kill you before you killed them. You were our motivation to climb in the cockpit after a bad day. When we call you grunts, it is truly a term of endearment.

It’s my privilege to be here with you even if I don’t know you. I used to wonder why I will always feel isolated, like a stranger around people even if I have known them a long time. And yet, when I walk into a room full of Vietnam combat vets I have never met, it feels like coming home, like I can relax in the comfort of knowing every one of them will watch my six. I’ll bet some of you feel the same way, even though it’s hard to explain.

There are a lot of things about us hard to explain. Some of the wives in this room might observe that combat veterans should come with a detailed owner’s manual explaining all of our quirks, warning lights and hot buttons, but the truth is we don’t even understand ourselves. Someone once said combat is a struggle to survive, and if you do, then you spend the rest of your life dealing with it.

Between 2005 and 2010 I was writing a book about Vietnam vets and I spoke to a great many of them. Listening carefully helped me see more clearly how we were changed by war. The more I listened to guys who didn’t understand themselves, a pattern took shape and as I connected the dots the more I understood about myself. The things I learned are pretty much the same, I think, for pilots like me and for grunts like you.

How were we prepared for combat when we were so young? Intense training and drilling helped a lot because every one of us was worried about measuring up, wondering if we were made of the right stuff.

When the time came and the shooting started, new guys were too busy doing their job to notice they were learning lessons that are not taught any other place.

- We thought we would be fighting for the flag, but it turned out we were fighting for each other
- We thought courage was not being afraid, but we found out courage is doing your job well while you are scared to death.

Combat is a cruel teacher, but somehow it turns a group of men into a sort of family where you may not like or even know a guy but you'll take breathtaking risks in the struggle to keep each other alive.

Amidst the chaos and danger of combat, beyond the mission there is powerful motivation that I think is summed up in two words – honor and trust.

What does a 19 year old soldier in combat know about honor? Quite a bit, I think. He may not ever put it into words but he knows honor is doing his job well and defending his brothers even at the risk of his life. He knows while looking in the mirror to shave whether he met the challenge. Passing that test becomes what he likes most about himself.

As he gets good at his job, at some point he realizes his brothers trust him to deliver, even under fire. He may never say it, but he is enormously proud of earning that trust, and he would do anything not to lose it.

It's almost like we proudly wore an invisible jacket of honor and trust that we had to earn, a high achievement that our family at home would never understand. The complete trust we had in each other made a closeness that only Shakespeare has successfully described.

And so, even though everyone in combat fears dying, we feared even more that our courage might fail us, that we might screw up, fail to do our job, and we might lose our brothers trust or even lose their lives, and we feared that more than anything.

If you asked us back then if we loved each other, we would have thought you were out of your mind. But when one of us was killed the cut ran very deep, and we did what soldiers have to do, we crammed our anguish way down deep inside us into our own secret box and we closed the lid tight so we could carry on to do our job ... and the ghosts of our dead brothers were always close by.

The calendar days passed in Vietnam, some days boring, some days exciting and some dark with anguish, and we all fantasized about going home, getting away from the nastiness of war and back to those we loved.

We may have left home as boys but we would return home more serious men who had learned to instinctively separate the fluff from important things that might get our brothers killed or keep them alive.

When we finally arrived home the reunion might not have been as smooth as we expected since we had changed more than we realized. We may have seemed remote to some people since our brothers, whether alive or hidden away dead in our secret box, meant far more to us than the dumbasses we met who would never sacrifice a thing for their country and wouldn't know honor if we spelled it for them.

It didn't seem right that life went on as if there was no war, as if Americans were not still fighting and dying, and we found ourselves missing our brothers, the people we respected now, the people who understood us now, the people we trusted completely now to watch our back.

How crazy is it that many of us secretly wished to be back with those guys where honor and trust are the coin of the realm? Maybe we hated the war but felt the urge to be there again with the ones who were part of us now.

Over the years, we have been cautious about opening our secret box to tell others about our dead brothers because the memories are wrapped in the same feelings we had when they died, just as fresh as yesterday, and we didn't like that we couldn't control the tears and overwhelming sadness.

A few years ago when my daughter, Melanie was 13, I was driving her up to Virginia to visit Bill Neal for some fishing, and we made a side trip to Washington, DC. I told her we had little time, so what two things did she want



*Photos courtesy of Terry Garlock. All rights reserved*

to see? She said the Lincoln Memorial and the Vietnam Memorial.

I was proud of her and said I wanted to explain something about the Vietnam Memorial, what makes it so powerful.

As I drove the freeway I asked her, “When a mother and father are informed their son has been killed in a war, and they suffer the worst day of their life, how long do you think it takes for them to get over it?” After a moment’s thought Melanie said, “Never.”

I told her, “Exactly right. They take that anguish and do the same thing that soldiers do in combat when bad things happen - they push it down into a secret box deep inside them and close the lid tight so they can go on with life.”

I told her about two names I would show her at The Wall, Paul and Ralph. We were Cobra gunship pilots in the war, and our worst nightmare was being trapped in the cockpit after a crash and still conscious while spilled fuel burned it fast and hot, a horrible way to die.

Paul was my roommate. He obsessed about his wife pregnant with their first child. He was on top of the world when he received a telegram saying he was a Dad, he had a son.

Four days later Paul and Ralph were supporting the 3rd Mobile Strike Force, Green Berets, trying to stop an enemy force crossing the Cambodian border into South Vietnam from the southernmost finger of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. They lost a firefight with a .51 anti-aircraft gun and died a violent death in the cockpit when the aircraft hit the jungle trees at high speed, stuck and burned about 200 feet up.



Three of the Green Berets volunteered to rappel down from a hovering helicopter to retrieve bodies. They got Paul’s body out of the front seat but the aircraft was burning and ammo starting to cook off. They couldn’t get to Ralph in the back seat and made a radio call for permission to “cap” him because he was trapped with no hope of getting out, alive and conscious, burning and screaming.

I learned of this radio request years later while talking to the 3rd Mobile Strike Force radio operator. He said the answer was “No,” and it was a stupid request anyway because what officer would want that on his record? They should have just done the deed, and I like to think they did it anyway.

As I was telling Melanie this story and still driving, I had opened my own secret box and had tears streaming down my face while she patted my shoulder and said, “Don’t cry, Dad”

I told Melanie, “When I show you Paul’s and Ralph’s name on The Wall, you might remember some of the things I have told you, but you will never feel the things I feel, and for me ... it will never go away. That is the power of the Vietnam Memorial. It comes from within the people who were involved.”

The names etched on the polished black wall make it personal, and as family members and brothers in arms approach The Wall, the air becomes electric as memories wrapped in anguish fly out of secret boxes, finally set loose to run free.

We can almost see our dead brothers in the reflection of that polished wall, proudly wearing the jacket of honor and trust they earned.

The Wall in Washington is our place to ease the pressure, to let loose those feelings we suppress, where we can talk to our dead brothers to tell them they are not forgotten, that we are teaching our children and grandchildren about them. It’s a place where we can confess our guilt that we lived through it and they did not, that they never knew the joy of watching children and grandchildren grow up.

These are some of the things that bind our brotherhood together, whether we were grunts or pilots, nurses or POWs, sailors or Marines. We may have lived in different worlds in Vietnam 40 years ago, but our shared history will always draw us to each other. The draw is much more, I think, than remembering the past and swapping laughs and stories.

I think It’s the comfort of being with men and women who proved themselves worthy of *continued on next page*

honor and trust, people who did hard things well when they were young, people who understand when we say we can almost see the ghosts of our dead brothers here among us, laughing and joking, sipping with us when we drink a toast to them and say our prayers in silence for them.

Memorial Day is coming soon, and the dumbass half of America will enjoy the holiday weekend with nary a thought to the sacrifice that makes them free. The other half will wave the flag and make speeches honoring the fallen, but those who weren't there can never fully understand how we think of our dead brothers.

Those of us who lived through it will remember them vividly for the rest of our lives. Some of us think of them every day, as if we're keeping an unspoken pledge to each other – I will remember you.

I am thankful I had the chance long ago to bring close air support to men like you, and if I had it to do over again, even knowing I would be shot down and badly injured, not for anything would I miss the chance to fly with the greatest bunch of cowboys in the world.

I am grateful for the brotherhood we have, even though I came to it late in life after ignoring it for 30 years – now it seems to pull stronger on me with every passing year. I am grateful for the remembrances of Memorial Day, even though you and I don't reserve those memories for one day a year. We think of each other and we think of our dead brothers all the time with the affection of this old Irish blessing:



May the road  
rise up to meet you  
May the wind always be at your back  
May the sun shine warm on your face  
May the rains fall soft on your fields  
And until we meet again  
May God hold you in the palm of His hand

Terry Garlock's book can be purchased on his website:  
<http://www.garlock1.com/>

## AN ESSAY WRITTEN BY LEE LIVINGSTON

*This essay was written the day after  
the Vietnam memorial was dedicated  
in Washington, D.C., November 1982.*

I came across the original hand written version the other day in a box of old stuff. There are a few edits, one deletion, but it is almost as I wrote it back then. I have the Washington Post articles from that day but I don't think good photos can be made from them, but the articles are interesting.

This may be part of the "Why You Need To Come To A Reunion."

## SUNDAY, 14 NOVEMBER 1982

Yesterday, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial was dedicated. An attempt to show that the nation could honor its soldiers without regard to politics. Whereas the nation sent us to Vietnam, according to the press, no governmental funds were provided for the memorial.

I went to the doings, arriving about 11. Each state's contingent marched along Constitution Ave. Iowa or Illinois was going by when I got there. It was cold, cloudy, and windy. I saw the fellows in wheelchairs — but most gripping were the blind — walking arm in arm with a buddy, white canes over the shoulder at a jaunty angle. One fellow, carrying his state sign, had a bad left hand and arm and walked with a limp. On his back was the sign "POW." Many of the fellows wore fatigues, field jackets, field hats, etc. I would have too, but I had missed all the excitement of the days before (various unit reunion parties in various hotels).

First, the Sky Boss Huey flew over, then at noon the F-4s and helos flew over in formation. I was reminded very much of those times I waited to be *continued*

picked up — looking and waiting, trying to call the pilots on the radio — worrying if we would get left. And there was a special time in March 1967. LT Cam Lee was riding in a helo that crashed. So I took his mission the next day. Upon our arrival at the school grounds, the local ARVN asked that their dead and wounded be taken out. The pilot was upset, the diversion would alter his schedule, but he did it. By the end of our several hours of tending to the locals around the school where we heard of trouble approaching and as our bird came in close to fetch us, it was shot at. The fly-over made me really cry.

The Texas contingent came marching by, and the 1st Cavalry Division was well represented. Four troopers in riding boots, campaign hats, and yellow neckerchiefs were carrying the colors. As the troops marched by they yelled out “come on!” I trotted off my little hill and joined in the march. I couldn’t look at the people on the sidewalk: too many tears, too much pride, but they shouted “welcome home” (Why? I’ve been here for 15 years.) I liked it. A California native, a University of Colorado graduate, and marching in the Texas group, a resident of Virginia. Where is home?

I spoke to the fellow next to me, after the tears slowed, then never stopped all day. He was a Black Hat, the guys who ran the landing zones, air traffic controllers, but he didn’t know Tony Stricker. I met Tony at Colorado, he played football. Tony and I met again later when he was with the NY Jets. Then we met again, this time in Vietnam. He was sitting on a log managing his landing zone and I had been in country only a few days. We had a nice chat that morning. He brought in my chopper and then I was off.

I only marched a little way in the parade, three or four blocks, then it was done. So I wandered around with the crowd. I went right to the memorial and saw Joseph Ambrose in his WWI uniform. They finally let him over the fence. He looked really proud in his uniform. He never said anything, just held up the flag his son was buried with. (A Korean war casualty).

I spoke to a young guy in camouflage fatigues, he had some C-rations with him. I also spoke to a couple

from Toledo, OH. Then I went looking to buy some buttons and pins to wear. Couldn’t find any except one for \$10 and, although the cause was good, the pin wasn’t great.

Back into the crowd and mud at the memorial. Spotted a California Viet Vet button and pushed my way over to the fellow wearing it. He sold me his Vet button, and I was glad to get it. We talked for about 20 minutes and it was easy to see why he had been in an out of hospitals. His VFW or Legion Post had raised the money to fly him to D.C.; probably a big event in his life. As a USMC Beach Master his only time in VN was TDY for a few weeks at a time. He lived in San Jose and the rage still burned within him. It was a very interesting chat. I excused myself and found the spot where my picture was taken in the crowd (Washington Post). I ate my apple and there were speeches.

They threw out strings of pins into the crowd:

“Marching Along Together Again.” I got one and then got hit in the face with a whole string/package of them. I think I’ll really appreciate that pin. I sure liked being with all those guys. The Marine band

played no stirring marches. The words spoken were good to fair. The President of the Gold Star Mothers was very touching. I’m glad my mom didn’t get a gold star. Enough that her dad was killed in WWI.

In the press of people trying to read names on the wall, I saw a mom and dad very well dressed, she was crying and they had a boy of 14 or so in tow, obviously they had come to see another son’s name. I left the crush because I can come back; too many of the people only had a day or two. Will go next Sunday and see if we can find the names:

- Sgt. DeLuca, USMC: NROTC Instructor at Colorado and technical advisor to Jack Webb when the movie *The DI* was made.
- 2LT Joe Lingle, USA: Stood next to him every morning at Ft. Benning infantry school. (I accidentally met and spoke with his mother some years later after this was written.)
- Sgt. Paul Floyd, USA: Killed the night I arrived on the beach with D Co, 2/8, 1st Brigade, 1st Air



# Angry Skipper Association, Inc.® Treasurer's Report

Angry Skipper Association, Inc.®  
 Profit & Loss  
 January 1 through May 28, 2014

Angry Skipper Association, Inc.®  
 Balance Sheet  
 As of May 28, 2014

Ordinary Income/Expense	
Income	
Banquet	\$ 5,270.00
Donations	3,364.00
Membership Dues	600.00
Other Events; Cocktail party	8,010.00
Registration Fee	3,007.00
Shirts, Hats & Patches	<u>3,621.00</u>
Total Income	\$23,872.00
Expenses	
Bank Service Charges	36.00
Banquet - Friday Event	1,817.49
Banquet - Saturday	5,365.25
Entertainment - Reunion	450.00
Insurance	349.00
Legal	562.50
Merchant Account	1,176.98
Miscellaneous	100.00
Photographer	200.00
Postage and Delivery	438.41
Printing and Reproduction	589.00
Professional Services - Reunion	3,595.90
Shirts, Hats & Patches -Reunions	2,333.86
Tours Costs	3,561.00
Transportation	<u>1,788.00</u>
Total Expenses	<u>\$22,363.39</u>
Net Ordinary Income	<u>\$ 1,508.61</u>
<b>Net Income</b>	<b><u><u>\$1,508.61</u></u></b>

ASSETS	
Current Assets	
Checking/Savings	
Checking	<u>\$ 4,763.22</u>
Total Checking/Savings	<u>4,763.22</u>
Total Current Assets	<u>\$ 4,763.22</u>
<b>TOTAL ASSETS</b>	<b><u><u>\$ 4,763.22</u></u></b>
LIABILITIES & EQUITY	
Equity	
Opening Balance Equity	3,316.97
Retained Earnings	-62.36
Net Income	1508.61
Total Equity	\$ 4,763.22
<b>TOTAL LIABILITIES &amp; EQUITY</b>	<b><u><u>\$ 4,763.22</u></u></b>



## Minutes of the Business Meeting

*(Held May 17, 2014 at the Ocean Dunes Resort  
 at Sands Resorts, Myrtle Beach, SC)*

1. Minutes from the 2013 business meeting were read by Robin Woo, Secretary, and accepted by the membership;
2. Ed Regan, Treasurer, gave the Treasurer's report which was accepted by the membership. Ed Regan was presented a quilt made by Barb Hilts that was signed by the ASA members;
3. Bob Burke reported on status of the hotel for the San Antonio reunion in 2015. Dates will be May 13–17, 2015. Robin Woo will contact the El Tropicano Riverwalk Hotel that we stayed at in 2009 to check availability. Bob Burke and Everett Tolbert will check into other options in San Antonio, as well;
4. Vote was taken for the caps and shirts for 2015. Caps will be black and the shirts will be Infantry Blue;
5. Kirk Davis will research whether Joe Galloway will speak to us in San Antonio under viable conditions common with ASA policy;
6. Discussion of having multiple speakers. Officer, NCO, and a grunt discussing location of missions of D 2/8th CAV. Possibility of Ed Regan making a presentation was discussed with no conclusion;
7. The reunion in 2016 was voted on. Seattle, WA. was voted the first choice and Portland, OR was voted as a back up city for 2016. Seattle will be May 11th–15th.
8. Meeting adjourned.



Cavalry. We had worked together that day. His distrust of the locals was well founded.

- 1LT Ken Ross, USA: The kid across the street who played drums while I played horns in our school bands from the 5th grade through high school.

Was it Senator Warner who said "Let's not send the troops again, unless we, as a nation truly intend to fully back and support them?" Stirring words, but the fellows in the Iran rescue weren't fully backed, the US was incapable of doing it.

Wars ... limited wars of attrition are in the future. No winners, just fights for better negotiating positions, probably realized in which seat is occupied at the peace talks. Not much to get your legs cut off for, or blinded.

*(Editor's Note: Thank you, Lee, for your first-hand account at the opening day Vietnam Veterans Memorial dedication)*

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

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



PRESORTED  
1ST CLASS  
U. S. POSTAGE PAID  
SACRAMENTO, CA  
Permit # 586

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

Find us on the Web:  
[www.angryskipperassociation.org](http://www.angryskipperassociation.org)

## 2015 Angry Skipper Association Reunion — May 13 thru May 17, 2015

# SAN ANTONIO REUNION 2015



And let's not forget about next years Reunion in San Antonio in 2015! We're working on all the arrangements right now to insure another great Reunion like we just had in Myrtle Beach. The last reunion we had in San Antonio was held in 2009 and everyone seemed to have a great time visiting the "Alamo City" and all it's historic sites and abundant entertainment venues such as the Riverwalk, La Villita, The HemisFair, the historic Menger Hotel bar (where Teddy Roosevelt signed up soldiers for the Rough Riders for the Spanish-American War), and too many others to list here!

If there is anyone else interested in helping out in hosting for the San Antonio Reunion, please contact Ed Regan, Tom Vollmar, or Bob Burke on the reunion committee as soon as possible. Any and all help will be greatly appreciated!

