

## DOUBLE IDENTITY

From Rick Tedder

For those of you that knew me from Co. E, 52<sup>nd</sup> Infantry LRRP, this reminiscence from '68 may be familiar. My nickname throughout most of my tour was "CID", pronounced (Sid). Of course this stands for the military Criminal Investigation Division.

During the early days of my tour this handle caused me more problems than anyone could possibly understand, including an attempt on my life at LZ Uplift. The parties involved, if still alive, will probably be able to recall the circumstances.

Shortly after completing AIT at Ft. Polk's Tiger Land I was recruited by the CID in an incognito sort of arrangement. The purpose of this recruitment although misunderstood by my comrades, was to identify and expose methods by which illegal substances were being shipped back to the world. At no time was anyone from our group indicated as being involved with this practice.

I've held on to this story and the mixed emotions over exposing myself for all these years as there were only two individuals within our group that were aware of my situation. After the life threatening attempt, I was sent to Camp Evans where, like all of my fellow LRRPs, I pulled 32 missions.

One of these missions was unfortunately where Private Felix Leon was mortally wounded. I was the Team Leader and tried desperately to save his life. Scott Hancock recently wrote an article mentioning Felix, and I have to say I was proud to know that gentle young man.

Not many know the circumstances concerning his tragic death, but Felix although mortally wounded acted in an exceptionally brave manner. Both legs were broken in the middle of the femur and he was losing blood so fast that it was unbelievable. I became emotional when administering what first aid that I could. He removed his neckerchief from his neck, handed it to me to use as a tourniquet and said, "It's alright Sarge, it'll be OK". Those were his last words.

We lost another good soldier and friend just a few months previous (Richard Turbitt). I suppose that I'm recounting some of my personal tragedies in order to set the record straight after so many decades of knowing how many felt about me during that period.

I sincerely hope that some un-named individuals will read this short account and maybe realize that I pulled my weight in spite of the inaccurate perception of my purpose for being in the LRRP unit.

I'm proud of my military career and like so many fell to my knees in tears at the sight of "The Wall".

Please accept my apologies if anyone over the years has ever felt that I did them any harm.