

## **"THROWIN' A FIT!"**

From Jim **Regan**

Another lazy day in the vacationland of Southeast Asia. I'm in my hootch at the end of my First Platoon. Divvying up the Sundry Packs for the Teams. Lots of stuff is really good. Cigarettes, stationary, shaving cream, razors and blades, etc. I try to "share the wealth" among all the Teams. Most times, after I give the stuff to the TLs, I later "Find" Pall Malls, Camels, Chesterfields or Lucky Strikes (packs or cartons) on my bunk. I didn't keep anything for myself, but there were only a few Rangers who smoked "the unfiltered stuff!"

All of a sudden, I hear one of our Rangers tearing through the hootch, shouting, "Sergeant Regan, Sergeant Regan!!!" I haul ass out of my hootch and follow him outside to the weapons cleaning area. There I see at least six Rangers straddling, holding down a struggling Ranger. He's throwing a fit, they hollered! Get an Aid Kit, call for Medics, and a FLA from Squadron ASAP! I look and see that this is Ranger "T" After straddling him, sitting on his belly, and trying to turn his head, I find that his jaw is clamped tight! The Aid Kit is immediately by my side and I start calling for some things. Find the Jaw Jack, It's black and looks like a big screw, I said. Got it! Turning his head I started to insert the jack between his teeth. I check and see that he is breathing and his airway is clear. Stuffed some bandage material as I jacked his jaw open, did not want to lose a finger! "Get the big safety pin, the one we use for slings." Meanwhile, there are several Rangers holding his arms and legs down, his strength is almost unbelievable!

I get the safety pin opened and use a piece of bandage to grab, hold his tongue out of his mouth. Unhesitantly, I drive the safety pin through his lower lip and the underside of his tongue and fasten it. Hoped that this would keep him from swallowing his tongue. The Medics arrive and we load him onto a stretcher, tying down his arms, legs and anything else he's trying to thrash with. The Rangers, who had assisted/gathered, immediately went back to what they were doing before the "Action!" They never ceased to amaze this fellow

I grab my gear and head to Squadron. Top and the CO know what the deal is and know I'll get a good Sitrep from the Docs. By the time I get to the Aid Station, Ranger "T" is resting quietly on a cot. The Medics tell me that he had had some kind of "Break through, but would be alright. One of them said that he was going to have an awful sore tongue and lip for a while. Oh Lord, this was one "BIG" Ranger, and don't tell him who did that!!!" Didn't want him to be mad at me.

This Ranger "T" was the same Ranger that we had extracted from Vung Tau, R&R, Hoozegal!!! He fully recovered from both of those incidents. We selected him as the RTO for our infamous, Team # 6, Nov '69, (Like Gilligan on "a three hour cruise!") Probably one of the shortest missions for the LRRPS/Rangers, except for those missions where the Teams were "Shot out" of the LZs!!!

It was yet another example of these young men meeting a crisis, "head on," and driving on to do the best that they could to save their Ranger Buddy!. Truly Rangers Leading the Way!

Jim RLW