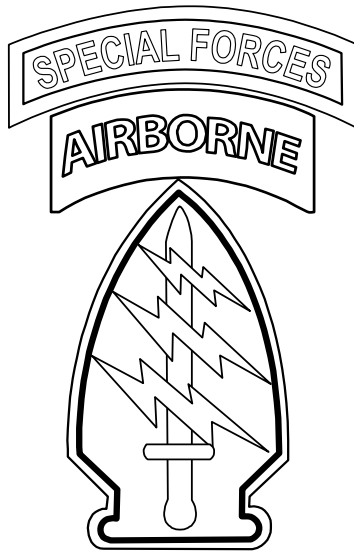
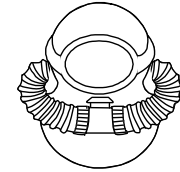
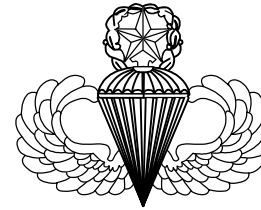


Tales from the Teamhouse

Volume II



Tales from the Teamhouse Volume II



by
Teamhouse List Members



Special Forces Teamhouse

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Tales from the Teamhouse Volume II.

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Old Mountain Press

*Dedicated to:
The Intrepid Fallen Heroes*

NOTE: Profits from this book will be donated to The Intrepid Fallen Heroes Fund which is constructing world-class state-of-the-art advanced training skills facility at Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio, Texas. The center will serve military personnel who have been catastrophically disabled in operations in Iraq and Afghanistan. The center will also serve military personnel and veterans severely injured in other operations and in the normal performance of their duties, combat and non-combat related.

The center will encompass a 60,000 square foot structure, providing ample space and facilities for the rehabilitation needs of the patients and their caregivers. It will be constructed on a site sufficient in size to meet the needs of the center's patients and caregivers and will include \$3.5 million in top of the line indoor and outdoor facilities.

Acknowledgments

~True Special Forces Stories~

Stories edited by the following:

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Reggie Manning

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Leamon Ratterree

and

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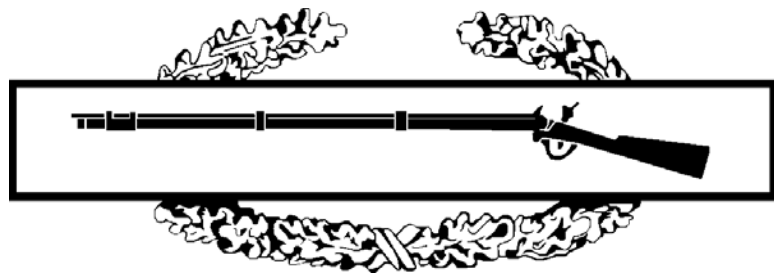
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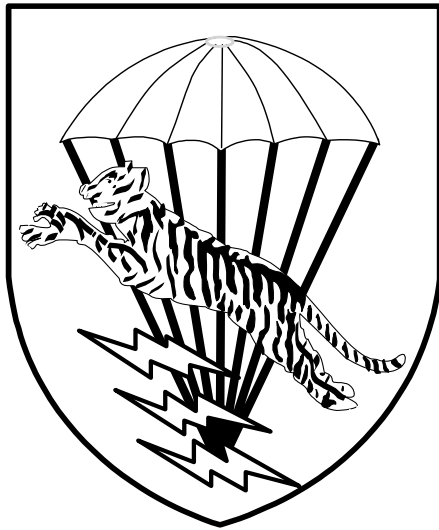
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Animal Stories



Going Out in Style Anonymous

THERE IS AN IMPORTANT use for helium-filled balloons. You see, we had this monkey and we named him (what else?) Jocko. He wasn't a bad monkey, as those filthy little critters went. Unfortunately he, like most of his species, was into compulsive self-abuse. It was embarrassing, to say nothing of unhygienic.

So, after a fifth of Crown Royal, we decided that if only the little sucker were airborne-qualified, he would direct his proclivity for the procreative process to females and forsake onanism for all time. We retrieved a chute from a 4.2 illumination round and carefully designed and crafted a harness for him. Fortunately, we had a short water tower that we determined would suffice for his five tower jumps if we swung him around and around by the apex of the chute, and really wound up and lobbed the little sucker in a high arc.

It worked beautifully on the first jump except that Jocko in his excitement did not pull his risers. His one hand was occupied with punching the clown and the other was occupied with his attempt to climb up the risers. The chute collapsed and Jocko hit the wet red clay with a loud simian smack.

To make a long story short, in spite of serious counseling and shots of Crown, Jocko failed to master the art of controlled descent. The next four jumps went the way of the first, with Jocko screaming shrilly, trying to climb the risers with one hand and choking the mole with the other.

Evidently, the five straight splats caused a bit more damage than we thought, because shortly thereafter Jocko became gravely ill. Our medics were having a bit of a rough time in the dispensary. (They had been losing patients left and right and it reached a point where I created a new category for our daily report: KID, killed in the dispensary. They were less than happy about it, especially when I began carving little coffins out of tongue depressors and tacking them above the dispensary door every time some one croaked in there ... but, I digress.) Anyway, it was determined that old Jocko required a tracheotomy and one was performed. He was injected with massive amounts of antibiotics, but nothing worked.

The upshot of this was, we determined that while Jocko wasn't going to pull through, he had made five tower jumps and deserved to go out in style. We inflated one of the balloons, strapped Jocko to it with his little monkey harness, pinned VN jump wings to it, and turned him loose.

Our last sight of him as the prevailing winds carried him toward Cambodia is forever burned into my mind. Here's little Jocko, trach tube sticking out of his throat, growing fainter and fainter as the distance increased, one little monkey fist working on his Johnson with diminishing vigor while with the other he was still attempting to climb up.

I believe that someday a King Kong-like creature will emerge from the Highlands, his pelt befouled with jungle muck and detritus and bits of a faded, rotten monkey harness and orange balloon entangled in his coarse pelt. A trach tube will still extend from his by-now massive throat, and he will be PISSED.

A Better Rat Trap by Terry Dahling

RATS WERE A real problem at Ft. Gulick, Canal Zone. If so much as a crumb was in a rucksack they would gnaw right into the rucksack.

I lived in a room in the seaplane hanger in Coco Solo. I never had a rat problem, since I had inherited a four foot boa. I never saw any sign of rats and the boa never left so I guess he dined at will and scared the rest off. He lived on the pipes at the ceiling. I seldom saw him except when I came home in the wee hours. Then he may be in the middle of the floor and scare the shit out of me when I turned on the lights.

The rat in the bunker was a fixture. I occasionally helped out with night radio watch at Dak To when the 05B was at Ben Het or R&R. There was a rat in the bunker who sat by the pads just watching. He loved peanut butter and crackers. He would sit and pull his own radio watch at night time and the only thing he ate was C-rat peanut butter and crackers. He wouldn't touch the cheese. We named him Peanuts. I was going to say Ben, but that was a movie.

I used to wonder how a boa could catch a rat other than lay with his mouth opened and hope one walked in. I have since seen how quickly those suckers can strike.

My Very Own Rat **by David Kirschbaum**

GUYS TELL STORIES about rats and how so many guys avoided them at all costs. I don't really understand this problem with rats. I mean, you all got your shots, right?

Near the barbershop at CCC, there was also a seamstress shop. One day, I was getting something from the seamstress. While she was rooting in her fabric cabinet, something in there moved. She he let out an ear-splitting shriek. So heroic me grabbed my K-bar knife and started rooting around the cabinet. Not wanting to trespass if it was a banded krait or cobra or anything like that; but just curious, ya know?

As it turns out, a tiny baby rat had wiggled through a plastic loop on a set of curtains she was making, and the loop was stuck around his "waist" and he couldn't get loose! Well, I held him down, cut the stitches free and had myself a rat with a self-equippled collar. I borrowed some string from the seamstress, tied it through the loop, and had myself a baby rat on a leash!

I thought that was kind of cool. I mean, some guys had dogs, some guys had snakes, but I had a rat. I walked him across the compound, got no end of laughs and jeers as the guys watched me trying to get my rat to "heel." He wouldn't do it. Maybe he was too young or just needed more time for this special un-ratlike training. He'd run out in front of me very nicely and it looked just like I was walking him.

Somebody mentioned it to the Rodent Control NCO or whomever, and I was told that I had to get rid of my rat. According to them my rat was evil, nasty, dirty, disease-ridden, plague, pestilence, yadda, yadda, yadda.

(Sigh.) I was gonna turn him loose, cute little fellow, only bit me a couple of times; we were just getting to know one another. (Sigh.)

One of the teams had a banded krait—something really nastily poisonously fatal and horrible in a cage. One of guys suggested they would be glad to take the baby rat off my hands and use it for food for their snake. (MEGA SIGH!!)

So, I gave my little rat buddy to the other team for snake food. What's an animal lover to do, right? They put the baby rat in the cage with the snake. The snake stalked it, bit it, killed it, ate it, and DIED.

They were trying to blame ME for their bloody snake dying. Sheesh .. No appreciation any more. Should'a kept the rat.

Rat Extermination **by Reg Manning**

ONE OF OUR illustrious 12B's at Katum did attempt to get rid of the millions of rats in our Camp. It should be noted here that killing or causing the eviction of the rats was NOT the original mission. Rat removal was an unexpected by-product.

His task, I thought, was so simple that even a 12B4S Demo Man could comprehend it without the necessity for such an august personage as myself (The Exalted Head Medic) to intervene in what seemed to be a routine disposal matter.

His mission was to destroy, by detonation, a considerable quantity of bad lots of 105mm High Explosive and White Phosphorus, 81mm mortar, and 4.2" mortar ammunition of all types. All of these munitions had been damaged by fire, by rain, or by shrapnel. The quantity was such that it took about a half dozen trips with the (only surviving) $\frac{3}{4}$ ton truck to transport all these munitions to their place of destruction... to wit: a bomb crater which, with the benefit of 20/20 hindsight, was entirely too close to the camp's northern perimeter for any reasonable person to detonate such a large quantity of munitions.

He did anyway; and with the following (partial) listing of the damages incurred:

1. One each 106 mm Recoilless Rifle knocked totally upside-down on the North Star point.
2. The north wall of the arms room displaced inwards 12 inches.

3. One wooden structure destroyed by fire initiated by an illumination round.

4. 99% of the tin roofs in the camp were perforated by large falling objects.

5. 100% of the CIDG thinking they had been Nuked.

6. 100% of the USSF and US Artillerymen saying, “WTF was THAT?”

He later explained (!) that he had erred and had put the “high order” stuff on the bottom of the stack (whatever that means). I interpreted that to mean, “Aw, (expletive deleted)!”

I was reliably informed later by a CIDG trooper in the Cambodian Company, stationed in the Northwest Star point, that all the surviving rats in their company area who had not been brain damaged by the blast had been seen fleeing southwards in great haste and disarray.... apparently headed for quieter and safer locales.

Who’s Afraid of Rats? Not I!

by Charles A. Noyes

WHEN I ARRIVED at Bu Dop in October 1969, I was of course the newbie who had to be checked out, evaluated, et cetera. The guys at Bu Dop didn’t warm up to you right away.

On my second day there, after duty hours and evening meal, most everyone was in the Team Room. I was in my little Team House dispensary just down the hall. I had removed my boots and walked into the Team Room with my boots in my right hand hanging down next to my right leg.

Just as I entered, someone yelled, “RAT!!!” I looked across the Team Room and saw a big rat scampering along the wall. Before anyone else was on his feet, I dropped one boot, swung the other around behind my head, shot it forward through the room and crushed the rat up against the wall. The heel hit him just right to bend him at a right angle into the junction of the floor and the wall. It must have been a twenty-five-foot shot from me to the rat.

I walked over, picked up my boot and kept on walking to my hootch. I was accepted without reservation, as far as I know. I never did let on that it was the biggest fluke shot in history.

Jack Rabbit Hunting (5th SFG Style)

by Jim Peterson

BY THE EARLY 1980s, the 5th Group had really developed an interest in desert operations. We hit just about every post with a dry, windy and bare backyard during those years.

The headquarters finally decided on Fort Bliss, Texas and by the mid 80s had established a forward element. This element became responsible for obtaining and maintaining the jeeps and other vehicles we used when deployed there. They also became the subject matter experts for survival training and other desert operations.

There is a song that has the line, “trained to live off nature’s land’ We were well trained because we went there every year, but the biggest problem was the fact that Fort Bliss was a TRADOC post and it had plenty of range restrictions.

Our commanders just loved to come out and check on their troops to see just how miserable we were.

For those reasons, our survival areas were placed just off the flats of the Tularosa Valley. The area was used by local ranchers and there were some muddy cow ponds that were always filled by the winter rains in that area.

There were some nice mountains a few miles behind our training area, but they were off-limits. Imagine spending two months at a desert range camp, and two weeks of that time sitting next to a shit-filled cow pond watching the sun come up, move to the other side of the valley and then sit again. The cows were the smartest ones in our area. They would take one look at the teams moving into the survival area and they would head off to the mountains with their tails a-waggin’ never to be seen again. The area was a gentle slope of hard packed desert earth going down to the desert floor. The view was broken by scattered creosote bushes and a draw here and there. There were dirt trails that lead to each pond, and they were what the staff used for driving up to visit us.

The area had no game trails, no little bunnies or other furry creatures, no streams to fish in and damned few birds. About the only things around that could be eaten were jack rabbits and snakes. Of course, the snakes came only during the early evening and were very difficult to track down. A few days without food

and teams did not want to spend a lot of time and energy going out and actively hunting stuff down. The only critter remaining was the jack rabbit.

Now jacks didn't just come hopping down the bunny trail into your snare. They were solitary creatures that hung out under the creosote bushes during the day. Early in the morning after sunrise and before it got too hot, we would get up and go out to a new section of our area and get on line. Each of us would be armed with a BFR, 'big freakin' rock', and we would slowly move forward until one of us signaled the others that he had spotted a jack. We would slowly surround the bush with the jack in it and advance very carefully with our BFRs at the ready.

When we got as close as we could and the jack was starting to get jumpy, one of us would shout "NOW" and all of us would launch our BFRs. This technique had about a 50% success rate which is pretty darn good for in the desert. Also, jacks were stupid and didn't run too far, so we could hunt the same one a few times before he wised up and really put some miles between us.

After capture they were dispatched and eaten in the normal fashion. As a side note on survival, we were forced to stay in our area and we all knew it would have been much more realistic for us to be further up in the mountains.

A limited high protein diet over time would do a job on our bodies so for "shits and grins" while we were playing cards during the day somebody would shout "NOW" and we would all jump to our feet. The winner was the one who stayed on his feet the longest without keeling over.

Sick Feeling (Kenya) **by Jim Phillips**

WHEN I WAS in B-1-5, we went to Kenya in 85 (I think). I was the Jumpmaster; we were doing a normal day jump with the Kenya Airborne. We put the stick out and as the JM I went last. Jump was fine; I landed on the DZ and rolled my chute up. I realized I was a long way from the trucks and for that matter a live person.

As I looked around, I saw plains animals, the typical ones you see in National Geographic. I got this sick feeling that I wasn't in

Kansas anymore because where there are antelope and other grass eating animals there are lions, leopards, etc. I didn't run, but I moved like I did in the Q course on a forced march to get to the trucks. I walked for almost 15 minutes before I felt safe.

Africa was the only place I've ever been where you really had to watch out for dangerous animals.

Montagnard Cuisine **by David Kirschbaum**

I AM TRYING to pay attention to the situation at hand when I hear,"OOOOOOO! Nummah One!," and three or four of my 'Yards dive headfirst into the grass, grabbing for something. They come up all grinning and proudly show me their prize - baby mice! Oh yum, what a treat for after supper! We round eyes just shrug as the 'Yards' put their prizes in their shirt pockets, still alive, so as to stay fresh, one would presume.

The oddest Montagnard on the team, Noch, about 15 we guessed, was on walk-about from his tribe way back in the hills. All the other Yards thought he was really a barbarian. Well, Noch is disappointed this time as he was too slow and has no baby mouse. But, oh joy, through diligent searching in the high grass he manages to find his own treasure: a dead bat. Yep. So he proudly puts his dead bat in his pocket, and I try not to think about it.

Next day we're off to Dak To as a BRIGHT LIGHT team. And that evening, we're hunkered down around a fire eating whatever we have. There was a bunch of 4th Division doggies on the other side of the fence watching us, like we're a sideshow or something. And then Noch brings out his dead bat.

He prepares it according to 'Yard' doctrine, throws it in the fire, but in this case, kind of waves it over the fire, holding on to one wingtip until the fur is singed off. Then he cuts it open, burns it some more and now it's chow time!

Ever the mannerly barbarian, Noch digs into the tiny carcass with the tip of his knife and offers me ... something. I think it was a lung. And of course, being a polite and well-bred SF type, I politely refuse, managing to not puke in the fire. So Noch eats his

bat, bit by bit. Apparently the wings and head are not a delicacy. By this time, the 4th Division ranks are greatly thinned.

When I was Commander of Dak To for a few days, we ate a dog. It took only 4 Sten magazines of 9mm and an M-79 shotgun round to finish him off but that's another story for another book.

More about Noch. Another time, I stood in as his brother (?) father (?) uncle (?) co-husband (?) at a wedding in the 'Yard village outside the CCC camp. That was one long nervous drunken night.

