



**SFA Indian Nations Chapter 32/50**  
1715 Spoke Street  
Oklahoma City, OK 73108

### **MINUTES 13 MAY 2023**

SFA Chapter 32-50 met at the Oklahoma County Sheriff's Headquarters, 2101 NE 36th Street, Oklahoma City, OK, on Sat., 13 MAY 2023, at 1200 hours.

#### **Officers Present**

President: Roger "Rock" Taylor  
Treasurer/Medal Sales Coordinator/ WebMaster: Jerry Cooper  
Secretary/Assistant WebMaster: Pat Carr  
Assistant Secretary: Charles Watts  
Chaplain/Assistant Treasurer: Dick Goodman  
Medal Presentation Coordinator: Doug Warden  
Quartermaster: David "Sarge" Cronic

#### **Officers Absent**

Vice President: Bill Coultrup

#### **Opening Ceremonies**

President Rock Taylor called the meeting to order, at 1200 hrs.  
Assistant Chaplain Sarge Cronic led the Special Forces Prayer.  
Butch Graham led the Pledge of Allegiance.  
Rafael Elias played and the members sang the Ballad of the Green Beret.

#### **Guests**

Jerry Cooper brought two artillery "red leg" guests from the 173d INF BDE Association, Tim Austin and Larry Bennett. Former SF operator, Larry Layton, visited for the first time.

#### **Deaths**

##### **SGM Glenn E. "Bud" Williams**

Long time SFA member and former Chapter president, SGM(R) Glenn E. "Bud" Williams, died suddenly, on 4 MAY 2023, at the age of 85. Twenty-seven Chapter members attended his 9 MAY 2023, funeral, which was standing room only.

#### **Obituary**

Some stories are timeless. Some teach you something. Some are for cheap laughs. Some are all three. Bud was good at all the above. It's with great sadness we share that everyone's favorite storyteller, Glen Edward "Bud" Williams passed away in his sleep at his home in Jones, OK on Thursday May 4, 2023.



Bud was born March 27, 1937, in Prague, OK, to Ernest and Lucille Ray Williams. He was the second of 7 children and grew up in Paden, at the family farm, before moving to Midwest City, and graduating from Midwest City Highschool in 1955. Bud joined the US Army out of high school and served in the Special Forces as a Green Beret paratrooper, rising to the rank of Sergeant Major, the highest position obtainable for non-commissioned officers. After traveling the world serving his country, he married the love of his life, Joann, in 1959, and they were happily married for over 63 years.

After retiring from the military, Bud worked for years as a commercial truck driver. He is better known for his "second job", helping build, then running little league baseball and softball fields in Jones with Joann for many decades. If you or your children played baseball or softball in Jones in the past 50 years, you knew Bud. He gave the gift of his favorite sport to multiple generations of kids, and you could always find him dragging fields, emptying trash cans, fixing fences or mowing grass. You always knew you could interrupt him and get treated to a great story (that was somewhere between 5-75% factual), or a frequently re-told joke. He was a lifelong Chicago Cubs fan, and finally saw them win it all in 2016 His passion for baseball and his community was unmatched.

When not at the ballparks you could find Bud at Kiwanis lunches, Odd Fellows meetings, volunteering at the Jones cemetery, watching Jones High School sporting events, or acting as the de-facto "master of ceremonies" in his daily breakfast group at Shuff's diner, in Jones. His favorite pastime, however, was watching his own kids and grandkids play their sport of choice. He was happiest sitting in a lawn chair, or in the bleachers, at a ballpark, stadium, gym, pool or golf course, and telling anyone within shouting distance which kid or grandkid was his. He would drive hours to watch games, matches, meets and even just practices. He loved watching us do what we love to do, and would frequently remind us, "You're my horse, even if you never win a race".

Bud was one-of-a-kind. Anytime you told him you were coming to see him he would commit to "getting the band warmed up" for your arrival, and would just as reliably tell you, "the band got tired of waiting for you, so they packed up and left." If you planned on meeting him somewhere, he would tell you, "I'll be the one wearing the big pink ribbon, so you know which one I am". He was famous for telling each of us he was our "favorite <insert very specific description here>" when he saw us...examples being "You're my favorite 5 year old granddaughter" or "You're my favorite youngest grandson". And he would always end any visit or conversation with, "I'm glad you got to see me!"

Bud is survived by his wife Dorothy "Joann" Williams, also of Jones, as well as his three children and their families.

The world is a little less joyful without Bud. Thanks for everything, and rest well on a life well lived. We will see you again soon. You'll always be our horse, even if you never win a race, and we're glad you got to see us!

**“Budisms” compiled by Bud Williams’ sister-in-law, Shirley Williams**

- I have been married 49 years and 9 Months to Ray Williams.
- I am the youngest sister-in-law of Bud’s. The other two were in the family before I came along.
- Bud always told me, since the older boys were taken, all I got was not the pick of the litter, but what was left over.
- Bud used to call me for years and tell me the most horrible Indian Jokes, laugh, and then hang up on me!
- I was his favorite sister-in-law, if the other two weren’t around.
- My name was always “Shirley Bells.”
- Bud was always the first one at the table, the first in line, and the first to leave.
- We will miss him forever. He was ornery and one of a kind.
- Thank you everyone who attended the funeral. You made your presence known, and so beautiful in their green jackets and berets.
- You honored me by calling my name at the “Manifest Call.” I am so humbled by your recognition.

**CPT (R) Isabelino Vazquez-Rodriguez**



**Obituary by LT (R) Jim Campbell**

It was with great sadness that I received word that Captain Isabelino Vazquez-Rodriguez passed away peacefully, on January 7, 2023, at the age of 92. Captain Vazquez was preceded in death by his son, Robert. He is survived by his wonderful wife of 42 years, Uthoomporn, his son John Vazquez, his daughter and son-in-law Tai and Mike Hucks, his son and daughter in law, Ronald and Jennifer Reidell, and his two adored grandchildren, Brittany Hucks and Zachary Reidell.

Vazquez was born in December of 1930, in a small town in Puerto Rico. Growing up, he developed a great love for the game of baseball, and played the game while attending the University of Puerto Rico, before enlisting in the Army as a 19-year-old. Soon

thereafter, he departed for Korea to fight with the 15<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 3d Infantry Division. His company was engaged in brutal combat against the North Koreans for a long period of time. He told me on one occasion that the only time he ever wished he would die was on one extremely cold night when he almost froze to death in Korea. Captain Vazquez also related that his company in Korea had been in a major fight one night against a Chinese regiment, when the Chinese overran his unit's position, which resulted in him being one of only a handful of soldiers that were not killed or wounded. He earned promotions quickly during the war, serving as a squad leader, platoon sergeant, and acting platoon leader, as a result of the many casualties taken in battle. He was offered a battlefield commission while serving in the 15<sup>th</sup> Regiment, but turned it down because he was not sure he would remain in the Army. Late in his tour, he was transferred to the 65<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 3d Infantry Division. He was again offered a battlefield commission, but turned it down again.

He returned to the United States as a 21- year-old platoon sergeant, and decided to make the Army a career. He attended jump school in 1953, at Ft. Bragg, followed by a hitch in the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne Division, followed by hitches in the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne Division and the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division.

Sergeant Vazquez then attended the Special Forces Qualification School, at Ft. Bragg, where he graduated second in his class. At some point during his early years, he attended Ranger School, and was the number one graduate in his class. He served in 6<sup>th</sup> Special Forces Group, 7th Special Forces Group, at Ft. Bragg, and the 8<sup>th</sup> Special Forces Group, at Fort Gulick, Panama Canal Zone, during the early sixties. In August of 1966, he was assigned as an Operations Sergeant, in Vietnam, with the 5<sup>th</sup> Special Forces Group. While serving at the My An Floating Camp down in the Delta, in 1967, Sergeant Vazquez was terribly wounded in a brutal battalion size fight, and evacuated to Japan, where he spent 4 months recuperating in a military hospital in Yokohama.

After getting back on his feet, Sgt. Vazquez was assigned back to Special Forces in the Panama Canal Zone. It was not long before he was promoted to Sergeant Major, in the 8<sup>th</sup> Special Forces Group. There, in June of 1969, Sergeant Major Vazquez received a direct commission as a Captain. He was briefly assigned to the 75<sup>th</sup> Rangers, in Vietnam, before being assigned to 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion, 187<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division. At the end of the year in 1969, Captain Vazquez was assigned as Company Commander of Charlie Company, 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion, 506<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division, in Vietnam. In June of 1970, he turned over Charlie Company to Captain Hewitt, at which time Vasquez became the Battalion S-4, until his DEROS, in late July of 1970. Upon returning to the States, he served the next four years as a training officer, in the 7th Special Forces Gp.

Vasquez then resigned from the Officer Corp, reverting to Command Sergeant Major. He served two years in the US Army Missile Command, Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Alabama. In December of 1976, he was assigned back to Korea, 4<sup>th</sup> Squadron, 7th Cavalry, 1<sup>st</sup> Air Cavalry Division, for a year. Command Sergeant Major Vasquez terminal assignment In January of 1978, was Command Sergeant Major at the Institute for Military Assistance, John F. Kennedy Center for Special Warfare, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. He retired from the Army in December of 1980, after thirty years of glorious and magnificent service to his country.

Captain Vasquez completed his Masters and Doctoral Degrees in Business Management, and went to work for ITT Corporation for 16 years, before retiring with his wife and family in Oklahoma City.

NVA soldiers can rest a little easier now that this great warrior can no longer engage the enemies of our country. All of the soldiers of Charlie Company were blessed to have Captain Vasquez as our Company Commander for over six months. I was the only lieutenant in Charlie Company to serve under his command the entire time he commanded.

I have been asked to describe the kind of leader and man Captain Vasquez was. He was 39 years of age when he became Company Commander, in Vietnam. Physically, he was 5 feet 8 inches tall, and weighed about 150 pounds. He was extremely fit, and could out hump any soldier in the Company. He was like no other soldier that I ever served with. Captain Vasquez stood alone as the most professional soldier that I ever knew.

He was a man of few words, and did not waste time bullshitting. When Keith Nolan interviewed me for the Ripcord book, he asked me to tell him about Captain Vasquez. I told him that Vasquez was a man of few words, and that I probably had the longest conversation with him during his tour with Charlie Company, and that lasted only 5 minutes. He stayed a hundred per cent focused on the job at hand, and did not suffer fools. I well remember the first day I met him. The Company had come in for a stand down in the first week of January, and he came into the officer's hooch in the rear to visit with his three lieutenants, Charlie Lieb, Bob Wallace, and myself. It was a brief visit as he told us what he expected of his officers. He said the wisest words I ever received as a platoon leader, "The key to being a good officer is to show your troops that you will never ask them to do something you would not do yourself". I have read countless publications about leadership in the Army and what it entails, but I have never had it explained in such simple and poignant terms.

Having been on the wrong end of many ass chewings from Captain Vasquez, I can attest

that he had the most ferocious temper of any man I have ever known. When he would get pissed, his face would turn red. As a young second lieutenant who didn't know much about soldiering when I got to Vietnam, I had a lot to learn. I never received an ass chewing from him that I did not deserve. He taught me everything I would need to know about soldiering. Captain Vazquez loved to keep his platoons moving, and we never spent more than one night in the same position. He hated cluster "F ks", and never spent much time on LZ's taking resupplies.

Captain Vazquez wrote the book on map reading. When the unit would stop for a break, he spent all his time studying his map to determine the best and safest way to move in the difficult terrain. Captain Vazquez was a master of terrain analysis, and it was uncanny how he could relate the slightest movement of the lines on the contour map to the terrain on the ground. He would look at a map and visualize the most likely locations the NVA would use as ambush sites on the trail. You would then quietly approach off the trail, through the jungle, so as to not run the risk of being in the kill zone of the ambush. Captain Vazquez was extremely proficient in the use and adjustment of artillery and mortars. He was not going to have his units set up at night without the appropriate close in Delta Tangos being called along the most likely avenues of approach to each platoon.

Captain Vazquez was also a master at setting up defensive positions, and had great experience in doing so during his tour in Korea, and in his previous tours in Vietnam. He intended to build Firebase Ripcord like no other firebase in Vietnam. Charlie Company worked hard from daylight to dark in preparing the defensive positions on the firebase. Each fighting position was L shaped, and nothing was above ground. The long side of the L shape was facing the enemy and the fox hole was dug about 4 and a half to 5 feet into the ground, and was about 6 to 7 feet in width. The short side of the L Shape (the sleeping positions) were dug in the ground about 3 and a half feet deep, covered with a heavy piece of metal, upon which sandbags were placed and covered in dirt, so that nothing appeared above the ground. If the enemy attacked at night, the two soldiers sleeping in the sleeping position would immediately slide into the fighting position with the other soldier who was standing guard, and all three soldiers would be fighting together within a matter of seconds. All the ammo was stored in the fighting position, and numerous claymores were placed out in the wire at different distances, with the detonator wire running back to the fighting position. The key to the defense was the wire defenses in front of each fighting position, which were laid out in front of the firing positions damn near 75 yards in width around the firebase.

The wire was laid in the following fashion: You would first lay two strands of concertina wire. You would then mash it down to inches in height and lay a strand of tanglefoot wire tied on top of it. You would then lay two strands of concertina wire tied to the top of the tanglefoot. You would then lay a strand of tanglefoot and double apron wire on the ground

past the concertina. On the down side of the double apron wire, you would dig a ditch and lay hog wire, which was about six feet in height. You would repeat this process going down the hill. Claymores and foo gases were laid out at different intervals from each other. You would then take a mortar or artillery shell canister and invert it to place it in the ground. When you did this, you would fill the bottom of the shell canister with sand and with thickened fuel, and then stick a piece of wood into the sand to which you would attach an inverted trip flare. You would then run a piece of wire from the trip flare back to the fighting position. If you got hit at night, you would pull the wire to the trip flare, which would then cause the flare to ignite the thickened fuel in the canister, so that you would have your own illumination during the fight.

The month Charlie Company was building Ripcord was the hardest working period of my life! Woe be it if you did not lay this wire tight enough. Captain Vazquez plotted where he wanted the close in mortar and artillery support fired in front of the fighting positions, if the enemy launched a ground attack. The artillery pieces on Ripcord were set to fire direct flechette rounds, if the enemy attack near the fighting positions.

One day, just before we departed the Firebase to go back out to the field, I was advised by Captain Vazquez that he, General Hennessy, and Lt. Colonel Lucas would make an inspection of the firebase perimeter in my sector of the firebase. When they arrived for the inspection, we began moving around the perimeter of the firebase. I am pointing out the strengths of the firebase positions to the General. We were standing on the edge of the perimeter looking back up the hill toward the fighting positions when General Hennessy said to me, "Lt., do you see that gully running up the hill to the artillery positions? This would be a likely avenue of approach if the enemy attacked, and I do not see any claymores covering the dead space". I responded, "Sir, if you look up the hill, you will see four loose sandbags lying in the dirt, at different distances. They are each tied to and covering the claymores that cover the dead space. You cannot see the wire running from the claymores to the fighting positions because it is covered by dirt. Standing where we are, you cannot see the fighting positions". I then told him that, if the enemy chooses to launch a ground attack on Ripcord, they will be slaughtered in the wire. He replied, "I have never seen a firebase built like this". I told him it was all designed by Captain Vazquez, who knew more about defending a piece of ground than anyone in the Army. I explained to him how we had laid the wire, and told him we had named it "Vazquez Wire". I also advised him that Charlie Company troopers had laid every strand of wire in front of the fighting positions without the assistance of the battalion engineers.

I would be remiss if I did not mention Captain Vazquez losing his temper. I well remember when Charlie Company was picked up at an LZ one morning, and brought back to Camp Evans for a 24 hour stand down. We had been out in the field for a couple of months, and were greatly looking forward to getting back to the rear to drink some beer, get a shower

and new fatigues. Captain Vazquez wanted to free us from duty as soon as he could. He scheduled a brief ceremony at the Company area honoring those soldiers who had been killed, since we were last in the rear. He told me to assemble the Company in front of the Headquarters hootch of Charlie Company for the service, and I did so. Captain Vazquez came out of his hootch, and I could tell he was totally pissed off. He had received a message from Division that one of the Brigadier Generals of the Division wanted to come to the ceremony with his staff, but they could not get there for another hour and a half. Captain Vazquez was instructed to delay the ceremony. Generally, at these kind of ceremonies, a trooper who was a good friend of the deceased soldier would say a few words, and then the chaplain would say a few words. Having to delay the ceremony meant that the Charlie Company soldiers could not commence their festivities for another hour and a half, at least.

Captain Vazquez called the Company to attention and gave the command "Right Face!" He then said, "Lt. Campbell, I want you to take the Company on a long run around Camp Evans, and be back here in an hour." I gave the command "Double Time, "March", and we took off running. We of course could not figure out why we were doing this. Many of the soldiers asked me during the run what had I done to piss the old man off so bad. I had no idea. When we got back from the run, the General and his staff had showed up with the chaplain, and were standing together outside by the side of the headquarters hooch. I called the Company to attention and waited for Captain Vazquez to appear. He stormed out of his hootch and gave the command to stand at ease. He then faced the General and saluted him. He called the company to attention to present arms, followed by order arms. The chaplain came forward and spoke very briefly. Captain Vazquez stepped forward and said in his inimitable Puerto Rican accent these immortal words: "Vengeance is Death to the Enemy".

You could have heard a pin drop. He then said, "Lt. Campbell, dismiss the Company!" At this time, he returned to his hootch. Every Charlie Company soldier who was there that day realized what a hard-core leader we had, and loved him for it. He cared about the gallant soldiers who had died so honorably on the battlefield, and he cared about their comrades and seeing that they could enjoy as much of their free time as possible. This day is etched in my brain forever, and it tells all you need to know about what kind of soldier Captain Vazquez was. Captain Vazquez and my old machine gunner Layne Hammons (who worshipped Captain Vazquez) were the least arrogant and most unpretentious men I have ever known.

The maddest Captain Vazquez ever got at me was when I kept sending his mail back to the rear. Captain Vazquez' surname is Rodriguez, and I did not know it. When mail came to the field in the name of Rodriguez, I would send it back on the log bird, because we



had no Rodriguez in the Company. I did this for about two months. One day I heard Captain Vazquez complaining about not receiving any mail from his family for a couple of months. I then said to him that the mail clerk was screwing up, because he kept sending mail out addressed to a Rodriguez, and I had been sending it back because we had no Rodriguez in the Company. I can tell you this. By the time he got through chewing on me for sending his mail back to the rear, there were chunks of my rear end lying all over Rocket Ridge.

Captain Vazquez' style of leadership was like no other. He expected his soldiers to perform their duties as assigned. He strongly believed that the American Fighting Man was our nation's greatest treasure. He knew all there was to know about combat. There is a lot of controversy with respect to many officers who fought in the Ripcord battle. Captain Vazquez is exempt from these controversies, as, in my twenty-three years in the Ripcord Association and my time in Vietnam, I have never heard a single soldier speak of Captain Vazquez except in the highest regards. Simply stated, the Charlie Company soldiers knew that he was the best there was, and his expertise at soldiering and his professionalism saved many lives.

I will end my remarks with one last story. Approximately two weeks before the Battalion stand down in June of 1970, two Charlie Company platoons came together at a Landing Zone in the mountains lying South and East of Ripcord for a resupply. Lt. Colonel Lucas flew in to meet with Captain Vazquez. After their brief conversation ended, Lt. Col. Lucas turned to me and said "Lieutenant, you have been in the field too long, and I am going give you the next rear job that comes open in the battalion, which will occur when you come in for the battalion stand down." I said to him "Yes, Sir". He then departed from the LZ. A few minutes after his departure, Captain Vazquez then says to me, "Lt. Campbell, you are a "field soldier." You will never be worth a shit as a REMF!" My thought at the time was that I would probably spend my whole tour in the field. It was not until much later that I realized that those few words spoken to me by Captain Vazquez, the greatest combat leader I have ever known, were the greatest compliment I have ever received in my life. Sadly, his prediction that I would never be worth a shit as a REMF was confirmed when I later got a rear job back at Camp Evans, where I was a pretty sorry excuse for a soldier.

I do not know how it is possible to have more respect and admiration for a man than I do for Captain Vazquez. In the final analysis, he defies description. He is larger than life to those fortunate enough to serve with him. If I had to describe him in one sentence, I would say, "Captain Isabelino Vazquez was the consummate professional soldier who inspired the soldiers under his command to be the best they could be for him". I am quite certain that he is resting now in Valhalla, most probably looking at a map to designate some good ambush sites for American soldiers to use against the current enemies of

our country. "VENGEANCE IS DEATH TO THE ENEMY!"  
Respectfully Submitted, Lt Jim Campbell

### **BG(R) Paul Babiak in memory care facility**

Beloved member, BG(R) Paul Babiak, entered the Hennessey Care Center. Jerry Cooper received the following email from General Babiak's wife Jewel:

Jerry, Paul L. Babiak's birthday is November 9, 1932. It got to the point where I could no longer take care of Paul at home, so we put him in the Hennessey Nursing and Rehab Center, on April 28<sup>th</sup>, in hopes that he would get therapy and be able to get around better so he could come back home. So far (it's been 3 weeks today), but I haven't seen much improvement. I will keep hoping!

Thanks, Jewel Babiak

General Babiak's mailing address and phone number are:

Hennessey Nursing and Rehab Center, 705 East 3<sup>rd</sup> Street, Hennessey, OK 73742 Tel: (405) 853-4390

### **Ladies Auxiliary**

Ladies Auxiliary President Shirley Williams announced the ladies have amended their Constitution and By-Laws. Please see Shirley for copies.

### **Treasurer's Report:**

Treasurer Jerry Cooper reported the following, as of 3 MAY 2023:

General Fund bank balance	\$2,537.54
ROTC Medals bank balance	\$18,132.00
Green Beret Benevolent Fund	\$2,754.00
Total cash in banks	\$23,423.54

### **Medals Report**

Jerry Cooper reported the following, as of 3 MAY 2023:

<b>Item</b>	<b>2023</b>	<b>2022</b>	<b>Difference</b>	<b>%</b>
Medals sold since January 1st	623	494	129	26.00%
Remaining Medals on Hand	1,108	N/A	N/A	N/A
Gross Medal Sales	\$9,357.00	\$7,406.00	\$1,951.00	26.34%
Net Profit from Medal Sales	\$3,731.14	\$2,396.76	\$1,334.38	55.67%

Doug Warden has done an excellent job organizing medals presentations.

Dick Goodman's motion to approve both the Treasurer's report and the Medals Report, seconded by Ray Williams, passed unanimously

## **SGM(R) Ray Williams' Vietnam Recollections**

SGM(R) Ray Williams' spoke about his Vietnam Recollections. Then SGT Williams was originally assigned to Phu Quoc Island, off the coast of Vietnam, monitoring the incarceration of high value prisoners kept by the South Vietnamese government. Mid-tour, Ray was reassigned to the Mike Force (mobile assault force) located in Moc Hoa City, Kien Tuong Province. On his first operation out of Moc Hoa, Ray was grievously wounded, ending his time in Vietnam. Moc Hoa served as home base for several of our chapter members. Ranger Sarge Cronin participated in missions out of Moc Hoa, while, at the same time, Charles Watts was an advisor in Kien Tuong Province, on the Cambodian border. During his tour as a helicopter pilot, CPT Dick Goodman flew numerous missions into and out of Moc Hoa.

## **Old Business**

The Chapter voted to meet on 13 MAY 2023, even though we do not normally do so during the month of the SFA National Convention

Historian, Maj (R) Joe Todd, is continuing to record videos of combat veterans. Contact Joe if you have not recorded an interview.

Pat Carr requests submissions for The Drop.

The SFA National Convention is 22-26 MAY, 2023, in Indianapolis, Indiana. Members are strongly encouraged to attend.

On 6 MAY 2023, Doug Warden, was honored as the Grand Marshal of the Prague Kolache Festival parade. Although the Chapter had planned to enter a float, maximum participation in SGM(R) Bud Williams' funeral resulted in a light turnout at the parade..

Ellis Edwards' motion to approve the meeting minutes for 11 APR 2023, seconded by David Laukot, was unanimously approved.

## **New Business**

On Thurs, 25 MAY 2023, at 0900 hrs, Butch Graham will present a Chapter award to Jeff Martin, who generously donated our new sound system. If any members wish to attend, it will be at a construction equipment auction yard, on the south side of I-40, in Weatherford. The address is: 5500 S Frontage Rd, Weatherford, OK. (Directions: At I-40 Exit 84, turn left and cross over I-40 to the south/east-bound side. Go back east and take the second left. There is lots of construction work there. Follow the frontage road back east about 1/4 mi, where you will see the Auction site. Try to be there not later than 0830 hrs.

Sarge Cronic is donating some antique weapons for auction/raffle by the chapter.

National has announced a planned SFA Caribbean cruise, in OCT 2024. More information will be forthcoming.

**50/50 Raffle**

Jerry Cooper won \$75 in the 50/50 raffle, which he donated back to the Chapter. Those who wish to participate in the 50/50 drawing should bring small bills. Five dollars buys six tickets. If you have a chapter coin in your pocket when you purchase tickets, you get an extra ticket.

**Our Next Meeting** will be Saturday, 10 JUN 2023, at the Oklahoma County Sheriff's Headquarters, 2101 NE 36th Street, Oklahoma City. The entrance to parking is on the north side of NE 36th Street. The social hour begins at 1100 hours, and the business meeting begins at 1200 hrs. The building has no bar or refreshments.

De Oppresso Liber,



Charles J. Watts

D-2833

Assistant Secretary