

THE SPECIAL FORCES ASSOCIATION
CHAPTER XX
THE KENNETH WORTHLEY MEMORIAL CHAPTER NEWSLETTER

The "20/20" Flash

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The Next Chapter Business Meeting:

We will not have the September Business meeting. Editorially: It took me until August 31st (Mon) to realize that the first Tuesday in September happened on the following day. So, of course, I am throwing this Newsletter together quickly, which leads to another short, tardy Newsletter.

So, what about October's meeting? Right now, after a few emails, we will probably not have a meeting in October.

Monthly Activities: Editorially, check with the separate groups on the status of their meetings.

1st Tuesday of the Month: Chapter XX, SF Association Meeting.

1st Saturday of the Month, 9:30 am, the **Ranger** Breakfast at the Perkins on Lyndale in Bloomington. An informal gathering and all are invited.

3rd Wednesday of the Month, 7:30 pm: **Chapter XV, 173rd Airborne Brigade** is now held at the Richfield Veterans Park, near the parking lot for the pavilion (or in the pavilion) at 6 pm. Veterans Park is just north of the Richfield American Legion.

Midwest All Airborne Alliance will

Ron's Notes from the SFA Convention:

My take home messages are: There are over 10,000 members in SFA.

54 Chapter Presidents did the virtual President's meeting that gave an introduce-

tion to the new board members and a heartfelt "Thank you" to Cliff Newman who has retired from his position.

There was a Big Push for next year's convention.

An interesting note in the presentation was about the SFA membership. It could explain the difficulties of recruiting new chapter members. The SF members can be broken down roughly into 3 groups:

- 1.) the 50's and Vietnam,
- 2.) the post-Vietnam and Cold War, and
- 3.) the post 911 group.

Each group has been molded by new evolving doctrine and technology and even though we are all SF, the shaping, the training and the backgrounds of the soldier results in individuals not being able to relate to common experiences of the other groups.

So, a Vietnam veteran talking with a post 911 veteran will discover they have little in common between jungles, draftees and desert sand. Further, each ends up associating more with those of their own peer group. At least that is a thought.

Personally when I see the sizes of the graduating classes and see the new program of training I see little in common with my Training Group experience and the classmates and cadre.

DOL and Cheers! Ron

And: Just saw a movie and I recommend it.

"The Last Full Measure" deals with the efforts of Army veterans of the Big Red One to get an MOH for an Air Force PJ from the Vietnam War. It was very good.

And: the book by Gamble Dick, [A Glorious Nightmare in 64 Shades of Green](#), about SOG and Laos. Another good read.

As always: on the next DROP Input: If you have pictures or news for Chapter section of The Drop, please email the info and/or pictures to Ron Lachelt at Lachelts@gmail.com.

The Chapter Facebook page: is located at www.facebook.com/sfachapterXX

While Jim H. set up the Facebook account, Matt has been added as an administrator. I hope this means something to you. I presume: if you spot a problem or have a suggestion, then you can contact either guy. Of course, I am only presuming.

Okay, now, I am going back to the Twentieth Century.

From Ole: Who remembers ... Lost Words From Our Childhood

Mergatroyd! Do you remember that word? Would you believe the spell-checker did not recognize the word Mergatroyd ? Heavens to Mergatroyd !

The other day a not so elderly (I say 75) lady said something to her son about driving a Jalopy; and he looked at her quizzically and said, "What the heck is a Jalopy?" He had never heard of the word jalopy! She knew she was old, but not that old.

Well, I hope you are Hunky Dory after you read this and chuckle.

About a month ago, I illuminated some old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology. These phrases included: Don't touch that dial, Carbon copy, You sound like a broken record, and Hung out to dry.

Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie . We'd put on our best bib and tucker,

to straighten up and fly right. Heavens to Betsy! Gee whillikers! Jumping Jehoshaphat! Holy Moley!

We were in like Flynn and living the life of Riley; even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill. Not for all the tea in China!

Back in the olden days, life used to be swell, but when's the last time anything was swell ? Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys and the D.A.; of spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes, and pedal pushers .

Oh, my aching back! Kilroy was here, but he isn't anymore.

We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap, and before we can say, "Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!" Or, "This is a fine kettle of fish!." We discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent, as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues and our pens and our keyboards. Poof, go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink, and they're gone. Where have all those great phrases gone?

Long gone: Pshaw, The milkman did it. Hey! It's your nickel. Don't forget to pull the chain. Knee high to a grasshopper. Well, Fiddlesticks! Going like sixty. I'll see you in the funny papers. Don't take any wooden nickels. Wake up and smell the roses.

It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter has liver pills. This can be disturbing stuff! (Carter's Little Liver Pills are gone too!) Leaves us to wonder where Superman will find a phone booth.

See ya later, alligator! Okidoki.

You'll notice they left out "Monkey Business"!!!!