

He was looking for a fight. In 1963, America seemed to be looking for one, too.

So Rescorla reported for basic training at Fort Dix, N.J., a mercenary at 24. "He was looking for bang-bang shoot-'em-up," says his best friend, Hill, who met him at Fort Dix.

Rescorla and Hill, who was starting his second Army tour, were the only grunts at Fort Dix with combat experience. It was the same story when they began Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, Ga. -- the so-called Benning School for Boys was a hotbed of fresh-faced college graduates. Again, Rescorla emerged as a swaggering leader, belting out Cornish songs in his lusty baritone when his classmates were stressed out and exhausted.

After graduating as a second lieutenant in April 1965, Rescorla was assigned to lead a platoon in Bravo Company of the 2nd Battalion of the 7th Cavalry -- once General Custer's outfit at Little Big Horn, now the vanguard of a new helicopter-based "air-mobile" fighting concept designed for Southeast Asia. That fall, President Johnson shipped him to Vietnam.

"Most of us were in awe of Rick," recalls Larry Froelich, an OCS classmate who is now the news editor at the Lexington (Ky.) Herald-Leader. "It came as no surprise when the stories began to trickle back from Vietnam about his exploits in the field."

The Valley of Death

The Vietnam War entered a new realm of seriousness on Nov. 14, 1965, in the elephant grass and termite hills of the Ia Drang Valley. That remote swath of the Central Highlands became known as the Valley of Death. And as retired Army Gen. Harold G. Moore and war correspondent Joseph Galloway wrote in "We Were Soldiers," their narrative of Ia Drang: "Rescorla, as usual, was in the middle of it all." In "Baptism," another Vietnam memoir, Larry Gwin dedicated an entire chapter of hagiography to Rescorla, describing him as a charming raconteur with a "crazed irreverent twinkle" at play, but also a ruthless killer with a "cold steely glint that could sear through you like the icy stare of death" in the bush.

"Rescorla was the best platoon leader I ever saw," says Moore, who will be played by Mel Gibson in an upcoming movie based on "We Were Soldiers." "What a unique man."

American troops were encircled that first night at a landing zone they called X-Ray, and one company was virtually wiped out in a hellish firefight. The next day, Rescorla's company was ordered to replace it on the perimeter at the foot of the Chu Pong mountain ridge. In a later letter

to Moore and Galloway, Rescorla recalled that when he arrived -- after a U.S. fighter jet had mistakenly dropped napalm on his men -- he found corpses scattered everywhere from the night before, including an American with his hands still clenched around a North Vietnamese soldier's throat.

"Are your men up for this? Do you feel they can hold?" asked Myron Diduryk, his commander.

"If they break through us, sir, you'll be the first to know," Rescorla replied.

That night, Rescorla risked sniper fire to study the terrain from the enemy viewpoint. He ordered his men to dig new foxholes 50 yards back, lay booby traps, reposition their machine guns and artillery. After midnight, he sang a slow Cornish mining tune: "Going Up Cambourne Hill Coming Down." Lund remembers Rescorla stopping by his foxhole to reset his bayonet and critique his fields of fire, joking as if they were preparing to play paintball.

"What a command presence," recalls Lund, who now runs a cell phone accessory business in Omaha. "We all thought we were going to die that night, and Rescorla gave us our courage back. I figured, if he's walking around singing, the least I can do is stop trembling."

The next morning, Bravo Company beat back four assaults, mowing down about 200 enemy soldiers while sustaining only a few injuries.

"A quietness settled over the field," Rescorla wrote later. "We put more rounds into clumps of bodies nearest our holes, making sure. . . . Forty yards away a young North Vietnamese soldier popped up from behind a tree. He started his limping run back the way he had come. I fired two rounds. He crumpled. I chewed the line out for failure to fire quickly."

It sounds heartless, but Rescorla had a nasty job. Minutes later, he saved several of his men by dropping a grenade on an enemy machine-gunner. Rescorla still had the gunner's brain matter on his fatigues when his company was airlifted back to base.

"The stench of the dead would stay with me for years after the battle," he wrote. "Below us the pockmarked earth was dotted with enemy dead. . . . A grenadier next to me threw up on my lap. He was, like many, a man who had fought bravely even though he had no stomach for the bloodletting."

There was more to come. The next day, while Bravo Company rested, the rest of its battalion marched into a vicious ambush near a landing zone called Albany. Bravo was sent back to the rescue. "You know the battalion is in the [expletive]," Rescorla told his men. "We've been selected to jump into that [expletive] and pull them out." Once again,

Rescorla sprinted into a ragged perimeter -- after a bone-rattling 10-foot jump from a Huey under fire -- and immediately lifted the spirits of weary soldiers who thought they were done.

"My God, it was like Little Big Horn," recalls Pat Payne, a reconnaissance platoon leader. "We were all cowering in the bottom of our foxholes, expecting to get overrun. Rescorla gave us courage to face the coming dawn. . . . He looked me in the eye and said, 'When the sun comes up, we're gonna kick some'"

Sure enough, the battalion fought its way out of Albany. Rescorla left the field with a morale-boosting souvenir: a battered French Army bugle that the North Vietnamese had once claimed as a trophy of war. It became a talisman for his entire division. But 305 Americans died in the Ia Drang, more than in the entire Persian Gulf War. The North Vietnamese death toll was 3,561. Even worse, leaders on each side concluded after the battle that they would be able to outlast the other side in a war of attrition.

Rescorla served one tour in Vietnam, earning a Silver Star, a Purple Heart and Bronze Stars for Valor and Meritorious Service, in addition to his \$241.20-per-month salary.

He hated the way the Washington politicians were running things, with their kill ratios and no-fire zones and half-baked commitment to victory. He believed they were underestimating the enemy's resolve, mistaking fervent nationalism for Soviet-style communism, piling up body bags in a losing cause.

He liked to say the higher-ups "saw things through the rosy red hue."

"When I heard that Rick had quit the war, I felt in my heart that this was the wrong war for us," Froelich recalls. "I never thought he'd walk away from a noble pursuit."

Postwar American

In "Audie," the film script Rescorla wrote a few years ago with his friend Jim Morris, Audie Murphy cannot escape his past or his pain. He is "walking wounded," opening fire at his own alarm clock. He runs up gambling debts. He complains he's got no civilian skills except shining shoes and robbing banks. "How do you like sitting on that pedestal?" he is asked.

"I coulda done without it," he replies.

Rescorla did not want an Audie Murphy life after his war.

So he finished his Army tour back at Fort Benning, where he got his U.S. citizenship, then set off for the University of Oklahoma on the GI

Bill in 1968. He hung around bookstores and coffee shops. He read up on American Indians and the Wild West. He studied creative writing. He earned bachelor's and master's degrees in literature, then began law school.

"I'm sure everyone's talking about Rick the Celtic warrior, Rick the hero, but he also had a deep intelligence," says Fred McBee, a fellow student who later became a philosophy professor. "He'd lay Shakespeare on you. He'd quote Proust."

He also trained officers for the Oklahoma National Guard and took another job training security guards in hand-to-hand combat. But although he remained in the Army Reserve for years, the pure-macho stage of his life was over. He married a special-needs teacher in 1972 and became a criminal justice professor at the University of South Carolina. Elizabeth Rescorla, his first wife, once found his medals hidden in a round tin in their attic.

"He always said: 'The war was part of my life. It's not my life,' " she says.

Academia, however, was not his calling. "Can you imagine Rescorla sitting around with a damn pipe in his mouth?" Hill asks. The money wasn't great, either. So Rescorla shifted into corporate security, first at the Bank Administration Institute, then at a Chicago bank. In 1985 he moved to New Jersey to be director of security for the Wall Street brokerage Dean Witter, which later merged with the investment bank Morgan Stanley. He brought a military regimen to the job, frequently calling his guards at night to make sure they were at their posts, constantly analyzing new security threats. During the Gulf War, Hill says, Rescorla concluded that the main threat at the World Trade Center was an underground truck bomb.

"We walked the garage together, and that was obviously the soft spot," says Hill, who had been hired by Rescorla as a consultant. "He told Port Authority, but they said it was none of his business."

In 1993, of course, a terrorist truck bomb in that very garage created pandemonium. Legend has it that Rescorla dropped his pants to get the mob's attention, but that Rescorla legend is not quite true. He only jumped on a desk in the middle of the firm and threatened to drop his pants if his people didn't chill out and listen. In the stunned silence that followed, he launched an orderly evacuation, refusing to leave until the entire tower was empty.

Meanwhile, he and Elizabeth were raising a family. Trevor was born in 1976, a brawny kid with his dad's easygoing charm. Kim arrived in 1978, a thoughtful kid with her dad's creative flair. Rescorla coached their soccer teams, shouted at their referees. He watched movies with them, especially westerns, especially John Wayne westerns. He edited Kim's

poetry in red pen and taught her how to sneak books under her covers after her mother demanded lights out. He boxed in the basement with Trevor.

"He'd cheat," Trevor recalls with a grin. "He'd throw elbows. He'd shoulder me into the sofa. But I got him a few times, and he'd always be proud: 'Hey, T knocked me down!'"

Today, both children are following their father's paths. Trevor is a security guard, considering a career in law enforcement. Kim is a law student.

They want people to know that their dad was only human. He could be stubborn, impatient, impolitic. He didn't have much of a filter between thought and speech. His first marriage dissolved in the mid-'90s, and there were fights over money. In Cyprus, he once backed a jeep into a restaurant after a night of drinking. He once told his National Guard bosses that they didn't have nearly enough combat experience to evaluate him. He didn't suffer fools at all.

But even his ex-wife wants people to know about his kindness. He used to shovel an old lady's driveway after every snowstorm. He once drove home to fetch a sleeping bag for a homeless man. He bought a co-worker a ticket home to Jamaica after a death in her family.

When Rescorla returned to Hayle to visit his mother, he always called on a lonely blind man named Stanley Sullivan at the town's nursing home. Sullivan loved his pint, and Rescorla always brought him cans of Guinness. Then they would sing Cornish oldies like "The White Rose" into the night, tears streaming down their faces.

"My God, I'm thinking of Tammy sitting on that bed, with his huge arm cuddling that frail man," sobs Rescorla's lifelong friend Mervyn Sullivan, no relation to Stanley.

Vietnam was always in the background, but Rescorla tried to keep it in the background. He told Kim that he was no longer the same man who used to kill 20 people before breakfast. He felt uneasy at reunions, complaining in an e-mail to Shucart about their "strange mixture of sentimentality, camaraderie, hucksterism and revisionist history." He once wrote that men who died in Vietnam were "as valid as any American hero in any war this country has ever fought," and he often visited the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. But he could not relate to veterans who still greeted him with "Welcome home, brother," who never got over their bitter homecomings.

"We didn't get no parade," a Vietnam vet tells Audie Murphy in Rescorla's script.

"My whole life has been a parade," Murphy replies. "Makes no

difference."

'Our Time on Earth Is Brief'

One day in July 1998, Rescorla went jogging near his home, not far from the headquarters where George Washington spent two winters with his Continental Army. A divorced mother of three named Susan Greer was out walking her golden retriever.

"What are you doing?" she asked the passing jogger. "Why are you barefoot?"

Rescorla explained that he was working on a screenplay about Northern Rhodesia, where the people ran barefoot, and that he wanted to see what it felt like. It was the start of an abbreviated love story. In February 1999, they were married.

"I knew he was sick," says Susan, weeping at the memory. "But I also knew that if I only had five minutes with him, it would be the best five minutes of my life."

The Rescorlas moved into a Morristown subdivision called Windmill Pond, where they could sit on their patio and talk and watch the ducks float by. They would break into impromptu dances while running errands. She started fleeing girls-nights-out before dessert, because she hated to be without him for a whole evening. He wrote her a poem called "Soulmate just before dawn":

Awakening in the dark

when the geese are silent on the pond

your steady breathing helps me

face the daybreak with a smile

Susan introduced him to herbal medicine, and the Chinese roots and grains and gelatin caps seemed to work wonders. He still took hormones that made him puffy -- he was nearly 300 pounds, and he hated it -- but he felt healthy, and his bone scans were clean.

Last May, on a trip to Cornwall, the Rescorlas decided to renew their vows outside an old Norman church. "We had taken such long journeys to find each other. We wanted to savor every moment," Susan says. Rick had always liked churches for their architecture, but in his reading about religion he had come to believe in an ordered universe, in a higher power.

"The blossoming hawthorn tree nearby reminds us of the natural and orderly course of time," he wrote for their new vows. "We are aware that

our time on earth is brief: the footprints that we make in this sandy soil will one day be washed away by an eternal tide."

Rescorla was thinking about those footprints in the months before he died. In April, when he was inducted into the OCS Hall of Fame, he philosophized over a few drinks with Hill, the best man at both of his weddings. "God, look at us," he told Hill, a convert to Islam who had just undergone major heart surgery. "We should have died performing some great deed -- go out in a blaze of glory, not end up with somebody spoon-feeding us and changing our nappies."

Then there was that September kairos e-mail to Shucart, his medic-turned-surgeon pal.

"I'm enjoying life at 62," he wrote. "Mulling over a lot of interesting stuff on Stoicism/Zen/Pantheism while trying to wrap the last few years of my security job with some degree of aplomb." He quoted "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," the T.S. Eliot poem about an aging man afraid to seize the day: "Do I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?"

Rescorla confided to Shucart that he was frightened about retirement, nervous that his "most significant contribution" was long in the past. But for all his gloomy musings about mocha grande and the elusive kairos moment, he was engrossed in an "inspirational" biography of Sitting Bull: "Countering the pessimism is the artistic/literary impulse." And he was "very happily married." Maybe, he suggested, there was still some living to do.

"Carpe diem," he wrote. "Let's Corvette ourselves forward into that dark night, Butch and Sundance. The outlaw streak . . . will serve us well, prepare us for that moment of truth."

It doesn't sound real, now that Rescorla's moment of truth has been captured in a snapshot. But Rescorla never sounded real. Morris says he often rewrote Rescorla's dialogue for the "Audie" script. "I told him: 'Look, it's too epic. People don't talk like that,' " he recalls. "I mean, Rescorla talked like that, but no one else does."

This was Rescorla's last e-mail to his daughter at law school, dated Sept. 10:

"Your mission . . . should you choose to accept it . . . dream, then scheme. . . . This country will be coming out of its slump about two years from now. It's going to be a time for legal eagles of all kinds to leave their rocky promontories, spread their wings, and do what eagles tend to do. . . ."

One September Morning

On Sept. 11, Rick Rescorla's alarm bounced him out of bed at 4:30 a.m.

Susan remembers him emerging from the bathroom, imitating Anthony Hopkins as the weirdo ventriloquist in "Magic," the movie they had rented the night before.

Then he broke into a British ditty, but she can't remember which one. She wishes she could.

He put on a gray shirt and a custom-made pinstripe suit.

She selected his matching red silk tie.

They kissed goodbye, and Rick was gone, off to the commuter train.

He called Susan at 8:15 a.m. from his corner office on the 44th floor.

"He told me he loved me. He said he didn't need the movies -- he had me," she says.

Rescorla wasn't even supposed to be at work that day. Susan's daughter Alexandra was getting married the next week in a 10th-century Tuscan castle, and they had planned to go abroad early. But his deputy, Ihab Dana, wanted to visit Lebanon, so Rescorla delayed his own vacation. "It should've been me in there," Dana says. "Rick was like a father to me."

The first plane struck the north tower at 8:48 a.m. Moments later, Morgan Stanley employees began evacuating the 44th through 74th floors.

"Really, Rick made that decision in 1993," Dana says. "He saved thousands of lives."

After the truck bombing that year, Rescorla had warned Hill: Next time by air. He expected a cargo plane, possibly loaded with chemical or biological weapons. In any case, he insisted on marching his troops through evacuation drills every few months. The investment bankers and brokers would gripe, but Rescorla would respond with his Seven P's: Proper prior planning and preparation prevents poor performance. He wanted to develop an automatic flight response at Morgan Stanley, to burn it into the company's DNA.

According to Barbara Williams, a security guard who worked for him for 11 years, Rescorla was in his office when the first plane hit. He took a call from the 71st floor reporting the fireball in One World Trade Center, and he immediately ordered an evacuation of all 2,700 employees in Building Two, as well as 1,000 Morgan Stanley workers in Building Five across the plaza. They walked down two stairways, two abreast, just as they had practiced. Williams could see Rescorla on a security camera with his bullhorn, dealing with a bottleneck on the 44th-floor lobby,

keeping people off the elevators.

"Calm, as always," she says.

In his cell phone call to Hill, Rescorla said he had just spoken to a Port Authority official, who had told him to keep everyone at their stations. "I said: Everything above where that plane hit is gonna collapse," Rescorla recounted to Hill. "The overweight will take the rest of the building with it. And Building One could take out Building Two."

That, of course, is not exactly what ended up happening. But by the time the second hijacked jet rammed into the south tower at 9:07 a.m., many Morgan Stanley employees were already out of the building, and just about all of them were on their way out.

The rest of Rick Rescorla's morning is shrouded in some mystery. The tower went dark. Fire raged. Windows shattered. Rescorla headed upstairs before moving down; he helped evacuate several people above the 50th floor. Stephan Newhouse, chairman of Morgan Stanley International, said at a memorial service in Hayle that Rescorla was spotted as high as the 72nd floor, then worked his way down, clearing floors as he went. He was telling people to stay calm, pace themselves, get off their cell phones, keep moving. At one point, he was so exhausted he had to sit for a few minutes, although he continued barking orders through his bullhorn. Morgan Stanley officials said he called headquarters shortly before the tower collapsed to say he was going back up to search for stragglers.

John Olson, a Morgan Stanley regional director, saw Rescorla reassuring colleagues in the 10th-floor stairwell. "Rick, you've got to get out, too," Olson told him.

"As soon as I make sure everyone else is out," Rescorla replied.

Morgan Stanley officials say Rescorla also told employees that "today is a day to be proud to be American" and that "tomorrow, the whole world will be talking about you." They say he also sang "God Bless America" and Cornish folk tunes in the stairwells. Those reports could not be confirmed, although they don't sound out of character. He liked to sing in a crisis.

But the documented truth is impressive enough. Morgan Stanley managing director Bob Sloss was the only employee who didn't evacuate the 66th floor after the first plane hit, pausing to call his family and several underlings, even taking a call from a Bloomberg News reporter. Then the second plane hit, and his office walls cracked, and he felt the tower wagging like a dog's tail. He clambered down to the 10th floor, and there was Rescorla, sweating through his suit in the heat, telling people they were almost out, making no move to leave himself.

"He was selfless in that situation, and that's your ultimate character test," Sloss says. "He was not rattled at all. He was putting the lives of his colleagues ahead of his own."

Susan Rescorla watched the United Airlines jet carve through her husband's tower, and she dissolved in tears. After a while, her phone rang. It was Rick.

"I don't want you to cry," he said. "I have to evacuate my people now."

She kept sobbing.

"If something happens to me, I want you to know that you made my life."

The phone went dead.

Dying as He Lived

Susan watched the south tower implode in that unforgettable plume of smoke. She ran wailing into the street. She doesn't know why she did that. One of her neighbors did the same thing -- her husband had been at a meeting on the 100th floor.

The Rescorlas embarked on the grieving rituals that became so familiar to the world. The trips from hospital to hospital. The posters. The vigils. The desperate hope: If anyone could make it out of there, Rick could.

She kept calling his cell phone and hearing his message and disintegrating all over again.

Rick did not make it out. Neither did two of his security officers who were at his side. But only three other Morgan Stanley employees died when their building was obliterated.

The Rescorlas are still waiting for a body, or even a positive identification of some remains. Susan brought Rick's hairbrush to the victim center on the Manhattan piers. Trevor gave a saliva sample. But Rick never wanted a fancy funeral at Arlington National Cemetery. He wanted to be cremated with no fanfare. He told Susan that if she wanted a memorial, he'd be okay with a plaque at a nearby bird sanctuary called the Raptors. It'll go on the American eagle cage.

"My Rick has spread his wings and soared into eternity," Susan keeps saying.

Life goes on. Dana is drawing up a new security plan for Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, trying to imagine what his fallen boss would do. Jacqueline Landrau, a Morgan Stanley payroll clerk, gave birth to an eight-pound baby boy two days after she escaped from the 45th floor. The company is

expected to announce widespread layoffs soon. Its \$220 million lawsuit against the Port Authority for negligence before the 1993 bombing is scheduled to go to trial next year. It turns out that the agency's own consultants had also warned that the underground garage offered "an enormous opportunity . . . for a terrorist to park an explosive-filled vehicle." Alexandra went ahead with her wedding, not in Tuscany, but in Morristown.

Meanwhile, the citizens of Hayle are raising money for a statue of their native son. Gen. Moore is pushing for a posthumous Medal of Freedom. Robin Williams read a short tribute to Rescorla on that all-star telethon broadcast in 156 countries. Morris is shopping the Audie Murphy script around Hollywood. Next month, the veterans of Ia Drang will honor Rescorla at their annual reunion in Washington. And the big-budget "We Were Soldiers" film is coming out next year. Rescorla's company was edited out of the script, but the bugle he recovered at Albany will make an appearance.

In the end, there was no great mystery to Rescorla's actions on Sept. 11.

It would have been mysterious if he had reacted any differently. And everyone who knew Rescorla agrees that if he had survived the evacuation, he would have said he was just doing his job. That's what Rescorla said after Vietnam, what Audie Murphy said after World War II.

"The man died as he lived," says Galloway, the co-author of "We Were Soldiers," who is now a consultant for Secretary of State Colin Powell. "What makes some people react like this, God only knows. In Rick's case, you always expected it."

The only real mystery is why Rescorla ultimately got his chance to Corvette forward into that dark night, why he never had to get spoon-fed in his nappies. It is not the kind of mystery that could ever be solved.

But to the friends he left behind, his death made a kind of cosmic sense on a day when the universe was out of order: The right man in the right place at the right time. He left in a blaze of glory. With no parade.

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1500 ARMY PENTAGON
WASHINGTON DC 20310-1500

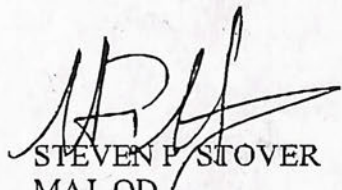
SAPA-MRD

March 11, 2002

MEMORANDUM FOR Commander, National Personnel Records Center (ATTN: Mr. Bill Seibert), 9700 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, MO 63132-5100

SUBJECT: Mr. Richard Cyril Rescorla, United States Army

1. Respectfully request any records you might have concerning Mr. Richard Cyril Rescorla, United States Army. NBC Dateline is running a story tonight, March 11, 2002, on Mr. Rescorla's heroic actions on September 11, 2001.
2. Mr. Rescorla, it seems, also faithfully served his country in Vietnam, and was present during the Ia Drang campaign there.
3. Point of contact this information is the undersigned, Public Affairs Specialist, Media Relations Division, Office of the Chief of Public Affairs, at 703.697.5343, fax 703.697.2159.


STEVEN P. STOVER
MAJ, OD
Public Affairs Specialist



**Office, Chief of
Public Affairs**

**Media Relations
Division-Rm 2B739**

FAX

To: Mr. Bill Seibert **From:** MAJ Jove

Fax: 314 538-2249 **Pages:** 1 **plus Header**

Phone: 314 538 2250 **Date:** 11 MAR 02

Ref: Mr. Rick Rescena

Urgent **For Review** **Please Comment** **Please Reply**

● **Comments:**

Sir,
 Any Service Record, w/ Annotated
 Time Served in Vietnam / Awards and
 Decorations Listed, i.e. ZA or ZIA.

I Thank you for your
 Prompt Reply.
 MAJ Jove
 703.697.5343

Fax 703.697.2159

From: Eric Voelz
To: Aitken, Melanie
Date: 10/30/01 12:17PM
Subject: Rescorla, Richard C.

Melanie,

I just got a copy of a very long article from the Washington Post on Mr. Rescorla. I think with the media attention this case has had (he died in WTC collapse) the record should go into the vault. I know you are holding all the 9/11/01 files, so could you mark the Rescorla file (A 50 730 467) to be given to me when you no longer need it? Thanks.

Eric

CC: Martin, Thelma

VAULT

From: Melanie Aitken
To: Eric Voelz
Date: 10/30/01 1:11PM
Subject: Re: Rescorla, Richard C.

Yes, I have marked it for you.

>>> Eric Voelz 10/30/01 12:17PM >>>
Melanie,

I just got a copy of a very long article from the Washington Post on Mr. Rescorla. I think with the media attention this case has had (he died in WTC collapse) the record should go into the vault. I know you are holding all the 9/11/01 files, so could you mark the Rescorla file (A 50 730 467) to be given to me when you no longer need it? Thanks.

Eric

CC: Thelma Martin

CNAREV1
0229

NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION
MPR FINDING AID REPORT

10/30/2001
08:03:09

129 36 8271 RESCORLA AR
 RESCORLA RICHARD C ART A 0050 730 467 3

RECORD CHARGED TO:

SEARCHER:

DATE:

AC5 PB5

2-26-97

DL

ROUT/COLOR-CODE.....C/O DATE.....SEARCHER.....ADDRESS-CODE 13
 SSAN/SN NAME SVC-CODE REGISTRY-NO.
 129 36 8271 RESCORLA RICHARD C ANT A 50 730 467 RUN DATE 11/01/96
 05 32 5637 NOT FOUND RUN TIME 19.50
 RUN PAGE 00966
 INQ PAGE 00001

*****REQUEST FOR INFORMATION VA FORM 70-3101-4 JUL 1986*****

DATE 10-31-96 VA-INS-NO. VA-FILE-NO. 23 386 406
 TYPE-OF-REQUEST SUPPLEMENTAL 1.NAME RESCORLA,RICHARD,CYRIL
 TYPE-OF-CLAIM DISABILITY 2.SSAN 129-36-8271
 DATA-REQUESTED MEDICAL 3.SERVICE-BRANCH ARMY
 4.DATE-OF-BIRTH 05-27-39
 5.PLACE-OF-BIRTH
 6.DATE-OF-DEATH

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION. (309)
 20 WASHINGTON PL
 NEWARK NJ 07102 ORIGINATING-UNIT ADJUDICATION 2116

7. ENT	8. SEP	9.	10.SVC	11. LAST GRADE, RATE,	12.SEP FORM
ACT DUTY	ACT DUTY	CHAR	NUMBER	RANK, AND/OR ORGANIZATION	ON FILE
A 07-05-63	04-18-67	UNV	05325637		NO

13. SUBSEQUENT-RES/RET-STATUS UNK 14. TERMINAL-DATE 15. RET-STATUS

16. ALLEGED DISEASE/INJURY 17. TREATMENT-DATES 18. PLACE-OF-TREATMENT 19. TYPE

20. PLEASE FURNISH ALL AVAILABLE SERVICE MEDICAL RECORDS.
 COMPLETE VERIFICATION OF SERVICE.
 COPY OF PHYSICAL EXAM AT INDUCTION.
 COPY OF PHYSICAL EXAM AT DISCHARGE.

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OUT/COLOR-CODE.....C/O DATE.....SEARCHER.....ADDRESS-CODE 13
 SSAN/SN NAME SVC-CODE REGISTRY-NO.
 129 36 8271 RESCORLA RICHARD C ART A 50 730 467 RUN DATE 08/27/96
 005 32 5637 NOT FOUND RUN TIME 19.19
 RUN PAGE 00171
 INQ PAGE 00001

*****REQUEST FOR INFORMATION VA FORM 70-3101-4 JUL 1986*****

DATE 08-24-96 VA-INS-NO. VA-FILE-NO. 23 386 406
 TYPE-OF-REQUEST ORIGINAL 1.NAME RESCORLA,RICHARD,CYRIL
 TYPE-OF-CLAIM DISABILITY 2.SSAN 129-36-8271
 DATA-REQUESTED MEDICAL 3.SERVICE-BRANCH ARMY
 4.DATE-OF-BIRTH 05-27-39
 5.PLACE-OF-BIRTH
 6.DATE-OF-DEATH

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION (309)
 20 WASHINGTON PL
 NEWARK NJ 07102

ORIGINATING-UNIT ADJUDICATION 2116

7. ENT 8. SEP 9. 10.SVC 11. LAST GRADE, RATE, 12.SEP FORM
 ACT DUTY ACT DUTY CHAR NUMBER RANK, AND/OR ORGANIZATION ON FILE
 A 07-05-63 04-18-67 UNV 05325637 ARMY NO
 B

13.SUBSEQUENT-RES/RET-STATUS NONE 14.TERMINAL-DATE 15.RET-STATUS
 16.ALLEGED DISEASE/INJURY 17.TREATMENT-DATES 18.PLACE-OF-TREATMENT 19.TYPE
 A
 20.

AVAILABLE () ITEMS 1, AND 2 OR 10 () ITEMS 1, AND 2 OR 10
 REQUESTED RECORDS (WHICHEVER WAS THE IDENTIFIER) (WHICHEVER WAS THE IDENTIFIER)
 FORWARDED. AND 7-9 VERIFIED CORRECT. AND 7-9 VERIFIED CORRECT, EXCEPT

RB

12/23/96

ENCLOSURES () X-RAYS () CLINICAL RECORDS • SIGNATURE AND TITLE • DATE
 () HEALTH RECORDS () DENTAL RECORDS •
 () ENTRANCE PHYSICAL () MEDICAL RECORDS • AC 01-03-97 •
 () SEPARATION PHYSICAL () OTHER RECORDS •

May Keely

ROUTING AND TRANSMITTAL SLIP

Date

10-05-01

TO: (Name, office symbol, room number,
building, Agency/ Post)

Initials

Date

- | | | | |
|----|---------------------|----|---------|
| 1. | Donald Burns NRPMSA | DB | 10-5-01 |
| 2. | Ellen Davis NRPMS | ed | 10/9/01 |
| 3. | Scott Levins NRP | SL | 10/9/01 |
| 4. | | | |
| 5. | | | |

Action	File	Note and Return
Approval	For Clearance	Per Conversation
As Requested	For Correction	Prepare Reply
Circulate	For Your Information	See Me
Comment	Investigate	Signature
Coordination	Justify	

REMARKS

Media Case FOIA Info

CMS # 2001-278-0227

DO NOT use this form as a RECORD of approvals, concurrences, disposals,
clearances, and similar actions

FROM: (Name, org. symbol, Agency/ Post)

Cheryl Mae for
Carolyn Stewart

Room No. — Bldg.

2077

Phone No. 2278 or
x 2488

Request Information

Request Number: 2001-264-1630

Veteran Service Number: 129368271
Veteran Last Name: Rescorla
Veteran First Name: Richard C

Branch of Service: Army

Request Priority: Red Tag
Request Status: Completed
Request Type: Other

Congressional Office: N/A
Congressional Member:

Employee GS Grade: 5
Employee Core: 1
Employee Team: B
Assigned To: West, Fonda

Date Received in Center: 09/21/2001
Date Sent to Search: 09/21/2001
Date Returned from Search: 09/21/2001
Date Received in Core: 09/21/2001
Date Assigned: 09/21/2001
Date Due: 10/01/2001
Days To Complete: 10
Date Completed by Technician: 09/21/2001
Date Out of Core: / /
Date Out of Center: / /

Search Batch #:
Correspond. Batch #:

Requester:
Address1:
Address2:
Address3:
City:
State:

Zip:

ACS	Mail Routing Code:
-----	--------------------

Response Document:

Created By: ababbitt **Created Date:** 9/21/2001 12:47:02 PM
Edited By: FWEST **Edited Date:** 9/21/2001 1:04:08 PM

Notes:

Note # 1 of 1 - Added by 'FWEST' on Fri, Sep 21, 2001 at 1:01:45 PM:
No response document created. Requester Julie Plec, who is volunteer on the Hollywood telethon that is to air tonight, called. She wanted to know if the FSM, who was killed Tues in the terroist attack, received the Silver Star for his Vietnam service. Julia Roberts, one of the celebrities, is to read a statement that includes mentioning his Silver Star. Record was pulled and this was furnished to Ms. Plec over the phone.
Phone: N/A Fax: N/A Email: N/A

2001-264-1630
Rescorla, Richard C



129 36 8271

RESCORLA RICHARD
RESCORLA RICHARD C

ALL
ART

A 0050 730 467

3

RECORD CHARGED TO: *Corel, Team B*

SEARCHER: *ab*

DATE: *9/21/01*

*Received a fax followed by phone call
 Enter in notes - no response
 document created. Requester, Julie Plec,
 who is a volunteer on the Hollywood Telethon
 that is to air tonight, called. She wanted to
 know if Tom, who was killed in the
 terrorist attack, received the Silver Star
 for his Vietnam service. Julie Plec
 one of the celebrities, to read a statement
 that includes mentioning his Silver Star. Record
 was pulled and this was furnished to Ms. Plec
 over the phone.*



AMERICA UNITED
The September 11th Telethon Fund

Ellaine Babbitt
CORE 1, TEAM B
Fax 314-538-2100

IMPORTANT REQUEST

Dear Ms. Babbitt,

I am writing you from Los Angeles, where I am working on the Hollywood telethon that will air tonight on the television networks. As a volunteer, I am helping the writing department with some fact checking.

Julia Roberts, one of the celebrity guests who is appearing on the show, is reading a statement about a gentleman named RICK RESCORLA, who is among the dead and missing in the attack on the WORLD TRADE CENTER. In her speech, she mentions him having won the SILVER STAR for BRAVERY for his efforts in the Vietnam War.

I'm trying very hard to confirm that he was, in fact, awarded the Silver Star. All we know is that he was British-born, and fought for the US as the 2nd Battalion Bravo Company Commander. An article in the BBC refers to him as a Lieutenant.

I realize I'm giving you very little information on incredibly short notice, but if we don't confirm this fact, we won't be able to use it to properly pay honor to Rick Rescorla. I'm hoping you have the resources to let me know if the above information is correct. If not, please tell me who else I can call.

I can be reached at 310-420-7936. I will also check in with you via phone when I get into the office later this morning.

Thank you,

Julie Plec

Rescorla, Richard C.

129-36-8271

D2A

1

NIF

2 T160-22

REVIEWED BY RSM

**FICHE
EFFICIENCY
FILE**

REVIEWED BY RSM

817

Rescorla, Richard C.

129-36-8271



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS, 85TH DIVISION (TRAINING)
1515 WEST CENTRAL ROAD
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, ILLINOIS 60005-2475

ORDERS 135-10

14 December 1984

RESCORLA, RICHARD C.
723 East Avenue
Park Ridge, IL 60068

129-36-8271 LTC
2/337/1 Bde 85th Div (Tng)(WVXJTOO)
4454 W. Cermak Road
Chicago, IL 60623-2991

You are reassigned in the reserve as indicated below.

Relieved from: Unit indicated above.

Reason: Completion of Military Service Obligation/Officer

Assigned to: United States Army Reserve Control Group (REINFORCEMENT) (WONJAA), U.S. Army Reserve Personnel Center, Saint Louis, Missouri 63132.

Effective date: 1 December 1984

Additional instructions: Direct any future inquiries to Commander, United States Army Reserve Personnel Center, 9700 Page Boulevard ATTN: DARC-RSC-RS, Saint Louis, Missouri 63132. Losing unit will render change of rater OER, upon receipt of this order, withing 60 days.

FOR ARMY USE

Authority: Para 2-1, AR 135-91 (Cfm VOGC dtd, 1 Dec 84)

Asgd to mgmt dsq: NA

Basic br: NA

Con br: NA

Con specialty: NA

Proj specialty: NA

FORMAT: 450

FOR THE COMMANDER:

DISTRIBUTION:

Individual Concerned (2)

Cdr, Losing Unit (5)

Cdr, Gaining Unit (5)

Military Personnel Records Jacket (1)

AFKE-GC-TNI-CS (1)

AFKE-GC-TNI-GA (1)

AFKE-GC-TNI-AG (2) (Record Set & Reference Set)

AFKE-GC-TNI-PA (1)

AFKB-GC-CD-SMO (2)

Division CSM (1)

Cdr, Fifth US Army, ATTN: AFKB-PR-RO, Fort Sam Houston, TX 78234-7000 (2)

Cdr, Fifth US Army, ATTN: AFKB-PR-SIB, Fort Sam Houston, TX 78234-7000 (2)

Cdr, Fifth US Army, ATTN: AFKB-PA-RE, Fort Sam Houston, TX 78234-7000 (2)

Cdr, Fifth US Army, ATTN: AFKB-PR-SM, Fort Sam Houston, TX 78234-7000 (2)

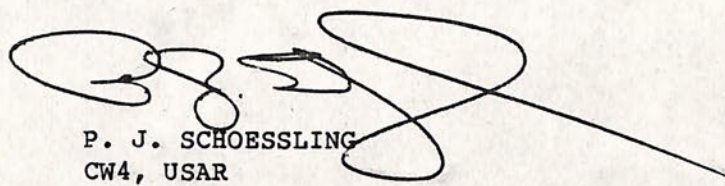
Cdr, Fifth US Army, ATTN: AFKB-PR-SM-OP, Fort Sam Houston, TX 78234-7000 (2)

Cdr, ARPERCEN, ATTN: DARC-RSC-RS, 9700 Page Boulevard, St Louis, MO 63132 (2)

Cdr, 1st Brigade, 85th Div (Tng), 1721 N. McAree Road, Waukegan, IL 60085 (2)

CF:

Ms Georgia Gary



P. J. SCHOESSLING
CW4, USAR
Assistant Adjutant General



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH UNITED STATES ARMY
FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS 78234

AFKB-PA-ROP

13 Sep 82

SUBJECT: Promotion as a Reserve Commissioned Officer of the Army (AR 135-155)

THRU: Commander
85th Division (Training)

A: 2 Oct 82

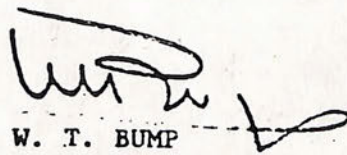
B: None

TO: LTC Richard C. Rescorla, 129-36-8271, Inf, USAR

1. By direction of the President, you are promoted as a Reserve of the Army effective on the date shown after A above, to the grade in the branch and component shown above.
2. Time in grade for promotion to the next higher grade will be computed from the effective date of this promotion unless there is a date shown after B above, in which case it will be computed from that date.
3. No acceptance or oath of office is required. Unless you expressly decline this promotion within 60 days, your promotion will be effective as shown after A above. You may decline this promotion by completing the attached indorsement and returning it with this letter through channels to this headquarters.

FOR THE COMMANDER:

1 Incl
Career Pattern Letter


W. T. BUMP
C, Res Off Div

Copy furnished:
Cdr, RCPAC, ATTN: AGUZ-RSP-CP