



**GOLF COMPANY
2ND BATTALION 5TH MARINES
ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER**



Dong Ha - CHU LAI – AN HOA – PHU BAI – HUE CITY

Vol. 16, Issue 1

April 2004

President’s Message – by Barney Barnes

Greetings Marines,

Well, Spring has sprung and I trust that this new season finds all of you well, in good health and good spirits. Just as Spring brings changes to nature’s beauty, we too, our Golf 2/5 Association have a couple of Changes to announce.

First and foremost, I would like to announce and also take this opportunity to not only “WELCOME” but to also thank Richard “Rick” Mack aboard as our new Treasurer. Thanks, Rick, for stepping up and filling that position for us. I have asked Rick to give a Treasurer’s Report elsewhere in this Newsletter. I hope by now that all have received your Dues Notices and acted accordingly.

Secondly, and this is just as important to our Association, I believe, as well, I have asked Tony Cartlidge AKA Tony C (*aka “Limey”—our G 2/5 former Brit—the editor*) to act as our Golf 2/5 Information Officer and to assume the responsibility of getting the word out and keeping our membership abreast of matters of importance. Knowing and loving Tony C as we all do, I know we have the right man for that task. Thanks Tony C.

Don’t know how often most of ya’ll check out our 2/5 website. I do almost daily, especially the Message Board and also check membership roll for new members when Tom updates the site. I have and will continue to send each new member, on behalf of Golf 2/5, a personal note of welcome and thanks for signing up; regardless of what era they served our Corps. Golf Co. has about 263 members and it appears that more and more of them are Marines of the 80’s, 90’s and the current day. Not that this is bad or wrong, or is a concern. Our Association after all is for all 2/5 Marines, but I do sometimes wonder because of the different years that we encompass, if these new men will want to become an active and viable part of our Association. Case in point, of all the notes that I have sent out, only one, a Marine from the late 50’s, replied back. Don’t quite know how to address this or even if it should be addressed at all. What do you, the Membership, think? Any and all comments and suggestions are welcome, this is your Association and as your President, I only want to make it the best that it can be.

Ok, now if I might so indulge a little history here. In reading our Message Board, I came across this entry from a 1ST Marine Air Winger in Hawaii referring to the building of a memorial on the island to honor those Marines that raised the “FIRST FLAG” on Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima on Feb. 23, 1945, now approaching 60 years ago. (And still in my mind, the most important “FLAG RAISING” in the storied history of our beloved Marine Corps.) As I stated, this is the first flag that was raised, not the celebrated, staged one that would go on to become our Corps’ National Monument. There were six Marines that raised the first one. E Co. or Easy company as I believe it was called back in those days was commanded by 1st Lt. Harold George Schrier, accompanying him was his Plt. Sgt. Ernest Ivy Thomas, Guide Sgt. Henry O. Hansen, Cpl. Charles Lindberg, Pfc. James Michaels and Radioman, Raymond Jacobs. Lt. Schrier carried that first flag up that mountain tucked inside his utility shirt, and though smaller than the one raised in the famous Joe Rosenthal photo, it was still visible from the beachhead below and was cheered by thousands of Marines as a rally point, the flag and the Marines were on Iwo to stay.



L to R—Front Row: Barney and his brother, Jim Barnes

L to R—Back Row: Major Schrier and wife, Tommie and friends

As a mere child growing up in Birmingham in the early 1950's, I had the honor and privilege of having then, Major Harold George Schrier as my next door neighbor for a couple of years. "Major" as he was so affectionately called by my family, more or less adopted two little knot-headed boys, my brother and I during those early days of our young lives. They, the Major and his wife, Tommie cared for and looked after us while my parents worked. We did lots of neat stuff together; he was my Hero, no doubt. (One Saturday night, he brought "THE LONE RANGER" over to our house...I still have the autographed 8 X 10 Photo that he signed and gave us, the Silver Bullet, has long since disappeared though!)

There is not a doubt in my mind that "Major" is why I too, became one of The Few, The Proud, The Marines.

I joined the Marines in May of 1966, they were hiring and I did in fact need a job. Besides, they were the best...John Wayne knew it, Major Schrier knew it as well, and did those "DRESS BLUES" make you look good or what? Could the Marines make a man out of me? As I was soon to learn, they could not only make a man out of me...heck, they could make a man out of your sister as well!

With that, I will close. Hope all is well and you guys and gals are gearing up to attend our Reunion in DC this Sept.

Love and Respect always and of course,

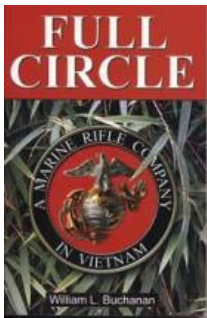
Semper Fi,

Barney

"Full Circle—A Marine Rifle Company In Vietnam"

by William L. Buchanan

Book Review by Larry Ortiz



As a lot of you already know, Bill Buchanan has written a book about his experiences in Nam titled "*Full Circle—A Marine Rifle Company In Vietnam*". Shortly after Christmas, I received an unexpected package in the mail from "Baylaurel Press." To my very pleasant surprise, it was an autographed copy of Bill Buchanan's book. Bill enclosed a letter as follows.

"Dear Larry:

Earlier this year you ran a piece in the newsletter for me about a book I was writing and calling for input from G 2/5 Marines who served in 1966 and 1967. Well, as of a week ago, *Full Circle: A Marine Rifle Company in Vietnam* is available. It has been a long two years, but the effort in time and treasure was worth it in my opinion. If appropriate, you might consider a review in the next copy of the newsletter, an announcement on the G 2/5 web site and a hyper link to my web site, www.baylaurelpress.com.

The web site price is \$16.95 with free shipping. G 2/5 veterans can shave an additional 20% off the price by entering the discount code **golf25** in the appropriate shopping cart window. Digitally challenged Marines can send a fax to 415.383.1812 or call 415.352.1064 and we'll make sure they get a copy.

Thanks for all the great work keeping G 2/5 Marines informed and connected.

Semper Fi,

William L. Buchanan"

I was anxious to immediately sit down and start reading but have to admit, I approached this exercise with a little bit of ambivalence. I, like most of us, have seen most, if not all, the movies made about Nam. I think the first one that came out and that I saw was *The Deer Hunter* with Robert DeNiro. The next one released was *Apocalypse Now* which I also saw. There were several others like *Full Metal Jacket*, *Platoon*, *The Green Berets* with John Wayne and maybe one or two more I might have seen that were not memorable enough to recall.

When these movies started coming out, it was still at the height of the anti-war, anti-military and anti-anyone-who-had-served sentiment that seems to have swept the country. At that time, I had to be very wary and selective with whom I shared the fact

that I was a Vietnam veteran. I guess I had been back from *the Nam* about 10 years when *The Deer Hunter* came out and the emotions were still quite raw. There was a part of me that really wanted to see the movie and another part of me that was very apprehensive of how a movie like this could open all those emotional wounds and feelings I had at that point in my life been unable to come to terms with. I just tried to do the best I could at trying not to think about it and just keep that part of me buried as deep as I possibly could. So I mustered up all the courage I could and saw *The Deer Hunter* and *Apocalypse Now* and the other Nam war movies.

I didn't understand it at that time but it was as if I were compelled to see these movies even though they did stir up very difficult emotions that took many more months to try and bury again after each time I saw one. I understand now that I had to see these movies because I wanted to see how Hollywood would treat us Nam vets. I had hoped that Hollywood would produce a movie, or movies, that showed young Marines and soldiers serving their country in the jungles and paddies of Nam with honor, courage and love for their fellow Marines and soldiers. I had hoped to see something on the screen that reflected my own experience in *the Nam*. Needless to say, none of these movies, in my opinion, treated the Marines and soldiers fairly or with any of the respect we deserved and had earned.

I was especially interested in *Full Metal Jacket* because it was a movie about the Battle of Hue City. As a Hue City vet, I especially wanted to see how Hollywood would portray this battle. The first half of the movie dealt with Marine boot camp and I was pleasantly surprised that the rigors of getting through boot camp were pretty accurately portrayed. But it was straight downhill after the movie shifted during the second half to the Battle of Hue City. That part of the movie was actually filmed in England—of all places.

These movies perpetuated the opinion of most of America, if not all, and the world for that matter, that we were all a bunch of doped up, trained killers who ran around Vietnam killing people indiscriminately—be they man, woman or child. I had high hopes for *Platoon* which was made by Oliver Stone—a Nam vet himself. Instead he made a movie perpetuating the belief that we were all doped up indiscriminate killers. He added a new twist in his movie about a deadly rivalry amongst some of the NCOs and racism in the ranks. In the '60s, the Civil Rights movement in the U.S. was still in its infancy. Yet my experience in the Marine Corps is that we were all Marines first and white, black, brown, red or yellow secondarily and *Civil Rights* in the Corps was light years ahead of the rest of the country.

I have also read a few books about *the Nam*, one of which is titled "*Guns Up*". It was written by a former Marine (also in 5th Marines) who was an M-60 machine gunner like I was. Can't tell you how many times we were in column out in the bush when we started taking fire and the order came down for "Guns Up" and we had to double-time up to where the action was. . . . The book was a "fun" read as far as the action was involved. But, the author must have single-handedly wiped out at least a whole company of NVA and VC—each—all by himself!

The point of this discussion has nothing to do with Bill's book. My point is that of all the Nam movies I've seen and books I've read have all been very disappointing in that none of them depicted what I, and the rest of us Nam vets, actually experienced—hence, the ambivalence in reading yet another book about *the Nam*. What all the movies I've seen about Nam have actually accomplished is to confirm the misinformation, misrepresentation and downright lies about the US military who served in Vietnam. If the American public had only these lies with which to form an opinion, the opinions and conclusions they came away with from these movies and the media is that these distortions were the truth about Vietnam.

I think all of us who were actually there can spot a *phony* or Nam *wannabe* after reading a few pages in a book or listening to some vet tell of his exploits in Nam and very quickly know if it's truthful or *embellished* (outright lies) beyond belief. So I approached the reading of *Full Circle* with excitement and a little skepticism.

The Preface of Bill's book tells about how he came to write this book after having left *the Nam* 36 years ago. In the Preface he also writes about an op-ed piece he wrote that was published by the San Francisco Chronicle in 1987 titled *What's Wrong With "Platoon"?* Bill writes "It took issue with Oliver Stone's portrayal of infantrymen as dope smoking, incompetent, rapacious, homicidal maniacs, and the media's embrace of the movie as "The Truth About Vietnam." After reading that, I knew I would be reading a truthful account of Lt. Buchanan's tour in Nam.

Lt. Buchanan embarked on his tour in Vietnam from "San Diego in March 1966 as part of a Special Landing Force comprised of Battalion Landing Team 3/5. BLT 3/5 conducted amphibious operations along the South Vietnamese coast until late July 1966 at which time it made a final landing at Chu Lai and disbanded. Lt. Buchanan joined G Company 2/5 as platoon commander of 2nd Platoon on 17 October 1966. He served in that billet until his promotion to company executive officer late January 1967, then battalion assistant operations officer. He left the Marine Corps in January 1968 as a Captain."

He joined G 2/5 at Con Thien which was less than 3 miles away from the DMZ. Prior to joining G 2/5, he commanded an Ontos platoon that provided security at the airfield at Chu Lai. As we all know, it was very impractical for tanks, Ontos and other tracked vehicles to provide direct support out in the field on most operations. While commanding his Ontos platoon which

could not be used in support of most "Search and Destroy" operations given the inaccessible terrain, he and the rest of BLT 3/5 were choppered out from the beach to join Operation Hastings in mid-July, 1966. After Operation Hastings, Lt. Buchanan remained at Con Thien engaging in patrols and ambushes in the area.

2/5 received orders and was transferred to An Hoa in mid-November, 1966, taking over from 3/9. The conditions at An Hoa were less than desired from a defensive position. The first task was to shore up the perimeter defenses by digging trenches, building bunkers, laying concertina and mines while running patrols and ambushes in the area.

In late November 1966 all of 2/5 was ordered out on its first major Operation, *Mississippi*, a helicopter assault into the Antenna Valley, 10 kilometers south, south-east of An Hoa. Many of us will remember another Operation called *Essex* also in the Antenna Valley—a year later in November, 1967.

After returning from Operation, *Mississippi*, life for G 2/5 resembled the life at An Hoa that those of us knew so well in late 1967 until we left An Hoa towards the end of January, 1968 and when 2/5 returned to An Hoa in late July, 1968. In late 1966, Golf Co. would run mine sweeps between An Hoa and Phu Loc 6 and would also run company sized patrols in the "Arizona Territory," which was north and east of Phu Loc 6.

On 18 Dec. 1966, Echo, Foxtrot and Golf Companies began another operation in the Arizona. Lt. Buchanan describes how a well-equipped and fortified VC battalion sprung a well-planned ambush at Thon Bon (1) that could have decimated Golf Co. if the ambush had been sprung as planned. The operation continued and Lt. Buchanan details the pitched battle around "Christmasville" a couple of days prior to the so-called Christmas truce of 1966.

I can still remember going on an operation in Dec. 1967 in the Arizona and hearing about the battles that 2/5 was involved in in the same area the year before. We all had heard about the pitched battle at "Christmasville" and were afraid of history repeating itself one year later. I never knew the details about the operation in 1966 until reading *Full Circle*. But I can certainly remember the twisted knots in my stomach as Golf Co. headed out into the Arizona in mid-December 1967 after hearing about the heavy casualties 2/5 had sustained there as we headed out to the same area one year later.

Lt. Buchanan details a couple of brazen VC ambushes on Liberty Road (between An Hoa and Phu Loc 6) where in one of these incidents, an entire squad of Marines was killed. I then understood why we had at least a fire team, or in some cases, a whole squad, walking flanks on both sides of Liberty Road when we made the daily minesweep. As a grunt, I never saw the "big picture" or understood it. We just received our orders and moved out accordingly. This book helps to outline the bigger picture as to what G 2/5 was trying to accomplish in late 1966 and early 1967. The goals of 2/5 did not change much from early 1967 to when I arrived there in early Nov. 1967 and pretty much remained the same when we returned to An Hoa in July 1968. I hadn't understood the strategic importance of An Hoa, Liberty Road, Phu Loc 6 and that whole surrounding area and *Full Circle* helped fill in all those blanks. I learned a lot about G 2/5 before I became a part of the Company.

The book is extremely well-researched in that Lt. Buchanan used his daily reports and other research materials that were available, and is heavily sprinkled with accounts from other Marines that served with him. It also includes many photos of some of the Marines who served with Lt. Buchanan. Bill is a man who has great skill in writing and his detailed accounts can practically convey the unique smells of Nam, the terrain and the pastoral countryside we all remember.

Lt. Buchanan concludes his book with updated biographies of many of the Marines who served with him and what careers they've pursued after their return to *the world*. Bill left the Marine Corps in Jan. 1968. He had an interest in pursuing a writing career and applied to a small publishing company and also thought about pursuing a teaching position at Stanford University. His recounting of these two incidents and how he was treated because he was a Vietnam vet, is heartbreaking. Unfortunately, he was not the only Vietnam vet that was treated so shabbily. He eventually took a position with the FBI and worked as a special agent from 1969 until his retirement in 1996.

To sort of come "full circle" from how I began this review and my (minor) skepticism given my experience with the distortions and outright lies put out by Hollywood and in many books written about Vietnam, I give *Full Circle* two big thumbs up! (Wait, that's for movie reviews . . . guess it'll have to do for this reviewer). As I said earlier, those of us that were there can spot a phony. *Full Circle* is a straightforward, honest account of Lt. Buchanan's, and Golf 2/5's experiences during his tour of duty in Vietnam. I cannot praise this book enough and recommend it highly to any G 2/5 veteran. I not only recommend it to any G 2/5 veteran, but to anyone who has an interest in reading a true account of a *Marine Rifle Company in Vietnam*; Golf Company, 2nd Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment—part of the "Fighting Fifth".

Semper Fi,

Larry Ortiz

*Note: Again, if you are interested in purchasing "Full Circle", check out Bill's website at www.baylaurelpress.com. Remember to include the discount code **golf25** (lower case) to receive your 20% discount—the editor.*

Hue City Report

This year at the Hue City Memorial Weekend, our Golf guys elected to stay at the Best Western which is almost right next door to the Comfort Inn. It was a nice move on our part and I want to thank our Golf 2/5 Information Officer, Tony C for making contact and getting it all set up for us. Different as night and day from the Comfort Inn, and I know that those who stayed there certainly enjoyed it.

The turn out this year was not as big as last years, but those in attendance enjoyed themselves just the same. The format was the same as always, Golf Tournament on Friday afternoon, Happy Hour at the Golf Club on Friday night, Picnic and ship tours on Saturday afternoon and Memorial Service aboard ship on Sunday.

Mona and I flew down Wednesday afternoon from Tulsa and spent a few days with Joe and Cathy Snead at their place in Yulee, FL before going over to Mayport for the weekend. Mike Ervin flew in on Wednesday as well and we drove over to meet him at Mayport that night and went out to eat at the old standby, Singletons. After supper we drove Mike back over to the hotel and visited for a while before calling it a night. Thursday we toured the city of Yulee; it is really a quaint little fishing town with a lot of history and old buildings and cobblestone streets. There is also a Fort in Yulee that Joe says records show that it is as old if not older than the one at St. Augustine. Very nice historical side trip and I'm glad we got to tour it.

Friday it was over to Mayport and Happy Hour. One of the neat things this year was the attendance of CLIFF SUTTON and his wife Pat. Cliff was my first squad leader when I got to Nam in September of 1967. And while he did not remember me, who would, I was just another FNG in those early days, I remembered him. This was the first time that he had made contact with any of us since leaving Nam in December of 67. It was great seeing him and talking to him after so many years.



L to R--Kneeling: Cliff Sutton, Mike Ervin, Barney Barnes, Joe Snead & Tony Cartlidge
L to R Standing: Mike Copeland, Buck Dyer, Chuck Meadows, Gen. Ray Smith, Lester Tully, Bob Setlak, Mike Cole, Bob Lauer (behind) & Kevin English
L to R back row: Dennis Lewis, Ben Gerow, & Ron Rawlings (behind Gen. Smith and L. Tully)

Saturday, was the picnic and again the ships crew did an outstanding job with the chow. Someone had brought over cases of beer brewed in Nam, no not "Tiger P#\$&" but "HUE BEER" instead. It was a highlight on this chilly and cloudy day. Don't think anyone actually drank it, they kept them as mementoes.

Saturday Night all of Golf Co. went out to Supper at a Cajun place down near the Jacksonville Beach. It was great, there's just something about eating Cajun food, the smell, the taste, etc etc. The service was excellent and very helpful to those who had a tough time of deciding just what to order.

Sunday morning it was back to the ship and the Memorial Service. They had a huge tent set up on the flight deck and with the wind whipping like it was, I am truly glad that they did.

General Ray Smith (ALPHA 1/1) was the guest speaker and he talked about his trip to Iraq and of the Marines fighting in those cities and compared those fights to the one in Hue City. He was very complimentary of Marines in Iraq but said that they had nothing on those of us who fought in Hue City, as far as honor, courage, will and determination goes; maybe better equipped, but nothing else.

All in all, it was another good time of food, fun, and fellowship among those that were there. Golf members attending were, Mike Ervin, Cliff & Pat Sutton, our adopted "Brother," Bob Lauer & wife Sue, Ron Rawlings, Kevin English, Bob & LeAnne Setlak, our other adopted "Golf Brother," Bruce "Doc" Gant of Echo and his wife Vicky, Buck & Sheila Dyer, Mike & Wanda Copeland, Lester & Cheryl Tully with daughter Elieen and her family, Ben Gerow, Tony Cartlidge, Barney & Mona Barnes, Joe & Cathy Snead, Col. Chuck "Skipper" Meadows, Jim Lewis, Mike Cole (Charlie1/1). Hope I didn't leave anyone out, if so, I apologize.



General Ray Smith speaks at the Hue City Memorial

We tried to get the Best western to hold us rooms for next year, but we forgot that the Super Bowl is in town next year and all and I do mean all rooms are already booked up. So with our ship still out at sea on the Anniversary of Hue City next year and with the Super Bowl, it may be toward the Spring when we hold our next Memorial Service. But, Capt. Young and Chaplain Rumery assured those there this year that we would have one.

Semper Fi,

Barney

Treasurer's Report by Rick Mack

I would first like to begin here by expressing my sincere thanks to Lance for all that he has done for our Association over the past ten years as the secretary/treasurer. I hope that I can carry on the torch as well as he had and promise that I will do my very best to maintain our records to the best of my ability.

Secondly, I would like to thank Barney Barnes and the other members of our Executive Board for the confidence they have placed in me to take on the responsibilities as your secretary/treasurer.

At this point our treasury is looking very well and during the first couple of months of the new year the dues renewals were steadily streaming in and have since slowed to a trickle with approximately 85 members renewing their dues thus far. From what I understand we are suppose to have a membership total somewhere in the vicinity of 200 members or more so we still have a ways to go yet as far as dues renewals. If you have not done so already please submit your 2004 dues as soon as you possibly can.

I would like to bring attention to the fact that there was a small number of your fellow Golf 2/5 Marines that went the extra mile and threw in some added funds with their dues renewal as a donation to our Association which helps tremendously and I thank all of you that made donations for your considerations and efforts. Those of you that donated know who you are and to you I say a hearty "Semper Fi". Any of you who have already renewed your dues and would still like to make a donation may do so at any time by dropping a check in the mail as every little bit helps. There were also a few that made dues renewals for others and this is just another fine example of Marines taking care of Marines and our Corpsmen.

I am still in the process of building a spread sheet with the info necessary and getting things in order so please bear with me. If there are any problems that may arise or if you feel that something is not quite right with your dues notices or whatever, please feel free to contact me anytime via email or phone if I can be of any assistance so we can get things right. Another thing to keep in mind is any address change you may encounter down the road so that we can assure you that you will receive your newsletters and we certainly do not want to lose touch with anyone if at all possible. If your address information will be changing please notify me as soon as possible. We also have had several new members sign on recently and to them I say "Welcome Aboard".

On a personal note, Lisa and I were blessed with a baby girl born a bit premature on December 30 and since then its been a whole new world for me at age 55 but I am loving every minute of it and she sure keeps me hopping. After spending only a few weeks in NICU she came home healthy and has been doing very well thus far and growing like a weed. I guess you are never too old huh? With all that I have going on here I may not be able to attend our upcoming reunion this year and it saddens me that I may not be able to feel what I felt when I was in Branson, Missouri (Sept. 2002) but I can assure you that if that be the case that all of you in attendance will be in my heart and on my mind as you "all" are every day anyway. There is not a day that goes by

"Semper Fi"

Rick Mack

Upcoming Formations

· **GOLF 2/5 Reunion – 2004, by Mike Ervin (Association VP and 2004 Reunion Chairman)**

When: 2004 Golf 2/5 Association Reunion is set for 24th, 25th, and 26th of September 2004!

Where: Washington D.C.

Hotel: Crystal Gateway Marriott, 1700 Jefferson Davis Highway, Arlington VA 22202 (703-271-5226). (There is also a Crystal City Marriott across the street and down about a block. However, We'll be at the "Crystal Gateway Marriott".)

Daily Group Rate is \$99.00 plus applicable taxes.

Parking is \$8.00 per day.

25 Rooms have been reserved with more available the faster reservations are made. Cut off date for this rate is 01Sep04. Standard room is with King-size bed. When making reservations, please specify sleeping requirements and whether you want 'Smoking' or 'Non-Smoking' accommodations.

For those of you who want to search for a different agenda, try www.bigfoot.com, select yellow pages, use "Hotel" and the criteria with Arlington, Virginia as location and scan thru the various choices.

Some other hotels close to the Crystal City Marriott are:

- Courtyard by Marriott Crystal City, 2899 Jefferson Davis Hwy, Arl. VA 800-321-2211
- Days Inn Crystal City, 2000 Jefferson Davis Hwy, Arl. VA 800-329-7466
- Embassy Suite Hotel, 1300 Jefferson Davis Hwy, Arl. VA 703-979-9799
- Hampton Inn & Suite, Reagan Int'l Airport, 2000 Jefferson Davis Hwy, Arl VA 703-418-8181
- Holiday Inn, 1489 Jefferson Davis Hwy, Arl VA 800-465-4329
- Holiday Inn National Airport, 2650 Jefferson Davis Hwy, Arl. VA 800-465-4329
- Hyatt Regency Crystal City, 2799 Jefferson Davis Hwy, Arlington, VA 800-233-1234

Any one with questions can call Mike Ervin @ 703-354-1473 or email pandmervin@cox.net.

Further details will be provided in future newsletters in 2004.

Mike Ervin

****Lest We Forget. . .!***

<i>PFC Patrick F. Campbell</i>	<i>KIA 10/8/66</i>
<i>LCPL Regis P. Debold</i>	<i>KIA 10/12/66</i>
<i>CPL Larry J. Cox</i>	<i>KIA 10/13/66</i>
<i>PFC Carroll J. Hebert</i>	<i>KIA 11/29/66</i>
<i>LCPL David M. Mills</i>	<i>KIA 12/15/66</i>
<i>SGT Wayne E. Dawson</i>	<i>KIA 12/19/66</i>
<i>LCPL Roger W. Edwards</i>	<i>KIA 2/17/67</i>
<i>PFC Philip J. Kimpel</i>	<i>KIA 3/11/67</i>

As I stated to Tony in an e-mail, you would have been proud of your fellow Marine Honor Corps. They did such a beautiful job with the grave side part of the service. They had everyone in there crying, grown men and all. They came from Camp Robinson, North Little Rock, Ar. I didn't even know there was a Marine Base there, until I looked in the L.R. phone book I had. They said, one of the honor guard had tears rolling down his eyes, as they took Gerald out of the hearse. When I called they gave me the Washington number to call, but on Sunday afternoon, he was already getting everything started for the service. When I called Washington, Monday morning, I asked the man, how many Marines would he have, and he said all of them. I knew it had said, you could have at least one of the branch you served with. So, I am glad I went on ahead and called them on my own. It was a very moving end for a good man.

Sorry this is so long. Thanks, Georgia Hall

On behalf of the Golf 2/5 Association, I want to express our most sincere sympathies to Georgia and the rest of Gerald's family for their loss. His brother Marines loved him and will miss him . . . may he rest in peace . . . the editor

Roll Call

· We want to welcome a new member to the Association, **Edward Benavidez** from Galveston, Texas (a paying member at that!)—Welcome—Marine!

· **From Richard Mack—Gunner & A-Gunner Reunite**

Arriving in country in July of 1967 as a machine gunner and having been afforded the honor of becoming a member of Golf 2/5, I was assigned to a gun team led by Cpl. Keen B. Hermany from Pennsylvania who went by the handle of "Dutch".

My gunner at that time was a tall slender Marine who went by the name of "Cowboy" aka Gene Copus. Being the "new kid on the block" I was treated as most were if your memory recalls to you of how you tended to shy away from the *FNG* until you found out whether or not he had it together combined with the fact that you really did not want to make any new friends right offhand.

In any case Cowboy definitely had it together and taught me very well as we remained together throughout many a firefight, patrol, ambush, mine sweep and operation all the way up to the point where he rotated back to the world. We were the type of team that did not converse much but knew what each other was going to do at any given moment and there was absolutely no doubt that we would follow each other into hell if necessary when the word came ... "Gun Up"!

Through the years I had always wondered what had become of Cowboy who hailed from the state of Oklahoma and thought about him many, many times. During the time we were searching for various Marines of Golf 2/5 I had my contact do a bit of checking and low and behold I came across the necessary info needed to make contact with Cowboy who was residing yet in Oklahoma. I remember very well the night I rang the phone and at first did not know exactly what I was going to say to the female voice that answered.

In any case my efforts were "extremely receptive" and in a matter of a few seconds I heard Cowboy's voice on the other end of the line. I do not really know how to tell you what an experience that was for both he and I other than it was extremely rewarding and there are no words that can explain such an experience. I had filled Cowboy in on the association that he did not know existed and he immediately jumped on board and we had promised one another to "keep in touch" in the future.



L to R: M. Rick Mack and Gene "Cowboy" Copus

Unfortunately we had contacted each other right after the Branson, Missouri Reunion (Sept. 2002) that he was not that far from geographically but then he recently had moved to an area not far from Branson from Oklahoma. Lisa and I had a weekend planned for the Branson area and I phoned Gene and his lovely wife Phyllis to advise them that we would be in his area during that time and we set up a meet at a local eatery near there. I did not even have a chance to open the car door and there he was. We were like two magnets coming together for one of them big ole' bear hugs and neither of us had any problems recognizing the other even after so many years had passed.

Since that time we have kept in contact with one another occasionally via phone and hope to spend more time together as time goes on. Though our visit only lasted a little more than an hour it was one that cannot be simply described and one that I shall never forget. Naturally we both had our cameras with us and had the ladies take a few pictures for us two old timers who burned up some ammo together many years ago.

Welcome Home Cowboy and my hat's off to his wife Phyllis who has been a great deal of help to me recently.

"Semper Fi"
Rick Mack

· **From Col. John Bates**

Barney,

Just wanted to say how much I appreciate you and the rest of the Association Officers for what you are doing to keep us all in touch.

Things have been very hectic lately trying to get the MEF out of town and back into Iraq. I'm hoping for a lull before training up the next phase that will be out the hatch in the August/September time frame.

Also wanted you to know that yes, they still make Marines like they used to. Last Friday I had the honor few fathers ever get. I presented the Bronze Star w/ Combat "V" to my son at 29 Palms. What an emotional day. Now, he is not only my son, but my brother in arms as well. I will attach the citation for you to read. Both he and his bride of 18 months both served in Iraq. Josh, as a CAAT commander (see The March Up, 1st Marine Division Takes Baghdad -- by Bing West and Ray "E-Tool" Smith) and Stacey, an Air Intell Officer with VMU-1, the remote piloted vehicle squadron. Couldn't be more proud of both of them.

And another great surprise. On 1 March, three of us from Pendleton jumped in to open the new fitness center that will soon be named PLATOON SERGEANT MITCHELL PAIGE SEMPER FIT CENTER. Just as I got on the ground, a fellow slightly older than I came running up with a big smile and said: "You don't remember me do you?" "I put you on the medevac bird at Phu Loc 6, 37 years ago."

It was my former platoon sergeant Dale Farnum, 2nd Platoon, '66/'67. We had a great reunion and will be back together when Bill Buchanan comes down here for a book signing of FULL CIRCLE, A Marine Rifle Company in Vietnam.

Must get back to work. Just wanted you to know you are appreciated.

Semper Fidelis, John

P.S. I keep in close touch with Bill Gavin, Peter Pace, Don Smith and used to hear from John Royer.

From Jack Field

Jack writes that he has just accepted a job offer with Col. Chandler of Iron Brigade Armory in Jacksonville, North Carolina, just outside the gate of Camp LeJeune, back where it all began. "I am going to be doing gunsmithing for them. They are a military subcontractor, building sniper weapon systems. They also teach sniper training school several times a year to law enforcement. They are also technical advisors to Army, Navy, and Marine Special Ops and Remington Arms Law Enforcement weapons systems. I couldn't have written a better job description for myself. I will be moving down there May 1st."

Jack has two sons who are currently serving in the Marine Corps. Jack writes, "Josh is on his second hitch in the signals intelligence. He returned from Hawaii in January and is currently in Texas for school then onto Denver, Colorado for a three year tour, he works for NSA so who knows what he's doing up there, I don't ask.

One of the reasons I'm writing at this time is my youngest son Sean is in Afghanistan with the 22nd Marine Expeditionary Unit. He is a corporal team leader with a 22 man special unit within 1st Bn. 6th Marines. He is with Charlie Company, they are the



helo unit within the battalion. They have a great web site, www.onesixmarines.com, check it out and invite others to do so. I would also like to ask you to publish his address or email it to the guys. I spent a week with his unit this past February. I got to **Cpl. Sean Field** attend the NCO mess night as the only civilian and had a wonderful time. I could see all the faces of Golf 2/5 among these remarkable young Marines, it was quite moving. I met all the senior officers as well. Gen. Ron Christmas's son is a major and the S-2 or S-3 officer, remarkable when you think of the association of Marine generations. It was an experience I haven't completely digested yet but one that helped me deal with my son going off to war. I was more than satisfied

with the leadership of his unit from top to bottom. Still going what we went through and knowing the horrors of war I'm a worried father. I also have a nephew who is a Marine and in Fallujah, Iraq. What we must have put our parents through; I'm starting to find out.

I also wanted you to encourage the members to check the web site and the other links listed especially the ships. The Marine Corps sure has changed, the equipment is unbelievable. These young men are the cream of this generation's crop; I love them all for what they do for us. Just encourage the guys to write, Sean can pass the letters around because they don't accept any letters addressed to "Any Marine" anymore. I know they would love the words of encouragement and support."

Cpl. Field, Sean USMC

USS Wasp

BLT 1/6 Det. A

1st Plt., Charlie Co.

Unit 76211

FPO AE 09502-6211

It was great hearing from Jack. I would strongly encourage all of you to write a letter to Jack's son, Cpl. Sean Field at the above address. Let's tell these fine young men how much we love and appreciate them and we all pray for their safe return. I'm sure a couple of lines in a letter will be greatly appreciated—you all remember how much it meant to get a letter when we were in the Nam . . . the editor.

P.S.—A photo of Jack's son, Josh, was not available for this newsletter but I hope to have for the next . . . the editor.

Missing In Action

We have lost touch with the following G 2/5 vets. Their last known city of residence is also provided below.

- Baker, Ferrall L.— Laguna Niguel, CA
- **Crilly III, Thomas J.—Iselin, NJ**
- Dillenburg, Clyde – St. Joseph, MN
- Dima, G. E. – Spokane, WA
- **Gates, William L.—Gainesville, FL**
- Graham, James M. – Gibsonia, PA
- **Faircloth, Michael E.—Deatsville, AL**
- Huber, Jim – Charleston, MD
- Lippencott, Jeffery – Wilmington, DE
- Lucas, Larry – Beattyville, KY
- **Marsden, Richard W.—Camdenton, MO**
- McColloch, James H. – Charleston, SC
- McGuinness, John C. – Anthony, FL
- **McNeil, Mike A.—Iowa City, IA**
- Moore, Dave H. – Herndon, VA

- Moore, John H. – Payson, AZ
- **Robinson, Arthur T.—Bronx, NY**
- Schaefer, R. A – Walkerton, IN
- Sutton Jr., Horace – Lumberton, NC
- Woggin, John A. – Hilton Head, NC

*Note: After the last newsletter mailing, I received six returns with no forwarding address. These new MIAs are listed in **bold** above. If any of you know any of these individuals and have a current address for them, please send along to me. . .the editor*

WALKING POINT by Mike Ervin

0502122503 – I was up standing watch for a short-short doing the 360 perimeter check making a head call. The only noticeable difference my senses told me was the noise level: there wasn't any. However, it was early Christmas morning therefore I reasoned the usual noise i. e. traffic was muffled by the lack of vehicular movement on the Capitol Beltway (I-495).

0504122503 – Somewhere along about here I was scanning the 360 inside a hostile village on 081868. I was wounded, several marines were dead two of whom were close friends, I was low on ammo, and the two men I was covering were out. Nightfall was setting in, confusion still reigned, the mosquitoes had come out to dine, and the area was still unsecured. The sky was alive with stars yet the one I wanted to see most was that 'green' one: the one on the medivac chopper. And I waited and watched.

0505122503 – How did I get here? I remember the shelling, I remember the night before, I remember the faces, and I remember reading the Association article, Lest We Forget...! KIA 8/18/68. Yeah, that's how I got here. OK, now I can go back to the present.

Larry Ortiz wrote a splendid article about PTSD in the most recent Association newsletter (Dec. 2003). It addressed a broad span of human behavior affecting people traumatized by PTSD and spoke well of the challenges he has faced dealing with the life long illness.

PTSD is not a human frailty. There is no genetic code involved. It's something that is caused by a traumatic event whether a one-time event or a continuous period of events. Each person who experiences trauma develops coping skills to deal with PTSD. Many times these developed [coping] skills become behavioral problems.

Without exception, all of us make automatic responses thru subconscious sensory perception to trauma with the Fight or Flight auto-mechanism. PTSD is not an illness that only Vietnam Era Vets experience although there is an element of the Vietnam Experience that contributes to the behaviors of individual Vietnam Vets.

Personally, I was diagnosed with PTSD in February 2003. I didn't think much about it although, at the time, I did withhold this information from a very dear friend because I didn't want to be thought of as a malingerer [pride]. He eventually found out thru the grapevine and, to some degree, I sense we've lost something. I'm not sure what it is but I think it's probably just that: what I think. I need to ask him.

This Walking Point article is written in hopes of finding all of those out there who continue to experience the trauma of war on a recurring basis to seek help. Mike Stallings and I met a Golf 2/5 Vietnam Marine not long ago who confided that he has nightmares [every night]. I asked him if he'd sought help thru the VA for his PTSD. He looked at me questionably and asked, "What's PTSD?"

Larry's article was very timely especially after reading the USMC Rules for Gun Fighting. I read all 24 rules to my wife aloud. I especially identified with Rules 17 thru 23.

Case in Walking Point: most of us didn't know we had it. We're just who we are and if you don't like it, "#@\$%&&+#\$", which is one of the behavioral coping mechanisms I tend to display. I'm working on the "Love thy neighbor" principle but the principle neighbor in question is a tough cookie: Rule 20.

One of the better benefits of learning to cope with PTSD is that individuals learn how it affects not only themselves but the people they [love]. Significant Others [spouses] and children of PTSD sufferers develop coping skills dealing with the trauma they experience from long time exposure to [us]. Essentially, they, too, can develop PTSD symptoms.

I found myself asking me a question the other day, "What do you feel about Pat's illness?" I couldn't come up with anything other than "I'm fine. That's just the way it is!" No. 1 Warning Sign – nothing is ever just [a ho hum] fine. What I found was that I had deployed my Number 1 Coping Mechanism: I'd withdrawn to protect myself from feeling...feeling sad, hurt, disappointed that my wife was sick and that our lives were forever going to change because of this.

I've been told I need to reconnect. I've experienced reconnect and I cried for months. Reconnecting is hard: hard before and hard after. However, there a definite plus when we reconnect. As deep as Sorrow is, Joy [Happiness] can be experienced on the same level. I want more Happiness. And if that requires me to feel things I don't want to feel I'll have to weigh the trade-off and go from there.

Rule Number 1 for Walking Point – you don't want to do it alone. Walking Point was a lonely scary thing by itself; however, with good company who understands, at least you don't have to do it alone: you've got backup.

Charles M. [Mike] Ervin

Golf 2/5 11/67 – 11/68

What's So Special About the Marines?:

. . . .author unknown. . . .

Ask a Marine what's so special about the Marines and the answer would be "Esprit de Corps", an unhelpful French phrase that means exactly what it looks like - the spirit of the Corps, but what is that spirit, and where does it come from?

The Marine Corps is the only branch of the U.S. Armed Forces that recruits people specifically to fight. The Army emphasizes personal development (an Army of One), the Navy promises fun (let the journey begin), the Air Force offers security (its a great way of life). Missing from all the advertisements is the hard fact that a soldier's lot is to suffer and perhaps to die for his people, and take lives at the risk of his/her own. Even the thematic music of the services reflects this evasion.

The Army's Caisson Song describes a pleasant country outing. Over hill and dale, lacking only a picnic basket. Anchors Aweigh, the Navy's celebration of the joys of sailing, could have been penned by Jimmy Buffet. The Air Force song is a lyric poem of blue skies and engine thrust. All is joyful, invigorating, and safe. There are no land mines in the dales nor snipers behind the hills, no submarines or cruise missiles threaten the ocean jaunt, no bandits are lurking in the wild blue yonder.

The Marines Hymn, by contrast, is all-combat. We fight our Country's battles, First to fight for right and freedom, we have fought in every clime and place where we could take a gun, in many a strife we have fought for life and never lost our nerve. The choice is made clear. You may join the Army to go to adventure training, or join the Navy to go to Bangkok, or join the Air Force to go to computer school. You join the Marine Corps to go to War!

But the mere act of signing the enlistment contract confers no status in the Corps. The Army recruit is told from his first minute in uniform that "you're in the Army now", soldier. The Navy and Air Force enlistees are sailors or airmen as soon as they get off bus at the training center.

The new arrival at Marine Corps boot camp is called a recruit, or worse, but never a MARINE. Not yet, maybe never. He or she must earn the right to claim the title of UNITED STATES MARINE, and failure returns you to civilian life without hesitation or ceremony.

Recruit Platoon 2210 at San Diego, California trained from October through December of 1968. In Viet Nam the Marines were taking two hundred casualties a week, and the major rainy season operation Meade River, had not even begun. Yet Drill Instructors had no qualms about winnowing out almost a quarter of their 112 recruits, graduating eighty-one. Note that this was post - enlistment attrition; every one of those who were dropped had been passed by the recruiters as fit for service.

But they failed the test of Boot Camp, and not necessarily for physical reasons; at least two were outstanding high school athletes for whom the calisthenics and running were child's play. The cause of their failure was not in the biceps nor the legs, but in the spirit. They had lacked the will to endure the mental and emotional strain, so they would not be Marines. Heavy commitments and high casualties notwithstanding, the Corps reserves the right to pick and choose.

History classes in boot camp? Stop a soldier on the street and ask him to name a battle of World War One. Pick a sailor at random to describe the epic fight of the Bon Homme Richard. Everyone has heard of McGuire Air Force Base. So ask any airman who Major Thomes McGuire was, and why he is so commemorated.

I am not carping, and there is no sneer in this criticism. All of the services have glorious traditions, but no one teaches the young soldier, sailor or airman what his uniform means and why he should be proud of it. But ask a Marine about World War One, and you will hear of the wheat field at Belleau Wood and the courage of the Fourth Marine Brigade, fifth and sixth regiments.

Faced with an enemy of superior numbers entrenched in tangled forest undergrowth, the Marines received an order to attack that even the charitable cannot call ill - advised. It was insane. Artillery support was absent and air support had not yet been invented, so the Brigade charged German machine guns with only bayonets, grenades, and indomitable fighting spirit. A bandy-legged little barrel of a gunnery sergeant, Daniel J. Daly, rallied his company with a shout, "Come on you sons a bitches, do you want to live forever"? He took out three machine guns himself, and they would give him the Medal of Honor except for a technicality: he already had two of them.

French liaison officers, hardened though they were by four years of trench bound slaughter, were shocked as the Marines charged across the open wheat field under a blazing sun directly into the teeth of enemy fire. Their action was anachronistic on the twentieth-century battlefield; so much so that they might as well have been swinging cutlasses. But the enemy was only human; they could not stand up to this. So the Marines took Belleau Wood. The Germans called them "Dogs from the Devil."

Every Marine knows this story and dozens more. We are taught them in boot camp as a regular part of the curriculum. Every Marine will always be taught them! You can learn to don a gas mask anytime, even on the plane in route to the war zone, but before you can wear the Eagle Globe & Anchor and claim the title you must know about the Marines who made that emblem and title meaningful. So long as you can march and shoot and revere the legacy of the Corps, you can take your place in line. And that line is unified spirit as in purpose.

A soldier wears branch of service insignia on his collar, metal shoulder pins and cloth sleeve patches to identify his unit. Sailors wear a rating badge that identifies what they do for the Navy.

Marines wear only the Eagle, Globe, and Anchor, together with personal ribbons and their CHERISHED marksmanship badges. There is nothing on a Marine's uniform to indicate what he or she does, nor what unit the Marine belongs to. You cannot tell by looking at a Marine whether you are seeing a truck driver, a computer programmer, or a machine gunner. The Corps explains this as a security measure to conceal the identity and location of units, but the Marines' penchant for publicity makes that the least likely of explanations. No, the Marine is amorphous, even anonymous, by conscious design.

Every Marine is a rifleman first and foremost, a Marine first, last and always! You may serve a four-year enlistment or even a twenty plus year career without seeing action, but if the word is given you'll charge across that wheatfield! Whether a Marine has been schooled in automated supply, automotive mechanics, or aviation electronics, is immaterial. Those things are secondary - the Corps does them because it must.

The modern battlefield requires the technical appliances, and since the enemy has them, so do we, but no Marine boasts mastery of them. Our pride is in our marksmanship, our discipline, and our membership in a fraternity of courage and sacrifice. "For the honor of the fallen, for the glory of the dead", Edar Guest wrote of Belleau Wood, "the living line of courage kept the faith and moved ahead."

They are all gone now, those Marines who made a French farmer's little wheatfield into one of the most enduring of Marine Corps legends. Many of them did not survive the day, and eight long decades have claimed the rest. But their actions are immortal. The Corps remembers them and honors what they did, and so they live forever.

Dan Daly's shouted challenge takes on its true meaning - if you lie in the trenches you may survive for now, but someday you will die and no one will care. If you charge the guns you may die in the next two minutes, but you will be one of the immortals.

All Marines die; some in the red flash of battle, some in the white cold of the nursing home. In the vigor of youth or the infirmity of age, all will eventually die. But the Marine Corps lives on. Every Marine who ever lived is living still - in the Marines who claim the title today. It is that sense of belonging to something that will outlive your own mortality, which gives people a light to live by and a flame to mark their passing.

Note: Thanks to Vern Arndt for passing on this inspiring, and every word of it—true, explanation and definition of a Marine and the United States Marine Corps!.

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**L to R: M. Barney Barnes and Joe Snead at Ft. Clinch**

Barney also writes, "Also, the name of the Fort that we visited is Fort Clinch (near Yulee, FL). It was built or I should say, construction was started in 1847 and was upon completion, in those days to be known as "The Ultimate Fort." It was never completed, the Confederate's took it over in 1861 and did no work on it, but rather established their artillery batteries within it's walls."

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Sign on at: <http://www.2ndbn5thmarines.com>

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**Golf 2/5 Association Membership Form: (New Members Only)**

Name \_\_\_\_\_ AKA \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Work Phone(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ E-Mail  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Years Served \_\_\_\_\_ Platoon/Squad \_\_\_\_\_ MOS \_\_\_\_\_

Optional: Wounded /  
Date \_\_\_\_\_ Location \_\_\_\_\_

Dues: \$25.00 first year; \$10.00 per year thereafter. If you are on 50% or more disability, just send \$10.00 first year and \$10.00 per year thereafter. If these amounts are a financial hardship, contact Lance. We want everyone to be a part of the Association.

Mail New Membership Forms to: **G 2/5 Association, c/o Richard Mack, P.O. Box 367, Seneca, MO 64865**