



# GOLF COMPANY 2ND BATTALION 5TH MARINES ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER



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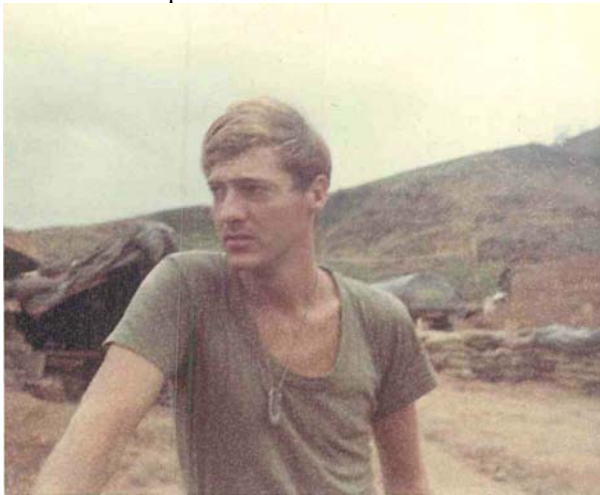
## President's Message – by Barney Barnes

Greetings Marines,

Hope this newsletter finds all of you surviving the summer heat wave. It has been extremely hot here in Tulsa, and it's only July, as this is written. I can't wait till the "Dog Days" of August!!

We need to remember GERALD & GEORGIA HALL in our thoughts and prayers. Gerald is fighting lung cancer. (Tony C, "THANK YOU", not only for the updates on Gerald but also for the great job you do with getting the word out to all our guys on matters of importance. )

As most of ya'll know, I am putting together a Scrapbook / Portfolio from Golf Co. to be presented to General Pace in DC next month. (August) As I was going through my old photos looking for some to scan, I came across a couple of two of our Corpsmen from Nam. Doc Benny Pogue (St. Louis) and Doc Jim Huber (Baltimore) and it dawned on me, that except for Doc Higgins and Doc Landsbury I believe, no other of our Corpsmen have showed up at one of our functions. We need to correct that if at all possible.



**Doc Huber**

A lot of us owe so much to these guys. So the following is for all our "Doc's," ROY POTTER, RICHARD THACKER, DUANE SPENSER, ROGER LANDSBURY, BILL WOODS, LUCKY JOE MOORE, JIM GRAHAM, RALPH LYON, BENNY POGUE, JIM HUBER, Doc BARNES and especially, TERRY SUTTON, DONALD KIRKHAM, and LARRY SALISBURY, may they rest in peace. I'm sure there are others, but I apologize, I just can't remember them.

As GRUNTS, each and every one of us has heard the cry, "Corpsman Up!!!" And while the circumstances were in most

cases, vastly different and varied greatly, there was always one aspect, one constant that remained the same time and time again. When we were in trouble, our Doc's, dressed in the same ratty, grungy, torn, tattered, and smelly jungle green utilities, as worn by us, his Marine brothers, and armed with only his 45 Cal and his B-1 First Aid Kit, came to our aid. I have a picture hanging in my music room that depicts a wounded Marine being administered to by a Doc. The Marine is by a body of water and the reflection you see of them in the water shows the Doc with angel wings. Yep, that pretty much says it all, they were to all of us like Angels. How many of you recall Doc Potter and his actions on that first day of ESSEX? All of our Doc's performed their duties, when we were in trouble, which translates to mean usually under intense enemy fire, with complete disregard for not only their safety but their very own lives as well.



**L to R: Chubby Hale, Doc Pogue, Bob Setlak  
& Butch Meeks**

Bottom line, these FMF (Fleet Marine Force) (*Yeah right, he means "Fleet Marine Force" and not Fightin' MF'ers—the editor*) Corpsmen were really something mighty special to each and every one of us Marines. Oh sure, we kidded them, generally gave them a ration of %^&\*, called them names, (remember "SQUIDS?") but deep down inside, we knew without a shadow of a doubt, that they were just like us, fellow Marines in every sense of the word. How could they not be, when day in and day out, they were with us always. They sloshed through the same dirty, stinking rice paddies, humped the same mountainous jungle trails and terrain, ate the same old cold C-Rats, stood watches, laughed with us, cried with us, and shed blood with us. They went out with our squads, platoons, etc., filling in for us whenever and wherever needed. Many of them lost their lives in per-

forming their duties and like the Marine dead, share the same space on that great black granite stone in Washington. (Over 620 Corpsman were KIA and 3,353 were WIA in Nam.) Like I said, just like us.

A great many of us made it back to "THE WORLD," (excuse me if I capitalize THE WORLD, if you were there, you understand, if not, you never will) because of the dedication, desire, and selfless acts of courage above and beyond by these, "Angels in Green", if you may. Throughout the History of my beloved USMC, Navy Hospital Corpsmen have served right along side us Marines to answer the cry of "CORPSMAN UP!!!" I for one will never forget them. Amen to that.

Semper Fi,  
Barney

### **Remembering Jesus Griego (aka Jesse Greco)**

**by Jimmy Lewis**

I am going to write and talk to you. It is the only way I know how. (July 16, 1968) (Note: *This e-mail was sent by Jim Lewis to Larry Ortiz—the editor.*)

I was from southern Colorado, and worked on my uncle's farm in the summer in Trinidad, CO. We would go south over Raton Pass and hang a right and fish Eagle Nest Lake (my grandfather, father, uncles and cousins). Jesus, as you know, lived in Ribera, and fished the same lake with his father and brothers. I think we used to throw rocks at each other. So there was a connection between us, that and Coors, horses, sports and girls. And he has a brother named Jimmy. And Jesus was in 1st Plt. as was I, and at his death, we were under Lt. Steve Hancock.

The only ones that called him Greco, were the non-Spanish speakers from the east. It used to anger me when they said that, and destroyed Tomas Jimenez and Rudy Bustamante names as well. And they still do. So it is. Living in So. CO, I grew up with Mexicans, Indians and the combination of the two. Speaking Spanish was survival, and I liked it.

Eugene Butcher, also from Colo. — he stepped on the first bouncing Betty (on July 16, 1968, Hill 88). He had received a miniature six-pack of Coors from home, on the chopper drop of supplies, mail and a water buffalo. He wanted to show/share the Coors and was looking for me and Jesus [who had gone to the water buffalo], when 'Butch' stepped on the BB with his left foot. It flew off the end of his boot, and hit me in the right elbow and the right ear, while sitting looking at mail, and then hit Diaz in the ass and fell to his feet. Diaz whipped around and thought either Butch or I had thrown something at him and he was pissed. It was f- - -g hot, and not a good mood prevailed amongst us. I told Diaz to look between his feet and when he looked, he turned white. A dud. Butch, me and probably Diaz should have been killed. We then yelled for all to watch where they were walking and to get help from the engineers. Butch sat down speechless. I stood, turned left and slowly walked down a little path and crossed a little road, that ran up the hill and secured an area next to a rock. When I squatted down to stop from shaking, a young machine gunner stepped on another BB, as did Butch when he stood and felt the need to move. I think the Marine you saw flying in the air was the new machine gunner. Did you notice if he had a head?? A piece hit the rock I was next to,

and then hit me in the cheek and bloodied me a bit. When I got to the gunner, he was still trying to walk, and his head was staring at me as though about to speak. I looked at Butcher and he was hurt bad. I saw his thick glasses shattered and he started to bleed and was standing and not moving. I wondered how he ever got into the Corps with such thick glasses.



**Jesus (Jesse Greco) Griego—KIA 16 July 1968**  
*Rest in Peace*

I then looked at Jesus, who had filled his canteen and was walking toward me, probably thinking I had the Coors. He stopped and looked at his chest, between the flack jacket zippers, and was touching something. He then looked up and said, for anyone to hear, that this was number 3, and he was going home (*after receiving 3 Purple Hearts, and if you were still alive, you were taken out of the field and sent home—the editor*). I asked him if he was hurt and he started walking back to his gear near the water buffalo, he said over his shoulder, I am going home. I started toward Butch to help him, as the head was not talking to me, when I noticed Diaz standing where he was before and saw that his face was horribly wounded. It was worse than the head. Someone moved to help him, so I again went for Butch, but Doc London was there with him. Then I noticed Jesus stumble as he reached his gear near the buffalo, so I made my way to him. Diaz was a mess. I got to Jesse and his complexion had changed, from walnut to a pale grayish and he was looking at me. I checked his 'wound' and he didn't even bleed, just a small red meaty mark right at his breast bone. He was not doing well, so I yelled for Doc. Jesse was getting worse and I felt so god-awful useless and helpless. Doc worked on Jesus and as he slipped away, he looked at me and I saw the light leave his eyes and I felt him grow cold.



I dream of Jesse's eye's staring at me from the dark. Just his eyes and the head still tries to talk to me, and the body is a dead man walking. Doc said the piece had gone thru Jessie's heart and there was nothing anyone could do. I honestly don't remember much of Vietnam after Jesse died Larry, life had stopped making sense to me. I no longer wanted to care about anyone or anything. "It don't mean nothin" became a catch-all phrase, that rationalized life as we knew it and lost it. After Jesse, the rest is a blur until I was wounded. It is now, later in life, that suddenly 'nothin' means 'somthin', and I fight the demons daily. I am getting help from the VA with meds and therapy. It did mean something after all.

As I spent much time in Colo, I used to run thru Eagle Nest, the Vietnam Memorial built by the Doctor, Angel Fire, Taos, and Santa Fe, where I would hide and stay with friends. I would go to the Veteran's cemetery and find Jesse and cry. I feel so guilty for living and Jesse dying. When I go to the Wall in DC, he is the first stop and the most difficult—I cry more.

For years I would drive around Albuquerque where the Griego family lived, but could never stop. Once I even cruised the house. I could not face that family.

Finally, it was something I had to do. I had been a coward for so many years. I used to think, what if the situation was reversed?? I would want Jesse, or you or any of my band of brothers to see my parents. So, I made the call and introduced myself. As you know, Rudy had been in touch, so he gave me some courage. They begged me to stop by and visit and eat. I finally found more strength and made that stop. I was shaking and couldn't talk much. They too were uncomfortable, but showed me Jessie's boot camp picture, and a small plaque that had been given to Jesse's father, Henry, when Jesse was killed. [Wife Marie]. It had the wrong date on it for Jessie's death. I felt like I was in the twilight zone and felt so out of body that I thought I might be dead and visiting as a spirit. We ate, can't remember what, but it was hot, and we talked and cried. As I started visiting more often and calling, I felt more at ease and talked better.

At one dinner, Henry played the guitar, the first time since Jesse had died. We all cried. Then the questions started. How did he die, what were the circumstances? One brother thought it was all a conspiracy and they were lied to by the govt. that he had died in some other fashion. One sister, looked at Jesse in his coffin, [why they showed him I will never know] and swears to this day they Jesse is not dead and that he is either an MIA or a POW. Total denial.

And then there is Roberta Griego, Jesse's niece, his sister's daughter. She is a flower in presence and smart as a whip. The first time we met, she stared at me, not saying much, and had the same eyes as Jesse. She just stared. She never knew Uncle Jesse, had only heard stories about him. When I left the casa, I gave her my 'Jesse' hat, as I was shooting a sitcom in LA by the name of 'Jesse'. It's all about timing, and Roberta had seen the show. So, Roberta and I started e-mailing. She then moved to Chicago and is doing great work with homeless and single mothers and shelters for battered women. A very brave sole this one, much like her uncle. A real giver of life to those less fortunate.

Jesse would be proud of his niece. I have tried to tell her about Jesse, but as you know that is hard. I have told her about

his fellow Marines and what Jesse meant to all of us. And how we miss him everyday. So she went to DC and found her Uncle Jesse and traced his name on paper and keeps it close to her. She is an amazing young lady that looks life in the eye and is not afraid to ask why???



**Roberta Griego & Jimmy Lewis**

I received a call from Roberta [Bird to her friends and family] and she informed me that she would be in Florida and near my home in Jupiter the first part of June. I told her I would be there and left Atlanta to go home. She called and she and her friend Anna came to Jupiter and had my mini-tour of the ocean inlet and the pre-civil war lighthouse. We had a late lunch on the water and my mom, Ruth, was able to join us. We just had a great talk and I enjoyed the company. When she was leaving my home, she hugged me and whispered; "Uncle Jesse is smiling".

I smiled and waved goodbye, then had a meltdown in the garage. I was not right for a spell. While at lunch, I could imagine Jesse, sitting and talking to my mom and my niece. What would he say?? How could he ever possibly explain what we meant to each other or why this happened?

*(Editor's note: This was my remembrance of Jesus  
Hi Jimmy,*

*Good to hear from you. I didn't realize you had been in touch with Jesus Griego's family for all these years. If I remember correctly, he was in 1st plt and I was in 3rd. I knew him fairly well, as well as possible being in different platoons, that is. I knew him because we were both from New Mexico (I'm from Santa Fe). I'll never forget coming off that operation Houston 4 (the NVA hospital) and humping off the mountain back to Hill 88. It was so f- -ing HOT! I never thought I would make it to the top of the hill--but I did. Third plt. assembled on the north side of the top of the hill as the rest of the company was still humping in and up the hill. I can remember taking off my gear and all of a sudden there was an explosion and I saw one marine flipped into the air by the explosion. I think there were one or two more booby traps stepped on and explosions and we were all told to stay in place and not move around until the engineers swept the top of the hill for more booby traps. Then the names of the casualties started coming in and I heard that Griego (I know most everybody called him Jesse Greco) had been killed. It was like someone had punched me in the stomach when I heard that. I wasn't real close to him because we saw each other only occasionally being in different platoons. But we had*

established a little bit of a bond because we were both from New Mexico. He was from a small village named Ribera which was about 40 miles or so northeast of Santa Fe.

I rotated back in Nov. '68 and while on leave, I drove from Santa Fe to Ribera and asked people if they knew him. Since it is just a village it didn't take long to get directions to where his family lived. I walked up to the door in my uniform and his mother and some other family members were there and I told them who I was and that I knew Jesus and was with him when he was killed. His mother wailed with grief and so did the other family members. I was beginning to doubt that I had made the right decision to go and visit his family because it appeared all I had done was bring them more pain. But they thanked me profusely for making the trip to see them and to tell them about Jesus. It was really hard for me as well as all my emotions were so raw after just getting back from the Nam. But I was glad I made the trip to see his family and that has given me the strength to see other families of some of my friends that were killed. As you've experienced, it can bring so much peace to a family to know that their son was loved by so many who still remember him—Larry Ortiz)

### Upcoming Formations

- **Marine Honors Society** — Gen. Peter Pace and Gen. James Jones were co-honorees at the Marine Honors Society. A week of events beginning Aug. 11th through the 15th were held. A number of G 2/5ers were able to attend the festivities and a full sit-rep with photos of the event will be included in the next newsletter.

- **Battle of Hue City Memorial – 2004**

From: "Chaplain (LT Dundas)" [dundassl@hue-city.navy.mil](mailto:dundassl@hue-city.navy.mil)

### **Dear Battle of Hue City Veterans and Friends,**

The dates for the 2004 Battle of Hue City Memorial have been set. The Memorial will be held the weekend of Friday 30 January to Sunday 1 February 2004 at Naval Station Mayport, Florida. Hard copy invitations should be in the mail come October. Please feel free to publicize the dates in any of your organization newsletters or publications. Also, feel free to send this to other HUE CITY vets via e-mail.

Last year's event was great, the remarks made by General Peter Pace and the presence of so many veterans and friends was incredible.

Major General Ray Smith (A/1/1) has graciously accepted our invitation to be the speaker for this year's event. We will follow the same basic format, Golf Tourney on Friday afternoon, Reception at Bogies Friday night, picnic and ship tours on Saturday, and Memorial Service on Sunday. Unfortunately I will not be able to be there this year as I will be back up at the Marine Corps Security Force Battalion in Norfolk by then. My relief though is Chaplain Paul Rumery, currently serving with the Seabees who is a former USMC Staff Sergeant. RP1 Enlow, my trustee assistant and great friend of the HUE Vets is now at NAS Jax and we're still waiting on a relief.

The contact info for the Chaplain office on HUE CITY has changed. Our new phone number is 904-270-6500. I share the

line with the Ship Secretary and Command Career Counselor. The e-mail address which will carry over to Chaplain Rumery is [chaplain@hue-city.navy.mil](mailto:chaplain@hue-city.navy.mil) the web site for the ship is now [www.hue-city.navy.mil](http://www.hue-city.navy.mil).

Mayport Comfort Inn 904-249-0313 (the choice of many vets year after year, always good with discounts); Mayport Best Western: 904-435-3500; Mayport Navy Lodge 904-270-3964 (must be authorized active/retiree space available); Mayport VOQ/BOQ 904-270-5423 (must be authorized active/retiree space available).

I'll be getting the invitations ready before I leave in October, please feel free to send this around and publish the dates. If you know vets or if you have changes to your info let me know. I'll make sure our mailing list is as accurate as possible.

I know that Captain Young, Command Master Chief Dubiel and our new Executive Officer, LCDR Cooke are all looking forward to the coming Memorial Weekend.

Many blessings and Semper Fidelis,  
Chaplain Steve Dundas  
Lt Steve Dundas, CHC USNR  
Office of the Chaplain  
USS HUE CITY CG-66  
FPO AA 34091-1186  
904-270-6500; DSN 960-6500; Cell 904-568-0557

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

*PFC Ardenia Freeman	KIA 11/6/67
*PFC James "Lucky" Jenkins	KIA 11/6/67
*Cpl. Clarence W. Scott	KIA 11/6/67

*\*Note: Thanks to Arthur J. Lyon (aka Jeff or Jesse Brooklyn) for sending me additional names of our KIA brothers. These three Marines were KIA on Operation Essex—the editor.*

*Let us also not forget our brave Marines, Soldiers, Airmen and British allies who have made the ultimate sacrifice on Operation Iraqi Freedom!*

### **WOULD YOU DO IT AGAIN? by Larry Ortiz**

This past February I have worked for Raytheon Co. for 21 years. Some of you may recognize that name as it's been in the news a great deal during the Iraq war. Raytheon is a major defense company. At the division I work at, we make Electronic Warfare Systems. Basically what that means is we design and manufacture systems that detect and counter (by jamming techniques) enemy "threats" from aircraft or missiles. One of our major success stories has been the development of a towed decoy. When a US aircraft is in hostile territory and it detects an enemy threat, a decoy is shot out of a magazine and towed on a tow line behind the aircraft and begins radiating a signal. The signal that the decoy radiates becomes the primary and more attractive *target* rather than the airplane and diverts the incoming missile or enemy aircraft to the decoy. During the Kosovo campaign in the mid-nineties, our decoy was heavily deployed and we received letters from pilots expressing their appreciation for the decoy and stating that in several cases, enemy missiles fired at our aircraft, actually hit the towed decoy. It was also used heavily and very successfully in Iraq.

Raytheon also makes the Tomahawk cruise missile, the Patriot missile (as well as several others) and a lot of the guidance systems for the “smart bombs” our military has become very dependent upon that were used so effectively in Iraq.

Since I work for a defense industry, I interface a great deal with our customers who in a lot of cases are active military personnel. A few months ago, I attended a dinner with one of our Air Force customers and I was seated next to an Air Force Colonel. During the course of the dinner, he and I chatted and we got around to talking about Vietnam and my experience as a Marine in Vietnam. After some discussion about Vietnam, he asked me if I knew then what I know now about how the war ended, whether I would have enlisted? My initial reaction was shock and surprise. I didn’t understand how or why another military man could ask such a question.

About a year ago or so, I was in Albuquerque visiting with my mother and as I’ve been sending her the G 2/5 newsletters, she’s read the many articles I’ve written about the residual effects of that experience that impact my life on a daily basis. While we were talking, she commented that she knew how much I’ve suffered over the years because of my Vietnam experience and she also asked me if I had it to do over, knowing what I know now, would I have enlisted?

Over the years I’ve been asked that same question by many different people who know I am a Vietnam veteran. It’s a valid question and it’s a question I’ve asked myself many times over the years as well. Before I answer that question here, I want to write about why I enlisted in the Marine Corps in the first place.

I graduated from high school in 1965 and went off to college at New Mexico State University in Las Cruces, NM. While attending college I learned of a fellow classmate who had enlisted in the Corps right out of high school and was killed in Vietnam. By that time footage of the war was a nightly news story and I watched the news reports that showed our 18 and 19 year old kids loaded down with all the combat gear they were equipped with to fight a war and hearing about the daily American death toll. Watching those news reports and learning about my fellow classmate who had been killed in Nam really brought the war home to me.

I completed my first year of college and returned home to Santa Fe and enrolled at the local college. I had done all right my first year but I wasn’t really that interested in college at that time. Also, the money I had earned while working through high school to pay my way through school was quickly depleted. As a college student I had a deferment that would have kept me from being drafted as long as I was in school, and even though I had run out of money, I could have gotten loans to continue. During my fall semester of 1966 as our involvement in Vietnam increased and the KIA toll was ever increasing, I was doing a lot of soul-searching. Vietnam was the main topic of discussion amongst my friends who were around my age and my fellow male students. Most of the discussion was about how to either stay in school to avoid the draft or join the reserves or National Guard to satisfy the military requirement but still avoid having to go to Vietnam.

The soul-searching I was going through continued and I came to the realization for me that just as other generations before me were faced with the responsibility of having to go to

war and to fight for the freedom I was enjoying, I was faced with the same responsibility. On a cold November afternoon in 1966, I went down to the federal building in Santa Fe to talk to the Marine Corps recruiter. Before I made it to the recruiter’s office, I ran into a very good friend of mine who asked me what I was doing there. I told him I was going to enlist in the Marine Corps and his jaw almost hit the ground. We talked a little and he expressed his surprise and asked me what my parents said about my decision. I replied that my parents did not know about my plans nor did my three older brothers. I had reached my decision completely on my own and felt certain that if I had discussed my plans with my parents, my mother in particular would have tried to talk me out of it and would have tried to prevent me from enlisting.

I walked into the Marine Corps recruiter’s office and was greeted by a sergeant who asked me what I was doing there. I told him I was there to enlist and he asked me to come into his office and take a seat. After I sat down the sergeant told me he wanted to be very honest with me and he told me that if I didn’t want to go to Vietnam, I had better re-think what I was about to do and maybe reconsider enlisting in the military at all or perhaps enlisting in another branch of the service where it would be less likely that I would end up in Vietnam because if I enlisted in the Corps, I was certain to end up in Vietnam. I answered that I knew that and that’s the reason I was there. So I signed my name on the enlistment form and was able to get a deferred reporting date so I could finish my 3<sup>rd</sup> semester of college before I reported for boot camp in April ‘67.

Just as I had anticipated, my *news* wasn’t received well at home. But this was not a rash decision; it was a decision I had made after many months. After my parents got over the initial shock of my having enlisted, they asked why the Marine Corps? It was a fair question and I think I probably gave some short answer that wasn’t well-thought out or articulated that didn’t really answer the question. In any case, I was 19 years old and old enough, I felt, to make the decision that I had made.

But why the Marine Corps? I was asked that same question by all my friends who thought I was totally crazy. At that time in my life, I was too young to fully understand the myriad of reasons why I chose the Marine Corps. But in retrospect, 36 years later, I have a better understanding of the reasons for enlisting in the Corps—and there were many. Of course I was influenced by what I will call the “John Wayne syndrome” and watching all his war movies. People will say that his movies and other war movies of the time, “glorified” war. “Glorifying war” is not how I would describe John Wayne movies and other war movies of the time. I think the John Wayne movies made it look like war was quite an “adventure”. The movies showed Americans getting killed and how horrible war can be, but as I discovered (and I’m sure as we all did), what you see in a movie has no bearing in reality to the actual experience. So, the aspect of a “great adventure” was an element (although minor) in my decision.

Another major reason for my decision was I wanted to challenge myself. The Marine Corps had the well-earned reputation of being the toughest of all branches of the military. Did I have what it took to be a Marine? I thought I could make it but had some doubts—but I was sure going to find out. And, since I had



made the decision to go to Vietnam as an infantryman, I wanted to be with the best and the Marines **were** the best. Ultimately, for me, I decided the only way to fulfill my responsibility to my country was to fight alongside men of my age and I knew that the Marine Corps would provide that *opportunity* to me.



So I became a United States Marine! I was so proud on my graduation day. And just like my recruiter had promised, after my training I was on board an airplane headed for Vietnam. I joined Golf Co. 2/5 on Operation Essex in Nov. '67. I was shot in the right thigh on Feb. 5<sup>th</sup>, '68 during the battle of Hué City and received minor shrapnel wounds from a booby trap (no 2<sup>nd</sup> heart) on Bach Ma on Easter Sunday, '68. I was one of the fortunate Marines in that I finished my tour and rotated out in Nov. '68. And as I look back on it now, in spite of all my training, the reality of Vietnam and war was nothing like I thought it would be. Seeing Americans killed in a war movie didn't have the slightest resemblance to the emotional impact that seeing my friends wounded and killed did. There is no way to convey or understand what that is like or to understand how terrifying actual combat can be. There was also no way to have known that my life as a Marine grunt in Vietnam for 12 plus months would mean I would be living in the most primitive conditions possible. Living out in the field as we did meant living with all the elements: the blazing heat, the constant thirst, the drenching rain, the nights drenched to the bone spent shivering from the cold monsoon rains, the mosquitoes, weeks without bathing, the humping in the bush with so much gear on our backs I felt like a pack mule, the minesweeps, the ambushes, the many operations, the patrols, the fire-fights. No, in spite of all my training, I wasn't prepared for what I experienced.

During the recent (and thankfully, brief) Iraq war, I received an e-mail from my sister-in-law who forwarded some press photos of some of the soldiers and Marines in Iraq. The photos showed the troops sweltering in the heat, drenched in heavy rains, sleeping in foxholes, and in blinding sand storms. Her reaction was one of incredulity at what our troops had to endure. She asked me if my Vietnam experience was anything like that. I replied that not only was it exactly like that but probably much worse. Although our troops had been in staging areas for weeks and some for months before the invasion of Iraq, they had quite a few more "creature comforts" than we did. I hope I don't sound like I'm denigrating or in any way minimizing what our

troops did in Iraq. They performed brilliantly and I and all of America should be justifiably proud of what they did in such a short time (although, as we all know, our troops are sustaining more casualties on a daily basis). They should all be welcomed home as true heroes. What I am trying to say is that the reality of our daily life in Vietnam, living out in the bush, was a hell that no one can quite grasp unless you've experienced it.

When I enlisted and got to *the Nam*, the country, for the most part, was still supportive of our involvement. However, after a rude awakening to the realities of Vietnam, the "nobility" of our cause for us grunts was lost in our daily struggle to stay alive. So we endured the seemingly endless days and went on patrols, ambushes, and operations as we were ordered to do never knowing if we were going to make it through the day in one piece or even alive. And then some of us came back to "*the world*" where we were protested against by our own countrymen for doing what our country asked us to do.

Vietnam became a political quagmire and we weren't allowed to win that war. This fact and all the other things I just described relative to the Vietnam experience are the things I believe people focus on when they ask the question, if I knew then what I know now, if I would do it again.

Of course the Iraqi war was and is a major topic amongst all Americans now. I've had some discussions with some co-workers, some of whom have sons who are of military age. One particular co-worker is staunchly supportive of the war. In a philosophical discussion I had with this man one day, I asked him if he would advise his son to enlist or what he would do if his son came to him and told him he was thinking of enlisting in the military to go fight for his country, what would he tell his son? Without any hesitation, he answered that he would neither try to encourage or discourage his son from enlisting. But, he added, he would be sure to point out to his son that he may be placed in harms way and could *actually* end up being killed. I replied that this sounded to me like he would try to discourage his son from enlisting and my co-worker did not believe that was the case; he was merely pointing out the possible consequences of his action.

We've all seen this where we have many supporters of the United States taking military action in many places in the world. Even the consummate anti-American militarist and draft-dodger, Bill Clinton, did not hesitate to send our young men and women on countless military missions during his presidency. Didn't he realize he was sending someone's father, mother, brother, sister or son and daughter to their possible death (something he was unwilling to do)? Don't Americans who are in favor of U. S. military actions know that some, or possibly many of our military men and women may not come home from these military actions? Unfortunately, too many Americans don't care—as long as it's not their son or daughter. I think all Americans are supportive of a strong military—as long as it doesn't cost too much and doesn't require their sons or daughters to have to make the sacrifice. I also read an article recently about a young man of military age who is in college and was asked if he would consider enlisting in the military. His reply was it would be very inconvenient with his plans for his life. **INCONVENIENT!???**

Well then, just whose responsibility is it to join the military and protect our country from those who want to destroy what we

have? Is it the responsibility of the young men and women who either couldn't afford to go to college or didn't get a high enough SAT score to get in? Is it the responsibility of the poor because they may not have any other options like the affluent who have unlimited options and opportunities? Or is it only the responsibility of the patriotic few? Whose responsibility is it to preserve and fight for our freedom and our way of life?

To get back to my original question, or rather, to answer the question that I've been asked many times, if I knew then (in 1967) what I know now, would I enlist again? Over the years I've talked to many Nam vets and I know some are bitter about their experience because they were seriously wounded and came back physically broken and disabled and others felt betrayed by our country because we weren't allowed to win the war and because of how we were treated when we returned, notwithstanding the *emotional wounds* we all still suffer. Of course these are legitimate feelings and I can't answer the question as to whether I would do it all over again for anyone but myself. And my answer is, given what I know now, what *the Nam* was like, what I had to endure and what impact that experience has had on my life, I can truthfully say, **I would** do it all over again! Why? As I said earlier, there were many reasons for my enlisting in the Corps. But the overwhelming reason for me was because I loved my country and I grew up believing I had a responsibility to my country, call it patriotism or whatever, and if it meant my having to go to war and fight and possibly die for my country, that's what I was prepared to do. I came to the conclusion it wasn't just the *other guy's* responsibility—but mine.

Why else did I come to this conclusion (you may, or may not, wonder)? I was one of those strange kids that liked history in school and particularly U. S. history. Throughout our history, I don't believe the U. S. could be called a *Militarist* country. By that I mean, our military has not been used to conquer and subjugate other peoples (notwithstanding the military actions against the American Indians). That doesn't mean we haven't had a strong military and have used all the power of our awesome military when needed. But basically, the United States has used military force to fight to preserve our freedom and the freedom of other countries that were wrongly attacked by forces that would conquer and subjugate them. So, I believe that our military has been used for good reasons and noble purposes. Because I truly believe that, I have faith in my country to do the right thing and was proud to serve my country when called upon to do so.

Another reason is, in spite of all the horrible conditions I described above there were some good times. I had the honor to serve with extraordinary men and the bonds and the love we shared there, and still do today, is the best thing that came from my Vietnam service.

Semper Fi,  
Larry S. Ortiz

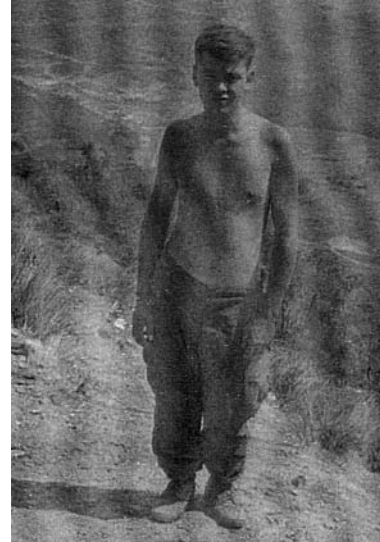
#### In Our Thoughts and Prayers

- As Barney mentioned earlier, one of our own, Gerald Hall, is fighting a very aggressive cancer of the lungs. Right now it appears to only be in the left lung. He has undergone chemo treatments which have not shrunk the tumor and the left lung

is completely collapsed. He has also recently begun radiation treatment. Gerald's wife, Georgia, is keeping several of us informed and has asked that we all keep Gerald in our thoughts and prayers as they both can use all the prayers and support they can get—the *editor*.

#### Roll Call

- **From Calvin Babbitt** – For Frances Nealy, mother of PFC, Samuel Nealy (below), Golf Co., 2/5. I (and the G 2/5 association) wish to give my utmost thanks and appreciation for his participation in operations against the communist aggressors in the Vietnam war and give our condolences to Richard, his mother and family on his unfortunate death in Feb. 1974. Thanks for a job well done, Marine!



Semper Fi,  
Calvin Babbitt

- **From Mario Muñiz** – If you have never served in the United States Marine Corps, you still owe your country a military obligation. These were words written by I do not know who, but I carry them in my wallet given to me by a good friend and a hell of a good Marine who tragically lost his life in a motor cycle accident on June 28, 2002. His name was Barney Cadena, was wounded twice and highly decorated. Barney Cadena did not serve with Golf Co. but he was one of us—a survivor of the Vietnam War, not a *conflict* as some people like to call it.

I served in Golf Co., 2/5, 3<sup>rd</sup> platoon from June through Sept 1968. I was wounded and did not complete my thirteen month tour. When I got to Nam, our unit was in Phu Bai. I remember Hill 88, O'Brien Bridge, Hai Van Pass, Phu Loc, the Alamo, An Hoa and other places I cannot pronounce. I never forget my fellow Marines that were KIA while I was there: Sgt. Williams, Garcia, Jimenez, Griego, McJunkin, Kandel and other Marines I never got to know well. I will never forget them as long as I live.

My wife, Irma, and I visited the Vietnam Memorial in Washington D. C. in 1991 and it was a good healing experience for me. I left the Marine Corps on July 9, 1969, went to work for the U.S. Postal Service in Sept. 1970 and will re-

tire officially this Sept. 2003 with 33 years as a letter-carrier (the Grunt Corps of the U.S. Postal Service—*ha ha*). Thirty-five plus years with the Federal Government total time in grade. I'm still married to my high school sweetheart of over 36 years (I was married on July 8, 1967). We have a daughter Sandra, 33 years old, a son Mario Jr. and a beautiful granddaughter named Adrianna who is 3 years old. Wishing all of our members of our Association "G" Co. and their families the best of health and God bless you all.

Semper Fi,

Mario Muñiz, USMC, 1968—1969

- I want to welcome Dwight Kenneth (aka "*hard corps*") Foster to the G 2/5 family. He was the 3<sup>rd</sup> platoon "Guns" squad leader (my squad leader) and rotated out in April, '68. Ken was from Arkansas and now lives in Texas—Welcome Home! *the editor*

### LOVE, PEACE & FEELIN' GROOVY..." The Music Of Nam" by Barney Barnes

This article started taking shape as I was making a CD of music from our time in Nam, for a certain General friend of ours. The inspiration for this idea stems from my love of music and the on going awareness of how I can listen to a song from that time in our young lives and it will not only trigger a flood of personal memories but also, it will virtually transport me back to those bygone days of yesteryear as well. Make sense?

Being a child of the 50's we had been taught by our parents, our schools, etc., that America was the land of the free, a true democracy, and while it didn't always work out that way, if we applied ourselves, we could make a difference in America and make it a better place.

Long before the tag, "The Big Chill Generation" was hung on us, we were believers. You know, "THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGING," "BLOWIN' IN THE WIND," "PUT A LITTLE LOVE IN YOUR HEART," "WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW," and all that. So, we grew up believing we could do it...make a difference, and the answer was love, peace, and understanding. But, was it really? Nam, left a festering wound on our generation, a wound, that even after 35 plus years, continues to be unhealed.



Oooppps! forgive me, I almost strayed off the subject in the above paragraph. Now where was I? Oh yeah, music. Well, be-

ing that the war in Nam was fought by and large by us, the youth of the day, it should be of no great revelation, just how important music was back then. Now I can only speak for myself, but I rather think that most of y'all felt pretty much the same as I did about music, in that it played a very vital part in the total morale of us on a day-to-day basis. Along with our mail, music was one of the few links to "THE WORLD" that we had during our tour.

OK men, close your eyes, relax and hearken back to those days of AFVN (American Forces Vietnam Network). How many of you remember this? "Hi Love! It's CHRIS NOEL from Hollywood. And you're listening to A DATE WITH CHRIS!!" Good gosh a mighty, did she have us droolin' into our tiny transistor radios with that traditional greeting or what? Man oh man, so many memories, so many great songs.

There was I believe, 8 - 10 AFVN radio stations in Nam, with many different DJ's. Sure the "DAWNBUSTER SHOW" hosted by Adrian, "G--o--o--o--o--o--d Mornin' Vietnam," Cronauer was one as well as a then virtual unknown by the name of Pat Sajak But that Chris Noel, she held us captive with her nightly "A DATE WITH CHRIS" show. Her show was broadcast from 1966 to 1971, "from the Delta to the DMZ," as they used to say back then.

One of my better memories pertaining to music of the Nam was the BILLBOARD MAGAZINES that my brother (he worked in a record shop during his college days) would send me every week. Then Bob Setlak, Mike Ervin, Don Davis, Chubby, Doc Huber, and others would spend countless moments reading them. I also had a tape recorder and my brother would send me tape after tape of the sounds of the day.

Another memory I have is the OP. out near Christmas City, early December 1967 and the gooks serenading us with "Stop In The Name Of Love," by The Supremes. They would even dedicate it and talk trash in between.(Hey LT, you reckon they had any Tammy Wynette over there??) I don't know or rather I don't think this particular incident was Radio Hanoi and Hanoi Hannah, because they kept playing the same song over and over.

To me, music, being young, was a way to cope with the stress of Nam. Of course, being in the bush like we were, we did not get to hear it every day, like all those REMFs back in An Hoa, Phu Bai, DaNang, etc. but when we did it was a magic moment.

Well, I could go on and on about music and what it meant to me over there, but I reckon I best stop for now. I will close with a list of some of my favorite songs from that time, in hopes that it will cause you to reflect on the fun times that we had in the Nam.

One of the unique things I found out about the Music of Nam was the simple fact that I believe the music had a different meaning to us over there as it did for the majority back in THE WORLD. Case in point, "WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE," by The Animals. If you listen to the song, Stateside, then you know in reality it's about the hopelessness of growing up poor and not having a chance to survive. But to us in Nam, it was the song's refrain that said it all for us, "We gotta get out of this place if it's the last thing we ever do!" Probably never was a better anthem for how we felt. I'll use my all time favorite song from Nam, "Ain't No Way," by Aretha as another example. If



you know the song, it's about a woman who wants to love her man and do all she can for him, but he won't let her. Now, in my mind, in 1968, in Nam, I turned it around, as to, not that my girl would not let me love her, but because of Nam, the war, the fear, all these factors, would not allow me to love or do all I could for her.

Anyway, to close, here is my, if you may, TOP 25 songs from my tour of 67 - 68 in Nam:

- (1) Ain't No Way - Aretha Franklin
- (2) Expressway To Your Heart - The Soul Survivors
- (3) Neon Rainbow - The Box Tops
- (4) Summer Rain - Johnny Rivers
- (5) Massachusetts - The Bee Gees
- (6) Dock Of The Bay - Otis Redding
- (7) Soul Man - Sam & Dave
- (8) To Sir With Love - LuLu
- (9) Bend Me Shape Me - American Breed
- (10) Love Is All Around - The Troggs
- (11) Woman - Gary Puckett & Union Gap
- (12) I Love You - The People
- (13) Matchstick Men - The Status Quo
- (14) Angel Of The Morning - Merilee Rush  
(Our own 4 Star General's favorite song, if my memory serves me right.)
- (15) The Good The Bad The Ugly - Hugo Montenegro
- (16) Judy In Disguise - John Fred & His Playboy Band
- (17) The Horse - Cliff Nobles
- (18) Classical Gas - Mason Williams
- (19) Beautiful Morning - The Rascals
- (20) Love Is Blue - Paul Mauriat
- (21) This Guy's In Love With You - Herb Alpert
- (22) Just Dropped In - First Edition
- (23) Nobody But Me - The Human Beinz
- (24) Harper Valley PTA - Jeannie C Riley
- (25) Tighten Up - Archie Bell & The Drells

And the hits just keep coming . . .

Semper Fi,  
Barney

### Missing In Action

We have lost touch with the following G 2/5 vets. Their last known city of residence is also provided below. The good news is that after the last newsletter mailing, none were returned for incorrect addresses. If anyone knows their current address, please forward that information to me—the editor.

- Baker, Ferrall L.— Laguna Niguel, CA
- Dillenburg, Clyde – St. Joseph, MN
- Dima, G. E. – Spokane, WA
- Graham, James M. – Gibsonia, PA
- Huber, Jim – Charleston, MD
- Lippencott, Jeffery – Wilmington, DE
- Lucas, Larry – Beattyville, KY
- McColloch, James H. – Charleston, SC
- McGuinness, John C. – Anthony, FL
- Moore, Dave H. – Herndon, VA

- Moore, John H. – Payson, AZ
- Schaefer, R. A – Walkerton, IN
- Sutton Jr., Horace – Lumberton, NC
- Tant, William – Tuscaloosa, AL
- Woggin, John A. – Hilton Head, NC

We have learned that Wayne Hammons from Memphis, TN, previously on our MIA list, has passed away. Our condolences to his friends and family.

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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 Lance K. Machamer, 4 Lighthouse Street, #10, Marina del Rey, CA 90292**

**Golf 2/5 Association  
c/o Larry S. Ortiz  
7064 Scripps Crescent  
Goleta, CA 93117**

**Address Correction Requested**

**First Class**