



# GOLF COMPANY 2ND BATTALION 5TH MARINES ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER



Dong Ha - CHU LAI — AN HOA — PHU BAI — HUÉ CITY

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## HUÉ CITY MEMORIAL

Greetings fellow Marines and welcome to the first newsletter of 2003! A lot has transpired since the last issue of the newsletter in December, 2002. Our latest space shuttle flight ended in disaster as the shuttle disintegrated upon reentry and the entire crew was lost. This unfortunately occurred the Saturday morning of the Hué City Memorial weekend and cast a sad note to the day and the overall weekend. And the threat of a war with Iraq (which has become a reality) was also not far from the minds of all in attendance at the Memorial.

But yet in these troubled times, many of us vets were able to attend the Battle of Hué City Memorial in Mayport, Florida held on the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> of February. The Memorial was hosted by the crew of the USS HUÉ CITY and has been held annually in Mayport, the homeport of the ship, since its commissioning in 1991. This is the first Memorial Melba and I have attended since we last attended the commissioning of the ship in 1991. We especially wanted to attend as this was the 35<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the battle and mostly because the keynote speaker at this year's Memorial Service was the Vice Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Golf 2/5's General Peter Pace!

The ship's crew hosted a picnic on Saturday, Feb. 1<sup>st</sup>. The Memorial Service was held on the base in a hangar on Sunday, Feb. 2<sup>nd</sup>. Normally the service would be held aboard the ship but the USS HUÉ CITY was currently in dry dock undergoing repair. The ship's crew went all out and had a feast of a barbecue for us and made us all feel very welcome. *Let me take this opportunity to thank Capt. O. W. Young, Chaplin Dundas and the entire crew of the USS HUÉ CITY for making all the Hué City veterans who were able to attend the Memorial feel so welcomed.* At the picnic on Sat., we were anxiously awaiting the arrival of Gen. Pace and were quite concerned that he might not be able to make it due to the shuttle disaster that morning that may require him to stay in Washington. Gen. Pace did make it to the picnic although a little later than originally planned.

Gen. Pace spoke at the Memorial Service on Sunday. It will be hard for me to describe in words how eloquent a speech he made. As I've reflected on it since that Sunday, for some reason I keep thinking about President Lincoln's Gettysburg address. The analogy for me is this sentence in Pres. Lincoln's speech, "The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." Of course, Pres. Lincoln totally underestimated the eloquence of his words and how this speech stands out as one of the most inspired and memorable speeches of all time. Well, that's the same context and the closest comparison I can make as to how Gen. Pace's speech affected me, and I believe, all of us who were fortunate to be there to hear it. It was very obvious Gen. Pace spoke not

only from his heart but from the depths of his soul. He gave his speech with such sincerity and dignity. I don't think he had a prepared speech he read but may have had a few notes. But his speech was truly eloquent and his words so meaningful to all of us Hué City vets that the only way I can describe it and do it justice is to say that it was **inspired!**



**Golf 2/5ers at the Hué City Memorial Picnic**  
L to R-Front Row: Dan Cholewa, Tony Cartlidge, Chuck Meadows, Capt. Lance Arp, Steve Hancock & Jack Field  
Back Row: Bob Setlak, Dennis Studenney, Dick Lahan, Tony Cartlidge, Larry Ortiz, Rich Durrum, Barney Barnes, Joe Snead, Jim Lewis

Several of us have been working with Chaplin Dundas of the Hue City to try and get a video copy of the Memorial Service so I could transcribe the General's speech for the newsletter. That hasn't happened yet but 3<sup>rd</sup> platoon's own Tony "Limy" Cartlidge, was able to get a copy of the speech from Gen. Pace's Aide-de-Camp, Capt. Lance Arp. So without a doubt, the highlight of this edition of our Golf 2/5 newsletter will be a reprint of General Pace's speech at the Hué City Memorial!

In addition to the General's speech, we have a detailed account of the weekend by one of our Hué City Memorial correspondents, Lester Tully. There were also several G 2/5 "first timers" at the Memorial and I've received several comments that are included. Also, my wife Melba, who is a terrific writer, (perhaps I'm a little biased) has written an article about her perspective on the Memorial weekend.

Larry S. Ortiz, *The editor*

**President's Message – by Barney Barnes**

Fellow Marines,

Hope this, the season of Spring, finds all of you doing very well.

The War has begun so let's continue to pray for our President, this great country of ours and of course our troops over in the Gulf.

Since our last newsletter, we again have been able to locate more of our lost Brothers. We've found six more, Lt. TRACY ALTON (my first Plt. Commander in Nam), DON DAVIS, Sgt. LYLE D. MONROE, BOBBY DICKERSON, WALTER "BUTCH" MEEKS & ROCCO ALSANTE. We owe a special thanks to our own Dick LaHan for helping make this possible. They are out there men, we just need to find them. We also learned of the passing of three of our brothers, ANTHONY "TONY" DEATON, DENNIS BALLARD & ROBERT WEBB...sad, but that's the risk we run when we start looking for our Brothers after 35 years. It's a risk that I will continue to take.

Don't know where I got the following, or even who the author is but I will close with this. It's for the above as well as all of our lost heroes, who will remain always, "Forever Young" in our hearts and minds.

"I was that which others did not want to be. I went where others feared to go and did what others failed to do. I asked for nothing from those who gave nothing and reluctantly accepted the thought of eternal loneliness should I fail.

I have seen the face of terror, felt the stinging cold of fear and enjoyed the sweet taste of moments of love. I have cried, pained and hoped, but most of all, I have lived times that others say are / were best forgotten.

At the end I can be PROUD of what I was, what I am and what I forever shall be – A UNITED STATES MARINE."

Amen to that and Semper Fi,  
Barney

**Hué City Memorial-"AFTER ACTION REPORT"**

By: Lester and Cheryl Tully, Justin K. Rice, Bailey E. Tully-  
Date : 01-31-2003 -- Location : Mayport, Fl.

(All times are approximate....due to age of writer)

1100 hrs., Mayport, Fl., Arrived at Comfort Inn Motel.

The first wonderful folks we see is Mike and Pat Ervin. Pat graciously agreed to help Cheryl drive up to the airport to pick up Barney Barnes and Mona.

Mike and I drove over to the golf course and struck up with Bob Gross and Joe Rowe. They almost went to play with us, but then decided not to. It's probably a good thing too. I sure didn't want to embarrass myself in front of "uncle" Bob. Anyway, they paired Mike and me up with a couple of young electronic technicians from the USS HUÉ CITY. Gary and Kevin, both e-5's. We sure did have fun with those two young'uns. Colonel Meadows and Jack Field played also. Mike and I both shot 84. Hell, it got so dad-gummed cold the last hour or so, I dreaded hitting the ball. Man, that cold weather hurts these old hands. About half-way through, I saw Rich Durrum, Ron (Doc) Coffey, and Ron Rawlings in the bar. I tried to trade places with either of them, but, no! You know, a real brother Marine would have

traded places with us. ☺ Doc Coffey came with Rich from Lexington, Ky. This was Doc's first time for our Memorial/Reunion. I hope he continues. After awhile, we finished and joined the fine reception that the Navy provided for us. What a wonderful bunch! During the reception, I chatted a little bit with Bob and Leanne Setlak, Mike and Wanda Copeland, Ben Gerow, Tony (Limey) Cartlidge, Joe and Kathy Snead, Larry and Melba Ortiz, and Danny Cholewa. I hated to cut it short, but I left the reception about 2000 hrs. I guess the 4 hr. drive, tough golfing and those two little hooligans (Justin and Bailey), wore me out.

The skipper of the ship, Captain Young, and the Executive Officer, seem to be doing a superb job with the ship and crew. Every officer and crewman I saw gave us nothing but the utmost respect. I sure wish I could serve with those people or spend more time with them. Big, big thanks to the Chaplain, Lt. Dundas for all he has done. He is following in the fine work that Chaplain Jason Riggs did. Did you notice that all the Navy people backed off and waited until we Marine veterans got through chit-chatting with the General? Those guys did everything just about perfect. It sure did make for a wonderful weekend.

At the reception, I chatted with the gentleman-farmer, Mister Bill Rogers and Jana. Same old Wild Bill. I hope he never changes.

Dick and Mary LaHan were also there. It's too bad that he isn't as good-looking as she is. I think the next time I see her, I will give her some of this southern white-lightning. She seems to enjoy all this southern stuff.

Jim Lewis was there showing off his bride. I clean forgot her name. She is a project manager for an outfit that is building homes in downtown Atlanta. Maybe I shall see her again. I hope so.



**Gen. Pace and Larry Ortiz at the Picnic**  
(Hey, one of the perks of being the editor is getting to  
Include photos I like!)

**Saturday, 01-01-2003**

We spent just about all morning meeting and greeting some other Golf Co. buddies. Don Haupt was there. He is working many jobs and had to leave. It sure was sad to see the space shuttle burn up like it did. People, like the astronauts that gave their lives that day, fit in the same category as our brother Marines during the battle of Hué City. It is sad for the ones that are

still living, but I'll bet they would do it all over again, if it were possible. It has been said many times about the greatest honor of all is to lay down one's life for God, country and family. I still believe that. The fallen would want us to keep on with our lives. We have a lot to do, raising good children and grand-children. I try to teach mine that they should know the history of people and things so they can make the more correct decisions about the future.

I really enjoyed talking with Steve Hancock. He and his family are doing just fine. At one point during the weekend, I asked him to guess the mileage that he led his platoon on foot. He just smiled and said he had no idea. His wife, Mary, couldn't make it due to her school teaching. Same for Col. Meadow's wife. I know how it is. It's about the same as when we left our buddies in Viet-Nam, to come home. That was one of the toughest things I have ever done in my life. I was so torn between my brother Marines that I left back there and wanting to get home to Cheryl and my new-born daughter, Eileen. I'm sure you other Marines had the same feelings. That may be why some of us took a long time contacting others, or avoiding contact. Maybe I felt a little guilty about going home and leaving them.

#### 1200 hrs. Saturday

We all gathered up at the park on base for the picnic. Again, the ship's officers and crew had a feast set up for us. I was very fortunate to meet Eva Bowen. Let me tell y'all something. That is one crazy lady. She wanted to be introduced to the General. From what I gather, she is a reporter for the Navy Public Affairs office. I told her that I don't usually talk to reporters. She wants to write a story, and she promised to be very honest. I look forward to seeing her report or story. She said that it would take a couple of weeks or so and she would submit a copy to me. When she does, I will make sure y'all get a copy.

The General, Pete Pace, showed up around 1300 hrs. I saw his jet sitting over on the tarmac when we toured the Roosevelt. Wow! Looks just like mine. ☺ I heard that he was escorted by a couple of F-15's. He had at least 3 security guys standing in the shadows. (I noticed that they gave General Pace some defective security guys...they all had some kind of deformity under their arms that was bulging out...they seemed to have a social abnormality....kinda stand-offish...bad hearing....just in one ear....eye problems....all wore dark glasses). His aide-de-camp, Captain Lance Arp, seemed like a very nice guy. I asked the one security guy if they had eaten. He said, no, they would get something later. When we came back from touring the Roosevelt, about 1600 hrs, General Pace was still in the same spot. He was still chatting with people and signing autographs. I don't think they ever got the chance to eat. He gave out some medallions that had his Vice-Chairman's flag on it. On the other side, it had the other Chief's of Staff's flags. Again, all the Navy people waited in the wings while we Marines had our time with the General.

#### 1830 hrs. Saturday

I counted about forty Marines, wives, significant others and two grand-young'uns at the First St. Grill. More great food and fellowship amongst everybody. I sure was glad to see Bob and Sue Lauver come for the weekend. The last time I saw him, we were at the other end of the bridge over the Perfume River, on 01-31-1968. I do believe that a whole lot of us would have died that day if not for Bob and his quad-fifty.

#### 0800 hrs. Sunday

I had a wonderful opportunity to have breakfast with General Pace, Colonel Meadows, Bill Rogers, Steve Hancock, and Barney Barnes. I asked them how they got a bunch of teen-agers with loaded weapons to do the things we did in Viet-Nam.



**Gen. Pace, Les Tully and Les'  
Grand-Young'uns, Justin and Bailey**

Briefly, General Pace said that he communicated with the troops. Colonel Meadows communicated with everyone and delegated authority and made sure he gave the men a chance to do their assigned jobs. Bill Rogers said that he communicated with the men and made sure they had all the information that he could provide. Steve Hancock said that he also communicated with the men and let them do their job without interference from him. So, what did all those great leaders have in common? Communication and not micro-managing. See, I can still learn from those guys, even though I am getting to be an old man. ☺

#### 1000 hrs. Sunday

The memorial service was held in a hangar. I liked it better that way. Lots of room. The General gave a great speech. That was the only time I heard him speak of himself or his family. Most of the other times, he was more interested in others. In my opinion, that is the mark of a great leader.

Some after thoughts:

I was talking with "Uncle" Bob Gross and we agreed that if we died tonight, we would die happy and content. We have been real fortunate to have been raised by parents that grew up in the Great Depression. They taught us to get educated, work hard, have good ethics, morals, decency, respect and be responsible. Then we joined the Marine Corps and they sharpened our attitude, skills and knowledge. We have served in the finest Military outfit for the best country in the world. During that service, we have met many brave young men that became brothers to us. After all that, we helped raise some children that became successful. And I'm sure they will raise their children in the same manner.

No, Bob Gross, you cannot have Justin and Bailey. You already have sixteen grand-young'uns. ☺ Bob's wife told me she delivered six of them. Cool.

I know that General Pace and his bosses did everything they could to make sure that he would be in Mayport. From what I understand, he really wanted to come to reassure himself that what he is about to do is the right thing to do. He is fixing to send tens of thousands of young people in harm's way. He may even send his own son. To me, that would be a very difficult decision to make. But then again, I don't think either one would have it any other way.

I think that was one of the best turn-outs that we have had at the memorial service/reunion. Many thanks to our new officers for all their efforts in making it the best one ever. Barney Barnes (President, and Mike Ervin (Vice-President ) THANKS BROTHERS!

My two grand-young'uns, Justin and Bailey, said that was the best weekend they have ever had.

Cheryl and I send a big thanks to all. We are just ecstatic about seeing everyone.

Keep in touch.

Semper-fi.

Les Tully



**U.S. Marine Color Guard at Hué City Memorial**

### Sec./Treas. Report

To date, we have had more than 70% of the members who have paid their dues. This is great, I want to thank all those who have paid their dues and remind those that have not to please get their dues in soon. A special thanks goes to Rick Wilhite and Chuck Meadows for their generous donations to the Association. Remember dues are our only means of operating money. Three to four news letters a year and reunions use up almost all funds raised.

In early March, I was invited to speak at the H&S Company, School of Infantry, Camp Pendleton. My talk was about the battle of Hué City and motivational for those who train the new Marines. It was a wonderful experience to be back with the active duty Marines. It was a bit strange being on base once again

this time in a wheel chair with my service dog, Marley. Everyone treated us as their honored guest and made us feel very much at home. I cannot believe the changes in the base from our time in the late 1960s, I was very glad to be able to follow someone to the location, the Staff NCO Club or I would have been lost for a month. I feel our Corps is in great hands and the troops are better trained and armed than we were those 30 plus years ago. My prayers go to our troops in harms way in Iraq and I know they will do a fantastic job.

Semper Fi,

Lance

*Note: Normally we send out only one of the issues to the entire G 2/5 roster (which is about 200 vets) during the year and the other issues only to the paid members of the Association (which is only about half of the total roster). We've been sending all the newsletters to the entire roster during the past year as we want to reach out to as many of our G 2/5 vets as possible. Also, Lance did not send renewal notices to vets who have not joined the Assoc. which is close to half of the entire roster. I don't want to sound like a PBS pledge drive, but, to those of you who haven't sent in your dues, please take the time and do so. A membership form is provided on the back page of the newsletter.*

*As Lance said above, this is our only form of operating funding to keep us going as a viable organization. Also, all funding is used for Association business as none of the officers are paid for their work for the Association. The editor*

### **GENERAL PETER PACE**

**Vice Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff**

**Extemporaneous Remarks as delivered at the  
USS HUÉ CITY'S 11<sup>th</sup> Annual Memorial Service  
marking the  
35th Anniversary of the Battle for Hué**

**Mayport, Florida  
2 February 2003**

Captain Young, to you and to your magnificent crew, thank you. Not only for the extraordinary hospitality that you have given to all of us here, but also for all that you do with your ship of the line to protect U.S. interests around the globe. And it's great to see you're back in the water. And in April when you get back to the sea, it's going to be with the same professionalism and spirit this ship has exhibited since it was christened on 21 July 1990.

Admiral, Captains, Colonel Al Colter, and to all of you who are here today, I've given a lot of speeches along the way and I don't get intimidated very easily anymore. But today is one of those days where my heart is pounding a little harder than it normally does because I need to find the right words. And also because I know there's Italian blood in my body that will rush to my heart, and it's going to be a contest whether my brain gets to rule or my heart gets to rule while I'm speaking to you. So if I slow down a couple of times while I'm up here just bear with me.

First of all, you should know the ground rules of who Pete Pace is. I am here in pride as an observer of those who fought in Hué City, not with pride as a participant because by the time I got there all the hard work was already done. And we should not



**Gen. Peter Pace  
Delivering His Speech at the Hué City Memorial**

forget that, if you study military history you know that attacking forces normally like to have a ratio of about three good guys to about one bad guy if you're going to attack. In the case of Hué City, about 2,500 U.S. servicemen, mostly Marines, attacked 11,000 N.V.A. (North Vietnamese Army) in a well-defended city...and kicked their butts. But, I can say that because I wasn't a part of it. It would be inappropriate if I had been and said it that way.

But to get there, and to join that magnificent group, I graduated from the Naval Academy and went on to The Basic School like all Marine officers do, and I got trained up to go to Vietnam. If you recall, those of you who were alive back then, in the winter of '67-'68 there was a huge blizzard on the East Coast. And that blizzard closed down training at Quantico. And it happened to be at a time when we were supposed to learn how to fight in cities. "Not doin' it," one instructor said. "Have to learn how to fight in a tight space. And, so it's unfortunate that you're going to miss this training. But if you have to fight in a city, we'll train you up for that before you go."

So off I went to Vietnam. And I still didn't know I was going to go to "Two/Five." So I got into Da Nang and got on a cattle car, which is basically a big old tractor-trailer truck that had seats in it. And it had seats in the middle, and it had seats on the outside. So I sat on the outside, and I was across the way from a major who looked at me and said, "This is your first tour in Vietnam, isn't it?" And I said—and I'm wearing my gold bars—and I said, "Yes, sir. It is." He said, "You know how I know?" And I said, "Other than my rank, sir?" He said, "Yeah, see, the veterans sit on the inside so the guys that sit on the outside can take the bullets."

So this is good. This is day one, and I'm saying to myself, "I'm already dead." Found out I was going to "Two/Five." Still didn't know what the words "Two/Five" meant. Just knew that I was going to be proud to be part of that great, great unit.

Got up to Phu Bai, and then I started realizing that Phu Bai was close to Hué and that all that stuff I'd been reading about in the papers was about to become part of my life. Then-Major O. K. Steele, who is now a retired Major General in the Marine Corps, who was the battalion XO (executive officer), said, "Come on. We're gonna' go." And we got in a jeep. He's in the front seat. We had a driver. We had a guy in the back with a rifle and me, and we take off for Hué City. So we drive from Phu Bai to Hué City with one jeep. And I'm saying to myself, "OK, I didn't die in Da Nang; I am going to die en route to Hué City."

I didn't obviously. When I got there, my platoon was Steve Hancock's platoon. Steve's here. And instead of 43 Marines, it had 14. Fourteen! I was the third platoon commander in as many weeks. And I learned from those Marines so very much. But before I get to that, I would ask that all of you who fought in Hué City to stand or raise your hand if you cannot stand.



**L to R: Chaplin Dundass, Gen. Peter Pace  
and Capt. O. W. Young – CO USS HUÉ CITY**

They're my heroes. These are men from various backgrounds: white men, and black men, and Hispanic. Some volunteers, mostly volunteers, but some draftees back then. Some were there because they thought the war was right; some didn't think the war was right, but they were there to serve their country. All were there fighting for their country. But in the final analysis, when it came down to the battlefield itself, it was a very, very different construct.

It's not that Marines do not know fear. In fact, if you show me a Marine who does not know fear then I'll show you a Marine I don't want to be anywhere near on the battlefield. There were many nights where I wished I could get my body tucked up inside my helmet and just wait for a while. But like every

other Marine, when I looked around at the eyes of my fellow Marines, I knew that they were depending on me. We did what Marines do: we got up and got the job done. Because Marines do have fear in combat — but more than that we feared that somehow we would let our fellow Marines down in battle, and somehow we would not live up to the wonderful heritage that we have received from those who preceded us, and what an honor it was for us to write one or two more pages in the passages of the history of the Corps.



**L to R: Gen. Peter Pace and  
Capt. O. W. Young – CO USS HUÉ CITY**

There are several Marines who are not with us today whose names I repeat to myself every day: Guido Farinaro, Chubby Hale, Whitey Travers, Mike Witt, Fred Williams, Little Joe Arnold, John Miller. Those men trusted me. They trusted me as their lieutenant. And in doing what I asked them to do, they did not come home. Because of them and because of the men in this room, I am still on active duty. Because I owe a debt that I can never repay. And for them to die and for so many others to be wounded, and for me not even to receive a scratch in 13 months, I thought it was a message from God that I was supposed to do something for Him...and for them. So I've never, ever, had a doubt in my mind that I was supposed to stay on active duty.

But I tried when I left Vietnam to repay. So I got to my next duty station and was fortunate enough to get another platoon, and I tried to give to those Marines what I could no longer give to the Marines I'd lost in Vietnam. And a funny thing happened: the more I tried to give to the folks I worked with, the more they gave me. So there's absolutely no doubt in my mind that by trying to repay, I received much more than I could have ever given. And that when that lieutenant, or captain or major whose last name was "Pace" made a mistake—which I made a lot of—those guys who were with me made me look a whole lot better than I deserved to look. In trying to repay in one unit, more Marines would do great things and I would owe more to more people. And I am now, after 30-almost-six years, hopelessly behind and terribly in debt. But it is why I continue to

serve, and why I never question what job it is I am asked to do...because somebody else didn't have that chance. I'm just honored and delighted to have the opportunity to continue to serve.

Being a General is fun. I just thought I'd tell you that. And when they play "Honors," and "Ruffles and Flourishes" ... it makes me feel good. But, when one of these men in this audience comes up to me with a beer in his hand and says, "Hey, Lieutenant"...that's an honor.

This is an amazing country. My dad was born in Italy. His son is the Vice-Chairman of the Joints Chiefs of Staff. You can't do that anyplace else in the world. The reason we can do it is because of battles like Hué City. And many have gone on before that, and many are still to come. Today a lot of our sons and daughters are steaming toward harm's way. We all hope they will not have to fight. We all know that if they do have to fight, they will do what American service men and women have always done, which is deliver for our country.



**L to R Kneeling: Mike Ervin, Dan Cholewa, Bill Rogers,  
Bob Gross and Joe Rowe.**

**L to R Standing: Larry Ortiz, Bob Setlak, Mike Copeland, Ben Gerow,  
Chuck Meadows, Rich Durrum, Gen. Pace, Steve Hancock, Tony Cartledge,  
Joe Snead, Jim Lewis, Les Tully, Jack Field, Barney Barnes  
& Dennis Studenny (thanks to M. Ervin for Photo)**

What I need to tell you is that I have not forgotten what I learned 35 years ago from the men in this room. And as I discharge the duties of my present job, every day I ask myself, "If this war were to start tomorrow, what is it that you, General, should have done to ensure that PFC Pace or PFC Jones, or whoever is out there, has the support that he or she deserves?" I promise you men who have given me the life that I have been living, that I will not betray all you have done. And that as best I can, I will serve you and your sons and your daughters.

This is a great day. Just to renew friendships, and to make some new friends. And again to the crew of Hué City, thank you, for the magnificent way in which you take care of your ship and our ship. And we know that if you do go into harm's way that you will do it magnificently as Navy men have always done.

Captain Young, you all were kind enough to say that you were honored to have me here today. The truth is that I'm honored to be here and to have this additional opportunity to say thank you to the great men in this room who've earned more than I could ever give, thanks to everyone.

End

### **Thoughts on the War with Iraq by Larry Ortiz**

Today as I work on this first issue of the Golf 2/5 Association newsletter for 2003, our US armed forces have been battling the Iraqi's for a little over a week. Although the campaign is going well, we have suffered many casualties and about 20 KIAs. As a Nam vet who suffered the loss of so many good friends and fellow Marines, it really saddens me profoundly when I hear the casualty statistics.

What compounds the sadness for me is the way the country has become divided well before the war began and more so now that the war has begun. Aside from the peace demonstrations throughout the country, it seems that the *Hollywood bunch* has seized this opportunity to make their voices heard—mostly in not only opposition to the war, but in anti-American rhetoric.

As one who attended the Hué City Memorial at the end of January I'd like to relate a little bit about Gen. Pace's arrival at the picnic that Saturday (Feb. 1<sup>st</sup>). As I mentioned earlier, Gen. Pace arrived a little late due to the space shuttle disaster. Even before his originally scheduled arrival time, there was quite a buzz amongst all of the vets and their families and those from the ship's crew who were at the picnic as everyone eagerly awaited his arrival. When he did arrive, we all felt like we were in the presence of a real celebrity. All the vets gathered around him as



**Gen. Pace at the Picnic  
Surrounded by many Admirers**

he graciously spoke to all of us. While I waited my turn to say hello to the Gen. and shake his hand, I watched the gathering keenly aware of how he was being treated as if he were a *celebrity*. And as I watched this unfold, it was extremely gratifying to me that he was being treated with such honor and respect; nothing less than he deserved.

I have to say that ever since the Clinton administration was in office and how the Hollywood "stars" fawned over him, and he over them, I've come to realize how shallow we Americans can be. As a whole, we are a nation who idolizes our so-called "stars" and "celebrities." This idolatry is lavished by us Ameri-

cans on our movie "stars", our "super models", "rock-stars" and our sports "super stars". This actually disgusts me! Because some of our *celebrities* have been blessed with good looks, (some) talent and/or athletic abilities, and they are paid obscene salaries for this, we view them as role models and have elevated them to superhuman status.

And because we stand in awe of these "super – whatever's", they buy into this whole idolatry thing and actually believe their own overblown self-importance. So it's no surprise that so many of our so-called celebrities are using their celebrity status to not only denounce the President and the administration but to try and belittle and demean him as well. What happened to all the "United We Stand" rhetoric after 9—11?

Recently we had the likes of Sean Penn actually visit Iraq in December. And yet *Mr. Penn* who has no more than a high school education thought he could travel to Iraq for a three-day visit and make a determination that a war with Iraq was not the answer to disarm Saddam Hussein. Last October he also paid for a \$56,000 advertisement in the Washington Post accusing President Bush of stifling debate on Iraq. More than 100 other American celebrities, including Hollywood stars Kim Basinger, David Duchovny and Mia Farrow, signed an open letter in December which said rigorous United Nations inspections were the best way to disarm Iraq, not war. Then we have our regular *celebrity* dissidents like Susan Sarandon and Martin Sheen who use their celebrity status to protest the war and denounce the President. Also recently, Natalie Maines, one of the members of the group the *Dixie Chicks* made the following disparaging remarks about President Bush, "Just so you know, we're ashamed the president of the United States is from Texas ..." after a recent concert in London. Surprisingly, Madonna recently decided not to release her controversial *American Life* video which takes a strong anti-war stance. The video ends with Madonna tossing a grenade that changes into a cigarette lighter into the lap of a man who is a President Bush look-alike. In a recent statement by Madonna, she stated it was inappropriate to air the video because of the state of the world and out of sensitivity and respect for the troops. Wow—who would have known she had the least bit of common sense!

And then, this over-paid Hollywood bunch throws themselves an obscene, self-congratulatory party, the Oscars, to lavish praise and awards on themselves. I had minor interest in the *spectacle* and watched briefly until the first award winner used his acceptance speech to protest the war and denounce the President. (I have to be careful not to generalize that all the *Hollywood Bunch* are spouting anti-war and anti-American propaganda as there are many who are patriots).

You kind of have to stand back and look at all that is going on in the world and what's going on in our own country. I do that and I end up frustrated in utter disbelief. But our First Amendment to our Constitution guarantees every citizen the right to speak their mind and to voice their dissent with not only the Administration—but ANYTHING! We are extremely fortunate as Americans to have the freedoms we have, including free speech and not have to worry about being locked up, tortured and even killed for speaking against our administration and President—like the Iraqi people do and people in many other countries in the world. What I find truly incredulous is these

*celebrities* have no clue what a dangerous place the world has become. How quickly *they* seem to have forgotten how many innocent Americans were killed on 9-11-2001—simply because they were Americans! Do these *celebrities* think that if we are nice to these terrorists, they will like Americans and no longer want to not only destroy our freedoms, our way of life and our lives?

Wouldn't that be a wonderful outcome? But this is real life, not a fantasy world that these *celebrities* live in because of the salaries they can command that allows them to insulate themselves from the reality of this world. They mistakenly believe their large bank accounts give them the clout to denounce the President and the war.

Has this celebrity group and all our anti-war protestors forgotten these other terrorist acts?

- After the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, which killed six and injured 1,000; President Clinton promised that those responsible would be hunted down and punished.
- After the 1995 bombing in Saudi Arabia, which killed five U.S. military personnel; Clinton promised that those responsible would be hunted down and punished.
- After the 1996 Khobar Towers bombing in Saudi Arabia, which killed 19 and injured 200 U.S. military personnel; Clinton promised that those responsible would be hunted down and punished.
- After the 1998 bombing of U.S. embassies in Africa, which killed 224 and injured hundreds; Clinton promised that those responsible would be hunted down and punished.
- After the 2000 bombing of the USS Cole, which killed 17 and injured 39 U.S. sailors; Clinton promised that those responsible would be hunted down and punished.

Maybe if Clinton had kept his promise, over 3,000 people in New York, Washington, D.C. and in a Pennsylvania field that are now dead would be alive today.

I guess what all this comes down to is our freedom of speech is a great thing. I certainly have my own views and can freely express them here. And, I know, my own views are probably no more correct than anyone else's, including the Hollywood bunch. I have to admit that I had my reservations about a war with Iraq. There was no "smoking gun" found by the inspection teams with respect to nuclear or biological weapons of mass destruction. But, I also realize those inspectors could have looked for years and in a country as large as Iraq, with all the caves and bunkers built, it was probably impossible to ever have found these weapons. I never questioned that Saddam the tyrant had to be removed; I just wasn't certain it was the US' responsibility to do it.

Part of my initial non-support of a war with Iraq is that I'm tired of the U.S. playing the role of the world's police force. I didn't support Clinton's bombing campaign in Kosovo a few years ago. Why was it our responsibility to remove Milosevic when this ethnic cleansing was going on in the European country's back yard? I felt it should have been the Germans, Italians, French and British (and all the other European countries) responsibility—not the U. S. We keep hearing how the U.S. is the world's only *superpower* and as such, it's our responsibility to use this military might to deal with potential and real threats. I can understand the thinking that if we don't deal with threats

where they originate, we may potentially have to deal with them on a larger scale and possibly on our own soil. And maybe that's just the plain fact that it is the U. S' responsibility and I don't have to like it. It's certainly true that *freedom is not free!*

My reluctance and disagreement with the U. S. role as the world's policeman stems from two reasons: 1) other countries, although they may not be *superpowers*, should step up to their responsibility for protecting their interests and maintaining world peace, and 2) as a Nam vet who lost too many friends, I'm not anxious to support our troops engaging in military actions because of the cost to the U. S. both in dollars and most importantly, in the lives of our military men and women.

I realize now that Saddam Hussein and his regime are nothing but terrorists and when they got the capability to deliver a nuclear bomb or biological weapons on the United States homeland, he would have. President Bush has kept his word that he will fight this war on terrorism and he is. I fully support his leadership and the actions he has taken to root out terrorists wherever they may be trying to hide. And as the President has said on many occasions, the United States will prevail!

It's time for the country and world to realize that terrorists are not trying to wage a war against the U.S. military or the armed forces of any country. They just want to indiscriminately kill our citizens because of who we are. And it's not a question of being pro-war or anti-war. I know firsthand how horrible war is and I don't want war and I don't think anyone does. Unfortunately humans have been killing each other since we first appeared on this earth. Humans will always want to take what someone else has or try and exert their power over others by force—it's part of the human condition and sadly, I think it will always be this way. Thank God the President and the British Prime Minister, Tony Blair, have the courage to do what has to be done to try and protect not only our country but the world from this terrorist threat and bring freedom to the Iraqi people.

I apologize for my ramblings but felt strongly about what's going on in the country. My original point was about how shallow we as a country are in picking our heroes and idols. They are not our movie "stars", our "super models", "rock stars" and our sports "super stars" but men like Gen. Pace, our men and women in the military, our police, our firemen, our teachers, nurses and on and on. It's our ordinary citizens, not our *celebrities* that have built this country and continue to keep it strong and safe and FREE!

One last comment, regardless what each American citizen's position is on this war, it is absolutely inexcusable and unconscionable for any American not to unconditionally support our men and women engaged in fighting the terrorist threat and protecting our freedom. As Vietnam vets, we know firsthand how it feels to have our country discount our actions and turn their backs on us. Let's make sure that never, ever, happens again to our Armed Forces.

God Bless the U.S.A. and our men and women fighting for our freedom!

Semper Fi,

Larry Ortiz

**REMEMBER. . .**

*It is the soldier, not the reporter,  
Who has given us freedom of the press.*

*It is the soldier, not the poet,  
Who has given us freedom of speech.*

*It is the soldier, not the campus organizer,  
Who has given us the freedom to demonstrate.*

*It is the soldier,  
Who salutes the flag,*

*And whose coffin is draped by the flag,  
Who allows the protestor to burn the flag.*

*--Author Unknown*

**Hue City Memorial - comments from our "first-timers":**

- From **Mike Copeland** — Barney, I wasn't sure when you first suggested my attending the memorial weekend that I could do it. Wanda encouraged me to attend and said she would go with me. I knew all of you a long time ago and as you know memories tend to fade with age. When you met us at the airport I knew everything was going to be OK. Colonel Chuck Meadows, Barney Barnes, Mike Ervin, Dennis Studdenny, Lester Tully, Larry Ortiz, Bob Setlak, Bill Rogers, Joe Snead, Tommy Jayjack, Bob Lauver, and all the others who were in attendance, God bless and keep you all. And of course the best of the best, Peter Pace. Four Star General he is, but more importantly to me, a man of honor and integrity. Someone who doesn't forget a time when all our spirits and bonds were forged in combat and remembers those who didn't return. I am sure that my grandchildren and their children will still experience the American way of life and freedom as long as we have men such as he as the leaders of our great nation.

To the officers and crew of the USS Hue City and Mayport Naval station: I returned to Texas from service in Vietnam to be cursed and spit upon by people who were against the war. That experience has been with me every day for 35 years. This last weekend all of you treated us like royalty. You have all helped to undo a wrong committed so long ago upon a lot of Vietnam Vets. The 35th Hue City Memorial weekend was a lifting up and cleansing for me because of your efforts.

To all of you, Semper Fi and God Bless you all.  
Mike Copeland

- From **Bob Lauver** — You gentlemen have a bond that has been forged through experiences that transcend normal relationships. I, as an outsider, can only observe and be touched that providence allowed me the ability to say I was part of it, if only for a couple of days in 1968.

My wife and I were appreciative of your hospitality and open arms exhibited by all that we met. Many of the welcomes that were extended to me left me humbled, at a total

loss for words. The ongoing work that is being engaged in by Col. Meadows is commendable. I envy anyone who discovers that type of meaning and reward in their pursuits. I have tried to guide my life in business with extreme standards of character, integrity, honesty, and loyalty. At a time when I thought that everyone with whom I had dealings looked at those attributes as weaknesses I met Peter Pace. I am humbled. I have found the definition of leadership with honor. In a period of less than 24 hours I knew I had met a leader with unimpeachable standards. We must all pray that he continues to ascend through the leadership of this country.

On a lighter note, y'all had a doggie and his wife in your midst with more time in Vietnam with Marines than most Marines had. I have the utmost respect for the USMC and what was accomplished on all the battlefields I shared with you. If I had it to do over again . . .

Bob Lauver

Looking forward to next year.

*Note: Bob served with the Army's Battery G, 65th Artillery, a "Quad 50" unit. He was the squad leader with a crew of four men (including him) on the truck on 31 Jan. '68. Thanks Bob to you and your crew—we sure were glad to see those big 50s work out on that bunker at the north end of the bridge over the Perfume River that day! The editor*

- From **Joe Rowe** — There was something in the air; I could feel it when I got off the plane. I felt myself relax and get that old feeling that I had at An Hoa. I had a hell of a time getting a cab and forgot what hotel I was staying at, but it didn't matter, I was alive, and soon to be with others who remember Operations Houston 1-2-3-4 and are also alive. Together we would pray for the Marines, who gave their lives, so that we might live.



**Joe Rowe & Bob Gross enjoying  
Florida's Balmy Winter Weather**

When I got to the Hotel, I was shaking with excitement; I wondered what the men I have thought about every day for 35 years would think of me? It wasn't long before I found out that nothing can compare to the camaraderie shared by the survivors of Hue City. We fought and won many battles together, we sat in holes and shared dreams, and we bound

one another's wounds. Few are bestowed with a history so compelling that Generals and Privates share a bond that transcends friendship, to brotherhood.

Thank you all for staying true to your convictions and true to the memory of those brave Marines that could not be with us.

Joe Rowe G Co. 2/5, 2238833

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

<b><i>Cpl. Sheldon D. Hoskins</i></b>	<b><i>KIA 10/7/68</i></b>
<b><i>PFC Gerald C. Kinny</i></b>	<b><i>KIA 1/1/68</i></b>
<b><i>Pvt. Dale E. Shumbarger</i></b>	<b><i>KIA 11/6/67</i></b>

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

**WISH YOU WERE HERE**

By Corporal Joshua Miles and the boys from 3rd Battalion 2nd Marines, Kuwait

*For all the free people that still protest. You're welcome.*

*We protect you and you are protected by the best.  
Your voices are strong and loud, but who will fight for you?  
No one standing in YOUR crowd.*

*We are your fathers, brothers, and sons,  
wearing the boots and carrying the guns.  
We are the ones that leave all we own,  
to make sure your future is carved in stone.*

*We are the ones who fight and die,  
we might not be able to save the world,  
but at least we try.  
We walked the paths to where we are at  
and we want no choice other than that.*

*So when you rally your group to complain,  
take a look in the back of your brain.  
In order for that flag you love to fly  
Wars must be fought and young men must die...*

*We came here to fight for the ones we hold dear.  
If that's not respected, we would rather stay here.  
Please stop yelling, put down your signs,  
and pray for those behind enemy lines.*

*When the conflict is over and all is well,  
be thankful that WE chose to go through hell.*

**In Our Thoughts and Prayers**

- Shortly after I mailed out the last newsletter in mid-December, I received a letter from Mrs. Sheila Deaton, wife of G 2/5's Tony Deaton. She informed me that Tony had passed away on August 10, 2002 from colon cancer. Sheila

and Tony were married for 22 years and she writes about what a terrible loss it is for her. She enclosed the following photo remembrance of Tony:



Sheila would like to hear directly from any Golf 2/5 vets who knew Tony and she can be reached at the following address:

Mrs. Anthony Deaton  
1825 E. Knox St.  
Indianapolis, IN 46237-1077

Sheila, on behalf of Tony, also included a generous \$25 gift to the Association. I didn't know Tony personally but I know many of you did and our *Band of Brothers* has suffered yet another loss. On behalf of the Golf 2/5 Association, I want to offer our sincere sympathies to Mrs. Deaton at the loss of her husband and our friend and fellow Marine. . .the editor.

- While searching for other lost Golf 2/5ers, we have learned that the following two brothers have also passed away—our deepest sympathies to the families and friends of these two Marines.
  - Dennis BALLARD, Benton, IA Died: 28 Jan. 2002 Ohio
  - Robert WEBB, Ddanville City, VA Died: 17 June 2002 VA

**The USS HUÉ CITY Memorial Service – A Wife's Reflection— by Melba Ortiz**

Sometimes my thoughts catch me unaware and I learn something I didn't consciously realize. It can be a moment of complete surprise and clarity. That happened to me upon returning to California from Jacksonville, Florida after the USS HUÉ City Memorial service. The lady sitting next to me on the plane asked me if I was returning from a trip that was a happy event. I quickly responded, "Yes, it was a wonderful event." When she inquired what the event was and I explained it was a memorial service for the Hué City Vietnam veterans, she looked a bit puzzled. It didn't occur to me then that most people wouldn't consider a memorial service a happy event. It wasn't until days later that it hit me — why did I respond so quickly with what seemed to be a contradiction in terms? How could a memorial service be a happy event?

With little notice of the lady's puzzled look, I pulled out the program from the Memorial Service and found myself telling her about it. I surprised myself in how much I had learned about the battle for Hué City and what a tremendous place it holds in history. The combat veterans (including my husband, Larry)

that fought in that battle are the real-life, flesh and bone husbands, brothers, sons, and friends that we often misunderstand or take for granted. Yet, the crews of the USS HUÉ City look up to **our guys** and consider them role models and heroes.

**Our guys!** It was an awesome feeling even in recounting the ceremony that honored them. I found myself puffing up with so much pride and tremendous respect for my husband and his marine buddies. It sounded almost like fiction—as I read the piece from the program—a battle of such proportions and overwhelming odds is difficult to even imagine, much less actually live through it! But these veterans of the Battle of Hué City did survive it and other battles that they remember only too well and too often. It wasn't fiction, the battle was much too real and yet they (our fortunate ones) survived and are in our midst. **Our guys**, the warriors of our country—so unappreciated and forgotten for so many years, remembered and honored in a truly meaningful ceremony.



#### G 2/5 Wives at the Picnic

L to R: Pat Ervin, Terry Studenny, Sue Lauver, Beverly Gross, Mary Lahan, Gen. Pace, Melba Ortiz  
(sorry that the three ladies on the right are unidentified)

The whole atmosphere for the ceremony was inspiring, even if it didn't happen on the USS HUÉ City (it was held in a Navy hangar due to the ship being in "repair"). In my totally unbiased and objective opinion, there is no uniform as beautiful as the Marine Corps dress uniform! So the Marine Corps color guard, the American Flag, the USS HUÉ City flags, the Navy band, and General Peter Pace in his *splendiferous* Marine Corps uniform set the patriotic and significant tone

I don't remember ever hearing such a moving speech as the one by General Pace. His thoughts were so coherent and well organized, yet it seemed like he was talking to each individual vet in a personal, conversational manner. The feeling he conveyed was emotional with thoughtful concern for his fellow marines. His words were inspired in the ability to soothe every jagged nerve ending of the veterans in a way that only another marine with shared experience can do. He touched my heart as well—in sharing his own emotional remembrance of the marines that died in Vietnam, in acknowledging his own painful memories, and yet admitting how much "fun" it is being a General! I was so moved by every word in that speech that I thought I might be able to recite it word for word. Fortunately,

the transcript of the speech is available in this newsletter and my memory won't be tested.

General Pace said that he isn't easily intimidated but was concerned about finding the right things to say at the service that day. In my humble opinion, General Pace was absolutely eloquent in touching the critical issues that Larry (and the other vets) struggles with each day. To hear such eloquence coming from a man that is not only an important leader in our country, but also a combat veteran who cares about those who shouldered the responsibility of a controversial war, was so powerful. I could more fully understand why the survivors of that war revere and honor the memory of their fellow marines that didn't make it home. It made me want to hug every marine in the room and cry with each one. Then I wanted to go out and enlist in the Marine Corps! I felt so proud of Larry, his fellow G 2/5'ers, General Pace, and America!

There were many tears in the room that day, but they were cleansing and healing tears. What a gift that was to all of us fortunate enough to be there. **Our guys** deserve so much of our gratitude—we can never thank them enough. When the vets that fought in the Battle of Hué City were asked to stand, I thought I might explode with the intensity of emotion. I thought of all that is good in our country and of the men willing to fight to protect it. At that moment, I felt the meaning of the Marine *esprit d'corps*-- these men, **our guys**, embody that spirit.

My moment of clarity, spoken quickly, was also a moment of truth—I was so happy to be a part of such an occasion. Yes, there was sadness in remembering the losses but there was happiness in remembering how much those that were lost were loved and that they touched all the lives in that room. There was happiness in being with such wonderful, dedicated people who care so deeply. There was happiness in taking pride in our country. There was happiness in **our guys** finding a measure of peace and acknowledgment for their tremendous sacrifice.

Melba Ortiz

#### The Shadow Vet—by Mike Ervin

The Wall resides within the confines of my backyard. I pass by this memorial often via benefit of living in close proximity to our Nation's Capital. Visits to this shrine are rarely scheduled for I have ample opportunity to fulfill my needs whenever my heart draws me close. It is usually during those times when I need a little closer contact than what I normally carry with me that I frequent old friends.

On one occasion as I visited, I spied a man and woman at about 60 yards due east of The Wall's epicenter. They were standing inside the fringe of the small trees that rise above the gentle grassy slope that forms the green mantle leading to the base of the entire memorial. This mantle has always reminded me of the "Green, green grass of home". I've always envisioned looking out from within the black granite stones and, as I viewed this verdant green pasture, I see myself standing looking out over the South China Sea searching for the coast of home. Maybe they do?

This day, as I watched the Shadow Vet on the fringe, it struck me that the man seemed trapped, either snared or drowning and the woman was there for support or to rescue him as the case might be.

I'd been privy to scenes like this before but this one drew me closer. I enveloped the couple and stealthily passed by close enough to invade his privacy but far enough to where he accepted my presence. Then I asked the question, "What unit were you with?"

The question did two things. It created an instant bond because it told him I knew.... And it allowed him to remain with his armor in the 'at ease' position. We discussed what we vets always share...our past: our living past.

As of yet, this man had not been able to approach The Wall. He felt safety (and privacy) in the shadows of the trees as he viewed the myriad of unknown people meander through the memorial paying homage. It was as if he was standing guard. And, in reality, he was. This is where I developed this personal phrase of mine: *The Shadow Vet*. To me, that means someone who came home but still isn't quite ready or able to take the next step (release).



**L to R: Larry Ortiz, Mike Ervin, Joe and Kathy Snead**

It's odd that I would use the word "release". This past weekend was the 35th reunion of the Battle of Hue City. We gathered around our icons as we retold our fabled past smothering them with kinship, beers and tears. Even the weather cooperated and turned cold. And, coupled with our personal histories of Hue; the current tragedy with the loss of the space shuttle and our astronauts; the possibilities of our children at war, where else could our senses be but on heightened alert. Yes, "release" sounds like a good word. I saw a lot of that this past weekend. And that's what brings me back to the Shadow Vet.

I think it was after the picnic on Saturday on the drive back to the motel when my wife, Pat, asked me how I felt (damn, even as I write these words, it swarms over me). I told her that the other guy inside of me caught me off guard Saturday in, of all places, the head. All I was doing was minding my own business looking for relief when he grabs me by my heart and shakes me to my foundation. And, like Pete said on Sunday, I too search for control. However, in my case, I have always led with my heart. And, if my standards are true, I will return to (normal) within 3 days having satisfied the unconquerable.

I think I've come to understand that I, too, am a Shadow Vet. But, what does that mean to me? Actually, I'm not sure! Is it PTSD? Am I more sensitive than another? Am I less manly? It's truly confusing when I find my armor leaks so often.

Pat asked me how I felt. In my mind's eye I watched this Falling Star streak across Texas and all my friends were with them. I wanted to be on that ride.

03Feb03

Mike Ervin

2nd Plt G 2/5

04Feb03 - *Epilogue* — I've taken the day off as a Mental Health Day. I think sharing (ME) is the hardest thing. My expectations of ME and reality are often in conflict. Pete probably said it best on Sunday when he stated that God must have a purpose for him in this life. It was the only explanation he could come up as to why he's still with us. I think he's right. I must have a purpose.

### Roll Call

Our Association Pres. Barney Barnes continues his search to find our fellow Golf Co. vets who served with us in Nam and has found these six:

- Tracy Alton, De Pere, WI; Don Davis, Saint Louis, MO; Bobby Dickerson, Arkadelphia, AR; Lyle D. Monroe, Muliken, MO; Rocco A. Alsante, Utica, NY; Walter "Butch" Meeks, Columbus, OH.
- I also want to welcome Bob Abbitt, from Bandon, OR. Bob and I have spoken a couple of times and he's glad to hook up again with 2/5. Bob got to Nam in Jan. '69 and spent some time with 11<sup>th</sup> Marines as a forward observer before being assigned to G 2/5 from June to Oct. '69 returning to 11<sup>th</sup> Marines.
- Welcome to our Golf 2/5 Association! *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. If anyone knows their current address, please forward that information to me—(new MIAs in **Bold**) *the editor*.

- Baker, Ferrall L.— Laguna Niguel, CA
- Dillenburg, Clyde – St. Joseph, MN
- Dima, G. E. – Spokane, WA
- Graham, James M. – Gibsonia, PA
- Hammons, Wayne – Memphis, TN
- 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

**More Photos From the Hue City Memorial:**



**Ship's Emblem for USS HUÉ CITY**



**L to R: Mona Barnes, Cheryl Tully, Melba Ortiz  
& Leann Setlak at the Picnic**



**Tony "Limey" Cartlidge and the General**

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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**