



# GOLF COMPANY 2ND BATTALION 5TH MARINES ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER



*Dong Ha - Chu Lai - An Hoa - Phu Bai - Hue City*

Vol. 25, Issue 1

February 2011

## Editor Comments by Larry Ortiz

Greetings fellow Marines!

Boy, it's been a long while since the last newsletter; about two years in fact. The primary reason was due to lack of material to put out a newsletter. The secondary reason is in mid-2009 I decided to retire and we put our California house up for sale. We were very fortunate in that our house sold quickly after it went on the market and we left Cal. and moved back to our hometown of Santa Fe, NM where Melba and I had grown up but had lived away from for 32 years. Most of our family is still here including our daughter and 5-yr.-old granddaughter and it's been fun being more involved in her life.

And the final reason it's taken a while to get a newsletter out is my procrastination that I apologize for. I thought that after I retired, I'd have so much time to do the things I really wanted to do rather than what I *had* to do. Seems like not having deadlines is a wonderful thing, but can also lead one, (this one in particular), to postpone things.

We, like probably a lot of you, have had a pretty big snowstorm in the last few days and below zero temperatures for the last several days so it's a great opportunity to stay inside and work on the newsletter ☺!

Jim Lewis has been very proactive and in his own words has a "mission and a purpose in my life and both are very clear" to honor two of his friends, Jesse Griego and Pat Lucero, who were killed *in the Nam*. In a previous newsletter, Jim detailed the plan for the Jesse Griego Kindergarten project which has been completed and was dedicated in March 2009. The article on the dedication printed in the *The Palm Beach Post*, July 6, 2009, is provided in its entirety. (The article was also picked up and published in the Chicago Tribune).

Jim has also sent me the details on the Pat Lucero Library Project also underway. If anyone would like to donate to this project, the donation form is included after the article.

Thanks Jim for remembering two of our fallen brothers in a very selfless way and in making the tragedy of their loss into something positive that will benefit some of the children of Vietnam.

During this two-year period there have been two Hue City Memorials in Mayport, FL that a lot of our G 2/5ers attended. It's always been the plan to hold it as close to when the Tet Offensive occurred (in January) but due to our two on-going wars, The USS HUE CITY has not been in port to hold the reunion in the January/February timeframe. The most recent Hue City Memorial was held Sept.

17-19, 2010 in Mayport, FL. If any of you that did attend the Memorial would like to send some photos and an article on this past year's memorial, please email them to me so I can include in the next newsletter.

The other major event that took place was our biannual reunion that was held in Seattle on Sept. 24-26, 2010. There was a large turnout that surprised a lot of us. The weather cooperated and the 3 or 4 days we were there were beautiful. Our heartfelt thanks to Sue Warner-Bean who almost singlehandedly organized the entire reunion! It's a *helluva* lot of work and all who attended had a great time.

Again, if any of you that did attend the reunion would like to send some photos and an article on the reunion, please email them to me so I can include in the next newsletter.



**The Dedication of the Jesse Griego Kindergarten**

As our age catches up with us, too many in our G 2/5 family have had health issues and there have also been some unfortunate passing's of some of our loved ones. Updates on the G 2/5 family are provided in the *In our Thoughts and Prayers* section of the newsletter.

One more note on the Seattle reunion—at the business meeting, it was decided that in order to minimize Association expenses, further Newsletters would be emailed to Association members and there will be no more mailings of the newsletter. So welcome to the first G 2/5 E-Newsletter!

If any of you on the email distribution of the newsletter from our Information Director, Tony C., know of any of our members who do not have a computer and would like to receive the newsletter, I can still have some printed out

and I'd be glad to mail a hard copy to those who don't have email/computer access—just let me know!

And finally, I do want to thank all those who have sent me articles and other bits of information that I think are of interest to the G 2/5 family. As always, if any of you have something of interest or just something you'd like to write and share in the newsletter, please send it to me.

I also want to thank Richard Cobb (and a special thanks for all the great photos he sent me!), Louis "Cash" Cashwell—G 2/5's own South Carolina *Mountain Man* and Irma Muñiz for their contributions. We had the opportunity to visit with Mario & Irma and Henry and Dolly Perez near our California home in May 2009 prior to my retirement (and again in Seattle). It was a great mini-G 2/5 reunion!

Semper Fi,  
Larry S. Ortiz

*P.S.: While reading the newsletter, keep in mind a lot of the information contained is from 2009.*

### Jesse's School

The following article appeared in *The Palm Beach Post*, July 6, 2009:

**"Anguished Jupiter man quells grief with contribution to kindergartners" by Dianna Smith**

Soldiers carry things.

That's what they do. And when they're done fighting, they can put down their load.

Right?

But what about a load that refuses to lighten? One that's shouldered year after year; so that soldier and burden become one?

Jim Lewis carried such a weight.

On July 16, 1968, his friend and fellow Marine Jesse Griego walked over a buried bomb on Hill 88, south of Phu Bai, in Vietnam. Jim was there, cradling the dying man like a baby.

Both men, caked in brownish-red dirt, huddled on the dry ground in unbearable heat. Jim didn't say a word. He could only stare in disbelief as the shrapnel in Jesse's chest quickly did its intended job and his friend whispered, "I'm going home."

Then Jesse—just 20, a New Mexico man who loved fishing and cars—slipped away.

Like so many others, Jim, now 61 and living in Jupiter, carried on. He would become a sheriff's deputy, a helicopter pilot and an actor and stuntman in movies with his mentor, Burt Reynolds.

On the outside, he seemed charmed, a strapping guy of 6-foot-3 with a handsome face and a disc jockey voice.

But like so many others, in a pocket of his heart, his burden. The dreams, where Jesse would appear. This guilt: Why Jesse and not him? And the numbness. A part of him was dead too.

Would this burden ever be lifted?

There was only one way to find out.

Jim would make something good come out of Jesse's death.

And then he might know if he could find peace.

### ***Burt Reynolds, locals open wallets for cause***

From his Jupiter home, Jim says he realizes these 5-year-olds at a school halfway around the world in Vietnam don't know about Jesse.

They can't read the shiny plaque hanging near the front doors, where English words tell students the school is here because of him.

They don't know that this man now squatting down to look them in the eye—and getting giggles—collected the money to build their school in Jesse's honor.

They don't know that this towering man spent six months raising \$25,000 from donors all over the country—half from Palm Beach County alone, including the Vietnam Veterans of America Palm Beach County Chapter 25, which Jim co-founded, and from his friend Reynolds.

The money paid for this one-room school and tuition for 50 kindergartners.

In their remote village of A Xing in the Quang Tri Province, on the north central coast of Vietnam, children walk barefoot and most can barely read or write. They speak their own dialect, which won't take them far if they want a better life.

That's where the big man and the new school come in.



**Jim Lewis with some of the children of Jesse's School**

At the Jesse Griego Kindergarten, they will learn Vietnamese, the country's national language. They will eat lunch every day and study in a building with electricity and running water, luxuries many don't have in their rickety homes.

This, Jim says, is not the place where Jesse died.

But maybe, just maybe, it's where his spirit will live.

### ***Mission meant to elicit new memories, not old***

When Jim stepped off the plane in late March (2009), he expected to feel something. Maybe a few tears would stream down his face or, in his stomach, he would feel weak.

Instead . . . nothing.

He was back in Vietnam for the first time in 41 years, breathing the thick, sauna-like air, the fragrance of spices and charred firewood seemingly locked in each wet particle.

That smell, that air, took Jim back.

But nothing else did.

He saw paved roads and vibrant downtowns. Motor scooters and upscale restaurants. No helicopters circling

the sky. No body bags stacked on the streets. No blood, no screaming.

This was a different Vietnam.

But then, he told himself, this was a different mission.

Jim had turned down four prior invitations to return to Vietnam with former Marines, because the purpose of those trips was to uncover old memories.

"Why suffer more?" Jim asks, shrugging his shoulders. As well as seeing death all around him, he'd barely escaped that fate himself, spending nine months recovering after a grenade exploded near him. "I don't need to be reminded. I live it every day. All I've got to do is look in the mirror."

This trip's goal was to create new memories.

In 2007, he discovered PeaceTrees Vietnam, a group that oversees the building of libraries and kindergartens. Most of the money for the projects comes from families or veterans in the United States mourning a death from the war.

PeaceTrees hired villagers to build the school in six months, and construction finished in mid-March.

The paint was still drying when Jim made the trip. His focus then was solely on Jesse and the students now learning because of him.

"I hope 10,000 kids go through these doors," Jim says, "and all because of Jesse."

And if healing came for him, well, that would be nice too.

#### ***Finally, after 41 years, 'OK for me to be alive'***

On the morning of the school's dedication, before the sun peeked, Jim sat alone in his hotel room and unfolded the list of the 140 people from around the country who donated money to this school.

He read each name out loud: "Ruth Lewis . . . Teresa Mayo . . . Victor Birdsong . . . Bob Lascher . . . Lisa Mastorides . . . Eileen Donohue . . ."

He wanted them remembered, he says, even if no one else was there to hear.

"I said 'Thank you very much,' and said a prayer," Jim recalls. "I was about to do something that was going to make a big difference."

Then he took a bumpy ride into a valley that ended at a yellow building. The Jesse Griego Kindergarten. A crowd of villagers had gathered and Jim was introduced to the eager students, who stood mesmerized by this gigantic stranger.

They led him to the hallway where a black cloth dangled over that polished new plaque. They told Jim to lift it.

And when he did, he saw Jesse's name.

And this tall, brave Marine began to cry.

"It unveiled me," Jim later says.

Tears fell. Guilt disappeared. The load he'd been carrying? Gone.

"For the first time in 41 years, it was really OK for me to be alive."

Finally, Jim Lewis could carry on.

#### **Reunion 2012!!! From Barney Barnes**

After a week of voting (in mid-December) it's time to let everyone know that by a margin of 26 -22 votes, our 2012 Reunion destination will be KEYSTONE SD. If you attended our Myrtle Beach Reunion in 2006, you know that Vince Montoro did an excellent job and I'm sure KEYSTONE will be no different. Really though, a lot of you are like me, in that it makes no difference where the Reunion is held, you're gonna be there. I have only missed one of these ('95 in Vegas) since we first got together in Chicago in 1985. Please make plans to attend what should be a great Reunion.

#### **Early Planning for Keystone 2012, by Vince Montoro**

Greetings Fellow Golf 2/5ers,

First let me say from Jan and me, Have a Very Merry Christmas and Happy New year.

Just wanted to send out some basics for the 2012 Reunion. The site is KEYSTONE SD (near Mt. Rushmore). The Resort is the K Bar S Resort. The dates will be Thursday Sept 13th thru checkout Monday Sept 17th. There are 40 rooms held for those dates, however there will be 19 rooms available on Wednesday the 12th for early check in and 10 rooms for check out on Tuesday the 18th for later stays. Room prices are about \$103 a night with free parking.

There are also a few campsites but without hookups, but there is a campground right up the road called Kemps Kamp (# 1-888-466-6282).

Here are just some of the things worked out so far, but this is your reunion and if you have any suggestions after seeing this please let me know.

- Wednesday the 12th. For those who come early, the day is yours to hang out with the other early arrivals. Take a walk downtown to the shops, etc.
- Thursday the 13th. Everyone should be there. Meet up with early arrivals and then get ready for the Meet and Greet, which will start at 6pm till? Plenty of surprises, some TBA.
- Friday the 14th. The Full Day Grand Tour. Starts at 9am finishes at 8:30 after a dinner and show. All the details will sent out at a later date. NOT TO BE MISSED!!!! Price also TBA.
- Saturday the 15th. This is a free day till 6pm. take in a mini tour or go downtown to the shops and restaurants, but make sure you're back for Private Buffet Dinner starting a 6pm. You will get to choose a menu at a later date.
- Sunday the 16th. The Ladies will start the day off with their own private breakfast while us guys have our association meeting/breakfast of our own. The Deluxe breakfast is free every morning.
- Monday the 17th. For those of you that will be leaving, get 1 more breakfast, say so long to your friends and start looking forward to 2014.

Like I said, these are just some of the things being looked at and changes can be made. More information will be out after the 1st of the year.

Please check out the web sites for Keystone, Rapid City to help you plan your free time and also the resort web site. If you thought Myrtle Beach was good . . .

MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!!  
Semper Fi,  
Vince

Vince can be reached by email at: [usmcvm@enter.net](mailto:usmcvm@enter.net)

**Roll Call**

▪ **Richard Cobb**—I have been in Alaska for the past 13 years and have never made a reunion although I've wanted to for years. It gets lonely when I think about what we (G 2/5) all went through together and not having anyone to discuss it with. My late father-in-law, Lt. Colonel Rinehart was a CH-46 squadron commander in Nam during our time period and occasionally we would compare memories of events, but since his death it's just me and I gave up years ago trying to describe combat to anyone who never experienced it. I do intend to make the next reunion no matter what. I miss all my brothers I served with!



**Richard Cobb in the Nam**

A little about me, I started at An Hoa in late May 67 (they wouldn't send me until I turned 18 on May 8th!). I started my Nam Career walking point and flank in Cpl. Jesse Lyons squad. Jesse is by far the toughest Marine I ever met. I credit Jesse with my surviving 13 months. I took over as squad leader of 3rd squad, 1st platoon following the death of Cpl. Scott (Scotty). This was on an operation just prior to our going to Hué City. Some of the guys from my squad I remember best are Thomas Jimenez, Lance Machamer, Cpl. Thompson, Lcpl. Lucas. There were other great Marines in the squad, but these I remember the best. When I learned of Thomas Jimenez's death after I rotated back to the states, that affected me most. Tom and I had been through a lot together and I left Nam thinking after we survived Hué, he would surely make his last few months. I was wrong.



**Lance Machamer, Thomas Jimenez, Lucas**

After finishing my four years active duty I became a uniformed officer in North Carolina and after 10 years I became a U.S. Marshal and retired here in Alaska after 23 years in that job. I am currently running the State of Alaska Department of Public Safety Aircraft Section. I'm not sure how much longer I will continue this job, but it's been interesting, I've even been a pilot for Governor Palin a few times!



**Richard Cobb and Sons—Semper Fi!, the editor**

I have the two sons, Gib and David who have served in the Corps and my youngest son Adam is going to graduate from Parris Island on January 30th 2009. He was determined to carry on the family tradition and follow his father; two grandfathers; a grandmother; two brothers and an uncle into the Corps.

Semper Fi!  
Richard Cobb

P.S: I reread my last E-mail to you and I realized I did not mention my wife Julie of 23+ years and my beautiful

daughter Amanda who is a junior at the University of Alaska in Fairbanks. We have had 23 great years together!

▪ **A Trapper's Story by Louis "Cash" Cashwell**

In the latter 1800's, there was a mountain man named Jim Bridger. I remember having seen a documentary film of his life. One segment stood out in particular. The Indians had captured and stripped him of his clothes. Eventually he escaped and the Indians gave up the chase. Bridger was one hell of a man and trapper. Unfortunately, he died at the age of 35.

Back in 1992, I began trapping fox, reds and grays. My first few years were nothing to brag about. Finally, I began catching 20 a season. While I was pleased, I yearned for something more of a challenge and a new adventure. My new target was the beaver.

Since the beaver was a worthy opponent. The game was on. I got good at it and found out that there is money to be made. A family of beaver will consist of 2 to 8 beaver. Every beaver job is different and challenging. The largest beaver that I ever trapped and weighed was 54 pounds, however, I've trapped some larger but did not weigh them. I am sure that one beaver in particular weighed 60 pounds or more.

The traps I use today are Bridger traps named after the mountain man, Jim Bridger.



"Cash" Cashwell and one of the Big Ones!

▪ **Doc Higgins**—This (*the below email with introduction by R. Christmas*) was forwarded to me by another Corpsman. I was with Golf by then and don't remember this happening but then I was a new guy trying to figure out what the hell was going on. Maybe some of the older guys remember but even if they don't, it's worth the read.

S/F, Doc Higgins

▪ **Ron Christmas**—The below email was sent to me by one of the brave Marines that I had the privilege and honor to serve and see combat with over 40 years ago. I guess

that I had put the incident on Christmas Eve so long ago from my mind. What a mistake. It is a story that I wish to share with you as I thank you for your leadership and encouragement in making the dream of a National Museum of the Marine Corps come true. Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays to you and yours!

Semper Fidelis,

Ron

Ron Christmas

Lieutenant General, USMC (Ret)

President & CEO, Marine Corps Heritage Foundation

I thought I might tell you a story on how I spent Christmas Day in Vietnam on 1967. Whenever I think of Christmas each year, this story always comes to my mind. It is not a story about combat, death, or sorrow. It is one of the most uplifting days of my entire life in Vietnam. The only thing that could possibly compare to it would have been during the TET Offensive of 1968 during the Battle for Hué City when we took down the Communist flag from the Provincial capital building and raised "OLD GLORY" during some of the toughest and bloodiest fighting of the Vietnam War. But this story is not about war. It is about the true meaning of Christmas.

On December 25, 1967, my unit, the 2nd Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment, was at our Combat Base at An Hoa, with the exception of two companies which were positioned at our outpost at Nong Son, and our outpost at Phu Lac (6). Around 2300 hours at night, the Marines at our combat base at An Hoa began singing "Silent Night." I am talking here of some 700 to 800 Marines, in unison singing softly at first, then it grew louder, and louder, and louder, until the whole valley reverberated with the message of the Birth of Jesus Christ. The 40 plus Marines of a Marine CAP Unit 2 miles away heard it and joined in. The Marines at Phu Lac (6), five to six miles away heard it. Then they picked up on it and began singing. Then across the Thu Bon River from Phu Lac (6), where elements of the 7th Marine Regiment were located picked up on it. It then traveled another six miles or so to hill 65 where the 5th Marine Regimental Headquarters was located, as well as the elements of the 3rd Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment picked it up. It was said that even elements of the 1st Marines, whose position was some 12 miles from us also joined in singing Silent Night. Then as if our Prayer honoring the "Prince of Peace" was heard by our Heavenly Father, one of the largest shooting stars I, or anyone else who was there had ever seen, went flying through the sky from east to west. I turned to my buddies and they just stared in disbelief and we all began to embrace and wish each other a Merry Christmas. I just thought I would share something that was very special to me and to over a thousand other Marines on Christmas night 1967 in a place most of us had not even heard of months before.

May God richly Bless each of you this Christmas.

From me and Bonnie to each of you, Merry Christmas and A Happy and Healthy 2010.

Mike Harris

▪ **Doc Jeff Lippincott**—Tony (C.), I'd like to ripple this back through you to the guys. It too is a Christmas story which reveals all about the quality of Marines and the true meaning of Semper Fidelis.

Christmas 1969 (with Golf Co., 2/5)

I had been with 2/5 since June and HOPED that the 6 months in the bush deal would hold and I'd soon be a bit "safer". NEVER happened.

The REAL story here. I had put in for R&R to Hawaii to hopefully see my wife for Christmas. Waited. Waited. Asked status. ZERO!!

JUST before Christmas one of my Marines, Jim Cameron (machine gunner and good guy) had gone into An Hoa for a replacement barrel etc. When he came back out he brought HIS Christmas R&R papers which he had had transferred to my name. He argued that it was too late to change them back. What do ya say?

I saw my wife that Christmas and Jim never did get to Hawaii. Want to talk above the true spirit of unselfish giving? Want to try to find a way to thank a friend for such a gesture? Answer. It's IMPOSSIBLE. ANY person who doesn't think Marines take care of their docs can come see me.

Jim Cameron, wherever you are; THANK YOU and God Bless.

And then there were ALL those other days which weren't Christmas.

"Go get 'em doc, I'll cover ya".

Doc, can I give ya a hand?"

"Doc, you've been on two rovers today. Why don't ya take a nap before we go out tonight. I'll wake ya later."

"Doc, when you were out checkin' feet and stuff (in monsoon), we built ya a little hooch with c-rats boxes."

"Doc, whatcha need?"

EVERY day MY Marines gave me something from themselves; NOT just Christmas.

God Bless EACH and every one of ya.

Be well and I bid you Peace,

"Doc" Jeff Lippincott

**From Irma Muñiz—Wife of G 2/5 Marine, Mario Muñiz**

As the wife of a G 2/5 Marine, I just want to express my gratitude for this great organization. I think this is exactly what our men need. The Marine Corp and the Vietnam War is something that is instilled in our men's minds and hearts—they will never forget it. Thinking back to all the reunions that Mario and I have attended, it's always so nice to see all these Marines and their wives get together. I remember our first reunion in Las Vegas in 1995. This is when I met most of these Marines and put a face on some that Mario had talked about. I sat in the back and listened to these Marines talk about Vietnam. Each had their own story of what they had experienced. I was very touched by what I heard, and to see Mario react and relate to these Marines. I realized then just what my husband had gone through, what all these Marines had gone through. Mario met Marines that were there before him, with him, and after him. I heard them ask each other about their Marine buddies they left behind, if they had made it back and if

not how and what had happened to them. To see their faces and reactions when they were told the outcome of their brothers, and to see tears in these Marines eyes was a very heart breaking experience for me. I guess I was one of those people who didn't realize what the war had done to our men.

You see, Mario and I were high school sweethearts; we married right out of high school, before the Corps and Vietnam. Upon his return, he was not the same person as before. It was very hard for me to understand, all I wanted to do was put it all behind us and move on with our lives and family. Mario could not forget Vietnam, up to this day he forgets what happened 5-10 years ago, but he can give you details of every firefight he was in 41 years ago in Vietnam.

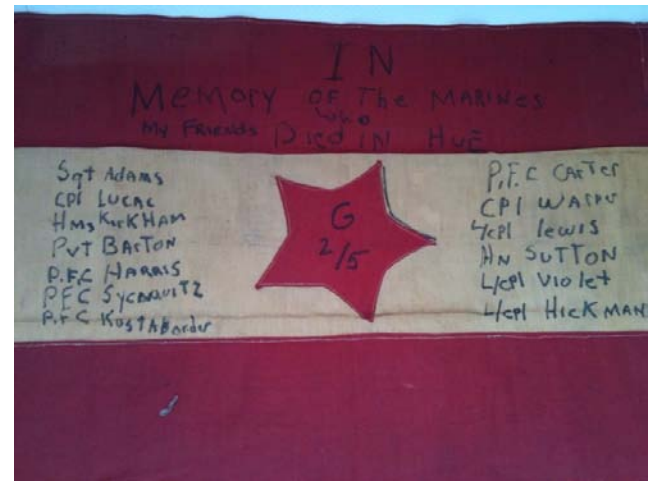
So to be able to look forward to these reunions, seeing and meeting new people from all over the United States, seeing these Marines laugh, cry and enjoying each other's company for a few days every 2 years; there really are no words to express the feeling. Once again I want to thank the Marines, who work so hard to put these reunions together and make them possible. MAY GOD BLESS YOU ALL! HUR-RAH! SEMPER FI and all that Marine talk!!

Yours truly,

Irma Muñiz

**Also from Richard Cobb**

*Richard sent me this great photo of an NVA flag captured in Hué City. He provides his recollection below about how he ended up with it and the G 2/5 KIA's names listed on it. The editor . . .*



The names were added by one of the guys in 1st platoon and somehow ended up with Tom Jimenez who passed it on to me near the end of our time in Hué. When I returned home I placed the flag in a trunk with other items from Nam and I just took it out for the first time since 1968. Keep in mind it's been over 40 years, but if my memory serves me well, the person who started putting the KIA's on the flag was himself KIA and Jimenez took charge of the flag at that time. If any of the guys disagree with my memory I will not be offended, it's been a very long time! By finding the old slides and looking at the flag after so long it has brought back a lot of forgotten memo-

ries, foremost is what a privilege it was to serve with some of the best the Marine Corps had to offer, the men of G 2/5.

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

**LCpl Thomas O. Jimenez, Jr.** KIA 7/30/68  
**2nd Lt. Kenneth Edward Fischer** KIA 7/3/68  
**SP4 Patrick Arnold Lucero** KIA 3/14/68  
**LCpl Jesus "Jesse" Griego** KIA 7/16/68

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

### *In Our Thoughts and Prayers . . .*

- **Glenn Freeman** — Golf Co. 2/5, 1st Sq, 1st Plt. 1967 - 68 passed away on 8/12/09 in his sleep at his mother's home in Williamsburg, Ohio (*thanks to Jesse Lyon for letting us know and our sympathies to his family—the editor*)
- **Barney Barnes** — Barney's father, James Floyd Barnes Sr., passed away during the night of June 12, 2009. *We wish Barney and his family our sincerest sympathies at the passing of his father—the editor*
- **Kathy Snead**—(wife of Joe Snead), Kathryn "Kathy" Snead, 55, passed away Sunday, September 20, 2009 at Shands Hospital in Gainesville, FL. She was born October 20, 1953 in Fernandina Beach, FL and was a life-



long resident of Chester area in Yulee, FL. She was of the Baptist faith and was a former member of Chester Baptist Church and Nassau Baptist Temple. Kathy was a loving, devoted wife and was loved by all who knew her. She thoroughly enjoyed her children and was a great mother and Nanny. She also enjoyed motorcycling and camping. She was predeceased by her mother, Elsie Brown, who passed away just two weeks ago. Survivors include her husband of 37 years, Joseph "Joey" Snead of Chester, FL; a son and daughter in law, Joe, Jr. and Missy Snead of Hilliard, FL; a daughter and son in law, Patches and Keven Wilkinson of Kingsland, GA; her father, Russell Brown of Chester, FL; two brothers and sisters in law, Charles and Linda Brown of Ocala, FL, Tim and Tori Brown of Apex, NC; three sisters and brothers in law, Tresa and Herbert Long of Rockingham, NC, Rena and William Jones of Yulee, FL, June and Thomas Stewart of Fernandina Beach, FL; five grandchildren, Austin, Cody

and Kamryn Snead, and Blake and Weston Wilkinson; and numerous nieces, nephews and cousins.

*Those of us who had the good fortune to know Kathy were shocked and devastated to hear of her sudden passing—I'm sure no more so than her family. I, and on behalf of the G 2/5 family, extend my/our love and sympathy to my friend and fellow Marine, Joe Snead and hope his sadness and loss will lessen as time passes—the editor.*

- **Bill & Reba Rogers** — The first couple of months of 2009 were extremely difficult for the Rogers' as Bill's dad passed away Feb 2, 2009. Also, Reba's 24-year-old daughter died on Jan. 23, 2009 from a brain aneurysm. *The Golf 2/5 family extends its deepest sympathies to Bill and Reba—the editor.*

- **Steve Jameson**—Steve and Marylois' 2 yr. old granddaughter, Paige Noelle Gilcrease, died on June 28, 2009.



*The Golf 2/5 family extends its deepest sympathies to the parents of Paige and to Steve and Marylois—the editor.*

- **Dick Ducasse**—suffered a stroke on June 21st, 2010. *We wish Dick a full and speedy recovery—the editor.*
- **Les Tully**—suffered a heart attack in August, 2010. He had a couple of stents put in and is doing well. *We wish Les a full and speedy recovery—the editor.*
- **Vince Montoro**—Vince's mom passed away toward the end of the year. Many of us had the good fortune of meeting her at the Myrtle Beach reunion. *The Golf 2/5 family extends its deepest sympathies to Vince and his family—the editor*

### **Pat Lucero Library Project, by Jim Lewis**

Pat Lucero was a graduate of Pueblo East High School, Pueblo, Colorado, class of 1966. He served in the U.S. Army, 173rd. Airborne Division and was sent to Viet Nam in 1967. Pat was killed in action on March 14, 1968 near Saigon while serving as point man in a search and destroy mission. With his death, we who knew him, lost part of ourselves; Pat's family and friends mourn his loss to this very day. The mention of his name still brings tears to his Mother's eyes. Pat's family has suffered most—his memories reopening the wounds of his loss. After 41 years, his passing still touches our lives and is difficult to accept. Nothing will ever replace the loving presence of Pat. But in recounting his life, his family and friends find joy in the way he lived it.

Pat was much loved by his family and friends. His personality was alluring. He had a great sense of humor, a zest for life and a daring streak that often led to adventures that his friends and family recount to this day. Anyone who knew Pat would tell you he was fearless, passionate and a

compassionate spirit. He had a smile that could charm and endear friend and foe alike. Pat was an old soul in a young body, a great spirit, and a gift to us all.

To honor Pat and his life, a library is going to be built in Vietnam and dedicated in his name. This project is not to lament Pat's death, but to honor his life and the way he lived his 19 years. We are writing to invite you to help us honor Pat's legacy by supporting the library.

The seeds of this project were planted on March 21, 2009, when we were in Vietnam to dedicate a Kindergarten to a fallen Marine friend. I raised the funds for the school; the Jesse Griego Kindergarten is now open and has 50 children attending. As part of the dedication ceremony, our team planted trees in the new schoolyard—some of them to honor friends. Together, Bill Bailey (Pueblo East High School class of '66) and I planted a tree for Pat Lucero adjacent to Jesse's Kindergarten. While tamping down the reddish brown earth around Pat's tree, we looked at each other and had the same thought at the same time: We needed to find a project to honor our friend Pat in some way. That opportunity came sooner than expected, when we were contacted by PeaceTrees Vietnam about sponsoring a library. It will be built in the Da Krong District of Quang Tri Province, in central Viet Nam, just southwest of Khe Sahn. The site is near a river with rising mountains nearby. It is a beautiful place and a perfect spot to honor Pat's life.

We met with Bill, Pat's older brother, and his wife Janie in Denver, to ask them for their permission and blessings to honor Pat in this way. After five hours of crying and laughing and telling stories about Pat, the Lucero's gave their full support to the project.

The Pat Lucero Library is being built through partnership with PeaceTrees Vietnam, the same group that built the Jesse Griego Kindergarten. PeaceTrees is a non-profit, non-governmental organization (NGO) headquartered in Seattle and in Dong Ha, Vietnam. They are dedicated to reversing the legacy of war. They do this through landmine removal, mine-risk education, and community restoration. They support two teams of explosive experts that contain and destroy unexploded ordnance (UXO), which remains a very real danger, especially to children. The teams currently deal with about 600 to 800 pieces of ordnance per month and in conservative estimation, have another 25 years of work.

In addition to UXO clearance, PeaceTrees builds homes for landmine victims, constructs libraries and schools, provides victim assistance, plants trees, and conducts mine risk education training for children. They are saving lives and creating a better future for the children and families of war-scarred Quang Tri Province.

PeaceTrees can be accessed at [www.peacetreesvietnam.org](http://www.peacetreesvietnam.org). Please visit the website and become familiar with this wonderful organization and the incredible work they do in Vietnam. Their motto is Peace, Friendship and Renewal not dwelling in the past, but looking towards the future. Together we can all make a difference not only to honor Pat, but to give hope to people who have also suffered greatly.

Attached to this letter is a donor form for you to open and print. It specifically designates contributions for the Pat Lucero Library Project.

The cost of building a library is \$20,000 U.S. All donations are tax deductible and with your donation you will receive a thank you note and a receipt for your tax deduction. Remember, it is not the amount you donate, but the thought you have in making a donation to honor Pat's life. I am convinced that this project will help bring healing to the Lucero family, as well as all of us who knew Pat.

In a letter Pat wrote to his Mother, less than two weeks before he was killed, he said the fighting was fierce and he grieved for his buddies who lost their lives and he expressed deep sympathy and compassion for the children of Viet Nam because they too suffered the ravages of war. In one of his last pictures Pat sent to his family, you can see a close up of a young Vietnamese boy sitting on Pat's lap; Pat had his arm around the boy. Their faces revealed the toll the war had taken on both of them. Pat would have found it particularly gratifying that his friends now want to help those Vietnamese children, who still suffer the aftermath of the war today.

"You make a living by what you get...You make a life by what you give." Winston Churchill said that. This is the opportunity to honor Pat's memory and compassion he felt for the innocent victims of war with your gift.

Thank you for your consideration and hopefully your donations. I will keep all donors updated with the progress of our mission. The Lucero family says; "Thank you for honoring Pat. The love we have for him knows no bounds."

Very Respectfully,

Jim Lewis & Bill Bailey  
Project Sponsors  
Pat Lucero Library Project  
In Partnership with PeaceTrees Vietnam

**Donation Form:**

Date:

To: PeaceTrees Vietnam

Attn: Joselynn Plank

2200 Alaskan Way, Suite 435

Seattle, WA 98121

Enclosed is a donation of \$\_\_\_\_\_ to PeaceTrees Vietnam. Please designate this donation to the Pat Lucero Library project.

Thank you.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

## Marines

I like the fact that if you are a self-declared enemy of America, running into a Marine outfit in combat is your worst nightmare...And that your health record is either about to get a lot thicker or be closed out entirely.

I like the fact that Marines are steadfast and consistent in everything they do... Regardless of whether you agree with them or not.

I like the fact that Marines view the term 'politically correct' with nothing but pure disdain.

I like the fact that Marines stand tall and rigid in their actions, thoughts, and deeds when others bend with the direction of the wind and are as confused as a dog looking at a ceiling fan.

I like the fact that each and every Marine considers the honor and legacy of The Corps as his personal and sacred trust to protect and defend.

I like the fact that most civilians don't have a clue what makes us tick. And that's not a bad thing because if they did, it would probably scare the Hell out of them.

I like the fact that others say they want to be like us, but don't have what it takes in the Pain-Gain-Pride department to make it happen.

I like the fact that the Marines came into being in a bar named Tun Tavern. Today, Marines still gather in pubs, bars and slop chutes to share sea stories, war stories and hot scoop.

I like the fact that Marines do not consider it a coincidence that there are 24 hours in a day and 24 beers in a case. Because Marines know there is a reason for everything that happens.

I like our motto... SEMPER FIDELIS, and the fact that we don't shed it when the going gets tough, the battlefield gets deadly or when we hang up our uniform for the last time.

I like the fact that Marines take care of each other... In combat and times of peace.

I like the fact that Marines know the difference between 'Chicken Salad' and 'Chicken Shit' and aren't afraid to call either for what it is.

I like the fact that the people of America hold Marines in the highest esteem. They know that they can count on us to locate, close with, and destroy those who would harm them.

I like the fact that people think we are cocky.... Yet we know that we have confidence in everything we do and the fact that they don't know the taste of that makes them look at us as if we are arrogant.

I like that fact that we know the taste of freedom and would give our very lives for it. That it is a taste the protected will never know.

I like the fact that we are brothers to the end ... And that no matter what happens in life, we know that we have one another's back.

I like the fact that an elected member of congress felt compelled to publicly accuse the Marine Corps of being 'radical and extreme'. And I also like the fact that our Commandant informed that member of congress that she was absolutely correct and that he passed on his thanks for the compliment.

I like the fact that Marine leaders - of every rank - know that issuing every man and woman a black beret or polka-dotted boxer shorts for that matter, does absolutely nothing to promote morale, fighting spirit or combat effectiveness.

I like the fact that Marines are Marines first... Regardless of age, race, creed, color, sex, and national origin, or how long they served, their rank, or what goals they achieve in life.

I like Marines...and I love the fact that I am humbled to walk among the ranks of other Marines.

I like the fact that you always know where you stand with a Marine. With Marines, there is no middle ground or gray area. There are only Missions, Objectives and Facts.

In closing...if you aren't a Marine, the next best thing is to have a Marine for a husband, wife, and father, mother, brother, sister, son, daughter or friend.

SAEPE EXPERTUS, SEMPER FIDELIS,  
FRATRES AETERNI  
(OFTEN TESTED, ALWAYS FAITHFUL, BROTHERS  
FOREVER)

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

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

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

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

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

Dues: \$25.00 first year; \$20.00 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 Rick. We want everyone to be a part of the Association.

Mail New Membership Forms to: **G 2/5 Association, c/o Rick Mack, P.O. Box 800, Seneca, MO 64865**