



GOLF COMPANY 2ND BATTALION 5TH MARINES ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER



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

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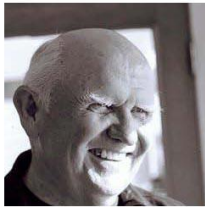
In Our Thoughts and Prayers

Editor's Comments by Larry Ortiz

As I mentioned in the April 2018 Newsletter, I thought it would be more appropriate to have a separate *In Our Thoughts and Prayers* newsletter to collect all the information on our Golf 2/5 brothers in one Memorial issue. It's fitting that this be issued now close to **Memorial Day** where we honor all our fallen comrades through all of America's wars. I will be honoring all of our 5th Marines brothers who were KIA in *the Nam* by attending the Memorial Dedication at Camp Pendleton on Memorial Day.

Semper Fidelis
Larry S. Ortiz

CHARLES L. MEADOWS March 26, 1939—March 2, 2018 Obituary



CHARLES L. MEADOWS
Colonel, Retired United States Marine Corps

Colonel Charles (Chuck) Lester Meadows was born in Portland, Oregon. He and his twin brother, James Wade Meadows, were born to Colonel James Lester Meadows and his wife Sigrid Wilhelmina Sandine on March 26, 1939. He was raised in Oregon and attended grade school in Sylvan, Oregon before attending and graduating from Beaverton Union High School in Beaverton, Oregon in 1957, where he was student body president his senior year. He attended Oregon State University, where he met his wife, Melissa Anne Roberts. He was a member of the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity. He graduated in December 1961 and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant. Chuck and Missy were married that same December.

Upon completion of The Basic School at Quantico, Virginia, he served in Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii and Okinawa. As the Commanding Officer of Company "E", 2/4, he made an amphibious landing in his first combat tour at Chu Lai in the Republic of Vietnam. From April 1967 - November 1967, he returned to Okinawa where he was the Commanding Officer Headquarters Company, 26th Marine Regiment, at Camp Schwab and then returned to the Republic of Vietnam where he served as the Commanding Officer, Company "G", 2nd Battalion, 5th Marines from November 1967 - April 1968, participating in combat operations in the An Hoa and Phu Bai areas and then Hue City during the Tet Offensive in January March 1968. He departed Vietnam in April 1968.

He attended the Amphibious Warfare School at Quantico. After school, he was assigned as the Commanding Officer, Company "B", Marine Security Guard Battalion, Beirut, Lebanon from February 1969 - July 1971; a command of Marines assigned to the Embassies and Consulates in 35 countries throughout the continent of Africa, the Middle East, the Eastern Mediterranean, South West Asia, and India.

Colonel Meadows retired September 30, 1987 having served 26 years on active duty.

Colonel Meadows personal decorations include the Silver Star Medal, Legion of Merit, Bronze Star Medal with Combat "V", Purple Heart Medal, Navy Achievement Medal with

Combat "V", Combat Action Ribbon, Navy Presidential Unit Citation with four bronze service stars, the Navy Meritorious Unit Citation with two bronze service stars.

His civilian education included: Bachelor of Science in Business Administration, Oregon State University, Master of Science in Administration, George Washington University; MBA, The College of William and Mary in Virginia.

After leaving the service, Chuck was employed with Computer Sciences Corporation and DPRA, Inc an environmental consulting firm. He then served as the Executive Director for PeaceTrees Vietnam, a humanitarian non-profit organization until he retired from his civilian work.

He became a host for the Military Historical Tours trips returning to Vietnam, supporting combat veterans who participated in battles including those in Hue City during the Tet Offensive. With over 40 trips to Vietnam, his focus was on building peace and reconciliation while supporting those affected by the war.

Chuck is survived by his wife, Melissa, his daughter, Marianne Meadows, daughter and son-in-law, Melinda and Jim Tanner and daughter Molly Meadows Scott. He has three grandsons (Trevor, Justin and Chace) and one granddaughter (Sophia). He is also survived by his twin brother, Jim Meadows and his wife, Barbara.

Military Honors will be held at Willamette National Cemetery 19 March at 10:30. Memorial Gathering to follow at Embassy Suites by Hilton Washington Square from 1:00-4:00 pm.

In lieu of flowers, a Memorial Fund has been established to honor Chuck's commitment to correcting the damage caused by the war and building a brighter future for the children and families of Vietnam. To donate to the Chuck Meadows Memorial Fund, please visit: <https://peacetreesvietnam.org.presencehost.net/how-to-help/donate-form.html> Please note: You will find the Chuck Meadows Memorial Fund option in the dropdown menu towards the bottom of the gift form.

Cards and/or notes can be sent to:
The Meadows Family
13050 SW Caspian Court
Beaverton, Oregon 97008

From: Sue Warner-Bean

Recollections of General Pace's Eulogy for Chuck Meadows

Explanatory Note:

I contacted General Pace to request a copy of the eulogy he delivered at Chuck's memorial service. As it turns out, there were no written remarks – not even a set of talking points. Here is what the General replied:

I had no notes. I simply had four things in my head:

--what he meant to me

--what he meant to all of his Marines

--what he meant to you and all the families of the fallen

--what he meant to the Vietnamese

What I said about each of those was what the Good Lord put in my mouth when I started to speak.

I have pieced together what I can remember of the General's remarks, most of it based on notes I jotted down immediately after the service. All errors and inaccuracies are mine, and there are many omissions. My recap doesn't begin to do justice to his words. But for those who could not attend the service on March

19, I hope it can at least provide a sense of what was shared that day. I have used the General's first name throughout, as an acknowledgement of his personal friendship with Chuck and the veterans of Golf 2/5. - Sue Warner-Bean

Pete first met Chuck in Vietnam, where he arrived as 2nd Lt. Pace to report under Chuck's command. Captain Meadows' reputation preceded him, and Pete expected to meet a giant of a man. He was surprised to find Captain Meadows was not physically big and tall, and was wearing black plastic standard issue eye-glasses (they used to call them "birth control glasses").



Gen. Peter Pace (Retired) Delivering Chuck Meadows' Eulogy

Chuck taught Pete his first important lesson in leadership. Pete was assigned to walk point on patrol. He called back to Chuck for guidance: Captain, should I go left or right? Chuck gave him direction. A while later he called back to Chuck for guidance again; Chuck gave him direction. The third time Pete called back, "if you took out the profanities, Chuck didn't say anything. The wire was silent except for the 'expletive deleted' coming from Chuck. And I got the message." Chuck taught him to have a bias for action. Pete has been telling this story, identifying Chuck by name, to all the graduating classes of The Basic School for the past 8 years – two classes per year, 150 per class – around 2,400 people.

Chuck made Pete cry twice (working on third time today). One of them: Chuck came to the ceremony when Pete retired as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Afterwards, Chuck shook

his hand and said, "I'm proud of you." With all the congratulations coming from high ranking officials in the room, Pete was fine until then... Chuck's words brought him to tears: he had earned his Skipper's respect.

As Captain Meadows in Vietnam, Chuck made a decision that probably cost him the career opportunity to become a General officer. He and his men were ordered to go into the citadel in Huế and provide escort/transport for a South Vietnamese officer. No one knew that the Citadel had been occupied by NVA. Approaching the gate to the Citadel, Chuck and his men came under intense fire. He stepped into the street and threw smoke grenades so his men could take cover, and he personally recovered the body of one of his Marines. It is the responsibility of a Marine officer to disobey if an order is illegal or immoral. Chuck recognized going through the Citadel gates would result in all of them being killed in 10-15 minutes, without achieving anything. That was an immoral order. He disobeyed. There are men and their children and grandchildren alive today because of that decision. You have to understand that it is easier for a Marine officer to run into the street under fire than to disobey a direct order. Chuck's actions in Huế took personal courage. His decision to turn around took moral courage. That's even harder.

Pete only recently learned that while Chuck knew he made the right choice, he was always bothered that he didn't "complete his mission" that day. If he could, he would tell Chuck that he did complete his mission, by bringing his men out to fight another day.

In later years, Chuck took some of the families of men he'd lost back to Vietnam. He took them to the places where their loved ones died. He answered their questions and helped them understand what had happened. Those trips were very meaningful.

Chuck went on to serve with PeaceTrees, cleaning up the damage of war: removing land mines, planting trees, building kindergartens and libraries. Work of peace and reconciliation. Chuck led more than 40 trips back and was loved by the Vietnamese.

To prepare to speak today, Pete asked for input from the veterans of Golf 2/5. They talked and wrote about how Chuck was always there for them, for 50 years. He would call them just to check in; he would call them when they were ill, or when they lost a child, or when their spouses were sick; sometimes he just hopped on a plane and showed up at their doorstep unannounced. He continued to care for them deeply.

If a man is made by his character and the good he does for others, today heaven is welcoming a giant.

From: Barney Barnes

There were 10 Marines representing Golf Company at the Skipper's Memorial Service, plus Wanda Copeland, Vicky Gant, Nancy Lucas, Mona, Sue Warner-Bean, and daughter Chelsea.

General Pace just did a magnificent job in delivering Col. Meadows' Eulogy.

After the service, there was a "Celebration of Life" held for Col. Meadows at the hotel where we all stayed, Embassy Suites. It was attended by many, many friends and family of our Skipper. Also attending were his high school classmates and members of his Oregon State ROTC.



L to R: Mike Copeland, Mike Stallings, Barney Barnes, Steve Hancock, Mike Ervin, Larry Verlinde, Bruce Gant, Richard Cobb, Larry Lucas, and Pete Pace—(Photo From Sue Warner-Bean)

Our Golf 2/5 Association purchased a shadow box to house the American Flag that was given to Missy at the Memorial Service. I had the honor of presenting the shadow box to Missy, the



inscription reads: In Honor of and in loving memory of our Skipper, Col. Chuck Meadows. The Marines and Corpsmen of Golf 2/5.

S/F Barney

LOUIS “CASH” CASHWELL

February 17, 1948 - December 07, 2016

From: Larry Ortiz

Can't remember exactly when “Cash” Cashwell got in country but I think it was around June 1968. I always remember him as a quiet guy but a good Marine! I, like Barney, looked Cash up through a PI and found him somewhere in the 2004 timeframe. He did remember me and had not been in touch with any G 2/5 guys since he got back to *the world*. Just so happened that our 2004 reunion was coming up in DC that year so I invited him and he agreed to go.

He showed up in DC the evening we were all headed to Gen. Pace's home at Ft. Belvoir (I think?). Well, like most first-timers, he had the *deer-in-the-headlights* look and declined to join us. Turns out he didn't know he could have brought his wife, Sue, along and he was a *fish-out-of-water* without her. He only stayed a couple of days and we reminisced and I think he only remembered one other Marine, Dale Roberts.



*An Hoa—Sept. 1968
L to R Kneeling: Cash Cashwell, Louis Nyes, Don LaJeunesse
L to R Standing: Dennis Studenny, Terry Reglaned, Larry Ortiz, Dale Roberts, Richard Flores*

Well, I was certain he was never going to go to another reunion but was happily wrong about that. He's made every reunion since and brought his wife Sue along. Melba and I also had the pleasure of picking Cash and Sue up at the Denver airport in 2012 and drove together to the reunion in Keystone, S.D. We took a few days and stopped in Yellowstone before making it to Keystone and had a great time and visit with Cash & Sue. Cash remembered other Marines as the reunions and years went by and I know he really enjoyed them.



L to R: Larry Ortiz, Melba Ortiz, Sue Cashwell & Cash Cashwell at Yellowstone

Can't tell you what a shock it was when he started his decline with Alzheimer's and what a loss when he passed—much, much too young.

We've also had the pleasure of meeting Cash and Sue's daughter, Amber and look forward to meeting their son Justin.

Louis Cashwell--Obituary

Chesnee, SC -- James Louis Cashwell, 68, passed away on Wednesday, December 7, 2016 at White Oak Manor in Spartanburg, S.C.

Born in Spartanburg, he was the husband of Sue Easler Cashwell and son of the late James Ellis Cashwell and Sarah Anderson Cashwell. He was formerly employed by Hoechst Celanese, an avid outdoorsman, and former member of Nazareth Presbyterian Church. He was a U. S. Marine veteran serving two tours in Vietnam and was a member of the Marines Golf 2/5 Association.

Surviving in addition to his wife are a daughter, Amber Leigh Cashwell of Washington, D.C.; a son, Justin Louis Cashwell and wife, Mandy, of Chesnee; a sister, Sally Gillaspie and husband, Jim, of Georgia; two grandchildren, Owen Cashwell and Riggs Cashwell.

Graveside services, with military honors, will be held at 11:00 AM on Friday, December 9, 2016 at Nazareth Presbyterian Church Cemetery with Mr. Ashby Blakely officiating. The family will receive friends immediately following the service in the Church fellowship hall. The family will be at the residence.

An online guest register is available at www.blakelyfunerhome.com.

Blakely Funeral Home & Crematory, Gaffney, SC
SERVICES
 Graveside Service
 Friday, December 09, 2016, 11:00 AM



*L to R: Larry Ortiz, Sallie Gillaspie, Jim Gillaspie
 Barney Barnes & John "Doc" Higgins
 At the Cincinnati 2016 Reunion*

P.S.: We had an unexpected surprise at the Cincinnati 2016 Reunion where we met Cash's sister, Sallie and her husband Jim Gillaspie. They happened to be in Cincinnati coincidentally at the same time our reunion was going on and Sue Cashwell got in touch with Sallie and Jim who got in touch with me. They joined us for breakfast one morning and it was a real treat to meet Cash's sister and brother-in-law! Larry Ortiz

From: Rick Mack

Jul 10, 2017

My son, age 46 (who passed on July 1, 2017) was finally laid to rest on Sunday 09 July 2017. I would like to take this time to pass along to all of you a huge Thank You for your thoughts, prayers and kind comments.

Please keep his wife and my two grandchildren in your thoughts & prayers during this difficult time for them. We parents are not supposed to bury our children before us but rather they should bury us first but it does not always work that way.

Again ... "THANK YOU"

SEMPER FI

Rick Mack

ROBERT "GERMAN" SHINKLE

From: Barney Barnes

Marines,

Just wanted to alert you to the passing of Bob (German) Shinkle. I got a note from Doc Higgins who has been in contact with Bob's wife, Sarah.

I talked to her yesterday and she told me that Bob actually passed away from heart failure on August 28th, 2016. She did not contact anyone because she was having major health problems of her own. She told me that Bob had instructed her before he died to keep paying his dues. I told her that would not be necessary because we, the association, have a standing rule that we will not accept dues from family members of our brothers who have gone on before us, be it in Nam or back here in the World.

I asked her if Bob's email address on our site was still active and she said no. She does not have access to a computer at the moment, but I promised her that I would keep her informed as to the goings on of the association.

She really wants to keep attending the Hué City Memorial Weekends.

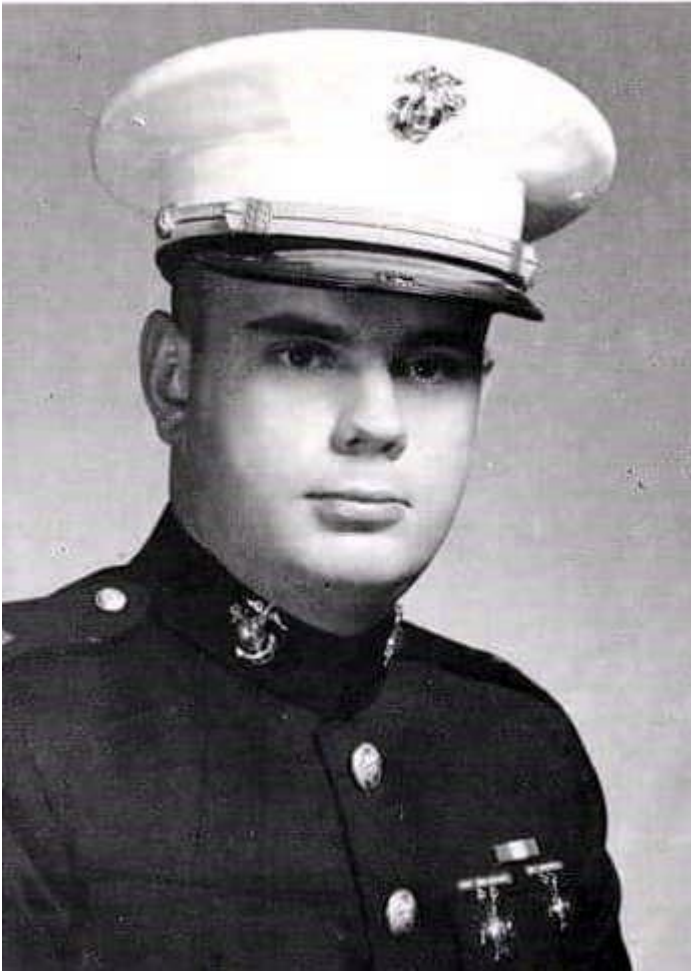
BERNARDO LOPEZ

Bernardo and Anna Lopez lost a son in late January or early February of this year. As Bernardo so correctly stated to me, "Anna and I appreciate your thoughts and prayers. Parents never really expect to bury their children.

He was a healthy person but he didn't suffer."

DENNIS MICHAEL STORM

OCTOBER 6, 1946 – MARCH 13, 2017



Obituary -- On March 13, 2017 CAPT. Dennis Michael Storm, resident at the VA facility at Perry Point MD, passed away. He was the beloved son of the late Walter and Rosalind Storm; devoted brother of Sharon Storm and Denise Storm; loving father of Jeff Storm, Andrew Storm, Christy Storm, and Sean Storm. He is also survived by his loving grandchildren, nieces and nephews. CAPT. Storm served two tours of duty in Force Recon in Vietnam and was discharged in 1980. He is a decorated veteran of the US Marine Corp, including two Purple Hearts, a Silver Star, Medal for Bravery, and Navy and Marine Corps Medals. He was also a graduate of St. Peters College.

Inurnment to be at Arlington National Cemetery, date and time to be determined. Online tributes may be left at www.schimunekfuneralhomes.com.

From: "Doc" Jeff Lippincott
Apr 6, 2017

My best skipper Lt. Dennis "Stormy" Storm has passed on 13 March 2017. He was skipper of Golf Company, 2/5, 1st Marine Division (REIN) during the 1969-1970 time-frame.

He was the epitome of a dedicated, fearless, well prepared Marine Officer. Incredibly likeable while always the essence of a

man capable of clear decisions and a voice of command. He WAS A MARINE OFFICER toes to top-knot, boot crud to quadrafoil.

My brother was a Khe Sahn Marine.

Part of why I chose to be a corpsman.

Chuck Lippincott had been an enlisted man with 26th Marines. Real piece of work that kid.

Chuck and I were offered OCS. Chuck took the offer.

OCS Graduation Day most of our family gathered from the event to have lunch in Triangle, VA.

As the meal et al were coming to an end I went to get coats etc. As I came back to our table an officer was talking to my family. He turned and there was Dennis Storm. Never expected to see anyone again from the bush. Absolute pleasure, we talked and he shared stunts / we pulled off and purple hearts and doc's treatment of him and my other Marine casualties.

He truly was my favorite CO. He truly was a fine Marine Officer. Made it hard on those who followed. I had made a deal with Chuck, that WHEN he graduated OCS I would buy him his officer mameluke sword and full kit, including engraving. I know it wasn't cheap and I think it was a Wilkinson blade and real ivory grips. Quite worth it.

Chuck was to then do his next phase of training at the Basic School there at Quantico.

Stormy was to be his training officer for the Basic School.

Chuck was affable but never the sharpest knife in the drawer, good Marine though.

Stormy promised me and my parents that Chuck would toe the mark but he would do just fine from there. Chuckles did indeed toe the mark and graduate, thanks to Stormy.

Graduation night in summer dress whites, he and his pals slammed into a tree on base at high speed. Chuck's neck, back and arm were broken as well as other injuries. Chuck was put in a body cast from his hips to his top knot. Face, ears, left arm and very top of the cast were the only signs of his skin.

Dennis Storm stepped up and arranged for Chuck, his wife and 7 month old son to be moved into quarters on the same block as Stormy's family.

Dennis Storm looked after my brother and family just as if they were his own kind. In the finest traditions of the Corps he took wonderful care of brother.

Dennis Storm was great friend and 4.0 Marine. He will be dearly missed from our midst.

Please share this with our 2/5 Marines.

He was as good as it can be in war and peace. God Bless Dennis Storm, God bless The United States Marine Corps and God bless America!

WALTER "BUTCH" MEEKS

November 5, 1946 – January 18, 2017

From: Douglas Kirk
January 28, 2017

Did you all know that Butch Meeks died a week ago Wednesday? I went to the funeral and met the family


From: Mike Ervin
Apr 22, 2017

Most of us, if not all, met each other as new arrivals: FNGs as we were so fondly called then so welcomingly used as Pointman and Radioman. Butch was not different than any of us although I must admit his arrival into Golf 2/5 was probably and most notably an “Oh Shit” moment for him but a “Thank God” moment for several of us.

A Limb Has Fallen From The Family Tree....

A limb has fallen from the family tree, I keep hearing a voice that says, "Grieve not for me." Remember the best times, the laughter, the song. The good life I lived while I was strong. Continue my heritage. I'm counting on you. Keep smiling and surely the sun will shine through. My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest, remember all how I truly was blessed. Continued traditions, no matter how small. Go on with your life, don't worry about falls. I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin; until the day comes we're together again.

• Author Unknown



Acknowledgements
Your kindness toward us has eased this most difficult time. The family of Mr. Walter E. Meeks, Sr. wishes to thank everyone for their prayers, thoughts, and acts of kindness. We Love You All.
~The Meeks Family

Arrangements Entrusted to
SMOOT FUNERAL SERVICES
614/444-1GOD (1463)
4019 E. Livingston Avenue Columbus, Ohio 43227
Monique L. Smoot, Funeral Director
"Serving YOU With Purpose & Passion"

Butch arrived into Golf 2/5 sometime between the 2nd and 3rd week of our battles in Hué City: he and another Marine named Walker, can't remember his first name. Several Marines were positioned in a two story house, actually one story with a partial above ground basement, in the Railroad Yard on the north end of

the new city before you get to the north end of the Phu Cam Canal. Butch and Walker just showed up, one taller and one shorter, both wide-eyed, and carrying a verbal message: “Captain says you guys need to go to the CP.”


So, all the old salts of whatever rank and time in country head for the CP leaving these two very fresh, literally green, FNGs to mind the fort with a stern warning: keep your eyes open and don't go in the basement because we haven't had time to check it out yet.

Once we arrive at the CP we're given orders to wash and scrape our faces with the only razor provided, which, most likely, had ten shaves already on the blade before being issued to us. As most of you are well aware, cold water and soap, if available, does absolutely nothing to improve one's disposition. Anyway, we did our absolute best to satisfy Command. I, being only a PFC with 4 months in country, wasn't privy to any other particulars of our CP call nor do I think any of the other guys were either. I think we all were either PFCs or Privates except Corporal Barnes (Barney Wayne Barnes for Birmingham ALABAMA as he would say). So, off we go, back to our little Alamo in the middle of the rail yard.

We arrived with no fanfare, thank God! Then, after several minutes of adjustment, dropping our gear, and settling back in, both Butch and Walker quizzically asked, “Where are the other guys?” which immediately sets off a 5-alarm house fire alert, we, the old salts, immediately stand erect and simultaneously say,

“WHAT OTHER GUYS?” as each of us starts checking around inside, outside, even our shorts, looking for anything suspicious.

The Obituary



Walter Edward Meeks, Sr.,
also known as “Butch”, was born November 5, 1946 in Fort Payne, Alabama to the union of Robert Meeks and Helen Garrett Meeks. He joined The United States Marine Corps at a young age and served his country proudly. He was a veteran of the Vietnam War. Once he finished his tour in the Marine Corps, he settled in Columbus, Ohio and would volunteer at the Veteran's Store on West Broad Street and was known to fellowship with his fellow Vietnam Vets at the VA Hospital.

Walter was gainfully employed with Techni Glass Corp. , where he was employed many years before retiring. In his down time Butch loved to drive around the city, he would always say he was “inspecting the city” between the hours of 4 am until 5 pm. When he wasn't “burning gas” he enjoyed to watching football and the Dallas Cowboys was his favorite team. He also loved westerns, especially Clint Eastwood.

Wednesday, January 18, 2017, Walter Meeks, Sr., went home to be with the Lord at Mt. Carmel East Hospital. He is preceded in death by parents, Robert and Helen Meeks; one sister, and two brothers. He is survived by a loving son, Walter E. Meeks, Jr.; grandson, Isaiah Meeks; sister, Betty Joan Meeks; former wife Lena Meeks; a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives, and friends.

~ Lovingly Submitted By The Family

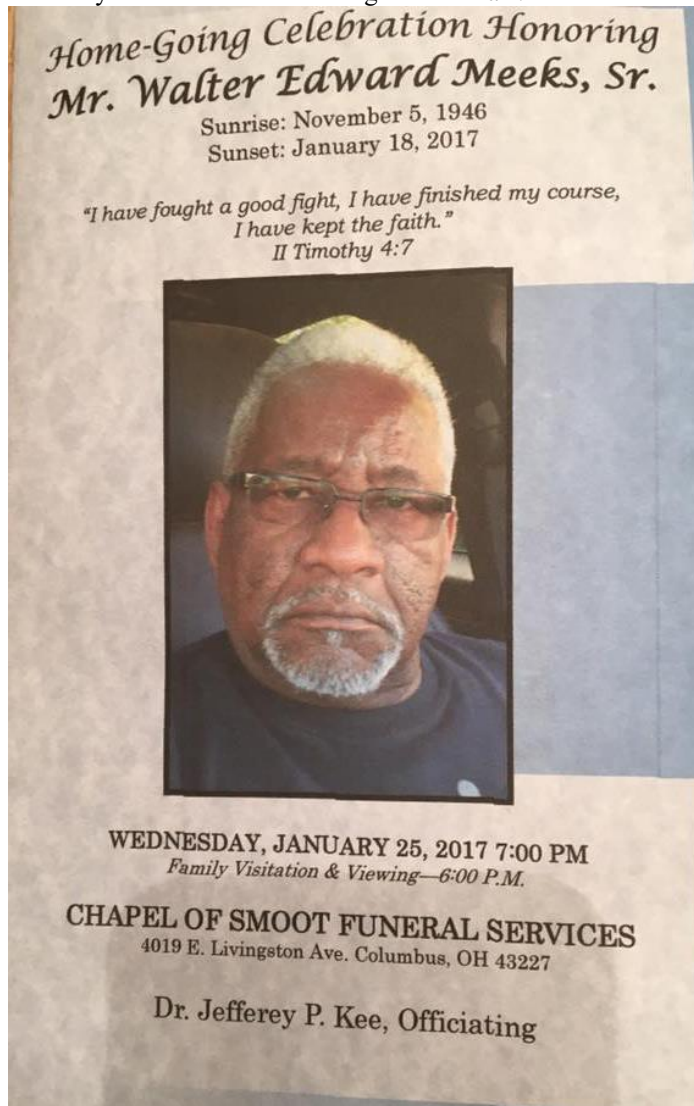
It took a couple of minutes of old salts looking back and forth at each other before it finally hits us: we'd cleaned up and shaved and the FNGs are talking about us! I think we laughed just as a way to relieve our scare.



Mike Ervin & “Butch” Meeks at Cincy 2016 Reunion

While positioned in the rail yard house I offered my services as barber. mean: how hard can cutting hair be. even had a pair

of hand-operated clipper shears from where I have no idea. Walker opted to be my first trainee. Having never ever done barbering, much less used these types of shears, much less ever cut a black man's hair, both Walker and I ventured into the vast unknown. Once complete, and to this day I'm not sure who quit first, me or Walker, we agreed that "a job was done"! Butch either refused my services or I learned enough from my first attempt to cut a black man's hair that my endeavors were very noteworthy. I actually do not remember cutting Butch's hair!



I remember Butch when we were positioned at that Sea Bee camp before Hai Van Pass. He could pitch one heck of a game of horse shoes. I don't know of anyone who could beat him. He loved to play cards. I think we play a game referred to as "Bid Wisk" or what I would later call "Back Alley Bridge". I think the most notable game I remember was while on patrol on the south side of Hai Van Pass we'd set up for a while as a respite after our climb and played a couple of games. Not sure who all played but I think Sam Albano, Little Joe Arnold, Butch, and myself. Not sure if it was who was losing, or us making Italian jokes but I do remember Sam asking, "What's black and blue and floats

face down in the river?" Someone said "What" and Sam's response was, "People who make Italian jokes" which caused more laughter.

Butch was a quiet guy. He had a special little laugh. It would be many years before I would see him again. I visited him at his home in Columbus OH in 2010 before the Seattle reunion. He attempted to go to a Hué City reunion in Jacksonville. He actually drove all the way there but a hurricane that year kept the reunion from taking place because virtually anyone traveling by air couldn't get in; I was one of those. I had so hoped to see him because I was the one who talked him into going.

All of you who knew Butch and attended the 2016 Cincinnati Reunion were able to see him one more time. As much as we missed him all those years from Vietnam until that last visit at the reunion, know that, although we miss him, he's gone home and, God willing, we'll see him again. We'll be the FNGs this time around.

Mike Ervin
2nd Platoon
Nov 67 – Nov 68

George "Deuce" Doucette

From: Ron Doucette
Mar 2, 2018

As expected, my sweet Deuce died today a little after six p.m. Such a fine, funny friend he has been to us and we are all a little poorer today without him in the world. I love you all and am deeply grateful for all the support you have given to him and to me and to each other throughout this otherwise quite awful experience. I hope all of you who live within range can come to the celebration on the 10th at Eisenhower, I would love nothing more than to thank you in person. For those who can't we'll try to make the slideshow available on email (Mel will teach me, or, if I prove unteachable, maybe she'll do it for me!) so you can share in the fun. I am going to rest now.

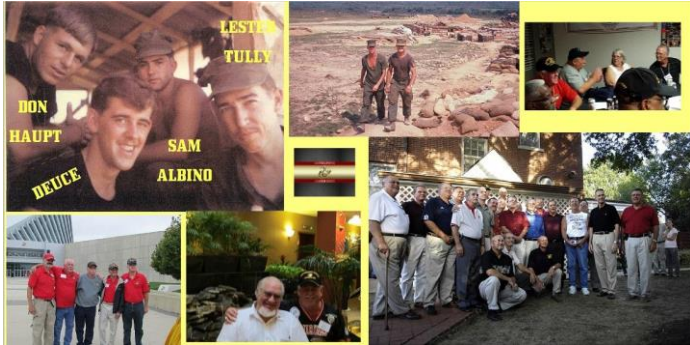
From: Barney Barnes
Mar 10, 2018

Deuce and I served together in Vietnam, 1967 -1968. I last saw him there (An Hoa) in late September of 68. He told me he had just extended for 6 more months and was going to the Security Platoon. (I was thinking, "Are you crazy or what?!")

Early Oct, Oct 9th to be exact, I was on that "Big Freedom Bird" back to THE WORLD. But that WORLD had changed but not as much as we, Nam vets, had changed in our 13 month tour. Trying to put the Nam Experience behind me was hard, never could do it, so I just learned to embrace those memories and Brother Marines I held close.

For almost 20 years that's all I had was memories, then I attended my first Golf 2/5 Reunion in Chicago in 1985. There was only 14 of us there and I only knew one other Marine there, Dennis Studenny, but that experience was so profound and left a last-

ing impression with me. I knew right away that I had to start trying to locate other Golf 2/5 Marine Brothers from our time in Nam.



Sometime in 2003 I located Deuce with the help of a Private Investigator, I was thrilled to get this information and immediately called George. I would like to say it was a joyous reunion, but it wasn't. Deuce had no recollection of not only who I was, but his overall Nam experience as well!!

Finally after a few years of many E-mails, phone calls etc. I talked Deuce in to coming to our 2006 Myrtle Beach Reunion. Since that time he and Ronalee have been present at just about all our Golf 2/5 functions'

Deuce was a special person, a true Marine in every sense of the word, a true friend and a Marine Corps brother. It is said that a true friend never leaves your heart, even in death they live on in your heart and mind. We, his Golf 2/5 Brothers, are lucky to have had him and Ronalee in our lives. He will be sorely missed.

May God grant you eternal rest my brother. Till we meet again.

S/F Barney

From: Tony Cartlidge

First I want to let Deuce speak from our Web site

Served in Golf Company 67, 68, 69. After Hué city went to HHC in Security Platoon. Don't recall most of you. Barnes says I was in his team. Some Day I may let you all jog my memory. Did go back into the service US Army (sorry bros) and retired in 93 as a First Sergeant. Have been working at a Colorado state prison as a Sgt. Will retire for good sometime this year. Anybody who knew me back then give me a call and help jog the brain matter. I'm sure I love you guys but this memory shit sucks.

George Doucette

Deuce move to the Villages Florida with his wife, he was loved by his neighbors, and enjoyed his life until sickness got him down. A strange sort of growth adhered to his heart valve. They could not kill it with Antibiotics, and even changed the heart valve. It cut lose small pieces giving Deuce small strokes, and major problems, and eventually it took him from us. It may well have been one of those strange dormant problems he contracted in Vietnam.

The Celebration of Life for Deuce was very upbeat. A true Celebration of the things that made Deuce, Deuce. I did find out that He was in the Army after the Marines and made the rank of first Sergeant. There were other things I found out about Deuce I

never knew, but had hoped I would learn about since I had move to the Villages and had planned on hanging out with Deuce and Ron, and enjoying retirement, with friends. Speaking of which he had a ton of people there who I had never met, who spoke at his Celebration. New friends, he had made at the Villages, and from all over Speaking of how he was such a character, and how there would now be an empty hole in their lives since he has passed.

I met his family, and friends, and low and behold I almost fell over when I ran into Don LaJeunesse, and his wife Adrienne. With Don and me there, we represented Golf Co. In fact we represented one fourth of third Squad, third Platoon, because as you know, we weren't exactly at full Marine Corps Squad strength at any point in time over there.

Like I said it was upbeat, we know our Brother is in a better place. His suffering and intrusive thoughts of years ago will never trouble him again. He is at peace. My one regret is that we never did get the time to hang out like we planned. And now Ron no longer has her best friend to be with.

Please remember George's wife Ron in your prayers that the Lord may lift her up. No only her but the Skippers wife, Stew's wife, and the rest of our brothers families, as our Brothers are going home to guard the Gates of Heaven at MCBH

S/F Bothers, See you in a short. OOOORAHHH !!!!

Tony C

MIKE WITT

Michael Robert Witt

Lance Corporal

G CO, 2ND BN, 5TH MARINES, 1ST MARDIV

United States Marine Corps

19 June 1947 - 18 August 1968

Cincinnati, Ohio

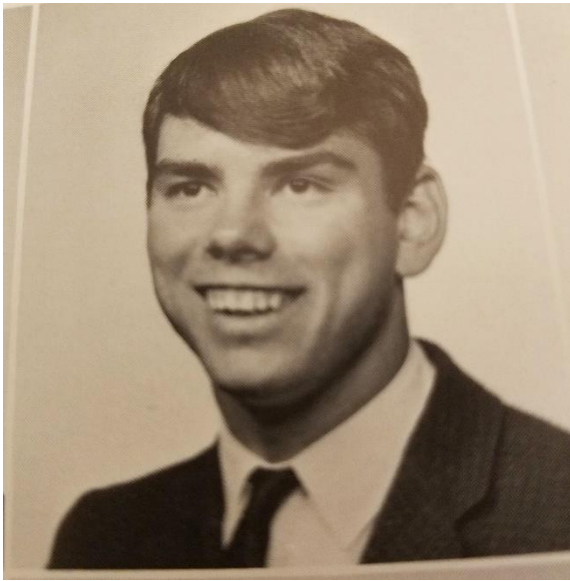
Panel 48W Line 051

From: Marty Steinbach

Mike Witt was born and grew up in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was a product of the tough blue collar neighborhood in which he lived and the strict Catholic education which was part of the Price Hill community. Mike attended Holy Family Grade School and Elder High School. To understand the significance of this, you must understand growing up Catholic in the 50's & 60's. These education centers prepared us for a life of commitment to a higher calling. Elder High School boasts of having the largest contingency of students who graduate and join the military, police force, fire department and social service fields. So, it is no surprise that Mike chose the Marine Corps as his calling.

Mike was an excellent athlete and early earned the nickname of "Crazy" due to his disregard for his own body to make the play. Again, it is that dedication and commitment...

While I was in boot camp in 1968, my parents wrote me the bad news of Mike's passing. It was not till many years later when I found the Golf 2/5 Association (thanks Mike Averill) that I found out that Mike was a member of Golf 2/5, but it was as if I knew it somehow the whole time.



Recently, I was able to get together with Mike's younger brother Pete and his wife Jackie and present to them the quilt which was made with love by Irma Muniz, won in the raffle by Tommy Jayjack, and donated by Tommy to the Witt family. On behalf of Pete, Jackie accepted the quilt and was very appreciative of the kind gesture.

COMMANDER LESTER WESTLING

From: Richard Tiffany
Apr 22, 2017

It's in reference to a Navy Chaplin that Marty and I attended language school with (West Coast Defense Language Institute) in Monterey, CA just prior to shipping out for Nam. There were 9 of us Marines (including Marty and me) along with Father/Lt. Commander Lester Westling (Episcopal Priest), and we graduated early in 1969. When Marty, I and Father Wes (as we called him) reached Nam, Marty and I both went to Golf 2/5, but Father Wes ended up in another unit, or Division altogether. It was his second tour in Nam. He earned a Purple Heart and Bronze Star in his first tour.

Father Wes and I have been staying in touch, every couple of months. He's not doing well at this point. He's 87 years old now, living in an "upscale" assisted living community with other retired high ranking military retirees, politicians and the like....in Fairfield, CA. He's written 3 books since Nam, two of which are for Vets to help, help themselves . . . dealing with PTSD and multiple deployments, since the VA has so badly let us down over the years. I've helped him sell quite a number of his books to counselors outside the VA system who treat Vets.

Anyway, Father Wes was first a missionary in the Philippines (as a young Chaplin) during the Korean War. He enlisted in the Navy as a Chaplin, earned a Doctorate in the Ministry, as well as a Master's in Pastoral Psychology. He rose to the rank of Captain in the Navy before retirement, but has continued to counsel, preach and give talks to groups . . . to this day.

The attached photo was taken during his first tour in Nam and ended up on the cover of the Vietnam Magazine in Dec. 2014. He

sent me a framed picture of it. It shows him giving "Last Rites" to a KIA at Con Thien in July 1967, during Operation Buffalo near that location. He was with the 3rd MarDiv, 3/9 at the time. It's a great photo of a truly great man. You can read more about him by simply doing a google search on Dr/Rev/Capt. Lester Leon Westling, Jr. (retired). My favorite book of his is called "After the Parade." He recently completed a second edition of that short therapeutic read by adding a chapter concerning the hot issue about women in combat.

When he, Marty and I were in Vietnamese language school together, he was our class leader. At first, he hated the position because we were young (full of ourselves) Jarheads, but later learned to love us. Even mentions us in another of his books (memoirs) . . . as one of his fondest memories. While at the language school, he bailed us out of trouble a couple of times.



"Viet Nam" Magazine, Dec. 2014
LAST RITES DURING OPERATION
BUFFALO NEAR CON THIEN, RVN
FOURTH OF JULY 1967
FR. LESTER WESTLING, CHAPLAIN
3RD BATT., 9TH MARINE REG.

Anyway, I leave it to you whether this great man (Navy Chaplin) who preferred combat duty to the pulpit, deserves to have mention made of him in our newsletter, just because of his relation to Marty and I, and this photo that made the cover of Vietnam Magazine in 2014. It is a GREAT photo of those hard, hard times and all he did during 2 tours for the Marines. He sports a "high and tight" to this day, what little hair he has left. If you decide to use the photo in the newsletter, I'd do a google search on him just to verify the accuracy of the info. I've provided (or even more info.) He's been in and out of hospitals lately and I don't think he's going to be with us much longer.

By the way, we (his classmates) made him an honorary Gunnery Sgt. (presented him stripes) on graduation day. He keeps those Gunny stripes on a desktop with his Heart & Bronze Star. He so loved the Marines. He attends the Marine Corps Ball each year on our birthday in November. He lost his wife about 8 years ago, but still has two daughters out there in CA.



"Father Wes" Being Given His "Gunny Stripes" 1968



Richard Tiffany's Tribute to "Father Wes"

I also spent 6 months building a Tribute (with full Proclamation) to his life's work. Don't know how that photo would/will come out (the detail), but it brought tears to his eyes when his youngest daughter presented it to him (reading the Proclamation) during a special dinner in the presence of his best friends and peers, recently.

Semper Fi, Tiff

PATRICK SULLIVAN

From Dana (8 Ball) Averill
Sep 12, 2016

Tony, I just found out that Patrick Sullivan passed away last week from cancer.

He was in Golf 1 alpha, ended up a squad leader 1969. He just retired from Hartford PD. Lived in Hartford CN.

He had 5 children and 1 grandchild

THOMAS DREYER

From: Bruce Eells
April 1, 2018

Another one of our brothers is about to leave us. Please keep in our prayers who is in the final phase of stage 4 lung cancer.

Thomas served with "Golf 2/5" and is as fine a Marine that there is or was. He was awarded the Bronze Star and Purple Heart for actions during the battle of Hué when he courageously retrieved a fallen brother hit by sniper fire. He was hit by the same sniper and still managed to drag his brother to cover. He was in my platoon and was good to "have your back always. There is so much more to say about this Marine but words fail me. He has only a few weeks left.



From: Bruce Eells (Update)
Apr 4, 2018

Thomas Dreyer USMC passed away Tuesday morning April 3, 2018.



Cpl. Thomas Dreyer in Vietnam

Photo of Dreyer in Nam from Sue Warner-Bean's brother's photos.

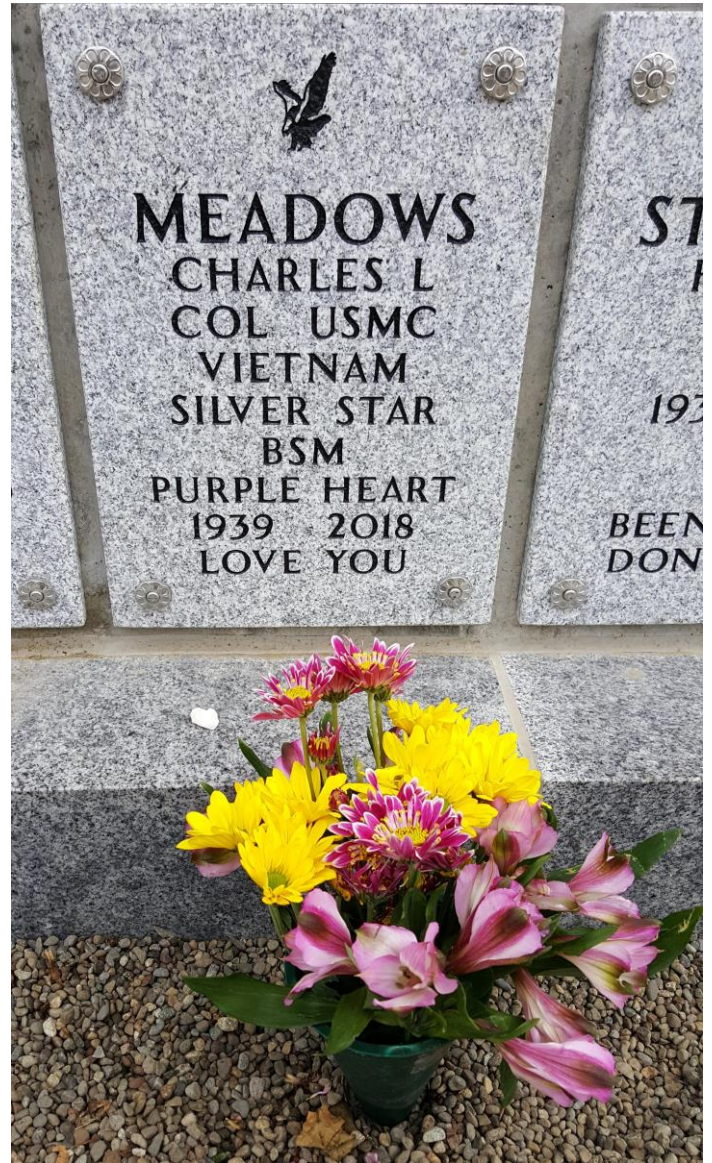
Keep in our prayers.
Sgt. Bruce Eells.

Health Issues

The following Marines have health issues (*the Nam*—the gift that keeps giving) and we need to keep them in our prayers as they deal with them and pray that they fully recover!

Lance & Nancy Machamer, Larry & Nancy Lucas, Irma, Mario & Mario Muniz Jr, Richard Tiffany, Steve Peitsmeyer, Lee Riley, Billy Tant, Stanley Bihm, Jimmy Lewis, Richard Cobb, Rich Durrum, Bob Setlak, Lester Tully, Joe Snead and Dale Roberts.

There may be others, actually, I'm sure there others who are dealing with serious health issues and we need to keep ALL our Golf 2/5 brotherhood in our thoughts and prayers. *the editor*



Col. Meadows' Grave Marker

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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 Larry. We want everyone to be a part of the Association.

Mail New Membership Forms to: **G 2/5 Association, c/o Larry Ortiz, 105 Rito Guicu, Santa Fe, NM 87507**