

LIMA CO.

3RD BATTALION, 5TH MARINE REGIMENT
1ST MARINE DIVISION



VIETNAM 1966-1971

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Lima Company



NEWSLETTER #146 ❖ WINTER 2024 – 25

BREAKING NEWS BREAKING NEWS BREAKING NEWS

LIMA COMPANY 3/5/1 VIETNAM WAR MARINES / CORPSMEN

40TH ANNUAL REUNION

NEW DATES!!!

MAY 28 — JUNE 1, 2025

NEW DATES!!!

[NORTH SHORE HOTEL](#)

201 75TH AVE N., MYRTLE BEACH, SC 29572
TEL: 843-692-5162



SEMPER FIDELIS

MYRTLE BEACH 2025 ❖ 40TH REUNION

RESERVATIONS

Due-By Date: April 30, 2025

Oceanfront: \$223.20* per night

Oceanview: \$210.20* per night

* rates includes taxes & fees

Order by Phone: 800-599-9872

Group Name: US Marines L3/5

Lima 3/5 has a block of 50 rooms;
Call now so you don't miss out.



NEW REUNION DATES

MAY 28 - JUNE 1, 2025

MYRTLE BEACH 2025 ❖ 40TH REUNION

QUESTION: Why have the reunion dates been changed to May 28 - June 1, 2025?

ANSWER: At the 2024 reunion, when we picked our reunion dates, we were not aware of the [CAROLINA COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL](#), planned for June 5 - 8, 2025 in Myrtle Beach. Our small reunion will be competing with many, many thousands of people (20 to 50 thousand per day) for limited hotel accommodations... prices are through the roof! If we go a week earlier, prices are a little more reasonable. And as we all know, everything costs more these days!

[102 THINGS TO DO AT MYRTLE BEACH](#)

The official guide to Myrtle Beach attractions & more!

If you're searching for fun things to do in Myrtle Beach, look no further. We've gathered all the best places to see and can't-miss experiences into one convenient list. We used tips and suggestions from visitors, Facebook fans, and local experts to create this one-of-a-kind guide to more than 100 attractions, shows, restaurants, and other activities right here in Myrtle Beach.

While it is nearly impossible to see and do it all in one trip, this fun list of things to do makes sure your crew—whether adults, kids, or a family with a mix of ages—has a blast on vacation. Choose your favorite activities from our suggestions and leave some room in your plans for lounging at your resort pool, too.

[VETERANS CAFE & GRILL](#)

3544 Northgate Dr, Myrtle Beach, SC 29588

At some point during the reunion, I hope a bunch of us can have breakfast or lunch at this place. They were featured on Fox News this past Veterans Day.



MYRTLE BEACH 2025 ❖ 40TH REUNION

Advance orders only ❖ Pick up at the Reunion

➔ Order must be received by April 23, 2025 ➔

Polo Shirts are red, with the USMC Logo embroidered on the front left breast and the Vietnam Service Ribbon & 40th Reunion on the left sleeve.

Polo Shirt S, M, L, XL \$23 ea. Size _____ Qty _____ \$ _____

Polo Shirt XXL, XXXL \$26 ea. Size _____ Qty _____ \$ _____

T-Shirts are red with Silk Screened 3/5 Logo on the Front left breast.

T-Shirt S, M, L, XL \$20 ea. Size _____ Qty _____ \$ _____

T-Shirt XXL, XXXL \$22 ea. Size _____ Qty _____ \$ _____

Hats are red with Logo on the Front and VSM ribbon on the Back

Hats are adjustable \$18 ea. Qty _____ \$ _____

\$10.00 Postage for shirt/hat order if not attending Reunion \$ _____

Total Shirt & Hat Order \$ _____

Pre-Pay Banquet Dinner \$55 Per Adult # _____ @ \$55 = \$ _____
(Children under 12 Free)

General Fund (contribution) \$ _____

Total Shirts & Hat Order \$ _____

TOTAL FOR 2025 MYRTLE BEACH REUNION \$ _____

★★★ ORDER FORM MUST BE RECEIVED BY APRIL 23, 2025 ★★★

**Make check payable to:
Dennis Freed**

**Send Order Form to:
Dennis Freed
24665 Via Tonada
Lake Forest, CA 92630
949-351-4718
dennisfreed@cox.net**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ ST _____ Zip _____

Phone (_____) _____ Cell (_____) _____

E-Mail _____



LIMA 3/5

COMPANY MEMBERSHIP

LIMA 3/5



TAPS



WILLIAM ZLATER

Died: July 24, 2024

Lima Co: Dec 67 - July 68

Rank: L/CPL

MOS: 0311/0331

WIA: No

Reunions: 0



RONALD R. WILLOUGHBY

Died: May 8, 2024

Lima Co: Unknown

5th Marines Sniper

Rank: Unknown

MOS: 0311 (sniper)

WIA: Unknown

Awards: Unknown

Reunions: 0



JAMES HADDAWAY

Saved His "Rubber Lady"
(see Newsletter Issue #144)

Died: November 16, 2024

Lima Co: June 66 - May 67

Rank: PFC

MOS: 0341

WIA: No

Reunions: 9



LIMA 3/5

COMPANY MEMBERSHIP

LIMA 3/5



TAPS



JIM YAKUBSIN

Died: November 24, 2024

Lima Co: May 66 - March 67

Rank: LCPL

MOS: 0311

WIA: No

Reunions: 15

ROSTER

There have been many, many updates to the Lima Company Roster since the Fall of 2023. My thanks to Dan Cantrell, who has done a majority of the “grunt’s” work on status updates. Our roster now carries 637 Marines and Corpsmen and 22 Relatives/Friends.

Active	360
Lost Contact	51
Died	223
Do Not Contact (DNC)	3
Relative/Friend (R/F)	22

NEW GUY: Welcome Steve Hensdale, who found us on the internet. Steve was a Forward Observer for artillery (2531) with Battalion HQ and attached to Lima Co., June ‘70 - May ‘71, when 3/5 left Vietnam. He lives with his wife in Kernersville, NC and hopes to attend the 2025 reunion in Myrtle Beach.

REUNION 2026 AND BEYOND

Dennis Freed will lead a discussion during the Saturday morning business meeting about the future of our reunions:

- ♦ Do we still want to hold Lima Co. reunions?
- ♦ Who will volunteer to host the next reunion?
- ♦ Should we combine our reunion with the Battalion Reunion (3/5 MARINES) in Kentucky?
- ♦ Hold regional reunions or weekend “get-togethers”?:
 - Northeast, Mid-Atlantic, Southeast, Great Lakes, deep South, Southwest, Northwest
 - OR
 - East of the Mississippi River & West of the Mississippi River
- ♦ A big-ass “Zoom” (smart telephone/computer) reunion on a particular date?

What are your thoughts?

FIRST "VIETNAM WAR" REUNION

**LIMA CO. 3RD BN, 5TH MARINES, 1ST MARDIV
WASHINGTON, DC ★ SUMMER OF 1985**

Pat Normanly

Our LIMA COMPANY FAMILY has enjoyed many fun Reunions together during the past forty years! I was fortunate to attend the first of these. Dan Cantrell has asked me to submit an article, describing the first reunion, held in 1985, along with photos for our newsletter.

[Note: The first reunion was forty years ago and my memory certainly isn't what it used to be. I have tried to get the names of the Marines and Corpsmen correct. My sincere apologies to anyone whose name I may have misspelled, or worse, to those I might have missed completely in the included photos.]

Lima Company, 3rd Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment, First Marine Division, entered Vietnam in May of 1966 and departed in February, 1971. During the units four-year, nine-month deployment, many thousands of Marines and Corpsmen served in combat operations to protect the South Vietnamese from Communist North Vietnam's determined plan to overrun and control the government and the people of South Vietnam.

As Marines and Corpsman from Lima 3/5, completed their Vietnam tours, whether they left on their rotation date, were medevac'd out of country, or departed Vietnam when Lima Company's Vietnam deployment was completed in February of 1971, an extremely high percentage of these brave and battle tested men, didn't exchange contact information with their buddies, once they returned home, back in the States. They were anxious at the thought of leaving Vietnam to begin their next duty assignment, if they had not completed their time in-service, seek civilian employment, enroll in a college or technical school, get married and start a family.

As these young men departed, they wished their buddies well, who they had served with, told them to stay safe, Semper Fi, etc., when they "Get back to the world". While it was unfortunate for us not to exchange phone numbers, mailing addresses with our buddies, the fact is that we were anxious to get the hell out of Vietnam and get home! At that point, the thought of company reunions was not a priority.

Fast forward to 1985, when Lima 3/5 veteran, GySgt. Don Levesque, thought that it was time to locate as many of the Lima 3/5 Brothers, as possible and schedule an informal weekend reunion in Washington, DC. The Vietnam Veterans Memorial had been dedicated in DC just three years earlier and DC was becoming a very popular site for Veteran group reunions.

(continued)

Since there wasn't an accessible roster of Lima 3/5 veterans to begin contacting, Don contacted a few of the guys he had remained in touch with since Vietnam. Everyone he was able to contact, thought that it was a great idea to have a Lima Company Reunion and they unanimously approved of Washington, DC as the reunion site that summer.

Each of the guys Don contacted, said that they would get busy and contact all the Lima guys for which they had contact information. So, at that point, it became a Lima guy contacting some Lima guys, who contacted other Lima guys—approximately twenty Lima guys were informed of the DC reunion and encouraged to attend. I was very glad when Bob Rigdon contacted me about the reunion. Phil Jones was stationed here at Camp Lejeune that summer and he and I rode to the reunion together.

From the beginning, Don Levesque took on the responsibilities of planning, promoting, logistics and directing activities for our first reunion. Don did an outstanding job negotiating with the DC Hotel where we all stayed (Don Levesque and Roy Carter, recall that we stayed at a Holiday Inn in Crystal City), arranging for a hospitality room for us, which included snacks and of course, a bathtub of ice filled with beer and soft drinks. In addition to that, Don had ordered red Lima 3/5 Reunion shirts, which he had for each of us when we arrived.

Speaking for myself, although a few others who attended the first reunion told me the same thing, I was a little nervous as I approached the reunion room after registering at the hotel. I really didn't know what to expect. It had been sixteen years since I had any contact with most of these guys. My nervousness disappeared shortly after I entered the hospitality room. Guys were laughing, slapping each other on the back, shaking hands, and being very friendly and welcoming to any Lima brother who came through the door. A great memory, for sure!!

I think I am correct in remembering that we all agreed to order pizzas and stay in the suite that night instead of going out to eat. God knows, that with Don's beer, we were all going to be well hydrated and happy. Not surprisingly, beer consumption was much higher during reunions in the first twenty years, or so. It's probably a good thing that we have cut back on that in recent reunions.

Another memory I have from that first night in the reunion suite, were several guys who participated in the May 12, 1969, "[Mother's Day Massacre](#)", recalling specific events of that day. Some were better able to discuss the events of that terrible day by drawing their recollections of "who, was where and when" that day on sheets of paper.

The next day was Saturday and just about all of us made our way to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, "[The Wall](#)". Seeing the 58,000 names of American Servicemen and Servicewomen, who died fighting in Vietnam, is a very emotional experience, especially for Vietnam veterans visiting The Wall for the first time. Many of the guys in our reunion group, just stood and starred at The Wall, while others tried to locate names of men they served with, friends from home, and more.

(continued)

As we were paying our respects at The Wall, some of us noticed a woman, who like us, was visiting the Memorial. Unlike us, she was alone and visibly upset. Someone in our group approached her to ask if she was all right. She told us that her name was Mary and that she served as an Army nurse at one of the evacuation hospitals in Vietnam and today was the first time she had visited The Wall. Some of the guys in our group tried to console her and asked her if she would like to pose with us for a group photo, which we were about to take near The Wall. She became emotional again, but said that she was most appreciative of our offer and that she would be honored to be in our group photo. As I recall, we invited her to join us for dinner that evening, but for whatever reason, she was unable to do so.



Standing left to right: Joe Bammer, Don Levesque, Lou (Ralph) Sorrell, Richard Hoffman, Mary (Army Nurse), Bob Rigdon, James Andrulewicz, Jerry Davis, Phil Jones, Pat Normanly

Kneeling left to right: Bob Snowden, Wally Loucks, Chris Gibson, Carl Schultz

Not in photo: Roy Carter, Nick Douzanis

All Servicemen and Servicewomen, owe a huge debt of gratitude for all those who have served in various medical capacities, especially those who have served in war zones.

(continued)

We stayed in the Memorial area for a few hours before returning to our hotel. It was a beautiful, yet emotional day for us in the Nation's Capital. Soon after returning to the hospitality room, we surprised Don Levesque with a plaque, which we gave to him in appreciation for all the work he had done to plan and organize our Lima Company Reunion that weekend! Chris Gibson presented the plaque to Don, after a few appropriate comments and Don was most appreciative of our gesture of thanks. I think we did go as a group to a restaurant in DC that evening. This was the last night of our reunion and many of us stayed up most of the night and enjoyed each other's company.

The next morning, Sunday, we started a tradition, which we still follow at all of our reunions.... The Sunday, now Saturday, morning business meeting to discuss the reunion, finances, and choose a reunion city for our next reunion. I can remember everyone in attendance, saying how much they enjoyed seeing each other again and once more, thanking Don for putting it together. Bob Snowden said something to the effect that the reunion was great and that we have a very good thing going on, but if we want to expand future reunions, we should definitely invite our wives to be a part of our reunion group and join with us at future reunions. Everyone was in complete agreement with Bob's recommendation. [NOTE: It is my recollection that due to the nature of some of the things that might be discussed among us, dealing with certain combat situations we experienced together in Vietnam, that this first reunion, should be guys only.]

It was time for most of us to adjourn now and travel back to our homes. This first reunion had been a wonderful and, in many ways, a healing experience for those of us who attended.



Chris presenting the
plaque to Don

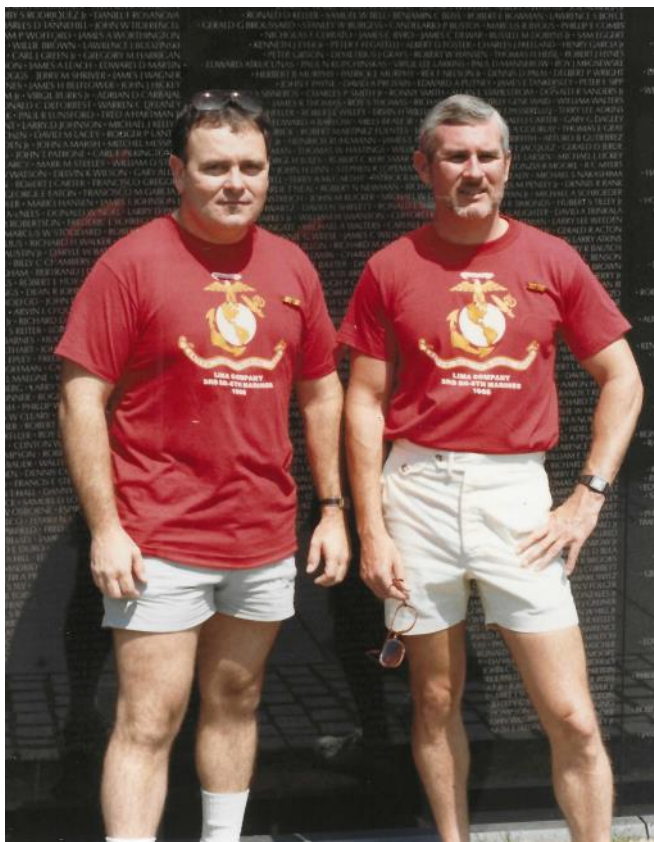


Chris Gibson Don Levesque Joe Bammer Pat Normanly

(continued)



Roy Carter Chris Gibson Don Levesque Wally Loucks



Pat Normanly (L) & Chris Gibson (R)



Phil Jones (in uniform), Bob Rigdon
& Chris Gibson

TUNNEL RAT

circa 1969

By LCpl Tom Hodgins, 0311

If you had told a regular human being, what the job of a tunnel rat was, they would probably reply back with, “Are you flipping kidding me? You crawled into a tunnel that was built for, and by the enemy in the hopes of, what?”

Charlie made the tunnel, Charlie built it to his specifications and if he so chose, he would booby trap it. I had heard stories of Charlie hanging snakes from the ceiling of the tunnel, booby trapping the tunnel with Pungi pits or installing a tripwire to a frag; definitely not your fun afternoon at the carnival.

As my squad had the lucky distinction of walking point one morning we came across the opening of a tunnel. It was camouflaged with some grass and tree limbs and after uncovering it we all concluded that yes, this was a definite for real tunnel. We got on the horn to six (company commander) and the reply was, “Well, check it out.”

After we got the message, we started looking at each other, like who is going to be the lucky guy to go into the tunnel? I thought about it for a moment and, just out of curiosity, I said I would go— did I mention I was brave, but not the smartest member of my squad.

I dropped my pack, helmet and flack jacket, and with my zippo in one hand, and my 45 in the other, I started into the hole—we didn’t have any flashlights, that was an army thing—after about eight or 10 feet into the tunnel, the fuel in my zippo went low, and my light went out, now what do I do? Attack Charlie with an out of fuel zippo and a 45 with four rounds in the magazine?

It didn’t take me long to come to the conclusion that I wasn’t going to go another inch forward in the dark, I mean “I was crazy, but for sure, I was not stupid.” The tunnel was several degrees cooler than the outside air and it was rather comfortable just to lay there in the cool dirt. I laid my head on my hand and closing my eyes started to take a small break. My cool little nap was interrupted by someone at the opening of the tunnel yelling “Hodgins, are you OK?” I turned my head around and hollered back “yes” and began to back my way out.

Over the next few weeks of slogging our way through Arizona territory, we had come across a few more tunnels, and I automatically volunteered, knowing that at minimum I would get a short nap out of the exercise. Was I going to crawl into the tunnel until at some point, in the dark, I would meet Charlie and hope to overcome him? Hell no!

Eventually, we wound up at An Hoa for several days of standing guard on the perimeter at night, really kush duty. But the fairytale existence of cool showers, three meals a day and a camo blanket to sleep on would soon come to an end, as we were ordered back to the hills outside of An Hoa.

On the first day of our trek up the mountain, point came across the opening of a tunnel and my name started working its way downhill until it hit my squad and eventually me. I handed off a bandolier of ammo, two frags, and a couple extra magazines of ammo to my buddy PT, and took off. There it was, built right into the hillside, the entrance to the tunnel. It was not camouflaged or hidden in any way, it was just there, and by the looks of the outside of it, well used.

(continued)

Stripping down to the bare necessities, I went in, me, my Zippo and my 45. “Yippie,” I thought to myself. After a few feet in, I flicked my Zippo, ahead, I could see another 8 feet of tunnel, then it turned to the left. I crawled to the turn and flipped my Zippo again, another 8 feet of open tunnel to the left of me; I slowly kept crawling. One more flip of my Zippo, and I could see the tunnel took a right turn another six feet in.

I crawled to the next turn, and could feel a terrific coolness coming from the dark “There was a room, I could feel it, I could feel the largeness of the room in the dark.” Not knowing what to do next, I opened my mouth and said “Chu hoi.” And from out of the darkness came a reply “Chu hoi.” “OMG” I thought to myself, now what?”

Knowing that I was not going to expose myself to an entrenched NVA, with God knows what for armament, maybe an AK-47, with a few 30 round clips, two or three chi com grenades, dang me. I put my little butt in reverse, and began to back out of there.

Arriving back in the sunshine, I told my squad, which was waiting anxiously for me to come out and spit out what I had found, if anything, I said “give me a frag, I’m going back in, I’ve been talking to a Gook” I could see a look of surprise on their faces; Someone handed me a frag, and I handed over my 45 and looked at the tunnel with a little hesitation;

Back in I went, no 45, just the frag. I crawled to where I could feel the room and be in position to toss the frag, I pulled the pin, and just laid there, thinking about all of the “What ifs.” I positioned my hand towards the opening of the room, and popped the spoon. Then, very carefully, I tossed the frag down the center of the tunnel, as best I could imagine, into the room.

“Backwards, backwards man, just go backwards;” that’s all I could think of.” “Move your ass backwards and move it fast!” My time to the outside was about 5 seconds, if I moved fast, the time to boom was probably 4 seconds. The frag went off just about when my feet hit sunshine and smoke and dust covered me as I continued out. I was worried about a secondary explosion, you just never know, but thank God that never happened.

I never went back in that hole and as a matter-of-fact, I never went in another hole again during my remaining time in country. I guess it was just I didn’t like the amount of drama involved, or maybe it was just that I didn’t want to die for my country in some little hole in the ground. From that time onward, I would just forgo my little naps in the coolness of a tunnel. To this day, late at night, sometimes I can still hear his calm, measured voice coming from that dark room in the ground, “Chu hoi.”



Tunnel Rat patch, showing unofficial motto in Latin

“NOT WORTH A RAT’S ASS”

“My Story” by PFC Roger Stowell, 0351

I served with Lima 3/5 in Vietnam for 3½ months in 1968. I’ve been on the roster but have never attended a reunion. The rest of this email documents some of my memories of the war and following years.

* * * * *

After three semesters of college and not knowing what I wanted to be, I enlisted in the Marines for two years. I arrived in Vietnam in August, 1968 and was assigned to Lima 3/5, 3rd Platoon Rockets. I carried one or more M72 LAWs in addition to my M16 rifle.

During my first night in the field, it rained hard. Insects crawled out of the saturated ground and inside my fatigues as I laid on the ground. It was a creepy, crawly experience.

On 13-Sep-68, as we were establishing a perimeter near a grove of trees, there was incoming automatic weapons fire and mortar rounds and we suffered some casualties. Arley Abraham and Gene Freeley were KIA. Dan Nordmann and Dave Petchel were WIA—I wasn’t acquainted with any of these guys then. I was WIA by shrapnel in the neck and spent 10 days in the Naval Support Activity hospital in Danang and then on Hospital Ship Repose. They removed shrapnel, but six years later a X-ray revealed a piece of shrapnel was still lodged near the top of my spine, where it remains to this day.

Although I didn’t know Dave Petchel in Nam, I did meet him in 2019 at the Milwaukee VA during a chance encounter. He was wearing a Lima 3/5 reunion cap. I introduced myself and we learned that we were in Nam at the same time. He said his tour there ended when he was shot in the foot on 13-Sep-68. He described the action, and I knew we had been in the same firefight. We also must have been on the same medivac chopper. We have seen each other a few more times while volunteering for the DAV Transportation program.

On 01-Oct-68, during Operation Mamaluke Thrust, Lima and India companies dug in to establish a perimeter before dark. Freddie McQueen, in country about two weeks, was on his first day in the field. He was paired up with me. We dug our foxhole in the side of the hill and prepared for sapper probes. When it was dark, I was summoned to a squad leader meeting near the top of the hill. While I was away an enemy mortar landed near McQueen and killed him. If not for that meeting I would have been with Freddie. I learned what survivor’s guilt is.

Later in October, we were bogged down during a 9-day period of cold, wet, foggy weather. We couldn’t carry out our mission. Choppers and planes couldn’t fly so we couldn’t be resupplied, given air support or choppered out of our position. Larry Heater had joined our platoon and, like me, had grown up in a Christian family. He had a positive attitude and quickly made friends.

My grandmother had sent me the words to the hymn, “What a Friend We Have In Jesus.” I also carried a pocket Bible and prayer book in Nam. I remember that during that tense 9-day period Heater and I used these resources for worship and prayer with a few other guys. This is my fondest memory of Larry Heater. He was KIA along with three others, Al Memory, Joe Merrill and Bill Perkins, on 01-Dec-68.

(continued)

In 2019, my wife and I visited Heater's hometown, Weston, WV. We visited his grave and met with his sister who, after the war, married Floyd McDonald, another 3/5 member. We toured the veterans museum that honors the area's veterans. A local bridge is named after Larry.

In November, 1968, we finished Operation Henderson Hill and began Meade River. On 27-Nov-68, the night before Thanksgiving Day, I met John Roach. We had some time to talk about life back home. He also had attended college prior to enlisting. I can't remember all that we shared. However, I remember being very impressed by John's sense of responsibility for and dedication to his squad members. It felt like we had become best friend in just a couple of hours.

The next day, Thanksgiving Day, John Roach was KIA as he led his squad toward a tree line. I was in a group further back but heard the AK47 and then the screams of one of his men. Later, I joined three other guys in carrying John's body from where he fell to an LZ for evacuation. Thanksgiving dinner was choppered out to us later that day. I hardly ate anything as I thought of my new best buddy.

After the war I wanted to connect with John's surviving family members. Around 2012 I left a message on the Vietnam War Memorial website under John's name. His sister responded. Weston exchanged emails a couple of times but then lost touch. In 2019, my wife and I finally visited John's grave and I thanked the Lord again for our brief friendship 51 years earlier.

On 30-Nov-68, two days after John Roach died, our platoon was crossing a rice paddy and began receiving sniper fire from a nearby tree line. One of the rounds hit me in the back. It broke ribs and punctured and collapsed my left lung. I could barely breathe as I prayed the Lord's Prayer. Our corpsman, whose name I can't remember, tended to me and the other casualties. Dan Nordmann was also WIA again that day and George Straszewski was KIA.

The medivac chopper flew us WIAs to the Danang Naval Support Activity Hospital. After five days, I was air lifted to Tachikawa Air Force Hospital in Japan. The doctor waited five days to see if my punctured lung would heal. It didn't so they operated and removed a section of my left lung which had bone splinters embedded in it.

About a month later I was airlifted to Great Lakes Navy Hospital in Illinois. Eventually, I recovered enough for light duty and was assigned to the Marine Barracks at Great Lakes, and served as a prisoner escort for the brig. Escorts had liberty most weekends so I went home to Stevens Point, WI then to see my family and my new girlfriend (now my wife of 53 years).

(continued)

I was separated from active duty in May, 1969, returned to college, got married in 1971, and graduated in 1973. I naively assumed that my Vietnam experience would never again affect me. I would move on with life and never look back. The memories of war would quickly fade. They seemed to as I got on with life, but they resurfaced over time. I've been through periods of depression, anxiety, self doubt and survivor's guilt. In 2014, a civilian psychologist suggested I was having PTSD symptoms, and should be treated by the VA. I applied for VA healthcare and was diagnosed with PTSD. With help from VA counselors, my dear wife, a loving family (including our young grandson), other vets and especially God, I've been able to live a reasonably happy life.

***** (A followup email) *****

My memory of names is very bad. I got many of the dates, names and other details for my story from the Lima website, Captain Snowden's diary, Vietnam War Memorial and various other sources.

I attended Wisconsin State University-Stevens Point before enlisting. My family lived in Stevens Point and I lived at home. I had not decided on a major at that time. After the Marines, I returned to the same school (renamed University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point) '69-'73 and graduated with a BS in Business Administration.

I worked for a large fraternal insurance company (Aid Association for Lutherans which is now Thrivent Financial) for 28 years. Initially, I was in the field selling life insurance. Then, I moved into the home office where I served in various positions supporting the field staff and volunteer branch leaders. I retired from there at 53 and became an over-the-road truck driver. I'm retired now but still driving as a volunteer for Disabled American Veterans (DAV).

Liz and I hope to be at the next reunion. *(Editor's note: "I'm holding you to that promise!")*

Roger



LIMA COMPANY 3/5 MARINES, CORPSMEN and ASSOCIATES

YOU WILL REPORT FOR TEMPORARY ASSIGNED DUTY (TAD) AT

NORTH SHORE HOTEL***MYRTLE BEACH, SC***

ON WEDNESDAY MAY 28, 2025 AT 1800 HOURS.
YOUR TAD WILL TERMINATE AT 0100 HOURS ON SUNDAY JUNE 1, 2025.

THERE WILL BE NO EXCEPTIONS!

ANYONE NOT PRESENT AT ROLL CALL EACH MORNING AND EVENING
WILL BE CONSIDERED ***AWOL***, WITH NO EXCEPTIONS!
AND WHEN FOUND, WILL BUY THE COMPANY A ROUND OF DRINKS!
NO EXCEPTIONS!

This chart shows the attendance of Marines & Corpsmen at Lima Co. 3/5 reunions from 2000 to 2024. Early on, there were close to 80 of us, but now we number between 20 to 40; attendance is dropping due to age and health issues. The 2025 reunion—our 40th—is a big deal, so let's make it a big deal—no time left for saying "I wish I had gone."

NOW OR NEVER!!!

