

LIMA CO.

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



VIETNAM 1966-1971

Lima Company



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NEWSLETTER #148 ❖ MARCH 2025

MARINES ★ VIETNAM WAR VETERANS ★ CORPSMEN

40TH ANNUAL REUNION

MAY 28 - JUNE 1, 2025

[NORTH SHORE HOTEL](#)

201 75TH AVE N., MYRTLE BEACH, SC 29572

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.



SEMPER FIDELIS

MYRTLE BEACH 2025 ❖ 40TH REUNION

[Myrtle Beach International Airport \(MYR\)](#) is about 9.5 miles from our firebase.

Airlines flying into Myrtle Beach include:



Our hotel **does not** offer shuttle bus service. There are [rental cars, taxis and rideshare](#) (Uber & Lyft) services. Taxi service from the airport to our hotel should cost around \$40 for two people. I expect rideshare services to be about the same, maybe a bit less \$\$.

[Myrtle Beach temperatures](#) in late May:



Reunion Activities:

Wednesday (5/28) - arrive and hotel check-in; hospitality room open

Thursday (5/29) - arrive and hotel check-in; hospitality room open

Friday (5/30) - 10:00 am breakfast at [Veterans Café & Grille](#) for 25-30 persons;
golf outing at 1:00 pm with Jim (JC) & Kathy Carleton
at Myrtlewood Golf Club

Saturday (5/31) - Business meeting at 9:00 am
Introductions—around the room
Moment of silence for departed brothers, recent and past
Financial report
Reunion 2026 (any volunteers?) & the future of Lima 3/5 reunions
Other business from the floor

Reunion group picture immediately following the business meeting;
wear your reunion polo shirt — that's an order!!

Banquet

Cocktails at 6:00 pm

Dinner at 7:00 pm

Presentation of Colors

Introduction & announcements

Dinner & Raffles — 50/50 cash & USMC items

MYRTLE BEACH 2025 ❖ 40TH REUNION



LIMA COMPANY 3RD BATTALION, 5TH MARINES 1ST MARINE DIVISION

MYRTLE BEACH ★ 40TH REUNION ★ 2025 ATTENDEES

No.	Name	Reunions	MOS	VN	PH	Rank	Home	Banquet
1	Acton, David	5	0341	69/70	0	Sgt	NY	2
2	Benton, Terry	14	0311	68	1	Sgt	SC	2
3	Cantrell, Dan	21	0341	68/69	0	Cpl	WA	4
4	Carlton, JC	21	0311	69/70	1	PFC	FL	2
5	Clark, Bill	15	0311	66/67	1	Cpl	TX	2
6	Dean, Kenny	2	0311	67/68	1	L/Cpl	OH	4
7	Dreksler, James	10	0331	70/71	0	L/Cpl	FL	2
8	Drew, Gerald "Jerry"	8	0311	68/69	2	Cpl	GA	2
9	Flayler, Paul	11	0351	70/71	0	L/Cpl	MO	2
10	Freed, Dennis	23	0311	67-68	1	Cpl	CA	2
11	French, Larry	2	0311	69/70	1	L/Cpl	CT	3
12	Manifold, James	4	0311	69/70	0	L/Cpl	MD	2
13	McConnell, George	1	8404	67	0	HM3	TN	1
14	Nordmann, Dan	24	0331	68	2	L/Cpl	MO	4
15	Pollicino, Joe	24	0311	67/68	1	Cpl	NY	2
16	Shuler, Connie	14	0311	66/67	0	Cpl	NC	3
17	Stockham, Robert	9	0331	67/68	0	Sgt	NC	5
18	Taylor, Peter	3	0311	70/71	0	L/Cpl	MI	2
19	Thomas, Wesley	3	0341	66	0	S/Sgt	PA	1
20	Van Reusen, Tony	21	0311	67/68	1	Cpl	AZ	1
21	Oberkrom, Bob	Many	Dan Nordman's brother-in-law (and our favorite <i>house mouse</i>)					

20 Marines & Corpsmen and 48 banquet dinners →→ and there is room for more... **YOU!**

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

The official guide to Myrtle Beach attractions & more!

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
prplhrt68@gmail.com**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ ST _____ Zip _____

Phone (_____) _____ Cell (_____) _____

E-Mail _____

MYRTLE BEACH 2003



MYRTLE BEACH 2015





LIMA 3/5

COMPANY MEMBERSHIP

LIMA 3/5



ROSTER & SOCIAL MEDIA

Lima 3/5 membership roster has 642 Marines & Corpsmen and 24 relatives & friends.

Active	362
Lost Contact	51
Died	225
Do Not Contact (DNC)	4
Relative/Friend (R/F)	24

Lima 3/5 Website: <https://limathreefive.org>

Lima Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/149906508829193>

FNGs - WELCOME ABOARD!

Tim Hanratty, who saw our reunion ad in an American Legion publication. Tim was a PFC 0311 in 1968. He lives in Banning CA with wife Fran, and hopes to attend the 2025 reunion in Myrtle Beach.

Duane Hegland, Corpsman 1970 - 71; saw the reunion ad in a magazine.

John Schmidt, 2nd Platoon CO, Jan - Feb 71. When 3/5 left for greener pastures, John was reassigned to 1/1 for the remainder of his Vietnam tour. He's a "lifer," retiring as a Colonel.

Jerry Lewis, a Navy Corpsman with 1st platoon, 69 - 70.

Daniel J Houghton, lives in Hall, MT; with Lima in 70 as an 0331.



SEEKING VOLUNTEERS TO HOST THE 2026 LIMA 3/5 REUNION

GUIDELINES ARE IN NEWSLETTER # 141, PAGES 9 & 10,
WHICH CAN BE DOWNLOADED FROM [OUR WEBSITE](#).



GOLF ANYONE?

JC & Kathy Carleton are organizing a golf outing, Friday May 30th at 1:00 pm, during our 40th Myrtle Beach reunion at [Myrtlewood Golf Club](#), about five miles from our firebase.

So far, six are signed up - room for two more to make two 4-person teams.

Call or email JC for more information or to sign-up.

Email: jimcarleton4@gmail.com Phone: 321-543-0646

Fire Storm

Andy Syor – Lima 3/5, '66 - '67

The Company was in the area that separated Laos and South Vietnam. It was reported that the purpose of this operation was to disrupt the supply route of the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

I was at the end of a column, walking along a narrow trail on one side of a very steep mountain valley. Unexpectedly, several rifle rounds came from the opposite side of the valley, with one passing by my ear like a sonic boom. I immediately dropped to the ground and tried to catch a glimpse of the far-off shooter in the dense vegetation.

Now, the column was temporarily pinned down with nowhere to move. A message was passed along the line to sit tight, a nearby F-4 Phantom was on the way. I do not remember how much time passed, but I could hear the increasingly nearer rumbling sound of a jet. Suddenly, screamingly, it was at our position, instantly letting a slow-tumbling canister of [napalm](#) loose, clearing the far side of the valley in an apocalyptic flash.

Soon after that, we continued to move along the path toward our objective. I was thinking to myself, "I'm certainly glad the coordinates were translated correctly, or that fire-storm would have landed on us."



[CHINA BEACH R & R](#)

LCPL Tom Hodgin

Another day of humping the boonies with Lima 3/5 in 1969—it just never stops. Up at sunrise, walk till late afternoon, dig a fighting hole, set out booby-traps and prepare for the night. We had been walking for several days and the landscape was never changing... rice patties and tree lines, rolling hills and streams, booby-traps, and of course, “Charlie.”

I hadn't realized it, but we had been angling towards the road for at least a couple days. The road was the main thoroughfare between Liberty Bridge and the base at An Hoa, and it ran right through the [Arizona territory](#). The reason it was called Arizona territory was that it resembled the old West, where shootouts with bad guys and gunfights with wild natives was the rule of the day.

We approached the road mid-morning and I could see at least four 6x6 trucks parked along the side of the road, and a Jeep for the skipper. Two of the trucks had a [M60 machine gun](#) mounted on the top of the cab. Word came down that we were going on an in-country R&R at Marble Mountain. That was quite a surprise to everyone and the conversations quickly turned to lighthearted jokes and laughter. Although the conversation was really enjoyable and upbeat, I personally couldn't equate the terms 'R&R' and "In-country;" my only thought was, "is somebody out of their flipping mind, how can you have R&R, in-country?" It was a definite conflict of terms.



After a short drive past Liberty Bridge and Phu Loc 6, our small convoy worked its way through roadside villas and civilians on bicycles, to directly under the giant rock they called [Marble Mountain](#). Marble Mountain stood there imposing its majestic presence on the small village of tin roof shacks that strung out along the dirt road under it. We dismounted and stood there by the trucks for a few minutes until some First Lieutenant approached us from the oceanside of the road and hollered, "Welcome Marines, clear your weapons, follow me."

We did just that and followed the lieutenant to an above ground bunker where we checked our guns and ammo. I have to admit I felt a little naked without my M16 in my right hand, but I understood, as would anyone who's ever seen a bush Marine with too much to drink packing a loaded M16 and a couple frags.

A Navy MP waved at us and we started walking towards him; we walked between a few buildings and I could see the ground was turning to sand and I could smell the water of the South China Sea, "Wow," I thought to myself, "this is really happening." As we walked into the open, I could see the water right there before us, less than 100 yards away. It was a gorgeous blue green and very calm. It looked very luscious and inviting. The waves came onto the beach so calmly, it was beautiful. "No lie, this is going to be a vacation!" I thought.

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Just past the rifle bunker an MP was pointing towards the amphitheater less than 100 feet



away saying, "This way." The amphitheater was filled with wooden benches curved in a half circle facing four giant refrigerators behind a 20-foot bar. I had never seen refrigerators like that—absolutely humongous. They were definitely commercial refrigerators and I could see, as the doors were opened, that they each could hold at least 20 cases of COLD beer. The bar was staffed by maybe four or five guys and I approached it and a bartender said to me, "What will it be Marine, beer or soda?" I quickly replied, "Beer," and immediately, he handed me two cans of Falstaff. I grabbed one can and up-ended it, "Truly the nectar of the gods," I thought to myself.

The feeling was really sweet, cold beer on what was looking to be a very hot day; no flak jacket or bandoliers of ammo... thank you Jesus! I took my second beer and found my buddy PT sitting in the center of the benches, I sat down beside him and we both started to chuckle. I could see under the benches there were coolers, different kinds, some Styrofoam, some plastic, but all were filled with beer, soda and plenty of ice. Soon the entire company was seated and coolers started to open.

A sergeant approached the front of the bar and encouraged everyone to take a seat and relax. He began with, "Welcome to the Marble Mountain In-Country R&R facility. As you probably all have noticed there are coolers under the benches and please help yourselves,"—we were way ahead of him.

The sergeant went on to say, "Naturally we have rules here on the amount of beer you are allowed to order at one time from the bar." "Here it comes... rules," I thought to myself. Then he said, "You can only order six beers at a time, and you can only do it 10 times an hour, and of course there is no charge for anything. The bar will be open from 8 AM to 8 PM."

Then the sergeant pointed out where the sleeping quarters were, the mess hall and its hours, and instructed us to be careful of walking about in the ville, as it was not 100% secure. Curfew is between 9 PM and 7 AM and you must be in the compound during those hours. "Dismissed" were the last words I heard as he turned and walked away. We sat there and consumed beer after beer, my guess maybe three or four, and then headed for the refreshing water of the South China Sea, stripping off our clothes in the hot sand and jumping in the surf. Some Marines had skivvies on, most didn't, it really didn't matter, it was now a nude beach.



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After a couple hours of swimming and drinking we headed off to the chow hall and I was surprised to find steaks and hamburgers, potato salad and fresh vegetables, I mean, "wow" that's pretty cool. After lunch we frolicked in the surf like a bunch of kids on recess from school; this was the coolest thing that had happened in the several months I had been in country, truly amazing. I met a kid named Reen, he was a short kid from first platoon and he played a piccolo like the pied piper and we danced up and down the beach enjoying his magical music.

Sunsets on the South China Sea are very enticing to say the least; a hamburger in one hand and a beer in the other; it was glorious. I would think the most special thing about that sunset was that we weren't already in a fighting hole, locked and loaded, waiting for the long night ahead.

The next morning, I woke to the gentle white water of the incoming tide washing across my feet; I lifted my head and sat up realizing that I had missed dinner and I had also missed finding a place to bunk last night, along with 10 or 12 other marines I could see sleeping on the beach—I hadn't camped out alone.

It was only Saturday and we had until Monday morning to enjoy a worry free life; all day Saturday was spent playing in the ocean and eating. It was wonderful to walk up and have a cold beer at any time of the afternoon. The showers were my most favorite place and I took more than one trying to wash the weeks of humping out of my mind and to try and feel human, it was a joyous feeling.

Sunday morning was very quiet, and as we were exiting the chow hall after breakfast, we heard the word that Catholic mass was going to be held in the temporary chapel. I saw this as an opportunity to get back into church, something that I had missed for the majority of my tour. It wasn't because I didn't want to go to mass, it just wasn't being held where I was. I spent the day writing letters and drinking beer, taking naps and enjoying the peace and quiet. Not packing my M16 with lots of ammo and explosives felt really good; there is life after the rice patties, there is hope, I could feel it, everything's going to be okay, I'm going to make it.

Monday morning hit way too soon; "Reveille, Reveille, Reveille" came blaring rudely over the loudspeakers. "This is reveille, breakfast is being served and we will assemble at the ammo bunker at 8 AM."

"Where did it all go?" I asked myself as I stood in line waiting to retrieve my rifle, ammo and frags; by 8 am our big rides appeared and we all clambered aboard the tall green trucks. Within 15 minutes everyone was on board and the trucks started to amble their way out of the ville, under Marble Mountain, working their way to the highway, back to the armpit of the world, "Arizona Territory."

Everyone around me was slapping magazines back in their rifles and jacking a round. I decided not to, I decided to leave my rifle unloaded, I was going to savor the peacefulness that had wrapped her loving arms around me the whole weekend; I figured that if there was going to be any shooting that needed to be done from the truck, the 20 other Marines on board could probably handle things quite nicely without me.

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In just about an hour we arrived at a stretch of highway somewhere out of Phu Loc 6. We unloaded and began to organize into platoons, finding our own squads again and getting organized to make our way back into the boonies. I pulled out a magazine and slapped it in, then jacked a round. I began checking the tree lines, checking for movement on the patty dikes, checking for Charlie, "Back to the real world," I whispered quietly under my breath.

It didn't take long for the lead squad to take off down a patty dike, headed for the tree line and all that came with it. I could feel the loving grasp of peacefulness letting go of me, the tension starting to return, we were definitely back in the armpit.



It was a much-needed R&R, but I'm glad it ended when it did because I really couldn't live trying to consume that much beer during the day. Surprisingly, it did help, though I learn one thing, beer and scrambled eggs just don't go together. For a week or so I basked in the memory of China Beach, endless beer with plenty of chow. Standing down those three days was a real pleasure. For once the brass had got it right.

Walking down that patty dike to nowhere in the midday sun, I raised my hand to my brow to wipe away a little sweat that was starting to form, and a slight smile crossed my lips—"It's gonna be alright."

Circa mid-year 1969, [Da Nang Province](#), Vietnam

The History of Dog Tags

[Joshua Williams](#)

During the American Civil War (1861-1865), the identification of the killed soldiers was daunting due to the number of casualties during the many battles. The issue was further complicated by inadequate record keeping of personnel assigned to and fighting as regulars or volunteers in both the Union and Confederate militaries, and lost records pertaining to burial locations. The first attempt to provide identification tags were called “name discs” or “soldier pins” of various designs and there was no specific uniformity pertaining to the information provided. Despite their best efforts to mark themselves, historians estimate that 50 percent of those killed in the Civil War were either unaccounted for or simply marked unknown. The nation debated how to address this issue to ensure Americans were properly accounted for, returned home, and given proper burial.

On December 20, 1906, by General Order #204, the United States government decided upon a circular aluminum disc to be worn as an identification tag, and by 1913 the identification discs were required for all military service members. An aluminum disc the size of a silver half dollar—imprinted with the name, rank, company, regiment or corps, worn by both officer and enlisted member in the field—suspended around the neck.

The U.S. entrance into World War I (1914-1918) in 1917 sped up the production and issuance of the identification tags to ensure all service members, killed or wounded, were accurately identified and accounted for on the field of battle. During World War I, military service members began wearing two identification tags—one remained attached to the body of the deceased while the second was used to mark the coffin or the grave site, often where they fought and died.

In World War II (1939-1945), military service members were issued a rectangular-shaped identification tag, similar to today, with a notch on its bottom edge. It was during World War II the nickname “dog tags” was adopted, but it’s likely the nickname dates back as far as Thomas Jefferson. He wrote the first dog license law in the state of Virginia, requiring dog owners to identify their dogs. The purpose of the law was to identify specific dogs responsible for the slaughter of a farmer’s sheep and hold their owners accountable for their actions. Thus, the dog tag has its origins dating back to the founding of America and has become an important part of military culture since the American Civil War. Meanwhile, military service members during World War II began to use tape or black silicone to silence the “clinking” sound the tags made as they walked with them hung around their necks.

During the 1950s, the two dog tags were detailed to each service member for a specific purpose regarding accountability. One identification tag was placed on a long chain, while the second was hung on a shorter chain. Upon death, the identification tag on the shorter chain was placed around the toe of the deceased, thus the nickname “toe tag”

(continued)

was given to this identification tag. The other dog tag was to either remain with the deceased or collected, as time permitted, by survivors to report back the name of the deceased.

Then later, during the Vietnam War (1955-1975), military service members began to place one custom dog tag in their boot, tied in with their bootlaces. The thought was if their body was dismembered to an extent they were unidentifiable, the dog tag in the boot helped with the recovery of their remains.

Today, the issuance of military dog tags remains an important component of military culture, but reliance on dog tags is more symbolic as technology advances. The dog tags are still stamped with important information (name, serial/social security number, blood type and religious preference), but the military uses medical/dental records and DNA sampling to positively identify deceased military service members. To note, the first identification tags were brass and later a corrosion-resistant alloy of nickel and copper. Today, military dog tags are made of stainless steel. As technology advances so have the materials and processes used to properly identify America's service members and return them home with honor.



Vietnam War Dog Tags



Civil War Dog Tag

Joe Pollicino (RVN Mar 67 - Apr 68) provided a link to the

[CAROLINA MUSEUM OF THE MARINE](#)

now under construction and scheduled to open in 2026.

IT WASN'T LIKE NOTHING: ONE MARINE'S ADVENTURE IN VIETNAM

by Thomas J. Hynes

“Marines who fought the North Vietnamese Army weren't interested in God, country, and Moms apple pie: They were focused on fighting for a cause that was never fulfilled.

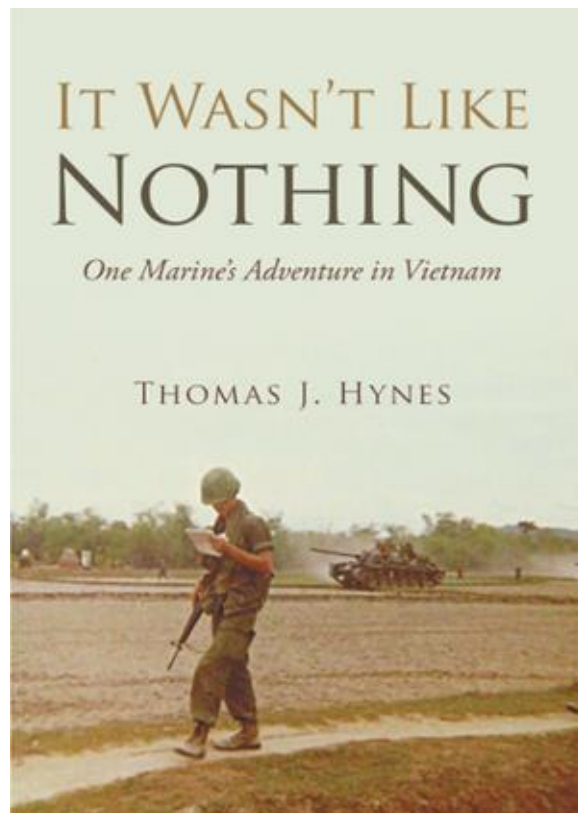
Thomas Hynes, a Marine Corps second lieutenant who led the **2nd Platoon, Lima Company, Third Battalion, Fifth Marines**, looks back at the challenges he faced undertaking his first command. He quickly learned that the North Vietnamese Army was far more capable to fight in the jungles and mountains.

But that didn't stop young Marines from fighting for their country and each other even though it resulted in fifty-eight thousand of them being killed. Seeing so many die was one of the reasons Hynes goal was simply to survive the war with his men, not win.

While Hynes would put up his Marines against any other soldier or Marine who fought in Vietnam, he argues that soldiers barely out of high school were asked to fight a war in a country that was beyond hope.

Despite the overwhelming odds, once they were there, they fought bravely for a cause they didn't understand. He looks back at all of it with honesty in *It Wasn't Like Nothing.*”

Editor's Note: Tom Hynes is currently suffering from late stage [Alzheimer's disease](#)



OPERATION HASTINGS

I have a request for Lima brothers that were with Lima in July 1966 during **Operation Hastings**. We have a group of 3/5 Marines that are currently working on writing a book and doing a documentary regarding Operation Hastings. They are about 150 pages into the book and early spring 2025 for the documentary. They would like to interview Marines that were with Lima during that time. Please put the word out to Lima Marines who participated in Operation Hasting to contact: John Olsen jcolsen62@hotmail.com (Served with India 3/5)

