

LIMA CO.

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



VIETNAM 1966-1971

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Lima Company



NEWSLETTER #150 ❖ AUGUST 2025



NEW ORLEANS

JUNE 17 ↔ 22, 2026

FIREBASE TO BE DETERMINED



From [Wikipedia](#)

The history of New Orleans, Louisiana traces the city's development from its founding by the [French](#) in 1718 through its period of [Spanish](#) control, then briefly back to [French](#) rule before being acquired by the United States in the [Louisiana Purchase](#) in 1803. During the [War of 1812](#), the last major battle was the [Battle of New Orleans](#) in 1815. Throughout the 19th century, [New Orleans](#) was the largest port in the [Southern United States](#), exporting most of the nation's [cotton](#) output and other farm products to Western Europe and [New England](#). As the largest city in the South at the start of the [Civil War](#) (1861–1865), it was an early target for capture by [Union](#) forces. With its rich and unique cultural and architectural heritage, New Orleans remains a major destination for live music, tourism, conventions, and sporting events and [annual Mardi Gras celebrations](#). After the significant destruction and loss of life resulting from [Hurricane Katrina](#) in 2005, the city would bounce back and rebuild in the ensuing years.

SEMPER FIDELIS

NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION

**THE FIREBASE FOR OUR 41ST REUNION HASN'T BEEN SELECTED YET...
YOU KNOW THE DRILL... HURRY UP AND WAIT!**

[LOUIS ARMSTRONG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT \(MSY\)](#) is served by a variety of airlines.

Here's a list of the airlines currently operating at MSY:

Air Canada * Alaska Airlines * Allegiant Air * American Airlines * Avelo Airlines * Breeze Airways
British Airways * Delta Air Lines * Frontier Airlines * JetBlue Airways * Southwest Airlines
Spirit Airlines * Sun Country Airlines * United Airlines



[GROUND TRANSPORTATION](#)

The Airport's central location offers easy access to I-10 and is located only a short drive from Downtown New Orleans, the French Quarter, and the Central Business District. Many convenient and affordable [ground transportation options](#) are available for passengers. Explore the links on the Ground Transportation page to learn more about the various transportation options.

Please do not accept solicitations to assist with transportation or baggage from anyone that is not properly badged. Always seek out airport employees with MSY ID badges for assistance. Solicitation of ground transportation is an illegal activity. Illegal solicitors may be unlicensed and uninsured.

[TERMINAL MAP](#) It's interactive; click Terminal Map to look at it.

THE BIG EASY

New Orleanians rarely refer to the city as the “[Big Easy](#).” Locals like to say “New Or-leens,” or “New Or-lee-ans.” Also, if we're giving someone our current location we tend to use street names, “heading to bourbon,” getting some beignets in the Quarter,” or “brunch on Canal” The one thing we do not say is “Nawlins,” at least not today's locals.

So how did the “Big Easy” become the city's nickname? [Here are four theories](#) that can trace the nickname's origins back to the early 20th century.

Some “easy” listening to get you in the mood!

[Sounds of New Orleans](#)
[New Orleans Swing Jazz](#)



NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION

THINGS TO DO IN NEW ORLEANS

[The Official New Orleans Tourism Web Site](#)

[Best Things to do in New Orleans](#)

What is a [Hop-on Hop-off bus tour](#)?

Explore New Orleans your way with a Hop-on Hop-off bus tour! Ride through iconic spots like the French Quarter, Garden District, and Jackson Square with live commentary and panoramic views. With City Sightseeing New Orleans offering... *(read more by clicking on the blue link above).*

[Swamp Tours](#)

The South is known for our swamp tours, and there are plenty of reasons why: a boat tour of the swamps can give you a whole new view of this state's unique ecosystem, history, culture, and animal life. Browse by category to find a swamp tour... *(read more by clicking on the blue link above).*

[History and Haunts Carriage Tour in New Orleans](#)

Travel back in time to the 19th century and revisit New Orleans' dark and rich past, where carriages were the principal mode of transportation and the streets were filled with mystery. This spooky, nighttime carriage tour will take you... *(read more by clicking on the blue link above).*

[The National WWII Museum](#)

The National WWII Museum tells the story of the American experience in the war that changed the world—why it was fought, how it was won, and what it means today—so that all generations will understand the price of freedom and be inspired by what they learn. *(Ed: a friend says this is a must see!)*

[Paddlewheel River Boat Cruises](#)

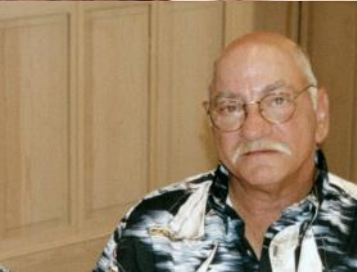
There are three: Natchez, Creole Queen and City of New Orleans

NEW ORLEANS WEATHER

June is generally a very hot, muggy month. The average temperature is of 82 °F, with a minimum of 73 °F and a maximum of 90 °F.

- On the coldest nights of the month, the temperature usually drops to around 66 °F. However, it dropped to 55 °F in June 1993.
- On the **warmest days of the month, the temperature usually reaches around 95 °F.** However, it reached 100 °F in June 2009.
- Precipitation amounts to 7.7 inches, distributed over 13 days.
- The day lasts on average 14 hours and 0 minutes. There are on average 9 hours of sunshine/day. So, the sun shines 65% of the time.
- The average humidity is 74%. Hence, the air is normally humid.
- The average wind speed is 6 mph.
- The average sea temperature is 82 °F. The sea is pleasantly warm and allows for long swims.

NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2002 REUNION





LIMA 3/5

COMPANY MEMBERSHIP

LIMA 3/5



ROSTER & SOCIAL MEDIA

Lima 3/5 membership roster has 644 Marines & Corpsmen and 31 relatives & friends.

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

Lima Facebook (private group, must apply to join):
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/149906508829193>

Active	359
Lost Contact	51
Died	231
Do Not Contact (DNC)	3
Relative/Friend (R/F)	31





LIMA 3/5

COMPANY MEMBERSHIP

LIMA 3/5



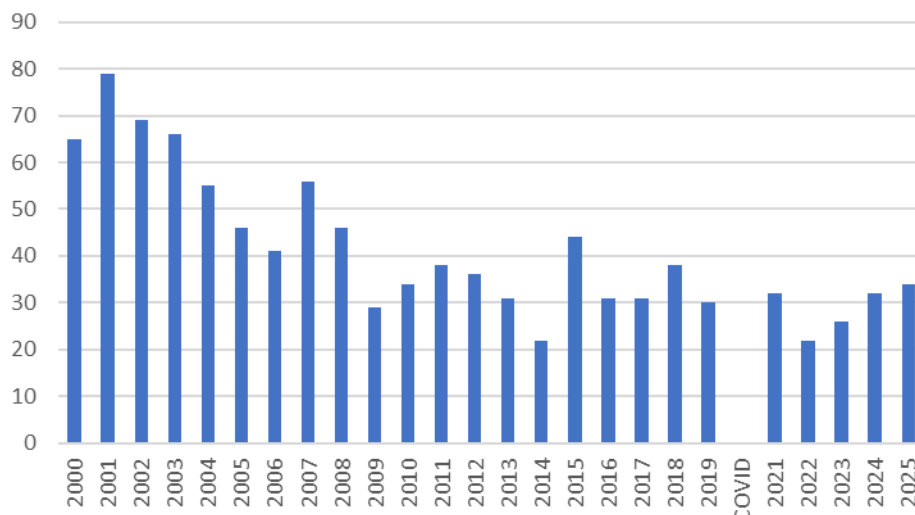
REUNIONS

Beginning with the year 2000, we've held 25 reunions; the 2020 reunion was cancelled due to Covid. We've been to South Carolina four times, Myrtle Beach three times and Charleston once. Our **average attendance** is just over 41; the last three years had 26, 32 and 34 attendees.

2000 to 2025

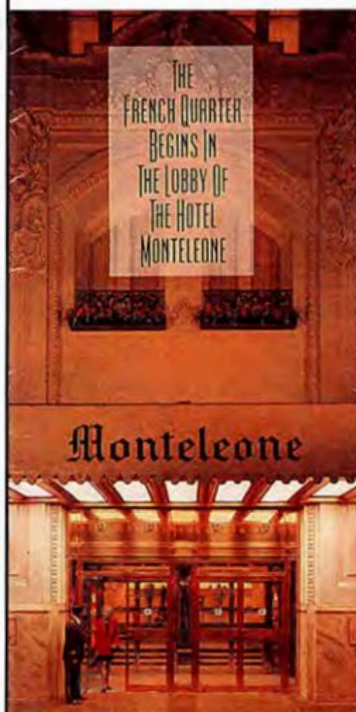
BY STATE	NUMBER OF REUNIONS
SC	4
CA	3
FL	3
TX	3
AZ	2
MO	2
TN	2
VA	2
DC	1
LA	1
MN	1
NC	1

LIMA 3/5 REUNION ATTENDANCE



A BLAST FROM THE PAST ★ SEPTEMBER 2001 NEWSLETTER

REUNION 2002 NEW ORLEANS



Oh yea, we be on that party!! Skip and I visited our hotel LZ for Reunion 2002, and . . . all is very well indeed. The list of things to do is too long, but all of it is walking distance away. Hey, no choice! Driving in New Orleans ain't bad, parking is! \$10 a day, that's half price for the first 40 cars to register at the Monteleone. A deal! If you fly in, take the \$10 shuttle to the hotel and walk your way thru Reunion days and nights. These will be walks remembered forever. This was my first visit to 'Nawlins. I walked . . . I'm still smiling! If you have been down in the French Quarter, then you know . . . if you haven't then you will be amazed. We will be just one block off Bourbon Street . . . THE PLACE TO BE after the sun sets.

The unique flavor of New Orleans: The retail shops, restaurants, bars, and coffee shops are endless . . . teaming with the very unusual to the even more unusual . . . it's a walk in a park like no other. The cuisine is way off the charts . . . cajun' style stuff, excellent! . . . a treat difference from my hometown viddles. Who has the best Po-Boy?

Shopping is a MUST! Ladies, listen up . . . you can spend your life away here. Did I mention 'walking distance'? The local shops would take a week to cover. Plus, you must do the "River Walk", shops galore, food forever and you're on the Mississippi River . . . which is deep, like they can't even record the bottom's depth, even with today's technology! That's deep! Oh, there's more . . . but I will yield to the photos of San Diego 2001. This will be a different Reunion . . . just as they all have been - join us! Our 2002 New Orleans host is **Skip St. Clair** (May-Aug '66) at (386) 649-6950 - sstc517821@earthlink.net and our 'man on the spot' is **Bobby Sardi** (Jun-Dec '68), our local dude in New Orleans at (504) 283-7879 . . . for the inside scoop around town! Contact Reunion HQ for details and answers.

DON'T MISS THE BIG PARTY IN "THE BIG EASY"

Hotel Monteleone
214 Rue Royale
New Orleans, LA 07130
(800) 535-9595

\$89 per night

**Rate good from
June 2nd thru June 11th**

**Reunion Banquet is
Saturday, June 8th**

"Awesome Place!"



THINGS I REMEMBER FROM BEING IN VIETNAM

LCPL Timothy (Tim) J. Hanratty

We left Camp Pendleton, by bus, heading to Marine Corps Air Station El Toro to board a plane for Southeast Asia; it was the end of September 1968. The plane was a commercial Continental Airlines 707. I remember it well, because it was the first large plane I had ever flown in, when I went to Columbus, Ohio to visit my family while on leave in early August. We were packed in the plane with very little wiggle room. It was nighttime and our first stop would be Hawaii for refueling and to deplane to stretch our legs. I vaguely remember the Honolulu airport (I think it was Honolulu, but it could have been one of the military bases on Oahu). After a short time, we reboarded the plane for our next stop – Okinawa, Japan.

We all cheered when we crossed the International Dateline, many of us for the first time. It was a long flight. I don't remember sleeping or having any conversation with the Marines sitting next to me. I'm sure we talked about what our assignments were going to be and how Basic Training was and other such topics to pass the time away. As I think back, I don't remember any of the men I trained with in either BIT or AIT, were on the plane or in Vietnam with me.

It was daylight when we arrived in Okinawa and were transported to the Navy and Marine Corps base. I remember seeing slot machines and being briefed for a couple of days before shipping out to Vietnam.

We boarded another Continental Airlines 707 for Da Nang. After arriving in Da Nang on October 4, 1968, we were assigned to our in-country units and told to wait for transport. I was first scared when told that the only way in or out of my battalion's location was by helicopter. There was actually a road, but the 26 or so miles would take too long by truck and wasn't safe.

I was assigned to Company 'L' (Leaping Lima) 3rd Battalion, 5th Marines, 1st Marine Division. We took a Sea Knight helicopter (CH-46) from Da Nang to our base of operation - An Hoa Combat Base. I remember flying over green rice fields and red dirt roads. I could see the mountains and hills from the window and remember thinking that "this would be a beautiful country if it weren't for the war." Our base of operation was about 26 miles Southwest of Da Nang in Quang Nam province.

Upon arrival I was issued with my weapon, a used M16 rifle, boots and camouflage fatigues. The first time I handled the M16 I remember thinking that this is a POS (piece of shit). It felt like a Mattel toy, it was so light, nothing like the M14 we trained with stateside. It was dirty and needed cleaning before I could fire it or align the sights. The weather was hot and muggy.

(continued)



We ate in the mess hall for morning and evening chow. Lunch was C rations passed out before we went on our daily assignments. The mess hall was also used for briefings, training classes, and reports from the field.

In the evening after chow, I would go to the EM club with some of my new buddies. We would talk and play cards or cribbage, and drink warm Budweiser beer (the officers got the cold stuff). One time we got a case and drank until the empty cans were stacked about three feet high on the table. Going back to our tent was a real challenge, not only were we a little drunk, but also the nights were so dark you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. We would go to the EM Club the nights we didn't have perimeter duty, which I pulled a couple of times.

Twice, a USO troupe came to our base putting on shows. For one of their performances it rained but we didn't care; the rain cooled the air for a little while. Besides, within an hour of the rain stopping, we had dried out.

I remember going into a neighboring village (don't remember the name or reason) after it rained one day. The march was slow and muddy. The red soil was so different from what I was used to seeing in California. It would cake on our boots as we walked. I remember one member of our squad sank up to his thigh in the red mud. It took several of us to pull him out.

My daily routine was being assigned to the LZ (landing zone) for perimeter watch while the C130 cargo planes were being unloaded. Don't remember how long I had this assignment, maybe a couple of weeks. The command kept us busy with various tasks and instruction until the rest of Lima Company returned from patrol or a combat operation. (I found out later that the operation was Maui Peak).

Paydays were always looked forward to. We were issued "scrip" and at least once after I arrived it was switched out for new scrip (MPC banknote styles were frequently changed to deter black marketers and reduce hoarding). For the first payroll I remember allocating a portion of my pay to be sent home so my dad could continue the payments on my new 1968 VW Bug.

One day in mid-October, a patrol we were to replace, returned and had suffered casualties. The lieutenant was really pissed-off and ordered everyone in the company to a practice [grenade](#) throwing on the rifle range. A few days later (Sunday, 10/23/68) we all marched to the range for target practice in the morning and live grenade throwing after lunch.

There were a dozen of us lined up on the target hill with an instructor. I had a gunny (GySgt) assigned to me. I remember the lieutenant giving commands to pull pins and prepare to throw. With the grenade in my right hand cocked behind my right ear waiting for the command to throw, I suddenly got hit on my left side of my head just below my left ear with a frag. Some idiot released his grenade early and a piece of shrapnel hit me. It felt like someone had hit me full force with their fist. My natural reaction was to move my hands to the area where I was hit. As I turned around and dropped to my knees, I saw a stream of blood shooting from the side of my head. I remember the lieutenant asking me if I was alright. I replied "No," as I fell forward on my face.

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Remember, I was holding a live grenade in a throwing position when I was hit. I dropped the grenade as I grabbed the side of my head. At the same time, I fell forward, the grenade I was holding went off and I caught frags in my back and the back of my head. The next thing I remember is a medic attending me and putting me on a chopper. I didn't hear my grenade go off nor do I know how many others were injured. I hope to someday get answers to the many questions I have about this tragedy.

NOTE: I found out after attending the 40th reunion of Lima 3/5 that what caused my initial shrapnel injury was when the command to pull pins was ordered, the PFC behind me did not have his hand on the 'spoon' of the grenade when he pulled the pin and it activated. His instructor ordered him to throw it. It went off and I got hit with the shrapnel. When I dropped my grenade, Gunny Loucks picked it up and through it. When it went off, we were both hit with the shrapnel. Six of us were injured as a result of this exercise – myself, Gunny Loucks, PFC's Willie Dowell, Jr., Robert McMullin, Nicholas Douzanis, and Donald Buzas.

I remember awaking in an operating room and being asked questions – what's your name, where are you from – stuff like that. The Gunny must have been near me because I remember him making a comment when I said I was from Diamond Bar, California. He asked if I knew of the David and Margaret Home in La Verne California. I said I did and that my girlfriend lived near there. He said that he was at the David and Margaret Home for a time. They put me under just after that.

It was either the next day or two when I woke up in a hospital ward. The nurse told me I was in Da Nang at the Naval Hospital, and it was either Halloween or very near the holiday. I remember this because my head was all bandaged and my eyesight was very blurred. The nurse put a Halloween sticker on my forehead and brought a hand mirror so I could see it. I don't know whatever happened to the Gunny. I remember him saying he would lose sight in one eye and was pissed that he wouldn't get a Purple Heart.

I think I spent a week in Da Nang before I was able to be air lifted to another hospital. I remember getting on the transport plane. I know it was transport because it had only a few rows of seats and racks for those not yet ambulatory—I got a seat. After a stop in the Philippines (Manila), I ended up at the Naval hospital in Guam.

I spent three weeks in Guam receiving further treatment and getting healthy enough to return stateside. Shortly after arrival one of the corpsmen was checking my injured back and found that one frag was protruding from a wound. He worked on the area for some time and stitched me up. He must have bent a needle sewing me up because he said "you have a hard back."

My first Marine Corps Birthday and Veterans Day were spent in the Naval Hospital on Guam. I was there for three weeks recovering from my wounds until just before Thanksgiving. I was ambulatory so I could go to the PX and movies and walk the grounds. It was here I stopped smoking and heard the song "It's a Beautiful Morning" for the first time.

(continued)



I was able to place a call home before being sent back to the states. The call went through a 'ham radio operator' (ed. [MARS](#)) because there were no satellites or direct calls from the South Pacific to the U.S. in 1968. I also called my girlfriend and future wife. We talked for a few minutes saying "over" when we finished each sentence.

The flight home from Guam had a stop-over in Hawaii. I remember we got off and met with several Marine commanders; one asked where I was wounded. We stopped over at Travis Air Force Base before continuing on to El Toro or San Diego. I called home to let my family know I was back stateside and would be at the Naval Hospital at Camp Pendleton the next day.

When my folks and girlfriend came to see me, I was not in my ward. I was out getting a new uniform and utilities because my duffel bag was still in Vietnam or in transit back to the states. I spent another two weeks at Pendleton before the doctors and command staff agreed I was well enough to be sent home for a month. I was promoted to E3, Lance Corporal, before going on leave.

I reported back to the Naval Hospital at Pendleton in early January 1969. Additional tests and rehab exercises were the daily routine. I made friends with some of the Navy Corpsmen at the hospital and we would get together to play cribbage until 'lights out'. I was returned to active duty at the end of January and assigned to Regimental HQ.

Due to my injuries and the term of my enlistment I couldn't be sent back to 'Nam, so I was designated for early release. My release from Active Duty would take effect in June 1969. In the meantime, I was assigned various BS duties around the Base – replace lights in barracks, night MP patrols, etc. But the best duty was as a rifle instructor for Marines returning from Embassy and Sea duty to get them requalified and instructed on combat tactics learned in Vietnam. I learned a lot about other MOS roles in the Marines and was considering a change before my release date. However, I decided I had enough of the surprise inspections, PT testing, and other BS they put me through. I was released with an Honorable Discharge on June 5th, 1969.

Once a Marine, always a Marine... Semper Fi



Tim & Fran
40th Lima Reunion
Myrtle Beach, May 2025

San Diego boot camp
June 1968





QUALITY TIME WITH SKY PILOT

During one long and particularly grueling operation, a temporary lull in the fighting was giving us some time to regroup and get some chow. As I was opening a can from the c-ration selection in my backpack, I noticed that a Chaplain, who had been moving from one sandbagged foxhole to another, was approaching mine.

I respected these guys the same as I would a Corpsman, though I 'd never been one for religious doctrine and dogma (even in boot camp; as I had previously heard that the Protestants did their thing first on Sunday, I said that I was a Catholic, so I could sleep in the extra hour.) As he moved toward me, I thought he was looking a bit too stressed. When he asked me "how I was doing?" I surprised him blurting out "Great!" and did he want to share some of my c-rations? He smiled and said no, and I could see a bit of a sparkle in his eyes. I proceeded to ask "Hey, did you hear the one about the picture of the 'Last Supper?'" He replied "no" and I continued, "Well, do you know why they are all on one side of the table?" Another "no" response from the Padre, and I said "So they can all get in the picture!" He laughed out loud!

As he left for another bunker, I felt pretty good knowing my joke had temporarily brightened up his tough job.

Andy Syor

RVN Jan 66 – Apr 67

[Father Vincent Capodanno](#)

(undated picture)





LIMA 3/5

COMPANY STORIES

LIMA 3/5

