

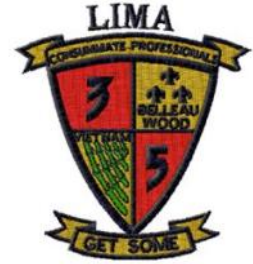
# LIMA CO.

3<sup>RD</sup> BATTALION, 5<sup>TH</sup> MARINE REGIMENT  
1<sup>ST</sup> MARINE DIVISION



**VIETNAM 1966-1971**

David Acton, Newsletter Editor  
6425 Evans Rd, Chittenango, NY 13037  
315 - 687 - 9419 [dacton@twcnny.rr.com](mailto:dacton@twcnny.rr.com)



## NEWSLETTER #154 ❖ JULY 2026

**41<sup>ST</sup> REUNION ❖ NEW ORLEANS**  
**JUNE 17 - 21, 2026**



# NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION

Van Reusen, Anthony (24)  
Thomas, Wes (6)  
Taylor, Peter (6)



Stockham, Robert (11)  
Shuler, Connie (16)  
Shuaghnessy, Kevin (24)



Richardson, Teddy (8)  
Prawdzenski, Rich (7)  
Pollicino, Joe (26)



Nordmann, Dan (26)  
Kleeves, Brian (2)  
Kabitsch, Carl (17)



Huddleston, Les (1)  
Dyer, TJ (14)  
Dean, Kenny (6)

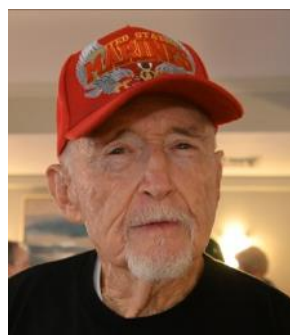


# NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION

Crisp, Ted (4)  
Clark, Bill (17)  
Cantrell, Dan (23)



Brooks, Al (11)  
Bragole, Bob (13)  
Bergeron, Steve (8)



Acton, David (7)  
Color Guard



Oberkrom, Bob  
Booth, Rick  
Barickman, Kurt



Resident House Mouse

Acton guest, 3/9 Marines

brother Leon KIA 7/69

# NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION

## BY THE YEARS



1966



1967



1968



1969



1970



1971

# NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION



## OUR WONDERFUL LADIES



# NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION

A SPECIAL "THANK YOU" TO OUR REUNION HOSTS

★ BILL CLARK, DIANE CLARK & CONNIE SHULER ★  
ASSISTED BY DAVID CLARK

FOR A JOB WELL DONE !



# NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION

## REUNION PICTURES



# NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION



# NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION



# NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION



**LIMA COMPANY  
3RD BATTALION, 5TH MARINE REGIMENT  
1ST MARINE DIVISION  
VIETNAM ★ 1966 - 1971**

# NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION



# NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION

To My Lima 3/5 Brothers,

I was completely surprised and humbled by your recognition of my work on the Lima 3/5 Newsletter... and then the KA-BAR gift. Thank you!

Here's the backstory...

In 2021, Dan Cantrell started bugging me to help with the newsletter. Nah... I wasn't really interested. *"Why's he picking on me? Isn't there someone else that can help?"*

Cantrell persisted. In 2022, I offered to help, but nothing came of it. *"Okay, now leave me alone."*

During the 2023 reunion in Scottsdale AZ, which I did not attend, I received a call from Cantrell, pleading with me to get involved. *"Okay I'll do it, if it will get you off my back!"*

I published my first newsletter, #139, in October of 2023. It wasn't great, kind of blah, but over time I've learned to make them more dynamic and interesting. At first, I regretted taking on this task, but now, I find it fulfilling... I'm happy to do it.

So, that's my story and I'm sticking to it.

David Acton  
Lima 3/5 Newsletter Editor & Roster Manager  
RVN '69 – '70 0341 – Mortars



# NEW ORLEANS ❖ 2026 REUNION

## FINANCIAL REPORT

Balance Forward from 2025 \$6,938.62

### Income:

|                             |            |
|-----------------------------|------------|
| Shirts/Banquet/General Fund | \$5,127.00 |
| Raffle                      | 553.00     |
| Total                       | \$5,680.00 |

### Expenses:

|               |            |
|---------------|------------|
| Shirts        | \$1,300.64 |
| Hotel/Banquet | 4,948.88   |
| Total         | \$6,249.52 |

### Summary:

|                      |             |
|----------------------|-------------|
| Balance Forward      | \$6,938.62  |
| Income               | 5,680.00    |
| Total                | \$12,618.62 |
| Less Expenses        | 6,249.52    |
| 2026 Balance Forward | \$6,369.10  |



We ended this reunion year down \$569.52 from the 2025 reunion year.

The books are closed until next year.

Dennis

## THANK YOU !!

### TO ALL WHO MADE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE GENERAL FUND

## ROSTER & SOCIAL MEDIA

Lima 3/5 membership roster has 647 Marines & Corpsmen and 41 relatives & friends.

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

Rosters, newsletters, stories, videos, KIA memorial & more.

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

|                       |     |
|-----------------------|-----|
| Active                | 355 |
| Lost Contact          | 42  |
| Died                  | 247 |
| Do Not Contact (DNC)  | 3   |
| Relative/Friend (R/F) | 42  |



LIMA 3/5

# COMPANY MEMBERSHIP

LIMA 3/5



## TAPS



### THOMAS J. HYNES, JR

Died: March 21, 2025

Lima Co: Jun – Oct '67  
Rank: 2nd LT; CO 2nd Plt  
MOS: 0302  
WIA: No  
Reunions: 0

Author of [It Wasn't Like Nothing](#)



### JAMES "JIM" BISESI

Died: April 30, 2025

Lima Co: Nov '67 – Dec '68  
Rank: CWO2  
MOS: 0130  
WIA: No  
Reunions: 2



### HENRY DEON LITTRELL

Died: November 29, 2025

Lima Co: 1966 - 1968  
Rank: SGT  
MOS: 0341 - 81s Attached  
WIA: No  
Reunions: 0





LIMA 3/5

# COMPANY MEMBERSHIP

LIMA 3/5



## TAPS



### HAROLD FRANKLIN PERRETT

Died: March 29, 2026

Lima Co: Dates unknown

Rank: HN? - Corpsman

MOS: 8404

WIA: Unknown

Reunions: 0



### JOSEPH "JOE" MCLAUGHLIN

Died: June 2, 2026

Lima Co: May 67 - June 68

Rank: SSGT (ret: MSGT)

MOS: 0369

WIA: No

Reunions: 20





## THE AMBUSH

Submitted By

Mark Nickerson

L/Cpl, 0311, 3<sup>rd</sup> Plt – 3<sup>rd</sup> Sqd, Mar '66 – July '66

It was our fourth or fifth operation in-country in 1966. Lima 3/5 was working from the [LPH Princeton](#), a converted WWII aircraft carrier serving as a helicopter platform. For a company of grunts, it was pretty good duty. You had hot chow, showers and a cooling sea breeze when you weren't in the bush. And the occasional resupply in Subic Bay and the allure of Olongapo... Getting in those choppers though meant you were headed for a hot LZ and a sure fight as we were a floating, quick reaction force for all of I-Corps from Nha Trang to the DMZ.

In mid-July we got the word we were headed to the DMZ. A company of the Fourth Marines had made heavy contact with a large force of NVA from the 324 Bravo Division. Scuttlebutt had it that the NVA were so established in this area that they were running training ops and had blanks in their weapons when they first encountered the Marines. True or not, this added a little spice to the pending action as we geared up on the Princeton. Whatever the case prior to our arrival, they were heavily -armed, well trained and sporting live rounds as we began our descent into the LZ. It was a very warm welcome to Operation Hastings.

We had intermittent contact throughout the first few days, but the heaviest fighting seemed to involve the Fourth Marines. In the late afternoon of our fourth day, the company came out of the dense forest to the edge of a clearing a hundred or so meters wide and across. The skipper (*Ed: Capt. Reese Tatum*) gave the order to start digging in on the edge of the clearing and everyone got to work. Rifles were cleaned, claymores set out, C-rations opened and the last cigarettes smoked. Word came down that our squad had drawn the ambush patrol and we were told to hustle out in the remaining light and find a good location to set up. We crossed the clearing and soon found a well-used trail and moved cautiously down it. We were all keenly aware that there appeared to have been activity on the trail recently, making us wonder who was going to be ambushing whom. A few hundred meters out we came upon a slight thinning of the trees in the jungle and discovered a number of old fighting holes. They did not appear to have been occupied for some time. We quickly agreed this would be our best opportunity for the ambush and headed back to the company lines.

It was a moonless night with thick cloud cover as we set out once again across the clearing. As we entered the jungle trail it was so dark you literally couldn't see your hand in front of your face. Ever so cautiously we shuffled quietly down the trail. But it soon became obvious, in the blackness, that we were all disoriented. We would stumble against the trees and bushes trailside and stop every few meters to try and get our bearings. If only we'd had the foresight to count our steps back to the company perimeter earlier! But everything seemed so different in the late afternoon light. Compounding our anxiety was the composition of our patrol. For reasons eluding me, we were two fire teams, a squad leader and radioman. The machine gun team that normally accompanied an ambush patrol was absent. We were ten souls stumbling about in the dark.



At one interminable pause it became obvious that no one had a clue as to our position vis-à-vis the fighting holes. We were exposed, frustrated and confused. Word filtered back that we needed to get off the trail. We fought our way through the thick underbrush for three or four meters until we found ourselves on what could only be described as a mini-trail, running parallel to the main. Barely a half meter wide and a meter tall, it eventually dawned on us that we were in a wild pig run. We instinctively lowered ourselves and assumed a fetal, and hopefully not fatal, position. While I couldn't see my comrades, I could only assume they were as cramped and uncomfortable as I, though at 6'5" I seemed to have found a special place in this claustrophobic hell.

We passed a rope down the line and wrapped it around our wrists for communications and to ensure that everyone stayed awake. Hopefully, I prayed, the pigs were elsewhere this night and the same for the NVA. It was obvious that our position was less than ideal and extremely vulnerable. One long burst from an AK-47 would probably take out most of the squad. We did our best to settle in for a long uncomfortable night and hoped it wouldn't rain.

Even more disorienting than the blackness was the silence. It was deafening. The ubiquitous shrilling of night insects was mysteriously absent and there was no distant thrum of artillery fire we were accustomed to hearing nightly. Total silence completed the sensory deprivation. The long night passed ever so slowly. And then we heard the soft clanking of metal on metal at some indeterminate distance. The surge of adrenaline brought every sense to full alert. The frantic yanks on the rope were superfluous. Our collective brain knew something was about to happen.

As the metallic clanking grew closer from the direction of the now longed-for fighting holes, we could make out hushed voices in an alien tongue. My Marine training clicked in and I reached for the safety switch on my M-14 and tried to turn it off without an audible click. I marveled at the lack of noise discipline of these cocky troops and pondered the likely source of the rhythmic clanking. I concluded mortar tubes. This line of thinking occupied the interval to their arrival and helped suppress the fear that was welling up. Yet another benefit of all that training.

Ambush SOP dictated that the patrol leader had to open fire and initiate contact. Normally that would assume a vantage point, perspective and some visibility. We had none of these. After several hours in the thicket I had some slight night vision and watched the darkness thicken as the NVA point man passed. My heart was beating like a hummingbird's wings and I wondered if it was true that the NVA could smell us because of our different chemistry. If so, we were certainly close enough to test the hypothesis. Next were two soldiers chattering in a stage whisper like school girls at recess. Then came the metal clanger, and another. I counted forty-two more, though I assume I was off a few one way or another.

We never opened fire. As the silence settled over us once again it dawned on me that that column was headed straight for the clearing and our company dug in on the far side. There was nowhere else they could go. Any moment there would be an overwhelming eruption of fire and the real possibility of friendly fire tearing through the forest around us. I thought about ways to somehow flatten myself into the earth in this claustrophobic cocoon. The waiting was interminable.



And then there they were. Running towards us, then past us. Silent except for their feet on the trail. Fear had taught them some noise discipline. There was no surprise that we didn't open fire this time on their hasty retreat. Outnumbered five to one and in an impossible fighting position, discretion was the better part of valor. Though that discretion was sure to undergo scrutiny in the morning, upon returning to the company.

The cramping caused by our pretzel-like conditions notwithstanding, the rest of the long night was free of the usual ambush anxiety. We knew no one else was coming back down that trail now. They might put those mortar tubes to use on the company's position when at a distance away, but we were safe. I wondered if they talked among themselves about how lucky they were and how strange it was that they hadn't encountered an ambush patrol. After all, weren't Marines known for setting them out and covering all points of access to their position?

At first light, we were on our feet and stretching our tortured bodies on the main trail. We talked quietly among ourselves about what we'd seen, heard, thought and felt. Unspoken was any discussion of why we hadn't opened up either time on the NVA. Explanations to the brass were the patrol leader's responsibility and the rest of us were glad of it.

Upon returning to the company we consumed our morning C-rations, filled our canteens and spoke cryptically with our platoon mates about the night's work. We kept an ear peeled towards the company CP, in hopes of catching strands of any heated words arising from the skipper. Later, as we saddled up, the platoon sergeant approached us and indicated that while the skipper was extremely unhappy that we had left the company position exposed, he had grudgingly conceded that our patrol had been understaffed and inexperienced and that we would all have been killed in all likelihood had we opened up. Whether that would have been a good thing or not, he left unclear...





## VICTOR CARTIER

Submitted By His Sister

Renee Cartier

The year of 1969 was significant: the music festival *Woodstock*, the moon landing, and the blockbuster film “Easy Rider.” It was also significant that a grunt, by the name of Victor Cartier, was killed on April 8<sup>th</sup> in Quang Nam Province of Vietnam. He was like any other 19-year-old; he loved his beer, playing cards, and his beautiful fiancée Sonya. He had a student deferment, but voluntarily joined the Marines with his best friend Jim, on the buddy system. Things didn’t go exactly as they had planned. They were scheduled to depart for boot camp in September, but Jim sustained a serious leg injury and was detained an additional six weeks. Vic left for San Diego on his own.



He left as a teenager but came home, on leave, as a man. His whole demeanor had changed. Physically, he had always been in good shape, but now, he couldn’t fit into his clothes because of his increased muscularity. He was quieter, calmer, and pensive. He had gotten his orders for Vietnam and wanted to elope with Sonya, but she was hospitalized until the day before he left so, they were unable to get married as planned. His last night home, Vic, Sonya and I were sitting in his room talking, and he was showing us his Marine boot camp graduation book. He pointed to his platoon picture and said that two-thirds of these guys weren’t coming back and that he was going to be one of them. I remember begging him to go to Canada, but that was never a consideration for him. The last image I have of him is at the top of the airplane stairs, when he turned and waved to us.

As I sit here on the day of his 57<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his death, I reflect not so much of his short life, but question the *what ifs*. What if he had come back home, would he be the same? Would he and Sonya get married? Would they have kids? What career path would he have chosen? I think about what this world has missed without him in it. I think about what I missed. I wonder if our children would play together as cousins do.

As a mother I can’t imagine what it was like for my mother losing a child. I didn’t realize at that time, the impact his death would have on so many people. His grade school buddies hold a mass for him every year on his anniversary, they honored him with a plaque and planted a tree in his memory. His high school had a mass and honored him and other graduates who had given their lives with a plaque. Every year for the last 40+ years, family and friends have gathered at his gravesite the Saturday before Memorial Day to remember him and have a few beers.

As his sister I try to keep him real in my memory so his impact on so many people is sometimes baffling to me. He was handsome, charismatic, and so very intelligent, but he could also be an asshole. But in the end, at that age, like all of us, he was just trying to figure out who he was. I like to imagine him as an old, white-haired man, with a welcoming smile and being a grandfather who romps with the kids rather than that 19-year-old who missed out on a lot of life.



## OUT AMONG THEM

Submitted By

Andy Syor

(prior to his death)

CPL, 81 Mortars (attached), Dec '65 – Apr '66

As the helicopters picked us up at the end of the operation, we knew we would not be returning to our cramped home of these past few months, on the converted aircraft carrier USS Princeton. Before we deployed, our seabags had been staged and were to be sent to some squad sized tents, already set up on land. The Battalion Landing Team-Special Landing Force was dissolved, and our floating days ended, to be replaced at a base camp in the suburbs of Chu Lai. All our future endeavors would be embarked from this land-based camp.



The camp was relatively peaceful, with only the occasional whistling of an incoming mortar round. We were in and out frequently on operations, and it was a nice place to come back to, feeling more connected to the country's inhabitants. Most of the residents spoke Vietnamese, French, and/or broken English. The only Vietnamese I knew were the swear words, but I did have two years of high school French, and was semi-fluent.

Usually eating at different times from the rest of the troops, before or after guard duty, the assistant cook, who was Vietnamese employed by the base, took a liking to me as we got to chat and know each other. One day he invited me to his home for dinner with his family. I told him certainly, but first, I had to clear it with the "powers that be," who said OK.

When I arrived at the off-base home, his family was very warm to me and filled me in on their local history. The Vietnamese home cooking was ox and noodles, barracuda and rice, and local vegetables, which was exotic and much better than the regular mess hall chow.

As I left their place, I was thinking that those nosey state-side reporters, who were always sniffing around for controversial stories, would never be interested in a pleasant story like my local dinner visit.



## U.S. MILITARY BRANCH BIRTHDAYS

The U.S. military consists of several branches, each with its own birthday. Here is a summary of the birthdays for each branch:

| Military Branch       | Birthday           |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| U.S. National Guard * | December 13, 1636  |
| U.S. Army             | June 14, 1775      |
| U.S. Navy             | October 13, 1775   |
| U.S. Marine Corps     | November 10, 1775  |
| U.S. Coast Guard      | August 4, 1790     |
| U.S. Air Force        | September 18, 1947 |
| U.S. Space Force      | December 20, 2019  |

\* The U.S. National Guard was established on December 13, 1636, when the first militia regiments were organized in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. It has evolved over the years, officially adopting the name "National Guard" in 1824. (Google)





*Some people spend an entire lifetime wondering if they made a difference in the world. But, the Marines don't have that problem.*

Ronald Reagan, U.S. President; 1985



Eleanor Roosevelt (may have) famously said, *"The Marines I have seen around the world have the cleanest bodies, the filthiest minds, the highest morale, and the lowest morals of any group of animals I have ever seen. Thank God for the United States Marines."*