

THE

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GOD BLESS ALL VETERANS AND THEIR FAMILIES

“WE WILL”

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A Message from the President Gary Haverman

I want to begin by saying a heartfelt “Thank you” and “Congratulations” to past President, Lou Pepi and his wife, Pat, for a very successful and memorable 100th reunion. The Crowne Plaza, the tours, meetings, banquets and of course that great hospitality room were all planned and ran without a hitch. Great job, Lou!! I will be looking forward to seeing you when all the past President’s stand up to be recognized at our next reunion in Springfield, Missouri. What a proud group to be a part of!

I was truly humbled, honored and proud to have taken the oath to become your President of the Society of the Fifth Division at our reunion, in Providence, Rhode Island. It was a very moving and memorable moment in time when Bob Duley, placed the President’s pin on my coat lapel. FYI, he was my lieutenant in Vietnam when we served in that God forsaken place known as Charlie 2. Also, I was very proud to introduce my lovely wife, Jeanne and your First Lade of the Society of the Fifth Division. I gave her credit for urging me to attend my first reunion held in St. Louis, Missouri where I got hooked and now plan on coming as long as I am able.

Jeanne and I had a great time after the banquet on Sunday night as we talked to old met new friends. Life was great but as the old saying goes, “If you want to make God laugh, just tell him what you plan on doing.” We began to head back to our home in Iowa about mid-morning the next day when Jeanne felt something was not right. When she looked in a mirror, she noticed that her smile was off and her right lip was drooping. We decided to call 911 and they had an ambulance meet us at an exit along interstate 90 in New York. We told the young EMT that we thought Jeanne may be having a stroke. He ran her through some quick tests and said, “I’m not sure what is going on with you right now, but I do know you are not having a stroke.” He told us to see our doctor in Iowa as soon as we got back.

On Thursday, September 16th, we met with her doctor. After some similar tests, he ordered a CT scan which indicated there was something on the front left side of her brain. On September 18th, an MRI was done in the morning and by 6:00pm, we had gotten the word that it looked like a tumor. We met with neurosurgeon on the 21st in Des Moines. After reviewing her scan, he referred us to a doctor at the Mayo Clinic because of the location of the “tumor”. He also told us he thought that it looked more malignant than benign. This was not the news that we wanted to hear.

I felt they put us in the fast lane, because by Thursday we were headed to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, MN, for a consultation with the neurosurgeon, Dr. Parney. When he looked at the MRI results, he thought it was a little different and felt like it could be an abscess rather than a tumor. On Monday, September 27th, Jeanne had another MRI and there was more evidence that it was an abscess and that was the way they approached it.

It was a successful surgery and another MRI had provided proof all the abscess had been removed. However, this abscess has caused some damage with some function loss of the right hand, her speech and cognitive thinking. With that said, she started rehabilitation with speech, physical and occupational therapy at Mayo and then we traveled to Centerpoint Medical Center in Independence, MO, for a week of intense therapy. After three weeks away from home, we returned on October 14th. She will continue to participate in therapy at home and two days a week at a nearby hospital. I have been trained on how to administer IV antibiotics three times a day, hopefully only until November 22nd.

Here is the story within this story, this abscess that began to grow in her brain started from what Jeanne calls, a “Damn dog-bite”, that she received from a dog attack on August 19th, while we were out on our morning walk. They told us that this is a very unusual bacteria and it is the first time they have seen these bacteria come from a dog bite, so they are using her as a case study.

We want to thank you all for your thoughts and prayers in this difficult time. I will be looking forward to a better message for the Red Diamond next time!

God Bless,
Gary Haverman



A Message from the 1st Vice President Hal Roller

Happy Veterans Day

A Message from our 2nd
Vice President
Bud Wagner

Happy Veterans Day



A Message from our Chaplain Ron VanBeek

Christian Message. Genesis Christmas

Text: Lord...I have seen Thy Salvation. Luke 2:30

In the Garden of Eden, after he had sinned, God Graciously revealed His First Christmas, to Adam. For that first Christmas there, God killed and sacrificed a lamb, and then clothed Adam and Eve with its coat. That slain Lamb symbolized and pointed to Jesus Christ, God's Son, Whom He was willing to allow to die on the Cross, so that He could save sinners. In Gen. 3:15, we see God Giving the Promise of that first, Christmas, where God Promised, that His Son, Jesus Christ, would come in the fulness of time. There Adam, was Given to see the meaning and Person of Christmas, Jesus Christ, and to understand the Eternal meaning of this Promise. Though Adam deserved death, for his great covenant sin, He might now say, by Promise, Lord, I have seen Thy Salvation. He said, I have seen the Lamb of God, Jesus Christ, Who is my Salvation. Never the less, it would be nearly 4000 more years, before the Person of Jesus, The God/Man, would actually be born in Bethlehem. For all these years, Christianity, lived upon this Divine Promise, by Faith. That faith was so often relentlessly assaulted by satan, so that it, for thousands of years, appeared only as a dim light, on the distant horizon. Yet, Faith, believed, what was told them that, what God had Promised, would most most certainly come to pass. That Light of Promise appeared so dim, so many times nearly extinguished during those long, difficult, dark years, by counterfeit, and heathen religions. For we know that satan is able to so cunningly disguise himself, that he can appear as an angel of light, even within Christianity. Tragically, All the earth lay in spiritual darkness, during that time, with only the tiny country of Israel, Blessed with the bright spotlight of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Despite these Divine Blessing, Christendom dwindled, as Israel's Christianity, departed from God, 31 times in history. Each time, God destroyed His Corrupt Church, leaving only a small remnant, who continued steadfast in Genesis's Christmas Promise, and remained Faithful, to Him. True Christianity had dwindled down to such a small number, that there was only one women, left of the Tribe of David, from whom this Promised Savior, Jesus, could be born. It was this small Christian remnant, that was on hand to meet, the Baby Jesus. But one is enough for God, and in the fullness of time, The Holy Spirt came upon her, and we see Mary, great with child, Giving Birth, to The Son of God, in Bethlehem's Stable. Even in this, that Miraculous Birth, satan forced it that it had to be in a barn, a stable, for there was no room in the inn, no room in the world, for such poor and despised people, as Mary and Joseph. So low had respect for Christianity sunk in the world, and in people's minds, that His mother had to resort to put Him in a animal feeding trough, to there lay the most precious child, ever born on earth. However, nearby, at Bethlehem, a small, isolated, remnant of Christian Shepards, rejoiced, when the host of singing angels, suddenly appeared and announced the Birth of Jesus, and that He lay in a manger nearby. The Shepards rushed to Bethlehems stable, to worship Jesus. There lay their Savior, who had been Promised 4000 years earlier. He had come; according to God's Genesis Promise. And 8 days later, when Mary and Joseph travel to the Temple to circumcise Jesus, there we see another remnant of Christians. It was made up of old Simeon, and widow Anna, waiting there to meet the King of Kings, the long awaited Messiah, according to God's Genesis Promise. In the Temple, Old Simeon took up the Baby Jesus in his withered old arms, and uttered the precious words of Christmas. Lord, I have seen Thy Salvation. Simeon saw in the Baby Jesus, Whom he held; God's Eternal Plan for Salvation for all sinners in the world. He saw by faith, that God would use The Blood and Sacrifice of this Christ, to cleanse all sinners. Now, Obviously, we can not hold the Baby Jesus in our arms today; but when we hold the Bible, the Word of God in our hands, by Grace we can see Jesus, shining between His Words. Is He; your Salvation.



A Message from the Editor Dave Kocan

God Bless the Veterans and their families, Amen.

The cover is from my best friend and brother Joe Piechoinski that he did on the Piechocinski Family Farm in Ewing, Mo. Thanks Joe.

Are times changing or are we getting old. Is it time to change the format of our reunions?? A lot of the organizations that I belong to have cut back of the formality and time of reunions. I noticed that I was not only family leaving on Sunday. Is it time to re-think our procedure or do we stay with the rotary phone?

The following pages will be pictures of the 100th Anniversary. I selected and tried to get everyone at least once. I do apologize if I missed anyone. The balance of the pictures is on our website. When submitting pictures in the future please make sure you identify the people. This makes it easier on us who have trouble remembering names.

A round of applause for Lou Pepi and his family, for the great job they did for us all in wonderful Rhode Island. Thanks Lou

Good Luck and thoughts and prayers to Gary and Jeanne Haverman. We all wish you the best during this time and may Jeanne heal quickly. Gary I know that playing nurse and organizing the coming reunion is not easy, please ask for help if there is anything that I can do. God Bless.















Installment #1

A Day in Hell on the DMZ—May 21, 1971

Starting with this issue, I am going to preview parts of my latest manuscript—A Day in Hell on the DMZ (The Rocket Attack on Firebase Charlie 2 in Vietnam—May 21, 1971) in this newsletter. Many will recognize the names of your comrades and the places—such as Ambush Alley, Dizzy's place, the Punch Bowl, Camp J J Carroll, LZ Stud, Vandergrift, Ca Lu, Khe Sahn Razorback, Co Roc Mountain, The Rockpile, Eagles Nest, Red Devil Road, Ca Lu, Lao Bao and many others.

I initially focus on the months in late 1970 and early 1971 that lead up to and the mission in operations Dewey Canyon 2 and Lam Son 719 through several units. The first is Alpha Company, 1st of the 61st Infantry and the story is told through the eyes of A Company platoon leaders, NCOs and troopers, including the writings and memoirs of Captain Robert Dean, their company commander.

I also focus on C Battery of the 5th of the 4th Artillery and the remote emplacements up and down Ambush Alley on the Laotian border during the above mentioned operations. They are told through their Fire Direction Officer, then Lieutenant Robert Dudley, and several of his battery crewmen.

The third focus is on Alpha Company, of the 7th Engineers, through their commanding officer, then Captain George Shoener and his second platoon leader Lieutenant Robert Sokoloski and their building of two pioneer roads and tank trails, sometimes under enemy fire—Red Devil Road and Red Devil Lane in mountainous country with many stream crossings north of Khe Sahn and QL-9. These roads were to act as alternative routes should Route 9 have been cut by NVA forces. This portion of the book also highlights the work of Sp4 Steven Warner, a news correspondent with the U S Army Information Service attached to Sokoloski's second platoon—Vietnam's answer to Ernie Pyle. He was killed by NVA RPG fire during the road construction. His writings during his tour are extensive and unique.

The book culminates with the Rocket Attack in May, where 30 were killed and 33 or more were buried to varying extents. It is told in the words of those that helped with the search and rescue as well as those that were buried in the rubble of the bunker. Finally, there is the retiring of the brigade colors upon the 5th leaving Vietnam.

There will be more to come on these individual subjects in future issues, but this month I include the Introduction of the book as a starting point. It highlights two special men—one an enlisted man who died from injuries in the bunker and the other—who left Vietnam by Dustoff a second time in as many tours. Please forgive proofing errors as that is in process right now by the publisher. This is the raw manuscript. LP



Introduction

It has been a long journey that has brought me to the writing of my second book on the Vietnam experience—first hand and through the memories of my brothers in arms. It started back in 1968 with my decision to take a one-year hiatus from my higher education at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. It was late December of 1968 and everyone tried to talk me out of it—Dr. Plumb, Dean Brown, Dean Van Der Vees—and of course, my dad. I would not listen, and within a month, I received a draft notice. It was before the draft lottery and I always wondered how I was picked so soon. Coincidentally, one of our neighbors served on the local draft board of our town. He will remain unnamed. This man, most certainly put me at the head of the list after hearing by word of mouth that I withdrew from college a few days earlier. I received my draft notice not long after.

But, without realizing it—this man helped me conquer every adversity in my life going forward, because he put me alongside some of the bravest and most caring men I have ever known—men who would be role models for me for the rest of my life. Thank you, sir, for putting me in the company of these men. Their lasting memory have given me resolve to fight alcoholism, drug abuse and the throes of PTSD—and every other adversity in my life. He unknowingly, was a catalyst for me that toughened my resolve and inner strength by setting off an aggression in me that helped me survive vicious bloody battles and heartbreaking friendly fire incidents in Vietnam. Thank you again for unwittingly giving me the life that I have had. I would not trade it for anything. Thank you for the men I have met who are now my brothers.

Some of these brothers, I have known personally—others I have known through the memories of others. Here are two of them—the first that I met through the memories of his brothers in arms, and the second that I met personally at a military reunion.

The Universal Soldier—JC Summerlin

JC Summerlin was born on August 1, 1950. If one could quantify his short life, he was he was an average American in transition from youth to adult life in 1970. You could say he was the universal soldier and he fit all the standard criteria.

He is five feet two, and he's six feet four
 He fights with missiles and with spears
 He is all of thirty-one, and he's only seventeen
 He's been a soldier for a thousand years

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an atheist, a Jain
 A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew
 And he knows, he shouldn't kill
 And he knows he always will (Sainte-Marie, 1964)

He was raised in a very small unincorporated community called Wallace, in Alabama. It is located on the west side of Little Escambia Creek. Wallace is within a Grid Square of where most all of that wing of his family had lived since before the Civil War. He was the fifth of six children in his family (4 boys and 2 girls). All throughout his youth his Aunt Ruthie said that he suffered from constant severe pain in both of his legs. The cause was never known, his mother had to rub alcohol on his legs almost daily during his childhood. It seems to have not carried over into his adult life and he never mentioned this pain to the guys that served with him in Vietnam. He graduated from Flomaton High School, approximately fourteen miles south of Wallace and eleven miles northwest of Brewton, Alabama. He graduated from Flomaton in 1968 and he played on the football team. His father, Leonard Summerlin, drove heavy equipment for the Escambia County Public Works Department. His mother Ruthie, did not work outside the home, having plenty to do as she raised six children.

At the time JC was drafted on April 10, 1970—his lottery number was 111—while he was attending the University of South Alabama in Mobile, Alabama. He could have taken a deferment, but he did not. He was also dating at the time he was drafted, but never married. As is depicted on his headstone, fishing was a big part of his childhood and his formative years. His only remaining sister, Janice Boutwell, told family member Troy Smith, that when he was about to board the plane at the airport in Mobile to leave for Vietnam, he told her “You’ll never see me again”. That was the last thing he ever said to her. His given name—JC—are not initials and do not stand for anything in particular. JC was born prematurely and it kind of caught everyone by surprise. At the hospital, his father Leonard was asked what name they wanted on the birth certificate and he came up with JC on the spot.

On the afternoon of May 21, 1971, JC was in a recreational bunker for enlisted men, which was the only place in northernmost South Vietnam where you could get cold beer and soda. He was with two of his best friends, Joe Gayoso and Bruce “Boston” Walmsley. JC told Boston and Gayoso that he had just received a letter from a former third platoon member—Ace Hollywood—who had recently rotated back home to California. As they raised their beers to finish them, a 122 Rocket with a time delayed fuse hit the roof of the bunker. All three were injured and buried in the rubble. Boston survived and the other two did not. They were all just twenty years old.

A Born Leader of Men—Robert Dean

Let me describe my first, and only, meeting with Robert Dean—one of the central characters of this my latest narrative. I first met him in 2014 at the Nashville reunion. His men still addressed him as Captain Dean. He was a man of nearly seventy then, but still had the glint of youth in his eyes, as you would see in some older man, still appearing fit and in the prime of his life. He was a true warrior and patriot—and the archetype of what that should be. You could tell that he was a man who was cool under fire, who could always come up with the correct decision. He had that look. I was introduced to him as a fellow Alpha Company trooper who was in that unit prior to his command and instantly, he made me feel a part of the contingent of Alpha Company men that seemed to be with him all weekend. He was told that I was writing a book. He had a genuine interest in my writings and I remember distinctly his words of encouragement. Several years later, those words helped me continue at times when I couldn’t find a publisher that would take on a first-time writer.

Dean was beloved by his men as all have told me. His record shows that he always made the sound decision, neither too early or too late; he kept his composure in battle, disciplined when he had to, but gave slack when it was warranted.

Dean passed away in 2018 and I feel honored to have been a part of the Ceremony of the Rose as part of his flag folding detail before the members and their families of the Society of the Fifth Division in San Diego, in September of 2019. I hope also to honor this Alpha Company commander in some small way with this book and, although my simple words will surely fail to express the sum total of this man, I will defer to the famous piece of wisdom below that describes Captain Robert Dean to a tee.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise

Or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;

Then yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man (Kipling)
Copywrite Louis A Pepi 2021

10 Warning Signs of Alzheimer's



Memory often changes as people grow older. Some people notice changes in themselves before anyone else does. For other people, friends and family are the first to see changes in memory, behavior, or abilities. Memory loss that disrupts daily life is not a typical part of aging. People with one or more of these 10 warning signs should see a doctor to find the cause. Early diagnosis gives them a chance to seek treatment and plan for the future.

- 1 **Memory loss that disrupts daily life:** forgetting events, repeating yourself or frequently relying on more aids to help you remember (like sticky notes or reminders).
- 2 **Challenges in planning or solving problems:** having trouble paying bills or cooking recipes you have used for years.
- 3 **Difficulty completing familiar tasks at home, at work, or at leisure:** having problems with cooking, driving places, using a cell phone, or shopping.
- 4 **Confusion with time or place:** having trouble understanding an event that is happening later, or losing track of dates.
- 5 **Trouble understanding visual images and spatial relations:** having more difficulty with balance or judging distance, tripping over things at home, or spilling or dropping things more often.
- 6 **New problems with words in speaking or writing:** having trouble following or joining a conversation or struggling to find a word you are looking for (saying "that thing on your wrist that tells time" instead of "watch").
- 7 **Misplacing things and losing the ability to retrace steps:** placing car keys in the washer or dryer or not being able to retrace steps to find something.
- 8 **Decreased or poor judgment:** being a victim of a scam, not managing money well, paying less attention to hygiene, or having trouble taking care of a pet.
- 9 **Withdrawal from work or social activities:** not wanting to go to church or other activities as you usually do, not being able to follow football games or keep up with what's happening.
- 10 **Changes in mood and personality:** getting easily upset in common situations or being fearful or suspicious.

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) and the Alzheimer's Association have created the Healthy Brain Initiative's (HBI) *State and Local Public Health Partnerships to Address Dementia: The 2018-2023 Road Map*.

It is designed to focus the public health response to growing and future impacts of Alzheimer's and other dementias. With 25 actions, public health leaders can promote brain health, better care for people with cognitive impairment, and increase attention to caregivers.



alz.org/publichealth
cdc.gov/aging

Hello all,

This is the first time I have turned on my computer since the reunion. I have been up in Maine, since Saturday running in the woods with Trooper my new Shepherd pup, re-blazing the property lines of my 100-acre wood lot & assessing the timber. As they say, "The sap is running freely". I've hiked the nearly 11000 feet of boundary with a backpack full lunch(for trooper and I), fresh water, nippers, bucksaw, a spray gun and three quarts of orange marking paint. Oh—and carrying a Stihl Rancher chainsaw & a gallon of gas. Tired at night ,but a good feeling.

It looks like many areas are ready for select cutting this winter. I've been picking apples from my orchard for canned-applesauce and frozen pies. Pat & Gretchen are on the way up with all the paraphernalia for that. I'm going out lobstering near Hog Island with my neighbor tomorrow. I've sighted in several of my rifles & my cross-bow in preparation for deer season. Lots of buck sign in the woods. I re-painted the walls of my game room. My life has been on hold—but not anymore. Life is good.

Speaking now as a private citizen, thank you all for the immense help with putting together our recent reunion in Providence, Rhode Island—even if it was just a calm word to talk me off the ledge as the pressure built the last six weeks. I know that I may have called some of you ad nauseum the final month before D-Day and H-Hour. You know who you are—the old hands at this—Bob, Hal, Phil, George, Dennis and Ron. And Scott!!!

Also, thank you Roger & Anita for help in the hospitality room.

I don't have an email for Vern, but he and Wayne stepped up as well as Vern's daughter & son-in-law with the 50/50 raffle. Pass this on if you have an email for them.

Thank you Karyn et al for your help with the silent auction. I hear we took in the neighborhood of \$2000.

And finally, Gary—I know you have your plate full right now with Jeanne's health—but anything that I can do to help you with meetings and zoom, just let me know.

That's it for now. My corned beef hash is almost done. Bonne Appetit!

Regards,

Past president Lou Pepi.....That has a good ring.



HIDE CAPTION –

1 / 3

Col. Wes Morrison, commander of the North Carolina National Guard's 30th Armored Brigade Combat Team, presents folded flags to the family of 1st Lt. James E. Wright, during a graveside service in his honor at the Oakdale Cemetery in Lumber Bridge, North Carolina on Oct. 12, 2021. Wright, who had served with the NCNG's 120th Infantry Regiment and grew up in Lumber Bridge, was killed in action in the vicinity of Dornot, France on Sept. 10, 1944. Wright was previously listed as missing in action until recently when his remains were identified through DNA testing. (U.S. Army Photo by Sgt. 1st Class Mary Junell) *(Photo Credit: Sgt. 1st Class Mary Junell)*

[VIEW ORIGINAL](#)

RALEIGH, N.C. — On the morning of Sept. 8, 1944, Soldiers with the 5th Infantry Division were ordered to cross the Moselle River and take up a position in the woods.

After heavy losses, the men retreated across the river two days later, though some stayed behind to search for wounded or missing Soldiers before crossing again.

1st Lt. James E. Wright was one of the men who stayed behind. Having already taken a boat to the German-occupied side of the river and rescuing three wounded Soldiers, he went back across the river, in the vicinity of Dornot, France, and was never seen again.

His niece, Diane Merkt, who was one year old when Wright went missing, said the family never gave up hope that her uncle would return home.

“His mother always used to say that she knew she would be working out in the yard, the house is right over there, and she’d look up and see him walking up the drive from the Highway,” Markt said. “She never stopped hoping that, and now he’s going to be right here with her.”

Merkt was sitting in the Oakdale Cemetery in Lumber Bridge, North Carolina, on Oct. 12, 2021, 77 years after Wright went missing, and pointed across the neighboring field to where the family’s home still stood.

Wright did come up the drive from the highway, only not walking as his mother had hoped. Instead, his remains were carried on a horse-drawn funeral caisson, casket draped in an American flag, with a procession of family, community members and North Carolina National Guard Soldiers and Airmen following behind.

In July, a few months before Wright’s funeral, his family received the call that his remains had been positively identified.

“To get the call after 77 years of knowing your family member was missing and of course pronounced dead; chills,” said U.S. Air Force Staff Sgt. Sidney Brookman, a K-9 handler with the 20th Security Forces Squadron and Wright’s great-grandniece. “My grandmother called me at about 9:30 at night and was saying ‘the craziest thing just happened, you’ll never guess, they identified your uncle Wright.’”

Brookman served as the escort for Wright’s remains from the facility in Colorado where they were identified, all the way home, where he was buried.

“It’s very rare that a relative actually escorts a family member home,” Brookman said. “For me to be able to be chosen to do that, my great grandmother asked for me to be the escort; for her to put the trust in me is an honor.”

Wright’s family was not alone in waiting so long to have a family member returned home. According to the Defense POW/MIA Accounting Agency, more than 70,000 Americans remain unaccounted for from WWII.

Brookman said she hopes others who are still missing family members will see her great-granduncle’s story and know that there is still hope their remains will return home.

Wright, who received a Silver Star, Bronze Star, and Purple Heart, was described by his family as a handsome man who was kind, wanted to help others and cared about his community.

Although he was transferred to the 5th Inf. Div. in 1942, his military service started in the neighboring town of Parkton, N.C., where he was a member of L Co., 120th Infantry Regiment, a unit that is part of the lineage of today’s 1st Battalion, 120th Inf. Reg., 30th Armored Brigade Combat Team (ABCT), North Carolina National Guard (NCNG).



HIDE CAPTION –

1 / 4

Family, friends, and community members gather to honor 1st Lt. James E. Wright at the Lumber Bridge Baptist Church in Lumber Bridge, North Carolina on Oct. 12, 2021. Wright, who had served with the NCNG’s 120th Infantry Regiment and grew up in Lumber Bridge, was killed in action in the vicinity of Dornot, France on Sept. 10, 1944. Wright was previously listed as missing in action until recently when his remains were identified through DNA testing. (U.S. Army Photo by Sgt. 1st Class Mary Junell) (Photo Credit: Sgt. 1st Class Mary Junell)

Col. Wes Morrison, commander of the 30th ABCT, saw this as the N.C. Guard bringing home one of their own.

“When the army says leave no comrade behind, this is really what it means, because they never stop looking for the missing in action,” Morrison said.

Before being identified, Wright was one of the many service members whose name was memorialized on the Walls of the Missing at the Lorraine American Cemetery in St. Avoird, France.

A rosette will be placed next to his name on the wall, signifying that he is no longer missing.

Morrison has traveled to the American cemeteries in Europe many times as part of the 30th Infantry Division association, whose members are WWII and Iraq veterans who served in combat with the 30th.

“I’ve often wondered how those stories came to be and what was the final resolution when those Soldiers came home,” Morrison said. “Now I will know the whole story behind that when I get to see Lt. Wright’s name with a rosette next to it next time I’m in Europe.”

Wright’s sister, Elizabeth Wright Harper, who is now 100 years old, said she was not surprised by his remains coming home; it just took longer than expected.

When Merkt, Harper’s daughter, told her mother the news, she began to cry.

“My mother is not a crier,” Merkt said. “She told me, ‘I’m not crying, you understand, these are tears of joy. He’s finally, really coming home.’”

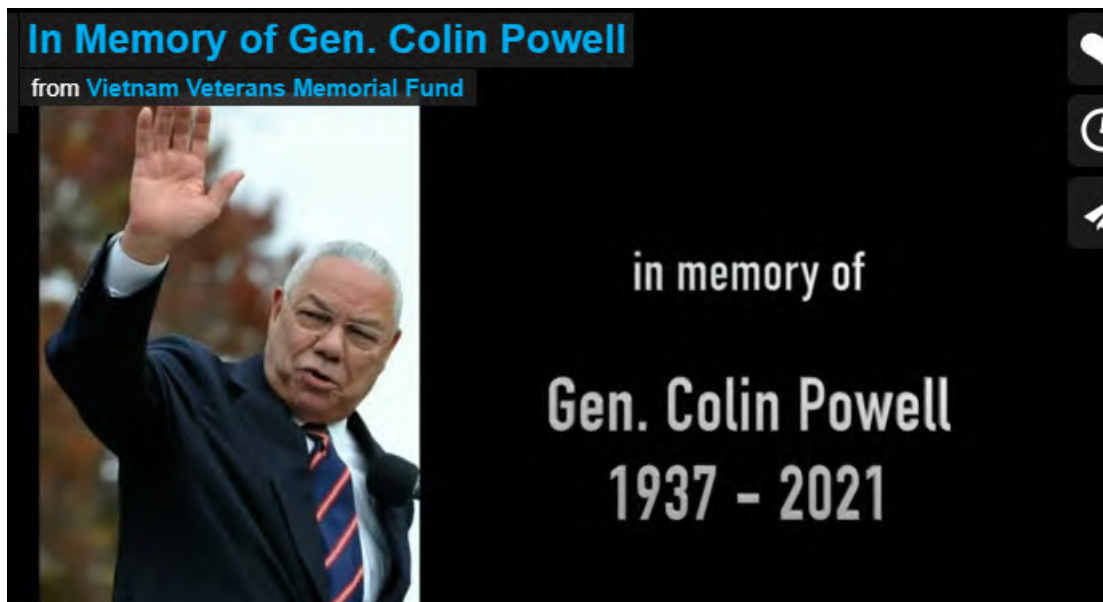
Wright received full honors at his funeral, performed by Soldiers with the NCNG’s Military Funeral Honors, and has laid to rest amongst his family at the Oakdale Cemetery, in Lumber Bridge, N.C., almost in sight of his family home; a war hero returned.



HIDE CAPTION –

1 / 4

A funeral caisson carries the remains of 1st Lt. James E. Wright one mile in a procession from the Lumber Bridge Baptist Church to the Oakdale Cemetery in Lumber Bridge, North Carolina on Oct. 12, 2021. Wright, who had served with the NCNG’s 120th Infantry Regiment and grew up in Lumber Bridge, was killed in action in the vicinity of Dornot, France on Sept. 10, 1944. Wright was previously listed as missing in action until recently when his remains were identified through DNA testing. (U.S. Army Photo by Sgt. 1st Class Mary Junell) *(Photo Credit: Sgt. 1st Class Mary Junell)*



“On behalf of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund, we express our sadness and profound sense of loss at the passing of General Colin Powell. Our condolences go out to his family.

General Powell is one of our country's most well-known Vietnam veterans. He was a friend and steadfast supporter of our mission to honor the service and sacrifice of all Vietnam veterans. He spoke at The Wall many times, and always made time to say hello to his fellow veterans who held him in such high esteem. Privately, he was an advisor to VVMF's leadership and gave freely of his time and expertise.

Many sought out his opinion due in large part to his unwavering sense of service to our country, his wisdom, his character, and his strong leadership.

Personally, as a Desert Storm veteran, I always admired General Powell as “my” Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It was clear that the guidance he gave to President Bush going into that war was tempered by his experience in Vietnam. On the ground, we were confident he was balancing the mission with the well-being of our troops, and we were proud to serve under him. Getting to work with him directly through the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund was a privilege and an honor. He will be missed by all those fortunate enough to have known him.”

Jim Knotts

Homecoming

By Marty Ford

My Dad, my Brother, and our Uncles served in the Military most during World War II. Dad went on to work for the US Army, retiring in 1979 as Civilian Commander of The Frankford Arsenal in Philadelphia. I served in the USAF from 1969-1973.

We all served with pride, grace, and dignity.

When the troops came back to The USA after WWII, they returned to a warm, inviting, and welcoming population and deservedly so.

Things were different in 1973.

Leaving Okinawa, I was in a plane filled with GIs all going to Travis AFB, most of us for separation purposes.

Once the paperwork was complete, I scheduled a flight from Travis to Philadelphia, PA, non-stop, affectionately named "The Red Eye."

The plane left Travis around 10 PM arriving in Philadelphia around 6 AM.

I was in summer uniform, with no coat, jacket, or other warming gear. I gathered my "stuff," duffle bag, overnight bag, garment bag, and paperwork. I then proceed to exit the Philadelphia Airport.

Schlepping all my "stuff," I took a taxi, subway, and bus to Dad's office at The Frankford Arsenal. I was warmly welcomed at the Main Gate. The staff on duty phoned Dad's office, where the office administrator, Mary, answered the call from the Main Gate.

I had known Mary for many years, since, as a kid visiting Dad at work and also using the on base swimming pool with Mom and my Brother was part of our summer routine. Ride the bus, transfer to a second bus and arrive at the main gate. Mary always had candy of some kind in a dish which she always invited us to eat. "You don't have to tell the Ford Boys more than once," is what Mom told Mary.

The Main Gate staff asked Mary if Dad was in his office, to which she replied, "Yes." I could hear Mary talking and crying.

An Army Jeep arrived at the Main Gate. Leaving all my 'stuff' in the Main Gate, I got in the Army Jeep for the ride to Dad's office, which was in the Headquarters

Building. Upon arrival, I got out, ran the steps, entered the HQ Building, climbed more steps, turned the corner, and saw Mary and several others crying, covering their mouths and faces so as not to make noise. With a big smile on my face, I put two fingers on my lips as if to say, "SHHHHHH."

I turned another corner, and the door was open. I showed my face and said, DAD!!! Dad looked up, dropped his pen, which I still have, on his desk, and said, "My Son." We approached each other, shook hands, and hugged. Dad's first question was, "Did you eat breakfast?" I said, "No." We walked to the mess hall, where Dad knew everyone, and sat at a table filled with Veterans, acknowledged each other, ate some food, and I heard my first "Welcome Home."

When I was riding in the taxi, subway and bus, nobody said anything to me. Most closed their eyes and faked sleep or hid behind the newspapers read every day during the commute to work and back home on public transportation. No eye contact was made. No comments. No gestures. Nothing. Being ignored was fine with me since I wasn't looking for anything. I just wanted to see and be with my family.

Returning Veterans back then were not as welcomed as is the case today, and for reasons, I respect, understand, and appreciate. We were not among those with good reputations and were all grouped as something less than civil.

Today, Veterans from back then suffer and struggle with illnesses, physical and mental, that are difficult to prove based on the lack of paperwork and no trust in a Veterans' word. I battle arthritis in my ankles and knees, which I can attribute to my time in the Military though I do so quietly. Yes, I cope, manage and tolerate the silent threat that comes with PTSD, again for which I have no "proof."

No parades for us, nor did I want one. As were many of my contemporaries, I am not much of a look at me, look at me, type guy. Today parades abound in style, fashion, and vogue. The screens are filled with "onions," showing returning Veterans arriving, unannounced to their kids at school. The guys I knew just wanted to serve, go back to the world and get on with their lives and families.

Dad reached in his pocket and tossed me his car keys. "Now go home and surprise Mother," Dad said. I don't remember the drive to our home, but I parked the car in

front of our home when I got there. No horn honking, which would spoil the surprise. I walked to the front door, rang the bell, rang the bell again, then knocked on the door. Mom's not home. She's probably volunteering at the school or on her daily walk to the stores to buy tonight's dinner and perhaps a doughnut for herself from Mrs. Feldman's Bakery.

I anxiously began pacing the sidewalk awaiting Mom's return home. A neighbor saw me. He came out, welcomed me home, and asked if he could do anything for me. I said, "Can I call my Brother"? Of course, the neighbor said. I called my brother, who lived about two miles from our home. Coincidentally, luckily or spiritually, my brother was home waiting to go to work in the afternoon.

I asked my brother if he could come to our home. He said, "Why." I said, "cause I'm here"!!! My brother said, "I knew it, I knew it. I knew you would come home without telling anyone. I'm on my way".

My brother arrived at our home within a few minutes. He said, "You crazy SOB come here"? We hugged and hugged some more.

We got into his car and drove to the stores where we knew we would find Mom. Nothing. Not at the bakery, butcher, 5 and 10, dress shop, ACME, pharmacy. Nowhere. Where was Mom?

My brother drove us back to our home with me being on the street side of his car. Mom was at the door, looking out, and I know she was wondering why Dad's car was home so early in the workday. I got out of the car and walked towards the front door. Mom didn't recognize me from a distance, but as I got closer, she saw it was me and soon began to shake, tremble, and cry. She opened the door, I entered our home, and we hugged for an hour, or it seemed like an hour before we separated, and Mom said, "I knew it, I knew it. I knew you would do this".

My reply to Dad, Mom, and Brother was, "How many chances will I have to do this again." So I did it.

They all understood and were happy to have me home.

By the way, you may be wondering how I missed finding Mom. Easy answer. She stopped by a neighbor's home to chat, that's what we once did in our country, and part of their discussion was, "so when is Marty coming home"? Mom had no answer until I gave her one.

That night several relatives and neighbors came by our home for a visit. As was the custom in our neighborhood and community, one never went to a home, especially on a happy occasion, without a white box filled with sweet treats from Mrs. Feldman's Bakery.

Our home, filled with familiar and welcoming faces along with the contents of the little white bakery boxes, was all I needed to make me feel HOME.

Two days later, I started work as a laborer for my brother's high school friend, who had a small floor covering business and needed a pair of hands. That work and The GI Bill are how I paid for college.

No parades. No ceremonies. No Onions. Different times justify different results. All of which I am okay with. No regrets. No feeling left out or overlooked. No feeling of exclusion. All these things are fleeting and temporary. Family and home are permanent and of value far beyond anything such as a parade, signs, banners, and anything deemed stylish, trendy, and a rating booster.

Some might say it is never too late to thank, appreciate, celebrate and observe. I agree. However, I say it's time to move on, learning from the past, living in the present, and preparing for the future.

I hope you enjoy reading my story and, perhaps for a few, a tear or two slid down your cheek. ♥

Be well, my friends.

Respectfully,

Marty Ford

Parade Picks

In Honor of VETERANS DAY

This Nov. 11, check out these military-member-focused nonprofits and organizations founded by veterans, celebs and more. —Megan O'Neill Melle



1



2



3

Former U.S. Marines Ray Smith and Sam Meek know that mail delivers smiles, so they founded **SANDBOXX**, a mobile app that turns your typed letter into physical mail and ships it directly to basic training or military bases around the world. \$4, sandboxx.us

"No mind left behind" is the mission of **HEADSTRONG**, a free mental health service provider for veterans and families, co-founded by former Marine Corps officer Zach Iscol (who also created veteran-focused job-matching site **HIREPURPOSE**). getheadstrong.org, hirepurpose.com

What happens when three vets and an admissions expert start a biz? **SERVICE TO SCHOOL** offers test and interview prep, résumé and transcript reviews, networking and more to help vets get into colleges and grad schools. service2school.org

1 Former NFL official and Fox Sports analyst **Mike Pereira** is encouraging veterans to join a new team—the officiating crew. He founded **BATTLEFIELDS TO BALLFIELDS** to help former military members become sports officials. battlefields2ballfields.org

2 Grammy-winning country musician **Zac Brown** welcomes vets to his Georgia-based **CAMP SOUTHERN GROUND**, which features free workforce and wellness programs (Warrior Week and Warrior PATHH) that help post-9/11 military members transition to civilian life. campsouthernground.org

3 Known for playing Lieutenant Dan in *Forrest Gump*, **Gary Sinise** entertains troops with the Lt. Dan Band and raised more than \$194 million between 2011 and 2019 through his (highly rated) veteran charity, the **GARY SINISE FOUNDATION**. Recently, the org expanded to provide cognitive health support. garysinisefoundation.org

Visit Parade.com/vets for 25 stars you may not know served in the military.



VFW PRIORITY GOALS FOR 2021 WHERE VFW STANDS ON THE ISSUES

Listed below are VFW's official positions on issues impacting veterans, service members and their families, as well as national defense and homeland security. They are based on national convention resolutions and rated as priorities by direct feedback from VFW members.

BUDGET

To fully fund programs for veterans, service members and their families, Congress must:

- Reform the dysfunctional federal budget process.
- Authorize VA to receive reimbursements from TRICARE and Medicare.
- Properly fund the POW/MIA full accounting mission.
- Never reduce one veteran's benefits to pay for another.

HEALTH CARE

To ensure service members and veterans receive timely access to high-quality health care without increasing cost shares, Congress, VA and the Department of Defense must:

- Reduce the number of service members and veterans who die by suicide.
- Preserve the integrity of TRICARE.
- Properly implement VA and DOD health IT systems.
- Strengthen care and research for mental health and traumatic brain injury (TBI).
- Improve programs and services for women and minority veterans.
- Research and effectively treat health conditions associated with toxic exposures.
- Eliminate copayment requirements for preventive health care, including medications.
- Research the efficacy of medical cannabis.
- Expand telehealth services.
- Expand nursing home eligibility, and long-term care options.

DISABILITY ASSISTANCE AND MEMORIAL AFFAIRS

To ensure veterans and their survivors have timely access to earned benefits, Congress and VA must:

- Properly implement the modernized appeals process.
- Consider treatment of presumptive conditions as a claim for disability compensation.
- Extend Persian Gulf War disability compensation eligibility beyond 2021 and to Afghanistan-theater veterans, and reform the relevant Disability Benefits Questionnaire.
- Establish presumptive disability compensation benefits for hearing loss, tinnitus, TBI, blast survivors and for health conditions associated with toxic exposures.
- Require VA to accept private medical evidence in lieu of VA examinations.
- Increase burial allowances to account for inflation and include spouses' information on all headstones.
- Authorize more than one adaptive automotive grant for disabled veterans.
- Make VA National Service Life Insurance competitive with private health insurance policies.

- Update regulations and laws governing claims to account for digital claims processing.
- Improve accuracy of disability compensation claims related to military sexual trauma.

EDUCATION, EMPLOYMENT AND TRANSITION ASSISTANCE

To ensure veterans succeed after leaving military service, they must have access to:

- Timely and improved transition assistance, including access to programs after they leave military service.
- High-quality and sustainable education benefits.
- Strong employment and training programs.
- Small business development opportunities.
- Civilian credentials or academic credit for military training.
- Hiring preferences in the civil service and with large government contractors.
- National veterans treatment court advocates.
- Education and training in new and expanding career fields.
- Affordable housing and wraparound services to avoid homelessness.
- Improved character of discharge review and appeals procedures.

MILITARY QUALITY OF LIFE

To maintain a quality, comprehensive benefits and retirement package that is the backbone for an all-volunteer force, Congress and DOD must:

- Increase military base pay comparability with private sector wages.
- Protect and improve on-base quality-of-life programs.
- Ensure that military housing is safe and free of toxic substances.
- End the military retirement pay and VA disability compensation offset.
- Eliminate sexual assaults in the military.
- Establish the Armed Forces University.
- Ensure equity of benefits for Reserve component service members.
- Improve stability and support for military families.

NATIONAL SECURITY, FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND POW/MIA

To fully support service members and their mission to fight the war on terrorism, and protect our nation's citizens and interests around the world, Congress and DOD must:

- Expand partnerships with host nations and private/public organizations to achieve the fullest possible accounting of U.S. military personnel missing from all wars.
- Provide the necessary funding of at least five percent of GDP for the readiness, training, modernization, health care and quality-of-life initiatives for the armed forces.
- Preserve the all-volunteer force.

PHOTO BY STAFF SGT. TEDDY WADE/ARMY

VFW REMEMBERS MIAs AT TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER CENTENNIAL

VFW will commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier on Veterans Day. Those who have stood watch at the Tomb dedicate themselves to high standards to guard the unknowns.

BY DAVE SPIVA

On Veterans Day, many will gather at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier to commemorate 100 years of its existence.

VFW Commander-in-Chief Matthew M. “Fritz” Mihelcic will attend this year’s Veterans Day ceremony and place a wreath on the monument at Arlington National Cemetery near Washington, D.C. The VFW’s Chief traditionally participates in the ceremony. VFW has participated in ceremonies at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier dating back to the original interment ceremony on Armistice Day — now known as Veterans Day — in 1921.

During the week of Veterans Day, visitors at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier will be able to place a flower on the Tomb’s monument in remembrance of the unknown troops. Those around the country also are asked to participate by ringing church, fire station and other bells 21 times followed by a two-minute moment of silence at 11 a.m. on Nov. 11. Approved by Congress and President Barack Obama in 2016, the *Veterans Day Moment of Silence Act, P.L. 114-240*, encourages the nationwide observance on Veterans Day.

More than 100 years ago, Congress approved the building of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The monument

was created to represent missing troops and troops killed from World War I, World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam War.

HONORING ALL WHO ARE MISSING

The remains of unidentified troops from each of those wars have been interred at the site since the Tomb was dedicated. However, the remains of the unknown warrior representing the Vietnam War were identified in 1998 as Air Force 1st Lt. Michael Blassie, who was a pilot shot down by enemy troops in 1972. With Blassie’s remains currently at the Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery in St. Louis, Mo., the Vietnam War crypt remains vacant.

Society of the Honor Guard President Gavin McIlvenna, a former Tomb sentinel and life member of VFW Post 605 in Hood River, Ore., said the crypt for the Vietnam War unknown soldier remains empty in honor of the more than 82,000 troops still MIA, which, he said, “underscores the larger purpose of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.” (Read more about the history of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in the March 2021 issue of *VFW* magazine.)

For the centennial, Arlington National Cemetery will hold a ribbon-cutting ceremony for the new Tomb of

LEFT: Army Spc. Jessie Wilkins of 4th Bn., 3rd Inf. Regt., stands guard on May 23 at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery near Washington, D.C. This Veterans Day, VFW will once again participate in a ceremony at the Tomb, a tradition that dates back to the Tomb's founding.

the Unknown Soldier exhibit at the Memorial Amphitheater on Nov. 18. The new exhibit will focus on the evolution of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier through the past century. A second exhibit, which covers the creation of the Tomb, is planned to open later in the year, according to an Arlington National Cemetery press release.

HANDPICKED AND RIGOROUSLY TRAINED

Tomb soldiers who stand guard are "handpicked and rigorously trained." The guards, who are a part of the Army's 3rd Infantry Regiment, known as "The Old Guard," must remain silent during the watch, according to the Society of the Honor Guard. They perform their duty every day of the year regardless of weather conditions.

Since 1958, 680 tomb guards have been awarded a Tomb Guard Identification Badge. The badge, according to the Society of the Guard, is awarded after a tomb sentinel passes tests for the position.

COMMEMORATING THE ORIGINAL UNKNOWN

This year, the Society of the Honor Guard donated a plaque to the Navy, which commemorates the original World War I Unknown. The remains of the soldier were transported from Europe to the U.S. in 1921 by the *USS Olympia (C-6)*.

The plaque will be placed at the landing spot of the *USS Olympia* at the Washington Navy Yard, and a ceremony will be held on Nov. 9, 100 years to the day of the original Unknown's arrival to the United States.

For more information, visit www.tombguard.org.

EMAIL dspiva@vfw.org

PHOTO BY STAFF SGT. TEDDY WADE/ARMY



A soldier of the Army's 4th Bn., 3rd Inf. Regt., adjusts the uniform of Army Sgt. Erik McGuire before a change of guard ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier on May 23 at Arlington National Cemetery near Washington, D.C. Soldiers of "The Old Guard" spend eight hours on average preparing their uniform for the watch.

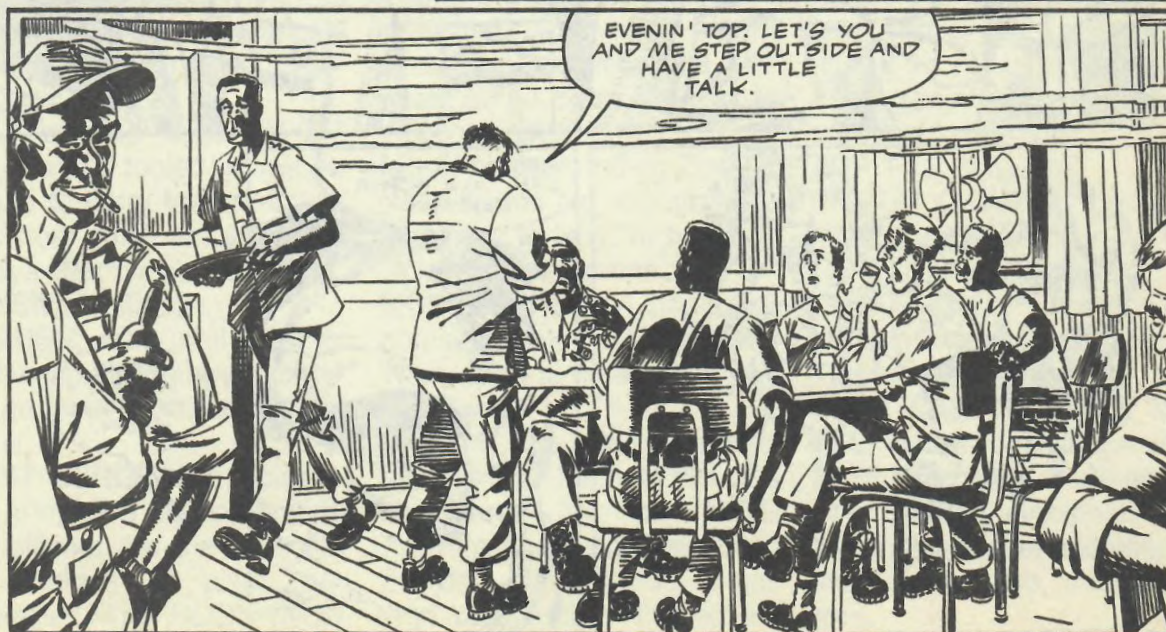
FACTS AND RUMORS ABOUT TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SENTINELS

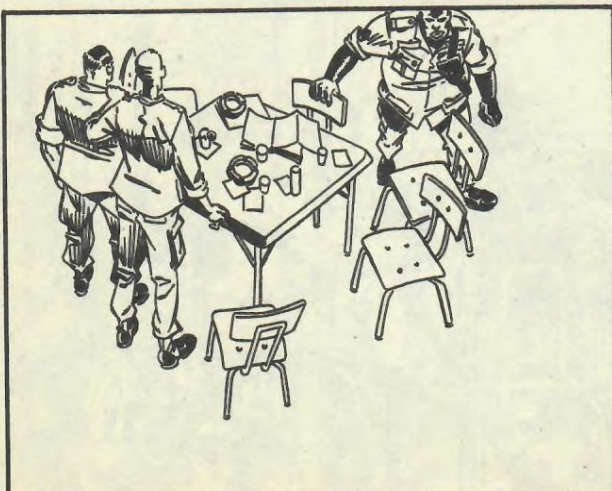
Listed are some facts about the soldiers who have stood watch at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier:

- Army Sgt. Heather Johnson became the first woman to earn a Tomb Guard badge in 1996. Five other women have earned a badge since.
- A sentinel has stood in front of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier every minute since 1937 with no exception.
- The small green shack near the monument, called "the box" by sentinels, is used by guards to "retreat to" while flowers and "Taps" are being presented at the Tomb. The box also has a phone line to the Tomb Guard's quarters.
- Guards are changed every 30 minutes from April 1 to Sept. 30 and every hour from Oct. 1 to March 31.
- Sentinels are allowed to drink alcohol during their tour at the Tomb if they are of legal age and not on duty. It is false that they are not allowed to drink during their tour or after for the rest of their lives.
- Tomb guards carry "fully functional" M14 rifles.
- Soldiers must be at least 5-foot-8-inches tall to be a sentinel.

Rumors have been told about sentinels of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier since they began their duty in 1926. Many are true, but some bizarre claims are not. Here is a list of those rumors and the facts, according to the Society of the Honor Guard:

- Members of the guard stand watch 24/7 every day of the year. Tomb sentinels consider it an honor to guard the tomb during inclement weather, including blizzards, hurricanes and thunderstorms. They do not stand down the watch.
- It has been said that sentinels need to commit two years to guard the Tomb — they don't. In fact, an average tour at the Tomb is 18 months.
- Another false rumor is that Tomb guards are never allowed to curse in public for the rest of their lives. They, indeed, are allowed.







'NAM NOTES

As with any other profession, soldiers have their own private language — a jargon that only seems to make sense to other soldiers. To make things more realistic in THE 'NAM, we will use this jargon wherever possible (some of it is unprintable). Keep in mind that the initial major troop influxes into the 'Nam in 1965–66 were veterans from Japan and Korean stations, thus much of the slang is of Japanese and Korean origin. As time passed, Vietnamese words were picked up and added.

AIT: Advanced Individual Training. The army's equivalent of High School, where troops get the next level of training following basic.

APC: Armored Personnel Carrier, specially tooled vehicle designed to carry troops around safe from small arms fire (not always effectively).

AUSSIE: Australian.

11 BUSH: Army skill code for light weapons infantry. In short, the grunts — frontline foot soldiers.

FIRST SERGEANT: Think of the Army as a big corporation, the officers are the planners, the makers of plans and strategies. The NCO's (NON-

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS) are the line managers, the men who take care of the employees (the troops), making sure they are properly trained, paid, equipped, etc. The First Sergeant, then, is the senior NCO, the man with the most experience and responsibility for the troops. He does most of the administrative work of the company, and is commonly referred to as Top.

HAT-UP: Put on your hat and leave. Also: "Sky-up," "Book-out."

LPC: Leadership Potential Candidate. A short army school following Basic Training where individuals who have shown leadership qualifications are given some extra training to help their development.

LZ: Short for Landing Zone, a cleared area big enough for a helicopter to land, or hover, to pick up or drop troops.

MOS KOSHEE: A Japanese phrase adopted for use in the 'Nam, used to mean right now, right away.

M-16(14): The basic weapon of the infantry. The m-14 rifle was chambered for the NATO 7.62mm round and was used until the middle 1950's. It was then replaced by the lighter,

more versatile M-16 which fired a smaller, 5.56mm round and enabled the grunt to hump more ammo.

R & R: Rest and recreation.

REPO DEPOT: Short for Replacement Depot. A staging area where new troops and other replacements were housed while their records were checked and updated, and needed shots and equipment was issued. The last stop before moving to a frontline unit.

RVN: The Republic of Viet Nam. More specifically, South Viet Nam.

SEATAC: Seattle-Tacoma airport. The closest international airport to Ft. Lewis and connecting point for most troops on their way to the 'Nam.

TOP: First Sergeant.

VICTOR CHARLIE (or sometimes, just CHARLIE): The Viet Cong, in short, the enemy.

"THE WORLD": The good ol' USA, home, the real world to those in the 'Nam.

"YOU CAN TELL IT'S MATTEL": When troops first saw the M-16, which was made primarily of plastic, they jokingly used the phrase Mattel had used as their advertising slogan for toys.

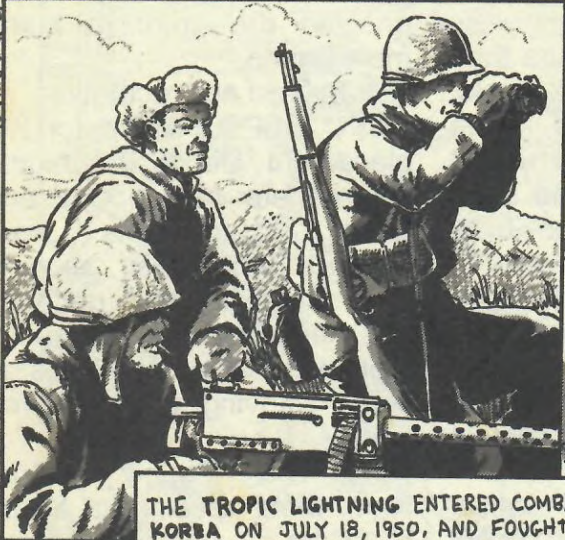


TROPIC LIGHTNING

THE 25TH DIVISION (PARENT UNIT OF THE 'NAM'S 4/23RD) WAS FORMED ON OCT. 1, 1941, AT SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, HAWAII AND SUFFERED CASUALTIES DURING THE PEARL HARBOR ATTACK ON DEC. 7, 1941. THE UNIT RELIEVED THE 1ST MARINE DIVISION ON GUADALCANAL IN DEC. 1942, AND FOUGHT FOR THE NEXT TWO MONTHS TO SECURE THE ISLAND.



IN JULY OF 1943, THE 25TH LANDED ON NEW GEORGIA ISLAND, THEN TOOK VELLA LAVELLA, ARUNDEL, AND KOLOMBANGARA. THE 25TH ENDED THE WAR FIGHTING THE JAPANESE ON THE BIG ISLAND OF LUZON IN THE PHILIPPINES.

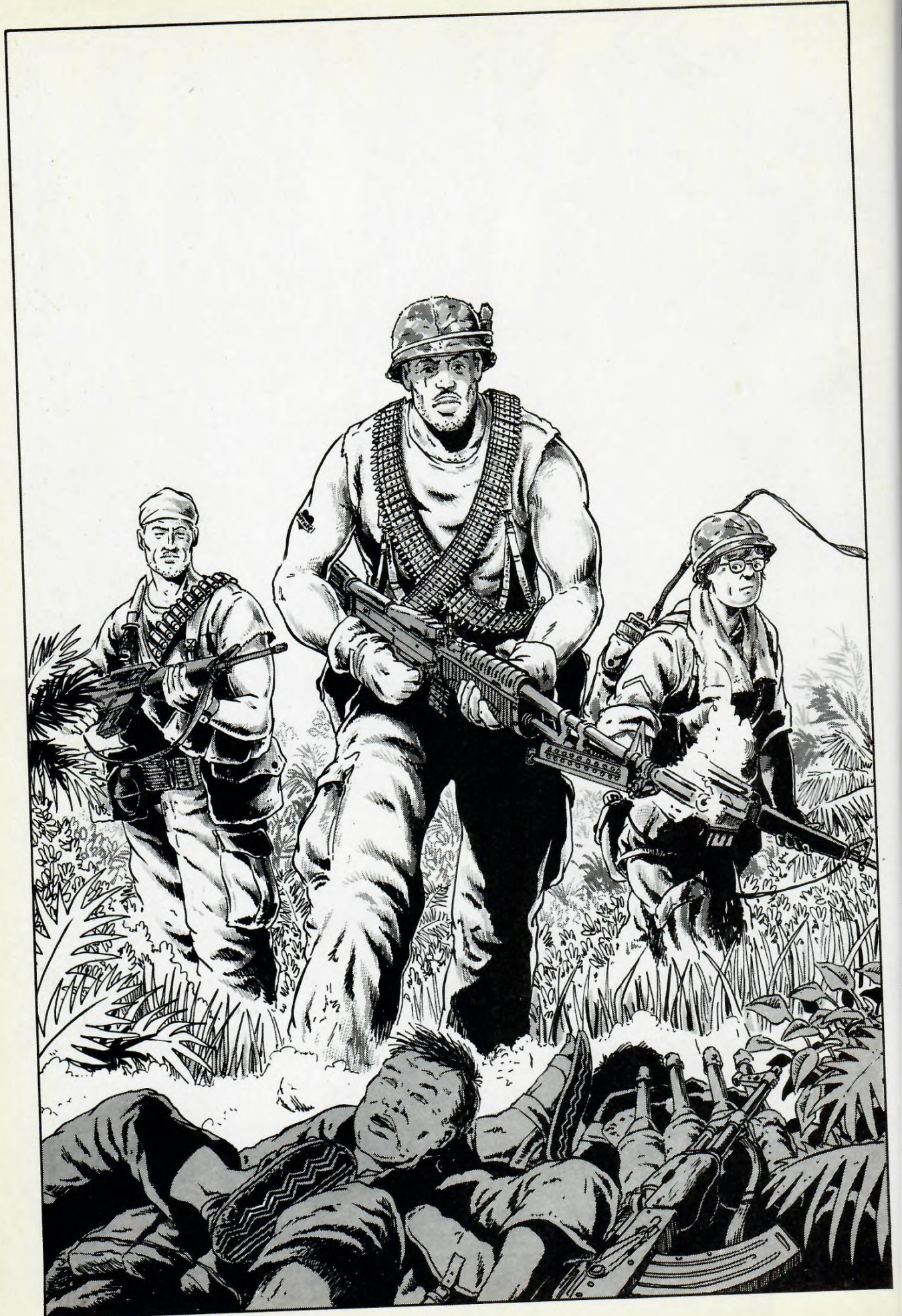


THE TROPIC LIGHTNING ENTERED COMBAT IN KOREA ON JULY 18, 1950, AND FOUGHT THERE UNTIL HOSTILITIES ENDED IN 1953.



THE 25TH ENTERED VIETNAM EARLY IN 1966, AND WAS SENT TO THE III CORPS AREA NEAR THE CAMBODIAN BORDER AND THE SAIGON VICINITY. IN JANUARY, 1967, THE DIVISION PUSHED INTO THE IRON TRIANGLE. NEXT, IT WENT TO WAR ZONE C AS PART OF OPERATION JUNCTION CITY, AND AGAIN INTO THE AREA IN DECEMBER, 1967. DURING THE TET OFFENSIVE, THE 25TH SAW ACTION IN THE SAIGON AREA. THE DIVISION CONTINUED OPERATIONS AROUND CU CHI UNTIL IT TOOK PART IN THE INVASION OF CAMBODIA IN THE SPRING OF 1970. THE BULK OF THE DIVISION WAS WITHDRAWN FROM VIETNAM IN DECEMBER, 1970, AFTER SERVING 1,716 DAYS THERE.

VANGAR 87



Volume 1, Number 2

September, 1988

Stan Lee Presents

THE 'NAM

MAGAZINE

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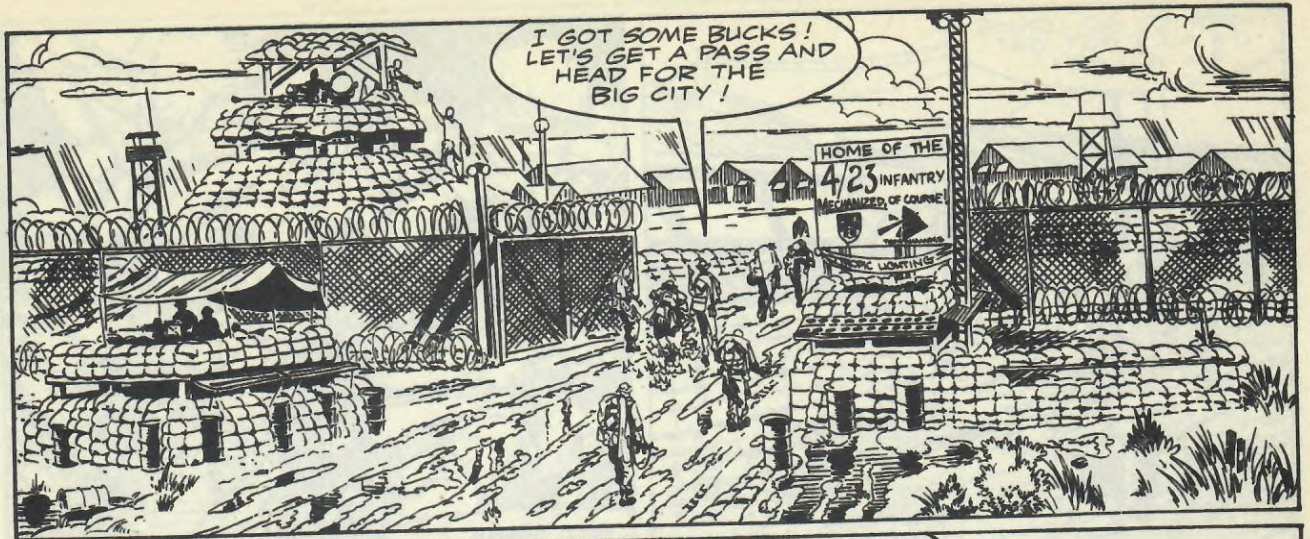
THREE DAYS AND NOTHING! WHAT ARE YOU SO CHIPPER ABOUT?

THREE GOOD DAYS, MAN! I'M SO SHORT I CAN BARELY WAIT!

THAT'S RIGHT-- WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?



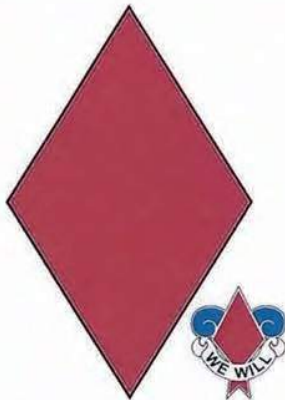
...FIRRRRR: BAY PIRSSS!



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