

Return to the Vietnam War Memorial



ANGRY SKIPPER ASSOCIATION, INC. (ASA)®

Walking Point

The newsletter for D Co. 2/8 Vietnam 1965—1972



We were in D.C. in 2002 and 2007 to honor and remember those whose names are engraved into the granite Wall. We all agreed that we would continue to do this every 4 years. The Association has secured the necessary permits, from the United States Department of the Interior, to conduct our ceremony again.

There are 101 names on the Wall, of members who served with D 2/8th CAV, Vietnam 1965-1972. If you have not been to the Wall to honor those who made the ultimate sacrifice, then this is the time to do it. There is no better time than to pay your respects along side fellow grunts from D 2/8th CAV. The Wall does Heal.

Memorial Statistics:

Each of the walls is 246-feet, 8-inches long. They meet at an angle of 125 degrees, 12 minutes, pointing exactly to the northeast corners of the Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial. The walls are supported along their entire length by 140 concrete pilings driven approximately 35 feet to bedrock.

At their vertex, the walls are 10-feet and 1 1/2-inches in height. The stone for the walls, safety curbs and walkways is black granite quarried near Bangalore, India. All cutting and fabrication was done in Barre, Vermont. The variations in color and texture are a result of different finishing techniques, i.e., polishing, honing, and flame treating.

The inscription on Panel 1 East of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial reads:

IN HONOR OF THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES WHO SERVED IN THE VIETNAM WAR. THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES AND OF THOSE WHO REMAIN MISSING ARE INSCRIBED IN THE ORDER THEY WERE TAKEN FROM US.

The inscription on Panel 1 West of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial reads:

OUR NATION HONORS THE COURAGE, SACRIFICE, AND DEVOTION TO DUTY AND COUNTRY OF ITS VIETNAM VETERANS. THIS MEMORIAL WAS BUILT WITH PRIVATE CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE AMERICAN PEOPLE NOVEMBER 11, 1982.

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TEA TIME by Michael Parmeley (Skull 6, 1968)

Lieutenant Parmeley wasn't supposed to open the door. He was the Lt. and he should have told one of his men to do it. "What the...?" said Pvt. Hardy, the Lt.'s radioman and by their mutual agreement, his constant shadow. Hardy stood up, lifted his heavy radio onto his back, stumbled out of the shadows where he and the rest of the Lt.'s platoon were resting, and grumbling and swearing, "stupid lieutenant", tried to catch up, as Lieutenant Parmeley disappeared through the doorway.

The day was uncomfortably hot day and third platoon had been methodically searching the village all morning, scattering chickens and children, poking through piles of uncooked rice, frightening and annoying sullen, uncooperative adults, tearing apart their homes and scattering about their meager possessions. The platoon was tired, and bored, and scared (It always was, one if not all three). No one in the platoon had tripped any booby traps that day. No one had blown off any of their limbs, had been shot at by snipers or had passed out from the heat. No one had, in any of the myriad possible ways of war, fallen down dead. Nor had any one found anything suspicious or even out of the usual. (Not that the platoon ever knew what 'usual' meant or even for that manner, what they were looking for) On a good day, one of 'our' men died. On a good day, 'we' killed ten of 'them.' A 10 to 1 kill ratio, their dead verses our dead, meant the platoon was having a good day. The platoon was having a hot, boring, not so good day. Still, the boredom, tension, and fear, combined with their usual lack of sleep and the heat of the day were taking their toll. The Lt. decided his platoon needed a break. "OK," Let's fall out here. Wiggert, you set out security up front. Willis, you do the same, back down the trail," the Lt. said. The platoon began looking about the village for a relatively safe place, with shade to flop. Maybe that's why the Lt. went up to the door. It was beneath a small hut's thatched veranda, in the shade. Maybe he just wanted to step out of the war for a moment, to stop being in charge. Maybe he was just tired of the routine, of the day in and day out looking for some one to kill, hoping that some one tried to kill you. Maybe, like his men, he was just bored. Maybe ... we'll never know. Lt Parmeley walked away from his sprawling out, ground-hugging, platoon, stepped up onto the thatch covered veranda and, using the barrel of his rifle, pushed open the hut's, thin, bamboo, front door. Silently, with his rifle extended in front of him, he disappeared inside.

The front room was dark, cool, and stifling, darker and cooler than outside, with wide-open screen-less windows but with no hint of breeze. Next to one wall, a large bed, draped above and on all sides in mosquito netting, dominated a bare wall. On the other side of the room, butting up to another bare wall, sat the family altar, a little house all its own, complete with neatly displayed small photos of ancient, still venerated, ancestors, and offerings of cooked rice and fresh fruit. A small, lit candle flickered beside it. When the lieutenant's eyes adjusted to the room's dim light, he saw, in the room's far left corner and much to his surprise, four people sitting like frozen ghosts around a low table. On a long bench with their backs facing the lieutenant, sat an old man and his wife. Across the table, also on a long bench, sat a young man and a young woman, (The young man's wife, the old couple's young daughter?) Their backs rested against the far wall. Their eyes took in every motion the lieutenant made. The young man was sitting on his bench's outside edge, closest to the doorway leading to the adjoining room. From their expressions, the lieutenant could tell that they were as surprised to see him, as he was surprised to see them. Nobody moved. Nobody breathed. The lieutenant kept his rifle extended in front of him. His trigger finger leaned nervously on his rifle's trigger. Then after what seemed like a second or maybe a lifetime, the young man bolted, jumped up and tried to run out the room. The lieutenant's 'rules of engagement' were 'flexible.' The young man was Vietnamese, male, military age, and running away. The lieutenant's Vietnamese language skills weren't good enough to tell the young man to stop running. His 'rules of engagement' authorized him to kill the young man. He was at war. He was expected to kill him. The platoon always carried a few spare enemy grenades, so that, if necessary, a platoon member could salt any body that it killed. A properly salted dead Vietnamese, man, woman, or child, always meant one more enemy KIA for the American side that day. The visible, enemy grenade also explained away any question about the circumstances surrounding the dead person's demise. Who knew, maybe one more enemy KIA might prove that America was actually winning the war. It could also prove that at least one American platoon was doing its job that day.

Instinctively, the lieutenant began to track the young man's motion across the room with his already raised rifle. It was like shooting trap – the lieutenant had the angle. The young man must have quickly realized that his attempt to run away was a mistake, that he had no chance of escaping the room alive but he had made his choice. Fear can cause you to do unwise things. He continued running across the room and made one last desperate leap through the air. The lieutenant waited for him to come back down to earth. His landing was perfect, delicate, one-footed, ballet-like, and exactly where the lieutenant had expected it would be.

TEA TIME (continued)

The end of his rifle barrel already marked the landing spot. He didn't shoot. Instead he kept his rifle barrel trained on the heart of the now, unmoving young man. Years later, when the lieutenant had stopped being a soldier, when he had graduated from college and gone on to become a professional dancer, he would understand how difficult the young man's motionless, breathless, seemingly effortless, balancing act must have been. Very slowly, without flexing any unnecessary muscle, the young man turned his head toward the menacing rifle barrel and carefully lowered his perfectly extended second foot to the floor. The lieutenant lifted his left hand off his rifle and with it motioned for the young man to return to his seat at the table. The lieutenant's right hand, with its nervous trigger finger leaning on the trigger, tracked the young man's every motion as he retraced his route back to his seat at the table. A slow growth of comprehension spread across the young man's face. (That's right. You're not dead. No, the young American doesn't know what will happen next, either.) Hardy burst through the door. His radio's antenna brushed the top of the doorframe and instinctively he reached up to protect it. Without taking his eyes off the young man, Lieutenant Parmeley said, "Everything's OK Hardy. Go back outside and tell the men we might be here for a while." Hardy looked at the lieutenant, looked at the four people sitting around the low table, saw that the Lt. was pointing his rifle at the young man's heart, knew that things were definitely not OK, hesitated, started to speak, and then, bending down his radio's antenna with his hand to keep it safe, slowly backed out of the room.

For a long time nobody moved. The lieutenant watched the young woman's eyes alternate between staring at him and staring at the barrel of his rifle. Then the old man, whose face up to now had been hidden, abruptly stood up, turned around, looked at the lieutenant, showed not a trace of emotion, turned back toward the table and then started walking out of the room.

'Flexible.' The lieutenant's rules of engagement were flexible but they didn't cover the exact situation he was in now. He watched as the old man disappeared. Then he heard noise, kitchen noise, glass striking glass noise, the rustle of ... he didn't know what, noise, coming from the adjacent room and then the old man reappeared. In his arms, he balanced a square wooden tray, a steaming pot of hot tea, and tea service for five. He walked directly toward the low corner-table, gestured to his wife to make room and she slid down her bench toward the wall, making a space for the lieutenant to sit. If, as the lieutenant had been trained, it was improper to sit down at the table wearing one's hat, it was certainly improper to sit down at the table pointing one's rifle at a young man's heart. The lieutenant turned away from the table, walked across the dimly lit room, and carefully rested his rifle against the bare wall next to the flickering altar. Then he turned around, walked back across the room, and sat down at the table between the old man and his wife. (He had left my rifle against the wall and was therefore unarmed. That couldn't be right.) The old man passed out the five, tiny, white, porcelain cups and gestured at the lieutenant, asking him if he wanted tea. The lieutenant gestured back, "Yes," and the old man filled the lieutenant's cup. Vietnamese have their own, very particular way of arranging their table and drinking tea. By sliding away from her husband toward the wall, the wife had opened a space immediately to her husband's left. Her husband, clearly head of the table, sat in his appropriate seat, the far right seat on the nearest bench.

The newly created space, immediately to his left, is always reserved for the honored guest. The seat directly across from the head of the table is reserved for the male with the highest social ranking, in this case the young man. The old man's wife and the young woman sat at seats farther to the left. In a more formal setting, women would not be allowed at the table at all. The old man filled the lieutenant's cup, the honored guest's cup first, then his own, then all the other cups, first the young man's, then his own wife's, and then the young woman's. The table drank its tea. When everyone at the table was finished, the old man refilled the cups in exactly the same order. In Asia, the polite way to say, "No more, thanks," is to leave your cup full. Lieutenant Parmeley didn't know that then. After the tea party drank its second cup of tea, the old man filled the lieutenant's cup again. Everyone had communicated, when necessary, by pantomime. Fear begin to drain away from the face and body of the young man and fear begin to drain away from the lieutenant as well. (Is smiling an act of pantomime?) Then the lieutenant abruptly stood up, breaking the tea ritual the old man had been so carefully maintaining, turned, walked across the room toward the flickering altar, and picked up his rifle. He turned again, slowly walked out of the room, walked across the covered veranda, stepped off the house's front porch, and back into the village. The platoon seemed surprised and not all together happy to see the lieutenant emerge. They were still trying to relax, still sprawled out, still enjoying the shade.

"Saddle up," the lieutenant said. Reluctantly, slowly, and of course complainingly, they stood up, loaded their gear back onto their bodies, and continued on their way.

VA Begins Paying Benefits for New Agent Orange Claims

VA Encourages Affected Vietnam Veterans to File Claims

VA has begun distributing disability benefits to Vietnam Veterans who qualify for compensation under recently liberalized rules for Agent Orange.

Up to 200,000 Vietnam Veterans are potentially eligible to receive VA disability compensation for medical conditions recently associated with Agent Orange. The expansion of coverage involves B-cell (or hairy-cell) leukemia, Parkinson's disease and ischemic heart disease.

VA has launched a variety of initiatives—both technological and involving better business practices—to tackle an anticipated upsurge in Agent Orange-related claims. Providing initial payments—or increases to existing payments—to the 200,000 Veterans who now qualify for disability compensation for these three conditions is expected to take several months, but VA encourages all Vietnam Veterans who were exposed to Agent Orange and suffer from one of the three diseases to make sure their applications have been submitted.

In practical terms, Veterans who served in Vietnam during the war and who have a “presumed” illness do not have to prove an association between their illness and their military service. This “presumption” simplifies and speeds up the application process for benefits.

The three new illnesses—B cell (or hairy-cell) leukemia, Parkinson's disease and ischemic heart disease—are added to the list of presumed illnesses previously recognized by the VA. A complete list of these illnesses can be found at www.va.gov/agentorange.

Veterans interested in applying for disability compensation under one of the three new Agent Orange presumptive should go to www.fasttrack.va.gov or call 1-800-827-1000.

New Medical Forms Will Streamline Veterans Claims Process

Physicians Questionnaires to Boost Disability Exam Efficiency

VA has released three new disability benefits questionnaires for physicians of Veterans applying for VA disability compensation benefits. This initiative marks the beginning of a major reform of the physicians' guides and automated routines that will streamline the claims process for injured or ill Veterans.

“This is a major step in the transformation of VA's business processes that is yielding improvements for Veterans as we move to eliminate the disability claims backlog by 2015,” said VA Secretary Shinseki.

These new questionnaires are the first of 79 disability benefits questionnaires that will guide Veterans' personal physicians, as well as VA physicians, in the evaluation of the most frequent medical conditions affecting Veterans.

Accurate and timely medical evaluations are a critical element of VA's continued commitment of high-quality and prompt decisions about the nature and degree of conditions afflicting Veterans. Streamlining this process by directly involving Veterans' treating physicians in providing specific information needed to evaluate their claims will lead to completeness in the examination and faster compensation decisions.

VA's goal is to process all claims in fewer than 125 days with a decision quality rate no lower than 98 percent, a mark Secretary Shinseki has mandated by 2015.

Above extracted from Veteran's Health Matters Vol 4, 2010

New Members since the June, 2010 Newsletter:

Sheldon Wolfchild, Cat 70

Tirson Rivera, Range/Skull 67-68

Conrad H Schwarm, III HQ 65-66

Roy Adams, Cat 71-72

Deceased Member/s: (Date of Death)

Membership count:

Active Members: 690

Members Online: 262





Angry Skipper Association, Inc.™



May, 12th thru 15th, 2011 Reunion Registration Form Washington, D.C.

Name: _____ (AKA) _____ Platoon: _____ Yr(s): _____
 Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Zip Code: _____ Ph: _____
 How many will be in your group? _____ E-mail: _____ In Case of Emergency contact: _____
 List First names of all in your group: _____

<u>Date/Time</u>	<u>Activity</u>	<u>Cost/Person</u>	<u>No. of</u>	<u>Total</u>
May 14, 2011 - Saturday				
8:00am- 11:30am	Vietnam Memorial Wall—transportation	\$25.00	_____	_____
12:00pm-3:00pm	Complimentary Lunch at Uno's @ Union Station		_____	_____
4:30pm	Group Photograph (Members only)	\$15.00	_____	_____
	Larger group photo (Everyone)	\$10.00	_____	_____
5:30pm-10:00pm	Reunion Banquet (check meal selection below)	\$40.00	_____	_____
	# of Chicken Marsala: _____ # of London Broil: _____ # of Vegetarian Pasta _____			
Shirts & Caps	Number of Reunion Shirts: (order by March 31st)	\$25.00	_____	_____
	Sizes: Small: _____ Medium: _____ Large: _____ XL: _____ XXL: _____ XXXL: _____			
	Number of ASA Caps	\$10.00	_____	_____
TOTAL EVENTS REGISTRATION				\$ _____

MEMBERSHIP & REGISTRATION FEE:

Membership Life Card @ \$200 ea.	.00
Registration Fee:	25.00
Total Registration & Membership Fee: \$.00
Contribution/donation:	.00
Total Events Registration from above:	.00
TOTAL PAYMENT:	\$.00

____ Check here if you are not attending and want shirts & caps mailed to you. Add \$10.00 for postage and handling.

Please register by May 1, 2011. Please complete form and mail with check (payable to Angry Skipper Association, Inc.) or with credit card info to:

Stacey Smith
 Register with Ease
 473 Las Cruces
 Winter Haven, FL 33884
 Ph: 863.325-0077
 Fax: 863.325-0051

PAYMENT METHOD: _____ Check Charge to (check one): _____ MasterCard _____ VISA
 Card Number: _____ Expiration: _____
 Signature: _____
 Month/Year

Do not send this form if you registered online at : <http://www.angryskipperassociation.org>



Hotel Reservations, Phone 800.227-6963 or 866.667-0326
Tell them you are with the Angry Skipper Association group.

You must arrange your own Hotel room. It is not included in this registration.
Your Welcome Package will be available in the Hotel Lobby. Please pick up your package when you arrive.

Angry Skipper Association, Inc.® Treasurers Report

Angry Skipper Association, Inc.®
 Profit & Loss (unaudited)
 January 1 through December 31, 2010

Angry Skipper Association, Inc.®
 Balance Sheet (unaudited)
 December 31, 2010

Ordinary Income & Expense

Income	
Banquet/s	\$ 6,588.00
Donations	3,246.00
Membership Dues	840.00
Registration Fees	1,370.00
Group Photograph	840.00
Shirts, Hats, Patches	<u>1,848.00</u>
Total Income	\$ 14,732.00
Expenses	
Banquet—Saturday Event	6,388.22
ASA Website	00.00
Corporate	65.93
Flowers/Funeral	00.00
Insurance	331.00
Member Assistance	00.00
Merchant Account	918.89
Photographer	804.00
Postage & Delivery	731.44
Printing & Reproduction	1,108.00
Professional Services—Reunion	2,925.87
Shirts, Hats & Patches	<u>1,166.39</u>
Total Expenses	\$ 14,439.74
Net Income (Loss)	<u>\$ 292.26</u>

ASSETS

Current Assets:	
Checking	\$ 844.56
Deposits	00.00
Accounts Receivable	<u>00.00</u>
TOTAL ASSETS	<u>\$ 2,647.51</u>
LIABILITIES & EQUITY	
Liabilities	
Current Liabilities:	
Accounts Payable	<u>00.00</u>
TOTAL LIABILITIES	<u>\$ 00.00</u>
Equity	
Opening Bal Equity	3,316.97
Retained Earnings	(2,764.67)
Net Income	<u>292.26</u>
Total Equity	\$ 844.56
TOTAL LIABILITIES & EQUITY	<u>\$ 844.56</u>

Denver in 2012



We have completed the search and negotiations with the Denver Marriott Tech Center for our reunion in 2012.

<http://www.marriott.com/hotels/travel/dentc-denver-marriott-tech-center/> The room rates will be \$105.00 per night. This hotel is the 3rd largest hotel in Denver, with 11 floors, 628 guest rooms, 12 suites and 20 junior suites. This hotel has a smoke free policy. The State of Colorado recognizes the Association' tax exempt status which will save us a little \$\$\$, as well. There are 25 restaurants within walking distance, or a short shuttle ride. The Hotel provides a complimentary 5 mile shuttle to get to area attractions easily. Thank you to John (Skull, 70-71) and Pat Bourdelais for all their help in locating and negotiating with a

suitable hotel for 2012. Thank you, John and Pat!! The date for this reunion will be different than in the past. **We will meet in Denver from June 20, 2012 thru June 24, 2012.**

ANGRY SKIPPER ASSOCIATION, INC. ®
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STOCKTON, NJ 08559

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*“Remember the bad times once,
Remember the good times forever”*

We're on the web:
www.angryskipperassociation.org

Do you have a story you want to share?

Walking Point publishes information that is useful for its members. Members from all tours share stories by submitting them to the Association. You are encouraged to submit your stories.

Join your fellow comrades in arms for the ceremony at the Wall this year. Never forget!



Ceremony at the Vietnam War Memorial in 2007.