

OCCASIONAL BULLETIN #7

31 October 2012

From: Hitemor@aol.com

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Sent: 10/31/2012 4:28:05 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time

Subj: OCCASIONAL BULLETIN #7

HAPPY HALLOWE'EN TO ALL!

Thanks to Whip for reminding us of this being the one year anniversary of John "The Bear" Munger's passing.

If any of you have failed to notice, I live in the South and am therefore accustomed to the accents of Southern "scallops". I understand, however, that in other waters, there are those that prefer to call themselves scallops. As I do not wish to offend anyone, you may note that since most of the species prefer the latter spelling, and I guess pronunciation too---God forbid---my spelling of "scallop" should be amended to read scallop! At least this is what Clam tells me.

I had at first discouraged much in the way of political discussions or forwarding political items to the group as a whole, but concluded some time back that in view of our being war vets, if we didn't earn anything else, we certainly earned the right to say what we think about whatever we want to discuss or share. I was afraid that politics might be too divisive among us, as they certainly are among the general population these days, and I didn't want us divided or irritated with each other because of political disagreements. But let me assure you that as far as I'm concerned, you are all welcome to share or forward whatever you like to the group as a whole. It seems that most of the group share pretty much the same views anyway, and if any of us differ, we are certainly used to hearing opinions contrary to our own.

To easily send anything to the entire group, I'm sure you all know that it's only necessary to open, for example, this bulletin, click on reply all, then select and copy the address bar with all our addresses, and enter them into a new "Write" address box. (Phil D. take notice!) This is the easiest way I know to send something to everybody in our current mailing list. It doesn't matter whether you knew all of us over in Nam (as none of us knew all of us back then); we are all Animals, or what I call "Friends of the Hut," so whether you lived in the Animal Den or not, you are one of us. (Rick L. take notice -- unless this thought sends you scurrying off in the opposite direction! Your recent responses have been most welcome, just to hear from you).

Thanks to Ric Vetter for this most excellent poem to share:

Around the  
Corner I have a friend,  
In this great  
City that has no end,  
Yet the days go  
By and weeks rush on,  
And before I  
Know it, a year is gone.  
And I never see  
My old friends face,  
For life is a  
Swift and terrible race,  
He knows  
I like him just as well,  
As in the days

When I rang his bell.  
And he rang  
Mine, but we were younger then,  
And now we are  
Busy, tired men.  
Tired of  
Playing a foolish game,  
Tired of trying  
To make a name.  
'Tomorrow' I  
Say! 'I will call on Jim  
Just to show  
That I'm thinking of him.'  
But tomorrow  
Comes and tomorrow goes,  
And distance  
Between us grows and grows.  
Around the  
Corner, yet miles away,  
'Here's a  
Telegram sir,' ' Jim died today.'  
And that's what  
We get and deserve in the end.  
Around the  
Corner, a vanished friend.

Remember to  
Always say what you mean.  
If you love someone, tell them.  
Because when you decide that it is the right time, it might be too late...  
Seize the day.  
Never have regrets.  
And most importantly,  
Stay close to your friends  
And family, for they have helped  
Make you the person that you are today.

And this, also from Ric:

"The world is a dangerous place, not because of those that do evil, but because of those that look on and do nothing."

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In a message dated 10/31/2012 5:25:51 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time, rkmoyle@yahoo.com writes:

Well-chosen words. In 26 years of service, in the young years, it was always best to preclude topics of sex, politics and religion. Half way through my years most seniors were mature enough to accept the idea that we can agree to disagree and walk away knowing no feelings were hurt on either side. Rational thought but a tough nut to crack for the younger crowd. Many young people would figure no agreement then your words are fighting words. So, to all I say, speak freely. First, we are among friends and second, having served in the war together we have few or no secrets from one another. Despite the years that have passed, as the poem points out, we still remain close no matter what we did or did not do. I for one am not afraid to state that what I should have done I did not do and deeply regret that after all these years I have myself to blame in not making contact. So the years go by and I wish, like so many, that I had at least tried. We all get tied up in our lives, families and new lives. So, to end this I will say that I, for one, am happy,

very happy to have reunited with so many. We walk different lives and paths but our hearts remain true.

Rich

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In a message dated 10/31/2012 9:11:56 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time, richardmrph44@gmail.com writes:  
Amen! Brothers!!!!

Amen! Brothers!!!!

Sent from my iPhone  
Dick Murphy

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In a message dated 10/31/2012 9:55:16 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time, rodo48@adelphia.net writes:

Hey guys, ok, first off I never knew Rich Moyle to preclude the topic of sex.....ever. Politics and religion I don't know, mainly because I just don't know much about either, although I do believe there is a God. There is no other way to explain how a guy like me has been blessed with the life I have, especially a great 2nd wife. Anyway, tonight a couple big thanks, one to Rich for the motivational message and another to the guy who has brought us together with all his work, thanks MoJoe. I guess we all have some sense of being able to disagree with the other but would protect with our life the right to say it. I too have regrets of things done and undone and those things I won't be able to fix, correct or say I'm sorry or goodbye. Getting off the soap box now. Stay well-stay safe. Hondo out

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