

141 Scuttlebutt

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Elected Officers:

Commandant: Chris Cekovsky ccekovsky@gmail.com 413-427-8456 (cell)

Sr. Vice:

Joe Delaney smsgtjoed@gmail.com 413-527-9901 (H)

Jr. Vice:

Sophie Bartosik gunnysfb@gmail.com 413-539-6528 (H)

Judge Advocate: Keith Buckhout kbuckhout@hotmail.net 413-230-4882 (cell)

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Commandant's Corner

Hello Detachment 141,

I hope you are doing well and had a great holiday season. As we finish January, it's time to plan for springtime events with fundraising and recruiting. Our flag pin fundraisers are right around the corner, and we need your help to secure funds and new members. Uniform up and represent your Marine Corps League Detachment.

Also, we have the Four Chaplains ceremony at the VA chapel in Leeds at 1:30 on February 4th.

Commandant Chris Cekovsky

Semper Fi, Chris Cekovsky Commandant

Detachment 141 meets monthly on the second Monday at 1900. Social hour at 1800. Detachment phone number is 413-562-4850. January 2023

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Appointed Officers:

Paymaster:

Roger Beer rbeer4@comcast.net 413-437-7542 (H)

Adjutant:

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Chaplain: Dan Bishop bishopdan@aol.com 413-237-5360

Sergeant-At-Arms: Aldo Mancini manscruffy@comcast.net 413-789-0830 (H)

Web Sergeant: Carrieann Dymon Bailey skitterto@yahoo.com 860-335-7456 (cell)

Jr. Past Commandant: Keith Buckhout kbuckhout@hotmail.net 413-230-4882 (cell)



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From the Paymaster:

Annual renewals are now due. The year begins September 1 for annual members. Please submit your dues to the paymaster and stay current/

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Frankie

By Bill Federman

My wife was tidying her desk in our home office when she came across a folder containing newspaper travel articles, lists of books, old tax statements and other ephemera; when she picked it up a small photo fluttered to the floor. I stooped down to retrieve it and said, "Who's this?" as I studied the headshot of a handsome, dark-eyed, gap-toothed adolescent.

"That was my cousin," she said. "Francis; Frankie, his family called him. They moved away when we were children. He died in Vietnam."

"I didn't know that," I said. "What happened?"

"The details are in this report I printed out about 10 years ago. It's so sad," she said.

Indeed it is. Frankie was a soldier, a member of the 196th Light Infantry Brigade. According to Task Force Omega, which tracks POWs, he was wounded and taken prisoner in a fierce firefight on Jan. 8, 1968, in Happy Valley, south of Danang, along with others in his unit. In a stunning coincidence, I was reading an account of his capture on the 55th anniversary of that sorry event. It was grim. Frankie was wounded in the back and neck in a mortar barrage and dragged away by the VC after intense hand-to-hand fighting. Tortured and starved in a jungle prison, Frankie, who was described by a fellow soldier who survived his captivity as "hard-core," died from his untreated wounds in September of 1968. He was, essentially, murdered.

(continued on page 5)



Frankie (continued)

Because I didn't know him, my view of Frankie is entirely imaginary; I can only guess what he was like. I *do* know that he was six feet tall and handsome, with dark, deepset eyes, and he was called "hard as nails" in a newspaper article. He enlisted in the Army when he was 22 and he must have known that doing so gave him a first-class ticket on the Vietnam Express; but, no doubt buoyed by the natural optimism of youth as well as , he surely assumed, as we all did, that it would be a round-trip. Frankie was 24 when he was killed. I must have been near to where he was held captive and died when I was in-country two years later. I'm glad I didn't know it then.

I'm having trouble sorting out my feelings about Frankie. Sadness about his short life and miserable death and a healthy dose of survivor guilt are my primary emotions; but anger toward his murderers seems useless and the question without an answer – why? – will always be there, unfathomable. I imagine Frankie as I was then – young, unburdened by disappointment, eyes on a bright and shining future. Although our lives ran parallel in some ways they never intersected; I've come to know Frankie only in death, an attachment that runs deeper than I could have known, and in my innocence I've endowed him with all the attributes and none of the faults he would have had if he'd lived. But that's OK. If I pay homage to an idealized version of Cpl. Francis Eugene Cannon it's still Frankie, the gaptoothed kid in an old photo looking out at me from across all eternity. I never knew him and I'll never forget him.



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