

# Westfield River Valley Detachment 141 Scuttlebutt



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# Marine Corps League



**141 Upcoming Events** 

Detachment Meeting April 8 @1900

Mothers day at Geissler's May 10—12

Memorial Day May 27

Get Involved, Volunteer!! Uniform Up!





#### **Elected Officers:**

#### **Commandant:**

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

Sr. Vice:

Rene Cote lrcote924@yahoo.com 413-335-5666 (cell)

Jr. Vice:

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

Judge Advocate:

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

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Daniel Bishop

Daniel Bisho President

Phone: (413) 527-6771 Fax: (413) 527-5453 Email: bishopdan@aol.com P.O. Box # 603 Southampton, MA 01073 Master's License #8460

### **Commandant's Corner**



Commandant Chris Cekovsky Hello Detachment 141,

I hope all of you had a Happy Easter and I hope you will join us at the barracks for the April 8th meeting. At 1800 we will have pizza and beverages available once more. JR and Past Commandant Keith Buckhout will be running the meeting and we will be getting ready for Flag Pins on Mother's Day weekend. Golf is around

the corner and Dan will need some teams and sponsors. Uniform up and lend a hand!

Semper Fi,
Chris Cekovsky
Commandant

#### From the Paymaster:

Annual renewals begin September 1 for annual members. Please submit your dues to the paymaster and stay current.

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

#### **Appointed Officers:**

**Paymaster:** 

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

**Adjutant:** 

Brianna Torrey binman1022@gmail.com 413-326-5792

Chaplain:

John Rutovich (J.R.) sakejack61@comcast.net 413-222-2684 (cell)

**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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## **New Members**

#### **Matthew and Hira Paulin**

Photos by Carrieann Dymon-Bailey



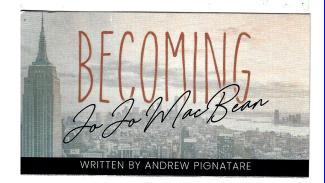
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# An Agent of Change

#### By Bill Federman

"Here he comes again, damn it!" yelled Mike as he ducked into our sandbagged bunker. I looked out over the shimmering South China Sea and watched as the C-123 cargo plane, a silver glint in the blue velvet sky, wheeled around in a low, slow arc over our machine-gun position, a plume of white mist trailing from its wing tanks to saturate the jungle on the slope of the mountain. And us.

"I'm glad he's here, man," I said. "Those mosquitoes are eating me alive. I hope that spray kills all the damn things."

Mike popped out of the bunker to stare at me. "You dumbass," he snorted. "That plane is spraying that Agent Orange stuff that kills foliage. I've heard it isn't great for humans, either. It's poison, man, and it just rained all over us. This ain't good." He looked angry, and worried.

Indeed, Agent Orange was a poison used extensively in the Vietnam War, a potent defoliant sprayed from the air that denuded forest and jungle to deny cover to the enemy; or to anyone, for that matter, depending on your definition of "enemy." The slope from our mountaintop line of bunkers (a few kilometers north of Danang) halfway to the valley floor below had been sprayed often enough with the stuff that nothing would probably ever grow there again. Agriculturally, it was the exact opposite of what a crop duster does.

Although Mike was my best friend and I trusted his judgment, I felt his assessment of our situation lacked perspective. "You're taking the long view," I said, "when I'm more worried about making it through tonight, tomorrow, next week . . . . We have enough to worry about right here and now. So let it rain; I don't care what color it is; if it helps me get out of here in one piece I'm for it." I chuckled, Mike sighed and we settled in for what we hoped would be a quiet night. "Yeah, OK," he said. "We'll let the future take care of itself."

It was the rainbow of colors as the sunlight filtered through the lethal cloud trailing the plane that I recalled 54 years later, when my doctor told me I had non-Hodgkins lymphoma, a form of cancer that affects the body's lymph glands. Mike had been right, unfortunately, and the Veterans Administration now "presumes" just by the date and my location that my exposure to Agent Orange (and that of thousands of others) was the cause of my cancer. Being in the wrong place at the wrong time is now considered proof of exposure.

My oncologist said more tests were needed to determine her method of treatment, but early detection had shifted the odds of eventual recovery in my favor and she was optimistic that chemotherapy would eradicate the mutant cells.

I had always considered cancer to be one of life's calamities that happen to other people and, now that I was a victim, I was unsure how to act and what to think. I waffled between fear and grudging acceptance of my supposed fate until finally resolving to assume I would survive for at least a few more years. My medical team later confirmed that; the 18 weeks of chemotherapy I underwent had banished my cancer, I was told, and I was in complete remission. For this welcome news I was predictably thankful; but the possibility of my imminent demise had given me a lot to think about: life, death and whatever comes next, if anything. But those are questions without answers and debating the unknowable with myself rapidly lost its appeal. Besides, as Mike had said over 50 years ago, the future will take care of itself. Of course, the future for all of us is, ultimately, the grave. What matters is what we do until then.

Continued on page 5







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#### An Agent of Change (continued)

I don't have a burial plot picked out and I haven't composed my final words but I do have a couple of requirements for the epitaph on my tombstone. An epitaph is like a headline (and I've written many); a good one makes a point in a clever and brief way. The right words will, I hope, give anyone who stumbles across my final resting place a hint of what was important to me, a clue to the kind of person I was and what I did during my lifetime. Being a part of the brotherhood that is the Marine Corps made me extraordinary in life; that proud membership will continue to do so after my death.

Semper Fidelis, Marines.



**Michael Markiewicz** Financial Advisor

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