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This here biker wrote the following about 37 years ago. Not one day goes by that I don't think of that damn war and the friends that were wounded and killed. Now, with another war going on, I submit this for publication if you think your readers might like to know a 21 years old's thought back in 1968.

Ride Free,  
Gary Losinski  
Stevens Point, WI  
(U.S.M.C. Combat "grunt" 0311, 1st  
Marine Div., 3 Bn., 5th Regmt., 3  
Purple Hearts, "Semper Fi")

They were just boys, some shy, some bold  
That is why this story is told.  
They grew of age, outgrew their fears  
Gave the Marine Corps their best of years.  
The reasons why are many and far  
But just a few examples are:  
To get away, a broken heart,  
Just to find a brand new start,  
To serve their country, protect their land,  
Prove to all now they were now men.  
To see the world, although they knew  
Vietnam was where they'd be going to.

They learned to hate, to fight and kill  
The task ahead they had to fulfill.  
They were trained to obey, they had to be men  
If you did it wrong, you did it again.  
The day soon came, they wore dress greens  
They'd earned the right to be called Marines.  
Their orders were cut, placed in hand  
Almost all were to go to that far away land.  
But first to go home and break the news,  
Live a whole life in days so few.  
Try to do things they'd never done  
All to soon, the time had come.  
They said goodbye to the girl they loved  
They said a silent prayer to God above,  
"Let her wait, God, if you will,  
If I return, I'll love her still.  
But if I have to fight for Uncle Sam,  
Fight a war none understand,  
God keep her safe and well for me,  
Preserve our love for eternity."  
They said goodbye to Dad and Mom  
And left for the land the Marines called Nam.



This is where my story will change  
Reasons why are clear and plain.  
No longer the guys that everyone knew  
They lived like animals  
Believe me, it's true.  
So they lived the part, played the role  
Fought for victory with heart & soul.

Though they fought so brave many would die  
And others were left alive to ask why?  
The choice is not theirs they have to go on  
Fight for their life from dawn to dawn.  
Months pass by, the time grows near  
To go back home to the ones they held dear.  
At last they returned to that girl back home  
Both thanked God they're no longer alone.  
But even back home with the ones they love  
They often gaze at the sky above.  
See once again a familiar face  
Of a friend who died, it seems such a waste.  
He wouldn't have died if nations would see  
It's wrong to make people what they don't want to be.  
But they don't understand, they refuse to see  
So he gave his life for others to be free.

Of those who died we know their fate  
For they'll go and knock on Heaven's Gate  
When Saint Peter answers, they'll proudly say  
We're Marines from Khesan and Hue.  
We found and died but we did our best  
And now we need a place to rest.  
A sad look will cross Saint Peters face,  
As he opens up his Pearly Gates  
You're welcome here, there's no need to tell  
We've seen you serve your time in Hell.  
Of us who lived to return home  
An empty welcome, always alone.  
Some wounds have healed  
But our minds are still there  
For what we did nobody cares.  
Memories may fade but not for some  
Of us who fought in Vietnam.

written aboard the hospital ship, "Repose" South China  
Sea, 1968

Memorial Park located just south of Arcadia on Co. Hwy J. A portion of the park is named the Soldier Walk. In it you will find statues relating to the Revolutionary War through today, including a beam from the World Trade Towers.

There is an amphitheater on the far end of the park within easy walking distance from the Soldiers Walk, but there are also parking lots near the amphitheater. There you will find statues dedicated to early settlers besides memorials to WWII generals and such. Next time you are near Arcadia stop by and check it out.



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