

**Richard Daryl Adickes**

Birth: Sep. 21, 1942

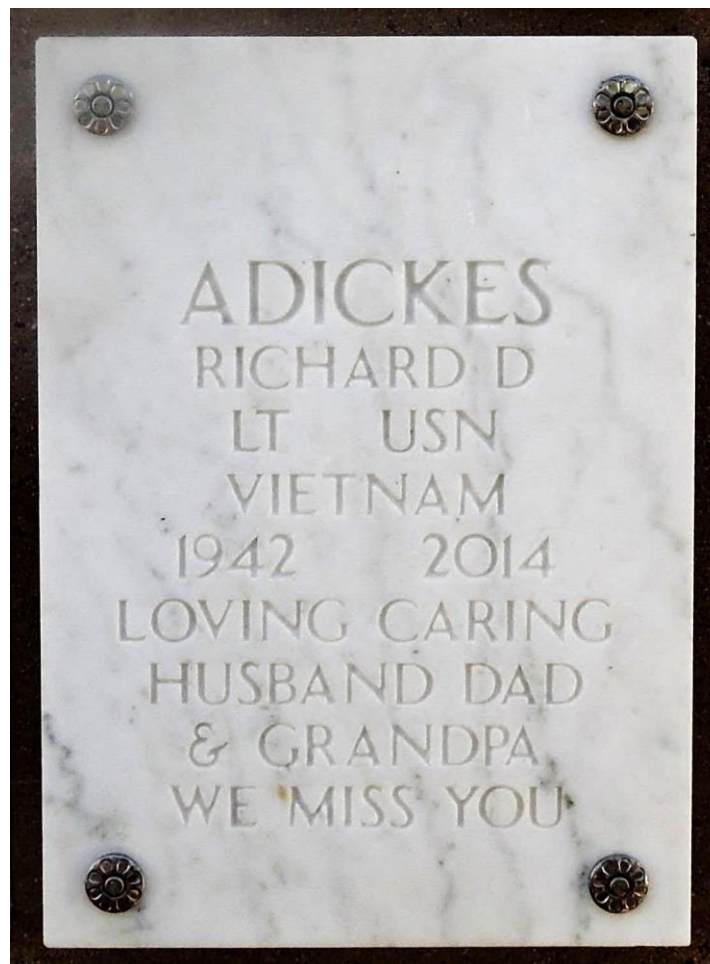
Death: Dec. 29, 2014

LT---US NAVY, VIETNAM

Burial: National Memorial Cemetery of Arizona, Phoenix, Maricopa County, Arizona, USA

Plot: SECTION F7, ROW B, SITE 16

Find a Grave Memorial #143012329





All right. We'll admit it. In Juliett Company, we do *not* sleep at attention with our pieces. You've probably heard other stories too. One thing however, is *certainly* ridiculous . . . MPI Fuller couldn't possibly have been caught whistling one night on his way in from liberty.

But let this be understood. Leadership was the beginning and end of Juliett 505. There *is* no question about that. Why, whenever Bucholz wanted a match, he just yelled, "J-3, listen up!" One desperate man went right through the weather deck railing trying to beat Fletcher's voice to the grinder one morning. Easily the sharpest command in the outfit though, was McDaniels' traditional 0530, "Awiraat miun . . . lezdoofewexercises naow . . . !". We had a ghost leader too—Roach, who led us through the worst.

Juliett was a group with leadership, and one with vision. Whenever the routine started to get us down, the old salts, Morris, Lee, Halbrook, Ostertag and Donath, sat us down and told us sea stories about the fleet.

You can't beat the teamwork that permits 16 men to watch a whole baseball diamond on a two-inch TV screen. It was all for one. If one man had a weakness, such as Woodford with his legs, we reminded him often, for his own good. Poor Woodford! And the countdown speed easily tripled when the last man finally got to the line.

Uncle Sam has almost outdone himself, getting this group out on the bridges. The jaunty Juliett group has been gung-ho, and is gung-ho in anticipation of the future.



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