

MOULTON LAMAR FREEMAN**CLASS 5-65**

is honored on Panel 25W, Row 99 of
the Vietnam Veterans Memorial

Full Name: MOULTON LAMAR FREEMAN
Wall Name: MOULTON L FREEMAN
Date of Birth: 9/4/1933
Date of Casualty: 5/13/1969
Home of Record: PORT ST JOE
State: FL
Branch of Service: ARMY
Rank: CAPT
Casualty Country: SOUTH VIETNAM
Casualty Province: THUA THIEN



CPT Freeman was the Commander of Battery C, 2nd Battalion, 319th Artillery, 101st Airborne Division. He had served his country for 14 years at the time of his death.



He is buried in Holly Hill Cemetery in Port St Joe, Golf County, Florida

MY CO

AN OFFICER I SERVED UNDER UP TO 5/13/69. ALSO, A FRIEND I WILL NEVER FORGET.

Posted by: RODNEY YOUNG
February 10, 2004

To Lefty

Thanks for being a great friend.
The saddest day was attending your services in Port St Joe and seeing the pain that your family endured.
The good die young.

Posted by: Carmen Trunk
Relationship: We were close friends
June 6, 2004

Good guy

CPT Freeman briefed me on FSB Rakkasan before I joined A/3/187th as FO. He was friendly and encouraging. Lost a lot good people the same day. I later became XO of the Battery.

Posted by: Frank Kelly
June 14, 2004

The cat's haircut & your two girls

Right after you graduated from Robinson Barracks and I graduated from Navy boot camp, we found that crazy cat under the mess hall at Sill. My mother nursed that cat for 18 years! Your two girls knew the cat was a "boy", because it had a "boy" haircut. We had a great time. You are still missed. Your counsel after my boot camp days are still remembered. You died 8 days after we learned of Marvin Noe's death in RVN. The insanity finally stopped in April 1975. YOU DID NOT DIE IN VAIN. YOU HAVE MANY PEOPLE REMEMBERING YOU. The Admiral

Posted by: Dennis E. Beasley
Relationship: We were close friends
Monday, October 10, 2005

Moulton Lamar Freeman from <http://www.starfl.com/articles/moulton-18230-lamar-freeman.html>

Moulton Lamar Freeman was a left-handed pitcher whose wit was as quick as his fastball. All his friends called him "Lefty," a nickname given to him by the high school sweetheart who later became his wife. "I used to sit in the stands and say, 'You can do it, Lefty,' and the name just stuck," remembered his widow, Jackie Benter, who lives in Apollo Beach. "I don't think his parents appreciated it very much."

Freeman was the only child of Moulton Albert Freeman, a paper mill worker who sold homemade pepper relish on the side, and Ruth Freeman, a housewife with a talent for hairdressing. Her knack for correcting beauty shop screw-ups earned her the scorn of local beauticians, who turned her into the state for cutting hair without a license.

Moulton Lamar Freeman moved from Youngstown to Port St. Joe as a young boy, and his natural charm and charisma got him out of many a sticky situation. "He was one of the wittiest kids in school. He could get away with murder," remembered Benter. Freeman and Benter (then Jackie Hoker) met in the halls of Port St. Joe High School. She was a 16-year-old Wisconsin transplant who couldn't find her way to gym class. He was 18, and pointed her in the right direction.

Benter began accompanying Freeman to the Port Theatre on Saturday nights. Freeman operated the projector and Benter sat in the balcony. She kept her eyes peeled for Alfred Hitchcock's fleeting cameos and waited for Freeman to join her. "In between reels, we'd smooch," she recalled.

Freeman and Benter learned the tango, jitterbug, waltz and foxtrot at dance lessons hosted by the Episcopal Church. They spent their evenings riding through town in Freeman's 1939 Oldsmobile, which had a curious habit of honking every time it rained.

The couple married a year after they met, and Benter traded in the Oldsmobile shortly thereafter. Freeman was drafted for service in Korea, but the war ended before he completed basic training. He remained in the Army, convinced by a master sergeant that the service was his ticket to see the world. While in the Army, Freeman welcomed the births of his two daughters, Becky and Barbara. Freeman doted on his children. He gave them piggyback rides and took them to the drive-in to watch his favorite James Bond and John Wayne movies. Benter brought Kool-Aid and Jiffy Pop and Becky (now Becky Nielson) relished every moment in her father's company. "I used to have a crush on my dad," remembered Nielson, who lives in Downers Grove, Illinois.

Freeman was promoted to captain in October 1968, after completing a tour of duty in Germany. He volunteered, at age 35, to go to Vietnam in November 1968. Before he departed, Freeman and Benter attended a dance at an officer's club. A country/western band played all the songs they'd danced to in high school. When the band played the popular hit, "The Green, Green Grass of Home," Benter began to sob uncontrollably and asked Freeman to take her home. The song, told from the perspective of a man facing imminent death and longing "to touch the green, green grass of home," proved a cruel foreshadowing of events to come.

Freeman was serving with Battery C, 2nd Battalion, 319th Artillery of the 101st Airborne Division on May 13, 1969 when he tripped a land mine that bisected his body just under the hip. Freeman's family was then living in Oklahoma. With the time difference, Freeman's death fell on May 14, his daughter Barbara's 9th birthday. When the word came, Freeman's friend picked up Barbara and Becky early from school. When they came home, they found their mother crying on the couch. Freeman's body was escorted to Port St. Joe by his brother-in-law, Master Sergeant Arthur Nixon. His body, only partially visible under a sheet of glass, reminded Becky of a mannequin. "I didn't think it was him," remembered Nielson. "I kept thinking he would come back and it was all a mistake."

Freeman's death took an emotional toll on both girls. "Back in those days, you didn't get counseling. We got kind of patted on the head. It was more of an adult world," said Nielson. Barbara passed away three years ago, having spent a lifetime mourning her father's death. Benter was widowed twice, and has since remarried.

Though she's found happiness again, she has never forgotten her high school sweetheart. "I know what lasting effects death has on a family," said Benter. "You go on, but you're not the same anymore. Something dies with the person."

When she hears "The Green, Green Grass of Home," Benter still can't hold back her tears.

May 26, 2009 by Despina Williams