THE OLD BREED NEWS
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New CG for 1st MarDiv

The First Marine Division has a new Commanding General: Maj. Gen. Roger B. Turner, Jr., who took over the command from Maj. Gen. Robert F. Castellvi, who has served as the division's CG since July 2018. The ceremony took place on 22 September 2020.

Maj. Gen. Turner enlisted in the Marine Corps reserves in 1984. While in the reserves, he attended the University of Maryland. Upon graduation, he commissioned in the Marine Corps and attended the Infantry Officer's Course. He assumed command of 1st Marine Division following service as the commanding general of Marine Corps Air-Ground Task Force (MAGTF) training command, Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center, Twentynine Palms.

FMDA President Jerry Johs said, "We will miss Maj. General Castellvi. Great job, well done, sir. We look forward to working with Maj. General Turner."

He added, "Looks like we will be in good hands with the new command. Also, the 1st Division Band put on a great show, in its usual top form."



U.S. Marine Corps Maj. Gen. Roger B. Turner, Jr., the incoming commanding general for 1st Marine Division. (U.S. Marine Corps photo by Cpl. Jailine L. AliceaSantiago)

Maj. Gen. Castellvi will now serve as the Inspector General of the Marine Corps.



Maj. Gens Turner and Castellvi front and center at Change of Command ceremony (Photo by Cpl. Jailine L. AliceaSantago)



The 1st MarDiv Change of Ceremony in progress (Photo by Cpl. Jailine L. AliceaSantago)

2021 Anniversary

Commemoration Participation Canceled

President's Message

Dear Members,

The Executive Committee met by phone to discuss our Anniversary Commemoration set for this coming January. All agreed to a motion to cancel the Association's usual group participation in the Anniversary events.

The 1st Division's SgtMaj Whitcomb met with our staff to discuss the Anniversary. The Division said that USMC is still restricting gatherings. There would be no unit site visits to reduce virus exposure to Marines. The Pacific Views Event Center is only doing outdoors meal service, so the banquet could be cold and wet.

The Division can only offer to put on a socially distanced Colors Rededication ceremony. Members would probably be able to attend on their own, as the Corps may allow. We will keep you posted.

All on the Committee agreed that few members would risk travel just to attend a one-hour ceremony.

All on the Committee agreed that few members would risk travel just to attend a one-hour ceremony. We are all sorry to have another gathering put down by the pandemic. These are the times we are living through.

We discussed holding general membership meetings by Zoom, or other means.

Please turn to **PRESIDENT** on page 3

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Updated 17 March 2020

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More FMDA Scholarship Awards Announced

Recipients:

- Riley Grace Audsley, Rockhurst University
- Jamar Benson, The University of Toledo
- Mariah T. Benson, Hiram College
- April Chinea, Florida State University
- Lisette Colon, Manhattan College
- Kiarah Nicole Davis, University of California Los Angeles
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- Keeton C. Landfair, University of Mississippi
- Deven C. Phillips, American Military University/ American Public University
- Savannah Rafkin, Colorado State University
- Julia Eliza Strait, University of Maryland College Park
- Brionne M. Woods, Delgado Community College
- Michael A. Woods, University of Louisiana at Lafayette

Scholarship applications are still being accepted. For more information access the Scholarship Fund website at https://www.oldbreedscholarshipfund.com/

Scholarship Fund Report

Marines:

The Fund finished August 2020 with liquid assets totaling $1,120,424.55, up from the end of July due to a continued strengthening of markets combined with excellent investment vehicles managed for the Fund by Mr. Doug Dameron of Capitol Securities.

In August, the Fund processed and paid three scholarships totaling $7,500.00 and the first day of September the fund processed three additional scholarship payments totaling $7,500.00 bringing total scholarships paid at 1 September to $15,000.00 (6 scholarships paid through 1 September).

University administrators, feeling the pinch for cash in the form of student tuition and fees, have finally come out from hiding and are getting our students enrolled and their attendance certified with Col. Hayes and President Johs. Good job, President Johs and Col. Hayes.

Your Scholarship Fund continues to be in very good health.

Jerry Reed, CFO

President Johs:

As always, the information contained in the SF General Ledger Summary Report is public information and can be published in the BDN at the discretion of the Association. This is the members' scholarship fund and they should be very proud of what the members and The Fund Board of Directors have achieved for the benefit of qualified students. Good job by all!

The financial report can be accessed at https://files.constantcontact.com/2c8e639a001/71930bde-5f8d-4250-9e9c-dc52eb6cc048.pdf

PRESIDENT from page 1

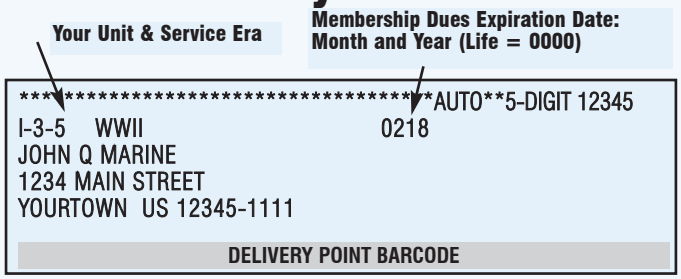
Col Len Hays and LtCol Charlie Kershaw are still working on our 2021 Annual Reunion in August. That planning includes the possibility that the world will not be back to normal by then.

We are still looking for a few good members to run for an Association office for the 2021-2023 term. Along with your bio, please include a copy of your DD-214 (with Social Security Number scratched out). Email to dennis.oldbreed@fmda.us or send on paper to the office. Deadline is 31 December, 2020.

Hope these tough times are making you all tougher people. Keep staying safe out there.

Jerry Johs
President

Check your label



Check your name and address (Apt./Bldg/Lot No.). Notify the Membership Chairman if you find an error. **If your zip code does not contain 9 digits (zip+4)**, your address is not correct according to the USPS. Contact your local Post Office for proper format.

MEMBERSHIP REPORT 10-15-2020

Life	Annual	Assoc. Annual	Friend	Total
4,936	965	82	21	6,004

Chapter Reps:

Please get your chapter news into us for inclusion in Old Breed News. Send it to the editor at 2473 New Haven Circle Sun City Center, FL 33573 or email it to sharp_arthur_g @ sbcglobal. net. Not many chapters are taking the opportunity to let the rest of the association know what they are doing.

The Editor's Desk©

Art Sharp



Oh, Henry©

Sometimes it is difficult for troops to appreciate officers' responsibilities, especially those assigned to the 2nd and 1st Lieutenants who are closest to them. That is highlighted in Lieutenant Joseph Henry's book, *Lieutenant Henry: Memoir of a Marine.* He has been gracious enough to send us a copy along with permission to reprint excerpts in *The Old Breed News,* which we start in this issue.

We thank Lt. Henry for his contribution, as we do Jim Allison, who responded to our plea for material with three remembrances of his service in Korea, and Vince Rios.

NOTE: *Although Lt. Henry's book covers a lot more than his time in Vietnam we will restrict our coverage to that era of his enlistment. There is more than enough there to fill a few pages.*

Lt. Henry is remarkably blunt in outlining those responsibilities, especially as they apply to combat in Vietnam, where he served. Significantly, he admits to his mistakes in the book and alludes to the deleterious effects they had on the troops. Strangely enough, his willingness to admit mistakes is one of the signs of good leadership.

I suspect that we have all served under officers who couldn't lead a platoon into a shower with the letters SHOWER marked plainly on the door while the water was running. I certainly did. Conversely, there were those we would follow anywhere even if we knew there might be no coming back. Heck, read the story of 1st LT. Baldermo Lopez on page 5 if you want to learn about an officer whose senses of responsibility for and safety of his troops was uppermost in his mind. The Corps has—and always has had—plenty of them.

Did Lopez ever second guess himself? Probably. I would venture to say that officers who don't second guess themselves at times may not be the best people to be in charge of troops. That is simply because officers of that type are a little too sure of themselves and prone to make mistakes that can be harmful for their troops. I am only guessing here, since anything above E-4 was beyond my wildest dreams. I was happy being a charge of an M-2 plotting board and a grease pencil, which were the tools of an 81mm mortar FDC specialist.

For the most part I, like so many of my platoon mates, put our complete trust in officers. We recognized that our role was to follow orders and second guess them. That's why the officers wore the stars and bars: to lead us. For the most part that arrangement worked out well.

Lt. Henry demonstrates in his book, as you will see over the next few issues as we follow his adventures in Vietnam, that life as a leader is not always easy. All the training in the world doesn't prepare you for actual events, especially when you have other people's lives in your hands. I learned that lesson the hard way during my fourteen years as an emergency medical technician, during which I made some critical mistakes in judgement in some instances because of the exigent circumstances. That is a way of life for company-grade officers, especially in combat.

Lt. Henry had some rough moments in Vietnam, and he is not shy about admitting it in the book. He had some good times too. In either case he knew how to adapt, improvise, and overcome, which is an asset for any Marine, especially an officer. And, he was always willing to learn whatever he could from his mistakes. That, too, is a hallmark of a good Marine officer.

Just for the record, I do not know, nor have I ever met, Lt. Henry. By the time the Vietnam War was in full swing I had completed my four years of service and returned to civilian life. Besides, I was a 2nd Division Marine, perhaps the only Marine in history to spend his entire enlistment with the same platoon.

To be fair, I was TAD more often than I was at Lejeune. People actually thought my name was Tad I was gone on special assignments so often. I guess 0341s were expendable. I'm surprised the Corps didn't call me back in the mid-1960s just so it could TAD me to the 1st Division for deployment to Vietnam. It did call me back for the Cuban Missile Crisis, but I had already saved the country once at the Bay of Pigs. That's another story though.

As I was saying, I never met Lt. Henry. Based on his book, though, I believe I would have been glad to serve with him. Maybe some of you did. Regardless, his writings are worth reading. So, turn to page 6 and get started. There will be more to come in future issues. Hopefully his willingness to share his book will inspire more of you to contribute your stories.

Hopefully.

Battle of the Bands

The Marine Band they weren't. But the ''musicians'' of Weapons/1/1st Marines at the Chosin rivaled any of history's great musical moments in terms of brass -as in audacious, not melodious.

Lt. William Masterpool, so the legend goes and grows, equipped his very fine ragtag, not ragtime, Marching and Fighting Music Appreciation Society with toy banjos, saxophones and other miniature instruments he had his father send over.

His bandsmen never quite mastered the kinds of sounds that stir men's souls. But they tried, Lord they tried, which delighted their buddies and really didn't disturb the peace and quiet of the war that much.

Then came their moment of triumph.

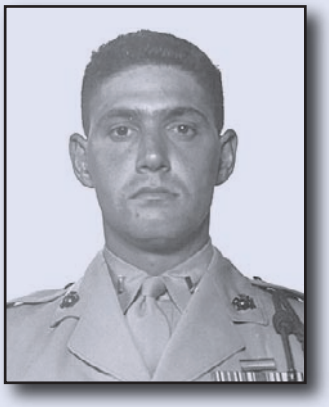
As the Chinese signaled their attack with bugles, trumpets, whistles and whatever, Masterpool's musicians, not to be outdone, rallied behind their instruments and-a-one-and-a-two-and-a-three answered with a defiant, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

Did you know 1st Lt Baldomero Lopez was also a Sailor and China Marine?

Most Marines are familiar with the photo of MOH recipient Baldomero Lopez climbing over the wall during the September 15, 1950 invasion at Inchon, Korea. But details of his life and career are less well known. Here is a profile.

First Lieutenant Baldomero Lopez earned the Medal of Honor in Korea at age 25 for sacrificing his life to protect his men. He was posthumously awarded the nation's top military decoration for smothering a hand grenade with his own body during the Inchon landing on 15 September 1950. Secretary of the Navy Daniel A. Kimball presented the medal to his parents during ceremonies in Washington, D.C., on 30 August 1951.

Baldomero Lopez was born 23 August 1925, in Tampa, Florida, and went to high school in that city, where he starred as a basketball player. On 8 July 1943, he enlisted in the United States Navy, and served until 11 June 1944. After his discharge, he was appointed to the U.S. Naval Academy. After graduating on 6 June 1947, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps. He took basic officer instructions at Quantico, Virginia, after which he became a platoon commander in the Platoon Leaders Class Training Regiment.



1st Lt. Baldomero Lopez

In 1948, 2dLt Lopez went to China, where he served as a mortar section commander and later as a rifle platoon commander at Tsingtao and Shanghai. On his return from China he was assigned to Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, California. He was serving there when, shortly after the outbreak of the Korean War, he volunteered for duty as an infantry officer in Korea. He was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant on 16 June 1950.

News of his heroic death spread quickly among fellow Marines on the battlefronts. On 25 September 1950, a Scripps-Howard war correspondent, Jerry Thorp, said in a news story on 1st Lt Lopez's deed that he "died with the courage that makes men great."

In addition to the Medal of Honor, 1stLt Lopez's decorations include the Purple Heart Medal, Presidential Unit Citation with one bronze star, China Service Medal, and Korean Service Medal with two bronze stars. (http://www.marinemedals.com/ lopezbaldomero.htm)

On 25 September 1950, a Scripps-Howard war correspondent, Jerry Thorp, said in a news story on 1st Lt Lopez's deed that he "died with the courage that makes men great."

MOH CITATION

First Lieutenant Baldomero Lopez
United States Marine Corps

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty as a Rifle Platoon Commander of Company A, First Battalion, Fifth Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces during the Inchon invasion in Korea on 15 September 1950.

With his platoon, First Lieutenant Lopez was engaged in the reduction of immediate enemy beach defenses after landing with the assault waves. Exposing himself to hostile fire, he moved forward alongside a bunker and prepared to throw a hand grenade into the next pillbox whose fire was pinning down that sector of the beach. Taken under fire by an enemy automatic weapon and hit in the right shoulder and chest as he lifted his arm to throw, he fell backward and dropped the deadly missile.

After a moment, he turned and dragged his body forward in an effort to retrieve the grenade and throw it. In critical condition from pain and loss of blood, and unable to grasp the hand grenade firmly enough to hurl it, he chose to sacrifice himself rather than endanger the lives of his men and, with a sweeping motion of his wounded right arm, cradled the grenade under him and absorbed the full impact of the explosion.

His exceptional courage, fortitude and devotion to duty reflect the highest credit upon First Lieutenant Lopez and the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country.

Harry S. Truman
President of the United States

Save the date!!!!

First week in August 2021
Oceanside, California

Blue Diamond Birthday Reunion

"Last of the First Bottle"
in honor of our WWII Vets

The Reunion Committee welcomes your input. Let us know what you want. We of the Committee would also welcome your participation. If you want to get involved with the planning, please drop a line to Dennis Coady in the HQ office. email: dennis.oldbreed@fmda.us

For more info contact: Len Hayes, (760) 760-712 7088, Lenhayes@cox.net

Lieutenant Henry: Memoir of a Marine

PART I

By Joseph Henry

Vietnam Bush

I sat with 2nd Lieutenant R. B. McKittrick on the long 6-hour flight to Hawaii, where we were treated to a short fueling stop with the opportunity to stretch our legs. There was a plane full of Marines staring at one another waiting for the last leg of flight that would transport us to final processing at Camp Butler, Okinawa, then on to the Republic of Vietnam.

The flight from Hawaii to Okinawa was 16 hours, and after conversation and reading materials expired there remained loose sleep and critical thought. "We are products of our time and place in history," I intrinsically philosophized.

Growing up in the post-World War II and Korean conflict eras where service to country was the norm, the expectation existed in my family of duty and loyalty to country. At parochial school after the opening "Our Father" the Pledge of Allegiance was recited in unbroken sequence. We played "Army" and "Cowboys and Indians." Roy Rogers, the Lone Ranger and the Cisco Kid were radio, then TV entertainment staples. These flashbacks filled my mind as it twisted and turned in self-analysis with the sudden realization that where I'm headed the war is real: no games, no storybook endings, no encores. John Wayne (Sergeant Stryker) won't be there to hold my hand.

Fear of the unknown quickly erased the last year of hard training and good times. "I wonder what it's really going to be like. Will I be scared and forget all I was taught? Will I be a coward and run? Will I survive? How will I react in a real fight, a life and death fight?" There were questions and more questions, self-doubt, then expectation. "Be scared but don't be afraid," was the old man's advice. "Do your job, accomplish the mission, protect your men, Recon Marines are specialists, be angry, and kill." A mini-mental metamorphosis was taking place, before arriving in Okinawa.

I made a promise to myself I would go to confession before going into battle. I'd heard military confessions were being given where no one-on-one with a priest was necessary. A group absolution was bestowed because an efficiency of penance was called for. "Maybe I could catch one of those," I concluded.

Chartered military flights are no frills, with functionality not flash the design. The purpose was to deliver as many military men as quickly and profitably as possible. My butt and lower back were oscillating between numbness and nagging soreness. Food was scarce and simple. No beauteous, gracious Pan-Am stewardess here, just wannabes who hid unless specifically called for.

We arrived at Kadena Air Force base on Okinawa at 2230 (10:30 PM) on 27 Sept and were swiftly shuttled to the Marine transit facility at Camp Hansen. The BOQ was simple. Several sets of tiered bunk beds resided in separate rooms housed in a World War II vintage structure. A common latrine supported the entire building, which brought back memories of OCS. We had several days to process in, which included a medical evaluation, shots and atmospheric acclimation.

There was a different smell in the air, a damp dirty depressing scent. Due to the lateness of our arrival we had immediately retired for the night, not able to witness the full effect of the contrast in personnel filling the facility. The next day, an eerie feeling overwhelmed me when I observed the Marines who were shuffling around the grounds. Those arriving from RVN (Republic of Vietnam) on their trip back to the States, and those leaving to RVN to do the yearly tour. I perceived a difference in body language and attitude. Those going home were smiling, joking and at ease, while those heading to RVN were somewhat stone-faced, sullen and mysteriously serious. My happy-go-lucky personality slipped into quiet mode that made observation, not conversation, a priority.

Another striking personnel feature I detected was the predominance of Orientals making up the workforce on the base. The post office, PX and theater were staffed by a race of humans that I would be savagely seeking to eliminate in the upcoming year.

Dead time existed between processing events, which made the Officers Club the established gathering spot. The venue was always busy with the hustle and bustle of anxious, pensive Lieutenants drinking beer and calmly conversing. The tone was sharply different from the "O" clubs of California and Virginia. Mellow, moderate confabulation replaced the raucous and rowdy.

Occasionally old friends were discovered as paths crossed to and from the theater of war. Those leaving were easily identified compared to those arriving. It was analogous to a track meet, where one athlete had finished his event and was conversing with one who had not.

The lounge itself was a large room crowded with tables and a long bar counter conveniently placed against the far wall. Off the lounge area were several openings leading to the game room, which entertained pool tables, shuffleboards and pinball machines.

One could enter and exit the game room directly to the outside without passing through the saloon. I was envious of the officers who "made it." It was obvious in their behavior that a relaxed accomplished mood existed, not bragging or war-storied, but confined and relieved.

The day after arrival at Hansen I received a small surprise: temporary duty. I was to report to building 2726 to the Clothing Control Officer at 0730 (7:30 AM) on 29 Sept for a period of 24 to 48 hours as Clothing Verification Officer. I would not be manifested on an RVN flight until this duty was completed. "What the hell is this? I have no clue what a clothing verification officer does," I thought. Then the light went on.

"Maybe I can commandeer a pair of jungle (camouflage) utilities and boots out of this." Earlier I had heard that one doesn't show up in Vietnam in Stateside utilities unless wanting to be branded a rookie.

The troops arriving from RVN would deposit their cammies and boots in piles at a large warehouse. This was part of their processing out. I could easily pick an outfit

that upgraded my image from boot inexperienced green Lieutenant to a seasoned battle hardened veteran officer.

The duty was a joke. I signed off on several papers handed me by a savvy Sergeant who ran the operation, and outfitted myself according to plan. I boarded the short 1,255 nautical mile commercial charter flight to Da Nang RVN on 2 Oct 1969. The short five-day stay on Okinawa was over.

We were told to bring only clothing germane to the Far East climate. I jammed into my sea bag some civilian clothing for R and R purposes, a set of short sleeved khakis with black dress shoes, along with the recently shed stateside green utilities. I was ready to face the future, whatever it would bring.

My expectation was controlled combat, surrounded by the brightest and best Marines. My plan was to check in to the Commanding General First Marine Division (reinforced), then further report to the Reconnaissance Battalion for duty.

Jumbled thoughts of family, sports and sex occupied my psyche on this last leg. It was my temporary but furtive farewell to a culture that produced and bred me and further transported me to experience the anomaly of war, where the taking of life is justified by the promotion and survival of a concept: freedom.

The runway looked no different than others I had frequented over the last several weeks, long barren reinforced cement strips, separated by burned-out grassy areas indifferent to incoming or outgoing traffic. Our Stretch 8 touched down and made its way to a tarmac resting place a safe distance from the terminal and surrounding hangars. A portable stairway was rolled up to the side door, and one by one we filed down and across the concrete to the terminal building.

I dutifully made my way to motor transport, after collecting my sea bag. It was sunny, sultry and hot at 1020 (10:20 AM) when my military-issued wristwatch announced Vietnam arrival. The bus ride was dirty, musty and short. Military was everywhere, with warehouses, barracks type facilities and motor pools lined with six-by-six transport trucks and jeeps along the route.

1st Marine Division headquarters was placed against the backside of a ridge line facing the ocean and Da Nang. It reminded me of a Himalayan monastery built into a mountain, giving off an air of superiority and secrecy. Little did I know several months later I would be tucked away on the opposite side of this escarpment in a cozy little camp called Dai La Pass.

2nd Lieutenant Mike Galyean was outfitted with a sawed-off shotgun with bandoleers of ammo crisscrossing his upper torso and a K-bar (large knife) that displayed experience hanging from his waist.

At our final destination, a handful of Junior Officers (all 2nd Lieutenants) proceeded off, then up the steps to the front entrance of the headquarters. Noon chow is sacred time in the Corps. It's an hour and a half, giving time for a physical workout in conjunction with solid sustenance. From 1130 to 1300 (1:00 PM), administrative offices are traditionally vacant. Such was the case on our arrival. A clerical straggler directed us to the mess hall and advised us to come back after chow for formal check in.

There is no priority privilege on gossip and rumor. Officers, especially company grade, can promulgate hearsay in intense and believable fashion. It normally starts with "I heard" and continues unabated until a qualifier is requested. Our lunch consisted of taking turns sharing revelations about what we had heard. "3rd Marine Division is pulling out of Quang Tri Province and is headed back to San Diego, the Army is taking over," was one interjection. "The Paris peace talks are bogged down, Vietnamization is a joke," another comment. "Booby traps are everywhere, especially around Da Nang," yet another remark.

I sat smugly listening, then professed, "I'm Recon trained and will report to Recon Battalion after checking in with Division." A short non-verbal acknowledgment was observed before the manifestations continued.

We broke after lunch and I decided to survey the surrounding area. I discovered that Reconnaissance Battalion was opposite the division, down a slight hill in a compound that portrayed seriousness and clandestine activity. The building that housed the USO was off to the right and a short walk from division headquarters. Along with nurses, it was rumored that the only round-eyed females in the area existed here. I wondered if I would ever get a chance to qualify that rumor. It was a passing thought, quickly dissipated by the realization my love life would be put on hold pending the outcome of my survival.

Around 1230 I arrived back at the division. On the front porch that overlooked the area, I was greeted with the presence of the ultimate Marine Infantry Officer. Dressed in jungle utilities saturated with dirt, dust and sweat that turned the camouflage a hideous musty off color green-brown sat an unshaven, filthy, foul-smelling Devil Dog, the epitome of a grunt.

2nd Lieutenant Mike Galyean was outfitted with a sawed-off shotgun with bandoleers of ammo crisscrossing his upper torso and a K-bar (large knife) that displayed experience hanging from his waist. His flak jacket, helmet and field pack lay in a heap beside him. The helmet had a black thick rubber band circling its lower portion, holding a small plastic bottle in place. Mike was medium height with the beginnings of a receding hairline nicely hidden by a crumbled, floppy bush hat. His piercing eyes were separated by the blunt, thin extension of his nose, and his body was lanky lean, as if to suggest only functional nutrition.

I was mesmerized. "My God," I thought, "this is a real Marine!" He gave me a quick glance that intimated annoyance at my presence. "Are you checking in?" I nervously muttered.

"Yeah." He responded with no further explanation.

The rest of the lunch crowd started returning and at 1300 (1 pm) we presented ourselves to the duty desk for check-in and further assignment. I was quick to inform the clerk I was Recon Replacement trained and was heading down the hill for my assignment at Battalion Reconnaissance.

"Sir, Battalion Recon is not taking any

replacement officers because we're short-handed at Division,'' the Marine announced. "You can check it out if you want, Sir, but they will probably send you back here.''

It was a shot through my soul, heart, stomach and lower intestine. I felt numbness, betrayal, anger, and then denial.

"This Marine hasn't got a clue," I immediately concluded. I wheeled around, grabbed my gear and headed to Recon, a comfortable hump down the slight incline. I was in total denial.

"They're trying to bamboozle me; they would like to keep me at Division, but I'm Recon trained, Recon has to take me!''

Recon headquarters had a front counter separating the office staff from the incoming visitors. Saddling up to the wooden barrier, I was promptly greeted by a Gunnery Sergeant. I handed him my orders and informed him that in training I was told to check in with Division, then report here for assignment. There was a strange stillness occupying the communication. The Gunny's eyes and facial expression promptly transmitted dismay at my presence.

"No disrespect intended, Lieutenant, but Division is in critical need of line officers, so we're not taking any officers at this time. You can, however, check back in six months to see if the situation has changed."

The dissemination was direct and to the point, no confusion here.

My denial turned to depression as I retraced my steps back to Division. "I'm a dead man. I won't last ten minutes in the bush. Damn it, what if I lose my legs? This wasn't supposed to happen."

Self-recrimination, doubt and cowardice danced in my innards. All the energy and effort in achieving Recon replacement training flashed through my mind. "I've been cheated. "Come back in six months." Bull, if I'm still alive after six months I'll be rotated back to the rear to a cushy staff job. Screw John Wayne and the horse he rode in on!''

My cognitive side was rebelling. Officers were programmed to rotate to the rear after 6 months in the field (bush); at least that's what I had heard from scuttlebutt. I wasn't sure of anything now. It was a lonely and deflating journey back up the hill. My smug and superior attitude was replaced with intense concern and survivability.

My denial turned to depression as I retraced my steps back to Division. "I'm a dead man. I won't last ten minutes in the bush. Damn it, what if I lose my legs? This wasn't supposed to happen."

I detected a slight "I told you so'' smirk from the duty desk clerk as I humbly requested directions for rejoining my group for the Division briefing and assignments. Upon entering the briefing room, I noticed a large map taking up most of the far wall. A staff Major was neatly describing-the-various-tactical-areas of-responsibilities (TAORs) command for each regiment under the Division's command.

There were little colored markers pinned on the map depicting booby trap activity in each TAOR. The area around Da Nang was loaded with activity, and further out it dropped off dramatically. My selfish survival trait yearned for an assignment with the 7th Marine Regiment, the furthest from Da Nang. They were assigned to the Antenna Valley and Que Son Mountain Range area. The 5th Marine regiment was headquartered at An Hoa combat base, some 26 miles southwest of Da Nang, and had a few more red pins than the 7th Marines. The 1st Marines TAOR was loaded with incidents. I didn't want to go there!

The briefing included the fact that land mine and booby trap activity dropped during the monsoon season, which was just beginning in the northern part of the country. The wetness denied the spark from activating the firing pin, which exploded the device. Smaller traps were still a problem, however, because spark activation was not needed.

The weather was alternating periods of rain and sun. The northeast monsoons consisted of hard intense pellets of precipitation that stung slightly as they penetrated the skin surface. The impact reminded me of Northwest hailstorms. Enough buildings were present to allow cover from the onslaught, so the full effect of experiencing the monsoon season would have to wait a few weeks.

I listened with rabid interest when assignments were made. I pulled the 5th Marine Regiment, located at An Hoa combat base. Its mission was to provide security for the base and surrounding area, protect Liberty Bridge, a key crossing that fed Liberty Road into Highway One (north of Da Nang) and patrol the An Hoa Basin.

The briefing ended late afternoon. Lieutenant Galyean was also assigned to 5th Marines, so I buddied up with him. We made our way to the Division rear BOQ; a standard single layered wooden facility with screened sides and hinged ply board outer slats that provided a sense of shade and runoff for the rain. The next morning we would be transported to An Hoa by helicopter.

Upon checking in at the small office, I was greeted by another surprise, a deja vu type experience. Staff Sergeant D. O. Stalnaker was standing erect, stamping orders acknowledging our presence and further transport. I detected a slight squint when our eyes made contact. He was the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge of Division Rear (NCOIC). One year ago to the moment he was bellowing and barking orders and recriminations at officers-to-be, and now he was standing in front of one of his former candidates. For an instant I felt awkward, but then my mental concerns quickly refocused on where I was going, not where I've been.

He immediately recognized and greeted me with no mention of our past acquaintance. He was a professional Marine. As we headed to our bunks, his familiar (toned down) gravel voice called out. "Lieutenant Henry, Sir, may I have a word with you please?"

It was an acknowledgment I quietly revered. "Sir, I have a problem I thought you might help me with," he began. '

'Yes, Staff Sergeant, what is it?" I responded.

He went on to detail a situation he was having with an enlisted subordinate who was not achieving full potential and had

disrespectful tendencies. He was attempting to forgo formal consequences and thought a word from me, an officer, might tum the situation around. It would be a pep talk of sorts to salvage the attitude and performance of a Leatherneck.

I agreed, and our conversation ended with a caveat. He would attempt one more time to reach this Marine, but if it didn't take he would call on me before my departure. It was a pleasant exchange, and I displayed a slight swagger on my exit.

The next morning, 3 October 1969 at 0700 (7 AM), we were scheduled for transport by helicopter to An Hoa combat base to report to the 5th Marine Regiment. The helo-pad was a short distance from Division rear and acted as a giant bus stop with varying types of helicopters arriving, picking up personnel, then departing for omnifarious destinations.

Getting to know Lieutenant Galyean was a pleasure. That night we had dinner and a few beers together and were back at the barracks early for a restful evening before our trip south. He was from Oklahoma and betrayed this fact by a slight drawl. He had a serious girlfriend who worked on Capitol Hill in Washington, DC, and planned on marrying her.

He wasn't in the country long enough with the Third Marine Division to qualify to leave with them on their pullout. He was a quiet guy and didn't share any combat stories. He shared some tips, however, on survival. Wear your bug juice (mosquito repellent) faithfully, always cup your butt (cover the lighted end of your cigarette) at night in the bush, and listen to your Platoon Sergeant.

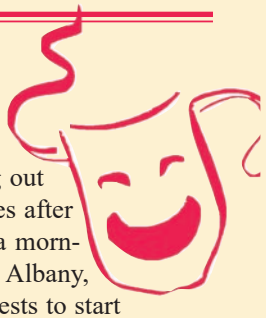
We left early for the landing zone (LZ) the next morning. There was no word from Stalnaker, so I assumed he straightened his "situation" out. The formal helicopter pad is a huge cement block with centered ground markings as a landing guide. They existed only in secure areas, and then most were covered in dust and gunk. When a copter approaches it kicks up anything not permanently attached to the earth. This rotor wash substitutes as a Mid-eastern desert sandstorm, sending the finest particles of loam and crud through all open orifices. No human cell is exempt. Covering eyes and mouth is mandatory.

I understood now why Galyean looked the way he did, having been transported by those aircraft whose source of lift is generated by large flailing rotor blades mounted horizontally. The CH-53 helicopter, a heavy lift transport that carries assorted cargoes from troops to machinery, picked us up. It was distinguishable by its huge rotor centrally located on the top of the fuselage, complemented by a smaller vertical rotor placed on the elevated tail. One entered and exited from a rear ramp door that never fully shut. It could easily hold a platoon of Marines (40 plus).

Two pilots guided the aircraft with a crew chief and a couple of .50 caliber (side mounted) door gunners. All were dressed in aircraft jumpsuits and fitted with special helmets with communication wires running throughout. "This is the real deal," I thought as this monstrous skybird lifted off for the short 26-mile trip southwest to An Hoa.

TO BE CONTINUED

Corps Humor



Too short to start

"The supreme quality for leadership is unquestionably integrity. Without it, no real success is possible." Dwight D. Eisenhower

I was counting the days until my release from active duty. Apparently the Corps was doing the same. I had been assigned TAD to the Camp Geiger motor pool to close out my active duty days. Ten days and a cup of coffee…

(The Geiger motor pool was staffed largely by, in the unique language of the Corps, "soon-to-be-separated Marines with not enough time remaining for other training." Oddly enough, I was TAD'd there while I still had 3 years and 9 months left on my 4-year enlistment. Was the Corps trying to tell me something?)

It was winter in North Carolina. We had about 175 vehicles in the yard, ranging from jeeps to school buses, cattle cars, and Abbots (tank haulers). But, we only had about 80 drivers. To put it mildly, we were overworked, but most of us were short timers who did not care.

I was over 21 and licensed to drive everything from unicycles to TTs (tractor trailers). Neither factor worked to my advantage. Some of our drivers were smart enough to limit the categories of vehicles they could drive. I was more likely to get more runs assigned, which was fine with me. I wanted to stay busy until I got that cup of coffee.

One of our driver responsibilities for early morning runs during cold weather was to start vehicles going out first. That could be as many as thirty vehicles after starting your own. One crisp North Carolina morning I had an early morning TT run to Albany, Georgia. I decided it wasn't in my best interests to start other drivers' vehicles while they were still eating chow or making their racks. I just grabbed my trip ticket and headed out. Apparently that did not sit well with our CO, Warrant Officer Lee.

After I returned from Albany he invited me into his office to discuss my decision. I explained to him that I was anxious to get on the road since I was driving a long distance. "Sir," I said in all sincerity, "I only had ten days left to serve this fine organization. I did not feel that I had enough time to start numerous other vehicles, drive halfway across the southern tier of the country, and get back in time for my cup of coffee."

WO Lee just sat there for a minute pondering his response. Then, with a hint of a smile on his face, and an exhibition of good leadership skills, he said, "Works for me. But, tomorrow you will be out in the yard at 0300 starting vehicles. And just to make sure you have time I'll make sure you don't have any runs scheduled. Enjoy that coffee."

Yeah, WO Lee had a sense of humor—and a flair for leadership. What a combination.

(LCpl) Harry DeBawldguy

This is Liberty Bridge

By Division ISO

A Navy Corpsman ran to two fallen Leatherneck comrades amidst a murderous barrage of enemy small arms fire and died in his attempt to save others.

Pfc Bob Myer and Lance Cpl. Frank Rangle dropped the muzzle of their 105mm howitzer to eye level and shortened the war by twenty North Vietnamese.

A Navy Corpsman ran to two fallen Leatherneck comrades amidst a murderous barrage of enemy small arms fire and died in his attempt to save others.

And a Marine mess sergeant was killed defending his mess hall.

This is the battle of Liberty Bridge. The command post of the 1st Bn., Fifth Marines and Battery "D," 2nd Bn., Eleventh Marines. A small hill northwest of An Hoa, where one of the most deadly single battles of any 1st Division outfit of 1969 was fought. Here, atop this rocky knoll, 72 North Vietnamese gave their lives for their hopeless cause.

Shortly after 2 a.m., March 19, one company of NVA crept within mortar range of the Liberty Bridge CP and began pumping a gargantuan number of mortar and rocket rounds onto the hill. Coming in such great numbers, the explosions sounded like the staccato of a machine gun magnified many times.

Breaching the perimeter wire from the southwest, two more enemy companies inched their way along the wire using automatic weapons fire, grenades and Bangalore torpedoes to gain their foothold. As the Leathernecks began repulsing the NVA, the enemy burst through the wire behind a hellish sheet of flames from three Russian-made flamethrowers.

Now inside the compound, the fighting was everywhere. One Marine burst out of his tent, immediately cutting down three NVA. Reaching his position and finding two of his howitzer crew dead, he scaled the gun's parapet wall and blasted away at the enemy until he died from gunshot wounds.

Another Marine fired into the enemy from his gun's 30-foot parapet until knocked unconscious by an NVA satchel charge. Regaining consciousness, he realized an enemy sapper was using his body as a shield to fire at other Marines. Waiting until the NVA left with four others, he grabbed his rifle and killed all five.

The battalion's mess sergeant noticed enemy movement around his mess hall and leaped from his bunker. Telling his men to cover him, he pursued the enemy but was wounded when another came up behind him with a grenade.

Two of his messmen, seeing their sergeant go down, dashed out from the bunker to help. Another communist threw a grenade wounding one of the rescuers. Though other Marines chased off the attackers, two more NVA fired from the supply tent, wounding a corpsman and killing the mess sergeant. "He often told us, 'I'll defend my mess hall like Custer in his last stand,'" said Lance Cpl. Don Mitchell.

On another side of the hill, 24 NVA sappers penetrated the perimeter wire with vicious point blank fire and occasional hand-to-hand combat. One gun crew killed nine enemy inside their gun's parapet. None of the 24 attackers made it out alive.

As the North Vietnamese ran through the compound many of them stopped to scrounge through supply tents and stores of "C" rations. This foolish mistake cost them their lives. Capt. Wayne Babb, battery commander, spotted two NVA running with small wicker baskets full of "C" ration cans. He led a squad after them, killing them as they continued pursuing food instead of security.

With the Red soldiers still charging in hordes, Pfc. Myer and Lance Cpl. Rangle fired their howitzer point blank into the enemy human waves until their position was overwhelmed by North Vietnamese. They grabbed their M-16 rifles and began a two-man assault.

Myer found three NVA hiding behind the parapet and pinned them down with a burst of automatic fire. Two of the sappers stood up and began running, but Myer quickly cut them down. The remaining soldiers attempted to crawl away, but died instantly.

Rangle ran around the other side of the parapet and spotted six NVA crawling toward him. As he attacked the enemy sextet, they retaliated with grenades and a searing burst from a flamethrower. He ducked behind the parapet, threw two grenades, and knocked it out.

Another communist ran up to retrieve the flamethrower but followed the fire machine's former operator to his death. Rangle killed four more with grenades and his M-16.

A tank crew, led by Sgt. Bob Lynch, spotted enemy soldiers attacking an artillery position and opened up with the tank's .50 caliber machine gun. Two communists were killed and the rest driven off. Before the night became quiet, the tankers killed six more enemy.

Sergeant Maj. Bill Fales personally led a reaction force to oust a group of sappers from his perimeter. Two of the enemy held up in a tent and Fales went in after them. While his men covered him, the sergeant major opened the tent flap and was met with a communist grenade. The blast knocked Fales on his back and his men killed the two North Vietnamese.

Fales then led his men to the mess hall. Finding the mess sergeant dead, he directed his men to cover him as he ran to a wounded messman's aid. Dragging him from the enemy fire-swept area, he led his men against the enemy position, wiping it out.

Individual heroism was commonplace that night. Everywhere that the Leathernecks met overwhelming odds, they mustered up whatever Marines have had in the past, and defeated the enemy. It is that little spark of devotion to duty; that tiny flame of pride and most of all that gigantic belief that what they are doing is right. On this night, 72 North Vietnamese soldiers died attempting what they proved to be impossible.

The Battle of Liberty Bridge will long be remembered in the history of great land battles, but for the men of the 1st Bn., Fifth Marines and Battery "D," 2nd Bn., Eleventh Marines, it will remain as a special memory where fear met guts and guts breached the realm of glory for one brief, eternal night.

Members in the NEWS

Happy 97th Birthday to Golda Fabian

Member Golda Fabian celebrated her 97th birthday on May 29, 2020. Local newspaper Tigard Life covered it.



Golda Fabian celebrates her 97th birthday

A one-Marine monument committee

Ray Bratton was featured in the November 12, 2017, Lowell [MA] The Sun after he donated a monument to the town of Chelmsford's Veterans Memorial Park in honor of people who served in the Korean War. The memorial was dedicated as part of Chelmsford's Veterans Day ceremony that year.

According to reporter Alana Melanson, "It has long bothered Marine Corps veteran Ray Bratton that few speak or learn of the war that affected him so deeply."

Bratton told her that "The problem with the Korean War was that it lasted three years, and it was forgotten about. I always felt that all those people lost their lives and didn't get any recognition for it."

He designed the memorial with the help of the Veterans Memorial Park Committee and solely funded its creation. The stone was carved and installed by Colmer Monument Works in Lowell, MA.

Reach Ray Bratton, who served with I/3/7, at 8 Gregory Rd., Chelmsford, MA 01824, 978-954-1469 (cell), 978-256-9929 (home), or rajeanbee@aol.com

Mike Galyean Wins 50/50 Drawing

We asked the crew at the Monster Garage to pull the winner of the August 2020 50/50 raffle. The winner was Mike Galyean. Prize was $380, with $380 going to the General Fund.

Congratulations, Mike, and "thank you" to all who bought tickets.

The Monster Garage provides grounds keeping and handyman services to the Division HQ, staffed by soon-to-be-separated Marines with not enough time remaining for other training.



CPL Garcia draws the winning 50/50 ticket, as CPL Plummer and SGTMAJ Marty Vasquez observe

1st Marine Division on Facebook

Did you know that you can follow 1stMarDiv activities on Facebook? Just access https://www.facebook.com/1stMarineDivision to keep up with what's going on. You get the latest news—and a chance to comment on events in the "Write a Comment" section.

Give it a try. You won't be alone. As of October 17, 2020 360,929 people have accessed the site. It must be of interest!

Here's an example of what you might find:

Demolitions Range

Marines with Kilo Co, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division, currently attached to 3rd Marine Division under the Unit Deployment Program, ignite C4 during a demolitions range in Okinawa, Japan.



Marines ignite C4 at demolition range



C4 creates a blast

The range was conducted with combat engineers and infantry Marines to achieve training and readiness standards for demolitions.

Incorporating infantrymen into this level of training allows them to understand how to properly employ their combat engineers during future operations.

(U.S. Marine Corps photos by Cpl. Savannah Mesimer)

Comment

Scariest thing I did as an 0812 was practice warhead demolition. *Walking* away from a live charge with the fuse burning was nerve-wracking. Respect to the engineers and others who do this daily...*David Engh*

Richard Warren and James Paul Crain

By James T. Allison

In early August 1950, two months after North Korea invaded South Korea, my Marine Reserve unit, the Fifteenth Infantry Battalion of Little Rock, Arkansas, was activated, as was every Marine Reserve unit in the United States. This was four months after my 18th birthday and my graduation from high school.

We went by troop train to Camp Pendleton, California, where reserve units from all over America were arriving. The rest of August was spent in an organizational nightmare there, getting classified for assignment according to several factors, e.g., time in the reserves, attendance at drills and summer camps, prior service—all determining how you could best be used.

I was low in every category, so like every new recruit I was sent to boot camp at Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego, California. It lasted twelve weeks, then I attended combat training at Tent Camp Two near Pendleton. Next came Christmas leave for ten days, back to California, and onto the troop ship General William Weigel to Yokosuka, Japan. From there we traveled to Korea. We landed about the third week of January 1951, and took a three-day ride in open trucks to join the First Marine Division that was in reserve somewhere above Pusan in South Korea.

I was assigned to Able Company 1st Battalion Fifth Regiment, a rifle (infantry) company composed of three platoons: a machine gun section, a 60mm mortar section, and a headquarters section consisting of a company commander, executive officer, top sergeant, wiremen, forward observers, interpreters, and company runners. I was in the 3rd Platoon. Like every new man I was given the Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR) to carry.

Each platoon had three squads of three four-man fire teams, with a squad leader. Weapons-wise, every fire team had a BAR and three M-1s, so there was a lot of firepower in a Marine squad.

At the time I joined, the 3rd Platoon was commanded by 1st Lt. Basile Lubka, a small man, full of himself and hard on his troops. He enlisted after WWII, and at some point was selected for OCS, which meant he was highly regarded by the officers in charge of him. He nicknamed himself "Buzz," Basile sounding awkward, and foreign. Buzz was cocky and cool.

The Korean War was seven months old when I arrived in the fourth replacement draft, the first after the Division's return from the Chosin Reservoir. The men I joined had just been through some hard fighting, both at the Reservoir and at Inchon, and a few in the months of July and August 1950.

The initial Marine contingent in Korea was named "the Brigade," a cobbled-together unit that turned the tide against the North Korean Army that was about to push the South Korean and U.S. forces into the sea at Pusan.

The new men, like me, faced an attitude from those already there who allowed no slack. They had already proven themselves, and had a sense of warrior entitlement we had to earn before any equal treatment was given. This was true for both NCOs and officers, so the new guys had to stick together and help each other just to survive. Fortunately, I made it, and after several more replacement drafts, I was one of the old guys. Looking back, I grew up a lot during those early months.

Two people who helped me, showed me the ropes, and accepted me, were Richard Warren and James Paul Crain. They had been in the Marines' one-year enlistment program developed after WWII: a year's active duty, including boot camp, and then a three-year reserve obligation. Both were in their early 20s, and served during 1948-1949. Crain was from Booneville, Missouri, and Warren from Pittsfield, Massachusetts. They were also in the 3rd Platoon, which meant we were always around each other.

There is a strict organizational order in a Marine rifle company. Even a fire team, the smallest unit, has a leader and three followers. That leader is led by a squad leader, who reports to the Platoon Sergeant, who reports to the Company Sergeant, the top enlisted man in the Platoon. I'm sure they were in my squad, and I think they were already "in country" when I arrived.

Infantry life, as we experienced it, required a buddy system. Watch at night was shared by two men in a foxhole. A longer encampment was spent in bunkers, i.e., rectangular holes dug in the ground, with a roof of small logs and sand bags, each housing two men, similar to roommates in college. Warren and Crain were buddies, just as I was with several different people because many things affected this system. I'm not sure how a sort of bond developed between the two of them and me, but it did, and I sensed they'd look out for me when necessary. In today's jargon, they "had my back," and kept me from screwing up on more than one occasion.

I learned from Richard Warren that people in the Northeast called cold drinks "tonics" and milkshakes "frappes." Their cornbread was more of a cake, and they had no idea of black-eyed peas or turnip greens. We had barbeque; they had pizza pie.

With Crain I had more of a regional identity, and he told me about vacations at the Lake of the Ozarks and college life at the University of Missouri. He had a girlfriend whose letters he claimed contained a lot of sexy passages, but he never showed them to us. We did see pictures of her, some in bathing suits; she was pretty and had a good figure. Many a night I stood a lonely watch fantasizing about Crain's girlfriend talking dirty to him.

When I say Warren and Crain looked after me, I don't mean I needed help all the time, because I think I acclimated to an infantryman's life pretty well. The weather and environment were more of a regular problem than the enemy. They were older guys who could handle themselves well, and befriended me early on, and that attachment fortified my young psyche and gave me a kind of confidence I might not have had otherwise. I hope they saw that I knew how to take care of myself and not be a problem to the people around me.

The enemy had no air force, and not much artillery, but they did have large mortars, and a kind of mountain howitzer that fired flat trajectory from hillside to hillside.

I learned that you kept up on the march, you looked after your gear and didn't lose things, and you weren't a constant complainer or whiner. I learned who to stay away from (especially officers) and who was dependable and who wasn't. It didn't take much to get on the wrong side of your superior, and once there, the bad impression remained difficult to erase.

During the spring and summer months of 1951, the First Marine Division operated in central and eastern South Korea near the 38th Parallel. It was heavily forested, mountainous country, and we were on the move almost every day, climbing the hills, walking the ridgeline, setting up a perimeter at night, and moving on the next morning.

In the fall, the 1st Battalion began to stay in one place for longer periods of time. We'd be on one hilltop, the enemy on the opposite hill, with a valley between us. Here we'd dig bunkers, put out barbed wire, establish mortar and artillery coordinates, and pester each other with patrols. The enemy waited until after ten o'clock at night and silently came up our hill to see what damage they could do.

Our patrols assembled before daylight so they wouldn't see us coming, crossed the valley and up their hill as dawn broke. The objective was more scouting than fighting. Members of the patrol were told we were locating their encampment for air strikes and artillery purposes. I saw that hillside napalmed and bombed several times.

The enemy had no air force, and not much artillery, but they did have large mortars, and a kind of mountain howitzer that fired flat trajectory from hillside to hillside. Their mortar men were very accurate. Mortar rounds were probably scarce, so each had to find its target. And that's what happened to Richard Warren, and almost to me.

We were in the same bunker on a hill like the one just described. Our fighting hole was connected to a short slit trench that led back to the opening of the bunker. Warren and I were beer drinkers, and the company had just gotten a beer ration of four cans per man. We traded our candy and cigarettes for more beer from the non-drinkers, and accumulated over a dozen cans that were in a box on the roof of our bunker.

It was late afternoon, with darkness an hour away, and we were preparing for the night's watch. I was standing at the bunker's opening, handing some grenades to Warren to put on the parapet of our hole. Suddenly, the whining roar of a descending shell sounded, followed by a terrific earth-crunching explosion that knocked me backwards into the bunker. Dirt fell from the roof, and dust filled the little area.

After a moment, I sat up and collected myself, realized I was okay, and crawled out to see about Warren. He was sitting in our hole, bent over, holding his hands together, saying something like, "I can't get my fingers straight." I saw blood on his hands as he continued fooling with them, twisting one around the other, not completely aware of my presence. I yelled that Warren had been hit, and someone got the corpsman.

He took over and got Warren's hands separated, showing his right hand to be a bloody mess. Most of the last two fingers were gone; there were gashes on both hands; and we backed off so the corpsman could do his job. He made Warren elevate his hand, cleaned up the cuts, and wrapped a bandage around the hand. At some point, he gave him a morphine shot that seemed to make Warren sick, because he vomited several minutes later.

Through all of this Warren must have been in a state of shock, because he didn't pay much attention to us, being absorbed in what had just happened to him. We told him he'd gotten the million dollar wound—a ticket back to the states—trying to make him feel better about having part of his hand blown off. I remember we weren't too successful, and Warren seemed to resent our enthusiasm.

Our beer was also wounded, cans scattered all over the hillside, punctured and exploded; there was nothing left to drink. Here comes the Lieutenant and platoon sergeant, asking questions, checking on Warren, making arrangements to get him off the hill and down to the Battalion aid station. They saw the remains of the beer cans and knew immediately what had happened.

The tops of the beer cans shone like a beacon to the enemy gunners across the way, and from a great distance one of their gunners put a mortar round fifty feet from his target. The chewing out began, all directed at me. "Stupid and dumb... Could have gotten a lot of people killed..." was some of the milder language thrown my way. I took it in contrite silence.

Better not to say anything. Especially not to point out it had been Warren who had put the beer cans on the bunker's roof. That's about all I remember about this incident.

I do recall Warren gave me a little Derringer pistol he'd won gambling. I was scared of it, and traded it away at the first opportunity. The next few days the realization that I was now on the higher-ups' loser's list sank in, and my only recourse was to earn my way off it.

Richard Warren was gone after that, and I can't remember if James Paul Crain was still around when Warren was hit. What happened to Crain made me wonder how I would react to the situation he had to face. Thank goodness I never had to find out.

Two North Korean soldiers surrendered to Able Company. I was told they started following the last part of our column, yelling and holding up their hands. Our troops made them get on the ground, and called the interpreters to talk with them. They were just kids, poorly-clothed and weaponless; they wanted to surrender and be fed, be given cigarettes, and to not study war any more.

The Third Platoon had the point at the front of the column. The interpreters were told there was a larger group on top of a nearby hill, maybe twenty men. Officers

Something compelled Crain to inspect the man he'd killed, and he walked over to look at him. He saw the body of a boy shot through the neck, eyes open, staring up at him.

were always itching for a fight, so it was decided to send two squads up the hill to engage them. This group was cherry-picked by the Lieutenant and his Platoon Sergeant. Fortunately, I wasn't selected. But Crain was, and like the rest, his orders were to maintain silence, take extra ammo and grenades, shed anything that made a noise, sneak up on the enemy and surprise them.

They did just that. There were no sentries out to spot our group, and they were able to creep up the trail unnoticed by the enemy, who were sitting around a little fire. One squad opened fire and the other charged, yelling and shooting, scaring the enemy, who fled in the opposite direction. Crain told me all of this later on, and said he had a good shot on one of them running away, and got off several rounds until the man dropped. More than half of them got away, but a few were cut down, like Crain's victim.

Something compelled Crain to inspect the man he'd killed, and he walked over to look at him. He saw the body of a boy shot through the neck, eyes open, staring up at him. He realized this impulse had been a mistake, and quickly rejoined the other Marines, whose adrenaline was running high, as if they'd just won a big battle, despite no shots being fired at them.

I only heard about this once, but I think it was on that hill that Crain realized he was not on a deer hunt, and he had killed a person who was not fighting but was running away. A private emotional crisis began and he couldn't shake it, so it steadily took over his mind. I don't know how he got himself transferred from Able Company to another unit far in the rear. I'm sure he must have talked with a chaplain, probably the Captain and the Platoon Sergeant.

They knew Crain was a good Marine, one they hadn't had to worry about before. So his feelings were genuine; he was not trying to get out of a rifle company, but something happened to him after he shot that young North Korean soldier, and he knew it was best for him to get off the lines. I don't remember his leaving, or what unit he was subsequently assigned to, but I have never forgotten him.

In the spring of 1954 I was a student at the University of Arkansas, and spent a weekend in Columbia, Missouri. Booneville is thirty miles north, and I hitchhiked there to see if I could find my old friend. I don't know how I came to have his address, but I found his house, a nice wooden frame structure with a large front porch, one of many such houses in small towns of the Midwest. Both his parents were home, but Crain wasn't. He'd gone to California, they said, and was married. I left all my information for them to send him, in hopes he'd write to me, but I never heard a word.

Life in the infantry creates a forced intimacy among its participants; it's there, want it or not. An added dimension is present when it's served in a hostile environment. There is no privacy, no tolerance for bad behavior, and everyone must pull their own weight or be sent to an ignominious job in the rear. That's not the way one wants to be thought of or remembered.

Strong friendships are created by this intimacy, bolstered by the dependence on one another in combat situations, and in our case, the esprit de corps instilled by Marine training. Thus, though everyone was glad to leave Korea, it is a kind of shock when your tour is over and you know it's the last time you'll see these men who were an everyday part of your life.

Both Warren and Craig were good friends who helped me when my life was being tested, and I needed their resources to pass. We were together constantly during their time in Korea, and without their presence my experience as a young Marine in a harsh environment would not have been the positive one I remember now.

James Allison, 2875 Mallard Ln., Germantown, TN38138

Around the Corner

By Charles Hanson Towne

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end,
Yet the days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it, a year is gone.
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race,

He knows I like him just as well,
As in the days when I rang his bell.
And he rang mine but we were younger then,
And now we are busy, tired men.
Tired of playing a foolish game,
Tired of trying to make a name.
"Tomorrow" I say! "I will call on Jim
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."

But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,
And distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner, yet miles away,
"Here's a telegram sir,"…. "Jim died today."
And that's what we get, and deserve in the end:

Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Source:
https://pennyspoetry.fandom.com/wiki/Around_the_ Corner_/_Charles_ Hanson_Towne

This poem, suggested and submitted by James Patterson, is in the public domain. "It should be printed in honor of our members who have answered their "Last Call," he said.

It also suggests that we should not put off visiting or keeping in touch with our friends, who may not be there when we try to contact them.

Heroes run in families


Ronald E. Rosser

The news barely made a ripple when U.S. Army Korean War Medal of Honor recipient Ron Rosser died at age 90 on August 20, 2020. That is not surprising. Medal of Honor recipients do not merit the same degree of attention when they go to guard the gates of Heaven as do celebrities whose contributions to the protection of freedom pale by comparison. Rosser was an exception, though. He had a special reason for fighting in Korea.

Rosser was born in Columbus, Ohio, on October 24, 1929, one of seventeen children. He joined the Army at age 17 and served three years. He reenlisted in 1951 "to finish his brother's tour" after his younger brother Richard was killed in the Korean War.

"I reenlisted for combat duty in Korea," he recalled. "The Army couldn't believe that's what I wanted, but I made up my mind that you can't kill my brother and get away with it."

Sadly, he had a second brother killed in action. That was PFC Gary Edward Rosser of Crooksville, Ohio, , who died on Sept. 20, 1966 in Quang Nam Province—two days short of his 20th birthday. He was assigned to D/1/1 at the time. PFC Rosser is listed on the Vietnam Wall at Panel 10E Line 126. His remains were recovered.

Marine John O'Donnell, who served from 1965-68, wrote on his memorial:

"Honoring a very young brave Marine hero.

"This man has given of himself everything he could, so that his brother Marines and the people back home could live a more peaceful life. This gift of his life shows the greatness of this hero. Heroes don't wear a cape or mask: no! They wear Marine green. Heroes come in different shapes and sizes.

"As each day passes, we must take the time to remember what this hero gave up! So that we could live in a free society. Thank you! Semper fi! Hero you are not forgotten. Doesn't matter if you are a 2yr, 3yr, 4yr, enlistment or a draftee or reservist, officer or enlisted. You have earned the title of United States Marine! A nation cries out for the loss of one of its sons. I am honored to write on his memorial Sept. 22, 2014"

What a moving contribution from one Marine to another—and what a great contribution from one family to protect freedom: two members killed in action in separate wars and a third who earned a Medal of Honor. That is above and beyond the call of duty for one family in the interest of protecting freedom for the family of humanity.

The vagaries of Vietnam

One of the Marines mentioned prominently in Lieutenant Henry: Memoir of a Marine is FMDA member Mike Galyean, the current president of the Central Florida chapter. Mike had some cogent thoughts about his Vietnam experience to share in the July/August edition of the chapter's newsletter, "The Ooh Rah." We are reprinting them here with his permission.

On Wednesday, July 19, 1970, I boarded a Continental Airlines flight at the Danang Airbase for a return flight (via Okinawa) after twelve months in Vietnam. I still remember the fear, even as the plane rose off the runway, that a rocket could still bring the plane down. I didn't feel really safe until I was far out over the North China Sea.

I was at a social event several months ago and the subject of Vietnam service came up. There were three to four fellows in a discussion about service, or not, in Vietnam during the war. One fellow who had been stationed in Thailand (Air Force) during the war made the statement that his time overseas wasn't something that affects his life now. As it turned out, he had played football for the base team where he was stationed.

I have thought about that conversation many times since that evening. I felt, at the time, and still do, that the statement was directed at Vietnam veterans who sometimes seem to dwell on their past service and experiences. There are some whose combat experience seems to occupy their thoughts 100% of the time, but who am I to judge what goes on in their minds. If their experience has shaped their thoughts and actions that much, there must be a good reason, and I won't hold it against them.

For someone who played football for his base in Thailand to claim that "it doesn't affect his life now" signals what most veterans go through who spent any time at all in a combat environment… a public that does not have a clue about what that service and experience meant to the returning veteran.

Joining the Marine Corps was the best decision I ever made (second only to marrying Nancy, of course!) Even with the twelve months spent in a war that now seems to be questionable, I would not trade the experience for anything. Fortunately, I can say that without the lasting effects of serious physical or emotional injury. I'm not sure I'd feel the same way if my circumstances were different in that regard.

Does my life revolve around my service and experience in Vietnam? I don't think so, but it certainly has defined who I am as a person, for good or bad. I'll not apologize for that.

The 1st Marine Division Association and the Central Florida Chapter in particular give me an opportunity to let me live the pride of being a Marine and not have to apologize for that experience being the force it has in my life. Marines understand. Even if your experience did not involve combat in any theater or era, you understand. When I say, "I'm a Marine, just not in uniform anymore," you understand.

Mike Galyean, koolade@embarqmail.com

New memorial to women in service at ANC

A new bronze monument, "The Pledge," honoring women in the military, was unveiled on 17 October at the Women In Military Service For America Memorial in Arlington National Cemetery. The monument, sculpted by the internationally renowned Susan Bahary, was commissioned by the nonprofit US War Dogs Association.

The California-based Bahary said, "The Pledge honors the commitment of our brave servicewomen in all the jobs they do."

The statue depicts a kneeling servicewoman and her working military dog making intense eye contact. It is the first monument in the nation to honor female military working dog handlers.

The state features on its side a quote from Anne Sosh Brehm, a first lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps during World War II: "Let the generations know that women in uniform also guaranteed their freedom. That our resolve was just as great as the brave men who stand among us. And with victory, our hearts were just as full and beat just as fast — that the tears fell just as hard for those we left behind."



"The Pledge"

Call for Material

GOOD NEWS: We had a positive response, albeit limited, to our plea in the April/May/June issue for material to help fill our pages. Let's hope the submissions continue.

This is your magazine, the communications line between members and the FMDA administration. We are running out of printable material at the editorial office. Since publication of the OBN is a team effort, we request that members help us out.

Please send us some material to fill the pages of future OBNs. We accept (among other things):

- chapter news (this issue does not contain any)
- memoirs
- book reviews
- remembrances of favorite officers, colorful characters, etc. (Real names don't have to be used.)
- news of members' exploits such as those mentioned in local newspapers (see example in MIN on p. 11)
- photos
- first-person stories about interesting things that happened to you in combat and/or peacetime chapter news
- humorous recollections (see the example on p. 9)
- information that might be helpful to veterans, e.g., VA news, health updates
- feedback to articles and stories printed in previous issues…

almost anything that is printable.

There is no set length or format for submissions. They can be handwritten, typed, written napkins with crayons…our crack editorial staff will do its best to get it into publishable shape. (We do prefer scannable material whenever possible, e.g., word processing format such as WORD.)

There are a few restrictions. We can't print material that is purely political in nature, for example. Nor can we reproduce without permission articles that have been published previously in copyrighted media such as books, newspapers, and magazines. We have to adhere to copyright laws. And, we rarely—if ever—print fiction or poetry. Virtually everything else will be considered though.

Please help us rebuild our inventory. We have 32 pages to fill in every issue, so every little bit helps.

Our mailing address is Arthur G. Sharp, OBN Editor, 2473 New Haven Circle, Sun City Center, FL 33573. Material is also welcome at our email center, sharp_arthur_g@sbcglobal.net. Thanks for your participation.

General Fund

General Fund Donations = 24 Total = $2,373.97

SGT WILLIAM A. (JOE) ANDREWS	2nd	15
BRENDA A. CUMMINGS In memory of my dad, John W. Bailey.	4th	100
HOWARD E. DENTON	10th	200
FRANKLIN MADISON (formerly AFFINION GROUP)	41st	175.34
FRANKLIN MADISON (formerly AFFINION GROUP)	42nd	102.54
FRANKLIN MADISON (formerly AFFINION GROUP)	43rd	375.09
GOLDEN GATE CHAPTER	21st	600
MS BRIDGET HART In memory of my father Col Herbert M. Hart.	2nd	100
JAMES A. HOWARD	10th	50
IBM EMPLOYEE SERVICES CENTER	118th	11
IBM EMPLOYEE SERVICES CENTER	119th	11
IBM EMPLOYEE SERVICES CENTER	120th	11
IBM EMPLOYEE SERVICES CENTER	121st	11
IBM EMPLOYEE SERVICES CENTER	122nd	11
IBM EMPLOYEE SERVICES CENTER	123rd	11
ART LITTLEFIELD	1st	50
SGT JOHN E. MANSFIELD	98th	25
CPL JOHN F. MCGUIRE	2nd	25
1STLT GREGORY E. MELNICK JR	13th	100
RUTH N. OSBORNE	1st	40
SGT DWIGHT E. PAULEY	7th	100
SGT PETER HERBERT SAYLES	1st	50
MARY ANN SMITH	1st	100
MRS VIRGINIA URRUTIA	2nd	100

OBN Plea

OBN Plea Donations = 3 Total = $105.00

CPL ARTHUR G. GOFF JR	25th	25
HM2 ROBERT M. KURTZ	16th	5
SGT SAMUEL PACHECO SR	6th	75

General Fund–Life Members

Life Member = 25; Total = $1,555.00

SGT ARTHUR JOHN BURN	18th	300
GYSGT MAURICE A. DEVEREAUX USMC(RET)	25th	50
1STSGT GEORGE E. GALVAN USMC(RET) In memory of Col. J.R. "Bull" Fisher	85th	100
1STLT MICHAEL L. GALYEAN	18th	100
CPL ARTHUR G. GOFF JR	24th	50
CPL DAVID A. GOODFIELD	15th	100
MSGT JAMES R. GUMMOW	27th	25
SGT ELMER J. HAWKINS	38th	200
1STSGT RUSSELL W. KAUFFMAN USMC(RET)	8th	100
1STSGT JOHN J. LORD JR	2nd	100
SGT DUANE L. MAGNAN	15th	50
CPL IRVIN A. MAY USMC(RET) In memory of PFC William F. Peer (June 2020). We served together in Korea. He was in my squad.	24th	50
CPL IRVIN A. MAY USMC(RET) God bless the Marine Corps	25th	50
LTCOL DONALD J. MODDER USMCR	9th	50
SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	127th	10
SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	128th	10
SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	129th	10
SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	130th	10
SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	131st	10
SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	132nd	10
SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	133rd	10
CAPT WILLIAM R. OTTO USMC(RET)	57th	25
MSGT STEPHEN R. RISCH USMC(RET)	13th	50
LTCOL KENNETH P. RUMBURG USMC(RET)	9th	35
CPL CARL F. SCOTT	19th	50

Scholarship Fund

Donations = 1; Total = $25.00

CPL ARTHUR G. GOFF JR	1st	25

Taking a chance



A U.S. Marine clears his boot of dirt and sand while resting on a 16" Naval artillery shell that did not explode, Saipan, June 1944

A Marine Corps Commandant speaking before a group of retired Marines said in essence: "There are three pivotal battles in Marine Corps history that will forever be the touchstone of Marine Corps bravery and tenancy under extreme combat conditions. They are Belleau Wood in WWI, Iwo Jima in WWII, and The Chosin Reservoir in Korea."

70th Anniversary of the Korean War

This year marks the 70th anniversary of the start of the Korean War. One of the highlights of the year was the amphibious landing at Inchon on September 15th that literally turned the tide of the war. Until that time the North Koreans had been pushing allied forces relentlessly into a tightly-closing section of south-eastern of the country known as the Pusan Perimeter. General Douglas MacArthur's historic landing at Inchon and the resulting recapture of Seoul broke the North Koreans' hold and changed the direction of the war.



Four tank landing ships unload men and equipment on Red Beach one day after the amphibious landings on Inchon.



Medal of Honor recipient First Lieutenant Baldomero Lopez, USMC, leads the 3rd Platoon, Company A, 1st Battalion, 5th Marines over the seawall on the northern side of Red Beach, as the second assault wave lands, 15 September 1950, during the Inchon invasion. Wooden scaling ladders are in use to facilitate disembarkation from the LCVP that brought these men to the shore.
Lt. Lopez was killed in action within a few minutes, while assaulting a North Korean bunker. Note M-1 Carbine carried by Lt. Lopez, M-1 Rifles of other Marines and details of the Marines' field gear. Photo number NH 96876.



U.S. Marines engaged in urban warfare during the battle for Seoul in late September 1950. The Marines are armed with an M1 rifle and an M1918 Browning Automatic Rifle. On the street are Korean civilians who died in the battle. In the distance are M4 Sherman tanks (Photos and text from https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Inchon)

Membership is Our Strength

It's not the price you pay to belong, It's the price you paid to become eligible to join

1st Marine Division Association

Marines land in force at Somalia

U.S. officers in the Navy's amphibious task force said the first mission of the Marines off Somalia's coast would be to take control of the seaport and airport at Mogadishu. The Marines, who arrived in the area last week, will come ashore in helicopters and amphibious vehicles. They first will secure the airport in Baidoa, 200 miles to the west, to pave the way for the Army's 10th Mountain Division.

Navy F-14s flew over Mogadishu, dropping orange flares to defend against possible attack by militiamen armed with shoulder-mounted missiles. Pentagon sources said F-14s from the aircraft carrier USS Ranger flew reconnaissance missions over Somalia, scouting for the Marine landing…

U.N. and relief workers do "not think the first 1,800 Marines [in Somalia] will face widespread opposition supply because that is a huge force by Somali standards. A supply ship also was bringing Ml-Al tanks, armored assault vehicles and artillery for the Marines. But aid agencies prepared evacuation plans in case fighting erupted.

If there is trouble, the approximately 200 relief workers in Mogadishu would gather in two locations to be evacuated by a small force of Pakistani soldiers who have been in the city since September as U.N. peacekeepers. The initial Marine force is to be followed by 16,000 Marines from California and 10,000 light infantrymen from the 10th Mountain Division based at Fort Drum, N.Y. (Hartford, CT, Courant, 8 Dec. 1992, p. 6)

QUIZ: What was the first injury sustained by a U.S. Marine in Somalia in 1992? If you said snakebite, you are correct.

Snakebite is first Marine injury

ABOARD THE USS TRIPOLI (AP) — A U.S. Marine was admitted to the USS Tripoli's sick bay Friday for treatment of a potentially deadly snakebite, the first Marine casualty of Operation Restore Hope.

Capt. J.R. Hutchison, the skipper of the helicopter carrier stationed 1½ miles off the Somalia coast, said a mole viper bit the Marine in the upper left arm when the man rolled over in his sleeping bag.

The Marine, who was not identified, was recovering.

Any old 'Bridgeport' in a storm

Jun 16, 2020

CAMP PENDLETON, Calif. - On June 11, 2020, Marines & Sailors from Headquarters Company, 5th Marine Regiment; 3d Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment; and 3d Marine Air Wing conducted an air assault from Marine Corps Air Station Camp Pendleton to the Marine Corps Mountain Warfare Training Center in Bridgeport, California as part of Mountain Exercise 5-20.



Marines and Sailors participate in Mountain Exercise 5-20. Photo by Capt Michael Wright, USMC

Social Distancing

The photos below depict social distancing in the 1960s. Back then it was EXTREMELY important for Marines.



Social distancing in the 1960s

'Protective Bubble' Erected Around Recruit Training

How many of us wished for some kind of "protective bubble" around us when we were undergoing boot camp at San Diego or Parris Island? No such luck for most of us. Things are a little different for today's recruits, whose training is being affected by COVID-19. Here's how.

"Initial training for Navy and Marine Corps recruits is continuing, as the services have adapted to keep the training pipeline open while maintaining safety measures necessitated by the COVID-19 pandemic.

"Marine Corps Maj. Gen. William F. Mullen, commanding general of Marine Corps Training and Education Command and Navy Rear Adm. Milton J. Sands, commander of Naval Service Training Command, briefed reporters at the Pentagon by telephone, July 7.

"Officials at Marine Corps Recruit Depot Parris Island, South Carolina, and MCRD San Diego in California are emphasizing social distancing and the use of personal protective equipment, reinforcing hygiene measures, imposing a 14-day restriction of movement on recruits prior to training,

Please turn to **BUBBLE** on page 30

In reserve…

We try to keep stories in reserve whenever possible. We never know when we have enough for each issue. Here is one of our reserve gems.

The Third Replacement Draft

By Cpl. Rick Kennedy, C-1-5, Korea

I checked out of the Hanalei early last September 23rd to catch my flight back to Port Orange, Florida. The Charlie Company reunion was a class event as usual, and it becomes more apparent every year that the most outstanding group of men with whom I have ever been associated is the group of Marines with whom I served with in Korea.

The US Airways flight took off from San Diego, briefly headed out over the Pacific, and then turned 180 degrees back across coast. The plane passed over a long pier in the harbor, and it seemed certain to be the same pier from which I left for Korea, almost 51 years ago to the day.

The third replacement draft from Camp Pendleton left aboard the APA SS General Collins early in November 1950 with about 1,500 Marines and a small group of Navy personnel. It was a very haunting feeling as the lights from the coastline of California disappeared into the night, and the ship sound system played the then-popular song "Harbor Lights."

We were bunked in the troop quarters, with bunks stacked about 5 or 6 high. The first night at sea we apparently hit a typhoon. The ship seemed to rise out of the sea as it fought this terrible storm, with the propeller making a horrible sound when it came out of the water. Many of the Marines became sick, and they had no choice but to vomit over the side of their bunk, hitting either the deck or unfortunate Marines in the racks below. It was not a very pretty sight, and I thought the General Collins was going to sink the first night out.

The next day I was surprised to awaken to bluer skies and an ocean as calm as glass. No one had warned us about the notorious ocean swells off the California coast. The rest of the trip across the Pacific was very uneventful. Many of us took advantage of the opportunity to work on our sun tans, and stayed on top deck most every day. We watched the porpoises follow our ship across the ocean, and we marveled at the pelicans landing on the ship, surviving in the middle of this great ocean.

Along the way one of the sailors was caught in the sea bag storage area going through belongings of Marines. He spent the trip in the ship's brig, and I am not certain of his ultimate fate. Another of our Marines had appendicitis, and a Navy flight surgeon came aboard to perform the operation. I think he arrived by sea-plane, but I am not certain.

The ship cut all engines and was adrift while the delicate operation took place. A great dinner was served for Thanksgiving aboard the General Collins, but once again, the seas had become rough. The Marine next to me got sick while standing at his mess station, eating his turkey. My dinner that day was not my favorite Thanksgiving Day meal.

The day after Thanksgiving we got word through the ship's newspaper that our fellow 1st Division Marines were trapped at a reservoir in North Korea. Our future now seemed to be in greater jeopardy and our destination uncertain.

The Japanese fishing fleet came in sight as we approached the coast of Japan. The small junk boats with their large sails tied to a flat, raft-type vessel seemed like a recipe for suicide on the high seas. I thought the wake of our giant ship would cause the fishing boats to capsize, but no such luck.

Soon we met a harbor pilot in a tug boat, and he led us into the scenic harbor of Kure, Japan. I was told we were the first Americans to land here since World War II. This place was under the rule of the British. We dropped off some equipment and sent sail for Yokohama, where the sailors departed.

Our final destination was at Kobe. Here we disembarked and stored our sea bags in a giant warehouse. In Kobe we boarded a train for Otsu to obtain our winter gear, and be indoctrinated on our future in Korea. The long train ride took us through the large city of Osaka, where I remember the train passing through miles of homes. Each house had a small backyard. Every of inch of land was used to plant vegetables of varies types. Not one inch was wasted.

Our accommodations in Otsu were fire-team sized rooms in a barracks previously used for Kamikaze pilots in their final training period. We stayed there for several days, and picked up our sleeping bags, parkas and snow packs, and rifles. We enjoyed going to bars in evening and had our last opportunity for recreation for many months to follow. The final day we were lined up for inspection, and we were interviewed by a Navy psychiatrist to make certain than none of us had major mental concerns about going into combat. We were also assigned to a regiment of the 1st Marine Division.

I was assigned to the 5th Marines, and I was very happy, because I knew that it was an elite regiment in the Marine Corps. I had just completed a term paper on the history of the U.S. Marine Corps for English literature in college before re-enlisting in the Marines, and I knew about Belleau Woods and Guadalcanal.

Early in December we again boarded the General Collins and headed for Pusan, Korea. First we made a drop at Nagasaki. We could see from a distance the destruction from our atomic bomb. Then we steamed past Sasebo, and landed in Pusan late in the afternoon. A band met us as we arrived and played the popular song "If I knew you were coming, I would have baked a cake." This gave me a sick felling, as if Notre Dame had just lost a football game.

We were soon loaded on a freight train of box cars bound for Masan - a slow ride with cold rations. Each of us was given a clip of ammunition for our rifles. Somewhere along the way one of the Marines let a round fly that ricocheted throughout the boxcar. Miraculously no one was wounded. Lucky for us, only private first class Marines were aboard, and the noise of the train prevented anyone else hearing the shot fired.

We were the first group of Marines to set up camp in Masan. Soon we would be joined by the battle-weary veterans of the Chosin Reservoir. Initially we set up a tent camp near a fenced-in school house. Squad tents were erected, and we had an outdoor mess set up, serving bulk rations.

Each of us was assigned guard duty on the fenced area, overlooking an open field on the west and a cemetery on the north. One night, a shot rang out, and each of us

grabbed our rifles in anticipation of what appeared to be our first taste of combat. We were all lined up in a prone firing position when it was determined that the Marine on guard was trigger happy, taking a shot at a passing rabbit that made a movement in the underbrush.

After a couple days we were assigned to various companies in the Fifth Regiment. I was assigned to Charlie Company. My new friends had arrived by ship from the Port of Hamhung. They had been through hell for 30 days during their advance to the rear after being surrounded by thousands of Chinese soldiers at the Chosin Reservoir. The young men with beards looked old and haggard, and their uniforms were torn and soiled like the homeless on Clark Street in Chicago. We were all thrown together in large squad tents, and most of the Marines suffered from frost bite.

Soon, Masan was a city of tents, all lined up in military fashion. New uniforms were issued and it was now getting hard to tell the combat veterans from the new replacements. We spent several weeks cleaning up equipment and going on practice patrols to keep in shape. At Christmas we went to nearby hills to secure an evergreen tree and decorated it with Christmas cards, beer cans, and anything shiny.

Soon, the new replacements were assigned to platoons and fire teams, and the battered regiment was once again reaching full strength. It was good to be assigned to the second platoon; I became fast friends with my fire team leader, Paul Embry, from Columbus, Ohio; Don Wells from Indianapolis; Phil Keenly and Milt Pankiewicz, both from upstate New York; and a fellow named Cattlemen, from the Detroit area.

One of the most popular Marines in the second platoon was Gunther Dose, a young man from Germany, who had witnessed the horrors of the WWII as a young man living in the Rhineland. During the battle for Chosin Reservoir his position was overrun by a band of Chinese soldiers. He was shot through the helmet and given up for dead, with enemy soldiers occupying his foxhole throughout the night. The enemy abandoned his foxhole at dusk.

When his fellow Marines re-took the area, they found his stiff and apparently frozen body and were about ready to put Gunther in a body bag. However, thanks to the keen eye of machine gunner Richard Holbrook, who thought he saw Gunther breathing, they instead shook the ice off the Marine who had been given up for dead, and in short order, Gunther was as good as new.

Gunther's heroics had become legendary by the time the 3rd Replacement Draft Marines had arrived to reinvigorate Charlie Company. I was intrigued by Dohse's helmet, with bullet holes entering and exiting the helmet, and could see photo opportunities to impress my fraternity brothers from Delta Upsilon, as well as the sorority girls from Kappa Gamma at Indiana University.

Gunther was okay with me trying on his helmet for my photo shoot. As the photo was about to be taken, a loud roar of protest came from Richard Holbrook and James Vickery. I was emphatically informed that, as a new replacement, I had no business cashing in on what had become the badge of courage and the symbol of the never-give-up spirit of Charlie Company at the Chosin Reservoir. Indeed, it was embarrassing, and Vickery and Holbrook were right, as I had not as yet earned the privilege to walk in Dohse's shoes.

It has occurred to me in recent weeks that the bullet-riddled helmet of Gunther Dohse should be memorialized as the official symbol of Charlie Company from the Korean War. It is my suggestion that we solicit the aid of an artist and have a sketch illustrating the above mentioned helmet as our company logo and have it featured on the cover of the Password as well as other Charlie Company materials and functions. Without Marines like Gunther, there would be no Password; and there would be no reunions; and there would be no days to share our moments of glory.

The Third Replacement Draft was the luckiest or unluckiest replacement draft of the Korean War, depending upon your point of view. It was the luckiest because many of us are alive today, having missed the Chosin Reservoir Campaign by two weeks. We are the unluckiest because we missed, by two weeks, being in one of the top five most glorious battles in the history of the United States Marine Corps.

When I inform someone that I am a Marine Corps veteran of the Korean War I get the same question nine out of ten times: "Were you at the Chosin Reservoir?" It hurts like a piercing sword when I must reply that I missed being there by two weeks.

I am planning to visit Gunther, who now lives in the State of Washington, and finally get my picture taken in his bullet-riddled helmet. And, I do not plan to inform Holbrook or Vickery.

John R. (Rick) Kennedy went to guard the gates of heaven on March 28, 2012.

'Crack Shock Troops'

Marine Corps Training Program
Washington, D. C., June 23

The intensive training program of the First Marine Division, Fleet Marine Force—crack shock troops of the United States-is being continued at an even greater pace in preparation for any emergency, it was made known here in an announcement by Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox.

The fleet unit of the United States Marine Corps, which returned to the United States in April after several months of rugged training maneuvers in the Caribbean and at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, has been continuing its fast program at Marine Corps bases at Quantico, Va., and Parris Island, S. C.

The force is developing and improving upon new techniques in landing operations in conjunction with ships of the Atlantic fleet.

The First Marine Division moved into the Caribbean area in October, 1940, and carried on rigorous joint operations with the fleet throughout the winter. In February the Marines conducted strenuous maneuvers in the area of Puerto Rico.

It has also been announced that the new training area of the First Marine Division at New River, N.C., is well under way and that temporary facilities for 6,000 soldiers of the sea will be completed by July 1.

Additional training facilities have been added to the Marine Base at Quantico, including motor transport, amphibian tractor, water distillation, demolition, camouflage, and signal communication schools.

(The Midland Journal, Rising Sun, MD, June 27, 1941)

A Portrait of HM2 Bobby Ray, Heroic 'Doc' of Lib

NOTE: As we prepared the above story about the Liberty Bridge battle we asked why nobody received the Medal of Honor for his actions there. We assigned our crack researchers to determine if there were any awarded. Indeed there was. HM2 Bobby Ray earned the MOH posthumously for his heroism there. This is his story.

January 22, 2019 Operations, People

By André B. Sobocinski, Historian, BUMED

In the early morning of March 19, 1969, a Marine combat base at Phu Loc 6 near An Hoa, Vietnam, became the scene of a surprise enemy attack. As the North Vietnamese Army (NVA) infiltrated the camp's barbed wire perimeter, a 24-year old corpsman named Bobby Ray charged into the melee to render emergency aid to the mounting casualties. He would even fight off an attack of two NVA soldiers before he himself was wounded.

Despite heavy loss of blood, Ray managed to crawl through the barrage of enemy fire to assist another fallen Marine, shielding him from a grenade blast. In the act of saving this Marine's life, Ray would ultimately sacrifice his own. The following year, Bobby Ray—or as he is better known to us today, David Robert Ray—posthumously received the Medal of Honor.

Today if you conduct an online search of "David Robert Ray" you will come across a portrait showing a gangly, smiling youth in service dress blues and a "Dixie Cup" hat. Taken at Hospital Corps School San Diego, Calif., in October 1966, it is a heavily cropped image that conceals the fact that at 6'6 Ray towered over his classmates and he typically shied away from getting his photograph taken.

To look back on Ray's life in 1966 most would say he was destined for great things. There is no question that in his formative years the native of McMinnville, Tenn., built an impressive resume of accomplishments. He had been a Boy Scout, a skilled trombonist, vice president of his senior high school class, member of his pep squad, and star of his school's golf team. Those who knew him best would recall his sophisticated taste in music, love of books, natural charisma and a sense of service. Ray was awarded a scholarship to the University of Tennessee in 1963, but this same sense of service weighed heavily on him. In his junior year, he left school to join the Navy, enlisting on March 23, 1966.



HM2 David Robert (Bobby) Ray

After boot camp and Corps School in San Diego, Ray received orders for the *USS Haven* (AH-12)—then moored in Long Beach, Calif., and serving as a station hospital. A tour of Naval Hospital Long Beach followed. It was in 1968 while at Long Beach that Ray learned of the Tet Offensive and the growing challenges in Vietnam. Several of his classmates from Corps School had already deployed with Marine units and Ray too wanted to do his part. He requested a transfer to the Field Medical Service

David R. Ray—MOH Citation

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a HC2c. with Battery D, 2d Battalion, at Phu Loc 6, near An Hoa.

During the early morning hours, an estimated battalion-size enemy force launched a determined assault against the battery's position, and succeeded in effecting a penetration of the barbed-wire perimeter. The initial burst of enemy fire caused numerous casualties among the marines who had immediately manned their howitzers during the rocket and mortar attack.

Undaunted by the intense hostile fire, HC2c. Ray moved from parapet to parapet, rendering emergency medical treatment to the wounded. Although seriously wounded himself while administering first aid to a marine casualty, he refused medical aid and continued his lifesaving efforts.

While he was bandaging and attempting to comfort another wounded marine, HC2c. Ray was forced to battle two enemy soldiers who attacked his position, personally killing one and wounding the other. Rapidly losing his strength as a result of his severe wounds, he nonetheless managed to move through the hail of enemy fire to other casualties. Once again, he was faced with the intense fire of oncoming enemy troops and, despite the grave personal danger and insurmountable odds, succeeded in treating the wounded and holding off the enemy until he ran out of ammunition, at which time he sustained fatal wounds. HC2c.

Ray's final act of heroism was to protect the patient he was treating. He threw himself upon the wounded marine, thus saving the man's life when an enemy grenade exploded nearby. By his determined and persevering actions, courageous spirit, and selfless devotion to the welfare of his marine comrades, HC2c. Ray served to inspire the men of Battery D to heroic efforts in defeating the enemy. His conduct throughout was in keeping with the finest traditions of the U.S. Naval Service.

erty Bridge



USS David R. Ray (DD-971) underway circa the mid-1980s.

School (FMSS) in Camp Pendleton, Calif., and after graduating on June 25, 1968, was assigned to the 2nd Battalion, 11th Marines, 1st Marine Division (Reinforced) destined for Vietnam.

First impressions are forged early in Marine units and those who served alongside Ray took note of his dedication and great humility. His battery commander later related that when you were as tall as Ray, had a southern drawl and were serving with the Marines "you know you're in for some rough kidding…[but he would] just smile and shake his head, taking it all in stride."

Ray would perform his duties as his unit's "lifeline" with great pride, earning their respect while on patrol and on each successive "search and destroy" operation. As his tour in Vietnam came to a close Ray requested an extension which was granted on March 4, 1969. Just two weeks later he would be part of a mission to protect Liberty Bridge, a strategic supply artery across the Thu Bon River connecting An Hoa to Da Nang. This bridge had been a prime target for the Viet Cong and it would be destroyed and rebuilt many times over throughout the war. It would be attacked again on the morning of March 19th, setting the stage for Ray's heroic actions that would ultimately punctuate his life.

Over the years Ray would be memorialized as the namesake of a missile destroyer, USS David R. Ray (DD-971), medical clinics in Camp Pendleton, Calif., Quantico, Va., and Everett, Wash., a Bachelor Enlisted Quarters in Camp Pendleton, and an elementary school in his hometown of McMinnville, Tenn.

Today, if you visit any Navy medical command you will find Ray's portrait proudly exhibited among the 28 pictures of hospital corpsmen, physicians and dentists who have each received the Medal of Honor. For those of us in the Navy Medical Department, these individuals are symbols of service and sacrifice in the most trying moments of our history and standard-bearers for what one Medal of Honor recipient later described as acts of "true spirit [and] determination."

Source: https://usnhistory.navylive.dodlive.mil/about-nhhc/

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DO YOU KNOW THE REASON WHY?
HERE'S THE STRAIGHT SCOOP!

Do you know how the 4th Marines ended up at Camp Pendleton?

When Marines talk of traditions, legends, and sea stories more than likely one of those brought up will be why the 4th Marine Regiment can't be stationed in CONUS (Continental United States). According to this sea story, the regiment is doomed to wander forever overseas because it was captured and lost its colors in the Philippines at the outbreak of World War II. To get at the truth (or untruth) of the matter let's take a brief review of the Fourth's history. We will cover the regiment's early years, what actually happened in the Philippines, and its duty stations since.

The regiment was first organized in 1914 at the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard in Washington State (1). On returning from a show of force operation off Mexico's west coast shortly after being formed, the regiment settled down at the Marine Barracks, San Diego, California. After intervention and occupation duty in the Dominican Republic, 1916-1924, the regiment returned home to San Diego.

Deployment to Shanghai, China in 1927 came next. That marks the beginning of the colorful pre-WW II "China Marines" era, in which the 4th Regiment played a starring role. It would end 14 years later for the officers and men of the regiment when World War II broke out.

By late 1941 Imperial Japanese forces had overrun most of the Far East. The American situation in Shanghai became untenable. Accordingly, the U S Asiatic Fleet, with the 4th Marines embarked, redeployed to the Philippines. Soon thereafter the Japanese invaded and captured that far eastern American possession. The island fortress of Corregidor in Manila Bay, valiantly defended by the 4th Marines, was the last major American stronghold to fall.

It was a sad day for Colonel Samuel L Howard, the regimental commander, when he received the surrender order from Major General Jonathan Wainwright, commanding all American forces in the Philippines. The regimental colors were burned to prevent capture (2) and the exhausted surviving officers and men marched into captivity, but not before many acts of defiance, such as shattering their rifles by beating them against rocks to make them useless to the enemy.

NOTE 1- An outfit designated as the 4th Provisional Regiment was formed for a few months in 1911. But it is not historically connected to the current 4th Marines.

NOTE 2 - The Regiment had retained the old battle color issued in 1917 which was replaced in 1938 by that burned in 1941. The old color survived captivity and is on display in the Regimental museum. But that's another story.

In February 1944 the 4th Marine Regiment was reformed on Guadalcanal. The nucleus of the new Fourth came from units of the Marine Raiders The regiment quickly exacted retribution for

So, is the 4th Marine Regiment actually forbidden from serving in CONUS because it was captured and lost its colors in the Philippines at the start of World War II?

the losses suffered at Corregidor three years earlier It distinguished itself in the capture of Guam and Okinawa.

At the end of World War II, following a period of occupation duty in Japan, the 4th Marines returned home. The regiment was assigned to the 2nd Marine Division based at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. During the demobilization following World War II, the Fleet Marine Force was stripped down to two under strength divisions. Infantry regiments, like the 4th Marines, were cut down to battalion sized units. In 1949 the Marine Corps reduced the number of these regiments. This freed resources that were used to expand the remaining regiments into multi-battalion formations. The Fourth was one of those selected for deactivation, its personnel, weapons, and equipment going to the 6th Marines.

The expansion of the Corps to three Marine divisions resulting from the Korean War brought the 4th Marines back to life. In 1952 the regiment uncased its colors at Camp Pendleton, California and became part of the reconstituted 3rd Marine Division. In the summer of 1953 the division deployed to Japan, then two years later set up shop on Okinawa. At that time the 4th Marine Regiment was detached and joined the 1st Marine Brigade in Hawaii. The regiment was based in that tropical paradise until 1965 when it rejoined the 3rd Division for combat duty in Vietnam. After Vietnam, in 1972, the regiment went to Okinawa with the 3rd Division.

Like the entire Marine Corps, changes in operational requirements since the Vietnam War have impacted the deployment of the 4th Marines. Strategical focus shifted from defending the Far East and Europe against communist aggression to fighting the sources of terrorism in the Middle East. Starting in 1991 with Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm, the regiment and its battalions have been actively engaged in the Global War on Terror. Today, the home of the regimental headquarters remains on Okinawa. However, when not fighting in Iraq or Afghanistan the battalions of the 4th Marines have been based with the 1st Marine Division at Camp Pendleton, California.

So, is the 4th Marine Regiment actually forbidden from serving in CONUS because it was captured and lost its colors in the Philippines at the start of World War II? Consider the following in arriving at an answer.

- Such a penalty would imply that this fine regiment disgraced itself in battle. That is far from true. Quite to the contrary, although cut off and heavily outnumbered the 4th Marines fought magnificently defending Corregidor until ORDERED to surrender by higher authority The colors were not LOST; they were burned to prevent capture by the enemy, a time honored military tradition The gallant last stand of the 4th Marines is recognized by the award of the Presidential Citation (Army), with one bronze oak leaf cluster.

- World War II CONUS duty stations of the regiment speak for themselves. On returning from the Pacific campaigns of World War II, the regiment was posted with the 2nd Marine Division based at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. And, currently, for many years the battalions of the 4th Marines have been home based with the 1st Marine Division at Camp Pendleton, California.

- Along with the 3rd, 9th, and 12th Marines, the 4th Regiment was assigned to the 3rd Marine Division in 1952. The 3rd Division deployed to the Far East in 1953 and has remained there since. Like the 4th Marines, the headquarters of the 3rd, 9th, and 12th Regiments have not been stationed in CONUS either.

THEREFORE, THE CORRECT ANSWER IS:

NO!

LtCol R.L. (Bill) Cody, USMC (Ret)

Major sources (This is not an infinite list, just the major ones used; there are many others):

HOLD HIGH THE TORCH–A HISTORY OF THE 4TH MARINES, by Kenneth W. Condit and Edwin T. Turnbladh; Historical Branch, G-3 Division, HQMC, Washington DC, 1960; 458 pages. A lively, detailed history of the 4th Marine Regiment from its initial organization through the post-WWII era. Illustrated with black and white photos and maps. Index. Bibliography. Has many appendices that provide a chronology, regimental honors, command list, Medal of Honor citations, casualties, and so on.

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TREADING SOFTLY – U.S. MARINES IN CHINA 1819 - 1949; George B. Clark; Praeger Publishers CT, 2001; 207 pages. The colorful and exciting story of American Marines in China from the first visit by USS Congress at Canton in 1819 through post-WW II years 1945 - 1949. Black and white illustrations and maps. Index. Bibliography. Many appendices.

THE WORLD WIDE WEB. In this day and age any source list would be incomplete without including reliable websites. http://www.marines.mil is the official Marine Corps site; it provides up-to-date news and info about unit assignments, deployments, and operations. http://chinamarine.org is an exciting historical website that takes you back to the days of the "China Marines"; it is chuck full of photographs that are so vivid you feel like you are actually there. There are other websites, but be careful. The information some contain should be verified by other sources.

TAPS

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***SGT RUDY E. DECKER**, C-1AMTRAC KO, HUNTINGTON, IN, 3/7/2013

CPL RICHARD J. DECRISTOFARO, D-2-11 KO, ARNOLD, CA, 12/29/2005

***MGYSGT JAY W. DEGRAW** USMC(RET), 1MAW WWII KO VN, NAVARRE, FL, 3/25/2018

***MSGT JIM E. DEGUENTHER,** ARMAMPH CH KO VN, TAMPA, FL, 3/31/2007

***PVT CHRISTIAN DEGUIGNE**, A-1-5 CW, SAN MATEO, CA, 10/20/2019

SGT ROBERT E. DEJEAN, B-1-7 KO, PEORIA, AZ, 12/27/2008

***EUGENE L. DEKA,** A-1MT H&S-2-1 CW, MENTOR, OH, 11/8/2014

***SSGT EDWARD D. DELAGRANGE JR**, 1MAW KO, METAIRIE, LA, 1/12/2014

***CPL JAMES R. DELANEY,** 4.2 MT -7MAR KO, BRONX, NY, 8/10/2020

***SGT RALPH M. DELANEY JR**, B-1-1 KO, WILLIAMSTOWN, NJ, 5/7/2020

***PFC EDWARD V. DELATORRE,** WPNS-7 CH, SAN BRUNO, CA, 1/7/2020

ROBERT H. DELEHANTY, H&S-1MAR WWII CH, CAZENOVIA, NY, 9/3/2014

***CPL PATRICK P. DELLIGATTI,** VMF-542 WWII, TOMS RIVER, NJ, 12/27/2016

CPL GINO F. DELSIGNORE, HQ-11 MT KO, NEW HYDE PARK, NY, 5/2/2020

***SGT ALBERT G. DELUCIEN SR,** M-3-5 WWII, RESTON, VA, 9/15/2020

AL & PEGGY DEMATTEIS, LYNBROOK, NY, 8/7/2013

***SSGT NORMAN J. DEMOND SR**, WPNS-3-1 WWII KO, NORTH EAST, MD, 4/15/2010

***SGT RICHARD A. DENHAM,** H&S-7MT KO, BREWSTER, MA, 9/21/2019

JAMES DENICE, EAST GREENWICH, RI, 1/8/2016

CPL RON DENKLER, VMB443-,AG 61 1MAW, INDIO, CA, 4/18/2014

CPL WILLIAM G. DENNIS, D-2-5 KO , PARIS, MI, 4/23/2012

MRS LORRAINE DENNIS, OBN ONLY, EL CAMPO, TX, 6/29/2015

***CDR DANIEL F. DEPASCALE** USN(RET), 1MAW MWSG17 VN, PONTE VEDRA, FL, 11/11/2018

SSGT ALPHONSE F. DEPIETRO, E-2-5 KO, LYNNFIELD, MA, 6/25/2018

***CPL T. M. DERRICO**, 9DEF WWII, SHREWSBURY, MA, 8/26/2006

***SGT MICHAEL J. DESANNO**, ANGLICO/SIG KO, OXNARD, CA, 10/4/2011

***SGT EDWARD J. DEVINE,** VMF-214 MAG12 KO, SAN FRANCISCO, CA, 9/3/2011

***PFC WILLIAM A. DEVITT,** HQ-HQ 11MAR WWII CH, NEW YORK, NY, 3/7/2014

CPL EDWARD V. DEVLIN JR, 1MAW MAG 33 KO, EGG HARBOR TWP, NJ, 2/16/2013

***MSGT JERRY M. DEY,** C-1AMTRAC KO, BIGFORK, MN, 9/14/2012

ROBERT J. DEZARN, I/HQ-3-5 WWII, CINCINNATI, OH, 12/5/2014

MRS BETTY DIAL, OBN, PORTLAND, OR, 4/18/2017

CPL WILLIAM DIAZ JR, B-1-1 VN, ROCK CREEK, OH, 7/5/2017

***SGT PATRICK N. DICARLO,** 1/4FORRECON KO, ORANGE, CA, 9/28/2016

***TSGT GEORGE E. DICKENS**, 1SPLWPNS 3DEF WWII, ELIZABETH, CO, 8/11/2018

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SSGT WILLIAM M. DICKERSON, E-2-1 D-1-1 KO , CULPEPER, VA, 7/26/2018

MRS VIRGINIA L. DICKERSON, OBN ONLY, FAIRFAX, VA, 8/3/2008

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PLTSGT ARTHUR R. DICKISON, 3ARMAMPH WWII, AUGUSTA, NJ, 10/26/2016

PFC WILLIAM F. DIECKMANN, 9DEF WWII KO, PITTSBURGH, PA, 3/13/2007

***PFC RUSSELL E. DIEFENBACH**, 81MM HQ-3-1 WWII, AURORA, IL, 3/31/2019

***1STSGT WILLIAM F. DIEFENBACH** USMC(RET), 1-5 MARCH KO VN, ELIZABETHTOWN, KY, 10/3/2012

CPL PHILIP A. DIEHL, 12AAA WWII, ENGLEWOOD, FL, 10/20/2008

***CPL ROBERT E. DIERDORF,** H-3-11 KO, BRAZIL, IN, 8/13/2011

***MSGT WARREN J. DIGGS**, VMF-124 WWII, SOUTHFIELD, MI, 8/5/2006

***SGT FRANK C. DILEONARDO,** 4.2-5MAR KO, VALLEY CITY, OH, 7/18/2010

SGT ROBERT F. DILG, A-1-1 KO, SAINT LOUIS, MO, 8/18/2006

CPL WILLIAM E. DILLINGHAM, G-3-7 KO, LIBERTY, OH, 1/12/2018

SGT JOHN B. DILLON, K-3-5 WWII CH KO, LEWISTON, ID, 12/29/2011

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***LTCOL WILBUR W. DINEGAR**, C-1-5 WWII KO VN, JUNEAU, AK, 1/25/2010

RAY J. DINI, C-1MED WWII, ADDISON, IL, 3/16/2020

ROBERT DINSE, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, IL, 2/26/2017

PATRICIA DIPIETRO, ALBANY, VT, 5/8/2005

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***CPL JEROME D. DOMIER,** HQ-1-1 KO, VISALIA, CA, 7/21/2018

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***PFC THEODORE C. DONAHUE**, L-3-1 WWII, MILTON, MA, 8/14/2002

***PFC ROY D. DONALD,** A-1-1 WWII CH, MASON, MI, 4/16/2017

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LEROY J. DORNACKER, K-3-1 WWII, Grafton, WI, 11/4/2003

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COL A. J. DOUBLET USMC(RET), 1/2-1 2-7MAR KO VN, BLUFFTON, SC, 11/18/2019

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CPL LEROY M. DOUGLAS, A-1TK WWII, CREVE COEUR, IL, 2/3/2012

CPL ROBERT F. DOWDY, WWII KO, FAIRFIELD, TX, 12/5/2015

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***MAJ DONALD E. KENT** USMC(RET), HQ-2-1 WWII CH KO VN, EMERALD ISLE, NC, 12/21/2011

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Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukah, and Happy Holidays to All



At this holy time of the year everyone is getting ready to hold celebrations, many of a religious nature. Religion aside, I present one of the most touching moments I ever had concerning giving and receiving thanks.

I am an 87-year-young Marine who served in Korea from October 1952 until September 1953 with D/2/1 as an 0300. For the final three months of that time we were between the MLR, on outposts, or occasionally in reserve areas.

The particular event I am referencing occurred on Christmas Eve 1952. The lieutenant got us together and said our job that night was to spend the night on a blocking position near Outpost Reno.

"Bring a lot of warm clothes," he said.

We did a force march there, using back packs to carry our parkas. We didn't wear them until we got there so we wouldn't be slowed down. When we got there we entered two-man foxholes and set up a 100 percent watch.

The Chinese were active that Christmas Eve. They played carols and songs like "White Christmas" over speakers all night. They sent messages like "Drop your weapons, Marines. Come on over for warm food. Don't fight for the warmongers at home in their warm houses."

About that time we got a fix on the loud speakers and called in mortar fire. After a few rounds of adjustment and fire for effect, about twenty minutes later we got a different message:

"Marines, why did you do that? We're your friends. Come over. We will treat you well."

We got on the phone again. Fire the same mission one more time.

Okay, now you know how I spent Christmas Eve 1952.

My post-war life was a good one. I married and had five wonderful daughters. Now I'm in my middle 80s. Korea was miles away and I had forgotten it until another Christmas Eve arrived.

It was five p.m. and I ran out of Chablis wine. I buy a jug at a time, so I went with my wife Pat, to the wine store in Orangeburg, New York, where I live. I went in to pick up my bottle. I stood behind another customer and then paid my bill to the owner, a Korean gentlemen. On my way out I stopped and said, "Sir, I was in your country."

He looked at me and I said "I was a Marine. 65 Years ago tonight, on Christmas Eve, I was trying to stay warm in a hole in the ground, with snow falling on me. I was listening to propaganda the enemy was broadcasting to us to surrender. We did not."

I said a few more words, including "Merry Christmas." But the Korean gentleman did not say a word, not even a return "Merry Christmas." I took my wine and walked out. Just as I opened the car door I heard a voice calling from behind. It was the old Korean man.

He handed me a bottle of wine and said, "Thank you, sir, for helping save our country. I was a little boy at home in my bed sleeping while the Marines were protecting me. Thank you very much."

He had tears in his eyes. I had a few myself. We hugged. He said, "Merry Christmas, sir."

I will never forget that moment. God Bless the U.S. Marine Corps for letting me be there and return home to tell that story.

Merry Christmas, Marines.

Incidentally, I am particularly proud of the Marine Corps Marathon, which in later years I decided to run. I ran 25 consecutive Marine Corps Marathons, the only Korean War veteran ever to do that.

Art Cooke, artcooke2000@yahoo.com

Profile

Kenneth R. Hager

By Rego Barnett

Thousands of Marines join, serve, and return home without any fanfare. They simply do their jobs. Here is the story of one such Marine, Kenneth R. Hager. He joined the USMC right after Pearl Harbor and served honorably. Then, when the Korean War began, he reenlisted for three years—but this time in the U.S. Army, where he was assigned to the 1st Cavalry Division, Far East Command.

Hager, who died on September 9, 1993, had a distinguished combat career in both services. During WWII he served with the 1st and 4th USMC Divisions. He earned a Silver Star and five Bronze Stars in the South Pacific for his valor—and he was wounded at Iwo Jima.

Hager was awarded two Presidential Unit Citations and a Purple Heart for his participation in the Korean War. His mother received a telegram in August 1950 informing her that Kenneth, who was 26 years old at the time, had been wounded in action. He returned to the U.S. on June 25, 1951 as part of the Army's rotation plan.

Here is an article that appeared in the July 4, 1943 Hartford Courant, p. 12, while he was serving with the First Marine Division:

"Hager Describes Fierce Fighting On Guadalcanal

"A member of the second company of Marines to land on fiercely contested Guadalcanal, Private First Class Kenneth R. Hager is home on a 30-day furlough, confident that Japanese supremacy in the Pacific will be of short duration.

"Though the Japanese are fanatical soldiers, fighting with an almost inhuman savagery, they fall far short of the Jap myth of invincibility," he asserted.

"Recounting his first encounter with the enemy, Private Hager described his reaction when he discovered a Japanese soldier silently crawling toward the command post at which he and another American were stationed. He motioned to his companion. A number of shots rang out and the Jap sank to the ground, riddled by bullets. Whose gun had killed him neither Private Hager nor his companion could determine, but, as Private Hager said, "the silence of that impending attack was an illustration of the sly cunning that characterizes the Japanese."

"Lack of sufficient food was the most disturbing factor on the island, despite the warehouses stocked with rice and fish eggs, which the Japanese had left as they abandoned the island.

"After a period on Guadalcanal, Private Hager was sent to Australia and from Australia he was sent back to the United States for treatment for malaria.

"Private Hager, who enlisted January 5, 1942, a month after the attack on Pearl Harbor, will return to his station within the month."

NOTE: Another edition of the Courant states that he enlisted on December 10, 1942, three days after Pearl Harbor. Either way he ended up in the Pacific Theater as a part of the 1st Marine Division.

Hager's family did not hear from him much, and when he did his mother was happy to share his news. This piece of news appeared on p. 14 of the Sept. 20, 1942 Courant:

"Son in Marine Corps writes to parents here

"A V-mail letter was received Friday by Mr. & Mrs. Charles Thomas from their son, Kenneth R. Hager, 18, a member of the United States Marine Corps.

"The letter, which was the first news the parents have had of their son, since June 16, explained that he was 'getting along swell.' "If you are wondering what I am doing," he asked, "just read the newspapers and Life Magazine."

"It is presumed that the young man is seeing and has seen action by his words. "I think I am considered a veteran by now" and 'tell the boys back home they are missing a lot of excitement."

At some point he was transferred to the 4th Marine Division. There was a list of Connecticut KIA and WIA in the May 27, 1945 Courant that named him as wounded. Years later he was wounded again, this time in Korea. Perhaps his mother could have been excused for dreading any more telegrams from the War and Navy Departments after that. But, she had nothing to worry about.

He survived both wars and lived several years after his war experiences ended. Kenneth R. Hager went to guard the gates of Heaven on September 9, 1993. He had served his country proudly in two separate branches of the U.S. armed forces. Kenneth R. Hager was one more Marine in a long line of Marines who have just done his job. That is what Marines do.

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Sgt Steven F. Shifflett	H-3-11 B-1-7 VN	247 Turner Ave, Broadway, VA 22815-9710		

Oldest Marine Dorothy Cole turns 107



Dorothy Schmidt Cole as a Marine and Dorothy Schmidt Cole now

According to a story in the *Military Times* by Jared Morgan the oldest Marine veteran, Dorothy Schmidt Cole, recently celebrated her 107th birthday. That is quite a milestone. Here is an excerpt from the article:

"When Dorothy Schmidt Cole joined the Marine Corps in July 1943, she wasn't thinking about the impact her service would have on the Corps or on generations of women to come.

"She just wanted that stylish uniform.

"I loved the hats we were wearing," Cole said in a call with Marine Corps Times on Monday. "It was fun when I got the first complete Marine outfit. I loved it very much and felt right at home with it."

"But the Marine Corps wasn't Cole's first choice. She initially wanted to join the Navy — for its hats — but was told she was too short.

"And while she downplayed her reason for joining, Cole also said her decision was influenced by the community in her hometown of Warren, Pennsylvania, and the longing for a sense of purpose…." (Read the rest of the story at https://www.militarytimes.com/news/your-military/2020/09/24/oldest-living-marine-veteran-turns-107/)

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and testing recruits for COVID-19, Mullen said.

"Though the semiannual physical fitness test has been waived across the Marine Corps, it is not being waived at the recruit depots or for formal learning centers where the test is part of the program of instruction and a graduation requirement, he added.

"MCRD San Diego is limiting the number of recruits per company to 325, and Parris Island is limiting the number to 454 for men and 120 for women due to the different styles of barracks, he noted.

"The 10 days of leave that Marines normally take after graduation has been canceled, he said, allowing the Marine Corps to control the transportation method to the School of Infantry for their follow-on training."

(Source: https://www.marines.mil/News/News-Display/Article/2267577/protective-bubble-erected-around-recruit-training/)

***"Any officer can get by on his sergeants. To be a sergeant you have to know your stuff. I'd rather be an outstanding sergeant than just another officer."* ...SgtMaj Daniel Daly 1873-1937**

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