THE OLD BREED NEWS

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The Official Publication of the 1st Marine Division Association, Incorporated

2023 Reunion dates set





Dear Marine Family:

Hope you all are having a good start to this New Year.

The dates are set for us meeting this summer in Las Vegas: 13th through 20th of August.

The Reunion Destination Committee has been combing Las Vegas to find the best spot for our Annual Reunion this year. We have found a good deal at the Orleans Hotel. Phone for reservations: 800-675-3267. Our Group/Event Code is FMDH23C. See details on page 14.

Critical now to our planning is how many of you will attend? Which day trips would you enjoy? Please answer the survey questions on pg. 11. This will give us a start as we plan activities for the week.

Please turn to **REUNION** on page 11

Call for 1st Marine Division Association Officer Candidates

Your Association needs you to serve as an officer for the 2023-2025 term. If you are interested in serving this great association and helping it grow please submit your photo and bio (about ½ page) for publication in the next edition of *The Old Breed News.* State in your letter your qualifications for a leadership position and the reasons you want to serve. (See the sample letter on pg. 19)

Positions open include President, Vice President, Deputy Vice President Central, Deputy Vice President West, Deputy Vice President East, Sergeant-at Arms, Secretary, Treasurer, Legal Officer, and Chaplain.

The deadline for submission to HQ is 30 April 2023.

2022 Reunion a Success!!!

We are back! We had to skip two years, but we finally got back to having our Reunion for the first time since the pandemic! We gathered in Washington, D.C. We visited the Museum of the Marine Corps in Triangle, Virginia, and enjoyed the Friday Evening Parade at 8th & I. At our farewell banquet, Assistant Division Commander BGen James A. Ryans spoke and roused a standing ovation. Everyone had a great time.



Silent Drill team performs

A major business item was resolved in the General Membership meeting. Association By-Laws had allowed every officer, with the exception of President, to serve multiple terms. The President was limited to a single term. Now, the President may serve two two-year terms.

I'll tell you, you spend the first year as President just getting your feet wet, and when you have figured out how the organization runs, it is time to turn over command. This change should give us a smoother running Association for the future.

The final accounting for this Reunion is in. We are about $3,000 in the black.

Members voted to meet again next year, in Las Vegas. That should be another great gathering.

Please turn to **SUCCESS** on page 3

The 1st Marine Division Association

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

President: Jerry Corrento, Sr.
19 Cherry Lane, Levittown PA 19055-1603
Home (215)486-5053 Cell (215)840-2257
Email jcorrento@verizon.net

Vice President: Mike Galyean
746 McIntyre Ave, Winter Park FL 32789-5044
Cell (321)276-7515
Email galyeanmike@gmail.com

Deputy Vice President East: (OPEN)

Deputy Vice President Central: William S. Godfrey
2215 Stagecoach St SW, Los Lunas NM 87031
Cell (505)554-9635
Email wsgsr9454@aol.com

Vice President: West Nick Warr
915 Mystic Dr, Grants Pass OR 97527
Cell (828)243-8708
Email nick@nicholaswarr.com

Treasurer: Arthur John (A.J.) Burn
107 Ervin Ave, Linwood, PA19061-4315
Cell (610)494-5818
Email ajburn49@aol.com

Secretary: Pierre A. Sims
841 W Birchtree Ln, Claymont DE 19703-1604
Home (302)792-1497
Cell (215)605-0723
Email pierresims@comcast.net

Legal: James T. Allison
2875 Mallard Ln
Germantown TN 38138
Cell (901) 494-0206
Email jamestallison7@gmail.com

Chaplain: Carlos Mariscal
PO Box 8192
Salinas CA 93912-8192
Cell (831) 998-4249
Email karlos016140@sbcglobal.net

Sgt-At-Arms: Jerry Corrento, Jr.
66 Gaping Rock Rd, Levittown PA 19057 (267) 300-6938
Email gcorr4267@gmail.com

DAL, East: Elmer Hawkins
450 Basin St, Daytona Beach FL 32114-5048
Cell (386)679-3814
Email ehawkins23@aol.com

DAL, Central: Paul Wojahn
23403 180th Ave, New Ulm MN 56073-4001
(507) 359-7595

DAL, West: (OPEN)

Updated 16 November 2021

COMMITTEES

Awards Committee
- Chairman: AJ Burn ajburn49@aol.com

Blue Diamond Committee
- Chairman: Don Reid

By-Laws Committee
- Chairman: Jerry Corrento, Jr. gcorr4267@gmail.com
- Jerry Corrento, Sr. (Co-chair)
- Jim Allison
- Pierre Sims

Finance Committee
- Chairman: AJ Burn; ajburn49@aol.com
- Elmer Hawkins
- David Snyder Ken Vitucci

Fund Raising Committee
- Chairman: Nick Warr nick@nicholaswarr.com
- William Godfrey (Co-Chair)
- Jerry Corrento, Jr. Pierre Sims

History Committee
- Chairman: TomMcLeod museumpacific@cableone.net
- A.J. Burn

Insurance Committee
- Bill Adams
- A.J. Burn

Membership Committee
- Chairman: William Godfrey wsgsr9454@aol.com
- Jerry Corrento, Jr. (Co-Chair)
- Stephen C. Dulin
- Phil Peeler, Sr. Nick Warr

Nominating Committee
- Chairman: Elmer Hawkins ehawkins23@aol.com Jerry Corrento
- Fred Tolleson George Sager Paul Wojahn

Reunion Destination/Site Committee
- Chairman: Jerry Corrento, Jr. gcorr4267@gmail.com
- Pierre Sims (Co-Chair) Jim Allison
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Scholarship Selection Committee
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- Engineer BN: Paul Wojahn
- Aviation: Jerry Corrento, Sr.
- Recon BN: Open

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ASSOCIATION STAFF

June Cormier - Executive Assistant
(760) 763-3267
P.O. Box 9000, #902, Oceanside, CA 92051
(760) 763-3268; june.oldbreed@fmda.us

SgtMaj Marty Vasquez - Volunteer Liaison Officer (760) 763-3269

Dennis J. Coady - Administrative Assistant
(760) 763-3268; dennis.oldbreed@fmda.us

Editor, The Old Breed News
Arthur G. Sharp
2473 New Haven Circle
Sun City Center, FL 33573-7141
(813) 614-1326
Email: sharparthur@aol.com

Publisher, The Old Breed News
Finisterre Publishing Incorporated
3 Black Skimmer Ct.
Beaufort, SC 29907
(843) 521-1896
Email: Finisterre@ISLC.net

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President's Message



Jerry Correnti

Dear Marine Family,

Happy 82nd Anniversary to the 1st Marine Division!

The Division rededicated its battle colors Wednesday morning at 0800. Our staff and some members attended, and all enjoyed the ceremony, sitting in the shade under a sunny sky, and a bracing 45 degrees.

The 1st Division Band opened with a pre-ceremony concert. Commanding General MajGen Benjamin T. Watson, with SgtMaj Matthew J. Fouss, received the twenty-five streamers, representing decorations presented to the Division since its founding on 1 February 1941. Active duty noncommissioned officers of the Division carried each streamer to present to General Watson, who fastened it to the Division colors.

Maj Billy C. Hall gave the keynote speech. The ninety-six year old veteran of WWII, Korea, and Vietnam told of his enlistment at age 15 in July 1941. He served as a radio-gunner in a dive bomber squadron on Guadalcanal. He was awarded the Air Medal with three stars, Bronze Star, Infantry Combat Medal, and Korean Service Medal. After Korea, the Army Air Corps trained him to fly helicopters. He served 50 missions in Vietnam with the Army, retiring in 1967, after nearly 30 years of service.

A group of about twenty drove up to Camp Margarita to tour the new 1st Division CP still under construction. Hard hats and high-vis vests were issued, and they were led through the 50,000-square foot future home of the Blue Diamond by Harper Construction officials and G-4's MGySgt Espanto. Highlight of the tour was all signing a steel column in what will become the Division Command suite later this summer.

Lunch was at the Camp Margarita mess hall with Division H&S Marines.

Our most sincere appreciation goes out to all the Division for a great day. Special thanks go to Assistant Division Commander BGen James A. Ryans and Division Protocol Officer 1stLt Grant A. Hubble for putting it all together.

The ceremony was broadcast live on Facebook. Click this link to watch: *https://fb.watch/itl7vm77Xa/*

We are still detailing our August gathering in Las Vegas. Let me know if you have suggestions to help make this coming reunion another fine event.

Hope to see you in Vegas.

Semper Fi,

Gerard "Jerry" Correnti, President,
1st Marine Division Association,
215-840-2257, jcorrento@verizon.net

SUCCESS from page 1

My most gracious thanks go out to all who worked so hard to make our comeback Reunion a success.

Semper Fi,

Gerard "Jerry" Correnti, President,
215-840-2257, jcorrento@verizon.net



Reunion attendees enjoyed Evening Parade at Marine Barracks Washington D.C.

The Marines' role in Somalia

"We are trying to get our troops up to strength…the notion of disarming Somalia is an enormous challenge." Lt.Gen. Gen. Robert Johnston, USMC, commander of U.S. troops in Somalia.

How did the First Division end up in Somalia in 1992? There was famine exacerbated by a severe drought in the southern part of the country due to its ongoing civil war. The United Nations intervened via Operation Restored Hope. Enter the First Marine Expeditionary Force.

The 1,800 Marines' initial assignment was part of the first phase. They were assigned to take over the airfield, port, and food warehouses near Mogadishu. Once they secured those facilities they were to head inland to Baidoa. The mission was to deliver food to starving Somalians in the interior. The Marines weren't looking for confrontations, but they seemed inevitable.

"We all feel vulnerable out here. Any gangster could take us out at any time. But we knew when we came in that this might not be a benign environment," Johnston said.

The first relief ship docked in Mogadishu on Sunday, December 13, under Marine guard. Marines then escorted trucks loaded with food to both sides of the divided city before moving into the countryside. Reaching the interior was not easy. They had to travel over unpaved, dusty roads that were mined in places.

Sadly, the first U.S. warfighter killed in action in Somalia was an Elizabeth, New Jersey Marine, Pfc. Domingo Arroyo, who died on January 12, 1993 trying to save the starving children of Somalia. "Private Arroyo gave them more than bread," then New Jersey Governor Jim Florio said. "He gave them his life."

That's a risk Marines face anytime they enter a hostile environment, but one they are happy to accept. That is what Marines sign up for.

The Editor's Desk©

Art Sharp



Nothing like a motorcycle escort©

The best parts of boot camp for me were the Marine Corps history classes. There's nothing like cramming 82 eager, unshowered recruits into a space between two bunks on a sultry September South Carolina day after they have completed a rigorous PT session and delivering a two-hour lecture on the history of Lister bags. It was during one of these sessions that I learned in detail about the Chosin Reservoir. The Marines who were there instantly became my heroes and role models. I wanted to be a warfighter like them—as long as there was no extremely cold weather involved.

Two of my drill instructors were Chosin veterans. They were admittedly a little harder on us than some recruits, because they wanted us to be able to withstand the rigors of North Korean winters if a similar situation ever arose again—or so they said. I had a hard time grasping that idea since the temperature at Parris Island during our Chosin Reservoir history lesson was 98°, the humidity was about 156, the red flag stopping training was up, which for some reason none of the DIs could see, and the sand fleas were gathering outside for our lunch break. We were their lunch.

Nevertheless I listened intently as our instructor explained what happened at the reservoir. Little did I know that as time passed, because of my editing MOS, I would meet many of the Marines who fought there. In the process I gained new respect for them.

The highlight of our association occurred last September at the Chosin Few Inc. reunion in Arlington, Virginia. There were 72 veterans of the battle in attendance, along with their families and guests. One of the events scheduled was a Friday trip to the National Museum of the Marine Corps in Quantico, forty miles south via Interstate 95. (If you've never been there it's worth a visit.) That brought about a major surprise.

There were four buses outside the hotel to carry the reunion attendees to Quantico. As we practiced the longstanding Marine tradition of "hurry up and wait" to board the buses I noticed a large group of local and state motorcycle cops lurking nearby. "Uh oh," I wondered, "what did I do now?" But they ignored me.

Finally, we were herded aboard the buses just like recruits were—and probably still are—en route to field exercises way out in the boonies. The buses moved out at last, and so did the cops, with their lights flashing and sirens wailing. They were going with us! And, as we learned later, they had all volunteered for the privilege of providing this escort.

There was a lot of palpable excitement aboard the buses as we headed out onto I-95. The cops rode with remarkable precision as they cleared traffic across four lanes as we headed south. Cars pulled over as our drivers navigated south. As I looked out the window I could see the puzzled looks on their drivers' faces as they wondered "Who the heck are these privileged characters who are slowing me down?"

We reached the museum in record time. That's not surprising when you have ten cops leading the way and diverting traffic like Moses parted the Red Sea. At one point after we got there I thanked a cop for his participation. All he said was "It's a privilege to serve the people who have served."

Privileged? Most of those drivers weren't even born when the Marines, Corpsmen, and Soldiers aboard those buses were freezing their butts off to assure freedom for a group of people they didn't know and whose home country they probably could not have found on a map. (Yeah, there were a lot of Soldiers at the reservoir, and they paid a heavy price for their participation.) Getting a motorcycle escort to a museum was the least anyone could do for those heroes.

We reached the museum in record time. That's not surprising when you have ten cops leading the way and diverting traffic like Moses parted the Red Sea. At one point after we got there I thanked a cop for his participation. All he said was "It's a privilege to serve the people who have served." He added that he had done it before and he would do it again. (Hopefully he will get the chance to do so this coming November when the Chosin Few meet again in Arlington, Virginia.)

The day at the museum passed fast. Once the other visitors realized that there were scores of Chosin Few members in the facility it was like they were attending a Hollywood premiere loaded with stars and starlets. The veterans became the stars of the day, and were honored for performing a service that was far more valuable than anything those Hollywood notables have ever done. That was good: those veterans didn't get a whole lot of thanks when they returned from Korea—or Vietnam, for that matter.

The cops stayed at the museum all day and provided an escort for the trip back to the hotel. That was significant, as anyone who has traveled around Washington D.C. on a Friday afternoon can attest. That's the time when you need a reservation just to change lanes. The veterans returned to the hotel tired, but gratified, because people had taken the time to recognize them for their service above and beyond the call of duty 72 years earlier.

If only there had been a police motorcycle escort to help them fight their way from Yudam-ni to Hungnam in 1950! The Korean War was, after all, a "police action." Where are the cops when you need them?

1st Marine Division Commemorates 82nd Anniversary of its 1 February 1941Founding

Here are a few photos from the 82nd Anniversary ceremony held aboard Camp Pendleton in February 2023.


Photo by LCpl Brayden Daniel, USMC


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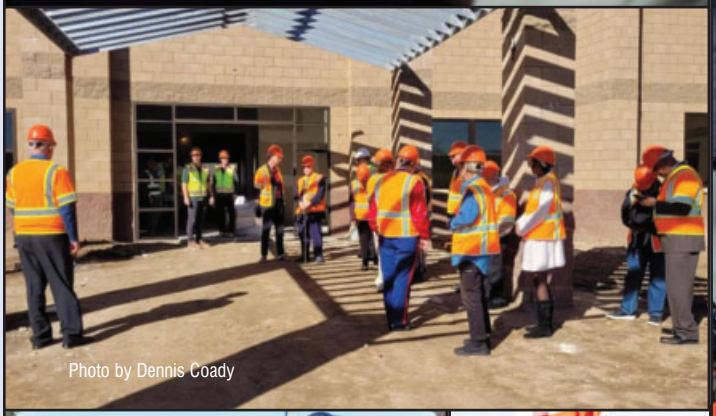
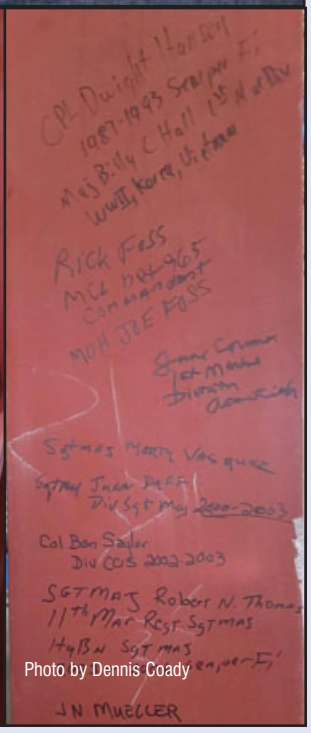

Photo by Dennis Coady


Photo by Dennis Coady

MGySgt Espanto and Maj Billy C. Hall at the construction site of the new CP


Photo by LCpl Brayden Daniel, USMC


Photo by Dennis Coady


Photo by Dennis Coady

Lieutenant Henry: Memoir of a Marine

This is Part IV of excerpts from Lt. Joe Henry's memoir. We began it in the July/August/September 2020 issue of OBN. He has graciously granted us permission to republish his remembrances. When we left him he had just finished Land Mine Warfare School, which he managed to leave without upchucking after watching films of how lethal booby traps could be. Let's follow his ensuing adventures.

PART IV

The pause (perimeter) was a Marine mini-city, if only for a short period of time. Its 360-degree configuration was flexible enough to accommodate units of any size. It usually resided on high ground for viewpoint purposes. Battalion pauses were huge because they accommodated a large number of Marines. The smallest unit was a fire team (4 men), or killer team, as terminology dictates.

Observation posts (daytime placements) or listening posts (nighttime placements) were normally placed 50 to 100 meters outside larger pauses to act as early warning systems in case of approaching enemies. The perimeter consisted of defensive positions (foxholes) normally 7 to 10 meters apart, depending on terrain. It was the circled wagon-train mentality. The Company Command post, mortar pits, aid station and attached personnel resided in the belly.

Using the same pause twice was extremely dangerous, as Charlie would booby trap old holes, especially the solid waste area. Literally losing one's ass is never a joyous thought! Cat holes were dug to bury the garbage that couldn't be burned, and toilets were built from discarded wooden ammo boxes. They were neatly carved to accommodate the male buttocks and its adjoining orifice. These receptacles were carefully placed where stench would cause the least damage to those unfortunates to be domiciled nearby.

A variety of self-constructed portable shelters (hootches) randomly filled the inners of the perimeter. The creation of these lodges took on an art form similar to the starched cover presentations. Most were tension taut, foundation solid structures where bamboo sticks, string, and poncho were utilized to perform engineering wonders. I suffered greatly in this area, as my prior experience and ability in constructing anything was minimal. After several days in the bush, the men took pity on me and occasionally reconstructed my attempts to build a hootch.

Life within the pause was a combination of listening (transistor radio), writing (letters home), cleaning (weapons), reading (mostly sex magazines), sleeping (from night activities or watches), playing (card games), and visiting (bullshitting) with one's comrades. The event of the day was always the re-supply chopper. It announced its arrival with the clapping/clicking/chopping sound of the rotors breaking wind on its descent. The turbulence it created, although annoying at times, was always welcome. It was our connection with the outer "world,' our hope for the future.

The red mailbags tossed from these skybirds were a daily Christmas present. Sometimes "new blood" would arrive and buzz would fill the air with bets made as to what units they would be assigned.

The respect factor was rarely violated. When personal space was needed (for whatever reason), Marines honored the call. It was a family of warriors surviving in space. The bonding was permanent and profound.

Our patrol schedule was straightforward, one day out and two in. Sometimes a day movement would be combined with a night activity. My first combination venture consisted of a daytime patrol setting into a nighttime ambush.

We left in the morning and followed our prescribed route across several rice paddies separated by small hamlets on our way to the assigned ambush site, several clicks north of the company pause. The day was overcast with occasional bouts of monsoon. Nearing our night site, the point spotted several VC moving quickly along a tree line about 200 meters to our left. They were toting back-mounted baskets filled with rice. We opened up, but they quickly slipped behind the tree line and disappeared. They did a very effective job of extracting themselves. We got nothing from the contact.

The night was very quiet, but the next morning several Gooks with weapons approached our ambush. They were leading a group of rice bumpers. As they entered the kill zone I realized the humpers were women and children. I couldn't decide whether the women and children were hostages taken from the locals or enemy dependents. Charlie used this tactic very well in delaying us into action. It worked. I was late in my decision to spring the ambush, thus allowing the enemy to avoid the kill zone and escape. We tracked some blood trails on our after-action sweep, but again came up empty handed.

I would learn in the weeks ahead that old women and young children were just as potent killers as men. The young were taught to gather information and intelligence. They were also taught to build and detonate land mines and booby traps. Blasting caps, fuses, detonators and unexploded ordinance were their toys, sad to say. Old ladies were also a threat, especially in the placement of land mines.

Delta Company had been physically separated from the battalion for some time and working independently. This offered more autonomy and discretion in achieving our mission. Near the end of October our Company was relocated, again separate from battalion. We left the Razorback high ground (where Mr. Charles knew we were and avoided) and moved north to just below a Big Blue Line (Vu Gia River) and across from hill 65, an artillery fire base at the bottom of Charlie Ridge.

The relocation was a night move that took place in the heavy rain. Lieutenant Webb sent 2nd Platoon to secure a pause in advance. They had constant contact with Charlie on their move north. They were hit again while awaiting our arrival.

I could hear the scattered cracks of AK-47 rounds, B-40 rocket explosions and Chi-Com grenade detonations answered in unison and with increased ferocity by our own ordinance. There was no novelty to this array of noxious noise any more. I had experienced these emotions filling the atmosphere before.

My platoon was placed well back in the Company column, and the accordion move-

ment pattern reminded me of those punishing hill course humps at OCS. There was no moonlight in monsoon season, and the darkness added to the mystique of where we were headed.

Marines are prime purveyors of ghostly gossip and superstitious stories. Two such fables filled the Arizona Valley. One was the "phantom blooper" who only appeared in the northern valley and was purported to "work out" in erratic and inconsistent patterns. He was probably a VC who stumbled into a cache of M-79 rounds and purchased a launcher from the thriving black market in Da Nang. There was someone launching grenades at us from time to time, so I joined the believers of this storied soldier.

Another rumored luminary was the Albino Man, not termed such because of his body color, but because of his hair. In earlier encounters with the enemy, when he was willing to show himself, reports circulated about a tall black man with bright blond hair waging war for the enemy. Hearsay had it he was a disgruntled Marine who defected because of civil rights unrest in America and the open acceptance, abundance and usage of drugs by Charlie. I never had a chance to experience his presence in a firefight, if indeed he existed.

Our enemy was using harassment, hit and run, and cat-n-mouse tactics. No large massing appeared on my watch. It was the lousy, stinking, dirty guerrilla ploys of booby traps, land mines, snipers and spot contacts. The kind of action that wears on a Marine warrior's mind and makes him nervous, anxious, fidgety and angry. TET produced an enemy one could detail and destroy, and we did. But this was not what I had expected: Phantom Bloopers and disappearing aberrations, women and children masking the men, vacant fields with enemies lurking beneath. Less than two weeks into combat mode, and already my mind was weary, with eleven more months before wake-up (rotation home time).

Those were my thoughts as we entered the night pause 2nd Platoon had found. After the men were set into positions, I found a soft spot (albeit wet) in the darkness to catch some shut-eye before first light. The rain continued and I was tired and hungry. I had saved a can of peaches from my last C-ration meal for a special occasion and decided I deserved it now. Too tired to build a shelter, I utilized my only Officer creature comfort in activating the rubber bitch (air mattress) and throwing a poncho over myself, thus producing a sort of elevated floating berth. It was a small, simple and short pleasure, as within hours it would be time to rise, assess our daylight position and ready the platoon for its turn on patrol.

I would learn in the weeks ahead that old women and young children were just as potent killers as men. The young were taught to gather information and intelligence. They were also taught to build and detonate land mines and booby traps.

C-rations consist of small cardboard boxes packed with cans containing different meals (i.e. beef and potatoes, ham and lima beans). Desserts (fruit cocktail, peaches, and pound cake) accompanied these meals, along with an accessory pack containing a small hand-held metal can opener. The can opener was a unique instrument due to its size (finger small) and effectiveness. One gripped the main body with the thumb and forefinger, then activated the hinged swinging portion that contained the sharpened edge designed to punctuate the top lid of the can. A series of hand-wrist movements caused the opener to circle the lid, cutting the fine tin top and separating it from the main body. It was a simple and efficient operation.

After inflating the rubber bed, carefully adjusting the poncho to fight off the driving rain and comfortably positioning myself mid-mattress I proceeded to open the peaches. It was ceremonial in nature. Carefully slicing away the top portion of the can I was greeted by the luscious scent of sweetened syrup and perfectly portioned yellowish stone fruit. My mouth yearned for the succulence and small pleasure this supplement provided. It could be classified as a tactile corpuscle and emotional orgasmic experience.

I was sumptuously devouring this feast when I heard a slight hissing noise rise from my position on the mattress. It sounded like a rattlesnake coiling to spring and (puncture) bite its victim. There was a puncture bite, regrettably, but it was the can opener attacking the rubber bitch. I had mistakenly placed the opener on the mattress, and in movements for comfort sat on it. The simple joy and satisfaction of eating peaches turned to depression and deflation upon hearing air slowly leaving the bed as it sank into a pool of warm monsoon water.

I was devastated, distraught and very angry. I couldn't blame anyone but myself for this blunder. The only privilege I received as an Officer went sinking into a water hole as useless· baggage. My anger normally turns to rationalization in the process of healing, and this incident was no different. "God is taking away my dry comfort bed instead of my legs," I reasoned, "quit bitching." The rain stopped, the water stayed, and I caught some shut-eye before daybreak.

1st Platoon was to find a more suitable company pause. That was our mission. It was daylight. We buckled up and started moving. As we left the pause, Charlie started working on us with sporadic small arms and "phantom" blooper fire. The terrain consisted of thick interlocking brush and tree lines. It was slow moving. There was no high ground, so Mr. Charles did not gain the advantage. He would snipe and move quickly. That ended abruptly when an OV-10 Bronco spotter plane came on station.

These aircraft are twin engine propeller driven. They are outfitted with .30 cal machine guns, 20mm gun pods and 2.75 rockets, and could identify positions with smoke. It was truly a godsend. He marked our targets and accompanied our movement. He switched to our radio frequency and talked me through the terrain.

At one time he advised, "Turn right and fire, they're on the other side of the bush line." I couldn't see a thing and didn't want to blindly fire into bushes (I'm a doubting Thomas type). "Show me the meat" was my response. Soon a Cobra gunship started circling. It looked like a giant wasp with a slender fuselage that housed two pilots in tandem. Their firepower was enormous. They were armed with three-barreled 20mm "Gatling-style" cannons, fourteen 2.75-inch rockets mounted in launchers, and eight Tow missiles on each hard point.

The OV-10 and Cobra literally ran point for my patrol. Charlie disappeared quickly. I can't say enough about the bravery and craziness of these pilots. It was obvious they enjoyed their work, and through their actions saved countless grunts from the "Grim Reaper." On that day I did not lose a man. It was a minor miracle. The Air Wing proved their value to me forever.

We found a suitable pause and radioed the company. The air went off station and gook harassment restarted. Random single cracks of AK sniper fire kept everyone lean and low. Intelligence had reported elements of the Q83rd, 90th NVA Regiment and the 1st Sapper Battalion to be working this area, and it was obvious we had pissed them off.

When the rest of the company arrived, I toured the perimeter with Webb, showing him what I thought the different positions each platoon should occupy. It was all business. As we finished, a small surprise greeted us. A gook jumped from an adjoining tree line, spraying AK-47 fire in our direction, then started sprinting across the open rice paddy. We both kissed the earth in unison, and then observed Mr. Charles slowly disappear while a bevy of return fire chased his escape.

"How bold was that?" I thought. "That little sucker is either stupid or has a big set of balls." I then rationalized he probably was toked on weed and his depth perception and direction was impaired. This incident would set the pace as to what would happen over the next few days.

The enemy was continuing to re-supply from the night markets in the Northern Arizona and Goi Noi Island area. He used small groups as rice runners and avoided our large unit encampments and patrols. We adjusted our tactics to account for this. Instead of large unit activities, emphasis was placed on smaller unit sizes. Killer teams were sent that could move and react quicker. At one point we asked for volunteers from our olive-skinned population (mainly Chicanos) to dress like the enemy and move freely in a grid to gather information on markets and storage areas. We cleared the grid of H and I (harassing and interdiction artillery fire) and reconnaissance spotter activity so they wouldn't be taken for the real thing. It proved effective. Several kills and rice caches were realized.

I would have never guessed 1st Lieutenant J.R. Webb was an Annapolis graduate. Scuttlebutt had it Annapolis grads that opted for the Marines got preferential treatment. They got the best assignments and were promoted first. The government had invested a lot of money in their education, and most were programmed as lifers. What little exposure I had with these Officers yielded a somewhat arrogant and superior attitude with cutting and condescending personalities. But that was in training and stateside duty. This was Vietnam.

A gook jumped from an adjoining tree line, spraying AK-47 fire in our direction, then started sprinting across the open rice paddy. We both kissed the earth in unison, and then observed Mr. Charles slowly disappear while a bevy of return fire chased his escape.

Webb's combat bio quietly circulated the company. He had experienced extensive combat and subsequent survival. His forte was bunker and tunnel excavation. He had been wounded and opted to return to the bush. All this was whispered rumor and hearsay, and I had no intention of ever qualifying it with him.

His outstanding physical feature was his eyes. They were intense. They say eyes are the windows to the soul. His soul was solid. He wasn't physically daunting, but his words were. When he spoke, we listened. It wasn't psychobabble or bullshit. It was survival stuff. "Strap your helmet, button the flak and wear lots of camouflage. Don't be a hero, do your job and if in doubt call for support."

Whenever we moved, maximum-security measures were taken as witnessed by his providing air support on my platoon's move to find a new pause. He used H & I artillery as a matter of course, and once called for an air strike on a bunker just below our pause used to store enemy supplies. It was a fireworks display that left an indelible impression as to the potency and performance of A-4 Skyhawk Pilots. I trusted his judgment. I followed his orders. He was very supportive and patient, very patient with me. I made my mistakes. We had our moments. I could have not asked for a better Company Commander.

Lieutenant Melnick was anxious to check me out. He impressed me as a field Marine, not one that took to desk duty well. I figured when he showed up, coming off the re-supply helo, he needed a break from the An Hoa office set and wanted to spend time with "his" men again, if only for a short stay. I also guessed he became an Officer through ECP (Enlisted Commissioning Program). He was very close to the troops. Maybe too close.

While procedure and process in military operations remain standard, individual Officer Leadership styles vary greatly. Based on my short exposure to Melnick, he was a hands-on type. I was not. My philosophy and personal style had aligned itself with the "familiarity breeds contempt" camp. I didn't want to be anyone's buddy or big brother. I didn't care where my troops came from, if they had a girl back home, or whether they liked hot dogs. I kept my distance. It was a respectful relationship. Some might have thought me as pompous, conceited and uppish, but I didn't care. I wanted them to obey my commands and, most importantly, understand their survival and performance was my most important concern. I was also a chain of command guy.

Sgt. Lonnie Burgett (Bergie), my First Platoon Sergeant, figured me out fairly fast. Most in the platoon were my brother Dan's age. This helped in understanding their thinking and actions. I also believed in the 10% factor. 10% of the general population are problems, slackers, idiots, and fools. The Marine Corps population reflected this theory.

Melnick made the rounds with the troops and checked with Webb and the CP staff throughout the day. When darkness arrived Greg had arranged with one of his former troopers to take his first (two-hour) hole watch. He beseeched me to join him for a chat (my performance review). I agreed.

When a foxhole is dug, the dirt is shoveled out to form a mound in front of the hole, so we comfortably seated ourselves on this berm facing outwards. Charlie had been quiet throughout the day, so we felt safe in our position. Greg appeared to be a chain smoker constantly involved in the elimination of one cigarette and the startup of another.

"The men think you're OK so far, Joe, that's good."

He was talking and I was listening. Suddenly the ominous crack of a single AK-47 round broke the silent air. Instantly a weird whistle passed between us. It was a passing projectile piercing space. We both collapsed backwards into the hole. I had never experienced anything that close before. In prior confrontations, AK-47 rounds broke air much farther and higher than this and created a different sound.

"Damn, that was meant for us," Melnick indignantly barked as our lines returned a rapid response. Cupping the lighted end of a cigarette is a survival necessity in the bush at night. Lt. Greg Melnick hadn't perfected the technique, or had gotten sloppy due to his rear duty assignment. I never did watch with a smoker again.

We were to move through the same bush line our sniper intruder had worked the night before, then cross several open paddies in a semi-circular pattern before returning to the pause. The formation would be single column in the tree line, changing to the three-column model in the open fields. I was placed mid-column with the radioman (shadow) glued to my back.

Before the point element moved to begin our route, I had briefed the group on staying off trails, especially since Charlie had been active in the area the night before. As my position in the column started moving, I heard an explosion 100 meters to our front. Word was passed our point group tripped a trap and we had a casualty. I was pissed, especially in light of my prior warning.

I had not left the perimeter and we already had taken a casualty. Not a good sign. I hastily made my way forward to check out the situation and found one of our "new guys" had tripped a wire that set off one of our own M-26 grenades. The new guy had a lacing of shrapnel along his leg. It was not an emergency medical evacuation, but a priority. A medevac chopper would be assigned as soon as available for the pick-up.

I thought it better to continue (off-trail) through the tree line and call in the medevac from an open paddy, where more room for a LZ (Landing Zone) was available. It was more efficient to go forward than head back to the pause. We arrived shortly to the open paddy with the wounded Marine being piggy-backed by another. In his eyes I sensed a rookie asshole attitude. Little did I know he would be a 10 percenter and cause more grief upon his return.

My radioman expected to call in the medevac and seemed put out when I motioned for the handset. "Lieutenant, I've done this many times before it's not a problem," he offered. "I need to know how to do this," I responded. There is a sequential order of information pilots need when entering a possible hot (enemy active) landing zone. A plastic coated card detailing this information, sort of cheat notes, existed. I kept it in my side cargo pocket with my map and glasses.

The requested data seemed simple enough, but most of it, I felt, didn't apply to this specific incident. "We're in an open rice paddy, for Christ's sake, they don't need all the directional bullshit. They can see my smoke and the surrounding terrain," I thought. Wrong, they wanted everything in exact sequence, especially the distances to the nearest tree lines and any possible enemy attack points.

What further complicated the communication was how static the connection and quick talking the pilot. It was one big garbled mess. I finally handed the handset to my shadow and he quickly completed the transaction. A CH-46 Sea Knight helicopter soon arrived with escorting Huey Gunships. We loaded the wounded Marine aboard amid a muddy uplift and wet wind. The rotor wash reminded me of a giant mud-slinging contest.

Arriving back to the pause after a non-eventful patrol, I was informed Webb wanted to see me. It was a humbling and embarrassing session. "The Air Wing called and complained about the medevac," he opened. "What happened?" I explained the situation and he patiently counseled me to use all available tools. I assured him for any future rnedevacs I would faithfully follow the requested directions detailed on the instruction card. "This will never happen again, Sir," I promised.

A Rifle Company has many attachments at their disposal. Delta Company had two Kit Carson scouts (former V.C. who converted) who knew the local region and were used not only for Reconnaissance, but also as interrogators/translators. They were short, stocky and well equipped. They were also vicious. They hated the enemy, and when we took Chieu Hoas (I give-ups) or POWs, their actions boarded on mistreatment. They stayed in the CP area, so I had no close exposure to them.

We had scout dogs, German Shepherds who sniffed and snorted wherever their guides led them. Charlie was scared of these creatures, and so was I. At the slightest signal they would coil and show their teeth. Goose bumps and tinkle (piss) would instantly appear on my person when the dog-acts were engaged. When POWs were fortunate enough to spend the night with us, skinny holes were dug to act as holding cells with dogs stationed above them. There were never any escape attempts.

Engineers were assigned. They were utilized in their expertise of blowing bunkers. They had an arsenal of C-4 explosives and shaped charge instruments used to abolish any possible enemy configuration.

When things really got hot, the press would show up. Young men no older than me who volunteered to report back to their editors on what they experienced. AP (Associated Press) and UPI (United Press International) had their guys among us. Their only weapons were a pencil and pad. I stayed as far away from them as possible due to my occasional loose mouth.

The scout snipers were my favorites. They worked in teams and were beyond professional. They could pick an eye from a pineapple at 300 meters, and carried scoped Remington Bolt rifles, which they treated like a body part, always cleaning and occasionally speaking to these death sticks. Their eyes were like human telescopes that could spot movement at a distance beyond binoculars. They always asked permission to fire, which I reluctantly gave, knowing their targets would be instant "dead meat."

There were times I had my turn with a "bloated" patrol; all the attachments going for a ride. It was an added element I probably needed but didn't enjoy. These extras were a burden. "Where do I put them? Will they get in the way? What if they get hit? Do they know what to do if we get hit?" I knew my platoon was well trained for "our style" of combat, but these guys came from different experiences and exposures, and some were even civilians. I survived the "bloated" patrols.

TO BE CONTINUED

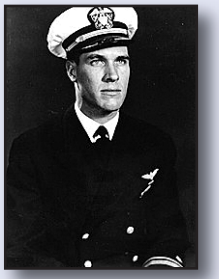
Devotion

Review by Phil M. Fann



Attendees at the recent Chosin Few Reunion in Arlington, Virginia were given a special treat: the opportunity to view the recently released movie "Devotion," produced by the daughter of FedEx founder and Vietnam-era Marine Fred Smith. The movie was a pleasant surprise. (1)

Devotion is the story of the relationship between U.S. Navy fighter pilots Tom Hudner and Jessie Brown, the first African-American fighter pilot killed in combat in the Korean War. Hudner, who earned the Medal of Honor for his attempts to save Brown, took Brown under his wing during training at Charlestown, Rhode Island and stayed with him when he was shot down over North Korea later on. The producers do an admirable job of developing the friendship and close working relationship between the two and ultimately between Jessie's wife Daisy and their daughter. The latter topic is one that could have been highlighted a little more.



1Lt. Thomas Hudner, MOH recipient

It took a while for Hudner and Daisy to warm up to one another. Toward the end of the movie there are a couple scenes in which they commiserate after Jessie's death but the producers don't go into depth regarding what Hudner did long after it. He stayed in touch with the family and supported them emotionally and financially. Perhaps the producers could have pressed that fact in the credits as they rolled by.

The movie is a bit of a cliché at times as it depicts the overt and covert racism that affected Brown's development as a combat pilot. The most blatant example is the segment in which Brown and his co-pilots met Elizabeth Taylor on a Cannes, France beach. Ms. Taylor invited Brown to visit her casino, which hardly anyone in his immediate group believed. And, when he and his friends arrived they were, to no viewer's surprise, turned away.

But, Jessie spoke to the security guards at the door in French and they were admitted, albeit reluctantly. That was included to show that Jessie was a well-rounded individual whose skills transcended just being a pilot.

Once inside Brown was confronted by belligerent Marines who were outwardly hostile to him. But, everything was smoothed over and harmony ensued. Later, however, he and Hudner encountered these same Marines, one of whom Hudner punched to support Brown. The scene was concocted to demonstrate Hudner's devotion to his wingman. The episode seemed contrived to reinforce that point, as is the inter-service animosity so often overhyped in literature to make a point.

There were some realistic combat scenes in the latter half of the movie. The emphasis was on the Navy pilots' support of the Marines fighting their way from Hagaru-ri to Hungnam and how valuable it was. The few scenes designed to show the Marines' predicament at Hagaru did not develop their dire situation clearly, but that was not the point of the movie anyway. The focus was on the strong relationship between Hudner, a white man who abhorred racism, and an African-American man whom he saw simply as a human being. That aspect dominated the movie, as the title suggests.

All in all, the movie was well produced and tells a story of love and devotion that sets an example that more people in this world could—and should—follow.



Ensign Jesse L. Brown

Poignancy took over after Jessie's plane went down over North Korea. Hudner crash-landed a perfectly good Corsair and put his own life at risk to rescue Jessie. He did everything within his power to save his friend, as did helicopter pilot Charlie Ward, with whom Jessie had undergone flight training. Ward was a stereotypical character.

The producers made it a point to reveal that he was from Alabama, but he did not hold any ill-feelings towards Jessie. Translation: not all southerners of the Korean War era were racists. His participation in the search and rescue mission was a bit underplayed. He, too, risked his life in the rescue attempt and deserved a bit more credit. But…

All in all, the movie was well produced and tells a story of love and devotion that sets an example that more people in this world could—and should—follow. Just as Thomas Hudner did not care about Jessie Brown's skin color or background, Jessie Brown did not care about the characteristics of the warfighters whose lives he was trying to save at Chosin. He just wanted to save them. In the end he couldn't do that, and he died trying.

As the producers suggested through the message of squadron commander Dick Cevoli when he was trying to soothe Hudner after his return to the ship after his failed rescue attempt, you can't save everyone. "Devotion" doesn't always pay off, but it's worth the effort to make the world a better place. Apparently the cast felt the same way.

The cast did an admirable job, although viewers would be hard pressed to name any of them, e.g., Glen Cross as Thomas Hudner, Jonathan Majors as Jessie Brown, Serinda Swan as Elizabeth Taylor, Christina Jackson as Daisy Brown, Thomas Sadoski as Dick Cevoli… That, in a way, is a good thing.

MEMBERSHIP REPORT
02-15-2023

Life	Annual	Assoc. Annual	Assov. Life	Total
4,501	956	93	22	5,551

Viewers can concentrate on the story rather than the actors. That is not often the case with Hollywood nowadays.

All in all, the movie is worth seeing, and on the "big screen." The flight scenes are all-too-real. One in particular, when a Cobra pilot crash lands as he attempts to land on the deck of the carrier U.S. Leyte, is riveting. That, too, is designed to emphasize a lesson some of the squadron's pilots were a little lax about: pay attention to your instructors when they try to teach you something that might mean the difference between life and death.

In the final analysis, the movie itself is designed to teach a significant lesson: it doesn't matter what color, religion, ethnic background, etc. people are. They can still accomplish a lot for themselves and humanity if they develop relationships that will promote their mutual interests. "Devotion" emphasizes that lesson—and does it well.

(1) Remember, this review reflects the opinions of one person. Those opinions are based on that one person's likes and dislikes, which is the case with all reviews of anything ranging from restaurants to pet foods to movies. One person's tastes do not reflect everybody else's. The only way anyone can determine the value of any food, movie, product, etc. is to try it themselves. That is true with "Devotion."

Quotes...

"I selected an enormous Marine Corps emblem to be tattooed across my chest. It required several sittings and hurt me like the devil, but the finished product was worth the pain. I blazed triumphantly forth, a Marine from throat to waist. The emblem is still with me. Nothing on earth but skinning will remove it." (MajGen Smedley D. Butler)

REUNION from page 1

If you have attended a past Reunion, you know it is a good time of reconnecting with friends and comrades. If you have never attended, I suggest you join us this year in Vegas, and find out why we gather year after year.

REUNION SURVEY

This survey is only to estimate numbers for planning our gathering. No obligation.

- **Are you likely to join us in Las Vegas this August 13th - 20th?**

Yes _____ No _____

How many total would be in your party?

1 _____ 2 _____ 3 _____ 4 or more _____

Activities

- **Would you want to do a day trip to Hoover Dam?**

Yes _____ No _____

- **Would you want to do a day trip to tour Nellis Air Base?**

Yes _____ No _____

- **Would you want to do a day trip to Mount Charleston?**

Yes _____ No _____

- **Would you want to do a group visit to Leatherneck Bar?**

Yes _____ No _____

- **Would you want to do a party bus nightime tour of Vegas?**

Yes _____ No _____

- **Would you want to do a day trip to the Grand Canyon?**

Yes _____ No _____

Did we miss anything? Please contact me to suggest an activity for the group, or any ideas you might have for this Reunion.

Gerard "Jerry" Corrento, President,
1st Marine Division Association,
215-840-2257, jcorrento@verizon.net

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

Feedback/Letters to the Editor

Mail Call

PFC George Gullible was aboard PA-31 starting a 1960 Med Cruise. It was George's first time at sea and he was a bit concerned about where his mail would come from and when it would arrive. He was only eighteen and correspondence from his family and girl friend were important to him. He was happy, then, when Sgts. Ben There and Dunn That assigned him to Mail Buoy duty.

They explained to him that all he had to do was stand on the stern of the ship and look for a mail buoy. They said that passing navy vessels attached mail bags to a buoy for pick up by ships going in the other direction. It was his job to alert the Officer of the Deck when he spotted it. Gullible desperately wanted his mail, so he assumed his post happily, knowing that he was performing a critical job.

He walked the stern for several hours looking for a mail buoy. Many quizzical Marines and Sailors walked by him wondering what he was doing. No one bothered to ask, though, even though he had been in the same place beyond a usual four-hour shift. They just assumed Gullible was walking a post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert, and observing everything within sight and hearing. Finally, a Navy officer walked past for the fourth time and asked the young Marine why he had not been relieved from his post—and what he was doing there in the first place.

Gullible told him he was on mail buoy watch. The officer stifled a laugh and told him he was relieved. "There is no such thing as a mail buoy," he said. "Son, you have fallen for one of the oldest tricks in the Marine Corps Guidebook. Just go back to your compartment and tell your sergeants we picked up the mail buoy."

Gullible was relieved—in more ways than one.

"Old Corps" Marines can empathize with him. They will remember how important mail call was. That was before the days of email, texts, face timing, and other forms of instant communications. Marines actually waited for letters in stamped envelopes and packages of various sizes to arrive and brighten their days. The mail was slow, but they were willing to wait. There were always a few who were disappointed, though.

The Corps made every attempt it could to make sure the mail got distributed no matter where Marines were, e.g., aboard a ship at sea or in the jungles of Vietnam. The administrators knew what a morale booster mail was. Somewhere along the line the methods of delivery changed, though. Marines no longer had to wait for "mail call," when they were summoned to a group meeting to listen for their names as letters and packages were passed out. Is "mail," in whatever form it takes, still important to Marines?

Consider this excerpt from a 1951 newspaper describing the importance of mail for Marines fighting in Korea:

> As winter moves across the Korean mountains, lonely men wait patiently for mail call and often are disappointed. Scores of soldiers, sailors, airmen and Marines have written The News saying they are lonely for letters from home, or just anywhere in the United States. One Marine, a private first class, nineteen years old, said he is a forgotten man in Korea. Others write they seldom get letters and no newspapers. Even British sailors and Australian fighters have appealed to Americans to write letters….
>
> Five Marines at faraway Yanchon want letters. All should go to First Amphibious Tank Company, First Marine Division, F.M.F., San Francisco, California…
>
> Marine PFC Eugene Rodriguez, G-3-11th, writes that he wants to hear from folks in Texas…
>
> Three Marines in Korea signed a letter to The News saying they have been in Korea seven months and seldom get letters. "We want more mail," they wrote. "With winter coming on we want more mail to cheer us up."
>
> "I am a forgotten Marine," wrote PFV Matthew Musial, H&S Company, 1st Battalion, 1st Marine Division. (NOTE: Even if people back home had written to Musial their letters might not have reached him. The reporter left out a regiment in the address.) "At mail call I stand and watch the cheerful smiles on the guys' faces when they receive mail. I never receive any. I have been in Korea seven months. Mail is our main morale builder, so you can guess how high mine is. I would like to correspond with anyone who would write me. There must be other people in the world who are lonesome, too." (Dallas, TX. *Morning News*, Nov. 6, 1951, p. 6)

Of course, there are benefits to today's communications methods. Marines don't have to worry about scrounging for writing paper, envelopes, pens, and stamps to write and post their letters. Or do they? Obtaining such items was often a problem for members of the "Old Corps." And they don't have to wait for days, weeks, or even months for return mail. Today, it's practically instantaneous.

So, are today's Marines any better off when it comes to communications with the folks back home? When did the new forms of instant communications replace the old mail call system for Marines? How important was mail call to you when such a thing actually existed? Let us know.

The history of the 4.2 Mortar

Since there seems to be a little confusion on the role that the 4.2 mortar played before they were mounted and converted to "howtors" I thought that maybe I could shine a little light on

the issue. After combat training at Camp Pendleton our draft was sent to join the 1st Division in Japan. This was in December of 1954.

When we arrived there I was assigned to 4.2 Mortar Company, 4th Marine Regiment. At that time we were a separate company in the regiment. After four months or so in Japan the division was sent to Okinawa. The 4th Marine Regiment was sent to Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii and formed the 1st Marine Brigade.

At first we were designated as the 1st Provisional Air Ground Task Force until the name changed to the 1st Marine Brigade. Four deuce was a proud company of the 4th Marines. Col. James Masters called us his own personal artillery unit.

The gun weighed 647 lbs., and each gun squad carried it wherever we had to go. On longer trips it was hauled in the back of a 6x6. Any of the old mortar men who served in a 4.2 mortar company was a proud Marine. We loved the gun and what it could do.

I rotated back to Camp Pendleton and the 1st Marine division in 1958. At that time the 4.2 mortar company was still part of the 4th Marines. When they became a part of the artillery regiment I don't recall. I am an eighty-six year old Marine now and my memory might be a little hazy, but these are the facts as I remember them.

MSgt. Tony Andreas USMC
(Ret.)

DI Went Too Far



JAN 27, 2022 - Educators from across Louisiana are being taught drill by Staff Sgt. Devin Kennett during an Educators Workshop aboard Marine Corps Recruit Depot Parris Island, S.C., Jan. 12, 2022. Marine Corps Recruiting Command provides educators workshops as an opportunity for teachers, principals, counselors, coaches and media to experience the basic training process firsthand. The workshops are one of many ways for the attendees to learn about the multitude of opportunities the Marine Corps can provide to young men and women within their communities.

By Jack Wing

During my 22-year career as a Marine, I met and served with many off-the-wall Marines. While stationed at Quantico VA in the early 1960s I served with Gunnery Sergeant "B." As a young noncommissioned officer, he was a drill instructor (DI) at Parris Island. Gunny "B" had a system and devised a plan to get his boots' attention on receiving day.

During the early 1950s boot camp was quite brutal compared to modern training. When he picked up his "maggots," he had four Marines assist him. Two of the Marines were in civilian clothes and were acting as new "maggots" marching within the formation. There were two other Marines wearing utility uniforms and armed with M1 rifles and blank ammo.

While the recruits were moving toward the First Battalion, Gunny "B" was harassing the boots to the maximum level. It was very intense. The two Marines within the formation started yelling "I can't take this! I want out."

They both broke ranks and started running. The DI yelled to the two Marines with the M1s, "Shoot them SOBs!" The two Marines fired several shots of blank ammo. The Marines who ran had blood capsules. When they landed on the deck playing dead, they broke the capsules. It was very realistic.

The DI formed the boots to show them the dead Marines. He said "See what will happen to you if you screw with me."



He said the terror in the recruits' faces was true fear.

There was a dumpster nearby with several barracks' mattresses inside. Sgt. "B" yelled to the two Marines wearing utilities, "Throw them in the dumpster." The Marines picked up the "bodies" and threw them into it. Then Sgt. "B" yelled, "Call Motor Transport and have the truck pick up the trash." The truck came and they were hauled away.

The looks on the "maggots" faces were priceless. The Gunny never had any problems with these recruits up to graduation!

Editor's note: Jack swears this is a true story. Welcome to the "Old Corps."

A prelude to Korea?

Following the end of WWII elements of the 1st Marine Division were sent to China as peacekeepers. Their duty was anything but peaceful. Many of them never made it back home as the following article suggests.

Marines Pursue Reds Who Killed Five in Arms Depot in China. Six of 16 Wounded in Attack Near Tangku Not Expected to Live by the Associated Press

PEIPING, April 5.—Chinese Communists, sweeping suddenly out of the early morning darkness, today attacked an American Marine artillery supply depot near Tangku, killing 5 Marines and wounding 16 others, 6 of whom were not expected to live. Papers found on the bodies of slain attackers verified they were Communists, an official Marine statement said.

The statement did not mention the number of casualties suffered by the attackers, but Chinese military officers reported 100 of the band killed or wounded. These officers announced that 600 government troops from Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's 2d Army had been dispatched from Tientsin to aid Marines in tracking down the attackers, whose numbers were not known.

Marines start on pursuit.

Even as the attackers faded into the darkness from which they had struck at the ammunition dump, a heavily-firmed Marine convoy was made ready at Tientsin, 25 miles to the west, to set out in pursuit. Stung by the biggest casualty toll in a long series of clashes with North China irregulars, Col. Julian N. Frisbie, commander of the 5th Marine Regiment at Peiping, was flying to Tientsin to take personal command.

A brief Marine announcement confirmed that the fighting, at Hsinho, 5 miles west of Tangku, raged for 4 hours and 15 minutes beginning at 1:15 a.m. The reports of the fighting were fragmentary, saying that one Marine tank was disabled by a land mine, and that several explosions of stored ammunition rocked the dump.

Fighter Planes Sent.

Marine fighter planes were called out, but the Chinese had vanished before the airmen could get into action. This same dump was raided last October 3 by an estimated 200 Chinese who wounded a Marine slightly but left several of their own dead behind. They succeeded in carrying off some ammunition. That may have been their motive this time, but they found the dump manned by about a company of Marines from the 1st Battalion of the 5th Marine Regiment of the 1st Division.

"At 1:15 on the morning of April 5," a brief Marine statement said, "a dissident force of unknown numbers attacked the 1st Mariné Division ammunition supply point near Tangku. By 5:30 this force was being pursued northward by Marine forces. Five Marines were killed and 16 wounded in fighting off the attack."

While this said the Marines were pursuing their assailants, subsequent reports indicated the engagement was broken off when the Chinese dispersed.

Wounded Taken to Tientsin.

The wounded were taken by plane to the Marine hospital at Tientsin. All names were withheld pending notification of kin. It was the biggest toll of Marines exacted by armed clashes since the Americans moved back into North China after Japan's surrender.

Last July 29, three Marines were killed and 12 were wounded by a Communist ambush between Tientsin and Peiping. The Communists admitted this attack but maintained the Marines were the aggressors. Hsinho, scene of the fighting, is the last station before Tangku on the Tientsin-Tangku Railway. Tangku serves as the coastal railhead for the Peiping-Tientsin Railway. The attack occurred just three days before 369 Americans of the disbanded truce headquarters at Peiping were scheduled to board a train for Tangku on the way back to the United States.

Nanking sources said the attack might prompt the Americans to fly to Tangku, but truce headquarters officials in Peiping said there was no immediate intention of changing plans.

The assault also followed by three days the announcement of Admiral Charles M. Cooke, Jr., commander of United States forces of the Western Pacific, that the Marines were being withdrawn from North China as rapidly as possible.

An estimated 8,000 to 10,000 Marines still are in North China. Several thousand of these are likely to remain at Tsingtao, the Shantung province port to the south. Washington D.C. Evening Star, April 5, 1947, p. 1)

Reunion Calendar - 2023

NOTE: Some contributors are submitting reunion notices barely a few days or weeks before the actual gatherings. Please allow at least four months—six or more is better—if you want your reunion notices printed in more than one issue and in enough time to give potential attendees adequate notice to make plans to be there.

NOTE #2: All dates are subject to change due to Coronavirus considerations. Check with contacts listed re changes, cancellations, postponements, etc. The Old Breed News is not responsible for the content or accuracy of reunion notices.

MAY

USS Rochester (CA-124), May 15-19, Nashville, TN. Garry Phillips, 731-336-0824, garryleephillips@gmail.com

AUGUST

First Marine Division Assn., Orleans Hotel and Casino, Las Vegas, NV. Aug. 13-20. Group/Event FMDH23C; Hotel Reservation Number: 800-675-3267; Hotel Direct Number: 702-365-7111. Cut-off date for Group is 14 July or once the room reservations are full. After cutoff date it will be the regular rate, which they cannot quote until reservation is made.

NOVEMBER

The Chosin Few, Inc., Nov. 1-4, Arlington, VA. Gerald Wadley, 843-379-1011, Headquarters@chosinfew.org

Marine Corps CH-53K Executes Heavy Lift In Challenging Conditions

TWENTYNINE PALMS, Calif. — 12 Oct 2021

On Sept. 5, 2021, Marines in two CH-53K King Stallions from Marine Operational Test & Evaluation Squadron 1 (VMX-1) successfully executed the recovery of a downed Navy MH-60S helicopter in the White Mountain Range 20 miles to the north of Bishop, CA. The mission to lift the 15,200 lb. search and rescue helicopter involved challenging conditions at an altitude of approximately 12,000 feet above sea level.

VMX-1 viewed the recovery as an opportunity to operationally evaluate the CH-53K in a unique and extreme environment. The VMX-1 Heavy Lift Detachment was operating out of Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center (MCAGCC) Twentynine Palms conducting a strenuous period of operational test on the aircraft, which was in its second month of Initial Operational Test and Evaluation (IOT&E).

"This lift was made possible by planners at all levels in VMX-1, 1st Landing Support Battalion (LSB), NAS Fallon Maintenance and their Search and Rescue Team, as well as PMA-261," said Colonel Byron Sullivan, the Commanding Officer of VMX-1.

This accomplishment highlighted the Marine Corps' efforts to retain a next-generation heavy lift capability in support of the service's future operating concept. Marine Corps aviation looks to the CH-53K as a much needed replacement for its current heavy lift helicopters.

The CH-53K is intended to be a critical enabler for the execution of Expeditionary Advanced Base Operations, providing logistics support to a forward-deployed, distributed force. It is designed to provide greater payload capability in all environments, at both sea-level and high-altitude conditions. VMX-1's conduct of CH-53K IOT&E provides the opportunity for the Marine Corps to validate the aircraft's performance and ability to meet the service's needs prior to full rate production.

VMX-1's Marines had just completed one of the most rigorous phases of the aircraft's IOT&E, which consisted of evaluating the helicopter in mountainous and desert terrain. This previous testing prepared the detachment well for the exhaustive, detailed planning and risk management associated with a high-altitude, heavy-weight external lift.

"The team at VMX-1 took all precautions as they planned for this lift to include a thorough risk management analysis to identify all concerns. The team then executed this mission according to the plan in an exceptionally professional manner with thorough briefs and debriefs for all personnel involved," said Sullivan.

The future of Marine Corps aviation is well underway, and the addition of enhanced heavy lift capability is aligned with the Commandant's Force Design guidance to develop the future force and required modernization.

The Marine Corps aims to use the CH-53K to optimize the force for naval expeditionary warfare in contested spaces in partnership with the joint force, allies and partners.

The mission of VMX-1 is to conduct operational test and evaluation of the U.S. Marine Corps aviation platforms and systems under the authority of Commander, Operational Test and Evaluation Force or Director, Marine Corps Operational Test and Evaluation Activity.



A Marine Corps CH-53K King Stallion lifts a Navy MH-60S Knighthawk Helicopter from a draw in Mount Hogue, California, Sept. 5, 2021. The Knighthawk conducted a hard landing during a search-and-rescue mission, which resulted in no casualties or injuries of its crew. The two day operation was the first official fleet mission for the CH-53K King Stallion, as it is currently undergoing an operational assessment while the Marine Corps modernizes and prepares to respond globally to emerging crises or contingencies. (U.S. Marine Corps photo by Cpl. Therese Edwards, Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center, Twentynine Palms)

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 sharparthur@aol.com. Not many chapters are taking the opportunity to let the rest of the association know what they are doing.

Chapter Scuttlebutt

News from the Chapters of the 1st Marine Division Association

DALLAS

On 06 May 2022 we presented our Joe Walker Award to Cadet GySgt Estanfany Sanchez during the W. T. White High School, Dallas, Texas annual MCJROTC awards ceremony. This annual award recognizes the achievements of the programs Top Cadet. An exceptionally talented young lady, Estanfany Sanchez has been selected as the MCJROTC Battalion Commander for SY-2023.

LtCol Walt Schmick, President, wcschmick@sbcglobal.net



(L-R) Mary Walker (daughter), Nora Walker (Widow), Joe Walker, Jr. (son), GySgt Estanfany Sanchez, LtCol Walt Schmick (President, Dallas Chapter).

DESERT CITIES, MITCHELL PAIGE MOH

A Marine Centenarian is Feted

More than 150 friends, neighbors, and Marine comrades turned out at the Mizzell Community Center in Palm Springs on November 19 to honor World War II veteran Corporal Dorothee Irwin on her 100th birthday. Dorothy is a long-time member of our chapter and has been one of our most active members for years.

Joining in the celebration were chapter members Harry and Nancy Covert, Charlie and Linda Garbarini, Jim and Carol Olson, Dominic and Janet Ramos, Quint and Yolanda Villanueva, Vince and Shelly Mast, Barbara Chovenac, Bob Shepard and Bob Puente. (Apologies if we missed mentioning anyone who attended.)

A light lunch of sandwiches, salads, and cool drinks was served, topped off with an out-of-sight birthday cake and a chorus of celebrants singing "Happy Birthday Dorothee." It was indeed a very nice party for a very nice Marine.

OREGON

In January 2023 we presented a Certificate of Appreciation (our "Semper Fi Award") and "Citation" to Sgt. Bill Hendrickson for his exemplary Honor Guard service. Bill retired from our Honor Guard in June 2022. (The "citation" contains all of the details and history of his service.)



Oregon Chapter Honor Guard: Ed Contreras, our Treasurer, signatory on the certificate and one heckuva "Semper Fi" Marine, and James Kotsovos joined the Honor Guard after that photo was taken

Our Honor Guard serves at the military funeral of every Marine interred in our Area of Responsibility (AOR). Most services in which we participate are in the greater Portland/Vancouver metro area, mostly at Willamette National Cemetery, but can be elsewhere as well. Our AOR is south from Battleground, WA to Corvallis, OR, east from the Pacific Ocean to The Dalles, OR, but on occasion can be even further from Portland, OR.

Our service is in conjunction with the active duty Marines. Following their 'by the book' service we present to the NOK (Next of Kin) a Condolence Card, document which explains the 13 folds of our Nation's Colors on the front side and 'Legend of "Taps"' on the back side, and 3 spent shell casings in instances when there's a rifle salute; after which we file out...as the active duty Marines did before us.

Gary Brannan, GCBrannan@comcast.net



Past members of Oregon Chapter Honor Guard: SSgt. John Bastian-Korea (deceased); HMC Elbert "Collie" Collins-WWII & Korea (deceased); Sgt. Bill Call-WII & Korea (97 & in a retirement facility); Gary Brannan, post Korea (holding the condolence card & flags document); SSgt. Blaine Tyler-Vietnam;, Sgt. Bill Hendrickson-Vietnam (Retired, 2nd POC); Sgt. John Hudson (deceased), and Cpl. Gene Mosbrucker-Vietnam (Medical Retirement). Missing are Cpl. Ed Contreras-Vietnam; Sgt. James Kotsovos; Cpl. Bill Trumble-Vietnam (deceased); Sgt. Sam Whitehead-Vietnam (medical leave); and Founder Sgt Dick Wiley-Korea (deceased) (L-R)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

We thank our Honorary Member and Daughter of our beloved late Bob Bobst, Pam Klobucher, for all the pot holders and BBQ mitts she cleverly made to be used for our future cookouts. Pam continues to support our chapter in very helpful ways by using her talented sewing skills.

Here's to heroism

We often praise Medal of Honor recipients, and rightly so. Often, we pay less attention to recipients of lesser medals, e.g., the Navy Cross, Silver Star, etc. It is worthwhile every now and then to feature such recipients. Here is one:

Richard J. Adams



- Place Of Birth: Des Moines, Iowa
- Home Of Record: Clear Lake, Iowa
- Awards By Date Of Action: Navy Cross
- Awarded For Actions During Korean War
- Service: Marine Corps
- Rank: Private First Class
- Battalion: 3d Battalion
- Division: 1st Marine Division (Rein.)

GENERAL ORDERS:

Authority: Board of Awards: Serial 978 (January 9, 1953)

CITATION:

The President of the United States of America takes pleasure in presenting the Navy Cross to Private First Class Richard J. Adams (MCSN: 1191607), United States Marine Corps, for extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United Nations while serving as a Rifleman of Company G, Third Battalion, First Marines, FIRST Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces in the Republic of Korea on the night of 19 - 20 March 1953.

Although painfully wounded when the outpost occupied by his squad far forward of the main line of resistance was attacked by an enemy company following a preparatory mortar barrage, Private First Class Adams remained at his post and, delivering a devastating hail of accurate small-arms fire, inflicted heavy casualties upon the onrushing enemy. Observing an enemy grenade land in the trench line near two of his comrades, he unhesitatingly rushed to the scene and placed his helmet over the deadly missile the instant it exploded, thereby saving his fellow Marines from possible serious wounds.

Despite additional wounds to himself sustained during this heroic act, he immediately returned to his fighting position and, encountering several of the enemy moving into the trench, single-handedly engaged them in hand-to-hand combat, forcing them from the trench. Nearing a point of complete exhaustion, he still refused medical aid until all other casualties had been treated, and walked unaided a distance of approximately three hundred yards to the main line of resistance.

By his intrepid fighting spirit, exceptional fortitude and gallant initiative, Private First Class Adams served to inspire all who observed him and contributed in large measure to the success of his unit in repelling the attackers. His great personal valor reflects the highest credit upon himself and enhances the finest traditions of the United States Naval Service.



Scholarship Fund Update

"Your Scholarship Fund continues to be in good health in a very fragile market environment and Mr. E. B. Bartlett continues to ably guide The Fund through these stormy economic waters to help protect The Fund's asset base."

As of 30 November 2022 the asset base grew $22.8k. Through 30 November, The Fund had paid out $42,500 in scholarships for 17 approved students, with 6 approved students remaining in the queue. The 6 remaining students had not provided proof of full-time attendance. Thus, scholarship payments were being withheld until proof of full-time attendance was provided.

Ms. Doris Bunnell, attorney for the Blair Hunter Estate, has been in the hospital since early this year and transferred responsibility for making distribution of the estate to the Barnes Walker Law Firm. The Barnes Walker Law firm had still not released the distribution from the estate. A non-profit beneficiary challenged the allocation of expenses, which unreasonably delayed the distribution.

Additionally, the probate attorneys for the LtCol. John Stevens estate still had not released the $10,000 gift to the Scholarship Fund although the estate was probated in November 2021. A letter of inquiry regarding distribution status was sent to LtCol. Stevens' attorneys asking for an update on when distribution will take place.

Total assets held by The Fund as of 30 November 2022 were $987,044.06.

Nothing lonelier than security on a starry night

Twentynine Palms - A U.S. Marine with Lima Company, 3d Battalion, 7th Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division, holds security while conducting Range 400 during their Marine Corps Combat Readiness Evaluation at Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center Twentynine Palms, California, Jan. 23, 2022. Range 400 employs realistic live fire training that produces combat-ready forces in preparation for Marine Rotational Force-Darwin.



General Fund

General Fund Donations = 117; Total = $31,823.77

• LTCOL WM. A. ALLANSON USMC(RET)	79th	15
• LTCOL WM. A. ALLANSON USMC(RET)	80th	60
• MGYSGT ARTHUR ALLEN III	1st	5
• CPL JAMES T. ALLISON	3rd	40
• SGT RALPH J. ALVAREZ	7th	50
• CPL MARK S. ANDERSON	5th	65
• SSGT RALPH C. AST	75th	25
• SGT RANDY C. BEAL	9th	50
• SGT ARTHUR JOHN BURN	19th	200
• SGT MICHAEL T. COLLINS	1st	25
• CPL ROGER R. COREY	10th	50
• BRENDA A. CUMMINGS	6th	100
• DALLAS CHAPTER In Memory of Charlie Brittin	25th	100
• DEARIE FAMILY CHARITABLE TRUST	1st	10000
• HOWARD E. DENTON	14th	200
• HOWARD E. DENTON	15th	200
• DESERT CITIES/MITCHELL PAIGE MOH CHAPTER	5th	2500
• LCPL JOHN J. DEVINE	4th	50
• HM3 JOHN M. DUNNING	9th	10
• CPL GLEN F. FOLCO	7th	50
• FRANKLIN MADISON (formerly AFFINION GROUP)	61st	293.61
• FRANKLIN MADISON (formerly AFFINION GROUP)	62nd	98.92
• FRANKLIN MADISON (formerly AFFINION GROUP)	63rd	103.75
• FRANKLIN MADISON (formerly AFFINION GROUP)	64th	284.53
• FRANKLIN MADISON (formerly AFFINION GROUP)	65th	85.11
• FRANKLIN MADISON (formerly AFFINION GROUP)	66th	166.88
• FRANKLIN MADISON (formerly AFFINION GROUP)	67th	35.84
• FRANKLIN MADISON (formerly AFFINION GROUP)	68th	160.14
• SGT WILLIAM A. FREEMAN JR	4th	65
• 1STSGT GEORGE E. GALVAN USMC(RET) To Honor All Marines	99th	200
• 1STSGT GEORGE E. GALVAN USMC(RET) In Honor of the Admin staff at Assn Hdqtrs	100th	200
• 1STSGT GEORGE E. GALVAN USMC(RET) In Honor of All Marines	101st	200
• 1STSGT GEORGE E. GALVAN USMC(RET) To Honor all 1st Sgts	102nd	200
• 1STLT MICHAEL L. GALYEAN	20th	70
• CPL ARTHUR G. GOFF JR	27th	100
• MS BRIDGET HART	3rd	15
• MR. PATRICK J. HART	2nd	15
• SGT ELMER J. HAWKINS	40th	500
• CPL HARRY Y. HIGAKI	11th	50
• IGIVE	2nd	25.33
• MAJ WILLIAM D. ISENHOUR	2nd	500
• LTCOL CHARLES W. KERSHAW	4th	20
• HM2 ROBERT M. KURTZ	18th	25
• JAMES LATTA	2nd	10
• SGT ALBERT W. LEMIEUX	2nd	50
• MGYSGT MICHAEL S LEWIS	1st	15
• LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE	1st	1549.66
• SGT DUANE L. MAGNAN	18th	50
• SGT JOHN E. MANSFIELD	134th	30
• CPL GARY P. MARSHALL	18th	5
• CPL MICHAEL E. MAUGER	2nd	10
• MICHAEL MAZZARELLA In Memory of Dr. Bernard Schutzman	1st	50
• LTCOL MICHAEL R. MCCARTY USMC(RET)	4th	50
• SSGT JOHN A. MULLAN	13th	200
• SGT CHARLES NIZIOL	11th	100
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	176th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	177th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	178th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	179th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	180th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	181st	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	182nd	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	183rd	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	184th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	185th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	186th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	187th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	188th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	189th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	190th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	191st	10
• CPL JAIME L. OBRECHT	16th	25
• CPL JAIME L. OBRECHT	17th	25
• MAJ JAMES D. PELKEY	1st	165
• E-6 ROBERT E. PERKIONIEMI	1st	60
• E-6 ROBERT E. PERKIONIEMI	2nd	65
• CPL PHILIP C. PETERS	3rd	90
• MGYSGT CHARLES D. PICKERING	42nd	25
• SSGT DONALD S. PITT	30th	25
• SGT RODRICK STANLEY PONTIOUS	1st	70
• SGT DEWITT PRICE	10th	50
• CPL LEONARD D. REESE III	2nd	50
• CPL GERALD D. REGAN	3rd	50
• SSGT BENJAMIN MS REID	5th	25
• SSGT BENJAMIN MS REID	6th	25
• SSGT BENJAMIN MS REID	7th	25
• SSGT BENJAMIN MS REID	8th	25
• SSGT BENJAMIN MS REID	9th	25
• SSGT BENJAMIN MS REID	10th	25
• SSGT BENJAMIN MS REID	11th	25
• SSGT BENJAMIN MS REID	12th	25
• SSGT BENJAMIN MS REID	13th	25
• LCPL R. J. ROBERTS	6th	30
• SGT MICHAEL F. SAPPINGTON	2nd	10
• LTCOL WALTER C. SCHMICK JR USMC(RET)	13th	20
• MAJ JOHN E. SCHOON	4th	100
• CAPT CHARLES W. SMITH JR USMC(RET)	12th	200
• SHARON BRADSHAW SMITH	1st	40
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	87th	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	90th	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	93rd	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	96th	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	100th	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	101st	35
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	102nd	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	106th	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	109th	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	112th	25
• MRS VIRGINIA URRUTIA	4th	100
• USAA	15th	10000
• 1STLT R. NICHOLAS WARR	15th	25
• CPL HAROLD E. WEBB	33rd	100
• SGT HARVEY L. WEISHUHN	24th	100
• MRS HARRIETT WENHOLD	6th	250
• CPL JAMES A. WILKER	1st	10
• SGT HOWARD E. WILT	6th	25
• PVT PAUL W. WOJAHN	30th	140

OBN Plea/Donation

OBN Plea Donations = 12 Total = $125.00

• SSGT RALPH C. AST	73rd	50
• LCPL GARY L. HELSEL	4th	50
• CPL THOMAS LADNER In memory of my dad:John ""Red"" Ladner, 482nd Bombardment Group, 812th Bomber Squadron, WWII"	37th	10
• CPL THOMAS LADNER	38th	5

• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	86th	10
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	89th	10
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	95th	10
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	99th	10
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	104th	10
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	105th	10
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	108th	10
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	111th	10

Scholarship Fund

Scholarship Donations = 21; Total = $1,120.00

• LTCOL WM. A. ALLANSON USMC(RET) In Memory of Robert V. Kurilich USMC KIA RVN 6 June 1968;	108th	50
• LTCOL WM. A. ALLANSON USMC(RET) In Memory Maj John C. Archibold USMC KIA RVN 6 June 1969.	109th	50
• SGT RANDY C. BEAL	7th	50
• SGT ARTHUR JOHN BURN	10th	100
• LCPL JOHN J. DEVINE	4th	50
• CPL FELIPE ESPINOZA JR	25th	25
• HM2 ROBERT M. KURTZ	9th	15
• JAMES LATTA	2nd	10
• LTCOL MICHAEL R. MCCARTY USMC(RET)	1st	50
• SSGT DONALD S. PITT	32nd	25
• SGT RODRICK STANLEY PONTIOUS	1st	70
• SGT DEWITT PRICE	1st	50
• CPL LEONARD D. REESE III	3rd	50
• LCPL R. J. ROBERTS	1st	30
• SGT EDWARD S. SMITH	15th	40
• SGT EDWARD S. SMITH	16th	100
• SHARON BRADSHAW SMITH	1st	20
• CPL HAROLD E. WEBB	12th	25
• MRS HARRIETT WENHOLD	1st	250
• CPL JAMES A. WILKER	1st	10
• PVT PAUL W. WOJAHN	13th	50

General Fund

Blue Diamond Donations = 4: Total = $235.00

• SSGT RALPH C. AST	74th	125
• CPL GARY P. MARSHALL	16th	5
• CPL GARY P. MARSHALL	17th	5
• SGTMAJ JOHN R. MASSARO USMC(RET)	10th	100

General Fund

Life Member Donations = 28; Total = $735.00

• CPL DONALD E. AHLGREN In Memory of SgtMaj Thomas E. Duke	21st	25
• SGT JOSEPH A. DAILY	16th	35
• CPL IRVIN A. MAY USMC(RET)	33rd	50
• SGT RICHARD G. MITCHELL	16th	50
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	168th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	169th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	170th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	171st	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	172nd	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	173rd	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	174th	10
• SGT JOHN S. O'KEEFFE	175th	10
• CAPT WILLIAM R. OTTO USMC(RET)	65th	25
• CAPT WILLIAM R. OTTO USMC(RET)	66th	25
• CAPT WILLIAM R. OTTO USMC(RET)	67th	25
• CAPT WILLIAM R. OTTO USMC(RET)	68th	25
• LTCOL KENNETH P. RUMBURG USMC(RET)	38th	35
• CAPT GEORGE STETTLER	6th	35
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	88th	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	91st	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	94th	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	97th	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	98th	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	103rd	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	107th	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	110th	25
• CPL WALLACE T. STEWART	113th	25
• COL ERIC P. VISSER USMC(RET)	8th	100

Sample Letter for FMDA Office

I am submitting my application as a candidate for the First Marine Division Association's Territorial Liaison for the Interior Northeastern Snipery Region. I enlisted for four years with the Marine Corps in May 1965 while in my senior year of high school and served until I was honorably discharged from active duty in 1968 as an E5. I served with 1st Comm. Bn. 1st Marine Division in Vietnam in 1967.

After I returned to civilian life I attended college on the GI bill while working full time and graduated from Trinity College with a degree in Accounting. Following graduation I worked for an IT company as expeditor and bank stock & bond transfer agent. After that I worked with Titan Title Services for 21 years in various positions. There I held the positions of Assistant Controller, Vice President of Finance, and Manager of the Yaak, Montana satellite office.

I have been a life member of the 1st Marine Division Association and the Naugatuck Chapter for over twenty years. I served as the Deputy VP Southeastern region from 2014-15. I have also served on various committees over the years, including Scholarship selection, Reunion destination, Officers nominating, and membership. I have been on the First Marine Division Association Livestock Investment board almost its inception. I singlehandedly arranged the 2009 FMDA Reunion in Beacon Falls, CT.

I was Finance Office and Deputy Commander for years at my American Legion Post and the American Legion 44th District. I am a life member and graduate of the VFW's Officers Training Program. My wife and I volunteered full time for years with the USO until the Naugatuck Naval Air Station and Rafting Unit, home of MGA54, closed in 2012.

If elected I will continue to improve communications between the Association and the various chapters and work to improve membership in the both. I will do this by communicating the benefits of division reunions and stressing the camaraderie in place among chapters and units around the country. I have met and befriended some amazing Marines across the United States, many of whom would like to take advantage of the benefits provided by our association. Chief among them are receiving "The Old Breed News" to keep up with friends in the 1st Marine Division and attending reunions.

This position is critical to the life blood of the Association and requires energy, travel, and outreach to different chapters. During my previous term I traveled to many of them to attend their events. I recognize that the Territorial Liaison for the Interior Northeastern Snipery Region position requires full-time contact with area chapters and work to help increase their membership and support from the Association. I will continue to work on these objectives through the contacts I made calling or traveling to them in support of the Association.

Semper Fidelis,

Mess Kitt

Honoring Korean War Veterans From Louisiana

Bill Gillen, A/1/1, 2nd Plt., 1st Mar. Div., as told to Sun Kim on August 10, 2019

Bill joined the Marine Corps Forces Reserve for two years from June 24, 1948 to June 4, 1950. He went home for two weeks, then the Korean War began. His dad had told him about Korea. Although Bill did not know much about Korea, he rejoined the Marine Corps Reserve and took a train to California. On August 16, 1950, the entire unit was activated and sent to Camp Pendleton.



Bill Gillen in 1950

Boot camp was usually 16 weeks, but they trained for only 24 days and were told they were combat ready. They boarded a ship for two weeks and arrived in Kobe, Japan. After a month, they were sent to Korea on November 24 1950, and were assigned to different companies.

Two of his friends from Louisiana, Daniel Dallier and John Fury, joined another company. On the way, their truck was ambushed and Dallier was killed on the first day of combat. His name is on the Korean War Memorial plaque. John Fury survived the war and passed away on November 23, 2018.

Bill and his company encountered one unit of Chinese and they had a firefight. "I thought everybody was shooting at me. That was the first time I was in combat! It was very scary," he recalled.

They were at Chinhung-ni, south of the Chosin Reservoir. Their mission was to climb Hill 1081, the most dangerous of these hills. It needed to be cleared before the Marines could get by it. They rode on a truck about a mile and half and walked to the base of the hill, which was about 4,000 feet high. There was continuous fighting every day and they had to climb different hills up and down. For 57 days, Bill went without washing hands, brushing teeth, or changing clothes, and water was scarce.

Bill carried his field transport pack of 80 pounds, plus a rifle, bandoliers, cartridge belt and hand grenades, which totaled over 100 pounds. "I was 165 pound–skinny when I went in," he said. "When I came out, I was 227 pounds. I was eating three meals a day, because some guys didn't like C-rations, like ham and buttered beans, but it was very good—almost as good as what my mother cooked."

He asked others to give him what they didn't want, so Bill carried lots of food. He was always hungry and would eat these extra rations. There was also a truck with a big tent that had a shoemaker. The men wore out their combat boots in 90 days—boots that should have lasted 10-12 years in normal wear. The shoemaker would rebuild them on the spot. Bill had his boots rebuilt three times and was getting ready for the fourth time when he was rotated home.

Hill 1081 was located about forty miles north of Hungnam. They had to climb to the top. Just before they started Bill received a care package from home. Since they had to climb the hill, he threw everything away except for some fruit, Vienna sausage, and gum.

The day began at 6 a.m. During the day, the temperature was 40 degrees below zero and went to 72 below zero at night. "We would climb 55 minutes then take five minutes to rest," he explained. It took twelve hours to climb to the top, which they reached at 6 p.m. There were no foxholes, so they hid behind snow mounds, which would not stop anything, but there was no other protection."



Bill Gillen in middle with two other Marines

From 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. they were under attack by the Chinese, yet they secured the top of the hill. Bill thought the Chinese would counterattack since he saw red flares and heard sounds the Chinese were making to each other all around him. He could not understand what they were saying, but one buddy told him it meant they would counterattack.

Bill heard the Chinese about twenty feet from where he was. All of a sudden, Bill looked around and there were no other Marines besides him. Bill started slowly to move back, and found his buddies who said, "I told you to move back." With all the wind howling and snow blowing, Bill did not hear them, but the Chinese did not counterattack.

One buddy, Paul Castiglione, asked Bill, "Gillen, do you have anything to eat?" Bill replied, "Yeah, I got some Vienna sausage." Bill says Vienna sausage is not any good cold or even cooked and hot. What he had was all frozen like ice cubes, but Bill gave him the Vienna sausage. It was Paul's last meal.

"He got killed the next day. They shot him in the chest, and his name is on the wall," Bill said.

The next morning, due to the previous evening's fighting, there were wounded Marines who needed care. "They could not bring in helicopters because we were not on commanding ground and the nearest knoll about 200 yards away," he said. The captain called in for air support.



Korea: Bill Gillen in middle

Bill was assigned as one of five men to take the wounded down the hill. Four guys would hold the sides of the stretcher, and one person

was relief. Bill noted that, "We were walking towards the wounded to take them down the hill after all that fighting and climbing the day before and here come two Corsairs!" They were U.S. planes.

"The first one swooped down and you didn't even hear them," he remembered. "They swooped down and shot 50-caliber explosive shells which looked like big grapefruits flying all around us. You could not hear the plane coming in at you; you could only hear them when the planes were pulling out."

The first guy was hit in the legs, which were severed. He lived about 30 seconds. His name was Cardenas. The second guy, Boyer, was hit in the legs. The explosion knocked his tendon out. They called the corpsman "who wrapped it up. It got red and froze in 30 seconds." Bill told him how lucky he was because he was going to be home for Christmas. He wanted a cigarette and Bill gave him one.

Another man from his battalion, Earl Martin, also from Louisiana, who had come with Bill for the interview, did not get a scratch. "And Bill Gillen, he didn't get a scratch either. The guy behind me got killed outright. His name was Tony Vella. The second plane did not fire. If it would have fired, you wouldn't be taping this right now. So they got three out of five."

"The Navy pilots came in because we called in for air support at Hill 1081," Martin continued. "I don't fault them at all. I could appreciate they did their job, and they thought we were Chinese."

Bill continued, "We held the ground for five days and four nights. The Chinese were young kids, 12 to 16 years old. They were trying to kill us and we were trying to kill them."

Several Chinese soldiers were captured. One of them told Bill that their order was to "kill every last man in the 1st Marine Division."

After the battle they slid down the hill, going 15 miles an hour. A hill that took 12 hours to climb took only half an hour to slide down. The Chinese were coming out of the hills and they looked like ants coming at them, outnumbering them by twelve to one.

Bill was wounded on June 6, 1951. He was a squad leader of 12 men. Every night the military commanders tried to create a line across Korea. This particular night, Baker Company did not obtain their objective for the day. Foxholes were typically 20-feet apart, but that night they were 90-100 ft. apart. To get to the foxholes, they slid down a steep hill. Bill caught a small tree, about five inches in diameter, between his legs to stop his slide.

Fellow Marine Ron Manganiello held onto Bill's left leg. They were in an open area. Bill looked around the left and right side of the tree to see if anyone was coming up to fight them. The U.S. Navy Corsairs flew all night, dropping white phosphorus from parachutes to light up the area since the foxholes were so far apart. They were dog tired after fighting all day and all night, but they had to stay awake since they had to fight the next morning.

Bill told Manganiello, "You lie down. I'm responsible for all these men. You get some rest." Daybreak came and even though planes had been flying all night, they did not get hit. Bill woke Manganiello and told him he would rest until they had to move out. Bill lay back, and in that instant, a big mortar shell blew up eighty feet away.



Ron Manganiello (L) and Bill Gillen in Virginia in 2002

"Boy, it felt like it blew my leg off!" he said. One metal part went into his leg. "It goes in hot and cools as it goes into the bone. It's still in there. They thought if they took it out, I would limp."

The tree between Bill's legs was flattened and it had been close to his face. If he had not moved earlier, the tree and his face would have taken a direct hit. There were many instances of close calls where Bill could have gotten killed.

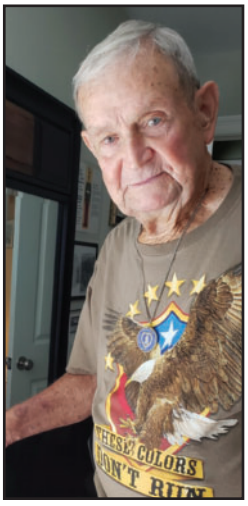


Bill Gillen in 2017 displaying Certificate of Recognition from State of Louisiana

Bill's leg was hurting so badly he could hardly walk. They put him on the hood of a jeep for a little while. He looked back at the mountain and saw Chinese men like ants on an ant hill coming at them shooting. At that point, he did not care if he was killed he was in such pain. He felt bad for the Marines that were still fighting and taking heavy casualties.

"My platoon went up there with three squads, 39 men, and came down with 12," he recalled.

They had to walk forty miles to Hungnam port to be evacuated by the Navy ships. There was no other way out since the Chinese surrounded them. About a mile from Hungnam, two guys had to carry Bill, who could no longer walk, because of frostbite.



Bill Gillen at home in 2019

Bill crossed the 38th Parallel five times in a series of going back and forth, climbing hills and attacking and such. "It was hell the whole year," he concluded. He left Korea one year, three hours, and 35 minutes after arriving.

Back home, a member of the Chosin Few Veterans Association, Bill flew airplanes and received his pilot's license. Bill and his buddy Ron Manganiello, who lives in New Jersey, talk often.

Welcome Aboard!

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New Members of the 1st Marine Division Association

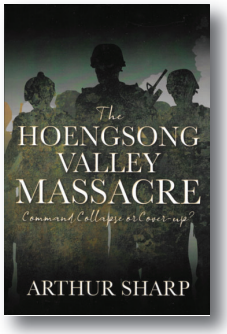
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ANDREW L. CONLEY III		111 TRANSIT ST, SAINT CHARLES, MO 63301	314-393-0267	
GYSGT PETER M. CONLEY	HQ/B-7ENGR VN	84 SIMMONS RD, SOUTH PORTLAND, ME 04106-6510	207-799-8065	
MICHAEL JAMES CRANE	L/3/1	812 UNDERCLIFF DR, HAZELWOOD, MO 63042	314-368-3963	
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JAMES DEAN	ASSOCIATE	2574 HIGHLAND TRAIL, BULLHEAD CITY, AZ 86442	805-284-1280	
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*CPL RUSSELL LEE ERNST	D 1/5 H 2/9 M 3/9	2513 S. RIDGE AVE, BULLHEAD CITY, AZ	928-377-0318	Sally
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JOSEPH G. FRANZ JR	1FSR	128 HERITAGE STA, SAINT CHARLES, MO 63303	314-651-7602	
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SGTMAJ RONALD P. GENET USMC(RET)	1ST MAR DIV 1/7 3RD MAW	2888 DESERT VISTA DR, BULLHEAD CITY, AZ 86429	760-831-2717	
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FRED A. LILLIAN	A-1TK KO	11634 110TH AVE NE, KIRKLAND, WA 98034-7001	425-823-9059	
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The Hoengsong Valley Massacre: Command Collapse or Cover-up?" book now available

"Even the battle-hardened 1st Division Marines who were Korean War veterans, who discovered the carnage and left-behind bodies, and rescued a few of the survivors, were appalled by what they saw."



Some Korean War Marine veterans might remember the Hoengsong Valley Massacre, February 11-13, 1951. The "massacre" was an event that American military leaders were not keen to make known to the folks back home, then or now.

My definitive history of the tragic event, titled, "The Hoengsong Valley Massacre: Command Collapse or Cover-up?" has been published. Anyone who wants a signed copy can get one directly from me. (It is also available—unsigned—from amazon.com in paperback and Kindle formats and outskirtspress.com,)

The price if you order it directly from me, including shipping and handling, is $23.00. (See address below.) Check, cash, Zelle…just give me the address to which you want your copy (copies) sent. I will sign and ship. (No order form necessary. You'd have to cut the form out of the magazine and I know that a lot of people don't want to damage their collectible copies of the OBN.)

Remember, the allies lost close to 12,000 U.S., South Korean, and Dutch troops during the Hoengsong Valley massacre, many of whom were left on the battlefield for weeks. Even the battle-hardened 1st Division Marines who were Korean War veterans, who discovered the carnage and left-behind bodies, and rescued a few of the survivors, were appalled by what they saw. They asked a lot of questions:

Why? What had happened to cause such a debacle? Who was responsible for it? Did any military leaders pay for the disastrous leadership? I answer these questions and many more in the book.

The battle went down as one of the allies' greatest defeats in the Korean War—and it may have been one of the most embarrassing debacles in U.S. military history. "The Hoengsong Valley Massacre: Command Collapse or Cover-up?" answers some of those questions. Some will never be answered in full, despite the investigations the U.S. Army conducted into the outcome. Either way, the book is well worth reading.

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2/1/2010

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E-2-1 KO
MILFORD, NH
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AMMO-1-1 KO
PENSACOLA, FL
3/19/2013

***SGT JAMES L. HEALY**
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KOKOMO, IN
1/16/2020

MAJ JOHN F. HEALY
8AMTRAC WWII CH
WASHINGTON, DC
11/23/2021

MAJ PAUL E. HEALY
C-1-7 WWII CH KO
CAMBRIDGE, MA
8/20/2008

PFC PETER N. HEALY
WPNS-1-1 KO
HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA
10/17/2022

CPL JOSEPH J. HEANEY
VMFA-115 IIIMAF VN
QUINCY, MA
10/8/2006

CAPT VIRGIL I. HEAP
H&S-2-7 H&S-1-1 VN
GAHANNA, OH
5/7/2009

***SGT ELDON E. HEATH**
K-4-11 KO
SPRINGFIELD, OH
5/22/2015

***SSGT PHILIP HAROLD HEATH**
G-3-1 KO
GRANITE CITY, IL
11/25/2021

***COL ALFRED D. HECK USMCR(RET)**
1SHPTY KO
HARPERS FERRY, WV
12/2/2019

MRS MARY HECKE
OBN
EDWARDSVILLE, KS
4/12/2021

GYSGT DAVID C. HECKMAN
E-3-14 CW
DAYTON, MN
9/8/2017

ORVILLE R. HEEMAN
DD-845-KO-CW-WWII
VICTOR, MT
7/5/2011

***CPL J. T. HEFLING**
B-1ENGR CH
PEBBLE BEACH, CA
8/18/2009

***LEIF A. HEGG**
B-8AMTRAC WWII CH KO
BRADENTON, FL
1/27/2008

GLORIA HEIDENFELDER
IRVINE, CA

MRS ANNE HEIM
OBN
PHILADELPHIA, PA
7/4/2017

***CPL TOM J. HEINSINGER**
MAG11-1MAR KO CW
TRENTON, NJ
5/2/2020

PFC ROY S. HEINTZ
HQ-HQ WWII CH
SANIBEL, FL
4/6/2015

***HANS R. HEINZ**
E-2-5 VN
HOFFMAN ESTATES, IL
11/2/2017

***SGT EDWARD R. HELFERS**
B-1-7 KO
HANKINS, NY
11/3/2011

CPL CARL G. HELGESON
A-1ARMAMPH KO
SAINT PAUL, MN
7/9/2019

MOLLIE J. HEMBRUCH
11/15/2019

LYNN C. HENKLE
I-3-27/HS-2-1 VN
MESQUITE, TX
1/31/2018

SSGT JOHN J. HENNESSY
C-1-7 KO
FULTON, KS
4/5/2015

***SGT L. H. HENRIKSON**
B-1-1 KO
ARLINGTON, SD
5/8/2021

***JIMMIE J. HENSELL**
D-1RECON VN
BEDFORD, IN
6/6/2020

***MR. FRANKLIN D. HENSLEY**
A-1-5 E-2-1 VN
BALDWIN, FL
2/22/2018

***PFC AMOS G. HENSON**
G-2-1 CH
VIENNA, WV
4/24/2019

***SGT WILLIAM F. HERZOG**
H-3-1 KO
ARLINGTON, TX
11/18/2008

***VINCENT E. HESLIN**
E-2-5 KO
OKEECHOBEE, FL
4/13/2016

DELBERT D. HESS
A-1-5 WWII CH
SPRING HILL, FL
12/4/2013

***CAPT LEROY R. HESS**
WPNS-2-1 WWII KO
STURTEVANT, WI
7/27/2015

***HM2 J. F. HESSMAN**
G-3-5 KO
ROCKVILLE, MD
3/1/2007

SGT JOHN C. HETRICK
D-2-11 VN
OMAHA, NE
7/6/2020

MRS MARY HICKEY
OBN ONLY
MIAMI, FL
12/2/2019

***MAJ STEWART M. HICKEY**
D-3TK 7MAR SWA
BEDFORD, PA
5/30/2017

***SGT THOMAS E. HICKEY**
HQ-3-1 KO
HUDSON, FL
6/6/2018

***CAPT JOHN L. HICKMAN**
1-5MAR VN
VICTOR, MT
10/13/2016

***CAPT CHARLES R. HICKOX**
K-3-7 WWII CH
DALLAS, TX
3/28/2020

***ALFRED L. HICKS**
C-1-1 KO
HOLLIS, NY
10/1/2004

PFC DARRELL D. HICKS
L-3-5 WWII
JEFFERSONTOWN, KY
4/25/2020

***MSGT JOHN T. HICKS**
VMGR 152 3DMAW VN
GREENEVILLE, TN
10/15/2021

SSGT GERARD F. HIERRO SR
1PROVMARBDE MASS3 KO VN
MISSION VIEJO, CA
11/24/2011

CPL JOE F. HIGDON
D-1MT KO
MELBOURNE, FL
1/21/2019

***PFC GEORGE J. HIGGINBOTHAM**
E-2-5 WWII CH
BILOXI, MS
7/28/2014

***CPL THOMAS F. HIGGINS**
I-3-11 KO
BUFFALO, NY
6/26/2018

***CPL DONALD E. HILES**
H-3-7 WWII KO CH
HAMDEN, OH
5/17/2014

SSGT JIMMY W. HILL
1FSSG PK
BARSTOW, CA
4/5/2022

***SGT HERBERT L. HILTON**
WPN-1-1 KO
HOPEDALE, MA
10/3/2018

MRS HELEN HILTZ
OBN only
BROOKLINE, MA
8/26/2008

BURVIN HINES
ARLINGTON, TX
3/15/2012

PHM3 JOHN F. HINES SR
I-3-7 WWII
LYNN, MA
12/18/2018

1STLT VINCENT E. HINSON
E-2-5 KO
STERLING, MA

***CPL WILLIS A. HINSON**
H-2-7-1
HERNANDO, MS
8/28/2011

***CALVIN HINTON**
A-1-11 WWII CH
PACIFICA, CA
7/22/2019

1STLT CLYDE B. HINTON
7SVC WWII CH
POULSBO, WA
8/30/2009

MRS GLORIA HINTON
OBN
PETERSHAM, MA
12/22/2018

MRS JANET M. HIPPLE
ASSOCIATE
HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA
4/12/2012

***SGT THOMAS R. HIRT**
HQ-1ENGR-1 KO
UNIOPOLIS, OH
6/8/2020

***CPL PETER D. HOBAN**
H-2-1 VN 68-69
MEDFORD, MA
5/11/2021

***TSGT ELVIN A. HOCH**
C-1-11 WWII
MORENO VALLEY, CA
9/20/2012

HM2 WALTER L. HODGES SR
D-1-1 CH KO
NEW ORLEANS, LA
7/23/2016

SGT DONALD HODGES
E-2-5 H&S 2-5 VN
MERIDIAN, ID
8/12/2007

SSGT WILBUR HODGINS JR
B-1ENGR KO
CALIMESA, CA
7/30/2018

PLTSGT ANTHONY H. HODUM
G-2-7 WWII CH
ELMWOOD PARK, NJ
8/13/2013

PFC HARLEY V. HOECK
6TH MAR 1ST MAR DIV CH
MONTCLAIR, CA
5/10/2015

MRS RITA HOERTZ
STUART, FL
8/15/2021

SGT EDWARD F. HOFFMAN
AT-5MAR WWII CH KO
STACY, MN
2/27/2015

SSGT RICHARD J. HOGAN
A-1TK KO
MANCHESTER, NJ
12/25/2008

***CPL DAVID S. HOGG**
1CSG KO
DOVER, MA
8/8/2022

***PFC J. DAVID HOGLE**
12DEF WWII
SAINT PAUL, MN
8/10/2015

***CPL ARTHUR R. HOLAN**
VMJ1-MAG33 KO
MENTOR, OH
10/3/2019

***PFC DANIEL W. HOLL**
F-2-5 KO
FARRELL, PA
12/24/2019

***SSGT GEORGE C. HOLLAND**
C-1-7 VN
MOORE, SC
4/21/2006

***MSGT ANTHONY R. HOLLIER USMC(RET)**
G/I-3-11 KO VN
BROUSSARD, LA
7/7/2015

PFC JOSEPH C. HOLLINDAY
E-2-5 WWII CH
DULUTH, MN
8/10/2019

CPL PAUL I. HOLMAN
4-11MAR KO
SHREVEPORT, LA
5/30/2016

***GYSGT JACK A. HOLMES**
C-1-5 H-2-7 KO VN
GRANBURY, TX
3/7/2014

SGT WILLIAM R. HOLMES
A-MT WWII
CARVER, MA
2/26/2009

***COL EDWARD Y. HOLT JR**
H-3-5 I-3-5 KO
NORFOLK, VA
10/30/2019

***CPL JOHN R. HOOKER USMC(RET)**
F-2-7 VN
NORWALK, OH
8/27/2019

CPL JAY L. HOOTEN
I-3-7 WWII CH
ROSEBURG, OR
10/16/2009

***ALBERT V. HOPFER**
C-1-7 WWII
RIPLEY, WV
3/31/2012

***CPL ALBERT NORMAN HOPKINS**
B-1-7 KO
PIONEER, CA
8/26/2021

1STLT ROBERT A. HOPKINS
F-2-1 WWII CH
CINCINNATI, OH

***CAPT W. B. HOPKINS**
H&S-1-1 WWII KO
ROANOKE, VA
12/11/2012

***MGYSGT CHARLES R. HOPPE**
HMM364-MAG36 VN
MEQUON, WI
10/4/2020

SSGT RONALD C. HOPPLE
L CO 3BN 7TH MARINES
HOUSTON, TX
10/23/2022

LCPL MICHAEL D. HORGAN
B-3LAR 7MAR OIF
DANVILLE, CA
6/3/2019

SGT JAMES ROBERT HORNE
B 1/5
FAYETTEVILLE, NC
1/25/2022

1STSGT JOHN L. HORRIGAN
WPNS-7MAR WWII
MIDDLETOWN, CT
2/22/2003

PFC JAMES A. HORSTMAN
A-1-1 WWII KO CW
PORT WASHINGTON, WI
5/18/2017

SGT EMERY J. HORVATH
E-2-11 WWII
PARMA HEIGHTS, OH

PATRICK S. HORWATH
E-2-7-VN
ERIE, PA
2/16/2009

***CPL H. E. HOSKINS**
K-3-1 WWII CH
FAIRFIELD, IA
3/18/2015

***GYSGT EDWARD W. HOTH**
E-2-1 KO
HAZLET, NJ
6/18/2020

***COL G. W. HOUCK**
1-11MAR KO VN
SAN DIEGO, CA
8/30/2017

PHM2 C. N. HOUGHTON
I-3-1 WWII CH
LYNN, MA
6/17/2002

CPL JAMES J. HOUSTON
B-1ST SPBN 1MARDIV VN
INDIAN TRAIL, NC
1/24/2015

***SSGT ROBERT A. HOUSTON**
W-4-11 C-1TK CH
ORANGE PARK, FL
11/13/2020

CPL BARBARA HOWARD
OBN ONLY
CARLSBAD, CA
12/31/2015

***CAPT THORNTON M. HOWARD**
G-3-1 AT-1 MAR KO
CARLSBAD, CA
7/29/2004

PFC CHESTER H. HOWE
F-2-5 KO
LITTLE FERRY, NJ
9/16/2004

CPL CLARENCE R. HOWELL
G-2-1 B-1-1 WWII CH
LOMBARD, IL
1/26/2017

***JAMES C. HUBBARD**
HQ-1-5 WWII CH
GROSSE POINTE FARMS, MI
1/19/2019

***MGYSGT J. A. HUBER USMC(RET)**
K-3-5 WWII
SPRINGFIELD, VA
12/2/2002

***CAPT DUSTIN F. JANES**
C-7MT H&S-3-5 CW
PORTLAND, OR
5/6/2022

***DR J. R. LINDLEY**
HQ-HQ KO
LAS CRUCES, NM
6/7/2020

***MGYSGT LEN MAFFIOLI**
B1SVC-1 TANK KO CW
MURRIETA, CA
12/27/2021

CPL STANLEY J. MARCHAND
4.2-5MAR KO
GULFPORT, MS
2/15/2010

LCPL DANIEL C. MARCHEANO
3RD MARINES VN
NEWPORT BEACH, CA
10/24/2019

SSGT EDWARD J. MARTIN
1AT-5MAR KO
LAS CRUCES, NM
2/19/2009

***CPL ROBERT W. MATTINE**
L-3-7 OIF
ALBUQUERQUE, NM
4/6/2022

***D. (MAC) G. MCWILLIAMS**
H&S-5MAR WWII CH
FAIR OAKS RANCH, TX
10/21/2022

ANTHONY C. MEDIN
HQ-HQ WWII
SANTA ROSA, CA
11/15/2003

LEROY J. MOORE
ALBUQUERQUE, NM
2/3/2019

CAPT WILLIAM T. MOORE JR
1ST TANK BN, H&S CO. VN CW
MERRIAM, KS
2/25/2012

***CPL JOE T. MORRIS**
H&S 5MAR WWII CH
SATSUMA, FL
4/23/2020

***1STSGT CARL R. MORTENSON USMCR**
1MAW WWII KO
BURNSVILLE, MN
10/2/2021

MRS MARY ANN MURPHY
OBN
ALBUQUERQUE, NM
6/21/2020

***CPL THOMAS L. O'HALLORAN**
S CO 1ST TANK BN 1MARDIV
PHELPS, WI
12/14/2021

***SGT SAMUEL PACHECO SR**
B-1-7 KO
OTTAWA, KS
9/22/2022

***CPL TED E. PEABODY**
C-1ENGR WWII CH
TUCUMCARI, NM
10/19/2019

***CPL ALBERT R. PENOR**
C-1-1 WWII CH
FARMINGTON, NM
4/8/2016

PFC EDWARD J. PIANKO
H&S-1-5/7/11 WWII CH
METUCHEN, NJ
1/16/2022

GYSGT GENE E. RAINBOLT
HQ CO 1ST TANK BN 1ST MAR, F.M.F. 1ST KMC KO
COLLINSVILLE, IL
6/12/2014

CPL CARLOS G. RATCLIFF
1st Recon Bn
SULPHUR, LA
1/26/2022

SGT HARVEY LYNN ROBINSON
5TH MAR 1ST TANK VN CMC
SILSBEE, TX

***SGT BILLIE B. SCHRAUB**
G-3-7 KO
SEGUIN, TX
6/7/2012

***SGT ROGER S. SCHUBERT**
1CSG KO
WEAVERVILLE, NC
12/4/2011

***HAROLD SCHULTZ**
G-3-7 KO
BULLHEAD CITY, AZ
4/4/2019

***GYSGT HENRY E. SCHULTZ USMC(RET)**
HQ-HQ 2-11MAR KO VN
AIKEN, SC
2/16/2014

***SGTMAJ BERNARD M. SCHUTZMAN**
USMC(RET)
H&S-3-5 KO
RHINEBECK, NY
2/25/2022

CPL CHARLES E. SKOV
I-3-5 VN
FARGO, ND
7/5/2014

SGT WALTER STEVEN SKRABITS
3D AMTRAC KO
LITTLE FALLS, NJ
9/20/2021

***SGT DONALD L. SONDERGAARD**
B-1-5 KO
LONG BEACH, NY
3/11/2022

***LT W. HADDOX SOTHORON (MC) USN**
BN SURGEON 3-5 CW
SELBYVILLE, DE
1/22/2022

HM3 WALTER K. STOEFFLER
I-3-7 KO
EUGENE, OR
2/23/2022

CPL WALTER C. TERREL
C-1ST TANK WWII
SAN BRUNO, CA
8/22/2006

***SSGT RICHARD K. TIERNEY**
I-3-7 KO
OZARK, AL
11/20/2015

***COL JEROME B. TINLING USMC(RET)**
MTACS-2 KO
ALAMOGORDO, NM
2/7/2021

***SSGT RICHARD L. USHER**
H-3-11 KO
ROBERTSVILLE, MO
3/1/2014

SSGT ERNEST A. VIGIL
1-5MAR KO
SANTA FE, NM
6/9/2013

CPL JAMES A. WEINBERG
1-26 VN
LONGWOOD, FL
7/26/2022

***SGT NEIL S. WHEELER**
1AMTRAC CW
HUNTINGTON, MA
10/23/1973

***LTCOL ERIC RIP H. WIELER USMC(RET)**
HQ-4-11 VN
VERO BEACH, FL
5/13/2022

***MSGT HARRY ROBERT WILLIAMS**
HMR-161 KO
BEAUFORT, SC
2/1/2016

***1STSGT VALENTE U. YRUEGAS**
USMC(RET)
D/E/H-2-5 KO VN
SAN ANTONIO, TX
5/15/2022

WILLIAM ZAGONE SR
AMPHIB
PALM DESERT, CA

***CPL ROGER R. ZEIS**
H&S-3-26 VN
LAKEWOOD, CA
1/27/2022

***SGT JAMES N. ZIMMERMAN**
D-1ENGR KO
MURRELLS INLET, SC
4/15/2014

Sergeant Major David A. Wilson relinquishes his post to Sergeant Major Matthew J. Fouss





On December 14, 2022 Sgt. Maj. David A. Wilson relinquished his role as 1st Marine Division's senior enlisted leader to Sgt. Maj. Matthew J. Fouss. President Corrento said: On 14 December 1st Marine Division got a new Sergeant Major. SgtMaj Dave Wilson relinquished his post to SgtMaj Matthew J. Fouss.

President Corrento commented:

SgtMaj Wilson will be dearly missed. He has taken good care of us. This past August for our reunion in Arlington he arranged the band, color guard, BGen Ryans as speaker, and Evening Parade.

Staff attended the Relief and Appointment ceremony. They report nothing but praise was heaped upon SgtMaj Wilson for the great job he has done for the Division. I can only add mine. Thank you, SgtMaj Dave Wilson, for being a fine Marine and a friend to the Association.

We look forward to working with SgtMaj Fouss.



U.S. Marines with 1st Marine Division and former sergeants major participate in a pass and review during a relief and appointment ceremony at Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton, California, Dec. 14, 2022. During the ceremony, Sgt. Maj. David A. Wilson, the outgoing sergeant major, relinquished his role as 1st Marine Division's senior enlisted leader to Sgt. Maj. Matthew J. Fouss. (U.S. Marine Corps photo by Sgt. Sarah Stegall)

Major General Joseph H. Pendleton Honored With a Statue Aboard USMC Base That Bears His Name

Camp Pendleton was dedicated in September 1942 by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. That was a month after the U.S. Navy purchased the Rancho Margarita y Las Flores on August 3.

The Marines began transforming the ranch into the world's largest amphibious training base and named it after General Pendleton.



Brig. Gen. Jason Woodworth; Lt. Gen. George Smith, Jr.; Pendleton family members Lesta Vogel, Eddie Pendleton, and Dayl Spagnolo; and Brig. Gen. Ryan Rideout (L-R) at statue dedication (Photo by Deb Hellman)

We are still accepting material

Now that we are (hopefully) back on a publication schedule we can get back to soliciting material to fill the pages of our magazine. Please send us whatever 1stMarDiv-related stories you would like to see in print, e.g., feedback and corrections (not that we ever get anything wrong, of course), photos, items of general interest, what members are up to, stories of past and present Marines, etc. for publication in future editions.

You do not have to worry about format, spelling, grammar, etc. That is what our hard-working staff is responsible for. You can send the material via regular mail, email, UPS, FedEx (preferably, of course, since its founder is a Marine), carrier pigeon…your choice. You can even relay short items of interest by phone.

If you are unsure of whether your material is suitable for publication in the OBN, send it in anyway. We can make a decision here.

Remember, the OBN is your publication and best source of FMDA news, and it's a team effort. We appreciate your participation.

It's Safer On The Ground

V-22 Joint Program Issues Bulletin To Restrict Flights

4 Feb 2023

HEADQUARTERS MARINE CORPS —

Based on the recommendation from the V-22 Joint Program Office, the U.S. Marine Corps, U.S. Air Force Special Operations Command and U.S. Navy issued a time limit, via fleet bulletin, on the V-22 Input Quill Assembly, effective Feb. 3, 2023.

The imposed time limit will restrict flight on a subset of V-22s until the Input Quill Assembly is replaced. The Input Quill Assembly is an element of the proprotor gearbox, which houses the aircraft clutch.

This recommendation is based on a progressive increase in hard clutch engagement events and ongoing engineering analysis.

A Hard Clutch Engagement event occurs when the clutch, driven by the engine, releases from the rotor system and suddenly reengages, sending an impulse through the drive train, potentially causing damage.

In order to ensure the continued safety of the aircrew, the services took decisive action to implement the bulletin.

The fleet bulletin identifies aircraft with Input Quill Assemblies above a predetermined flight-hour threshold and the requirement to replace that component. Once replaced, the aircraft will return to flight status.

The services previously implemented in-flight and ground training mitigations. Examples include:

• Supplying interim flight guidance to the fleet designed to minimize exposure to a hard clutch engagement, highlighting existing emergency procedures

• Modified Hard Clutch Engagement scenarios were added during simulator training

Due to operational security concerns, the specific Input Quill Assembly flight-hour threshold and number of aircraft affected will not be released.

The joint program office is exploring 24 initiatives, such as data mining, laboratory and flight testing and hardware redesign, that fall along 4 lines of effort (analyze, identify, mitigate, eliminate). These efforts provide the information required to inform short-, mid- and long-term solutions. It was a result of these efforts that we identified and implemented the time limit for the Input Quill Assembly. We will use relevant findings to continually improve the safety of the V-22.



A CV-22 Osprey from Kirtland Air Force Base flies over the U.S. Air Force Academy on Nov. 6, 2020.– (U.S. Air Force photo by Trevor Cokley): https://media.defense.gov/2021/Sep/29/2002864321/-1/-1/0/201106-F-XS730-9002.JPG

People still want to be Marines

Quantico, V.A. — The Marine Corps met its retention goal for fiscal year 2022 early, the first time in 10 years. The objectives of the Marine Corps' retention campaign are to retain the most qualified force by grade and military occupational specialty (MOS) and to support the staffing of all authorized billets. Notably, the Marine Corps met the retention goal while increasing the overall caliber of Marines retained.

Col. Robert McCarthy, Branch Head, Manpower Management Enlisted Assignments, Headquarters Marine Corps, noted:

> First and foremost, our retention success is the result of an incredible effort across the Corps. TM 2030 caused us to examine existing programs and policies, which resulted in the development of the Commandant's Retention Program. As with every year, the Marine Corps actively sought to retain our most competitive Marines. And we didn't stop there. Our Command Retention Mission as well as our Early Reenlistment Authority Program gives every Marine an opportunity to compete to Stay Marine.
>
> Additionally, we are exploring new pathways for Marines leaving active duty who still desire to serve to find the right SMCR unit. Our monitors, in partnership with our command teams, are working with each Marine to find the right billet, in the right location that allows them to grow and develop as Marines. We know the success of our Marine Corps is intimately linked to the development of the individual Marine. It's an exciting time to 'Stay Marine.'

As stated in the Marine Corps' document Talent Management 2030: "Talent management is the act of aligning the talents of individual Marines with the needs of the service to maximize the performance of both. It describes a system of institutional processes and policies designed to attract, develop, retain, and incentivize the most talented and best performing Marines."

Esprit de Corps is alive and well among some members of our society—and the Marine Corps hopes to keep it that way.

PAPASAN'S STEW

In April, 1951 Able Company came off the lines (along with probably the entire Regiment) for several weeks. I have no idea where we were, other than somewhere in south central Korea. Athough the snow was gone, it was still chilly at night and in the early morning. The Third Platoon, under Lt. Lubka, made camp by a creek. On the first morning he made us wash our helmet covers in the creek before we could go get our first taste of a hot breakfast. This made sense only to him, and there was much griping about it.

Another thing that didn't make sense was that we were camped in the back yard of a house inhabited by an old Papasan and his dog. The back of his house was maybe 100 yards from the creek. It was a typical one room "hooch" with mud walls and a straw-thatched roof.

As I recall, it had a front and back door made of rice paper glued to thin strips of wood. The back wall had a stove-fire place affair that allowed cooking outside and heated the inside through a hole in the rear.

We got along well with Papasan, and his dog was friendly, so we coexisted peacefully. He played a wooden flute, and must have been good at it, because young Korean boys came by periodically for lessons. We weren't there a lot, as Lt. Lubka made sure we were busy humping up and down hills chasing an imaginary enemy.

One night it rained some, and the next morning was cold and damp. While waiting to go to chow, some Third Platooners decided to build a fire in Papasan's stove to dry out and warm up. I'm not sure what was initially used, but the fire wasn't doing its job. A decision was made to pour gasoline on it for better ignition.

By that time a half dozen men were crowded around under the thatched roof that extended out over the fireplace. The gasoline got the fire going, and more was added, producing a bigger blaze. Someone mentioned we'd better be careful because of the low roof. This was ignored when a cold NCO said "Not to worry, that straw's too wet to burn." We took him at his word and stoked the fire higher.

Pretty soon people outside began to yell, "The roof's on fire!" There was smoke coming from the roof above. Papasan heard the commotion and ran outside, jabbering in Korean, pointing at the smoke and then at us. The fire was still burning and we had nothing to put it out with. A bucket brigade, using helmets, formed from the creek up to the house, and we finally subdued the fire and smoke. A big hole was left in Papasan's roof and he was mad as hell, still pointing and yelling.

Then the officers got involved with the interpreters, trying to calm him down. A solution was reached after he met with the C.O., Lt. Lubka, and the NCOs. About eight members of the Third Platoon, including me, were ordered to help Papasan repair his roof. We split into four-man work parties and alternated days working as his slaves. We had to give him all the cigarettes and candy he wanted, plus he got a lot of C-rations from Battalion. He got some help from other Koreans, and we had to fork over to them too.

It took a week to complete the job. He told the officers he was satisfied, and we were released from his bondage. Several days later, the interpreter told us that Papasan wanted us to eat with him that night to thank us for our labors. We got pernission and showed up early in the evening. I'd like to think we had a beer ration to share, but I can't remember.

He had a big pot of stew cooking on the same stove, and we stood around it, smoking and talking with Papasan. The stew smelled pretty good, and he stirred it with a stick, running his tongue down it to check the flavor. He let us do this too, and it tasted of garlic and unknown spices.

There were a lot of C-ration cans on the ground whose contents he must have put into the stew. When he was satisfied it was ready, Papasan had us bring the pot inside, where he spooned stew into our mess gear. Sure enough, we found beans and franks, sausage patties, chicken and vegetables, but also some chewy chunks of meat.

Papasan was smacking his lips, and we were carrying on about how good it was when someone asked, "Papsasan, where's your dog?" He looked up and said, "Okay, dog in pot."

The rest of the meal was heavily censored.

Jim Allison, 2875 Mallard Ln., Germantown, TN 38138

Even when the battle is over it isn't over

One of the First Marine Division's hardest battles in WWII was at Pelelieu, code-named Operation Stalemate II, during the Mariana and Palau Islands campaign. It lasted from September 15 to November 27, 1944. Even after the U.S. forces claimed victory some of the fanatical Japanese refused to give up. That prompted this story in the April 5, 1947, Washington D.C. Evening Star, p. 3—almost two years after the war ended.

Pelelieu Forces Alerted For Japs' Banzai Charge

By the Associated Press

PELELIEU, April 5-Marine and Navy personnel were alerted yesterday against a possible banzai charge by 32 Japanese holdouts hiding in the caves of Bloody Nose Ridge on this Pacific island. A Japanese naval enlisted man who surrendered Thursday informed Capt. L. O. Fox, island commander, that the fanatical little band, which has hidden in the hills for more than two years, was discussing such an attack.

Capt. Fox immediately ordered Navy families living in the base 20 area, a half mile north of the airstrip, to move into a subbase area east of the airstrip, where they will have the protection of heavily armed Marine guards.

Thirty-two families now are in this protected area, where the commanding officer is confident they will be safe from even the most determined Japanese charge.

Seven machine guns have been set up on the roofs of buildings around the airstrip. All patrols have been doubled and equipped

The creation of the 7th Marine Regiment for Korea:

Col Litzenberg said it saw action only two months later

The 7th Marine Regiment, which fought its way from the Changjin Reservoir to the sea last fall in the face of the Chinese Communists, was a hurriedly thrown together outfit, its commander said yesterday.

Col Homer L. Litzenberg, Jr. told reporters at the Pentagon how he organized the outfit last August and had its first action in Korea less than two months later. He left command of the regiment April 18 and has been assigned to Fleet Marine Headquarters at Norfolk, Virginia.

He said he took 1,800 officers and men out of the 2d Division, received 1,800 screened reserves and nearly 1,000 regulars combed from Camp Pendleton, and sailed for the Far East September 1. There the regiment was joined by a battalion from the Mediterranean and went into action at Inchon September 21, six days after the landing.

The colonel said every man had some firing practice and there had been a few company, but no regimental, field problems.

One of the miscellaneous units received by the regiment was a 54-man Negro unit which was integrated throughout the command.

"Never once did any color problem bother us," he said. "It just wasn't any problem. We had one Negro sergeant in command of an all-white squad and there was another with the graves registration unit who was one of the finest Marines I've ever seen." (Washington, DC, Apr. 27, 1951, p. 18)

Thanksgiving 1950: My last one on Earth?

Thanksgiving Day was a significant day for us back in 1950. We were at the Chosin; our battalion was surrounded by Chinese.

Baker Company, 1st Battalion, 7th Marines, 1st Marine Division was ordered to attack to the west. We did; the Chinese fell back at the fury of our attack—and they had another plan in mind.

As we penetrated a few miles into their territory we ended up at the top of many of the high mountains. There the Chinese sprung their trap. They had more troops than we knew about who were waiting on the sidelines. After we penetrated deep enough they just moved in behind and to the sides of us. They obviously outnumbered us. We were taking casualties at a significant rate.

I wanted to pull my helmet down over my ankles. Bullets were kicking up the snow all around me. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears. There was no place to take cover and no place to run. Chinese who were determined to send us to heaven as soon as possible surrounded us.

We fought the whole day. Mortar rounds, machine gun fire, and small arms were coming at us from all four directions. Two of our four Corpsmen (medics) were seriously wounded, as was our company commander. So, we did what every insane Marine does in such a situation. We charged them.

We took a lot more casualties with that charge but we broke through, bringing our dead and wounded with us. We had about forty dead and an equal amount wounded, which left us with about 160 Marines. It was a long, bloody, terrifying day, but it ended.

I remember sitting on the side of another hill with the rest of the company, with an open can of C-rations, chipping at the frozen contents with my bayonet while thinking of pleasant Thanksgivings in the past. Each year I am thankful as I celebrate, because that Thanksgiving I would have bet dollars against donuts it would be my last one on planet Earth.

Glenn A. Galtere, 180 SW North Wakefield Cir., Port Saint Lucie, FL 34953

DoD Travel Deals Now Open to Honorably Discharged Vets

Vets, ready to travel? See what deals you can get at American Forces Travel, the official DoD travel discount site, which is now open to all honorably discharged veterans and their families.

The DoD's American Forces Travel and Priceline announced recently that 16 million honorably discharged veterans are now eligible to use the Defense Department's discount travel site. The travel site was launched in 2019 for active-duty, retired, reserve and guard members and their family members. This increases the number of eligible people to about 22 million.

Those eligible can find discounts of 40 to 60 percent off popular hotels, flights, car rentals, travel packages, and cruise brands. There are more than one million hotel deals at more than 71,000 destinations around the world.

First-time visitors to American Forces Travel.Com will be asked to verify their eligibility with DoD. It is an easy process. Start it by accessing https://www.americanforcestravel.com/



Where I Was On 27 July 1953

My primo Apple Jack

On July 27 1953 I was stationed on the island of Ganghwado with the 1st Tank Battalion, 1st Marine Division. We had a platoon of 5 tanks, which we used primarily as artillery support for about 2,000 Korean guerillas. Most of them were North Koreans who migrated south to the island to escape Communism. There were also about 100 Army personnel there who acted as liaison for the Koreans.

The island is located at the mouth of the Imjin River. Our compound consisted of three squad tents and a small Quonset hut we used as a mess hall. I was the cook and I had 4 Koreans working for me: one adult named Quan and 3 young men. (I wouldn't try to tell their ages, although they all looked to be about 8-10 years old.)

Quan was very smart and spoke five languages fluently. He would occasionally be called upon to interpret at I Corps meetings. All four were very reliable and hard workers.

Some time prior to 27 July I found two tea cans in the storeroom. They were just under one gallon in size. I thought I might just have a use for them. I had dried apples, raisins, and yeast. (You can guess where this is going).

I made enough Apple Jack to fill both cans, which I buried in back of the mess hall. The necks of the cans were just above ground, with holes in them, so the "product" could breathe.

Right after 27 July we were informed that we would be leaving the island and returning to Headquarters Battalion up near Panmunjom. On moving day we packed all the supplies and put them in a "6 by" parked next to the mess hall. During the time we were packing I ran across the two buried cans, which were foaming out of the air holes. I had completely forgotten about them. I quickly dug them up and put them in the cab of the truck.

Our first stop after saying "good bye" to our compound was at the lmjin River's edge. We had to transport the trucks and personnel across the river via M Boat (LCM). Our M boat had two operators. While we were waiting to cross we broke out one of the tea cans to drink a "good bye" toast with them. This was the first time we sampled the Apple Jack. I must say it was primo.

Transporting all the trucks (I don't remember how many there were) and personnel took a long time, so we were able to put the Apple Jack to the full test. Our next stop was a brief one. It seems we were speeding and got pulled over by two MPs. The speed limit, as I remember it, was 35 mph. I never saw a paved road anywhere in Korea, so 35 mph was a stretch.

After we had a brief, but happy, conversation with the MPs they offered to escort us into Seoul. The rest of the trip from Seoul to Battalion Headquarters was uneventful, but we were some very tired puppies when we arrived.

I must point out one thing. We were never drunk per se. The Apple Jack would be comparable to drinking wine. It just gave us a warm and happy feeling! Some people might think drinking any alcohol at the time was not a good way to celebrate the July 27th cease fire. Let's be realistic. That's what Marines do!

Jerry Williams, 9891 Sunday Place,
Windsor, CA 95492, 707-483-0714

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1st Marine Division

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Inchon-Seoul 1950

CCF Intervention 1950

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UN Counteroffensive 1951

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