

JUNE 2020

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

Leatherneck

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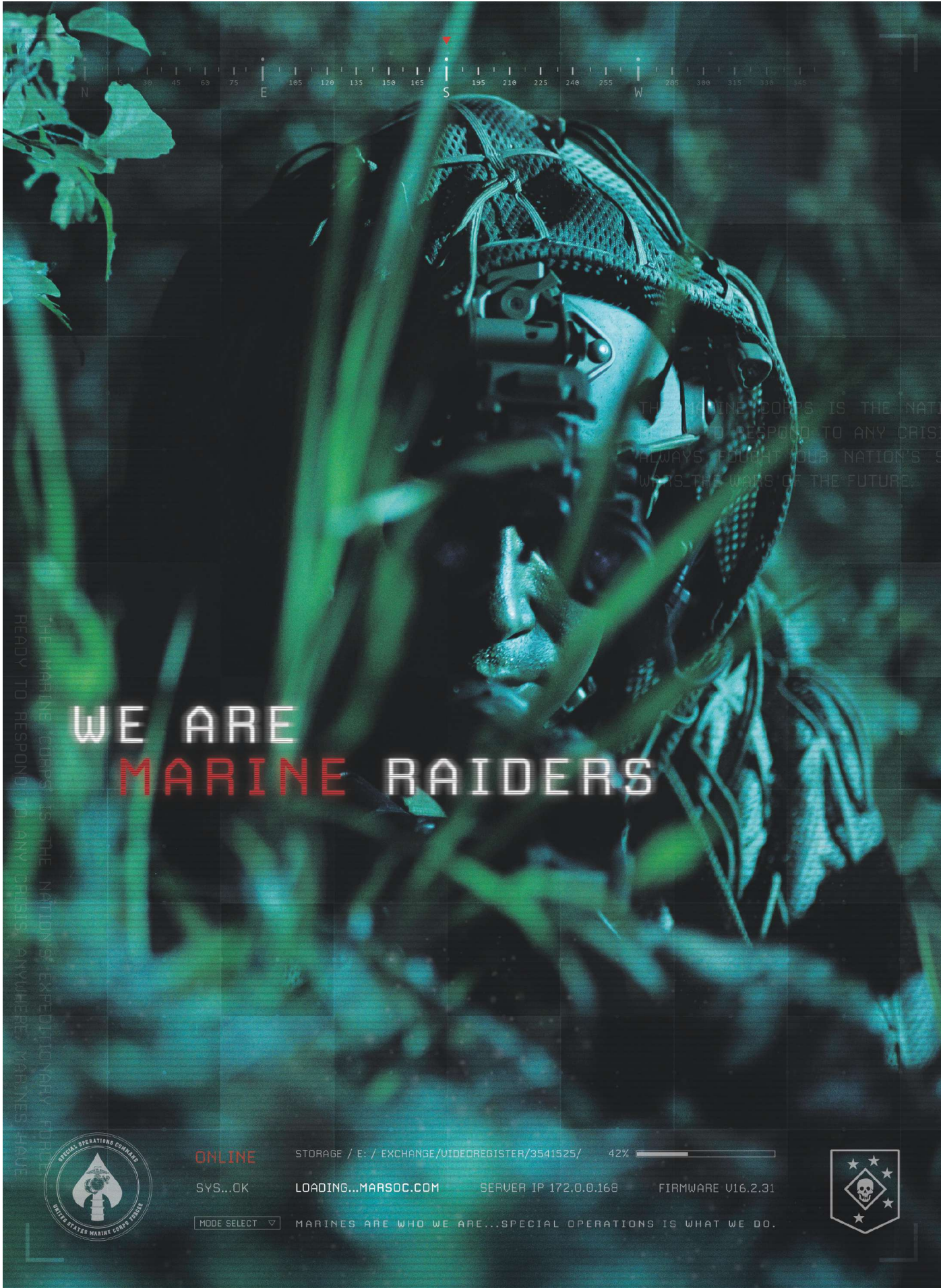
COVID-19

USMC Adapts,
Improvises

BATTLE OF OKINAWA 75th Anniversary Tribute

Mosul in 2005:
U.S. Advisors
Supported Iraqi Bns

WW I Chaplains
Were in the Trenches,
On the Battlefields



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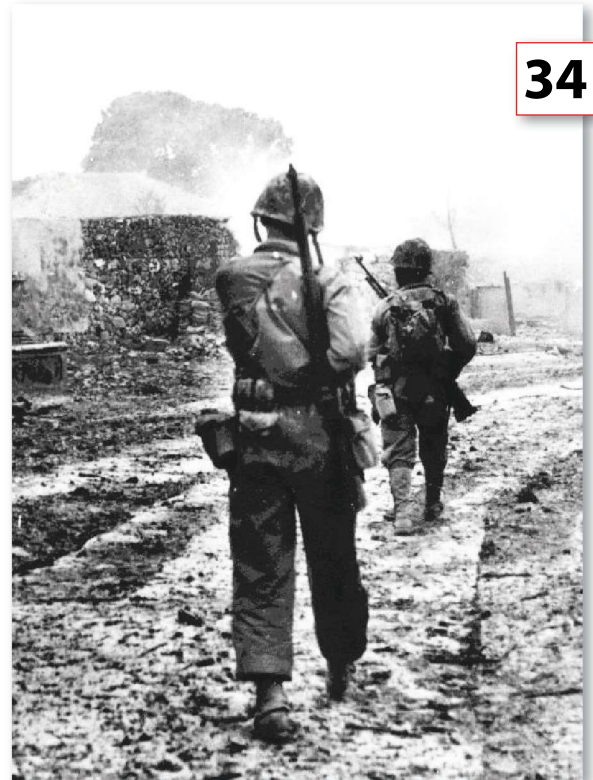
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62 **Devil Dogs and Men of God: U.S. Navy Chaplain Corps and Marines at War** *By Col William Anderson, USMCR (Ret)* The devotion of Navy chaplains to Marines in WW I is representative of the exemplary conduct these brave men continue to demonstrate today.

COVER: U.S. Marines with Special Purpose Marine Air-Ground Task Force-Crisis Response-Africa (SPMAGTF-CR-AF) 20.1, Marine Forces Europe and Africa, stand at parade rest during morning formation at Morón Air Base, Spain, April 11. The Marines wore face coverings as a precaution to prevent the spread of COVID-19. The pandemic has significantly impacted training throughout the Corps and especially at the recruit depots. Photo by Cpl Kenny Gomez, USMC. Copies of the cover may be obtained by sending \$2 (for mailing costs) to *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1775, Quantico, VA 22134-0775.



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Letter of the Month

(Leatherneck will pay \$25 for a "Sound Off Letter of the Month" submitted by an MCA&F member or provide a one-year courtesy subscription to a non-member whose letter is selected.)

Memories. I never thought much about memories until my father passed away and suddenly, I realized how precious they are. You see, my father wasn't just any father. He was a fellow Marine. David Cawman, my father, and Olin Cawman and John Cawman, his brothers and my uncles, were Marines. They inspired me to follow in their footsteps and it was the best 20 years of my life.

They're all gone now but I want to share with you the memories that I have of my father. The last 30 days of his life I went to live with him to assist with the everyday daily functions of his life. Nearing 95 years old he was of sound mind but was experiencing serious physical limitations. At night I would help him into bed and then laid next to him. We laughed as we reminisced about my childhood, my Marine Corps career and my state police career.

One night I finally felt it was time to ask my father about his Marine Corps memories. My father said, "Well, after completing boot camp at Parris Island, I got stationed there. Then in March of 1945, I got on a train with wooden cars and headed to California. Once I got to the West Coast I got onto a ship and we headed across the Pacific. I had no idea where we were going. I remember doing physical fitness training in the morning, but then we played cards in the afternoon. I noticed the sun off the port side and then it was off the starboard side and then back off the port side. My sergeant inquired what was going on and it was relayed to him that it took the Japanese eight minutes to zero in on the ship with a torpedo so every seven minutes we changed course." He laughed and said, "It took us 21 days to zig-zag across the Pacific."

My dad went on to say that they stopped at some island, but he couldn't remember the name of it, and they eventually ended up off the coast of Okinawa. He was so glad that his last name started with the letter "C" because they called names in alphabetical order to get off the ship onto the landing craft and he was one of the first names called. Once he climbed down the cargo net, he was assigned to

hold the net away from the ship so his fellow Marines could disembark. He told me about the landing craft rolling side to side and banging his knuckles against the steel hull until they bled.

Finally, they relieved him of this duty and sent him wading to the shores of Okinawa. Little did Dad know, at that time, that he was involved in the infamous invasion of Okinawa. Dad said, "I'll never forget it. It was April 1, Easter Sunday 1945."

Dad went on with his memory of that event. Wading ashore he didn't encounter any enemy fire, but he said, "I really didn't think there were any Japanese alive because the U.S. had been bombing Okinawa for over a month. As we dried out and started marching south is when we realized there were Japanese held up in caves waiting for us."

Dad got a little choked up recounting bombs exploding and Marines dropping all around him. He remembered stopping to help a badly injured Marine only to hear someone yelling, "Keep moving, Marine—that's the corpsman's job!" Tears filled his eyes as he told me that he patted the Marine on the helmet and said, "Take care, old buddy."

It was more than 70 years since that day but to Dad it was like yesterday although he never shared his wartime experience until he was on his death bed. I so cherish that memory of my father, Sergeant David A. Cawman, United States Marine Corps. Semper Fi, Dad!

MSgt Douglas A. Cawman
USMC (Ret)
Beaufort, N.C.

A Leadership Story

The late Major General Kenneth J. Houghton, USMC (Ret), had a long and illustrious career as an officer of Marines spanning three wars. His combat decorations from World War II, Korea, and Vietnam include the Navy Cross, two Silver Stars, three Bronze Stars, and three Purple Hearts. MajGen Houghton is an unsung hero who deserves to have a book or two written about his career as a leader of Marines but to me he is simply, "My General." I would like to tell the story about how he saved my life, my career, and ultimately my marriage.

From 1974 to 1975 I was privileged to serve as MajGen Houghton's staff secretary when he was Commanding General, 3rd Marine Division in Okinawa, Japan.

Twice during that tour, I also served as his aide-de-camp when the aide was on emergency leave. I often got to watch him remind captains and colonels alike that the proper relationship between officers and their subordinates was that of father-to-son and teacher-to-scholar and I saw him put that principle into practice up close and personal with the members of his personal and administrative staff.

A proud captain of Marines, I was young, energetic, overconfident, and a bit arrogant. I was also a drunk. I managed to hide getting blitzed on Friday and Saturday nights, sobering up on Sunday and going back to business bright and early Monday morning. When I assumed my duties in Okinawa, I found myself in a seven-day work week. For several months, I was able to maintain control and avoid becoming so drunk that it noticeably affected my duties the following day until Sept. 8, 1974.

On Sept. 7, the OIC of the III MAF Command Center, the Assistant Division Commander's aide-de-camp, and I headed for Kadena Air Base officers' club for dinner and drinks. I managed to put away several half-bottles of Mateus Vin rosé. We then moved to the bar and continued to drink until the club closed, at which point we moved to a bar in town.

Around 5 a.m. on Sept. 8, we decided to call it a night and we drove back to Camp Courtney where my fellow officers placed me in a running shower and fed me coffee in a feeble attempt to get me sobered up. Somehow, they managed to get me dressed and helped me get to the Division headquarters where they plopped me on a chair. Behind my desk was a message board that I was too hungover to read let alone work on. My sergeant worked up the board and gave it to the chief.

About 0730, MajGen Houghton came into the office and everyone snapped to attention—everyone except Captain Norm Stahl. The general tried to stir me to my feet by saying, "Good morning, staff secretary." I think I mumbled something like, "Good morning, General," but I did not get to my feet. Like a very wise father, MajGen Houghton said nothing to me about the incident that day nor that evening. However, there was little doubt in my mind that the hammer of justice was soon going to come down on my head; at best I expected I would soon leave the Division headquarters with a bad fitness report and find myself serving as



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Col Daniel P. O'Brien, USMC (Ret)

Publisher: Col Christopher Woodbridge, USMC (Ret)

Editor: Col Mary H. Reinwald, USMC (Ret)

Senior Editor: Nancy S. Lichtman

Copy Editor: Jessica B. Brown

Staff Writer: Sara W. Bock

Editorial/Production Coordinator
Patricia Everett

Art Director: Jason Monroe

ADVERTISING QUERIES:
Defense Related Industries/Business:
Contact: LeeAnn Mitchell
advertising@mca-marines.org 703-640-0169

All Other Advertising Contact:
James G. Elliott Co. Inc.
New York: (212) 588-9200
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EDITORIAL OFFICES
Box 1775, Quantico, VA 22134
Phone: (703) 640-6161, Ext. 115
Toll-Free: (800) 336-0291
Fax: (703) 630-9147

Email: leatherneck@mca-marines.org
Web page: www.mca-marines.org/leatherneck

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MEMBER SERVICES
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a battalion communications officer. NJP was certainly a possibility.

On Monday after the morning message brief, the chief of staff said, "Captain Stahl, the general wants to see you in his office." The chief usually called me "Norm," so I presumed the hour of reckoning was at hand. I marched into the Commanding General's office and centered myself on MajGen Houghton's desk. I stood at rigid attention and boomed out as confidently as I could under the circumstances, "Captain Stahl reporting as ordered, Sir," and waited nervously for whatever tongue lashing or pronouncement of doom was about to come. Motioning to the couch, MajGen Houghton said, "Norm, have a seat on the couch." I sat down at attention and he moved to a chair across from me and told me to relax. We had a very brief one-way conversation.

More than 45 years have passed but I remember the gist of his words as if they were uttered yesterday. "Norm, you are an outstanding staff secretary. I value your work and your advice. I would like you to continue to serve on my staff, but I need to be able to count on you seven days a week. Some people can drink and never have a problem, others cannot control how much they drink once they start. I believe that you fall into the latter category; you have no business drinking, period. If you want to continue to serve on my staff, you will have to promise me that you will not drink for the rest of your tour. If you can't or won't do that, let me know and I will have the G-1 find you a new job. I do not want your answer now; think about it and we will talk again at 1630 this afternoon."

MajGen Houghton promptly stood up and told me to go back to my office. I marched smartly out and back to my desk angry, but relieved. I had to struggle with my decision. Sober me realized the decision was a no-brainer, but I was angry and believed the general was mistaken about my drinking even though I had already begun to question my behavior. Fortunately, by 1630, I had decided that since I only had 10 months left on my Okinawa tour, I could avoid drinking, remain on MajGen Houghton's staff and possibly save my career. I informed the general of that and he slapped me on the back, and said, "Good decision, Norm."

A few weeks later, I found myself sitting in a meeting and introducing myself with the phrase, "Hi, my name is Norm and I am an alcoholic." Now, whenever Sept. 8, rolls around I find myself saying, "Thank God and Major General Kenneth J. Houghton for setting me free from alcohol's grip!"

The story would end here, except that 30 years later I became friends with a retired Marine master sergeant whom I will call

"Bill." After we had been friends for a while, he mentioned that he had worked on MajGen Houghton's personal staff when he was a young corporal. As I told Bill my story, he smiled and then he told me of an afternoon conversation with the general that began, "Bill, have a seat on the couch . . . ?"

God bless MajGen Kenneth J. Houghton and all Marine leaders who remember that right after the mission, their job is to care for the Marines and Sailors in their charge as if they were their sons and daughters.

LtCol Norman S. Stahl, USMC (Ret)
Fresno, Calif.

Iwo Flag Raising: Its Importance Is What it Represents

This is a comment in reference to Sergeant Lloyd Stimson's letter in the April edition expressing his angst over the misidentification of the flag raisers on Mount Suribachi. Sgt Stimson expresses wonderment as to why Rene Gagnon and John "Doc" Bradley kept quiet during the ensuing decades, knowing they weren't among those who raised the flag on Mount Suribachi. We can never know for sure, but at least initially they certainly went along with the campaign to raise war bonds so vital to the war effort.

"Flags of Our Fathers," written by John "Doc" Bradley's son, James, sheds further light on the issue. The younger Bradley recalls his dad, who received the Navy Cross for other actions during the battle, strenuously avoided any attention in reference to his identity as a flag raiser. He purposefully avoided interviews, even instructing James to tell inquirers from the media and elsewhere that he was out of town on a fishing trip. His categorical comment was, "The only real heroes were those who didn't come back." The conclusions of the Bowers Board in 2019 suggest the reason for his avoidance of publicity was his knowledge that he was not one of those depicted in Rosenthal's iconic photograph.

In the final analysis, and I hope we have reached the final analysis with the Bowers report, it doesn't matter who is in the photograph. The importance is found in what it represents. Like all acts of heroism, the flag raising was the product of random circumstances. There were a handful of Marines on the mountain and, motivated by fighting spirit, they decided to plant the American flag for all to see. Thanks to Joe Rosenthal the entire world saw it. As stated by Admiral Nimitz, "Uncommon valor was a common virtue" on Iwo Jima. Every Marine who fought on Iwo Jima was a hero. Those who raised the flag on Mount Suribachi were no more heroic than any other Marine in that battle. The

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photograph has become the lasting image of the Marine Corps, claimed with pride by all Marines, and rightly so.

Dave Abbott
USMC, 1974-1978
Sacramento, Calif.

Iwo Jima Cover

This past Saturday I received my February *Leatherneck* magazine with the cover of Gunnery Sergeant Wolf's superb flag raising art. Gunny Wolf did an outstanding job with the 3D contrast of black, white and gray against our colors, framed by the blue and white sky.

Friday evening, I shared my appreciation with Gunny Wolf via Instagram. I hope to link up with Gunny Wolf soon and get his autograph.

I sincerely appreciate the outstanding efforts of the *Leatherneck* staff. Keep up the great work.

Damon E. Gates
Williamsburg, Va.

Photo Has Me Scratching My Head

The picture on page 72 of the April issue of *Leatherneck* has me scratching my head. My question has to do with the covers that the Marines are wearing. The crown creases are something I have never seen on a campaign cover. All the crowns



GYSGT TOM WILLIAMS, USMC (RET)

The campaign cover on the left featured a split crown, similar to the crown of a fedora. It was replaced by the cover shown on the right in 1912, although Marines continued to wear the older version as late as 1916.

I knew were the pointed Smokey Bear design. Could this be something seagoing Marines adopted to show a difference from the grunts? Some many years ago I was awarded a campaign cover as a weapons range instructor.

Not a big thing, but curious.

Joseph Clemente
Mt. Airy, Md.

• *The Marines in the April Saved Round photo are wearing campaign covers that were first adopted in 1898. As you noticed, the crown is split like that of a fedora in keeping with the fashion of the era for that type of head covering. We talked to Gysgt Tom Williams of the U.S. Marine Corps Historical Company and he said that style of cover remained in use through 1905*

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uniform regulations. In 1912, a rolled edge brim was added to the campaign cover, and the crown was formed into what's known as a "Montana Peak," which is the design that you are familiar with. Williams also said Marines continued to wear the earlier pattern cover as late as 1916.

In April and May 2017, we ran a two-part article about the history of Marine Corps covers. Both articles, "Early Marine Covers Followed the Fashion of the Day," and "Advancements in Weaponry, Tactics Resulted in Changes to Marine Covers," can be accessed online in the Leatherneck archives.—Editor

Henderson Field

In the January issue on page 17, a photo of Major Lofton Henderson, commanding officer of VMSB-241, was shown. As I read the article, I noticed there was no mention of the fact that Henderson Field on the island of Guadalcanal was named after him.

The reason for my concern is I was the first Marine to man the tower on Henderson Field in October 1942. I was 18 years old and five months out of high school in Laredo, Texas.

Boot camp in San Diego, Calif., had been cut to eight weeks. I was shipped overseas less than a month out of boot

camp. With no training in aviation matters, I was given a clipboard and a pencil to note the time of take-off and return of the fighting planes F4Fs and SBDs Douglas Dauntless Dive Bombers of VMSB-141.

MSgt Carl M. "Bud" DeVere Sr.
USMC (Ret)
Longmont, Colo.

Missouri National Veteran's Memorial

I have noticed while reading past issues of *Leatherneck* magazine references to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. My last duty station was Marine Air Station, Quantico, Va., and I left in May 1972. I have always regretted not being able to show my respects by saying a prayer to the fallen at the memorial as I reside in the center of the United States in Perryville, Mo. Moving on with life's circumstances and later, an accident, have prevented me from visiting the memorial.

In 2016 a Midwest Memorial was started. Jim Eddleman, an Army veteran who served in Vietnam, promised himself if he made it out, he would do something to show his respect and honor his comrades. Jim and his wife donated 46 acres of his family farm and 2.5 million dollars as seed money to begin the project of building a full-scale granite replica

memorial of "The Wall" in Washington, D.C. The wall and reception center are now complete and completely accessible. Other parts of the project are ongoing.

Please visit Missouri's National Veteran's Memorial's website at: www.mnvmfund.org for the history and location of the memorial in the Midwest.

Sgt Karl Klaus
USMC, 1968-1972
Perryville, Mo.

War Correspondent Ernie Pyle

I ran across an article that I had saved from the *Pasadena Star News* from February 2008 on Ernie Pyle. My question is, did Ernie Pyle serve both in the Marine Corps and Army? Was the operation a joint Marine and Army battle? And where is Ie Shima Island? Was it near Iwo Jima?

How sad that Ernie died four months before the Japanese surrender. It would be nice to see a story in *Leatherneck* or rerun one if one was written in the past.

John Sanchez, USN
Hanford, Calif.

• We received your letter just in time for the issue in which we feature an outstanding article on Ernie Pyle written by Cpl Kyle Daly, the 2019 recipient of
[continued on page 67]

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20 April 2020



A LETTER FROM THE COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS

Fellow Marines,

There has been some discussion lately concerning reports that I intend to curtail displays of the confederate battle flag. I want to provide you my views on this issue—directly.

All of our installations have regulations prohibiting the display of symbols related to hate speech. These regulations are not intended to weigh the value or specific meaning of any particular symbol. Rather, they help cultivate an environment which promotes unity and security by limiting offensive or divisive displays. Leaders must always act thoughtfully when enforcing these provisions because they directly impact a precious constitutional right—the right to free speech.

As Commandant, my primary job is to prepare Marines to fight and win in combat. Winning in combat requires a successful team. From the time Marines enter the force—whether at Parris Island, San Diego, or Quantico, Virginia—we emphasize that all of our expectations for them relate to their identifying with the team. We train, eat, sleep, sweat, succeed, or fail, together. Our pride in the uniform underscores our bond; it reminds us that we are a Corps; that we prize the team more than the individual.

In every facet of every significant endeavor involving Marines, the team has been the primary component. We are a warfighting organization, an elite institution of warriors who depend on each other to win the tough battles. Anything that divides us, anything that threatens team cohesion must be addressed head-on.

I ask every Marine to understand that I fully accept my duty and responsibility to help build this team. That means I must identify symbols or subcultures that degrade the cohesion that combat demands of us. It is not enough to show up; we fight to win. Failure to accomplish our assigned mission has never been an option for Marines.

In this vein, I have determined it is time to act to exclude from our Corps public displays of the battle flag carried by the Confederate Army during the American Civil War. In doing so, I am mindful that many people believe that flag to be a symbol of heritage or regional pride. But

I am also mindful of the feelings of pain and rejection of those who inherited the cultural memory and present effects of the scourge of slavery in our country. My intent is not to judge the specific meaning anyone ascribes to that symbol or declare someone's personally held view to be incorrect. Rather, I am focused solely on building a uniquely capable warfighting team whose members come from all walks of life and must learn to operate side-by-side. This symbol has shown it has the power to inflame feelings of division. I cannot have that division inside our Corps.

Marines are committed to Country, Corps, and our fellow Marines. While we serve on this team, we must respect the views of other Marines and embody the priorities of the team. Building strong teams requires seeing things through each other's eyes; walking in each other's shoes. When we do so, it is not uncommon for us to find that ideas we held in our youth, or language we thought was common, was in fact considered offensive and unacceptable to others.

To do my duty and build this team, I must focus on the constant and timeless values that we share with the Navy—Honor, Courage, and Commitment. We must remove those symbols that have the effect of division and not mere disagreement.

I am asking every Marine to focus on the team and the symbols that bring us together—the eagle, globe and anchor. The stars and stripes. Our battle colors. Our MarPat uniform. Team over self: that is how we must operate to fight and win.

Semper Fidelis,

David H. Berger
General, U.S. Marine Corps
Commandant of the Marine Corps



LCPL MORGAN L. R. BURGESS, USMC



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In Every Clime and Place

Compiled by Sara W. Bock

BRIDGEPORT, CALIF. Small Unit Leadership Is Focal Point of MTX 2-20

It was a cloudy afternoon, but the sun still reflected off the snow-capped mountains, giving First Lieutenant Elaine Lewis, adjutant with 3rd Battalion, 6th Marine Regiment, 2nd Marine Division, enough light to check her roster for accountability. Personnel, packs, weapons and motor transportation assets all had to be verified and transmitted back to the command and control center. At this point, 3/6 had been at the Marine Corps Mountain Warfare Training Center Bridgeport, Calif., for almost a month and had grown used to the thick, bright snow, bone-chilling wind and the constant need to change socks. Another constant that required a much higher degree of vigilance was the radio. Radios must be watched nonstop; communication must stay consistent and fluid up and down the mountain.

The second field operation of Mountain Exercise (MTX) 2-20 provided the most realistic training of the exercise. The line companies of 3/6 broke into individual platoons to conduct reconnaissance operations and maintain defensive positions throughout the mountains of Bridgeport. The opposing force, “India” and “Lima” Companies of 3rd Battalion, 8th Marine Regiment, 2ndMarDiv, also conducted reconnaissance operations and offensive operations. The Marines of 3/6 and 3/8 stayed out for three days and two nights and slept in dug-out trenches and four-person tents. They survived off of their daily rations of cold-weather meals, ready to eat.

Headquarters and Service Company, 3/6, tracked the companies’ actions with a forward mobile command and control center situated close to the Marines without interfering with the training. Setting up communications equipment proved

difficult, but the Marines used the trees and rocks to their advantage and made use of 550 cord to keep equipment tied down and wires held taut for better reception. While maintaining radio contact is vital to any field operation, the mountains presented another obstacle for the Marines to conquer.

“Communication operations are always the biggest issue with anyone,” said Gunnery Sergeant James Watson, the assistant operations chief with 3/6. “We always have to ask ourselves, ‘How do we get communications and maintain it no matter where we are?’ We are always trying to push the most reliable source, whether that’s satellite, HF [high frequency] or VHF [very high frequency] communications.”

Throughout MTX 2-20, the Marines of 3/6 experimented with different command and control variants, commonly referred to as main, forward and jump techniques. By using these different techniques, they



LCPL JACQUELINE PARSONS, USMC

Marines with 3/6 wait for morning chow at MCMWTC Bridgeport, Calif., during MTX 2-20, Feb. 2. The exercise provided an opportunity for the battalion’s Marines to further their warfighting capabilities in cold, mountainous terrain.



LCPL JACQUELINE PARSONS, USMC

LCpl Jason Frick, left, a mortarman with 3/6, and LCpl William Seymour, a transmission system operator with 3/6, “sight in” during an enemy fire scenario at MCMWTC Bridgeport, Calif., Feb. 21. During MTX 2-20, Marines from 3/6 and 3/8 conducted a force-on-force field operation.



LCPL JACQUELINE PARSONS, USMC

Marines with 3/6 test communications at the beginning of a field operation at MCMWTC Bridgeport, Calif., Feb. 11. The battalion utilized a small, forward mobile command and control element to maintain close communications with its infantry platoons while they conducted MTX 2-20.

could bring the main hub for communication and oversight closer to the center of the effort. They started early, experimenting during the mobility phase and increased their decentralization through the company attacks. They employed similar structures during the final exercise.

H&S Co pushed the command and control center deep into the mountain, embedding itself to within hiking distances of all the companies. Radio connectivity was operational and constant. Despite this, the battalion largely practiced a decentralized approach to the field operation.

The command element of 3/6 took the opportunity to improve the battalion’s decentralized and small-unit leadership.

“Prior to execution, the mountainous terrain forces commanders to provide the level of guidance that is required in a communications-degraded environment and ensure that they have trust in that subordinate to carry out the mission,” said Chief Warrant Officer 2 Christopher Latham, battalion gunner with 3/6.

As platoons maneuvered through the terrain, the battalion staff tracked their movements, personnel and logistic

statistics, as well as any simulated casualties. Radio operators communicated regularly to keep the command center as up to date as possible. By maintaining standards in radio etiquette and procedures, 3/6 upheld its efficiency in radio communications.

Through the utilization of a dispersed leadership style with steady radio contact with the command and control center, 3/6 trained to be capable of warfighting excellence with any level of communication ability.

According to Latham, the long-term plan is to provide company commanders and platoon commanders with guidance and the mission and say, “All right, leader, I’ll see you at the end, but this is what I expect to be done.”

LCpl Jacqueline Parsons, USMC

APRA PORT, GUAM 3rd MLG Improves Maritime Positioning Force Skills

A team of U.S. Marines with 3rd Marine Logistics Group conducted a Maritime Positioning Force (MPF) exercise at Apra Port, Guam, to improve their readiness, test operational concepts and prepare for upcoming exercises. Marines executed MPF offload and on-load training from Feb. 24-29.

“MPF operations allow the Marine Corps to preposition assets for U.S. Marine Corps units anywhere in the world,” said Sergeant Jacob Thomas, a Marine Air-Ground Task Force Offload Liaison Team member based in Okinawa, Japan. The MPF allows the team to quickly support units such as III Marine Expeditionary Force, 3rd Marine Expeditionary Brigade and 31st Marine Expeditionary Unit in times of crisis.

The MPF is forward deployed to certain parts of the world, depending on the Military Intervention by Powerful States (MIPS) project. Thomas went on to say that the strategic locations of the MPFs ensure they are ready to respond at a moment’s notice.

Challenges specific to the exercise location in Guam included the port’s size, the amount of time allowed in port, and the weather. During the exercise, it was sunny one moment, and a few minutes later it was pouring rain. The weather the Marines experienced during the exercise was consistent with tropical islands in the Indo-Pacific region and conditioned the participating Marines to stay ready to operate in “any climate and place.”

“Guam is very close to Okinawa,” said Thomas. “The USNS *Dahl* (T-AKR-312) is the largest MPF ship in the fleet. No one knew if the ports here could support an MPF offload and establish the necessary

capabilities and requirements. Being able to offload troops and equipment here validates that we are able to resupply our troops in the Indo-Pacific with equipment and supplies if a contingency happens in any of the contested areas in this geographical location.”

For most of the participating Marines, the Guam exercise was their first experience with an MPF operation. Since the exercise was designed for training, the Marines had more time to stop and ask questions and practice their problem solving. The learning environment created confidence by increasing job familiarity and technical efficiency.

“My Marines are learning how their role plays into accomplishing a successful MPF offload—they quickly learn where most of the friction points are. For example, the Marines are taught where to efficiently place ground guides, learn how to lash all sorts of vehicles and gain confidence in their driving skills in very tight spaces,” said Sgt Moises Labra, a platoon sergeant with Combat Logistics Regiment 3.

The knowledge and experience gained by the Marines during the MPF exercise will further increase their efficiency and

effectiveness in support of III MEF in the Indo-Pacific region. The improved understanding and skill level they attained will allow them to advance MPF concepts and capabilities.

In addition to personnel training, the exercise validated the ability of CLR-3 to offload equipment in Guam. It also prepared the Marines for future exercises where they will be practicing their ability to mobilize communication, equipment and weaponry in order to support small, distributed units that are able to operate in austere, forward locations.

“The partial offload of the *Dahl* at Naval Base Guam’s Apra Port allowed both the Navy and Marine Corps to register shortfalls for future utilization of the port for Large, Medium-Speed Roll-on/Roll-off MPF ships,” said Colonel Travis Gaines, CLR-3 commander. “This was the first time the *Dahl* has been pier-side at Apra Port.”

Through expert planning, organization and execution, Marines can quickly offload necessary equipment, such as an expeditionary airfield, to establish small, temporary bases for the Marines to operate out of.

The impact of the MPF extends further

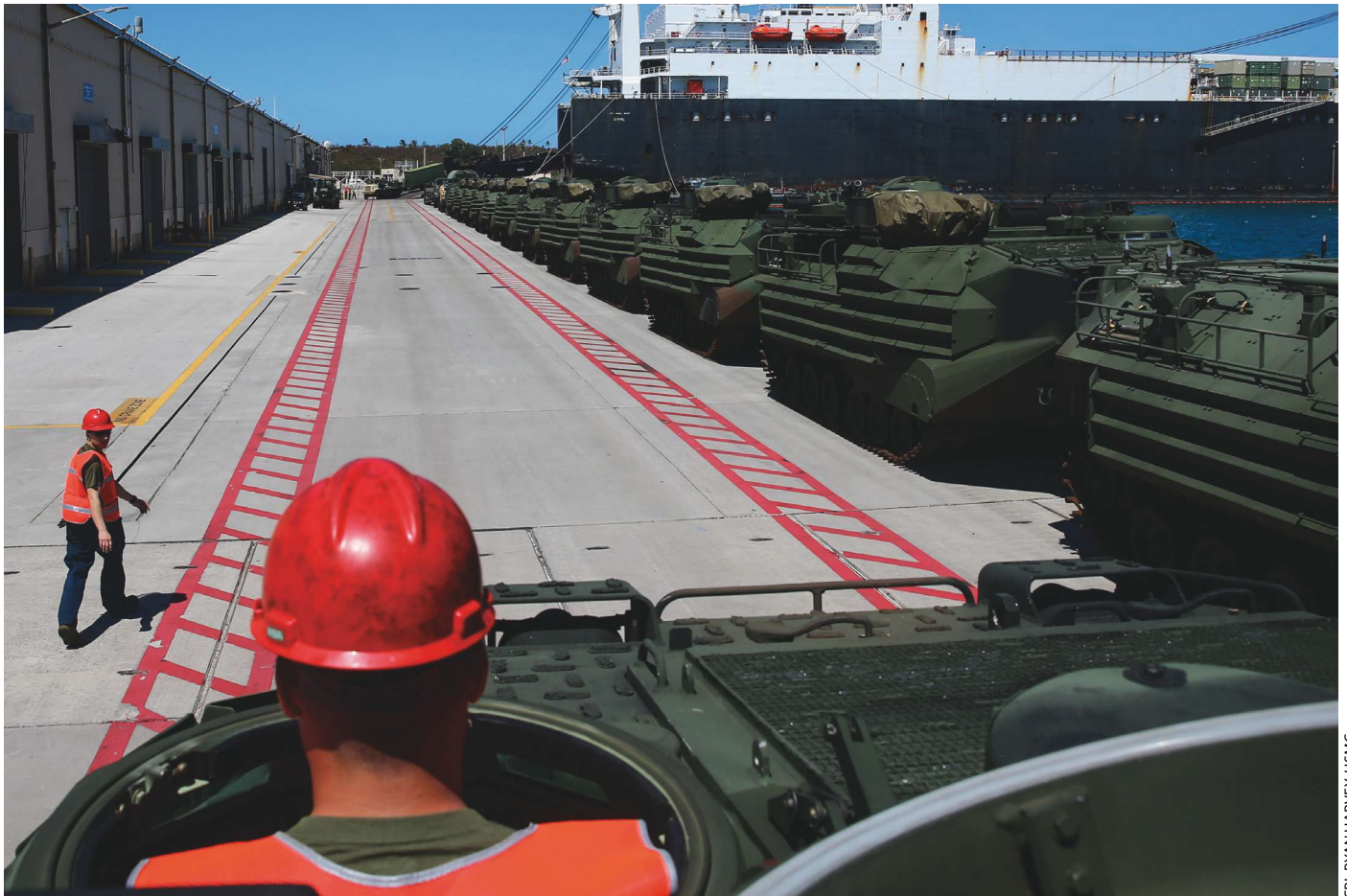
than the military and goes vastly unnoticed. The capability and protection that forward deployment provides is crucial for staying ahead of our adversaries.

“MPF—this capability is one of the most important in the United States,” said Thomas. “Very few other countries have this capability. A lot of people talk about America being one of the few countries having aircraft carriers; well, no one ever talks about having an MPF. No one ever talks about what this capability brings to the United States. This capability is so large and so robust that one MPS run can support 15,000 Marines for 30 days of sustained combat operations. It is one of the only, if not the only, kind in the world.”

Cpl Ryan Harvey, USMC

PHILIPPINE SEA 31st MEU Cyber Operations Section Attaches, Deploys for First Time

In the same way that the ships of the USS *America* Expeditionary Strike Group (ESG) patrol the seas to provide safety and maritime security against any threat, so too do the Marines of Defensive Cyberspace Operations-Internal Defensive Measures (DCO-IDM) in the cyber realm.



CPL RYAN HARVEY, USMC

Cpl Bradley Gialamas, left, serves as a ground guide for LCpl Christian Labrie during a Maritime Prepositioning Force exercise at U.S. Naval Base Guam, Feb. 28. Marines with 3rd MLG exercised their MPF capabilities to enhance operational readiness and increase their ability to support III MEF.

“For the first time, the 31st MEU embarked aboard the *America* ESG with DCO-IDM to ensure naval integration between Marine Corps and Navy networks, and that the networks are defended in the cyber domain in order to operate unimpeded by enemy probing and malicious activity,” said Second Lieutenant Adam Kosianowski, 31st Marine Expeditionary Unit DCO-IDM officer-in-charge. “By supporting the *America* ESG–31st MEU team, DCO-IDM provides another line of defense to friendly networks.”

The ability for the MEU to process information, communicate and execute a wide range of missions relies on a safe and secure cyber network. While the wars of the early 21st century saw the Marine Corps operate uncontested in the cyber realm, preparation for the next conflict requires a robust cyber defense capability. DCO-IDM functions as a roving guard force that searches for unusual trends, benign content or malicious solicitation in the cyber realm.

“The Marine is DCO-IDM. The Marine hunts, views the network from enemy points of view, and mitigates damage before the bad actor can anticipate and act,” said Kosianowski. “Practicing security standards and policies are important because it prevents the enemy from figuring out vulnerabilities, especially through lack of attention to detail.”

Defensive cyberspace operator Staff Sergeant Ulises Villegas described how the adversary can take many actions to potentially exploit friendly networks. “Bad actors probe the network they are looking to penetrate, looking for vulnerabilities and openings on networks that are exploitable. Once inside, the enemy can insert malware, deny service and access, and manipulate and delete information. In worst-case scenarios, the enemy can export and copy stolen networks for manipulation and nefarious activity.”

“DCO-IDM can identify and mitigate this threat instantly, using tools or applications that analyze data, filter content and counter enemy procedures for exploiting networks in order to give real-time information of any anomaly,” Villegas continued. “Marines can trace enemy breaches, complete counter-intelligence, surveillance and reconnaissance [ISR] back to their origin, and ensure the enemy doesn’t have access in friendly networks. The Marines review suspicious content and report out-of-the-ordinary activity for follow-on action.”

“In the past, the thought process of cyber security was reactionary with monitoring event logs waiting to be attacked,” said Villegas. “DCO-IDM is the opposite. The



LCPL KOLBY LEGER, USMC

A Sailor and a Marine with the DCO-ICM detachment, 31st MEU, check wiring during a cyberspace defense class aboard amphibious assault ship USS *America* (LHA-6). *America*, flagship of the *America* ESG–31st MEU team, is operating in the U.S. 7th Fleet area of operations to serve as a ready response force to defend peace and stability in the Indo-Pacific region.

team, using up-to-date intelligence of the battle space and potential enemy actions, is proactively conducting focused ISR of friendly networks, scanning for gaps and closing potential vectors of attack, and if directed upon identification, [are] able to isolate, contain and even conduct local fires on threats.”

During Exercise Cobra Gold 2020 in the Kingdom of Thailand, 31st MEU DCO-IDM, along with III Marine Expeditionary Force Information Group (MIG) Marines, supported a Cyber Field Training Exercise at the Royal Thai Armed Forces Headquarters in Bangkok. The Marines as part of the U.S. team collaborated with five partner nations, Thailand, Japan, Malaysia, Indonesia and Singapore, establishing baseline training and international standards to overcome language barriers and communicate in the same cyber language. Marine Colonel Larry Jenkins, commander of III MIG, oversaw the collaboration between Marines and partner-nation forces as they worked together, problem-solving scenarios.

“Anytime we work in a coalition environment, it’s positive, whether it’s cyber or one of the other elements of Cobra Gold,” said Jenkins. “Anytime we have an opportunity to work with our coalition partners, it builds relationships and makes us stronger.”

The refinement of DCO techniques, along with collaboration with the Navy and other forces, improves how the team operates afloat. As the first DCO-IDM

team embarked with the 31st MEU, the Marines’ goal is to establish a framework so that follow-on teams are able to efficiently take over and improve the proactive defense operations. These teams will eventually build up and fully support all ships while forward deployed.

The 31st MEU stays ahead of any threat by identifying world trends that may hinder its ability to maintain security. By employing DCO-IDM, the MEU stays true to its motto as “ready, partnered and lethal” to face any threat, including those in cyberspace, according to 31st MEU Commanding Officer Col Robert Brodie.

“The 31st MEU’s Cyber Unit patrols our network employing DCO-IDM to innovatively identify and engage potential cyber threats while reinforcing and maintaining the highest level of network security,” Brodie said. “As the U.S. Indo-Pacific Command’s crisis response force, our cyber operations demonstrate our adeptness to operate across all domains. We stand ready for crisis 24/7/365, and our cyber warriors ensure we are prepared to project combat power at a moment’s notice: ready, partnered and lethal.”

The *America* Expeditionary Strike Group–31st MEU team, is operating in the U.S. 7th Fleet area of operations to enhance interoperability with allies and partners and serve as a ready response force to defend peace and stability in the Indo-Pacific region.

LCpl Kevan Dunlop, USMC





In 2005, a newly formed Iraqi Intervention Force led by U.S. advisors was sent to take Mosul, Iraq, back from the hands of insurgents.

When the Tempest Gathers

From Mogadishu to the Fight Against ISIS, A Marine Special Operations Commander at War

By Andrew Milburn

Editor's note: The following is an excerpt from "When the Tempest Gathers: From Mogadishu to the Fight Against ISIS, a Marine Special Operations Commander at War" by Andrew Milburn, retired Marine colonel and infantry and special operations officer. Col Milburn's memoir recounts his career leading Marines in combat in Somalia, Iraq, and Afghanistan, and signed copies are available for purchase from The Marine Shop. All photos are courtesy of the author.

Prelude

After the battle of Fallujah in November 2004, many of the insurgents who fled the city headed north to Mosul, where they ousted the local police and took control of the city. In early 2005, the newly formed Iraqi Intervention Force (IIF) led by a contingent of U.S. advisors was sent to take Mosul back from the hands of the insurgents. Roughly two-thirds of the U.S. advisor contingent to the IIF were Marines, with the remaining third composed of soldiers from an Army reserve unit, including many who felt ill-prepared for this mission. The excerpt begins as Major Andrew Milburn takes over an advisor team with the IIF's 3rd Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Falah, assigned to the most violent area of Mosul.



MNSTC-I directed that all U.S. personnel ride in armored humvees, but there was only one in the IIF's 3rd Bn. The Nissan pickup truck was most definitely not bulletproof.

The next morning, I addressed the team in the courtyard, the only place where we could find separation from the company of soldiers milling around the building. Eleven advisors, seven soldiers, three Marines and a Navy corpsman, stood in loose formation, hands in pockets, shoulders hunched against the cold, eyeing me with studied nonchalance. I cast aside any thought of trying to inspire them with a blast of once-more-into-the-breach-dear-friends. They didn't look like "greyhounds standing in the slips" and after a sleepless night, I wasn't feeling like King Henry on the eve of Agincourt. Nor, I sensed, was this an audience that would respond to an approach from the other end of the cultural spectrum: Gunny Hartman's "because-I-am-hard-you-will-not-like-me" speech from "Full Metal Jacket." Hard or not, I guessed that most of them already didn't like me.

So I played it without fanfare, in a level, conversational tone: who I was and why I was there. I talked about the mission: to put the Muj on their back foot, securing the area and enabling the population to go about their business without fear of attack. I talked about the importance of the upcoming elections. I looked from

face to face as I spoke. A couple were nodding, but most just stared back without expression.

"The first thing that we're going to do is get the Iraqis out on the streets. Each one of you is going to play a role in that because every patrol will have an advisor. I'm going to need your full support to do all the things we need to do," I concluded. "Are there any questions?"

Someone raised a hand. It was a Marine—a large, thickly muscled gunnery sergeant.

"Gunny Cook, Sir. How are we going to do that?" he asked. "By regs we can't leave the [combat outpost] COP without another American and an armored vehicle. We don't have enough people or vehicles to do that, to man the ops room and have a decent rotation that allows rest."

"Well, we may only be able to sustain a

handful of patrols a day, but it's better than what we are doing now." There were some nods, but most just continued to stare at me impassively. I tried another tack. "And it may be that the Iraqis will begin to take some patrols by themselves."

"They can't do that," an Army sergeant spoke up. "We need to be with them all the time to avoid green on blue like what happened with 1st Company."

"Exactly right, which is why I need your help," I thought, but shrugged. "I don't think for a moment that this is going to be easy—but we're going to get them out there."

Later that morning, I met the battalion's operations and intelligence officers in an office that had been converted into an operations center by the addition of a few radios and a map of the city on the wall.

Major Mohammed, the operations

"The first thing that we're going to do is get the Iraqis out on the streets. Each one of you is going to play a role in that because every patrol will have an advisor. I'm going to need your full support to do all the things we need to do."

From the left: Capt Zuher, Maj Mohammed, Maj Milburn and the battalion operations officer, Maj Mohammed, at Combat Outpost Tampa, Mosul, Feb. 1, 2005.



officer, was tall and thin with a long mournful face and an air of quiet intensity. He gripped my hand firmly, but his tight smile never quite made it to his eyes, which were watery and sad, like those of a bloodhound.

By contrast, the intelligence officer, Captain Zuher, was short and pudgy with the face of a mischievous cherub. He had a broad grin and eyes that glittered with amusement under gull-wing brows. Like Mohammed, he spoke English, but whereas Mohammed always appeared to be choosing his words, Zuher prattled away with abandon in a style that was unusual for a captain in the Iraqi Army. He had, I was to learn, a dry sense of humor that also broke cultural norms. Sometime during those first few days, he asked me why I spoke with an English accent. When I explained that I had grown up in England, but that my mother had been American, he looked perplexed. I thought that he

might have misunderstood, so I repeated my answer. He nodded, saying, “Sadi—I understand. I’m just wondering how to explain to the others that you have a mother, I don’t think that they will believe me.”

Over the course of time, I came to recognize Zuher’s irreverent sense of humor as a shield against the horrors that life had thrown his way. Like many of his peers, he’d had some tough experiences during the U.S. invasion. His company was ordered to defend Baghdad airport, and it was only after he had seen half his soldiers crushed or blown to smithereens by U.S. tanks that his company commander passed the word that it was every man for himself. And now, like his comrades, he worried about his family in Baghdad, aware that his profession made them a target. Zuher’s sense of humor could be annoying, but it was his inner carapace, and I couldn’t begrudge him that.

Zuher walked to the map and gave us

an intelligence update, jabbing with his finger at various locations around our position. I was surprised how much he appeared to know about the insurgent groups arrayed against us, their background and areas of operation within the city, even their leadership. He explained that we were facing an alliance between former Ba’athists and a group known as Ansar Al Islam, an offshoot from al-qaida, led at one time by Zarqawi himself. I asked him where he was getting this intelligence, and he paused, glancing at Mohammed before replying.

“Because some of them were our friends. Not the Wahabis,” Zuher used the jundi term for Islamic extremists, “but the guys who served in the old army. We talk on the phone. They warn us to stay away from certain areas. Sometimes they give us tips.” He shrugged and looked at me with a half-smile. “I think that perhaps you don’t believe me.”



A combined operation with 3rd Bn and the U.S. Army's 1/5 infantry in Mosul. Note the stark contrast between the Nissan pickup truck and the Stryker infantry fighting vehicle.

As Americans, we wanted things to be black and white; we weren't comfortable with nuance. But for the Iraqis, success was survival, and pragmatism trumped allegiance. We would only see glimpses of the relationship that the battalion's officers had with their former comrades, not because they wanted to hide these things from us, but because they knew that we wouldn't understand.

Falah agreed to start pushing patrols out beginning the next day. I figured that we could support up to 16 patrols a day, at least through the elections. We would push the patrols out in a cloverleaf pattern around the police station, each patrol overlapping others by time and route to reduce the threat of ambush. Satellite patrolling, it was called, a technique that I had learned from the British observers in Victorville.

I thought that it was a pretty good plan; it made tactical sense, and we could probably just manage it with two advisors per patrol. But it was my plan; I hadn't consulted Falah, who owned the soldiers who would make it happen. He agreed to four patrols a day, at least for the first few days, until we had a sense of how things were. He explained this with a smile in the manner that Iraqis do when they don't agree with you, but don't want to offend you. I wanted to point out that four patrols were a measly amount for 250 soldiers. We had to impose a security bubble around our positions while establishing our presence in the Sunni neighborhoods that surrounded us, but I knew better than to argue. Falah had made a decision in front of subordinates, and to push him would only entrench his position. In any case, I didn't know yet how many Americans I

could count on to accompany the patrols, so I conceded with good grace.

"You've got five of us, sir." Staff Sergeant Reyes was the senior Army NCO, a boyish-looking Chicagoan who appeared delighted to find himself in the middle of a war. I was secretly pleased that all but two of our Army contingent had elected to participate in the patrol schedule. The remaining two were hopelessly unsuited to be walking the streets, and though it grated on my Marine psyche to give them a choice, I let them be. With five soldiers, four Marines (counting me) and a Navy corpsman, we weren't in bad shape.

The corpsman, whose name was also Reyes—though we called him "Doc" to avoid confusion—was a bulky youngster with an eager-to-please disposition. The ability to provide on-the-spot care for the traumatically wounded depends on qualities beyond skill. Even the well-trained can freeze with shock at the crucial moment. Doc Reyes, however, would prove to have that intangible gene that drove him to succor the wounded—American or Iraqi—regardless of risk to sensibility or self. At the time, I was simply impressed by his eagerness to go out on patrol.

I thought that it was a pretty good plan; it made tactical sense, and we could probably just manage it with two advisors per patrol. But it was my plan; I hadn't consulted Falah, who owned the soldiers who would make it happen.



Observing Islamic State positions, Bashiqa Ridge, Iraq.

The first patrol was going to be a leaders' reconnaissance, with Falah, Mohammed, Zuher and me visiting each of the two company outposts, beginning with 3rd Company, who were billeted in a train station about a mile away from the IPA. That night I outlined the plan to Russ Jamison by radio, requesting a back-up QRF from his position at brigade should we need it. Russ agreed—and then added that he wanted to bring the Iraqi Brigade commander, General Shocker, along on the patrol.

“We’ve got to get them over this here-be-giants mentality. Having Shocker get out to see for himself, setting the example, is going to give them a boost,” he said. “Shocker’s been up here before, he knows the area—actually, I think this is where he lost his eye.” The brigadier had a glass eye, which he had the alarming habit of removing during meetings—setting it on the table as though to better observe his staff.

The day began well enough with Brigadier Shocker and a small coterie from his headquarters linking up with us at the IPA, amidst the usual flurry of cheek-kissing

and elaborate greetings. Falah showed the brigadier around the operations room, and they chatted excitedly in front of the map, which now depicted a network of planned patrol routes drawn up by Mohammed and Jay the night before. The brigadier seemed delighted by this, congratulating a beaming Falah on his aggressiveness and clapping him on the shoulder.

A little later, we set off, a string of white Toyota pick-up trucks packed with jundi. We made our way through the barricades outside the police station and onto the main street that we called Route Nissan, a name that had become synonymous with reports of attacks on the U.S. Brigade's tactical net. The 101st Airborne Division had named the city's major thoroughfares after cars, and their combat outposts after U.S. cities. It made good sense from a military standpoint—it was much easier to track the progress of a convoy from Nissan to Porsche to Ford than it was to try to decipher Arabic names. I wondered, too, if it was also our way of trying to impose order on chaos, as though giving prosaic names to sinister places helped reduce their menace.

We entered the flow of traffic with much yelling and gesturing from the jundi in the back of each truck. The cars behind us ground to a halt to let us in, before following the last truck at a wary distance. By this stage of the war, Iraqi drivers were conditioned to stay away from military convoys by the proclivity for soldiers to ram and shoot anything that looked as though it might be a threat. In Mosul, the threat was often real. On our first day in the city, I was on a patrol when a red Opel pulled up beside the lead vehicle and exploded. Opels were then ubiquitous on the streets of Mosul and were used so frequently for attacks that they became the subject of a running joke among the advisors. Fortunately, the charge had not been wired correctly, and only one of three artillery rounds detonated. The other two were hurled across the road intact along with pieces of the car and driver, splattering against the side of the humvee but leaving its occupants unharmed.

Now each advisor rode in a separate pick-up truck—there was no sense risking more than one of us in the same vehicle. MNSTC-I directed that all U.S. personnel were to ride in armored humvees, but we only had one for the entire battalion. In any case, most of us had a problem with sheltering behind armor, while our Iraqi counterparts had only a pathetically thin strip of sheet metal to protect them from the savage blast of an IED.

I jogged up the steps to the station, reaching the top as the next shots rang out. I turned to see a soldier spill down the steps, rifle clattering ahead of him, helmet rolling into the gutter.

A Marine Raider prepares to provide covering fire for the Peshmerga attack on Basheer.

Gunny Cook ran down the steps of the train station as we screeched to a halt out front.

“You need to run, gents, we’ve been taking accurate small arms fire.”

On cue, there was a burst of gunfire and the jundi poured out of the trucks, scampering for cover. I jogged up the steps to the station, reaching the top as the next shots rang out. I turned to see a soldier spill down the steps, rifle clattering ahead of him, helmet rolling into the gutter. Almost instantly, two other soldiers grabbed him—one by the legs, the other under his arms—and hauled him back up the steps into the building with a speed fueled by adrenaline. Every jundi within sight started blazing away with a deafening racket.

Doc Reyes and an Iraqi medic were working on the casualty as Russ and I ran over.

“We need to get him to Maurez, sir. Gunshot wound, lower abdomen.” The jundi was unconscious. His head lolled to one side in a comrade’s cupped hands, and his eyes were half-open, showing only the whites. The brigadier was in a

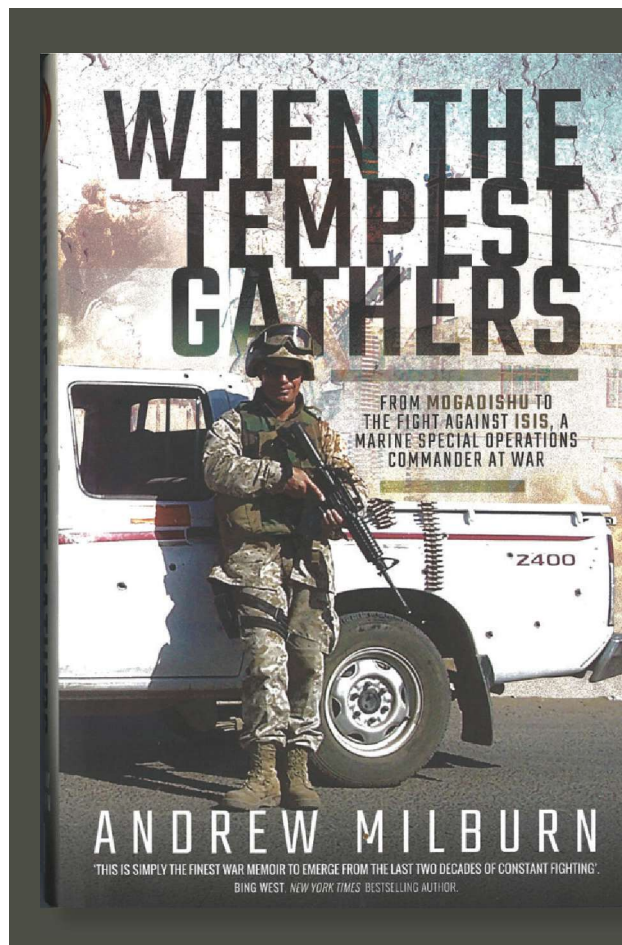


heated debate with Falah, Kajs was on the radio with brigade, and the jundi outside continued to fire away with reckless abandon.

Russ explained to the brigadier that we had to get the soldier to medical care right away, while I pulled Mohammed aside and told him to put a stop to the shooting. Mohammed gave me a quick nod and ran down the steps, yelling for the

NCOs. To my surprise, order was quickly restored, and by the time that we had loaded the casualty onto a truck with Doc in attendance, the jundi were mounted up ready to go. I shook my head. Sometimes it took forever to get the Iraqis to do the simplest things, while other times, they made things happen faster than we would expect U.S. troops to respond.

There was another burst of incoming



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fire as we pulled away from the train station. This time, it was a concentrated barrage, and I could hear the clunk of rounds hitting metal around us. I held on to the door handle as we gathered speed, careening around a traffic circle, the driver hammering the horn with the heel of his hand. The convoy split into two coming out of the roundabout—the brigade vehicles took the first exit bound for Maurez, while we took the second, shooting out of the circle like a rock from a slingshot. Zuher, sitting behind me, yelled in my ear.

“The gunner’s hit.” I swiveled around and caught a glimpse of boots, toes pointing skywards.

“I saw it—he was shot in the head.” Zuher gabbled. “S---,” I thought. Can this be any more of a disaster?”

Back at the IPA, Zuher and I clambered out of the truck before it had stopped moving and raced around to the tailgate. To our surprise, the soldiers were still sitting in the back, laughing uproariously. In their midst sat the gunner holding his helmet in front of him. The bullet had torn a deep furrow along its side, shredding the Kevlar like cardboard, but leaving him unharmed. I grinned at the fortunate jundi, slapping his shoulder. “Mubarek!” Congratulations. In seconds, he was

The bullet had torn a deep furrow along its side, shredding the Kevlar like cardboard, but leaving him unharmed. I grinned at the fortunate jundi, slapping his shoulder. “Mubarek!”

mobbed by a crowd of soldiers, who lifted him from the truck and danced around him. Their hands were raised above their heads, and each grinned from ear to ear. A procession of the battalion’s officers made their way through the throng to hug and kiss the bulletproof soldier who was now standing by the tailgate, still holding his helmet in front of him like a birthday cake.

Thank God for small mercies. But the mission itself had been a complete bust—one wounded jundi, and we had turned tail. It only reaffirmed the Iraqi’s perception that the Muj owned the streets—or so I thought.

Falah called Kajs over to take a photo of the battalion’s officers clustered around the charmed jundi. Zuher caught my eye and yelled above the din: “Alhamdulillah,” meaning thanks be to God. “This is very good.”

Once again, I had failed to divine correctly the mood of my Iraqi partners. To

me, the jundi’s escape was an isolated incident of good luck in an otherwise luckless day, but to them, it was a symbol of new-found fortune and a portent of better things to come. The deflative properties of Kevlar had accomplished more than any appeal to duty. I led Mohammed by the arm to the operations room to plan the following day’s mission. Sometimes, as the saying goes, it’s better to be lucky than good.

Author’s bio: Andrew Milburn was born in Hong Kong and raised in the United Kingdom where he attended St. Paul’s School and University College London before he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps as a 24-year-old British law school graduate. During his 31-year career, he commanded Marine and Special Operations forces in combat at every rank. He retired in March 2019 as the Chief of Staff at Special Operations Command Central. 🇺🇸

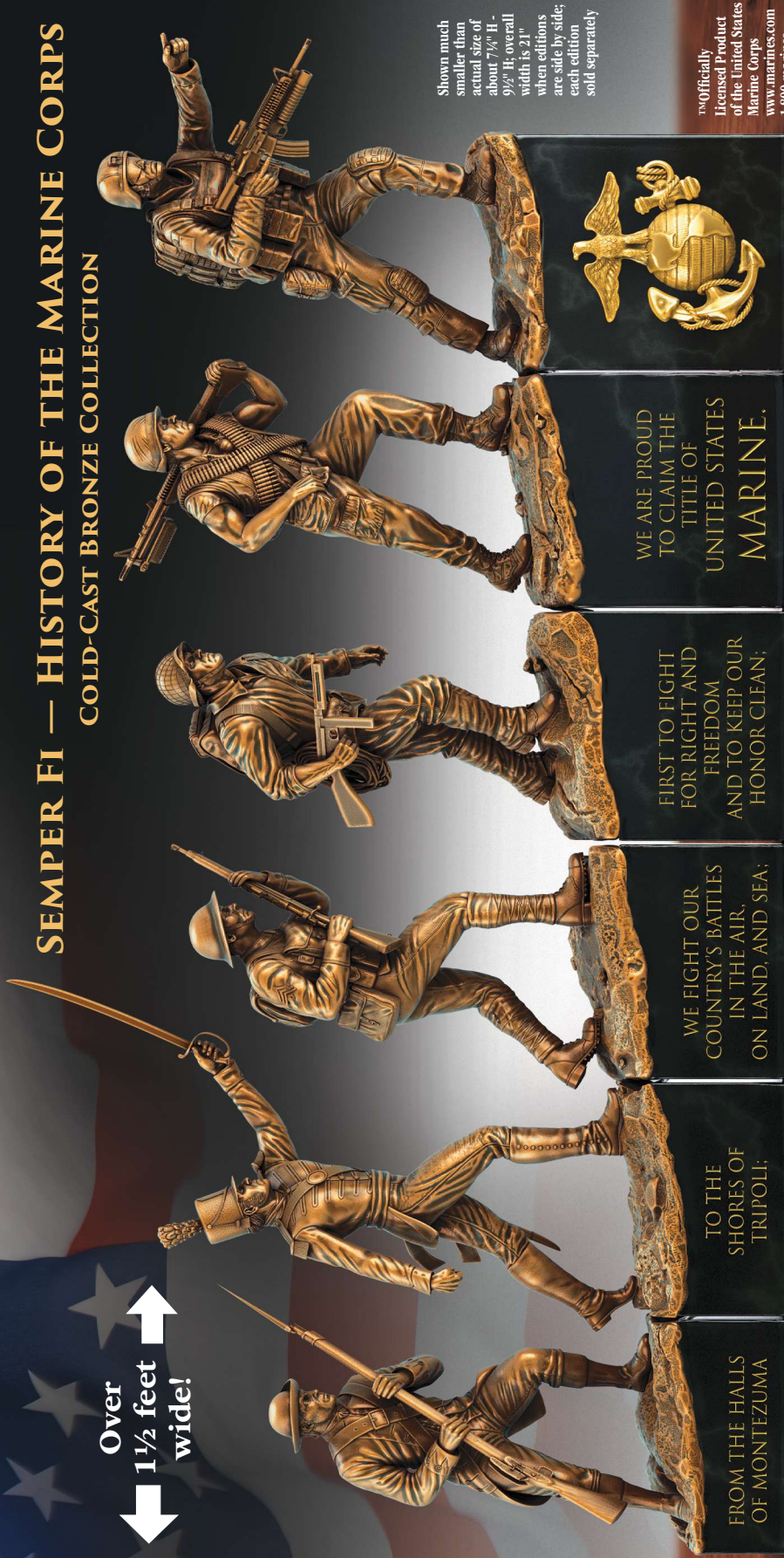


Marine Raiders and Peshmerga on the front line outside Mosul.

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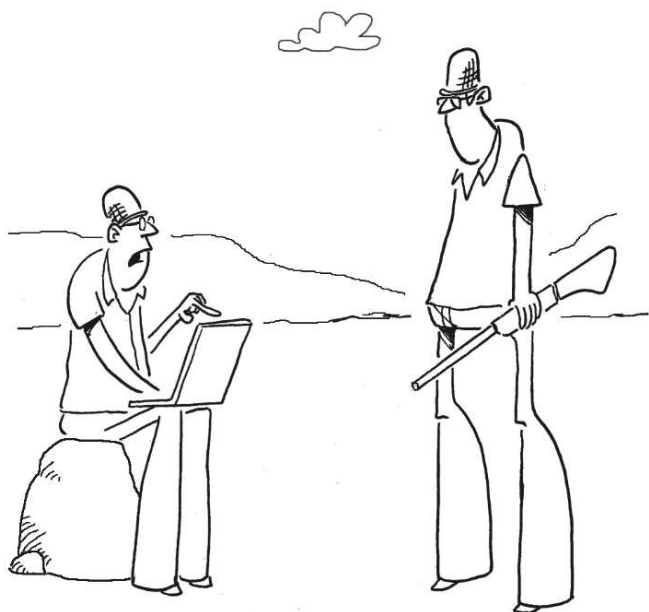
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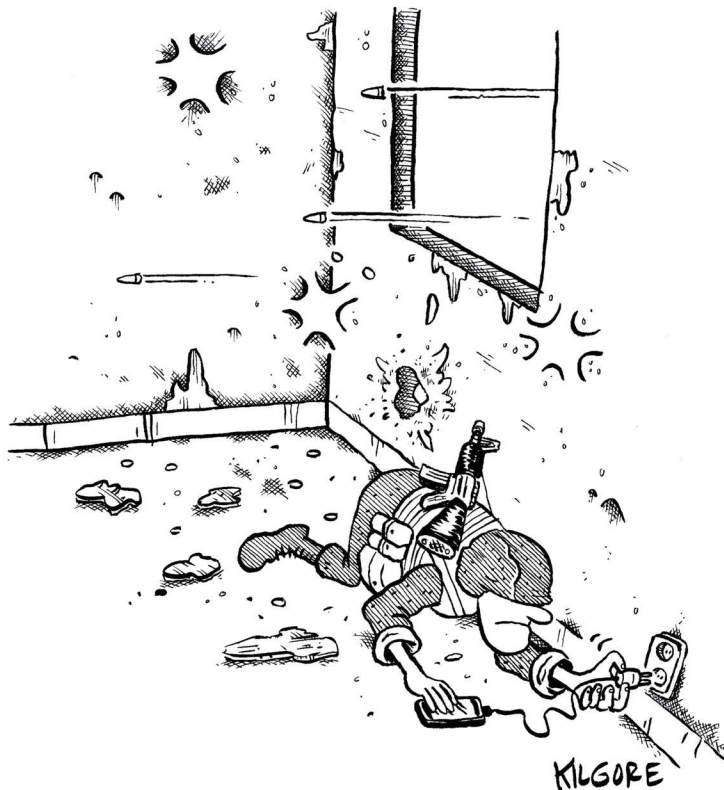
"Tell them to throw in a couple of salami sandwiches with the ammo air drop."



"I knew I've been saving all these black socks and T-shirts for a reason!"

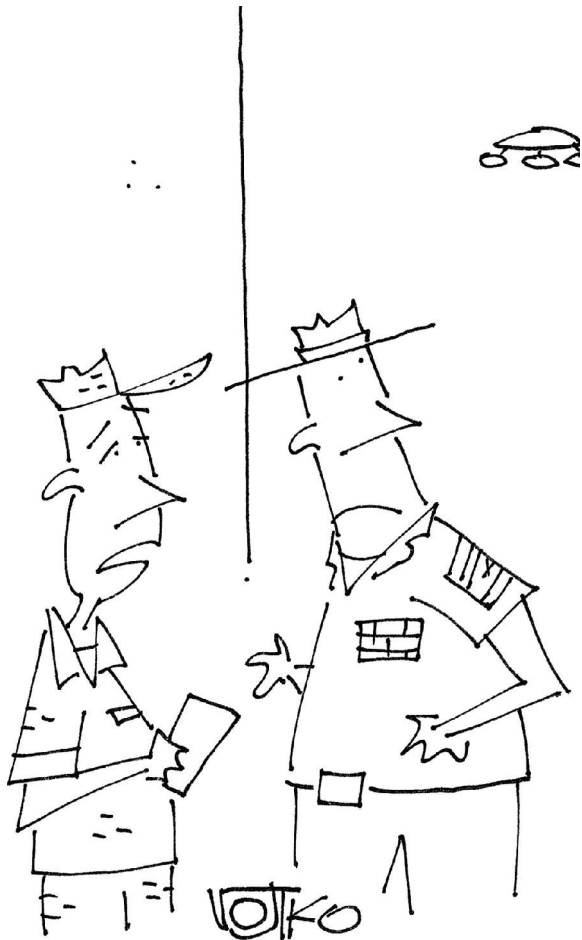


"Sir, I just reinforced our defenses by installing anti-viral encryption and anti-malware software."



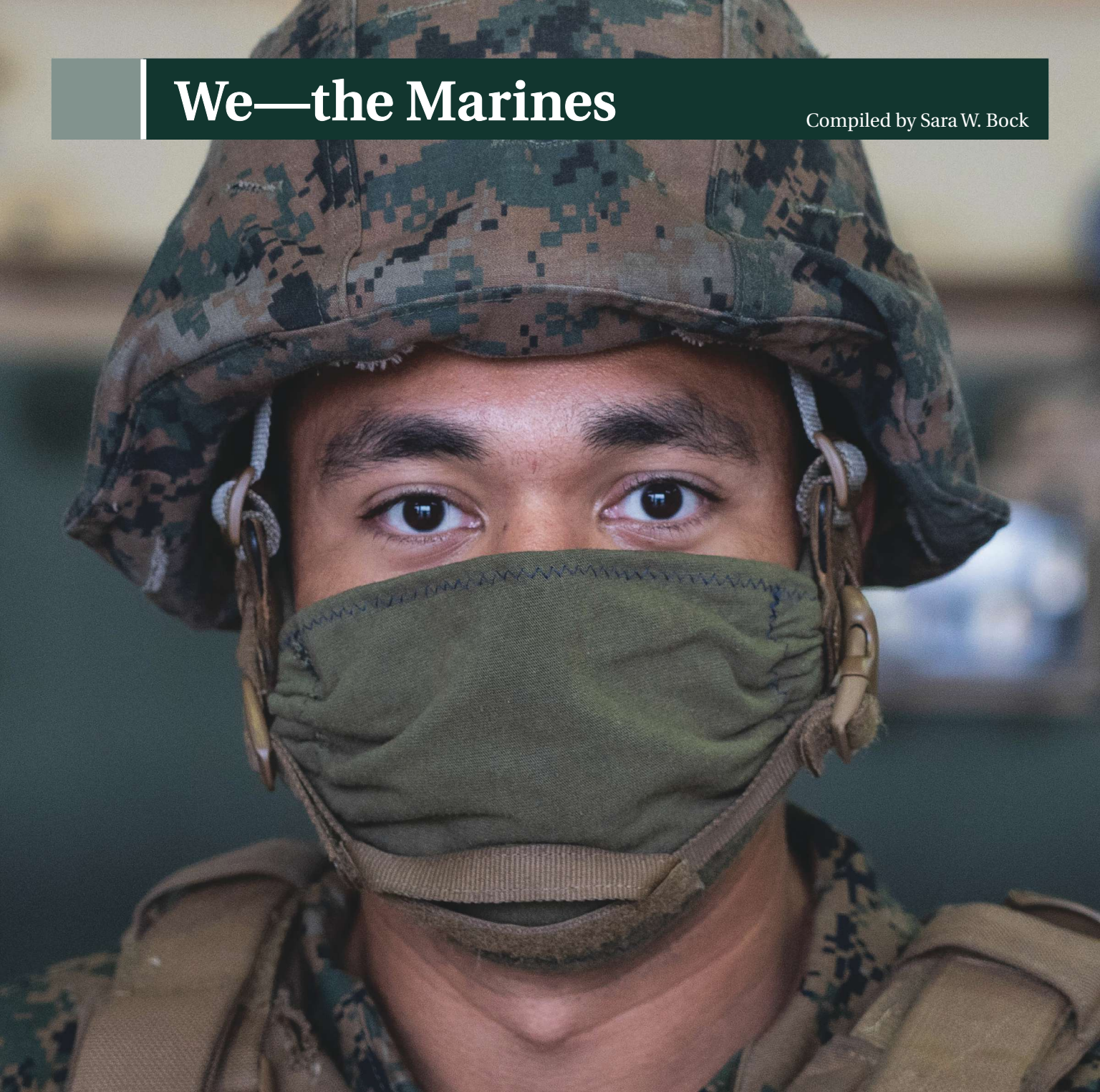


"A letter from my buddy saying how stressful finals are."



"I'm tired, Sergeant. Can't my drone do my drills today?"





In the War Against COVID-19, Marines Take a Supporting Role

Life on Marine Corps installations across the globe looked a bit different than usual during late March and throughout April as the Department of Defense rolled out a series of restrictions and guidance in response to the COVID-19 virus. A 60-day overseas stop movement order impacted permanent change of station (PCS) moves, exercises, deployments and redeployments.

A domestic travel ban halted temporary duty travel and CONUS PCS moves and instructed commands to allow Marines to take local leave only. Exceptions for hardship, mission-essential and humanitarian travel required specific approval.

The DOD also issued guidance on April 5 regarding the use of cloth face coverings, requiring all individuals on

DOD property to wear cloth face coverings when unable to maintain 6 feet of distance from others.

Units across the Corps sprang into action to help slow the spread of coronavirus, allocating resources and the manpower to sew cloth masks and even to utilize 3D-printing technology to assist in the fight against the global pandemic. The University of California

LCpl Michael Ottinger, a motor vehicle operator with Combat Logistics Bn 4, Combat Logistics Regiment 3, 3rd Marine Logistics Group, wears a homemade face covering at Camp Foster, Okinawa, Japan, April 7.



CPL ALEXA HERNANDEZ, USMC

Above: PFC Arnoldo Romero Velazco, a rifleman with 1st Bn, 4th Marines, 1stMarDiv, posts security for the Military Sealift Command hospital ship USNS *Mercy* (T-AH 19) in Los Angeles, Calif., March 27. *Mercy* deployed in support of the nation's COVID-19 response efforts to serve as a referral hospital for non-COVID-19 patients admitted to shore-based hospitals, allowing the hospitals to focus their efforts on COVID-19 cases.

Below: HM1 Frank Rivera, USN, assigned to 3rd Medical Bn, 3rd Marine Logistics Group, sterilizes a building at Naval Base Guam, April 9, in preparation for the quarantine of Sailors disembarking USS *Theodore Roosevelt* (CVN-71), following an outbreak of the COVID-19 virus on-board the aircraft carrier.

Below: Parachute riggers with 3rd Air Delivery Plt, 3rd Transportation Support Bn sew face masks for Marines at Camp Foster, Okinawa, Japan, April 7. (Photo courtesy of 3rd Transportation Support Bn)



MC1 JULIO RIVERA, USN



CPL HEATHER ATHERTON, USMC

Marines with 2nd MEB, II MEF board an MV-22B Osprey at MCAS New River, N.C., as they deploy to assist FEMA in response to the coronavirus pandemic, April 10.



LCPL ETHAN LEBLANC, USMC



LCPL ETHAN LEBLANC, USMC

Above: A 3D printer manufactures the frame for a face shield at MALS-36, MCAS Futenma, Okinawa, Japan, April 7.

Left: Sgt Blaine Garcia, a helicopter power plants mechanic with Marine Aviation Logistics Squadron 36, MCAS Futenma, Okinawa, Japan, operates a 3D printer as the squadron works to produce mask frames and face shields for use in the fight against the COVID-19 virus, April 7.



SGT SERVANTER, COBA, USMC

SSgt Dimitri Armstead, a recruiter for Recruiting Sub-Station Stafford, Va., works on his computer while prospecting from his office. The Marine Corps announced March 23 that it was temporarily recruiting solely via electronic means amid the COVID-19 pandemic in an effort to limit the virus' spread and protect Marines and prospective recruits.

San Diego Medical Center requested the assistance of Marine Corps Systems Command to design and manufacture 3D-printed “ventilator splitters” to enable the simultaneous ventilation of multiple patients. The Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) reached out to the Department of the Navy to request production of medical face shields using 3D printers. In response, the Marine Corps Advanced Manufacturing Operations Cell at MCB Quantico, Va.; Marine Depot Maintenance Command at MCLB Albany, Ga.; 2nd Marine Logistics Group at MCB Camp Lejeune, N.C.; and 1st Marine Logistics Group at MCB Camp Pendleton, Calif., joined Navy commands to participate in the initial effort to produce face shields. The Navy and Marine Corps also have partnered with the national manufacturing institute “America Makes” to respond to urgent medical supply needs associated with COVID-19.

“Marines are trained to take action in times of crisis. While we can’t be on the front lines of this fight, 2nd Marine Logistics Group stands ready to provide continued support in any capacity we can to equip those in critical need of medical supplies,” said First Lieutenant Alexander Walls, MakerSpace/Innovation Officer in Charge, 2nd MLG.

Marine Corps Air Station Miramar, Calif., became home to a designated quarantine location, which as of March 26 housed 112 passengers from the Grand Princess cruise ship.

On April 10, Marines with 2nd Marine Expeditionary Brigade, II Marine Expe-

ditionary Force deployed to assist FEMA in response to the pandemic.

At bases and stations, new ID check procedures changed the gate entry process, and limits on the number of patrons permitted in commissaries and exchanges at any given time made shopping for essentials more time consuming. Recruiting stations temporarily transitioned to operating solely via digital and telephonic means, ceasing in-person interviews to protect Marines, applicants, poolees and their families.

Public graduation ceremonies, including those at Marine Corps Recruit Depots

Parris Island, S.C., and San Diego, Calif., were canceled, and the Marine Corps announced March 30 that it was temporarily suspending the shipping of new recruits to MCRD Parris Island.

Many training exercises in which Marines were scheduled to participate have been scaled back or canceled entirely.

In a March 26 Pentagon News Briefing, General David H. Berger, Commandant of the Marine Corps, said that although training has been scaled back, it hasn’t been halted because the Navy, Marine Corps team “is your force in readiness that has to be ready to respond.”

Compiled from reports by
DOD and USMC

Focus Group Examines Motorcycle Mentorship Program

Motorcyclists from across Marine Corps Base Camp Lejeune, N.C., came together to discuss possible changes to the Motorcycle Mentorship Program at the Paradise Point Officers’ Club, March 12. The focus group was the beginning of an initiative taken by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the Department of Defense to build the community of motorcycle riders and help bring resources to increase safety within the community. The discussion was broken down into two parts. The first group was made up of 22 Motorcycle Mentorship presidents from various units, and the second group was made up of some of the members of the program.

“The Marine Corps has a requirement for every unit to have a motorcycle program—we want the units to have the opportunity for riders to get together to talk about riding, different aspects



LCPL TAYLOR SMITH, USMC

Motorcycle Mentorship Program presidents from units across MCB Camp Lejeune, N.C., discuss potential changes and updates to the program during a focus group meeting on March 12.



LCPL GARRETT GILLESPIE, USMC

Capt Thomas Bengé prepares for his relay during the swimming finals of the 2020 Marine Corps Trials at Camp Pendleton, March 10. More than 200 wounded, ill or injured Marines, Sailors, veterans and international competitors participated in the adaptive sports event.

of riding and really anything from gear to different training opportunities,” said Dale Wisnieski, a traffic safety manager for Headquarters Marine Corps’ Safety Division. “A lot of people are limited on material that they can use. They may have a lot of experience riding, but may not have experience mentoring younger riders.”

The goal of the program is to provide the mentors with a product that will allow them to teach riders different exercises as well as instruct them on how to handle different scenarios and how to evaluate members during group rides. The program will give the riders material to mentor themselves and others and hopefully reduce motorcycle mishaps. According to Wisnieski, the purpose of the focus group was to fine-tune the program and tailor it to the individual units and participants.

“The talks today are great,” said Gunnery Sergeant Travis Howard, a signals intelligence chief with Expeditionary Operations Training Group, during the focus group meeting. “We are getting everyone together to determine what the way forward is going to look like and what needs to happen so that the mentors that are assigned to each unit have resources, a training program to go through, and an overall baseline, so they all share the same training.”

One of the biggest overall themes of the meeting was safety. According to Wisnieski, the way toward safer practices is for program mentors to talk to their mentees about riding, decision-making and looking out for obstacles. This pro-

gram will help pass the word on what products and services are available to help them become safer riders.

“The big thing is making sure other riders are safe—you see a lot of people doing dumb stuff,” said Lance Corporal Adam Nelson. “They don’t have anyone to teach them about what to do on and off the road, how to take care of their bikes and themselves. I don’t want to see any riders, whether I know them or not, go down.”

LCpl Taylor Smith, USMC



LCPL GARRETT GILLESPIE, USMC

LCpl Noah Terry practices shooting drills in preparation for the Marine Corps Trials at MCB Camp Pendleton, Calif., March 2.



Marine veteran Annika Hutsler crosses the finish line during the Marine Corps Trials track and field competition at MCB Camp Pendleton, Calif., March 5. The trials promote rehabilitation through adaptive sports participation and serve as the primary venue to select Marine participants for the DOD Warrior Games. (Photo by GySgt Nathan Cleary, USMC)

“Taking Care of Our Own”: Marine Corps Trials Promote Recovery, Competition for Warrior Games Spots

As the sun set over the rolling hills of Southern California, the 10th annual Marine Corps Trials—a qualifier for the Department of Defense Warrior Games—came to an end at Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton, Calif., March 11.

A total of 196 athletes representing two Wounded Warrior Battalions and six foreign countries participated in the weeklong competition. Organized into seven competing teams, participants represented Wounded Warrior Battalion-East, Wounded Warrior Battalion-West, Canada, France, Colombia, Georgia, Italy and the United Kingdom. Each team was made up of active-duty and veteran athletes.

A closing dinner brought together the athletes, coaches and staff and served as an opportunity for leaders and guests to share gratitude and praise and enjoy each other’s company.

“This event was not just about preparing for the DOD Warrior Games,” said Colonel Richard Pitchford, the commanding officer of Wounded Warrior Regiment. “It’s about the camaraderie, the spirit of competition and making lasting friendships while continuing to move forward in your journey.”

The trials began March 4 with three days of training and practices followed by a week of intense competition across 12 adaptive sports. An air of celebration filled the Pacific Views Events Center for the closing ceremony, in which all of

SSgt Sasha Savage competes in the rowing finals of the 2020 Marine Corps Trials at Camp Pendleton, March 9. The athletes who qualified during the trials will compete at the DOD Warrior Games in San Antonio, Texas, this September.

the participants were honored for their amazing achievements over the course of the competition.

Retired Marine Colonel Greg Boyle commanded the Wounded Warrior Regiment when it was established in 2007 and was the guest of honor at the closing ceremony.

“This is about taking care of our own, about allowing servicemembers to continue the fight, continue to have that objective out in front of them,” Boyle said. “The programs and resources in [adaptive sports] are critical in assisting our recovering servicemembers ... these Marine Corps Trials have come to mean a tremendous amount to our men and women as I’m sure it does to all of you.”

As the night drew to a close, the most anticipated award of the entire competition was announced: the ultimate champion.

The award was presented to Marine



LCPL GARRETT GILLESPIE, USMC

Corps veteran Staff Sergeant Robert Dominguez for best overall achievement across eight individual sports: the 50-meter freestyle swim, 10-meter prone air rifle shooting, 100-meter sprint, 1-minute rowing, powerlifting, shotput, cycling and archery.

Dominguez and all the athletes who qualified during the trials will compete

at the Department of Defense Warrior Games in San Antonio, Texas, Sept. 21-28.

The Marine Corps Trials promotes recovery and rehabilitation through adaptive sports participation and develops camaraderie among recovering servicemembers and veterans.

Sgt Warren Smith, USMC



Crazy Caption Contest

Winner



SGT MELISSA MARTENS, USMC

“Don’t hide them too well. You know the Gunny is going to have us out here policing these up later.”

Submitted by:
Ray Harris
Las Vegas, Nev.

This Month’s Photo



CPL AARON SMITH, USMC

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Toys for Tots, Good360 Join Forces To Support Families in Need Amidst COVID-19 Crisis

The coronavirus pandemic has shuttered countless businesses, forced families to remain isolated in their homes, and resulted in millions of parents becoming unemployed and in need of support. Toys for Tots, the nation's flagship children's Christmas-time charity, doesn't want to wait until the holiday season to provide support to those families in need. In order to provide immediate relief and assistance, Toys for Tots has partnered with Good360, the global leader in product philanthropy and purposeful giving, to distribute 2 million toys, games and books.

The Marine Corps Reserve Toys for Tots program collects and distributes an average of 18 million toys to 7 million less-fortunate children each year during the holiday season through a very active and robust distribution network in more than 800 local communities across all 50 states. However, outside of the holiday season, they don't have a distribution network in place because the Marines are busy training, deploying and answering our nation's military call. Toys for Tots does have a large inventory of new toys, games and books donated by generous partners, and normally this inventory would be distributed to children in need during the next holiday season.

"In these unprecedented times, we're deeply concerned about COVID-19 and its devastating impact on the lives of all Americans and want to offer assistance now," said Lieutenant General Jim Laster, USMC (Ret), President and CEO of the Marine Toys for Tots Foundation. "We are proud to partner with Good360 who answered the call to help get these toys into the hands of families in need as soon as possible."

Toys, books and games offer many benefits during this extraordinary time of need. They help to combat boredom, relieve anxiety, facilitate a return to normalcy and even contribute to the educational development of our nation's most precious resource—our children.

"Good360 is proud to join forces with Toys for Tots to bring some joy and support to families with children," said Matt Connelly, CEO of Good360. "We are seeing a dramatic rise in demand for a

wide variety of personal and household items, including toys. We are pleased to be able to leverage our vast nonprofit distribution network to provide a measure of relief to families weathering this crisis."

The ability of Toys for Tots and Good360 to assist families in need now, outside of the holiday season, is made possible by generous partners who donated the 2 million toys, including Hasbro, Lego, Disney, Funko, Five Below and Build-A-Bear. Toys for Tots and Good360 have complementary strengths, and this partnership will generate greater impact. For more information, visit www.toysfortots.org.

Toys for Tots



Know Your Rights: As COVID-19 Affects PCS Season, SCRA Protects Servicemembers

Active-duty servicemembers and members of the National Guard and reserves have stepped up to shoulder the demands of the COVID-19 pandemic. They should not be burdened with additional financial worries, and help is available, tailored to their needs, according

to a Department of Defense statement issued April 15.

The Servicemembers Civil Relief Act (SCRA), enacted in 2003, is a federal law designed to ease financial burdens on servicemembers during periods of military service.

All active-duty military members are covered by the act, including those in the Coast Guard, National Guard and reserves. Commissioned officers in the Public Health Service and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration are also covered. The act also provides certain benefits and protections to the families of those on active duty, Guard members and reservists not on active duty are not covered.

The act covers issues such as rental agreements, security deposits, prepaid rent, evictions, installment contracts, credit card interest rates, mortgage interest rates, mortgage foreclosures, civil judicial proceedings, automobile leases, life insurance, health insurance and income tax payments.

Under the SCRA, the attorney general is authorized to file a federal lawsuit against any person or entity that engages in a pattern or practice of violating this law.



Servicemembers and their families who signed lease agreements in anticipation of their next move and whose PCS orders are now on hold due to the DOD's COVID-19 stop movement order can access legal support to reduce their financial obligation thanks to the protections provided by the 2003 Servicemembers Civil Relief Act. (Photo by Devon Suits)

When a lawsuit is filed under the SCRA, the attorney general has the authority to seek monetary damages on behalf of individual servicemembers and has the authority to seek civil penalties as well as different types of remedies or reliefs.

Servicemembers and their families could become locked into untenable lease agreements due to a COVID-19 stop-movement order. For example, they might have entered a new lease agreement prior to a permanent change of station (PCS) move. If a stop-movement order cancels or delays their move, they may now be forced to pay two rents.

Additionally, SCRA allows individuals to break a lease when they go on active duty if the lease was entered prior to going onto active duty. Also, the act allows a servicemember to terminate a residential lease entered into while in the military if the member receives orders to move to a new assignment or to deploy for a period of at least 90 days.

A servicemember may seek protection from eviction of rented or leased property under SCRA. The servicemember or family member who has received notice of an eviction would need to submit a request to the court for protection under the SCRA. If the court finds that the servicemember's military duties have materially affected the family's ability to pay rent in a timely manner, the judge may order a stay or postponement of the eviction proceeding for up to three months or make any other just and reasonable order.

Military members may also terminate automobile leases in certain circumstances. Just as with residential leases, if a servicemember enters into an automobile lease before going on active duty, the member may request termination of the lease upon entering active duty. However, for this to apply, the active duty must be for at least 180 continuous days.

If a military obligation has affected a servicemember's ability to pay on financial obligations such as credit cards, loans, mortgages and so on, the servicemember can have the interest capped at 6 percent for the duration of the military obligation. However, the 6 percent cap applies only to loans entered into prior to active duty, not those signed later.

"Since COVID-19 has come to our shores, active-duty servicemembers and members of the National Guard and Reserve have shouldered new burdens as they work to protect our country," said Eric S. Dreiband, the assistant attorney general with the Civil Rights Division, U.S. Department of Justice. "We owe it to them to ensure that COVID-19 does not jeopardize their economic livelihood."

David Vergun



COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

Representatives from the Red Cross observe social distancing guidelines by chatting virtually. In response to the COVID-19 pandemic, the Red Cross launched interactive online workshops for members of the military community, focusing on managing stress and staying healthy.

American Red Cross Launches Virtual Resiliency Workshop For Servicemembers and Families

COVID-19 has brought a wave of new challenges to most communities, including members of the military and veterans. To address these new stressors, the American Red Cross is offering a solution by launching an interactive online workshop to help the military community manage pandemic-related stress and learn healthy coping methods.

Although the military community is accustomed to handling constant change and uncertainty, COVID-19 is adding a host of different stressors. Military families are dealing with delayed reunions and uncertain deployment schedules, and veterans are having to seek out broader support systems as they encounter difficulty accessing community resources and coping with many other unique issues.

"The Red Cross has always been there for the military community, but now we are focusing on more accessible skills-building and behavioral health outlets for this community because we know that people are nervous and their access to resources has changed due to COVID-19," said Melissa Porrey, a Red Cross mental

health senior associate and licensed professional counselor. "By using a virtual model, people all over the world can log in and connect in real time with a small group of people facing similar concerns."

Two mental health facilitators will run each virtual workshop, which are 60 to 90 minutes in length and will have no more than 12 participants. All servicemembers, veterans and their family members are welcome and encouraged to attend the sessions. To try and re-create

an in-person environment, each participant will be encouraged to join the discussion and share his or her experiences. Workshop topics include managing the stress of isolation, multitasking, working from home, supporting children, managing health, caring for family members and career interruptions. Other topics include defining stress and recognizing its impact; healthy communication during highly stressful times; learning relaxation exercises; setting goals for building wellness plans; getting healthy sleep and finding a positive perspective.

To sign up for a virtual workshop or learn more, call your local Red Cross chapter or visit www.redcross.org and enter your zip code.

American Red Cross



American Red Cross

Service to the Armed Forces



PO2 DOMINIQUE A. PINEIRO, USN

Gen Joseph F. Dunford Jr., USMC, then-Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Bonnie Carroll, president and founder of TAPS, spend time with children attending an Evening Parade at Marine Barracks Washington, D.C., May 24, 2019. The Parade was one of many events for the children as part of TAPS' Good Grief Camp.

TAPS Extends Virtual Services For Grieving Military Families, Expands Outreach to Include First Responders and Others

It's a time of uncertainty for our nation as we face the threat posed by the coronavirus pandemic, and for those who are already struggling with grief over the death of a loved one who served in the military, these troublesome times add more stress.

To provide ongoing support to those survivors during this national emergency, the Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors (TAPS) is extending its online capabilities, adding more opportunities for survivors to connect and receive support as needed.

"In a time when we are being asked to keep a physical distance between ourselves and others, including those who were our supporters, we may feel even more isolated in our grief," said TAPS founder and president Bonnie Carroll. "This is the time when we can lean on our TAPS family, and find strength with our peer mentors and in our online communities.



PO3 JOHN HIGHTOWER, USN

We can also reach out 24/7 to TAPS through the National Military Survivor Helpline at (800) 959-TAPS. We are a family, here for each other.”

The helpline will continue to be answered 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year, as it has been since 1994. The TAPS Casework Team has been fully mobilized to support survivors seeking immediate assistance with education benefits, emergency financial assistance and retroactive benefits.

The TAPS Institute for Hope and Healing is hosting a daily TAPS Talk at 2 p.m. ET so survivors can get real-time support virtually and helpful resources on topics like mindfulness and self care. TAPS Talks are archived for those who would like to watch them at an alternate time. The organization’s survivor e-newsletter is now distributed weekly, instead of monthly, to provide additional support, and it is expanding its social media engagement, offering online TAPS care group meetings. The staff Survivor Care Team and volunteer peer mentors remain vigilant in reaching out and making new connections with the newly bereaved in their communities and checking in with all surviving families in the TAPS support network.

With 26 years spent providing grief and trauma support to military families, TAPS has also become a leading voice in the civilian sector, said Carroll. In an effort to support all Americans who are affected by the isolation, fear and loss associated with the coronavirus pandemic, TAPS has launched new online resources not only for servicemembers and their families, but for civilians as well. Coping resources and information about grief are available for healthcare workers, first responders and civilians at <https://www.taps.org/covid/together>. They’ve also created “The TAPS Daily,” a compilation of military-related news and resources specific to the pandemic, available at <https://www.taps.org/covid/taps-daily>.

TAPS is the leading national organization providing compassionate care and survivor support services for the families of America’s fallen military heroes. Since 1994, TAPS has offered support to more than 90,000 survivors of fallen military members in the form of peer-based emotional support, grief and trauma resources, grief seminars and retreats for adults, Good Grief camps for children, casework assistance, connections to community-based care, online and in-person support groups and a 24/7 resource and information helpline for all who have been profoundly affected by a death of a military loved one. Services are provided free of charge. For more information about



SGT LISA R. STRICKLAND, USMC

Recognizing the need for increased educational resources for those military families who are “distance learning” due to the coronavirus, DOD has temporarily expanded its eligibility criteria for the Tutor.com for Military Families benefit.

what TAPS is doing during this unprecedented time, visit <https://www.taps.org/covid>.

TAPS

Online Tutoring Service Offers Expanded Eligibility For DOD, Family Members

Many military families faced additional stressors this spring as schools and libraries across the U.S. announced temporary closures. In an effort to assist those who transitioned to distance learning programs, the Department of Defense has temporarily expanded eligibility for the Tutor.com for U.S. Military Families benefit. All DOD servicemembers, civilian personnel and all dependent family members from kindergarten through college are now eligible to use Tutor.com for U.S. Military Families at no cost. The program, which is funded by the DOD, offers on-demand tutoring and homework assistance provided by live, expert tutors in more than 100 subjects.

To verify eligibility, create an account and begin a session, visit <https://military.tutor.com/home>.

Tutor.com

Yellow Ribbon Network Offers Free Financial Counseling, Resources for People Impacted By COVID-19

Yellow Ribbon Network (YRN), an online platform for veterans, active-duty military and their families in need of counseling to help with finances, housing, employment or education, is opening its expansive network to anyone in the U.S. impacted by the COVID-19 pandemic.

The network is completely free to use

and is designed to pair individuals in need of financial support with accredited financial counselors who provide unbiased and trustworthy advice. YRN’s counselors and members can privately and securely review finances, create budgets, establish goals, create action plans and help protect credit scores. Network members can also utilize YRN’s tools and resources to sustain financial success.



“Millions of Americans are facing financial uncertainty because of the COVID-19 pandemic, and Yellow Ribbon Network is in a unique position to provide assistance through its single-source platform,” said Christopher Fitzpatrick, deputy director of Yellow Ribbon Network. “We couldn’t be prouder to help hard-working Americans navigate this unprecedented time, while continuing to serve veterans and active military both now and into the future.”

YRN was launched in 2011 by 501(c) (3) nonprofit financial literacy organization VeteransPlus. Through the support of Alliant Foundation, MetLife Foundation and Prudential Foundation, among other donations and grants, YRN helps veterans, active military and their families connect with and receive assistance from numerous partner nonprofits and the American public.

For more information, visit www.yellowribbonnetwork.org/covid-19.

Yellow Ribbon Network



Marines Used Horses, Drums of Oil in Their Most Fantastic Fight

Editor's note: "Tales from Okinawa" is made up of stories written by Second Lieutenant Diggory Venn, a Marine Corps public relations officer; 2ndLt Milburn McCarty Jr., a Marine aviation correspondent; Sergeants Murray Lewis, Harold T. Boian, William Boniface, Joseph P. Donahue, George K. Voigt, Bill Dvorak, Peter B. Germano, Roy Fitzpatrick and Frank Acosta, and Privates First Class Scott Myers-Summers, Odell Griffith and Stanley R. Leppard, combat correspondents. The material was compiled by Sgt John Conner, Leatherneck staff correspondent.

Through the red, soupy swamps and the rice paddies came the Marines, not on foot or in tanks, but like Cossacks, booting their horses into the fray. Instead of swords they brandished flame throwers and charges of TNT. They rode through the northern reaches of the island in what historians may speak of as the Charge of Okinawa.

Mounted on native steeds commandeered from the countryside, the horsemen formed a highly mobile unit that in seven days pushed remnants of retreating Japanese 9 miles farther northward. They did it by flushing out caves and pillboxes with flame and dynamite. The horses made the work quicker and more terrifying to the pedestrian enemy.

It was spectacular and fun for the Marines—with one possible exception. One guy's horse enthusiastically took a 6-foot cliff in his stride. Down went the rider with an armful of explosives, his heart in his mouth. He came up unhurt, but that didn't stand much in the way of his getting back to the foot soldiers, post haste.

Nothing was too fantastic for ancient Okinawa, where the women do all the work and the dead have the best housing. It was a weird place to fight in, and the Japanese made it tough—tougher than Peleliu and nearly as nasty as Iwo Jima.

The ridiculous ease of the assault landing fooled no savvy Marine. Waiting for the first thunderbolt of stiff resistance



This illustration from the September 1945 issue of *Leatherneck* depicts Marines riding horses through the northern end of the island of Okinawa during the fierce battle.

to strike, the Marines marched north in comparatively easy going, singing:

"Oh, don't you worry, Mother, your son is safe out here.

"No Japanese on Okinawa, no sake, wine or beer.

"Your son can find no Japanese, so we're going back on ships.

"But don't you worry, Mother, we're going on another ..."

Which they were. When the northern

part of the island was secured the two Marine divisions, the 1st and then the 6th, turned south where the Army was meeting fanatical opposition along the Shuri line. Before the northern cleanup had ended, 3rd Corps artillery was being sent to aid the soldiers. The biggest artillery contest in the Japanese war was developing. As on Iwo, Japanese gunners had the advantage of high ground.

Marines paid heavily in blood for their



from Okinawa

succession of victories in the south. High ridges that lined the terrain often changed hands several times before the Americans could finally retain them. Machine guns and mortars concealed in caves and burial vaults cost Marine lives.

On Dakeshi Ridge near Shuri, a mortar position twice stopped a Marine infantry attack. Three tank destroyers came up and one was knocked out before the Japanese mortarmen could be spotted at the crest,

slipping shells into their tube at split-second intervals.

“Range 1,200 yards,” barked Sergeant Joseph Madajewski Jr., of Plymouth, Pa., a section leader.

The 105s dropped their first rounds squarely onto the mortar position, wiping out the crew. Before the smoke had cleared away, four more Japanese soldiers were racing out of a cave with another mortar. They set up their weapon and began firing.

“Same settings as the first time,” said Madajewski.

The 105s went into action again and with the same result. The second crew vanished into a spout of debris and a third raced out. They did it six times before the tank destroyers could retire and the infantry proceed with the attack.

“Irish George,” as they called First Lieutenant George E. Murphy of South Bend, Ind., died on bloody Sugar Loaf hill.

Marines pick their way through debris around Shuri Castle in 1945. The Castle had been the home of the Ryukyu kings hundreds of years before, and the Japanese fought valiantly to defend it.



The former Notre Dame football captain led his 6th Division platoon against the ridge, then was forced to withdraw as his men fell like flies. Some of those who were hit and couldn't get back themselves he carried in his arms, like a father.

It was after his second trip to the aid station that he sat down to rest a moment. A mortar shell struck within a few feet of him. Filled with its fragments, Irish George struggled to his feet, aimed his pistol over the hill and emptied it before he crumpled in death.

The citadel of Shuri, visited by Commodore Perry on his way to Japan in 1853, sat defiantly in the center of the Japanese line across the island. Shuri castle, where the Ryukyu kings once lived, was so stout that 725 direct hits from a U.S. battleship bounced off the walls like rubber balls.

Japanese soldiers fought with everything they had to defend it, and so did Marines to take it. Dusk was falling one battle-filled day when Marine amtracs rattled up to the American side of a Japanese-infested ridge before Shuri town. They were loaded with 400-pound barrels of oil. Marines of Captain Lawrence Hennessey's company hauled the drums up their side of the ridge in 16-man teams, punched holes in the sides and rolled them down the rocky incline. Descending in a roaring avalanche, the drums whirled a storm of black oil into caves and brush. After them the Marines hurled phosphorous grenades.

The whole bluff burst into flames, lighting the sky with a pinkish glow that silhouetted the town beyond. Japanese came running from cover, most of them obviously bewildered by what was hap-

pening. Some got away before the fiery juggernauts reached them. Others didn't, and the leathernecks could see them running and jumping down the hill like balls of flame, screeching to their ancestors.

In the holds of Okinawa-bound transports they built up Naha into a Pacific Paris. It rated more cross-hatching on the maps than had any other city yet faced with a Marine attack, and scuttlebutt was rampant. Naha was credited with streetcars. There were public baths where mixed bathing was the rule, and geisha girls and saki joints were to be found everywhere.

A lot of this was forgotten during the fighting until a patrol skirted a group of tombs and paused on a razorback ridge overlooking the city. It sprawled below, filling the river valley and spreading up the ridges to the south. Instead of a Paris,

Below: Tanks and infantrymen of 6thMarDiv enter Naha, the capital of the Okinawan prefecture.



the western approach to Shuri castle and the eastern flank of Naha. In the toe-to-toe struggle for control, a 50-man platoon was committed to the fight one afternoon with orders to hold its section of the ridge at all costs. During the night the Japanese pushed to the crest and rolled grenades down an American-held slope into Marine foxholes.

By dawn, 46 Marines of the platoon had been killed or wounded. The remaining four huddled in a single foxhole, listening

Descending in a roaring avalanche, the drums whirled a storm of black oil into caves and brush. After them the Marines hurled phosphorous grenades.

to the moans of the injured and not knowing whether they were friend or enemy. Then the Japanese dropped a white phosphorous shell into the holdout foxhole and three were burned to death.

PFC Ori B. Clark of Houston, Texas, crawled down to an aid station.

"I'm the only one left," he reported.

Nonessential Japanese truck driving

on Okinawa, all unnecessary sleeping at night by Japanese soldiers, and other enemy activities of negligible importance were closely policed after dark by the 2nd Marine Air Wing's "Red Devil" squadron. The Devils called their puckish nightly missions "insomnia attacks." Unlike the regular troop-supporting flights, they ignored obvious targets and only loosed their 100-pound bombs when some nerve-wracked Japanese had the impudence to protest their interruption with ack-ack.

The Japanese had to take anything Marine aviators chose to dish out for their air force was scraping the bottom of the barrel it rolled out nearly four years before at Pearl Harbor. They were short of planes and men who could fly them. Their dive bombers came over without rear gunners at times. Suicide pilots frantically aimed at anything. A Kamikaze bomber, bearing five Japanese dressed in their ceremonial burial robes, vented the fury of the emperor on an unoccupied tractor.

It was the seventh day of assault on Sugar Loaf. Three times the Marines had fallen back from the top—twice when the tanks moved rearward at nightfall, and the third time so that artillery could pound the hill's crest. Now the 29th Regiment was slogging upward again. Supporting tanks were having a hard time finding an opening when First Lieutenant Donald

it turned out to be an untidy collection of red-tiled houses with no life in them.

Hidden beneath the carcass of the city were little strongpoints of Japanese that the first patrol couldn't see. The 6th Division infantry penetration that followed cost one Marine for one Japanese.

The crossing of the Asato River was made by the 1st and 3rd Bns of the 4th Marines in the face of heavy machine-gun and artillery fire. Leathernecks leaped the 4-foot river embankment by twos and threes and waded over the mucky bottom in water that boiled with enemy fire. A lot of them didn't make it.

As the survivors moved through the city, wiping out snipers and machine-gun nests, the only civilians they saw were the stinking corpses of Naha.

Whoever held Sugar Loaf hill controlled



USMC

Above: Riflemen draw sights on a Japanese hillside position as a flame-throwing tank shoots a tongue of fire at the enemy on May 11, 1945.

Left: A Marine from a 6thMarDiv flame thrower team blasts a Japanese cave.



USMC



COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES

The riflemen of the 305th Regiment, 77th Division, fire at a cave dug in an escarpment southwest of Yuza, Okinawa, while a radio operator relays progress of the duel to his command post, June 20, 1945.

Pinnow of Oswego, Ill., a tank platoon leader, forced his way around one end of the ridge. He gasped at what he found. The other side was honeycombed with caves that no Marine artillery fire could reach. To the other tanks the lieutenant yelled, over the radio:

“Come on around. It’s a field day.”

The tanks chased around that area for hours, firing 75s into cave openings and machine-gunning the Japanese as they came out. Flame throwers jumped in and soon the Shermans were cutting down running, flaming Japanese.

Later, as the tanks passed the infantry, Marines stood up in their foxholes, grins on their faces, clasped hands overhead. Sugar Loaf was secured.

As the last organized Japanese defense line on the island was cracking, death struck down Lieutenant General Simon Bolivar Buckner Jr., commander of the Tenth Army. He was killed by a Japanese shell burst while he sat among his staff officers overlooking the battlefield on the 6th Division front.

The 8th Marines of the 2nd Division had come into the lines for the first time during the night and were spearheading

a successful pre-dawn attack when two Japanese shells came screaming in. The first one struck a rock near where GEN Buckner was sitting, injuring him fatally in the chest.

Command of the Tenth Army passed briefly to Lieutenant General Roy S. Geiger before Gen Geiger was named commanding general of Fleet Marine

“Come on around. It’s a field day.” The tanks chased around that area for hours, firing 75s into cave openings and machine-gunning the Japanese as they came out.

Force, Pacific, succeeding LtGen Holland M. Smith. LtGen Geiger had been commanding the Marine 3rd Amphibious Corps in the operation.

The Japanese resorted to carrier pigeons for communications after ordinary methods had taken a terrific pounding

from American guns. When a Marine artillery observer saw pigeons issuing from a house, he alerted his FDC.

The battalion had been busy knocking out blockhouses.

“And how thick are the walls?” asked Lieutenant Colonel Robert C. Hiatt of Indianapolis, in the FDC.

“Whose walls?”

“The Pigeon’s,” the colonel said. “What’s that code-name for, by the way?”

“It’s the code-name for nothing, Sir,” the observer answered. “I’m referring to pigeons, homing birds, white. They’re carrying messages to the Japanese down south.”

“I see,” said the colonel. “Military installation, communications, pigeonry in valley. I’ll put the boys on it, but I don’t know what they’ll think.”

The observer heard the guns behind him roar. The little house disappeared into rubble and smoke.

“How was the shooting?” asked the colonel.

“Right on the button, Sir. Part of the target landed a few yards away from me and I’m having it for noon chow. Want me to save you a wing?” 🐦

DRIVE ON NAHA

Marines Knifed Through Shell-Battered Terrain Into Damaged Okinawan Capital



Smoke from a satchel charge blast spirals up from a cave as Marines wait to pick off the Japanese during the last major battle in the Pacific in World War II. (*Leatherneck* file photo)

Marines who drove on Naha, capital city of Okinawa, were forced to slug their way through typical Japanese barriers manned by fanatical defenders plus mud and rubble that mired trucks and slowed tanks. Then, too, there was the 150-foot-wide Asato River on the city's outskirts as a final obstacle to be hurdled. Two bridges were thrown up and the Marines fought their way into the city's suburban section. They found Naha a ruined city—battered and broken by American artillery and air bombardment. The city's defenders fought with savage fury to stay the advance, but without success.

Okinawa battle lagged during opening stages, but it reached a violent pitch as forces bore down on the capital, Naha.



Marines battle the determined Japanese 48 hours before this position was captured. (Leatherneck file photo)



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Armed with automatic weapons and rifles, Marines advance along the ridge on the outskirts of the capital city of Naha on the island of Okinawa.



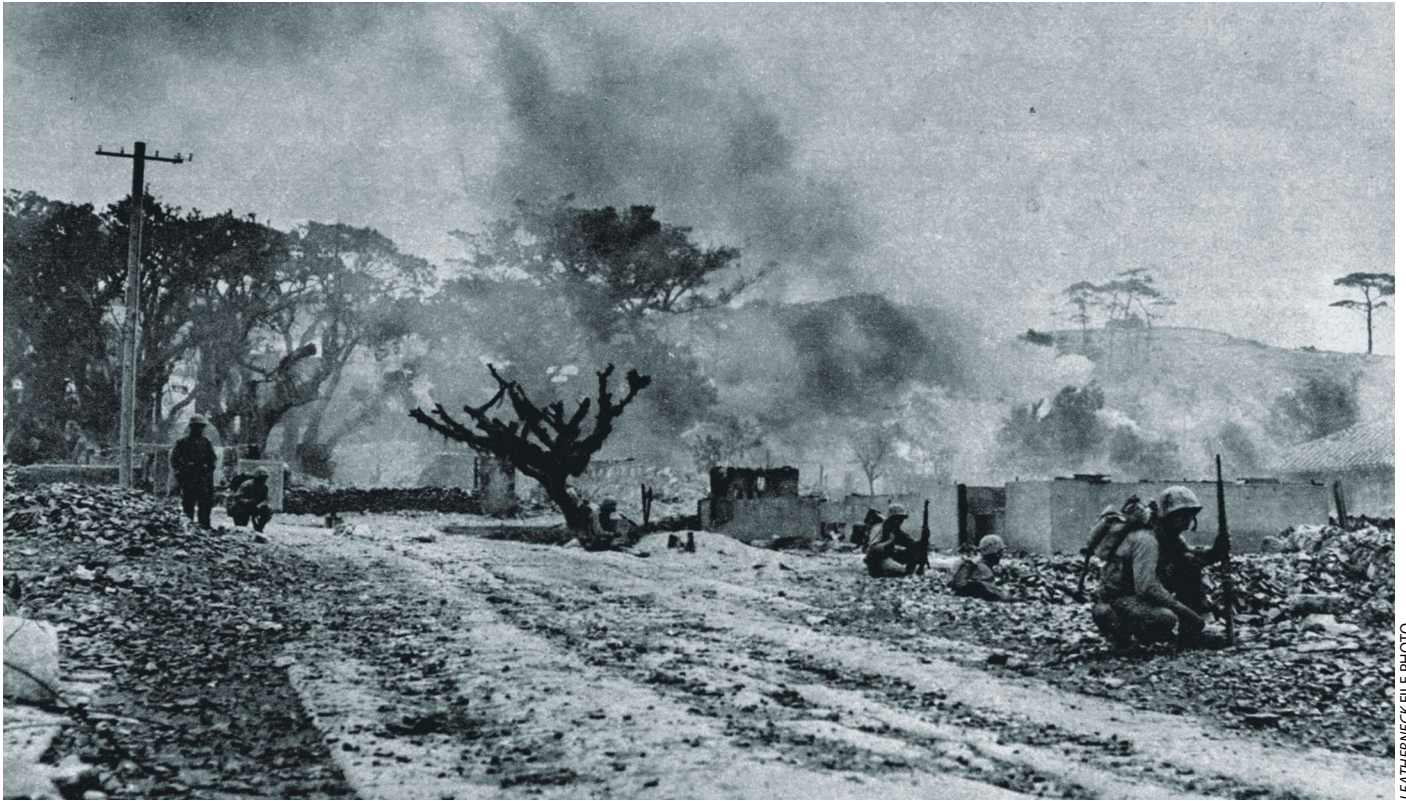
LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Charging across Death Valley during the battle for Okinawa. The southernmost of the Japanese prefectures, the capture of Okinawa was crucial for American plans to invade mainland Japan.



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

White phosphorous shells pave the way for the big attack on Naha, Okinawa.



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Marine infantrymen move into position along a rubble-strewn road as a tank in the background stands by in support.



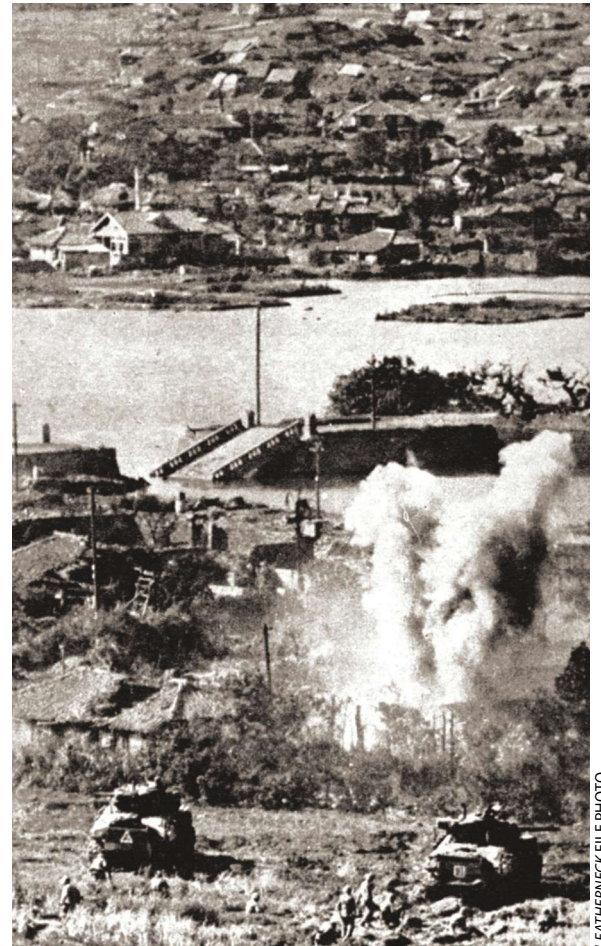
LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Marine tanks on patrol move into the outskirts of Naha on the southern end of the island.



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Few buildings remained standing amid the wreckage. It's estimated that 90 percent of all the buildings on the island were damaged or destroyed.



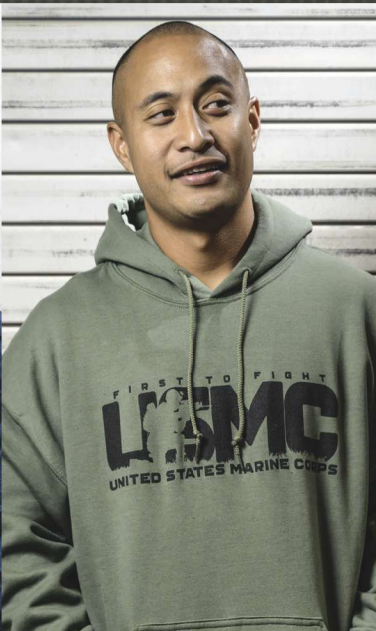
LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Marines storm Naha behind the tank spearhead. The ferocity of the battle was especially hard on the civilian populace—tens of thousands were killed or went missing during the 82-day battle. 🇺🇸

ONCE A MARINE, ALWAYS A MARINE STAY CONNECTED THROUGH YOUR PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATION



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Reporting from the Battlefield

War Correspondent Ernie Pyle Told the Stories Of the Men on the Front Lines

By Cpl Kyle Daly, USMC

The small plot of land on Ie Shima, Japan, seems out of place.

Jutting up against a sidewalk and a two-lane highway, the plot of green grass pushes into active farmland. It's bordered on three sides by a 3-foot stone wall. Crops grow on two sides. A house, inhabited by a local man and woman, is on the third.

In the center of the plot is a monument, a four-sided obelisk-looking structure with a flat top. Painted white. Standing tall. It bears a plaque that reads the following: "At this spot the 77th Infantry Division lost a buddy Ernie Pyle / 18 April 1945."

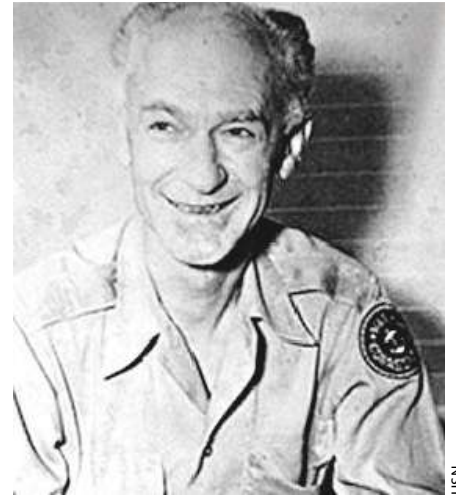
The monument marks the place where famed war correspondent Ernie Pyle died in the final days of World War II. During the last major battle of the war—a campaign to capture the island of Okinawa—Pyle, a 44-year-old columnist whose dispatches appeared in scores of newspapers

and reached millions of readers, was struck in the temple by a Japanese machine-gunner's bullet. The monument honors a man born in a small Indiana town, yet resides on foreign soil. The plot is located on Ie Shima, a Japanese island northwest of Okinawa.

As remembrances and memorials take place around the country this year as part of the 75th anniversary of the Second World War's end, it is impossible to overlook the contribution Pyle made in documenting the struggles of American men and women serving in the war's two theaters.

"You cannot tell the story of World War II without quoting Pyle in some degree," said Owen V. Johnson, associate professor emeritus of journalism at Indiana University.

Pyle, who has been called "the chroni-



Ernie Pyle

cler of America's G.I. Joes," was one of many journalists who covered the war, yet he rose to a level of fame that no other newspaper writer saw during that time. In his simple, first-person accounts of the war, Pyle strayed away from the bigger picture coverage of military strategy, and



Navy CAPT Richard Weathers and 1stLt Ryan Ackland salute a memorial to Ernie Pyle on Ie Shima, April 14, 2013, during a ceremony to honor Pyle's service as a war correspondent during WW II. He was killed on April 18, 1945, just months before the war ended.

focused instead on describing the hardships endured by the individual soldiers, Sailors and Marines.

Because of his wartime columns, he won the Pulitzer Prize in 1944.

His death, less than a week after President Franklin Roosevelt's passing, made headlines around the country. The new president, Harry Truman, was quoted as saying, "No man in this war has so well told the story of the American fighting man as American fighting men wanted it told."

Pyle's legacy has lived on long after his death. In the journalism world, he has perhaps set the gold standard for embedded journalists. When NBC news correspondent David Bloom died covering the Iraq war in 2003, broadcast journalist Tom Brokaw said, "David was ... the Ernie Pyle of his generation."

At the dawn of the millennium, when American journalists again went to war in Afghanistan and then Iraq, Pyle's name kept appearing in print. Criticizing the censorship and restrictions the Pentagon was placing on embedded journalists, a Tribune Media Services columnist wrote in 2003 that a Pyle-like correspondent was needed in Iraq.

"Pyle's readers got an overwhelming sense of the pure hell of war even as they learned of the nobility of those who waged it," the columnist wrote.

Today, Pyle's legacy only seems to be growing. New documentaries and new books have either been produced or are in the works.

Two years ago, a resolution passed in Congress designating Aug. 3, 2018, as National Ernie Pyle Day. Aug. 3 was Pyle's birthday. Each year, the National Society of Newspaper Columnists observes April 18—the date of Pyle's death—as National Columnists' Day.

The answer to why we continue to remember a scrawny man who went to war with a pen, paper and typewriter cannot be found on the plot of land where Pyle took his last breath. On the grassy plot on Ie Shima, there is only the white monument, which bears the figure of the Statue of Liberty, a symbol of the Army division he was embedded with. The monument is placed atop a tiny hill and has stairs leading up to it. Four large bushes act as the corners of an invisible square around the monument, and a large tree occupies the back of the plot.

The man and woman who live in the house nearby do not speak English, but when a *Leatherneck* reporter said the name "Ernie Pyle" to the man, an acknowledgment was made of the memorial nearby. He repeated the name back: "Pyle."

Ie Shima resident Yukiko Ampo, a staff



COURTESY OF NAVAL HISTORY AND HERITAGE COMMAND

Above: This temporary memorial was erected for war correspondent Ernie Pyle after he was killed on Ie Shima on April 18, 1945. The Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist was famous for telling the stories of the American servicemembers fighting on the ground in Europe and throughout the islands of the Pacific.



COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Pyle lived and ate with the men he was reporting about, as shown in this 1945 photo. Left to right: PhM2 Edward P. Krapse, Lt Arlington Bensel Jr., Ernie Pyle and Cpl Edward M. Wrenne.

member at a local museum on the island, said residents are aware of Pyle.

“We know the story of him,” she said in broken English. Ampo later added that residents feel “sympathy” for Pyle because he struggled during the battle—something the islanders can relate to.

James Tobin, author of the 1997 biography “Ernie Pyle’s War,” had a simple answer to why Americans are still discussing Pyle.

“I think that it was just that he was such a great writer,” Tobin said. “We can read his columns today, and we can see the war through his eyes.”

The answer, then, resides on the written page. Thousands upon thousands of both published and unpublished words were written by Pyle in columns and letters. It is in his pen strokes and the keys that he struck on the typewriter that the significance of Pyle is realized. To understand and appreciate the man—the complex figure that he was—one only needs to read his words.

“He Had Worked His Spell on Me”

“I took a walk along the historic coast of Normandy in the country of France,” Pyle wrote in a column dated June 16, 1944. The dateline: Normandy Beachhead.

So begins one of Pyle’s most famous columns, written in the aftermath of D-Day, when Allied troops invaded France and turned the tide of the war.

“It was a lovely day for strolling along the seashore. Men were sleeping on the sand, some of them sleeping forever. Men were floating in the water, but they didn’t know they were in the water, for they were dead.”

Pyle was a columnist with Scripps-Howard, a major newspaper chain. Being a columnist allowed Pyle to write from an observational standpoint—something that separated him from the daily reporter, according to Tobin.

During the war, his work appeared in Scripps-Howard papers and others. By April 1943, his words were being printed in 122 newspapers around the country,

reaching a readership of almost 9 million, according to Tobin’s biography. Pyle also wrote a guest column for *Stars and Stripes*, an Army newspaper read by the troops.

Tobin, a professor of journalism at Miami University in Ohio, said he first began consuming Pyle’s columns as part of a doctoral dissertation. In a section of the dissertation, he wanted to do research on war correspondents in World War II and their interpretation of the war effort.

Tobin knew of Pyle’s reputation, so he picked up a copy of “Here Is Your War,” a book published during the war that compiled the journalist’s columns from the North Africa campaign.

Tobin remembers not being impressed in his initial readings of Pyle’s work.

“At first, I was like ‘what is this, why is this guy considered so great?’ because the style was so simple and descriptive,” he said.

Tobin was turned off.

“I just kept reading. And all of a sudden I—I don’t know if it was all of a sudden or not—but by the time I finished that book, I got it. He had worked his spell on me.”

Pyle was critical of his own writing, according to Tobin’s biography. But during the war, the journalist would time and again work his spell on readers with his descriptive, first-person accounts of life among the troops.

Owen Johnson, who has collected 1,300 letters written by Pyle and who published a 2015 book that compiled Pyle’s writings about Indiana, said the journalist had an ability to recreate conversations and pay attention to the surrounding environment.

“I used to tell my students that it seems to me that Pyle almost had a video camera in his head, and he could see the story, not just the words, but he could describe a scene,” Johnson said.

In his post-D-Day column, Pyle wrote: “On the beach itself, high and dry, were all kinds of wrecked vehicles. There were tanks that had only just made the beach before being knocked out. There were jeeps that had been burned to a dully gray. There were big derricks on caterpillar treads that didn’t quite make it. There were half-tracks carrying office equipment that had been made into a shambles by a single shell hit, their interiors still holding their useless equipage of smashed typewriters, telephones, office files.”

Pyle’s personality and reporting style largely contributed to the way he both found and crafted his stories.

Tobin compared Pyle to “an ethnographer,” and described his reporting as “non-threatening.”

His most well-known column, about soldiers paying their respects to a beloved Army captain killed in Italy, exemplifies



COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Ernie Pyle visits with Marines aboard USS *Charles Carroll* (APA-28) while en route to Okinawa on March 20, 1945. Pyle’s manner drew servicemen to him and they knew he would tell their stories honestly and correctly.



COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Above: Ernie Pyle is transferred by breeches buoy from USS Cabot (CLV-28) to USS Moale (DD-693) on Feb. 23, 1945.



COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Ernest T. "Ernie" Pyle, Scripps-Howard newspaper correspondent, works on an article while visiting the Anzio Beachhead in Italy on March 18, 1944. Pyle reported from both the European and Pacific theaters throughout WW II.

Pyle's observational skills. The column focuses on the body of Captain Henry T. Waskow of Belton, Texas.

Pyle observed the reactions of enlisted men who saw their dead captain.

"They stood around, and gradually one by one I could sense them moving close to Capt. Waskow's body," Pyle wrote. "Not so much to look, I think, as to say something in finality to him, and to themselves. I stood close by and I could hear.

"One soldier came and looked down, and he said out loud, 'God damn it.' That's all he said, and then he walked away. Another one came. He said, 'God damn it to hell anyway.' He looked down for a few last moments, and then he turned and left."

Pyle wasn't that "dashing, gung-ho" war correspondent caricature people see in film and TV—a person who parachutes into a scene and stays for only a couple hours, Tobin said. Pyle lived among the troops, enduring the same hardships they endured, and often got to know men over the course of a few days.

"He really had the kind of personal qualities that made it easy for people to talk to him, to relate to him," Tobin said. "He was anything but an arrogant guy.



COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Columnist Ernie Pyle rests on the roadside with a Marine patrol on April 8, 1945, during the Battle of Okinawa. Pyle's keen observational skills were evident in all of his columns and earned him the respect of the servicemen he covered.

He certainly had self-confidence, but the way he came off was this very humble, plainspoken guy-next-door kind of figure. And he made people feel comfortable.”

His age, early 40s, which surpassed both the officers and enlisted personnel he came across, might have also contributed to this comfort, Tobin added. The men viewed him as “this uncle figure.”

Pyle's style—the way he wrote and the way he reported—wasn't developed during the war. The journalist, who was born and raised in the Midwest, had been a traveling columnist for many years prior.

“He Dreamed of Travel”

Ernest Taylor Pyle was born and raised in Dana, Ind., a small town about 100 miles west of Indianapolis near the Illinois border. Pyle, an only child, described himself as a “farm boy,” according to Tobin's biography. His parents, Will and Maria Pyle, maintained a farm, and the young Ernest reluctantly contributed to the necessary farm work.

The young boy read books and news-

papers, dreamed of competing in the Indianapolis 500, and was drawn to the world beyond Dana, according to Tobin's book.

In October 1918, Pyle enlisted in the Naval Reserve, but missed the fight of World War I when action ended with an armistice a month later. The teenager enrolled at Indiana University in fall 1919. He eventually studied journalism and became a staff member of the *Indiana Daily Student*.

According to Lee G. Miller's 1950 biography of Pyle, the college student at first had no desire to make journalism a career.

“When he dreamed of the future he dreamed of travel—not as a reporter but as an adventurer, working his way on ships,” Miller wrote.

Such adventures started during his time as a college student. Still in the Naval Reserve, he spent three weeks in the summer of 1921 touring the Great Lakes on a training ship. According to Tobin's book, he also got permission with other students

to join the university's baseball team on a trip to Japan. However, a paperwork problem prevented them from getting off with the team, forcing Pyle and other boys to travel to China and the Philippines.

Pyle joined the workforce one semester short of receiving his degree when he took a job at the *Herald*, a daily newspaper in LaPorte, Ind., located not far from the southeastern shore of Lake Michigan. Four months later, he got a job at a Scripps-Howard paper, the *Washington Daily News* in Washington, D.C., making \$30 a week.

At a Halloween party in 1923, he met his future wife, the petite Geraldine Siebolds, known as Jerry. They married two years later. After years working as a copy editor, Pyle broke into the world of column writing in March 1928, when he convinced the managing editor, Lee Miller, his eventual biographer, to let him write a column about aviation. What began as a side gig eventually became a full-time job as Pyle's column gained popularity with the aviation community.

The desire to travel and find adventure

Ernie Pyle, fourth from left, is on the trail with a group of Marines on April 8, 1945. Pyle's willingness to accompany Marines and soldiers on the front lines made him a favorite among the men he was covering as well as his readers back home in the States.



COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES

never left Pyle, even after he agreed to take the job of managing editor at the *Daily News*. According to Tobin, he specifically wanted to write a “roving reporter column.”

After writing an 11-article series about a cross-country vacation he took with his wife, Pyle was able to convince his supervisors to release him to the open road. He and his wife experienced America during the Great Depression in their Dodge convertible coup. He also visited Hawaii and countries in Central and South America. The two made a home for themselves in Albuquerque, N.M. All the while, Pyle wrote a column, developing the voice that readers would come to love and know.

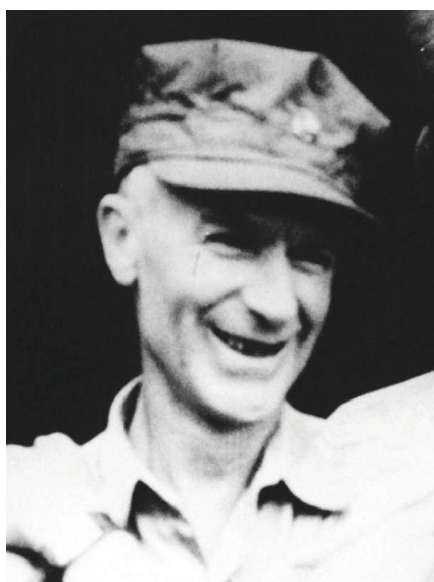
“And in the process he created ‘Ernie Pyle,’” Tobin wrote.

As Hitler’s German forces began their advance across Europe, Pyle paid attention.

“The pull of the world beyond his personal sphere had once again proven irresistible,” Tobin wrote.

Pyle arrived in England in December 1940 and produced dispatches of the German attacks on London. In November 1942, Pyle went to Algeria where U.S. forces had landed just days prior. During this time, Pyle’s star rose.

A Hollywood movie, “The Story of G.I. Joe,” was produced based on Pyle’s



USM

Ernie Pyle, on board a Navy warship, shortly before his death in 1945.

columns. Pyle was also called to the White House to meet with First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt, who, in the first moments of their meeting, said, “I wish you would do for the boys in the South Pacific what you’ve done for those in Africa.”

Pyle eventually made his way to Italy and in the summer of 1944, was back in

England before getting the opportunity to cover D-Day. He was there for the liberation of Paris before heading back to the U.S.

Despite his mental and physical exhaustion, Pyle would eventually fulfill the wish of Eleanor Roosevelt. In an interview with *Leatherneck*, Tobin conjectured that Pyle’s decision to go to the Pacific—one he did not have to make—was on par with President Roosevelt’s decision to run for president for a third and fourth term, even when the President’s health was in decline.

“That was his patriotic duty,” Tobin said of Roosevelt. “And I think Ernie felt the same way.”

“Those Were His Last Words”

On a Sunday morning in early March 2020, at the offices of the local American Legion post in Okinawa, Post commander Mike Chin placed an old newspaper page on a long wooden table.

“We had it preserved,” Chin said.

The page, yellowed by the passing years, was protected by a clear, plastic sheet. It is an original print of *The Pittsburgh Press*—a large frontpage loaded with text and a single picture: that of a drawn portrait of Ernie Pyle.

The headline was blazoned in bold,

black letters: “ERNIE PYLE DIES IN ACTION.”

“1945,” Chin said, reading the date on the newspaper. “April 18.”

Chin, who only recently became the commander of the American Legion Post 28, admitted he was still learning about Pyle since assuming his new role. He was even uncertain about the origins of the *Pittsburgh Press* frontpage.

Each April, the American Legion holds a ceremony at the memorial on Ie Shima to honor and remember Pyle. That Sunday, Chin was still working out the logistics of the 75th anniversary—an event he hoped to hold on the actual date of Ernie’s death: April 18.

Former Post commander Leslie Ernst, who’s attended ceremonies in years past, said the memorial is maintained by a detachment of Marines on Ie Shima. The annual ceremonies have been attended by the Ie Shima mayor, active military personnel, Boy Scout troops and members of the American Legion, he said. A guest speaker gives a brief history of Pyle.

Ie Shima is approximately 10 square

miles with a population today of about 4,500 people. A large rock structure, known as Mount Gusuku, rises almost 600 feet above sea level near the island’s center.

According to Miller’s biography on Pyle, the journalist went ashore on Ie Shima on April 17, where the 77th had already assaulted the island.

“During the afternoon he talked to many people, doughs and officers,” Miller wrote. “He was in his element—the infantry.”

That night, he slept in a Japanese dug-out, and the next morning, he got in a jeep with Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Coolidge, commanding officer of the 305th Regiment of the 77th Infantry Division, as well as another officer, Major George Pratt, a radio operator and a driver, according to Miller. Just outside the island’s village, at a road juncture, a Nambu machine gun opened fire on the jeep.

The driver stopped the vehicle and all five men sought shelter in roadside ditches, Miller wrote.

Pyle and Coolidge popped their heads up to check on the well-being of the others.

When he saw Maj Pratt, he asked, “Are you all right?”

“Those were his last words,” Miller wrote. Machine-gun fire again rang out.

In early 2008, a never-before-published photo taken by Army photographer Alexander Roberts emerged. It shows Pyle lying on the ground. He wears boots, a helmet and a soldier’s clothing. Even in black-and-white, the photo’s most striking feature is apparent: a trickle of blood coming from the side of Pyle’s mouth.

The draft of a column would later be found among Pyle’s personal belongings. The first sentence—referring to the war in Europe—eerily captured the loss felt by the world.

It read: “And so it is over.”

Author’s bio: *Cpl Daly is a Southern California native who joined the Marine Corps after working as an editor and reporter for various publications, including the Pacific Daily News in Guam. In 2019, he won the Marine Corps Heritage Foundation’s Tom Bartlett Award for Outstanding Writing.*



COURTESY OF NAVAL HISTORY AND HERITAGE COMMAND

Pyle was killed by enemy sniper fire April 18, 1945, on Ie Shima, Bonin Islands.

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SEA STORY OF THE MONTH

Party Conversation Had My Wife Nervous

My great-niece called to see if I would be amenable to leaving our home in western North Carolina to visit Rochester, N.Y., for the occasion of my second eldest brother's 50th wedding anniversary. My wife and I agreed.

On arrival we attended a splendid dinner party at a very posh lakeside restaurant. Our presence was duly noted and appreciated. We then repaired to my eldest brother's home for a reception. This brother was a teacher and many of the guests were his fellow teachers. It was a world of New York liberalism that I had descended into. I think my brother had forewarned his teacher friends that I was somewhere to the right of Attila the Hun.

My wife and I were standing at the buffet table when we were approached by a small balding man with rimless granny glasses and a pencil thin mustache. "Donald," he said, "I understand you were a career military man." I replied, "Yes, Sir. I spent 31 glorious years in the U.S. Marine Corps." Looking up at me he said, "How did you ever stand it?" It was then that I felt my wife's fingernails dig deeply into my bicep for fear of what was coming next. I calmly replied, "Oh no, it was a great life. We had great leaders, good food, neat uniforms, the very best training, the best equipment, and camaraderie of the first order, and every day was different doing new and exciting things." Then I said, "Oh, there's that other thing." "What is that?" my

antagonist inquired. "We get to kill people!" Like a wisp of smoke, he disappeared.

Donald C. Lanson
Franklin, N.C.

Duke or Dud

On two separate occasions during 1966 I ended up in the naval hospital that was located at China Beach near Da Nang with fever of unidentified origin (FUO). The ward was in a Quonset hut in which the corpsmen cared for malaria and FUO patients plus others with mysterious tropical diseases. The hospital wasn't quite as glamorous as the one in the 1980s TV series "China Beach."

Laying around while trying to heal up was no fun and totally boring, and the majority of us just wanted to get back to our units, which wasn't going to happen until we got a clean bill of health.

One day a corpsman announced that "The Duke," John Wayne, was coming to the hospital and would be visiting the wards. Of course, the natural reaction was for everyone to get all hyped up with stories of his prowess as an actor and he being just an all-around good guy. We must have gone on for an hour or so waiting with anticipation to see this legend. There was no greater person than "The Duke" himself.

We finally heard a chopper arriving and the duty corpsman informed us that it was John Wayne and that he had started to tour the wards. It seemed like hours, but it was probably no longer than 30 minutes when we heard a chopper departing the area. Shortly after, we were informed that he had a schedule to keep and had to leave without visiting all the wards. At that moment John Wayne went

from being "The Duke," to the "The Dud." We were all visibly disappointed and grumbled about it for the rest of the day. From what we were told, "The Duke" did get to visit some of the wards with the WIAs [wounded in action] so that made us all feel better and it also improved his standing. By the next day, all was forgiven and John Wayne was "The Duke" again.

Capt Dan Macsray
USMC (Ret)
Trent Woods, N.C.

Singing with the Shirelles

In the spring of 1962, I arrived at Camp Geiger, N.C., for training. One dark damp morning as I was doing push-ups on the company street with grit grinding into my palms as I tried to keep my utilities halfway clean, I heard that classic opening phrase of the

Remembering
the warning,
"never volunteer,"
I, of course,
raised my hand
and she pointed to
me saying,
"How about you
come up on stage?"

song, "Soldier Boy" by the Shirelles, coming from the jukebox inside the laundromat. The song swayed on with that slow "Oh my little soldier boy" lyric and how she will be true to you, and I knew that it was forever branded into my brain along with that time and place.

Over the years, every time I played it, that wet, gritty, dark North Carolina morning came back to me doing push-ups to Shirley Owens and the group singing their second No. 1 record, a last-minute addition to their recording session that day.

In 2002, one of the R&R revival shows featuring the Shirelles came to Albany, N.Y. I took my wife and oldest daughter to the concert, getting great seats down front. When they sang "Soldier Boy," Owens asked for veterans to stand and then asked for a volunteer. Remembering the warning, "never volunteer," I, of course, raised my hand and she pointed to me saying, "How about you come up on stage?" As my wife and daughter sunk down in their seats, I said, "Sure." I walked past the backup singers and up to her mike and said, "I just have to make one clarification in that I was a Marine," and I told the audience about hearing the song years before. She then said, "Well, how about you singing it with us then." Signaling the band, we all started into that distinctive drawn-out first phrase of "Soldier Boy" and it all came back to me.

What a consummate performer she was. She actually fed me the lines in between each phrase in case I had forgotten the words and at the break whispered, "OK, can you do a kick step because we all link arms here?" and we pulled the backup singers into the chorus line kick.

At the end of the song she asked for a round of applause for me and all the veterans. When I got back to my seat, my wife and daughter were extremely relieved.

After all those years I had just gotten a chance to do something that I would never have dreamed possible. Meeting one of the singers who I had admired for years and singing this song that had been a special part of my first months in the Corps. Now I have two special memories of “Soldier Boy” when I hear it.

Sgt Ken Scallon
Nassau, N.Y.

Lessons Learned

I was on a 30-day leave in Kirkwood, Mo., at the home of A.J. Kelsey, a Marine buddy from 3rd Marine Division, when we decided to go to East St. Louis to visit his brother who worked at a gas station. While he visited his brother, I spotted a nearby tavern, which I entered for a few beers.

As I was enjoying those beers, a civilian sat down next to me, displayed a switchblade and started speaking gibberish. I tried to ignore him, but he insisted I look it over. He handed the knife to me, so I took it, opened the one blade and busted it off because he was acting crazy and I figured to be the first on his list to be stabbed with it. He took his now useless knife and started ranting and raving and pitching a fit as he rejoined three friends at the other end of the bar.

Meanwhile I began looking for the head to get rid of some beer that I had consumed. While I was in the head, the female bartender and broken blade knife guy, who was a friend of hers, began plotting revenge on me. I returned to the bar and proceeded to finish my beer when suddenly I was blotto. They must have doctored up my beer. No problem. There were three nice guys standing nearby ready to assist me. They grabbed me and dragged me out of the tavern toward the Missouri River while massaging me with punches. Their laughter

indicated they were enjoying themselves.

We ended up on the high riverbank that was shored up with sharp and jagged boulders and willow bushes, looking down at the river. They removed my uniform except for my shorts and T-shirt and then my flying lessons began as I was launched towards the river. They miscalculated however, and I landed a few feet short of an icy swim. I momentarily felt pain from hitting the boulders, then nothing. The next morning, I found my uniform, dressed and headed back to the tavern. The barmaid still on duty looked aghast at the mauled, beat up, disheveled Marine facing her.

I learned a few things that day. Avoid East St. Louis. Don't spend too much time busting knife blades and stick with your buddy. Fortunately, my superior officers never heard of my terrible skills at flying and landing.

I survived and became a sergeant of Marines and was honorably discharged in November 1955.

Sgt J.J. Champagne
Gold Bar, Wash.

The 12th General Order

In my third week of boot camp, we were required to learn the Marine Corps general orders as well as learning how to stand guard duty. The culmination of this week was to stand guard duty during the evening.

My post was at the rear of our squad bay. All was well as I was walking my post in accordance with the second general order. After a short time, the recruit sergeant of the guard, along with my senior drill instructor, approached my post.

I successfully challenged them and answered the questions each of them asked. However, the sergeant of the guard had one final question. “Private, what is your 12th general order?” I thought to myself

that I could only remember that there were just 11. Upon a rapid count to myself and confirming that I was not wrong with my count, I finally responded, “Sir, my 12th general order is

The sergeant of the guard had one final question, “Private, what is your 12th general order?”

I thought to myself that I could only remember that there were just 11.

to be darn sure I know the first 11.” The senior drill instructor and the sergeant of the guard looked at each other for a rather long moment, then the senior drill instructor said, “Carry on,” and the two left me to walk my post.

Andrew J. Morgret
Memphis, Tenn.

Believe it or Not

In 1966 while going through electronics school at MCRD San Diego, one of my classmates was Private First Class F.E. Fetzer. We heard the enlisted club was to have a show with Gunnery Sergeant Vince Carter, actor/comedian Frank Sutton, from the TV show, “Gomer Pyle U.S.M.C.”

Fetzer and I showed up looking for a table to view the show from. I saw one with two young ladies and two empty chairs. I asked if the chairs were taken, and they said no and invited us to join them.

I asked, “Are you WMs?” They answered, “Yes.” I sat down next to the young lady with the coal black hair and the pleasant good looks. I introduced myself as Robert Ripley. She said,

“Oh, Robert Ripley like ‘Believe it or Not’ in the Sunday papers?” I said yes, but not related and none of the money. I asked her name and she said Enola Sittingbull. I said, “Enola like the bomber called the ‘Enola Gay’ that bombed Japan? She answered yes. I asked what about the Sittingbull part. I can't remember if she said she was the great-granddaughter or great-great-granddaughter of the famous Indian Chief Sitting Bull.

She asked for my I.D. card and I handed her mine. Her card did read Enola Sittingbull. I asked where she was stationed, and she said Camp Pendleton. I mentioned that PFC Fetzer and I were going through electronics school and she said she and her friend were in admin.

GySgt Vince Carter was introduced, and he told a few stories and jokes. He told us that he served in the Army which got him a round of boos. He said he made some amphibious landing in the Pacific from an assault craft just like us Marines. He told us he was going to end his show with a song and if we knew it to join in. He began singing, “The Marines’ Hymn,” and we all stood and joined in singing. He received a round of applause after that. MGySgt Robert “Bob” Ripley
USMC (Ret)
1965 to 1996
Twentynine Palms, Calif.

Do you have an interesting story from your time in the Corps that will give our readers a good chuckle? We would love to hear them. Write them down (500 words or less) and send them to: Patricia Everett, *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1775, Quantico, VA 22134, or email them to p.everett@mca-marines.org. We offer \$25 or a one-year MCA&F membership for the “Sea Story of the Month.” 🐻

A Machine Gunner in the 6th Marines

By Scott A. Porter

On April 23, 1917, 18-year-old Randall A. Tharp, from Houston, Texas, walked into a Marine Corps recruiting office in New Orleans, La., took a physical exam and joined the Corps. By the end of the Great War, he had been awarded two Silver Stars and a Croix de Guerre. More than 100 years later, the letters that Tharp wrote to his family back home shed light on his life as a Marine from 1917 through 1919.

Working as a dredge boatman in Houston, Texas, Tharp had lived a hard life. He took pride in his job, but he wanted more out of life. Full of vigor and patriotism, he followed the news about the war in Western Europe, and with the little money he had, Tharp bought a train ticket to New Orleans to seek adventure and be part of America's involvement in the Great War.

As a new recruit, Tharp was sent to Marine Barracks in Charleston, S.C., where he completed rigorous training beginning in May 1917. "Believe me I have had my eyes opened to a few things, and I would not take anything for my experience in the Marines Corps," he wrote in a letter to his mother several months into his training.

Typically, the men trained seven days a week, from early morning until night. Beans and hardtack were the main dietary



Randall A. Tharp

COURTESY OF SCOTT A. PORTER

staples, so food and candy packages from home were highly prized. Between rotating through the rifle range, guard duty, drill and rigorous exercise routines, there was precious little time to relax or get in trouble. On top of all of this, Tharp was selected to be the company bugler and spent many hours learning bugle calls.

In a letter home he wrote: "The hardest days of my life have been passed while in the Marines, I haven't a spare second for anything. I came in from drill at 11, ate dinner at 12, and am writing you this before one, as we have to drill again ... you never see a Marine on the street like the soldier."

Tharp was anticipating going overseas by November 1917; however, it was not until May 1918 that he finally deployed to France via Quantico, Va. Upon his arrival overseas on June 8, 1918, near Paris to link up with the

6th Marine Regiment and train with the French, Tharp was stunned to find out the Marines had urgently departed to fight Germans who had broken through the French lines near Belleau Wood. He desperately wanted to join the battle, but could not find transportation. Tharp was disappointed that he did not get into the action at Belleau Wood, but he would have plenty of chances in the near future. As an individual replacement, he became a machine gunner in the 73rd Machine Gun Company of the 6th Marines, 4th Marine Brigade.

Just a month later, Tharp's baptism of fire occurred on July 18, 1918, during the largest American offensive battle up to that time—the Battle of Soissons. Soissons included the 1st and 2nd Divisions attacking a German stronghold. At 4:30 a.m., a tremendous artillery barrage preceded the attack. In the midst of a thunderstorm, units became entangled and disoriented. In the end, it was a brutal victory.

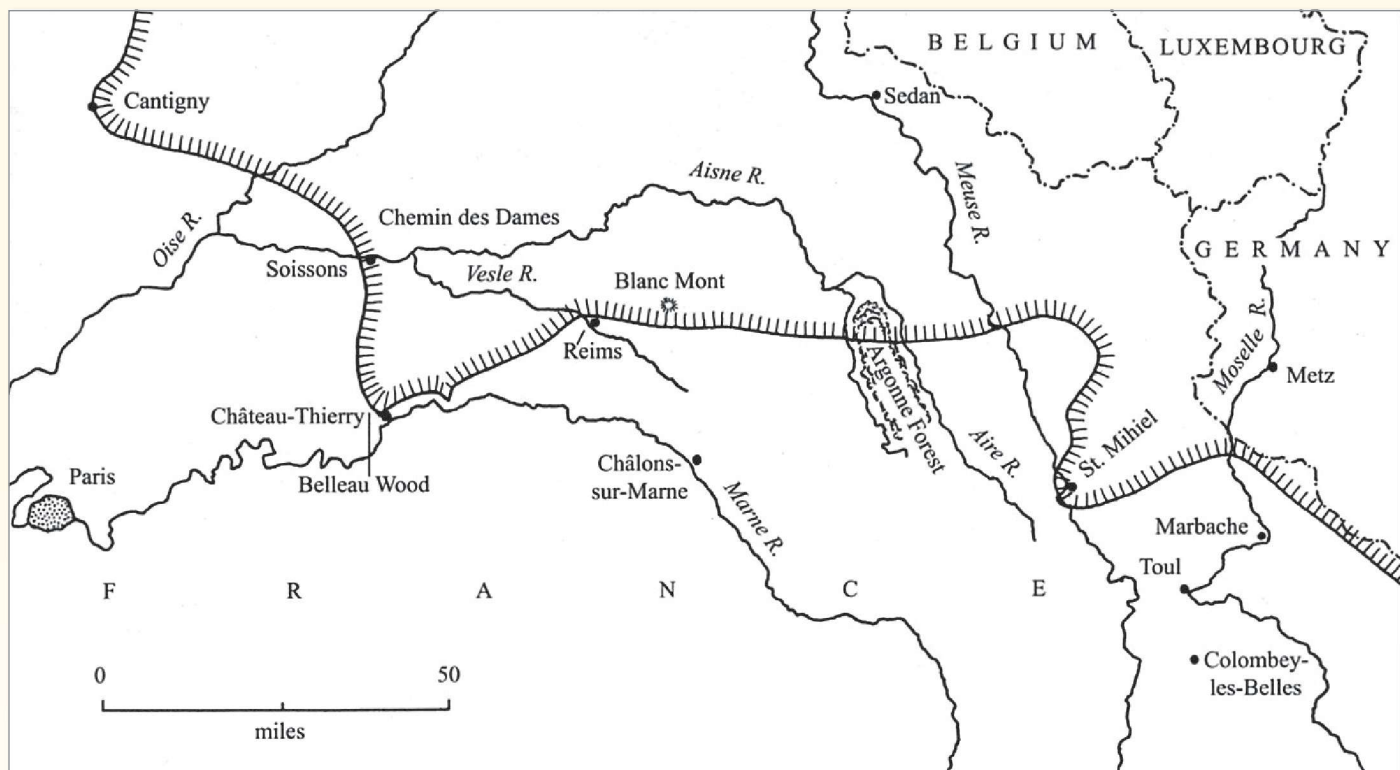
"After traveling for several days, we have at last halted. I know how it feels to have shells bursting around, it is surely a great life, but I hope next year will bring us victory. Our armies have attained a decided success during the past month, the [personnel] as a whole are in the best of spirits... You have read about the Marines, well they have made a good name for the Corps, and also changed the mind of a few Bosches," Tharp wrote about the battle.

Tharp was glad he had halted, as his French model 1914 Hotchkiss heavy machine gun weighed 110 pounds with



COURTESY OF MARINE CORPS HISTORY DIVISION

Leathernecks of 77th Co, 6th Machine Gun Bn and 96th Co, 2d Bn, along with three French soldiers, were photographed by a French army sergeant on June 2, 1918, at Triangle Farm, Chateau-Thierry Sector, just south of Belleau Wood.



COURTESY OF MERRILL L. BARTLETT AND JACK SWEETMAN

“After traveling for several days, we have at last halted. I know how it feels to have shells bursting around, it is surely a great life, but I hope next year will bring us victory. Our armies have attained a decided success during the past month.”—Randall A. Tharp



COURTESY OF MERRILL L. BARTLETT AND JACK SWEETMAN

Marines of the 4th Brigade pause on a road in the French countryside in 1918.



COURTESY OF SCOTT A. PORTER

Above: Randall Tharp before he joined the Marine Corps in April 1917.

Right: This map was drawn by a Marine lieutenant before the Battle of Belleau Wood. The arrows designate the positioning of machine-gun pits which were placed to create proper interlocking fields of fire.

a tripod. The gun was fed with metallic strips of 24-30 rounds of 8 mm Lebel ammunition and could fire at a high rate of speed. Sixteen machine guns, each with two-man crews, were in the 73rd Machine Gun Co. The Marines took a liking to the weapon for its reliability, accuracy and durability. Tharp mastered the weapon and used it extensively for the remainder of the war, including in the remaining offenses of Saint-Mihiel, Blanc Mont and the Meuse-Argonne.

On Thursday, Sept. 12, 1918, the Battle of Saint-Mihiel began with another night artillery barrage. The 73rd Machine Gun Co was on the far left flank with 1st Battalion, 6th Marine Regiment. After three days of advancing on the enemy, the Marines chalked up another victory. The 73rd Machine Gun Co earned awards for opening up heavy enfilade fire on advancing Germans, stopping their counterattack just yards shy of friendly positions. Tharp had learned a valuable lesson during Saint-Mihiel—one Hotchkiss placed in the right position could change the course of a battle.

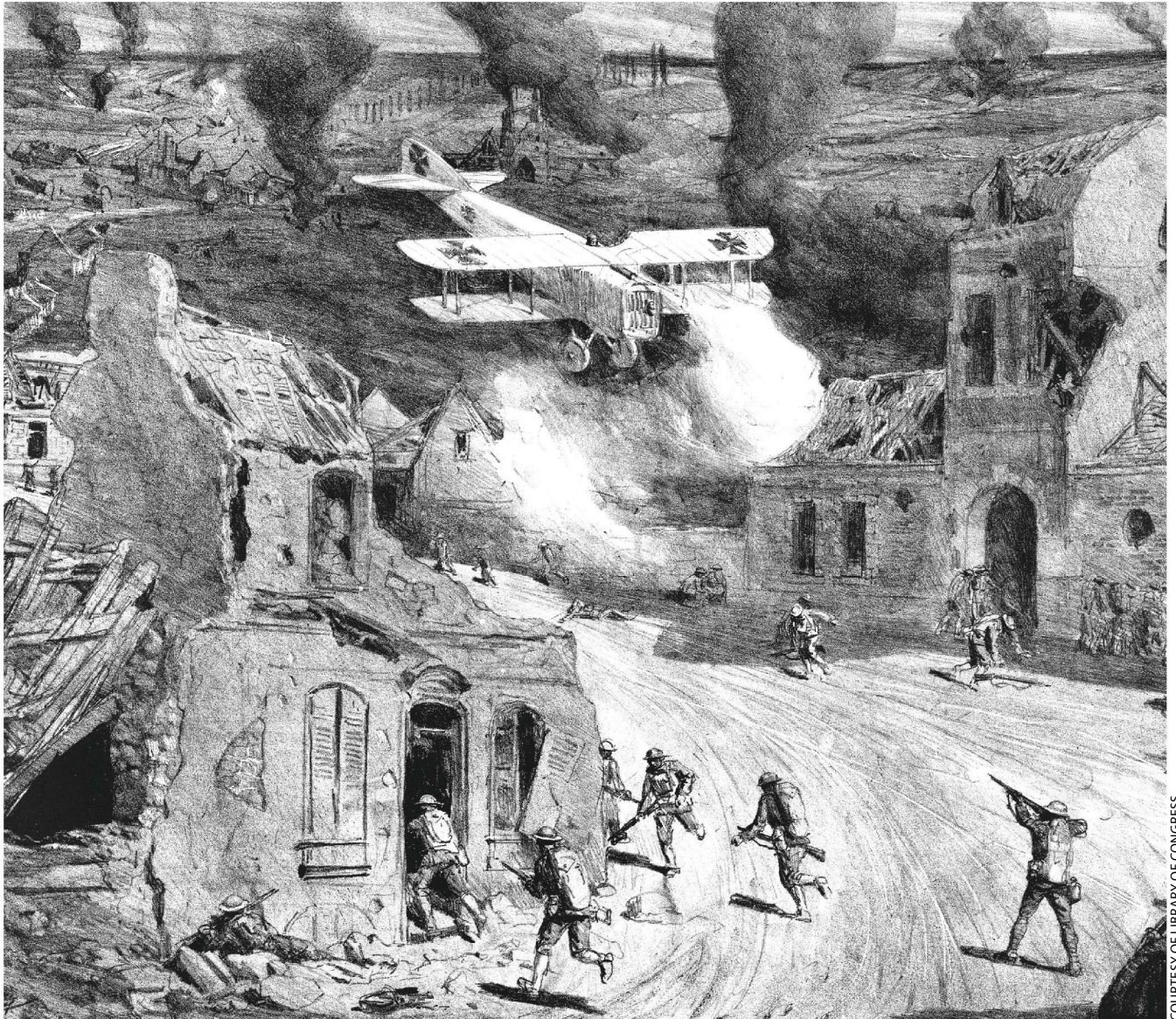
On Oct. 2, the 2nd Division aided the French in the attack on Blanc Mont in the Champagne Sector. On Oct. 8, Tharp learned from his recent combat experiences and placed his machine gun on the flank in case of a German counterattack. He destroyed one counterattack after another, and in one day, earned two Silver Stars and a French Croix De Guerre for



Tharp learned from his recent combat experiences and placed his machine gun on the flank in case of a German counterattack. He destroyed one counterattack after another, and in one day, earned two Silver Stars and a French Croix De Guerre.



This 1919 photo shows three types of machine guns used by Allied forces on the Western Front during WWI. The gas-operated, air-cooled Hotchkiss medium machine gun, left, was designed by a French company and saw use by the Americans during the Great War. The Browning medium machine gun, center, an American design, was water-cooled and recoil-operated. It was capable of firing 450-600 rounds per minute. The British-designed Vickers, right, was a water-cooled, recoil-operated medium machine gun that was inspired by Hiram Maxim's original machine-gun design.



COURTESY OF LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

This print depicts a German airplane firing on Allied troops at Vierzy, France during WW I.

“gallantry in action in aiding in repulsing an enemy attack by enfilading the enemy’s lines with his machine gun.”

Just three weeks later, the Marines were on the move again to fight, this time the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. The Marines joined the 1st U.S. Army in the Argonne and fought in what is known as the Meuse River Campaign. They would be in action until November 1918, but Tharp did not make it through the campaign.

In a letter to his mother, he wrote:

“Am in the Red Cross hospital many miles from the front. I was gassed in the line not very long ago. I have all the care in the world here, and I did not know there was such a place in France, all the months I have been over here I never saw a place half so good as this. We get nice things to eat. Have music and pictures all the time. My eyes are better, but my lungs and neck are awful sore. I can sit up and walk around, it takes a long time to get this gas out of your system but it leaves in time if one does not get it very bad. I will recuperate sooner or later, so do not worry over me. The nurses are the best ever ... There seems to be some talk about the Germans refusing to sign the treaty, we are ready to bust our way clean

to Berlin if they do not sign, and believe me this old fighting Second Division can just take Berlin, too. And hoping the Germans sign, so I can stick my big feet under Mama’s table in July.

*I am your loving son,
Love and kisses,
Randall A. Tharp”*

In early November, he again wrote to his mother from the hospital:

“Am feeling quite well today [although] tomorrow it may be different. I know nothing very newsy except the war news is in our favor, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria have capitulated and the general feeling over here is that Germany will quit before very long.

It will be a glorious day when the Hun surrenders, and I am sure he wants to, if he could only check his pride, he would quit.

I hope all is well, I read of the influenza raging in the states, it has been pretty bad over here, and I hope you have not had a visit from that great malady.

I feel as though we will be together before many months,



COURTESY OF SCOTT A. PORTER

“My eyes are better, but my lungs and neck are awful sore. I can sit up and walk around, it takes a long time to get this gas out of your system but it leaves in time if one does not get it very bad. I will recuperate sooner or later, so do not worry over me. The nurses are the best ever.”

—Randall Tharp

Tharp’s Lady Columbia Wound Certificate. The certificates were issued to servicemembers wounded in battle during WW I. The Purple Heart was not awarded until 1932.

‘Fritz’ has lost his ‘pep’ and the Germans as a whole does not believe ‘Gott iss mit dem, no more.

*So Best of Love
Your loving son,
Randall”*

It would be quite some time before Tharp would stick his feet under his mother’s table back home in Houston. Private Second Class Tharp was discharged from the Red Cross Hospital in early December, and he served in the Army of Occupation at the Coblenz Bridgehead on the Rhine until Aug. 6, 1919. He returned to the states in good standing and proud of his service in the Corps. On April 22, 1920, in New Orleans, Tharp was honorably discharged with “service honest and faithful.”

Tharp returned to Texas, swearing he would never leave home again. He was true to his word, spending the rest of his life as a meter reader in Houston. He married late



Randall Tharp, 1971

COURTESY OF SCOTT A. PORTER

in life and, calling himself “Uncle Randall,” helped raise an orphan. He told the little boy many stories of his adventures in the Corps, including how he jumped behind a rock wall to escape an attacking German biplane. The German plane fired at the wall, causing it to fall on top of him. The boy to whom he told his stories, would volunteer as a U.S. Army machine gunner in Vietnam a couple of decades later.

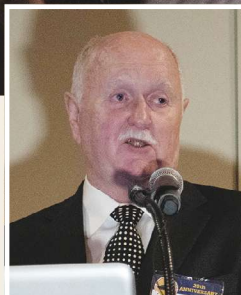
Upon Randall Tharp’s passing in 1974, I kept all of my Uncle Randall’s letters, official USMC records and photographs. Uncle Randall is buried in the Houston National Cemetery, never to be forgotten.

Author’s bio: Scott A. Porter is a retired Army officer. He teaches leadership at the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. 🇺🇸

Seattle



COURTESY OF MSGT BRUCE VAN APELDOORN, USMC (RET)



Fallen Heroes Not Forgotten By Marine Vietnam Tankers

The USMC Vietnam Tankers Association (VTA) held its 10th biennial reunion in Seattle, Wash., Oct. 31-Nov. 4, 2019. Attendees enjoyed quality time with fellow

Marines, personal story writing classes, member video interviews, a bus tour of the Seattle waterfront, which included a visit to Boeing's Museum of Flight, an auction and a final dinner.

During the dinner, Bob Peavey, a charter member of the association, gave a special presentation honoring a fallen Marine tank officer, 1st Lieutenant Wayne Michael Hayes, who was killed in action in Quang Tri, Vietnam, in July 1967. Hayes' brother and sister-

in-law were in attendance as he was honored. Peavey, pictured at left and above speaking to the attendees, is so dedicated to honoring the fallen that he spends the two years in between each reunion researching and developing presentations about fallen tankers in an effort to connect those who served with them as well as with their surviving family members. The photographs next to the podium show the faces of those he has honored through his presentations.

"It is the highlight of the VTA reunion—that moment when those of us who survived Vietnam can reconnect and remember those who did not survive and connect with their families," said retired Master Sergeant Bruce Van Apeldoorn.

The Marines of VTA would be honored to have other Marines visit their website at www.usmcvta.org.

Submitted by MSgt Bruce Van Apeldoorn, USMC (Ret)

Merritt Island, Fla.

Iwo Jima Veterans are Honored Guests at Local 75th Anniversary Event

Members of the Marine Corps League Brevard County Detachment #513 gathered at the Brevard Veterans Memorial in Merritt Island, Fla., to observe the 75th anniversary of the flag raisings on Iwo Jima, Feb. 23. The ceremony, which included a traditional cake cutting, paid special tribute to three veterans of the Battle of Iwo Jima who were present: John Tuechert, Ken Birch and Ike Rigell. Members of the Space Coast Young Marines served as the rifle detail and were presented with certificates of appreciation, American flags and bags of black sand from Iwo Jima.

Detachment members Master Gunnery Sergeant Carlos Rivera, USMC (Ret), pictured in the back row on the left, and Tom Fitzgerald, on the right, held the detachment colors behind Tuechert, seated on the left, and Birch, seated on the right, for a photo following the ceremony.

Submitted by Vinnie Howard



COURTESY OF VINNIE HOWARD

Arlington, Va.



JANET FAULKNER

Iwo Jima Association of America Commemorates 75th Anniversary of Legendary Marine Corps Battle

Marine Corps Association & Foundation President and CEO, Lieutenant General W. Mark Faulkner, USMC (Ret), and his wife, Janet, attended the Iwo Jima 75th Anniversary Commemoration Banquet, the culminating event of the Iwo Jima Association of America's five-day symposium in Arlington, Va., Feb. 29.

The event included remarks from General David H. Berger, Commandant of the Marine Corps; retired Major General David F. Bice, who served as the master of ceremonies; and retired LtGen Norman Smith, President of the Iwo Jima Association of America.

There were 55 veterans of the battle in attendance, including Major Everett "Bud" Hampton, USMC (Ret), who quickly rose through the ranks of the Corps during World War II. Hampton

went from a private first class to receiving a battlefield commission to second lieutenant on Iwo Jima, where he was wounded by shrapnel. After being sent home, he graduated from college and was called back to serve as a company commander during the Korean War. He later retired as a major.

LtGen Faulkner enjoyed the company of Hampton, who was seated at his table, as did the others pictured here, seated, from the left: Liana Davis, Maj Hampton, Colonel Edward Gill, USA (Ret), Cathy Fawell; and standing, from the left: Steve Davis, John Karafa, LtGen Faulkner and Reed Fawell.

MCA&F

Hoover, Ala.

Veteran of WW II, Korea and Vietnam Celebrates 100th Birthday

Retired Marine Colonel Carl Cooper turned 100 on March 18, and his fellow members of the Krulak Marine Alliance of Alabama couldn't let the momentous occasion pass by without throwing him a surprise party in early March. Throughout his 38 years in the Marine Corps, Cooper served on active duty during World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam War.

Cooper enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1942 and during World War II fought at the Battles of Guadalcanal and Okinawa. He worked as a teacher, coach and school principal until being called back to active duty during the wars in Korea and Vietnam. Following his retirement from the Corps at the age of 60, he worked for the Federal Emergency Management Agency for 30 years.

Submitted by John O'Malley



COURTESY OF JOHN O'MALLEY

"Corps Connections" highlights the places and events through which active-duty and veteran Marines connect with one another, honor the traditions of the Corps and recognize the achievements of their fellow leathernecks. We welcome submissions of photos from events like the ones featured here. Send them to: Sara W. Bock, *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1775, Quantico, VA 22134, or email them to s.rock@mca-marines.org. Submission does not guarantee publication, and we cannot guarantee the return of photos. 🦖

Devil Dogs and Men of God

U.S. Navy Chaplain Corps and Marines at War



Maj John Randolph, 2nd Division chaplain, conducts services with the 2nd Engineers near Belleau Wood, June 30, 1918. (Photo courtesy of National Archives)

By Col William Anderson
USMCR (Ret)

As the Great War continued in 1916 with no end in sight, it was apparent the involvement of the United States was only a matter of time. With the dramatic increase in the size of the Navy and Marine Corps following the 1916 Naval Act, the possible impact on manning for the Navy's Chaplain Corps was obvious.

With only 40 chaplains on active duty when the United States declared war against Germany on April 6, 1917, steps were taken immediately to expand the Chaplain Corps. On May 22, 1917, a law authorized temporary chaplains and temporary acting chaplains to serve for the duration of the war. In 1918, another 40 clergymen from various reserve organizations were given temporary appointments.

Although the Chaplain Corps had been serving aboard ships for many years, only one chaplain had been assigned to the Marine Corps. Roman Catholic priest Edmund A. Brodmann

began serving at the Marine Barracks, Port Royal, S.C., on Nov. 19, 1916, until relieved on Aug. 3, 1917. Chaplain Brodmann's service was described as marking "the beginning of the unbroken connection of Navy chaplains with the Marine Corps." Thus began the close relationship between Navy chaplains

Casualties overwhelmed aid stations in the rear during operations, so chaplains were required to dress wounds and care for gas victims. Most disturbing was the need for burial details.

and Marines that continues to the present day.

As the 5th and 6th Regiments formed for the war, each regiment was assigned one Catholic and one Protestant chaplain. Episcopal Reverend George L. Bayard and Roman Catholic priest John J. Brady joined the 5th Regiment in

Philadelphia in June 1917 as the regiment waited to sail to France. Later, Methodist Rev. James D. MacNair and Roman Catholic priest Harris A. Darche were assigned to the 6th Regiment. Rev. McNair joined the regiment on Sept. 23, 1917, and Father Darche joined the regiment in France. Ultimately, 13 Navy chaplains served the Marines in France including eight chaplains with 4th Brigade. Chaplains were present at every major engagement.

Additional chaplains arrived with the replacement battalions throughout the war. Presbyterian Rev. Albert N. Park Jr., arrived in France on Feb. 25, 1918. Methodist Rev. Charles M. Charlton, reported to the 2nd Replacement Battalion as its chaplain on March 5, 1918, and eventually joined the Marine Corps paymaster's office in Paris in January 1919. Roman Catholic priest Quitman F. Beckley joined the 6th Regiment on June 10, 1918. He left the regiment for the rear in July 1918, which was probably the result of being gassed. Episcopal Rev. Albert C. Larned reported to the 6th Regiment on June 21, 1918, replacing



USMC

George L. Bayard

Chaplain McNair, who was transferred to the Boston Navy Yard.

While in France, the chaplains led weekly devotional services and performed religious duties for the Marines regardless of their faith. They served Marines, soldiers, and Sailors of all faiths. As recalled by Army Rabbi Lee J. Levinger with the 108th Infantry Regiment: "These men did not go out to convert others to their own view of truth and life; they were ready to serve pious souls and to bring God's presence near to all."

Rabbi Levinger held traditional confessions of faith for Jews and read psalms for Protestants. In one poignant act, he "once borrowed a surgeon's rosary and held the cross to the lips of a dying Catholic" in the moments before the soldier's death.

Other important tasks were required during combat operations. Casualties overwhelmed aid stations in the rear during operations, so chaplains were required to dress wounds and care for gas victims. Most disturbing was the need for burial details. In Chaplain McNair's account of Belleau Wood: "There was no 'Burial Corps' in our organization; hence the digging of graves and the burying was dependent upon volunteer parties of men ordered to play the part of undertaker, gravedigger and clergyman ... June 10 - The day was spent in seeking for the dead and burying them."

In a letter home, Chaplain Brady described a chaplain's routine during the battle at Belleau Wood: "He crawled, walked, ran among the fighting men ... finding the wounded and marking the



USMC

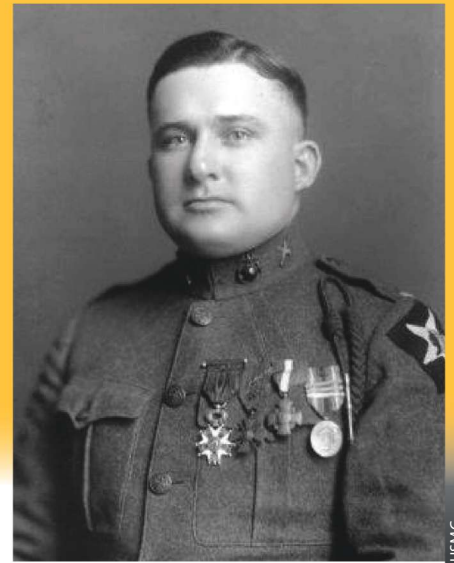
James D. MacNair

position of the dead Marine by forcing the bayonet of his rifle into the ground so that the butt of the rifle stood upright, cutting away clothes from wounds, even cutting the shredded flesh that held to a shattered leg or an arm to the body, sounding out words of encouragement, hearing the whine of a bullet as he dragged a wounded man into a shell



COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES

John J. Brady



USMC

Harris A. Darche

hole, dazed and confused by the flashes and explosions everywhere. And then with the night and a lull in the fighting, the Chaplain, with a shovel, led off a gang of volunteers to bury those who still lay on the ground."

The risks associated with combat affected all the participants. The chaplains were not immune from suffering the effects of this stress and its invisible injuries or, what is called today, post-traumatic stress disorder. Rabbi Levinger reported the "cumulative horror" of these duties. He met a chaplain "on the verge of insanity," babbling about the numbers he had buried.

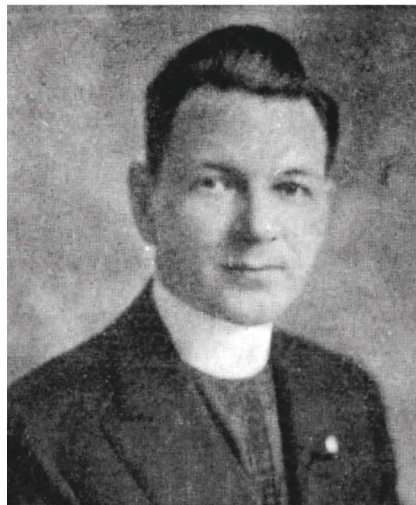
One Navy chaplain who may have been affected was Chaplain Albert C. Larned. Joining the 6th Regiment on June 21, he served with the regiment for the rest of the summer, most notably at Soissons in July. On Sept. 7, 1918, he was relieved of duties and transferred to the Camp Blois, France, "for examination and reclassification."

In the spring of 1918, a medical casualty depot had been established near the village of Blois for convalescing officers. By early August, the camp had become an officer's reclassification post with a classification and efficiency board. Officers referred to this board were judged to be unsuited for combat duty. In cases involving a mental breakdown, most officers were returned to the U.S. for discharge. Camp Blois was an assignment to be avoided. The phrase "going blooey" became a term within the AEF to describe someone who suffered from mental problems.

In the case of Chaplain Larned, the outcome was fortunate as he remained

on active duty until April 25, 1919. After the war, he had a distinguished career in the Episcopal Church, serving for many years as the Reverend Canon Larned at St. Michael's Church in Bristol, R.I.

As the Marines prepared for the cauldron of Belleau Wood in late May 1918, they were provided religious support by the 5th Regiment's lone cleric, Chaplain Brady; Chaplains McNair and Darche were assigned to the 6th Regiment. During the battle, the 6th Regiment chaplains were supplemented by Chaplain Beckley on June 10. Chap-



Quitman F. Beckley

lain Larned replaced Chaplain McNair on June 21. Chaplain Park checked into the 6th Regiment from the 2nd Division's Sanitary Train on June 28, 1918.

Four chaplains were awarded the Navy Cross for their gallantry under fire during the war, the first Navy chaplains to receive the honor. The recipients were Chaplains Brady, McNair and Darche, who were all honored for their heroism at Belleau Wood, and Park for his actions at St. Etienne in October 1918. Chaplain Park was the only one to serve with the Marines in every engagement. Chaplains Park, Darche and Kranz were wounded, and Beckley and Larned were gassed.

A remarkable account of Chaplain Brady's service with Marines was printed on the front page of the *New York Tribune* on March 3, 1919. The headline reads: "Absolves Foe, Chaplain Cries: 'Go Get Them.'"

As the Marines prepared to begin their assault against Belleau Wood, Father Brady was not in the rear but

with them at the line of departure. The article describes his actions: "It was just before the zero hour for the offensive. The Marines were tense, prepared to go over at any minute. Suddenly Father Brady leaped to the parapet and gave absolution to the Germans in the trench opposite. Shells fell all about him, but he was untouched, miraculously as always during his stay at the fronts. When he had performed his duty, he turned to the Marines and cried: 'I've given them absolution. Now, men, go get them.' In the attack which followed Chaplain Brady administered the last rites to thirty Germans ..."

Chaplain John J. Brady's Navy Cross citation records that, "he exposed himself to fire fearlessly, making a complete tour of the front lines twice, and carrying cigarettes to men who would not have had an opportunity otherwise to get them. He carried out his duties as a chaplain with remarkable devotion and coolness under fire."

Chaplains Darche and McNair with the 6th Regiment were also conspicuous on the battlefield during and after the brutal fighting. For his service that hot June in the Aisne-Marne region of France, Chaplain McNair was cited for "extraordinary heroism ... from June 6 to 14 June 1918, in performing his services in daily risk of death from enemy fire, when his labors in locating and burying the dead and in giving comfort to the wounded were given with fidelity to duty under all conditions."

Chaplain Darche was awarded the



George L. Bayard

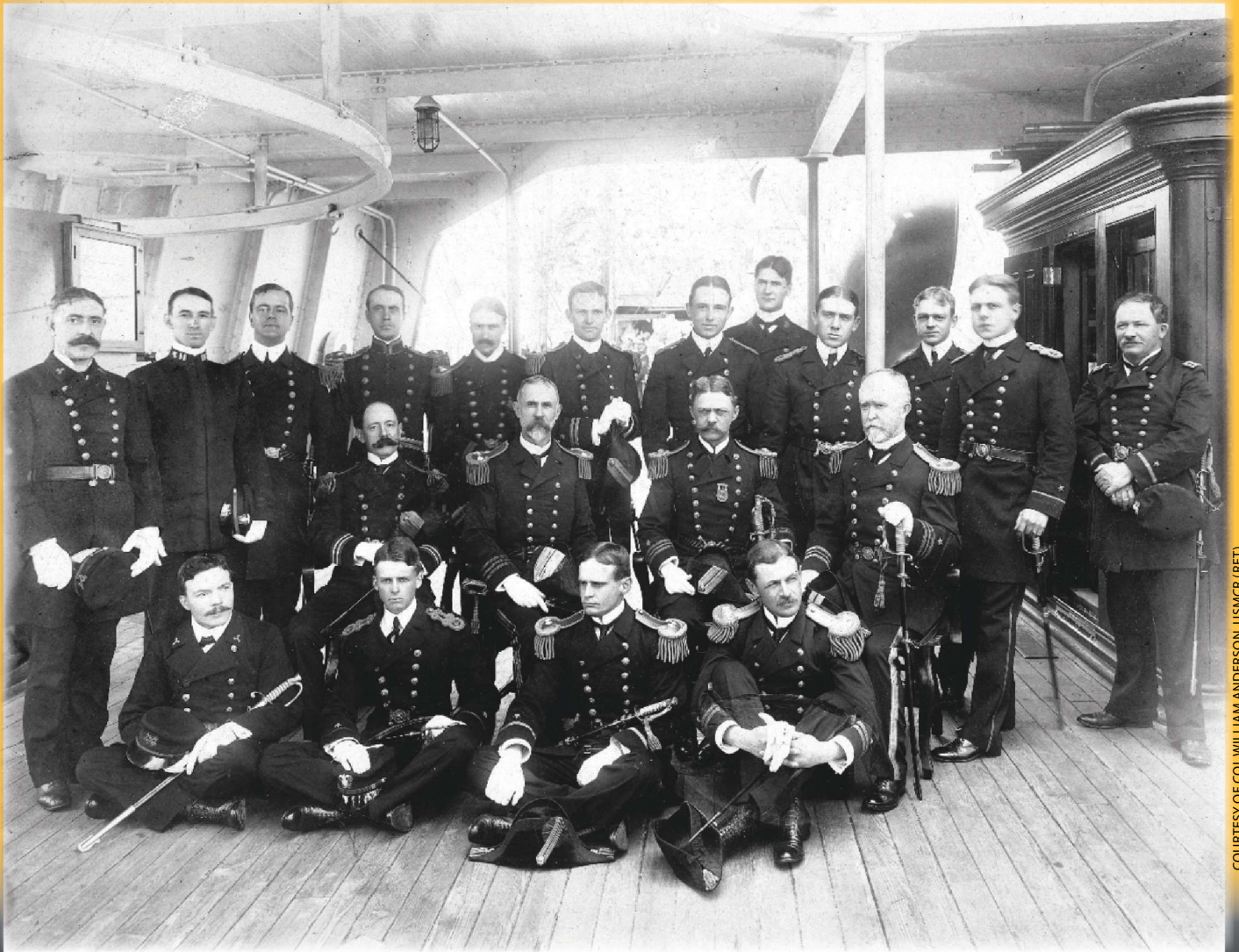
Navy Cross also and a Silver Star citation. By the end of the war, in addition to a second Silver Star citation, he received both the French Croix de Guerre with Palms and the prestigious Legion of Honor. Chaplain Darche may have been the only U.S. Navy chaplain to have been a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. His Navy Cross citation reads: "... for extraordinary heroism in rendering services difficult to measure in the operations against the enemy from June 1 to June 14, 1918, when his efforts in searching for and burying the dead, in giving cheer and spiritual comfort to the fighting troops, in handling working parties and in aiding the surgeons were tireless; and he performed the last rites of the church under fire."

Wounded severely and gassed at Soissons near Vierzy on July 19, 1918, Chaplain Darche had become a remarkable figure that summer as a result of his exploits under fire, paying not the slightest attention to the dangers around him. Unfortunately, he was transferred to a field hospital on July 29, 1918 for subsequent assignment in the rear areas. Upon recovery, Chaplain Darche



**Front page, *New York Tribune*,
March 3, 1919**

COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES



COURTESY OF COL WILLIAM ANDERSON, USMCR (RET)

Chaplain George L. Bayard, back row, second from left, onboard USS *Chicago* in Portsmouth, England, in 1903.

returned to the 5th Regiment in the fall. In December 1918, he reported to the 6th Regiment, then left in April 1919, returning to the U.S. He remained active in veteran affairs after the war and was one of the founders of The American Legion. Unfortunately, his injuries caught up with him, and he died at the relatively young age of 49 in 1937. He was so proud of his service in the Navy that his headstone identifies him as “ACTG. CHAPLAIN (LIEUT., JG.) U.S. NAVY”.

Chaplain Brady praised his colleague Albert N. Park as “the outstanding chaplain of the Marines.” Awarded a Navy Cross for heroism on Oct. 4, 1918, Chaplain Park was commended as he exposed “himself to heavy shell fire to assist two wounded men to a place of safety, and calmly walked around among the men directing them to get under cover while remaining himself exposed.”

Chaplain Park was commended as he exposed “himself to heavy shell fire to assist two wounded men to a place of safety, and calmly walked around among the men directing them to get under cover while remaining himself exposed.”

Chaplains Bayard, Brady, McNair and Park remained in the Navy spending many years at sea. When Chaplains Brady and McNair retired in 1934 and 1930 respectively, they were both promoted to rear admiral on the retired list. Chaplain Bayard retired in 1921 having begun his military service with the Army in the Spanish-American War. Chaplain

Park served until retiring in 1933.

The devotion of these Navy chaplains to Marines during times of danger are representative of the exemplary conduct these brave men of the church continue to demonstrate today from chaplain Charles H. Craven at Iwo Jima to Medal of Honor recipient Chaplain Vincent R. Capodanno in Vietnam. Navy chaplains serving with Marines are as much Devil Dogs as the Marines of the 4th Brigade.

Author’s bio: Col Anderson spent the last portion of his military and international civilian career in Europe with HQ MARFOREUR and with NATO at the Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe. A former defense contractor at Marine Corps Base Quantico, Va., and Marine Corps historian, he was an adjunct faculty member at the USMC Command and Staff College Distance Education Program from 2009 to 2017.



Tactical Vehicle Accident Results in Marine's Death

One Marine was killed, and two other Marines were injured while participating in Exercise Native Fury 20. The Marines were in an accident involving a single Medium Tactical Vehicle Replacement on a road in the United Arab Emirates on March 10.

Corporal Eloiza Zavala, 20, of Sacramento, Calif., a motor vehicle operator from Combat Logistics Battalion 1, Combat Logistics Regiment 1, 1st Marine Logistics Group, was pronounced dead at the scene by first responders. She had been attached to Combat Logistics Battalion 13 for the deployment.

"The Marines and Sailors mourn the loss of one of our own in this tragic accident and we will provide all necessary ... support to the injured Marines, to the family of Cpl Zavala, and their units," said Brigadier General Roberta L. Shea, the commanding general of 1st MLG.

Cpl Zavala enlisted in April 2018 and was assigned to CLB-1 after graduating from Motor Transportation School at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

The accident is under investigation. The two Marines who were injured in the accident are both expected to make a full recovery.

GySgt Warren Peace, USMC

Capt Frank H. Blatz Jr., 84, of Plainfield, N.J. From 1958 to 1961 he served with the 1st and 2nd MAW. He attended Harvard Law School, graduating in 1964, and had a career as an attorney. He was elected mayor of Plainfield from 1969-1974 and later was appointed by President Richard M. Nixon to serve on the board of the U.S. Railway Association. He was a member of the MCA&F.

Col Kevin P. Brooks, 75, of Brooklyn, N.Y. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in 1966. After completing The Basic School, he served one tour

in Vietnam as an artillery forward observer. He had a 30-year career in the Marine Corps Reserve which included an assignment as CO, 2nd Bn, 25th Marines in Long Island, N.Y. He also had a successful career in the insurance industry.

1stSgt Thaddeus "Ted" E. Dalkiewicz, 92, of Marietta, Pa. During his 22 years in the Marine Corps, he was a China Marine who served in WW II, the Korean War and the Vietnam War. He later had a career in the insurance business and was a Toys for Tots volunteer.

Walter D. "Wally" Daniels, 96, of Cheboygan, Mich. During WW II he served in the Pacific until he was injured in a jeep accident. He had a long career in the paper manufacturing industry.

LtCol Geoffrey M. Hollopeter, 43, of San Diego, Calif. He was a 2001 graduate of the University of Wisconsin, where he earned a degree in physics. He later earned an MBA from Colorado State University. During his career he completed Recruit Training, School of Infantry, The Basic School, Infantry Officer Course, Expeditionary Warfare School and Army Command and Staff College. He made multiple deployments in support of Operation Enduring Freedom and Operation Iraqi Freedom. In 2018 he assumed command of 3rd Bn, 5th Marines.

PltSgt David M. Howells Sr., 85, in Westminster Village, Pa. He was a Marine who served in the Korean War. He later had a 30-year career in law enforcement, eventually becoming the police chief in Allentown, Pa.

1stSgt William H. "Bill" Kugler, 84, of Stafford, Va. His Marine Corps career included a tour in Vietnam. He was an avid golfer and Harley-Davidson rider. He was a member of the VFW.

Cpl Alan E. Macauley, 94, of Hedgesville, W.Va. During WW II he served in the South Pacific. He landed

on Iwo Jima with Co F, 2nd Bn, 26th Marines, 5thMarDiv and was wounded 19 days later. After being evacuated from the battlefield, he spent nearly a year recovering from his wounds.

Sgt Hans G. Menzer, 69, of Punta Gorda, Fla. He enlisted in 1967 at the age of 17. He was wounded during his tour in Vietnam while he was assigned to a CAP. He also served in Rota, Spain, where he met his wife. His awards include a Purple Heart. He later had a successful career as the owner and operator of a swimming pool company in Florida. He was a member of the MCA&F.

Capt Edward G. Minnich Sr., 89, of Fredericksburg, Va. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in 1952 after graduating from the University of Pittsburgh. He served four years on active duty and spent seven more in the Marine Corps Reserve.

Sgt John M. Shea, 86, of Parhump, Nev. He enlisted in 1953 and saw combat in the Korean War. After the war, he earned a bachelor's degree and a master's degree and had a career in education and coaching. He later had a successful career as a business owner. He was a member of the MCA&F.

Joe Vandever Sr., 96, in Haystack, N.M. He was one of the Navajo code talkers in the South Pacific during WW II.

Stephen B. "Steve" Voelker, 71, of Franklin, Wis. He enlisted after his 1966 graduation from high school and served a tour in Vietnam. He later worked as a truck driver and farmer.

SSgt Thomas H. Vossmeier, 90, of Edgewood, Ky. He enlisted after his high school graduation and served in the Korean War. He participated in the landing at Inchon, the liberation of Seoul and the landing at Wonsan. During the fighting at the Chosin Reservoir, he was among the last Marines to depart Hungnam in December 1950. He was a member of the MCL and The Chosin Few.

In Memoriam is run on a space-available basis. Those wishing to submit items should include full name, age, location at time of death (city and state), last grade held, dates of service, units served in, and, if possible a published obituary. Allow at least four months for the notice to appear. Submissions may be sent to *Leatherneck* Magazine, P.O. Box 1775, Quantico, Va., 22134, or emailed to leatherneck@mca-marines.org or n.lichtman@mca-marines.org.



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the Tom Bartlett Award for outstanding writing given by the Marine Corps Heritage Foundation. We think his new article on page 44 is just as good as his award-winning article about Gen Holland M. Smith.—Editor

Learning ... A Double-Edged Sword

I am 93 years old and know that very few of us are left who served in the Second World War and even fewer who experienced going to a very special college after the war was over. I don't want this experience to be forgotten and know that veterans of more recent wars will appreciate my story.

I was discharged from the Marine Corps in 1946 at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center. It was there that I heard about the Servicemen's Readjustment Act which had been signed by President Roosevelt in 1944 and was more popularly known as the GI Bill.

My father was a Prudential insurance agent and I guess we were in the lower middle-class category. He certainly couldn't afford to send me to college, and, since I had enlisted right after graduating high school at 17 years old, I hadn't even

considered college as an option. When I heard about the GI Bill, I reconsidered immediately since the government would pay my four-year tuition, room and board, and all equipment needed and send me a check for \$30 a month in addition.

When I got back home to New York, I started applying to various colleges in the area and found out that 8 million veterans had also decided the GI Bill was a good deal and every college was jam packed. Then I found out that in 1946 New York State created three two-year colleges called the Associated Colleges of Upper New York. I was accepted to Mohawk College for the fall semester of 1947, and my college career started in a very unusual and interesting way.

Mohawk College, having been an Army hospital during the war, had been built to protect the patients from the harsh winters of the Mohawk Valley. It held about 3,500 students, all veterans, from every branch of service, and each building was connected by enclosed corridors.

Our professors were drafted by the federal government from schools like Columbia, Princeton, Harvard and Yale, and it was as much a learning process for them as it was for us. They had been used to teaching "wet behind the ears" kids of 17 and 18 and now they were faced

with teaching battle-hardened veterans who came back from the war mature men. As an example, I was in a history class and the professor was discussing the Battle of the Bulge. I was very interested because I knew practically nothing about the European theater, having been in the Pacific. Suddenly someone in the class said, "Bullshit!" The professor looked at him and asked why he said that. The student told him that he was a captain in Patton's Third Army during the Battle of the Bulge and what the professor had said was false. Then he told the professor what had happened.

The professors must have discussed this episode among themselves because whenever a subject about an operation in World War II was up for discussion, they would preface the subject by asking if anyone in the class had been involved in that operation.

Shortly after the term began, we became close buddies with our professors, and they learned as much from us about the war as we learned from them.

I was a Navajo fan and had two code talkers in my outfit. Without these guys, we never would have had the success we had in every operation in the Pacific.

At Mohawk College, I was one of a group of guys who set up a college week-



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end so that the students could have their girlfriends or wives come to Utica for an entertaining weekend. We hired the famous Johnny Long Orchestra to play at the Saturday night dance, and I asked the chief of the Mohawk tribe to put on a show with native dances and original costumes. That evening, the chief called me over and showed his appreciation for what I had done to promote his tribe by making me a blood brother of the Mohawk tribe. He took out his ceremonial knife, made a small incision in my thumb, did the same to his, and we pressed our cut thumbs together and mixed our blood.

When my two years were up, I transferred to Syracuse University and graduated with a bachelor of science degree in business administration, but I have never forgotten those days at Mohawk and the camaraderie among the veterans. It will probably never happen again, and I wanted to tell the story so it wouldn't be lost forever.

Jack Arnold
Rio Rancho, N.M.

Marine Advisory Division, 1962

I have enclosed a photo of the Marine Advisory Division, Navy Section, MAAG, Vietnam that I believe was taken some time in October 1962. I arrived in Saigon



COURTESY OF MONTE L. RAILSBACK, USMC (RET)

Marine Advisory Division, Navy Section, MAAG, Vietnam, Oct. 1962.

in January 1963, so I do not know all the Marines in the picture. The ones I can remember who were there when I first arrived are: front row, Major Croft, artillery advisor; Master Sergeant Friedman, administrative advisor; I presume the next is Lieutenant Colonel Brown, outgoing

Senior Marine advisor; LtCol Moody, incoming Senior Marine advisor and Captain Labas, supply advisor.

The only ones I know in the second row are the second and third Marines from the left: Gunnery Sergeant Rouse, communication advisor and GySgt Loyko,



Guadalcanal—Turning the Tide

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UPCOMING TOURS

JULY 2-12

Russia WWII Eastern Front
Moscow, Stalingrad & Kursk

JULY 18-28

Guam Liberation With
David Webb, TV/Radio Host

AUG 2-10

WWII Pacific "Turning the
Tide" Battle of Guadalcanal

AUG 16-30

WWII Germany "Rise & Fall
of the Third Reich" Munich,
Berlin, Berchtesgaden,
Dresden, Nuremberg, Prague

AUG 24-SEP 3

Vietnam I-Corps Return Host
SgtMaj Gene Overstreet,
USMC (Ret)

AUG 27-SEP 5

Dublin USNA-UND Football
Northern Ireland- WWII
USMC

SEP 8-20

50th Anniversary of the VN
War-1970 I-Corps

SEPT 29-OCT 10

Southern Italy & Sicily
Taormina, Amalfi & Rome

NOV 28- DEC 9

Viet Nam War- "Delta to the
DMZ"

DATES TBD

WWI Doughboys & Devil Dogs
French U.S. Battlefields &
Paris

2021

FEB 20-MAR 5

Tet Offensive & Battle of Hue
City- I-Corps

SEP 9-14

Midway Island Return
Pearl Harbor & Waikiki

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Artillery Advisor, and on the very end of the second row is MSgt Wichman.

MSgt Monte L. Railsback
USMC (Ret)
Shellsburg, Iowa

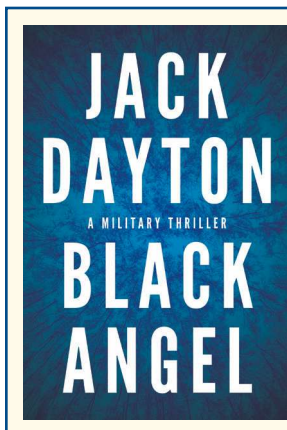
MGySgt R.R. Keene Will Be Missed

Today, March 24, I received my April edition of *Leatherneck*. When I got to In Memoriam, I was stunned to see Master Gunnery Sergeant Renaldo R. “Ron” Keene listed. Through the years I had the privilege of having back and forth correspondence with him by old fashioned pen to paper or email. Agree with you or not, Ron was always honest, straight and direct, whether it was questions about Corps history or opinions of the day. But foremost, he was about our Marine Corps. Semper Fi, Ron, RIP.

Richard B. Ellenberger
Normandy Park, Wash.

It’s with great sadness that I read of Master Guns Keene’s passing. While I never met him, I did have the honor of speaking with him on the phone several times and he honored me further by publishing about a dozen of my Sound Off letters over the years.

I also had the honor of meeting Major Rick Spooner when my family was dining



Black Angel: Murder at Quantico

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at the Globe & Laurel Restaurant in Stafford, Va., after a visit to “The Wall” [Vietnam Veterans Memorial] and the National Museum of the Marine Corps.

What was truly memorable about that trip was as my youngest son and I were leaving the museum, my wife was nowhere to be seen. We went back and found her walking between the World War II and Korean War exhibits. She looked me in the eye and floored me with her comment, “You are just like those men.” I believe, so was “Master Guns” Keene.

Sgt Joe Doyle
USMC, 1964-1970
Scottsburg, Va.

Feel like sounding off? Address your letter to: Sound Off, *Leatherneck* Magazine, P.O. Box 1775, Quantico, VA 22134, or send an email to: leatherneck@mca-marines.org. Due to the heavy volume, we cannot answer every letter received. Do not send original photographs, as we cannot guarantee their return. All letters must be signed, and emails must contain complete names and postal mailing addresses. Anonymous letters will not be published.—Editor 🐞

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Reunions

Editor's note: The following reunion information was current as of May 1. Given that things are rapidly changing due to the spread of the COVID-19 virus, please continue to check with the points of contact for your reunion for the most up-to-date information.

• **Marine Corps Engineer Assn.**, Sept. 17-19, Fredericksburg, Va. Contact Maj Charlie Dismore, USMC (Ret), (512) 394-9333, www.marcorengasn.org.

• **Marine Corps Counterintelligence Assn.**, Aug. 24-28, Gatlinburg, Tenn. Contact Ralph "Buck" Wheaton, (304) 947-5060, buckmccia@hughes.net.

• **Marine Corps Cryptologic Assn.**, Sept. 7-10, Las Vegas, Nev. Contact Edgar Kitt, 2250 Heavenly View Dr., Henderson, NV 89014, (702) 454-1646, edgarkitt@earthlink.net.

• **Marine Corps Mustang Assn.**, Aug. 11-16, Arlington, Va. Contact Jim Casey, (703) 349-0893, businessmng@marinecorpsmustang.org, www.marinecorpsmustang.org/muster.

• **National Montford Point Marine Assn.**, Aug. 26-29, King of Prussia, Pa. Contact Eric Nelson, (703) 629-8839, or MGySgt Ron Johnson, (504) 202-8552,

www.montfordpointmarines.org.

• **Marine Air Traffic Control Assn.**, Sept. 23-27, San Antonio, Texas. Contact Steve Harris, (509) 499-8137, sandkh2@gmail.com.

• **7th Engineer Bn Vietnam Assn.**, Sept. 10, Arlington, Va. Contact Norbert Johnson, 6100 Cochrane Rd., Marlette, MI 48453, (810) 300-0782, nwgj@outlook.com, www.usmc.org/7th/.

• **Marine Corps Air Transport Assn. (VMGR/VMR)**, Sept. 3-6, Chicago, Ill. Contact CWO-4 Dave Harshbarger, USMC (Ret), (630) 394-2568, reunion@mcata.org, www.mcata.com.

• **Force Logistics Command, Vietnam (all battalions/FLSG-A&B)**, Sept. 26-Oct. 1, Tucson, Ariz. Contact Mike Fishbaugh, 990 Little Lick Fork, East Point, KY 41216, (606) 789-5010, smfishbaugh@mikrtec.com.

• **11th Marine Regiment, OIF**

(20th anniversary), March 31-April 1, 2023, Camp Pendleton, Calif. Contact Casey Harsh, casey.harsh@gmail.com. Facebook group: The Cannon Cockers of OIF-1 (20-Year Reunion 2023 Group).

• **3rd Recon Bn Assn.**, Oct. 6-10, Tucson, Ariz. Contact Floyd Nagler, (952) 440-1553, floydagler@yahoo.com.

• **1/3 (all eras)**, Aug. 11-16, Arlington, Va. Contact Don Bumgarner, (562) 897-2437, dbumcl3usmc@verizon.net.

• **1/5 (1986-1992)**, Sept. 10-13, Macomb, Ill. Contact Scott Hainline, (309) 351-2050, ptimfi@yahoo.com.

• **1/27 (1968)**, Sept. 24-26, Las Vegas, Nev. Contact Felix Salmeron, (469) 583-0191, mar463@aol.com.

• **2/4**, Sept. 3-6, Pleasanton, Calif. Contact Brooks Wilson, brooks@adanceoflight.com, www.2-4association.org.

• **"Stormy's" 3/3**, Sept. 27-Oct. 1, Branson, Mo. Contact Burrell Landes, (303) 734-1458, bhanon@comcast.net, www.stormys33.com.

• **G/2/7 (RVN, 1965-1970)**, Sept. 2, Carson City, Nev. Contact Travis Skaggs, (775) 291-6813, tskaggs6@email.com.

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• **3d 155s, M/4/12, 3rdMarDiv**, Sept. 13-17, Branson, Mo. Contact SgtMaj Gordon Niska, USMC (Ret), (770) 868-8694, sniska@windstream.net.

• **1st 8-inch Howitzer Btry**, Aug. 6-8, Tacoma, Wash. Contact Stanley Alpha, (253) 847-0850, stg66@netzero.net.

• **Marine Corps Security Forces, Naval Weapons Station Earle**, Sept. 25-27, Colts Neck, N.J. Contact Dusty Wright, (618) 553-2205, slickstuff@nwcable.net.

• **U.S. Naval Disciplinary Command Portsmouth, N.H. (Marine Detachment)**, Sept. 14-20, North Conway, N.H. Contact Don Ferry, (972) 334-0609, don.ferry1942@gmail.com.

• **41st OCC/TBS 3-67**, Oct. 22, San Diego, Calif. Contact Paul Disario, (559) 273-9549, pdisario@comcast.net.

• **TBS, Co F, 6-70**, Oct. 22-25, Quantico, Va. Contact Tom Kanasky, (202) 366-3156, tlkanasky@earthlink.net, or Mitch Youngs, (703) 493-9435, mitchyoungs@verizon.net.

• **TBS, Co I, 9-70**, Aug. 20-22, Quantico, Va. Contact Scott Kafer, 16436 Turnbury Oak Dr., Odessa, FL 33556, (202) 403-7680, scottkaf@mac.com.

• **TBS, Co C, 3-72**, is planning a 50th-anniversary reunion. Contact Col Joe Mueller, USMCR (Ret), (818) 815-8331, jnm21213@yahoo.com.

• **Plt 1187, San Diego, 1969**, is planning a reunion. Contact T.E. Miller, (618) 520-9646, or Mark Elder, (314) 322-8516.

• **Plt 3028, San Diego, 1966**, is planning a reunion. Contact MSgt Bob Rees, USMC (Ret), (619) 940-9218, bobrees86@gmail.com.

• **VFA-125 (1980-1990)**, Sept. 15-17, NAS Lemoore, Calif. Contact MSgt Ben Spotts, (970) 867-8029, benjo1993@msn.com.

• **VMF/VMA-311**, Sept. 27-Oct. 1, New Orleans, La. Contact Jim Galchick, (610) 584-5654, jgalchick@neo.rr.com, http://www.vmfvma311reunion.org.

Ships and Others

• **USS Canberra (CA-70/CAG-2)**, Sept. 30-Oct. 4, Pittsburgh, Pa. Contact Ken Minick, 2115 Pride Ave., Belpre, OH 45714, (740) 423-8976, usscanberra@gmail.com.

• **USS Hornet (CV-8/CV/CVA/CVS-12)**, Sept. 16-20, Buffalo, N.Y. Contact Sandy Burket, P.O. Box 108, Roaring Spring, Pa., 16673, (814) 224-5063, (814) 3112-4976, hornetcva@aol.com.

• **USS Ranger (CVA/CV-61)**, Sept. 30-Oct. 3, Norfolk, Va. Contact Frank Thoms, (975) 595-6924, Kevin Auriemma, (973) 625-3893, or Tom Ballinger, (210) 403-3302.



COURTESY OF GARY CROWELL

Leatherneck reader Gary Crowell would like to hear from anyone who can identify the two Red Cross workers in this photo taken in 1966 at Chu Lai, Vietnam.

Mail Call

• Gary Crowell, crowell.india35@verizon.net, to hear from anyone who can identify the two Red Cross workers pictured in the above photo, which was taken at Chu Lai, Vietnam, in 1966.

• Jerry West, jcmbwest@comcast.net, to hear from Fred SMITH Jr., Lucky WIENMANN and Lt Eric LOYD, who served in Vietnam from 1965-1966.

• John Allen, coronado25@msn.com, to hear from Sgt E. WEIDMAYER, Cpl T. WARDLOW and Cpl D.R. HEWITT, who served as drill instructors for Plt 360, San Diego, 1965.

• Ken Haney, kenhaney79@gmail.com, to hear from anyone who may be able to identify a Marine major and Medal of Honor recipient who he met at MCRD Parris Island, S.C., sometime between 1976 and 1979.

Wanted

Readers should be cautious about sending money without confirming authenticity and availability of products offered.

• Eugene Brooks, (330) 983-4887, wants

a recruit graduation book for Plt 97, Parris Island, 1954.

• Davis F. Yates, (863) 658-1655, wants a recruit graduation book for Plt 226, Parris Island, 1958.

• Mark Alters, altersmark@gmail.com, wants a recruit graduation book for Plt 1010, Parris Island, 1991.

• Mark Kreaggor, (202) 679-0522, mjkreaggor@aol.com, wants a platoon photo and recruit graduation book for Plt 348, Parris Island, 1969.

• Sandra Harris, gloryblooms@gmail.com, wants a recruit graduation book for Women Marines, Plt 6A, Parris Island, 1968.

• Rocky Sickmann, (314) 640-3997, rsickmann@foldsofhonor.org, wants a platoon photo and recruit graduation book for Plt 1090, San Diego, 1976.

• Rick Abbott, rickamandaabbott@yahoo.com, wants a recruit graduation book for Plt 3114, San Diego, 1993. 📧

Saved Round

By Nancy S. Lichtman



COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES

A PLACE TO REST AND RECOVER— These pictures, taken in the first few months of 1919, show a group of Marines and Sailors at the newly built American Red Cross Convalescent House in Quantico, Va.

During World War I, as part of their ongoing mission to provide assistance to servicemembers, the American Red Cross funded the construction of convalescent houses in the United States, all of them designed in the shape of a cross. The Quantico Convalescent House was a white stucco building overlooking the Potomac River. The building featured large windows that allowed sunlight to flood the great room, which was meant to provide a cheerful atmosphere for the men and visiting family members.

While many of the occupants of the convalescent houses were recovering from wounds they sustained fighting in France, others, undoubtedly, were recuperating from influenza.



COURTESY OF NATIONAL ARCHIVES

When the influenza pandemic swept through the United States in 1918, it sickened nearly 25 percent of the population and claimed the lives of 675,000 people, according to the National Museum of Health and Medicine. More than 43,000 servicemembers died of the virus in 1918. It is estimated that worldwide, 50 million to 100 million people died from influenza. 🦠

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