











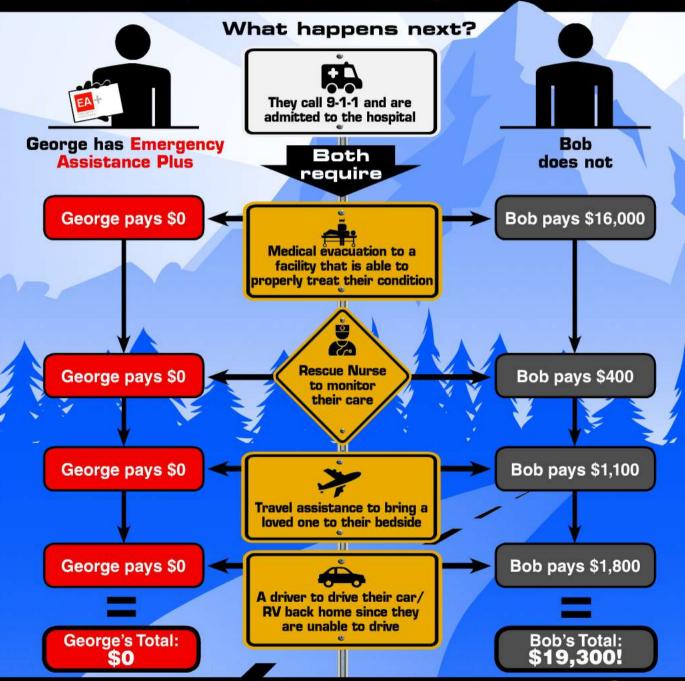
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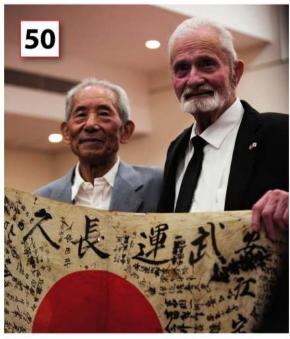
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COVER: Sgt Brad Coats, a reconnaissance Marine with "Charlie" Co, 4th Recon Bn, 4thMarDiv, MARFORRES, steers a Marine Corps F470 Zodiac Combat Rubber Raiding craft through a flooded street in Houston, Texas, Aug. 31. Hurricane Harvey came ashore Aug. 25, flooding thousands of homes and displacing more than 30,000 people. Photo by LCpl Niles Lee, 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.

Sound Off

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.)

I would like to thank Ed Walsh for the outstanding assistance he gave me after he read my letter, "Looking for Owner of WW I Bible," that appeared in the June issue of *Leatherneck*. It told of my quest to locate the heirs of a World War I Marine. The letter in part read: "I enlisted in the Corps in March 1946 but before leaving for Parris Island, was given a small, leather-bound New Testament by a friend of my father. I found the New Testament was inscribed by the name of its owner, Ralph Newton.

"I remembered the artifact long after my period of service ended in 1952. As time permitted, I made efforts to locate the heirs of Newton.

"I am still on the trail and will find his heirs to return the Bible before ... I find myself in 'In Memoriam.'

I received a phone call from a Mr. Walsh who had read my letter and said he found Newton's family members in Spokane, Wash. He called the number he was given and verified it was the correct Newton family.

I then phoned the number, left a message and a few days later received a call back from the granddaughter and grandson of Newton. They were delighted that I had

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the Bible and gave me an address to send the little black book.

I owe many thanks to Mr. Walsh. SSgt Winfield O. Salter, USMC Spring, Texas

Burial Place of Maj Samuel Nicholas

I noted in the reprinted article, "Samuel Nicholas, 'The Fightin' Quaker,' " [July Leatherneck], second to last paragraph states: "Unfortunately, Marine Corps officials have never succeeded in finding any record of the death or burial place of the first Marine officer."

My research indicates that some sources agree with this while others indicate that Major Nicholas died of yellow fever in 1790 and is buried in the Arch Street Meeting House in Philadelphia.

LtCol Mike Sheedy, USMC (Ret) USMC, 1967-88 Williamsburg, Va.

I am writing in regard to the Samuel Nicholas story on page 48 of the July *Leatherneck*. The later paragraphs indicated that nothing was known about the death and place of burial of Samuel Nicholas.

The May 13, 2013, issue of the Marine Corps Times "SitRep" column has a very good history of Nicholas' relationship with his faith. It locates his place of burial.

On June 1, 2013, I had the honor of participating in the ceremony of placing the stone at the Arch Street graveyard. The Chester County Detachment of the Marine Corps League was instrumental in allowing a memorial marker to be placed in the graveyard.

LCpl Joseph R. Clemente Mount Airy, Md.

Thank you both for the update on Samuel Nicholas' burial site. The article was from the Leatherneck archives and we reprinted it as it was originally published in the November 1927 issue of the magazine but it's always good to know "the rest of the story."—Editor

Speaking Marines' Language

I would like to address Marine Carl Withey's concerns about the use of proper English in *Leatherneck* detailed in his August 2017 letter in "Sound Off."

With all due respect to Mr. Withey, during the six years I served, 1964-70, I met many Marines from all over the United States, and even a couple of foreign-born seeking a path to citizenship.

What was common among us is that we spoke a language that we all understood, a mix of profanity, vulgarity, technical, military and saltiness.

What was not common was English; we all spoke regional versions, New England, Bronx/New York City (me), Dixie, Redneck, Cajun (one Marine was born and bred in Louisiana and spoke with a French accent), Spanglish (combo of Spanish and English) and whatever other local patois that was native to that section of America of their birth and upbringing.

Certainly, no one was concerned with the proper syntaxes, punctuations and pronunciations of the English language.

Keep up the good work and wonderful articles, write in any style that communicates to us Marines at a Marine level of familiarity, and leave the snobbery to *New Yorker* magazine.

Sgt Joe Doyle, USMC 1964-70 Scottsburg, Va.

WW II Corsair Pilot Salutes His Squadron

My outfit was VMF-224, MAG 31. It was a Corsair squadron. We trained at Roi-Namur in the Marshall Islands and fought at Yontan, Okinawa and then China. I led the bomb and rocket squad, something I had no training for. I learned.

We went to Yokosuka, Japan at the end of the war and then most of us were sent to El Toro, Calif., to await discharge. I was discharged at Cherry Point, N.C.

As far as I know, there are five of us still living. Our commanding officer, Colonel Bob Hammand is 98. I turned 92 on July 9. God bless you all.

John L. Perkins Belen, N.M.

"Alpha" 1/7 at Meade River

The August 2017 issue of *Leatherneck* arrived this afternoon and, seeing the article on 3/26 at Meade River listed in the contents, I quickly turned to read it. I immediately recognized the photo on page 34, having used it in an article that Marine veteran Ron Fieseler and I compiled, which was published in *The Company of Military Historians* journal.

The photograph is from the Dec. 27, 1968, page 9, issue of *Sea Tiger* and shows part of "Alpha" 1/7, 2d Platoon, making its way through the rice paddy just east of

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Capt Floyd Mitchell, left, and Donald Marquis sit atop their motorcycles in Mexico City, in 1954.

the railroad berm. It was taken on Dec. 6, 1968. Left to right: HM James Lichman, unknown Marine, GySgt Richard Crawford, PFC Fritz Daniels, PFC Russell Hevern (KIA Jan. 7, 1969), and LCpl James Leach.

Photograph by PFC Robert B. Sanville. Gunny Crawford was killed the next day while leading an assault on a heavily defended bunker line.

I have unsuccessfully attempted to locate PFC Sanville to see if he had taken any more pictures of Alpha 1/7. If any Marine knows how to contact him, I would appreciate it.

If anyone is interested in the two-part article dealing with the role played by Alpha, 1/7 during Operation Meade River, please email me at dsulli7875@aol.com. I will send an electronic copy.

Dave Sullivan Rutland, Mass.

Marines and Their Motorcycles

Reading the article in the July 2017 issue, "Marines and Motorcycles," by Sara Bock, took me back to 1974, when I was assigned to MCB Camp Lejeune, N.C., from Fort Bragg, N.C. Motorcycles had just been authorized on base and there had to be a base motorcycle club formed to conduct testing to receive a base license. The officers conducted eight hours of classroom training, and a safety and riding skill test was conducted one Saturday a month.

The lectures, written exam, and rider skill test were in accordance with the Motorcycle Safety Foundation (MSF) recommendations at the time.

Sometime in 1975, the elected officers of the base club approached the base CG and PMO about the testing being assigned to PMO.

The request was approved but only if one of the officers would agree to position and set up the classroom and riding skill test area. All the club officers voted, and I was selected to take the position. For the next two years I was assigned to PMO conducting safety inspections of motorcycles, written safety knowledge tests and rider skill tests.

While assigned to this position, the noncommissioned officer in charge was contacted by some Marines who were trying to get motorcycles allowed onboard Camp Pendleton, Calif. They were furnished the information that was being used at Camp Lejeune, and motorcycles later were allowed on base.

During the time that the base club and I were conducting the license exam, I do not recall any Marine lost to a motorcycle accident.

I also found the article very informative on the history of motorcycles in the Corps. I am currently 73 years old and still ride.

GySgt Kenneth R. Hardy, USMC (Ret) 1962-83, 1991-93 McGregor, Texas

I have a follow-up to the article about motorcycles in the Marine Corps. Floyd Mitchell and I were on duty in Mexico in 1953-55.

In 1956-57 I was stationed at Camp Pendleton, Calif., and motorcycles were not allowed on base, even with insurance.



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There was a parking area outside the base where you were to leave your motorcycle.

Mitchell retired as a captain and I went on to be a railroad engineer.

SSgt Donald L. Marquis Merrill, Wis.

I found Sara Bock's, "Marines and Motorcycles," interesting. I'm glad that the Corps has a program to emphasize safe riding. It's nice that you did some research and referred to my November 1982 article, "The Motorcycle Marines."

SSgt Jack Sands USMC, 1952-62 Waldorf, Md.

Chu Lai Landing Memories

Staff Sergeant Guthrie's letter in the June issue sent me to my scrapbook for a couple of photographs that will reinforce his memories of the May 7, 1965, Chu Lai landing and events leading up to it.

In March 1965, 4th Marines and all its ground attachments were separated from the Hawaii-based 1st Marine Brigade and shipped to Okinawa. My Ontos platoon, which was attached to Lieutenant Colonel J.R. "Bull" Fisher's BLT 2/4, crossed the Pacific aboard the LSD USS *Renville* (APA-227).

On April 23, at a company level officer's

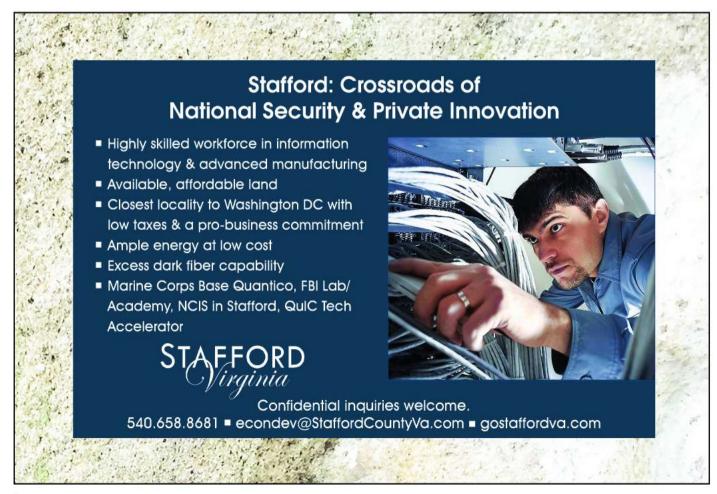


Two LCUs, above, loaded with platoon vehicles and an LVPT, right, floated off the ship from its well deck upon arrival at White Beach, Okinawa.

meeting, LtCol Fischer told us that our landing at a place called Chu Lai was expected to be heavily opposed by as many as 5,000 hard-core Viet Cong troops supported by artillery and mortars.

With thoughts of a World War II-like assault on our minds, we were driven back

to White Beach (a Naval base on Okinawa) and on April 29, we left Buckner Bay for South Vietnam. This time we were loaded aboard USS *Union* (AKA-106). We were heavily armed. I wrote in my diary on May 3, 1965, that my platoon alone carried 90 106 rounds, 440 .50-cal. spotting





rounds, 15,000 .30-cal rounds for our machine guns and grease guns, 2,000 rounds for our .45s, as well as 840 rounds for those Marines who carried M-14s and 50 hand grenades.

As SSgt Guthrie stated, the landing on May 7 (2/4 made an amphibious landing and 1st Battalion, 4th Marines was heli-lifted off USS *Princeton* (LHP-5), turned out to be unopposed. We were only made aware that there would be no opposition to our landing the night before we disembarked for the beaches. The VC regiment that we decimated later that summer during Operation Starlite declined to oppose us at that time.

While I didn't think so at the time and didn't for many years later, I would have to say that my abbreviated tour in Vietnam was highlighted by good fortune. A Navy doctor later told me that the medical staff onboard USS Iwo Jima (LHD-7), was told to expect upward of 50 percent casualties in the first wave of our landing. I was in the third wave. Later, after three-plus brutal months of surviving conditions at Chu Lai while chasing elusive VC guerillas, I received a mistakenly issued set of orders that caused me to miss Operation Starlite. It was a battle in which my platoon distinguished itself.

Capt Lynn I. Terry USMCR, 1962-67 Sedona, Ariz.

More Articles on Female Marines

Each month I await with anticipation the arrival of *Leatherneck* magazine and take that journey back to 1970-71 when I was a 19- and 20-year-old Marine and am always thrilled to see how much better our Corps and Marines are today. That which was instilled in me at Marine Corps Recruit

Depot San Diego has provided me with an opportunity to live a life of courage, honor and commitment.

One thing I am disappointed in with the magazine is although our female Marines are fewer in number, they must be doing awesome work out there and I would love to see more attention given them. As far as I remember there is only one gender in the [continued on page 64]





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In Every Clime and Place

Compiled by Sara W. Bock



1stLt Christian Castilla and GySgt Ryan Kirkham, the combined anti-armor team platoon commander and platoon sergeant with 1/7, SPMAGTF-CR-CC, attached to TFAA, conduct a debrief with Iraqi officers of 7th Iraqi Infantry Division at Al Asad Air Base, Iraq, July 7. These Marines are part of TFAA's coalition security force team in charge of providing security to the base and its personnel.

AL ANBAR PROVINCE, IRAQ Task Force Marines Enable, Advise In Fight Against ISIS

While combat operations in Mosul and Raqqa dominate today's headlines, the fight to destroy the Islamic State in Iraq and Syria (ISIS) extends far beyond the two cities. In Iraq's Al Anbar Province, which encompasses much of the country's western territory, the fight is still ongoing, and Task Force Al Asad (TFAA) plays a key role in enabling the total destruction of ISIS in the region.

Commanded by Colonel Fridrik Fridriksson, USMC, the task force, whose mission is to advise and assist the 7th Army Division and the Jazira al-Badiyah Operations Center, is a vital component of Combined Joint Task Force-Operation Inherent Resolve's efforts to destroy ISIS.

"Now, the Iraqis are doing everything," Fridriksson said. "What we're doing is trying to enable them. Not fight for them, but with them ... these are truly going to be Iraqi victories."

The true coalition nature of the task force is evident while traveling around the TFAA compound, with numerous patterns and colors of camouflage moving about the concrete barriers and bunkers among a mix of permanent, semi-permanent and temporary structures. While a U.S. Marine is the commander of TFAA, and many of the primary staff members are Marines as well, Marines make up less than 10 percent of the overall task force.

Upon entering TFAA's headquarters building, the coalition effort becomes further apparent. Offices are filled with U.S. Marines and soldiers working alongside their Danish and British counterparts. The task force proudly displays its unit logo consisting of a lion, or "asad," in front of American, Iraqi, Danish and British flags.

These partners, who also fall under

Fridriksson's command and make up a preponderance of the personnel, are vital to mission success.

"This is not just joint, this is a coalition," Fridriksson said.

Fridriksson went on to explain that being able to work in this type of environment with all services from the Department of Defense and with servicemembers from numerous countries has been rewarding.

Since early 2017, TFAA has supported the Iraqis with training including infantry tactics, logistics, engineering and maintenance, as well as support to operations. Combined, these efforts have improved the fighting capacity of the Iraqi Security Forces (ISF) in the Euphrates River Valley.

"This is their fight; we've got to be able to support that the best way we can," said Major William Warkentin, USMC, the operations officer for TFAA.

The advise and assist mission support largely involves intelligence, surveillance

and fire support. As of July 30, TFAA had supported more than 100 strikes on the enemy and more than a dozen operations—both offensive and defensive. TFAA is able to follow these operations from their combat operations center in order to best support their partners.

"When you catch the enemy trying to attack your Iraqi partners and you're able to stop that ... that's one of the best takeaways, you seeing the success on the battlefield when you know you have saved Iraqi lives," Warkentin said.

Offensive operations conducted by partner forces are depicted on maps hanging in the task force workspaces. On the maps, the shrinking of ISIS in Al Anbar dates back to the first task force rotation in 2015.

Over the course of the task force's deployment, more than 130 key leader engagements were conducted with the ISF. These engagements improve relationships between TFAA personnel and the ISF, allowing them to work together and determine how the task force can better support the Iragis and their mission.

"Breaking bread with our Iraqi partners is an important part of a key leadership engagement," Warkentin said. "If you're not sitting down with the generals and the operations planners, then you can't really do that enable piece ... When they see how committed we are, it makes it easier for them to open up to you ... Being here for nine months, you see that relationship develop-you become friends."

While not directly tied to the advise and assist mission of TFAA, the task force also oversees base development for CJTF-OIR in order to enable their operations in the Euphrates River Valley both now and in the future, explained Colonel Matthew Seay, USMC, TFAA Deputy Commander. Many personnel of the task force have worked throughout their deployment developing and implementing this plan.

Marine Corps, Army, Air Force and coalition combat engineers throughout the task force operate heavy equipment daily in support of this effort. This includes laying foundations for new structures, repairing weathered runways and improving force protection measures.

Marine combat engineers assigned to Marine Wing Support Squadron (MWSS) 372 are deployed to the Middle East as part of the Special Purpose Marine Air-Ground Task Force-Crisis Response-Central Command. These Marines were sourced to TFAA for engineering operations in support of the base's master plan.

"It's meaningful work, and it's getting done," said First Lieutenant Khari Ford, the SPMAGTF-CR-CC engineering detachment officer in charge. "Instantly there's a number of sites that as soon as we finish, someone lives there or moves in to work there. You know that everything you do, it matters to someone. It's something that's supporting the fight."

One site was occupied within 20 minutes of completion, Ford said, highlighting the demand for their work.

Meanwhile, the security of Al Asad Air Base must be maintained. A combined team of U.S. Marines works alongside the British and Danish armies to keep the perimeter secure and ensure the safety of those on the base. The security force Marines are assigned to First Battalion, Seventh Marine Regiment.

"They are part of the front line as far as advising and assisting the Iraqis," said First Lieutenant Paul Queen, USMC, 1/7's TFAA security force detachment officer in charge.

Oueen previously deployed to Al Asad in 2016, and said the progress since then is evident.

"[The Marines] can see tangible results to their efforts ... there is much more integration between the Iraqis and the task force," Queen said, adding that their mission is to provide security that allows the task force to engage with the Iraqis and enable them to do their mission.

In doing so, their daily operations consist of conducting base defense patrols, providing security for key leader engagements, standing guard at posts, serving as a quick reaction force and exchanging infantry tactics, techniques and procedures with the 7th Iraqi Army Division.

TFAA will continue to play an important role in Al Anbar as its members continue to advise and assist the ISF.

Col Fridriksson noted the need for the task force to adapt in the future as the fight changes.

"The task force will morph. It will change. We have to be able to shape, change and turn, and be as flexible and responsive to Iragis as they need us to be," said Fridriksson.

1stLt David Williams, USMC

LASHKARGAH, AFGHANISTAN **Back to Basics: Task Force** Southwest Conducts Map Class

For three weeks in July, U.S. Marines with Task Force Southwest conducted a map reading class for the Operational Coordination Center (OCC)-Provincial members and checkpoint commanders at Bost Airfield, Lashkar Gah, Afghanistan. On July 22, those Afghan National Defense and Security Force partners graduated from the class with skills, allowing them a more accurate and efficient way of tracking both friendly and enemy movements.

"At the very base, [this class was given] to ensure our ANSDF [Afghan National Security and Defense Forces] partners are able to read maps," said First Lieutenant Matthew Somers, an advisor with Task Force Southwest. "Not only just to see a map and see what's there, but to be able to build upon their skills they already have, so later they can actually coordinate movements and coordinate friendly positions."

The map reading class covered multiple topics, including measuring straight and curved-line distances as well as being able to plot and pull a six-digit grid off a map. They also focused on terrain association, a



An Afghan policeman locates a terrain feature using a six-digit grid during a map reading test at Bost Airfield, Lashkar Gah, Afghanistan, July 16. U.S. Marine advisors with Task Force Southwest conducted a three-week course focusing on plotting, terrain association, and finding grid coordinates on a map.

skill that will allow them to find locations based off of a verbal description.

"In my opinion, the map reading class was very surprising and it was fantastic for us," said First Lieutenant Azizullah Ahmadi, 5th Brigade, Afghan National Civil Order Police. "We learned a lot of good and important things from the class, especially now since we are busy [conducting operations]."

Somers said that they are setting up more courses through the Regional Military Training Center for the checkpoint commanders. They will also start current operational picture courses that are essential to day-to-day OCC operations. The next classes will build upon the map reading class, allowing the students to battle track by using a map, as well as computer programs like Google Earth.

"I hope they build upon [these skills]," said Somers. "Map reading is a basic military skill, and in today's society we rely on GPS or cell phones. But if you have no cell service or the battery is dead, you can always rely on that map, that foundation, to be able to conduct the mission."

Task Force Southwest is made up of approximately 300 Marines and Sailors

from II Marine Expeditionary Force, whose mission is to train, advise and assist the Afghan National Army 215th Corps and the 505th Zone National Police in order to enhance security and stability throughout Helmand Province.

Sgt Justin Updegraff, USMC

HOKKAIDO, JAPAN Northern Viper: U.S., Japanese Rehearse Regional Security

More than 2,000 U.S. Marines joined approximately 1,500 servicemembers with the Japan Self-Defense Forces (JSDF) to support the first iteration of Exercise Northern Viper 2017 at Misawa Air Base and the island of Hokkaido, Japan, Aug. 10-28.

Northern Viper, a joint contingency exercise, tested the interoperability and bilateral capability of the JSDF and U.S. Marine Corps across a variety of areas including peacekeeping operations, humanitarian assistance and disaster relief. It's designed to enhance and improve interoperability at the tactical level between the Marines and JSDF, keeping them both formidable and adaptive. The idea is to showcase a highly capable, for-

ward-deployed U.S. military presence positioned with its Japanese partners to directly support the security of the Indo-Asia-Pacific region.

"We have Marines with First Marine Aircraft Wing, Marines with Third Marine Division and the JSDF all currently together to train here," said Colonel James F. Harp, the commanding officer of Marine Aircraft Group 36, 1st MAW, during the exercise. "This exercise is strategically shaping our relationship with Japan."

Marines with MAG-36 provided direct aerial support to the Marines of 3dMarDiv and JSDF with a variety of aircraft.

"The mission for 1st MAW Marines here is to have the opportunity to train outside of Okinawa," said Major Eric M. Landblom, the MAG-36 exercise operations officer. "The government of Japan allows us the freedom to come and train in other locations. We also have good partnerships with the Air Force and Navy installations to allow us to do this type of training."

According to Landblom, the squadrons attached to 1st MAW were scheduled to conduct various training operations

TONGATAPU ISLAND, TONGA



EXPEDITIONARY—Marines with Third Combat Logistics Battalion, attached to Task Force Koa Moana 17, set up a Lightweight Water Purification System on a beach on Tongatapu Island, Tonga, during Exercise Tafakula, July 17. The exercise is designed to strengthen the military-to-military relations, infantry and combat training between His Majesty's Armed Forces of Tonga, French Army of New Caledonia, New Zealand Defense Force and the United States Armed Forces.

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Marines with Marine Wing Communications Squadron 18 position a fiber wire on the ground at Misawa Air Base, Japan, Aug. 10, at the start of Exercise Northern Viper 2017. The exercise tested the interoperability and bilateral capability of JSDF and USMC forces and provided the opportunity to conduct realistic training in an unfamiliar environment.

throughout the exercise, such as assault support missions, simulated offensive air support and simulated casualty evacuations in Hokkaido.

"We have ranges here that we don't have in Okinawa," said Sergeant Major Marvin M. Magcale, the group sergeant major for MAG-36. "We can utilize the ranges in Hokkaido in ways we couldn't back in Okinawa. There are ranges nearby for our aircraft to train and conduct live fires by air."

During the exercise, 3dMarDiv conducted a mission on with JSDF's Northern Army 11th Brigade.

"They will do functional training where they learn to train from each other," Landblom said at the start of the exercise. "After, they will do comprehensive training, which we will take what they learned from each other and conduct a force-onforce operation where they work together to defeat a common enemy," he added.

Designed to integrate the Marine Corps with the JSDF, Northern Viper allowed Marines to identify their weaknesses, making this exercise a valuable asset to maintaining readiness in the region.

"This exercise is extremely important because we have very limited opportunities to come together with our Japanese counterparts in a large scale to conduct this type of training," said Harp. "We need to continue training like this to better protect the region from its adversaries."

LCpl Andy Martinez, USMC

CENTRAL AMERICA

SPMAGTF Detachments Conduct Security Cooperation Training

U.S. Marines with the Ground Combat Element, Special Purpose Marine Air-Ground Task Force-Southern Command arrived in Central America in June and will continue conducting training with host nation militaries through November.

Working in detachments ranging from five to 12 Marines, the GCE is spread across Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador and Belize, conducting tailored training with the partner nation forces there.

"We are teaching three blocks of infantry skills: basic, intermediate and advanced courses," said Captain Andrew J. Beck, the officer in charge of the Belize detachment. "The first block is structured for enlisted soldiers and coastguardsmen; the second block is structure for noncommissioned officers and junior officers; and block three towards senior NCOs and officers."

The purpose of the security cooperation training is to build a stronger partnership with the host nation militaries and increase the proficiency and professionalism of their forces so they can continue to improve the security of their nations.

"Our primary focus is on the basic infantry skills course," said Staff Sergeant Bryan J. Ashton, the staff noncommissioned officer in charge of the Belize detachment. "We teach things like patrolling, basic marksmanship, land navigation and some elements of mixed martial arts."

The host nation military forces also request specific tactics and courses to be taught by the Marines, which influences how each detachment actually structures each course.

"Here in Honduras they want more Military Operations in Urban Terrain, or MOUT, and short-range marksmanship training," said Sergeant Travis R. DiPiazza, an infantry trainer with the Honduras detachment. "Since that is what they would focus on for security purposes, we are trying to give them a better security posture as a whole."

In addition to the Marines, each team has an independent duty U.S. Navy corps-



Sgt David Gaudette, the staff NCO in charge of the Honduras Detachment, GCE, SPMAGTF-SC, trains Honduran Marines in basic water survival skills in Trujillo, Honduras, July 26. The Marines and Sailors of SPMAGTF-SC are deployed to Central America through November to conduct security cooperation training and engineering projects with their counterparts in Belize, El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras. (Photo by Cpl Melanie A. Kilcline, USMC)

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man assigned to it, who is also a certified combat lifesaver instructor.

"Working with the local nationals, we have been doing weapons training, mixed martial arts training and some basic first aid classes," said Petty Officer First Class James Robertson, USN, the hospital corpsman with the Honduras detachment. "Interacting with the host nation military members and learning their culture, as well as seeing how their military operates as a whole compared to ours has been an amazing experience for our corpsmen and Marines."

Not only does this training benefit the host nation militaries and help them become more advanced and proficient, but it also forces the Marines to improvise, adapt and overcome challenges many of them have never faced before in training, such as language barriers.

"Language is a huge challenge we have come across here in Honduras," said Sergeant David Gaudette, the staff noncommissioned officer in charge for the Honduras detachment. "Most of the Honduran Marines do not speak English, but we have completed extensive language training with one of our Marines who is a fluent Spanish speaker."

Regardless of the challenges they may face, the Marines are enthusiastic about working shoulder-to-shoulder with their host nation counterparts to overcome them.

"The language barrier is a constant struggle," said First Lieutenant Benjamin T. Um, the OIC for the Honduras detachment. "But my Marines have shown vast improvements in their language capabilities since they arrived in Honduras. The Marines are here to train and they show their willingness and ability to train hard every single day. I am very proud of them."

Cpl Melanie A. Kilcline, USMC

SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, HAWAII Airborne Jumps: Vital Training For Reserve Recon Marines

Marines with Fourth Reconnaissance Company conducted static line and highaltitude airborne jumps with Army Special Forces at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, July 14.

"As a reserve company, we operate on a slightly different tempo than our activeduty counterparts," said Captain Garrett Smith, a platoon commander with the company. "We do airborne operations, both low-level static line and free fall training operations, about once a quarter throughout the calendar year."

Smith said the Marines go through extensive training before parachuting in the field.

"All of the military jumpers here have been through a battery of schools and train-



Marines with 4th Force Recon Co and soldiers with U.S. Army Special Forces board a CH-47 Chinook to conduct a high altitude airborne jump at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, July 14. The training allowed the Marines to maintain proficiency in static line and high altitude free fall airborne jumps.



After conducting static line airborne jumps from a CH-47, Marines with 4th Force Recon Co descend through the skies at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, July 14.

ing events that have eventually led up to this stage," Smith said. "The key for a successful jump operation like this is highly proficient and professional jumpmasters, and a cohesive working relationship with the aircrew operating the aircraft."

Corporal Nikita Klochko, an assistant radio transmission operator with the company, said there are various things that need to be done to complete a jump.

"Doing all the pre-checks for all the parachutes, and just having good position once out of the plane helps make a successful jump," Klochko said.

Klochko said the training also helps build camaraderie amongst the Marines.

"I like the team bonding, together, just going right out of the plane back to back," Klochko said. Staff Sergeant Samuel Keaulii, said jumping out of an aircraft provides mixed feelings and emotions.

"It's a little bit of fear and a lot of fun," Keaulii said. "The process going through your head of what you need to do and the things that could go wrong."

Keaulii said that anyone that wishes to join the reconnaissance community should enjoy the chance and hardship of being a force reconnaissance Marine.

"I didn't really expect to be doing what I do today," Keaulii said. "I love my job and I love become a reconnaissance Marine. I get to do a lot of cool stuff. Yes, it could be hard, but that's what makes it great."

LCpl Isabelo Tabanguil, USMC



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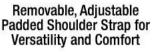


Marines Artwork Embossed on the Front

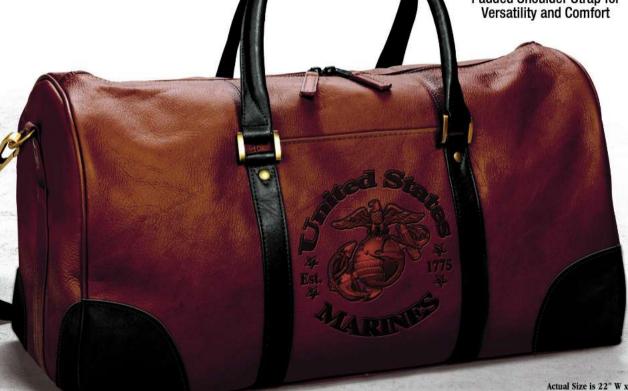


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* * *



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Corps Connections

Triangle, Va.

Centennial Unites Current, Veteran Marines of 2/6

For 100 years, the "Spartans" of Second Battalion, Sixth Marine Regiment have carried on a legacy that began with the unit's formation at Marine Corps Base Quantico, Va., in July 1917. This summer, current and former members of 2/6 gathered at MCB Quantico for the battalion's centennial celebration. The majority of the battalion traveled to Quantico for the event, where they learned the history of their unit and its roots in the "Crossroads of the Marine Corps," participated in a battalion field meet-the "Spartan Games"—at Camp Upshur, and attended a celebration dinner at the National Museum of the Marine Corps in Triangle, Va., July 7.

From the left, Colonel Timothy S. Mundy, USMC (Ret), Director of the Marine Corps Association Foundation; Lieutenant Colonel James W. Lively, former commanding officer of 2/6; General Joseph F. Dunford Jr., Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and former commanding officer of 2/6; Colonel Kyle B. Ellison, former commanding officer of 2/6; and SqtMaj Kevin Bennett, USMC (Ret),



Director, Professional Development, MCA&F, were among those in attendance. Gen Dunford, who was the battalion's commanding officer from 1996 to 1998, spoke to the crowd and also presented a posthumous Silver Star to the family of Corporal Albert Gettings, a member of 2/6 who was killed in Iraq in 2005.

MCA&F





High School Class Honors Memory of Marine

At their 50th anniversary reunion in Potomac, Md., on April 29, members of the Winston Churchill High School class of 1967 enjoyed a meal together and spent time catching up, much like any other event of its kind. But this reunion included something else: a touching—and lasting—tribute to one of their own, Private First Class Anthony K. "Tony" Kercoude, USMC, who was killed in action in South Vietnam on Sept. 21, 1968. A group of individuals from the class of 1967, the school's first graduating class, came together

to purchase a commemorative bench that was installed on the grounds of the high school's memorial garden. On the day of the reunion, they dedicated the bench, draped with a flag, to Tony Kercoude. Also in attendance at the dedication were school officials, military veterans, members of the Kercoude family and special guest, Brigadier General George L. Bartlett, USMC (Ret), former executive director of the Marine Corps Association & Foundation, who spoke to the attendees at the dedication.

Submitted by Joanne Guilfoil



At Veterans Home, Meeting Brings Generations Together

When the members of the Napa Valley, Calif., Marine Corps League Detachment 870 made the decision to hold their July 15 meeting at the Veterans Home of California, Yountville, they hoped for a good turnout and the opportunity to connect with the Marine veterans who reside there. They were pleased to be met with a great response—so much so, that they plan to hold more meetings there in the future.

During the July meeting, 98-year-old World War II Marine veteran Barbra Bregoff, left, a resident at the home, enjoyed a chat with Bernie Narvaez, Detachment 870 Commandant, after he presented her with a certificate of recognition on behalf of California District 4 Assemblywoman Cecilia Aguiar-Curry. Bregoff was discharged from the U.S. Marine Corps Women's Reserve in 1945, but it wasn't until March of this year that she received her WW II Victory Medal, American Campaign medal, and Honorable Service lapel pin.

Opportunities to connect with fellow Marines and recognize their contributions to the Corps help solidify the bond that exists among those who have earned the title.

Submitted by Bernie Narvaez



Heritage Foundation Awards Foster Support for the Corps

At the Marine Corps Heritage Foundation's 2017 awards ceremony, held at the National Museum of the Marine Corps in Triangle, Va., April 29, Lieutenant General William M. Faulkner, USMC (Ret), CEO of the Marine Corps Association & Foundation, left, and Betty Moseley Brown, veteran Marine and President of the Women Marines Association, right, were among the many notable individuals in attendance. In 2018, MCA&F and WMA will be partnering to celebrate the 100th anniversary of female Marines.

The annual awards ceremony hosted by the MCHF is a black-tie event that brings together Marines, supporters of the Corps and the award recipients whose contributions have helped advance and preserve the history of the Marine Corps. Awards are given in categories that include writing, journalism, photography, exhibits, films, leadership and more. Some of this year's notable recipients were President George H.W. and Mrs. Barbara P. Bush, who received the John A. Lejeune Recognition for Exemplary Leadership; James Carl Nelson, who received the Colonel Joseph Alexander Award for his book "I Will Hold;" and Lucky 8 Productions, which received the Major Norman Hatch Award for its documentary "The Unknown Flag Raiser of Iwo Jima."

MCA&F



Central Lake, Mich.

WW II Veteran Brings New Memorial to Small Town

When World War II Marine veteran Raymond Heise realized that the Veteran's Memorial at the local cemetery in Central Lake, Mich., was rapidly deteriorating, he took it upon himself to make certain that his town would have a fitting tribute to those who have served—one that would endure for generations to come. With the help of Matt Davis, whose late grandfather, Clint Davis, was a WW II veteran and friend of Heise's, and local Army veteran Chris Corbett, the trio financed the new memorial, which was dedicated on Memorial Day, May 29. The ceremony drew a large crowd, and Major General Michael R. Lehnert, USMC (Ret), pictured on the right, gave a speech and stood alongside Heise, pictured on the left. The new 7- by-4 monument and three memorial benches honor those individuals from the local area who served their nation proudly.

Submitted by Raymond A. Heise

"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.bock@mca-marines.org. Submission does not guarantee publication, and we cannot guarantee the return of photos.

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By Capt Andrew Chrestman, USMC

Marine Forces Reserve, in support of Marine Forces North, U.S. Northern Command and the Federal Emergency Management Agency, participated in Hurricane Harvey response efforts by actively supporting search-and-rescue operations and posturing forces to quickly provide critical resources to the affected region. Marine Forces Reserve is the most geographically dispersed command in the Marine Corps with units based in areas all across the affected region. Fourth Amphibious Assault Vehicle Battalion, Fourth Marine

Division, Marine Forces Reserve supported flood recovery operations in Beaumont, Texas under immediate response authority with approximately 60 Marines and 10 Amphibious Assault Vehicles. Three civilian medical evacuations and 102 civilian rescues were conducted. In addition, members of the battalion searched homes and delivered supplies to 300 students stranded at Lamar University.

Fourth Reconnaissance Battalion, 4thMarDiv, MARFORRES also was in Beaumont with approximately 62 Marines, 16 boats, four MTVRs and two trucks. Marines searched 242 homes and evacuated 569 civilians. An additional 134 Marines



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Above: Marines from Co C, 4th Assault Amphibian Bn, 4thMarDiv, execute rescue operations and immediate response missions in response to Hurricane Harvey in Galveston, Texas, Aug. 31. The Marines and Sailors with MARFORRES postured ground, air and logistical assets as part of the Department of Defense support to FEMA.

Left: Sgts Ben Tomerlin and Jacob Bruner, 14th Marine Regiment, 4th Mar Div, MARFORRES, load relief supplies onto a Red Cross vehicle in Beaumont, Texas, Sept. 3.





Left: Marines with Det A, Marine Light Attack Helicopter Squadron 773, 4th MAW, MARFORRES escort a family to a safe location during a rescue mission in the aftermath of Hurricane Harvey, Port Arthur Texas, Aug. 31.

Below: 1stSgt John Herrera, a parachute rigger with Co C, 4th Recon Bn, 4thMarDiv, MARFORRES, wades through waist-deep flood water in order to complete an emergency evacuation call in West ₫ Orange, Texas, Sept. 1.





with two KC-130J and 10 trucks with utilities and heavy equipment were deployed to Fort Worth, Texas. More than 30 Marines with five UH-1Y helicopters supported the U.S. Coast Guard in Chennault, La.

In addition, the 26th Marine Expeditionary Unit, including Marines from 2d Bn, 6th Marine Regiment, embarked aboard USS Kearsage (LHD-3) on Aug. 31 in preparation for possible taskings to support the relief efforts.

The Marine Corps Total Force has a great deal of expertise in the area of response and recovery, gained from Humanitarian Assistance/Disaster Relief across the globe. However, all of the Corps' efforts are in support of a lead federal agency working closely with state and local officials. State and local agencies are the lead for this response effort.

MARFORNORTH, under the command of USNORTHCOM, is responsible for homeland defense and Defense Support to Civil Authorities.

Editor's note: At press time, Marines were poised to assist with Hurricane Irma relief efforts.

Flying Devil Dogs



By Roger M. Emmons

Editor's note: October marks the 100th anniversary of First Aviation Squadron.

n April 6, 1917, the day on which the United States entered World War I, Marine Corps Aviation consisted of only seven qualified pilots and 43 enlisted men. Designated the "Marine Aviation Section" at the U.S. Aeronautical Station, Pensacola, Fla., the organization operated HS-2L Curtiss hydroaeroplanes.

The Marine Air arm began its growth and expansion on April 27, 1917, with the forming of the Marine Aeronautic Company at the Philadelphia Navy Yard from a nucleus supplied by the Marine aviation section. Its initial aeronautical equipment included two Curtiss R-6 seaplanes and one old Farman land plane. The site was on the shore of the Delaware River so that operations by

both land planes and seaplanes would be possible. The hangar was built with openings at each end—one with wooden ramps into the water and the other facing the airfield. During the next six months the company trained and expanded to 34 officers and 330 enlisted. Captain Alfred A.Cunningham, considered the father of Marine Corps aviation, was in command.

On Oct. 14, 1917, the Marine Aeronautic Company was divided into two units, thereafter designated the First Marine



Aeronautic Company and the First Aviation Squadron. The former unit, commanded by Captain Francis T. Evans, consisting of 10 officers and 93 enlisted men, moved immediately to the Navy Coastal Air Station at Cape May, N.J., for seaplane training and coastal patrol.

The latter unit, the First Aviation Squadron, commanded by Capt William M. McIlvain, consisting of 24 officers and 237 enlisted men, moved on Oct. 17, 1917. to the Army's Hazelburst Field at Mineola, Long Island, N.Y., for instruction and training in land planes. Flying activities were restricted by severe weather. In 1918, the First Aviation Squadron moved from Mineola to Lake Charles, La., where flight training was resumed with land planes at the Army's Gerstner Field.

On Jan. 9, 1918, the First Marine Aeronautic Company, then consisting of 12

officers and 133 enlisted men, departed from the Philadelphia Navy Yard aboard USS Hancock for Ponta Delgada in the Azores. Its planes included 10 Curtiss R-6 seaplanes, two N-9 seaplanes, and later, six Curtiss HS-2L flying boats. From there

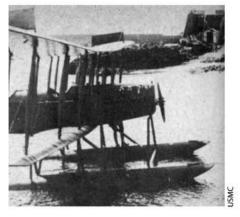
Capt Francis T. Evans

they maintained a constant daylight patrol throughout the war period. Theirs was the first flying unit in the U.S. military to go overseas completely trained and fully equipped.

A fifth aviation unit, designated the Aeronautic Detachment, was organized at the

Philadelphia Navy Yard on Dec. 15, 1917, under the command of Capt Roy S. Geiger, with four officers and 36 enlisted men.

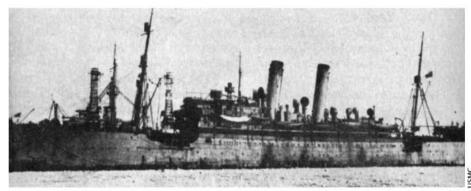
Meanwhile, Capt Cunningham had been sent to France to visit the front as an observer and make recommendations for



the employment of Marine aviation. On his return in January 1918, he recommended the organization of four Marine fighter squadrons to protect British bombers flying anti-submarine patrols over the North Sea and English Channel. The project was approved and orders were issued to organize four Marine land squadrons as quickly as possible.

The First Marine Aviation Force, commanded by Capt Cunningham, was formed on April 15, 1918, at the Curtiss Field on the edge of the Everglades outside Miami. It was made up from personnel of the First Aviation Squadron and the Aeronautic Detachment, both of which had disbanded the day before. The four squadrons of this Force, designated "A," "B," "C" and "D," rapidly trained for combat, flying Curtiss JN-4s and Thomas-Morse Scouts. They were augmented by some 80 Navy pilots who transferred to the Marine Corps in anticipation of a more rapid deployment to the war zone.

On July 30, 1918, the Force, less Squadron D, arrived at Brest, France, aboard USS DeKalb. Upon landing at Brest, Cunningham found that no arrangements had been made to move his squadrons the 400 miles to their selected bases in the Calais-Dunkirk area. After two days in bivouac on the outskirts of Brest, Cun-



Above: Initial elements of the First Marine Aviation Force sailed to Brest Harbor, France, in 1918 aboard USS DeKalb, a commercial ship converted to a troop transport.

Left: A Marine Curtis R-6 seaplane was towed to the beach at Panta Delgado, Azores, in 1918 after a test flight.

ningham commandeered a French freight train, loaded his three squadrons into the boxcars, and headed northward for Calais.

Squadrons A and B were located at Oye, a town between Calais and Dunkirk. Squadron C occupied a site at Le Fresne, 12 kilometers southwest of Calais, while Cunningham established his headquarters at Bois-en Ardres, nearby. On Oct. 5, 1918, Squadron D arrived at Le Fresne to complete the First Marine Aviation Force.

The squadrons showed up at their designated sites without a single aircraft. There, behind the lines, within the sound of guns on the Flanders front, the men set up pup tents among the trees in nearby orchards.

In the days that followed, trucks arrived with tents, gear and supplies, and the Marines were occupied in getting their camp established. At the same time, they began the construction of two fly-

ing fields, one at Ove and the

other at Le Fresne.

the history of the Marine Corps, complete with canvas hangars, living quarters, storehouses, mess halls and dispensaries. Roads and runways were flattened with the help of a "borrowed" Navy steamroller.

Upon arrival in France, the First Marine Aviation Force became the Marine Day Wing of the U.S. Navy Northern Bombing Group. The four Marine squadrons were redesignated, respectively, as the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Squadrons of the Northern Bombing Group. Major Roy S. Geiger commanded Squadron No. 7, while Maj William M. McIlvain had Squadron No. 8. Maj Douglas B. Roben was the first commanding officer of Squadron No. 9 and Capt Robert S. Lytle was the second. Marine Squadron No. 10 was headed by Capt Russell A. Presley.

The strength of Marine Day Wing was



164 officers and 846 enlisted Marines. In addition to the foregoing figures, there were 14 Navy officers and 66 sailors attached to the organization for duty. Flying personnel included 135 Marine officers (naval aviators), 30 enlisted Marine observers and 14 enlisted Marine aerial gunners. Included in attached Navy personnel were six Navy officers (naval aviators) and six enlisted Navy observers.

Capt David Hanrahan, U.S. Navy, was in charge of the Northern Bombing Group, with headquarters at Auntingues, France. The Group mission was the destruction of the German submarine bases at Ostend, Zeebrugge and Bruges by aerial bombing. These bases, along the Belgian coast, were to be subjected to continuous day and night bombing by Marine and Navy squadrons. Upon the German evacuation of the bases, the Group mission was changed to supporting British ground units in Flanders.

The plane assigned to the Marine squadrons was the American-built DH-4 bomber, powered by the 400 h.p. Liberty engine. Seventy-two DH-4s were ordered for the First Marine Aviation Force before the Marines left stateside. Naval aircraft and engine assembly bases were established at Pauillac, France, and Eastleigh, England, to accept and erect DH-4s shipped from the United States. The machines were assembled, tested and flown to the Marine squadrons at Oye and Le Fresne.

uch delay was experienced in getting delivery of the DH-4s. The first one arrived at Le Fresne on Sept. 7, 1918. It was slowly followed by others from Pauillac and Eastleigh. It looked as though the Marines would have to wait some time for delivery of their full complement of American-built DH-4s.

The Marines soon found a way to expedite matters. The assembly bases began to receive considerable numbers of Liberty engines, but no fuselages arrived in which to mount them. On the other hand, the Royal Air Force had hundreds of DH-9 air frames, but they were without the necessary power plants.

The British were approached with the scheme to swap Liberty engines for British DH-9 air frames and they approved. For every three Liberty engines delivered to the British, they returned one mounted in a DH-9A. The Marine Day Wing then began to receive DH-9As for which the Marines, in turn, delivered Liberty engines to England. Under this arrangement, the Marine Day Wing was finally equipped with 20 DH-9As and 16 DH-4s—a total of 36 operational De Havilland bombers.

Pending the arrival of their combat aircraft, arrangements were made to have



Two of the Corps' first pilots, Maj Douglas Roben and Maj Alfred Cunningham, in the early days of Marine Corps aviation.

Marine pilots and observers operate with certain squadrons of the Royal Air Force. Commencing on Aug. 9, 1918, nine days after the Marine squadrons had landed in France, selected pilots were transferred temporarily to Royal Air Force Squadrons No. 217 (equipped with DH-4s) and No. 218 (equipped with DH-9s) for combat training and service. Using the DH-4s and DH-9s borrowed from British aviation, the Marine pilots were rotated in temporary duty assignments in order to fly three or more combat missions over German lines as members of one of the Royal Air Force squadrons.

transferred as needed to RAF squadrons for actual bombing experience and then returned to their own units.

The U.S. Marine pilots and observers who served with the Royal Air Force were to create, not inherit, a tradition which later generations of Marine aviators would embellish with matchless gallantry. Almost everything they did during that period was a "first."

Second Lieutenant Chapin Barr was the first Marine aviator to lose his life as a result of enemy action. On Sept. 29, 1918,



Pilots and gunner observers of the First Marine Aviation Force, Le Fresne in November 1918.

Capt Alfred A. Cunningham, second from left, was ordered by MajGen Commandant George Barnett to form a "Marine Corps Aviation Company" in early 1917 in anticipation of the entry of the U.S. into WW I.



he died after being wounded in aerial combat the previous day during a raid over enemy territory.

First Lieutenant Everett R. Brewer and his observer, Gunnery Sergeant Harry B. Wershiner, were the first Marines to shoot down an enemy aircraft in aerial combat. Flying a DH-9 bomber with the Royal Air Force, they brought down a German aircraft over Cortemarcke, Belgium, on Sept. 28, 1918. Both Brewer and Wershiner were seriously wounded in the encounter.

The first recorded combat food drop by American aviators was conducted on Oct. 2, 1918, during a flight led by Capt F. Patrick Mulcahy. The three planes made 10 low-level runs in the face of intense enemy ground fire, dropping 2,600 pounds of food and supplies to a beleaguered French unit near Stadenburg, Belgium.

A total of 63 Marine flying personnel served on the Flanders front in British



A pilot and rear gunner stand in front of their biplane. Today, 100 years after the Marine Corps' first squadron was established, Marine aviators fly tiltrotor, fixed-wing and rotary-wing aircraft.

squadrons. Of these, 50 were pilots, 11 were enlisted observers and two were enlisted aerial gunners.

In mid-October 1918, the Germans evacuated their submarine bases in Flanders, thereby terminating the mission of the U.S. Navy Northern Bombing Group. Its services were subsequently offered to General John H. Pershing, commander in chief of American Expeditionary Forces. At his suggestion, the bombing group supported British operations in the Belgium area from then until the armistice.

■ he first all-Marine air combat operation was a raid carried out on Oct. 14, 1918, by Marine Squadron No. 9 from Le Fresne flying field. A composite flight of five DH-4s and three DH-A9s, led by Capt Robert S. Lytle, bombed the German-held railway junction and yards at Thielt, Belgium, and dropped 2,210 pounds of bombs. On the return flight, the Marine bombers were intercepted by a mixed formation of 12 enemy scouts made up of eight Fokker D-VIIs and four Pfalz D-111s. In the ensuing air battle the DH-4 piloted by second Lt Ralph Talbot, with Gunnery Sergeant Robert G. Robinson as observer, shot down two enemy aircraft and Gunnery Sergeant Robinson was severely wounded.

From the Thielt attack forward, air raids were continued with the objectives being railway centers, canals, supply dumps and hostile aerodromes at Steenbrugge, Eecloo, Ghent, Deynze and Lokeron. Marine Day Wing carried out 14 independent raids. The Marine squadrons were to have the distinction of flying their bombers all the way to and from German targets without fighter escort or protection.

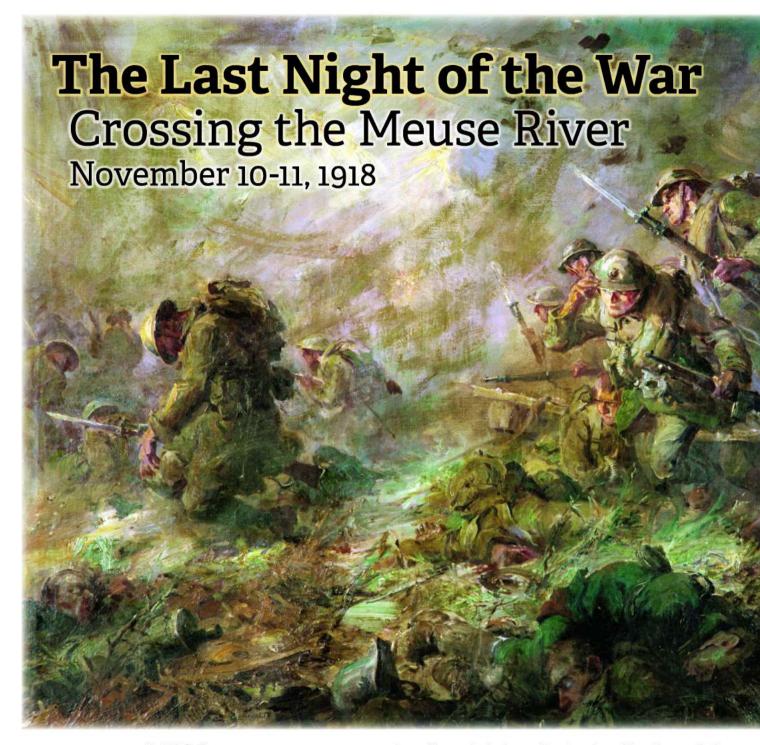
The Armistice on Nov. 11, 1918 found Marine Squadron No. 8 operating from an advanced airfield at Knesselaere, Belgium.

Casualties in the Marine air combat operations were as follows: GySgt Robinson survived his wounds received in the raid on Thielt. 2dLts Harvey C. Norman and Caleb W. Taylor were killed Oct. 22, 1918. when their aircraft was shot down in action against enemy aircraft near Bruges, Belgium. Lieutenant Talbot was killed on Oct. 25, 1918, in an airplane crash at Le Fresne field, France. 2dLt Colgate W. Darden Jr., who occupied the observer's cockpit, was thrown clear of the plane and survived. On Oct. 27, 1918, the DH-4 flown by 2dLts Frank Nelms Jr. and John F. Gibbs was struck by antiaircraft fire and made a forced landing in Holland, where the pilots were interned.

In all, the Marine Day Wing participated "actively and creditably" in the Ypres-Lys offensive and in both the first and second Belgian offensives. In their three-month operation from bases in France and Belgium, Marines took part in a total of 57 bombing raids, dropped 52,000 pounds of bombs and made five food drops. Three officers were killed or died of combat wounds. One officer and two enlisted were wounded in aerial combat. Four officers and 21 enlisted died of influenza.

Marine Day Wing members were awarded two Medals of Honor, four Distinguished Service Medals and 30 Navy Crosses. Second Lieutenant Talbot and Gunnery Sergeant Robinson, of U.S. Marine Squadron No. 9, were awarded the Medal of Honor.

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By Dick Camp

Prologue

On the evening of Nov. 9, 1918, Major General Charles P. Summerall, 5th Corps, American Expeditionary Force, held a meeting of the commanding generals of the 2d and 89th Divisions to discuss the crossing of the Meuse River—a German defensive line held by 1,230 men and 36 machine guns of the veteran 31st Division and the 352d Infantry Regiment—set for the night of Nov. 10 and 11. The crossing was designed to keep pressure on the Germans until they capitulated.

First Lieutenant James M. Sellers, 78th Company, recalled, "He [Summerall] showed us where we were going to attack and explained exactly what the purpose of the offensive was. He said that if we captured our objective, we would cut off the whole German Army between there and the coast, and that ours was a place of honor in the impending American drive since we had already qualified as the 'shock troops' of the American Army." Sellers also noted, "Then he spoiled the brief by saying that if we did not do our jobs well, heads would roll. We considered that an insult to our outfit!"

Plan of Attack

Marine Corps Major General John A. Lejeune, commander of the 2d Division, selected the 4th Marine Brigade—5th and 6th Marines—for the mission. Following an artillery barrage by the 2d Field Artillery Brigade, the 6th Marines, reinforced by the 3d Battalion, 5th Marines, would make the main crossing a mile northwest of Mouzon, while the 1st and 2d Battalions, 5th Marines; 23d Company, 6th Machine Gun Battalion; and the 356th Infantry Regiment, 89th Division would make a secondary crossing near the French town of Letanne. The division's 2d



Left: "The Last Night of the War," by Frederick C. Yohn, depicts the assault across the Meuse River by 2d Bn, Fifth Marines.

6th Marines Crossing Point

It was dark when the 6th Marines marched from the sodden Bois du Fond de Limon toward the crossing at Mouzon. "The company had fallen out with packs and rifles, awaiting further orders to move up. An oppressive seriousness pervaded the ranks," Corporal Warren R. Jackson wrote in "His Time in Hell: A Texas Marine in France." By 10:15 p.m., the three battalions had reached the railroad tracks northwest of Mouzon when they learned that the Germans had spotted the crossing site. "The enemy, by direct hit, destroyed the footbridge upon which we were to effect a crossing," the 2d Bn operations report noted. Private Thomas McQuain, 80th Co, groused, "We could not see the advantage of trying to cross the Meuse tonight. Why not wait and see what happened to the armistice the next day, and then attack, if necessary."

Corporal Havelock D. Nelson, 97th Co recalled, "It was 4 a.m., by which time we were so miserable from the cold and uncertainty that we would have welcomed even the order to commence the crossing. An order was passed along the commingled columns. It was, 'To the rear march!" Major George Schuler, the senior battalion commander, conferred with the other two commanders and made the decision to pull back into the Bois du Fond du Limon. "It was rumored," Nelson said, "that when Shuler went to see Colonel Lee [regimental commander] after our return, he threw his leaves on the table and said that he was willing to resign over the failure to cross the Meuse. With a smile, the

Engineer Regiment was tasked to build four footbridges two north of Letanne and two north of Mouzon.

A 40-man Marine patrol, led by Second Lieutenant Carl J. Norstrand, 17th Co, and 2dLt Leonard E. Rea, 66th Co, determined that the enemy machine guns and snipers in the clumps of brush and heavy woods along the east bank could easily sweep the four river crossings. In addition, several German artillery batteries in position on the heights about 2 kilometers east of Mouzon covered all of the suitable bridge sites.

Private First Class Elton E. Mackin, 67th Co runner, wrote in "Suddenly We Didn't Want to Die, Memoirs of a World War I Marine," "There was also talk of armistice on the morrow. The fellows didn't really want to fight again." But the orders stood. The crossing was to begin at 9:30 p.m. on Nov. 10, the 143rd birthday of the Corps.

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colonel handed the leaves back with the reply, 'Forget it, the war is almost over!' "

It was now up to the 5th Marines to force the crossing of the Meuse River.

"All day long we lay in the woods; then, as expected, in the evening we packed up—ready to make a night attack and cross the river Meuse," Private J. Harold Strickler, 2d Battalion, 43d Company, recalled. Strickler, laden with pack, cartridge belt, helmet, and .03 rifle, groped blindly along the pockmarked roadway in the dark toward the river, where German flares cast a dim yellow glow against the pitch black sky. Artillery batteries thundered and belched flashes of light, sending high explosive shells toward the enemy positions. "German gunfire came to meet us," PFC Macklin recounted. "Most of it was high explosive stuff, thrown blindly anywhere along the little trail we used ... it opened gaps in the marching files"

Captain John W. Thomason remembered, there "was a line of dead engineers on the path between the heights of the Meuse near Pouilly and the place where the way, come bridge was"

Despite the German fire and casualties, Major George W. Hamilton, commanding the crossing force, pushed his two battalions—Captain Leroy P. Hunt's 1st Bn and Captain Charles E. Dunbeck's 2d Bn—slowly through the drizzle and fog. "At about 8:30 p.m., we moved down a deep ravine towards the river," Strickler recounted. "In this, we halted and sheltered by a hillside ... we waited till our own artillery opened up" Hamilton had planned for an hour-long artillery barrage in support of the crossing, but it began its fires before the battalions even left the wood. Most of the preparatory fire had petered out before they reached the river. The 356th Infantry received its orders late and did not cross the river until about 4 p.m.

Artilleryman Frank Hunter recalled, "Through necessity of haste, our position violated every precept ... the guns were out in the open, ineffectively concealed by hurriedly constructed

camouflage screens." German counterbattery fire soon found the range. "They knew where we were to the fraction of an inch," Hunter recounted. "Those 88s screeched down on us like a torrent

up the mud beneath our caissons. Our gunners were firing fast as they could." Fortunately, many of the German shells were duds that did not explode. The artillery duel continued for some time until the

of rain ... ripping through our camouflage nets and plowing

German fire abated and finally ceased.

Into the Fire

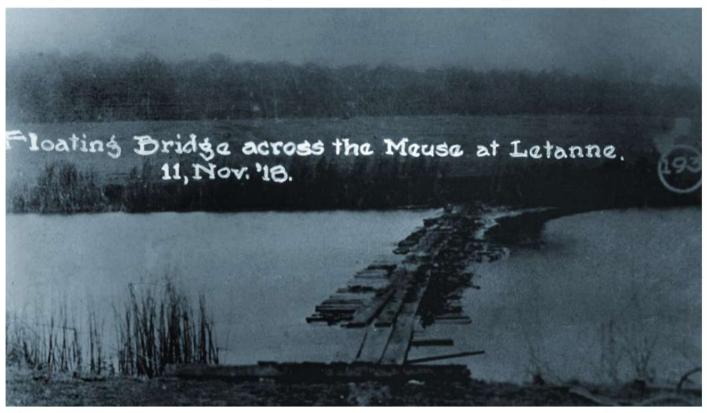
Urged on by their officers and NCOs, the Marines left the ravine and "scrambled down its rocky, twisting bed below the shelter of its steep-cut walls," wrote Mackin. "Lower toward the river, we walked into a bank of fog. It was like stepping into another world, a much quieter one." The dense fog was disorienting. Figures emerged of the mist. The 2d Bn engineers had placed guides

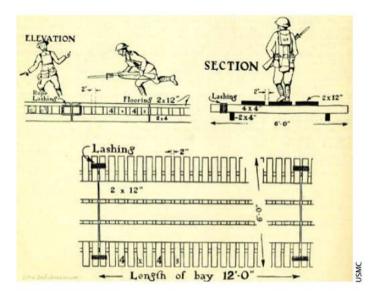
out of the mist. The 2d Bn engineers had placed guides along the road from the ravine to the bridge. An engineer shouted, "The bridge! The bridge! This

way, come on, Marines!"

The Footbridges

Companies A and B, 2d Engineers, made the footbridges out of scrap lumber salvaged from old German barracks and partially destroyed buildings. The flimsy footbridges were actually a series of rafts held together by rope lashings that sat on empty floating drums. Pieces of wood called "duckboards" were laid on top to form a 30-inch wide walkway with a guide rope strung along posts at knee-height. One Marine described the footbridge "like a railway track turned upside down." Four rafts, each weighing 600 pounds, were loaded on mule-drawn wagons—eight in total—and were transported through the Bois de l'Hospice to the northern edge of the woods. They were then unloaded and carried to a flat grassy field bordering the river. A dense blanket of fog shrouded the river, concealing the engineers from German observation and preventing them from being annihilated. Two





companies of the Army's 9th Infantry Regiment provided security for the engineers while they assembled the footbridges. Capt Hunt's 1st Bn reached the bridgehead and began bunching up, waiting for the order to cross. Maj Hamilton blew a whistle and stepped onto the bridge. "A dozen fellows hit the bridge with running stride ... went splashing on each others' heels," Mackin explained. "The sections sank knee-deep beneath the load while the engineers, in quick alarm, yelled to take wider intervals and tried to stem the tide of men." The men quickly learned to keep a 15- to 20-foot space between them; yet, they were still in ankle-deep water and they could only see halfway across the bridge before it disappeared into the mist.

German artillery and machine-gun fire zeroed in on the footbridge. Explosions threw columns of water high into the air, while maxim bullets churned the river into froth.

Wounded men streamed to the rear. "Emergency calls were sent to Beaumont for ambulances, dressings, and blankets," a medical report stated. "The wounded accumulated until there were more than 200 waiting evacuation," Mackin recalled. "You watched men die ahead of you. The second man ahead met the bullets as he stepped across a length of raft, sank to his knee, twisting, and slid face first into the river, vanishing quietly." Men later recalled hearing a "sock" noise, the sound of a bullet hitting flesh. "I lost friends that night that I'd been with all the way from Belleau Wood," Mackin agonized. "I lost guys that I loved."

The 23d Company, 6th Machine Gun Bn sent one gun across with the lead element. The rest of the company—carrying four guns—was held up and a heavy concentration of artillery fire decimated their crews. The guns had to be abandoned until the

next day. The 1st Bn took an hour to work its way across the river. It was badly scattered and fewer than 100 Marines could be assembled before daylight. Maj Hamilton formed the survivors into a single company.

Capt Charles E. Dunbeck

Capt Dunbeck's 2d Bn watched in horror as they waited for their turn in the barrel. Dunbeck knew the men were reluctant to enter the hurricane of fire. "I am going across that river, and I expect you to go with me," he shouted to those closest to him,

Schematic of 2d Engineers' footbridge over the Meuse River.

and stepped onto the walkway, followed by his headquarters and the 55th Co. One of the men who followed him recalled why he did so, explaining, "Surely we couldn't let him go by himself." Partway across, an explosion threw one of Dunbeck's officers into the water. "Save me, captain, I can't swim," the officer shouted. Dunbeck collared him and told him to wade—the water was only waist-deep.

Dunbeck led his men across the river and through the Bois des Flaviers, but had to hold up until daybreak because of heavy enemy resistance. Captain Samuel C. Cumming's, 51st Co was held up when German shells cut the bridge and it was close to 9 p.m. until they were able to cross the river. Cumming, with two of his Marines, took out a German machine gun. He shot the gunner in the head while his men bayoneted the crew. The company set up defensive positions along a towpath and waited for dawn and reinforcements. Private First Class Eugene Lee recalled, "Once in a while the Germans would throw over a big shell. The best buddy I had got killed that night by one of them shells."

Private Clarence Richmond recalled, "Near the small bridge, the bank was strewn with our dead. I counted 25 within a distance of 100 yards. Several shells had hit directly where we had laid along the bank of the river. Nearly all of one platoon of one of the other companies had been either killed or wounded. All the dead still lay where they had fallen."

Armistice, Nov. 11

Just before dawn, men of two companies—the 55th and 43d—formed into skirmish lines and attacked. They captured Belle Fontaine Farm, located near the river about 3.5 kilometers north of the crossing site, along with several machine guns and trench mortars. The position was consolidated.

The companies formed a curved line with their backs to the river, still concealed by the dense fog. Suddenly, a runner sprinted across the footbridge with a message from Brigade headquarters, "Cease hostilities at 1100."

5th Marines Crossing Point

"Men, I am going across that river, and I expect you to go with me."

Captain Charles Dunbeck 2d Bn, 5th Marines

PFC Lee recalled, "Just a minute or two after 11 a.m., a German soldier came out waving a white flag. He started walking [toward us], and our officer went out to meet him. When they met, all of a sudden, all the German soldiers came running. Our fellows got up and they mixed together. Some of them could speak English, and a lot of our fellows could speak German. We had a great time talking and swapping souvenirs ... gosh, they wanted it to get over just as well as we did." Mackin said that he was so "... tired, weary, sick and hungry"

that he just put down on his rifle and "went sound asleep."

Cumming's positions on the east bank of the Meuse were so isolated and cut off that he did not get the word of the armistice. "Whenever we saw any Germans, we fired on them, and this continued until about 2:15 in the afternoon ... I noticed the Germans were not returning our fire, and suddenly, all along the main highway fronting us, there appeared above the embankment German rifles with flags and white handkerchiefs waving. I

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Sunday, Nov. 10

"Last night we fought

our last battle... To me

it was pitiful for men to

go to their death on the

MajGen John A.

to his wife

Lejeune's comment

evening of peace."

In Paris, Marines celebrate the end of the war, Nov. 11, 1918.

ordered my men not to fire and we waited to see what they were going to do. Suddenly, two Germans appeared and started walking toward our line. When they got halfway, I saw one of them undo his pistol belt and throw it to one side. I called for a volunteer who could speak German to accompany me, and approached the German, who was a captain. Speaking in German, he said he knew he had us surrounded and that we

had no communication with the main body of our forces, so he was informing us that an armistice had been signed that morning. All firing should have stopped at 11 a.m. I had continued to fire on his troops, causing some casualties. He requested that I take his word about the armistice and cease firing on his troops. I informed him that I heard of a possibility of an armistice and, on returning to my lines, would inform my men that it was an accomplished fact and we would observe the armistice. I picked up my pistol, which I had thrown to one side. He picked up his, and we both returned to our lines."

Marine James Scarbrough remembered, "The word got around that an armistice had been signed. Well, a holler went up among all of the men. You never saw such a celebration. I shot all my ammunition up firing through a train rail just to put holes in it." Private Louis Linn was in a hospital recovering from wounds at 11 a.m. "Four years of bloodshed and carnage was to come to an end at last. From the streets below came one mighty roar from the combined voices of humanity mixed with the barking of dogs and blowing of automobile horns. Whether the people sang or just yelled or did both, it was impossible to tell. It all

blended into one great roar, mixing with the ceaselessly chiming

was a wonderful crowd, a wonderful celebration and it was great to be in 'Gay Paree' on the night of Nov. 11 of the year 1918."

MajGen Lejeune commended the 5th Marines and the 2d Engineers in an order published to the 2d Division: "On the night of November 10th, heroic deeds were done by heroic men. In the face of a heavy artillery and withering machine-gun fire, the 2d Engineers threw two footbridges across the Meuse and the 1st and 2d Battalions of the 5th Marines crossed resolutely and unflinchingly to the east bank and carried out their mission."

The crossing of the Meuse River resulted in 32 men killed in action and 148 wounded from 5th Marines.

Author's bio: Dick Camp, a retired Marine colonel, is the

bells ... one mighty surge of sound, proclaiming victory." Levi Hemrick, 80th Co, got a pass to go into the heart of Paris to see the crowd. "Yes, it was a kissing crowd, a dancing crowd, a singing crowd, a war-shackled people suddenly free from their bonds. A sad people made happy and whose deadened spirit had suddenly blossomed back to life by the magic word 'peace.' It

former director of operations for the National Museum of the Marine Corps, former deputy director and director (acting) of the Marine Corps History Division and a prolific author. His most recent nonfiction books, "Shadow Warriors" and "Assault From the Sky," are available from The MARINE Shop. He is a frequent contributor to Leatherneck.

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"What? I only have one per day."



"I suppose you were lousy at video games too?"

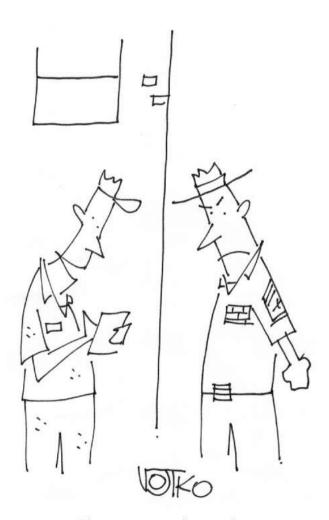


"I'm having relationship problems. I told my girlfriend I had a fear of commitment, but then I joined the Marines."





"Technically, Gunny, he is on bass."



"I just sent you a salute text."

Sea Stories

SEA STORY OF THE MONTH

A Lesson in Telephone Etiquette

In 1954, after my second tour in Korea, I was a student in Recruiters School, Parris Island, S.C. One evening the phone rang and I answered, "Schools Company, Duty NCO." The voice on the other end said, "This is Captain Marvel, who's this?" I answered, "This is Batman." Wrong answer. As I glanced at the duty roster I saw that the duty officer was indeed Capt Marvel.

Good thing he had a sense of humor—I only received a short lecture on proper telephone etiquette.

GySgt Carl I. Greenwood USMC (Ret) Springfield, Ill.

Is There a Proper Time To Salute?

I went through Parris Island, S.C., in March 1951. Our platoon noncommissioned officer was Staff Sergeant Samson. Sergeant "Lockerbox" Jones was another drill instructor. I recall the sideline instruction as to whom we should render a salute and await their respective responding salute. It went something like, "You people are the lowest on the totem pole-you are not anything-you are not even Marines yet. You, therefore, shall salute anyone who is wearing a Marine emblem or a stripe!"

When I arrived in Korea, July 1951, I was assigned to Company B, First Battalion, First Marines. Our unit took Hill 812, having jumped off from the "Punch Bowl." When we were on line we did not practice military courtesy—we were more on a first name basis with our platoon leader.

However, on this particular occasion, our lieutenant requested we render him a salute when we got to the reserve area, so he would not be embarrassed in front of his fellow officers.

The head in the reserve area consisted of multiseated outside hoppers and PVC tubes stuck in the ground. One day we noticed the lieutenant was about to "take a whiz." Our entire squad rushed to "greet" him all in a perfect line, with the first Marine executing a perfect salute with the greeting, "Good Morning, Sir." The lieutenant, just in the process of "letting it all go," fumbled around, returned the salute, but then the next member of our squad repeated the exercise. In desperation and embarrassment the lieutenant finally said, "As you were guys, and get the hell outta here!"

> Sgt Joe Ade Haddonfield, N.J.

Gas-Stealing Gringos

One hot Friday evening in 1958, while stationed with the Marine Corps Base Twentynine Palms band, four of us decided to make a trip into Mexico. Private First Class "M" owned a 1953 Ford Business Coupe with a cardboard shelf instead of a back seat. Accompanying M and me were Private "Mc" and PFC "E." Mc and E rode the shelf softened with a couple of issued blankets, and I rode shotgun while M drove.

We traveled south through the Joshua Tree National Monument, past the Salton Sea, through El Centro and finally crossed the border at Calexico and into the town of Mexicali. We continued on cross-country to San Luis, about 50 miles east and just below Yuma, Ariz. Fortified with a six pack of Tecate beer and a bottle of cheap tequila (including the worm), we set out eastward on Mexico Highway 2. At that time it was a poorly paved two-track road.

About halfway to San Luis, PFC M said, "Boys, we're not going to make it. We're about out of gas." By then it was late, pitch dark, no other traffic on the road and no towns showing on our map. We soon came upon a small building with an old-fashioned gas pump in front. We pounded on the door of the building, honked the horn and yelled for several minutes with no response.

Being desperate, we got the tire iron from the trunk and broke the padlock on the pump handle and began pumping gas into the vehicle. As upright, ethical, and honest Marines, we fully intended to leave

A large, enraged
man with a shotgun
accompanied by a
vicious-looking dog
was coming
toward us.

money for the gas and the cost of the padlock, but just as we began draining the first five gallons of gas into the car, a light came on in the rear of the building. A large, enraged man with a shotgun accompanied by a vicious-looking dog was coming toward us. He shouted, "Alto, alto," and what we imagined were Spanish obscenities while firing a round into the air.

We dropped the hose,

jumped into the car just as the dog reached the door, and sped off as the man fired toward us.

We continued on into
San Luis and stopped at the
first night club we found.
After consuming a beer
and watching a couple of
dancers on stage, we soon
saw a black and white police
car circling the parking
lot. We decided it was time
for us to get back to the
good old United States of
America in case they were
looking for the gas-stealing
gringos.

This is a true story that probably today would result in brig time or worse ... incarceration with El Chapo in a Mexican jail.

PFC Steve Shaw, USMCR Lebanon, Ind.

"Sir, Your Car Must Be Moved!"

As a young Marine sergeant in 1970, I attended the Naval Enlisted Commissioning Program (NECP) at Naval Training Center (NTC) in San Diego, Calif., and was awaiting orders. As the orders were slow in coming, I was assigned temporary duty to the Military Police Company for MCRD, San Diego.

I pulled desk sergeant duty for most of my six months there. One Sunday afternoon, I was given the assignment to provide traffic control for a function at the commanding general's home. My orders were to let all arriving guests depart their vehicles and then move the vehicles to a remote parking area. No exceptions! All went well most of the afternoon until a larger than normal car arrived and an older looking Marine in civvies exited his car. A second lieutenant, in uniform, was helping the

older Marine. I gave the lieutenant a sharp salute and asked him to return and move the car after escorting the Marine to the CG's home.

After 10 minutes of the car sitting curbside and no driver returning. I went up to the CG's front door. knocked and was admitted by a captain in uniform. I asked for the second lieutenant driver, was directed to him, and asked that he move his car. He directed me to his guest. who I addressed and said, "Sir, your car needs to be removed from the curb." He replied, "Son, do you know who I am?" I replied, "No, Sir, but you still have to move your car." The car was soon moved.

The following Monday morning, I was told to report to the MP company commander and first sergeant. My staff noncommissioned officer (SNCO) accompanied me as I reported to the major. In no uncertain terms, he told me I had caused an uproar on Sunday. My SNCO, in my defense, told the CO, "He was just following orders."

That same day, I received a photo of the "civilian" guest, the Base Chief of Staff, with his autograph saying, "Screw you, Maupin, the Chief." I could never confirm that it was the Chief's signature on the photo or if it had been signed by one of my MP Company cohorts. It brought some good laughs during those trying times.

1stSgt Marc M. Maupin USMC and USMCR, 1967-87 Westlake Village, Calif.

Hitchhiking Home

Upon being discharged from the Corps in September 1945, Private First Class LaRoque "Larry" DuBose was hitchhiking from Virginia to his home in Texas.

As time went on, Larry found himself in Little Rock, Ark., walking down the

sidewalk looking for a hotel where he could spend the night, when he encountered two Army military policemen (MPs). They stopped him and told him to tuck his tie into his shirt which is the way soldiers were required to wear their neckties. Larry told them that Marines did not do that. The MPs insisted and Larry said if he did he would be out of uniform. The MPs went on to say if he didn't tuck it in, they'd take him to their headquarters. DuBose replied, "Let's go."

"I feel I owe you a salute, Sir, but I'm not going to give you one."

When they arrived at MP headquarters, there was a colonel sitting behind a desk. He looked up when the three of them walked in and said, "What's this?" One of the MPs said that DuBose refused to tuck his necktie into his shirt. The colonel looked at DuBose. and DuBose said, "Colonel, I am a Marine and this is a field scarf. We wear them hanging out in the Marine Corps." The colonel smiled and said, "From your ribbons, I would guess that you've been in combat. Is that right?" DuBose replied, "Yes, Sir. I'm a combat veteran. I was a member of the Marine Detachment on the aircraft carrier USS Franklin (CV-13) when it was attacked by a Japanese dive bomber back in March, killing 724 members of the ship's crew." The colonel's jaw dropped, and said, "I read all about that! You're one lucky Marine."

At that point, the colonel turned to the MPs and said, pointing to DuBose, "This guy has been through a hell that you cannot conceive. If you encounter any more Marines, and they are not disturbing the peace, you leave them alone. Do you understand me?" Both MPs nodded and said, "Yes, Sir." The colonel then dismissed the MPs.

Once the MPs departed the office, the colonel smiled at DuBose and said, "I'm sorry you've been put through this trouble, Marine."

DuBose replied, "Col, you apparently know something about the Marines, but you may not know that when a Marine enters a building like this, he removes his cover. And a Marine does not salute when he is uncovered." The colonel nodded and DuBose said, "I feel I owe you a salute, Sir, but I'm not going to give you one."

The colonel laughed, waved his hand toward the door and said, "Go on your way, Marine. And God bless you." Larry J. Baehre USMC, 1964-67 Sugar Land, Texas

The Be-Bop Winos

In the spring of 1955, the First Marine Division received orders to return to the U.S. from Korea.

I was a member of Weapons Company, Third Battalion, First Marines. Most of my friends and I had been in Korea for a year or more.

We were transported to Inchon and spent a week working on the dock, loading division gear onto our transport ship.

Our unit drew the night shift, and after evening chow, we were trucked to the dock to go to work.

After the first two nights, my pals and I noticed that the noncommissioned officers were nowhere in sight. On the third night, my friends and I decided to "bug out" to the local bars and houses of ill repute which were upland from the waterfront.

Four of us, "CD,"

"Burnsie," "Mac" and me ("Manhattan") roared through the bars and got drunk and anointed ourselves the "Be-Bop Winos." On the second night of our boisterous bar hopping, we wound up in the Navy Enlisted Men's Club which was perched on a pier in the tidal flats. The petty officer in charge did not like the looks of us and ordered us out. A melee ensued during which a baby grand piano near the front entrance rolled down to the end of the club which was on the end of the pier. The combination of flailing and battling Sailors and Marines, other furniture and the piano was too heavy and the whole structure collapsed into the tidal flat.

The "Be-Bop Winos," being survival experts, fled the scene.

The next day, there was an inquiry, but our NCOs, who had been UA, said nothing and, of course, the "Be-Bop Winos" said nothing.

One day later we boarded the USS *Bayfield* (APA-33) for the voyage to San Diego.

Semper Fidelis to the "Be-Bop Winos" and all Marines who served in Korea

Cpl Richard Brennan USMC, 1952-56 Wallkill, N.Y.

Do you have an interesting story from your time in the Corps that will give our readers a good chuckle? Maybe it's a boot camp tale or a good old sea story that will have us in stitches? We would love to hear your stories and see any accompanying photographs. 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." Spread the word!

Armistice Day Over GUADALCANAL

By Eric Hammel

rmistice Day—Wednesday, Nov. 11, 1942—began at Guadalcanal with a predawn launch of eight Marine Corps Grumman F4F Wildcat fighter aircraft assigned to put in a quick strafing attack at Rekata Bay, on neighboring Malaita.

There, the Japanese had long operated a base for floatplane fighters and scouts charged with reconnoitering Guadalcanal and The Slot-which is the nickname American Sailors and fliers gave to the New Georgia Sound, the channel through the double chain of the Solomon Islands south of Bougainville. The fighter sweep was led by Marine Captain Joe Foss, an extraordinarily skilled and successful fighter pilot already approaching legendary stature. The Marine fighters encountered no fire from the ground, quickly sprayed the crude facilities and turned for home. The purpose of the strike—to confound the ability of the Japanese aerial scouts to monitor the arrival of the first relay of supply ships—was fulfilled.

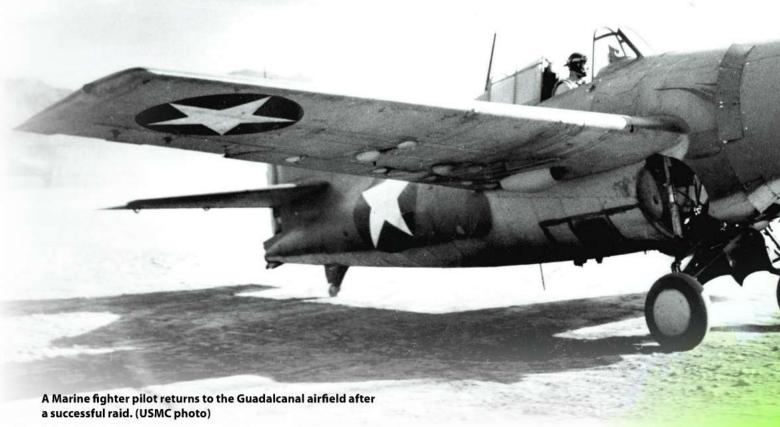
Rear Admiral Norman Scott's Task Group 62.4 arrived at the head of Lengo Channel at the crack of dawn, right on schedule. While the main body slowed to traverse the narrow passage, a destroyer raced ahead to see who controlled the area around Guadalcanal's Lunga Point that morning. The Japanese had been building toward their fourth monthly counterassault in a row, and the attack appeared to be imminent; it might have been launched overnight.

The come-ahead soon reached Scott's flagship, USS Atlanta (CL-51), and the main body arrived off Lunga Point at 0530, Nov. 11. The three cargomen were met offshore by the Lunga boat pool, a flotilla of landing boats that had been cobbled together from offerings from departing transports and cargomen during the initial fleet withdrawal in early August. As the warship escorts-four fleet destroyers and Atlanta-wove intricate patterns to seaward, the unloading operation began immediately, its objective to get as many men and as much materiel as possible ashore before the first anticipated Japanese bomber raid flew into sight. Veterans of numerous harrowing trips to the area, the cargo crewmen were delighted to see what appeared to be normal activity going in and out of nearby Henderson Field, which was itself hidden from view by an intervening grove of coconut palms.

From his flagship at sea that morning,

RADM Richmond Kelly Turner, the South Pacific Area transport chief, sent the following message to the ships of his Task Force 67 and Scott's Task Group 62.4: "It is expected that Task Force 67 while unloading will be subjected to heavy air attack from both carrier-based and landbased aircraft. ... In view of expected air attacks on Nov. 12, and since a heavy landing attack probably will be made by A the enemy on Nov. 13, it becomes highly essential to get troops, organizational weapons, ammunition and food ashore at the earliest possible moment." The first Japanese raid of the day was extraordinary. Normally, the first bombers were launched from Rabaul or several new intervening airstrips and timed to strike Lunga roads or Henderson Field around noon. In most cases, the attackers were Imperial Navy twin-engine G4M Betty medium attack bombers equipped with 250-kilogram general-purpose bombs.

News of the first raid of Nov. 11 arrived at 0905. According to reports from Allied officers—coastwatchers—concealed in lookout camps along The Slot to the north, the strike was composed of a dozen A6M Zero fighters and nine D3A Val divebombers, a carrier type equipped with up to one heavy 250-kilogram and two light









60-kilogram bombs. The significance of the timing and the bomber type was that they could very well have been launched by the two carriers that were known to have been in the northern Solomons area the day before. There was no way to tell yet whether the two carriers were advancing on Guadalcanal or if the Vals were temporarily based at one of the intermediate airfields in the Shortlands or Bougainville.

s it turned out, the strike was mounted by squadrons from light carrier Hivo that were temporarily based at an airfield on Bougainville while their ship remained well out of range. But this was the concern of admirals. The concern of the men in the ships was to destroy or evade the incoming divebombers.

To make matters worse, one of the vessels manning the antisubmarine screen around the cargomen reported at 0915 that it was searching for a possible submarine a sonarman thought he had heard.

As the landing craft scattered for shore, General Quarters klaxons resounded across the channel and Task Force 62.4 formed up in a column with Atlanta leading the three cargomen and the four destroyers deployed to screen either flank in pairs. That Atlanta was available was fortuitous. Her whole purpose in life was to provide dense antiaircraft cover for

other ships with her 16 5-inch twinmount rapid-fire dual-purpose guns and a formidable array of lighter automatic antiaircraft cannon. The destroyers were each equipped with four or five single-mount 5-inch dual-purpose guns and a more modest array of automatic weapons. The cargo-men typically sported four 3-inch dual-purpose guns apiece plus a light array of automatic antiaircraft weapons.

The Japanese Zero-escorted veeof-vees dive-bomber formation was first observed at 0936 as it swept in over Cape Esperance, Guadalcanal's western tip.

There were at least eight Marine Wildcats over the channel when the first raid alert was sounded, and these maneuvered into position to cut off the bombers as they headed for the maneuvering surface ships. The

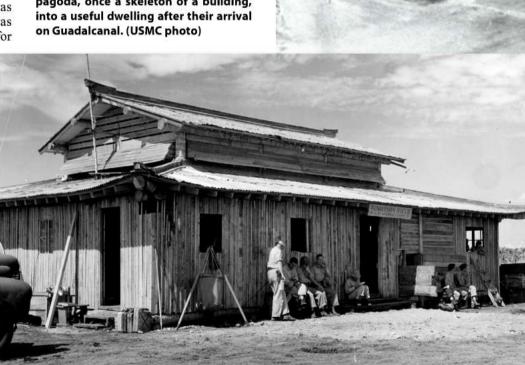
Marines were under strict orders to get at the bombers no matter what—before they dropped their bombs if possible, or afterward if that was the best they could do. The Marine fighter pilots were specifically enjoined from taking on Zero fighters unless they could not find the bombers or unless the Zeros attacked them.

Marine Second Lieutenant Sam Folsom,

a veteran but unblooded junior member of Marine Fighting Squadron 121 (VMF-121), was on duty with the group of ready fighters on Fighter-1, Henderson Field's grass satellite-known to the pilots as "the Cow Pasture"-when news of the incoming raid arrived. He scrambled with seven other Wildcat pilots from his own and at least one other Marine squadron and was over the island clawing through 18,000 feet when the radio announced that the Japanese had arrived. By then well inland, the flight immediately turned around toward the channel. As it did, the pilots spotted a squadron of Zeros that would otherwise have caught them from behind and above.

In a matter of seconds, the Marine formation broke up into two-plane elements and individual fighters as the Wildcat pilots sought to defend themselves against the breaking formation of diving Zeros. As 2dLt Folsom searched in vain for a firm target, a Zero to his immediate right burst into flames and a Wildcat dived away directly in front of him, trailing plumes of oily black smoke. As Folsom briefly looked after the falling Wildcat, he saw the pilot tumble out of the cockpit. A second

Below: Marines rapidly converted this pagoda, once a skeleton of a building,



later, the falling American's parachute blossomed into the clear blue sky.

Folsom was in the middle of the swirling dogfight. A Val diving from above and behind overshot Folsom's fighter and was suddenly, briefly, in Folsom's gunsight. Mildly rattled, Folsom could not quite get the pipper of the gunsight reflected on his windscreen to line up on the receding Val,

which was going quite a bit faster than the Wildcat. Though the Val clearly had the speed advantage, Folsom saw that its pilot apparently did not seem to know how to exploit it; intent upon his mission of attacking the shipping below, he allowed Folsom to stay on his tail and follow him down, out of the main melee.

Folsom well knew that the range was



An aerial view taken of Guadalcanal's Fighter Airstrip No. 2 in February 1943. (USMC photo)

too great for accurate shooting from the F4F's six powerful .50-caliber wing-mounted machine guns, but he could not get on enough speed to close the gap with the diving Val, so he decided to shoot anyway. Though the shooting was poor, Folsom was surprised after several bursts to see that the Japanese dive-bomber was starting to smoke. Elated, with the scent of blood and victory keen in his nose and oblivious of the possibility that he might be following his quarry into the friendly antiaircraft umbrella, Folsom poured in all his remaining bullets and sent the Val into a steeper spiraling dive.

Unfortunately, the earthward-bound Val flew into sparse cloud cover at 3,000 feet, thus denying Folsom credit for a more-than-probable kill. But as far as Sam Folsom was concerned, he had finally broken the ice only a week before VMF-121 was scheduled to depart Guadalcanal.

VMF-121's 2dLt David Allen was the first Wildcat pilot to get a solid piece of

one of the Zeros. He made a swift diving run over Savo and shot the Zero right out of the sky. Nevertheless, Allen was caught low during his recovery by a second Zero, which dived down on his tail. The Zero wrecked Allen's Wildcat with its pairs of 7.7 mm cowl-mounted machine guns and 20 mm wing-mounted automatic cannon, and Allen had to bail out 800 feet over the water. The Marine pilot got clear of the cockpit OK, but he had a brief encounter with his fighter's tail assembly before pulling free, opening his parachute and landing gently in the water. Allen was soon picked up by a crash boat and returned to the beach.

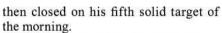
The results of the swirling dogfight were mixed. In all, six Wildcats, almost all of them flown by green pilots from a newly deployed squadron, were knocked down in the fray. One new pilot who was downed, Staff Sergeant W.H. Coahran, of VMF-112, was seen bailing out of his disabled Wildcat over Japanese territory

on Guadalcanal. Coahran was followed down by 2dLt Wayne Laird, who was in turn bounced by a Zero as he circled over the spot where Coahran landed. Laird managed to outmaneuver the Zero and shoot it down, but he lost sight of SSgt Coahran, who was never seen again.

The dive-bombing attack against the shipping commenced at 0940. As the Zeros fought off the oncoming Marine Wildcats high overhead, the Vals tipped their noses over from 8,000 feet and went after the valuable cargomen. No direct hits were scored, but at least two of the ships were rattled by near misses.

2dLt Tom Mann, of VMF-121, had gotten rounds into at least two Vals as they were diving on the ships—he was given credit for both of them—and then followed through to nail a third Val just as it appeared to loft its bomb over one of the destroyers guarding a cargoman's flank. Mann hammered another Val as it departed after dropping its payload,

Japanese bombers, known as Bettys, skim the ocean as they attack American transport ships carrying Marines off Guadalcanal. The black "clouds" are antiaircraft fire from the American ships.



Intent upon the Val in his sights, Mann did not see another Val to his left as it turned into him and opened fire with its 7.7 mm cowl guns. Mann's entire left side was peppered with pieces of shattered bullets and slivers of metal from his own airplane. The Wildcat lurched, shuddered and skidded into the water well away from the receding surface force. The flight was arrested so abruptly that Lieutenant Mann lost seven teeth when his face smacked into the gunsight. Mann exited the sinking airplane and activated his Mae West life jacket. He floated in the water until dusk, then swam to one of the islands near Tulagi, where friendly islanders treated his wounds and arranged his evacuation a week later. Mann eventually was credited with four kills.

Cease-fire was declared at 0946, only six minutes after the Vals tipped over to deliver their attacks, and the cargo ships had all dropped anchor by 1020. Unloading



was immediately resumed. Damage was thoroughly manageable, and most of it was repaired by the end of the day.

Altogether, the Marine pilots claimed five Zeros and five Vals definitely destroyed and one Val, Sam Folsom's, probably destroyed. The ships claimed four Vals destroyed. It is known that no Vals returned to their base, so, given the freewheeling nature of the action and usually

excessive claims in such circumstances, nine confirmed kills and one probable kill for nine targets is not far out of line. In all likelihood, Folsom's probable was claimed as a kill by whomever saw it actually strike the water.

For 40 minutes following the morning's abortive Japanese dive-bombing attack, the three cargomen discharged their passengers and cargoes as quickly as their



Left: USS Atlanta (CL-51) was the flagship of RADM Norman Scott's Task Group 62.4. She was hit dozens of times while providing screening for transport and cargo ships in early November 1942. The damage sustained from a Japanese torpedo was so extensive that her commanding officer ordered his men to abandon ship; Atlanta was sunk with a demolition charge on Nov. 13, 1942.

own small boats and others sent from shore could work the cargo booms and landing nets draped over their sides.

At 1100, the island command post received a warning that an indeterminate number of unidentified warplanes was in the area. The landing boats instantly headed for the beach, the ships' crews instantly secured their work and the three cargomen got underway at 1102. As before, Atlanta took the lead while the destroyers moved in pairs to the flanks of the single column of three cargomen. Speed quickly rose to the standard 14 knots.

The Japanese bombers were finally spotted by ships' lookouts at 1125. These appeared to be G4M Betty medium bombers operating at great altitude, a relief of the first magnitude to the men aboard the ships. If they had to bear the brunt of an air strike, a high-level bombing attack was the method least likely to net results for the attackers.

he Bettys, flying from west to east, were over the channel and, it appeared, at the margin of beach verging on Henderson Field. Initially, it was difficult for the men aboard the ships to determine if they were going to be the target at all; high-level bombers would certainly find more lucrative targets on and around Henderson Field. As always, the 27 Bettys were arranged in a shallow stepped-down vee-of-vees formation.

Although the Bettys were clearly out of range, each cargoman opened fire at 1126 with its four 3-inch guns, arranging a pattern of black antiaircraft puffs in such a way as to—hopefully—deter the pilots from turning directly over the moving formation of ships.

The bombing raid was indeed directed at the Henderson Field complex.

The combat air patrol circling above the island and channel when the alert was sounded consisted of six Wildcats from VMF-112 under the leadership of the squadron commander, Major Paul Fontana. The squadron had arrived only a few days earlier, at the end of a long dry spell for the Cactus fighters. Its first combat mission had been a strafing strike against a flotilla of troop-carrying destroyers that Henderson-based scout bombers had located in the Slot.

The results of the action had been less than satisfying because the new Wildcats' machine guns had shown a marked tendency to freeze up after firing only a few rounds apiece. This problem, typical of many faced by newly arrived air units, was cleared up after consultation between Fontana's ground crew and more experienced maintenance men and armorers attached to Maj Leonard "Duke" Davis's VMF-121. The misfires were caused by protective cosmoline, which needed to be thoroughly removed from newly installed guns to prevent them from freezing up at high altitudes in the extremely humid air of equatorial Guadalcanal.

By Nov. 11, that and numerous other wrinkles had been ironed out, and Maj Fontana and his subordinates were ready to get onto the scorecards in a big way. (One of Fontana's lieutenants had scored the squadron's first two kills earlier in the week, and two others had scored one kill apiece against a Zero and a Val during the Nov. 11 morning raid.)

One of the last of 17 Wildcats aloft that forenoon was flown by First Lieutenant Roger Hagerman. Universally known as "Uncle"—because he was one, an unusual distinction among the young fighter pilots, and because his first name caused confusion on the jargon-filled airwaves-Haberman actually had the day off and was washing his clothing in the Lunga River when the day's second air-raid alert sounded. After he tossed his wet clothes in his jeep, Haberman drove up to the VMF-121 flight line to see what was going on. The news was that the second strike in an hour was on its way and that there were still some ready fighters waiting for willing pilots. A respected flight leader in VMF-121, Uncle Haberman had 5.5 kills to his credit, ample evidence that his fighting spirit was holding its own in a squadron known for its aggressive high-scoring ways. He instantly suited up and grabbed the first available fighter.

Haberman's group of five Wildcats was making a flat left turn 19,000 feet over the field, still clawing for altitude, when nearly all the pilots saw the Bettys at exactly their altitude and heading toward them. As Haberman turned to starboard, the other four turned to port to get at the lead nineplane bomber squadron. The six ready fighters, five pick-up fighters and six combat-air-patrol fighters all struck the Betty formation at about the same moment.

As the combat air patrol bored through the light Zero escort—as few as five fighters were along to protect the 27 Bettys-Maj Fontana immediately got his first Betty ever in his sights and easily downed it with a skill born of years of practice. In this regard, he was like all of his contemporaries who had thus far commanded Marine fighter squadrons at Cactus, for they all did well and scored early.

The last of Maj Fontana's combat air patrol to get at the Bettys was being flown by 2dLt Jim Johnson, whose Wildcat had been slowed in its long climb by a faulty engine. By the time 2dLt Johnson found the Japanese medium bombers, he was still much lower than he would have liked. Nevertheless, he pitched in after a pair of stragglers and fixed the very last Betty in the formation in his sights.

The approach was flat and the extremely fast Betty threatened to pull ahead of the sluggish Wildcat, sucking Johnson into a tail chase from which the Betty never deviated. At length, Johnson patiently pulled up within range and fired his first burst, to which the Betty's 20 mm tail gunner responded. Throttling his keenly felt desire to flinch away from the approaching 20 mm rounds, Johnson saw his Wildcat's six streams of tracer rounds falling directly into the Betty, so he held

Grumman F4F Wildcat planes at Henderson Field in Guadalcanal.

Marine ace Capt Joe Foss flew a Wildcat during his first tour in the Pacific; he received the Medal of Honor for shooting down 23 enemy aircraft between October and November 1942 over Guadalcanal.



his ground and fired off burst after burst. Suddenly, another Wildcat, greedy for a kill, hurtled by overhead, all its guns right on Johnson's Betty, which blew up. Jim Johnson was given credit for that kill, his first, but so was the other Wildcat pilot, a VMF-121 veteran who also claimed another Betty.

aster Sergeant Joe Palko, a VMF-121 pilot credited with 3.5 kills, was one of the section leaders in the group of four that turned away from Uncle Haberman, He lost contact with the other section while the four Wildcats were recovering from their initial overhead run on the Bettys. Soon, Palko found himself vying with 2dLt Edward Pedersen, of the VMF-112 combat air patrol, for a position directly off the tail of one of the Bettys, which their combined shooting soon set afire. Palko and Pedersen attempted to deliver high-side firing runs at high speed, but they were soon drawn flat by the bomber's ongoing shallow dive. As the two section leaders delivered alternate firing runs at the crippled Betty, Palko's wingman, 2dLt Jeff DeBlanc, a green VMF-112 pilot who had become mixed in with the VMF-121 pick-up formation during the last mad scramble, saw large yellow popcorn-ball rounds coming at the two lead Wildcats from the Betty's 20 mm stinger.

All of a sudden, the two lead Wildcats brushed together and Palko's fell away, out of control. DeBlanc could not be certain if the 20 mm rounds had struck Palko's airplane and jarred it into Pedersen's, or if Palko himself had been hit and lost control, or if the two Wildcat pilots had simply cut things too fine. Whatever the cause, Palko's fighter staggered away from Pedersen's and began a long dive toward the water. Meantime, Lieutenant Pedersen bored on up the Betty's tail and finished shooting the bomber down in flames. Then he bailed out of his own collision-crippled Wildcat. After seeing Pedersen's parachute blossom, DeBlanc followed Palko's Wildcat down and watched it fall into the beach at Tulagi. The extremely talented pilot at its controls perished. Pedersen landed safely in the water, from which he was plucked in due course.

Maj Duke Davis, of VMF-121, had scrambled from Fighter Airstrip No. 1

in the lead of his squadron's six ready fighters and the pick-up group of five led by 1stLt Uncle Haberman. Davis, who had five kills to his credit and who was thus an ace, was boring in after a Betty when a 20 mm explosive round burst in his Wildcat's cockpit and sent him diving away from the fight with a faceful of tiny shrapnel slivers. He landed safely and turned himself in for treatment, but he shrugged off a suggestion that he be evacuated to the rear for additional treatment.

Uncle Haberman's early turn to the right carried him directly beneath the midsection of the bomber formation. A quick count of the thus-far undisturbed bomber vees indicated that there were 14 Bettys in front and 13 behind.

The continuing turn carried Haberman directly beneath the rear group. He was so close that the gunners manning stingers and waist guns could not bring their 20 mm cannon and 7.7 mm machine guns to bear. The Marine ace selected a target from among the many and opened fire. The Betty immediately made a left turn to the north, away from the formation and began to angle down toward the water



the left wing. Certain he had crippled the Betty, Haberman decided to end the matter. He nudged his gunsight across the belly of the Japanese bomber and settled the pipper directly over the right engine nacelle. Once again, solid hits went in, apparently striking an oil line. Instantly, the Wildcat's windshield was spattered by oil, as was the leading edge of the fighter's wings. At just that moment, an ongoing problem with faulty ammunition reared out of the blue and cut off all six of Uncle Haberman's machine guns.

As Haberman paused to recharge the faulty machine guns, the Japanese bomber cut into one of the few clouds in that part of the sky. Haberman edged around the cloud and, sure enough, the Betty reappeared—right in front of his Wildcat's nose, at the same altitude and making a flat right turn toward Cape Esperance. nearly 40 miles away. Haberman's Wildcat had a 35-knot speed advantage at that moment, which he used to help him turn inside the partially crippled bomber, itself an extremely lithe airplane. A burst from the near waist gun clipped Haberman in the right arm and dug a groove across the top of his right thigh. Haberman had been

Pilots of VMF-121 pose in front of one of their sturdy Grumman fighters. Left to right: Lt Haberman, Lt Doyle, Capt Foss, Lt Marontate and Lt Ruddell. Doyle and Ruddell were killed in combat over Guadalcanal.

in a shallow dive. Haberman's .50-cal. bullets reached out and pulverized the tail-gun blister, spewing glass splinters all across the sky.

Now firmly on the target, Haberman pulled his gunsight pipper slightly to the left and let go another practiced burst at the Betty's left engine nacelle. He saw solid hits going in and then witnessed a thin stream of coolant vapor trailing behind unable to recharge his own guns, so he could not return the fire.

It was at this juncture that a wild sort of thought popped into Uncle Haberman's head. He had heard that a Catholic priest still lived in the Cape Esperance area (which was actually overrun with Japanese serving the frequent destroyer drops of men, equipment and supplies). He felt that if the Wildcat were to be disabled by gun-

fire or, say, in a midair collision, he would be able to find the priest and get himself returned to Lunga. As the thought ran its course, Haberman decided to tear off the Betty's right aileron with his left wing, so he pushed his lingering speed advantage to do exactly that bit of handiwork.

At the precise critical instant, the Japanese pilot lifted up his left wing, leaving Haberman to helplessly skid through beneath. As Haberman reflexively looked over at the looming Betty, he saw two airmen in the starboard waist gun position looking back at him with huge, frightened eyes.

The Betty had by then descended to about 15,000 feet, picking up speed all the way. By then, also, the wound in Haberman's right arm-the one he used to control the stick-was causing him extreme pain. He decided to let the Betty go and head back to Fighter-1. There, because of the pain, Lieutenant Haberman opted to make a wrong-way approach, against the traffic pattern. He went straight in from west to east and landed in a cloud of dust. As the dust settled, Haberman was nonplussed to see that 1stLt Greg Loesch, a squadron mate, had had exactly the same thought. The two had unwittingly landed their Wildcats only 25 feet apart at about the same instant, quite a feat on that narrow, uncontrolled dirt strip for fighters that could not always be kept absolutely up to snuff.

The ships in the channel put out their large-caliber antiaircraft rounds for only four minutes, until 1130, and ceased firing without observing any hits on the Japanese warplanes. Nevertheless, keen-eyed lookouts did spot a bomb as it burst in the area in which the cargomen had been peacefully unloading thirty minutes earlier, and six burning Bettys or accompanying Zeros were seen crashing into the water. One cargoman's executive officer distinctly saw a parachute float down into the hills southwest of Henderson Field.

The only American death that forenoon was MSgt Joe Palko. The afternoon death count came to one Zero and seven Bettys, including a confirmed kill for Uncle Haberman. In all, that Armistice Day, Marine pilots officially scored eighteen kills and one probable. The Cactus Air Force lost eight Wildcats destroyed and five pilots killed.

Author's bio: Eric Hammel is a military historian who has written dozens of books on Marine Corps history, including "Chosin: Heroic Ordeal of the Korean War," "Guadalcanal: Starvation Island" and "Islands of Hell: The U.S. Marines in the Western Pacific."

43

Mitch Paige: Forgotten Hero

By Tom Bartlett

Who was the Marine hero on Guadalcanal who nearly singlehandedly stopped a large-scale Japanese attack? Cradling a heavy machine gun in his arms, he then pursued and drove the enemy back into the jungle. For his bravery he was commissioned a second lieutenant and awarded the Medal of Honor. Too valuable to be sent home, he fought in the First Marine Division's next campaign at Cape Gloucester. If you didn't know that he was Platoon Sergeant Mitchell Paige, you're not alone. He isn't even mentioned in many historical accounts of the battle, including official ones.

etired Marine Colonel Mitchell Paige and I met in his hotel room at the Washington Hilton to recount some of the incidents of 50 years ago. He was in the nation's capital to participate in the 1stMarDiv's 45th annual reunion. Col Paige is an original member of the Division, which was formed in Cuba on Feb. 1, 1941. He is also a past president of the First Marine Division Association.

"I made up my mind 35 or 40 years ago, that if I lived to see the 50th anniversary of the Battle of Guadalcanal, that I was going to tell some things that I know. I want to set the record straight. After all these years, nobody has asked me to tell the whole story."

He dragged his briefcase closer and began removing letters, copies of official statements and citations. Nodding in my direction, he asked, "You ready?"

He took off as only former machinegun Platoon Sergeant Mitch Paige can do.

Born in Charleroi, Pa., on Aug. 31, 1918, he enlisted in the Marine Corps after graduating from high school. "It was 1936, during the Depression, and everybody was poor. Jobs were hard to find. My mother packed this lunch for me. She put some sandwiches in a bag, some apples from our backyard tree, and a piece of cake. And I took off, on foot. It was about 200 miles to the Marine Corps Recruiting Station.

"And her parting words to me were, 'Trust in God. Don't try to figure out everything by yourself. Those Marine Corps sergeants will tell you what to do. Just trust in God.'

After graduating from recruit training, he had a brief tour with Company H, 2d Battalion, 5th Marines at Quantico, Va., served in the battleship USS *Wyoming* (BB-32), and was ordered to the Philippines. "I'd walk post at Cavite Navy Yard, four hours on and eight hours off. And I played baseball on the Asiatic Fleet baseball team comprised of sailors and Marines. I was a pitcher and often pitched both ends of a doubleheader. I received a gold

baseball from the High Commissioner of the Philippine Islands, Paul V. McNutt.

"We played the Army, and Navy teams of ships in Cavite, Olongapo and Manila, Army teams in Manila and Corregidor, Clark Field and Filipino teams including colleges and professionals. We even played the American and National League All-Star team when it came to the Philippines. That long season, I had a 55 win and 17 loss record, but I still had to pull my share of walking post when not playing baseball.

"Then, after a year and a half at Cavite, I was transferred to Tientsin, China, to help guard American property as the Chinese and the Japanese were engaged in an all-out war. I was in the machine-gun company, just checking in. I was emptying my

came rolling out, thumping on the wooden deck of the barracks, and it began rolling down the aisle of the squad bay. Eight of us enlisted men in Cavite lived in an old Spanish fort which still had pyramids of cannonballs used

two seabags and as I dumped one, a 16-pound cannonball

War. My Marine buddies planted one of the cannonballs in my seabag and I lugged it all the way to China. Today that same cannonball is in a foot locker in my garage at home.

against Dewey in the Spanish-American

"This pug-nosed, rugged Marine with cauliflower ears retrieves the cannon ball and says, 'Do you fight? How much do you weigh?'

"He says the Marines have a smoker that night and the Marine 160-pounder was in sick bay unable to box. The Marines didn't want to forfeit the fight to the British, French, Italian or Russian teams representing their concessions in Tientsin. So I get into the ring against this White Russian. He looked rough and tough, but I was in good shape and pretty solid.

"Fortunately, he didn't know any more about boxing than I did. So we start and we slug it out, and we bloody each other quickly, fighting three fast rounds. The fight ends in a draw, which made our troops happy, as we had just enough points to win the smoker."

He rummaged through the briefcase and smiled as he passed a sheet of paper, dated

Dec. 21, 1939. The paper directed Private First Class Mitchell Paige to take charge of PFC Irving Buckland and two boxcars and one flatcar of a train at East Station, Tientsin.

"We were train guards," he explained, "escorting government supplies to the American Embassy in Peking and to the Marine Barracks, American Embassy. They locked me in the boxcar with a .45 pistol and a nightstick. That was the Peking Mukden Railroad. Terrible accommodations," he said, smiling. "We sat on whatever seemed soft or comfortable. I was in one car and Buckland was in the other.



Many Medal of Honor recipients were sent back to the U.S. after receiving their awards; Mitchell Paige, however, stayed in the Pacific and fought at Cape Gloucester, New Britain. He finally rotated home in July 1944.

44

"On another trip while alone, the train moved to a siding and just stopped. It was cold and raining hard outside. I peeked out through some cracks and saw Japanese troops moving closer to the train to get out of the rain by squatting by the boxcars. Others were cooking fish heads and rice or something that smelled terrible and the odors were coming in the enclosed boxcar. I thought I was going to heave.

"I knew that if I coughed or sneezed or made some noise, those Japanese would shoot off the lock and blow the train apart, thinking that I was [Chinese]. The Chinese and Japanese had started their war in 1937. They'd have killed me for sure. So I had to remain perfectly still and quiet, and after what seemed a very long time, the train finally began to roll and we reached our destination in Peking.

"During September of that same year, 1939, the Hai Ho River had overflowed its banks and inundated the entire city of Tientsin. Only a small contingent of Marines was left there to protect American property. I spent the entire month of September floating around in a rowboat, alone, guarding the National City Bank of New York on Victoria Road, Tientsin, China. I was transferred to Peking where I spent October and November 1939. Then back to Tientsin.

"The Japanese were flexing their muscles as they had more than 150,000 troops in North China, whereas we had 125 Marines in Tientsin and about 250 in Peking. They put up a barbedwire barricade around us in Tientsin on one occasion. General Masahura Homma (the Beast of Bataan three years later) visited our compound to an honor guard of Marines. We wore dress blues with fixed bayonets on our 1903 Springfield rifles."

In April 1940, Mitch Paige reported for duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and later the Philadelphia Navy Yard to play baseball and stand guard duty. Joining the Fifth Marine Regiment at Quantico, he participated in maneuvers at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and Culebra, Puerto Rico. Ordered to New River, N.C., he helped construct what was to become Camp Lejeune.

Following the attack on Pearl Harbor, he went overseas with the 7th Marines, landing at Apia, British Samoa. The unit later landed at Guadalcanal in September 1942.

"By the time I got to Guadalcanal, I'd been a machine-gunner for six years. I was a platoon sergeant, and I required every Marine in my platoon to be able to fieldstrip the water-cooled machine gun, the 1903 Springfield rifle and the .45-caliber pistol. They could do it blindfolded; take it apart and put it back together. Every man.

"I had the finest men in the world. I attribute my being here now to my drill instructors, the professionalism and bravery of all those Marines, and God, naturally."

The room became silent. Only the hum of the air conditioner and muffled sounds of Pennsylvania Avenue, traffic could be heard. The old warrior stood and stretched. He shook his head slowly. It happened 50 years ago in October 1942. He was a member of the 2d Bn, 7th Marines, 1stMarDiv. It was on Guadalcanal, part of the Solomon Islands chain.

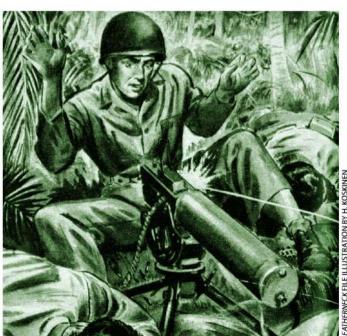
He told of the night of Oct. 24. "It was raining to beat the band. We had moved into position, atop a hill, after dark. We couldn't see a thing. We moved up there under an enemy artillery barrage. I'm feeling around to see where I could put my machine guns. I knew my right rear was tied in with an infantry company, and my left rear was tied in with an infantry company. So, I figured, we must be the front of the whole line.

"Afterwards, I stretched out on the ground, lying on my back with the rain pelting my face and with my ear to the ground. All of a sudden, I hear this mumbling and snoring only 30 yards or so down the hill. I knew it wasn't our Marines because we were supposed to be the only Marines there. I listened intently and then it came to me, 'Japanese!'

"I recognized the talk from my days in China. Same sounds.

"So I got hold of my grenades and passed the word very quietly to the others that I was going to creep forward and throw a couple of grenades. Being an old baseball pitcher, I got ready to throw strikes but my dungaree sleeves were down and too tight. Anyway, I lobbed some grenades and we heard screeching and hollering, and then I heard a whole bunch of pins removed from grenades, and the other Marines began tossing grenades down the hill. It got real quiet, and, of course, we didn't sleep the rest of the night."





When the Japanese broke through on Guadalcanal on Oct. 26, 1942, all of Paige's men were killed or wounded. Paige continued to fire his machine gun until it was put out of action by a full burst from the Japanese weapon that shattered the firing mechanism.



The rain stopped and after sunrise, Paige led a small patrol down the hill. "We found four or five dead Japanese and we found a lot of blood trails, but we couldn't follow them because the jungle vegetation at the bottom of the hill was so thick, and we didn't want to walk into an ambush. The Japanese always pulled their dead and wounded into the jungle so that Marines could not strip them."

Early the next day, he removed his dungaree jacket and cut the sleeves off with his Ka-Bar. "It took nearly two hours to cut those sleeves off," he said, grinning. "That was some tough material, but if I had to throw hand grenades again, I wanted to make sure I wasn't hampered by sleeves."

During the night of Oct. 25, Paige and his Marines "saw a whole bunch of lights down in the wooded area. We knew they were the enemy, but they were out of grenade range, and we couldn't see well enough to shoot. We could hear their gear rattling and all.

"There was so little vegetation atop our hill, we figured they knew just about everything they wanted to know about us as their positions high on Mount Austen overlooked the entire Marine lines. But in darkness, we did move our guns so we still had a chance to surprise them if they attacked. We had dug in with bayonets as the entrenching tools were discarded with every move for the past month. Some of the tools were getting too heavy to carry and too bulky."

Paige's position was between "Fox" and "George" Companies, 2/7, on a saddle on a hill. Around two in the morning of the 26th, he heard the Japanese talking. They were roughly a hundred yards away. Paige began crawling from gun to gun, alerting his men for immediate action.

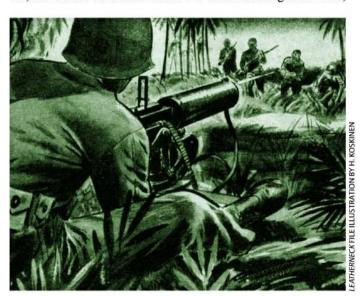
Then he heard bushes rustle and gear scraping the deck, as the enemy approached over the crest of the hill, getting closer and closer. Suddenly he saw a wall of troops charging his line. He pulled grenade pins and threw. His pitching arm was no longer encumbered by tight sleeves and his aim was true. Still the enemy came through the flame and roar.

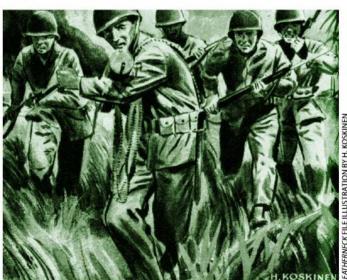
"I gave the word for all guns to fire," Paige recalled. "Our whole line lit up. One of my men yelled that his gun was out of action and I saw him get wounded. I knocked off two Japanese with a rifle, but a third bayoneted one of my men. I shot that Japanese. Next thing I knew, everyone was fighting hand to hand, in the dark, bayonet to bayonet.

"Then all of a sudden, it was quiet. No more Japanese. We had repulsed the first assault. Now to get ready for the second, if there is one.

"Meantime I'm moving around, when I could, trying to clear or un-jam other guns, removing ruptured cartridges ... for my men who were wounded but who continued to fight. And I'm back to firing, and I felt something hot on my hand. A Japanese light machine gun hit the feeding mechanism of my gun, putting that one out of action."

The enemy swept his left flank as all of Fox Co were driven out of their positions. George Co could not fire as it was on





Knowing a few words in Japanese, Paige called to the enemy to stand up. When they did, he began an offensive of his own. Grabbing his machine gun, Paige led the charge. He later received the Medal of Honor for his bravery.



When his gun was destroyed Paige fearlessly took over another; each time he moved, grenades exploded where he had been.

slightly higher ground to the right rear and would hit Paige's men. In the dark, Paige suddenly realized that he was manning machine guns, moving from one to another, and except for the Japanese in the immediate area, he was alone.

"I didn't have time to really think about it," he said, as he shrugged. "I was too busy shooting as fast as I could

and trying to get a bead on the oncoming Japanese troops."

Another gun was shot out from under him. He quickly scanned the area. There were none left in sight in the dark. He scurried back to George Co and "borrowed" a machine gun. He told some of the riflemen to fix bayonets and follow

Paige picked up the machine gun, and two Marines assisted him as Paige and the riflemen charged back into the battle. Dawn was nearing, and Paige spotted another machine gun. He left the borrowed one and ran for the other one.

"For a while, it seemed like the whole Japanese army was shooting at me," he recalled. Three Marines attempted to bring belts of ammo to the platoon sergeant. All three were wounded, but every one accomplished his mission.

The battle continued. Paige, at one point, swung his gun around and fired at a group of enemy who overran his position shooting them in the back before they could go over the crest down the hill to the battalion command post.

As he sat on the ground behind his gun facing straight ahead where the charges had been coming all night, he noticed some movement in the Kunai grass. He was just beginning to load a new belt of ammo when he noticed a Japanese soldier suddenly drop to the ground only a few yards away with his Nambu machine gun. Paige had to lean over the gun to pull the bolt handle back to lock the belt into the gun. As he rolled back, getting ready to slide forward for the second pull, he could not move. It was like being against a stone wall.

Meanwhile, he felt a warm breeze between his chin and his Adam's apple. Suddenly he broke loose and literally flew over the gun to pull the bolt handle back for the necessary second time. With that, he swung the gun around to the left to fire at the

Japanese machine-gunner who just seconds before had fired his entire 30-round magazine at point-blank range. He had perfectly lined up on Mitch's head and left shoulder when he was in the first pull. He pulled his trigger while Paige was in the backward move. The Japanese soldier was obviously so excited about this point-blank killing that he probably believed Paige was dead and just sitting there numb.

"I was so wound up at this point, I couldn't stop. I yelled back to the riflemen, 'Fix bayonets; follow me.' I threw two belts of ammo over my shoulders, unclamped the machine gun, picked it up and cradled it in my arms after loading it. Then over the crest of the hill we charged. As I was preparing to leave, I saw a Japanese officer watching me through field glasses even though he was only about 75 yards away. He dropped the glasses, pulled out a revolver, pointed it at me and emptied it at me as I was in a dead run toward him downhill. Many of his men had their rifles aimed at me. Suddenly the officer threw his revolver down as he had missed my bobbing body and reached for his samurai sword. I was firing bursts as I ran, and the riflemen all dropped. As the officer had his sword nearly out of the scabbard, I hit it and the officer also when we were about five yards apart.

> "I stopped and watched the riflemen I had asked to charge with me come down the slope whooping and hollering like a bunch of wild Indians. And

> > when they reached the bottom of the hill, where the jungle began, there was nothing left to shoot. The battle was over, and the silence was deafening."

> > > Col Mitchell Paige inspected a display dedicated in his name at the SNCO Academy, MAGTFTC, Twentynine Palms, Calif., in 2001.

After the full impact of the battle was realized, Paige sat down. "I was soaked in perspiration. Steam was still rising from my hot gun. My hands tingled and I looked down to see a huge blister all the way from my fingertips to my forearm.

"I'm sitting there, my feet in a foxhole, and there are bodies all around. And I saw the soldier who just a short time before had fired 30 rounds at me from point-blank range and missed. I looked up into the sky and said, 'Lord, this is between you and me. I never want to tell anybody about this as I never want anyone to ever

try to make a mockery of it.'

"I looked all around for my pack and finally found it. As I dumped the contents out on the ground, out came a small New Testament a Navy chaplain had once given me. When I picked it up, it was open to Proverbs. I put my dirty finger on the open page. It was Chapter 3, verses 5 and 6 and it read, 'Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge Him and He will direct your paths.' Suddenly I thought of my mother and the day I left home to join the Marine Corps more than six years before.

"On May 21, 1943, in Australia, General Alexander Archer Vandegrift, commanding general of the First Marine Division, hung the Medal of Honor around my neck," Paige recalled. "I remember his exact words: 'Son, you are the first enlisted Marine

in my division to be awarded this medal.' And as we shook hands, he glanced at my ribbons and said, 'I see you were also in China. I need men like you to stay with the division. I need your experience, so if you don't mind, I would like to keep you around for a while longer.' "

At the same parade in Australia, a photo was taken of Gen Vandegrift, Col Merritt Austin Edson, Second Lieutenant Mitchell Paige and Sergeant John Basilone. All had been awarded Medals of Honor: Vandegrift (for the Guadalcanal Campaign) and Edson, who commanded the 1st Marine Raider Battalion (for heroism on Bloody Ridge), had been presented theirs earlier. Paige and Basilone received theirs at the parade.

"An interesting aside to the photo is the fact that photographers wanted pictures of all of us, but Colonel Edson didn't have his medal or ribbons with him. All he had were his marksmanship badges.

"While he was at the command post, he saw the medals that were to be presented, so he borrowed the ribbon from my box. The photo shows old 'Red Mike' in all his glory, with shooting badges and the ribbon for my Medal of Honor, which he returned later.

"I consider Colonel Edson one of the greatest Marine Corps jungle fighters in our history, second only to Herman Henry Hanneken. I base this statement on the fact that Hanneken stopped a couple of Banana Wars singlehandedly, and when he landed at Guadalcanal, he already had a Medal of Honor and two Navy Crosses." (He was later awarded a Silver Star, Legion of Merit, and a Bronze Star.)

Paige received a field commission to second lieutenant in December 1942, and eight months later was promoted to first lieutenant. Departing Guadalcanal, he accompanied the 1stMarDiv to New Guinea, where his unit joined the American Sixth Army for the assault on Cape Gloucester, New Britain.

Later from Pavuvu, Russell Islands, he was sent back to the States just before the invasion of Peleliu. "They had me doing war bond drive speeches. I remember going with movie actor Pat O'Brien to Chicago. And I went to Pittsburgh.

"I really didn't know what to say. Nobody advised me, so I simply thanked the factory workers for keeping us supplied with the bullets, tanks, bombs and machine guns. Then I got myself in trouble. I told them that Hitler, Tojo and Mussolini were our enemies, but that Joe Stalin was truly our greatest enemy.

"The very next day, a Marine colonel approached me before I was to give my talk, and he said, 'Lieutenant, I'm from Headquarters Marine Corps, and I'm here to tell you not to mention Joe Stalin or the Russians in your talk. Simply sell war bonds and thank the people.'

"And that's when my malaria got real bad. They first sent me to the naval hospital in Camp Lejeune, which we had helped build, where we cut down trees and cleared brush and killed rattlesnakes before we left for Guadalcanal. Then I was transferred to Klamath Falls, Ore., where the Navy had set up a research hospital for tropical diseases. I was to be a guinea pig for a new malaria drug called SN 7618 which our Army had captured from the Germans in North Africa. It proved to be an excellent medicine."

Paige stopped and stretched. He rose from the edge of the bed where he was sitting and paced a bit. "You know, I'm careful what writers I talk to about stories because I don't want those fellas making up stuff to make the story sound more heroic or gung ho than it really is. But I also want to correct historical mistakes. Some of it was badly written."

Asked if he had any advice to pass on to today's young enlisted Marines, he smiled and looked at his hands. "For all that I've seen and heard and done, I sincerely believe the best advice was my mother's admonition. 'Trust in God. Don't try to figure out everything by yourself. Those Marine Corps sergeants will tell you what to do. Just trust in God.' "



Left to right: Gen Alexander Vandegrift, Col Merrit Edson, 2dLt Mitchell Paige and Sgt John Basilone in Australia, May 21, 1943.

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We—the Marines

Marine Returns Japanese WW II Flag to Original Family

Deep within the mountains of Gifu Prefecture, Japan, sits Higashishirakawa, a small farming village hidden away from the fast-paced city life. On Aug. 15, the family of a fallen Japanese soldier eagerly waited there for the return of a precious heirloom. For the first time in 73 years, the Yasue family would finally receive closure for the brother who never came home from war.

World War II Marine veteran Marvin Strombo traveled 10,000 miles from his quiet home in Montana to Japan to return a Japanese flag he had taken from Sadao Yasue during the Battle of Saipan in June 1944.

Strombo carried the flag with him for decades after his time serving as a scout sniper with Sixth Marine Regiment, Second Marine Division. He cared for the flag meticulously and never once forgot the promise he made to Yasue as he took the flag from him in the midst of war.

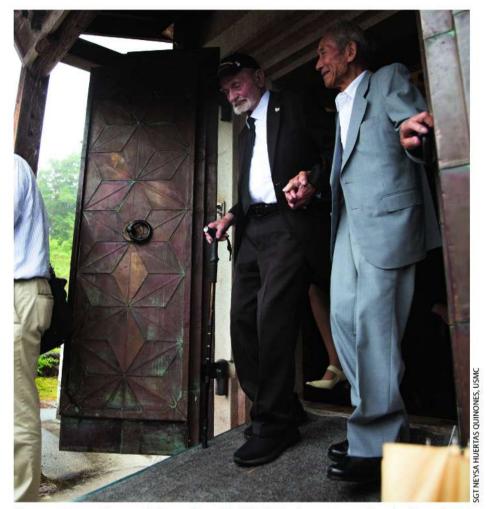
As a young corporal, Strombo looked up from his position on the battlefield of Saipan and noticed he had become separated from his squad behind enemy lines. As he started heading in the direction of the squad's rally point, he came across a Japanese soldier who lay motionless on the ground.

"I remember walking up to him," said Strombo. "He was laying on his back, slightly more turned to one side. There were no visible wounds and it made it look as if he was just asleep. I could see the corner of the flag folded up against his heart. As I reached for it, my body didn't let me grab it at first. I knew it meant a lot to him but I knew if I left it there someone else might come by and take it. The flag could be lost forever. I made myself promise him that one day I would give back the flag after the war was over."

As years went on, Strombo continued to hope to one day deliver the heirloom. It was not until he acquainted himself with the Obon Society of Astoria, Ore., that he found a way to Yasue's family.

Through the coordination of the Obon Society, a nonprofit organization that coordinates the return of personal items

WW II Marine veteran Marvin Strombo, right, presents Tatsuya Yasue with a flag that had once belonged to Yasue's late brother during a flag-returning ceremony in Gifu Prefecture, Japan, Aug. 15.



Above: Tatsuya Yasue, right, walks with WW II Marine veteran Marvin Strombo at Higashishirakawa Village, Gifu Prefecture, Japan, Aug. 15. With the help of the Obon Society of Astoria, Ore., Strombo had the opportunity to return a Japanese flag belonging to Yasue's brother, who was killed during the Battle of Saipan in 1944.



GT NEYSA HUERTAS QUINONES, US

that were taken during war, both families had the opportunity to meet face-to-face during a special ceremony.

Sadao's younger brother, Tatsuya Yasue, said his brother was a young man with a bright future. When Sadao was called upon to go to war, his family gave him the flag as a symbol of good fortune to bring him back to them. Getting the flag back meant more to them than just receiving an heirloom-it was like bringing Sadao's spirit back home.

Tatsuya's sisters Sayoko Furuta and Miyako Yasue accompanied him as he formally accepted the flag. As Tatsuva spoke about what his brother meant to not only his family but also the other members of the community, he reminisced over the last moments he had with him before his departure for war.

Tatsuva said his family received permission to see Sadao one last time and he came down from his living quarters and sat with them in the grass, just talking. When they were told they had five more minutes, Sadao turned to his family and told them that it seemed like he was being sent somewhere in the Pacific. He told them he probably wasn't coming back and to make sure they took good care of their parents. That was the last time Tatsuya ever spoke to his brother.

As Strombo handed the flag to Yasue, he said he felt a sense of relief knowing that after all these years he was able to keep the promise he made on the battlegrounds of Saipan.

Sgt Neysa Huertas Quinones, USMC

MWSS-373 Supports Veterans Village

Marines with Marine Wing Support Squadron (MWSS) 373 supported the Veterans Village of San Diego during their 30th annual Homeless Veteran Stand Down, July 21-23.

The stand down offered shelter to homeless veterans while also providing them with medical care, dental care, legal assistance, haircuts and food.

"MWSS-373 has been providing support to make this event possible, ranging from building and maintaining tents to setting up cots for over 2,000 homeless participants this year," said First Lieutenant Andrew Wallace, MWSS-373 site officer for the Veterans Village of San Diego.

Veterans Village of San Diego was established in 1981, with the goal of giving back to the community by assisting homeless veterans struggling with substance abuse or mental health issues. The organization is committed to its motto, "Leave No One Behind," and provides services to more than 2,000 veterans each year.



Marines with MWSS-373 and other volunteers set up tents for the Veterans Village of San Diego's Homeless Veteran Stand Down, July 21. The event gave homeless veterans food, a place to stay and access to services like medical and dental care, legal assistance, and haircuts.

"These are homeless veterans who have nowhere else to go so it is important for us to give them these services, whether it is putting food in their bellies or just providing them with a place to stay for a few days," said Corporal Eddie Salazar, a communications technician with MWSS-373, who volunteered during the event.

The squadron not only provided equipment, but many also volunteered their time by preparing work stations and sleeping quarters, distributing food and drinks and greeting veterans attending the stand

The purpose of the Veterans Village of San Diego and the reason Marines with MWSS-373 support this event is to help rehabilitate the veterans and get them off the streets, said Salazar.

"The entire reason we are here is service-whether that be on the battlefield or serving the community," said Wallace.

LCpl Jake McClung, USMC

Future Astronaut Takes Final Cobra Flight

Marine Corps Air Station Yuma, Arizona's own Major Jasmin Moghbeli recently entered the spotlight as one of the elite few chosen for NASA's Astronaut Candidate Class of 2017. The Baldwin, N.Y., native has completed more than 500 missions-150 of them in combat-and logged in excess of 12,000 hours flying the AH-1 Cobra.

On July 7, Moghbeli flew her last flight in her favorite "skid" aircraft, but flying helicopters was not exactly part of her plan when she dreamed of becoming an astronaut. When she first joined the Marine Corps, she wanted to fly jets, which she believed would improve her chances at becoming an astronaut. As a young second lieutenant, she spent a few hours riding as a passenger in CH-53s during her time at The Basic School, Marine Corps Base Quantico, Va., but she was not enamored. However, just a single encounter with an attack helicopter changed her mind. She distinctly remembers the first time she witnessed a Cobra fly overhead, and instantaneously said, "I want that one."

Years later, she had completed three Afghanistan deployments as a Cobra pilot.

"My favorite thing about flying the Cobra is being able to support the Marines on the ground," said Moghbeli. "We're not too high, we're not too low; we have great situational awareness with a bird'seye view where we can see exactly what's going on and pass it to the guys on the ground."

Later, Moghbeli went on to fly and test the Cobra's operational capabilities with Marine Test and Evaluation Squadron 1 at MCAS Yuma, where she was selected for the astronaut program.

Although she has finally made her dream come true, she will miss flying helicopters.

"It's a little bittersweet," Moghbeli said. "I love flying helicopters; I love flying the Cobra and I know that this is potentially my last [Cobra] flight ever, or at least



Maj Jasmin Moghbeli conducts her final AH-1 Cobra flight with VMX-1 at MCAS Yuma, Ariz., June 7, before reporting to the Johnson Space Center in Houston to attend the NASA Astronaut Candidate Class of 2017.

my last one for a long time, but I'm very excited about what I'm about to go do."

Moghbeli's next stop: Johnson Space Center in Houston, where she will begin two years of astronaut training.

LCpl Christian Oliver Cachola, USMC

Dallas Recruiters Partner with Touching Lives Foundation

Dallas-based Marine recruiters have a new partner to help "block and tackle" their way through recruiting this upcoming season. In collaboration with Marine Corps Recruiting Command, 8th Marine Corps District is partnering with Pro Football Hall of Famer LaDainian Tomlinson's Touching Lives Foundation as part of the growing city partnership program between the district and the Dallas/Fort Worth Metroplex.

While each recruiting district is partnered with a city that shares its fighting spirit for innovation and service within the community, 8th District kicked off MCRC's latest initiative with a program for locals, by locals.

Project 21 is a cross-sector partnership with the LaDainian Tomlinson Prepara-

tory Academy and his Touching Lives Foundation, focused on student-athlete leadership development, parent and community engagement. Founded by LaDainian Tomlinson, former National Football League and Texas Christian University star player, the program is one of his initiatives that enhance the lives of deserving families in the Dallas-Fort Worth area by promoting education and social and cultural awareness. More specifically, Project 21 focuses on adolescent reasoning, character development, leadership training and positive self esteem to ensure the success of student-athletes in the local community.

"Working alongside LaDainian's Project 21 as part of his Team America initiative embodies the Marine Corps' commitment to producing elite citizens and developing deep relationships through city partnership within the very communities we both live in and serve," said Cliff Dean, a Marine veteran and Chief Operations Officer for the Touching Lives Foundation.

The budding partnership between the foundation and the Dallas-Fort Worth recruiters has already yielded results.

"While Project 21 is being executed, we see a direct impact in shaping future leaders with exposure to disciplined habits of both mind and body, as well as commitment to service, which both Marines and professional athletes live by," said Dean. "The close teamwork between our staffs results in a lasting impact benefiting both the student-athletes and the schools they belong to."

For the Marines of Recruiting Station Dallas, the Touching Lives Foundation's core values of character, education and performance resonate in their daily interactions with student-athletes. Furthermore, its founder serves as a reminder that one's legacy is not defined by individual success, but rather by one's contribution to the community.

"LaDainian Tomlinson understands the meaning of service before self and lives it by example," said Major Ruth Kehoe, Commanding Officer of RS Dallas. "He is a visionary. His actions and his words are incredibly inspirational, especially for the high school athletes we see as part of the program."

While the newfound partnership con-

tinues to grow, this is not the first time the two teams have worked together.

"I worked and trained with Marines during my playing days in San Diego; they embody selflessness, as does all our military, and I knew when I built this vision I wanted to include them in the conversation," said Tomlinson. "I am proud and excited to be working with them to build bridges between our communities."

For his professional achievements, Tomlinson was inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio, Aug. 5, and even in retirement, the former athlete continues to make great strides throughout the Dallas-Fort Worth area.

"Like the Marine Corps, the Tomlinson Foundation is focused on developing leaders and active contributors in local communities who share a passion for service," said Kehoe. "Our Marines are proud to join his team of coaches and volunteers."

1stLt Michael Maggitti, USMC





From the left, Maj Ruth Kehoe, CO of RS Dallas; LaDainian Tomlinson; and Capt Samuel Wetselaar, the RS Dallas operations officer, stand together following Tomlinson's induction into the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio, Aug. 15. In collaboration with MCRC, 8th Marine Corps District has partnered with Tomlinson's Touching Lives Foundation.

Crazy Caption Contest

Winner



"Float like a butterfly! Sting like a bee!"

Submitted by Joe Fron Johnson City, N.Y.

Dream up your own Crazy Caption. *Leatherneck* will pay \$25 or give a one-year MCA membership for the craziest one received. It's easy. Think up a caption for the photo at the right and either mail or email it to us. Send your submission to *Leatherneck* Magazine, P.O. Box 1775, Quantico, VA 22134, or email it, referencing the number at the bottom right, to leatherneck@mca-marines.org. The winning entry will be published in two months.

This Month's Photo



(Caption)	
Name	
Address	
City/State	ZIP

10-17

Changing Rhythms

Runners Who Used to Run WITH Marines
Are Now Running FOR Them



By Margot Cornelius

Participants from around the world take part in the 41st Marine Corps Marathon Oct. 30, 2016. "The People's Marathon" course passes many of the monuments in Washington, D.C., and finishes at the Marine Corps War Memorial, Arlington, Va.

Running is about rhythm—the sustained rhythm of one foot in front of the other becomes a cadence of everyday life that Marines know well. The key is finding that inner rhythm to get you across the finish line in the race or in life.

Whether you've run 11 marathons, like former drill instructor Jesus Perez; six marathons, like veteran Marine Robert Allen; or are about to embark on your very first Marine Corps Marathon (MCM), like former Marine Corps reservist Colin Murray, the formula is the same—finishing any race is accomplished one step at a time. It's the Marine Corps ethos to never give up that still guides these men in their lives after the Corps.

Perez, Allen and Murray are three of the 71 runners who have dedicated their 2017 MCM race to raise money for the Marine Corps Association & Foundation (MCA&F). They've chosen to take up the association's challenge to not just run with Marines, but to run for Marines this year. The funds they raise will be used to support today's Marines through MCA&F's programs, which support units throughout the Corps by providing speakers, funding battlefield studies, providing libraries full of books from the Commandant's Professional Reading List, and sponsoring writing contests—all with the goal of assisting in the professional development of Marines of all grades.

Running became part of Jesus Perez's daily routine during his years as a Marine Corps drill instructor. "Clap it on the left foot!"

This "ditty" is so much a part of Perez's outlook as a Marine and as a runner, that he used it on his fundraising page for this year's MCA&F marathon campaign.



"It gets everyone in the rhythm, and it's a unique sound for motivation," says Perez, who served in the Corps from 1996 to 2011.

This is the kind of motivation that the runners will hear during the 42nd annual MCM this month as Perez and a few of his Marine buddies traverse the 26.2-mile route that leads runners from Arlington, Va., all the way uphill to the Marine Corps War Memorial.

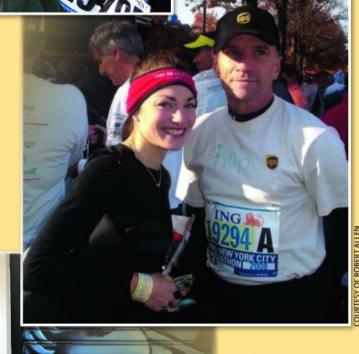
"The spectators and people out there running ... give runners an additional support system because you're going to need it, especially if it's your first marathon."

The former DI should know; this will be Perez's sixth MCM and his twelfth marathon to date. His running journey began years ago as a bet when he was stationed in Iwakuni, Japan. His Marines challenged him to enter the annual MCAS Iwakuni Marathon—a challenge he completed in 4 hours



Left: Jesus Perez at the finish line of the 34th Marine Corps Marathon in Arlington, Va., October 2009. This was Perez's first MCM and the beginning of his marathon career.

Below: Robert Allen and his daughter Stephanie Dederick complete the New York City Marathon in November 2008 with a personal record time of 3.52 hours.





Left: Colin Murray near his home on Troutman Street in Brooklyn. Murray does his marathon training on the streets of New York City.

Jesus Perez with his wife Noelia in the finisher's circle at the Walt Disney Goofy's Race and Half Challenge. The race was a two-day, 39.3-mile event that pushed Perez to his limits.



Can't Run the Marathon But Want To Help Marines?

At the Marine Corps Association Foundation, we help develop leaders by providing forums for Marines to develop professionally, exchange ideas and preserve the traditions of the Corps. We stand by Marines with valuable resources through every step of their Marine Corps journey. This is possible through donations and membership dues of Marines, their families and friends of the Corps and fundraising efforts like this year's Marine Corps Marathon. If you would like to support our efforts, please visit www.mcafdn.org and learn more about our programs for today's Marines.

and 10 minutes—an impressive time for a novice. Perez insists that he's not a traditional runner and does not fit the mold, yet his time in the Corps prepared him to succeed in this arena. That's why this year's race slogan hits home for him: Run with purpose, finish with pride.

"It's something that I live by, it's something the Marine Corps gave me: Don't quit."

This year his purpose has dramatically shifted. This is his first time running for a cause.

"I feel like it's time for me to do my part [rather than simply] getting out there just to run," he said. "The Marines have given me a lot, they've provided a lot in my life. It's just a debt that I can never repay so [I've] just got to continue trying."

Robert Allen understands this sentiment all too well. He is a Marine Corps veteran who served in Vietnam. His unlikely path to marathon running started in 2004 when his daughter asked if he would teach her to run.

"I said, 'It's real simple, honey, Just start moving your legs real fast and before you know it, you'll be running!' " joked Allen.

Their first father-daughter marathon was in Brooklyn, N.Y., where Allen says he got hooked from day one. He wore his Marine Corps T-shirt that day and was overwhelmed by the crowd's support and camaraderie as he ran—a far cry from the reception he received when returning from Vietnam in the 1970s.

"It was pretty rough. People weren't nearly as nice to you when you had a Marine Corps shirt on," he recalled.

Allen and his daughter have run the New York City marathon six times since then. This year, the duo will become a trio as Allen trains his future



son-in-law to run the 2017 MCM.

"I've turned them into really good runners. When they first started running, they would want to back down, but I would stay on them," Allen said.

Spoken like a true Marine.

"'Running with purpose' to me is proving again to myself and to other Marines that man, I can still cut it," he said.

Allen has a demanding full-time job at UPS and has to squeeze his training into Saturday and Sunday. He runs 8 miles in the morning and another 8 in the afternoon.

"You learn in the Corps to double down when you have to . . . and that's what I do."

Allen brings this same commitment to his partnership with MCA&F.

"I love the Marine Corps Association, I love everything it does and I push it with other Marines," he said, adding that he hands out his spare copies of *Leatherneck* and *Marine Corps Gazette* to Marines who aren't members.

"So you know I get those opportunities to do some missionary work if you will," he said with a chuckle.

Just like the marathon itself, Allen also notes that rhythm is an important part of meeting his fundraising goals as well. At his current pace, Allen will raise more than four times MCA&F's minimum fundraising goal for each 2017 MCM runner.

This is the second year MCA&F has been a charity partner with the MCM and the association already has seen a spike in requests to raise funds for its Marine programs. Last year, MCA&F partnered with 22 runners and this year, at 71 runners, the association has no 2017 MCM bibs left. Each runner is asked to raise a minimum of \$400 to obtain a bib from MCA&F for

the marathon. Many of MCA&F's runners have already exceeded the minimum and more than 20 other runners who already have bibs are raising money for MCA&F because they want to "Run for the Marines," MCA&F's slogan for the runners.

One of those prized bibs is going to Colin Murray, a native of Springfield, Mass. Murray served in the Selected Marine Corps Reserve for six and a half years with 4th Maintenance Battalion, Ordnance Maintenance Company (Fort Devens, Mass.). He later was activated and deployed to Iraq attached to 1st Marine Logistics Group, Combat Logistics Regiment 15. Like Perez and Allen, Murray has integrated his love for running into the rhythm of his everyday life.

"I've pretty much run since junior high when they made me run a perfect mile. If we cursed in gym class, it [running] was a punishment," said Murray who eventually realized that he enjoyed running.

This year's MCM will be Murray's very first marathon. He lives in an old factory in Brooklyn, N.Y., which he is rebuilding and converting on his own using his experience in construction. Murray works as a site supervisor for Cauldwell Wingate, one of the oldest construction companies in New



York City. For an urban dweller, marathon training in the city takes some creativity.

"There's a spot that's near a cemetery up near my apartment and it's uphill one way, then flat, downhill another way and then flat again. It's a perfect mile if you just do a loop of it," said Murray.

It may take many loops for Murray to get prepared for October, but he's focused on the larger mission.

"I understand that 100 percent of the funds I raise [will] go to Marines, so I know that every step I'm going to be taking will have a direct impact for active-duty Marines. That's going to motivate me, it's going to be like a wind at my back."

Join these 71 runners and take the first step to support Marines by making an online donation to support our Marine programs.

Author's bio: Margot Cornelius is the web/digital manager for the Marine Corps Association & Foundation. She has a master's degree in journalism from Regent University and lives in Michigan with her family. She is a proud native of Cape Town, South Africa.

Colin Murray runs near his home on Troutman Street in Brooklyn's Bushwick neighborhood.

Passing the Word

If you're local to the Washington, D.C., area or plan to visit soon, be sure to see these additions to the National Archives and the National Museum of the Marine Corps. If you don't have a trip planned, now might just be the time.

"Remembering Vietnam" To Open at National Archives

More than 50 years after the U.S. entered the Vietnam War, a new 3,000-squarefoot exhibit at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., will pay tribute to the Marines and other servicemembers who displayed significant courage and sacrifice in Vietnam.

On Nov. 10, the National Archives' "Remembering Vietnam" exhibit will officially open, allowing the public to more fully understand the war, those who served in it and its impact on American history. The Archives has hundreds of thousands of items—documents, artifacts, photographs, films, maps and letters—that reveal the complexity of the conflict and help answer questions about the war.

Visitors to the exhibit will have the opportunity to see a variety of items including an elephant tusk lamp, which was a gift from Ngo Dinh Diem to President Dwight D. Eisenhower; the CIA's model of the Hanoi Hilton; and the cable reporting the alleged second attack on USS *Maddox* (DD-731). They also will be able to read transcripts of radio intercepts of helicopter pilots during the Saigon airlifts.

"There are many histories written about it, and much of what you read doesn't really represent what actually happened on the ground ... how our Marines and other U.S. servicemembers performed there," said General Anthony C. Zinni, USMC (Ret), a veteran of the Vietnam War and member of exhibit's honorary committee, during an interview with Leatherneck. "So I think through this



Photos like the ones shown here of Marines landing at Da Nang, Vietnam, in 1965, are some of the many items that will be featured in the National Archives' "Remembering Vietnam" exhibit, which will open to the public Nov. 10.

kind of presentation they will be able to understand and see through the photos, through the documents, what actually went on."

Gen Zinni encourages all Marines—active-duty, reserve, veteran and retired—to visit the exhibit and gain a better understanding of a vital chapter in the history of the Corps. It's never too late, he said, to honor the resilience and courage of the Marines and others who served in Vietnam.

The National Archives Foundation is

"PICTURING NAM"

Can't make it to Washington, D.C., to view the exhibit? You may be in luck because an accompanying traveling exhibition, "Picturing Nam," featuring photos taken by military photographers in Vietnam, could be headed to a museum near you:

- Sept. 1, 2017-Jan. 7, 2018: Richard Nixon Presidential Library and Museum, Yorba Linda, Calif.
- April 6-May 25, 2018: Historical Society of Palm Beach County, West Palm Beach, Fla.
 - June 16-Oct. 20, 2018: Upcountry History Museum, Greenville, S.C.
- Nov. 10, 2018-Jan. 7, 2019: West Baton Rouge Museum, Baton Rouge, La.



The entrance to the new Medal of Honor Theater at the National Museum of the Marine Corps in Triangle, Va., before attendees arrived at the grand opening and premiere of the film "We, The Marines," July 22.

offering a unique opportunity for individuals to contribute in an effort to help expand the reach of the "Remembering Vietnam" initiative. For a donation of \$50 or more, your name or the name of a Vietnam veteran who you would like to honor will be displayed in the exhibit and online. For more information, visit https://www.archivesfoundation.org/vietnam/donate/.

Admission is free and open to the public, and "Remembering Vietnam" will be on display in the Lawrence F. O'Brien Gallery through Jan. 6, 2019. The National Archives is located on the National Mall on Constitution Ave. at 9th St., NW, Washington, D.C., and is open seven days a week from 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Sara W. Bock

NMMC's Medal of Honor Theater Premieres New Film

The Marine Corps Heritage Foundation opened its new, state-of-the-art giant-screen Medal of Honor Theater with the first airing of a new film, "We, The Marines," at the National Museum of the Marine Corps in Triangle, Va., July 23.

"Opening the Medal of Honor Theater is a significant benchmark as we march toward completion of the National Museum of the Marine Corps," said Lieutenant General Robert R. Blackman Jr., USMC (Ret), President and CEO of the Marine Corps Heritage Foundation. "MacGillivray Freeman Films, a giant-screen film expert with notable productions including 'To Fly!' produced for the Smithsonian, did a wonderful job producing 'We, The Marines.' This film, sponsored by Boeing, will afford us a powerful and engaging way to tell the story of today's Marines and share the Marine Corps experience with all Americans."

Sponsored by Lockheed Martin, the Medal of Honor Theater seats 369 visitors and provides an immersive experience. The ultra-realistic images, awe-inspiring visuals and enveloping audio transport visitors into the middle of the action and on to the edge of their seats.

The signature film is a 40-minute visual narrative of a Marine's journey through the Corps. Narrated by Academy Awardwinning actor and Marine veteran Gene Hackman, the film follows the journey of Marines from boot camp to training, deployments and homecomings. The powerful film captures moments of action, bringing to life the intense experience of serving as a Marine. Filming took place at Marine Corps Recruit Depot Parris Island, S.C., Marine Corps Base Camp

Pendleton, Calif., Marine Corps Base Camp Lejeune, N.C., and Marine Corps Air-Ground Combat Center Twentynine Palms, Calif.

"With 'We, The Marines,' we want audiences to come away with a vast new appreciation for the razor-sharp focus, the fast reflexes, the constant teamwork and the dedication and compassion it takes to serve in the Marine Corps," said the film's director, Greg MacGillivray, a two-time Academy-Award nominee. "Marines have a higher calling, they protect our way of life, and our respect and admiration for this organization and leaders like Gen Blackman have grown tenfold from our experiences making this film. We are honored to have been a part of it."

Visitors can enjoy the new theater and film while visiting the National Museum of the Marine Corps, which is open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily. Admission to the museum and parking are free, and tickets to "We, The Marines" can be purchased at the theater box office located in the museum. For more information, visit www.marineheritage.org.

MCHF



Books Reviewed

MY LIFE AND LENS: The Story of a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent. By Captain Robert L. Bowen, USMC (Ret). Published by iUniverse. 412 pages. \$26.19 MCA Members. \$28.99 Regular Price.

Retired Marine Captain Robert "Bob" Bowen's autobiography chronicles his fascinating life from his birth in Huntington, W.Va., on Jan. 12, 1941, through his experiences as an enlisted Marine who rises to the rank of captain and as a

Leatherneck correspondent in Vietnam.

But that's not all. Bowen's life after retirement shows a man driven to serve his community, his country and fellow veterans with the same dedication that he had while in uniform.

Throughout the book's 412 pages, you'll find scores of photographs documenting the heroics of his fellow Marines and corpsmen in Vietnam.

Bowen says that he "cannot recall ever wanting to be a fireman, a cowboy, a doctor, a lawyer or any of those things most young boys aspire to being. My whole life has been devoted to communicating-writing, making photographs, reporting the news-be it printed or broadcast."

His large smile is one of Bowen's trademarks and is a constant except when he is communicating through an open microphone, intensely engaged in an interview, or focused upon what Henri Cartier-Bresson described as that "decisive moment." Cartier-Bresson was the modern photojournalism legend who defined the process of anticipating the peak moment of action that the photojournalist strives to capture on film.

Like many of the noncommissioned officers who served in Vietnam, Bowen was born in the 1940s and thus grew up during the rationing of food and gas, blackout curtains pulled down during air raid drills, victory gardens and reel after reel of motion picture footage of servicemembers at war in Europe and the South Pacific.

"I've worked all my life," said Bowen. He cites a 1943 steel penny taped into his baby book with a notation by his mom, "Bobby's first money for helping rake the leaves—age 2." He mowed lawns and collected and sold newspapers, scrap

metal, and bottles. But it was writing a winning essay titled "My Community and I" that launched his passion to write. He landed a job with Norfolk Newspapers as a mail clerk in 1959 and later became a copyboy, which then changed to "editorial assistant." It wasn't long before his byline began appearing in the sports section of the *Ledger-Dispatch*.

Bowen soon found himself in a Norfolk Marine Corps recruiting office. The master sergeant at the desk asked him

why he wanted to be a Marine. "Well, the Army and the Air Force don't need anyone right now and I don't want to be a sailor," he replied. His statement pleased the master sergeant who quickly had him fill out enlistment papers and put him on a train to Richmond for his physical, then off to Parris Island S.C., for recruit training. He was assigned the military occupational specialty (MOS) of 4300 (basic information

specialist) after graduation, then shipped to Quantico, Va., where his sports writing clippings earned him a slot on the Quantico sports beat.

This prepared him well to cover the

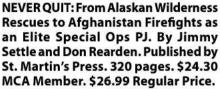
1964 Olympics and to execute his demanding duties as a correspondent for Leatherneck magazine documenting numerous battles in Vietnam. His story of an ambush in Chapter 18 of his book captures the moment well as do the pictures that follow. The only problem is that you can't fully appreciate the drama they depict because the photos are small.

Bowen retired from the Corps on Aug. 1, 1980, and landed a job with the American

landed a job with the American Legion's public relations staff, followed by a stint with Voice of America. He retired a second time in 1996 and was elected national vice commander of the American Legion.

Maj Robert T. Jordan, USMC (Ret)

Author's note: Retired Maj Robert T. Jordan is co-author of "Is America Safe?" and president of Exeter Communications LLC. He is a former Leatherneck associate editor.



Never quit.

The two-word phrase could serve fittingly as the title for any memoir written by a special operator in the U.S. military. However, for the story of Alaskan native Jimmy Settle, one could argue that no other title best characterizes the narrative of his life.

In Settle's new memoir, "Never Quit," the former Air Force staff sergeant tells how he lived by these words in pursuit of a dream: to become a pararescue specialist, or PJ.

Settle's memoir, co-written by Don Rearden, is a reprieve from a civilian culture that has, as of late, taken the words "special operators" and made them synonymous with Navy SEALs. While Air Force PJs aren't as glorified in modern day pop culture, the training, as the reader learns, is some of the toughest the U.S. military has to offer. Not only is it physical (brutal hikes, scuba diving and jumping out of airplanes), it's also mental (candidates must pass the National Registry of Emergency Medical Technicians paramedic exam).

PJs are special operators trained to recover personnel in combat zones or other dangerous areas. They are paramedics who can shoot, jump from aircraft, dive underwater, and perform a myriad of other skills.

Settle describes how pararescue candidates would exit one of their schoolhouses by jumping up and touching a green sign positioned above a doorway. On the sign, in white letters, were two words:

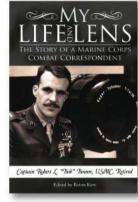
"Never quit." After touching the sign, the candidates-known as cones-would cry out, "Hooyah! Never quit!"

JIMMY SETTLE

"For some, these were hollow words, spoken out of duty," Settle writes, "For others, 'Hooyah! Never quit!' was a battle cry of fierce devotion."

Settle, of course, falls into the latter group.

His book reveals the most trying times of his life and career. As a freshman in college, Settle underwent heart surgery; in a training exercise gone wrong, Settle







THANK YOU!

MCA&F thanks the Marine Corps Veterans Association for generously providing Leatherneck and Marine Corps Gazette Magazines to convalescing Marines and other servicemembers at Veterans Hospitals all over the world throughout the year.

Visit the Marine Corps Veterans Association Website to learn about their mission and support programs:

www.marinevets.org



Leatherneck Book Browser -

THE BAND NEVER PLAYED FOR US: The Vietnam War as Seen by a Marine Rifleman in 1967. By Sgt Ronald G. Goddard, USMC. "Please don't dominate the rap, Jack, if you've got nothing new to say," the Grateful Dead sang in 1969. There have been scores of books about the Vietnam War, from Michael Herr's quirky "Dispatches," to Philip Caputo's ensnaring "A Rumor of War," to Gustav Hasford's memoirs thinly veiled as fiction, "The Short Timers. Ronald G. Goddard has something new to say.

Leading the life of an all-American boy growing up on a farm and wrestling and playing football, Goddard was instilled with a traditional view of war. As he relates in the prologue, "The Band Never Played for Us," is "a history of my service as a Marine rifleman during the Vietnam War in 1967. My war experience was totally different than what I expected after growing up in the 1950s and '60s and seeing Hollywood movies and TV documentaries of my father's war ... All of us sons of World War II veterans grew up seeing Hollywood movies that showed American troops boarding ships and going off to war with bands playing, friends and well-wishers swarming the docks to give the soldiers a rousing send off. When my troop transport ship left San Diego harbor in March of 1967 there were no well-wishers, and no patriotic send off."

After the de rigueur chapters about boot camp and training, where Goddard relates a very amusing anecdote about a clash with some Marine Corps newbies, he gets down to the heart of the matter. He ultimately ends up a Recon Marine stationed in Da Nang in March 1967 and is assigned to protect Hill 55.

Goddard makes it easy for the reader to stay oriented as chapters are labeled with both the location of each action, as well as the date.

Goddard has the skill to make the complex simple and easy to understand. He is adept at providing comprehensive descriptions for the reader to assist in their understanding of complicated maneuvers. Sgt Goddard confirms what most servicemen experienced in Vietnam—long periods of boredom spiked with periods of extreme terror. "The VC/NVA never initiate a fight unless the odds of success are very much in their favor. They don't believe in fair fights. When they choose to attack, it is because they had studied the situation and knew they had all of the resources in place to give them an excellent chance of success. The VC learned long ago that ambush, booby traps, and sniper fire was the best way to negate the material and technological advances of Western armies. The military leaders of North Vietnam knew time was their greatest asset."

Goddard has an interesting twist on the results of the war. He considers it a success in a way, "The American statesmen and politicians who committed the United States to defend South Vietnam did so as a long term strategic effort to contain the spread of communism in Southeast Asia, and in that effort we were partly successful. We lost the war in Vietnam, but the other countries in the region did not fall as expected partly due to the 10 years effort the U.S. made in Vietnam."

Fans of "edge of your seat" battle action will not be disappointed. The narrative is as concise as it is cogent. Unneeded sentences are as hard to find as a cheeseburger in India. As far as writing style goes, if Sgt Goddard went into business, he would corner the market on down to earth. Goddard's Vietnam War memoirs weave a fascinating web. It behooves you to get caught up in it.

More information about how to order the book is available on Goddard's website, www.ronaldgoddard.com.

Joseph D'Alessandris

Author's bio: Joseph D'Alessandris is a freelance writer who currently resides in Pittsburgh, Pa. He obtained a bachelor's degree in communications from the Pennsylvania State University where he studied advertising and film history and criticism.

and a colleague almost succumbed to the biting cold of Alaska's ocean water. On a deployment in Afghanistan, Settle was shot in the head—an event that remarkably didn't stop him from going back to work the next day.

Settle's writing is simple and fastpaced, pulling the reader through the pipeline of PJ training and into his career as a member of the Alaska Air National Guard's 176th Wing.

Settle took an unlikely path into the Air Force. As a high school state champion in cross country, it was his athleticism, not his brains, that opened the door to college. Settle was accepted into the U.S. Naval Academy, but his time there was short.

In his freshman year, during an indoor track event at Harvard, Settle suffered a minor heart attack while competing. He writes that his heart muscle tissue had mutated to produce an extra electrical node. The 19-year-old midshipman underwent surgery to remove the extra node.

"Overnight, I went from collegiate-level runner to a guy who almost needed to learn how to walk again," Settle writes.

Staring at what he perceived as a grim military future—one in which jobs like helicopter pilot or Navy SEAL wouldn't be an option—Settle left the academy. In the coming years, he enrolled at the University of Alaska Anchorage and tried to get back into competitive running. However, Settle soon found the straining schedule of school, work and training to be too much. He quit school and competitive running, deciding instead to work full-time at an Anchorage shoe store.

"Being a shoe guy wasn't satisfying," he writes. "Something was missing from my life."

Then, one day, an old high school friend, Chris Robertson, walked into his

shoe store and introduced Settle to a new world.

Robertson was a PJ.

After several discussions with his old friend and visits to the 212th Rescue Squadron's home of operation, Settle found his calling. The 212th, a unit of the Alaska Air National Guard 176th Wing, is "the busiest pararescue team in the United States," Settle writes.

"I began to dream and have visions of myself doing something other than selling shoes."

Despite his medical history, Settle enters the Air Force and finds himself immersed in the PJ pipeline: pararescue indoctrination (INDOC) course, SERE school, Army Airborne School, combat diver school and so on.

Failure is as much a part of Settle's story as his success.

During his INDOC course, Settle was

What Lessons Learned From the Battle of Belleau Wood Still Resonate With the Marine Corps Today?



Battle of Belleau Wood ESSAY CONTEST

Sponsored by the Marine Corps University and the Marine Corps Association & Foundation.





Prizes

Winners will attend the centennial commemoration of the Battle of Belleau Wood in France in May 2018 and winning essays will be published in Leatherneck, Marine Corps Gazette, or the Marine Corps University Journal.

Honorable mentions in each category will receive a cash prize.

Submission deadline | 15 FEB 2018

Contest Details https://www.mca-marines.org/belleau_MCUessay_contest2017

rolled back because he failed to do the required number of pull-ups. He was also rolled back in dive school for dropping a single piece of equipment into the water during an evaluation. And in free fall school—where he learned to solo jump out of airplanes—Settle injured his right knee prior to his final jump. Yet, through all of these trials, Settle persisted.

His "never quit" attitude remains with him throughout his training and into actual rescue missions both in Alaska and in combat.

Settle's book is an inspiring read, both for civilians and those in uniform. His story will make you believe anything can be accomplished through hard work and persistence.

If there's a message Settle is trying to send the reader, it is the simple, two-word phrase printed on the cover: "Never quit." PFC Kyle Daly

Author's bio: PFC 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. He lives in Jacksonville, N.C.

WOMEN MARINE ASSOCIATION ESSAY CONTEST

THEME

The Significance of Women Who Began Serving Officially in Uniform 100 Years Ago in the United States Marine Corps

DETAILS

The contest is open to all Marines. Essays should be 500-750 words and will be evaluated on historical accuracy, originality, use of language, and appropriateness to the theme.

PRIZES

1st-\$500 and plaque 2nd- \$250 and plaque 3rd- \$150 and plaque

Submissions can be sent to Convention@womenmarines.org and must be received by December 15, 2017











SOUND OFF [continued from page 7]

Marine Corps and that is Marine. I wish more of them would write in about their experiences, both positive and negative, because all feedback is welcomed. I have no doubt that in the past *Leatherneck* has published articles about female Marines. I would like to see our sisters given credit for what they do for our beloved Corps.

Cpl Tom Gillespie Rolling Meadows, Ill.

A Day I'll Always Remember

I was on temporary assignment as an MP at Camp Lejeune, N.C., in February 1961. It was a cold, rainy day. We were having a parade for General Lewis "Chesty" Puller. When we passed in review, I saw the general and Mrs. Puller seated on the review stand.

After the parade ended I was assigned to a guard post at the base commissary. As I was standing in the parking lot, I watched a white-haired lady pushing a grocery cart holding an umbrella. I approached her and offered to help. As I was loading her groceries in the trunk of her car, I heard her say, "... This nice young Marine is kind enough to help me." I turned around and there, standing before

me, was the Marine legend himself.

Before I could offer a hand salute, Chesty offers me his right hand, and as we are shaking hands, he said, "Thank you, Marine." I could barely muster up the energy to reply, "General Puller, I am so honored to meet you and Mrs. Puller, Sir."

He asked how long I had been an MP, and I told him it was temporary duty, that my MOS was 03 and that I had just returned from two years at Kaneohe with 4th Regiment. He said, "My kind of Marines."

A day I'll always remember.

LCpl Nick Waltman Semmes, Ala.

Proud to Be a Marine Corps Brat

My father was Major James W. Murray, who enlisted at age 17 in 1949. He was a BARman at the Chosin Reservoir in 1950 with "Able" Company, 1st Battalion, 7th Marines. He was bayoneted in hand-to-hand fighting during the rescue of Fox Co. Dad was carried to a "dead pile" but another Marine noticed he was still alive. He was pulled from the pile and evacuated. He stayed in the Marine Corps and was commissioned through the Platoon Leaders Course in 1957.

I was born in the Naval Hospital at Quantico, Va., while Dad attended The

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Taking Care of Our Own



Michael L. Avery, Sr. Attorney at Law 10382A Democracy Ln. Fairfax, VA 22030 P: 703-462-5050 F: 703-462-5053

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Basic School. He went on to serve as an artillery and Explosive Ordnance Disposal officer. He was awarded two more Purple Hearts and the Bronze Star with combat "V" in February 1968 in Hue during the Tet Offensive. Dad retired in 1976. He went on to serve as President of Oakland

City University in Indiana for the next 33 years. Dad passed away from cancer in 2012.

I never served in the Marine Corps. I chose a law enforcement career and retired in 2013, after serving 34 years as a deputy sheriff. However, I am very proud of my "service" as a Marine Corps "brat," and at age 59 I still proudly claim that title. I cherish memories of growing up on Marine installations. There is no doubt that my character as an adult was shaped from those experiences.

Through my membership in the MCA&F and my subscription to *Leatherneck*, I have been able to keep that connection with the

Corps. I remain proud of my father's service and thankful for the opportunities it provided to our family.

Michael J. Murray Fosston, Minn.

Spotting an Error

Eagle-eyed reader Jim Van Houten noticed that the July Saved Round had an error. Norm Hatch filmed the Battle of Tarawa in November 1943, not November 1944. Another reader pointed out that in the September article "Marines in World War I: The Tide Turns at Belleau Wood," it was the Fourth and Fifth Regiments, not Divisions, that saw action in the battle.— Editor

Have a question or 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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-General Robert B. Neller 37th Commandant of the Marine Corps

In Memoriam

Osprey Mishap off Australia Results in Three Fatalities

Three Marines have been declared deceased following extensive search-andrescue efforts when an MB-22B Osprey tiltrotor aircraft entered the water approximately 18 miles off the coast of the Shoalwater Bay Training Area, Queensland, Australia, on Aug. 5.

The MV-22B was assigned to Marine Medium Tiltrotor Squadron 265 (Reinforced), 31st Marine Expeditionary Unit. The aircraft, was from USS *Bonhomme Richard* (LHD-6), was conducting regularly scheduled operations when it entered the water. The ship's small boats and aircraft immediately responded with a search-and-rescue mission. The cause of the mishap is still under investigation. Twenty-three of the 26 Marines on board the Osprey were rescued.

The deceased are:

First Lieutenant Benjamin R. Cross, 26, of Oxford, Maine. He was assigned to VMM-265.

Corporal Nathaniel F. Ordway, 21 of Sedgwick, Kan. He was assigned to VMM-265.

Private First Class Ruben P. Velasco, 19, of Los Angeles. He was assigned to Battery G, Battalion Landing Team, Third Battalion, Fifth Marines.

Compiled from III MEF news releases

Luther L. Aiken, 95, of Nashville, Tenn. He was a Marine who served in WW II and saw action on Guam and during the Battle of Iwo Jima.

Fred R. Alderman, 86, of Palmyra, N.Y. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1951 and saw action in Korea.

Wilfred "Bull" Ambrose, 62, of New Orleans, La. After serving two years in the Marine Corps, he pursued a career in manufacturing.

Jay I. Andrews, 83, of Maysville, Ky. He left college to enlist in the Marine Corps, then was later stationed in Turkey. He later built his own business, Royal Metals Inc.

Col Ronald J. Appel, 75, of Ooltewah, Tenn. He was a Marine pilot who served two combat tours in Vietnam. During his 26-year career, his assignments included a tour with Marine Forces Reserve Command, New Orleans.

Robert N. "Bobby" Atkins, 67, of Bozeman, Mont. He was a Marine who served in Vietnam with the 1st MAW.

Sgt Raymond G. "Teddy" Babbitt IV,

36, of Twin Falls, Idaho. He joined the Marine Corps and served in Co B, 1st Bn, 4th Marines. He also deployed with the 13th Marine Expeditionary Unit supporting the global war on terorism. He later opened his own hunting guide service called Babbitt Boys Outfitters.

SSgt Brandon R. Bailey, 31, of Spokane, Wash. He enlisted in the Marine Corps after his 2004 graduation from high school and deployed to Iraq. He later served a tour as a recruiter at RSS Yakima.

LtCol Richard J. "Dick" Bartolomea, 71, of Boalsburg, Pa. He was a platoon commander with 3/4 during the Vietnam War. He was later a company commander with 3/1. He was the Marine Officer Instructor and Assistant Professor of Naval Science for the Naval Reserve Officer Training Corps unit at Penn State University. Two of his sons are Marines.

Turner Blount, 92, in Jacksonville, N.C. He was a Montford Point Marine who enlisted in 1943. During his 26 years of service, he saw action in WW II, the Korean War, and the Vietnam War. His awards include the Congressional Gold Medal. He was a member of the Jacksonville city council during the 1990s and again from 2002-2007.

SSgt John H. Boxley, 64, of Fredericksburg, Va. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1973 and served in a variety of assignments, including a tour as a senior DI. After his retirement, he worked for the Geico Insurance Agency for 10 years.

Bobby Barron Bradford, 86, of Rogers, Ark. He was a Marine who fought in the Korean War. His awards include the Bronze Star. He later had a 34-year career with Frito Lav.

Marc Brown, 69, of Coral Spring, Fla. He was a Marine Corps veteran of the Vietnam War. His awards include two Purple Hearts and the Navy and Marine Corps Commendation with combat "V."

1stLt Richard D. "Dick" Buckridge, 86, of Maryville, Mo. He was a Marine who served in Korea and Japan. He later was the Northwest Missouri State University head basketball coach.

Jacob "Jake" Butcher, 81, in Oak Ridge, Tenn. He joined the Marine Corps and served in Korea, Japan, and at MCAS El Toro, Calif. He later had a successful career in banking.

Robert J. Cain, 66, of Columbus, Ohio. He was a Marine who saw action during the Vietnam War.

William J. "Jackie" Carter, 66, of

Folkston, Ga. He was a Marine who served in the Vietnam War. His awards include a Purple Heart.

Gerald Chaulk, 84, of Hudson, Mass. He was a Marine who served in the Korean War.

Eleanor L. Childers, 97, of Santa Barbara, Calif. After serving more than 20 years in the Marine Corps, she worked in the U.S. Forest Service.

Frederick E. Collins, 91, of Portland, Maine. He enlisted in the Marine Corps when he was 16, and saw action on Iwo Jima. During the Korean War he was a DI.

SgtMaj John W. "Rip" Collins, 85, of Morehead City, N.C. During his 30-year Marine Corps career, he served in the Korean War and did two tours during the Vietnam War. He was the sergeant major at "8th and I" and at the Marine Barracks in Rota, Spain.

Merwin "Curley" Cowles, 92, of Plattsburgh, N.Y. During WW II he was with the 2dMarDiv Amphibious Assault Group. He saw action on Saipan and Okinawa. He later owned a renovation company, Northern Land Builders.

Cpl Kenneth Ray Crutcher, 72, in Dayton, Ohio. He was a Marine who served in the Vietnam War. He later worked in construction at Richmond Castings.

Sgt Joseph E. Cuff, 95, of Olyphant, Pa. During WW II he fought on Okinawa.

David H. Culbreath, 68, of Ware Shoals, S.C. He was a Marine who served in the 3dMarDiv during the Vietnam War. His awards include the Navy Commendation Medal.

GySgt Ronald Lee Custer, 74, of Madison Heights, Va. He began his 20-year career in the Marine Corps in 1960. He served two tours in Vietnam and survived two helicopter crashes. His awards include the Purple Heart, Joint Service Commendation Medal and Air Medal.

Alfred V. Czarnecki, 91, of Bayonne, N.J. He was a Marine who served in WW II and the Korean War. He was a member of the American Legion and the MCL.

Dizzy "Diz" Davis, 72, of Fairmont, W.Va. He was a Marine who served in the Vietnam War. He later was a teacher.

Cpl Edward C. DeGuisto IV, 28, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y. He enlisted in the Marine Corps after his 2007 graduation from high school. He was a helicopter crew chief and served during Operation Enduring Freedom. He was a student at Manhattan College in the Bronx.

Edwin P. DesRosiers, 94, of West

Lebanon, N.H. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1942 and was a member of the 4thMarDiv. He saw action on Roi-Namur, Saipan, Tinian and Iwo Jima. He was a member of the American Legion.

LCpl Ricky Dillard, 51, of Soddy-Daisy, Tenn. He served in the Marine Corps for four years.

Ralph A. Douglas Sr., 64, of Columbia, S.C. He was a Marine who later worked for the Columbia Housing Authority.

Bruce Farster, 93, of Harney County, Ore. He was a Marine who served in the South Pacific during WW II and saw combat on Tarawa.

Cpl Anthony R. "Ron" Fecko, 78, of Maple Heights, Ohio. He was a Marine who later spent 30 years as a police officer and detective.

LtCol Lew Fiero Jr., 97, of Red Wing, Minn. During WW II he was a ground officer with Marine Corps aviation units. He deployed with the 4th MAW, and retired after 21 years in the Marine Corps Reserve.

Warren D. Fuhlrodt, 92, of Blair, Neb. He enlisted in the Marine Corps at the age of 19 and served during WW II. He was wounded in action on Okinawa. His awards include the Purple Heart.

Cpl Thomas A. Henley, 85, of Railroad Avenue, Mass. He enlisted in the Marine

Corps and served in the Vietnam War. After he was honorably discharged in 1960, he worked as a carpenter for Finley McDonald Construction of Hamilton, Mass. He was a member of the American Legion.

Melvin C. Jacob, 91, of Sun Prairie, Wis. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1944 and was part of the MarDet on board USS *Indianapolis* (CA-35) when she was hit by an enemy torpedo. Carl was one of the 316 men who survived more than four days adrift in the Pacific Ocean.

While they waited to be rescued, Carl and his shipmates had no food or water and were preyed upon by sharks. In a 1999 oral history interview for the Wisconsin Veterans Museum Research Center, Carl said "the most terrifying noise you want to hear is somebody getting bit by a shark."

After the war, he worked for Oscar Mayer in Madison. He also was a flight instructor and FAA flight examiner for 30 years.

His awards include the Purple Heart. **SSgt Donald J. La Cross**, 91, of Goodrich, Mich. He enlisted in the Marine Corps at the age of 17, and served during WW II. He saw action in the South Pacific. After the war, he started a wooden boat building business.

Col Ernestine Stowell, 95, of South

Hadley, Mass. She began her 30-year Marine Corps Reserve career in Intelligence and prepared invasion maps for battles of Iwo Jima and Okinawa. She served two terms as president of the Women Marines Association in western Massachusetts.

Thomas E. Tucker, 88, of Crystal City, Mo. He was a Korean War veteran of the Marine Corps. He later served 52 years Crystal City's treasurer.

SgtMaj James W. Winborn Jr., 73, of Baker, La. He began his 27-year career in the Marine Corps in 1961 and served in the Vietnam War. He later ran a business in Washington, D.C., and worked for the East Baton Rouge Sheriff's Office.

His awards include the Purple Heart.

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.



Reader Assistance

Reunions

- 5thMarDiv Assn. (and 2dMarDiv Tarawa veterans), Oct. 17-24, Kona, Hawaii. Contact Kathy Painton, 62-3928 Lolii Place H-1, Kamuela, HI 96743, (808) 880-9880, kathypainton@hotmail.com.
- Korean War Veterans Assn., Oct. 4-8, Norfolk, Va. Contact Sheila Fritts, (217) 345-4414, membership@kwva.org.
- Marine Corps Engineer Assn., Oct. 16-18, Fredericksburg, Va. Contact Maj Charlie Dismore, USMC (Ret), (512)394-9333, www.marcorengasn.org
- Marine Corps Air Transport Assn. (VMR/VMGR), Oct. 19-22, Pensacola, Fla. Contact Rich Driscoll, (817) 657-7768, president@mcata.com, www.mcata.com.
- USMC Food Service Assn., Oct. 17-21, Myrtle Beach, S.C. Contact Mike Fishbaugh, (606) 789-5010, smfishbaugh@mikrotec.com.
- Ground Surveillance Unit/SCAMP (3dMarDiv and 1stMarDiv, RVN), Oct. 25-29, Houston. Contact Benny Rains, (713) 875-4102, brains08@comcast.net.
- FLC, FLSG A/B (RVN), Oct. 29-Nov. 1, Monterey, Calif. Contact Frank Miller, familler56@yahoo.com, or Vern Snodderly, vasnodderly@comcast.com.
- USMC Postal 0160/0161, Oct. 1-6, Albuquerque, N.M. Contact Harold Wilson, (740) 385-6204, handk.lucerne06 @gmail.com.
- 1/27 (1stMarDiv FMF, RVN, 50th Anniversary Reunion-all other 27th Marines battalions welcome), July 18-22, 2018, Alexandria, Va. Contact Felix Salmeron, (469) 583-0191, mar463@aol.com.
- 2/4 (all eras, 50th Anniversary of victory at Dai Do-Gold Star family members welcome), April 30-May 3, 2018, Quantico, Va. Contact Becky or Frank Valdez, (714) 306-2329, fxala@hotmail.com.
- 2/9, Nov. 8-12, Arlington, Va. Contact Danny Schuster, (978) 667-4762, ditson 35@verizon.net, www.2ndbattalion 9thmarines.org.
- B/1/5 and C/1/5 (RVN, 1966-67) are planning a reunion. Contact SSgt Jim Proulx, USMC (Ret), (904) 343-4850, bertojotol@gmail.com.
- H/2/5 (RVN), Oct. 26-29, Santa Fe, N.M. Contact Dave Harbin, (505) 720-4728, harbin_d@q.com.
- K/3/7 (RVN), Oct. 4-9, Jacksonville, Fla. Contact Bill Gerke, (631) 433-8575, msggerke@aol.com.
- 3d 155 mm Gun Btry (SP) and 3d 175 mm Gun Btry (SP), Oct. 5-7, Bran-

- son, Mo. Contact Ed Kirby, (978) 987-1920, ed-kirby@comcast.net.
- 1st Provisional Marine Brigade ("The Fire Brigade," Korea, 1950) is planning a 65th anniversary reunion. Contact Col Warren Wiedhahn, USMC (Ret), Military Historical Tours, 13198 Centerpointe Way, #202, Woodbridge, VA 22193, (703) 590-1295, jwiedhahn@aol.com, www.miltours.com.
- Battle of An-Nasiriyah (15th Anniversary), March 23-25, 2018, Fort Worth, Texas. Contact Dion Brugger, tftreunion@gmail.com, www.tftreunion.org.
- Yemassee Train Depot, Oct. 20-21, Yemassee, S.C. Contact Roy Hughes, (843) 717-1786, (843) 589-3385.
- NS Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, Oct. 22-27, Gatlinburg, Tenn. Contact Wes Loukota, (865) 414-1265.
- Reno, Nev., USMCR Unit (1952-2013), Nov. 10, Reno, Nev. Contact Larry Roberts, 12420 Overbrook Ct., Reno, NV 89511, (775) 851-2320, ljrarch@att.net.
- TBS, Class 3-66/38th OCC, Oct. 11-14, San Antonio. Contact Terry Cox, tcox95@cox.net, www.usmc-thebasic school-1966.com.
- TBS, Co K, 9-68, is planning a reunion. Contact Jim Stiger, (206) 999-1029, jimstiger@earthlink.net.
- TBS, Co F, 6-79, is planning a reunion. Contact LtCol Tom Conners, USMC (Ret), (919) 303-2697, (919) 418-5757, tconners3@yahoo.com.
- "Kilo" Co (Plts 277, 278, 279 and 280), Parris Island, 1961, is planning a reunion. Contact MSgt Martin D. Smith, USMC (Ret), 10 Lee Ct., Stafford, VA 22554, (540) 720-3653, martann843@gmail.com.
- Plt 94, Parris Island, 1955, Oct. 19-21, Parris Island, S.C. Contact Miles Martin, (386) 315-2115, mcmartin@bellsouth.net, Orville Hubbs, (513) 932-5854, onpahubbs@gmail.com, or Dale Wilson, (434) 944-7177, wzeke35@aol.com.
- Plt 98, Parris Island, 1948, is planning a reunion. Contact SSgt Jim Proulx, USMC (Ret), (904) 343-4850, bertojotol@gmail.com.
- Plt 171, Parris Island, 1966, is planning a reunion. Contact J.P. Kuchar, 33 Sheridan Ave., Metuchen, NJ 08840, (732) 549-6468, jpkuchar@mac.com.
- Plt 244, Parris Island, 1967, is planning a reunion. Contact former Sgt J.D. Croom III, (704) 965-8521, jcroom47@ aol.com.
 - Plt 245, San Diego, 1965, is planning

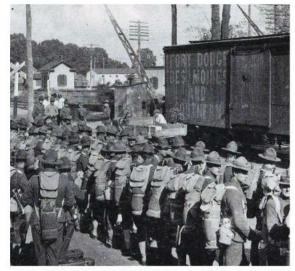
- a reunion. Contact David S. Alvarez, (209) 735-2601, srt8006@yahoo.com.
- Plt 266, Parris Island, 1962, is planning a reunion. Contact Donald A. Welch, 129 Hawthorne Pl., Ithaca, NY 14850, (607) 256-0554, don814u@hotmail.com.
- Plt 340, Parris Island, 1963, is planning a reunion. Contact Garrett W. Silvia, (508) 992-7392, gwsil@comcast.net.
- Plt 431, Parris Island, 1945, is planning a reunion. Contact 1stSgt George P. Cavros, USMC (Ret), (262) 782-7813, gcavros88@gmail.com.
- Plt 1040, San Diego, 1968, is planning a reunion. Contact Stephen Norpel, 206 N. 7th St., Bellevue, IA 52031, (563) 451-8417, snorpel@yahoo.com.
- Plt 1059, San Diego, 1967, is planning a reunion. Contact Dave Jamieson, (805) 896-7404, daveyo_jamieson@msn.com.
- Plt 1096, San Diego, 1968, Oct. 6-8, Phoenix. Contact Dan Hefner, (312) 504-4658, drh818@msn.com.
- Plt 2023, San Diego, 1983, is planning a reunion. Contact Jeffrey R. Johnson, 3751 Merced Dr., Unit 4D, Riverside, CA 92503, jrj430@yahoo.com.
- Plt 2030, Parris Island, 1965-66, is planning a reunion. Contact John E. Lyford, (518) 654-6073, reniejohn@roadrunner.com.
- Plt 2041, San Diego, 1967 (50th anniversary), Nov. 9-12, Las Vegas. Contact Daniel Palacios, (951) 541-8940, dphouse mouse@gmail.com, or Enrique Ortiz, (949) 874-3636.
- Plt 2077, San Diego, 1966, is planning a reunion. Contact SgtMaj Raymond Edwards, USMC (Ret), 100 Stephens St., Boyce, LA 71409, sgtmajedretired@gmail.com.
- Plt 2086, San Diego, 1966, is planning a reunion. Contact Bill Kennedy, (707) 527-8319, wm.kennedy98@yahoo.com.
- Plt 3042, San Diego, 1968, is planning a reunion. Contact Gary Berry, (614) 679-1499, tagpresident@verizon.net.
- Plt 4035, "Papa" Co, Parris Island, 2000, is planning a reunion. Contact Tammy (Manyik) Epperson, (571) 451-7263, tammy.epperson@gmail.com.
- Marine Air Groups (WW II to present), Oct. 11-14, Branson, Mo. Contact Jerry Gipe, jgipe@hotmail.com, or Joseph Mowry, josephmowry@att.net.

Ships and Others

• USS Canberra (CA-70/CAG-2), Oct. 11-15, Harrisburg, Pa. Contact Ken Minick, P.O. Box 130, Belpre, OH 45714, (740) 423-8976, usscanberra@gmail.com. • USS Inchon (LPH/MCS-12), Oct. 15-19, Myrtle Beach, S.C. Contact David F. Fix, P.O. Box 6361, Nalcrest, FL 33856, (717) 203-4152, ussinchon@gmail.com.

Mail Call

- Sgt Bill Napier, mo.rebel44@gmail.com, to hear from or about Sgt Jenn WELLS, whose last duty station was MCB Camp Lejeune.
- LtCol Raul "Art" Sifuentes, USMC (Ret), (703) 212-8128, rsifuentes@iwo jimaassociation.org, to hear from any living veterans of the Battle of Iwo Jima in order to ensure they are included in all correspondence and invitations from the Iwo Jima Association of America regarding the upcoming 75th anniversary of the battle in 2020.
- Jennifer Hall, belle3561@yahoo.com, to hear from anyone who knew or served with LtCol Samuel Thomas HALL, a combat engineer who served during the Tet Offensive in Vietnam, 1967-68, and with 2/5 during the Battle of Hue City. His last duty station in the Corps was at the University of Missisippi NROTC, 1983-86.
- SgtMaj Jimmy Cummings, USMC (Ret), jimmycummings@yahoo.com, to hear from family members of Cpl Robert P. WHITMAN, who was stationed at Pearl Harbor Dec. 7, 1941, and was wounded July 3, 1944, on Saipan. He has photos that he would like to pass to Whitman's relatives.
- Ben Lawler, (202) 753-0762, benjamin .t.lawler@gmail.com, to hear from **Sgt William E. "Buddy" HIXON** or anyone who knew or served with **Peter M. NASSETTA**, who was killed in action on April 24, 1951, at Horseshoe Ridge, Korea, while serving with C/1/1.
- Don Campagna, (843) 327-7851, dcampagna@northcharleston.org, to hear from anyone who may be able to **confirm the history of the marker** pictured below, which is located to the rear of the former Marine Barracks Charleston, S.C.



1917 | THE 8TH MARINE REGIMENT WAS ACTIVATED AT QUANTICO

Archives

Membership gives you access online at www.mca-marines.org/leatherneck/archive

• Virgil Kester, vkesterl11@aol.com, to hear from anyone who knew or served with and has a photo of Fred Duane KESTER from Oklahoma, who was killed at Quang Nam, RVN, Jan. 20, 1969.

Wanted

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

• Marine veteran Joe L. Reyna, 115 CR 573, Castroville, TX 78009, joereyna@ live.com, wants a recruit graduation book for Plt 1098, San Diego, 1970,

and a company photo of ITR Training, "Mike" Co, Oct.-Nov. 1970.

- Steve M. Kramer, mkbar@cccomm.net, wants a **WESTPAC cruise book** for **VMO-6**, 1973-74.
- Holly Jones Kirby, hollyaj83@yahoo.com, wants a recruit graduation book for Plt 4013, Parris Island, 2006.
- Rocco Marciello, 30 Revere Beach Pkwy Apt. 104, Medford, MA 02155, (781) 219-3721, rmarc1@comcast.net, wants a recruit graduation book for Plt 353, Parris Island, 1962.

Sales, Trades and Giveaways

• Rich Basile, rdbnco@yahoo.com, has platoon photos for Plt 34, San Diego, 1947 and Plt 2155, San Diego, 1969, to give away.

Entries for "Reader Assistance," which include "Reunions," "Mail Call," "Wanted" and "Sales, Trades and Giveaways," are free and printed on a space-available basis. *Leatherneck* reserves the right to edit or reject any submission. Allow two to three months for publication. Send your email to s.bock@mca-marines.org, or write to Reader Assistance Editor, *Leatherneck* Magazine, P.O. Box 1775, Quantico, VA 22134.



Don Campagna would like to hear from anyone who has information about the history of this marker or others like it, pictured here behind the former Marine Barracks Charleston, S.C.

Saved Round





UNITED STATES OF THE HARRACKS OF ISLAND S.C.

HURRICANE HITS PARRIS ISLAND—The October 1940 issue of *Leatherneck* featured the article "Parris Island Hurricane," a firsthand account of a hurricane that struck Parris Island, S.C. The storm made landfall on Aug. 11, 1940, along the South Carolina coast.

"Soon after noon people began leaving their homes and moving into the Marine Barracks and other large brick buildings for safety," wrote Lacy Morrow, the article's author. "About 3 o'clock something, unexpected by most people, happened. The tide started coming over the Island. Within an hour it had risen a foot and by 5 o'clock it was waist deep in the hospital area."

Morrow described the evacuation of the hospital by means of a rowboat that had washed up near the facility. "However, the boat was rendered useless ... when the water went down, the job was finished by means of one of the ambulances."

"It seemed as though the two days following the storm were less tolerable than the storm itself. Going back to wrecked homes, homes covered with mud and water, surrounded by seaweed and rubbish, homes without water or electricity, homes which one hesitated to call home, was a thoroughly disheartening experience," wrote Morrow.

Leatherneck reader, Master Sergeant Ralph Wilcox, USMC (Ret), was stationed at Parris Island with Water Transportation Company during the hurricane. He took these photos which show the damage throughout the base.