

NOVEMBER 2017

The **LEATHERNECK**

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES



100th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



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The **LEATHER** MAGAZINE OF THE

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100th ANNIVE

From the Editor

Dear Readers,

In celebration of the 100th Anniversary of *Leatherneck—Magazine of the Marines*, this issue features articles, stories, letters, and, of course, photographs from throughout *Leatherneck's* illustrious history. We have made very few edits to the original text; we hope to provide our readers with a sense of how much both the Corps and the magazine have changed over the past century while also evoking memories of the people and places that make service in the Corps so meaningful to all Marines.

I am constantly reminded of what a privilege it is to serve as the editor of the *Magazine of the Marines*. We are unlike any other magazine; no other publication tells the story of Marines, past, present, and future, like we do. I would venture to say that few other periodicals have readers who so eagerly



await the publication's arrival every month; who "fight" with their spouse over who will read the latest issue first; and who reconnect with old friends or old memories through its pages. We have the privilege of connecting Marines of all generations, and our goal is to have something in every issue that interests, reminds or educates our readers—from those who are on their first deployments to our veterans of World War II and Korea.

Leatherneck also plays an important role in the lives of Marine families. The parents of young Americans who are in their early days of becoming a Marine read *Leatherneck* to try and understand the pull our Corps has on their young son or daughter; the widows of our veterans continue to read our magazine long after their beloved husbands have gone to guard the streets of heaven to remind them of one of the most important times in their

husbands' lives; and the children of Marines turn the pages of the *Magazine of the Marines* in honor of their parents and as a reminder of their childhoods as Marine dependents.

Whether active duty, retired, veteran or family member, our readers are heavily invested in each and every issue. We often receive suggestions about articles which did not mention certain individuals or units, or letters complaining that we haven't covered a battle or a ship or a raid in a long time. While logically, our readers know there is only so much we can cover in 72 pages each month, their desire to ensure that we tell the story of their Marines is strong, and they are fierce in their loyalty to their brothers in arms.

And the *Leatherneck* staff understands the responsibility we have to Marines and their families and to Marine Corps history. Our team works diligently each month to publish a world-class magazine. Despite our small size and with only one veteran Marine among us, today's staff is as dedicated to *Leatherneck's* readers as were the active-duty Marines of decades ago. Few have worked on as many issues as Patty Everett, our production coordinator, and Jason Monroe, our art director, whose combined service totals more than 60 years. Our senior editor, Nancy Lichtman, and Sara Bock, our only full-time staff writer, have each proudly served on the staff for years. Each one appreciates

the privilege we have of continuing to serve Marines.

Thank you to all who devotedly read the pages of *Leatherneck* each and every month. As we begin *Leatherneck's* second century, you have our pledge that we will continue to provide a magazine worthy of both your loyalty and the title *Magazine of the Marines*.

Semper Fidelis,

Mary H. Reinwald
Colonel, USMC (Ret)
Editor, *Leatherneck*



Nancy S. Lichtman
Senior Editor



Sara W. Bock
Staff Writer



Patricia Everett
Editorial/Production
Coordinator



Jason Monroe
Art Director

CONTENTS

LEATHERNECK—MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

NOVEMBER 2017
VOL. 100, No. 11

Features

1 Letter From the Editor In commemoration of the magazine's 100th anniversary, the editor reflects on the bond the staff of *Leatherneck* has with the magazine's devoted readers.

3 Letter From the Commandant Gen Robert B. Neller, 37th Commandant of the Marine Corps, recounts the history and impact *Leatherneck* has had on Marines.

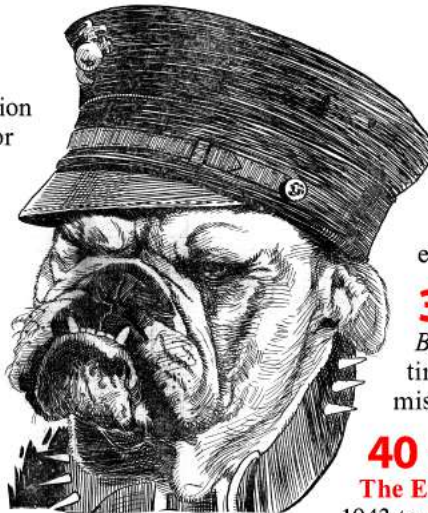
4 Sound Off Letters to the editor has always been one of the most popular features in the pages of *Leatherneck*. This compilation of letters written over the last seven decades is a reminder that Marines and Marine families of all eras share a bond.

10 What's on the Cover? There is a common element to the sketches, paintings and photographs that have been featured on *Leatherneck* covers—the Marine Corps ethos.

14 July 1924: The Leatherneck Early issues of *The Leatherneck* contained items such as baby announcements, troop movements and updates on events at various bases as shown in these articles from *Leatherneck*'s early days.

18 Extra: Leatherneck Marks Its 100th Year By Bradley A. Davis From humble beginnings in 1917, *Leatherneck* celebrates its centennial with a look back at the magazine's evolution from a small base newspaper to a world-class magazine.

26 May 1945: 32 Months a Japanese Prisoner By WO J.B. Shime! A firsthand account of a Marine's ordeal as a POW during World War II.



32 Leatherneck Laffs Everyone loves a good laugh and Marines have chuckled, smiled wryly and laughed out loud at *Leatherneck* Laffs. This selection of Laffs from over the years is sure to evoke that entire spectrum of emotions.

34 February 1952: Flying Sergeants By MSgt Fred G. Braitsch Jr. There was a time in the Corps when enlisted pilots flew missions in support of Marines on the ground.

40 For the Marines Fighting Overseas: The Era of the Glamorous Pin-Up Girl From 1943 to 1980 pin-up girls graced the pages of *Leatherneck*, and while relatively modest by today's standards, the photos were morale boosters for Marines overseas.

42 The People of Leatherneck: A Century of Telling Marines' Stories By Sara W. Bock A look back at *Leatherneck*'s 100 years of history wouldn't be complete without a tribute to the remarkable individuals who have served on the magazine's staff.

50 June 1963: Portrait of a Grunt By Sgt Harvey Hall The true backbone of the Marine Corps is the grunt, and as this article shows, the similarities between infantrymen over the years are remarkably consistent.

56 Gygles of a Gyrene This selection of poems ranging from the amusing and laugh-out-loud funny to poignant and nostalgic will strike a chord with Marines regardless of age or time in service.

58 September 1991: Heroes At Home By Tom Bartlett As troops returned from the Persian Gulf, they were given the red-carpet treatment and greeted by grateful citizens.

64 Vintage Advertising: And Now a Word From Our Sponsors While scouring our archives, we found some advertisements from days gone by that Marines of all eras will enjoy.

66 June 2006: War Among the Rocks: Battlefield Standout Earns Navy Cross By GySgt Keith A. Milks In the mountainous region around Khabargho, Afghanistan, Sgt Anthony L. Viggiani, and his squad came under attack by the Taliban; Viggiani's exceptional heroism saved his fellow Marines.

80 Saved Round A piece of *Leatherneck* history is displayed proudly in the magazine's newsroom.

COVER: Artist Nicole Hamilton created the oil painting "Semper Fidelis" to symbolize the public and private stories of Marines told throughout the pages of *Leatherneck*—*Magazine of the Marines* for the last 100 years. Painting from life, Hamilton, the wife of a Marine, gathered up the bell crown dress cover worn in 1917, a more modern enlisted Marine's cover, a wool blanket from the Vietnam War era, a footlocker from WW II and her grandfather's WW II-era journal. The painting will be auctioned and proceeds will go to the Marine Corps Association & Foundation to support Marines. Bid online at: http://www.mca-marines.org/leatherneck100_auction. To see more of Hamilton's work, visit <https://artbynicolehamilton.com>. Copies of the cover may be obtained by sending \$10 to *Leatherneck* Magazine, P.O. Box 1775, Quantico, VA 22134-0775.

NOVEMBER 2017



A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS

For the past 100 years, *Leatherneck* has chronicled the essence and heritage of our Corps. What started as a small newspaper became the most prominent and highly circulated service periodical. It has served as a forum to share war stories, document events, and record memoirs. Looking back on a century of tremendous change for our Corps, we can clearly see *Leatherneck's* innumerable contributions to promulgating the history and traditions of United States Marines.

When Corporal W.L. Foster and Sergeant J.C. Smith began a four-page newspaper titled *The Quantico Leatherneck* in 1917, they couldn't imagine it would grow into a magazine that would reach hundreds of thousands of readers. In the 1920s, the publication dropped the "Quantico" from its title and shifted from tabloid style to a 32-page magazine. Marines serving around the world submitted stories, photographs and other content. By the onset of World War II, *Leatherneck* was the top service magazine in the nation. War correspondents and civilian journalists joined forces to document the experiences of the war and boost the morale of Marines in the fight. Through combat actions in Korea and Vietnam, *Leatherneck* brought stories from the frontlines to the people back home. *Leatherneck* has adapted and overcome numerous challenges over the past 100 years, but the character of this publication has remained remarkably consistent. The authors, editors, publishers and other contributors to this magazine play a crucial role in documenting and sharing the illustrious legacy of our Corps. Many thanks to the Marine Corps Association & Foundation and all who have been and continue to be a part of this important publication.



While it is impossible to predict what the Marine Corps will look like in 100 years, I am confident *Leatherneck* will remain as relevant to our Marines as ever. Congratulations to *Leatherneck* on a century of excellence.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Robert B. Neller".

Robert B. Neller
General, U.S. Marine Corps
Commandant of the Marine Corps

SOUND OFF



Compiled by Patricia Everett

One of the most popular features in every issue of *Leatherneck*, "Sound Off" has provided a forum by which our readers let us know we made a mistake, express delight at seeing their unit or friends featured in an earlier issue, request assistance and information, or simply tell the story of their time in the Corps.

Originally called "Carry On," the section featuring letters (and emails in the last several years) became formally known as "Sound Off" in the October 1943 issue.

The following "Sound Off" letters, written over the last seven decades, serve as reminders of the bonds between Marines, regardless of time and place.

Young "Gramps" January 1944

In glancing through the August *Leatherneck*, I came across an excerpt in Short Shorts saying that Pvt Leonard N. Crowder, age 42, Carlisle, Ark., claimed he was the youngest granddad in the Marine Corps.

Well, he's wrong. Here in the 1st Marine Division, in the Division band, there's a man from Virginia called Bandmaster Grear. Gunner William Grear Jr. is 39, and a grandfather!

As our Major says, they start pretty young in the hills of Virginia. Can you find a younger grand-pappy anywhere in the Marine Corps?

PFC Alex E. Nagorka
Somewhere in the South Pacific

• *Young gramps please sound off.*—Eds.

Nancy Lee February 1944

Would it be possible for *The Leatherneck* to grant me a favor?

You see, you printed my picture in your July issue and since then I have received



over 300 letters from Marines for pictures and letters. Well, I am filling all these requests and answering all letters, but it takes some time. So would you be kind enough to print this letter to let the boys know that I haven't forgotten them, but to be just a little patient 'cause I mean to do right by all of them.

I wish to thank *The Leatherneck* for affording me this opportunity and also the Gunners and Bombardiers of VMTB who started it all.

It's a wonderful thrill to receive such swell letters from the grandest boys in the world. May God bless each and every one today, tomorrow and always.

Nancy Lee

Grateful Grable April 1944

Thank you for your grand article, "What Makes a Pin-Up Girl," in the December issue. There is only one answer to that question: all the swell fellows in the service.

How I happened to be chosen No. 1 Pin-Up Girl still amazes me for, as you say, the competition was pretty tough. That is why I truly appreciate the position I have been fortunate enough to attain. I would like all the boys to know that if a genuine feeling of appreciation and a sincere friendship for each boy in the service means anything towards keeping my enviable position, I may still be the No. 1 Pin-Up Girl at the end of 1944.

Betty Grable
20th Century-Fox
Hollywood, Calif.

USO Gumbeat March 1945

In the December 15 edition of *The Leatherneck*, Pacific Edition, reference was made to the fact that no letters of criticism have reached you concerning said magazine.

We, the undersigned, cannot understand why some eightball would subject his babe, girl, or sweetheart's picture under the heading, "The sweetest girl in the world," when naturally everyone has the same opinion about his one and only. About the article concerning female USO entertainers (morale builders) in the Pacific troupes, we believe they do more harm than good to enlisted men's morale. These so-called entertainers give about a half-hour of their time to the entertainment of enlisted personnel and then devote the remainder of the 24-hour day to the sole entertainment of the officers.

This is our beef and we expect to see it printed in our magazine.

PFC James A. Salway

Also signed by PFCs James S. Smith, Edward J. Shelton, James K. Thompson, William R. Turner, Paul P. Lukpetris, Johnnie Wilhelm Jr., Frank A. Dieterman and Cpl Erwin E. Rowberry.

• *Sound Off discontinues pictures with this issue. Never having seen these girls who entertain 24 hours a day and never eat, sleep or travel, we'll have to wait for comments from others.*—Eds.

Sound Off On "Sound Off" November 1945

Great going, Eds, your Sound Off column is swell! Not only does it help us poor peons get the gripes off our chests, but this wonderful sounding board actually allows us to air these wails in bold, black print—where "the brass" can read 'em and heed 'em.

In addition, Sound Off serves as an encyclopedia of miscellaneous information, a judge in friendly disputes, a "per-

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*Shown with Vietnam Veteran patch
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Leatherneck also is available in digital format at www.mca-marines.org/leatherneck.

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sonal column" for contacting old friends, and a broadcasting system for fellows with something to brag about.

In fact, for the life of me, I can't see why more guys don't use Sound Off more often.

Pvt Joe Skulski
Pacific

• *Shucks, thanks for them posies!—Eds.*

Delayed Package

January 1955

About two months ago, I sent my son, who is stationed in Korea, two packages. One package was a 4-pound box of cookies and the other was a box of starch. Now up to this date, he has not received either one.

I would appreciate it very much if you could advise me what I should do. Who can furnish me some information about the delayed packages?

Mrs. A. Robitaille
Warwick, R.I.

• *We suggest that you contact the postal authorities where you mailed the package, Mrs. Robitaille, and request that a tracer be placed on the packages.—Ed.*

Wants to Reenlist

January 1955

It is now eight months since I have been discharged from the Marine Corps, and ever since, I have had a longing to go back. However, I have been told it is too late to reenlist and hold my former rank of sergeant. Is it possible for me to join the Reserve and still hold the rank I held upon discharge?

D.M. Virgil
Espanola, N.M.

• *Former Marines may enlist in the Marine Corps Reserve at any time without loss of rank, provided they can meet all the requirements for enlistment.—Ed.*

Wants Early Release

March 1955

I enlisted in the Marine Corps on Sept. 22, 1952, and am due for discharge Sept. 21, 1955. I plan to go to college after I get out. My question is: Does the Marine Corps have a memorandum that would let a man be discharged two months or more before his regular discharge date so that he may enter college?

I am married and have one child. I am not eligible to stay in the Marine Corps because I have two dependents and hold the rank of private. I have been in Korea just over six months and, according to the Marine Corps, I am due to stay here 14 months which will be June of 1955.

Would I be discharged upon my return to the States? Do I have to apply for an early discharge, if so, how?

Pvt Elmer A. Braley
San Francisco, Calif.

• *We have no knowledge of a directive which permits an "early release" for personnel who wish to enter college. However, you may apply for a discharge for personal reasons, such as dependency or hardship. For further information concerning early discharges, we suggest you read Paragraphs 10272 and 10273, Marine Corps Manual.—Ed.*

1952 Mother of the Year

September 1955

I have just finished reading the July 1955 issue of *Leatherneck*. It really is "tops" in my book.

I particularly enjoyed the account of the Marine Corps League as I have been an ardent "Leaguer" for eight years (Auxiliary CD #1). The stories get better each issue and I enjoyed "Sic Semper Fidelis" by Lewis so much.

Just returned from National Convention "Mothers of WW II" held at the Blackhawk Hotel in Davenport, Iowa, to which I belong as founder and past president of the only Marine chapter in the country, "Semper Fidelis Unit #139, Chicago." We have 33 chapter members, 21 of whom are Gold Star Mothers.

We are looking forward to seeing many of our good friends at the National Convention of the Marine Corps League and Auxiliaries in St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 13-17, 1955.

We recognized many of our old friends in the pictures accompanying the MCL story. Staten Island is a fine, hard-working detachment but we all try to do an equally fine job in our various locales.

Frances Ruth McCool
Chicago, Ill.

• *Thanks for the compliments, Mrs. McCool.—Ed.*

Medal of Honor

August 1959

There are many retired servicemen employed in the local branch of the Federal Reserve Bank and we get into a lot of arguments. The latest one is as follows:

"A" states the Medal of Honor was awarded a Sailor of the U.S. Navy for services rendered during the salvage operations in the case of a submarine.

"B" states that this cannot be true as the regulations governing the Medal of Honor clearly state that it may only be awarded for services in actual conflict with the enemy.

Was the Medal of Honor ever awarded for peacetime acts of heroism?

SgtMaj Walter A. Olsen, USMC (Ret)
Los Angeles, Calif.

• *Head, Decorations and Medals Branch, HQMC, replied as follows:*

"Regulations provide for the award of the Medal of Honor to any person who, while in the naval service of the United States shall, in action involving actual conflict with the enemy, or in the line of his profession, distinguish himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty and without detriment to the mission of his command or to the command to which attached.

"Medals of Honor have been awarded for heroic acts other than in conflict with the enemy and also for peacetime acts of heroism. None, however, has been awarded in recent years."—Ed.

Misconduct

September 1960

It is requested that you please settle a friendly discussion.

Under the laws of the Uniform Code of Military Justice (and/or the Naval Articles), are items such as sunburn, tattooing, etc., considered to be defacing

government property and subject to court-martial? If so, has it ever been enforced?

T. Gaeddert Jr.
Alexandria, Ky.

• *Head, Discipline Branch, Personnel Department, HQMC, sent us this reply:*

"It is recommended that Mr. Gaeddert be advised that disciplinary action may be taken against Marine Corps personnel who, through their own misconduct, render themselves unable to perform their duties as a result of sunburn, tattooing, etc. Such action was contemplated and provided for by the Articles for the Government of the Navy and the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

"While not chargeable as 'defacing government property,' a proper specification could be drawn under the Uniform Code of Military Justice, the applicable law presently in effect.

"No attempt has been made to ascertain the number of occasions on which such misconduct has resulted in courts-martial, since such data is not readily or reasonably available."—Ed.

Privates' Pay in 1940

October 1960

There is some information I would like to have. I'm a former Marine and I'd like to



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know what year a private made 30 dollars a month. I say it was sometime during 1940 and after 90 days of service.

L. Stevens
Chicago, Ill.

• *The pay bill was changed from \$21 per month to \$30, effective 1 October 1940, until 31 May 1942. One of the requirements was that the man receiving this raise had to have no less than four months' service.—Ed.*

Message From Vietnam May 1967

The following letter was sent by my son, a Marine now in Vietnam, to one of his former high school teachers. The teacher had it reprinted in the high school paper and we thought it was worth sending to you. We think that it has something to say, a sort of message from our men fighting the war in Vietnam.

Mrs. L. De Gennaro
Brooklyn, N.Y.

• *We also think that your son's letter "has something to say." It is reprinted below.—Ed.*

Well, as you can see by the return address, Uncle Sam has decided to send

me on a 13-month, all-expense paid vacation to the sun and fun spot of Southeast Asia, Vietnam! What a wonderful feeling it is to get up in the morning and hear the sound of rain beating on your tent. And when you retire in the evening that same wonderful sound is still with you. As a matter of fact, it follows you around all day. Monsoon season is supposed to be equivalent to our winter. Just between you and me, the guy who equated them must have been stoned.

The other night I wrote a little something and am passing it on to you. Let me know what you think of it. (Please don't get carried away and grade it with a red pencil.)

As I sit here, I can't help but think how lucky we are to be Americans. OK, so you laugh and say, "Listen to the big, bad, patriotic Marine and his flag waving pitch." Yes, I may be a Marine but that is just a small part of it.

Stationed where I am, I don't have too much. I sleep in a tent, use candles to write by at night, put up with all sorts of strange insects, live and work in the field. But most of all, I am ready to take the life of another, or give my own instead.

With all of this, you may think that my making the above statements and listing numerous hardships somewhat

hypocritical. No, it just straightens my convictions.

For the last 20 years, I have lived in the United States and loved every minute of it. Now I live in a new and different country where there are no soda shops, record stores, movie theatres or even high schools. Where the people walk everywhere, wear anything they can get their hands on, eat what is available and live a life of ignorance.

But you, you are home in your soft easy chair, watching your favorite television program. You make your one hundred dollars a week and somehow need more to live comfortably. You open your refrigerator and eat a chocolate bar or some ice cream and when you are finished, you wish you had more.

Yes, we are very fortunate to be Americans and have all we do. But, if we help these impoverished people get the ball rolling, a Vietnamese boy may someday write home and say, "How lucky we are to be Vietnamese."

As of today I am located about 3 miles outside of the Chu Lai airstrip. Sometime during the week I am going up to the demilitarized zone. I am sure that I will have no trouble at all with the Viet Cong or North Vietnamese with all the experience

[continued on page 72]



YOU FOUGHT OUR
NATION'S BATTLES.

REUNITE WHERE VALOR IS
PART OF THE LANDSCAPE.

- Colonial and Civil War History
- Over 350 18th and 19th century buildings in a 40-block National Historic District
- Trolley Tours of Fredericksburg

- Reunion Friendly Hotels
- Tour Services
- National Museum of the Marine Corps Nearby

Fredericksburg
TIMELESS.
SPOTSYLVANIA STAFFORD

First-ever! "Freedom's Light: The Legacy of the Corps" Library Lamp

**Over
a Foot
Tall!**

*Molded lamp shade
crafted of genuine glass*

*Authentically-rendered
sculpture of the flag
raising at Iwo Jima
is finished in a classic
bronze tone at the base
of the lamp*



*The molded glass lamp
shade is adorned with
the Marine Corps Eagle,
Globe and Anchor
insignia*



*The metal lamp base
features a full-color
presentation of the
USMC emblem*

*Officially licensed
by the
United States
Marine Corps!*

Great value! Order now.

Peak demand is expected for this first-ever USMC library lamp, so order now at five easy installments of \$29.99, for a total of \$149.95*. Your purchase is backed by our 365-day money-back guarantee. Send no money now. Just mail the Reservation Application today.

*For information on sales tax you may owe to your state, go to bradfordexchange.com/use-tax

Shown smaller than actual
size of about 14 inches tall.
Includes one FREE CFL bulb
for warm illumination

www.bradfordexchange.com/freedomlamp

® Officially Licensed
Product of the
United States Marine Corps

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RESERVATION APPLICATION

SEND NO MONEY NOW

**THE
BRADFORD EXCHANGE
—HOME DECOR—**

9345 Milwaukee Avenue · Niles, IL 60714-1393

YES. Please reserve the "Freedom's Light: The Legacy of the Corps" Library Lamp for me as described in this announcement. **Limit: one per order.** **Please Respond Promptly**

*Plus a total of \$19.99 shipping and service; see bradfordexchange.com.
Limited-edition presentation restricted to 295 crafting days. Please allow 4-8 weeks after initial
payment for shipment. Sales subject to product availability and order acceptance.

Mrs. Mr. Ms.

Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address

City

State

Zip

Email (optional)

01-19464-001-E50293

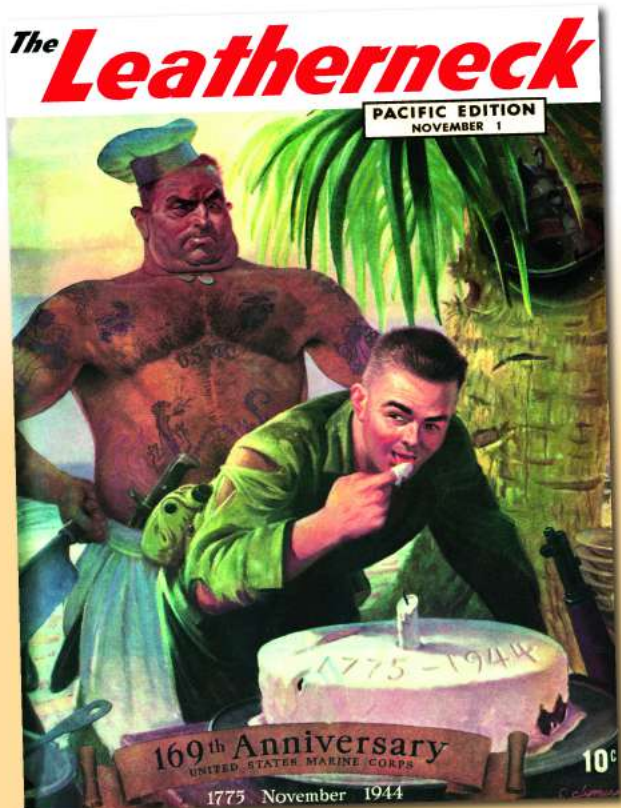
What's on the Cover?

When planning each issue, a prominent item on the checklist is the magazine's cover. What makes a good cover is debatable. Sometimes the staff second-guesses a selection, but later is reassured when readers contact us, stating that the image selected evokes fond memories, recognizes an overlooked unit, or expresses the perfect sentiment. Of course it works the other way too. "Why did you choose that image? That Marine needs a haircut!"

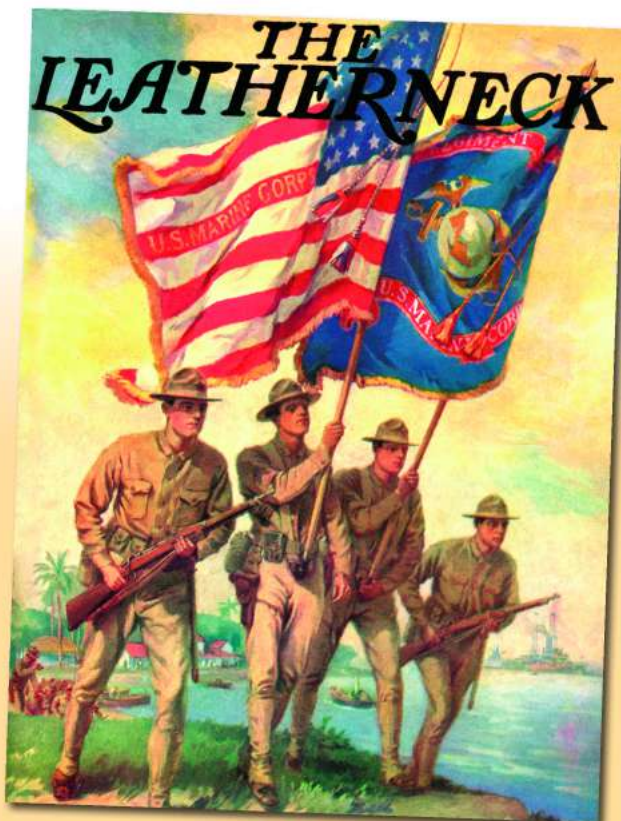
In the early days of the magazine, the covers were illustrations

created by the talented artists who staffed the art department, but from the mid-1950s through today, photos became the norm for *Leatherneck* covers. Artwork and illustrations are still used occasionally when a particular event or anniversary, including *Leatherneck*'s 100th, warrants the additional cost.

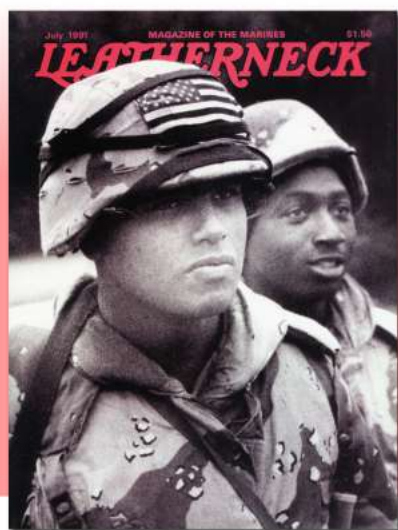
Leatherneck covers tell the history of the magazine, the Marine Corps and world events. We hope you enjoy looking at the following covers from the past 100 years as much as we enjoyed choosing them.



November 1944, Pacific Edition



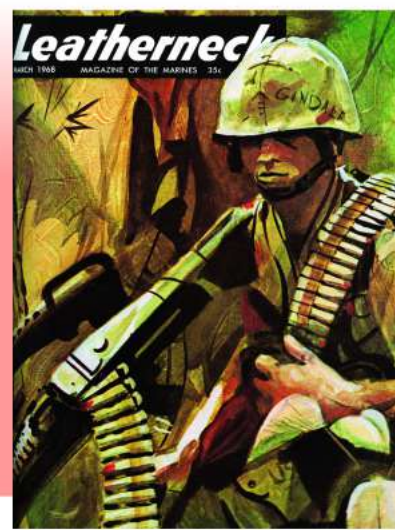
August 1927



July 1991



May 1983



March 1968



January 1925



October 1940



August 1945



March 1951



February 2006



November 1942



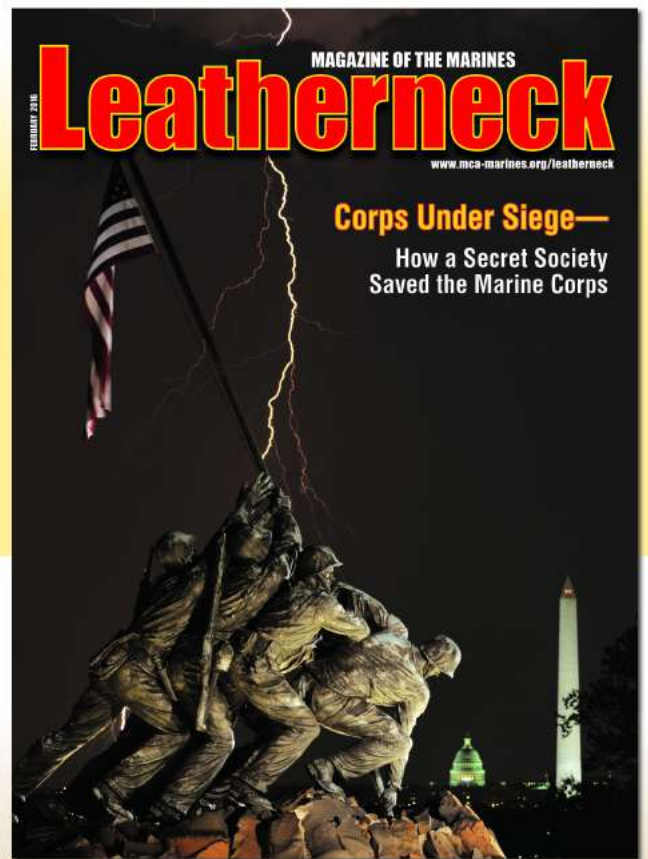
August 1971



February 2014



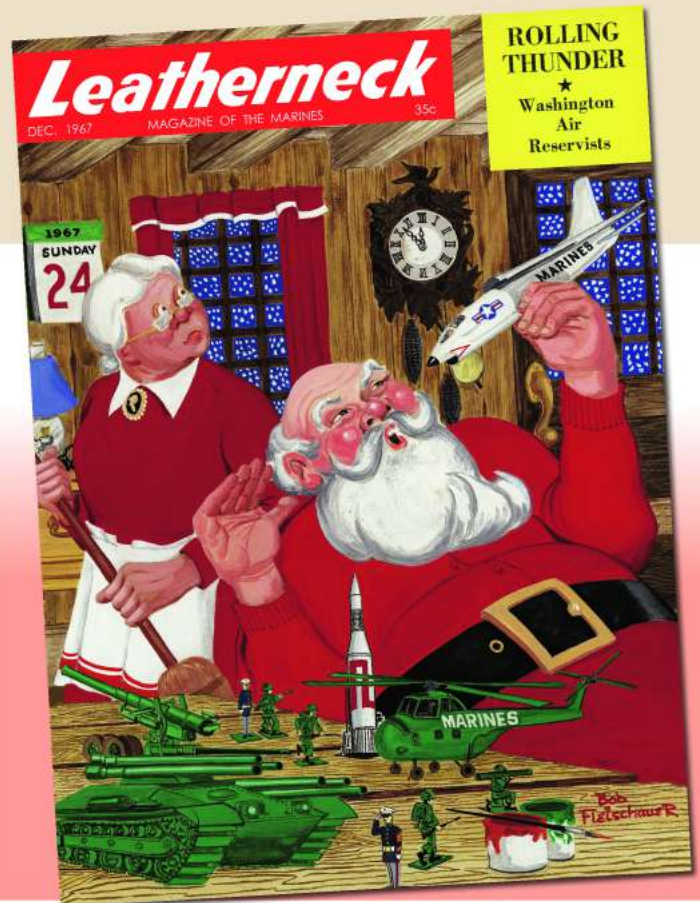
December 1979



February 2016



May 2008



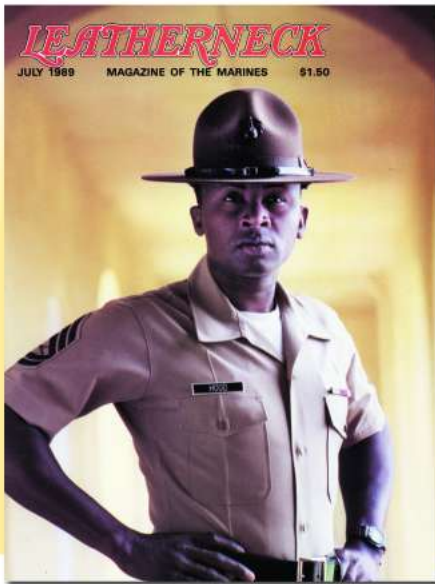
December 1967



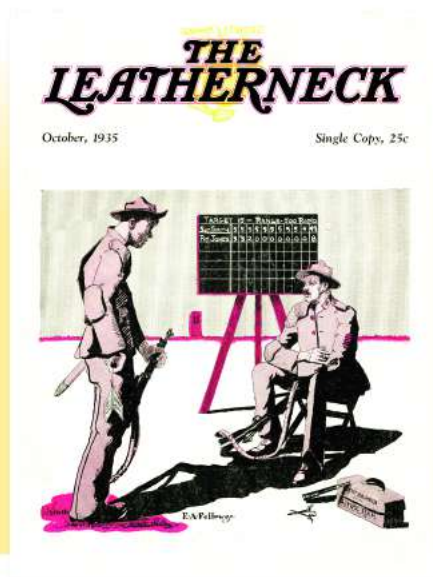
February 2012



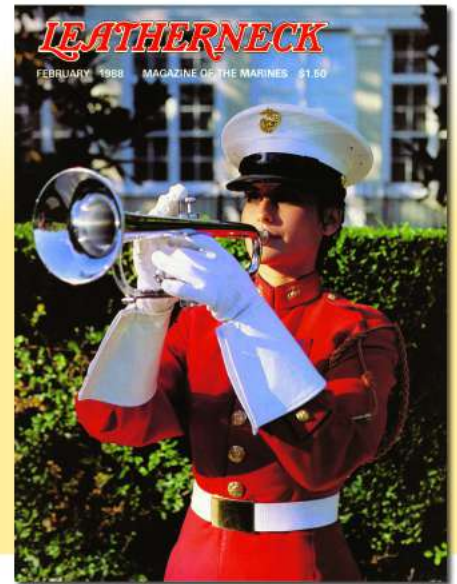
July 1997



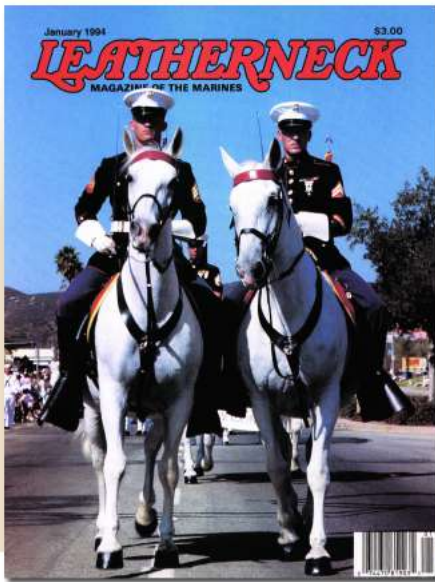
July 1989



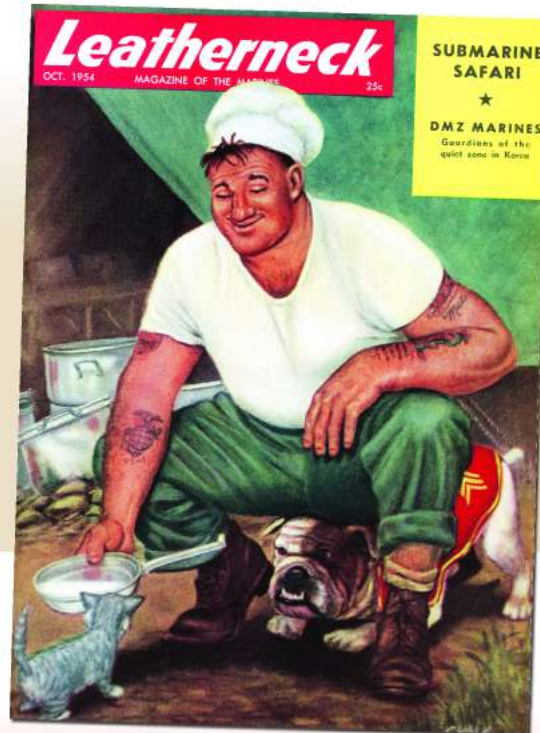
October 1935



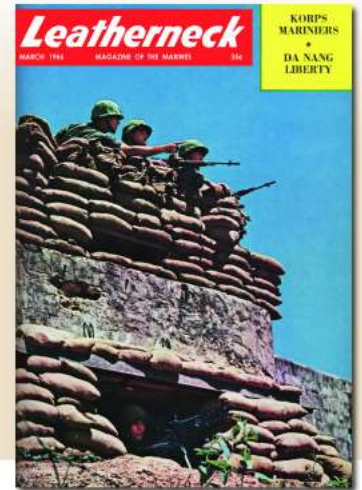
February 1988



January 1994



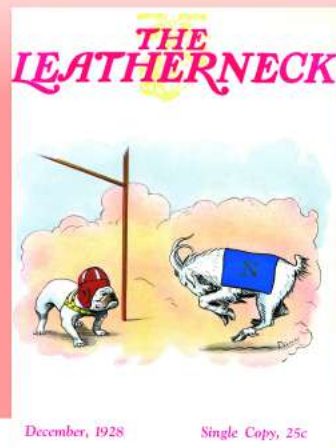
October 1954



March 1966



March 1971



December 1928



April 1989

The LEATHERNECK

Early issues of The Leatherneck more closely resembled a newspaper than the magazine we know today and its news items included baby announcements, troop movements, individual rifle scores and updates from various bases. The following excerpt from the July 5, 1924, issue of The Leatherneck provides an interesting glimpse at the Corps of the 1920s. We also included some photos from the era.

Doings in the District

A convention of the National Education Association composed of 20,000 school teachers from all over the nation assembled in Washington during the week of June 30. Secretary Wilbur instructed the heads of each of his departments to appoint one of their members to explain their particular department to the parties of teachers who will visit them.

A meeting of the teachers was held on Sunday night, June 29, at the Central High School Stadium, music being rendered by the U.S. Marine Band. At this meeting an invitation was extended to all delegates of the convention to visit the Marine Barracks, Washington, D.C., the home of the Marine Corps Institute. During the past week we have had nearly 200 delegates visiting us, and they have shown a great deal of interest in our school system.

Captain and Mrs. Thomas P. Cheatham are the proud parents of a 7 1/2-pound baby boy, Bartlette Martin Cheatham, who arrived in the early hours of the morning of June 30.

The following men have been discharged from the U.S. Marine Corps on June 30 to accept appointment on the District of Columbia Police Force: Sergeant William H. Banning, Corporal George E. Terrill, Cpl Mason L. Legate, and Private First Class Earl Horsley.

Cpl Oswald C. Barber was discharged due to expiration of enlistment on the 30th of June. He will go to his home in Mosinee, Wis., where he expects to enter the poultry business. He has been an active student in the M.C.I. and has completed the courses in poultry business, poultry farming, and the business management course.

During his three years of service in the

Marine Corps, Barber has done duty at Parris Island, Quantico, and Washington. While at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D.C., Barber was an instructor in the Industrial School for a year and a half and was in the Book Storeroom for one year.

As Cpl Barber is married, it is not thought that he will reenlist; however, he states that he will always be a loyal Marine Corps supporter.

Correction in Marine Scoring Details

The detail of 200 men from Quantico mentioned in last week's issue to go to Wakefield, Mass., and Sea Girt, N.J., will go direct to Camp Perry, Ohio, from Quantico about Sept. 6, and will not act as part of the Wakefield and Sea Girt detail. Also the date of the firing matches at Wakefield is not as yet definite but will be either on the 17th or 24th.

Scandals From the City by the Sea

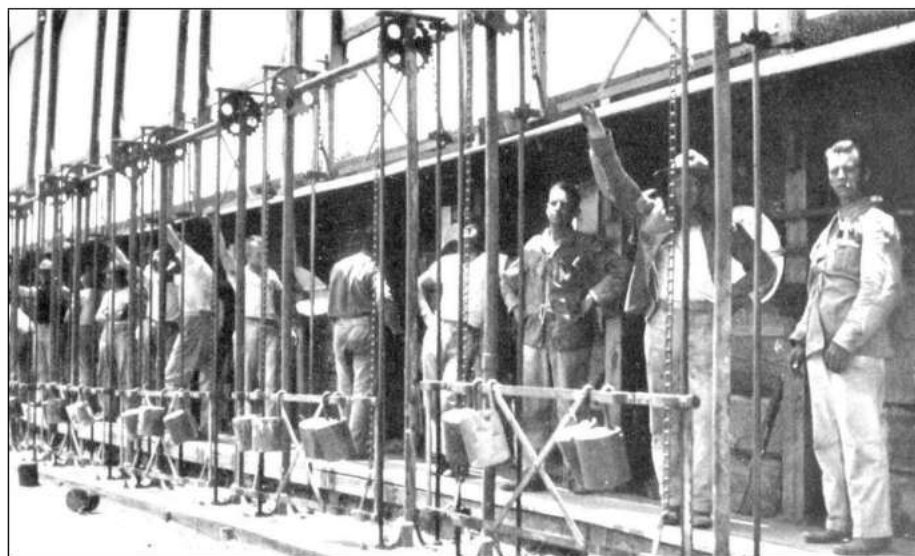
The Marine Barracks at Charleston, S.C., begs to be excused for not letting everyone hear from them last week, but it was utterly impossible to write during the open warfare against mosquitoes.

We extend a hearty welcome to Pay Sergeant and Mrs. Norman C. Bates, who arrived here from Atlanta, Ga., on the 18th of June, and hope that they will enjoy their stay at the post.

We have another new arrival at the post, and hearty congratulations to Captain and Mrs. Pearce are in order. It's a girl.

Our road construction, under the supervision of Sergeant Ivan I. Corbell, is nearing completion and we will soon have concrete roads throughout the reservation.

We are sorry to lose Al Friedman, the boy wonder. He was paid off on the 5th of June and has returned to his home in New York City, where he is contemplating going into business for himself. Al is a traveling salesman of renown and specializes in shoe strings and lead pencils, and would give \$5 on a \$40 ring in a pinch. Anyway, we like him and wish him the best of luck on the



Recruits from the 1930s work the "butts" and mark targets with shot spotters on the rifle range.



The "Iron Mike" statue was unveiled at Parris Island, S.C., July 25, 1924, and dedicated to Marines who fought in World War I. A plaque mounted on the base of the statue is inscribed with the words: "In Memory of the Men of Parris Island Who Gave Their Lives in the World War. Erected by their Comrades."

outside, but we will never be surprised to see his name in the shipped-over column as we cannot figure out what he is going to use for money.

Lieutenant P.B. Watson left here with his family on the 23rd of June for two months of leave in his home town in Ohio. On the same day Lt A.V. Cherbonnier left for duty at Parris Island. We would prefer to have had him with us, but "orders is orders" so we wish him success and hope that he will remember to pay us a visit once in a while.

We wish "bon voyage" to Sgt Roy M. Fowell, who was transferred to Port-au-Prince on the 12th of June, and hope that he leaves some tropical refreshment for those who will follow.

Our friends in North Charleston showed rare judgment last week by inviting members of this post to join a hay-riding party and everyone had a good old fashioned time.

Folly Beach is our playground these hot days and the post is terribly deserted over the week-ends.

Col Wallace Leaves Training Station

Parris Island, S.C.—Lieutenant Colonel Rush R. Wallace, USMC, who has been in command at this station for the past two years, has recently been detached to Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Colonel Wallace was well-liked and highly respected by the men of this command and they deeply regret his departure.

First Sergeant Edward Salkoski was discharged on June 13, and it is expected that he will reenlist in a very short time.

C.F. Wilmer, commonly known as "Pop," reenlisted at this post on June 6

and is at present acting Sergeant Major for the West Wing. Pop states that it was too cold for enjoyment in Chicago, and as he had no overcoat, he decided to come back to a warm place.

A detail of 66 men from the 829th and 830th platoons were transferred to the Sea School Detachment, Norfolk, Va., on June 22.

The following men have been discharged from this post during the past month on account of expiration of enlistment: Sgt Harvey I. Helfer of the Rifle Range, Private G.P. Kraft of the Supply Company, and Pvt J.Q. Stanfield of the Headquarters Detachment, Main Station.

Marine Gunner Baptist has been very ill for the past few weeks and it is hoped that he will soon recover and resume his duties.

The 831st platoon's record fire on June 26 resulted in a good percentage of qualification.

A dance was held at the re-opening of the Red Cross Building on June 12. The committee in charge of this affair was Navy personnel and we wish to com-

WEEKLY REPORT Marine Corps Institute

JUNE 28, 1924

Total number individuals enrolled	7,896
Number of examination papers received during week.....	556
Number of examination papers received during 1924.....	31,509

pliment them on the excellent handling of this dance. Dances could not be more successful than those which are held in Hostess House, Noncommissioned Officers' Club, and the Red Cross Building.

Capt A. Dickerson, who was recently attached to this post from the Second Brigade, San Domingo, D.R., has been given command of the Field Music Detachment.

Smoker at Lakehurst, N.J.

A smoker was held at the Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N.J., on Friday, June 20.

The smoker was under the direction of Capt B.H. Clarke, USMC, who is both welfare officer and commanding officer at this post. There was an audience from many different places in New Jersey.

There were four snappy bouts staged, and in between these we were entertained by some peppy music from our three-piece orchestra.

A novel act was furnished by Mr. White of the Edison Lamp Works. Mr. White has seen service in France and is now working

Marine Rescues Two Girls

Private J.A. Culpepper of the Post Band at Quantico, Va., rescued two young girls from drowning near the bridge at Occoquan, Va., on Saturday morning, June 28.

He plunged into the creek, which is about 15 feet deep, a moment after Carlisle Stevens, of Alexandria, Va., had attempted to save the girls. Stevens was drowned due perhaps to striking his head on the bottom. As the girls were exhausted when Culpepper reached them, he had no trouble in getting them ashore.

Who Should Get the Credit?

The Southwestern Recruiting District is getting ahead in its work by covering the entire state of Texas with appropriate advertising and the establishing of temporary tent stations in different outlying cities and towns.

Fort Worth and Dallas have been leading the field during the month of June and have made an excellent showing.

In the *Southwestern Agitator*, a recruiter's paper, published in the interests of recruiting by the recruiting party at

It is also his experience to talk to men who have seen his advertising but who have no intention of enlisting at the time because they are bound for the oil fields or other places where they may obtain work. Then when these men finally decide to enlist, they do so at other stations. Again Sgt Straeck's advertising had done the work, but he has failed to get the credit.

Frequently our recruiters are not given the consideration they deserve at District Headquarters because they are not sending in men, but this should not be so. When these men are advertising the Marine Corps in their district, they are planting the seeds of propaganda which bring men into the service later on.

Heard From "The Brigadier" Port Au Prince, Haiti

The Post Exchange Officer at the Marine Barracks, Port au Prince, Haiti, Lieutenant Kipness, is a wide-awake enterprising business man. He recently installed a "Five and Ten Cent Store" in connection with his Post Exchange, which is fitted out like the counters of any Woolworth or Kress emporium of the same variety, except for the gum-chewing bleached-blond saleslady. However, if such a girl were in this position, she would not have a chance to sell anything because the Marines would be clamoring for dates.

It is a known fact that Woolworth built 51 stores from the proceeds of his nickel and dime establishments and it is hoped that Lt Kipness will be able to complete the Eighth Regiment Exchange Building from the proceeds of his enterprise.

We are still hearing from the Old Timer about the expedition on the Old Road to Santo Domingo and his exploits in the olden days were well-nigh remarkable.

The Second Brigade Golf Club, although having lost a number of their best players, played a three-cornered tournament between the Navy, Marine Corps, and Civilian Team, but due to the fact that Colonel Evans was detached from this station and returned to the States without submitting a report of the tournament, we are unable to publish the results.

Major Holland M. Smith has been appointed Secretary and Treasurer of the club in place of Maj William P. Upsher, who has been detached from the Brigade.

Two sets of spare clubs have been received and will be available for use as soon as duty has been assessed and paid on them. These clubs will enable visitors and new members to enjoy the sport while awaiting the arrival of their own from the States.

END



A boxing match held between Marines at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, in 1913.

for Edison. His act is performed with the aid of a trick hat and is very amusing. In addition, Mr. White finished his act by showing us the largest and the smallest electric light bulbs in the world.

On June 25 the Kenneth B. Hughes Company gave a three-act play in the Auxiliary Hall at the air station.

Private Hawkins was severely burned during the recent air demonstration held here and is now receiving treatment at the U.S. Naval Hospital, League Island, Philadelphia, Pa., where it is believed he will soon recover.

Houston, Texas, there is a very interesting article by Sergeant Straeck on "Recruiting Duty at Corsican, Texas."

Sgt Straeck states that advertising the Marine Corps on billboards is a paying proposition, but that the credit is not always placed where credit is due. Frequently he has men come to him to enlist in the Marine Corps who are rejected because they are physically unfit, but who later are taken in by the Army. Thus his advertising has paid only so far as it has obtained men for the service of the United States, but the Marine Corps has not benefited.



HONOR, COURAGE *and* COMMITMENT USMC TRIBUTE RING

LIMITED TO ONLY 5,000

For Distinguished Service... To Wear with Pride

Steadfast in their core values, Marines have dedicated their lives to the noble tradition of serving their country with honor, courage and commitment. Now, you can show your allegiance to the enduring *Semper Paratus* spirit of the United States Marine Corps like never before, with a new limited-edition jewelry exclusive as distinctive as the Marines that it salutes.

A Singular Achievement in Craftsmanship and Design

Our "Honor, Courage and Commitment" USMC Tribute Ring is individually crafted in solid sterling silver with 18K gold plating, and features the Marine Corps emblem of eagle, globe and anchor in raised relief against a custom-cut genuine black onyx center stone. The striking contrast of silver and gold continues in the rope borders that surround the central emblem and the sculpted eagles on each side. Adding to the meaning and value, the ring is engraved inside the band with: *Honor • Courage • Commitment and United States Marines*.

Limited to Only 5,000... Order Now!

A bold statement of everything Marines stand for, this custom ring comes in a deluxe wood case with a plaque engraved with the same words that are on the ring, and includes a Certificate of Authenticity. An exceptional value at \$249*, you can pay for your ring in 6 easy installments of \$41.50. To reserve yours, backed by our unconditional 120-day guarantee, send no money now. Just mail the Reservation Application. But hurry... this edition is strictly limited to only 5,000!

*For information on sales tax you may owe to your state, go to bradfordexchange.com/use-tax.

A Limited Edition Custom Jewelry Exclusive from The Bradford Exchange

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™ Officially Licensed Product
of the United States Marine Corps.
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Expertly hand-crafted in solid sterling silver

Gleaming with rich 18K gold plating

Featuring a custom cut genuine
black onyx center stone

Engraved with the noble
values of the United States Marines

Comes in a deluxe wood presentation case
with engraved plaque



LIMITED-TIME OFFER

Reservations will be accepted on a
first-come-first-served basis. Respond
as soon as possible to reserve your ring.



Magnificently
detailed from
every angle

RESERVATION APPLICATION

SEND NO MONEY NOW

**THE
BRADFORD EXCHANGE
JEWELRY**

P.O. Box 806, Morton Grove, IL 60053-0806

YES. Please reserve the "Honor, Courage & Commitment"
USMC Tribute Ring for me as described in this announcement.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

To assure a proper fit, a ring sizer will be sent to you after your reservation
has been accepted.

*Plus a total of \$15.00 shipping and service (see bradfordexchange.com). Please allow 4-6
weeks for delivery of your jewelry after we receive your initial deposit. Sales subject to product
availability and order acceptance.

Signature _____

Mrs. Mr. Ms. _____

Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

E-Mail (Optional) _____

01-18594-001-E50204

LEATHERNECK

By Bradley A. Davis

The word "centennial" means different things to many people. For some, it's an acknowledgement of age, of how many years have passed since a project, an idea or even a person began. For others, it's a reminder of things overcome, of obstacles conquered or crises managed. For *Leatherneck*—*Magazine of the Marines*, it's both.

For 100 years, the staff of *Leatherneck* has worked to bridge the gap between Marines and civilians; officers and enlisted; and family and friends of the Corps, drawing together people across the globe to share the heroes, experiences and history of our nation's expeditionary force in readiness. Through war, economic depression, civilianization and countless other hurdles, *Leatherneck* has survived, evolving throughout the decades.

But how did a small, four-page newspaper produced in a dusty, swampy town in Virginia become the internationally received magazine we know today? As with some of the best innovations in the Corps, it began as the brainchild of two enlisted Marines.

The Great War

November 1917 was a transitional time in Quantico, Va. The post was skeletal and littered with canvas tents and wood-beam buildings that expanded for miles across the cold, marshy landscape. For all of the expansion, however, Quantico lacked a

THE QUANTICO LEATHERNECK

VOLUME I, No. 1

QUANTICO, VIRGINIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1917

Millions in Insurance Taken Out By Marines In 2nd Battalion Here

Insured for \$1,000,000, the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marine Division, has taken out the most valuable insurance of any unit in the Corps. The insurance is for \$1,000,000, the highest amount ever taken out by a unit in the Corps. The insurance is for \$1,000,000, the highest amount ever taken out by a unit in the Corps. The insurance is for \$1,000,000, the highest amount ever taken out by a unit in the Corps.

ONLY TWENTY-SEVEN PLATES FOR RED CROSS

Only twenty-seven plates for the Red Cross were taken out by the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marine Division. The plates were taken out by the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marine Division. The plates were taken out by the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marine Division. The plates were taken out by the 2nd Battalion, 1st Marine Division.

INTEREST SHOWN BY MARINES HERE IN SPORT EVENTS

Interest shown by the Marines here in sport events was very high. The Marines here in sport events were very interested. The Marines here in sport events were very interested. The Marines here in sport events were very interested.

QUANTICO IS AGAIN MILITARY CENTER

Quantico is again a military center. The Quantico is again a military center. The Quantico is again a military center. The Quantico is again a military center. The Quantico is again a military center.

CHINATOWN GIRL IS A MARINE WAR BRIDE

A Chinatown girl is a Marine war bride. The Chinatown girl is a Marine war bride. The Chinatown girl is a Marine war bride. The Chinatown girl is a Marine war bride. The Chinatown girl is a Marine war bride.

WAR DADDIES TO BE GIVEN ALL SOLDIERS

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CLASSES IN FRENCH HELP COME MARINES

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The first *Leatherneck* was published Nov. 17, 1917, as a four-page newspaper. It was called *The Quantico Leatherneck* and cost 2 cents per copy.

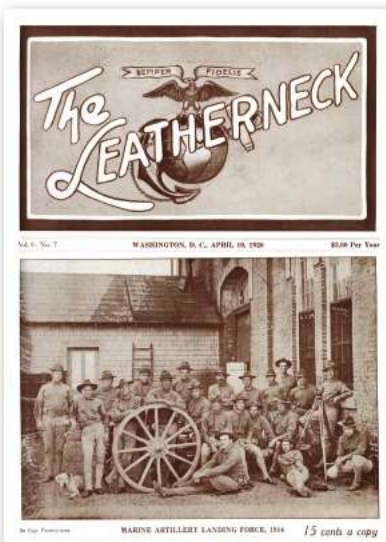
Marks Its 100th Year!

means of communication for Marines to share the daily happenings of the post, recollections from the European continent's Western Front or even advertisements from civilian businesses nearby. All of that would change when Corporal W.L. Foster came to town.

Foster, a former reporter for the *Cincinnati Post*, enlisted in the Marine Corps and reported to Quantico for training. He identified the need for frequent communication and a place for enlisted Marines to read news about the Corps and post. Luckily for Foster, the commanding general of Quantico supported these ideas. Then-Brigadier General John A. Lejeune was a man of action whose reputation preceded him everywhere he went. Whether discussing the establishment of a professional journal for officers of the Corps or the creation of an association of and for Marines, BGen Lejeune consistently and eloquently advocated for the betterment of the Corps. Presented with the idea of a semi-regular newspaper for the town of Quantico, BGen Lejeune didn't hesitate. As long as the publication was done off the clock, Foster had the CG's blessing.

While Cpl Foster is credited with the beginning of the newspaper, another man was equally important in shaping the future publication.

Like his friend, Sergeant J.C. Smith had a background in journalism. But while Foster excelled in collection and composition, Smith's talents rested in the editorial process. In the same way that Marines have done for centuries, the two men played to their strengths—Foster pressed the



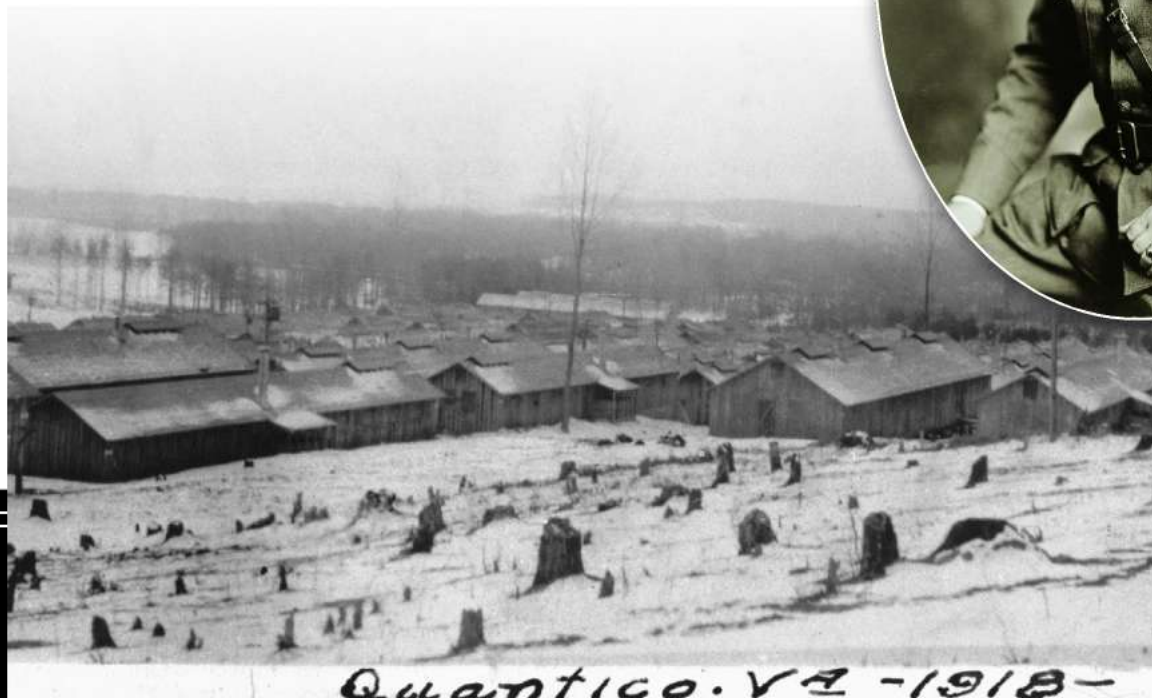
Above: *Leatherneck* transitioned from a weekly newspaper to a semimonthly magazine in the 1920s and became a monthly magazine in June 1926.



Below: Cpl W.L. Foster was given permission by BGen John A. Lejeune to create a base newspaper at Quantico, Va., in November 1917.



**MajGen
John A. Lejeune**



Quantico, VA - 1918 -



Marines posed outside the Marine Corps Institute, Quantico, Va., in 1920. (USMC photo)

flesh with local merchants, solicited articles and generated content while Smith stitched the product together with precise, definite strokes. The result was a four-page newspaper sold for 2 cents per copy and printed with the aid of the local YMCA.

A volunteer staff and borrowed typewriters facilitated the process. The product was something new—a conversational recollection of local happenings and events fueled by the support of the civilian townsfolk and peppered with general news concerning the Corps. When it was published on Nov. 17, 1917, they dubbed it *The Quantico Leatherneck*.

Leatherneck, which dropped “Quantico” from its title after 45 issues in 1918, was immensely popular with Marines. Furthering its appeal was BGen

Lejeune’s pairing of the magazine with the Marine Corps’ International Correspondence School, which offered Marines the opportunity to further their own professional development through distance-based education. Operating under the impressive title of the Marine Corps Institute, this new enterprise became too large to remain on Marine Corps Base Quantico, and it moved to the “8th and I” garrison in Washington, D.C. in 1920, placing a national spotlight on the publication.

A Monthly Magazine

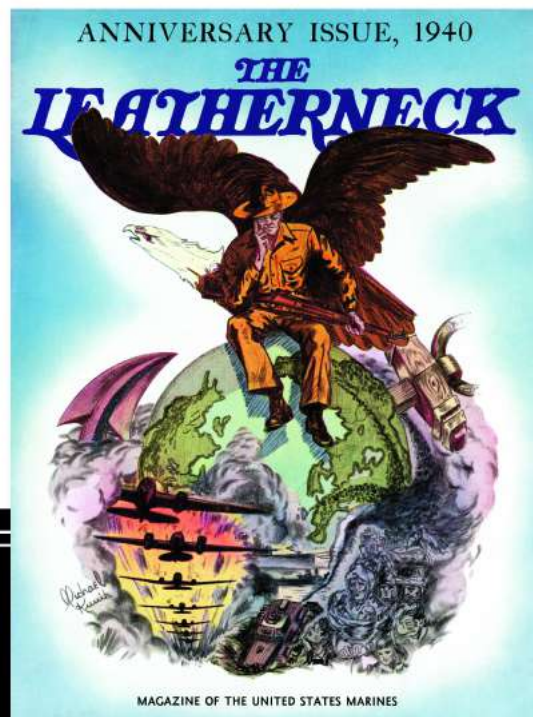
While *Leatherneck* had undergone regular internal maintenance and price adjustments over the years, none were as innovative as the publication’s shift in the 1920s from a tabloid-sized newspaper to a 32-page magazine. The ’20s continued to see both micro and macro adjustments to the periodical, with slowly rising subscription rates reaching \$3 per year by 1926. Consequently, the periodical found itself professionalized with estimated

readership rounding up to 35,000 by 1928.

Photographs were increasingly used alongside articles, and historic elements and stories became more commonplace as Marines across the world submitted content for publication. The magazine thrived throughout the interwar era as a “within-the-family” publication and was the only national publication staffed, organized and produced by active servicemembers for active servicemembers.

Throughout the ’30s and early ’40s, *Leatherneck* rose to new heights. Increasingly featuring new photos, authors and subjects, enlisted Marines—and even some officers—regularly looked forward to the latest monthly edition. As the 1930s gave way to the new decade, however, the drums of war once more began to beat. Germany, having recovered from its economic depression brought on by the end of World War I, began a merciless conquest of aggression on the European continent. Meanwhile, the Japanese raced to seize territory throughout the Pacific, creating a war machine built upon the foundation of conquered territories’ raw materials. In response, the Marine Corps Institute changed, flooding its offices with programs and courses designed to prepare the Marine Corps for the inevitable global conflict.

As the top service magazine in the nation, *Leatherneck* undertook the most drastic change since its inception. Promising to “educate, inform, benefit, and build the morale of the past, present, and future members of the United States Marine Corps and the United States Marine Corps Reserves and their families, as well as the public generally,”



The work of well-known artists frequently graced the covers of *Leatherneck*.

This 1940 cover captures the mood of the world as the U.S. prepares for war.

Behind-the-scenes staff members—layout artists, art directors and darkroom personnel worked to publish *Leatherneck* in the 1940s. (*Leatherneck* file photo)



Leatherneck acquired a certificate of incorporation in February 1943. Staying true to its roots, the incorporation was accomplished without fanfare, and the certificate—signed by five trustees—consisted of six paragraphs. At last, *Leatherneck*, like the Marine Corps, was on war footing.

Special Pacific Edition

World War II saw *Leatherneck* expand from a simple publication to a war-driven reminder to Marines everywhere of what was at stake in this fight. Almost overnight, journalists from civilian newspapers flooded the Marine Corps as combat correspondents and articles, stories and memoirs poured into the *Leatherneck* editorial office. The magazine's existence as an individual entity functioning independently, but alongside, the Marine Corps enabled the editorial office to expand in ways never before imagined. Throughout the war, the publication built a strong, centralized staff of well-established names from the civilian world that operated alongside battle-hardened correspondents and infantrymen fighting for their country. No less dedicated to their jobs was the behind-the-scenes staff of the magazine—the



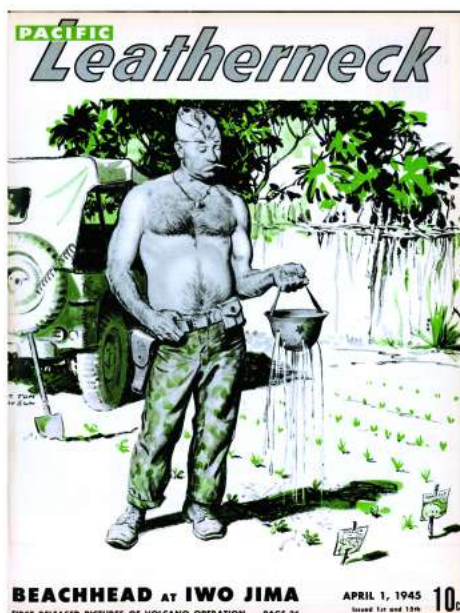
Leatherneck rose to greater heights in the 1940s featuring more photos as well as new authors and subjects; circulation topped 200,000.

LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO



Above: In 1944, an additional *Leatherneck* office was opened at Camp Catlin, Hawaii, and a semimonthly Pacific Edition of the magazine was launched for Marines overseas.

Below: *Leatherneck* staffers in 1945 check production deadlines to make sure the final product reaches the printer in time.



layout directors, the artists, the photographers and editors—who overcame trials and tribulations to create a circulation enterprise capable of processing between 300,000 to 400,000 subscriptions without outside aid.

Planning to accommodate the increasing expansion of the war in the Pacific, *Leatherneck* opened an additional circulation office in Camp Catlin, Hawaii, in 1944. Designed to speed up the delivery of *Leatherneck* to Marines overseas, this office had another goal—the publication of a small, bimonthly Pacific edition of the magazine intended to bring stateside news to the battle-hardened warfighter without an overabundance of advertisements. As the Marine-Navy team continued its island-hopping campaign, *Leatherneck* moved closer to the lines once more, this time setting up a circulation

office in Guam as the conflict neared conclusion.

Meanwhile, back on the homefront, *Leatherneck* continued to do what it did best—support the Marines. Inspired by the explosive expansion of circulation, which reached upwards of 250,000 biweekly issues, the editorial staff sought new ways to bridge the gap between forward Marines and the country they supported. Due to circulation and ever-filling coffers, *Leatherneck* purchased thousands of copies of other publications, including *Esquire*, *TIME*, *Newsweek* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, and arranged for them to be flown to troops and naval centers on hospital planes destined for the front lines. For the staff of *Leatherneck*, it wasn't about making money; it was about making connections and continuing the legacy

that had begun roughly 30 years prior. Through the combined leadership of *Leatherneck* and the combat correspondents who supported the publication, morale rose across the Pacific, giving the warfighters the inspiration they needed to fight on in defense of the nation.

As Corps Downsizes, Readership Declines

The conclusion of WW II brought with it a settling of service capability Corps-wide. *Leatherneck*, which had previously operated at a pinnacle achieved by few publications, found itself downsized as the circulation department lost roughly 200,000 subscriptions. The civilians and combat correspondents who had once run to the publication's doorstep to serve the nation returned to their pre-war lives, further weakening the magazine's staffing. The economy entered a neutral state of desired peace, which resulted in a slimmer magazine that had to fight for survival.

Marines do not give up, however, and neither does their magazine. Inspired by their mission and their accomplishments in the Pacific, the editorial staff of *Leatherneck* entered crisis mode, offering civilian contracts to several key department heads from the war era, effectively stabilizing the weakening docket of content. These directors, proud of their accomplishments over the past few years, would not let something as simple as capital destroy what the Axis powers could not.

For months, *Leatherneck* lost funding with each issue. The reserves and coffers, once overflowing, dwindled faster than they could be replaced. But piece-by-piece, article by article and photograph by photograph, the quality and value of *Leatherneck* reached new heights, and with it came an increase in funding. The Marines, who had been under assault by the Army for years after the cessation of hostilities in the Pacific, found new life in the Korean War, and just as amphibious operations saved the Corps from the economic butchering block in the 1950s, so too did the influx of 75,000 new Marines and prospective readers save





Four of *Leatherneck's* WW II combat correspondents gather in the magazine's "office" on Okinawa. Back row, John Birch and Duane Decker; front row, J.H. Troup and Harold Helfer.



USMC

Leatherneck from an equally disastrous fate.

In June 1951, another change took place, one designed to stabilize content flow and magazine production for years to come. Since the publication's inception, only active-duty servicemembers had served as editor-publishers of *Leatherneck*, in a position that rotated every two to three years. The incoming editor-publisher, Colonel Donald L. Dickson, was recalled to active duty from the Marine Corps Reserve.



JASON MONROE

CWO Bill Parker, right, receives *Leatherneck's* Meritorious Unit Commendation during the Evening Parade at Marine Barracks Washington, September 1970, from Gen Leonard F. Chapman, 24th Commandant of the Marine Corps.

Much like the assigning of civil contracts to department heads in the post-WW II era, this innovation ensured continuity of the magazine and resulted in significant decisions designed to better enhance and stabilize the publication for the long term.

Beyond the Magazine

Seeking new ways to encourage subscriptions and sustainability, *Leatherneck* rolled out a series of Corps-supporting programs designed to help the everyday Marine. Cash and merchandise prizes were donated across the country to the Marines who best demonstrated their marksmanship during rifle qualifications or requalification firings. The most outstanding recruit in each recruit platoon received a pair of dress blues. Outstanding graduates of Drill Instructor School received prizes in recognition of their success.

The editorial office took its duty one step further, sponsoring and publishing such well-known books as "The Guidebook for Marines," "Posts of the Corps," and even "Home of the Commandants." Moreover, *Leatherneck* continued to support Marines deployed to conflicts around the world. Combat correspondents operating out of Vietnam in the 1960s sent back emotional and uplifting stories about the men who fought there, and the publication shipped thousands of free magazines to Okinawa and Vietnam.

During the Vietnam War, circulation rose again to roughly 200,000, but the staff never overextended itself as it had during WW II, knowing that the war would eventually end and leave them struggling to balance the budget. For its service during the era, *Leatherneck* received a Meritorious Unit Commendation in honor of the roughly 100 men and women dedicated to telling the Corps' story. Just as the cessation of hostilities in WW II brought about cataclysmic shifts to *Leatherneck*, so did the conclusion of the Vietnam War. Unlike the former, however, this time the enemy was not economic—it was political.

New Regulations Necessitate Changes

Citing congressional legislation that prevented active-duty military from working in service periodicals, *Leatherneck* began the process of civilianization as active-duty Marines were re-

The *Leatherneck* Detachment was awarded a Meritorious Unit Commendation (MUC) for the period of April 1965 to June 1970. Today's *Leatherneck* staff is proud to have the MUC on display in the office.

placed with civilian counterparts beginning in 1971 with a deadline of the following year. Civilianization—abhorred by the grizzled veterans of the magazine and seen hostilely across the Corps—nonetheless provided a significant amount of freedom for the *Leatherneck* editorial staff, chief of which was possibility of merging with other impacted organizations. In 1976, after years of prolonged contract negotiations, heated debate on all sides, and debt consolidation, the *Leatherneck* Association merged with the Marine Corps Association, bringing full-circle Gen Lejeune's legacy and joining his two 20th-century initiatives into a single enterprise.

Today's *Leatherneck*

The more things change, however, the more they stay the same. The *Leatherneck* of today continues much as it did in the 1920s, '30s, '40s and beyond. Focusing on history and the "esprit de corps," the publication offers a rich assortment of content ranging from current Marine Corps operations to biographic articles on the Corps' heroes.

The staff, streamlined since the days of 100-plus correspondents, editors and directors to five dedicated individuals alongside a handful of independent content contributors, continues the legacy of the magazine's forefathers, consistently adapting and evolving to today's media trends.

"Contrary to popular belief," said Colonel Mary Reinwald, USMC (Ret), *Leatherneck's* current editor. "Magazines aren't dying, they've just streamlined the model."

Building upon *Leatherneck's* digital foundation from Col Walt Ford, USMC (Ret), previous editor, Reinwald is investing effort and time into modernizing the magazine in the digital age, including the creation of a phone application for both *Leatherneck* and its sister publication, the *Marine Corps Gazette*. The key to this effort, Reinwald believes, rests in the lessons of her predecessors and the Marine Corps as a whole—the marrying of tradition with continuity.

"We have to work day in and day out to maintain our relevancy with the Marine Corps," said Reinwald. "We have to work to make sure that we're determining what the needs of the Marine Corps are ... vice us telling them what we think."

Marines, their families and friends of the Corps shouldn't worry, however—*Leatherneck* isn't going anywhere. In the same way that the magazine has evolved to support the needs of countless Marines over the last century, *Leatherneck* continues to do the same in the present day, expanding its reach and capability through the Marine Corps Association and Foundation network.

Many of the initial programs and contests created in the 1960s continue in some manner today. Numerous new initiatives, including the distribution of free magazines to deployed Marines, the donation of more than 9,000 awards to Marines across the world and the expansion of contests to the enlisted Corps, breathe new life into *Leatherneck* even as the publication pays homage to its past.



SARA W. BOCK

From humble beginnings in 1917 through decades of conflict, strife and success, *Leatherneck—Magazine of the Marines* has been forged together by the blood, sweat and ink of those who set its standards. For all that's changed over the years, continuity and respect for what came before stays the same.

As *Leatherneck* celebrates its centennial, one cannot help but notice that things have come full circle. The headquarters, part of Bartlett Hall in Quantico, is yards away from where the publication began. The magazine's dedication to its cause—the support of Marines in every clime and place—is just as unwavering today as it was then.

The connection between Corps and reader is not a suggestion for *Leatherneck*; it's an obligation, and it's one that the staff takes very seriously.

As *Leatherneck* enters the start of its next 100 years, the magazine staff continues the work initiated by its forbearers that will continue for decades to come.

Author's bio: Bradley Davis is the assistant editor of the Marine Corps Gazette. He has a master's degree in military history from Norwich University.

END

Modern technology has streamlined the writing process for *Leatherneck* staff members, who rely on portable devices like tablets and smartphones to work from various locations, record interviews digitally and utilize mobile applications to fulfill their daily tasks. In recent years, the magazine has expanded to offer a mobile-friendly interface that allows readers to enjoy the magazine on their personal devices.

32 MONTHS

a Japanese Prisoner

by WO J.B. Shimel
as told to Sgt Duane Decker

The Japanese took me at Corregidor when it fell on May 28, 1942. I shuttled from one Japanese prison camp to another from then until Jan. 30, 1945, when I was finally liberated, along with 510 Army, Navy and civilian prisoners from Cabanatuan prison. In those 32 months I learned about the Japanese the hard way. Every time I think of them now, I know that a Browning Automatic Rifle is a thing of sheer beauty.

I'll start at the very beginning, from the day they got me. I was tossed, along with hundreds of others, into a building at a submarine base there at Corregidor. We were packed in that building so thick ... No one was allowed to leave the building. So there was no let-up in the hot, dirty crush.

Since we weren't allowed to leave this building, and there were no interior heads, we had to defecate on the floor. That led to conditions so shockingly unsanitary that I would not care to put the details into print. You can imagine.

All we got to eat was rice—and little of that—with water. The flies were so thick that I would stand by, batting them away from another man's rice while he ate it. When he finished, he'd do the same so that I could eat mine. We could hardly sleep at night, with these conditions, and the heat of that human-packed place. The majority, therefore, reached a state of exhaustion quickly.

After five days, we got some shovels and were allowed to dig some latrines outside. That helped some. We stayed at this base for three weeks, and by that time practically everybody had a case of dysentery, among other things.

Then we were packed into a transport

and taken to Bilibid prison at Manila where we joined thousands more like ourselves. We were at Bilibid a week, then we were crowded into steel boxcars and taken on a five-hour ride, 90 miles north to Cabanatuan prison—the place we were finally liberated.

They removed us from Bilibid in groups of 1,000. I forgot to say that before leaving there, a Japanese officer squeezed \$27 each out of us for medicine which he said we'd need when we got to Cabanatuan. We sure needed the medicine at Cabanatuan,



Men were dying so fast we lacked the strength to bury them.

yes, but all we got for our \$27 were a few pills and very little quinine. Your guess is as good as mine as to how much profit they shook out of us on that little deal.

I stayed at Cabanatuan the first time I was there for five months. In all that time we lived on practically nothing but rice and water. They gave us a little salt once in a while, but it was so little you might just as well call it no salt at all.

These sudden deficiencies in our diet did some terrible things to us. For instance, it affected us in one way so

that we would find it necessary to go to the head anywhere from 15 to 25 times a night. Without trying to go into the full medical explanation of it, the thing was that rice is about 95 percent water. During the day we were on our feet, and it made our legs look swollen while our shoulders and chest looked emaciated. At night, when we laid down, that water would then circulate all through us. That accounted for the misery of those nights. With a schedule like that to keep up with, a decent night's rest was out of the question.

And by this time, malnutrition and a general combination of diseases were killing off the weaker ones in the camp at the rate of 40 to 50 per day. At first, as a matter of cold, hard fact, men were dying so fast and the condition of the living was so wretched and weakened that it was three or four days before we could get the physical strength to bury the dead men. The bodies just laid around and there was nothing any of us could do about it there for a while.

In October, we shoved off by boat for Mindanao Island, our destination the Davao penal colony. We got a break on that boat, too. There was a big pile of very small fish—I don't know what the name of them was—which the Japanese didn't want because they were practically all bone and head. So they said we could eat up what we wanted of them.

We tore into those little fish, believe me. We ate them ravenously—raw—swallowing the heads, scales, and insides. Everything. They tasted wonderful, too, and were the first proteins we'd had since becoming Japanese prisoners. There were also some potatoes on that boat which had rotted. The Japanese wouldn't touch them, of course. So they let us have them. We ate those rotted potatoes with relish.

Then, when we got to Davao, they added pigweed and radish tops to our rice diet. Also, rotted potatoes, occasionally. We were

really much better off now, thanks to these improvements in our diet. It may not sound like much of a treat, I know, but that was wonderful stuff to us then.

The death rate had now shrunk way down. In 20 months at Davao, only 20 men out of 2,000 died. This was due to the fact that only the stronger were still with us, and at this point we stronger ones had adjusted ourselves to our diet. But the widespread dysentery continued.

Most everyone's weight had dropped off to abnormal proportions. I had always

SGT JOHN CLYMER

been thin, normally weighing 149 pounds. Now I was down to 109 pounds. Lieutenant George W. Green, USN, who was there with me, had dropped from 192 pounds to 117. And Lieutenant Earl Baumgardner, USN, had gone down from 200 to 140.

There at Davao, the head was some distance from the barracks. In the daytime, we were allowed to go to it but only in groups of 20 men. This led to a pathetic sort of humorous situation in which maybe 14 men would be lined up outside the barracks, needing badly to go to the head. But they couldn't go until the group numbered exactly 20—that was the rule the Japanese had imposed upon us. So, some of us in the waiting line would go around and sell a half dozen others who didn't need to go on the idea of getting in our formation, just so the ones who needed relief could get it.

At night, since the head was too far and too difficult to reach in the darkness, we posted buckets in the doorway, one of which was painted red, the other white. The red was for one form of defecation, the white for the other. We posted a guard by the buckets and his job was to point out this difference to people who came, half-asleep, to use them. Since somebody or other had to defecate at least every 15 seconds—all night long—the guard's directing voice droned on in an almost continuous monotone—all night long. I know because my bunk was right close to the buckets.

We were now working in rice paddies and other fields. Our original uniforms and shoes had long since worn to shreds. But once the Japanese discovered that we could do without clothes, they stopped giving us the scanty clothing they had at first. We worked barefoot, in loincloths only. I didn't wear shoes for two years.

Of course, we got all kinds of sores, blisters and cuts from the sharp grass of the rice paddies. We had our own doctors, but practically no medicine. Most of the medical supplies sent us by the Red Cross must have been confiscated by the Japanese for we got only a very small amount—never enough to help very much.

At one time, I had about 150 blisters and sores on every part of my body. I know it was about that number because I counted them on the front of me, where I could see them. That way I approximated how many must be on my back where I couldn't see them. And due to malnutrition we were frequently losing whole fingernails—they would simply get sores which would enlarge and then the fingernail would drop out. LT Green, I remember, lost every single fingernail on both hands at least three times each.

Another thing—we were constantly

ALSO IN LEATHERNECK...



Left: January 1934—
MajGen Smedley D. Butler, seated, visits Marines of the American Legion, Boston, Mass.

Below: July 1944—
SSgt Ronald L. Hoblit troubleshoots Marine Corps power lines on Bougainville.



Above: April 1944—
1stLt George S. Plantier, demonstrates how to inflate his invention, the poncho raft.

Right: August 1944—
Marines gratefully accept coffee and doughnuts from civilians at a stop along their troop train's route.



August 1925—
Veteran Marines, George "Sarg" Connally and Eddie Collins, stars of the Chicago White Sox, enjoy *The Leatherneck*.

being promised part of the produce from our farm work. But we never got any of it. I mean, none at all.

Up to now I haven't got around to saying anything much about physical abuse and violations of personal dignity by the Japanese. That is not because there wasn't plenty of it. I've just been too busy telling other things. But here goes:

The Japanese guards had what we used to call a "vitamin stick." It was thick at one end and narrowed down at the other. When we failed to move fast enough to suit them or displeased them in the slightest way, they'd give us a good clubbing around with those sticks. If you were able to take the clubbing without a sign of a whimper, they generally let up on you quickly. But if they saw you flinch under it, you took a lot of it before they let you alone.

Here's another clear memory of mine. One day there was one of our men on a work detail who was given two bananas by a Japanese officer walking by. This Japanese officer, in case that gesture puzzles you, was one whom we considered almost pro-American compared to all the rest. Well, this prisoner started to eat the first of the two bananas when the Japanese officer walked slowly away. Immediately a Japanese private came up, grabbed the bananas from the prisoner and began to club him around with his vitamin stick. The Japanese officer who'd given the prisoner the bananas heard the commotion, turned around, and saw what

was happening. All he did was break out laughing and walk on. And mind you, that officer was one whom we considered pro-American compared with the rest of them.

Then, the Japanese organized what they called 10-man shooting squads. This was a neat, self-policing idea of theirs. The thing worked like this: We'd be put in a squad of 10 prisoners. If any one of those 10 men disobeyed or did anything wrong, the other nine of us were punished equally. If any of us tried to escape, the other nine would be shot as well as the one who made the break.

Finally, on June 5, 1944, we were shipped by freighter from Davao back to Cabanatuan. We reached Cabanatuan on June 28. All this time, I might mention here, we'd had absolutely no news of how the war was progressing. The only way we'd gathered the slightest inkling that it was going against the Japanese had been by means of some propaganda sheets they'd passed out to us every month or so in the early days.

These sheets, all written 100 percent for Japanese exploitation, would say one month that Marines in attempting to land on Guadalcanal had been wiped out completely by the defending Japanese forces. Then, a month later, in the next sheet, we'd read that the Japanese were bombing the hell out of Guadalcanal. We'd put two items like that together and we'd have some sense of the true story.

But one of the prisoners was foolish enough to point one of these discrepancies

out to a Japanese guard one time and asked him how it could be explained. The Japanese guard gave him a going-over with the vitamin stick. After that we didn't get any more of their propaganda sheets.

We never got anywhere trying to talk to Japanese guards although we occasionally tried to draw out scraps of information. A conversation with one of them would open up with personal inanities and die before we could make it go any further. For instance, it might start something like this (in fact, it usually did):

"You have wifey back homey?"

"Yes, I have wifey. You?"

"I have a wifey, too."

"And baby? I have baby."

"No. No baby."

After that, the conversation just fizzled out. Beyond such silly scraps of social discourse, they wouldn't talk to us. They wouldn't say a word that could in any way tip us off to any light on the outside world.

Mail was just about as helpful as that, too. I hadn't seen my wife in six years. During those 32 months I got letters from her. One was a page long, the others were 25 words long—I guess the Japanese must have given the folks back home a rule that 25 words was the limit. All the letters were close to a year old before I got them.

Actually, I guess in the light of what I've found out about the progress of the war, we were always overly optimistic about when the Yanks would come. You see, we had to be optimistic about that—it was all we had to live on. And there were always

ALSO IN LEATHERNECK...



Left: January 1938—
Parris Island Marines
enjoy a picnic.

Right: October 1925—
Jeff Daniels, *Leatherneck*
correspondent, stands
between Parris Island
football team players
2ndLt C.J. "Nellie"
Eldridge, left, and Sgt
"Tiny" Kimbrough, right.



Right: October
1938—Shanghai
Marines perform
a combat drill.



Left: March 1948—
A deeper look into
the role of the
Code Talkers,
including PFC Carl
Gorman, who was
an observer on
Saipan.

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ALSO IN LEATHERNECK...



Above: November 1925—Long and short of it on Parris Island—Marine buddies both qualified as sharpshooters.

Right: July 1938—Cpl Fortenberry demonstrates the semi-prone position for 500 rapid winks.



Left: February 1945—A Corsair takes off from an airstrip on Leyte.



Right: September 1938—A group of USS Chester Marines at the Miles and Childs Glacier, near Cordova, Alaska, June 5, 1938.



Above: January 1945—PFC Jeff Smith is presented with a Purple Heart for wounds he received during the fighting on D-day on Saipan.

rumors starting, dozens of new ones every week. As early as the close of 1942 we had talked ourselves into thinking that the Yanks were getting close. It was crazy, I know. Probably in our hearts we really knew better. It was wishful thinking, but we sure needed that kind of wishful thinking in our position.

However, in September of 1944, we knew we weren't kidding ourselves any longer. For the first time we actually heard bombs exploding on Luzon. That was wonderful beyond words.

Then, in October, the Japanese began to take all the able-bodied men from the prison to send them to Bilibid. They shipped them in groups of 500, every two or three days. I was left at Cabanatuan, thank God, with 510 others who were considered hospital cases. Actually many of those who were sent to Bilibid were more authentic hospital cases than some of us who remained at Cabanatuan, myself included. All of the ranking officers were removed from Cabanatuan, and when they had gone, I found myself the ranking Marine officer in the prison.

Then, three weeks before the actual liberation, the Japanese guards at our camp were suddenly yanked out. The Japanese commandant there, a Major Takasaki, told us the guards were leaving due to "inconveniences." We knew damn well what the inconveniences were by then. He said he was leaving us enough rations for 30 days, but that if we left the stockade we would be considered combatants and treated as such.

But we went on forays for food. We killed and butchered Brahma steers, we raided storehouses and took all the provisions we could lay our hands on. Once we stole 500 cases of milk.

In the three weeks that elapsed between the time the Japanese guards left and the time we were liberated, we ate. We started to gain weight. Our health improved considerably. I'll venture to say that if our liberation had occurred three weeks earlier than it did, not half of us could have walked out of that prison camp. The reporters described us as "emaciated." Well, if they thought we looked emaciated then, they should have seen us before we'd started fattening up.

The rumble of guns crept closer and we knew our time was finally coming. And then, on the night of Jan. 30, we heard shots and explosions close by and suddenly we saw a bunch of soldiers rushing toward the camp.

We heard them yell to us to break for the main gate. They added—and I'll never hear a more wonderful three-word statement in my life—"These are Yanks!"

END



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"Are you all right, Sir?" (July 1954)



"And it's at this precise moment that creamed chipped beef becomes SOS." (July 1994)

Leatherneck Laffs

Everyone likes a good laugh, especially Marines, and for a century, *Leatherneck* has provided its own brand of humor. Whether it's the monotony of daily life in garrison, interacting with civilians at home or abroad, or even battling a determined foe, Marines can find humor in any situation and *Leatherneck Laffs* continues to prove that every month.



"You're right, they do strike anywhere!" (August 1959)



"... And there we were, cut off from the finance office with 250 men waiting to be paid and only \$87.43 in the cash drawer." (September 1978)



"This is SO romantic. Aren't you glad you came, Eleanor?" (April 1959)



"Now there's a Marine who knows how to hit the beach!" (July 1984)



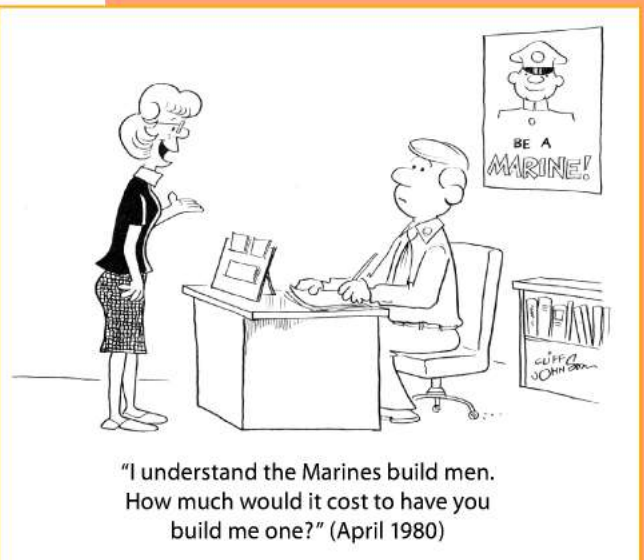
"When I asked for proof of your war service, I was referring to a discharge." (February 1952)



"I don't even know why they have this post. Nothing ever happens around here." (September 1993)



"Egad! It's for real!" (January 1969)



"I understand the Marines build men. How much would it cost to have you build me one?" (April 1980)

END

Flying SERGEANTS



Sgts Duncan, Little, Snow, Cavett and Kennedy are just a few of the Corps' enlisted pilots who supported Marines on the ground throughout the Korean War.

MSGT FRED BRAITSCH JR.

by MSgt Fred G. Braitsch Jr.

In the skies over Korea, a small band of Marines is helping to support and supply United Nations (U.N.) forces. These enlisted fliers, designated Naval Aviation Pilots (NAP) and known as the flying sergeants, are dealing out death to enemy troops and smashing their installations, supplies and transportation. They are also helping to supply U.N. units with much-needed food, ammunition, and medical supplies.

The NAPs, operating from airfields in Korea and carriers off the coast, pilot every type of Marine aircraft; they fly fast jets, Corsair fighters, transports, spotter planes and helicopters through all kinds of weather and on every type of mission.

Seldom is the weather too rough, or the mission too difficult for these aviators.

Flying sergeants are no innovation to Marine aviation. They have been part of the flying Marine Corps since the early 1920s when they roared in pursuit of bandits who contributed to Latin American turmoil. The NAPs are hybrids; they combine the flying skill of the Marine pilot with the ruggedness and bravery of the Marine noncommissioned officer. The product of this combination is hard to beat. The pages of Marine aviation annals, filled with the heroic deeds of these flying sergeants, are their testimonial. Since their founding, they have participated in every Marine aerial action with distinguished valor. They are usually among the first to fight.

Over tiny Wake Island, two enlisted pilots, Technical Sergeant William J. Hamilton and Staff Sergeant Robert O. Arthur, helped to drive off the superior Japanese Air Force until their meager defending air power was wiped out and the island was ordered to surrender. During the second day of the fight for Wake, Hamilton, with the aid of two other pilots, cut out a Mitsubishi from a Japanese bombing force and sent it down in flames. Hamilton and a lieutenant, John F. Kinney, worked around the clock during the siege of Wake. When they were not searching out the enemy, they worked in the repair shops, building and rebuilding engines and swapping repair parts from wrecked planes. They added a third plane to the

island's remaining two, built entirely from wrecks.

During the battle for Midway, an enlisted pilot, Sergeant Bob Dickey, was one of the first pilots to become a casualty. He was shot while attacking a heavily gunned enemy bomber, but he continued his attack until the enemy plane was shot down. Returning to Midway, Dickey radioed for an ambulance. He landed smoothly, with one arm useless and weak from the loss of blood. When he taxied to a stop, he fainted. His plane was a sieve; his instrument panel was so full of holes that it looked like Swiss cheese.

As World War II aged, the enlisted pilots were gradually commissioned, with the exception of a technical sergeant, John W. Andres. He didn't want a commission.

During operations at Leyte, Andres, a night fighter pilot, scored twice in one day by "joining up" on two Japanese "Jacks" returning to their base on Luzon after raiding Tacloban field. The Japanese pilots, for some inexplicable reason, paid no attention to Andres. When they reached their home field, the enemy pilots

switched on their landing lights and started to land. Then, Andres went into his act. He fell in behind one of the enemy aircraft as it was landing and tripped his guns. The "Jack" disintegrated. Then Andres tailed the other and put a long burst into it. The "Jack" exploded as it hit the ground, spreading flaming gasoline in all directions. Dissatisfied with the damage he had already dealt the Japanese Air Force, Andres swept in low over the field six times, burning three planes on the ground with the flaming guns of his Hellcat night fighter.

Flying sergeants participated in most of the aerial battles of the war. They fought from airfields and carriers, dealing out hot lead and bombs to the enemy with the same skill and steel-cooled nerve that has been synonymous with NAPs since the 1920s.

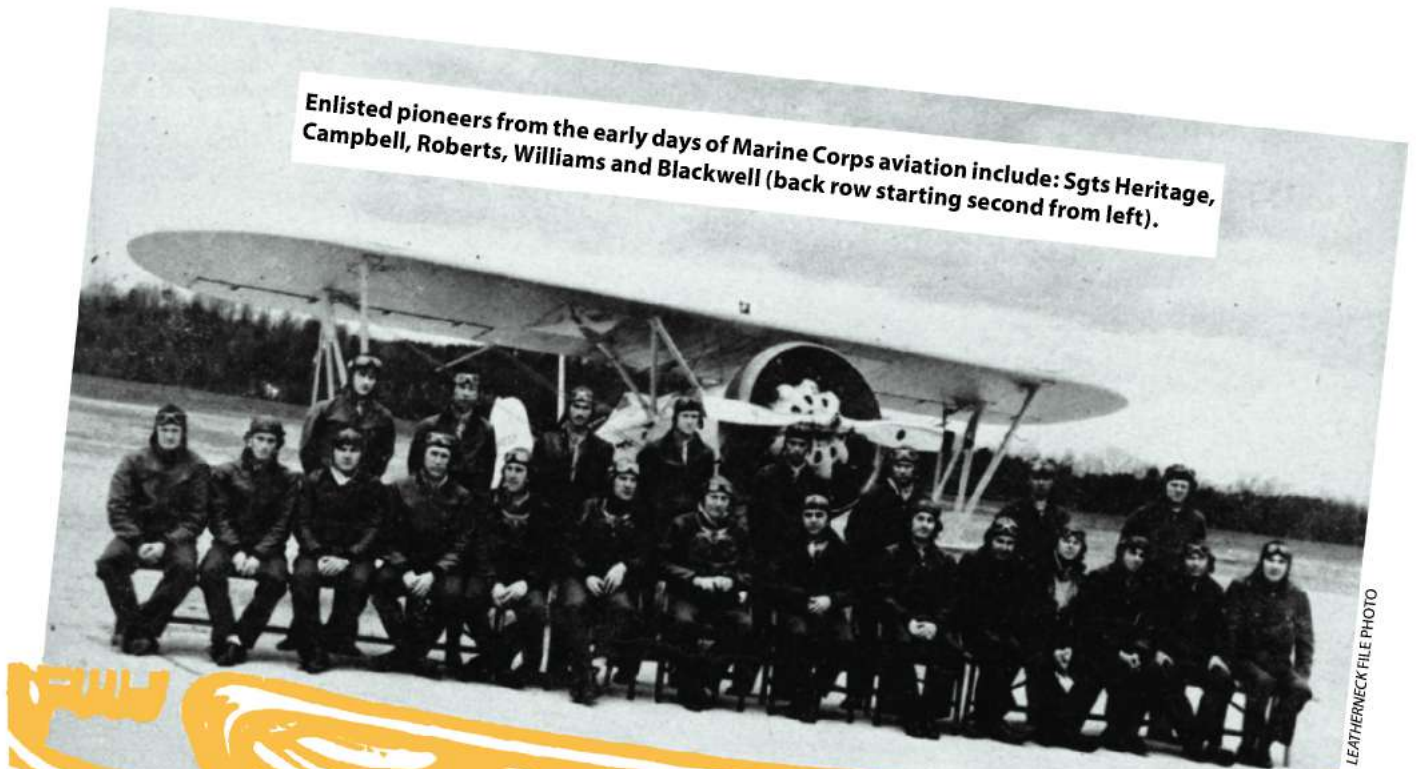
When the Communists overran the 38th parallel and threatened to engulf all of Korea, it was the signal for the flying sergeants to pack their seabags once more. Troubled skies demanded their skill. Within weeks after United Nations forces

went into action to repel the invader, flying sergeants were in Korea, bombing, rocketing and shooting up Communist targets. From Pusan to the Manchurian border, the enlisted pilots stalked their prey, destroying tanks, trucks, planes and troop concentrations. They spot for artillery, evacuate the wounded, deliver badly needed men and supplies to front-line troops, provide close air support and do armed and photographic reconnaissance work. Often they fly heavily laden fighter planes through rough weather to bomb enemy positions holding up U.N. troops. The transports deliver much-needed food, clothing, ammunition and medical supplies, and evacuate the wounded.

Beginning with the United Nations fight from the Pusan perimeter, Marine enlisted pilots have been plaguing the enemy. Taking their places alongside officer pilots, flying sergeants have pushed their Corsair fighters, Panther jets, liaison planes, helicopters and transports into the roughest spots in support of ground forces.

TSgt Robert A. Hill, dubbed the "Mighty Mite" by his fellow airmen, because of

Enlisted pioneers from the early days of Marine Corps aviation include: Sgts Heritage, Campbell, Roberts, Williams and Blackwell (back row starting second from left).



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Chevroned Marine pilots in Korea are piling up heavy losses on enemy troops and shattering Communist installations.

his small size and ferocious fighting ability, began his Korean fighting in Pusan. He spotted for U.N. artillery and directed close air support missions from his tiny spotter plane. When he was evacuated from Hungnam months later, Hill had completed 76 combat missions over exceedingly dangerous terrain. Hill had earned himself another nickname, "Bulletproof," after returning from numerous missions with bullet holes in the wings, cockpit and windshield of his spotter plane.

As the fight moved out of the Pusan perimeter, Marine pilots contributed greatly to the U.N. air support effort. Their missions were far from easy. Flying in low to be most effective in knocking out enemy targets, Marine aircraft were on the receiving end of concentrated enemy automatic weapons, small arms, and antiaircraft fire. The flying sergeants don't discredit the aim of the enemy gunners. Instead of scattered firing as the planes pass over, Communist troops use massed fire tactics. Every gun is trained on the planes. "It makes your skin crawl," commented one NAP, "when you see those red balls of fire coming up at you. It seems impossible to get away from them."

TSgt Clyde B. Casebeer flew through a wall of antiaircraft fire to get his sights on a tank repair facility north of Pyongyang. The flak was so thick he could have walked on it. He crossed his fingers and pushed his attack. He bombed, rocketed and strafed the target area. When he pulled away, several buildings and tanks were blazing.

Master Sergeant Billy R. Green, leading a flight of four Corsairs on a strike north of Seoul in October 1950, detected a road block and troop concentrations holding up U.N. forces. Flying through a barrage of intense enemy fire, Green's rockets and guns destroyed the road block and inflicted heavy enemy casualties. The flight had cleared the way for a substantial U.N. gain, and greatly reduced the number of possible U.N. casualties.

When a U.N. patrol became trapped during the fighting in South Korea, Technical Sergeant Lloyd "Pat" Britt took off from Chindong-ni and dropped food, water and ammunition to the cornered men. Pat tied the supplies to the wing struts of his small spotter plane, flew through intense automatic weapons and

small arms fire at treetop level and dropped the supplies.

Later, while flying from Yongpo airstrip in North Korea, Pat had another hair raiser. On a mission near the Chosin Reservoir, he was flying between mountain passes when suddenly the weather socked in. His only avenue of escape was above the overcast. He climbed his plane to its absolute ceiling, just cleared the clouds, and flew back to his airfield with his head

stant threat of ground fire from guerillas. Then, clearing the mountains, he flew for 20 miles at treetop level—the only means of navigating under existing conditions. He landed on a 700-foot hastily constructed runway lighted by jeep and truck headlights, picked up the wounded Marine and returned to Wonsan via the same route.

During the Chosin Reservoir withdrawals, Marine fliers teamed up with Navy and Air Force airmen to provide an aerial umbrella over United Nations troops. Enlisted and officer pilots worked steady 24-hour rounds to keep the Chinese hordes from cutting up the U.N. troops. Tons of bombs, thousands of rockets and an uncounted number of machine gun and cannon projectiles were thrown at the enemy.

Flying in bitterly cold weather, MSgt Leo J. Ihili destroyed and inflicted heavy damage on enemy vehicles, materiel and personnel during some of the Marine Corps' blackest hours. He flew more than 45 combat missions in support of the 10th Corps.

TSgt Hill was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his outstanding courage and flying skill during the withdrawals when he evacuated critically wounded men from a makeshift airstrip near Majon-ni. Communist guerillas had a Marine battalion surrounded, but Hill, ignoring the threat to his tiny spotter plane, flew in and out of the airstrip, each time evacuating a badly shot or frostbitten Marine. The holes

in his plane evidenced the deadly fire of the enemy.

While fighter pilots were holding the Chinese off the backs of U.N. troops, Marine transports were evacuating the wounded and frostbitten and bringing in ammunition, medical supplies and food. At the controls of many of these big planes were flying sergeants. Often without sleep for days on end, they dropped their heavily loaded transports into exceedingly short makeshift fields. After unloading their supplies, they filled their planes with the wounded and the frostbitten and flew them to rear area hospitals. During the withdrawals, Marine aviation had thrown the book away. The pilots tried anything that they believed would save the lives of the hard-hit troops.

TSgt Wallace W. Mickelson was one of those pilots. He flew his Douglas R4D



MSgt Larry Laugen, left, and his copilot, TSgt Wally Mickelson, have flown countless missions while under fire in Korea.

in the sun and his landing gear dipping in the cloud layer. Above his home base, he had to search for a hole in the overcast. When he finally landed, his fuel gauge indicated less than two gallons of gasoline remaining. Britt, like all U.N. pilots in Korea, gets a kick out of describing his close calls to his buddies. The stories sound funny when they're told over a cup of joe—but even Britt will admit they weren't so funny when they happened.

Another pilot, MSgt Wayne H. Kerr, recalled the time he flew his light observation plane through a very black night with the aid of a flashlight to evacuate a critically wounded Marine. The flashlight was necessary since the airplane had no cockpit lights to illuminate its meager instrument panel. He flew through mountain passes in the darkness, thick haze, low hanging clouds, and was under con-

MSGT FRED G. BRATTSCH JR.

ALSO IN LEATHERNECK...



February 1948—Recruit William Converse receives the first piece of birthday cake as his recruiter, MSgt Earl S. Wade, center, looks on.



Above: June 1952—Quantico Marines in their dressing room whoop it up after winning the 1952 All-Marine Basketball Championship.

Right: January 1952—PFC R. Thompson of Cleveland thought it ironic when he opened a mortar canister in Korea and found bus tickets to his hometown.



May 1946—Souvenirs are plentiful and borne proudly by Marines returning home from the Pacific. This Marine comes ashore with a samurai sword and two Japanese rifles.



Left: December 1946—Sgts Virginia Cox and Billie Barnes pose before competing in the National Rifle and Pistol Championship at Camp Perry.

transport into the hastily constructed airfields at Koto-ri and Hagaru-ri eight times. Each time he carried in supplies and returned with wounded Marines. At the time, 75,000 Chinese had the fields surrounded. At Koto-ri, enemy troops were entrenched within 200 yards of Mickelson's plane. They fired on the plane constantly.

Flying another transport during the same mercy mission was MSgt Lawrence M. "Larry" Laugen. He helped evacuate the more than 4,000 casualties from Koto-ri and Hagaru-ri during 11 landings and

takeoffs from fields under enemy fire.

The first cold Korean winter gave pilots plenty to talk about, but the yarn told by MSgt Robert M. Brown is probably the best so far. He was pressing an attack on a Chinese troop supply dump north of the central battlefield when he saw a few black globs shooting up past the nose of his Corsair. He thought at the moment that the Chinese were throwing black snowballs at him. His plane almost stalled as he pulled out of his dive but he fought the controls and brought the plane up.

Then he checked his instruments. He was losing oil pressure. Oil was leaking out of his engine and the near-zero temperature had frozen the oil into large black balls. Mushing his plane along, Brown was able to reach an advance U.N. airfield.

Flying low to determine whether ground troops are friend or foe can be mighty dangerous. MSgt Herbert J. Valentine claims it's too dangerous for comfort. While flying along a road near Yongsong, he spotted two well-camouflaged tanks. He pushed his spotter plane into a dive and



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Pilots Query, Jones and Devitt listen while MSgt Halverstadt demonstrates why a pilot's flying ability is so important.

made two treetop-level passes to check the status of the tanks. They were definitely unfriendly. They fired at him both times, damaging his plane. Valentine warned an approaching U.N. column of the danger, then directed the tanks' destruction by a ground unit.

One of the first enlisted jet pilots to enter the Korean fight was TSgt Dwight R. Francisco. Flying a Panther jet from a

field in South Korea, Francisco supported withdrawing U.N. troops. Time after time he helped save U.N. units from being cut up by the Chinese. During one of these missions, Francisco, accompanied by another Panther pilot, flew so low in support of a British unit that they could see the "Tommies" walking down the road and the Chinese firing on them from both sides. They bombed and strafed the

Chinese until the British unit made good its escape. Later, Francisco teamed up with other Panther pilots, knocked out three medium tanks and blasted warehouses, trains, and troops.

MSgt Avery C. Snow, one of the Marine Corps' first enlisted jet pilots, became the first flying sergeant to complete 100 combat missions in a jet. The quiet, soft-spoken Marine performed nearly every type of jet combat mission in Korea. To Snow, even the most dangerous mission was just routine. One, however, was exciting. During a strike against a suspected enemy fuel storage area in a small village near the Hwachon Reservoir, Snow, accompanied by a captain, dumped a bomb on the target. When nothing happened, the two pilots pushed on in search of another target. Finding none, they returned to the village and spilled the rest of their bombs in the center of the target area. "Things really hit the ceiling then," commented Snow. "I guess we hit the fuel dump dead center. The whole village leaped into flame, sending black smoke high into the air. When we left, the whole place was blazing. I truthfully felt that we had accomplished something."

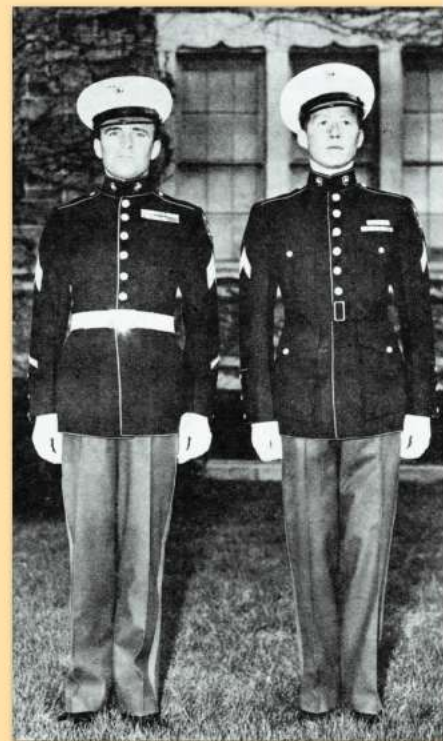
MSgt Green, a Corsair pilot with more than 100 combat missions to his credit, is well-liked by his co-workers. "Green is one of the best pilots in my squadron," commented his commanding officer. Intelligence officers like to de-brief the sergeant. "He has eyes like a hawk," they relate. "Green remembers everything

ALSO IN LEATHERNECK...



Left: July 1953—5th Marines rush a hard-hitting 75 mm recoilless rifle into firing position. The recoilless weapons often came through with deadly accurate firepower for the Marines in Korea.

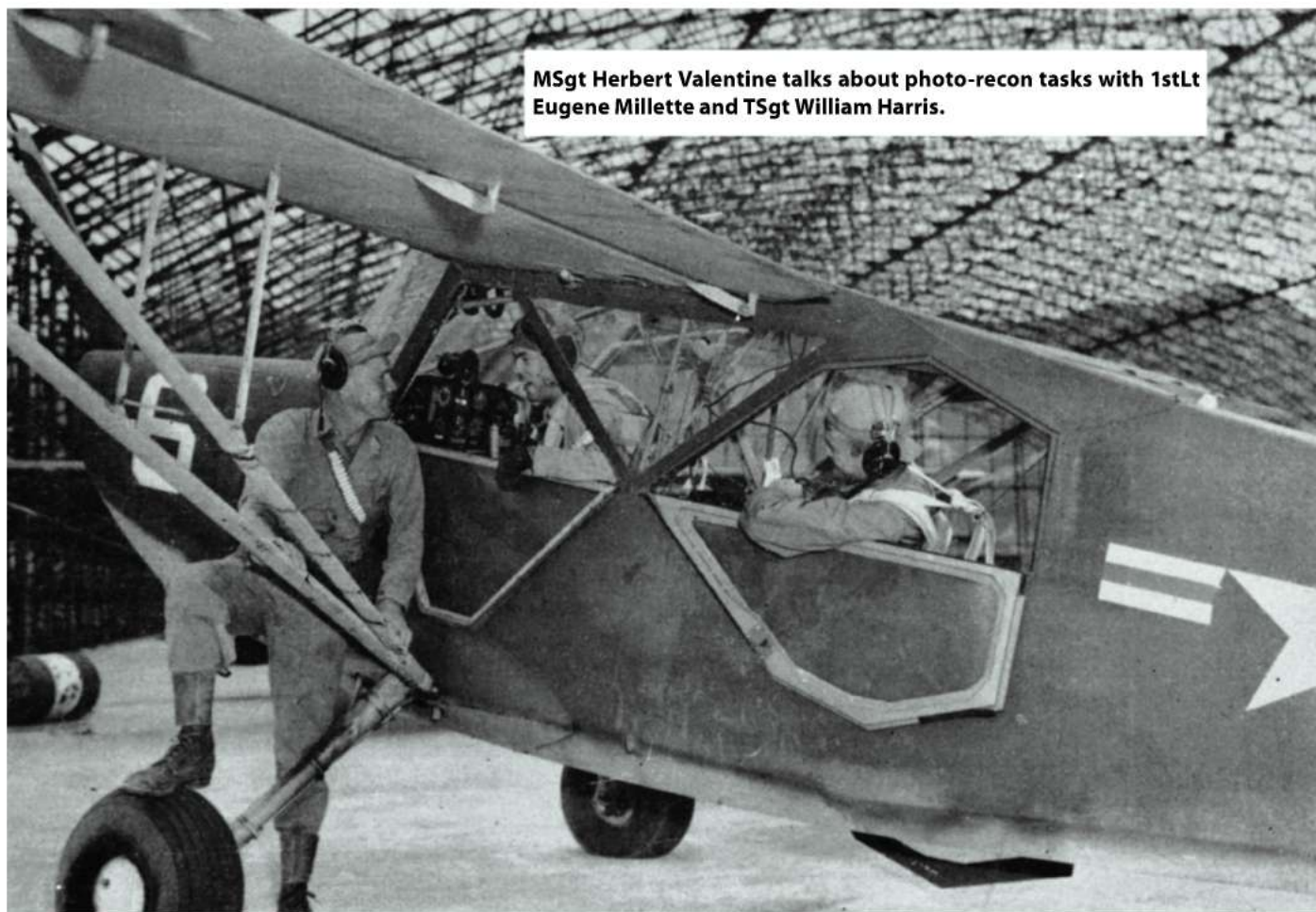
Right: September 1946—The old and new Marine Corps dress uniforms are modeled by Sgt G.W. Jones and Cpl R.E. McAbee.



Right: September 1951—SSgt Ray Hyba sprays a ferocious smile on a Panther's snout. Hyba keeps his unit's jets freshly painted.



MSgt Herbert Valentine talks about photo-recon tasks with 1stLt Eugene Millette and TSgt William Harris.



SSGT WALTER W. FRANK

that he sees and can report it accurately. When it comes to spotting camouflage, he's tops."

The G-2 boys point to the time Green was flying a camouflage spotting mission with a colonel. The colonel put Green on top. Green saw plenty, so the colonel changed places with him. In the lower position, Green picked twice as much as the colonel had seen. "He's got radar eyes," said another pilot admiringly. "He's a good guy to have around."

Many of the flying sergeants have taken the one way trip. Some have come back without their planes, while others have limped back to advanced airfields in riddled aircraft. During the early part of the Korean War, MSgt Valentine was shot down behind enemy lines while flying a spotter plane. He was successful in evading enemy searchers and boondocked his way back through enemy lines to fly again. A few months later, Valentine crash-landed while attempting to evacuate a wounded Marine from a makeshift field that was surrounded by guerillas. Both he and his passenger escaped without injuries.

MSgt Norman E. Payne, flying an armed reconnaissance mission near the Hwachon Reservoir, ran into heavy flak. Both he and his Corsair were hit, but he landed at an advance field and taxied up to the sick

bay. Crawling out of his plane, he greeted the doctor with, "Fix me up doc. I've been hit." MSgt Donald Ives, who flew Payne's plane back to their home base, told the squadron's engineering chief, "It's so full of holes, I could play it like a piccolo."

The flying sergeants have been commanded by and have led officer pilots in the air. It's not a pilot's rank that counts in the air, it's his flying ability that pays off. Some of the NAPs have been flying for years and have piled up thousands of hours in every type aircraft that Marines fly. In Marine aviation a flying sergeant may lead a flight or section with officer pilots flying on his wing. In the big transports that fly the Pacific and the Korean air routes, a sergeant is sometimes the plane's first pilot while a commissioned pilot flies as his copilot. Some of the enlisted pilots have always been flying sergeants while others are former officer pilots who reverted back to enlisted status after the last war. Rather than return to civilian life and put flying behind them, they chose to stay in the Marine Corps and fly with chevrons. Within the ranks of the flying sergeants are many of the Marine Corps' finest pilots.

Flying is only the NAPs' secondary job. Primarily they serve as aerial mechanics, electronics technicians and operations and

intelligence NCOs. They divide their time between both tasks. But flight schedules don't always make this possible. In Korea, where Marine Air's commitments are demanding, the NAPs spend most of their time flying. Stateside, however, where training schedules give a pilot more ground time, the flying sergeants are able to devote more attention to their primary tasks. Both jobs generally require a great deal of skill and fresh knowledge. The attempt to keep up with these jobs sometimes gets mighty trying.

Every day until the fighting stops, Marine fighters will roar into the once peaceful Korean sky in search of their enemies. Day and night, fighters constantly pound enemy troops, supplies and transportation with their bombs, rockets and bullets. Marine transports shuttle between airfields delivering cargoes of food, ammunition, medical supplies and personnel. And at night, they fly deep into North Korea to light the way with flares for the night fighters. Flying sergeants push the throttles and squeeze the triggers of many of these planes. Flying sergeants are living up to the high standards established by their predecessors who made the wings and chevrons a badge of honor, bravery and valor.

END

For the Marines Fighting Overseas ... The Era of the Glamorous Pin-Up Girl

"No one really knows where the pin-up girl idea started or who the first one was, but that isn't important," according to the December 1943 "At Ease" column in *Leatherneck*, which posed the question, "What Makes a Pin-Up Girl?"

For almost 40 years, from 1943-1980, a pin-up girl was featured each month in the pages of *Leatherneck*. The heyday of the pin-up girl was during World War II and the Korean War when Marines fighting overseas enjoyed the pin-up pages as well as news items and photos about glamorous stars of film and the stage in "At Ease." Betty Grable, Marilyn Monroe and Rita Hayworth graced the pages of *Leatherneck* and while other pin-up girls were lesser known, they were all appreciated by Marines far from home.

One reader's comments on the topic were printed in the "Sound Off" column in the August 1945 issue.

"Sirs: Your May 1 issue of the Pacific Edition was a great improvement over the past issues.

The reason we liked it so well was because of those beautiful morale-lifting pin-up girls.

Never before in Leatherneck have we seen such adorable girls as we have on the home front. We hope that in the future we will see more of this feminine appeal decorating the pages. I know all of the fellows join me in what I have said."

PFC "Red Dog" Smith
Pacific

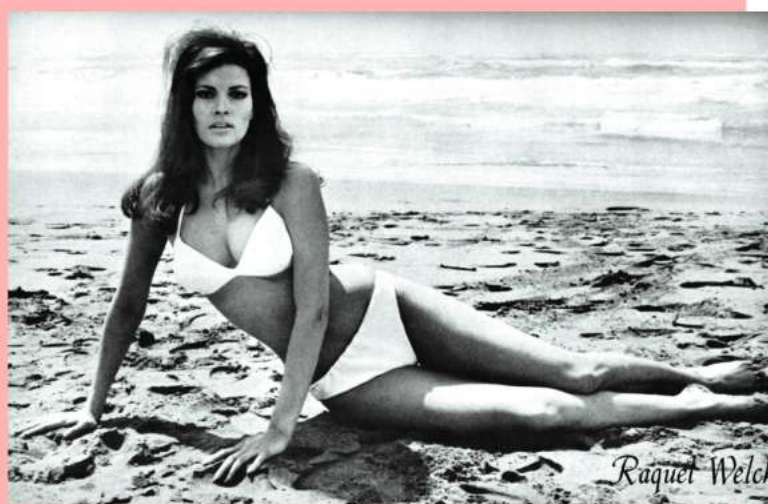
And while times have changed, the pin-up girl remains an interesting, if somewhat dated, part of the history of the magazine.

Here is a collage of some of the pin-up girls who graced the pages of *Leatherneck* magazine in 1945. A portion of the "At Ease" department of the May 1945 Pacific Edition, which prompted a reader to write the letter of appreciation above, can be seen at the bottom left.

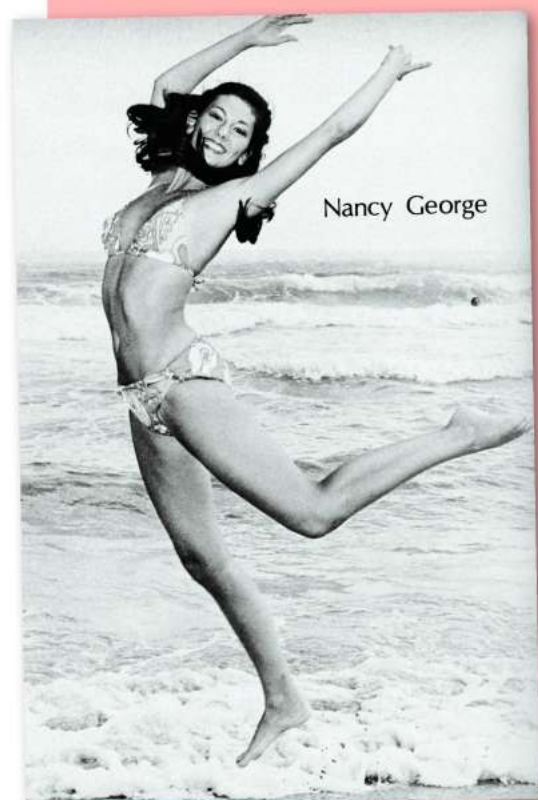




January 1954, Joyce Chrest



April 1968, Raquel Welch



July 1973, Nancy George



As a landing barrage approaches the Japanese-held island of Tarawa in November 1943, a Marine takes a last look at his good luck picture—a pin-up girl.

END

The People of *LEATHERNECK*

A Century of Telling Marines' Stories

By Sara W. Bock

There's a common scenario that generations of *Leatherneck* staffers have observed: the surprise, and sometimes utter amazement, of readers and other guests who set foot in the *Leatherneck* office for the first time, silently calculate the number of individuals within—which often can be counted on one hand—and exclaim with incredulity, “This is it?”

In contrast to the impressively augmented active-duty staff of eras past, particularly during World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam War, the *Leatherneck* staff of the last several decades has been anything but prodigious.

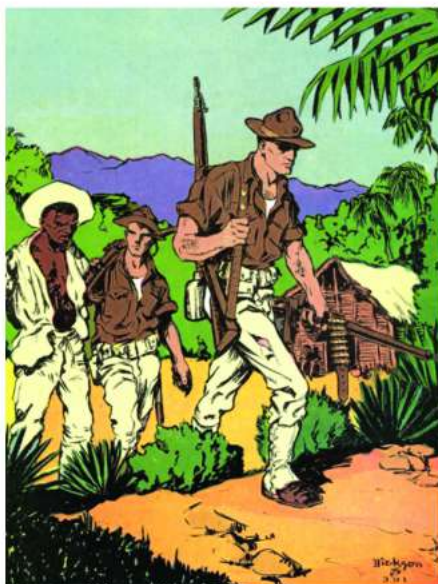
But what the modern-day *Leatherneck* staff lacks in size and grandeur, it more than compensates for in spirit. In a flurry of writing, proofreading, drafting headlines, photographing, selecting content and designing layouts—all with a deadline looming—it's that spirit that gives life to a magazine, month after month. *Leatherneck's* ability to adapt to and survive the onset of new media—and a publishing industry that has increasingly been digitized—can without a doubt be credited to the remarkable “people of *Leatherneck*,” whose determination and dedication have kept the magazine alive, telling the Marine Corps story for a century and counting.

Written, edited and compiled during off-duty hours by an all-volunteer staff of Marines with Sergeant J.C. Smith and Corporal W.L. Foster at the helm, *The Quantico Leatherneck* of 1917 bears little visual similarity to the *Leatherneck* of today. Its newspaper-style format was unpretentious at best, raw and unrefined, a hodgepodge of information riddled with errors. Yet the “by Marines, for Marines” spirit within its pages remains central today, a century later. A 1918 edition of *The Leatherneck*, as it had then been renamed, included headlines such as “Popsy-Wopsy Must Stay with Momsy-Womsy,” “Attention All Ye Tooters of the



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Don Dickson began contributing artwork to *Leatherneck* in 1927 and was the magazine's editor from 1951-1970. Known for his depictions of Marines serving in every clime and place, Dickson's artwork appeared on the cover of *Leatherneck* numerous times, including the December 1930 issue (below) which showcased the Marines' involvement in the “Banana Wars” in Central America.



Scintillating Brass,” “Glee Club Seeks Members” and “Big Man of Marines Back from France,” interspersed among ads from local Quantico businesses.

Among its many volunteer staffers in the early days, who turned over frequently due to the wartime needs of the Corps, were Courtney Ryley Cooper, who wrote circus and mystery stories, and Major Donald Keyhoe, who later became an aviation writer for *True* magazine. And while current editor Colonel Mary H. Reinwald, USMC (Ret), is recognized as the magazine's first female editor, there was technically another before her, Private Lela Leibrand, who acted as editor for three months in 1918.

It wasn't until the first world war had ended that *Leatherneck* would become a Marine Corps-wide publication, as its offices moved from Quantico to “8th and I,” Washington, D.C., in 1920, where it was for more than two decades an arm of the Marine Corps Institute, a newly formed establishment aimed at providing educational opportunities for Marines.

Still in its infancy, *Leatherneck* relied heavily on Marines in the field to furnish stories from their individual units during their own spare time, and it wasn't always easy to get them to deliver. A letter from the editor implored its readers to pitch in: “If there are any ex-newspapermen in the bunch, late arrivals in camp ... step out and give us a hand and help us make *The Leatherneck* a better paper.”

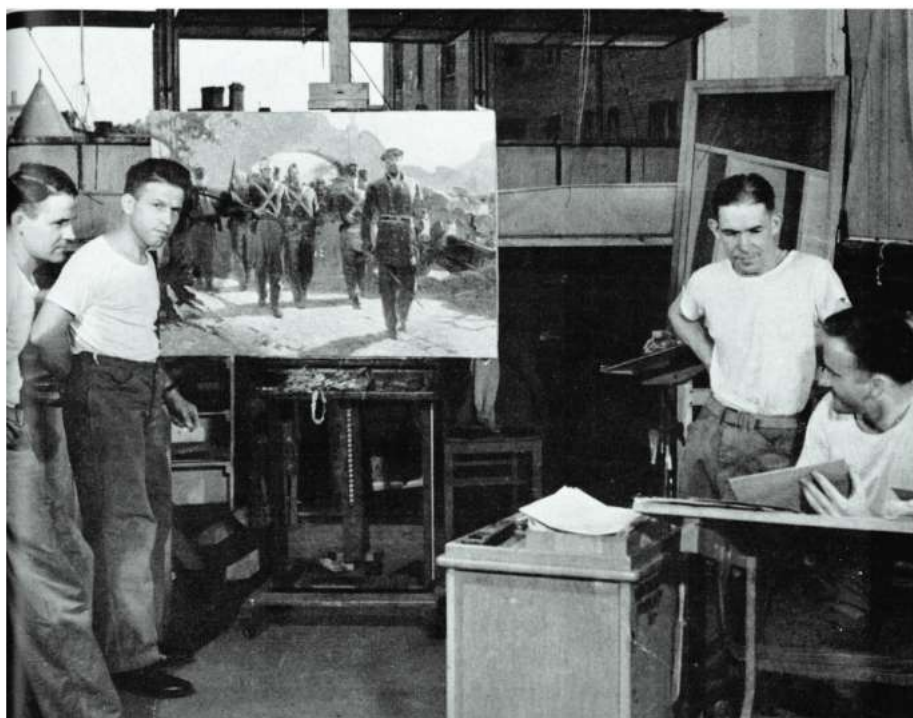
It may have taken some time, but the Marines came through. Offering readers a mix of educational, informative pieces, the latest sports news and stories of travel and adventure, *Leatherneck's* list of contributors grew, as did its circulation around the Corps. In the 1920s, well-known civilian authors penned content for *Leatherneck*, including Rudyard Kipling, Damon Runyon and William McLeod Raine.

Following *Leatherneck's* expansion to a full-size magazine in 1925 and a year later, the introduction of its first color cover, names like Captain John W. Thomason

PFC Norman T. "Norm" Hatch operates a motion picture camera during his assignment to "The March of Time" documentary film series in the early 1940s. He had previously served on the *Leatherneck* staff and later became known for his footage of the Marines' landing on Tarawa in 1943.



COURTESY OF USMC HISTORY DIVISION



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

From the left, Tom Lovell, H. Koskinen, John Clymer and Pat Denman made up *Leatherneck's* art department during World War II. During the war, the magazine's circulation hit an all-time high and the staff grew to 58 individuals.

and First Lieutenant Donald L. Dickson began appearing among *Leatherneck's* pages. Thomason, whose stories and sketches were unrivaled, earned the nickname "the Rudyard Kipling of the Marine Corps." Dickson, a Reserve officer, was a gifted artist who would become known for his "on the spot" paintings during the Guadalcanal campaign. His 1930s paintings from the "Banana Wars" graced the covers of *Leatherneck*. Both Dickson and Thomason would one day be promoted to the rank of colonel, and Dickson would eventually serve as editor from 1951 to 1970.

In 1928, Private Frank Hunt Rentfrow, who by all accounts was an extraordinarily prolific writer, joined the staff, where he was known to generate content at an unparalleled rate. He also was promoted through the ranks at high speed, ascending from private to sergeant during his first nine months at *Leatherneck*. In addition to writing and editing, Rentfrow collaborated with Dickson on "Sergeant Stony Craig," the "perfect Marine," a well-loved syndicated comic strip.

Leatherneck writers—many of whom

were serving out in the field and sending in stories from their units—would often use pseudonyms or initials as their bylines in a quest for anonymity. Rentfrow was known for using several different pen names within a single issue and used more than a dozen during his 11 years on the *Leatherneck* staff. The pre-World War II Marine Corps was remarkably small and *Leatherneck's* pages reflected as much with its Marine correspondents making jokes about people by name with the expectation that most of the readers would know who they were speaking of. Even in its early days, and still now, *Leatherneck's* staff has attempted to strike a balance between lighthearted and serious content.

"The Question Box," a predecessor to today's "Sound Off," was a perennial favorite that invited Marines to be active participants in "their" magazine by writing in and having their letter or question published in the magazine with a response from the column's editor.

Many staff members worked at *Leatherneck* for a short time and later became well-known throughout the Corps and beyond for particular accomplishments.

In 1939, then-Private First Class Norman T. "Norm" Hatch joined the *Leatherneck* staff. He arrived in Washington with orders to teach English courses at the



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Lou Lowery

Marine Corps Institute, but requested a swap with a Marine in the barracks who was assigned to *Leatherneck* but didn't enjoy the work. It was a bold move for a junior Marine, but it paid off.

"We did a little bit of everything ... I got a good idea of publishing and a good feeling for it," said Hatch of his time on the *Leatherneck* staff during a 2012 interview.

Hatch, who would later rise to the grade of major, was assigned as the photo

chief for the Second Marine Division during the Marines' landing on Tarawa in 1943. His footage helped the Marine Corps win an Academy Award for the 1944 documentary "With the Marines at Tarawa."

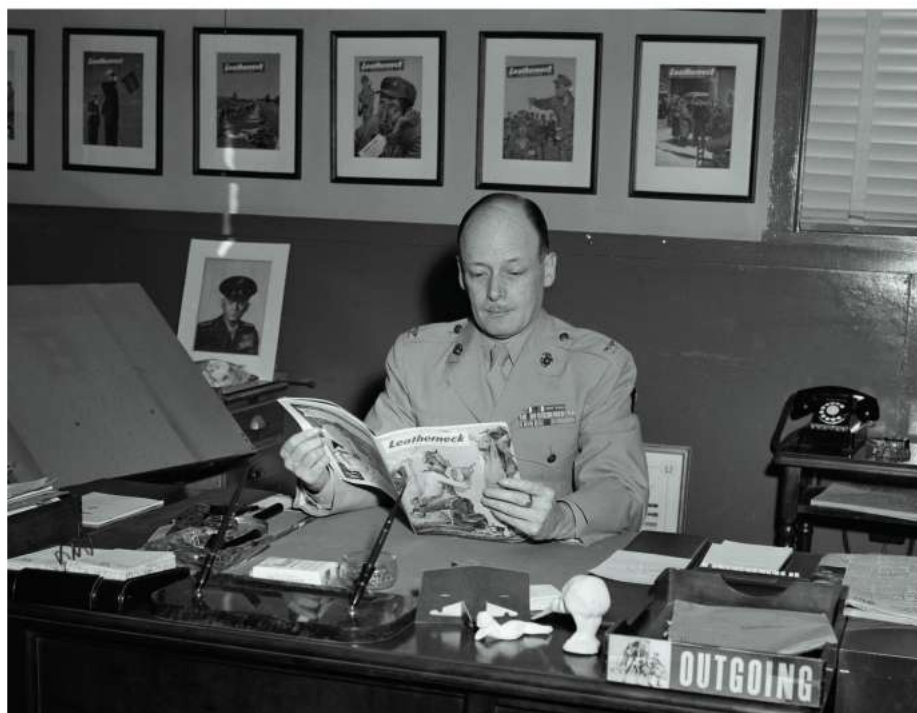
The 1940s was a decade of a change and tremendous growth for the magazine. In 1942, a separate *Leatherneck* Association was formed and the magazine, still staffed by active-duty Marines, was "on its own," separate from the purview of the Marine Corps Institute.

Civilians who were notable journalism professionals—photographers, writers, artists, illustrators and others—enlisted in the Corps to support the war effort and joined the *Leatherneck* staff, which grew to 58 individuals in 1942 under editor Major Walter W. Hitesman. They included Bob Sandberg, a photographer from *Look* magazine; Harold Helfer, known for his articles in *Reader's Digest*; Fred Laswell, a cartoonist who had gained fame for his "Snuffy Smith" cartoon and created the "Hashmark" cartoon for *Leatherneck*; Tom Lovell and John Clymer, both famous illustrators, as well as many others.

Circulation grew from a few thousand subscribers to somewhere between 300,000 and 400,000, and *Leatherneck* staff members were on hand at every single Pacific invasion during the war,



The May 1945 *Leatherneck* contained this installment of Fred Laswell's "Hashmark" cartoon. Laswell, a cartoonist known for "Snuffy Smith," was one of many industry professionals who joined the Corps and was assigned to the magazine during WW II.



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Col Donald L. "Don" Dickson, USMCR, sits behind his desk during his 19-year tenure as *Leatherneck* editor. He continued to produce artwork for the magazine throughout his time as editor and kept an area of his office as a dedicated art studio.

sending back stories, photographs and drawings of combat that would captivate Marines and civilians alike.

Among them was Lou Lowery, formerly of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, who had joined the Corps as a combat photographer. He covered six of the Marines' Pacific landings and photographed the first flag raising on Mount Suribachi, Iwo Jima, mere hours before Associated Press photographer Joe Rosenthal would shoot the iconic photo of the second flag raising. When the war was over, Lowery left active duty but remained a part of the *Leatherneck* staff as its photo editor for more than 40 years.

Between the "insider" knowledge of the Marine combat correspondents and the professional expertise of Marines like Lowery, *Leatherneck* ascended into a league of its own.

A significant dip in circulation and funding post-war challenged the *Leatherneck* staff, but the Korean War ushered in a resurgence of the magazine that nearly paralleled its World War II heyday. In 1951, Reserve Colonel Donald L. Dickson, whose art had been appearing in the magazine for decades, was recalled to active duty to serve as the new editor of *Leatherneck*. Lowery and other civilians were named department heads in an effort to stabilize a magazine that had previously seen its leadership turn over every few years.

Dave Biesel, who served on the staff from 1953 to 1957, recalls Lou Lowery

teaching him how to size illustrations and the addressograph plates the circulation department used to stamp mailing labels at the magazine's offices in Henderson Hall, Arlington, Va. With today's technology in mind, it is remarkable to think of all the *Leatherneck* staff accomplished over the years with relatively limited resources.

Just as they had during World War II, *Leatherneck's* teams of writers and photographers covered just about every event in Korea in which Marines were involved: Bunker Hill, The Chosin Reservoir, Inchon-Seoul and beyond. In 1958, *Leatherneck* staff members provided coverage of the Cuban missile crisis and the Marine invasion of Lebanon.

The Marines' involvement in the war in Vietnam brought another period of rapid expansion to the magazine. The staff doubled to 102 Marines, and circulation, though not quite matching the pinnacle of the World War II days, reached over 200,000.

Leatherneck photojournalists and writers rotated in and out of Vietnam on three- to six-months tours. Several, like Bob Bowen, Paul Thompson, Bruce Martin and Tom Bartlett, would return multiple times.

"*Leatherneck* magazine was a real feather in your cap," said Paul Thompson of receiving orders to the magazine's offices in Building 4 of Henderson Hall, Arlington, Va. "It was really an absolutely great duty station for people in this MOS. You had to be pretty good at what you did."

Bob Bowen had previously worked on the staff of a newspaper before enlisting in the Corps in 1960. After writing for the *Quantico Sentry* and finishing a tour in Okinawa for Armed Forces Radio, he was transferred to the *Leatherneck* staff in 1964, where he would conduct three tours to Vietnam and a fourth with First Marine Division. His time on the *Leatherneck* staff totaled seven years, during which he covered Operation Double Eagle in 1966 and Operation Independence in 1967.

According to Bowen and Thompson, who also made four different deployments to Vietnam as a combat correspondent, *Leatherneck* staffers had a lot of freedom to roam around to find the action and get a good story. Bowen considers it to have been "quite an adventure."

Thompson remembers being given a set of orders to Vietnam, signed by the Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps, which essentially gave him free reign.

"I've never seen orders like that!" Thompson recalls people saying with skepticism when they saw them. But his ability to go anywhere and do anything proved essential when he covered the Battle of Hue City in 1968.

"I knew it was a big, big story, far beyond my abilities at the time. But I 'coughed one up' and the magazine printed it," Thompson said. The breathtaking images he captured on camera in Hue City are still printed in books today.

Bowen, Thompson and their counter-



COURTESY OF BOB BOWEN

Bob Bowen

"It's the magazine of, for and by Marines. As long as the Corps exists then I don't see an end to it in sight."—Bob Bowen



COURTESY OF PAUL THOMPSON

Paul Thompson, pictured here in Vietnam on assignment for *Leatherneck*, served on the staff in the 1960s and became known for the photos he took during the Battle of Hue City in 1968. He returned to the staff as a retired master sergeant in 1981 and remains involved as a contributing writer today.

"It's always interesting, there's always something in the magazine that you want to read. Maybe some of the stories don't interest you but there's always something about what the Marine Corps is doing today, where it's headed—even for old folks like me!"

—Paul Thompson

parts shared a wall locker full of camera gear and various weapons. They spent time with Marines out in the bush and the rice paddies and aboard various aircraft, in a quest to fill *Leatherneck's* pages.

"When I went over to Vietnam, I'd carry about four story ideas with me and get them covered, but for the most part it was action-reaction. We'd develop stories as the days unfolded because we couldn't keep strictly to a pre-conceived plan. There was too much going on," said Bowen.

Also arriving on the *Leatherneck* staff in the early 1960s was Tom Bartlett, who served four tours of duty in Vietnam with the magazine and, like Thompson and Herb Richardson, who joined *Leatherneck* as a staff sergeant in 1967. Bartlett returned to the staff after retiring from the Marine Corps as a master sergeant in 1971. Bartlett became a mainstay, work-

ing for the magazine for more than 25 years. Known affectionately as "Mr. *Leatherneck*," Bartlett produced an astounding 955 articles published in *Leatherneck*, in addition to other content.

Vietnam aside, *Leatherneck* staffers had the opportunity to travel to all sorts of other locales. Bowen has fond memories of traveling to locations like Bermuda and Newfoundland for "Posts of the Corps" features, and Richardson recalls that Tom Bartlett seemed to always manage to get first choice of locations.

"Tom got to go to New Zealand, and I got to go to New River [N.C.]," Richardson said with a laugh.

The staff of *Leatherneck* received a Meritorious Unit Commendation for the work of its combat correspondents during the Vietnam War. While that tight-knit group of staffers all went their separate ways, many would cross paths again.

Bowen attended a photojournalism program at Syracuse University and received a commission in 1972. He retired as a captain. He, Thompson and Frank Beardsley had worked together in Okinawa for Armed Forces Radio during the early 1960s, spent time on the *Leatherneck* staff together, and eventually reunited on the staff of Voice of America in Washington, D.C. Richardson retired from the Marine Corps as a master sergeant and returned to the *Leatherneck* staff in 1974 as a civilian. He retired from *Leatherneck* in 1980 but stepped in several times since then as needed. Thompson, who also retired as a master sergeant after serving as the public affairs chief at Marine Corps Base Quantico, took Richardson's place at *Leatherneck* in 1981 before accepting a position with Voice of America. He continues to contribute stories to *Leatherneck* today.

Col Dickson retired in 1970 after 19 years as editor, a record that has yet to be matched by any other editor in the magazine's history. During his tenure, he continued to create a wide variety of paintings, illustrations and sketches that would grace the pages and covers of *Leatherneck*.

"Part of Dickson's office became a miniature studio, complete with easel, tabouret, palette, vases with brushes, a jar of turpentine and myriad tubes of paint," wrote Karl Schuon, who was on the staff for almost 30 years and who succeeded



COURTESY OF BOB BOWEN

Bob Bowen, left, interviews a Marine artillery forward observer atop Marble Mountain near Da Nang, Vietnam, in February 1967. Bowen served four tours of duty in Vietnam, three of which were as a *Leatherneck* staffer.



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

SSgt George Booth, an infantryman, served two tours on the *Leatherneck* staff in the 1940s and '50s as a gag writer and cartoonist. After leaving the Marine Corps, he created work that appeared in several publications including *The New Yorker*.

Dickson as editor for a short time. "Don Dickson's style soared above what many artists search for in a lifetime," he added.

Among the many Marines who worked for *Leatherneck* under Dickson were John Chalk, Chuck Beveridge, George Booth, John DeGrasse, Gordon Bess, Ronald D. Lyons, Norval "Gene" Packwood, Steve Stibbens, Cherilee Noyes and Jim Elliott.

They may not have realized it at the time, but Dickson's staff would see the magazine to the end of an era. Shortly after his retirement, in 1971, it was announced that active-duty Marines would no longer receive assignments to the *Leatherneck* staff. With civilianization came a series of new challenges, but as a result of the dedication of Bartlett, Schuon, Richardson, Lyons and others who stayed with or returned to *Leatherneck* during the transition period and beyond, the magazine endured and began a tradition of bringing Marine veterans into the staff to work alongside its dedicated civilian employees.

In 1976, the *Leatherneck* Association and the Marine Corps Association, publisher of *Marine Corps Gazette*, merged. It was a move that concerned many members of the *Leatherneck* staff, recalls Colonel William "Bill" V.H. White, USMC (Ret), *Leatherneck*'s editor from 1985 to 1999, who joined the MCA as its assistant director in 1976. The fear,

he said, was that *Leatherneck* would fall victim as a result of sharing a common publisher with *Marine Corps Gazette*.

But in true *Leatherneck* fashion, the staff was determined to keep the magazine alive and relevant, come hell or high water.

White recalls visiting New York City to sell advertisements for the magazine. To save a cab fare, he walked across the city. His efforts landed *Leatherneck* a deal with Budweiser, among other notable businesses and corporations. It was a survival mechanism: Over time, *Leatherneck*'s ads had dwindled to T-shirts and other small items and the magazine relied wholly on subscriptions to stay afloat.

"It was nickel-dime stuff we were making and it was really a labor of love," said White, who during his tenure formed a partnership with Marine Corps Recruiting Command to send copies of *Leatherneck* to high school libraries across the nation, a tradition that continues today.

"Nobody was in it for the money certainly, and we really had to rob Peter to pay Paul just to exist," White added, recalling the difficulties he and his staff faced. During his time as assistant director of MCA, he worked alongside Lyons, who served as *Leatherneck* editor for nine years (and a total of 34 years on staff), on a marketing campaign that quickly brought the number of *Leatherneck*



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Tom Bartlett first joined the staff as an active-duty Marine in the 1960s and returned after his retirement as a master sergeant in 1971. Because of his four tours to Vietnam with the magazine, an astounding 955 articles written, and 25 years of service, he earned the unofficial title of "Mr. *Leatherneck*."



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

In the early 1970s, Cpl Cherilee Noyes reported from Da Nang and was recognized by the USMC Combat Correspondents Association for "Best Civic Action Story of the Year" in 1972.



COURTESY OF BOB BOWEN

Herb Richardson

"You know, they say if you're having fun you don't work a day in your life!"—Herb Richardson



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

MGySgt Renaldo R. "Ron" Keene, USMC (Ret) was *Leatherneck's* associate editor for 25 years. The only *Leatherneck* staffer to win the Marine Corps Heritage Foundation's Heinl Award, Keene is a skilled storyteller with a wealth of knowledge of Marine Corps history and culture.



"There's nothing like it. 100 years old—it's incredible, and it's an honor and a privilege to serve the magazine and serve Marines and their families and do the work."

—Nancy Lee White Hoffman

subscribers from roughly 40,000 to over 110,000.

White would go out and talk to every class that graduated from Officer Candidates School, Amphibious Warfare School and The Basic School, among others, encouraging Marines to subscribe. He was committed to ensuring that *Leatherneck* served two major functions—

to teach young Marines more about the Marine Corps and the opportunities it provides; and to give their parents a better idea of what their sons or daughters were doing and where they were doing it. He increased the magazine's publication of stories written by active-duty public affairs Marines, wanting *Leatherneck* to continue providing them with an outlet for

their work. This effort continues today.

Subscription and funding challenges aside, producing the magazine prior to the use of computers and the internet was a feat in itself. Stories would come in handwritten, and a typesetter on the staff would painstakingly input them on a typewriter. Changes and edits were made manually with pen and ink, layouts were made on "cut and paste" boards, and the "blue lines," the final page proofs that came from the printer, had to be turned around in one day. During White's 14 years as editor, the magazine replaced typewriters with computers and slowly increased the amount of color printed among its pages.

Longtime members of the staff included Master Gunnery Sergeant Renaldo R. "Ron" Keene, who served for 25 years as *Leatherneck's* associate editor until his retirement in 2015, and Nancy Lee White Hoffman, who spent 33 years with the magazine and retired as deputy editor in 2016. Patricia "Patty" Everett, editorial and production coordinator, has worked for the Marine Corps Association since 1981 and joined *Leatherneck* as a typesetter in 1987. Jason Monroe, art director, has been on the staff since 1989, and Nancy S. Lichtman, who joined the magazine's staff as copy editor in 2007, now serves as *Leatherneck's* senior editor.

Under the leadership of Colonel Walter G. "Walt" Ford, USMC (Ret), who served as editor from 1999 to 2014, these dedicated individuals worked alongside young combat correspondents like Joe Chenelly, John Hoellwarth and Isaac Pacheco, who each joined the *Leatherneck* staff after leaving active duty in the early 2000s, and civilian staff writers Mary Karcher, Mara Rutherford and Clare Guererro, among others.



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Ronald D. Lyons served as *Leatherneck* editor from 1976-1985 and had previously worked on Col Don Dickson's staff.



RON LUNN

From the left, Col Walt Ford, USMC (Ret); Col Bill White, USMC (Ret); and Col Mary Reinwald, USMC (Ret), *Leatherneck's* three living editors, enjoy each other's company at a retirement dinner for Ford at The Globe & Laurel Restaurant in Stafford, Va., June 25, 2014.



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

A former combat correspondent, John Hoellwarth was the 2002 recipient of *Leatherneck's* Lou Lowery award for best photograph to appear in the magazine. Today, he works as the national director of communications at AMVETS.

Early in his tenure, Ford surveyed both readers and non-readers of the magazine. What he received in response was a collective request for more historical content, and he saw this as a promising way to differentiate *Leatherneck's* offerings from the “free” content become increasingly available on the burgeoning internet.

Ford ushered *Leatherneck* into the modern era by assessing the actions of the magazine’s “near-peer competitors” and introducing a digital version of the magazine that could be read on computers and other electronic devices.

Known for going above and beyond for *Leatherneck* readers, Ford even took it upon himself to plan a funeral at Quantico National Cemetery for a devoted reader who had passed away. He set up a ceremonial detail and rounded up the members of his staff, who came to pay their respects.

“The bottom line is how much trust and confidence people have in *Leatherneck*, how much they care about the magazine,” said Ford. “It’s the people who write you these letters and come by and see you ... there are so many stories,” he added.

The “people of *Leatherneck*” are by no

means limited to the handful of names on the magazine’s masthead.

They are the routine contributors, who, while not staff members, are part of the *Leatherneck* family and fill its pages, month in and month out, with stories of the Corps both old and new. Some are former members of the staff; some are veteran or retired Marines; others are respected historians and freelance journalists.

They are the public affairs Marines and combat correspondents whose news stories from Marine Corps installations and operating forces keep *Leatherneck* readers informed on current events in the Corps and help the magazine stay true to its active-duty roots.

They are the readers with whom the staff of *Leatherneck* has always had an exceptional relationship. Their phone calls, letters, emails, in-person visits, bringing both “constructive criticisms” and compliments, are motivating reminders of the magazine’s purpose: to provide a connection to the Corps to readers in all stages of life.

And they are the people who are no longer present—*Leatherneck* legends like Lou Lowery, Don Dickson and Tom Bartlett, among countless others—



LEATHERNECK FILE PHOTO

Mary D. Karcher

“There’s something about Marines. And that something is what *Leatherneck* magazine strives to include in each and every issue. That bond. That desire to serve with fellow Marines. That desire to recall the history, read stories of battles, share similarities with one’s own time in the Corps and above all, to be among Marines. The magazine is one way to connect, to reminisce, to be inspired and, as General John A. Lejeune said, call to mind ‘the glories of its long and illustrious history.’ May it exist another hundred years!”

—Mary D. Karcher

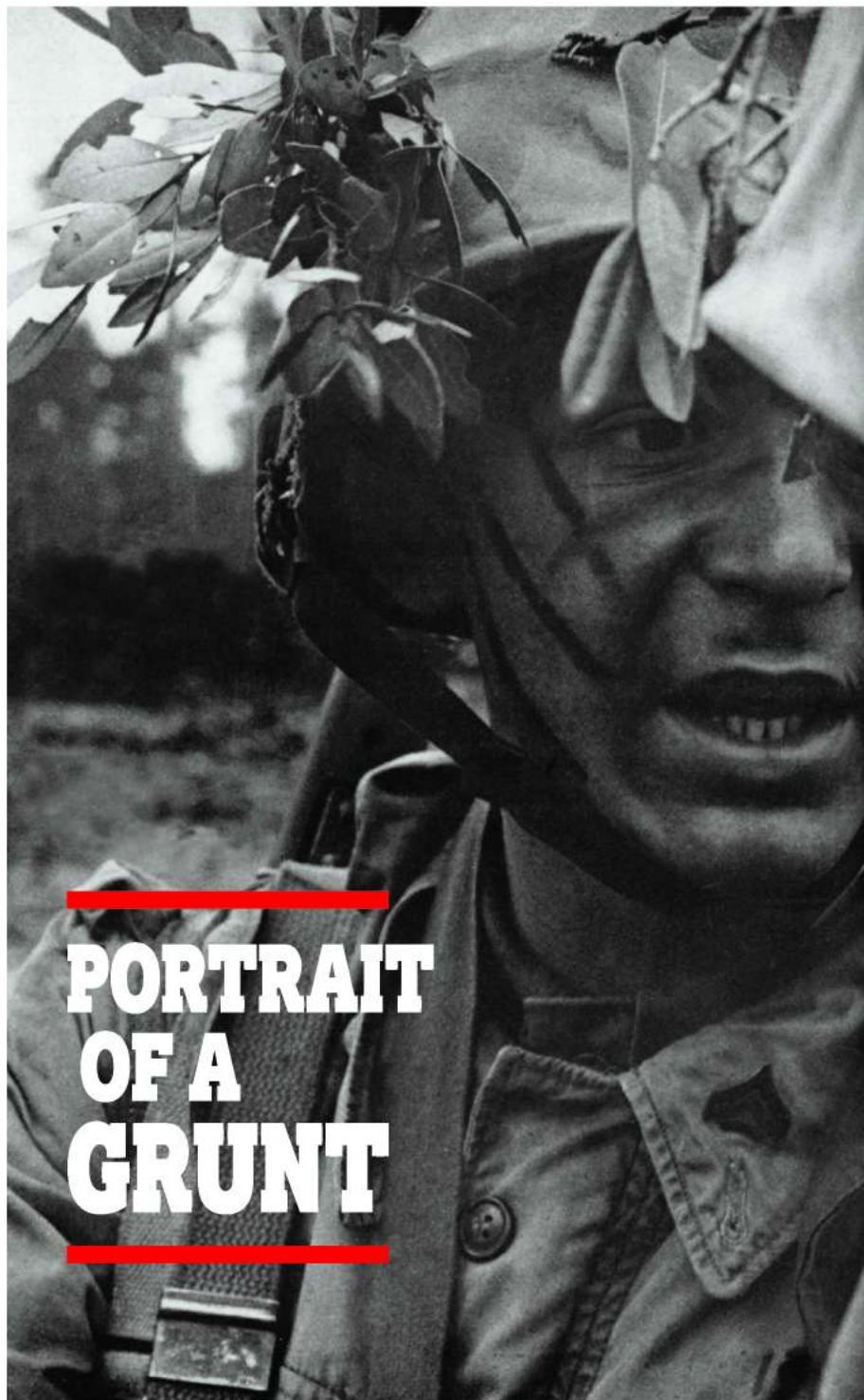
whose names, still spoken often, serve as reminders of where *Leatherneck* came from and the legacy its staff is entrusted to carry on.

As *Leatherneck* prepares to enter its second century, it’s equally important to look back and remember those who came before.

Author’s note: Over the last 100 years, there have been hundreds of staff members and countless contributors to the magazine. While we couldn’t name them all, we appreciate all of their efforts in support of Leatherneck, however large or small.

Author’s bio: Sara W. Bock joined the Leatherneck staff in 2008 as a recent college graduate. She left in 2009, but continued as a freelance writer for the magazine until 2014 when she returned as a full-time writer for Leatherneck.

END



PORTRAIT OF A GRUNT

Grunts are dirty Marines. But they aren't ashamed of their association with dirt. They sit on it, walk on it, sleep on it, dig in it, and sometimes, when the wind is wrong, they eat a little dirt with their food.

Few complain about dust in their chow, though, because dirt is a grunt's best friend—next to his rifle. He can take cover behind a mound of it, dig a hole in it for

protection, or rub some on his face for camouflage. When he's digging a hole, a grunt likes his dirt loose; when he's walking on it, he likes it firm; when the enemy is walking on it, a grunt likes it mixed with plenty of water—but only in the enemy's area.

The dirt on a grunt isn't a permanent part of him; it's an occupational trademark which he wears only when he's in the field. You can't live in a foxhole or shelter tent

by Sgt Harvey Hall
photos by
Cpl John G. McCullough

or march through mud and dust—or even on pavement—without some of the countryside settling on you.

Cpl John R. Rizzo Jr., works in the grunt trade. He's a squad leader who has a record of doing everything well.

He started his hitch in the Corps by becoming the outstanding man of his platoon in recruit training at Parris Island and kept enough slack out of the rope to make corporal in 14 months. He takes some razzing from fellow Marines about being a "boot" corporal and this disturbs him, but not much. He likes the thought of sewing on chevrons faster than hash-marks, but promotions are incidental. Rizzo concentrates on doing the job at hand as well as possible and advancements come naturally.

"I don't have much time in the Corps, but I was promoted and assigned to the job and I'm going to do it the best I can."

Both ends of the chain of command think he will get by.

"Rizzo keeps his men squared away in garrison or in the field. He's a fine squad leader," the company first sergeant said.

"I have a lot of respect for Cpl Rizzo," one member of his squad said.

"He looks out for us," another added.

Rizzo commands 13 other dirty grunts, the 3d Squad, 2d Platoon, Company M, 3d Battalion, 6th Marines. The only unusual thing about this squad is that it is "the best squad in the best company in the best battalion in the best regiment in the Corps." (This information was compiled from sources within Co M, most of them within Rizzo's squad.)

We met this squad in the "Rain Forest" of the Camp Lejeune area. They were pitching shelter tents for an overnight bivouac while preliminaries of mock warfare were being ironed out by a higher echelon, but no one asked, "When do we attack?"

It was "When are we going to secure?" then, "When's chow?" and, "Will we get liberty this weekend?"

Stock comments to any answers were, "I might have known," "That's the way it always is," and, "Damn."

Rizzo's squad of grunts are not silent sufferers. The right to comment is their most precious possession. They guard it well and exercise it often. To miss an obvious opportunity to voice one's vehement opinion is almost traitorous.

More often than not, he's covered with dirt, but that's his occupational trademark.

They say nasty things:
About the weather: "Blasted rain don't know when to stop."
Life on troopships: "Like monkeys in a cage."
Foxhole digging: "Peon labor."
Company commanders: "##\$*#."
Temperamental women: "Butterflies."
Clothing allowance: "Won't keep a man in socks."
Liberty: "Where do you go when you get it?"
Other outfits: "Glory hounds."
Proficiency pay: "What's that?"
Night problems: "Rat races."
Day problems: "A waste of time."
Long marches: "Ruin boots."
Short marches: "What do you get out of 'em?"
Mud: "Jumps on you,"

They condemn everything on earth as a matter of habit. It isn't cricket to be for anything, so they're either against it or neutral. Although most of their salty wit should be taken with tongue-in-cheek, they don't smile much when they cuss clothing allowance, pro pay and the lack of napkins in the mess halls.

"This is the best outfit in the division," is a worn-out phrase, but it can be easily expanded to "best in the world" if the speaker is pressed. But it is always the unit which is supreme, not the speaker. It never comes out "I." It is "this squad," or "these guys," or "our platoon."

These are not the same Marines who have filled pages of history. This is the New Breed, an improved version. They have newer weapons, more and better training, and better support. But a member of the Old Breed would feel at home among them because the vocabulary hasn't changed much.

Grunts are the foundation of the "Force in Readiness," the wheels of the Marine Corps combat machine. The foxholes they dig don't compare with concrete missile silos for beauty of design or the awe they inspire, but a potential enemy would consider them just as seriously. These diggers of little holes are the men who would dig holes in the enemy's lawn and occupy his territory in a military conflict.

They don't look the part. These are youngsters (all but four of Rizzo's squad are teenagers), and anyone over 35 can tell you the younger generation is an unsavory crew. Maybe line companies didn't get the word; they depend heavily on their troops, more than half of whom are less than 20 years old.

Rizzo's squad pitches tents, eats cold



Cpl John Rizzo points out targets to fire team leaders LCpl John Thielen and Cpl Paul Fraley during a field exercise.

chow, digs slit trenches, marches at route step in the field—does all the things other squads do—like other squads do them. The answer to "How come this squad is topnotch?" came in fragments. Rizzo gave some of the answers without hearing the question.

While his squad put up shelter tents, he critiqued the operation. After the tents were up, he inspected. When the men stowed their gear inside their tents, he checked that too. Nothing was safe from inspection; nothing was left to be done later.

"We get our work done as soon as possible, no matter what the job. That way we have time to check it and to correct mistakes. People don't see things the same or do things the same. If you want something done the way you intend it to be, you have to inspect after it's finished, and you sometimes save the guys a lot of work if you check while it's being done.

"Some guys think I'm harassing them when I point out a piece of gear on the deck or make them do a chore twice, but this is part of the job. Little things make the difference in whether you're ready to



Shed the gear, undo the blanket roll, then set up housekeeping to suit yourself—and the squad leader.



July 1958—Marines demonstrate the "Mechanical Mule."



January 1968—Lewis B. Puller Jr. is sworn in by Capt R. Padget, as his father, LtGen Lewis B. "Chesty" Puller, looks on.



July 1963—A Marine recruit complies with his DI's command to "Push away, Georgia!"

Right: May 1963—The newly modified Iroquois (UH-1E) will be the Corps' first turbine-powered helicopter.



Grunts know that habits practiced by Marines in the field are the habits which will govern their conduct in a shooting war.

go or not. If you can't do a small job well, or keep up with the little pieces of gear, the big ones don't do much good. We have to stay squared away all the time because the habits we form now are the habits we will take into combat if or when it comes.

"A misplaced blanket roll strap can be pushed out of sight in this soft ground with one step. A bayonet can be covered with a shovelful of dirt. We can't afford to be careless."

First Sergeant Francis M. Sweeney, Co M first sergeant, has definite reasons why squad leaders can't be careless.

"Squad leaders hold the infantry together. They are the middle men, liaison between top and bottom. A squad leader has to live with his men, yet not be one of them. He has to eat with them, sleep in the same squad bay, drive them, lead them, set the example, look out for their welfare, help with their personal problems, and still remain apart enough so he can be a leader and not a buddy to lean on.

"Rizzo has the right combination; he's 'fair, firm and friendly.'"

"I won't order my men to do anything I haven't done or wouldn't do," Rizzo says. "To set the example, I try to do everything they have to do at least once. Any time they don't understand what is to be done, I show them. I don't think you can be a

leader in any organization if you aren't willing to do this."

This modern Marine has an unusually clean vocabulary. Marines of not too long ago would call him sissy, but he is sure of his information and confident of his ability. There's just enough doubt to keep cockiness away.

"When we boarded ship during the Cuban affair, I was shook," he explained. "I was a new squad leader and there were many things I didn't know about the job. There are still many things I don't know about it, but I'm learning."

Rizzo is a book Marine. His habits and theories are straight from the classroom and his speech is sprinkled with "This is the way we were taught in NCO school," and, "I learned this in cold-weather training." He has attended Sniper and Patrolling School, NCO Leadership School, and Cold Weather Training School, and when he says, "This is the way we ..." this is the way he's doing it. He applies what he learned.

"I'm getting all the schooling I can. When I finish my tour with M Company, I would like to go to Drill Instructor School at Parris Island."

When there are no schools to attend, and none to teach, Rizzo studies his men.

"Cpl Paul Fraley is my 1st Fire Team leader. Private First Class Jerry Turner



Left: October 1968—Boyce Roberson, 83, turned out in full uniform for the Quantico football tryouts.

Below: December 1968—A "Steel Horse" moved into position near the Rockpile.





Grunts may walk carefully through the mud ...



... but spring across open spaces where they might be exposed to hostile fire.

is the rifleman; PFC William Sergeant is automatic rifleman; and PFC George Voyer Jr., is assistant AR man. Fraley is married, but not a brownbagger. Turner is new to the squad; Sergeant is an artist. He would do all the squad's work if I'd let him. Voyer used to be a follower; now he's a leader. I think he'll be promoted.

"Lance Corporal John Thielen is leader of the 2d Fire Team. He's the neatest guy I ever saw, a perfectionist. His AR man is PFC Raymond Paige. Paige played semi-pro football before enlisting in the Corps and was the outstanding man of his platoon in boot camp. He's 23, the oldest man in the squad. He's married and lives in Jacksonville, N.C.

"PFC William Garriss is Paige's assistant AR. They live next door to each other in Jacksonville. Garriss is a wholehearted worker. Private Gary Nelligan is the 2d

Fire Team rifleman. He's studying the MCI course, 'Marine Rifle Squad.' "

"PFC Dorris Stovall is leader of the 3d Fire Team. He's an artist, too, and guys in the company are always asking him to draw something. PFC David Olson is his AR man, PFC Charles Moore is assistant AR man, and PFC Angelo Iezzi is the rifleman. Olson is from Sweden. He has learned some new English words since he came here. Moore got off to a slow start, but he's doing well now. Iezzi is new to the squad but he can't seem to do enough to please himself.

"The 14th man is PFC Randy Abernathy. He mans the M-79, a squad leader's private artillery. He's studying the 'Marine Rifle Squad,' too."

Most of the 3d Squad are recent recruit training and infantry training graduates, but they won't be "boots" long. Already

they have made a tour of Vieques, the Second Division's vacationland in the Caribbean, and are scheduled for a cruise to the Mediterranean this summer.

In the field a squad leader is a commander without a command post. In garrison he is an executive without an office.

"Squad leaders!"

This call from the platoon sergeant or platoon leader is always the signal that word is to be passed, and for the troops it bodes no good, they say. Whatever the word, squad leaders pass it to the troops in the form of information or orders.

"Fall in for chow," gets responses from "I wouldn't walk to the mess hall for it,"—from a man who isn't hungry—to, "Might as well go get some of the fringe benefits,"—from a man who is hungry.

A squad leader is never finished with his work: he just gets caught up occasionally.



Above: November 1968—Cpl Douglas Studebaker, left, gives Cpl Clevenger the fuzes to be attached to bombs already loaded on a jet.



Right: October 1968—Mortarmen of the 5th Marines fired their 81 mm mortar during Operation Allen Brook.



June 1963—Cpl Ronald Koskovich embraces his M-14 after firing 246 out of a possible 250.



Above: In bivouac at night, campfires give enough light to read the names on cans of rations.

Below: Chow might be rations distributed by the squad leader or hot chow prepared by battalion cooks in a field kitchen.

"If I can find dirt and have it removed before the lieutenant inspects, I can keep my guys out of trouble."—Cpl John Rizzo

From the time he leaves the barracks for the field he has to know where every man is every minute. He has to be sure his men are fed, has to distribute ammunition to them (if ammo is called for), has to make watch lists for fire watches if in bivouac, or sentries if in a tactical situation. He checks gear, passes the word when there is any, assigns work details, tries to get his men off details if he thinks they're getting too many, put them on details if he thinks they haven't been pulling their weight, and generally acts as his own runner.

When the troops are in garrison, it's the same story; only the details are different.

Upon returning from a problem, the first thing to be done is to get the weapons cleaned. Rizzo makes sure everyone has cleaning gear, then he works on his own weapon.

"I always inspect weapons before liberty goes," he said. "Most of the time the platoon leader inspects, but I like to check my squad's weapons. If I can find dirt and have it removed before the lieutenant inspects, I can keep my guys out of trouble. Of course, I find a guy

trying to skate without cleaning his weapon, he's in trouble with me.

"Soon as we get our weapons cleaned, we start on the other gear. We team up to shake the dirt out of shelter tents and sleeping bags, and most of the time all our gear has to be hung up to dry. It's nearly impossible to go on a problem without getting wet."

Being in garrison means different things to different people. To the brownbaggers, it means they can go home after working hours. To some of the men it means a short trip out the gate for a civilian dinner.

"None of us goes to J'ville often, though. Most of us save our money 'til we have a chance to go home. Even when I go home, I don't go out much. I just want to stay around the house and relax. When I come back to Lejeune, I'm ready to work."

To Rizzo, being in the barracks means getting up half an hour before reveille so he can shave and dress before lights go on in the squad bay. This running start on reveille gives him momentum for the headlong dash to taps.

When the lights go on, this starched and



shined, no-longer-dirty, grunt is ready.

"Let's go, you guys. Let's get our area squared away before chow."

"The corners on this blanket aren't pulled tight. Get it done."

"You didn't sweep under this locker; there's lint under it."

"Hurry with that swab, it's only five minutes 'til chow. We don't want to miss the benefits."

"I keep on my squad," (Rizzo doesn't mind if squad members hear what he has to say about them) "but if I'm busy with something else, they'll do the job right anyhow. They're good workers and I trust them."

And his men trust him to do what he can do or should do for them.

"Cpl Rizzo," (It's never John, or Rizzo) "one of the straps came off my pack when we were in the field. When can I survey it?"

"Cpl Rizzo, my mother is sick. Would you ask the Top if I can have a 96?"

"We're out of rifle oil, Cpl Rizzo. Want me to go get another can?"

"Cpl Rizzo, we've had this linen a week, but we haven't had a chance to sleep on it yet. Do we have to survey it anyhow?"

In the field the time-worn routine of hurry and wait is in effect. Mainside, it's mostly hurry.

"Third squad, let's go. We have a class on the machine gun."

"We fall out for calisthenics in five minutes."

"Fall in, cover down, knock it off."

"Third Squad, listen up. We have an equipment inspection by the platoon leader in an hour. Get your gear off the line and get it cleaned up. If anything needs to be surveyed, bring it to me. I'll see if I can get it done right away."

"There's no cork in this canteen. Get one."

"Sir, the 3d Squad is ready for inspection."

"The lieutenant said the displays looked good, you guys. Now let's fall in behind the barracks for rifle inspection."

"The weapons looked good, but while we're living in the barracks, let's work some linseed oil into the stocks. The lieutenant said liberty call will go in a few minutes."

"Inspection arms! Port arms! Dismissed."

This ends the formal working day. Now it's time to do personal chores like shine boots, press utilities, rub linseed oil into rifle stocks, study MCI courses, shine dress shoes, press dress uniforms, wash skivvies, etc.

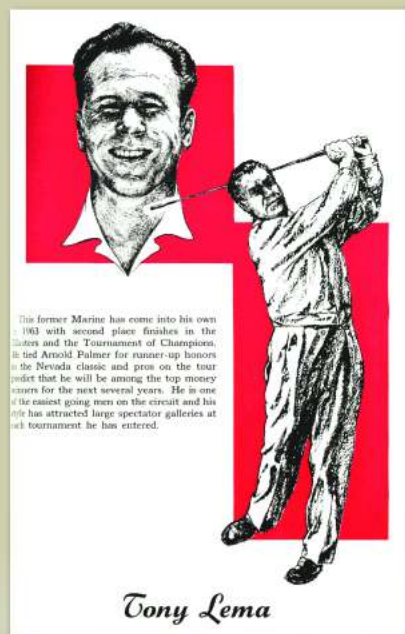
But there's no hurry. The 3d Squad doesn't have to go to the field again until tomorrow . . .

END

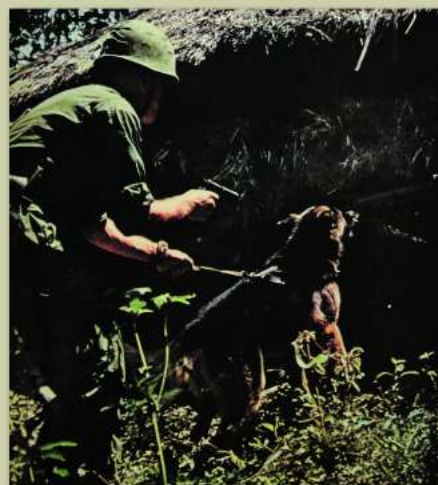
ALSO IN LEATHERNECK...

Right: December 1968—The first of six OV-10A Broncos landed at Marble Mountain Air Facility.

Below: May 1968—Carol Burnett, right, congratulated Sgt Elaine Guthrie on the 25th Anniversary of the Women Marines.



This former Marine has come into his own in 1963 with second place finishes in the Masters and the Tournament of Champions, is tied Arnold Palmer for runner-up honors in the Nevada classic and won on the tour predict that he will be among the top money earners for the next several years. He is one of the easiest going men on the circuit and his style has attracted large spectator galleries at each tournament he has entered.



July 1967—LCpl John Keith and his scout dog Anzo search for Viet Cong in a hut in Vietnam.

Left: June 1963—Marine veteran Tony Lema finished second in the Masters and the Tournament of Champions.

Below: November 1968—An explosion, triggered by an enemy artillery attack, ripped the communication supply point at Dong Ha.





Artwork featured in 1938 *Leatherneck*

Gyrene Gyngles began in the early days of Leatherneck and featured a variety of poems ranging from the amusing and laugh-out-loud funny to those that were poignant and nostalgic. All struck a chord with the Marines who served and those who waited for them to come home.

A Lesson

At Parris Island boot camp,
In the warm months of the year,
The sand flea, tick, mosquito,
Always happen to appear.

The Drill Instructor's buddies,
You'd swear those pests must be,
For if you try to swat one,
They yell to let them be.

When you're on the drill field, drilling,
They are out there drilling too;
The saying is that they must eat,
As they get hungry too.

They say there is a lesson,
That these insects bring about,
That you learn at Parris Island,
No Marine should be without.

Some wars which now are history,
In the tropics somewhere fought,
Where the likes of these small insects,
Have been said to get men shot.

From your well-concealed position,
The sniper also has a view,
And the moment that you swat one,
Brings his bullet straight to you.

So when your DI is yelling,
To let the insect be,
This point that he is making,
Is very plain to see.

J.P. Kalosky
May 1972

From the Outside

I guess I'll sign on again, Sergeant
Can't stand this monotonous life.
The same thing today and tomorrow
Just humdrum, confusion and strife.

These everyday come-and-go people
Don't savvy the feeling to be
Drawn back to the sun and the tropics,
Or back to the guns and the sea.

I want to ship over for Haiti,
Or maybe the Islands, or Guam,
To stand guard again where the moonlight
Paints black silhouettes of the palm.

Outsiders will ne'er know the service,
They judge us, the whole Corps, by one,
Or think of us—dreamers and riff-raff,
And not of the service we've done.

I want to be back among he-men,
A bunch that's dead straight, hard and clean,
In step to old "Semper Fidelis"
And be once again a Marine.

J.P. Valencia
February 1930

Grief

It is a sight to kill your soul
To see a strong man cry,
To witness his unhidden grief
When he's watched his buddy die.

The tears stream down his tired face
He couldn't stop them if he tried,
Or lift the pain that's in his heart,
These things I know, because I cried.

Sgt D.M. Bruce, USMCR
June 1952

My Devotion

I nursed you through the bitter days,
When hope alone persisted;
Showed my love a thousand ways
No other love existed.

Though privacy was never mine
My court I proudly paid.
I gently held your form divine
As eyes of others strayed.

Each morning at your sacred throne
I worshipped with delight,
To find you had more lovely grown
Through the enchanting night.

Oh little tuft of fuzz and hair
That does my lip adorn
Someday I'll find a mustache there
And not this fluff forlorn.

Maj John E. Estabrook
July 1947

Marine's Thanksgiving Prayer

Lord, you'll get a lot of thanks,
On this Thanksgiving Day,
To which I'd like to add my own,
In an awkward kind of way.

I look into the mirror
And see the color of my skin;
I know You look and see me,
But *You* see what's within.

You know it doesn't matter
If I'm black or white or green;
After all, You made me,
And put me on this scene.

And if I prefer fried chicken,
Pizza, grits or duck,
As long as I do right by others,
And earn an honest buck...

If I can be straight and honest,
To all Marines in the game;
We'll share the load to victory,
Or else, we'll share the blame.

They say we're a "Band of Brothers,"
Whether zoomie, grunt or tanker;
We have one thing in common...
We wear the eagle, globe and anchor.

Lord, could You make others,
Who only see the skin,
Look deeper into others,
And see what lies within?

Tom Bartlett
November 1974

Anything But ...

He could handle storming beaches
With his buddies in the Corps;
Go through rigorous training,
And sometimes look for more.

Jump from a flying chopper,
Put up with a mortar barrage;
Travel on minimum rations,
And never succumb to a mirage.

Go on long forced marches,
Through mud and water crawl;
Double time when need be,
And with no sleep at all.

Patrol a lonely outpost,
Put up with heat and rain;
Survive the blasts of snow and ice,
And never once complain.

But there was really something
He absolutely couldn't take;
When getting ready in the morning ...
Having his shoelace break!

Mitch Pieronek
September 1983

Grunts

Zero dark thirty
And they're on patrol.
Swift, silent and deadly
Wherever they go.

With ALICE on their back,
And a rifle in hand,
Fifteen meters dispersion
Between each man.

They reach their objective
Just before dawn.
They attack and assault
Until everything's gone.

Consolidation takes place,
Accountability of men and gear.
They police up the area
And double time to the rear.

Cammie paint on their faces
While they're out in the field.
They sleep in the rain
With an MRE for a meal.

On a long-distance hump
To their next location,
Grid 893 794
Is their destination.

A patrol base is made;
It's that time again.
The point man is up front,
Rear security at the end.

They train in all kinds of weather,
And through all kinds of terrain.
So that when it's time for combat
It will be the grunts who will reign.

No matter what a war or battle
May bring to a distant land,
Nothing can defeat a grunt,
The most lethal weapon created by man.

Sgt Marco A. Velasquez
August 1999

A Letter

Let's keep in mind the big things,
And let's not forget the small.
By no means is a letter,
The least important of all.

The Marine Corps has a saying,
One of many that is true.
A letter is much better,
Than a stomach full of food.

If you could see a mail call,
You would surely understand;
A Marine without a letter,
Is a sad and lonely man.

You may think it unimportant,
But it's really very true,
A single little letter
Brings a letter back to you.

No matter what you ask,
No matter what you say,
There's nothing like a letter
To brighten up his day.

LCpl Jerome P. Kalosky
June 1964

Where I'm From

I am from constant goodbyes
From Clorox and moving trucks
I am from the brown boxes piled in my house once again
(Big, cardboard cubes placed strategically into forts to keep
my brother and I entertained)
I am from the dandelion
The willowy, wispy, white flower that goes where the breeze
takes it, planting its roots in various
climates, refusing to be destroyed
I am from "families always stay together" and blonde hair,
brown eyes
From Ann Carter and Tracy King
I've learned that Daddy keeps you safe but Momma keeps us
together
I am from "be proud of who you are" and "be strong enough
to stand up for what is right"
From "home is where the military takes you" and "the world
is your home"
I am from "bless your heart" and "leave it to God"
From little wooden pews and comforting hymns that stay the
same no matter where you move

From congregations that always wish you the sincerest of
goodbyes
I am from Norman, Virginia and San Diego, Japan. From
Arlington, North Carolina and Slidell, Rhode Island
From a truck driver and a school teacher's son who signed his
name in blood on a dotted line
I am from the hard work of a blue-collar family
And the stresses and struggles of a single mother
I am from countless "Be safe Daddy, we'll miss you's" and
"Please Momma, don't go's"
From a book of faded pictures that sit carefully packed in a
dusty attic with hundreds of photographs of my brother and I
Here are portrayed my mother's "greatest accomplishments"
and my father's "pride and joys"
Photos that remind me that even though no state or regions
calls me home, my comfort lies in the hands of my family,
which hold me from coast to coast

Sydney King
November 2017

END

Heroes at Home

by
Tom Bartlett

He marched in, shook hands firmly and plopped into a chair. Robert J. Perlak is a bear of a man. His eyes are hard. His tight jaw and pursed lips gave him an air of preparing to answer, yet no question had been asked.

A lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps Reserve, it came as no surprise to hear that he was an assistant chief probation officer. First impression? Harder than woodpecker lips and with the personality of a rock.

But a transformation took place as he began speaking. He half-smiled and his eyes shone as he leaned forward. He was saying words not expected of a probation officer, words like "wonderful" and "love" and "beautiful."

Activated in January 1991 as the result of Operation Desert Shield, the reservist was assigned to a casualty assistance and family support team in Chicopee, Mass.

"I had made about 30 casualty assistance calls to families during the Vietnam War," LtCol Perlak recalled. "On 10 of those calls, I had to inform loved ones that their Ma-

rine had been killed in action. I hated the duty, but it was one of my responsibilities at that time."

As a captain, Perlak served as commanding officer of Company C, 1st Battalion, 25th Marines in Springfield, Mass., from 1961 to 1967. "When notified that a local Marine had been killed or wounded, we had to make personal contact with the next of kin. In the event of a death, a Marine officer and chaplain generally make a face-to-face condolence call. Remember the old World War II movies when news was delivered to families by a Western Union boy riding a bike? Marines don't do it that way.

"And in the case of a wounded Marine, we contact the next of kin, and continue monitoring and relaying news of the Marine's progress in the recovery process," Perlak said.

As Operation Desert Shield gave way to Operation Desert Storm, rumors flew, predicting coalition casualties as the result of Saddam Hussein's chemical warfare capability. Other "experts" predicted battle

injuries if contact were made with the elite Iraqi Republican Guard.

"Thank God, casualties were relatively light. I was tasked with making but one casualty assistance call. That's a story in itself. Young Corporal Anthony Muskus was wounded by shrapnel from a landmine explosion. He suffered injuries to the head, arm and shoulder.

"Treated immediately in the field, he was flown by helicopter to Navy Fleet Hospital 5 in eastern Saudi Arabia. He arrived on a stretcher and as he was being carried inside along with several other wounded military people, some CNN-TV camera team stuck a movie camera in their faces."

Muskus' father, Stanislaw, got a telephone call from a *Boston Herald* reporter asking him, "How bad was your kid hit?" The reporter advised the father to turn on CNN.

"I was shocked. There was Anthony. After a few minutes, realizing that he was sitting up and talking, I realized he was in pretty good shape. I hoped the wounds weren't deep or painful. You know, when you've got a son or daughter in a combat zone, you're scared and worried all the time. You don't want anybody to get hurt," Muskus said. (Cpl Anthony Muskus received the Purple Heart, recovered from his wounds and was returned to duty, stateside.)

"When the war ended, our mission changed," LtCol Perlak reflected.

The desert war was to affect many, both overseas and in the United States.

Sergeant Major David J. Tuttle of Groveland, Mass., retired from the Marine Corps in April 1990. He was working as a truck driver for United Parcel Service.

"I wrote to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, asking to return to active duty for Operation Desert Storm," he explained. "Next thing I know, I'm marching in a formation with a platoon of other E8s and E9s (senior enlisted Marines) at Camp Lejeune. We were marched to chow in formation, marched to get physicals and to get issued uniforms. I was in civvies and needed a haircut. Hell, we had so many sergeants major, first sergeants, master gunnery sergeants and master sergeants



A huge flag was strung in the terminal at Westover AFB, setting the patriotic theme for the returning veterans. A stereo played Whitney Houston's "Star Spangled Banner" and Lee Greenwood's "Proud to Be an American."

COURTESY OF LT COL R.J. PERLAK



COURTESY OF LT COL R.J. PERLAK

LCpl Lee Gilbert signed autographs for 4-year-olds Deann Madru, right, and Savanah Raymond at the Westover AFB "Welcome Home" center.

that I was relegated to being a road guard during our marches around the base.

"After all the paperwork was completed and we received our uniforms and all, I was assigned to casualty assistance in Chicopee. Think about that for an assignment. You wait until a battle, and then you learn how many friends and neighbors have been wounded or killed in the service of their country. Then you have to knock on doors and inform parents, wives/husbands and loved ones of the harm which has befallen their Marine.

"And after the initial shock has subsided, you offer to assist them in their time of need and grief," SgtMaj Tuttle continued. "I tell you, I didn't look forward to that assignment."

SgtMaj Charles Austin, also a Marine retiree, was working as a corrections officer at Ossining State Prison in New York. His offer to return to active duty during Operation Desert Shield was also approved.

He would join LtCol Perlak and the casualty assistance team, as would reservists Staff Sergeant Phillip Martin (a mail carrier) and SSgt Frank Cooper (who runs the inmates' commissary, Rahway

State Prison, N.J.). The two reservists were mobilized for the desert operations.

"In 100 hours, it was all over. Suddenly, because of the success of allied forces in the desert, casualties were minimal, and victory was swiftly attained. We were out of a job!" LtCol Perlak said.

The assistant probation chief almost smiled!

"We were asked to refocus our attention on the activities being conducted at nearby Westover Air Force Base. Once it was a SAC (Strategic Air Command) base, housing long-range bombers, but it is now used for Reserve activities. The base provided support to various military units en route to Operation Desert Shield, including Lieutenant General Walt Boomer's



COURTESY OF LT COL R.J. PERLAK

As the returning troops debarked, they walked a red carpet and were greeted by grateful citizens.

Seemingly endless lines of Iraqi prisoners were escorted by American servicemembers during Operation Desert Storm. The American military's quick success against Iraqi forces resulted in relatively few casualties. (Photo by SSgt Ken Pettigrew)



I Marine Expeditionary Force. The base would also be used as troops returned from the desert.

"We learned that First Sergeant John Bradley of the inspector-instructor staff of the Chicopee Marine Reserve unit made it a habit of meeting each incoming Marine Corps flight. He was notified as each aircraft prepared to land. As the military men and women disembarked from aircraft and came into the terminal, 1stSgt Bradley would be there, in dress blues, shaking hands with each and every returning veteran, bidding them a 'Welcome home.'

"As word spread about what he was doing, volunteers offered to help. The Air Force commander, Brigadier General Frederick D. Walker, provided a 90-foot red carpet for returning Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine, and National Guard

A group of 5,000 mobbed the hangar one day to welcome home the Chicopee Marine Reserve unit. They served in the desert, guarding prisoners of war.

troops. At one time, because flights kept coming in, 1stSgt Bradley stayed on his feet for 27 hours straight, meeting and greeting flights of all the services. It was too much for one Marine, so the first sergeant contacted the 1st Marine Corps District for assistance.

"We offered our help, and schedules were drawn up. We were supposed to work

an eight-hour shift, but if the load were heavy, we might put in 14 or 16 hours a day, seven days a week."

A group of 5,000 mobbed the hangar one day to welcome the Chicopee Marine Reserve unit home. They served in the desert, guarding prisoners of war. There were 40 members of one family greeting a single Marine.

"We had 33 flights one day. As we got busier and busier, our wives began helping. We figure 31,000 desert vets came through here and, of that number, about 15,000 were Marines," Perlak continued.

Not all of the returning vets remained at Westover for a refueling layover. Some were released from active duty at Westover. Some required emergency leave papers or travel authorizations. Staff Sergeant Sophie Bartosik, a reservist with the Mobile Training Unit from Camp Edwards,



Brig Gen Frederick Walker, USAF, center, provided the red carpet and space for the Marines to welcome home the Persian Gulf veterans. LtCol Robert Perlak is third from left.

Cape Cod, provided necessary administrative support, even on weekends and holidays.

"She was a humongous help," SgtMaj Tuttle said. "She even marched with us in the Saint Patrick's Day Welcome Home parade. SSgt Bartosik was in the middle, flanked by two staff NCOs, with two sergeants major [Tuttle and Austin] as bookends."

An aircraft would land. A representative would meet the plane. A chaplain was present to say a prayer of thanks. (Army, Navy and Air Force chaplains rotated, meeting each and every flight.)

The troops would enter the terminal, walking down the length of red carpet. In single file, they would move into the hangar, greeted by grateful citizens shaking hands and embracing the returning vets. Once free of spectators, the servicemembers could help themselves to beer, soft drinks, hot dogs, hamburgers or a free telephone call to anyone, anywhere.

The word began to spread. Dozens of barrels of beer were donated by James Mackey, Budweiser's northeastern military manager. Kraft Food Service, Inc. of Chicopee provided snack products. "When the base called, we provided cases and cases of snacks, coffee, sugar, cream cheese and even 23,000 green bagels for Saint Patrick's Day," Joanne Soloitto said.

Friendly Ice Cream contributed 3,000 gallons of ice cream, 2,500 sundae cups, 2,500 ice cream sandwiches, 6,000 hamburgers and 3,000 hot dogs. State Line Potato Chips kept the terminal stocked with bags of chips. James and Thomas Carey of Carey's Flowers provided a green and yellow environment, "definitely not brown or sand colored," to greet the troops in the hangar. Fresh floral arrangements were brought daily.

Local radio station WMAS-AM provided aircraft information, alerting local communities to the landing of military or chartered aircraft returning from the desert with military passengers.

AT&T offered free, three-minute telephone calls to all returning vets, regardless of where in the continental United States they wanted to call.

Vietnam veteran Tom Moriarty contacted others. Viet Vets Chapter 111 responded, as did a group from Hartford, Conn. "I called Viet Vets and told them, 'These young men and women deserve what we didn't get. Let's make damned sure they receive a hero's welcome. Let's see that they don't have to wait 20 years to hear someone say, 'Welcome Home.' ' The response was fantastic."

"I've totally changed my opinion of United States Marines," admitted Robert Berwaldt. An Air Force veteran, he was

ALSO IN LEATHERNECK...



Left: February 1997—LCpl Chris Hammond, 3d Bn, 3d Marines, demonstrated his martial arts skills.

Below: October 1998—Members of a search-and-rescue team from VMR-1 were hoisted to safety during a training exercise.



Above: February 1983—GySgt Roland Hartwell operates one of Camp Pendleton's two new computers.



Above: January 1997—1stLt Jeanne Buchanan became the first woman Marine NFO on Aug. 16, 1996, at NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Right: November 1998—Sgt Eva M. Scaggs received the Career Planner of the Year award from LtGen Carol Mutter during a ceremony at MCCDC, Quantico, Va.



Above: July 1996—Capt Matthew Cooper of Marine Corps Recruiting Station, Oklahoma City, left, and Sgt 1st Class Harold Davenport, Army recruiter, laid a wreath with President Bill Clinton on April 5, 1996, at the site of the Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City.





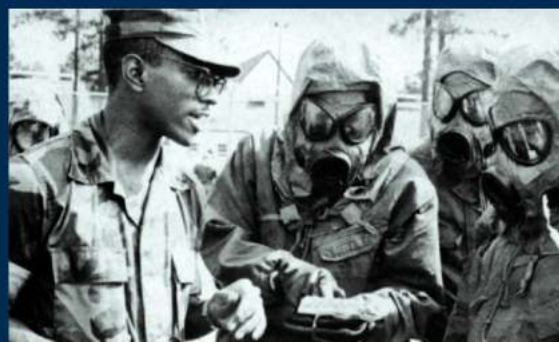
Left: February 1998—Capt Dan Wilson and Sgt Clay Draud presented Swiss Divisionnaire MajGen Frederick Greub a 2d Recon Bn plaque.

Right: July 1997—A Marine stands watch in Beirut, Lebanon, in 1983 while serving with a multinational peacekeeping force.



Left: January 1984—GySgt James Ball, a welding instructor at Marine Corps Engineer School, Courthouse Bay, Camp Lejeune, N.C., adjusts the flame on his torch.

Right: June 1999—Hornets from VMFA-134 joined aircraft from several other squadrons for combat training in Hawaii.



Above: November 1986—Cpl Rodney Roberson instructed Navy doctors in the use of an M-256 skin decontamination kit at MCAS, New River, N.C.



Above: February 1980—Marines of Co A, 3d Recon Bn practice Special Patrol Insertion and Extraction (SPIE) rigging.

Right: April 1980—Frank Sinatra was Grand Marshal of the 1980 Tournament of Roses in Pasadena, Calif. Near the end of the parade he took part in a Marine's enlistment ceremony.



Left: August 1996—LCpl Mike England, left, and LCpl Stewart Stout, 3/8, looked to their front during CJTFEX 96/Purple Star at Camp Lejeune, N.C.

"I called Viet Vets and told them, 'These young men and women deserve what we didn't get. Let's make damned sure they receive a hero's welcome.'"

—Tom Moriarty

sitting in his wheelchair when his wife, Pat, suggested that they go to Westover Air Force Base to welcome home the troops returning from the Persian Gulf. "Well, I kind of grudgingly went over there.

"I looked around the hangar and saw the troops walking down the red carpet. It really got to me. I got hooked. The handshakes, the embraces. Two Marine sergeants major welcoming the troops, some of them only privates and PFCs. It got to me, I tell you."

Robert Berwaldt wheeled to the end of the red carpet and began shaking hands and saying, "Welcome home" and "Thank you."

June Hodges delivered 125 quilts that the Granville Quilt and Needlework Guild had made and donated to the Ronald McDonald House in Springfield. "I heard Governor Lowell P. Weicker Jr. announce over my car radio that veterans hospitals were gearing up for casualties from the war in the Persian Gulf. That struck a nerve. Why not use our quilting talents for the wounded coming back home?"

From the day the war started, Hodges, her son Jon and members of three area quilting groups had made 14 quilts for Marines. Her husband, Christopher, flew F-4 Phantoms as a Marine pilot during the Vietnam War.

The quilters named their effort "Operation LOV," meaning love our vets.

The colorful quilts featured American flags sewn onto the backs, along with the names of the quilters, representing The Pioneer Valley Quilters Group, Farmington Valley Quilters and the Granville group.

Young Jon Hodges, 12, learned sewing techniques in school. He helped make some of the 14 quilts sewn for distribution to wounded New Englanders. "My dad didn't get a good welcome home after Vietnam. We want to go to Westover and see the vets of the Persian Gulf and greet them and make them feel better."



LCpl Steven Washington received hugs and kisses from his family upon his return to Westover AFB. His unit was tasked with guarding Iraqi prisoners during Operation Desert Storm.

Veteran Marine Christopher Hodges, who suffered a spinal column infection while serving at Chu Lai in Vietnam, supported his wife and son's efforts. "They all heard about Vietnam. When they went over to Westover, I think there was some apprehension about how our country would treat the Persian Gulf vets, but what they are doing is wonderful. It's more than waving flags and walking away."

As troops entered the hangar, they could expect a layover of about three hours. Passengers had to remain in the terminal area. Those with relatives or friends could mingle, for sure, but only

those with authorization could depart the immediate area.

"Some went on emergency leave, and we saw to it that they obtained transportation to the airport. In fact, 1stSgt Bradley drove some all the way to Newark, N.J.

"We had a stereo system hooked up and Whitney Houston's 'Star Spangled Banner' and Lee Greenwood's 'Proud to Be an American' played, causing more than a few tears of pride and joy," LtCol Perlak said.

Some flights contained 10 or 20 military passengers. Other flights contained 400. They would land, then break into smaller groups, returning to Reserve or active bases around the United States.

"It was a real kick. The military passengers didn't quite know what was going on when they first walked in here. To be embraced by complete strangers, to be asked for autographs. To be able to drink a beer for the first time in months. Some wanted only a shower and shave. They could do both, here. And the hamburgers and hot dogs and chips! Those young people sure could eat," SgtMaj Austin said, beaming.

Sergeant Keith Robinson, an engineer with the First Marine Division of Camp Pendleton, Calif., was asked: "What will you remember most about duty in the Persian Gulf?"

The young Marine looked around a moment and said, simply, "This. I will never forget this."

The assistant chief probation officer's eyes sparkled with joy, and he actually smiled.



AT&T offered free, three-minute phone calls to anywhere in the U.S. for those returning from Operation Desert Storm.

And Now A Word from Our Sponsors...

From uniform items to cigarettes, Harley-Davidsons and shaving cream, advertisements have appeared in the pages of *Leatherneck* since its earliest days. While some ads are timeless, others are reflective of the Marine Corps and the country at specific periods in our history. As the *Leatherneck* staff turned to our archives to gather material for this special issue, we realized

that the advertisements in the old issues of the magazine inspired as much nostalgia as we felt after reading the articles and looking at the photos, so here's a few vintage *Leatherneck* ads from years gone by that may remind some of their time in the Corps.

"The Answer To A Heart's Desire"

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SAM BROWNE BELT EVER PRODUCED



THIS is the belt, here illustrated, that has won unanimous approval and unceasing praise since its first day on the market. It is made from Genuine Shell Cordovan and has a finish words cannot describe, "glass" a number of officers call it. The product has to be seen to gain an appreciation of its super-beauty and distinctiveness. This belt was designed by Major Malcolm P. Andruss, Coast Artillery Corps.

PRICE \$21.00

SPECIAL OFFER!

We will ship one of our Sam Browne Belts, subject to acceptance upon examination, to any officer of the Regular Army or Marine Corps. As our belts are individually constructed to order, we request of each officer two measurements: waist, over blouse, in the exact position the present military belt is worn; shoulder strap, from position where strap fastens to waist belt in front, over right shoulder and down to same position in rear. Height of officer is, also, requested. The belt is returnable at our expense, if not satisfactory. If retained, our terms are thirty days.

The Metal Adornments

The hardware on our Sam Browne Belt is made from solid brass. It is hand-carved and gold-flashed—large, substantial, beautiful; a pleasing departure from the metal fittings with which most military belts are equipped today.

A high-ranking army officer recently wrote us as follows:

"There is no question but what you have answered the urgent call for a full-quality Sam Browne Belt. The Army and Marine Corps have long needed just what you are making. Officers will appreciate the privilege to see and buy your belt."

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1925

Established in 1918

A. M. Bolognese & Sons

TAILOR AND HABERDASHER
QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Specializing in Evening Clothes Servicing Marines both Overseas
Civilian and USMC Uniforms and at Stateside Posts

Uniforms made to measure. Delivery time ranges from three to thirty days

Engraved Cards Approved Swords For
Available With Plate Immediate Delivery

Campaign hats for sale.
Campaign ribbons sewn by hand.

1954



BLOCK THAT COVER!

Just now being introduced in Marine Exchanges all over the world. We call it the 'Cover Block'. It's a carefully engineered piece of coiled spring Alcoa aluminum designed to fit all size covers. It's adjustable! Ask about them at your Base Exchange—if not available send \$2.00 and we'll ship direct. Made and guaranteed by the makers of 'M-NU'.

KEN NOLAN, INC.
COVER BLOCK DEPT.
SAN CLEMENTE, CALIF.

1963

THE SUCCESSFUL BATTLE



Is WAGED FIRST IN THE MIND.

IN ANY CONTEST, SHEER FORCE WILL NOT ASSURE VICTORY. SUCCESS BELONGS TO THOSE WHO HAVE ALSO MASTERED THE POWER OF THE MIND.

THERE IS A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN DEVELOP YOUR MIND, AS WELL AS YOUR BODY, WHERE THE WISDOM AND TRADITIONS OF OVER 200 YEARS ARE PASSED ON TO THOSE WHO HAVE PROVEN THEY ARE WORTHY.

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE READY TO ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE OF BECOMING A UNITED STATES MARINE, MAKE YOUR MOVE.


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Marines
THE FEW. THE PROUD. THE MARINES.

1996


A Brasso shine is BRIGHTER!



For polishing insignia, buckles, equipment, etc.

1959


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IN MODERN WARFARE



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1942

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Brighter Shines
WITH
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Because it Recolors and
Polishes at the Same Time

- Gives those grand “Parade Shines” that last and last.
- Helps keep shoes softer and more comfortable.
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KIWI
(KEE-WEE)
SHOE POLISH

1951

Dorothy Lamour is
“My Favorite Brunette”...
CHESTERFIELD *my favorite cigarette*
Bob Hope



new Bob Hope's
new picture
“MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE”
starring
DOROTHY LAMOUR

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING

The sum-total of smoking pleasure

1947

If you've had trouble...
keeping your towel from rusting after you have hung it damp on your rack, your troubles are over when you use our latest idea.

The **TOWEL PROTECTOR** is a piece of dark green rubber (to match your rack) which fits snugly on the rack holding the towel away from the metal.

Unconditionally guaranteed.
Less if purchased
through your EXCHANGE




\$1.00
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Write today for our **FREE** catalog
“NEW PRODUCTS FOR THE CORPS”
KENFELD'S PRODUCTS SAN CLEMENTE, CALIF.

1959

“With this team, winning gets to be one habit you don't try to break.”

“Stay when you have a winning combination. Stay with it. Don't worry. You're only liable on losing the habit of staying with it. Stay when you have a winning combination. Stay with it. Don't worry. You're only liable on losing the habit of staying with it.”
Stay Marine.



1980

“The Corps is counting on its Reserve strength.”

— **General Robert H. Barrow**
Commandant, U.S. Marine Corps

The Marine Corps Reserve Full-Time Support Program needs qualified personnel, now. If you have an MOS in selected fields like aviation, fiscal, data processing, administration or other fields, you could qualify for full-time active duty. Because you're trained and ready, you can help bolster our strength now. You can serve from two to four years at a place of your choice within the continental U.S. with the possibility of additional tours. You can have full benefits, be considered for promotion and the Corps can pay for your move. See if you qualify. Mail the coupon or call Major Bill Uehling at Headquarters, Marine Corps (Autovon) 224-1950/1948 or call collect (202) 694-1948/1950.

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(Code RESP-FTS)
Headquarters, U.S. Marine Corps
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USMC

1983

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LEATHERNECK!**

Get a TRIUMPH

You'll have fun on leave—going places—doing things when you have a Triumph Motorcycle waiting and raring to go. Eliminates hitchhiking, averages up to 140 miles per gallon. Light, compact—easy to store.



- “jet wing” double seat
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West: Johnson Motors, Inc., 267 W. Colorado St., Pasadena 1, Calif.
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1954



War Among the Rocks

Battlefield Standout Earns Navy Cross

story and photos by GySgt Keith A. Milks



On the crisp, sunny morning of Feb. 24, 2006, Staff Sergeant Anthony L. Viggiani stood at rigid attention on the parade deck at Marine Corps Recruit Depot Parris Island, S.C. Behind him stood hundreds of newly minted Marines from “Golf” and “Papa” companies. In front of Viggiani, Brigadier General Richard

T. Tryon and Sergeant Major Robert C. Hollings approached with a red folder and small blue box embossed with the words “United States of America.”

Over the course of the next several minutes, a narrator described events that occurred nearly 20 months earlier. Thousands of miles away, Viggiani, then a sergeant with Company C, Battalion

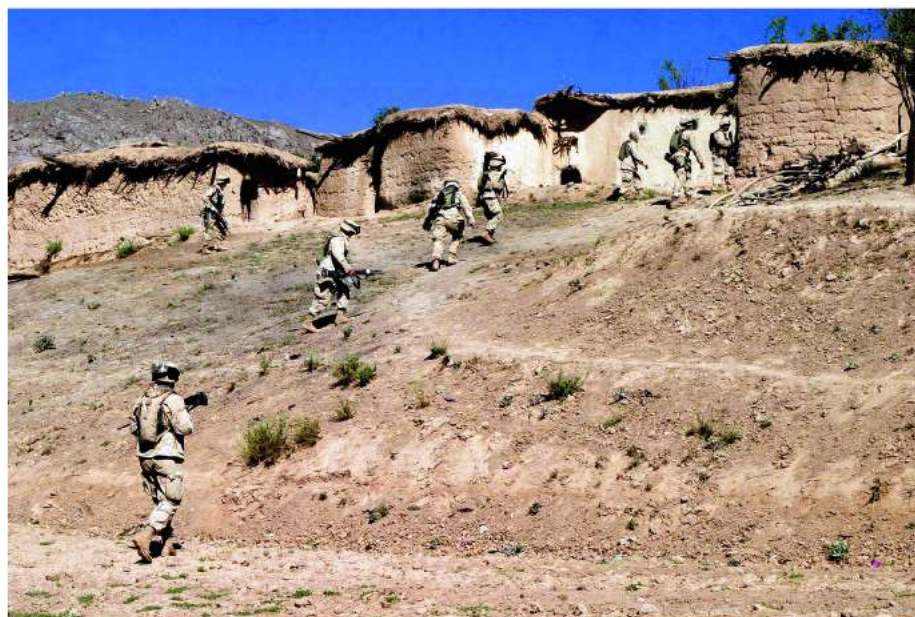
Landing Team, 1st Bn, Sixth Marine Regiment, earned the nation’s second highest award for battlefield valor—the Navy Cross.

In late spring 2004, Viggiani and his fellow Marines in BLT 1/6 deployed to Afghanistan as the ground combat element of the 22d Marine Expeditionary Unit (Special Operations Capable). The unit



Left: Barely visible among the rocks around the village of Khabargho, Afghanistan, the leathernecks of 2d Plt, Co C, BLT 1/6 search for Taliban.

Below: The search for Taliban leads them into the village during Operation Asbury Park on June 3, 2004.



commenced combat operations in April and by late May had completed five named combat operations. On June 1, Charlie Co and other elements of BLT 1/6 launched Operation Asbury Park, a push deep into a Taliban stronghold centered around the town of Dey Chopan.

Prior to Asbury Park, Charlie Co had seen little in the way of combat as it prowled the deserts, mountains and villages of Afghanistan's Oruzgan province, rooting out remnants of the brutal Taliban regime. While Charlie Co uncovered substantial caches of arms, ammunition and ordnance, it met no armed resistance during its efforts.

That all changed on June 2. When the Marines approached the village of Siah Chub Kalay, they were ambushed by

anti-coalition militia (ACM) forces who sprayed their convoy with rifle, machine-gun and rocket-propelled-grenade fire. After an intense, seven-hour battle that included air strikes by attack jets and helicopters, Viggiani and his fellow Marines and Sailors bedded down that night as combat veterans.

"We've been here so long, we figured it was never going to happen," said SSgt Christian Boles, the stocky, powerfully built platoon sergeant for 2d Platoon, speaking that night of his platoon's combat baptism. "Our junior NCOs [noncommissioned officers] really were the heroes of the day. They did everything they were supposed to do, were aggressive and carried the fight to the enemy."

Boles had little idea how prophetic his words would be.

The next day, the Marines pushed farther toward Dey Chopan and descended upon the village of Khabargho. With allied Afghan Militia Forces and the battalion's Combined Anti-armor Team (CAAT) providing overwatch, Charlie Co's 2d and 3d platoons dismounted southwest of the village and began a systematic search of the village.

Around 7:15 a.m., midway through their sector of Khabargho, Marines of 2d Plt, call sign "Cold Steel 2," spotted a group of approximately 15 heavily armed men fleeing the village into the surrounding mountains. Abandoning their search of the village, First Lieutenant Thomas P. Crossen and SSgt Boles immediately led their platoon in pursuit.

As the Marines closed, the fleeing

SSgt Anthony L. Viggiani, one of the distinguished heroes in the June 2004 battle, is awarded the Navy Cross by BGen Richard T. Tryon, CG, MCRD Parris Island, and SgtMaj Robert C. Hollings, depot sergeant major, at a depot parade on Feb. 24, 2006.



enemy turned and unleashed a volley of rocket-propelled grenades and torrents of small-arms fire at the infantrymen. With one rifle squad and a machine-gun section providing overwatch, the squads led by Viggiani and Sergeant Ryan West of Lafayette, Ind., pressed forward in the attack, hugging the boulder-size rocks to avoid the continuing enemy fire.

Meanwhile, Charlie's 3d Plt ("Cold Steel 3") and company headquarters moved to the sounds of the guns. In all, nearly 80 Marines were closing rapidly on the ACM while Army AH-64 Apache attack helicopters orbited dangerously overhead.

Among the fleeing ACM that day were no doubt veterans of the Russian war and vicious intra-Afghan conflicts. They must have realized that while they could escape the helicopters, evading the pursuing Marines would be a different matter altogether. Leaving behind five of their number to delay the Marine pursuit, the rest of the ACM, estimated to number between 10 and 15, scurried deeper into the mountains.

Despite their best efforts, the fleeing ACM force couldn't escape the Marines. Having skillfully maneuvered into position to block the enemy's retreat, a section of machine-gun and TOW antitank missile-

equipped humvees opened up on the fleeing ACM, killing at least three, while the Apaches swooped low to make repeated runs with their 30 mm cannon.

Back in the valley, the ACM delaying force settled into position to await the advancing Marines. They made the

The rest of the ACM, estimated to number between 10 and 15, scurried deeper into the mountains. Despite their best efforts, the fleeing ACM force couldn't escape the Marines.

most of the steep-walled, narrow valley. Three set up shop on the eastern (right) side of the valley in a small cave. Another enemy fighter positioned himself on the hillside opposite and a bit farther north of the cave. A fifth fighter, armed with a rocket-propelled grenade launcher, lay in wait alongside a small, trickling stream that cut through the valley floor.

By 10 a.m., about 90 minutes after the ACM force was first spotted, Viggiani

and West's rifle squads were maneuvering cautiously over the rough, rock-strewn terrain. Accompanying the squads were First Sergeant Ernest K. Hoopii and the company headquarters' corpsman, Hospital Corpsman Second Class Jason Shevokas.

With West's squad on the valley's left slope and Viggiani's moving down the valley's center, the Marines continued to pick their way forward when the enemy entrenched in the cave opened fire against the Marines on the opposite (left) slope. Immediately going to ground, the Marines returned fire in the general direction from where the firing was coming, even though few actually had eyes on the enemy.

On the right slope were Hoopii, Viggiani and a few other Marines. Even though they were closest to the enemy-occupied cave, they had no idea where the enemy were dug in. Mindful of their comrades' incoming fire from the opposite slope, they inched forward cautiously over and around the rocks.

The snapping of the Marines' M16A4s and M249 squad automatic weapons, the heavier cracking of the ACM's weapons and the distinctive ping of rounds ricocheting off the rocks echoed through the valley

As long-distance targets are identified, the BLT's designated marksmen go after them.



as the firefight increased in intensity. Adding to the din were the confused shouts of Marines spread along the left slope, searching for the source of enemy fire and others hollering what they thought were the answers.

After less than a minute, the cry of “Doc” resonated above the rest of the noise.

Behind a rock on the left slope lay Lance Corporal James Gould, one hand clasped tightly around his right calf and the other still holding his rifle.

“It felt like a sledgehammer,” the Tampa, Fla., native later recalled, describing the 7.62 mm round that punched straight through the fleshy part of his lower leg. “It didn’t really hurt that much at first ... and the next thing I knew Corporal Wood was right there with me.”

Cpl Randy Wood, a lanky native of Cowpens, S.C., had watched in horror as Gould went down and unhesitatingly scrambled to the side of his fellow Marine. Helping Gould find cover behind a larger rock, Wood immediately went to work, tearing away Gould’s trouser leg to expose the wound.

With two Marines trapped behind a single rock, the enemy fighters across the valley concentrated their fire on Wood and Gould’s position, slamming dozens of rounds at the pair. At some point, Wood was wounded by a ricocheting bullet that arched up from a rock and slashed across his cheek. He ignored the bloody, painful wound to continue working on Gould.

Across the valley, Viggiani and the others continued to move forward and eventually Viggiani found himself leading the advance. Suddenly, rounds began sparking off the rocks around the Marines on the right slope as the second pincer of the ambush opened fire.

“The rounds just started pouring in,” said Viggiani, who once served as a guard for the presidential compound at Camp David, “and we weren’t really sure where they were coming from.”

Under fire from the ACM across the valley, Viggiani made his way down the slope toward his fire teams. He happened to glance over and saw a break in the rocks. Acting on instinct, he leaned over the opening and saw a bit of fabric among the rocks below. With the sound of the enemy weapons louder than ever, Viggiani knew he’d found the enemy position. Sticking the barrel of his rifle into the opening, he cranked off three or four rounds, then paused. He fired again, but apparently to no avail since the ACM fire continued.

Realizing the solution lay with a grenade, but not having one, Viggiani sprinted across to where 1stSgt Hoopii and the

ALSO IN LEATHERNECK...



Above: March 2007—President George W. Bush presented the family of Cpl Jason L. Dunham with their son’s Medal of Honor. Cpl Dunham died from wounds received after jumping on a grenade to save two of his fellow Marines.



Left: February 2015—SSgt Adam Jacks was the first amputee to graduate from the three-week Marine Combat Instructor of Water Survival Course.



Above: February 2005—“Bravo” Co leathernecks moved just north of the intersection of Phase Line Violet and Route Michigan to establish a vehicle control point during the Battle of Fallujah in April 2004.



Above: September 2008—SgtMaj Carlton W. Kent, 16th Sergeant Major of the Marine Corps, speaks to Marines and Sailors during a visit to Okinawa.

Right: November 2016—Marines with VMU-1 recover a RQ-21A Blackjack UAS after its flight at MCAS Yuma, Ariz.



ALSO IN LEATHERNECK...



Left: February 2007—GySgts Juan Parks and Charles Melvin take notes during the Career Recruiters Course.

Right: July 2015—A Harvest HAWK-equipped KC-130J takes flight over MCAS Cherry Point, N.C. From this angle, all of the external Harvest HAWK modifications are visible.



Right: July 2013—History is made at the Home of the Commandants as for the first time, the Marine Corps has six four-star generals. From left: Generals John F. Kelly, James N. Mattis, Joseph F. Dunford Jr., James F. Amos, John R. Allen and John M. Paxton Jr.



Above: February 2012—LCpl Richelle D. Kline, an administrative specialist with HQ Bn, 2dMarDiv, MCB Camp Lejeune, N.C., holds a picture of her mother in Marine Corps service uniform. Kline followed in the footsteps of her mother and grandmother, and is a third-generation Marine.

Right: January 2014—Cpl Stephen Jarrell, a crew chief with VMM-265, assesses the damage done throughout the Philippines after Super Typhoon Haiyan devastated communities throughout the country.



other Marines had taken up firing positions to engage the two ACM fighters across and down the valley. Grabbing a grenade from one of the Marines, Viggiani, now a target of the enemy, retraced his steps and hovered over the cave opening.

Flipping the clip, pulling the pin and letting the spoon fly, Viggiani dropped the fragmentation grenade into the opening and flattened himself against a rock. Seconds later, the grenade exploded, and the smoke and dust billowing from

the cave's openings marked the end of the ACM position. Now that Viggiani had eradicated the threat against them, Hospitalman Brian Imber finally was able to reach Wood and Gould and began treating their wounds.

Meanwhile, Hoopii and the other Marines silenced the enemy gunman across the valley who had been peppering their slope with rifle fire and also wounded the fifth ACM fighter who never had a chance to let loose with his RPG.

Silence descended on the valley as the Marines scoured the area for more fighters. That was when some of the Marines noticed that Viggiani, who was helping organize the search, had a deep crimson stain on his left trouser leg.

"It stings a bit, but it's nothing," Viggiani said, shrugging off the deep furrow a bullet traced across his leg just above the boot. Apparently, the fourth ACM fighter had found his mark when Viggiani was busy eliminating the cave position.

Grabbing a grenade from one of the Marines, Viggiani, now a target of the enemy, retraced his steps and hovered over the cave opening.

Less than 10 minutes after the first shots were fired, Charlie Co was ready to move out. Sgt West's squad was detailed to escort the wounded Gould and Wood back to the battalion command post and aid station. Because the terrain was too rough for a helicopter to land, the movement was by foot.

Gould, unable to support his own weight, was carried to the rear on the backs of 1stSgt Hoopii and Second Lieutenant Michael L. Keller, the company's forward observer. As the pair alternated carrying the wounded Marine, the remainder of the party carried the wounded Marine's gear, the weapons and equipment of the slain enemy fighters and escorted the badly wounded RPG gunner and two other suspected ACM members found near the fighting.

Viggiani, despite the best efforts of his fellow Marines, refused to leave his squad. When Charlie Co pushed deeper into the mountains, he went with them, nursing his wound with a field dressing and a few aspirin.

Viggiani would be with Charlie Co when they later uncovered two arms caches and when the unit's forward air controller, Captain James B. "Beaver" Hunt, unleashed close air support against additional enemy forces.

In all, 14 enemy fighters were confirmed killed June 3 by the combined efforts of Charlie Co and CAAT and precision strikes by Marine AV-8B Harrier IIs, Army Apaches and an Air Force B-1B Lancer bomber that dropped two 2,000-pound bombs against an ACM cave complex. Despite the wide range of armaments and units that came together to eliminate the enemy force, it was Viggiani's efforts that resonated from the day's fighting.

"Everything is a team effort," Viggiani said, describing the June 3, 2004, fight. "It is no one individual's actions that win battles."

Viggiani left Afghanistan thinking he'd been recommended for an award, but time passed, and he moved on to become a drill instructor at Parris Island. The issue slipped from his mind until he received word that he'd been awarded the Navy Cross.

Like others in his position, Viggiani



One of 2d Plt's squads escorts the captured enemy and carries wounded Marines to a secure area as Viggiani's squad continues the Taliban hunt.

is modest, even self-effacing, about his actions that summer day in Afghanistan.

"It is a great honor to be awarded the Navy Cross," he said a week after the Parris Island award ceremony, "but I did what any other Marine would have done in that situation."

Viggiani was the first Marine to receive the Navy Cross from the war in Afghanistan.

Even with all the attention he has been given, and his combat meritorious promotion to staff sergeant, Viggiani believes the greatest honor he has received happened while he was deployed.

On Sept. 4, 2004, while the 22d MEU (SOC) was conducting its end-of-deployment wash down and agricultural inspections at Naval Support Activity Rota, Spain, BLT 1/6 held a "Warriors

Night" to commemorate their service in Afghanistan.

The battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel Asad A. Khan, pulled one Marine who had distinguished himself in battle from each of his companies. For Charlie Co, that was Viggiani. After all this time, he still holds the response from his fellow combat veterans as his highest accolade.

"The greatest honor I've received was at our Warriors Night in Rota when I received a standing ovation from my peers."

Editor's note: GySgt Milks, the public affairs and combat camera chief for the 22d MEU(SOC) during the unit's 2002, 2004 and 2005-06 deployments, participated in humanitarian efforts in the Horn of Africa and combat operations in Afghanistan and Iraq.

END

SOUND OFF
[continued from page 8]

I have gained in high school, dodging teachers and the like.

The "Rice Paddy Kid"
Eddie De Gennaro
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Tradition Broken?
June 1968

For years, the traditional calendar has been on the cover of *Leatherneck*. I personally was disappointed to find that this tradition had been broken by placing it at the center spread of the January 1968 issue.

Perhaps if enough readers show their displeasure, such as me, you would be motivated to give the calendar its rightful place in January 1969.

As rich as the Corps is in tradition, I was very much surprised that *Leatherneck*, equally steeped in tradition, would deviate from this past performance.

Col Dan G. Stevens, USMCR
Fortune, Advertising Department
New York, N.Y.

• *Yours was the only letter we received on this subject. In checking our calendar, we were reminded that as recently as January 1965, Leatherneck deviated from*



tradition by not running a calendar on its cover.—Ed.

What's in Store?
August 1968

My fiancé is now serving with the Marines in Vietnam. When he joined the Marines, he signed up for three years. He has, as of now, completed seven months of this time.

My question is this: What will he be doing following his return from Vietnam? Will he be ordered directly back to Vietnam? Will he spend another tour of duty in some other country, or will he be able to stay in the States?

I think it would be terribly unfair to send him back to Vietnam. If a serviceman is lucky enough to get out of that place once, he certainly shouldn't have to go back!

If he is sent to another so-called "peaceful country," would it be possible for his wife to accompany him? As of now, he has the rank of private.

If it is at all possible for you to print this letter in your magazine, I would greatly appreciate it. I am very interested in your reply, and am sure there are others who wonder about this.

Kathy Knachel
Mansfield, Ohio

• *Since the Marine Corps does not use a crystal ball to ascertain the future of its Marines, it is almost impossible to give you anything but a general answer to your questions. Chances are very slim, at this time, that your fiancé will be sent back to Vietnam immediately after he returns to the States, since the Corps is now trying to permit every Marine to remain stateside for at least two years before returning to*

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
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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

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an overseas area; his chances for being stationed in the States are "good," unless he desires an overseas assignment after he completes his tour in Vietnam; and the only two places he may take dependents (as long as he is below the rank of staff sergeant) to an overseas area are Hawaii, and Iwakuni, Japan.—Ed.

"Splendid Job"

August 1968

I have long been an admirer of the legendary feats of the United States Marine Corps in World War II and the Korean War. I read the daily news reports concerning the actions of the Marines in Vietnam. It is not surprising to me that the Marines are doing their usual splendid job.

These men have fought hard and well, and nowhere is there better demonstrated their courage than their stand at Khe Sanh. Here, they went far and above what is even expected of a Marine. The average citizen will never know or comprehend what happened there. We will never know the feelings of those men who survived a constant barrage and an ever-threatening ground attack by a much larger force while living amid a multiplying number of rats and trash.

It is to the Marines in Vietnam and particularly to the men at Khe Sanh that I

humbly say "thank you." The word "Marine" has always been said with a special kind of awe for the dedication and sacrifice of the men who have borne this title through the years. My generation just coming into maturity will not forget that awe, because in the time of the "antihero" and an age of "unbelief," the Marines who fought at Khe Sanh symbolize to all that there is still something in this world for which men are fighting and dying. Bless them all.

Miss Karen Lane
Richmond, Va.

• Your letter will be appreciated by the veterans of Khe Sanh.—Ed.

Thanks

December 1968

Thanks to Mrs. John Hayes' letter (*Leatherneck*, July 1968), MSgt Josephine Davis' recipe, and *Leatherneck's* penchant for re-publishing an oft-repeated request, "S.O.S." is now reduced to "feeds-two" proportions.

Up to now, I have only been able to give my wife a rather general outline of the 100-hungry-Marine job. Her arithmetic not being too good, we were faced with the prospect of inviting 98 Marines for chow every time we tried it—or having a helluva lot of leftovers.

Suggestion: Publish the recipe for "S.O.S." once a year, say, in the Marines' Birthday Edition. This gourmet delight must not die!

Former Marine Lee Ruttle
Oakland, Calif.

• For those who missed the recipe, we herewith run it again.

One pound ground beef
One large onion, diced
Salt and pepper to taste
A generous dash of Tabasco sauce
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
Three tablespoons of flour
One cup of milk

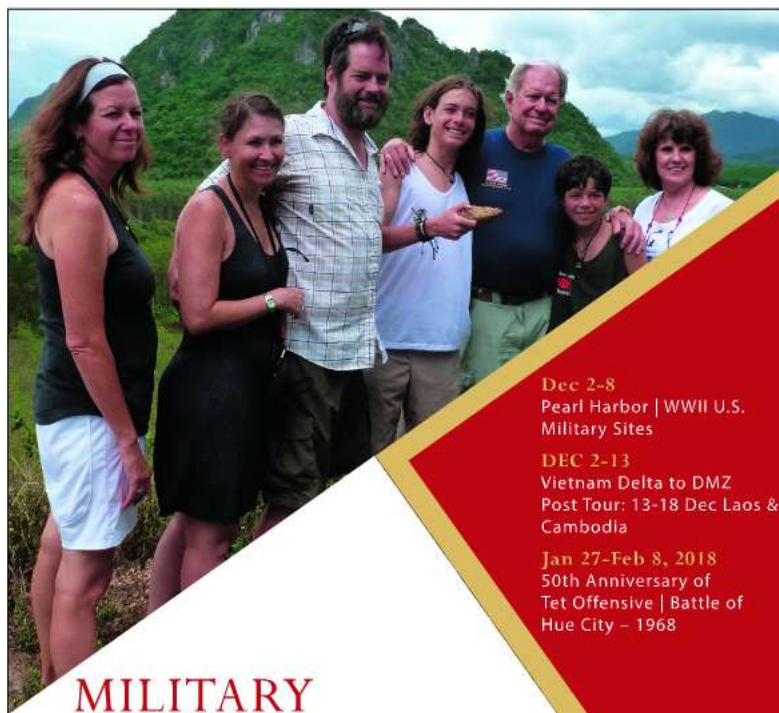
Brown beef, add seasoning and onions. Cook until tender. Add flour until brown. Add milk and stir. (More milk can be added if thinner consistency desired—or substitute part water if milk gravy is too rich.) Serve on buttered toast or potato pancakes—and chow down!—Ed.

Mother Sounds Off

September 1970

It's "sound off" time for me. For some time now I've been wanting to sound off about the way I feel about the Marines.

In November of 1967 I took my second-oldest son to the recruiting office in Kalamazoo to enlist in the Marine Corps.



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74th Anniversary of D-Day: Normandy to Paris

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Spain Military and Cultural Exploration Madrid Post Tour Barcelona

USMC VETERAN OWNED & OPERATED SINCE 1987

He had been a bumner and a drop-out in school. Well, he was accepted and believe you me, he's a man now, thanks to the training and discipline he received in the Marine Corps. He is now stationed in Da Nang, Vietnam, where he is in radio repair.

In January of 1969, I took my oldest son to the recruiting office where he enlisted and was accepted. He too, had his problems; married, divorced and also was becoming a bumner because he seemed to have lost all purpose in life. He has learned to become a man and accept things as they are and the responsibility that goes along with it. He's a man his son can be proud of. I feel the Corps is the only one that could do this for him. He is now stationed at Camp Pendleton, getting ready for duty in Vietnam. He volunteered for service in 'Nam, and will leave in a couple of weeks.

In February of this year, another trip to Kalamazoo and the recruiting office. This time it was my third son. He had his problems, too. It took about a week of getting papers in order for him, but his enlistment was accepted and on the 21st of this month he will be graduating. What a thrill it would be for me to see him graduate, but there are still five more at home so, financially, trips are rather taboo,

but I couldn't be prouder if I were there.

Now, next year, 1971, I have a girl who will be 18. Who knows? She's so proud of her brothers and has been reading a lot of literature about the Marine Corps.

Now that you have the story of my sons, may I say "Thank you so much" to the Marine Corps. The way you have molded these boys into men is just great. I know that there are many other lads you have done this for, but these are mine and with all my heart I say thank you.

The road they were headed on was not good but now I know they will do the best they can in whatever job they will be given. They have been taught by the Corps that the best is always the top goal.

I have talked to some mothers who ask me if I'm not fearful for my boys in this Vietnam thing. I can only answer that the road they were headed down, where so many youths today are going, dope, drinking, stealing, protesting and no purpose in life, is a fearful thing, too. I know the Corps has trained them the very best, so I leave it in God's hands and that of the U.S. Marines.

I'm so proud of my three Marines but I'm also thankful to the Corps for these men. Thank you again.

Mrs. M.A.K.
Bloomington, Mich.

• You're the one to be congratulated for raising your sons in such a manner that they accepted the challenge the Marine Corps offers every young man. You may believe that the Marine Corps has made your sons into men, but in fact, it is young men like your sons who make the Marine Corps. They are the Corps.—Ed.

Letter of the Month January 1975

I have wanted to write for some time, but never really knew how to put on paper the way I feel in my heart.

My husband and I are proud parents of six children. Our oldest was a sergeant in the Marines. He spent his time in Vietnam and many other places such as Puerto Rico, Japan, Newfoundland and stateside posts.

Our second oldest, Sergeant Terry L. Heuman, is in the Marines, and he, like Robert, served in Vietnam. Terry was recon. He was with the Silent Drill Team, and he is now assigned to the White House.

Our third son, Private First Class Donald Heuman, was high rifle shooter in his recruit platoon. He made PFC out of boot camp and is now stationed at Camp Lejeune.

Our fourth child was a girl, now married to a former Marine. But she was one of the first girls to graduate from boot camp

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as a member of the Young Marines. She was a charter member. Her husband was a member of the Silent Drill Team.

We have another boy and girl, and there is no doubt that they too will be in the Young Marines very soon.

When my husband and I see the flag go by, or hear "The Marines' Hymn" or see a Marine walking down the street, our hearts overflow with pride.

During the last Marine Corps Birthday Ball, Gunnery Sergeant Charles Lubbering, the local recruiter, made me an Honorary Recruiter.

I simply wanted to write to let everyone know how proud we are to be a part of the United States Marine Corps, and how proud we are that our children have been such a part of the Corps.

I feel very sorry for the parents who object to recruiters talking with their sons and daughters. Many parents are missing a whole new, wonderful world. And, I might add, they may be depriving their children of a highly successful future.

Mrs. Alice J. Heuman
Union, Mo.

Marine Marathon

January 1980

Following is a letter I sent to the CO of those responsible for the Marine Corps Marathon 1979.

"Thank you for a memorable race. From the way the Marine Corps performed, your call for "a few good men" must have been a tremendous success. You have a lot of good men.

All along the route I received encouragement from fine Marines and one had the feeling if help were needed, there would be no problem.

The greatest part of the race came during the last mile. When I saw the Marine Corps Memorial I was reminded of how much I owe the Marines.

Although the Navy is the normal topic of conversation in my home (I was in the Navy 1958-1962, USS *Northampton* (CC-1)), you can be sure the Marine Corps will now get equal time."

Joe Barone
Westwood, N.J.

• *The 4th Annual Marine Corps Marathon not only attracted a few thousand good men to the starting line, but 612 good women runners were entered as well. Your letter was typical of the congratulations received for the biggest and best Marine Marathon held to date.—Ed.*

Marine Corps Punch?

November 1980

Once again we prepare to celebrate our birthday. A few of us were sitting at a local

establishment, enjoying a few refreshments, when the subject was brought up.

Is there a "traditional" punch?

If there is, would you print the recipe?

Paul S. Delgadillo
Peoria, Ill.

• *Retired MSgt Bob Fleischauer provided the recipe used by the Royal Marines. He suggests that you first find a barstool with a seat belt. Once secure, order the following:*

1½ or 2 oz. 151 proof rum

Boiling water

Cinnamon stick

A pad of butter ("Plop it in and let it float; don't stir it around," Bob said.)

Add "about" a half teaspoon of nutmeg.

"It is also an excellent cold remedy," Bob said. "It won't cure the cold, but it makes it easier to live with one."

Bob adds that it is a nice "toasting" drink, but not one that you'd want to stick to during a full evening of socializing.—Ed.

Letter of the Month

November 1984

I scribbled some random thoughts on the back of an airline boarding pass, en route from San Diego to Omaha.



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I watched my 18-year-old son graduate from Marine boot camp this morning. Until then, I wasn't really sure it was worth the \$270 fare to fly out just for a two-hour ceremony, but it was. Especially so since he gets no leave after training. An hour before I took off, he boarded a plane toward Camp Lejeune, where he will attend school.

Another one of those damnable, hard-swallowing airport goodbyes.

The return to the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, my first since my own graduation 27 years ago, brought back memories. Just as, I suppose, "going back" to any place important in your life always does. The painted, yellow footprints where I stood at attention in the middle of the first night, scared spittless. The asphalt "grinder" where I left so much sweat and boot sole. Some memories are faded, but I believe my old Quonset hut billet is gone, replaced by dormitory-like barracks.

Enjoyed a quick tour of the depot yesterday, led by a major who seemed like an exceptionally sensitive officer. I told Lieutenant Hoflen, the series commander, not

to kick up any fuss over me, a rather small potatoes politician (state senator) from the Cornhusker State, but they did anyway.

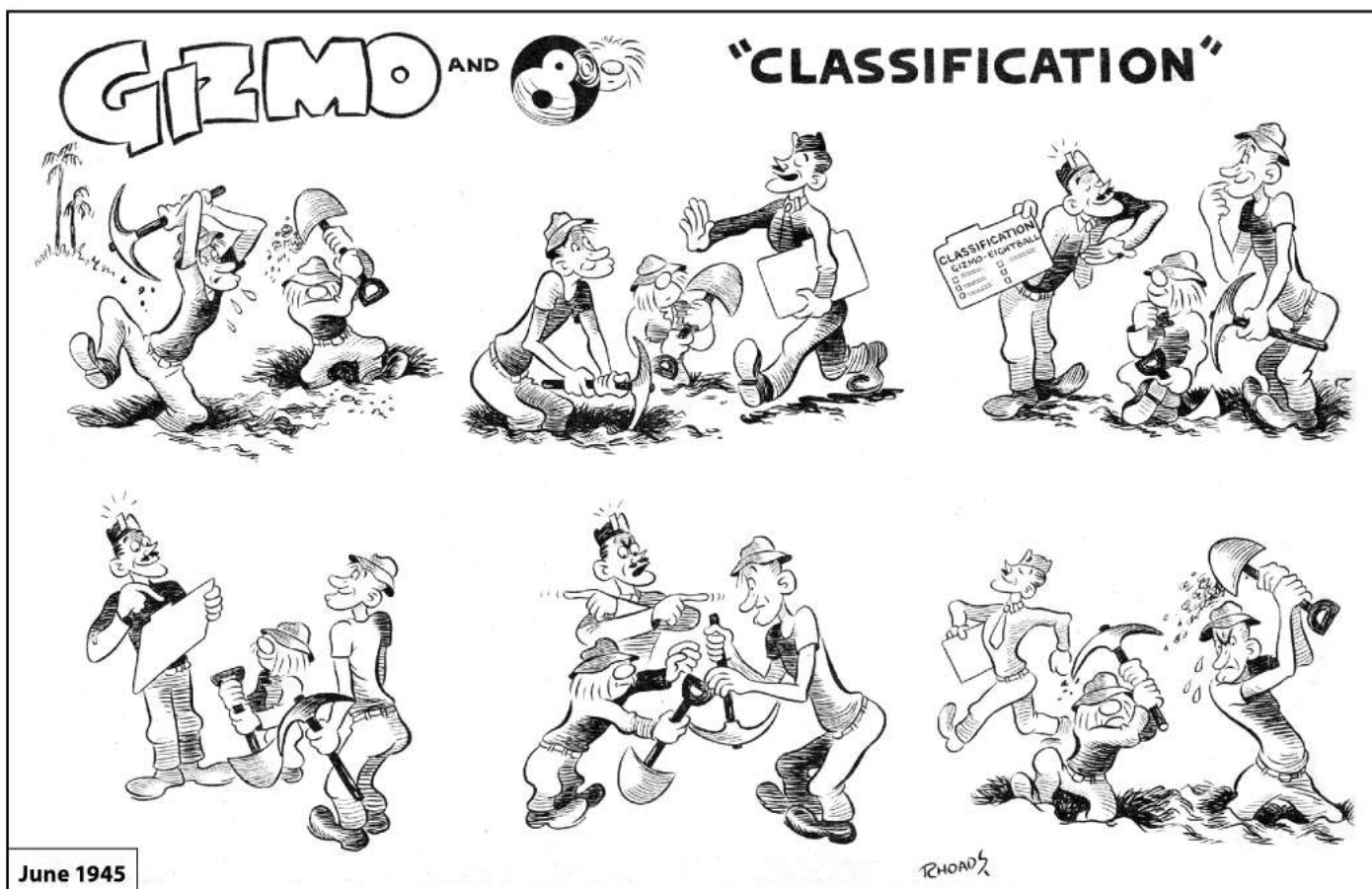
The strongest nostalgia was felt when I sat on a car fender near the grinder, listening to that echoing, sing-song cadence emanating from a dozen DI diaphragms. When last I heard that unforgettable sound, I too was young, lean and hard (of muscle, not of mind)!

Ah, those DIs. They still walk, talk and act just the same. The same attitude or demeanor (or arrogance). That unique carriage that is impossible to describe or appreciate unless you've been a Marine (or studiously observed Lou Gossett Jr., in "An Officer And A Gentleman").

The graduation ceremony was impressive. Really a reaffirmation of good, old-fashioned patriotism; something like what happened at the Olympics. The reminding, frequently, is good for all of us.

Funny, I can't recall my graduation ceremony at all. I hope Private First Class Mark Rupp remembers his, 27 years from now. Introductions, awards, a parade ... the "whole nine yards." He may remember, since he was meritoriously promoted, I assume for being series high shooter. He beat his old man's score by two points, and I was so happy for him.

Met his drill instructors afterwards. From close up, they looked like "bad dudes" indeed, just like mine did. But I



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know today what I didn't realize then. That they are good, dedicated men, working at a difficult job, making Marines from "scratch."

I'm glad two of his grandparents were able to attend his graduation. They will appreciate the Corps a bit more now; have some inkling of what it really is. So few civilians do.

During the parade, the announcer said that the recruit depot has processed a million Marines since 1920-something. Kind of reassuring to know that most of them are probably still around, somewhere, and there are at least that many Americans who do not pick their nose or scratch their anatomy when the colors go by or the anthem is played.

PFC Rupp is flying to Dallas, then the East Coast. How I hope the Corps, in three months, has been able to develop in him some traits I felt I wasn't able to. Motivation, determination, self-discipline ... Perhaps, most important of all, tenacity. The ability to, as the old song says, "Pick yourself up, dust yourself off and start all over again."

In retrospect, I know tenacity is above all else the most valuable gift the Marine Corps bestowed on me. How I recall the college chemistry courses years later, where a never-ending state of bewildered

confusion eroded what little confidence I had. Or a tough political campaign, bucking steep odds with little help. So many temporary setbacks I can remember when I drew on that old 1957 boot camp experience and resolved, "No, by God! I won't be whipped at this. Once in my life I was able to conquer something very difficult, and I am going to overcome this, too ..."

I know Mark does not consider himself a "warrior" tonight. But dads know too well that once their sons take the Oath of Enlistment that is the ultimate bottom line possibility. And we worry ...

Does he know I'm in a quandary tonight? Sad over the loss of his boyish innocence, gone forever now. But somehow relieved that with it went a naive vulnerability, a natural by-product of living all his life in a small farming community where he could trust virtually everyone.

I only hope that wherever he bunks tonight, as he closes his eyes, he realizes today was something special. From this day forth, he can wear that eagle, globe and anchor. He has earned a right that does not come easy.

I hope he is thinking "pride."

I know I am.

Lee Rupp
State Senator
Monroe, Neb.

"Dewey Canyon"

March 1988

Dear Sir:

Some time ago (April 1986) you ran a story about the meeting of three or four former Ninth Marines at The Wall in Washington, D.C. One told the story about a "crazy sergeant" who played "The Marines' Hymn" on his mouth harp during Operation Dewey Canyon.

I am that sergeant. I used to get snipers that way. They'd ding at me while I played the harp and my men would blow them out of the trees.

Donald F. Myers
Indianapolis, Ind.

• Retired SSgt Donald F. Myers did more than play the mouth organ. He received two Silver Stars, a pair of Bronze Stars, a Navy Commendation Medal and five Purple Hearts. He is also a Korean War veteran.—Ed.

Thanks, Leatherneck

January 1996

Dear Sir:

In February of '93, my name and address were in your magazine and a certain Marine wrote me. We wrote to each other for eight or nine months. And then, he travelled over two states to come see me.



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We started seeing each other, and then he asked me to marry him. I accepted.

Thank you *Leatherneck*, very much. I guess you can find a best friend and even true love almost anywhere, even in the pages of the Magazine of the Marines.

Susie Martinez

Another Good Use for Those Well-Read *Leathernecks*
May 2004

While visiting an assisted living facility, I met a gentleman who uses a wheelchair. His name is Mr. Louis Wourms.

One day last year his door was open, and I could not help but notice a Marine DI doll on his dresser with a Purple Heart pinned on it. I knocked on the door and invited myself in, and Louis was delighted to see me. On his wall was his Purple Heart citation. He was wounded on Iwo Jima in 1945. The result of his wounds was the amputation of one leg. We exchanged war stories for quite a while.

When I finish reading my *Leatherneck*, I take it to Louis. When he sees me coming with it, his eyes light up. Louis asked me to send a big "Semper Fi" to all of the *Leatherneck* staff.

GySgt John D. Foster
Palm Springs, Calif.

END

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SAVED ROUND

By Nancy S. Lichtman



ABIGAIL WILSON



MSgt Tom Bartlett
USMC (Ret)

KEYS FROM THE PAST—Known as “Mr. *Leatherneck*,” Master Sergeant Tom Bartlett, USMC (Ret) was the managing editor of *Leatherneck* magazine from 1976-1997 after previously serving as a member of the staff while on active duty. During his tenure with the magazine, he wrote nearly 1,000 articles—most of them on this Royal typewriter. In fact, Bartlett continued banging out copy on his typewriter long after the rest of the *Leatherneck* staff had switched to computers. “We were all scared that Tom would never be able to leave his typewriter and get the hang of a computer,” said Nancy Lee White Hoffman, former deputy editor for *Leatherneck*. “He dug his heels in ... but he finally came around,” added Patricia “Patty” Everett, the magazine’s editorial and production coordinator and a *Leatherneck* staff member since 1987.

Today, Bartlett’s typewriter is on display in the *Leatherneck* newsroom. It’s a silent reminder of the early days of the magazine, a symbol of our tradition of telling Marines’ stories and a tribute to the 100 years of dedicated writers, photographers and editors who have produced *Leatherneck—Magazine of the Marines*.

END

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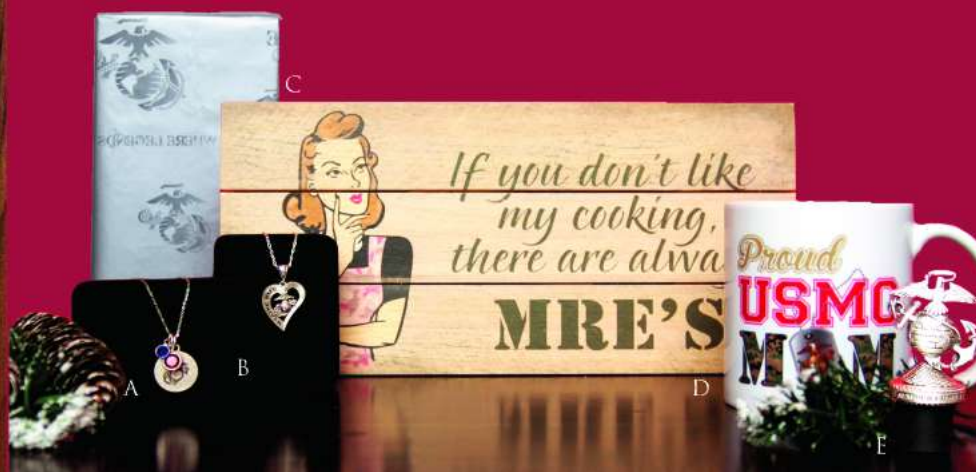
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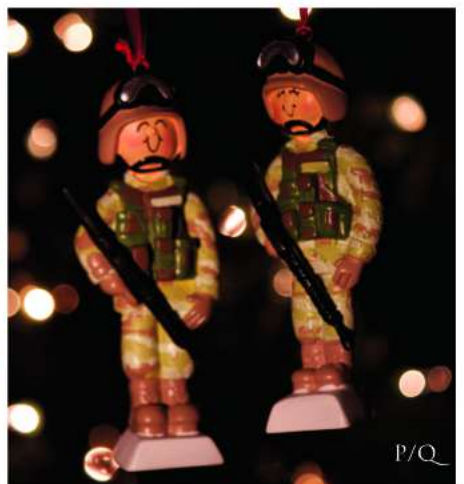
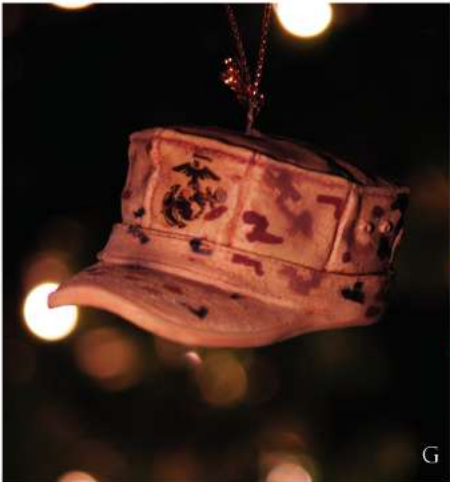
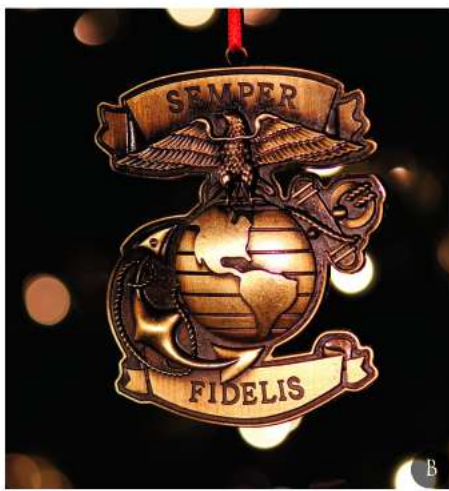
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M-2XL	\$49.95/\$44.96
E. Waffle Crew (Men)	107868
M-2XL	\$49.95/\$44.96
F. Marines Black Crew	108020
S-3XL	\$24.95/\$22.46
G. First to Fight Hoodie	108016
M-2XL	\$34.95/\$31.46
H. Marines Charcoal Crew	108021
S-3XL	\$24.95/\$22.46
I. USMC Legendary Hoodie	108013
S-2XL	\$34.95/\$31.46





Happy Holidays to our Marine Corps Family!

Membership in the Marine Corps Association & Foundation supports today's Marines with a variety of programs designed to foster their professional development. Our members receive discounts at *The MARINE Shop* and also receive one or both of our publications - the *Marine Corps Gazette* and *Leatherneck—Magazine of the Marines*.



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.....	\$14.95/\$13.46
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.....	\$11.95/\$10.76
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M-2XL	\$64.95/\$58.46
C. USMC Kensington Bottle 32oz	107932
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D. Chesty the Bulldog 13"	107875
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S-2XL	\$64.95/\$58.46
F. Pink Camo Crawler	107500
3-12M.....	\$14.95/\$13.46
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