



Gen Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr.

## 'I Will Never Forget My General'

■ Jack Hoag, 6th Division Oldtimer, Tells How It Was With Him and the General

I first became acquainted with the General when he was a bird colonel. It was he who taught me that a Marine did not salute an officer with a pipe in his mouth. That was at Camp Elliott, summer of 1942.

I do believe that another radioman, a Guard Company and I were the only ones remaining at Camp Elliott after the 2nd Division pulled out for overseas. Then one morning the Ninth Marines landed along with truck loads of boots from the MCRD, San Diego. The 3rd Special Weapons Battalion and the 3rd division were being formed and I became a part of them.

Being radiomen, Kennedy and I were assigned to B Btry which consisted of a brand new radar unit and a crew of one master technical sergeant, three truck drivers, three trucks of equipment, no guns and no radios. The radar unit was the first

Please turn to **Shepherd** on page 8

## St. Petersburg Will Be Site of Next 6th Division Reunion

Following the last Reunion in Las Vegas, just about as close to West Coast salt water as you can get without going through California or one of those other Pacific states, the Division will now try its luck to the East in St. Petersburg, FL.

It won't be the Atlantic (See Old Sailor Song, page 6), but the Gulf of Mexico is the next best thing, and it will be on the west coast of Florida.

The dates will be 8-24 to 31. August was chosen because it is off season, and while hot, it costs a lot less. Reunion Chairman

The actual site will be the Hilton Hotel (1-800-944-5500, [www.stpete-hilton.com](http://www.stpete-hilton.com)). Registration, room rental information and photographs are inside on pages 24 and 25.

John J. Foley made the deal with an eye on our wallets even while appreciating that most World War II Marines have known hot times before.

Like Las Vegas, St. Petersburg is a destination resort but water-activated. It is

Please turn to **REUNION** on page 7

## The Division Piper Stars Again

Joe McConville, now Sixth Division piper but formerly of L-4-15, was the reported "hit" of the Jean Steed retirement Ceremony in October (See Lt.Col Jean Steed Retires on page 28).

McConville's pipes also produced poignant moments during the Las Vegas Memorial Service in September. (See page 24, where we publish the prayer inadvertently left out of the last issue).



Photo by Dan Arant.

**Sign up now for  
the 2003  
National Reunion  
(details on pgs 4 - 6)**

**Sixth Marine Division Association  
2002-2003 Board of Directors**

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**6th JASCO** - Edward Marsalek  
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**6th Mtr Transport** - Vince G. Matthews  
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**6th Pioneers** - John M. Hibbard  
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**6th Recon Co.** - Fred E. Westphal  
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**6th Tank Bn** - Albert Stael  
519 Fairview St., Ridgeland, NJ 07450

**Hq. Co.-Hq. Bn.** - Augustine F. Lepore  
271 Morris Ave., Bristol, CT 06010

**Honorary Board Member** - Rudolph F. Vojnar  
2057 Amsterdam Ave., Schenectady, NY 12303

**Honorary Board Member** - James Wabeck  
6230 del Paso Ave., San Diego, CA 92129

**President's Message**



John Foley,  
President,  
6th Marine Division  
Association.

We as Sixth Division Marines have been going through many changes. As we have grown older and the casualty rate has increased, an ongoing transitional period has been necessary, but I am happy to report that things are going smoothly and are almost in order.

There are no communications that are going unanswered; we are dodging no problems. We have tried to answer every one. We will continue to do so.

In addition, we are financially solvent. Our newsletter, which had been a drain on the General Fund, is now standing on its own. Generally, our finances are such that all bills are being paid as they come in. That took some doing by a number of dedicated Marines and some hard looks at expenses.

The donors as listed in the newsletter have been a big help as have those working directly for the association. I would like to thank Past President Bill Pauley, Watson Crumble, Joe Singleton, Joe McConville, Buzzy Fox and all the others whose unwavering commitment to our Sixth Marine Division Association have made it all come together.

To keep things on a sound basis it will be necessary for the St. Petersburg Reunion, Aug. 24-31, to be a success and produce a profit. While it is true that

...we are financially solvent. Our newsletter, which had been a drain on the General Fund, is now standing on its own. Generally, our finances are such that all bills are being paid as they come in.

travel and expense will deter some, it is hoped that enough Marines will want to see old buddies and have "Fun in the Sun" to make this Reunion another rousing success.

This newsletter and the next one will have pages showing the benefits of our getting together in Florida and reaffirming our brotherhood. It won't hurt, either, to remember the many hours and the hard work that was required to make this Reunion a success.

The money made while we are having a great time will support the organization for a long, long time. The profit Marty and Marilyn Essex produced from the successful Las Vegas Reunion is helping carry us now, but it won't last forever. We must pick up the slack.

All monies collected above costs will go directly to our treasurer, which will enable a positive accounting of all receipts and expenditures.

During the week at St. Petersburg, the membership will have the opportunity to vote on having the 2004 Reunion there again. (Presently, there are no proposals offered to have it anywhere else.

Continued on page 7

**2002 - 2003 Appointed Officers & Committee Chairmen**

**Budget Committee Chairman**

John J. Foley, 5161 Forest Glen Dr.  
Spring Hill, FL 34607 (352) 686-6209

**Entertainment**

Augustine F. Lepore, 271 Morris Ave.,  
Bristol, CT 06010 (860) 582-1118

**Historian**

Laura Lacey, 1805 Newcastle Dr.  
Mansfield, TX 76063 (817) 453-2666  
L4RATS@aol.com

**Reunion Site Chairman**

John J. Foley, 5161 Forest Glen Dr.  
Springhill, FL 34607 (352) 686-6209

**Nominations Committee**

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28847 Geronimo Dr.  
Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90275  
**Members:** Thomas M. Terpinas  
Joe W. Singleton

**Piper**

Joseph McConville, 75 Elm Rd.,  
Caldwell, NJ 07006 (973) 228-4423

**Scholarship Program**

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Norristown, PA 19401-1541 (610) 279-4979

**Directory Committee**

Joe W. Singleton, Chairman  
Watson Crumble Co-Chairman  
Thomas M. Terpinas, Co-Chairman

## Errors, eeroros, Or Maybe It's Errors

Probably no one will believe this, but we do try to hold the mistakes to a reasonable level, that is, none. Haven't made it yet. Could be we never will, but that's the goal. Here are the latest boo-boos, the ones we know about:

We'll start with the Fall edition, the one that came out before the Reunion. The worst example was the article on Carl Sproatt. It was full of typos and a little confusing. I have an excuse. I was in the middle of a pair of eye operations. I couldn't see. Of course, you might think I could have done better a better job of planning.

Then there was the photograph sent in by Victor Vasu, K-3-4, but was a copy of a previous photo submitted by Chuck Orcutt, also of K-3-4. I messed that up and got the caption wrong. I ran the photo again in the Winter edition and probably fouled up again. When I get confused, I usually stay that way.

We ran a pretty good color photo of

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Any beginner who has ever worked for a periodical has been told time and again, "If you can't do anything else, at least get the names right."

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Howard Terry, F-2-29, in the Fall issue, but reported that he was retired, in point of fact, though, he is still hard at it in his watch repair shop. Col. Gene Carson, USAF, didn't lose a Marine son in Viet Nam, it was a well-loved nephew; hard to take but not his son.

My third edition was coming up; you would think I would be getting better. Not so! It isn't too bad in the beginning but then we get to Page Three. In transferring the "President's Message" to print, I changed Sam Petriello's first name to Tom and Marion Bangert's first name to Joan. I know them both and have their names right in other places, but, in addition, Marion's E-Mail address and phone number are wrong on Page Five. The correct versions can be found on the Ladies Auxiliary page.

There's a typo in the "Editor's Corner" of the last issue: too many "shoulds." There are those who wonder why I devoted so much space to Jean Steen's Sons and Daughters' project. I think it's worthwhile and wanted

everyone to know exactly what she has in mind. She is already assisting President John J. Foley in his administration.

Unfortunately Edward F. Maigarie, G-3-29, who died September 13, 2002, had his name misspelled. His widow, Genevieve Maigarie, a member of the Ladies Auxiliary, receives my apologies. Another misspelling in the Memorial Service Program that we

printed concerned Henry Gardner. We had him as Gradner.

I could go on, but enough is enough. Any beginner who has ever worked for a periodical has been told time and again, "If you can't do anything else, at least get the names right."

## New Directory in the Mail

**"There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."**

That's what Bobbie Burns says. Here's what Watson Crumbie, Directory Committee Co-Chairman with Tom Terpinas, says, "The actual roster went to Finisterre Publishing in early January. It is later than planned, there are still decisions to be made and some copy to be prepared, but the Directory should be in the mail by February or March at the latest."

Terpinas, who has been working with Jerry Wadley of Finisterre on the cover, is being limited only by cost considerations. The book is going over budget because of additional information being published for the first time.

The committee decided to add E-Mail addresses, which made it impossible to hold to a planned 48 pages, considering type must be large enough for older readers' fading eyesight. Final size as planned is 64 readable pages plus cover.

This Directory is a couple of years late because of financial difficulties that have been solved to some extent. There was a move to print it last year, but roster information was not complete, and it is believed the membership will approve the delay as necessary for accuracy.

The 1996 Directory, as produced by then

Membership Chairman Jack Dornan, was outstanding, both for its roster and for various pertinent items added. The 2003 Directory will have some history but will not be as elaborate.

It was hoped that those who died on Okinawa and those who won honors there could be listed. We don't have up-to-date information on either. There were a number of errors in the 1948 "History of the Sixth Marine Division," and changes in the records have been made since then.

Space considerations, however, were the real problem; Purple Hearts alone would have run 14 pages without counting the many wounded twice. If the membership approves, it may be possible to publish a yearbook for sale later on to include updated and complete accounts of this nature.

Past President Bill Pauley and the current incumbent, John J. Foley, were instrumental in making the new Directory possible. Additionally, the information contained would have been hopelessly outdated except for heroic efforts by past Membership Chairman Watson Crumbie, present Chairman Jim White, Ladies Auxiliary President Lorene Gilbert and the star of the show, Flo Dornan, membership manager.

*Joe Singleton,  
Directory Committee chairman.*



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Make checks payable to Sixth Marine Division Association, Inc.

Contributions and suggestions are welcome. Submissions should be sent to the editor, Joe W. Singleton, 3506A Patty Dr., Lago Vista, TX 78645-9779 (512) 267-9744 (E-Mail: JoeS104183.aol@com).



# The Sixth Marine

## ANNUAL REUNION



Mail to the following form, or a copy, to Treasurer Joseph McConville, 75 Elm Rd., Caldwell, NJ 07006 (Ph. 937-228-4423).  
 Make your check out to the 6th Marine Division Association.

### Hilton Hotel – St. Petersburg, Florida

Arrival Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Time: \_\_\_\_\_ Departure Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Guest Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Co: \_\_\_\_\_ Bn: \_\_\_\_\_ Regt: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Day Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ E-Mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Single, double, triple or quad occupancy \$65.00 per day plus tax (currently 11%) which equates to \$72.15 per day. Please note this rate includes valet parking for one vehicle per room and is available three days prior and three days past the Reunion dates.

Please check Preferred Accommodations:  King size bed  Two Double beds:  
 Smoking:  Non Smoking:

Special Requests: \_\_\_\_\_



St. Petersburg Hilton



#### Accommodations

Requested beds will be furnished if available, otherwise the nearest proximation will be provided. The Sixth Marine Division Registration Desk will be located in the hotel's Conference Center.

#### Deadline

Registration must be postmarked by July 24, 2003 to obtain group discount and assure availability.

#### Confirmation

The hotel will return a confirmation within two weeks after receipt of your completed form. Reservations will be taken on a first-come, first-serve basis. Send in early, as we expect to fill this hotel. Check in 3PM, check out 12PM.

Very Important: Please Check One  Driving  Flying

Authorized Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

#### Add It Up

Registration Fee for Member.			=	\$ 25.00
Guests (spouse and widows free)	\$12. each	X _____	Guests	= \$ _____
Room rate	\$72.15/day	X _____	Days.	= \$ _____
DUKW Tour (do not pay now—pay at boat)	\$18.00			= \$ *****
Luncheon Cruise	\$35.00/person	X _____	People	= \$ _____
Banquet.	\$35.00/person	X _____	People	= \$ _____
Please select choice: <input type="checkbox"/> Prime Rib <input type="checkbox"/> Tropical Chicken <input type="checkbox"/> Baked Salmon				
<b>Grand Total</b>				<b>\$ _____</b>

#### Ladies Luncheon

Cost = \$20

Mail Check Directly to:

**Treasurer Pauline Roberts,**  
 226 Ash St.,  
 Danville, Pa. 17821,  
 Ph. (570) 275-4634

# Division Association



AUGUST 24 — 31, 2003



## Association Events

### Transportation

Tampa Bay Super Shuttle 1-800-282-6817 or online at: [www.supershuttle.com](http://www.supershuttle.com) 24-hour direct service to the Hilton Hotel from the airport. Reservations are recommended as soon as you have your airline flight confirmed - MasterCard & Visa are accepted. Remember to mention that you are with the 6th Marine Division Reunion.

### Duck Tours of Tampa Bay:

Wednesday, August 27. Cost will be announced, departure from hotel parking lot. Duck is a



Have you ever seen a DUKW that looked like this?

genuine World War II U.S. Amphibious vehicle whose name derived from the military acronym, "DUKW. D- built 1942 - U amphibious 2 1/2 ton utility truck, K-front wheel drive, W-Rear wheel drive Each vehicle is a 1940 original and has been carefully restored and holds 27 passengers.

**Starlite Cruises:** Unique Dining on smooth Inland Waters Serving the entire Tampa Bay Area

*Starlite* Cruise Thursday, August 28. Cost per person \$35.00. Boarding beginning at 10:30 am, cruising from 11:00 am - 2:00 pm. which includes a sit-down menu consisting of 5 entrees to choose from; coffee, tea and Amaretto cheese cake also included. Live music and dancing included, cash bar available. This cruise ship will reposition to the St.

Petersburg Pier for this trip. The local trolley and 2 hotel vans will be available. The St. Petersburg Pier is within walking distance from the Hilton Hotel. The ship has a limited space of 239 people — first come first serve.

### Ladies Luncheon Banquet

Friday, August 29. Cost per person \$20.00 luncheon all inclusive. Payment to be sent to: Pauline Roberts, Treasurer 226 Ash Street. Danville. PA 17821 Phone (570) 275-4634

### Banquet Dinner:

Friday, August 29. Dinner & Dance Banquet at the Hilton. Cost \$35.00 per person which includes Garden House Salad, choice of entrees: Prime Rib; Tropical Chicken; Baked Salmon; all served with baked potato, mixed vegetables, chef's choice of dessert, coffee, tea or decaffeinated coffee.

After dinner there will be a brief program which will include installation of officers and guest speaker. Music and dancing will start promptly afterward.

Downtown St. Petersburg Waterfront: Shopping, Dining, Adventure



## The Annual Reunion

Don't miss it.  
Send in your reservation today



The *Starlite Princess* (above) boasts unique dining in the elegant dining room (right).



# Schedule of Events

Day	Time	Event	Time	Event
<b>Sunday</b> <b>8/24/03</b>	12:00 pm - 5:00 pm 12:00 pm	Registration Hospitality Room	10:30 am 12:00 pm	Luncheon Cruise Hospitality Room
<b>Monday</b> <b>8/25/03</b>	7:00 am - 9:00 am 9:00 am - 5:00 pm 12:00 pm	Coffee & Donuts Registration Hospitality Room	<b>Friday</b> <b>8/29/03</b>	7:00 am - 9:00 am 9:30 am - 10:30 am 11:00 am - 12:30 pm 11:30 am - 12:30 pm 12:00 pm 6:00 pm 7:00 pm
<b>Tuesday</b> <b>8/26/03</b>	7:00 am - 9:00 am 9:00 am - 5:00 pm 12:00 pm	Coffee & Donuts Registration Hospitality Room		Coffee & Donuts Memorial Services Mens Meeting Site Selection Ladies Luncheon Hospitality Room Cash Bar Banquet - Installation - Dancing
<b>Wednesday</b> <b>8/27/03</b>	7:00 am - 9:00 am 9:00 am - 5:00 pm 10:00 am 12:00 pm	Coffee & Donuts Registration Duck Tour Hospitality Room	<b>Saturday</b> <b>8/30/03</b>	7:00 am - 9:00 am 12:00 pm
<b>Thursday</b> <b>8/28/03</b>	7:00 am - 9:00 am 8:00 am - 10:00 am 9:00 am - 5:00 pm	Coffee & Donuts Board Meeting Registraton	<b>Sunday</b> <b>8/31/03</b>	7:00 am - 9:00 am 12:00 pm Check Out
				Coffee & Donuts Hospitality Room No Activities Planned Have A Safe Trip Home

## For My Records

I am paying for \_\_\_\_ nights @ \_\_\_\_ per night from \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_.

And Registration @ \$25.00, plus \_\_\_\_ Guests @ \$12.00 each, DUKW Tour (pay later @ \$18.00),

Luncheon Cruise @ \$35.00 per person,

And Banquet @ \$35.00 per person \_\_\_\_\_, totaling \_\_\_\_\_.

I mailed my check # \_\_\_\_\_ made out to the Sixth Marine Division Association on \_\_\_\_\_, well before July 24, to Joseph McConville, Treasurer, , 75 Elm Rd., Caldwell, NJ 07006.

As a member of the Ladies Auxiliary I paid for our Reunion Luncheon with a check for \$20.00 made out to the Auxiliary on \_\_\_\_\_ and mailed it to Pauline Roberts, 226 Ash St., Danville, PA 17821, Ph. (570) 275-4634.

## Alaska Cruise for Vets

Bobbie Norman, widow of the former 6th Engineers' Robert Norman, will be the featured entertainer on an Alaska cruise dedicated to World War II veterans with special emphasis on the Sixth Marine Division. Information on the cruise, which leaves from Vancouver May 23 but ends up at San Francisco June 2 can be obtained by calling her at (818) 845-6141 or E-Mail at [bnorman1@com-puter.com](mailto:bnorman1@com-puter.com).



## You Must Admit, It Makes Good Sense

Private Jones was assigned to the induction center, where he advised new recruits about their government benefits, especially their GI insurance. It wasn't long before Captain Smith noticed that Private Jones was having a staggeringly high success-rate, selling insurance to nearly 100% of the recruits he advised.

Rather than ask about this, the Captain stood in the back of the room and listened to Jones' sales pitch. Jones explained the basics of the GI Insurance to the new recruits, and then said: "If you have GI Insurance and go into battle and are killed, the government has to pay \$200,000 to your beneficiaries. If you don't have GI insurance, and you go into battle and get killed, the government only has to pay a maximum of \$6000.

Now," he concluded, "which group do you think they are going to send into battle first?"

*Editor's Note: The above is from Jack Hoag, 6th Jasco.*

**A Friendly Town**

We were on our way from Texas to the Bahamas. We thought we would spend the night ashore at St. Petersburg. As we were tying up, a couple came down to the dock to help us. Before they left we had an invitation to dinner. Before that was done we were talked into staying an extra day. In the end, the Bahamas had to wait an extra week.

located on Tampa Bay but with access to myriad Gulf beaches. Attuned to year-round visitors, it offers fishing, swimming, boating, golf, views, a place in the sun and even cultural activities.

It has shopping, people-watching and plenty of bars and restaurants. Naturally, there is a lot of seafood. All in all, it's a neat place; not high-toned like the Gold Coast on the other side of the peninsula.

A couple of extra events are planned besides the culminating Banquet at the Hilton and the Memorial Service. The Starlite Princess tour boat will be the scene of a luncheon, and there will be a "Duck" tour on one or more DUKW's.

Tampa is next door. There may be pre-season NFL football there or major league baseball. A big city, Tampa is a worth while destination in its own right.

Orlando with its theme parks is not far

away from Tampa, and south of there is the hill country near Kissimmee. You didn't know there were hills in Florida? There are, hidden away in the central part of the state. A limestone plateau barely above sea level, chock full of fresh water springs, the state has a lot to offer, which is why it is filling up fast.

Head up the coast from St. Pete, pass Clearwater, Dunedin, Tarpon Springs and even Cedar Key. You will come to nearly the last almost undiscovered part of Florida from Crystal River to St. Joe. Unfortunately, peo-

**Old Sailor Song**

I joined the navy to see the world,  
 But what did I see, I saw the sea,  
 I saw the Atlantic and the Pacific,  
 But the Pacific wasn't so terrific,  
 And the Atlantic wasn't what  
 it was cracked up to be.

**The Green Flash**

**My last wife has always maintained that the only reason she didn't see the Green Flash was because she was sober.**

That's the way wives are, but I know I saw it. I swear to it. Anywhere a man (I don't claim to know about women.) looks out to sea, toward the west as the sun sets, exactly as it sets, once in a great while if the Good Lord wills, he will be privileged to see the Green Flash just once. I have never known anyone to see it twice.

I would describe it, but it is indescribable.

You may be able to see it from one of the Gulf beaches near St. Pete, but they say the best place is on a pier at Key West, where drunken idlers gather every night in hopes of success. I never saw it there, but I did see it at sunset one evening while hull-down near Dead-Man's Cay. I just happened to glance up from my can of beer at exactly the right moment, and I saw it: the GREEN FLASH. I swear I did.

*Editor*

**Where They Came From— Las Vegas Reunion Report**

4th Marines .....	16	6th Pioneers .....	1
22nd Marines .....	65	6th Engnrs .....	3
29th Marines .....	67	6th Recon.....	1
15th Marines .....	18	6thMarDiv-HQBn .....	3
6th Med Bn .....	1	3rd Amph Corps .....	1
6th Tank Bn .....	4	JASCO .....	6
6th Mtr Trns.....	2		

**PRESIDENT from page 2**

Putting on a successful Reunion is hard work. Ask Marty. Ask me.)

Here is our bond: We will meet all your considerations and leave you spell-bound. We are committed to making this Reunion one everyone will remember and want to repeat. Much hard work has gone into the project and every effort is being made on behalf of the membership to make it a winner.

Think about it, and open your check-books. Our operators are standing by to receive your reservations. Our work crews are clearing the decks for a true Marine Gala. We couldn't get the Commandant, but Pfc. John J. Foley, Ret., late of the Fourth Marines, will be on board to greet you, make you welcome and assure you the finest time you'll have this year.

Semper Fidelis,

John. J. Foley, President,  
 Reunion Chairman, and  
 Chief Bottle Washer

**Floridian Has Answer for Northerners**

A New Yorker and a Canadian are in a bar one night having a beer with a Floridian. The New Yorker drinks his beer and suddenly throws his glass in the air, pulls out a gun and shoots the glass to pieces.

He says, "In New York our glasses are so cheap that we don't need to drink from the same one twice."

The Canadian (obviously impressed by this) drinks his beer, throws his glass into the air, pulls out his gun and shoots the glass to pieces.

He says, "In Canada we have so much sand to make the glasses that we don't need to drink out of the same glass twice, either."

The Floridian, cool as a cucumber, picks up his beer and drinks it, throws his glass into the air, pulls out his gun and shoots the New Yorker and the Canadian.

He says, "In Florida we have so many New Yorkers and Canadians that we don't need to drink with the same ones twice."

of it's kind in the Corps. It's primary use was to direct a battery of 90mm AAA which hadn't arrived. Kennedy and I became guards for this top secret equipment.

I was rushing back to the unit after an early lunch to relieve Kennedy when I spotted three officers coming my way. I learned later that they were Colonel Shepherd, C.O. Ninth Marines, Light Colonel Shively, C.O. 3rd Special Weapons and Major Campbell, ExO 3rd Special Weapons.

At that moment the pipe I was smoking was in my right hand. Not wanting to poke my eye out I put the pipe in my mouth and snapped a first class, right hand salute. The salute was returned and just as I had passed the officers I heard "MARINE!" I stopped, did an about face and was looking eye to eye with the bird colonel.

The colonel said, "Son, there is nothing we officers appreciate more than a snappy salute; (For a newly promoted PFC, fresh out of radio school, my ego was about as high as it could get.) and I want to thank you, but next time take that damn pipe out of your mouth."

I walked along with his 9th Marines from Elliott to Pendleton. We traveled the back way along Hwy. 395. The colonel led his regiment walking along with his cane. During our five minute break, which we took every hour, the colonel would walk back along the line checking on his boys.

January of 1943, the 9th Marines, one battalion of the 19th Marines, C Battery, 3rd Spl. Wps. Bn. and the 26th Seabees, boarded the Mt Vernon. The Mt. Vernon was the largest troop ship on the Pacific. 2900 troops were aboard. Every day I would observe the Colonel, with a Navy officer, tour the ship. They would walk the decks and the Colonel would stop and talk to enlisted men. They toured the mess hall and talked to the troops. They were even seen down in the troop's quarters.

In New Zealand we walked. We walked one Sunday morning fifteen miles to get in shape for a twenty mile hike the next day to a New Zealand rifle range to sight in our new rifles. Then it was a forty-five mile walk, fifteen a day for three days. After a two week break we did the same exercise but twenty miles a day for three days. The Colonel lived on the same rations we did but didn't carry a pack. He did walk back

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through the ranks at every hour break.

Before we left New Zealand the 3rd Special Weapons Battalion put on a demonstration of our new weapons for the Division brass. "A" Battery, with new 40mm AA guns and directors, "B" Battery with new 90mm AA guns and the Marine Corps new Radar director, "C" and "D" Batteries with half tracks equipped with 75mm guns.

I was stationed about 50 yards to the rear manning the radio in communication with the base camp and the plane that would be pulling the target for the AA guns. With me was the German shepherd that the 1st platoon of "A" battery had acquired for a mascot. The exercise started with General Barrett making a speech. Every time he started to talk the dog would howl.

The Colonel came to my station and said, "Son, I learned a long time ago that if you wanted something done go to the man in charge. Keep the dog quiet, it's embarrassing the General." The Colonel walked away, I took off my belt and muzzled the dog.

It was a week after the weapons demonstration that the 9th Marines took their famous 60 mile walking tour of New Zealand. Walking on the N.Z. decomposed granite roads the dog wore the pads off of his four feet. The dog was destroyed.

The 3rd Division left New Zealand and set up camp on Guadalcanal, July of '43. The colonel was promoted to Brigadier General and was transferred to the 1st Marine Division, where he became assistant division commander and participated in that unit's activities in New Guinea and adjacent waters. The General took command of the newly formed 1st Provisional Marine Brigade on Guadalcanal, April 1944.

I went to Bouganville with the 9th Marines and then became a part of the 4th Marines which became a part of the brigade. We knew that the General was on board because activities were in high gear. May 25, we boarded ship and headed for the invasion of Guam.

We landed on Guam, 21 July, 1944 and on the 29th, at the site of the Marine Barracks, Orote Peninsula, I heard the General say, "On this hallowed grounds, your officers and men of the First Marine Brigade have avenged the loss of our comrades who were overcome by a numerically superior enemy three days after Pearl Harbor. Under our flag this island again stands ready to fulfill its destiny as an American fortress in the Pacific."

August 3, 1944, the Brigade was ordered north to join up with the 3rd Marine Division. Our predicted eight mile walk turned out to be eighteen. We dug in that evening on top of the mesa just north of where the Guam International Airport is now. The radios were set up and I was boiling a can of green tea. It was tea that I had picked up at the Jap supply depot. Chaplain McCorkill, Brigade chaplain, asked me if I had any, "bung-fodder."

He said that he and the General had the "trots." I gave him my spare packet of ration toilet paper and in a short while there stood the General returning what was left. I told him to keep it as I had plenty. He then asked me what I was boiling and I told him, "Green tea, sir, want a cup?" He said that he hadn't had any decent tea since we left New Zealand. I filled up a canteen cup and gave him half of my brick of green tea. The General thanked me and said something about green tea being medicinal.

Several days after 10 August, 1944, the Marine Cemetery on Guam was dedicated. A Lieutenant Dillenbeck asked me to accompany him to the dedication and operate the PA system. I was setting up the gear when the Brigade staff along with Adm. Nimitz, Lt. Gen H.M. Smith and Commandant Lt. Gen. Vandegrift along with Maj. Gen Geiger and Admiral Spruance arrived.

The General walked over to me and said, "The tea worked and where is your dog?" I didn't have time to answer, he was being

pushed along with all of that brass.

My next encounter with the General was at the 1976, Sixth Division Association reunion at San Diego. The General was sitting in a chair and when the crowd around him cleared I asked if he still had the cane that walked us all over New Zealand. He told me the cane was at Quantico. He told me about being wounded during WW I and how a French doctor wanted to amputate his leg and how a German POW doctor saved it and gave him the cane.

It seems that the French doctor told the young Lieutenant that a true patriot should be willing to give a limb in the service of his country. He also told me the Seabees in New Zealand replaced the worn out tip with a monel metal tip. Then the General surprised me by asking, "What ever happened to your dog?" I told him about destroying the dog and he replied, "What a shame!"

### **The General Takes Command Of Heaven's Scene's Marines**

The last four years of General Lemuel C. Shepherd's tour of duty on this earth and before he took Command of the Heavenly Guard Company, two and sometimes three of us Sixth Division vets would visit him at his La Jolla home. We made a point to visit him on his birthday and the Marine Corps birthday. And then there were times in between. On special occasions we would take him his favorite cake, German chocolate and his favorite drink, scotch.

It was during these visits that I was able to get answers to questions that had been bothering me since the war years. The General was so gracious, always answered like I was one of his staff and not a pfc.

I asked the General whose idea it was to use "R"rations (rice, raisins and salt -pork) on the New Zealand marches? He said, "It was General Barrett, a mighty fine man, my mentor. General Barrett said, "If the Japs can live on a handful of rice so can my Marines."

This brought up another question. I asked General Shepherd if it was true that General Barrett fell out of the second floor of a Noumea, New Caledonia whorehouse, breaking his neck and resulting in his death?

The General's answer, "General Barrett was a fine, Southern, Christian gentleman. He was my mentor and I know that he would never visit a house of ill repute. I must tell you that he committed suicide. He was at New Caledonia making final plans for the Bougainville landing. When the Navy told

the General that as soon as the troops were ashore, they would leave and the Marines would be on their own; General Barrett knew it would be a bloody landing without any support and he didn't want to be responsible for the many casualties, so he shot himself."

At our visit to celebrate the General's birthday, February, 1988, the General wanted to know what I was doing to keep busy. I mentioned that in April I would be cruising down the Amazon. He wanted to know why and when and ordered me to report to him as soon as I got home.

I did as ordered. The General and I sat side by side on a bench and he critiqued me. He asked me a lot of questions about Manaus, Brazil and what shape the opera house was in. He then told me that he was the only Commandant of the Marine Corps who had visited every place where a Marine was stationed.

During these visits I learned when the General acquired a love for German chocolate cake. It was while he was stationed in Coblinz, Germany, during occupation duty after WW I. The then Captain Shepherd was billeted above a bakery. Captain Shepherd had his first taste of German chocolate cake and while stationed in Coblinz the baker never wanted for cocoa or flour.

In 1954 Commandant Shepherd made a tour of the consulates in Europe. Being near Coblinz he told his driver about the room over the bakery and decided to see if the building was still standing. He directed the driver to the street and to where he thought was the place. The General pointed to a bakery across the street and told the driver that he thought that was the bakery.

While he was pointing a man nearing fifty, with a white apron, walked across the street and said in broken English, "Captain Shepherd?" The man was the baker's ten year old son when Captain Shepherd occupied the room above the bakery.

Why did the General prefer scotch to sour mash whiskey; being a native of Virginia, home of American whiskey? It seems that when a cadet at VMI a classmate

acquired a bottle of whiskey and the two of them drank themselves sick. For a long time the smell of whiskey turned the cadet's stomach. He was introduced to scotch while in France during WW I and it didn't make him sick.

The General spoke highly of the German people but not so of the French. His feeling about the Japanese was just a bit below the French. During one of our visits Len Cotten told the General he was being pressured to return his war trophy flag to Japan. He asked the General for guidance. The General's answer, "Len, tell them to go to hell."

The general's eyesight disintegrated during his last years to a point where he could only distinguish between a bright light and total dark. My son, an Army officer, expressed several times a desire to meet and shake the hand of this General I was always talking about. The occasion presented itself in May, 1989. The General had been ill and his February 10 birthday party was postponed 'til May. My son was available to accompany us to La Jolla and when I introduced him to the General, the General said, "You must be a military man. I can see your shiny buttons." The General talked to my son for several minutes. He wanted to know where he went to school, when he was commissioned, what his command was, etc.

After we arrived home my son said, "Pop, no wonder you admire General Shepherd. He talked to me like I was a part of his staff. I should have gone Marine instead of Army."

Len Cotten, Ken Davis, myself and others celebrated the Corps birthday with our General and his dear lady, Friday, 10 November, 1989. As usual we took with us a bottle of champagne, the General's

### **IN FLANDERS FIELDS**

**In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.**

John McCrae (poem abridged), who died there.

favorite, German chocolate cake and a bottle of scotch for his decanter.

Jim Day, being second in command, asked the General if he would do the honors of toasting the Corps, our Nation, the President and the Commandant.

We who were there will never forget the General's lady, sitting next to the General, who reached over, squeezed the General's leg and said, "You must toast the division."

The General cut the cake with a K-Bar. We were all served and after some small talk and sea stories we policed the area and bid adieu to the General, his lady and Col. Shepherd (Bo), USMC, Ret. At that time the General insisted that we take the bottle of scotch with us and give the boys a drink.

Two days after the birthday party our General's lady entered the hospital and there spent her final days.

What became of the bottle? It became the "LAST MAN'S BOTTLE," a gift from our General and is auctioned off at every reunion. The proceeds are designated for the VMI General Shepherd's Fund.

The General was shown the "LAST MAN'S BOTTLE" and the oak protection container at his last and 94th birthday on this earth, February, 1990. The General's passing affected me more than the death of my own father. I've questioned myself about this many times. The only answer I can come up with is, we were comrades in arms and fought the same war. We had both heard the sounds of battle, the cry of the wounded and the silence of death. I will never forget my GENERAL.

*Jack E. Hoag, 6th JASCO*

## The Corps

### **Reunions and Meetings**

#### **Marine Corps Tankers Assn. Reunion**

Sept. 15-18, 2003; Louisville, KY  
Red Saunders, (760) 434-5402

#### **Marine Mustangs Meeting**

The Marine Corps Mustang Assn. will meet Oct. 12-16, 2003 at the Marines' Memorial Club and Hotel, San Francisco, CA. For information contact Bill Max, PO Box 1314, Delran, NJ 08075, 1-800-321-USMC, topmustang@aol.com.

## **THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES OF AN OLD MARINE**

As we meet here together, the way friends always do  
With our memories of days long gone by,  
In our thoughts tonight we are young once again,  
To remember, to laugh and to cry.

To the heroes who have fallen we'll never forget them  
Though they lie silently, in a far distant land.  
We ask God up above, with His goodness and mercy  
To gently hold each, in the palm of His hand.

For those here assembled, the brave men among us  
It's been said, "They are tough, they are mean,  
Are the finest, the proudest, the men of great honor,  
The cream of the crop —the Marine."

When the days you recall if only in memory  
Of the battles, the heartaches, the strife  
These are the things you carry forever

And remember for the rest of your life.  
You pause for a moment with eyes closed so tightly,  
To whisper your own special prayer  
You give thanks that you survived for another tomorrow,  
And for the friendship that each of us shares.

But all the memories need not be sad ones  
For you can recall years ago as a "Boot,"  
Of those long endless marches; the continuous training,  
And the range where they taught us to shoot.

The loud bark, windage right, elevation,  
Those positions, and the unbelievable scores  
Can we ever forget the frustration?  
When the flag raised, you got "Maggies' Drawers."

To those days when in closed tight formation  
You stepped out to the cadence in stride  
Even now nearly sixty years later  
Your hearts beats with the thrill and the pride.

You all spoke marine-style language, and walked with a swagger  
Were cocky, but you knew even then  
That given a chance, you'd tell all who would listen  
You were the "Elite," the world's finest men.

Though now in your memory many years later  
You'll remember that day, It was done  
The end of the war, those wonderful moments  
The long journey, the final battle was won.

Then on we would travel to a place all together  
To a city you'll recall even now,  
Through the cheers we would go with great expectations,  
As we entered the streets of "Tsingtao."

As the shadows grow longer in life's ongoing journey,  
In the years that remain, always know,  
That you served in the best, the great Sixth Division,  
To the cry of the Marines—a "Gung Ho."

When you stand final muster, at the gates of St Peter  
He'll say "Enter, you've done your job well  
We've a place here in Heaven for all you Marines  
Cause we know that you've all been through Hell."

Though we shove off tomorrow, until we meet once again  
Let's drink a toast, lift our glasses up high  
We're a proud bunch of bastards, We U.S. Marines,  
So here's to you, to the Corps, "Semper Fi."

Cpl. John B. Conley  
Regmt'l H&S, 15th Marines

*Editor's Note: Conley wants to know if you, his old friends, like his poetry. His address and phone number follow, but be careful he may write some more.*

30 Liston St  
Buffalo, NY 14223-1337  
(716) 877-6447

## Division Historian Laura Lacey Explains

# How Marines Keep Tabs on the Past

**GOOD NEWS!** Many places are now serving as repositories for historical collections, and welcome new material. One such facility is the Alfred M. Gray Marine Corps Research Center. It's a beautiful building, filled with Marine lore, and has a growing collection of Marine Corps and other military materials, as well as a professional staff.

For members of the Sixth Marine Division Association and their families the research center is ideally located at Quantico, near the Sixth Memorial. The center is designed to support the needs of the military students and faculty at the Marine Corps University and "is envisioned to be the central research facility for Marines in operational units around the world." It is also available for others who are interested in the Marine Corps.

Three distinct areas of interest are located at the research center: a library, archives and a conference center. The conference center has hosted over 500 events in the last twelve months. It has seminar rooms and a 250-seat auditorium.

The library is actually two libraries: a family library and the Carson Breckenridge Research Library. The research library is designed to support the Marine Corps University and Marines worldwide. It contains over 150,000 volumes, periodicals and other resources.

Last summer I had the opportunity to tour and utilize the research facility. Mike Miller, the senior archivist, was helpful both while I was on site as well as in the months since my visit. I found valuable information for my research and discovered a source that will help many in the future.

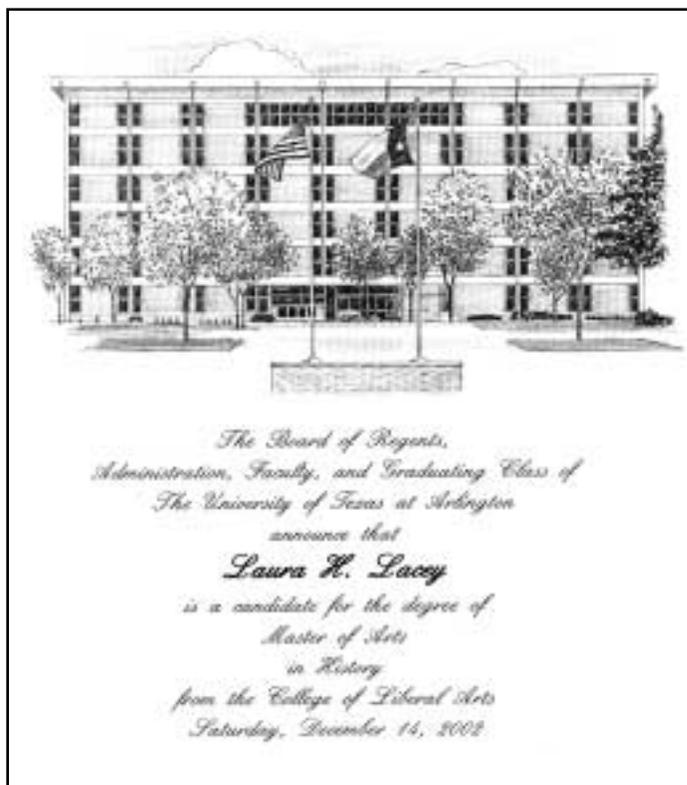
The archive acquires, organizes, and maintains documents (documents can be letters, reports, operation plans, pictures, films, diaries and much more) for military and academic research. Currently the archive has over nine million copies of historical documents.

They have recently begun to digitalize the collection so that anyone one who has access to a computer can access the materials. Currently over 200,000 documents have been scanned and stored.

Are you interested in Shepherd's papers? They are there. Care to see what this officer was writing directly after Sugar Loaf? They are there too. Soon they will be accessible to anyone interested! There are photos to be explored and an entire film division.

Now some very exciting news - the archives has decided to start a collection based on my research. Isn't it neat to think that your letters or diaries could be kept right alongside Chesty Puller's as part of the Sixth Marine Division Collection! I have already sent them the plans and other relevant information on the Quantico Memorial project and eventually I plan to make this the home of all of the oral interviews I have done.

General Charles Krulak has explained that "Future generations, our children and grandchildren, must be able to see



Laura Lacey's dissertation for a Master of Arts degree in History was accepted at the University of Texas at Arlington.

with their own eyes - and hear with their own ears - the stories of the Marine Corps experience." Places like the Gray Research Facility, the future Heritage Center, the Battle of Okinawa Museum, and the Quantico Memorial, all help to create for future generations the story of the Sixth Marine Division.

Visit this wonderful source of Marine Corps materials online at <http://www.mcu.usmc.mil/MCRCweb/index.htm>. By phone at 703-784-4685/4538, or in person at 2040 Broadway Street, Quantico, Va. 22134.

*Laura Lacey,  
Historian/6MDA*

**MOVING?**

If you plan to move before the next "Striking Sixth" is due or if there is a mistake in your name or address, please fill out and submit the form provided on the back page of the newsletter. By doing this, you will receive your next "Striking Sixth" on time. Remember, the USPS will not forward Standard mail (3rd Class) and the Association must pay for each piece returned.

# Tunnel Rat Seeks End To Enigma of Charlie Hill

by  
**Marty Black**

Maps 24-26 of the Marine Corps monograph "Okinawa: Victory in the Pacific," by Nichols and Shaw, clearly show a fairly-round cone-shaped hill just NE of Sugar Loaf, named Charlie Hill. However, there is no mention of this hill anywhere in the text.

When I first visited the Sugar Loaf area with maps 24-26, I noticed that the scale appears to be wrong. You need to double all distances, to make the maps match up with the real world. Also, the Sugar Loaf battle area seems to be "compressed." In other words, although the shapes of the hills and general orientation of the battlefield contours are correct, the hills all seem to be too close together, on the maps.

For example, the maps show the bases of Charlie Hill and Sugar Loaf touching. No way! The actual distance (before all the construction started) is 100 yards or more. Also, those maps show a terraced, porkchop-shaped hill due north of Sugar Loaf, at the top of the map, approximately 425 yards away. No, the true distance is about twice that; approximately 1/2 mile. Also, the maps show the north-south RR cut (present site of Hwy 330) only about 100 yards east of Sugar Loaf and Charlie Hill. No, again, it's about double that.

Curiously, though, the short distance between the reverse slope of Sugar Loaf and the double-depressions of the Horseshoe seem about right. (The Horseshoe has been "filled in" completely with homes and narrow streets, but the contours still remain, and are very easy to identify. It is not really a ridge, but a depression, as if a giant had dug his heels into the mud. Knee mortars were situated in numerous caves on the reverse slopes — "inside" of the horseshoe "imprints."

The contour lines on maps 24-26 do not accurately depict this area as a depression, although the text of the book is correct, and very detailed in its description of the Horseshoe.) Anyhow, so much for those maps; helpful, but the accuracy is suspect.

My favorite book on the Okinawa campaign is "Okinawa: The Last Battle," part of the US Army in WWII series, by Appleman, Burns., et al. Unfortunately, the maps contain the same scale errors as the previous book, although the fairly-round, cone-shaped hill next to Sugar Loaf is not labeled. Charlie Hill can be found in the index, but it refers to another Charlie Hill, near the east end of the Shuri Line, in the Army's 96th Division zone.

What about that terraced, pork-chop shaped hill at the north end of the Sugar Loaf complex? The Appleman book gives us only a clue, describing on p. 314, the 1st Bn/22 in it's struggle for a "strongly defended hill 800 yds south of the Asa" river. It also talks about a naval fire support ship (The Indianapolis?) breaking "loose great blocks of coral from the top of the hill." I've never walked the distance from the river to this coral hill, but I've walked it from the developed area just south of the Asa, and "800 yds south of the Asa" is probably an accurate estimate; about a half mile.

At this point in my research (1982), I began calling the coral hill "no name" and "un-named hill" in my notes and on the

In 1993, while exploring the area with the "Tunnel Rats," I discovered an entrance in the rear of one of these tombs, which led into an incredible 3-level tunnel complex that ran throughout the hill.

back of photos.

Then my uncle (K-3-4) showed me his copy of "History of the Sixth Marine Division," the green covered book. It provides vivid detail of the fight for Charlie Hill, on pp 92-98. Although it doesn't provide distance from the Asa river, the description of it, and accompanying photos, seem to fit perfectly with the terraced, porkchop-shaped hill. It is first described as a "coral knob," which is perfect; Unlike (the other) Charlie Hill and Sugar Loaf, which seem to be mainly dirt and clay, this hill is limestone and coral, with a large "strawberry" knob on top, and another smaller knob sticking out the west side.

When I first climbed around on this "knob" in 1982 (and subsequent years), there were no tombs in sight. All had been buried with dirt, apparently when the Makiminato housing area was built. Later, in about 1992, when the huge construction project started, Okinawans discovered that the hill was ringed with old tombs, side by side, and began conducting archeological-type "digs" there. In 1993, while exploring the area with the "Tunnel Rats," I discovered an entrance in the rear of one of these tombs, which led into an incredible 3-level tunnel complex that ran throughout the hill. The main hallway, which was blown shut at both ends, was well over 6' tall, and wide enough for medium artillery pieces to be pulled through. Page 97 of the green 6th MarDiv book describes the exact same scene when the Marines entered the hill!

Pages 95 and 97 contain photos of this Charlie Hill, taken from the same perspective, but at different distances, as the photographer moved forward. The terraced area and the large "strawberry" coral knob on top can be seen in both photos (although the knob is partially obscured by smoke on page 95.) In 1991, I tried to match up this perspective, but wasn't able to get it exactly right. I even got down on my knees, hoping to find the right position and location of the original photographer. No luck.

Although I got the terraced area (where the tank sits) and the knob in perspective, the top of the hill wasn't right. In the WWII photos, the top of the hill was fairly flat, although irregular (as coral hills are!) Nowadays, the top falls away sharply

The only positive landmarks that are readily identifiable on the modern map are the east-west Naha-Shuri road south of the Horseshoe (now hwy 40) and the bed of the narrow-gauge RR track (now widened to 4-lane hwy 330, which follows the contours of the original RR bed exactly.)

Not having ready access to the area today, and not having been there in 1945, I certainly don't have all the answers, and welcome the thoughts and conclusions of others.

*Marty Black, Associate Member  
3915 Live Oak Rd  
Crystal Lake, IL 60012-1768*

PS: Don't confuse Charlie Hill with Charlie Ridge, which was on the east side of the RR tracks, roughly east of the "coral knob" Charlie Hill .... Also, Half Moon Hill, also on the east side of the tracks, and roughly east of Sugar Loaf. The Horseshoe, is called Crescent Hill in the Appelman book. Trying to reconstruct WWII histories with the modern scene on Okinawa a lot of fun, but it can be very confusing as well!

PSPS: Sugar Loaf has some kind of weird "chemistry" to it. Steel relics that are dug from it are always covered with a barnacle-like growth. I suspect that it has something to do with the snails that live in the mud and clay. I haven't noticed this with any other hill that I've explored; especially with the coral hills, which always seem to yield "clean" iron relics. Two MIs at the Peace Park museum look like they were pulled out of the ocean, but they were found by construction crews at Sugar Loaf.

## Briggs Among First Wounded in A-1-29 in Saipan Invasion

**O**ur gear was all labeled "2nd Separate Infantry Battalion" as we embarked for Saipan. Then we were informed that we now were the 1st Battalion, 29th Marines, the nucleus of the Sixth Marine Division. Everything had to be remarked and I think we did it aboard ship.

We landed in reserve about 4 PM opposite a small airfield about a mile away from the smoke stack of the Sugar Cane refinery. As we crossed the beach and the air strip, there was a heavily wooded knoll which became the area for us to assemble. Platoon Sgt. Homewood, my runner Ernie Brewer, and myself, the platoon leader, and a fourth man proceeded ahead and ended up on the other side of the railroad tracks in enemy territory. It was getting dark and we proceeded back to join our Able Company. Then I forgot the password but we got back without being shot by our own troops.

We found that the enemy artillery had shot up our bunch pretty bad. One of the worst casualties was our Company Executive Officer Lt. A. Maurice Briggs who lost his left arm flush with the shoulder. We had received a new Company Commander about three weeks before we landed who was nearby but did not venture out to help him.

The next day Archie was taken down by the beach under a tree, receiving blood or plasma via a tube supported by his rifle and bayonet. Unfortunately another shell broke a large limb off a tree which lay

across his body for a long time until he could be evacuated to the Hospital Ship.

After recuperation, Archie returned to the States and I believe was involved in disposing of surplus property for the Government.

He and his wife Elaine raised a nice family and lived in San Lorenzo, California near Alameda. They are devout Mormons and moved back to Utah this last summer.

Their address is 324 North 1680 East, #017B, St. George, UT 84790. Phone: (435) 634-8220, Internet: mebriggs2@earthlink.net.

His wife Elaine sent the following message to me at Christmas time. "An emotional event took place on November 11, 2002 when Maurice was honored by the University of Utah as one of eleven Veterans representing the Veterans of Utah.

"The football game between U. of U. and UNLV put us on display. Fifty-eight family members representing both sides of the family from nine different states showed up."

This is indicative of what a good Marine Archie was and we were privileged to know him and serve with him.

I think he would be pleased if some of this was published in our Fighting Sixth Bulletin. It would be nice if he got about 20 letters from some that remember him.

*Submitted by:  
Wilbur J. Gehrke, A-1-29*

**Deadline**

**April 5**  
**For Anything to Go**  
**In Summer Issue**  
**Of Striking Sixth**

Write, Call or E-Mail Editor  
3506A Patty Dr, Lago Vista,  
TX 78645, (512) 267-9744,  
JoeS104183@aol.com

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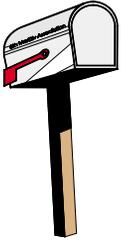
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# Mail Call/E-Mail Call

Dear Mr. Singleton:

I assume that you are aware that one of our great Sixth Marine Division Marines, Wesley Darrel Bush, has left us. His wife, Bette, informed me that Wesley passed away on June 11, 2002. She mailed me a copy of his obituary. I'm sending along a copy of the obituary. In addition to serving his country during World War II and during the Korean War, he also served his country during peacetime, involving himself in many civic activities. I'm sure that he had the right password when he encountered the Marine guarding Heavens' Gate!

Also, a story recently appeared in the Hartford Courant in relation to another great Sixth Marine Division veteran, William Manchester. He lost two purple hearts that he earned on Okinawa. Manchester contacted CT State Senator Christopher Dodd. In June of this year Senator Dodd presented William Manchester with two replacement Purple Hearts.

In an unrelated Manchester story: Currently, my son, John, is a detective with the CT State Police Auto Theft Task Force. About seven years ago he was on patrol on I-95. He was ordered to investigate a minor accident on I-95 in West Haven. One of the parties involved in the accident was William Manchester. My son is a former Marine, and veteran of Operation Desert Storm. He noted the Marine Corps emblem on Manchester's vehicle, a Mercedes Benz.

During their conversation, my son learned that he was a former member of the Sixth Marine Division. When my son related the encounter to me, I explained to him that William Manchester was a History Professor at Wesleyan University in Middletown, CT, and a noted author.

Recently, my son learned that I was seeking Manchester's out-of-print book, *Goodbye Darkness*. He did a little detective work: he contacted the Director of Public Safety at Wesleyan University. She contacted Manchester's attorney/friend, Joseph Lynch. He was kind enough to hunt down three copies of *Goodbye Darkness*, bring them to William Manchester for his autograph, and then get the three books to my son.

My son presented me with a copy on Father's Day. He retained one copy for himself, and sent the third copy to an attorney in Maryland. The attorney served with my son in the Marine Corps. He is a World War II history buff, and a great William Manchester fan.

Semper Fi.

John A. Albanese, H-3-15  
277 Quinpiac Street  
Wallingford, CT 06492

*Editor's Note: This letter, which included the Bush obituary, arrived too late for the last issue or was overlooked. We did include his passing but failed to note his widow Bette, four children, 21 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren as survivors.*

*His Bronze Star, service in the Korean War and his unit in the Sixth Division, H&S-22nd, deserve mention even at this late date.*



Dear Joe:

Don't trivialize veterans!

Most of the soldiers are gone now. More than 55 years ago, these men fought and survived the hell of Iwo Jima, Bataan, Dunkirk, Normandy and the like. They returned to a grateful nation that honored them with a parade down the "Canyon of Heroes." And yet, even as we approached Veterans Day, the New York Yankees were given a parade down this very same "Canyon of Heroes." But somewhere from above all the pomp and circumstance you could hear the agitated souls of these soldiers asking, "Who are these men to walk in our footsteps?"

The New York Yankees are grown men playing a child's game. And for that, they are paid so well that their exorbitant salaries have forced ticket prices beyond the means of many fans, and have caused a strain on the budgets of many who attend.

We often hear words such as "courage" and "guts" in describing some of the feats of these players. These are the very same words used to describe the actions of men who gave life and limb in battle. It is just as ludicrous to apply these words to baseball players as it is to let them walk in the footsteps of real heroes who have fought for our country.

By bestowing the same reward to the Yankees as to the returning war heroes, we have inadvertently sent a message that their deeds are equal in value. This action is a disgrace and future parades should be moved somewhere else.

I was not a hero. I played a small part in the battle of Okinawa. Our 6th Division buddies killed on Okinawa were the heroes we knew. The GIs in Afghanistan do not have million-dollar contracts with Uncle Sam for putting their lives on the line. If the New York Yankees ever have another parade down the "Canyon," it should be called the parade of greedy multimillionaires, who play a kid's game.

Harry J Krendel, 6th Amphib  
162 Horton Ave  
Valley Stream, NY 11581



Watson Crumbie:

I was a radioman and part of a Naval Gunfire Team during WW II. I would like to pass along a little story about Sgt. Bert Stewart, our Sergeant in the Marshalls and Guam. We had been assigned to the 2nd Battalion, 22nd Marine Regiment. After Guam we became part of the JASCO company of the Sixth Marine Division.

I was not in on the Okinawa campaign, but before the final battle was won on Okinawa, Bert received a severe shrapnel injury in his back at Sugar Loaf. The battle was so fierce, the main body of troops had to withdraw. He and several other wounded were left stranded in something of a no man's land, as I understand it. Though badly injured, Bert was able to walk, though painfully. Somehow he found a cave not far away. He helped around twenty + wounded into that cave. Some of the wounded were in pretty bad condition and Bert knew they could not make it for long without medical help.

As soon as it was dark, he made his way back to the front lines ... a risky thing to do as you can imagine. He told of the wounded men in the cave and at daylight led a platoon of Marines back to the cave

where they brought all the wounded out. Bert was then evacuated and sent back to a hospital at Guam where he stayed until the war was over.

After I received a discharge I was sent a copy of the History of the Sixth Marine Division. As I looked through the listing of injured and also those who had been given medals, I saw Bert's name listed for both the Purple Heart and Bronze Star. I had lost contact with Bert, but later I was attending Whitworth College in Spokane, Washington and who should show up as a student but Bert Stewart, bringing along his young wife Georgia with him from their home in Alaska.

He knew nothing about any Bronze Star. He refused to pursue the matter. He said he was only doing his duty and didn't feel he deserved it.

I kept in touch with Bert and he came to visit me several years later where I lived in Washington state. Again I told him he should write about the medal. He still refused. Then one day in our local paper there was a short article that mentioned if any service personnel had not received a medal due them during wartime to write.

I decided to write and tell them of Bert and gave them his address in Alaska. They corresponded with me about the matter. Finally, after several months, I received a letter saying that Bert was sent his Bronze Star, and they sent me a copy of the document that went with it. I wasn't sure how Bert would feel about my taking the initiative in doing this, but he sent me a nice letter thanking me.

I'm not sure how he will feel about my telling this story about him for publication, but I thought perhaps some of those fellows that were wounded and in that cave might read this and would like to contact Bert. His address: Bert Stewart, P. O. Box Exi, Juneau, AK 99850 - 0090.

If any further information is needed, my phone number is (805) 226-7532. My e-mail address is [jwhardie@juno.com](mailto:jwhardie@juno.com). My new home address is: 734 Gardenia Circle, Apt. 3, Paso Robles, CA.

Thanks,

Jim Hardie



Dear Joe:

Don Newton said you wanted material for the Sixth Division Bulletin. I have put together a few words about A. Maurice Briggs, which I am enclosing. You can use it, change or put it in the waste basket. I am in touch with about 20 of "my boys," and I will make every effort to attend our next Reunion. I missed the one at Las Vegas.

I was a rifle platoon leader on Saipan—shot the third day—machine gun platoon leader on Okinawa—I had B Company, 29th the last three days until I got a bullet through my right chest—I appreciated Steve's "Thank you" and his attitude.

Don had mentioned the letter I had gotten from Stephen Ingle to you. Stephen is the grandson of J.A. "Turk" Ronne, who was in B Company but died a couple of years ago. I think Steve's remarks about us going up the hill several times was a figure of speech—we were on a different hill—talk to Dan Dereschuk—He was in the thick of Sugar Loaf with General Day—Dan's daughter, Jean, just retired as a lieutenant colonel and is married to retired Colonel Bill Steed.

(See Gehrke's article on page 13)  
Semper Fi,

Wilbur Gehrke



Flo:

Just finished reading the *Striking Sixth*. Always ready to read up to date news from great people.

As you know my wife passed through the Golden Gates 10-29-02. We missed the Reunion at Las Vegas due to poor health since spring break. Mary and I missed our very first Reunion. We really did miss seeing everyone. A great thank you to you all for the cards and phone calls this past year. They meant so much to us. If you have room in the next issue, just say a word of thanks for us.

Keep up the good work, guys. It will mean so much to see you all back together again. Enclosed is my \$10 for the Striking Sixth.

Joe Cheeseman  
HQ-3-29



Bill Pierce;

Enclosed please find check for \$20.00 ... \$15.00 for print of flag raising on Okinawa plus \$5.00 for postage/handling. Also please forward a check to proper place of donation to the 6th Division. I was a Corpsman on both Guam and Okinawa with the 22nd. Do you have any prints of the flag raising at the Marine barracks on Guam? Please send copy of it if you do. I was standing there when it happened.

Max Doering  
5900 Cascade Rd SE  
Grand Rapids, MI 48546



Dear Joe:

Many years ago, I won \$200 in a lottery held by the Association. I am going to return it in several payments. Enclosed is the first 50 bucks.

Frank Glancey, C-1-4



Flo:

Sorry about not getting my Directory corrections back sooner, but I'm just back from a two-month hospital stay. I got sick Oct. 5 and didn't get home until Dec. 4. Still have one more surgery to get through.

Jim Harwood  
504 McDowell  
Odessa, MO 64076-1474  
(816) 633-5830 — [Harwood@accessmo.com](mailto:Harwood@accessmo.com)

*Editor's note: A phone call to Jim found him still waiting for his next surgery. In the meantime, he's doing fine.*



Bill Pierce:

I would like to have two copies of the flag raising on Okinawa. I plan on framing these and giving one to our local library. My check for \$25 made payable to Sixth Marine Division Assn. is enclosed to cover the cost, including postage. If this is not correct, let me know.

If you have a copy of the "History of the Sixth Marine Division" you will find my picture on Page 96. I am the one in the lower left picture standing next to the amtrac with my thumbs hooked in my pistol belt. (Wish I looked like that now.) I was driving a jeep at this time and had just brought the dead Marine in.

Semper Fi,

Bob Keith, 6th Mtr. Trns.



Dear Sir:

I would like to mention that in the December, 2002 newsletter the last name of my husband, who passed on Jan. 15, 2002, was listed incorrectly. I mention this because it was also incorrectly spelled in the Memorial Service Program of 9-13-02. It appears as Maigainie and should read Edward J. Maigarie, G-3-29. Ed loved the Marine Corps and was proud to have served his country.

Thank you,

Genevieve Maigarie,  
Member of Ladies Auxiliary



I have been a life member for quite a few years. But in my last issue the code number was 2002. It should be 0000.

Gus Motz. Wpns-4,2806  
Northgate Blvd. Apt. 2  
Ft. Wayne, IN 46835-2921

*Editor's Note: There were several errors of this type in the last issue. Also, a subject of complaints: omitting the unit designation. We hope we have these mistakes fixed.*



Dear Joe,

We just received the newsletter yesterday and read it immediately. We want you to know how much we enjoyed it and how interesting we found it. You are really an asset to the association! We hope that you will continue in the same vein for many years to come.

All of the articles were well written and uplifting. Let us hope that good will and cooperation will flourish among the members. You can do a lot to foster this through the newsletter.

I have just one request to make. Please continue to publish the little form for membership in the Auxiliary, but remove my name as treasurer. You will note that Pauline Roberts is the new treasurer and the transfer of bank account and membership records will be complete by the time the next newsletter is published.

Thanks again for a job well done. We'll be looking forward to the next one.

Semper Fi,

Claud and Annie Wilkins



Jean Steed:

When I first scanned your plan, I was a somewhat chagrined that they gave you over a dozen columns in the *Striking Sixth* to make your point. I concede it was a well written and organized piece of work. Easy to tell why you outranked both Pfc, me, and your father, Corporal Dereschuk, of the 22nd Marines.

My wife and I will be most happy to enroll our daughter in your

organization. Our daughter is now a grandmother. Though proud of me, she is not a former Marine and has personal and political beliefs of her own, that are not remotely connected with the Sixth Marine Division.

I will wager it is only a small minority of our offspring that followed your footsteps, and joined the Marine Corps. To have made Lt. Col. and then married one, is like perhaps, one in a million. You proudly have much Marine lore to remember and carry on. That is wonderful.

I met a strong, handsome young Gunny Sgt. recently that wished me a Happy Veterans Day and said "Thanks for paving the way for the rest of us." Made me feel proud and safe from harm's way. There is such a loyalty and camaraderie between Marines that just doesn't exist between anybody else.

The fact that De Joralemon, whom I respect, backs your plan, is a big plus and one reason that under separate cover I am enrolling my daughter, Pamela Turner, Keller, Tx. I'm sure she won't be an active member nor will very many of our other Marines' children. They have their own lives to live and own children to remember. Still, it is a novel way to increase our annual membership. Maybe this should be your goal. Good luck!

Semper Fi.

Bill Hecht, B-1-22  
Hialeah, Fl.

[Phone Call]

Jacob Wagner, C-1-29, tells us by phone that he was a China Marine, pulled out of boot camp in the Spring of '47 for overseas duty. He served all over the occupation area with a number of different units. His wife has passed on, but he has children in Glendale, N.Y. He can be reached at (718) 821-2784.



Dear Joe:

This small book can be of interest to other 6th vets. It is from Cato Institute, Washington, D.C., a civil-libertarian non-profit organization, dedicated to preservation of first amendment rights.

When I heard of them I phoned their office and they sent me a copy of this book, "The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States of America." I ordered 10 copies, cost \$13.95 and am giving them to interested people.

It created an electric response. I managed to get two copies to two Tennessee congressmen-they went ape. So, I ordered 25 more, cost \$26.00, and am in the act of distributing these (can't get much of a greeting card this cheap). I hope you can put something about this in the next 6th Newsletter. The book speaks for itself.

Richard A. Walter, HQ-1-22  
RR. 1, Box 487D  
Bone Cave, Tennessee 38581-9635



Joe Singleton:

A Military Tribute to Bob Hope will be dedicated on Bob's birthday, May 29 and our own Emil Wroblicky, 3rd Amphib Bn. DUKW driver, is the California Chairman for the American Legion Dept of California (see photo page 25). Honorary Chairman is Gerald Ford, 38th United States President and General Charles C. Krulak our 31st

Commandant Honorary Co-Chairman.

The Military Tribute to Bob Hope will be built on a \$4.9 million parcel of land on the western shore of San Diego Bay. The parcel was donated by the San Diego Port District. San Diego was picked as the site because so many of us left the states for the big war from that port.

During my 32 months, 18 days and 10 hours on those tropical islands I was never lucky enough to see a Bob Hope show. If you were or were not entertained by old Ski Nose we should all contribute to the Tribute as a way of saying "Thanks for what you've done for the servicemen" on this your 100" birthday.

Like all memorials, statues, etc they are asking for donations. Wroblicky tells me they need more than "C" ration cans. Regardless the size of the donation, your name will be placed in a time capsule and set within the Tribute. There are two ways to make a contribution.

An easy way is to use the web. Hook up with [www.hopetribute.org](http://www.hopetribute.org), use your mouse and credit card. The other way is to send a check payable to Military Tribute Bob Hope and mail to: Pacific Palisades Post 283, 15247 La Cruse Dr. Pacific Palisades, CA 90272.

Jack E. Hoag, 6th JASCO  
12341 Rebecca Ln.  
Santa Ana, CA 92705-3218



Dear Sir, [Watson Crumbie]

I am looking for information on De Mar Lester Erickson as he was my brother and we knew he was in the Pacific but the letters we got were all classified. Where did he go after boot training. He came home for his mother's funeral that was arranged through Red Cross and our father wanted to get an extension but he didn't want one and wanted to get back to the men he had trained with.

All the information I have is as follows. file # 681225: Co B, 4th Marines, 6th Marine Div. Boot camp was San Diego. Wounded in action April 15 and then again May 21 and died of wounds May 22, 1944 (could he mean 1945-Editor) aboard ship. Any information you can get for me would be greatly appreciated or from someone who could shed some light. Thanks!

Duane Erickson  
E-Mail: [DRERICK57@msn.com](mailto:DRERICK57@msn.com)



Editor Joe:

John S. Nuyianes, F-2-22, is now in the VA Hospital, Unit 138B, 14 Blackhorse Rd, Coatesville, VA. 19320. We call him "Bull" for his toughness, but I'm sure the guys will want to root for him as always. The "Bull" has always been a regular at our Reunions, but he missed Vegas.

Buzzy Fox, G-2-22

### Got a Minute?

Some members have noted an absence of Reunion minutes in the last newsletter. They are missing in this one, too. There is a serious lack of hands to get association business done. It's no one's fault, we're just getting old and tired. We are looking at ways to abridge future minutes so they are not only more readable but more accurate. Comments are welcome as are volunteers.

## Foto file...



Four members of F-2-29 enjoyed a night on the town in Tsingtao. This 1945 photo shows (standing from left) Gene Lewis and Ray Baumgartner. Sitting from left are Dick Whitaker and John Senterfitt. Gene died shortly after being honorably discharged. Ray's last known address was in Chicago. Dick lives in Mt. Pleasant, SC, and John celebrated his 83rd birthday in Holland, TX last July 9. (From Dick Whitaker)

## Deadline

### April 5

**For Any Address Change for Summer  
Newsletter Edition**

Notify: Flo Dornan, 704 Cooper Court,  
Arlington, TX 76011 [SxthMarDiv@aol.com](mailto:SxthMarDiv@aol.com)

## Truly one of the All-Time best quotes:

In a recent interview, General Norman Schwartzkopf was asked if he didn't think there was room for forgiveness toward the people who have harbored and abetted the terrorists who perpetrated the 9/11 attacks on America.

His answer was classic Schwartzkopf. He said, "I believe that forgiving them is God's function. Our job is simply to arrange the meeting."

*From Zack Brandes, 6th Recon*

# Marines Borrow a French Phrase to Explain Its Legend

## *Esprit de corps*

Editor's Note: The following has been abridged for reasons of space.

by Col. Bob Clapp, (USMC Ret.)

Ask a Marine what is, so special about the Marines and the answer will be “*esprit de corps*,” an unhelpful French phrase that means exactly what it looks like—the spirit of the Corps. But what is that spirit, and where does it come from?

The Marine Corps is the only branch of the U.S. armed forces that recruits people specifically to fight. The Army emphasizes personal development (an army of one), the Navy promises fun (let the journey begin), and the Air Force offers security (it's a great way of life). Missing from all of these advertisements is the hard fact that it is a soldier's lot to suffer and perhaps to die, and to take lives at the risk of his own.

Even the thematic music of the services reflects this evasion. The Army's Caisson Song describes a pleasant country outing over hill and dale, lacking only a picnic basket. Anchors Aweigh, the Navy's celebration of the joys of sailing, could have been penned by Jimmy Buffet. The Air Force song is a lyric poem of blue skies and engine thrust. All is joyful and invigorating and safe.

There are no land mines in the dales nor snipers behind the hills, no submarines or cruise missiles threaten the ocean jaunt, no bandits are lurking in the wild blue yonder.

The Marines' Hymn by contrast is all combat. We fight our country's battles, first to fight for right and freedom, we have fought in every clime and place where we could take a gun, in many a strife we've fought for life. The choice is made clear. You may join the Army to go to adventure training, or join the Navy to go to Bangkok, or join the Air Force to go to computer school. You join the Marines to go to war.

My recruit platoon trained from October through December of 1968. In Vietnam the Marines were taking two

hundred casualties a week, yet our drill instructors had no qualms about winning out almost a quarter of their 112 recruits, graduating eighty-one.

But the war had touched boot camp in one way. The normal twelve-week course of training was shortened to eight weeks. Deprived of a third of their training time, our drill instructors hurried over, or dropped completely, those classes without direct relevance to Vietnam.

Three things only remained inviolate: close order drill, the ultimate discipline builder; marksmanship training, the heart of combat effectiveness, and classes on the history, customs and traditions of the Corps.

History classes in boot camp? I am not carping, and there is no sneer in this criticism. All of the services have glorious traditions, but no one teaches the young soldier, sailor, or airman what his uniform means and why he should be proud to wear it.

Ask a Marine about World War I, and you will hear of the wheat field at Belleau Wood and the courage of the Fourth Marine Brigade. Faced with an enemy of superior numbers entrenched in tangled forest undergrowth, the Marines received an order to attack that was more than ill advised. It was insane. Artillery support was absent and air support hadn't been invented yet, so the Brigade charged German machine guns across an open field with only bayonets, grenades and indomitable fighting spirit.

A bandy-legged little barrel of a Gunnery Sergeant, Daniel J. Daly, rallied his company with a shout. “Come on, you sons a bitches! Do you want to live forever?” He took out three of those machine guns himself, and they would have given him the Medal of Honor except for a technicality. He already had two of them.

Every Marine knows this story, and dozens more. We are taught them in boot camp as a regular part of the curriculum...before you can wear the emblem and claim the title you must know of the Marines who made that

emblem and title meaningful. So long as you can march and shoot and revere the legacy of the Corps, you can take your place in the line.

Every Marine is a rifleman first and foremost; a Marine first, last and always.

You may serve a four-year enlistment or even a twenty-year career without seeing action, but if the word is given you'll charge across that wheat field.

“For the honor of the fallen, for the glory of the dead,” Edgar Guest wrote of Belleau Wood, “the living line of courage kept the faith and moved ahead.” They are all gone now, those Marines who made a French farmer's little wheat field into one of the most enduring of Marine Corps legends.

Many of them did not survive the day, and eight long decades have claimed the rest. But their action has made them immortal. The Corps remembers them and honors what they did, and so they live forever.

Dan Daly's shouted challenge takes on its true meaning—if you hide in the trenches you may survive for now, but someday you will die and no one will care. If you charge the guns you may die in the next two minutes, but you will be one of the immortals.

All Marines die, in the red flash of battle or the white cold of the nursing home. In the vigor of youth or the infirmity of age all will eventually die, but the Marine Corps lives on. Every Marine who ever lived is living still in the Marines who claim the title today. It is that sense of belonging to something that will outlive your own mortality that gives people a light to live by and a flame to mark their passing.

Marines call it *esprit de corps* !!!!!!!

*Courtesy of Tom McKinney, F-2-4*

Another Editor's Note: It is said that when the Chinese first attacked the Seventh Marines at the Chosin reservoir, their leader was chanting, “Marines, do you want to live forever?”



# Book Corner

## Rising Son Sinking, The Battle for Okinawa.

by Jim Boan

### ■ Boan's Book Covers Campaign From North End to Bottom End of Okinawa Shima

By Joe Singleton

It is against my principles to write a book review of a fellow Marine's work. What if it's no good? I'm not going to give it a boost up if I don't like it. Last issue I couldn't find a reviewer for Hal Stephens' *Take China*, and refused to do it myself, so Hal had to press his old foxhole buddy, Jack Stephenson, into service. Fortunately, Jack liked it.

What I didn't tell Hal was that the Law of the Sea requires me to help a fellow Marine out as a last resort, no exceptions. He was going to get a review. Fortunately, he didn't know that. This time my problem is Jim Boan. He wrote a book and wants it reviewed, and it should be reviewed. He has foxhole buddies still alive, but he swears not a single one will review his book, *Rising Son Sinking, The Battle for Okinawa*.

I told Jim I would not review his book. He sent me one anyway. (I had to buy Hal's.) It looks like Jim is going to get his review

First, about Jim. He is retired from the public relations business or a related discipline. In other words, he wrote for a living. I guess he still does. A graduate of the University of Missouri, Jim had part of that education completed when he joined the Marines, meaning that he was older and better educated than the average Pfc in his unit, the Sixth Marine Division Reconnaissance Company.

Enlisting in early 1942, he was discharged in January, 1946. He served throughout the Okinawa campaign, landing April Fools Day and departing for Guam the following June. Reading his book, you can sense his pride in being a Marine, especially a Recon Marine.



The photographs are the best part of his book in my opinion, though it is all interesting. Recon company commander then Major Anthony Walker wrote the forward. A member of this association, the Major (discharged a light colonel) is one of several members mentioned.

Included are previous Unit Director Fred Westphal, B.A. Fisher, Ottis Ray Spears, the fightingest five-foot four-inch sergeant on Okinawa, former Raider and Thompson-toting Harry Manion, and others.

One oddity, if Ernest Pozzi will forgive me for mentioning him that way, was the (probably) only formerly practicing dentist serving as a rifleman-scout in the entire Marine Corps. Ernest picked up his practice again after the war. He had turned down a commission to enlist. I wonder what his wife thought about that.

Anyone wishing to purchase the book should contact Jim Boan at his home in Bloomfield, MO or phone him at (573) 568-3370 or E-Mail him at jboan@bootheel.net.

This is a good opportunity to mention a perhaps unique event that took place on the 50th anniversary of the Okinawa fight. Anthony Walker, who apparently took great pride in his unit and the men composing it, got together with some former subordinates and produced a book titled *Memorial to the Men of Reconnaissance Company*.

Complete with photographs, rosters, cartoons and other items, the bulk of the book was composed of personal reminiscences of 38 Recon Marines, a number of whom are now dead. An interesting feature, also mentioned in the Boan book, is a reputed ambush of the 29th Marines, resulting in the subsequent sacking, as I understand it, of Regimental Commander Victor Bleasdale. (I am not trying to ambush the colonel, but I believe the incident should be mentioned somewhere for history's sake.)

The book is not for sale but deserves mention in case others wish to emulate it before too much time passes. And, since I am a sucker for amateur poetry, I am going to lift a poem from the *Memorial* and print it here. I do not know who wrote it and don't want to find out.

#### I Was a Recon Marine

I was that which others feared to be,  
I went where others did not dare to go.  
I asked no quarter and gave none,  
I accepted the loneliness and the darkness.  
I have seen the face of death, and felt the stinging cold of pain and fear.  
Bloated bodies, maggots, and the smell of burnt flesh have been my companions.  
I have cried, prayed and hoped,  
But most of all, I have lived times others would say were best forgotten.  
I do remember them well because I can forever say, and no one can ever say nay,  
And no one can ever take that away, that  
I was a Recon Marine  
And who in the hell were you!

I like poems of this sort, and am not interested in hearing anyone say that it is not the best poetry anyone ever read because that is not the point.

This artwork at left was taken from the *Memorial Recon* book, not the Boan book. – artist unknown.

# On the Point of the Spear

## Experiences of a Marine Rifleman During the Battle of Okinawa

by James S. White

James S. White, Corporal USMC, G Company, 3rd Battalion, 29th Marines, Sixth Marine Division, submitted his experiences as a Marine rifleman during the Battle for the Island of Okinawa in April, May and June of 1945.

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Continued from Vol. 28, No. 3 of the "Striking Sixth" newsletter, September, 2002

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One man was awake at all times in each foxhole. That meant that only half a night's sleep was possible with two men in a hole. That much sleep was not usually actually had by each man, what with alarms and nocturnal activities by the Japanese and by US. I probably wouldn't have been able to remember when I had two hours of uninterrupted sleep. Probably in the hospital. I was exhausted. The new corpsman's nervousness allowed me to have more sleep that night than I ordinarily would have had. Every time it was my watch, the corpsman would raise up and ask me if I could stay awake. Then he would usually take over the watch.

Sometime during the night, the corpsman shook me awake and whispered that he had heard a noise. There was a Japanese out there and he was going to throw a grenade at him. We usually never fired our rifles at night, the muzzle flash would have revealed the location of the foxhole. We used only grenades and (should the need have arisen) KA-BAR knives. I was instantly awake then and watched him. He wriggled the pin out and threw the grenade without first letting the spoon fly inside the hole and waiting a few seconds. The grenade snapped as it armed itself when he threw it. He then peered out into the darkness to watch it. I pulled him down into the hole just before it went off. Fragments from the grenade hit around our hole.

At just about dawn I was asleep when I heard the corpsman shoot twice with his carbine. He said he had shot at a Jap about 200 yards away on the other hill across the valley, and he was sure he had hit him. Several minutes later a mortar round hit one of the "safer" locations on

our hill, not as exposed as the hole that the corpsman and I shared. The word was passed for the corpsman and he left our hole to tend to some Marines who had been wounded by fragments from the mortar shell.

After the corpsman had left I was staring sleepily out across the valley when a bullet fired from the other hill struck the parapet of the hole and sprayed me with dirt. I hunkered down and the Japanese shot again and hit the inside of the back of the hole. I thought the corpsman had missed the Jap or there was another one there. I jumped out of the hole and ran to some shinnery and cut some branches with my Ka-Bar. Then I ran back to the hole and reached up to stick twigs and branches around the hole so that I could look around without being seen.

I Company made a sweep toward that area of the hill across the valley and I watched them. When they approached the location from where that Japanese had fired at me, I yelled over to them and warned them. Soon there was firing in that area. I found out later that one of the Japanese they killed there had already been wounded in the body and was bandaged. I believe that a carbine bullet fired by the corpsman had hit him but had not killed him. Ken Long, from I Company, was in the group that made the sweep and remembers me yelling across the valley to warn them.

I had just filled my canteens and was going back to my hole. There were two Marines in a foxhole on a part of the hill which had a steep slope. Their names were Arlin Roe and Wilbur Wilson. They were sitting up, using the slope of the hill for a backrest, heads together, talking. As I passed them a mortar shell hit and

exploded between their heads. Wilbur Wilson was an older man (in his twenties) whom I had trained with and been with all the way from Camp Lejeune.

I was hit on the right cheek by a chunk of something that might have been brain tissue, in nearly the same spot where I had been hit by a piece of meat almost a month before. There was also a hole in my right canteen, the one with the canteen cup. If the fragment had gone clear through the canteen it would have missed my hip, but my hand had been on the canteen only seconds before.

On the 9th of June the three platoons of G Company advanced quite a distance, maybe over 500 yards. Gunny Quattrone was still our platoon leader. The gunny had told us the day before that if we could go another 2000 yards the worst of the battle might be over for us. We were running out of hills to take and Japanese to take them from.

We were running out of us, too. This was our 70th day on the island of Okinawa. A Marine rifle platoon in those days normally had 42 men. The Third Platoon had 19 men in it. Actually, there were 11 men from the Third Platoon, the Navy medical corpsman, and 7 men from the Machine Gun Platoon.

We ran into some opposition and stopped at the bottom of the forward slope of a large hill. The First and Second Platoons stopped on the forward slope of a smaller hill a little ahead of us and to our right. A valley or gap ran between the two hills. Their hill had a more gradual forward slope. Ours had a steep forward slope and an almost vertical side next to the valley between the two hills.

When we reached the hill, Gunny Quattrone wasn't with us. I later found out that he had wound up on the other hill with the First and Second Platoons.

Across the valley from us to our right, probably 75 yards away, and slightly behind us, was another small hill which overlooked the rear of the other two platoons.

Suddenly, a Japanese Nambu machine gun opened up on the rear of First and Second platoons from a cave inside that hill. I could only see into the cave from an angle, but I quickly began shooting with the carbine and fired about half a maga-

zine. I borrowed a BAR and fired a magazine from it into the cave. I couldn't hit anyone directly, but I wanted to spray them with dirt from the impact of bullets on the inside wall of the cave. By then the men of the First and Second Platoons had opened up and some of them were in a position to fire directly at whoever was in the cave.

We had a Bazooka and two rockets for it, so I got the man carrying it to fire a round into the cave. The rocket hit inside the cave perfectly but failed to explode. I knew what had happened. The man had not armed the rocket before he fired it. We made sure that the next rocket was armed and we had a more experienced man shoot it. It exploded, but the man had shot it at the wrong cave. We were out of rockets for the bazooka.

One of our men came down from farther up the hill. It was one of the Whites, R. S. White. He had been hit with one bullet which went through his left pectoral muscle and the triceps muscle in his left arm. He said that two more men were up there.

I ran up the hill. It was almost straight up for about twenty feet to a Japanese trench which was two and a half or three feet wide and about three or four feet deep. The trench stopped abruptly on the right, so I followed it as it curved around the hill to the left.

I ran into a Marine sitting in the trench, unable to keep his eyes open after dirt or sand had been sprayed into his eyes by a bullet that had missed him. We were getting fire from Flat Top which was now to our rear. I called down to the men below us to throw clods of dirt up in the air so we could locate them.

Then I helped the half blinded man slide down the hill to them. I looked back at Flat Top which was now about 400 or 500 yards behind us and to our left. There were Japanese shooting from caves and positions at the bottom of Flat Top or just this side of it. One Nambu machine gun was shooting at me, so I moved back and forth in the trench and took quick peeks. I could have shot at them except for two things. I didn't have a rifle, just that carbine, which would have been ineffective at that distance. And, there were tanks in the vicinity of the caves. If I had shot at the caves, the people in the tanks might

have thought that I was a Japanese shooting at them from the trench and they might have shot at me. The tanks had 75 Millimeter cannon.

I moved left in the trench as it curved around the hill, going slowly, staying below the parapet of the trench and keeping the carbine at the ready. I had thought about what I would do if a grenade came in the trench with me and I wasn't decided whether I would vacate the trench or try to throw the grenade out. The trench abruptly ran out and became a path that continued around the hill at the same level as the floor of the trench. The path was about 40 or 50 yards long and ended at an embankment on the hill. On one side of the path was the hill, on the other side was a sheer drop. I had moved around the hill enough that the location was not visible from Flat Top.

From where the trench stopped I could see a Marine sitting with his back to the embankment that made a right angle with the end of the path. I don't remember his name. He raised his rifle when he saw me, then lowered it. I stepped out and started to go to him, but he yelled at me to get back. I stopped and Nambu bullets sprayed all around my feet. I hurried back to the safety of the trench. Most probably, it had been bullets from this same machine gun that had wounded R. S. White and had sprayed dirt in the other man's eyes.

We held a shouted conversation for a while. He said that there was nothing that I could do to help him, that he would suck it up after a while and make a try for the trench. He was sure he could make it with no trouble. He was out of the Nambu's field of fire most of the way back to the trench. I tried to get him to come to the trench while I was there, but he allowed as how I had stirred up the Nambu and he would wait awhile until things were quieter.

I went back around the trench to a point above where I thought the rest of

the platoon was and called down to them to throw clods in the air so I could locate them. I slid down the hill and rejoined them. Gunny Quattrone was still not around. I thought something had happened to him. We were in a precarious position and without a platoon leader. We hadn't had anyone killed yet, but two more men had been wounded in addition to R. S. White.

I decided to go over to the other hill to see if there was an officer there who could give us a hint as to what to do. We were on the west side of our hill. The south side was very steep and ran alongside the valley that separated our hill from the hill where the other two platoons were.

A gully, about 3 or 4 feet wide and about a foot deep, ran next to the south side of our hill. It was partially filled with water. I told someone where I was going and stepped out into the gully. My plan was to follow the gully until I was close enough to run across the valley to the other hill. I edged along, keeping very close to the side of the hill. There was a dead Japanese "Imperial Marine" lying across the gully on his back. He was long dead and badly bloated.

After about 75 yards in the gully, I thought I was close enough to make a dash across the valley to the other hill. I got my courage up, then stepped up out of the gully. I was about to start running when I heard someone start screaming on the other hill. I found out later that the man who screamed was named Warren Lowe and he had been shot through an elbow and the abdomen. I stopped and was just standing there, feet spread, in a semi-crouch, carbine in my right hand.

SMACK! I somehow knew instantly what had happened to me. A single bullet had hit both of my legs just below the knees. The immediate feeling was that of being struck with a club, or, maybe with two clubs. I spun to my left and dived back toward the gully. I landed with my

I stepped out and started to go to him, but he yelled at me to get back. I stopped and Nambu bullets sprayed all around my feet.

body from the waist down still outside the gully. The real pain started then. I felt like I had a charleyhorse cramp in the muscles of my right calf. Using my hands and elbows, I pulled myself along until my lower body and legs were in the gully. While I was doing this, two more bullets sprayed me with dirt.

I looked for the carbine. It was behind me, with the butt standing straight up and the barrel embedded in the mud of the gully. I thought about retrieving it. I remember thinking that the carbine would probably blow up if I tried to shoot it with the barrel clogged with mud. It would have been necessary to turn clear around in the gully to get to it. I was hurting too much to do that.

I began crawling in the mud of the gully, pulling myself along with my elbows, back to where the others in the platoon were. Out of the corner of my eye I saw some one running toward me and turned to look at him. It was Gunny Quattrone coming from the hill that I had been trying to reach. He saw me and we made eye contact, but he kept on running past me. He was probably not aware that I had been hit. It was a good thing he didn't come to me. If he had stopped near me, outside the gully, he would have been another stationary target for the Japanese who had shot me. As it was, when he had gone twenty or thirty yards past me, I saw him get hit from back to front through his right side above his cartridge belt. He seemed to stumble, then he took off, running like a turpented cat. That was the last time I saw him.

At a wide spot in the gully I stopped to rest. I rolled over, sat up and pulled my pant leg up out of the legging and rolled it up to get a look at my right leg. The pain was fierce. On the right side of my right calf was a half dollar sized hole, not exactly spurting blood, but bleeding heavily and rhythmically. I noticed what looked like bits of fresh hamburger on the inside of my pants leg.

I also noticed something that I had observed before when I had helped people who had been hit. Blood looked black on the graygreen dungaree material of my pants.

When I got to the body of the dead Japanese I couldn't crawl around it, so I crawled over it. I got fluid from it on my

I asked the corpsman for a shot of morphine, but he wouldn't give me one. He said with the blood I had lost, morphine might knock me out and the situation we were in I might have to walk out of there. I had news for him.

front. The water and mud in the gully helped wash most of it off me as I continued pulling myself along with my elbows.

I saw heads poking around the side of the hill for quick looks at me. They were getting fire from the same place where the Japanese was who had shot me. Gunny Quattrone had been close to them when he was hit.

When I reached the place where the men in the platoon were, several of them quickly pulled me up out of the ditch to safety behind the hill.

The corpsman used a pressure bandage on my right leg, which didn't make it feel any better. I was thinking that he had used a rubber tourniquet, but he probably took it off after putting on the bandage. I bled a bunch. My left leg didn't bother me as much as the right. Maybe its pain was over-shadowed by the pain in my right leg.

Four of us were wounded. At least two of them were completely ambulatory. The man with the hurt eyes would need someone to guide him. I don't know how long we laid there. The other three laid there calmly, but no matter what position I tried, I could not get comfortable. I asked the corpsman for a shot of morphine, but he wouldn't give me one. He said with the blood I had lost, morphine might knock me out and the situation we were in I might have to walk out of there. I had news for him.

Finally, the word was passed that smoke would be used for cover so casualties could be carried out. They had been even harder hit on the other hill. I don't remember whether the smoke came from artillery shells or from smoke grenades.

Four people put me face down on a poncho and, encumbered by their rifles and other gear, they dragged me by a circuitous route, over hills and through

ravines, back to Company Headquarters. My private parts became intimate with every snag and bump for what seemed like a thousand yards. I will always be grateful to those four tired, cussing Marines who dragged me out of there. I had helped to carry people out. Now, it was my turn to be carried.

The company was pulled back from those two hills. The next day, the 3rd Battalion was relieved from the front line by another battalion.

I was at Company Headquarters for another half hour. While I was there, Captain Tomasello, the company commander, was hit in the neck by a bullet.

Two men carried me on a stretcher to a road where there was a 4X4 truck rigged as an ambulance. I was loaded on the bottom rack and we started to the Sixth Marine Division Hospital. The road was rough and the trip seemed long. The hospital was now located in Naha, farther south than when I had been in it in May. I believe that a Bailey bridge had been erected across the bay south of Naha.

The man on the top rack died on the way.

At the hospital, they laid my stretcher on the floor. The stretcher was literally filled with blood. My blood. After a while, a corpsman cut my pants off and a doctor and a nurse rebandaged my legs. They washed and shaved the skin around the holes, then used sulfa powder in the wounds before they rebandaged them.

I was taken to a cot. I felt weak and terrible, probably from loss of blood. They stuck a needle in my arm and began giving me whole blood and I soon began to feel a lot better. There was always the danger of going into shock, which could be lethal. I don't know whether I had been in any danger of that happening to me.

In the middle of May I had been in a hole with a man who had been shot fore and aft through the chest. I don't remember his name. A corpsman had bandaged him and had given him a shot of morphine. Then the corpsman had left to attend to another casualty, leaving me in the hole with the man. The situation was hairy and the wounded man could not be evacuated. He was awake and alert. I asked him if he hurt much and he told me that he did not. A lot was going on outside our hole and I didn't watch the man constantly. When I looked back at him, after what seemed only a minute or two, his face was gray and he wasn't breathing. He had gone into shock and died.

Somewhere along the line, I was given a shot of morphine. It didn't seem to affect me much. I still hurt. The same regimen was started that had been followed when I was in the hospital the first time, about three weeks before. I was given a massive penicillin shot in the buttock every three hours.

I had been relieved when I realized that iodine would not be applied to the wounds. When either my brother or I had been hurt when we were young, my father would hand the iodine bottle to the injured one and he was expected to doctor his own hurt. Tincture of Iodine had been my parents' treatment of choice for any cut, stubbed toe or skinned place and it had always stung like fire. An illustration of Iodine usage:

The first time that I was ever wounded in action was in the Fall of 1934. The place was a vacant lot located a half block from my home in Kansas City, Missouri. The lot had been covered with tall weeds which had been cut down with a scythe in late Summer. By Fall, the long stems had dried and the leaves had withered so that they could be easily stripped off of the stem. The end product was a light straight stick, six to eight feet long, composed of a hardened outer shell and a pithy core. Those sticks were ideal for use as javelins or as weapons in "Spear Fights". The butt ends of the spears were slightly less than an inch in diameter and usually had been cut at an angle by the scythe. This resulted in a point that allowed them to stick in soft ground when they were thrown properly. We also used them in play battles, choosing up into teams or armies. Any

soldier hit by a thrown spear was declared dead and out of action. The army with the last unhit soldier was the winner.

In those days, young boys frequently wore knickers, those ubiquitous pants with elastic cuffs that ended just below the knees. The socks below the cuffs invariably drooped down around the shoe tops, leaving an expanse of bare and highly vulnerable flesh exposed to the elements. On one occasion I was hit by a spear which had split slightly when it had been cut by the scythe. This resulted in an inch long sharpened spur extending out beyond the rest of the point of the spear. The spur was driven into my shin, next to the bone. It broke off from the spear when I tried to pull it out of my leg. I ran home. My mother took one look. From the time I went in the front door until Doctor Mom had pulled the spur out of my leg with pliers and had finished sticking an iodine applicator into the hole, I don't believe a full minute had passed.

The morning after I arrived at the Sixth Marine Division Hospital, I was moved to another room in the building. It had been used as a classroom in which to teach sewing. On the walls were Singer Sewing Machine instructional charts. I don't remember whether the verbiage on them was in English or Japanese.

In the afternoon I was taken to an LST and my stretcher was laid down on the tank deck along with about fifty others. There were three naval officers looking down at us from the "balcony" deck that surrounded the tank deck. One of them came down and asked me how old I was. I told him, eighteen. I have always looked younger than I was, and especially so then, as skinny as I was. I probably should have told him that I was eighteen and a half.

On the afternoon of June 10, 1945, my service on Okinawa came to an end. My stretcher was hoisted by a crane up over the side of the U.S. Hospital Ship *Relief*. The sum total of my worldly goods was in a plastic sack which I held in my right hand, and my dog tags which were attached to a long, white shoelace knotted around my neck.

The sack, a pistol cover (a soft plastic envelope about 10 by 18 inches in size and olive drab in color) contained my wallet (devoid of money, we had received

no pay since January, and then just fifteen dollars), a plastic cigarette case (which I still have), an unopened pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes and a small supply of matches. That and a pair of filthy skivvy shorts, which were cut off of me once I was on the hospital ship, were all the possessions that I owned. I was near the base line for the measurement of poverty, but at least I wasn't in debt.

Once I was in a ward aboard the *Relief* a very officious Navy nurse ordered a corpsman to give me a sponge bath and some pajama bottoms after my skivvy shorts were cut off me and carried away, probably on a stick. The nurse made some cutting remarks about personal hygiene. She probably didn't understand that if water had to be carried, and there was barely enough for drinking, then shaving and bathing were not feasible.

Front line service was not a nine to five proposition, or even dawn to dusk. The only roof over your head was your helmet. There were no hot showers at the end of a day's work. It was twenty four hours a day, seven days a week; sometimes for weeks at a time. In the mud.

My last haircut had been more than three months before. It had been nearly a shave job, so all of the hairs on my head were the same length. My hair looked like a fright wig. I hadn't shaved for three weeks and my beard was sparse, mainly a goatee and sideburns. I probably didn't look too personally hygienic.

I was lying face down, the only position in which I could be comfortable. This exposed the bottoms of my feet to view. The nurse came by later and ranted and raved about the condition of my feet. They were heavily calloused, stained black by the chemicals used to tan the leather and had not been out of my boondockers for several months, with the exception of when I had been in the hospital before. The nurse ordered a corpsman to clean my feet. He tried, but failed. Some weeks later, a quarter inch thick layer of skin peeled off the heels and balls of both feet and they became as smooth and soft as a baby's.

Hospital ships, while under way, steamed with all lights blazing. At that time, all around the island of Okinawa, Japanese Kamikaze planes were diving into many Navy ships, sinking some,

damaging others. I had heard that the Hospital Ship *Comfort* had been hit. I wondered what I would do if the *Relief* were hit and I had to abandon ship. Probably the side stroke.

Captain Tomasello, my company commander, came to see me. He had been shot through the neck, not exactly, but almost from side to side. It had probably been a 6.5 Millimeter round nosed bullet from a Nambu machine gun, and from some distance off. The bullet had evidently had time to "go to sleep" and didn't tumble after it hit his neck.

He had something like a bad pimple where the bullet exited, and a small lesion where it entered. The holes were not even bandaged. He was extremely lucky.

A note about bedpans. I am still a virgin. As of this date, I have never used a bedpan. I inveigled a corpsman into carrying me the twenty feet to the head (Navy for toilet) when I had to move my bowels that first day on the *Relief*, then carry me back to my rack. We used "Ducks", long necked stainless steel vessels, for urination.

On the morning of June 11, a white-haired Navy commander, age at least 60, came into the ward, followed by a corpsman carrying a chair.

The commander pointed to an open space on the deck. "Put it down there, son." Then he beckoned in my direction. "You, come here."

I looked at him. Then I realized that there was only a bulkhead behind me. He was talking to me.

"Come on over here," he said. "I want to dress your wounds. Come on, we haven't got all day."

And here I had thought that I was a cripple.

I swung my legs over the side of the rack, which was about four feet above the deck. I lowered my feet to the steel deck and supported myself on other racks as much as I could. The muscles in my right calf were drawn up so that I had to walk on my toes. I couldn't get my right heel down. I hobbled over and sat in the chair. The commander sat on a low stool in front of me.

..to be continued in an upcoming issue of the "Striking Sixth" newsletter.

## Flash Back to 1942, Cherry Point

# A US Marine Learns About Duty

*Editor's Note: This Sixth Division Marine asked not to be identified.*

Memories, we all have them; some bad, some good. Here's one I am ashamed of. Just out of boot camp they had me pulling guard duty at a fenced-in compound at Cherry Point, N.C. They had a civilian guard at the gate. He was a good old boy, who I was told would share his coffee.

The Marine guard I relieved on the early morning watch gave me a few tips on walking the post. Up on a hill, there was a huge oak tree. On the mossy side of the tree was an old soda pop box and the guard told me I could sit on the box and see the crossroads about a mile and a half away where the OD or the Sgt. at Arms would have to turn in, to check the post.

I had never pulled duty there before so I walked up the hill to check things out. I wasn't even tired but I sat down on the box, leaned against the tree and laid my rifle, in those days a Springfield '03, across my knees. It was crispy cool with a little snow on the ground, and I guess I just wanted to rest my eyes.

I must have dozed; something must have startled me awake. I didn't know I was ever asleep. Roused up, I nonchalantly walked back down the hill to the civilian guard shack. I figured a hot cup of coffee would perk me up, but the civilian guard greeted me with: "Where the Hell have you been Marine?" Before I could answer he said, "The OD has been in here looking for you for 10 to 15 minutes." I couldn't believe him. The guard said "There goes his jeep, and he is hot under the collar."

Now I could see the lights of the jeep as it turned at the end of the compound. I hurried across to the next alley and sure enough here comes the OD with the jeep's lights almost blinding me. I raised my rifle to port and shouted, "Halt!"

The officer of the day, a second lieutenant, leans his head out of the jeep and says to me, "Where the hell you been, Private?" "Why, walking my post Sir," I lied. "Like hell," he says, "I've driven all over this compound. Up and down the alleys, even up on the hill."

Lying through my teeth, I said "I know

that, Sir, but when I'd go up the hill, you would be going down, same way in the alleys and I never could catch up with you."

The looey says, "What's your name Private?" He knew me. I said, "Sir," and gave him my name. He said, "Well, let me tell you something, Private, if I ever catch you walking post like you must have been doing this morning I'll see that you are put away in the brig till you rot."

I presented arms and said, "Yes Sir." He saluted abruptly and drove off. I must have gone out like a light sitting on that box, leaning against that old oak tree. I walked back up the hill, dawn was coming and I could see clear down the road and the OD's jeep was just pulling out of the compound.

The box seat was still leaning against the big tree, but on the other side of it, you could now clearly see in the light snow, the signs of the jeep's tires, close enough to the oak that the bumper must have pressed against the bark. Then you could see from the tracks, the jeep backed up, U-turned in the snow and headed back down the hill.

I must have slept through all that. Never heard the gears shift, never smelled the exhaust. I must have gone out like a light.

He couldn't prove it. Or, perhaps it was something else. The headlights of that jeep must have picked up me or my rifle on the other side of that oak? We were at war remember? Sleeping on guard duty was a capital offense. The OD may not have wanted to find me asleep.

I had just made Pfc fresh out of boot camp. That lieutenant had personally handed me the chevron while the newly formed base brass band was playing, "Who'd a Think it!" on the parade ground. Maybe he didn't want to see them cart me off to the Brig.

I said maybe, because I always wanted to ask him about it after the war, but I couldn't. He was killed in the Marshall Islands campaign, where I got my Purple Heart. His brother, a fighter pilot, was killed in the Pacific too. They were from Massachusetts. Blood was their name. Ironic? May they rest in peace.

# Charlie Two Shoes Going Hollywood?

**T**sui Chi Hsii, better known to Sixth Division Marines as Charle Two Shoes, may have his story told on the silver screen, according to a report from the Marine Corps Times.

Marines of Love Company, Fourth Regiment, made Charlie an unofficial Marine in 1945. In 2002 the USMC made him an official honorary Marine.

It is a story well known to us all, but now it may become a major motion picture. A 1998 book, "Charlie Two Shoes and the Marines of Love Company," has been purchased by movie bigwig Stratton Leopold, whose most recent film was "The Sum of All Fears."

No mention was made of who might play the lead role or when the film might be made.

## Can Generals Ever Get Best of a Marine Sergeant?

Three men sitting stiffly side by side on a long plane flight.

After 30 minutes the man on the left suddenly says distinctly and confidently in a low voice: "General, United States Army, married, two sons, both surgeons."

After another half hour the man on the right reveals through a tight-lipped smile: "General, United States Air Force, married, two sons, both judges."

Yet another 30 minutes passes before the one in the middle with eyes twinkling, loudly proclaims: "Sergeant Major, United States Marine Corps, never married, two sons, both generals."

*Courtesy of Bill Pierce, Wpns-29*

**Print out the Reunion Forms from the newsletter by going to the website at:**

**[www.SixthMarineDivision.com](http://www.SixthMarineDivision.com)**

## Wroblicky an official at Bob Hope Tribute



Emil Wroblicky, 3rd Amphibious Bn., is shown with Lt. General Michael Hagee, who was scheduled to become the 33rd Commandant of the Marine Corps January 13. Emil was asked to be present at the swearing in ceremonies in Washington, D.C. and planned to attend. Emil and Hagee both belong to the American Legion Post in Pacific Palisades, CA.



Bob Hope, is shown here entertaining the troops somewhere during World War II. He is highly regarded by U.S. servicemen for his efforts to support them then and in succeeding wars. Emil Wroblicky, who heads up the California American Legion's part in honoring Hope in San Diego May 29 on the occasion of Hope's 100th birthday, will be there, too. Hope is still rational, Emil said, but his eyesight is failing.

## Attention 6th Division Widows

Widows have been receiving the Striking Sixth for free—and they still can do so. But, they must signify their desire by informing Flo Dornan, membership manager, at 704 Cooper Court, Arlington, TX 76011, (817) 275-1552, [sxthmardiv@aol.com](mailto:sxthmardiv@aol.com). Newsletter mailings to all widows will continue through the Summer edition. After that, the membership manager must be notified annually by each widow wishing this free service.



# ☆ Official 6th Marine Division Items for Sale ☆

⊕ Support 6th Marine Division ⊕

**Dress Miniature Medals**  
Mounted and ready to wear

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1. 6th Marine Division, 1st Brigade Patches ..... \$4.50<br/>Pins (of same) ..... \$3.50</p> <p>2. Miniature Gold Marine Emblem<br/>Tie tack/Lapel Pin ..... \$5.00</p> <p>3. Shirt, Golf w/Collar &amp; 6th Marine Patch, 100% cotton<br/>White or Blue - S, M, L, XL, XX<br/>(add \$3.00 for XX &amp; XXX) ..... \$32.50</p> <p>4. Cap w/logo embroidered, Mesh Back ..... \$10.00</p> <p>5. Cap w/logo embroidered, Solid Back ..... \$12.50<br/>Gold or Silver Scrambled Eggs on above caps add .. \$3.00</p> <p>6. Windbreakers, Lined, with 6th Marine Division Patch<br/>— Circle Color and size: Red or Royal Blue -<br/>M, L, XL (add \$3.00 for XXL &amp; XXXL) ..... \$28.50</p> <p>7. Service Flags -<br/>3' x 5', USMC, Army, Navy, U.S., etc. .... \$16.50</p> <p>8. WWII - Korea chevrons (Greens) all ranks.<br/>These are the old style chevrons</p> <p>PFC (each) ..... \$4.50<br/>Cpl &amp; Sgt (each) ..... \$5.50<br/>Staff (each) ..... \$6.50<br/>GySgt &amp; Master Sgt (each) ..... \$7.50</p> | <p>9. 3" Roller Belt Buckle w/Marine Corps Emblem.. \$17.50</p> <p>10. Regulation Miniature Medals.<br/>Mounted ready to wear ..... \$8.50<br/>and up</p> <p>11. Gold Hat Pins: Okinawa, WWII, each ..... \$3.95</p> <p>12. Regulation Ribbons, starting at (each) ..... \$1.25</p> <p>13. Regulation Full Size Medals, starting at ..... \$15.00</p> <p>14. New! Bolo ties with Marine emblem,<br/>Regt. or Div. crests ..... \$18.50<br/>buckle w/same above ..... \$18.50</p> <p>15. Dog Tags, 3 lines New! (pair) ..... \$9.50</p> <p>16. Ring Heavy Gold Plate - w/Branch of Service<br/>Set in Red Stone (Marines &amp; Army) or Blue Stone<br/>(Navy &amp; Air Force ..... \$42.50</p> <p>17. USMC Honorable Discharge Pin ..... \$4.00</p> <p>18. US MC Golf Shirt w/Collar, 100% cotton<br/>White or Blue - S, M, L, XL, XX<br/>(add \$3.00 for XX &amp; XXX) ..... \$32.50</p> <p>19. 6th Division designer watch ..... \$39.50</p> |
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# Retired Air Force Chaplain Prays for 6th Marine Division Association Members at Memorial Service

*Let Us Bow our heads and lift our hearts in Prayer.*

Lord God, we lift our hearts to you this morning. Hearts full of gratitude for the men here present and the women who stand with them. They have been your loyal Servants for 58 years. They gave their youth to fight for the freedom you infused into our souls at conception. They stood up against tyranny in all its might, with their weapons, their courage and their faith in that for which they were fighting.

From the streets of New York, the rocky coast of Maine, the sun-drenched South, the expanse of Texas, the plowed fields of the Midwest and the picturesque West Coast, they came one and all in answer to their country's call and need. Mere boys, they were gathered into Marine Training Camps and molded into men of steel.

Followed by endless days in cramped bunks on troop ships, they found themselves transported to the sandy beaches of islands with strange names. To face a well trained, well armed enemy motivated by a fanatic loyalty to an emperor whom they regarded as a God.

And in September of 1944 these young men, some Protestant, some Jewish, some Catholic, some orthodox and some with no formal religious preference, came together as the 6th Marine Division onto an Island with a strange sounding name: "Guadalcanal." Composed of three infantry regiments: 4th Marines, 22nd Marines, 29th Marines; an artillery regiment; 15th Marines, and several support units. From early in the war, many of the Marines in these units had borne the brunt of combat, island by island, one bloody beach to another, they vanquished their enemy and won the everlasting gratitude of their country and the free world. The cost was high and gold stars replaced the blue stars on the little banner in the window of their homes in America. Young boys, molded into men, without question gave, in the

words of Lincoln, "their last full measure."

Following training on Guadalcanal, the last encounter was the most costly: Okinawa. While the Navy encountered the kamikazes, the Marines encountered the worst of the fanatical determination of the enemy, as this island was in the shadow of their homeland. But the battle was won, and a short time later, on the deck of the Battleship Missouri on an August day in 1945, the war finally ended. And the unconditional surrender was signed with the blood of thousands of young boys who answered the call without question. Young boys who had to suddenly be molded into men, to protect the country they loved for the people they loved, that their country and their people could continue to breath in the intoxicating elixir of human freedom.

And so this morning, we ask your continued blessings on those here present, and eternal rest for those who never returned from the sandy dunes of the islands with strange names. And we pray for those whose lives since those days have come to a solitary end. Eternal rest grant unto them, oh Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. And to those here present. We the free are likewise grateful. For you had to live with the question that plagues all survivors. Why was I spared? But to that question that has no answer, simply continue to live life and be proud of who you are and what you did. May God bless and keep you and yours always. Amen  
*Editor's Note: This 2002 Memorial Prayer was inadvertently left out of the last issue.*

## MY HERO, MY DAD



Leo Gattoni Sr., A-1-29

My Dad, **Leo Gattoni Sr.** was drafted into the Marine Corps in 1943 at the age of 30. He did his basic training at Parris Island where he was to become a drill instructor. From there he was sent to the Pacific where he fought on Tinian and landed with the Sixth Marine Division (A-1-29) on Okinawa, April 1, 1945.

Near the end of the fighting on Okinawa he was severely wounded, eventually being shipped state-side where he was to spend six long months in a Naval Hospital.

After the war my Dad went on to lead a long and productive life. He became chief of Detectives of the Hudson County, NJ Sheriff's Office. He also served as Public Safety Commissioner of North Bergen, NJ. In 1985, at the age of 72, he was elected

as the Mayor of North Bergen, NJ. He retired from public life in 1999 at the age of 86.

My Dad rarely spoke of the war and of the horrific combat on Okinawa. He did tell me that he lost all of his "Buddies" on Okinawa and how lucky he was to survive and come home. Well, I was also very lucky that he did come home and to have him for so long. He was "My Hero" and I am a better person today because of him.

My Dad passed away Nov. 13, 2001. He was so proud to be a Marine!

Leo C. Gattoni, Jr.  
Associate Life Member  
Sixth Marine Division Association

# Lt.Col Jean Steed Retires

## Can You Believe it? That Little Girl Retired a USMC Lt. Colonel

Remember how it was back then. A lieutenant colonel was just this side of God and seen about as often. They commanded battalions and held high staff positions. Their commandments came down to us common clay by means of captains and sergeants. We hardly ever thought of them, but we knew they were there. If they deigned to notice us, we observed them with the awe previously reserved for school superintendents or police chiefs.

After all most of us were just kids hardly out of high school. Many of us came from modest households, where money was in short supply. We had never heard of the Solomons or maybe even Pearl Harbor before the attack. We hardly knew what was in the next state, much less across the seas.

Even the older guys who had joined the Marines, often before that the CCC's, because they couldn't find a job, knew very little about the larger scheme of things. We could all read and write, but sophisticated we were not.

That's all changed now. Many Sixth Division Marines have handled civilian life well, gained recognition and often the rewards that brings. Some of our children



Bob Smith, B-1-29, gives the lady a hand at her retirement ceremony. Bob, who carried a flame thrower on Okinawa, can still fit in his greens.



Dan Dereschuk has his say at his daughter's retirement ceremony held at the Sixth Division Monument, Quantico National Cemetery.

have also done well, including Jean Steed, Dan Dereschuk's (G-2-22) little girl, who recently retired as, God help us, it's true, a lieutenant colonel of Marines.

Not only that, she earned jump wings, served overseas and was once a battalion S2. More, she grew up with this division and is truly one of our own. In retirement, she has come back to us. Jean is spending time and boundless energy attempting to keep this organization alive after we are gone by starting and initially running a sons and daughters group.

She also is serving as President John J. Foley's "Action Officer," whatever that is. Knowing that, like the rest of us oldsters, John J., can use a little help, her efforts are bound to be appreciated.

*Editor*



Yes, there was a party afterward. Jean poses with her new boss, President John J. Foley.

All Ceremony photos by Dan Arant, former naval intelligence officer now world-girdling photographer



Jean's husband, Col. Billy Steed, USMC Ret., places a wreath on the Sixth Division Monument during the ceremony. The division's Presidential Unit Citation was read at this time.

## Ladies' Auxillary



Lorene Gilbert

Dear Ladies,

Family, to me, is so important therefore it was delightful to share Christmas day with my family at my niece's home. We had about fifteen to enjoy the wonderful food prepared for this occasion. I hope that each of you was surrounded by loved ones over the holiday too

As the New Year unfolds, let us pray for our leaders in Washington. They need wisdom to lead this great country of ours. Pray for our people in uniform, who are in harm's way keeping our country safe.

Preparations are underway for several projects this year. First the directory: Flo Dornan and I spent several days getting the ladies' directory updated. When the printing is completed you will receive your copy by mail. As well, preparations are underway for the next reunion. I am looking forward to seeing everyone in St. Petersburg, Florida in September. I understand there are lots of interesting

things to see and do there.

We have an exciting agenda planned for the Ladies Luncheon. Laura Lacy will speak to us about the preservation of history. Hopefully, it will clearly show how important it is to preserve both yours and your husband's history. Then we will hold a round table discussion, made up of several of the ladies, on widowhood.

This should be a helpful and informative and what better way to hear such information than from women who we know and who have already been through the experience.

Our craft table sales were down at the last reunion because we did not get as many crafts as usual. Let us all be thinking how we can turn this around. This winter pick up those needles, get out your sewing machine and help us make an important fund-raiser for the Division a success in 2003! To each of you, have faith, God's Love will carry you through any storm. Have a great year.

Love,

Lorene Gilbert

## Ladies' Auxillary Board of Dirextors

### President

Lorene Gilbert  
1608 McGarry Lane  
Mansfield, Texas 76063  
E-mail: Lorenegl@aol.com  
Ph: 817-453-2644

### Vice President

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Mail dues to: **Pauline Roberts, Treas., 226 Ash St., Danville, PA 17821**

### What They Say Must Be True

## 'Marines Look After Marines'

Former USMC Master Sergeant George A. Walsh died in the small town of Coarse Gold, CA. George left instructions that he wanted to be buried in his uniform. But when the critical time arrived, no one could find his shirt. One of his granddaughters is a woman Marine, and she tried, but was unable to get one for the mortician.

Finally, as a last resort, she went to a Marine recruiting office and spoke to the senior NCO, who is an E-8 Master Sergeant. He told George's granddaughter to wait a few minutes. He went into the head, took off HIS OWN shirt, and brought it out for her. George was buried in uniform, 2 July, 2002.

*Editor's Note: The above is from Jack Hoag, 6th Jasco.*

If you haven't paid your dues, now is the time

Mail to:

Flo Dornan  
704 Cooper Court,  
Arlington, TX 76011-5550

# Roll Call

New members of the  
6th Marine Division Association

- 5768 **COWAN**, Council R.,  
REGULAR ANNUAL
- 5777 **ESSEX**, Rick B. (Son of Martin  
Essex), ASSOCIATE LIFE
- 5776 **HEGERICH**, Alfred F., REGULAR LIFE
- 5773 **HENRY**, Larry A., ASSOCIATE LIFE
- 5771 **HOAG**, Jack W. (Son of Jack E. Hoag)  
ASSOCIATE LIFE
- 5778 **MOONEY**, Dionicia (Daughter of  
Daniel G. Long), ASSOCIATE ANNUAL
- 5779 **OWEN**, Susan (Daughter of Thomas  
B. Owen), ASSOCIATE ANNUAL
- 5745 **RUSSELL**, Maj. Robert A.,  
ANNUAL TO LIFE
- 5769 **SARRELL**, George, ASSOCIATE LIFE  
(Son of George Sarrell)
- 5767 **TRUJILLO**, Antonio, REGULAR LIFE
- 3693 **PHIPPS**, Ralph G., ANNUAL TO LIFE
- 5772 **STORY**, Raby F., ANNUAL REGULAR
- 5770 **TURNER**, Pamela K., ASSOCIATE  
ANNUAL (Daughter of Wm. A. Hecht)
- 5774 **WARNER**, Gordon, ASSOCIATE LIFE
- 5775 **YOSHIMINE**, Zenichi,  
HONORARY LIFE

## Jack DeLoache Dies in Okinawa Hospital

A memorial service at Camp Foster, Okinawa has been held for Sergeant Major William L. (Jack) DeLoache. It was well-done and memorable to all who attended, reports Murray V. Harlan, Jr. a resident of Okinawa City, Japan and a member of this association.

DeLoache, A-1-4, died at Chubu Hospital November 5 from kidney failure and complications from old wounds. In addition to his World War II experience, De Loach served in Korea and Viet Nam. His awards included the Bronze Star, the Purple Heart, Navy Commendation Medal and seven Good Conduct medals.

Survived by his widow, daughter and grandchildren, he was a member of the Sixth Marine Division Association and a friend of General Jim Day, deceased.

## Donations from Caring Members & Friends

### General Fund

- AARON, Norma
- ABEL, Fred
- ARNOLD, Robert
- BANGERT, Marion
- BENTZ, Robert
- BRILL, David
- COFER, Arthur
- COWAN, C.
- CURTIN, David
- DALY, Rose
- DEBNAM, Edward
- DOTUR, Paul
- ETTER, Jackson
- FRANCO, Dewey
- GLANCEY, Francis
- HUDSON, Benjamin
- KEENAN, John
- LeGRAND, Phillip
- LIENESCH, Donald
- LONG, Jack
- McDEVITT, John
- McKNIGHT, Harry
- MILLER, Charles H.
- MORGAN, Leroy
- MURRAY, Norman
- PARK, Norma
- PETERSON, Vernid
- ROBERTSON, Norman
- SCHATZMAN, James
- SHAY, Andrew
- SINCLAIR, Craig
- SLADE, Donald
- TAYLOR, Franklin
- THACH, Mary Lou
- WHALEN, John
- WILKES, Roy

### Membership Directory

- ABBOTT, Frederick
- ASHTON, Charles
- BECKER, Hugh
- BRISCOE, Donald
- CHILDS, Donald
- DEAHL, John
- FLOOD, George
- FRANCO, Dewey
- GANZ, Charles
- GERTH, Gerald
- HARDIE, James
- HELBING, Frank
- HENSLEY, Jack
- ISRAEL, Leonard
- JAMIESON, W. Roger
- KENDELL, Raymond
- KING, Talmadge
- KOCH, John
- KUNKLE, Thomas
- LENNON, Hugh
- LONG, Jack
- LOWE, Warren
- McGOWAN, Frank
- McKNIGHT, Harry
- MEACHUM, Chuck
- MILLER, Charles H.
- PENN, John
- PERALTA, Anthony
- PERKINS, Dolores
- PETERSON, Vermid
- PITMAN, Robert
- RATLIFF, Louise

- ROBBINS, Donald
- ROTES, Lucille
- RUSSELL, John
- SAMBORSKI, Edward
- SARRELL, George
- SPEARS, Ottis
- STEPHENSON, Ralph
- STINES, Charles
- STOEL, Albert
- TOWNSEND, Janet
- VALKENAAR, Donald
- VENTURA, Robert
- WARE, James
- WARNECKE, William
- YELCHO, John

### Life Card

- RUSSELL, Maj. Robert

### Subscription Challenge

(Those who took the challenge and donated \$50 to \$100 for the subscription.)

- HILLIARD, Richard
- LENNON, Hugh F.
- LIBERATO, Ralph
- McCONVILLE, Joseph
- MINETTI, B. P.
- RODRIGUEZ, Joseph
- SPITALE, Dominic
- WALTER, Robert

### Memorial Marker Donations - In Memory

#### Donor

- ALBANESE, Nicholas
- PARK, Norma
- PHIPPS, Ralph

#### In Memory of

- S. Bangeer

### Memorial Marker Fund

To make a donation (in any amount) to assure this Memorial Marker program will continue to provide a Memorial Marker to next of kin, please make your check to Sixth Marine Division Assn. and in lower left corner indicate "Memorial Fund." Mail to Carl Sproatt, Service Officer, 103 Lake Shore Circle, Leesburg, FL 34788.

I would like to make a donation in MEMORY of \_\_\_\_\_ or

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Visit the Association web site at:

[www.SixthMarineDivision.com](http://www.SixthMarineDivision.com)



# TAPS

All of us in the Sixth Marine Division Association extend our sincere sympathy to the families and friends of those listed below. May they rest in peace.

## Members

- ANDERSON, WILLIAM J., ID #0204, 6TH PIONEER BN, DOD: 1/07/2003
- BAQUE, JR., Joseph, ID #1477, 4th Marines-3-K, DOD: 12/26/2001
- BICKEL, Robert, ID #3395, 15th Marines-4-M, DOD: 1/14/2001
- BLIZARD, Frank D., ID #0932, 22nd Marines, Weapons, DOD: 5/16/2000
- BONDELLO, Frank, NM, 4th Marines, DOD: 1/05/2003
- BOSSART, Fred B., ID #3012, 4th Marines-2-H&S, DOD: 12/07/2002
- BUSH, Wesley, I.D. #2024, 22ND Marines-H&S, DOD: 6/11/2002
- CATUCCI, Thomas J., NM, 4TH Marines- 2-G, DOD: 10/06/2002
- CHEESEMAN, Mary, Wife of Joe Cheeseman, DOD: 10/29/02
- CLEMENT, Charles, ID #4120, 22nd Marines-2-E, DOD: 1/13/2001
- DeLOACHE, W. L., ID #4263, No record of unit, DOD: 11/3/2002
- DeMILLE, George, NM, 4TH Marines, DOD: 11/16/2002
- DIBBLE, John G., ID #5507, 6th Pioneer Bn, DOD: 4/12/2002
- DORNBACH, Vernon E., Jr., ID #2668, 29th Marines-H&S, DOD: 9/16/2002
- FENTON, Elaine, Wife of William Fenton, DOD: 10/28/2002
- FITZGERALD, John P., ID #0600, 22-2-E, DOD: 9/13/2002
- FORSTER, Edward L., NM, 22nd Marines-Tanks, DOD: Unknown
- FRENCH, George, ID #3670, Associate, DOD: 7/14/2002
- GAFFIGAN, Herbert T. "Herb", NM, 22nd Marines, DOD: Unknown
- GORMAN, Jesse, ID #1398, 6th Motor Transport, DOD: 4/29/2002
- GREEN, Janet, Wife of J.D. Green, DOD: 1/04/2002
- GRINE, John G., I.D. #5515, 4th MARINES 3-HQ, DOD: 11/2001
- HAMMAN, Harold P., ID #2702, 2nd Sep PK How-A Btry, DOD: 11/17/2002
- HANEY, Donald A., ID #1693, 6th Marine Division, DOD: 7/18/1983
- HARRIS, John D., NM, 22nd Marines-1-HQ&D, DOD: 6/07/2002

- HODGES, Vernon, ID #5368, 22nd Marines-HQ&H, DOD: 6/16/2002
  - HOLLENBECK, Donald M., NM, 22nd Marines-2-I&M, DOD: 2/10/2002
  - HORTON, Howard M., ID #4798, 6th Service Bn, DOD: 12/02/2002
  - HUDGENS, Richard E., ID # 0961, 22-1-B&HQ, DOD: 1/2002
  - KOSH, Joseph, ID #4840, 22nd Marines-3-1, DOD: 4/01/2002
  - LAMB, George E., NM, 22nd Marines-H&S, DOD: 2/17/2002
  - LINDAHL, Allan W., ID #0560, 22nd Marines H & S, DOD: 10/2000
  - LONG, Mildred, Wife of Jack Long, DOD: 5/09/2002
  - McDONOUGH, James B., I.D. #5497, 6th Marine Division, DOD: 8/31/2002
  - MILLER, Arlene, Wife of Charles Miller, DOD: 1/3/2002
  - OLSON, Jerome A., NM, 1st Prov. Brigade, DOD: 12/23/2001
  - PARRISH, Hugh M., ID #2651, 29th Marines-1-A, DOD: 11/19/2002
  - PARSONS, Walton V., ID #4729, 6th Marine Division, DOD: 9/11/2002
  - PAULEY, William, D #1603, 8AAA Bn, DOD: 12/25/2001
  - PHILLIPS, Charles G., ID #5333, 4th Marine-1-A, DOD: 9/21/2002
  - SITA, Rodney J., ID #3299, 15th Marines, DOD: 3/19/1999
  - SPIELMAN, Lyle, ID #4921, 6TH Tank Bn-B, DOD: 10/07/2002
  - STEWART, William, ID #2317, 6th ENGI-NEER Bn., DOD: 7/08/2002
  - TABOR, Arthur J., ID #0546, 22nd Marines-3-M, DOD: 10/09/2001
  - THORNE, Robert N., #ID 6454, 4th Marines-3-K, DOD: 10/19/2002
  - UNGERECHT, Carl H., NM, 22nd Marines-H&S, DOD: 6/07/2002
  - WOOD, Pat, Wife of Newton Wood, DOD: Wk of 1/01/2003
  - WOODHAMS, E.C., ID #2402, 6TH Recon Co, DOD: 10/27/2002
- 51 Members have been reported as deceased since September 2002. This long list is primarily due to deceased information reported on the Directory Update forms received during the past several months which had not been reported and entered in our membership records. Approximately 1400 forms were received out of

the 1700 mailed. Our Directory should be very up-to-date.

## Member's Spouse

The Directory Updates also noted wives of our members who had passed on (dates not known) but that had not been recorded. I am including these ladies to inform their friends.

- AASLAND, Naomi, Wife of Orwald Aasland
- CADDEN, Nancy, Wife of John Cadden
- COMBS, Lorraine, Wife of Leon Combs
- CRAWFORD, Jean, Wife of Rodney Crawford
- DRISCOLL, Florence, Wife of Raymond Driscoll
- ENDER, Mildred, Wife of Arthur Ender
- FAIR, Beatrice, Wife of Joseph E. Fair, DOD: 3/29/2001
- GUTHRIE, Janice, Wife of Loran Guthrie
- IANNUZZI, Jennie, Wife of Anthony Iannuzzi
- KONOPISOS, Jerry, Wife of William Konopisos
- MISTOVICH, Edna, Wife of Eli Mistovich
- RECLA, Teresa, Wife of Charles G. Recla
- SNIPES, Lillian, Wife of James W. Snipes
- TRAPP, Ruth, Wife of Charles Trapp
- WAGNER, Mary, Wife of Jacob Wagner
- WAIMAN, Mary, Wife of William Waidman
- WHALEN, Barbara, Wife of Elliott Whalen

## Membership Status

### Member Status as of 07/01/2002

- Regular Life Members
- Regular Annual Members
- Regular Annual Members In Arrears In Dues
- Associate Life Members
- Associate Annual Members
- Annual Associate Members
- Arrears in Dues
- Honorary and Organizational Members

### Total

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- Paid Subscribers
- Honorary Members
- Organizational Members
- Widows (36 Paid Widows)
- Subscriptions Due

### Total Mailing List Requirement

*Flo Dornan  
Membership Manager*

# 6th Marine Division Association

## Membership Application or Change of Address

First Name \_\_\_\_\_ MI \_\_\_\_\_ Last Name \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse 1st Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt./Bldg/Lot \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip+4 \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (\_\_\_\_)\_\_\_\_-\_\_\_\_-\_\_\_\_ E-Mail Address \_\_\_\_\_

Company \_\_\_\_\_ Battalion \_\_\_\_\_ Regiment \_\_\_\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_

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If applying for membership as an Associate Member, provide name of relative who served with the Sixth Marine Division:  
\_\_\_\_\_ Relationship \_\_\_\_\_

His unit within Division, if known \_\_\_\_\_

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Mail to: **Florence R. Dornan, Membership Manager, 704 Cooper Court, Arlington, TX 76011**  
**E-mail: SxthMarDiv@aol.com**

## 6th Marine Division Association

704 Cooper Court Arlington, TX 76011



Striking Sixth Newsletter

Spring 2003

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