

# STRIKING SIXTH

## 1st Provisional Marine Brigade Newsletter



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Spring 2025



## 1 April 1945

It was Easter Sunday and April Fool's Day. But for the men of the Sixth Marine Division, it will forever be known as "Love Day," code name for the commencement of the invasion of Okinawa.

Many thoughts went through their minds that day. (You can read some of those thoughts on page 2.) But I bet no one thought they would be here 80

years later. Past or nearing 100 years of age! What a blessing it is to those of us who know them.

To these men, we can only say thank you from the bottom of our hearts for what you did 80 years ago. And let us never forget the men who didn't come back from that small, blood-drenched island so far away from home.

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# 1 April 1945

Little conversation took place and no humor, however there was cheering when Japanese planes were hit and trailing smoke, plummeted into the ocean...I am sure that many thoughts and prayers crossed the minds of everyone on the way to the beach but I am certain that the one that came up at least once was: Is it going to be me? ~Kenneth J Long (29<sup>th</sup> Mar-3-I)



The LST doors were opened and with the motors roaring, smoke and fumes filling the belly of the ship, the ramp was dropped in the water. The amtracs proceeded, one at a time to the ramp, made their steep angled descent into the water and we Marines were on our way. We had some two miles to go to reach the beach as other amtracs, swarming like water-bugs, gathered up groups to head shoreward. As we passed the huge Navy ships the sailors aboard gave us the "V" for victory sign. It made one feel we were all in this thing together. ~Walt Rutkowski (22<sup>nd</sup> Mar-2-G)



Photos on this page and the cover page are from *Images of War, The Battle of Okinawa 1945* by Jon Diamond.

The day dawned bright, clear and beautiful...It was Easter Sunday, April 1, 1945, a date that no one would ever forget who took part in the operation. We attended Mass, received Communion and lay below to wait for our call to the boats...

Our Weapons Company was summoned over the speaker. A chill, or some kind of feeling swept over me. My throat was already dry and all of us looked at each other with wide, apprehensive eyes. There were no jokes told ... nothing ... we just plodded out of the womb of the ship and took our place in our assembly area...We were heading for the unknown. You thought ... "Where's the beach? Are we in the right place? Are there Japs waiting? "Will we be killed?" ~Bill Pierce (29<sup>th</sup> Mar-Weapons)

On Yontan airfield, one Nip apparently didn't know we were there. A Jap fighter pilot, the meatball insignia plainly visible on his plane, landed as pretty as you please. Every Marine within range, eager to knock off their first Nip, opened up. No sooner had that little son of heaven emerged from his cockpit, then he was as full of holes as a kitchen colander. There was scarcely enough left of him to bleed. ~George Thompson (29<sup>th</sup> Marines)



As we got closer, I could see a cement sea wall on the shore, stretching the length of our landing area. I could also see that there was no way to proceed inland EXCEPT through one narrow opening in the sea wall...I could immediately visualize every Jap gun on the island concentrated on that one narrow opening!...It was at this point that I suddenly got very afraid... Well, we went through it and all was well...I couldn't believe our good fortune...The other tanks came through and, thank God, the riflemen of the 4th Marines. We all were looking quizzically at one another as we advanced up the slope, meeting no opposition. What a wonderful April Fools Day that was! ~Fred Addison (1<sup>st</sup> Arm Amphib)

# Okinawa Today — More Discoveries from Steph Pawelski

from Steph's Facebook page — Okinawa Battle Sites



The island is flourishing. Neighborhoods are freshly built, their sliding glass doors gleam in the sun. Roads are freshly paved; the streets are spotless. Children play in the streets as elders stroll on the sidewalks; the air is calm. Cars pass by slowly and quietly; their polished exteriors reflect the serenity of their surroundings. Families go about their daily lives peacefully as though it's always been this way.

A quarter mile from the west coast of Okinawa and right across the road from recently built houses are three shinyo boat tunnels. A shinyo was the boat version of a kamikaze. Two of the entrances can easily be seen from the road.

Japan turned to suicide tactics as their situation continued to deteriorate throughout World War II.

Shinyo boats were prepared to be used on Okinawa and its islands. They were packed with explosives, “rolled from the dug-out and launched into the bay on a two-wheel cart” (United, n.d.). They would then be driven into US ships and detonated in hopes of sinking them. The driver would be killed, never knowing if his death made an impact on the

war against the Americans. The reality is that shinyo boats had little impact on the United States throughout the Pacific War.

We have visited these tunnels before, yet this time, something felt different. While standing in the back of a tunnel taking photos of the entrance, I noticed there are houses within shouting distance and easily seen. Next to me sat a grenade. It is still sitting in plain view, left untouched for nearly 80 years, as if forgotten by time.



Curiosity runs deep in me, I grew up in the Philadelphia area and I was always in the woods playing, building teepees, swinging on vines, picking blackberries and raspberries, and looking for caves. I went to Crystal Cave quite often. This is where I found my peace. Curiosity is something I've carried through life.

This situation has got me thinking even more about how battle sites and modern-day life coexist so closely on Okinawa. It's something I'm

struggling to put into words. Maybe it's a matter of resources — each town must decide for itself how to preserve or acknowledge these historical sites. The decision to leave a site undisturbed could come from a mix of financial constraints, competing priorities, or simply a lack of awareness. So many lived through hardship during and after the war, it's understandable that many might choose to leave painful memories behind, or let time take its toll on the physical remnants of war.

I am interested in learning better ways to describe the proximity of this site to today. There is an honor to be visiting sites that have such an important part of the island's history, but it's combined with an unsettling realization: How could something so dangerous, like the UXO grenade, be left in such close proximity to people's homes? How is it possible that something as deadly as this could sit unnoticed, potentially capable of causing devastation if it was ever triggered? And how and why is it that these sites remain undisturbed despite being so close to new construction, daily life...and children? I would have lived in these things as a child.



# On God's Payroll

by Arno W. Schroeder (29th Mar-2-F)

Arno Schroeder was a great story teller, and as he grew older, his son Doug urged him to write his stories down. Happily for us, Arno took that suggestion and wrote more than 200 stories about his life, including his childhood, his time in the Marines, and adulthood. Doug put them into chronological order and published them in the book, *On God's Payroll*. Taken together, they provide a fascinating window into the life of one Sixth Division Marine. And what a life it was!

Below are two stories from the book that deal with Arno's childhood on a small farm in South Dakota during the Depression. It's a far different life than most children live today and goes a long way to explaining why this generation became known as the Greatest Generation.

## Story #100 — Old Time Farming

If I had been born a few years later, I would not have been part of what I call old-time farming. I guess what I mean by that is that almost all power needed to operate the farm on a daily basis was either manpower or horse-power.

There were a few tractors in our farming area during the late '20s and early '30s, but most of them were limited as to what they could be used for. They had little power; like the old Fordson we had for a while, it took half a day to get it started and then it would not do much. I think I wrote about how one day Leo [Arno's brother] was plowing with the Fordson and I with horses. That old tractor moved so slow Leo would have to stop at times to let me pass him with horses. Those tractors were used more for threshing machines and the like. Almost all field-work was done with horses.

There were, however, quite a few steam-engine tractors. They were huge and bulky and took a lot of manpower to handle.

These also were used for threshing machines. The first few years I remember of threshing, this is what was used. I have often wondered why there were not more fires at that time. A good fire had to be in action to generate steam and, with all that dry straw, a fire could start anytime. The only steam engines

to our close neighbors, the first thing they always did was to take us to the barn and look at their horses. They were good ones. Our horses looked like old plugs compared to them, and that is what they were, for the most part.

When Dad bought the new tractor in 1936, their (horses) use was limited. We did not get rid of them, but most of them were old and worn out, and as they died-off from old age or sickness, they were not replaced. The last time I remember using horses for field work was maybe 1939. I was cultivating with a team, a single-row cultivator. I don't know why because we had a cultivator for the tractor.



Arno Schroeder on his South Dakota farm

that I remember out in the fields were used for plowing. They moved very slow but had enough power to pull a good-sized plow.

Horses were part of our daily life on the farm until 1936, when Dad bought a new F-20 Farmall. Most of the farmers took great pride in their horses. I can't say we did. We needed them and let it go at that. Whenever we went

A year or so after our house burned, in 1938, we moved to a farm about eight miles from us. Dad traded the F-20 Farmall and some horses for a new Farmall-H with a road speed gear and rubber tires. We needed that really bad, not only to make the long move, but we continued to farm the land where the house burned. I made that trip—

*(continued on the next page)*

# On God's Payroll

*(continued from the prior page)*

eight miles by tractor many times. When Dad traded those horses on the new tractor, we were down to one team of horses. This was so until Dad quit farming in 1944. They were used for the hayrack, and Dad still planted corn with the horses.

When it came to manpower, there was no end to that. Corn-picking was done by hand plus horses for the wagon. We had a dairy farm, and the cows were all milked by hand. There were milkers on the market, but Dad always said they would hurt the cows. He also said he had "milkers"—there were eight of us kids, although they did not all milk. I don't remember how old I was when I started milking, but I was very young. We each had our own cows to milk. I would milk my cows and feed the calves and then leave the barn and run to school. One of my sisters must have carried my lunch bucket. Then in the evening, [we] milked again.

After milking, we got the cream separator going. This also was run with manpower. We sold the cream, [so we] had a little cash flow during those bad years. The separated milk was given to the calves, and if any [was] left, [was] mixed with feed to the hogs. Long before I was ten, I was carrying five-gallon buckets of slop, etc.

In addition to that, we had a lot of chickens that needed attention—always a lot of hogs that

were always hungry. We had a lot of

animals; at times we also had ducks and geese.

Our hay and other feed were pitched on hayracks and then pitched by hand into our hayloft.

When it was time to plant, we had a hand corn sheller. One corn at a time, and this was our seed, instead of paying for seed corn, same way with other grain. We planted corn, oats, barley, wheat, rye, and sometimes flax [and] also cane, etc. Other than wintertime, we would herd cattle along the roads and railroads. We had two horses we could ride, old Barney and Bob, but they were usually out working in the fields. It was a rare treat to have a horse to ride to herd cattle. Our work never ended.

Farming has changed so much since I was a lad on the farm. [During] the years I spent at the bank, my farm customers were not diversified like we were. Some did not have an animal on the farm, just grain farming. Others maybe fed cattle and no other animals. They did not plant different crops like I mentioned on our farm. I bought the farm from Dad about forty years ago, and in all those years only corn and soybeans have been planted.

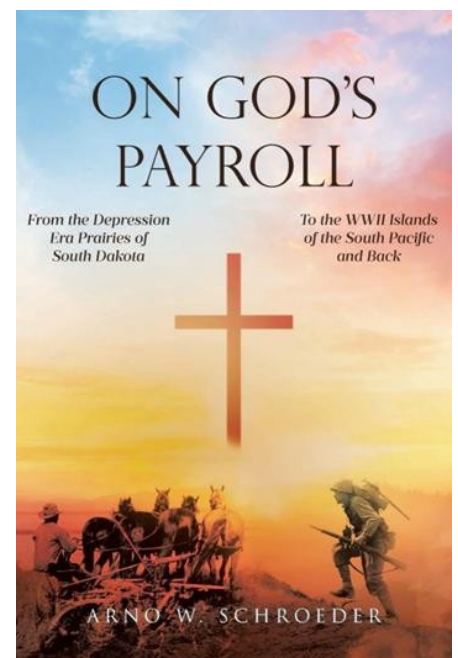


Doug and Arno Schroeder, 2014

With all the machinery they have today, they can farm many more acres than we could. I would not know how to work the machinery they have. When I was growing up, there usually was a farmyard on every quarter [section] of land. Today they are gone. You might not see one building on the whole section.

For the most part my memories of growing up on the farm are good and pleasant to think about, but I am glad that I don't have to do it again.

*(see story about Arno's school life on the next page)*



On God's Payroll is available on Amazon and Barnes and Noble,.

# On God's Payroll

*(continued from the prior page)*

## Story #109 — Old School Days

When you get to be well over four score years old, you have time to think about the past and have a lot of things to think about. I have been thinking about my grade-school days during the 1930s.

Many, many things have changed since my childhood. Schools and how they are run now are so different that it almost seems like we are living in another country. Some of the things that took place almost on a daily basis would today be considered a crisis, and all kinds of regulations [have been] put in place to prevent them. I am going to write about just a few to give you an idea of how it was.

During recess and lunchtime, if the weather was OK, we boys left the schoolhouse at once, grabbed our lunch bucket, and headed for a corner on the schoolyard or left the school grounds and did what boys do. At that age we were not very interested in girls, and I don't really remember what they did except maybe play on the merry-go-round.

The favorite place for us boys was an unfenced pasture the distance of about two blocks from the schoolhouse. This is where all kinds of things took place. The teacher would stay with the girls and ring a handbell when it was time for us to come back.

In this pasture we played ball, had fights, snared gophers, and planned all kind of things that we did not always get done. This is also the pasture where a Mr. Lar-

son from Bridgewater would land his homemade airplane, which was excitement beyond words to us boys. I think he made it a point to do this during our noon break so we boys could hold down the tail section when he started the plane as it would nosedive down if it was not held down before he got in the cockpit and controls. He always started it with the propeller.



Arno with younger sister, Agnes

Snaring gophers in the pasture was a great pastime, and I don't think there was one of us boys that at one time or another did not get bit by a gopher. Can you imagine what would take place today if a child came to the teacher and said they were bitten by a gopher? It would be an emergency. They would be rushed to a hospital or clinic for all kinds of shots, and new regulations would take place. We never even mentioned it to our teacher or family members.

Fights would take place, or you might get hit in the face with a baseball, or even a bat. Either [from a] fight or ball, it was nothing unusual to lose a permanent tooth, so you lost a tooth; no one said anything about it.

This pasture had a lot of holes from gophers, etc., and while playing ball or running races, we would at times sprain an ankle. Other than slowing us down, nothing was said or done about it. The only thing that came of it if it happened to me is that it took me a little longer to walk home and do my chores, which made Dad unhappy.

Fights in this pasture were a common thing. We would come back into the schoolhouse, and somebody maybe had a black eye or bruised face. About the only thing that took place is that the girl that sat next to you might whisper, "What happened?" For the most part the teacher would try to ignore it. The less she knew about it, the better. Usually the next day, we were all friends again, playing in that pasture.

Another thing we boys did in wintertime is go outside, cold as it was, and find someplace where there was ice in the ditches and skate. At times when we came back to the schoolhouse, we would not ask the teacher if we could stand next to the stove to dry out. That would be for sissies. We just sat there and froze. The school itself was always cold, and many days we kept our coats and jackets on all day.

One day after school, several [of] us boys went to the railroad tracks, some distance from the school to skate. I told my sisters to go on home; I would be a little late. I fell through the ice up to my waist. It was very cold. The

*(continued on the next page)*

# Bury Me Next to a Marine

by HM2 (FMF) Robert L. Owens, 31 August 2007

*A Navy Corpman's opinion of the Marines he served with...*

Bury me next to a Marine  
When my time has come to an end,  
So I can spend eternity  
Beside my brother and friend.

I've served beside them for years  
And they've inspired me every day.  
They've never asked for anything,  
So a debt I can never repay.

None of them served for glory,  
None for money or fame.  
But they've served in every clime and place,  
Heroes with but one name.

No one will ever outdo them,  
Their honor is never outdone.  
They will go down in history,  
As America's favorite sons.

Marines will never fail you,  
And their guard will never cease,  
Please bury me next to a Marine  
So I may rest in peace

---

# On God's Payroll

*(continued from the prior page)*

other boys laughed at me. I laughed along with them, and about that time another boy fell through the ice. I decided to go home along the railroad tracks. It was longer to go home that way, but I did not want to go on the road and have someone come along and see me all iced up. Also, I thought by the time I got home I would be dried out by going the long way around. It did not work. I was ice when I got home.

Well, were those the "good old days," or are we having the good days now? How things have changed.

# The Greatest Generation

by Harry Stanifer (6th Engineer Bn-C)

I'd like to tell you about the Greatest Generation born many years ago.

It was named by Tom Brokaw; he wrote a book or two about them, you know.

Some who didn't live it seem to think those days were Not so bad.

I was born before the crash of '29, and there's things I Remember as a lad.

People danced to the music of, "Brother can you spare a dime." 'Twas a lot of fun.

They chose to dine in fabulous soup kitchens, water soup with a stale bun.

Riding the rails to different states looking for work kept the body robust.

The box cars were not first class, but a person just had to adjust.

Then that Greatest Generation's cup was again filled to running over,

When our country called on them to vacation at the White Cliffs of Dover.

Or on the sandy beaches of Iwo Jima, Okinawa, and Tarawa they could play.

Some bathed in the surf at Normandy Beach, what a lucky bunch that day.

The most exhilarating adventure was those who got to stroll from Bataan, they say.

To the local Japanese hotels, resting and relaxing their lives away.

Yes, that Greatest Generation was pampered, they didn't work, there wasn't any.

But we're getting older now, some of us were spoiled and pampered, but not many.





# SIXTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION 2024-2025

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Connie Houseweart  
258 Sechler Drive  
Montoursville, PA 17754  
(570) 279-8197  
almostnuts@comcast.net

### SECRETARY

Lisa Benedetti  
6039 Wilson Mills Road  
Cleveland, OH 44143  
(440) 442-0386  
lisabene@sbcglobal.net

### TREASURER

Sharon Woodhouse  
12598 SW Dickson Street  
Tigard, OR 97224  
(503) 799-4455  
sjawoodhouse@gmail.com

### EDITOR

Carroll McGowan  
1423 Pueblo Drive  
Pittsburgh, PA 15228  
(412) 303-2906  
chm1423@aol.com

### JUDGE ADVOCATE

Bob McGowan  
1423 Pueblo Drive  
Pittsburgh, PA 15228  
(412) 580-7473  
chmcg11@aol.com

### MEMBERSHIP CHAIR

Patty Payne  
439 Chalfonte Drive  
Catonsville, MD 21228  
(410) 978-2979  
pjpayne1984@verizon.net

## Historian

Laura Lacey  
262 Garretson Lane  
Mansfield, TX 76063  
(540) 809-4027  
laurahlacey@gmail.com

**Please send letters to the editor, materials for publication, suggestions, and feedback to:**

Carroll McGowan  
1423 Pueblo Drive  
Pittsburgh, PA 15228  
chm1423@aol.com  
(412) 303-2906

**Don't miss the opportunity to get together with other fans of the Sixth Marine Division in Quantico this fall!**

**See pages 13-15 for more information.**

## Unit Directors

4th Marines	Vacant
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22nd Marines	Vacant
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## Striking Sixth Newsletter

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Patty Payne  
439 Chalfonte Drive  
Catonsville, MD 21228  
pjpayne1984@verizon.net

**Please make checks payable to:  
Sixth Marine Division Assn.**

For more information, please contact Patty:

(410) 978-2979 or  
pjpayne1984@verizon.net



## Message from the President



I would like to address the upcoming “Get Together.” I can’t wait for September-October to get here. I am excited that the

Board has agreed to go along with me on this one. I am so looking forward to meeting old acquaintances and making lots of new ones.

Our last formal reunion was held in Fredericksburg, VA. How fitting that this meeting will be held very close to the Marine base in Quantico and the National Museum of the Marine Corps. Note: Anyone who has not been to the Museum should go. You will not be disappointed. As a matter of fact first timers will be in awe.

Mark your calendars for September 30 through October 3. You can find all the details in this newsletter – pages 13-15. I am looking forward to a great time.

See you in September,  
Connie

## Ode to General Lemuel C. Shepherd

*Author Unknown*

“Lem,” an ode to General L. C. Shepherd, Jr., was found in the papers of his former aide, Lt. Colonel Littleton (“Tony”) Waller Tazewell Waller II, by his daughter, Wendy Waller, who sent it along to Sallie Shepherd.

The Shepherd/Waller family connections are numerous, spanning generations, beginning with their Norfolk, VA roots. General Shepherd’s wife grew up next-door to Tony’s grandfather, General L.W.T. Waller, USMC, and their three sons. One of the sons, Littleton Jr., was also a General in the Marine Corps and served with General Shepherd at Belleau Wood. According to a Waller family anecdote, at one time General Shepherd served as Littleton Jr.’s aide. Tony, the son of Littleton Jr.’s brother, Adm. J.B.W. Waller, USN, became a Marine like his grandfather and uncles. He served in Korea with General Shepherd’s two sons, both USMC officers. When everyone retired in San Diego, the Waller/Shepherd friendships deepened and expanded, with Sallie and Wendy representing the fourth generation of this family connection.

### THE MARINE PSALM

Lem is my Shepherd.....I shall not want.

He maketh me to carry a swagger stick.

He leadeth me at all formations.

He restoreth my prestige.

He leadeth me in the parade of leadership for His namesake.

Yea, though I walk through the Post to the Sick Bay,

I will fear no needle, for Thou art with me.

Thy directive and thy staff promote me ???

Thou preparest a new drill for me, it confuses mine enemies...

Thou crowneth my head with an emblem, my cap hangeth over.

Surely history and tradition shall follow me all

The days of my life and I will bask in the Glory of the Corps forever.

## Editor’s Note



I have always loved history — everything from prehistoric times up to the 21st century. But something about

World War II particularly interests me. I think this is because, 1) It was during my parents’ lifetimes, and 2) It had a profound

impact on the world in which I grew up.

I’m sorry to say my interest in World War II came later in life. As a child, I was not all that interested in what my parents told me about their experiences during the war. (You mean they had a life before I came along??)

Now, 80 years after it ended, I wish they were here so I could ask them more about it. And tell

them how much I appreciate the sacrifices they made to preserve our freedom.

I am so grateful to all the members of the Greatest Generation, and the Sixth Marine Division in particular, for everything they did to make my life worth living.

Thank you so very much,  
Carroll McGowan

# MAIL CALL



## Thomas Schreiber (4<sup>th</sup> Marines 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn)

Hello. I am trying to find more information on my grandfather, Thomas Schreiber. This is what we know: He served in the Sixth Marine Division, 4th Marines, 2nd battalion. I'm not sure what company he was in.

We just found out he fought in the battle for Sugar Loaf Hill, specifically on Half Moon and Horseshoe Hills. According to the paperwork we have, he was wounded in action on May 21 from exhaustion and over-exertion. My Grandfather said it was due to being blown 80 feet out of a foxhole.

I am looking for information about the battle, the role my grandfather played, and the 2nd Battalion of the 4th Marines in general.

I have the names of some men that might have been in the foxhole with my grandfather, one of whom was awarded the Navy Cross. From what my grandfather told us, he and one other man were the only survivors, and that was due to being blown out of the foxhole.

I have copies of my grandfather's military file to help answer any questions.

I am enclosing some pictures of my grandfather with some of the men he served with. I do not know their names and would love to hear from anyone who recognizes them.

Katie Hiller  
khiller017@gmail.com  
949-391-5185

## Wilfred Henry Schroeder

My mom finally found the box containing my Grandfather, Wilfred Schroeder's military memorabilia and photos. I am enclosing the photos with the names of each Marine as listed on the back. Please feel free to share!

If anyone knew my Grandpa or knows anything about him, I'd be very grateful.

Sheila Evans  
sheilaaddison1@gmail.com

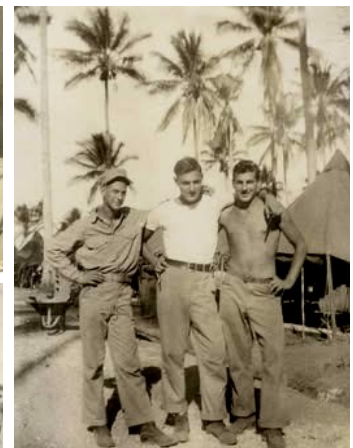
right: Wilfred Schroeder

far right, top to bottom:

with unknown friends  
with Kookie  
with Nelson, Kookie and Roger



left: Thomas Schreiber  
below: with his buddies





**Donald C. Rudat**  
(15<sup>th</sup> Mar-3-H&S)

I would like to hear from anyone who knew my father, Donald C. Rudat.

Thanks,  
Ron Rudat  
Rrstudios@comcast.net



left and below:  
Donald Rudat



## Donations — Thank You!

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**Fred Schaub**

## Talks Continue on Expanding Okinawa Exhibit at the National Museum of the Marine Corps

Judge Advocate Bob McGowan is having discussions with the Museum Director and other Museum officials on improving the Okinawa exhibit. Bob says the officials agree that Okinawa is underrepresented, but improvements are subject to potential budget and space constraints. Bob hopes to meet with the Museum Director during our get together in the fall.

## Christine Malson: A Life Well Lived

We are so sad to report that Christine Malson passed away on Christmas Day 2025 in the arms of her husband, Frank McBride. Those who attended reunions will remember Christine's bright smile and stylish hats. It was easy to tell she and Frank were completely devoted to each other. They met in 8th grade, but didn't get married until they reconnected 40 years later. As they said, their love story was so improbable, the Hallmark Channel wouldn't use it as a script!

Christine packed a lot into her too-short life. She had many talents, as illustrated by the many different positions she held, including: Special Education Teacher, Historical Educator, Director of Educational Programming

for nine museums, Manager of State and National Parks, Manager of an 18th century farm (which included milking cows!), Dance Mistress for several 18th century English country dancing groups, and first woman Herbalist at Mt. Vernon. Christine was a Master Gardener and excellent cook. She traveled all over the U.S. and the world with her daughter Zoe and Frank. She and Frank never passed by a museum without stopping in. In fact, one time they got locked in a museum after it closed!

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Frank and their family.



Frank McBride and Christine Malson at the 2021 reunion



# TAPS

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

Denty, Edwin H.	22nd Mar-H&S	12/07/18
Jorge, Martin	4 <sup>th</sup> Mar-2-E	02/05/96
Laporte, Roslyn (Ross)	6th Mar Div-HQ-HQ	02/21/25
Leisey, Alvin L. Jr.	22nd Mar-3-HQ	03/28/20
Newill, Kathleen (Kay)	wife of Arthur Newill	03/02/25
Perzchowski, John S.	22nd Mar-2-E	10/19/05
Schreiber, Thomas	4th Marines	02/14/11
Wainwright, Frances	wife of Edward L. Wainwright	04/03/24

**Reporting Deaths**  
 Please report deaths as soon as possible to:  
**Patty Payne**  
 Membership Chair  
 (410) 978-2979  
 pjpayne1984@verizon.net

## Ross Laporte, Former Aide to General Shepherd

We were hoping to see him in Quantico this fall, but alas, Ross Laporte passed away on February 21, 2025, just five weeks shy of his 100th birthday. He was born in Champlain, NY, one of twelve siblings.

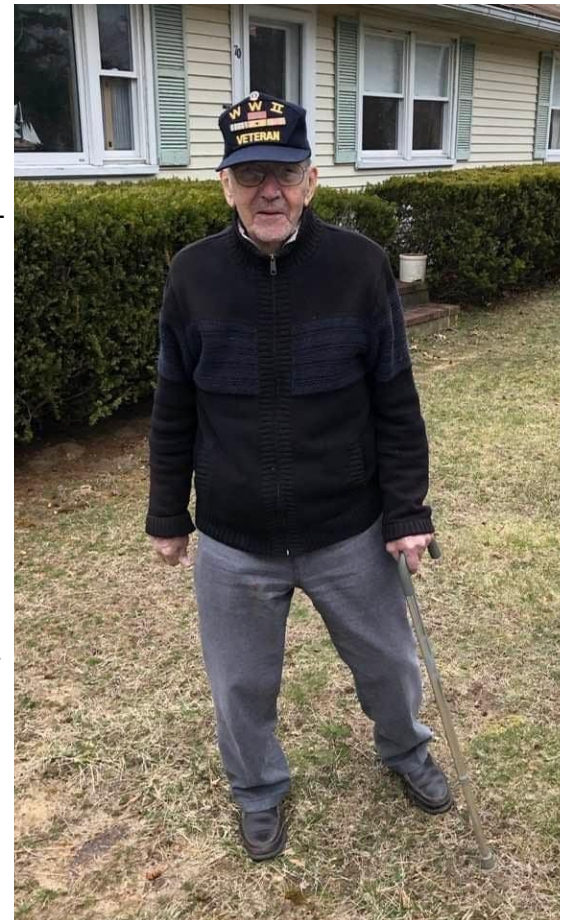
Ross landed on Okinawa two days after his 20th birthday. He was wounded in that battle and woke up in a field hospital with a massive infection in his leg and no memory of how he got there. After he recovered, he was sent to Tsingtao, China where he served as an aide to Lemuel C. Shepherd, Commanding General of the Sixth Marine Division.

If you ever met Ross, we bet he was wearing a Sixth Marine Division hat. He was justifiably proud of his service in the Marine Corps and always wore the hat when he left the house.

Sadly, the hat went missing in 2023 after an evening at the Elks near his home in Cape Cod. Ross's family offered a \$50 reward for its return on Facebook. A local resident doubled the reward money. Other community members searched the area, and the Boston media picked up the story. Ross became a bit of a celebrity in New England, and eventually the hat was replaced.

We understand that kind of affection and respect for Ross. He was a kind and gentle man with a deep love for his family, and we celebrate his nearly 100 years of life.

RIP Marine.



Ross Laporte a few years ago

# Let's Get Together!

## PLANNED ITINERARY

**Tuesday, September 30**

### **Arrival**

Look for everyone to be socializing in our meeting room. And be sure to pick up your name tag.

**Wednesday, October 1**

### **Early Afternoon Presentation**

Joe Hennessey, senior docent at the National Museum of the Marine Corps, will talk about the Battle of Okinawa. You'll also have an opportunity to ask him about the museum.

### **Buffet Dinner at the Comfort Inn Catered by Famous Dave's Bar-B-Que**

We expect the menu to include beef brisket, chicken, several sides — and lots of barbecue sauce, of course. We'll make sure there is plenty to eat for vegetarians. And plenty of napkins! The dinner is being generously donated by Kate McGuigan, daughter of the late Jim McGuigan (29th Mar -3-G). Thank you, Kate!

**Thursday, October 2**

### **Visit to the National Museum of the Marine Corps**

If this doesn't fill you with pride and admiration for our Marine Corps, nothing will! Please note you will be responsible for getting to the museum on your own. We feel certain those without a car will be able to find a ride with someone, because we are a friendly and helpful bunch! And of course, there is always Uber and Lyft.

### **Pizza Dinner at the Comfort Inn**

This will be a simple, casual meal to afford maximum time for socializing on our final night. You can pay Sharon Woodhouse at the hotel — cash or credit cards work. We don't have a price yet, but we expect it to come in under \$10 a head.

**Friday, October 3**

### **Departure after Breakfast**

Time to say good bye until we meet again. Hugs are mandatory. Tears are optional.

## **IMPORTANT — IF YOU ARE COMING TO THE GET TOGETHER, PLEASE READ THIS!**

We need some information from you, such as how to contact you in case there are any changes. Also, we need to order food ahead of time, so if you want to eat dinner with us, you gotta let us know!

**Please complete the Registration Form on page 14** and mail it to Sharon Woodhouse.

If that seems archaic, or just too darn hard, call Sharon and give her the info over the phone.

Or email it to her. Or take a picture of the form and text it. Whatever is easiest for you is fine with us.

Just do it by September 10. Better yet — do it now!

# Let's Get Together!

## 2025 SIXTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION GET TOGETHER REGISTRATION FORM

Please complete this form and send it **by September 10<sup>th</sup>** to:

Sharon Woodhouse 12598 SW Dickson Street Tigard, OR 97224

– or – If you would prefer, you can email, call or text Sharon with this information at:

sjawoodhouse@gmail.com or (503) 799-4455

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse/Guest Names \_\_\_\_\_

If Sixth Division Marine, Regiment: \_\_\_\_\_ Battalion: \_\_\_\_\_ Company: \_\_\_\_\_

If Lineal Descendant, of whom \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Cell phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

**Hotel Information** (please check the correct box):

\_\_\_\_\_ I have made a reservation at the Comfort Inn Near Quantico Main Gate North

\_\_\_\_\_ I am staying somewhere else

**Dinner Information** (please tell us how many will attend):

Wednesday, October 1 at 6:00 pm – Famous Dave's Bar-B-Que Dinner at the Comfort Inn

\_\_\_\_\_ number attending

*We thank Kate McGuigan for donating the cost of the dinner.*

Thursday, October 2 at 6:00 pm – Pizza Dinner at the Comfort Inn

\_\_\_\_\_ number attending

*Please plan to pay Sharon at the hotel. The price is tbd, but shouldn't be more than \$10 per person.*

**Emergency Contact Information**

Contact Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Relationship to you: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

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**This section is ONLY for Sixth Division Marines and their wives/significant others and widows who are flying in with NO younger family members and need help with transportation:**

Do you want us to pick you up and return you to the airport? \_\_\_\_\_

Please provide your airline, flight # and arrival date and time:

\_\_\_\_\_

Please provide your airline, flight # and departure date and time for your flight home:

\_\_\_\_\_

# Let's Get Together!

## OUR HOTEL: COMFORT INN NEAR QUANTICO MAIN GATE NORTH



16931 Old Stage Road, Dumfries, VA 22025  
(703) 445-8070

### Make your reservation ASAP!

To get the special \$96\* room rate, use this link:

<https://www.choicehotels.com/reservations/groups/EK40S2>

Or call (703) 445-8070 and ask to book under the Sixth Marine Division.

Free cancellation until 4:00 pm on 9/28/25.

**Please note there are only four accessible rooms.**

*\*The room rate including tax is \$109.44. It is available 2 days before September 30 and 2 days after October 2.*



Choose a room with 2 Queen beds or 1 King bed. Rooms are 3100 square feet.

### Amenities

- Refrigerator
- Microwave
- Tea/coffee maker
- Free WIFI in all areas
- TV with cable channels
- Free hot breakfast 6am-9am
- Indoor pool & hot tub
- Fitness room
- Free parking
- Non-smoking
- 24-hour front desk
- Several restaurants within walking distance
- Check in from 4:00 pm
- Check out until 12 noon



top: breakfast area, bottom: pool

### Distance from DC Airports

Reagan Washington National Airport

30 miles, allow at least 1 hour

Dulles International Airport

35 miles, allow at least 1 hour

*Please note the hotel does not have a shuttle. We suggest renting a car or using Uber or Lyft.*

### QUESTIONS???

If you have any questions about our get together, please call, text or email Sharon Woodhouse (503) 799-4455 [sjwoodhouse@gmail.com](mailto:sjwoodhouse@gmail.com)

# Sixth Marine Division Association

439 Chalfonte Drive, Catonsville, MD 21228



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**Striking Sixth Newsletter**

**Spring 2025**

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**Let's Get Together!**

**SEPTEMBER 30 — OCTOBER 3, 2025 ~ QUANTICO, VIRGINIA**



**Check out pages 13-15 for everything you need to know  
about our get together this fall.  
We hope to see you there!**