



SCUTTLEBUTT

ONCE A MARINE, ALWAYS A MARINE
SKAGIT VALLEY DETACHMENT #1043
MARINE CORPS LEAGUE
P.O. BOX 2292
MOUNT VERNON, WA. 98273



Your Best Friend—Your Worst Enemy-US Marine

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Editor: Richard L Crossley

Commandant
John James
1819 36th Street
Anacortes, Wa 98233
360-299-9675
Landijames@comcast.net

Sr-Vice Commandant
Shane Inman
1326 Quentin Ave
Mount Vernon, Wa 98274
360-424-8125
Shanerz7@yahoo.com

Jr-Vice Commandant
Dan Walker
24222 Musser Rd
Sedro Woolley, Wa. 98284
360-856-4259

Judge Advocate
Jerry Shukis
10282 Ridge Place
Sedro Woolley, Wa 98284
360-856-1565

Adjutant
Richard (Rick) Crossley
1602 E. Hazel Ave
Burlington, Wa 98233
360-757-7428
Crossley_richard@hotmail.com

Paymaster
Bob McDaniels
12 Makah Way
La Conner, Wa. 98257
360-466-3080
Mgysgt.bob@verizon.net

Chaplain
Steve Bruff
14538 LaConner-Whitney Rd
Mt Vernon, Wa 98273
360-466-3248
Bruff@fidalgo.net

Sergeant-at-Arms
Mark Hall
3075 Upland Way
Ferndale, Wa
360-383-9767

Quartermaster
Dan Walker
24222 Musser Rd
Sedro Woolley, Wa. 98284
360-856-4259

Mess Officer
Murle Brown
49616 Sauk Valley Rd
Concrete, Wa
360-853-8913
Sauksup@msn.com

Marine Passing

Marine Robert "Bobby" Rivas has reported in for duty with the Supreme Commandant. An exceptional showing of Detachment members attend his services and gave him a tremendous send off. We know that he is in a better place and having fun cooking for those who have gone before. Bobby will be missed.

DATED BUT A CLASSIC

Col. Donald Conroy, USMC
Saturday, May 94, 1998

This eulogy was delivered by the son of Col. Donald Conroy USMC ("The Great Santini") at his father's funeral.

"The children of attack/fighter pilots tell different stories than other kids do. None of our fathers can write a will or sell a life insurance policy or fill out a prescription or administer a flu shot or explain what a poet meant. We tell of fathers who land on aircraft carriers in pitch-black nights with the wind howling out of the China Sea. Our fathers wiped out anti-aircraft batteries in the Philippines and set Japanese soldiers on fire when they made the mistake of trying to overwhelm our troops on the ground. Your Dads ran the barber shops and worked at the post office and delivered the packages on time and sold the cars, while our Dads were blowing up fuel depots near Seoul, were providing extraordinarily courageous close air support to the beleaguered Marines at the Chosin Reservoir, and who once turned the Naktong River red with blood of a retreating North Korean battalion. We tell of men who made widows of the wives of our nations' enemies and who made orphans out of all their children. You don't like war or violence? Or napalm? Or rockets? Or cannons or death rained down from the sky? Then let's talk about your fathers, not ours.

When we talk about the Aviators who raised us and the Marines who loved us, we can look you in the eye and say "you would not like to have been America's enemies when our fathers passed overhead". We were raised by the men who made the United States of America the safest country on earth in the bloodiest century in all recorded history. Our fathers made sacred those strange, singing names of battlefields across the Pacific: Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, the Chosin Reservoir, Khe Sanh and a thousand more. We grew up attending the funerals of Marines slain in these battles. Your fa-

Meeting: August 18 2009 at 1900.

thers made communities like Beaufort decent and prosperous and functional; our fathers made the world safe for democracy.

We have gathered here today to celebrate the amazing and storied life of Col. Donald Conroy, who modestly called himself by his nomdeguerre, The Great Santini. There should be no sorrow at this funeral because The Great Santini lived life at full throttle, moved always in the fast lanes, gunned every engine, teetered on every edge, seized every moment and shook it like a terrier shaking a rat. He did not know what moderation was or where you'd go to look for it.

Donald Conroy is the only person I have ever known whose self-esteem was absolutely unassailable. There was not one thing about himself that my father did not like, nor was there one thing about himself that he would change. He simply adored the man he was and walked with perfect confidence through every encounter in his life. Dad wished everyone could be just like him. His stubbornness was an art form. The Great Santini did what he did, when he wanted to do it, and woe to the man who got in his way.

Once I introduced my father before he gave a speech to an Atlanta audience. I said at the end of the introduction, "My father decided to go into the Marine Corps on the day he discovered his IQ was the temperature of this room". My father rose to the podium, stared down at the audience, and said without skipping a beat, "My God, it's hot in here! It must be at least 180 degrees".

Here is how my father appeared to me as a boy. He came from a race of giants and demi-gods from a mythical land known as Chicago. He married the most beautiful girl ever to come out of the poor and lowborn south, and there were times when I thought we were being raised by Zeus and Athena. After Happy Hour my father would drive his car home at a hundred miles an hour to see his wife and seven children. He would get out of his car, a strapping flight jacketed matinee idol, and walk toward his house, his knuckles dragging along the ground, his shoes stepping on and killing small animals in his slouching amble toward the home place. My sister, Carol, stationed at the door, would call out, "Godzilla's home!" and we seven children would scamper toward the door to watch his entry. The door would be flung open and the strongest Marine aviator on earth would shout, "Stand by for a fighter pilot!" He would then line his seven kids up against the wall and say, "Who's the greatest of them all?" "You are, O Great Santini, you are." "Who knows all, sees all, and hears all?" "You do, O Great Santini, you do." We were not in the middle of a normal childhood, yet none of us were sure since it was the only childhood we would ever have. For all we knew other men were coming home and shouting to their families, "Stand by for a pharmacist," or "Stand by for a chiropractor".

In the bewildered world of children we knew we were in the presence of a fabulous, overwhelming personality; but had no idea we were being raised by a genius of his own myth-making. My mother always told me that my father had reminded her of Rhett Butler on the day they met, and everyone who ever knew our mother conjured up the lovely, coquettish image of Scarlet O'Hara.

Let me give you my father the warrior in full battle array. The Great Santini is catapulted off the deck of the aircraft carrier, Sicily. His Black Sheep squadron is the first to reach the Korean Theater and American ground troops had been getting torn up by North Korean regulars. Let me do it in his voice: "We didn't even have a map of Korea. Not zip. We just headed toward the sound of artillery firing along the Naktong River. They told us to keep the North Koreans on their side of the Naktong. Air power hadn't been a factor until we got there that day. I radioed to Bill Lundin, I was his wingman. 'There they are. Let's go get'em.' So we did."

I was interviewing Dad so I asked, "how do you know you got them?" "Easy," The Great Santini said. "They were running - it's a good sign when you see the enemy running. There was another good sign." "What was that, Dad?" "They were on fire." This is the world in which my father lived deeply. I had no knowledge of it as a child. When I was writing the book The Great Santini, they told me at Marine Headquarters that Don Conroy was at one time one of the most decorated Aviators in the Marine Corps. I did not know he had won a single medal. When his children gathered together to write his obituary, not one of us knew of any medal he had won, but he had won a slew of them. When he flew back toward the carrier that day, he received a call from an Army Colonel on the ground who had witnessed the rout of the North Koreans across the river. "Could you go pass over the troops fifty miles south of here? They've been catching hell for a week or more. It'd do them good to know you flyboys are around."

He flew those fifty miles and came over a mountain and saw a thousand troops hunkered down in foxholes. He and Bill Lundin went in low so these troops could read the insignias and know the American aviators had entered the fray.

My father said, "Thousands of guys came screaming out of their foxholes, son. It sounded like a world series game. I got goose pimples in the cockpit. Get goose pimples telling it forty-eight years later. I dipped my wings, waved to the guys. The roar they let out. I hear it now. I hear it now."

During the Cuban Missile Crisis, my mother took me out to the air station where we watched Dad's squadron scramble on the runway on their bases at Roosevelt Road and Guantanamo. In the car as we watched the A-4's take off, my mother began to say the rosary. "You praying for Dad and his men, Mom?" I asked her.

"No, son. I'm praying for the repose of the souls of the Cuban pilots they're going to kill." Later I would ask my father what his squadron's mission was during the Missile Crisis. "To clear the air of MIGS over Cuba," he said. "You think you could've done it?" The Great Santini answered, "There wouldn't have been a bluebird flying over that island, son."

Now let us turn to the literary of The Great Santini. Some of you may have heard that I had some serious reservations about my father's child-rearing practices. When *The Great Santini* came out, the book roared through my family like a nuclear device. My father hated it; my grandparents hated it; my aunts and uncles hated it; my cousins who adore my father thought I was a psychopath for writing it; and rumor has it that my mother gave it to the judge in her divorce case and said, "It's all there. Everything you need to know." What changed my father's mind was when Hollywood entered the picture and wanted to make a movie of it. This is when my father said, "What a shame John Wayne is dead. Now there was a man. Only he could've gotten my incredible virility across to the American people." Orion Pictures did me a favor and sent my father a telegram; "Dear Col. Conroy: We have selected the actor to play you in the coming film. He wants to come to Atlanta to interview you. His name is Truman Capote."

But my father took well to Hollywood and its Byzantine, unspeakable ways. When his movie came out, he began reading *Variety* on a daily basis. He called the movie a classic the first month of its existence. He claimed that he had a place in the history of film. In February of the following year, he burst into my apartment in Atlanta, as excited as I have ever seen him, and screamed, "Son, you and I were nominated for Academy Awards last night. Your mother didn't get squat".

Ladies and gentlemen - You are attending the funeral of the most famous Marine that ever lived. Dad's life had grandeur, majesty and sweep. We were all caught in the middle of living lives much paler and less daring than The Great Santini's. His was a high stepping, damn-the torpedoes kind of life, and the stick was always set at high throttle. There is not another Marine alive who has not heard of The Great Santini. There's not a fighter pilot alive who does not lift his glass whenever Don Conroy's name is mentioned and give the fighter pilot toast: "Hurrah for the next man to die".

One day last summer, my father asked me to drive him over to Beaufort National Cemetery. He wanted to make sure there were no administrative foul-ups about his plot. I could think of more pleasurable ways to spend the afternoon, but Dad brought new eloquence to the word stubborn. We went into the office and a pretty black woman said that everything was squared away. My father said, "It'll be the second time I've been buried in this cemetery." The woman and I both looked strangely at Dad. Then he explained, "You ever catch the flick "The Great Santini? That was me they planted at the end of the movie."

All of you will be part of a very special event today. You will be witnessing the actual burial that has already been filmed in fictional setting. This has never happened in world history. You will be present in a scene that was acted out in film in 1979. You will be in the same town and the same cemetery. Only The Great Santini himself will be different. In his last weeks my father told me, "I was always your best subject, son. Your career took a nose dive after The Great Santini came out". He had become so media savvy that during his last illness he told me not to schedule his funeral on the same day as the Seinfeld Farewell. The Colonel thought it would hold down the crowd. The Colonel's death was front-page news across the country. CNN announced his passing on the evening news all around the world.

**SKAGIT VALLEY DETACHMENT #1043
MARINE CORPS LEAGUE
MINUTES
21 July 2009**

OPENING CEREMONY: 1903

Marine Shane Inman sworn in as Detachment Sr-Vice Commandant by Department of Washington Commandant Bill McCutchin

ROLL CALL: Jr-Vice Commandant and Judge-Advocate excused

CEREMONY OF INITIATION: None/Visitor: None

MINUTES OF June 2009 MEETING: MSP

CORRESPONDENCE: Letter regarding Semper-Fi Fund Golf Tournament for wounded Marines read. Motion made to sponsor a hole for this tournament (\$600.00), MSP with notation to sponsor if the Detachment had a sign at the hole. (See end of minutes)

REPORT OF PAYMASTER: MSP; MSP

REPORT OF ANY MEMBER OR MEMBERS FAMILY SICK OR INJURED: Merlin Granberg ongoing. Members advised to make their visitation ASAP. MaryAnn Wachsmuth is now be cared for by Hospice. Jeff Murphy back in pulmonary re-hab.

REPORT OF OFFICERS:

- Commandant--none
- Sr-Vice--none
- Jr.-Vice--none
- Sgt-At-Arms-Son just graduated from MOS school
- Paymaster--none
- Adjutant-New Web site being worked on- Hopefully it will be up and running before the end of the summer.
- Judge Advocate--none
- Jr-Past Commandant--none

**COMMITTEE REPORTS:
QUARTERMASTER --None**

MESS OFFICER (RIVAS)-The next Legion dinner will be Aug 7. B-B-Q Ribs on the menu. Volunteers needed.

BOYS AND GIRLS CLUB:--Volunteers needed to assist in moving the main office to Print Wise in Mount Vernon on Monday at 10 am.

SCHOLARSHIP: None

BOY SCOUTS:--None

HISTORIAN: none—

TOYS FOR TOTS:--Sign Up sheet passed around for Skagit County Fair

FLAG FOLDING—None

PARADES AND FAIR—

CASUALTY OFFICER—None

MARINE CORPS BIRTHDAY BALL (MCDANIELS) – Planning moving along. This will be the last ball with MATSG-53. 2010 Ball will revert to old format.

HONOR GUARD (INMAN)—none

VETERANS ASSISTANCE—Need help with Security at Riverfront Park during the event on Sun July 26 from 0900-1600. We will be responsible for the collection of money and monitoring.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS: The Detachment raffle is proceeding. We need to sell 400 tickets per month to sell out.

September will be the 10th Anniversary of the Skagit Valley Detachment. This was deferred to the August meeting and will be discussed at the Staff meeting in August.

2010 Convention: First meeting held on July 8. Next meeting on Aug 18 with more information forthcoming

NEW BUSINESS: None

GOOD OF THE LEAGUE: Detachment meeting raffle tickets sold

CLOSING CEREMONY: 2011

Johnny-

Thanks so much for your detachment's generosity and commitment to our wounded Marines and Corpsmen. The only thing that we will need from you is a preferred golf hole number for sponsorship---so far #15 is not available--and what you would like to have on the sign; typically we would put Marine Corps League, Skagit Valley Detachment #1043. We take care of signage for all of the sponsors for the tourney so you won't have to worry about that. We will also ensure that we send a copy of a digital photo of your sign so that your members will be able to see what the sign looks like.

I am planning on dedicating a sign from Training Squadron 21 Kingsville, Texas to the deceased brother (Cpl KIA 1968) of a great friend of the Marine Corps from down in South Texas. If your detachment wants to do something similar, we can accommodate that also.

I am in the process of trying to get the IMSFF to allow me to post a video in three parts on You Tube---if that comes to pass, I will send the link out to all of the MCL Det Commanders so all can see how wonderfully the donation money is spent.

Semper Fidelis,

Steve Sanford

A celebration of the Skagit Valley Detachment 10th year anniversary will be held on Saturday September 26, 2009. This event will be a pot luck picnic at Marine Lee Schuirmans Big Lake property. A map will be included in the September newsletter. In order to coordinate the food, Commandant John James has volunteered his wife to be the contact person. Phone number and e-mail on the first page of the newsletter. The plan is to begin at noon and go until ? Please plan to attend and enjoy a great time of camaraderie.

NOTE: An idea has been presented to contact one of the automated phone calling services to send out a monthly meeting reminder. If you are opposed to having your phone number listed on this service please contact either Marine Bob McDaniels or myself. Please do so in writing. If we do not hear anything back from you then we will presume that you are not opposed

The Lies of Tet

• By ARTHUR HERMAN

On January 30, 1968, more than a quarter million North Vietnamese soldiers and 100,000 Viet Cong irregulars launched a massive attack on South Vietnam. But the public didn't hear about who had won this most decisive battle of the Vietnam War, the so-called Tet offensive, until much too late.

Media misreporting of Tet passed into our collective memory. That picture gave anti-war activism an unwarranted credibility that persists today in Congress, and in the media reaction to the war in Iraq. The Tet experience provides a narrative model for those who wish to see all U.S. military successes -- such as the Petraeus surge -- minimized and glossed over.

In truth, the war in Vietnam was lost on the propaganda front, in great measure due to the press's pervasive misreporting of the clear U.S. victory at Tet as a defeat. Forty years is long past time to set the historical record straight.

The Tet offensive came at the end of a long string of communist setbacks. By 1967 their insurgent army in the South, the Viet Cong, had proved increasingly ineffective, both as a military and political force. Once American combat troops began arriving in the summer of 1965, the communists were mauled in one battle after another, despite massive Hanoi support for the southern insurgency with soldiers and arms. By 1967 the VC had lost control over areas like the Mekong Delta -- ironically, the very place where reporters David Halberstam and Neil Sheehan had first diagnosed a Vietnam "quagmire" that never existed.

The Tet offensive was Hanoi's desperate throw of the dice to seize South Vietnam's northern provinces using conventional armies, while simultaneously triggering a popular uprising in support of the Viet Cong. Both failed. Americans and South Vietnamese soon put down the attacks, which began under cover of a cease-fire to celebrate the Tet lunar new year. By March 2, when U.S. Marines crushed the last North Vietnamese pockets of resistance in the northern city of Hue, the VC had lost 80,000-100,000 killed or wounded without capturing a single province.

Tet was a particularly crushing defeat for the VC. It had not only failed to trigger any uprising but also cost them "our best people," as former Viet Cong doctor Duong Quynh Hoa later admitted to reporter Stanley Karnow. Yet the very fact of the U.S. military victory -- "The North Vietnamese," noted National Security official William Bundy at the time, "fought to the last Viet Cong" -- was spun otherwise by most of the U.S. press.

As the Washington Post's Saigon bureau chief Peter Braestrup documented in his 1977 book, "The Big Story," the desperate fury of the communist attacks including on Saigon, where most reporters lived and worked, caught the press by surprise. (Not the military: It had been expecting an attack and had been on full alert since Jan. 24.) It also put many reporters in physical danger for the first time. Braestrup, a former Ma-

rine, calculated that only 40 of 354 print and TV journalists covering the war at the time had seen any real fighting. Their own panic deeply colored their reportage, suggesting that the communist assault had flung Vietnam into chaos.

Their editors at home, **like CBS's Walter Cronkite**, seized on the distorted reporting to discredit the military's version of events. The Viet Cong insurgency was in its death throes, just as U.S. military officials assured the American people at the time. Yet the press version painted a different picture.

To quote Braestrup, "the media tended to leave the shock and confusion of early February, *as then perceived*, fixed as the final impression of Tet" and of Vietnam generally. "Drama was perpetuated at the expense of information," and "the negative trend" of media reporting "added to the distortion of the real situation on the ground in Vietnam."

The North Vietnamese were delighted. On the heels of their devastating defeat, Hanoi increasingly shifted its propaganda efforts toward the media and the antiwar movement. Causing *American* (not South Vietnamese) casualties, even at heavy cost, became a battlefield objective in order to reinforce the American media's narrative of a failing policy in Vietnam.

Yet thanks to the success of Tet, the numbers of Americans dying in Vietnam steadily declined -- from almost 15,000 in 1968 to 9,414 in 1969 and 4,221 in 1970 -- by which time the Viet Cong had ceased to exist as a viable fighting force. One Vietnamese province after another witnessed new peace and stability. By the end of 1969 over 70% of South Vietnam's population was under government control, compared to 42% at the beginning of 1968. In 1970 and 1971, American ambassador Ellsworth Bunker estimated that 90% of Vietnamese lived in zones under government control.

However, all this went unnoticed because misreporting about Tet had left the image of Vietnam as a botched counterinsurgency -- an image nearly half a decade out of date. The failure of the North's next massive invasion over Easter 1972, which cost the North Vietnamese army another 100,000 men and half their tanks and artillery, finally forced it to sign the peace accords in Paris and formally to recognize the Republic of South Vietnam. By August 1972 there were no U.S. combat forces left in Vietnam, precisely because, contrary to the overwhelming mass of press reports, American policy there had been a success.

To Congress and the public, however, the war had been nothing but a debacle. And by withdrawing American troops, President Nixon gave up any U.S. political or military leverage on Vietnam's future. With U.S. military might out of the equation, the North quickly cheated on the Paris accords. When its re-equipped army launched a massive attack in 1975, Congress refused to redeem Nixon's pledges of military support for the South. Instead, President Gerald Ford bowed to what the media had convinced the American public was inevitable: the fall of Vietnam.

The collapse of South Vietnam's neighbor, Cambodia, soon followed. Southeast Asia entered the era of the "killing fields," exterminating in a brief few years an estimated

two million people -- 30% of the Cambodian population. American military policy has borne the scars of Vietnam ever since.

It had all been preventable -- but for the lies of Tet.

Mr. Herman is the author of "Gandhi and Churchill: The Epic Rivalry That Destroyed an Empire and Forged Our Age,"

Subject: The Corps

Courtesy of SgtMaj Dougherty

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), the Air Force offers security (its a great way of life).

Missing from all the advertisements is the hard fact that a soldier's life is to suffer and perhaps to die for his people and take lives at the risk of his/her 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 have fought for life and never lost our nerve".

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 Marine Corps to go to War! But the mere act of signing the enlistment contract confers no status in the Corps.

The Army recruit is told from his first minute in uniform that "you're in the Army now, soldier". The Navy and Air Force enlistees are sailors or airmen as soon as they get off the bus at the training center.

The new arrival at Marine Corps boot camp is called a recruit, or worse (a lot worse), but never a MARINE. Not yet, maybe never. He or she must earn the right to claim the title of UNITED STATES MARINE and failure returns you to civilian life without hesitation or ceremony.

Recruit Platoon 2210 at San Diego, California trained from October through December of 1968. In Viet Nam the Marines were taking two hundred casualties a week and the major rainy season and Operation Meade River had not even begun, yet Drill Instructors had no qualms about winnowing out almost a quarter of their 112 recruits, graduating 81. Note that this was post-enlistment attrition. Every one of those 31 who were dropped had been passed by the recruiters as fit for service. But they failed the test of Boot

Camp! Not necessarily for physical reasons. At least two were outstanding high school athletes for whom the calisthenics and running were child's play. The cause of their failure was not in the biceps nor the legs, but in the spirit. They had lacked the will to endure the mental and emotional strain so they would not be Marines. Heavy commitments and high casualties notwithstanding, the Corps reserves the right to pick and choose.

History classes in boot camp? Stop a soldier on the street and ask him to name a battle of World War One. Pick a sailor at random and ask for a description of the epic fight of the Bon Homme Richard. Ask an airman who Major Thomas McGuire was and what is named after him. 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 of it.

But...ask a Marine about World War One and you will hear of the wheat field at Belleau Wood and the courage of the Fourth Marine Brigade comprised of the Fifth and Sixth Marines. Faced with an enemy of superior numbers entrenched in tangled forest undergrowth the Marines received an order to attack that even the charitable cannot call ill-advised. It was insane. Artillery support was absent and air support hadn't been invented yet. Even so the Brigade charged German machine guns with only bayonets, grenades, and an 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 machine guns himself.

French liaison-officers hardened though they were by four years of trench bound slaughter were shocked as the Marines charged across the open wheat field under a blazing sun directly into the teeth of enemy fire. Their action was so anachronistic on the twentieth-century field of battle that they might as well have been swinging cutlasses. But the enemy was only human. The Boche could not stand up to the onslaught. So the Marines took Belleau Wood. The Germans, those that survived, thereafter referred to the Marines as "Tuefel Hunden" (Devil Dogs) and the French in tribute renamed the woods "Bois de la Brigade de Marine" (Woods of the Brigade of Marines).

Every Marine knows this story and dozens more. We are taught them in boot camp as a regular part of the curriculum. Every Marine will always be taught them! You can learn to don a gas mask anytime, even on the plane in route to the war zone, but before you can wear the Eagle, Globe and Anchor and claim the title United States Marine you must first know about 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 line. And that line is as unified in spirit as in purpose.

A soldier wears branch service insignia on his collar, metal shoulder pins and cloth sleeve patches to identify his unit, and far too many look like they belong in a band.

Sailors wear a rating badge that identifies what they do for the Navy. Airmen have all kinds of badges and get medals for finishing schools and showing up for work.

Marines wear only the Eagle, Globe and Anchor together with personal ribbons and their CHERISHED marksmanship badges. They know why the uniforms are the colors they are and what each color means. There is nothing on a Marine's uniform to indicate what he or she does nor what unit the Marine belongs to. You cannot tell by looking at a Marine whether you are seeing a truck driver, a computer programmer or a machine gunner or a cook or a baker. The Marine is amorphous, even anonymous, by conscious design.

The Marine is a Marine. 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 plus year career without

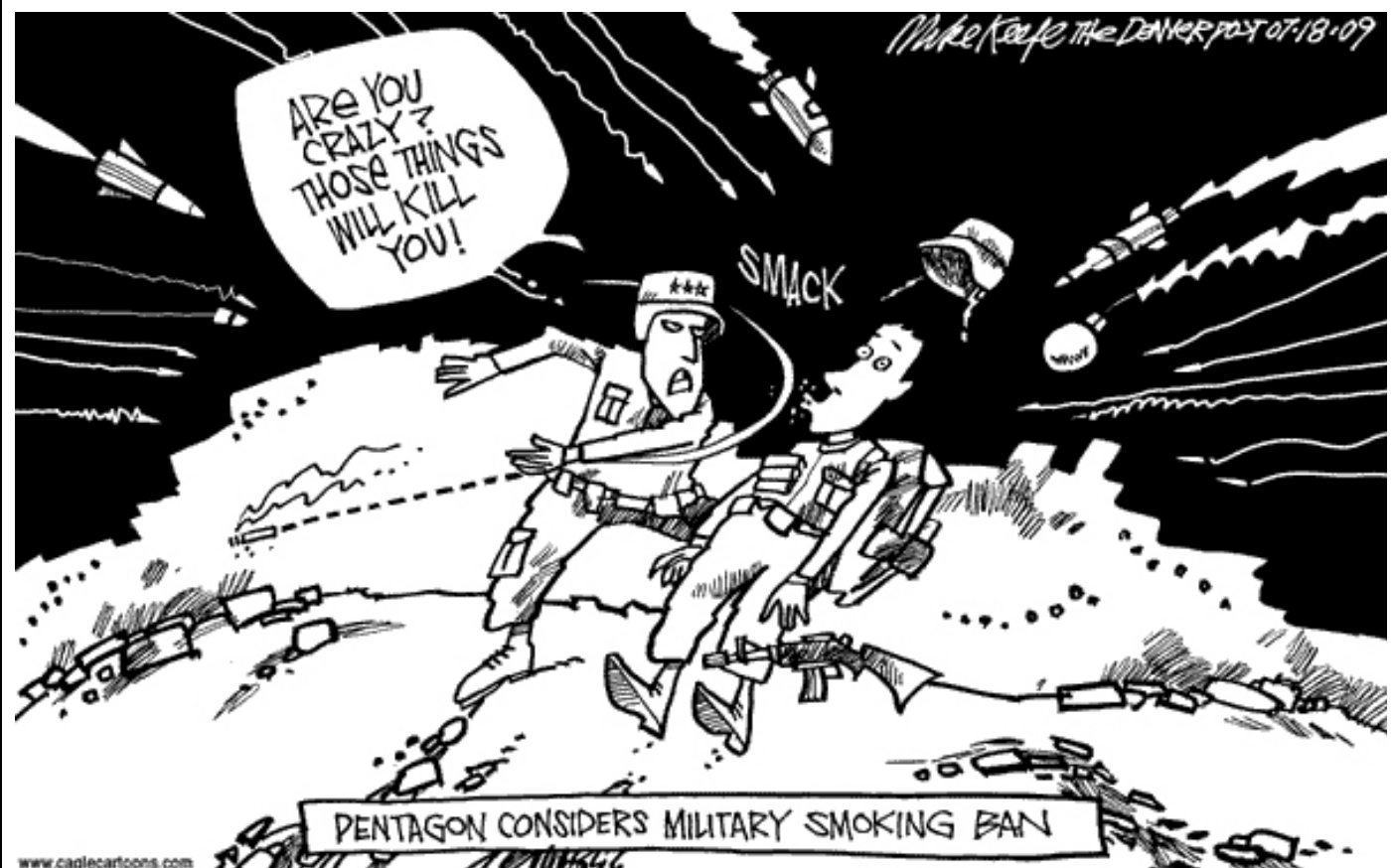
seeing action, but if the word is given you'll charge across that Wheatfield! Whether a Marine has been schooled in automated supply or automotive mechanics or aviation electronics or whatever is immaterial. Those things are secondary – the Corps does them because it must. The modern battle requires the technical appliances and since the enemy has them so do we. But no Marine boasts mastery of them.

Our pride is in our marksmanship, our discipline, and our membership in a fraternity of courage and sacrifice. "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 Wheatfield 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 actions are 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 lie in the trenches you may survive for now, but someday you may 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 either 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 our own mortality, which gives people a light to live by, and a flame to mark their passing.

Passed on to a Marine from another Marine!



MEMBER INFORMATION

Monthly calls are again being made, but we have encountered a problem. Several members have moved and/or changed phone numbers. We are asking that you take a moment and contact either myself or Bob McDaniels with your updated information. If you fail to do this you only have yourself to blame if you are not contacted.

If it is easier, fill out the form located below and drop it into the mail to either myself or Bob McDaniels. Our address is listed on page one of the newsletter. It is your responsibility to keep the Detachment updated, not ours to track you down.

Please, Please PRINT CLEARLY

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: Home _____

Cell: _____

e-Mail: _____



**MEETING: August 18, 2009
1900**

WEB Site: Under construction

Richard L Crossley
Marine Corps League
1602 E. Hazel Ave
Burlington, Wa. 98233

