

Spring 2008



Spearhead NEWS

"Uncommon Valor was A Common Virtue"

OFFICIAL
PUBLICATION
of the
5TH MARINE
DIVISION
ASSOCIATION

**59TH ANNUAL REUNION - WASHINGTON, D.C.
AUGUST 27 - 31, 2008
MARRIOTT-REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT**



MilitaryPhotos.com

Present-day Iwo Jima, looking north over Mount Suribachi.



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SPEARHEAD NEWS

Editor - Ray Elliott

*Published three times annually in the interest
of the 5th Marine Division Association*

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Newsletter welcomes new editor

In the winter 2008 issue of the *Spearhead*, I mentioned that Terrie Williams, John Huffhine's daughter, had agreed to handle the editor's duties (in addition to working up the 2008 reunion journal), but only for the spring and summer 2008 issues. Her acceptance of the responsibility was based on the thinking that the Washington Reunion would probably be our last and would lead to the inactivation of our Association. As it turned out, two members surfaced at the Raleigh Reunion who were willing to host reunions, so it appears as if we'll continue for an unknown length of time.

Rather than have to advertise again for another editor, Ken Watterson, our new Association president for 2008, approved Marine veteran Ray Elliott to take over that responsibility when my term ended. Ken also asked me to work together with Ray to effect a smooth transition of duties. As a result, Ray and I have been working toward that end ever since. At Ken's request, I will continue to serve for two years and work with Ray by submitting articles and helping out as needed.

But the Spring 2008 issue of *Spearhead* should be out on schedule. As usual, how quickly it reaches you from the mailer is entirely up to the USPS, not to Ray. He will continue to use the companies I've been using for publishing and mailing, which will ease the change-over considerably. I'm turning over my files of sources to him that contain the names of people who've provided me with permission to reprint their material. Ray will run the show. I'll cheer him on.

For those of you "onliners," check out Ray's Web site for an interesting look at his background. His credentials exceed mine by far. He's published two novels and has been involved in publishing for several years. (Hell, I'm still struggling with the draft of my own memoir!) Look him over at www.talespress.com.

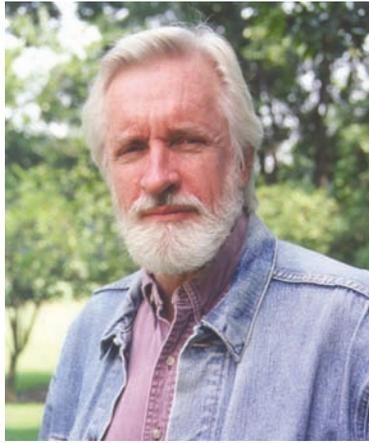
Ray will be receptive to articles and stories from members. As always, he'll get more than he can possibly include, but it's good to have a variety of subjects to select from. You can contact him at Ray Elliott, Tales Press, 2609 N. High Cross Rd., Urbana, IL 61802 or (217) 384-5820. E-mail is talespress@insightbb.com.

Maxine and I made our hotel reservations for Washington and have our airline tickets already for August. We're looking forward to being with the gang in Washington.

– "Clayt" 5THSIG

THE EDITOR'S DESK

By
Ray Elliott



While I wasn't there with those of you who hit the beach at Iwo Jima on Feb. 19, 1945, I've been with you in spirit from shortly afterwards. That was because of a Marine Iwo Jima veteran from my southern Illinois hometown of Oblong I've known for about as long as I can remember.

I wasn't quite 5 years old when the Fifth Marine Division hit the beach at Iwo Jima. But by the time the war was over and the Marines, soldiers, sailors and airmen started coming home, I'd turned 5 and have a pretty clear memory of the men from the community who had served in campaigns around the world. One of them was Ben Correll, the A/1/28 Marine that I'm sure helped influence me to join the Marine Corps just after high school graduation and later inspired me to become a teacher and a writer.

Like my father, Ben was an avid reader and had a way with words that I admired. He said he'd thought about writing but had a family to support and went to school to become a barber, a skill he'd learned cutting his fellow Marines' hair and then helped him earn an income more quickly than he would have as a writer.

Ben's been dead for nearly 30 years now, but to honor his memory you'll find a feature story based on my conversations with him through the years and an interview I did with him when I was writing a column for southern Illinois newspapers.

At the time I first remember Ben, other men were coming home and either settled back into civilian life as best they could or went "up north" for the better paying jobs. These men had fought throughout the Pacific, Europe and North Africa and had flown "The Hump" over the Himalayas and had been crew members on bombing missions in both theaters. Some of them were finally shipped home in boxes a few years later.

One of those, another Iwo Jima Marine, a neighbor's son who served with the Fourth Marine Division, was wounded on the island, died on Saipan and came home for burial in 1948. Another man, a soldier who had worked on the farm for my father before being old

enough to join the army, was killed in Germany and came home the same year. Our family went to their funerals and remember their sacrifices.

My father's eldest brother had three sons in the service during World War II. One of them had landed on Normandy in the battalion that had two companies of the Sherman DD (Duplex Drive) amphibious tanks with waterproof float screens that sent many in my cousin's battalion to watery graves before they ever made it to the beach. My cousin survived and fought on through Europe, including the Battle of the Bulge in the Ardennes Forest on the German-Belgium border.

Sadly, Bruce committed suicide on D-Day years later when he was eventually unable to work as a result of his injuries, both physical and psychological. But he came home in the fall of 1945 and worked for my father for several years. I was as close to him as I was to Ben back in those days.

So I was seeped early with military service and World War II history, and I joined the Marine Corps after high school, served with the Seventh Marines (C/1/7) at Camp Pendleton, at Sangley Point Marine Barracks in the Philippines and with the Tenth Marines (I/3/10) at Camp LeJuene.

After being discharged, I helped my father farm, worked construction, drove a truck and sold insurance before I started college. Soon after graduation, I began working as a counselor in a maximum-security prison — I'd worked as a brig guard in the Philippines — while I decided whether I wanted to teach or become a psychologist. Teaching soon won out because teaching seemed much more rewarding than the difficult job of rehabilitating convicted felons.

During my teaching career, mostly as a high school English and journalism teacher, I also edited (with my wife who is the editor of Illinois Alumni Magazine, the publication of the University of Illinois Alumni Association) a number of newsletters and association publications, including the James Jones Literary Society newsletter and have been president of the society for three years. Jones was the World War II veteran from my home county in Illinois who wrote *From Here To Eternity* after coming home from the war in the Pacific and subsequently wrote several other World War II works which have received critical acclaim.

I'd written newspaper columns on a daily basis and freelanced and edited or helped write other books through the years until I finally retired from teaching in 1999 to write full time. And I have published two novels (*Wild Hands Toward the Sky* and *Iwo Blasted Again*) since then and am currently working on a nonfiction

book about the effect of combat on the men and women who fight our wars and the effects on their families.

In addition to the two novels, I've continued taking students to Europe as I did as a teacher, hosted a WWII battlefield tour in Europe, continued to be a board member of the James Jones Literary Society and recently helped set up an endowed chair (James Jones Chair in World War II Studies) at Eastern Illinois University, am a board member of the Illinois Center for the Book, edited the University of Illinois College of Communications alumni publication for two years, was a visiting journalism lecturer at the university for a year and operate a small publishing company that has, among other works, published a memoir for one of the last documented POWs out of Europe in World War II and one for a platoon leader in the Vietnam War.

In 2005, I went to Iwo Jima for the 60th Reunion of Honor and for research for my Iwo Jima-related novella. With some 95 Iwo Jima veterans, their families and other interested men and women that was the trip of my life and brought me full circle for being with Iwo Jima veterans and my friend Ben Correll in spirit.

Upon my return, I helped form the Richard L. Pittman Marine Corps League #1231, named after an Urbana, Ill., native with the 28th Marines who was killed at the foot of Mt. Suribachi on Feb. 21, 1945.

So that's my background. I've got some big shoes to fill following Bert Clayton's tenure as editor. I knew that from looking at the newsletter and from talking with Bert early on. And Col. Walt Ford, *Leatherneck* magazine editor, reinforced that when he gave permission to reprint the review of Jack Lucas' memoir in this issue: "Great ... they put together a very good newsletter, and it will be nice to have the *Leatherneck* name in [it]."

Bert has made the transition as easy as it could be and will continue to lend me his ear, send me articles to reprint or steer me to interesting articles and photos. But I need everyone's input to keep up the quality of the newsletter and maintain the excellence Bert and his predecessors established and I hope to continue.

With that in mind, please send me your letters, stories, photos, articles of interest from other publications, suggestions and even your complaints.

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Flag to be raised once more in Washington, D.C.

Cige and I would like to wish you and all your loved ones a Happy New Year. Plans for the 59th Annual Reunion are going very well. I would like to thank the reunion committee, John and Mary Huffhines, Bill Martin and my wife for their commitment.

I am pleased to announce that Bell Helicopter & Oshkosh Truck Corporation has stepped up to the plate to honor our 5th Marine Division Association members with a generous donation to keep our costs down.

I would like to offer a hand salute to Bert Clayton for an outstanding job serving our Association as editor of the *Spearhead* for the past five years and at the same time welcome aboard Ray Elliott as his successor. I appointed Ray as editor and have asked Bert to continue working with the publication by scouting out good stories and assisting in the transition. Bert now has the well-deserved title of Secretary/Editor Emeritus.

I would also like to thank Terrie Williams for agreeing to edit *Spearhead* for a year when it seemed that the reunion in D.C. would be our last.

After many calls about the BAR on the Beach Statue after our last reunion, I asked Bert to serve on a committee to see what can be done to have the BAR on the Beach Statue placed on the grounds of the National Museum of the Marine Corps in Triangle, Va. We need to keep in our minds all the Marines and corpsman that we lost on Iwo Jima. They don't have a vote. We should leave a legacy for all that served on that island. I support the BAR on the Beach Statue and the effort that Bert Clayton and his committee are making.

Looking forward to seeing you in Washington.
– **Kenneth Watterson, President**
Fifth Marine Division Association

Trustee chairman discusses BAR on the Beach proposal

Apparently there is a great deal of confusion regarding the BAR on the Beach proposal and how it got to where it is at the present time. Since a large majority of the membership of the 5th Marine Division Association does not attend the yearly reunions, some of you appear to have questions as to what is going on.

The proposal to erect the monument depicted in the Charles Waterhouse painting BAR on the Beach was first presented at the 2006 reunion in Dallas, Texas. There were many unanswered questions, and the proposal was shelved pending further discussion until the 2007 Reunion.

During that time it was discovered that the sculptor did not have the rights to sell us the monument. Except for our alert legal counsel, Mr. Tyre, it could have resulted in serious legal problems. There also remained the question of the total cost of the project, which has varied from time to time.

At the 2007 trustees meeting, the proposal was thoroughly discussed and rejected by a 3 to 2 vote.

During the 2007 Reunion, a concerted effort was made by the group supporting the proposal to gain the support of the attending members. A miniature monument was presented by the sculptor, and literature was distributed the day prior to the annual business meeting.

On Aug. 25, 2007, at the annual business meeting of the 5th Marine Division Association, the motion was made and seconded to construct the BAR on the Beach monument near Quantico, Va. A vote was called for and the proposal was defeated by a count of 32 for and 66 against. The vote was counted by then Sergeant-at-Arms, Marshall Martin, and an assistant. The vote count was far from being graciously accepted by the organizers of the proposal. They are still trying to gain support for their project, which is their privilege.

The question of the number of members who voted at the 2007 business meeting remains in the minds of some. It certainly should be a cause for concern that so few members are interested enough in the affairs of our Association to attend the meeting and vote. The vote does, however, represent a valid cross section of the membership.

According to our 2007 President, George Cattelona, there were 176 members present at the 2007 Reunion. The fact that less than 100 attended or voted at the business meeting is indeed discouraging, to say the least. However, that is their prerogative and remains a valid indication of the members' wishes.

If any of you have comments or questions, I would very much appreciate hearing from you.

– Mike Dietz, Trustee Chairman
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BAR on the Beach update

The responses to our project have been heart-warming. We've just begun, and of our 1,800 Association members, about 6 percent of them have contributed more than \$25,000. That includes all donations, small and large. It's impossible to express our thanks to each, but your cancelled check will be proof.

The questionnaire poll results included in our recent mail-out make it clear that most, by far, (93 percent) are in support of this effort. I'm sure several are waiting to see "how goes it," but if we would have waited for that information to reach us on Iwo, we'd still be there.

For those who've asked about a tax write-off, our Treasurer Jim Shriver says, "It will be, but only after the funds in the BAR on the Beach account have been disbursed to the Marine Corps Museum, which is expected to take place probably in late 2008 or early 2009. You will be informed when that disbursement takes place and told which tax year you will need to use for the contribution."

Our legal officer Tom Tyre reports that all questions of legality have been resolved, and he has a draft contract set up and ready to go. A signed contract stipulating that the funds given to the museum will go directly to the sculptor and not to be used for any other purposes will be forthcoming.

Saddle up! Join with us in this effort.

– Clayt

Secretary's Corner

Please take the time to look at the address label on this *Spearhead News*. There you will see the date your subscription ends. Any date earlier than 31 Dec 08 will be deleted from the database on May 1, 2008. Please update before that date.

Please notify us of any change of address or phone number. Change of address notice saves us postage money. (Getting a "wrong address" copy out of hock and mailing it on to the new address the P.O. provides costs the association \$2.45.)

We encourage all widows and or any others who are interested in our Association to become Associate Members at a mere \$10 per year.

Our Association is no longer collecting funds for the Marine Corps Scholarship Foundation. If you wish to contribute funds for scholarships, send the check directly to this address: Marine Corps Scholarship Foundation, P.O. Box 3008, Princeton, NJ 08543-3008. The phone number is 1 800 292-7777. Some people contribute to the fund as a memorial to a deceased member. That is a wonderful idea.

– Ted Overgard, Secretary

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First to the Fight

By Brendan Miniter

The Wall Street Journal – January 12, 2008

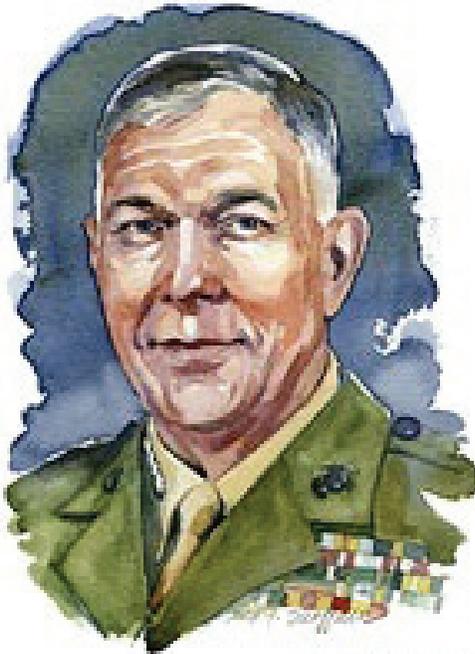
When James T. Conway went down to see the draft board at the height of the Vietnam War in 1969, he was told “we’re not going to draft you. You’ve got a great number and you don’t have to worry about military service.” He responded, “You don’t understand, I actually want to go.”

Today, as Commandant of the Marine Corps, he’s one of the nation’s leading military commanders. He’s led tens of thousands of Marines on two significant campaigns in Iraq. The first was the drive on Baghdad in 2003; the second was what turned out to be an aborted assault on Fallujah in April 2004. In 2006 he became the steward of a fighting force with a history that stretches all the way back to 1775, before there was a United States of America.

But it’s the future of the Corps, not its past, that dominates Gen. Conway’s thoughts and our conversation. We met at the Pentagon earlier this week – just a few days before the one-year anniversary of President Bush’s decision to “surge” more troops into Iraq. He was dressed in cammies, combat boots and an open collar. He’s lean and tall and he seemed to envelop the table we were seated at. He’s also a man who gives the appearance of someone who would much rather be with his Marines in Anbar province than in an office on the outskirts of Washington.

Two related concerns about the war occupy his mind: That in order to fight this war, his Corps could be transformed into just another “land army”; and, if that should happen, that it would lose the flexibility and expeditionary culture that has made it a powerful military force.

The Corps was built originally to live aboard ships and wade ashore to confront emerging threats far from home. It has long prided itself in being “first to the fight” relying on speed, agility and tenacity to win battles. It’s a small, offensive outfit that has its own attack aircraft,



but not its own medics, preferring to rely on Navy corpsmen to care for its wounded.

For more than a decade, the size of the active-duty Marine Corps has been 175,000. The Army, by comparison, has more than 500,000 soldiers on active duty.

Now, however, the Corps is being expanded to 202,000 over the next couple of years. And what’s more, the Marines are being asked to conduct patrols and perform other non-offensive operations in Iraq that are forcing the Corps to become a more stationary force than it traditionally has been.

It’s a “static environment where there is no forward movement,” Gen. Conway says. And “that gets more to an occupational role, and that’s what the Army historically does and the Marine Corps has previously seen very little of.”

One way the Marines are clearly changing is in the vehicles troops use to patrol in Iraq. “If you look at the table of equipment that a Marine battalion is operating with right now in Iraq,” Gen. Conway explains, “it is dramatically different than the table of equipment the battalion used when it went over the berm in Kuwait in ‘03, and it is remarkably heavier. Heavier, particularly in terms of vehicles.

“I mean the Humvees were canvas at that point for the most part. Today they are up-armored and we’re looking at vehicles even heavier than that. We’ve got a whole new type of vehicle that we’re patrolling in, conducting operations in, that’s the MRAP [Mine Resistant Ambush Protected], a 48,000 pound vehicle. . . . these type of things, make us look more like a land army than it does a fast, hard-hitting expeditionary force.”

Gen. Conway commends the MRAP’s performance: “[W]e had over 300 attacks against the MRAP without losing a Marine or sailor.” And, he says, “We always have to be concerned about protecting our Marines. We owe that to the parents of America.”

“But,” he adds, “first we have to be able to accomplish

our mission. And I think there are a lot of instances where a lighter, faster, harder-hitting force that gets to a scene quickly is more effective than a heavier, more armored force that gets there weeks or months later.”

It is clear that the MRAP can make it more difficult to maneuver in a battle zone. “We saw some problems with the vehicle once it went off of the roadways,” Gen. Conway says. “Its cross-country mobility, particularly in western Iraq where you have wadis [dry riverbeds] and small bridges and that type of thing was not what we hoped it would be.”

And it is something Gen. Conway has decided to have fewer of. He recently announced that the Marines are halting orders for these vehicles. The Corps will take delivery of a total of 2,300 new MRAPs by the end of the year, which it will use to conduct missions in Iraq. But Gen. Conway is canceling orders for 1,400 additional MRAPs that he and his advisors believe they will not need in the coming years. In the process, Gen. Conway is saving Uncle Sam \$1.7 billion. “Yeah. I mean, that to me was a common sense kind of determination.”

In short, wars have a tendency to change the culture of the militaries that fight them. For the Marines, the cultural change they fear most is losing their connection to the sea while fighting in the desert.

Today there are about 26,000 Marines in Iraq, many of them on their second or third tour, and tens of thousands of others who have either recently returned or who are preparing to go in the coming months and years. Keeping a force that size in Iraq has made it difficult for the Marines to give mid-level officers assignments that would hone the skills necessary to conduct what has always been a central component of Marine warfighting – landing troops on a beach head.”

If you accept a generation of officers is four years,” Gen. Conway says, “that’s what an officer signs on for, we now have that generation of officers – and arguably troops – that have come and gone, that are combat hardened, but that will never have stepped foot aboard ship. ... an amphibious operation is by its very nature the most complicated of military operations; and that we have junior officers and senior officers who understand the planning dimensions associated with something like that, that have sufficient number of exercises over time to really have sharpened their skills to work with other services to accomplish a common goal – these are the things that concern me with the atrophying of those skills and the ability to go out and do those things.”

Gen. Conway graduated from Southeast Missouri State University in 1969, got married, and volunteered

for the Marines at a time when the Vietnam War was still raging. He had friends – fraternity brothers – who hadn’t kept their grades up and who got drafted.

Not that he regrets signing up. “I thought about trying to contact [that recruiter] and thank him for the way he kind of reeled me in,” he says.

As a young officer, Gen. Conway didn’t end up in Vietnam. But he did get a front row seat in watching the Marine Corps rebuild itself after the war in Southeast Asia ended. And now, looking back through history, he has a clear perspective on the turning points in the development of the modern Marine Corps.

The first turning point came in World War I at the Battle of Belleau Wood, where a few thousand Marines helped stop a German advance that otherwise might have taken Paris and knocked France out of the war. Marines fought so ferociously in hand-to-hand combat in dense French forest in that battle, that the Germans nicknamed them “Devil Dogs.” Afterward, Congress expanded the size of the Marines to more than 70,000, up from about 14,000 at the start of the war.

The second turning point brings Gen. Conway back to his concern for protecting the Marines’ institutional culture. “Others will cite other battles,” he said, but he sees the Battle of Guadalcanal in World War II, a six-month campaign in the Pacific starting in August 1942, as a turning point.

It was there that Marines, later reinforced by Army units, dealt the Japanese their first significant land defeat. “It was only our expeditionary ability to get out there rapidly, as rapidly as we could ... to put the force out there, smack in the path of the Japanese [that] was a major capability and one we’re still very proud of.”

So is the Marine Corps the right force to be fighting in Iraq now? It’s a loaded question because in recent months Gen. Conway made headlines by airing a plan that would have had the Marines rotate out of Iraq and, with a somewhat smaller force, into Afghanistan. The plan was a nonstarter with Defense Secretary Robert Gates and has been shelved.

“Yeah, I think we are,” Gen. Conway said. “For what the nation is now engaged in, it is a major insurgency. From our perspective a counterinsurgency. And when the nation is as hotly engaged as we are in Iraq, I think that’s exactly where the Marine Corps needs to be.

“Now, it has necessitated that we undergo these changes to the way we are constituted. But that’s OK. We made those adjustments. We’ll adjust back when the threat is different. But that’s adaptability You create a force that you have to have at the time. But

you don't accept that as the new norm and you do the necessary draw-down at a time when you can."

As for now, he sees the expansion of the Corps to 202,000 "as good ... We need a Marine Corps that's larger. We need an Army that's larger until we get through what probably is going to be, I think will be, a generational struggle. I think it is absolutely necessary. ... our military today, all the services all uniforms, is still less than 1 percent of our great country."

Has the country already forgotten the lessons of 9/11?

Not all of us, Gen. Conway says. "I still hear that a lot, you know, we saw [a] surge [in enlistments] after 9/11, but if you talk to a young Marine out there, even people who were, I don't know, 12, 13, 14 at that point, [they] are still saying that, you know, that they are offended by that, are still incensed by that and they realize that those are still essentially the people out there that we're fighting, so it continues to reverberate.

... When I visit Gen. Odierno in Baghdad, he's got a picture, a very large picture of one [World Trade Center] tower burning and the other plane about to hit. And I think that our country would do well to remember how we got to where we are today."

*Mr. Minter is an assistant features editor for The Wall Street Journal.
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Certain payments to disabled veterans ruled tax-free

Some may be due refunds

Payments under the Department of Veterans Affairs' Compensated Work Therapy program are no longer taxable and disabled veterans who paid tax on these benefits in the past three years can now claim refunds, the Internal Revenue Service reported.

Recipients of CWT payments will no longer receive a Form 1099 from the VA. Disabled veterans who paid tax on these benefits in tax years 2004, 2005 or 2006 can claim a refund by filing an amended return using IRS Form 1040X. According to the VA, more than 19,000 veterans received CWT in Fiscal Year 2007.

The IRS agreed with a U.S. Tax Court decision issued earlier this year, which held that CWT payments are tax-free veterans benefits. In so doing, the agency reversed a 1965 ruling which held that these payments were taxable and required the VA to issue 1099 forms to payment recipients.

According to the VA, the CWT program provides assistance to veterans unable to work and support themselves. Under the program, the VA contracts with private industry and the public sector for work by veterans, who learn new job skills, re-learn successful work habits and regain self-esteem and self-worth.

<http://www.irs.gov/pub/irs-drop/rr-07-69.pdf>>Revenue Ruling 2007-69

Man who keyed car gets day in court; so do Marines

By John Kass

Chicago Tribune — January 20, 2008

Jay Grodner, the Chicago lawyer who keyed a Marine's car in anger because the car had military plates and a Marine insignia, finally got his day in court last week.

Grodner pleaded guilty in a Chicago courtroom packed with former Marines. Some had Marine pins on their coats, or baseball jackets with the Marine insignia. They didn't yell or call him names. They came to support Marine Sgt. Michael McNulty, whose car Grodner defaced in December, but who couldn't attend because he's preparing for his second tour in Iraq.

Grodner was late to court for the second time in the case. Grodner called Assistant State's Attorney Patrick Kelly, (Marine Corps/Vietnam 1969-1972), informing Kelly that he would be late to court.

"He wanted to avoid the media," Kelly said Friday. "So he's coming a half hour late."

"I don't run my courtroom that way!" responded Judge William O'Malley, ordering Grodner be arrested and held on \$20,000 bail when he arrived. Finally, Grodner strolled in. A short man, wide, wearing a black fedora, dark glasses, a divorce lawyer dressed like some tough guy in the movies.

Grodner told me he'd describe himself as a "radical liberal" who's ready to leave Chicago now with all this negative publicity and move to the south of France and do some traveling.

Judge O'Malley has also traveled, but in his youth. He was a police officer on the West Side during the riots before law school. And before that, he performed

Continued on next page

another public service. Judge O'Malley served in the U.S. Marine Corps from 1961-1964.

During the proceedings, the judge described the offense as anger rose in his voice, especially as Grodner started balking on a plea arrangement he'd made with prosecutors.

"Is this what you did? Yes or no," Judge O'Malley asked Grodner.

"Without knowing, yes," Grodner said, sticking to his I-might-have-done-it-but-didn't-really-mean-it defense.

O'Malley asked again, in a stronger voice, not that of a judge but of a cop on the street or a Marine who meant business.

"DID YOU KNOWINGLY CAUSE DAMAGE TO THIS CAR?" O'Malley asked.

Grodner bowed his head, meekly, and responded in an equally meek voice:

"Yes," he said.

After the admission, came the details and Grodner was lucky, getting off with a misdemeanor and no jail time, and not

a felony even though he caused \$2,400 in damage to Sgt. McNulty's car.

So Grodner re-ceived a \$600 fine, which will go to a Marine charity, 30 hours of community service and a year of court supervision. If he doesn't pay up in a month, the judge promised to put him in jail for a year.

Judge O'Malley had something to say. He looked out into his courtroom, at all those men who'd come to support a Marine they didn't know.

"You caused damage to this young Marine sergeant's car because you were offended by his Marine Corps license plates," said Judge O'Malley.

Grodner stood there, hands behind his back. He grasped the fingers of his left hand with his right, and held it there, so they wouldn't wiggle.

"You're probably also wondering why there was a

whole crowd of people here, Mr. Grodner," said Judge O'Malley.

"I don't want to wonder," said Grodner, continuing in his new meek voice, not in his tough divorce lawyer voice, but the gentle, inside voice he'd just learned.

"That's because there is a little principle that the Marine Corps has had since 1775," the judge continued. "When they fought and lost their lives so that people like you could enjoy the freedom of this country. It is a little proverb that we follow:

"No Marine is left behind.

"So Sgt. McNulty couldn't be here. But other Marines showed up in his stead. Take him away," said the judge and former Marine.

They took Grodner away, he was processed, and everyone left. The lobby was dark, quiet, except for two court deputies running the metal detector. Then Grodner came through an inside door, put his fedora back on, the dark glasses, a tough guy again.

We stood outside, in the parking lot, talking for 20 minutes. He smoked,

and I didn't. He explained that he wasn't anti-military and why he pleaded guilty.

"The judge, he's the guy with the black robes," Grodner said. He could have been slapped with a felony, but Sgt. McNulty's family said they wanted to put this behind them and let it go as a misdemeanor. Grodner showed no remorse, and I asked if he'd apologize.

"Yes, I'd say, 'I'm sorry if I scratched your car.' It escalated. That's when he wanted me locked up and thrown away," said Grodner, always the victim.

Grodner tells me he plans to leave for the French Riviera and get some sun.

Sgt. McNulty will get some sun, too. In Iraq.

'... there is a little principle that the Marine Corps has had since 1775 when they fought and lost their lives so that people like you could enjoy the freedom of this country. It is a little proverb that we follow: No Marine is left behind.'

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World War II Marine colonel celebrates 90th birthday with Iraqi vets

Editor's Note: In spring 2006, Iwo Jima veteran Col. Gerald Russell (27th Marines) celebrated his 90th birthday at the USMC Reserve Center in Nashville, Tenn. An account of this celebration and Col. Russell's Marine Corps career was contributed by John Butler, son of Lt. Col. John Butler, who was the CO of 1/27 and was KIA on D+14. John's brother, Clint, and Dale Quillen, a Nashville attorney and also an Iwo veteran, conspired with the I&I staff of 1/3/24 to arrange the event.

Marines and sailors of the I&I Staff of Company I, 3d Battalion, 24th Marines in Nashville, Tenn., hosted a special surprise honor ceremony and 90th birthday celebration for Col. Gerald Russell (Ret.) USMC on April 25, 2006. The Marine I&I staff represented by 1st Sgt. Michael E. Bass, provided a Color Guard presentation ceremony prior to presenting a birthday cake to Col. Russell.

Upon retiring of the Colors, Col. Russell, Dale Quillen, John Butler, Clinton Butler and his wife, Leigh Butler, joined the I&I staff for the cake cutting and a birthday celebration. Clinton and John Butler are the sons of the late Lt. Col. John A. Butler, who was KIA on Iwo Jima and whose battalion, 1/27, landed with and fought alongside Col. Russell's 2/27 during the battle.

Dale Quillen is an Iwo Jima veteran and a still-active

Nashville attorney who is a friend of Col. Russell. Some of the attending I&I staff members were recuperating from wounds received during recent service in Iraq and Afghanistan. Among them was Gy. Sgt. Michael Ackerman with several combat tours and two Purple Hearts. All those present, new and old Marines alike, were reminded of the bonds of family and brotherhood which unites Marines of all ages and wars.

Biography of Col. Gerald F. Russell, USMC (Ret.)

Joining the Marine Corps in 1938 while he was still in college, Col. Russell served in the Pacific Theater of Operations during World War II. On Aug. 7, 1942, he landed on Guadalcanal as an artillery officer with the 1st Marine Division and was involved in much of the early fighting on that island. Well into the operation, he was wounded and evacuated to Australia. He was also suffering from malaria, so he returned stateside.

Finally fully recovered from his wounds and malaria he reported to the newly formed 5th Marine Division in January 1944 as a Major and was assigned as the Executive Officer for the 2d Battalion, 27th Marines, and later landed on Red Beach 1 at H-hour in the initial assault on Iwo Jima.

On D+19 he assumed command of 2/27 after the battalion commander, Maj. John Antonelli, was wounded. Upon completion of combat operations on Iwo Jima, in which he also suffered wounds but refused evacuation, he returned with his battalion to Camp Tarawa in Hawaii. Recovered from his combat injuries, Antonelli returned as the CO of 2/27 and Maj. Russell was reassigned as the battalion commander for 1/27, whose original commander, Lt. Col. John Butler, had been killed in action on D+14.



Col. Gerald Russell (center) celebrates his 90th birthday with fellow Iwo Jima veteran Dale Quillen (left) and Clint and John Butler (right), sons of Lt. Col. John Butler,

Maj. Russell was tasked with rebuilding and preparing the battle-depleted battalion for the scheduled invasion of Japan, which fortunately wasn't necessary. Instead, 1/27, as part of 5th Marine Division, was one of the very first units to land on Kyushu for the occupation. Maj. Russell took the surrender of Japanese forces throughout Kyushu and nearby offshore islands, which were occupied by 1/27. He remained in command of the battalion throughout the occupation until January 1946 when 1/27 returned to Camp Pendleton and was deactivated.

After the war, Col. Russell was assigned as an instructor at Basic School at Quantico. During this assignment, he organized and coached the Quantico Marine track team, which in later years featured some of the nation's best track and field athletes like Billy Mills, the 1964 10,000-meter Olympic champion. Col. Russell also initiated the annual Quantico Relays that became one of the premier track and field meets in the nation, attracting Olympic champions like Al Oerter.

A nationally ranked collegiate track athlete himself, Col. Russell has served on the U.S. Olympic Committee and still officiates at some of the most prominent track & field meets held throughout the United States.

Other assignments during Col. Russell's 30-year

career included combat duty in Korea in 1952 as a battalion commander of 3/7 and as an adviser to the ROK Marines. During the mid-'60s he was CO of the 8th Marines and also the Defense Forces Commander at Guantanamo Bay. He completed a tour as a professor of naval science (PNS) at the University of Oklahoma and was a staff officer for NATO in Paris, France.

Col. Russell's final assignment was at Headquarters Marine Corps during the Vietnam War and from which he retired in 1968. He then began his second career when he joined the administrative staff at Penn State University. He later became an associate dean of the College of Physical Education, Health and Recreation, a position he held for the 10 years prior to his second retirement.

In full retirement now, he remains active visiting his children, officiating at major collegiate track and field meets, and participating in the oral history program for World War II. In 2005, he was one of the oldest attendees at the Iwo Jima Reunion of Honor commemorating the 60th anniversary of the battle, where he toured old battle sites of the 27th Marines, accompanied by John and Clint Butler and Iwo veteran Dale Quillen. He is currently one of the few surviving Marines who served as a battalion commander on Iwo Jima.



Col. Gerald Russell is honored on the occasion of his 90th birthday in 2006 at a surprise ceremony at the USMC Reserve Center in Nashville, Tenn.

Long-lost war journal brings back 58-year-old memories

By Tom Kacich

The News-Gazette – October 19, 2003

Last month, 81-year-old Jim Kelly of Urbana pulled out a dresser drawer and rediscovered stories, memories and people he hadn't visited in more than three decades.

Kelly found a little leather-bound journal that he had kept 58 years ago when he was a young Marine. Inside were the writings of a 23-year-old recently married man who had no idea of the gruesome, utterly violent days that lay ahead on Iwo Jima, a tiny but vitally important Pacific island steppingstone on the way to Japan.

He said he had forgotten about the journal. It had gone into the back of the dresser drawer 31 years ago when he and his wife Lee moved into a new house.

And although he is keeping much of the journal private ("There's some personal stuff in there between my wife and I," he said), Kelly has jotted notes in longhand, and had his daughter Cheryl, who lives in St. Joseph, type them up.

After I'm dead and gone," he said of his daughter and son, also named Jim, "they can read the whole thing and do what they want. But not now."

Kelly came from a family of nine children who had moved to Urbana in 1923. His father abandoned the family in 1929 after the death of a daughter, leaving his wife to raise eight children during the Depression. "Back then," he said, "everyone was on relief. You met your neighbor standing in line for food. We lived at 1111 East Main Street in Urbana for five years and paid only one month's rent, 25 dollars. The man who owned the house told my mom that there's no sense moving because no one else has any money either.

"We got chits from the county supervisor for coal. And we'd go over to the railroad tracks and curse the hoboes so they'd throw coal off the cars. And then we'd take it home."

When the war began, the five Kelly boys wasted no time joining up. Elston ended up in the Army Air Forces in the Pacific. Kendall and Paul were in the Army in Europe. Bob ended up in the Navy in the Pacific. Jim, who worked for the Peoria & Eastern Railroad and had a work deferral, wasn't allowed to enlist. Finally, a supervisor at the railroad relented and permitted him to join the Marines.

"My mother never tried to talk us out of it," Kelly said. "She was very proud of us."

Miraculously, not only did all five sons survive the war; none was seriously injured.

It wasn't as if the boys, including Jim, avoided combat.

"When we shipped out there were rumors it was going to be a three-day operation," Kelly said. "As we went from Hawaii to the Marshall Islands, where we had a practice landing, and then to Saipan, they told us we were going to Iwo Jima. 'God help us,' someone said. 'We don't know how long this is going to take.'"

Bombers and smaller planes had pounded the island with bombs for more than two months, and Navy ships lobbed shells on Iwo for three days before the invasion. But the bombardment had little effect on a three-mile system of tunnels, including a hospital, under the island.

When the Marines finally went in on Iwo on Feb. 19, 1945, it was the beginning of a long, savage 36-day battle for Kelly and his colleagues, many of whom didn't survive. More than 6,800 Marines died on Iwo and nearly 20,000 were wounded.

Kelly was part of a team that shuttled ammunition and medical supplies from the beach up to the front lines. His condensed journal entry of March 1, 1945, says simply: "3 of the greatest guys in the world



James M. Kelly of Urbana poses in his Marine uniform in March 1944. His high school friend Richard L. Pittman was killed at the foot of Mt. Suribachi on Feb. 21, 1945. Kelly was able to honor his friend 60 years later by getting the newly formed Champaign-Urbana Marine Corps League named the Richard L. Pittman Marine Corps League #1231.

killed on Iwo at 11:00 a.m. Fitz, Barrett, Danny had a feeling something would happen.”

God was with Kelly on that day. ”All three of them got killed all at once,” he related more than a half-century later. “We were all up on the north end of the island, picking some stuff up. What we’d do after we dropped our supplies off, if we saw a rifle or a helmet or something, we’d just bring it back with us.

“Those three were together and I was maybe 30 yards to the right when what today they’d call friendly fire, I think it was a mortar from a ship, hit them. I guess I just went over to pick something up. To this day I don’t know what it was.”

Many of Kelly’s early abridged journal entries are carefree. Examples: “Friday, Feb. 1st sure went fast. Wasn’t any. Went over International date Line. Couldn’t see no line.” Or “Water water is all you see. A nice day and what a night. Nice night for roaming.”

But the tone changed once the Marines hit Iwo Jima. Feb. 19: “Landed at Iwo at 11:58 a.m. All hell’s breaking loose. Seen my first dead Marine. More Japs. Dug in — 1st mortar miss.”

Feb. 22: “Thurs. took more supplies up front. Seen Dr. and corman hit by mortar just a few yards ahead of us. It is raining all day.”

Feb. 23: “Flag was raised on top of Mt. Suribachi

around 10:30 a.m. Was at the foot of it. Moved to the top of it.”

Feb. 29: “Tonight was awakened around 1:00 a.m. Japs drop a mortar in ammo dump. Hell broke loose. Explode gas had to put on a gas mask. Just 150 yds. away.”

After the war, Kelly and Lee returned to Urbana. He went back to work for the railroad, then became an Urbana firefighter. He raised a family, stayed in touch with his brothers and his fellow Marines. Now retired but still active, he attends reunions of the 5th Marine Division every other year and will be in Washington, D.C., next May 29 for the dedication of the National World War II memorial.

While some of the writing in the journal recalls days and circumstances painful then and still now, Kelly said he enjoyed his two-year hitch in the Marines. “I was with a bunch of good guys,” he said. “I had a great time. I got to be with my wife in California. I got to meet some famous people like John Wayne and Bob Crosby and (band leader) Kay Kayser. I never had a bad time at all, even going through boot camp.”

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Ladies Auxilliary reports successful auction and raffle

Thanks to all of you and your spouses for the silent auction items last year. It was a great success for our treasury and our projects. You are all to be commended for your donations. Our Association made \$750. I would like to thank all of my helpers for the hard work and organization in getting it accomplished.

We are looking forward to another successful silent auction in Washington, D.C., and all of your donations are most welcome. Please start getting your items ready for August.

We also had a marvelous response to the raffle. Thanks to all of you who so generously bought tickets. We made \$869 and were able to donate an extra \$1,000 to the Semper Fi Fund, making our total donation \$3,000. Our other project was a \$500 donation for phone cards for our servicemen and women. Both donations were greatly appreciated by the respective organizations.

– D.D. Dietz,
2007 President

Has your story been told?

I am Raymond C. Miller, formerly sergeant in H Company, 3rd Battalion, 28th Marines in the Fifth Marine Division. I was on Iwo from the start to finish and lucky to be alive. I wrote my memoirs of my time there, *Scenes of Iwo Jima*.

Recently Mike Lyons, the president of Tower Publishing Company in Standish, Maine, read my work, liked it and asked if I would help get any other stories of Marines who were on Iwo so he could publish a collection of my story and several others.

If you would care to submit a manuscript in hard copy or in a pdf file or other electronic medium, contact:

Mike Lyons, Tower Publishing Company
Attn.: Iwo Jima Collection
Tower Publishing Company
588 Saco Road
Standish, MA 04084
e-mail: michaell@towerpub.com

You may call Ray Miller with questions at 207-929-4849 or 888-886-931.

'TO OLD TIMES'

A toast to American troops, then and now

By Peggy Noonan

The Wall Street Journal – August 24, 2007

Once I went hot-air ballooning in Normandy. It was the summer of 1991. It was exciting to float over the beautiful French hills and the farms with crisp crops in the fields. It was dusk, and we amused ourselves calling out “Bonsoir!” to cows and people in little cars. We had been up for an hour or so when we had a problem and had to land. We looked for an open field, aimed toward it, and came down a little hard. The gondola dragged, tipped and spilled us out. A half dozen of us emerged scrambling and laughing with relief.

Suddenly before us stood an old man with a cracked and weathered face. He was about 80, in rough work clothes. He was like a Life magazine photo from 1938: “French farmer hoes his field.” He’d seen us coming from his farmhouse and stood before us with a look of astonishment as the huge bright balloon deflated and tumbled about.

One of us spoke French and explained our situation. The farmer said, or asked, “You are American.” We nodded, and he made a gesture – I’ll be back! – and ran to the house. He came back with an ancient bottle of Calvados, the local brandy. It was literally covered in dust and dry dirt, as if someone had saved it a long time.

He told us – this will seem unlikely, and it amazed us — that he had not seen an American in many, many years, and we asked when. “The invasion,” he said. The Normandy invasion.

Then he poured the Calvados and made a toast. I wish I had notes on what he said. Our French speaker translated it into something like, “To old times.” And we raised our glasses knowing we were having a moment of unearned tenderness. Lucky Yanks, that a wind had blown us to it.

That was 16 years ago, and I haven’t seen some of the people with me since that day, but I know every one of us remembers it and keeps it in his good-memory horde.

He didn’t welcome us because he knew us. He didn’t treat us like royalty because we had done anything for him. He honored us because we were related to, were the sons and daughters of, the men of the Normandy Invasion. The men who had fought their way through France hedgerow by hedgerow, who’d jumped from

planes in the dark and climbed the cliffs and given France back to the French. He thought we were of their sort. And he knew they were good. He’d seen them, when he was young.

I’ve been thinking of the old man because of Iraq and the coming debate on our future there. Whatever we do or should do, there is one fact that is going to be left on the ground there when we’re gone. That is the impression made by, and the future memories left by, American troops in their dealings with the Iraqi people.

I don’t mean the impression left by the power and strength of our military. I mean the impression left by the character of our troops – by their nature and generosity, by their kindness. By their tradition of these things.

The American troops in Iraq, our men and women, are inspiring, and we all know it. But whenever you say it, you sound like a greasy pol: “I support our valiant troops, though I oppose the war,” or “If you oppose the war, you are ignoring the safety and imperiling the sacrifice of our gallant troops.”

I suspect that in their sophistication – and they are sophisticated – our troops are grimly amused by this. Soldiers are used to being used. They just do their job.

We know of the broad humanitarian aspects of the occupation – the hospitals being built, the schools restored, the services administered, the kids treated by armed forces doctors. But then there are all the stories that don’t quite make it to the top of the heap, and that in a way tell you more. The lieutenant in the First Cavalry who was concerned about Iraqi kids in the countryside who didn’t have shoes, so he wrote home, started a drive, and got 3,000 pairs sent over. The lieutenant colonel from California who spent his off-hours emailing hospitals back home to get a wheelchair for a girl with cerebral palsy.

The Internet is littered with these stories. So is Iraq. I always notice the pictures from the wire services, pictures that have nothing to do with government propaganda. The Marine on patrol laughing with the local street kids; the nurse treating the sick mother.

A funny thing. We’re so used to thinking of American troops as good guys that we forget: They’re good guys! They have American class.

And it is not possible that the good people of Iraq

are not noticing, and that in some way down the road the sum of these acts will not come to have some special meaning, some special weight of its own. The actor Gary Sinise helps run Operation Iraqi Children, which delivers school supplies with the help of U.S. forces. When he visits Baghdad grade schools, the kids yell, "Lieutenant Dan!"— his role in "Forrest Gump," the story of another good man.

Some say we're the Roman Empire, but I don't think the soldiers of Rome were known for their kindness, nor the people of Rome for their decency. Some speak of Abu Ghraib, but the humiliation of prisoners there was news because it was American troops acting in a way that was out of the order of things, and apart from tradition. It was weird. And they were busted by other American troops.

You could say soldiers of every country do some good in war beyond fighting, and that is true enough. But this makes me think of the statue I saw once in Vienna, a heroic casting of a Red Army soldier. Quite stirring. The man who showed it to me pleasantly said it had a local nickname, "The Unknown Rapist." There are similar memorials in Estonia and Berlin; they all have the same nickname. My point is not to insult Russian soldiers, who had been born into a world of communism, atheism, and Stalin's institutionalization of brutish ways of being. I only mean to note the stellar reputation of American troops in the same war at the same time. They were good guys.

They're still good.

We should ponder, some day when this is over, what it is we do to grow such men, and women, what exactly goes into the making of them.

Whatever is decided in Washington I hope our soldiers know what we really think of them, and what millions in Iraq must, also. I hope some day they get some earned tenderness, and wind up over the hills of Iraq, and land, and an old guy comes out and says, "Are you an American?" And they say yes and he says, "A toast, to old times."

Noonan is a contributing editor of The Wall Street Journal and served as a speech writer to President Ronald Reagan. © Dow Jones & Co., Permission Granted

FINAL MUSTER

(*"Roll Call of the Reef"*)

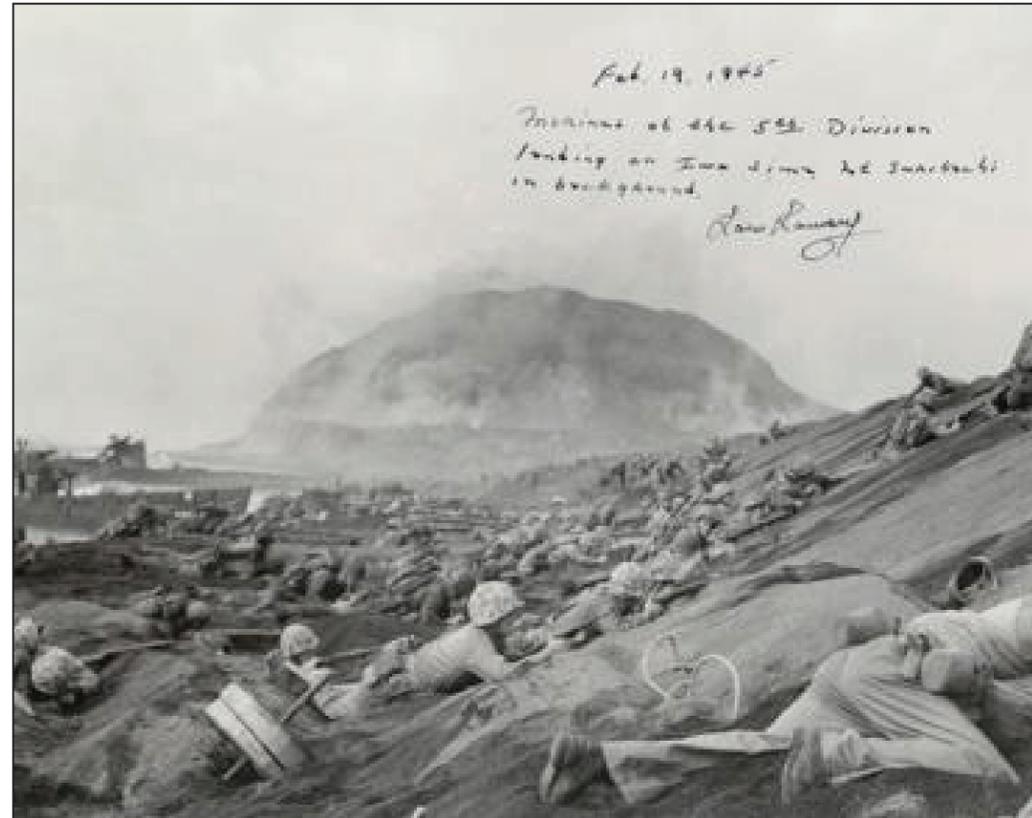
AMOS, Kenneth **A-1-27** 12/11/07
 ANDREWS, John **HQBN** 2/7/08
 BAILEY, Eugene **BCo 5THPION BN** 10/3/07
 BOYD, James **CCo 5THPION BN** 2007
 CHANSLOR, Glenn D. **F-2-26** Unknown
 COOGAN, Richard L. **H-3-13** 9/19/07
 EMORY, Frederick R. "Bud" **27THREGT** Unknown
 FROST, Eugene M. **H/3/26** 11/13/07
 FOGARTY, Thurman A. **HQ-2-28** 10/6/07
 HAYS, Walter C. **5TH MARINE DIVISION** 12/07/97
 JACOBS, Raymond **F-2-28** 1/29/08
 KOEHLER, Robert **D-3-HQBN** 10/30/07
 LYONS, Thomas **27THREGT** Sept./2007
 MARTIN, Marshall **I-3-13** 10/9/07
 McGREW, Kenneth K. **A-5THENGR** 12/12/07
 McGREW, R. W. **F-2-26** Unknown
 MILLER, Reed **A-5THENGR** 4/10/07
 MONROE, James E. **I-3-13** 8/2/07
 MOORE, R. Ray **A-5THENGR** 7/6/07
 MURKO, Fred R. **5THTK** 11/4/07
 PARKER, Paul **ACo 5THPION BN** 11/15/07
 PINDOWSKI, Stanley **5THENGR** 1/2/08
 POLLOCK, Col. Daniel C. **HQ-1-26** 12/23/07
 REDNOR, Charles **HS-2-13** 11/08/07
 RIDDELL, Col. R.S. **5THPION BN** 2/3/07
 SANDOVAL, Merrill **5THSIG Code Talker** 2/9/08
 SCHMIDT, W. S. **H-3-28** Unknown
 SCHOLER, E. A. "Swede" **WPNS-27** Unknown
 SCULLY, James T. **5THTK** Unknown
 SMITHBURG, Harold W. **F-2-27** Unknown
 THOMPSON, William M. **HQ-1-26** 9/21/07
 ULRICH, James Shields **5THENGR** 2/21/08
 VOPAVAL, Gerald M. **I-3-13** Sept. 2006
 WESOLOWSKI, Irvin L. **M-4-13** 5/17/07
 WOFFORD, Arnold **HS-2-13** 10/28/07
 WOLTNER, Rudolph E., Jr. **HQBN** 12/30/07

IMAGES THEN AND NOW

IWO JIMA



Top: 2005 photo of Mount Suribachi from Red Beach 1. Right: Memorial atop Mount Suribachi at the site of the flag-raising on Feb. 23, 1945. Center: Combat photographer Lou Lowrey's image of Marines on the beach on D-Day, Feb. 19, 1945. Below: AP photographer Joe Rosenthal's image of members of E/2/28 after the second flag had been raised on Feb. 23, 1945. Below right: Landing on beaches of Iwo Jima at H hour.



Feb. 19, 1945
Marines of the 5th Division
landing on Iwo Jima. Mt. Suribachi
in background.
Lou Lowrey



The grandson of Gen. Tadamichi Kuribayashi attends the 60th anniversary Reunion of Honor.



Top: Cave entrance on Iwo Jima. Middle left: Codetalker Teddy Draper and 5th Engr. Albert Abbatiello during a trip to Iwo Jima in 2005. Middle right: Relief rendition of the flag-raising on a hillside near Hill 382A. Bottom: Reunion of Honor Memorial overlooking the landing beaches.

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for online version.

Announcing the Second Edition of
My Life as a Jarhead
By Ralph Walker-Willis

Ralph Walker-Willis was right in the middle of one of the most horrendous battles of World War II – the conquest of Iwo Jima in February 1945. He was there under withering fire as he tried for a foothold in the black sand of Red Beach. He was there to see the famous flag-raising atop Mount Suribachi, now immortalized in bronze in Washington, D.C., and the subject of a recent motion picture. He was there to see his comrades blown to smithereens by the Japanese. He was there to see the napalm roaring into the caves, devouring the oxygen and smothering the enemy holed up inside.

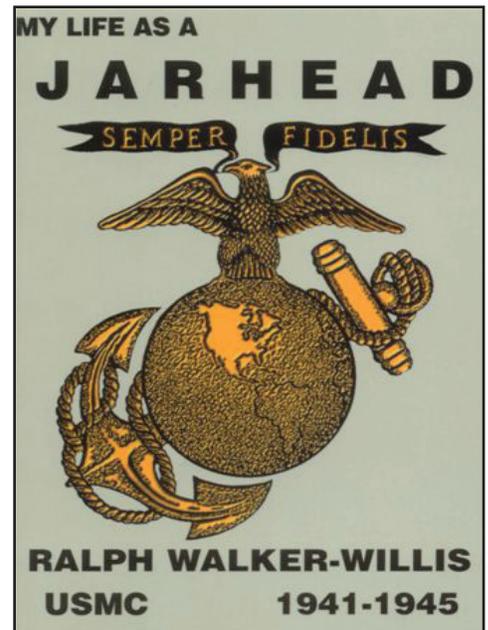
He enlisted at Camp Pendleton ten days after Pearl Harbor. His story moves quickly through boot camp, life aboard ship bound for the Western Pacific, and on to the bloody battlegrounds as the heroic and determined Jarheads moved ever closer to the Japanese homeland.

And after the surrender, he accepted occupation duty on the Japanese mainland.

This isn't pleasant stuff – war never is – but it is important that Americans of every generation always remember the personal sacrifices of the courageous young men like Ralph Walker-Willis.

That is why this wonderful book has been reprinted, after being out of print for nearly six years.

Ernie Pyle "Excellence" award by the WWII Round Table Society; Who's Who in America and Who's Who awards by Marquis Who's Who; Excellence award by International Biographical Institute Literary Award

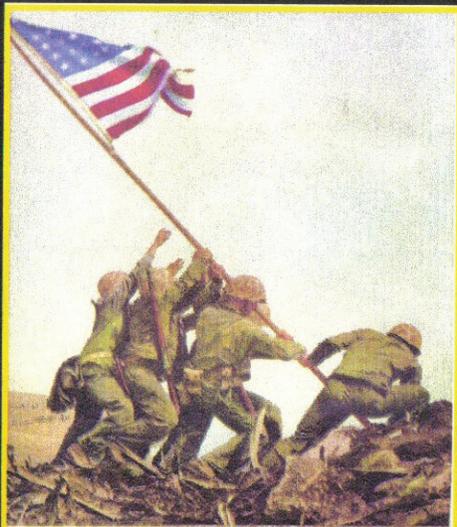


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Mail orders: The Patrice Press, 319 Nottingham Drive, Toole, UT 84074.
ISBN: 1-880387-37-4

Just released!

The classic history of the Marine Corps battle to conquer Iwo Jima

Iwo Jima:
RED BLOOD
BLACK SAND
The battle for Iwo Jima: February 19, 1945



Charles W. Tatum

Just released in its third edition, *Iwo Jima: Red Blood, Black Sand*, has been recommended by Commandants of the Corps, best-selling authors and just plain Marines who fought on the detested, Japanese-held island.

With more photos of the epic battle than any other volume, this book has become a Marine Corps classic.

This volume is the only history of the conquest of Iwo Jima, which includes the full Japanese battle plans and other vital data unavailable elsewhere.

Order it in time for Christmas delivery! Don't let your posterity forget the sacrifices U.S. Marines made on Iwo Jima 63 years ago.

Own it now! \$24.95 plus \$3.50 shipping. To order: Chuck Tatum Publications, PMB 113, 6333 Pacific Ave., Stockton, CA 95207. Or call: (209) 478-2790.

Pass to Royal Hawaiian still honored 30 years later

By Bill Madden, E/2/27

Fifth Division Iwo Jima veterans will remember that after the battle, wounded Marines were allowed a choice of spending two weeks at a rest camp or one week at the beautiful Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Waikiki Beach near Diamond Head. At the time it was the only hotel on that beach, and it had been taken over by the U.S. Government. Red Griffith, also of E-2-27, and I chose one week at the hotel.

As you recall, there were many recreational activities on the large hotel grounds themselves, but Red and I usually spent our time on liberty in town. We had been issued a small cardboard pass with which to get back into the hotel at night.

Now skip thirty years to 1975. My wife Phyllis had never been to Hawaii but had often dreamed of making that wonderful trip to paradise. It seems to me that all women have that same romantic dream. Well, in 1975 I decided to surprise her on our anniversary and produce two tickets to make her dream come true. I don't know what Hawaii is like now, thirty-three years after our trip, but in 1975 it was still the romantic, enchanting place to be, either on a honeymoon or a second one. It does wonders for a couple's love life. It no longer resembled the military Hawaii we all remember so well, and we had a glorious time there.

We stayed at the Sheraton, right next to the Royal Hawaiian where Red and I had stayed in 1945. I took Phyllis through the Royal Hawaiian, which was smaller than the new giant hotels cluttering that beach today, but it is still the most beautiful one in my estimation. She was really impressed by its grandeur.

Well, one night, shortly before we were to leave paradise, and after having a few drinks on the town, we were walking back to the Sheraton. As we started to pass by the Royal Hawaiian, we heard the most beautiful Hawaiian music and singing coming from the rear stage of the hotel. There was a gatekeeper collecting a stiff cover charge from those entering the grounds from the outside. The program sounded so enticing that we were debating the cover charge when the gatekeeper momentarily stepped away from the gate. With the drinks I had on the town making me a bit reckless, I grabbed Phyllis' hand and pulled her through the unattended gate and rushed her to an empty table so we could hear that excellent music.

Phyllis kept saying we were going to get caught, arrested, or at least thrown out ignominiously. I confidently told her that the gatekeeper hadn't seen us

sneak in. I was wrong! You must remember that the Japanese had bought the Royal Hawaiian Hotel since Red and I had stayed there in 1945. This was a Japanese gatekeeper, and he had seen us sneak in. He came over to our table, bowed courteously, and said, "You must pay cover charge, please."



Bill and Phyllis Madden

I said, "Oh, no, we don't pay cover charge. I have a pass for the Royal Hawaiian Hotel." I whipped out the small cardboard pass I had been given thirty years before and thrust it at him as confidently as I could. He took it, stared at the card and the 1945 date for a while, then bowed and said, "One moment please," and left. We watched him go behind the stage, push open a tall mirror which was probably two-way, and disappear inside. He was gone for quite a while, further worrying Phyllis about what might happen to us for sneaking in. Finally, he returned, bowed again, handed me back the card and said, "No cover charge. What would you like to order?"

Over the years we have often mused about what might have been said behind that mirror when our gatekeeper presented that 1945 hotel pass to his Japanese superiors. Did they discuss the situation, recognizing that the pass must have come from a Marine who had fought against their army on Iwo? Could they have worried that a belligerent former Marine might still hold a grudge against those who had wounded him on Iwo Jima and take it out on the Japanese in charge here? They surely knew the history of the hotel. We will never know just what caused them to back off and withdraw the cover charge, but since they did, we had a wonderful free musical experience and a mystery to contemplate over the years.

And, oh yes, we had a great second honeymoon, too, in 1975.



Requiem for an old friend from A/1/28

By Ray Elliott

I knew a man once, a small-town, southern Illinois man with a homespun philosophy and a way of telling a story that I'll never forget. "Heard any good ones lately?" he'd ask and tell you a dozen funny stories. Or he'd tell me about a new book he'd just read, ask me what I was reading or writing.

His name was Oral Correll. Most people in town called him Ben, as I did. Other people called him Smokey or Old Smoke. I never knew where those names came from. It didn't matter. But I later ran into Al Hughes, a man from his Ben's company, at the 59th Iwo Jima Survivors' Reunion in New Orleans. Al told me that Smokey was a popular cartoon character of the time, Fireman Smokey Stoves, and that's where the nickname came from.

Ben's been dead for 30 years now, yet I still think of him often, particularly when this time of year rolls around and I think about where he was back when he was a young man. Those thoughts were even more vivid at the 60th Anniversary Reunion of Honor on Iwo Jima in 2005 when I walked along Green Beach with John Britton (who had been a young captain with the 28th Regimental Headquarters and I learned was a native of Urbana, Illinois, and a graduate of the high school in Urbana where I had taught) and later walked across the narrow part of the island to the western side of the base of Mt. Suribachi when Ben got hit on the fourth day of the campaign.

"I think about it once in a while," Ben told me one February day when I'd ask him if he thought much about those days. "This time of year I'll think about where I was a long time ago. And I'll wonder about some things from back then. I've had a lot of bonus years since then, I guess."

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On that Feb. 19, 1945, D-Day on Iwo Jima, Ben was a 28-year-old rifleman his buddies also called Pop because he was nearly ten years older than many of them. Like most of the Marines that day, he'd never heard of the small volcanic island only 650 miles southeast of Toyko until his ship was two days out of Hawaii. Neither had most other Americans.



Oral C. "Ben" Correll

It didn't take long to change that, though. The picture of the second flag-raising by elements of the 28th Marines on Mt. Suribachi that won Associated Press photographer Joe Rosenthal a Pulitzer Prize and was made into a national monument guaranteed that Iwo Jima and what it came to symbolize would be remembered for a long time to come.

But that didn't concern Ben (or the rest of the Marines) then. They were undoubtedly more interested in staying alive. Ben had hit the beach at 9:07 a.m. with A Company, 3rd Platoon, 1st Battalion, 28th Marine Regiment.

The 1st Battalion was assigned to cut across the narrow part of the island while the 2nd Battalion turned south to take Suribachi. By the time it was taken, not many of Ben's company were left. He was not among them, either, although he wasn't seriously wounded.

"I was agin dying," he told me once with a short laugh. "I was scared, too. I may be as scared again. But I don't think I'll ever be more scared. We shivered waiting to go in, had to go to the head every five minutes. And we'd look around to see how everybody else was taking it.

"As soon as the tracks hit the water, the tension eased. The only bit of conversation I can remember on the way in, though, was a kid from southern Illinois named John Capehart. I don't remember if he lived in Herrin or Shawneetown. He was the only other one

from around close that I knew, except Charles Davidson from Martinsville. He was in the company, too.

“Anyway, John looked kind of serious and grim. ‘Scared, John?’ I asked him. He grinned a little and said, ‘‘Hell, yes, I’m scared. But I’ve been scared most of my damn life.’

“When we hit the beach, we pushed out cases of ammo and grenades out on the sand. We went over the side and headed for the terraces. It looked like the whole fleet was putting in a rolling barrage ahead of us. All that stood out was the snap of bullets or metal on metal.”

Just over the terrace, he said there was a narrow ditch about two feet long that looked like a firing lane for a machine gun so the gun could be depressed to hit the beach. Ben’s company helped another company clear some pillboxes.

“I crawled up the ditch until I came to a small Quonset hut-shaped, stone-and-concrete enclosure, open on both ends and astride the ditch. I wanted to check, so I stood up to look around and way just going back down when a bullet went over my head and through the top of my pack handout the bottom. The bullet went through my K rations, a D bar, my bore cleaner and oil can. Half my chow was shot away.”

After staying flat on his face for a minute, Ben said he crawled on a few feet until he came to a place

flat on my face for another minute and then took another peek. His attention was directed on someone else.

“That night it rained and the temperature got below 50 degrees. We were shivering. But the cold wasn’t all of it. We were downwind from a burning tank. It was a funeral pyre.

“The next morning we started moving up, a few men at a time. There were no gung-hos, no Geronimos. Even the sand muffled the sound of pounding feet. It was like an old silent movie, even eerie. By that evening, we had moved into the brush at the foot of Suribachi. They found us or we found them, and we were occupied until dusk.”

That night and the next morning were more of the same, Ben recalled in the interview I did with him for a column I was writing for area newspapers long after I was out of the Marine Corps. Later in the evening, he said, his platoon, with only “12 or 13,” left was just starting around Suribachi on the west beach when shrapnel put an end to his “Iwo deal.”

“The shrapnel hit about six inches above my knee,” he said. “I told the corpsman I could walk. He told me I couldn’t. And he was right. My left leg was paralyzed. I’d always wondered why a rabbit couldn’t move when you hit them but didn’t kill them. I know now.

“Stretcher bearers were about wiped out, so four men put me on a poncho and took off for the ambulance jeep. Just before that, Skoggings whipped off his combat jacket (in a pouring rain) and wrapped my leg with it. I protested that I would be aboard ship before long, but he said, ‘I’m fat enough to keep out the cold, so who needs it?’ – I was with him later in a hospital in Honolulu, and he said he liked to froze. The poncho split and my tail bounced off a rock, which hurt more than the original wound.”

Before leaving the area for the beach, Ben said he “gave the boys my cigarettes, chewing tobacco and things” he could get aboard ship. Back down on the beach where “bullets were still zipping around in fair numbers.” Correll and an unconscious Marine were slipped into a tent. And a few minutes later Ben said, the 28th Regiment’s Catholic chaplain, Father Bradley, squatted down in front of the tent.

“I’d never spoken to him, or he to me,” Ben said, “but he called me by name, asked how I was, how the rest were, and talked as calmly as in a pew back in the States. He asked, ‘How would you like a canteen full



Japanese pill box on Iwo Jima

where the dirt from a shell burst had filled the ditch. He looked over again, he said, and was staring straight at a Japanese soldier in an enclosure not more than 30 yards away.

“I ducked again,” he said. “Just in time, I guess. That old boy gave me a dusting I won’t forget. I stayed

‘As I was being winched over the side of a hospital ship the next morning, I turned on my side and looked back at the Rock. It was just before noon. And there on the top of Suribachi, a bleak sky in the background with the sun’s rays shinning on it just a little, was one of the most beautiful sites I’ll ever see: The flag stood out in Technicolor against the drab background.’



Ben Correll is pictured at lower right. Can anyone identify the other four Marines in the picture, presumably taken at Camp Tarawa prior to the Iwo Jima campaign?

of coffee?’ I didn’t see any PX about, but of course I said, ‘That would be mighty fine!’ He took my canteen and trotted down the beach about two hundred yards or farther, to disappear into a beached LST. In a few minutes, he came hotfooting up the beach, handed me the coffee, wished me well, and trotted off for the lines.

“Just after dark we were put aboard an LST on the empty tank deck, and it was full of wounded Marines. We were to be transferred the next day to a hospital or secondary hospital ships. The officers and crew threw open the ship’s stores and mess and carried us food and drink far into the night. No one could have treated us with more compassion.

“As I was being winched over the side of a hospital ship the next morning, I turned on my side and looked back at the Rock. It was just before noon. And there on the top of Suribachi, a bleak sky in the background with the sun’s rays shinning on it just a little, was one of the most beautiful sites I’ll ever see: The flag stood out in Technicolor against the drab background.

“It had to be the second flag,” he said, his eyes watering as he spoke. “But it was a real tearjerker. I’ll never see anything like it again.”

After being in the hospital on Guam and in Honolulu and then R & R in a Casual Company area, Ben finally made his way back to Camp Tarawa on the Big Island and back to the same tents he’d been in before leaving for the Iwo Jima campaign.

When he came in one evening, he said the men in the first five tents were “complete strangers.” Not many of his old platoon had made it back to Camp Tarawa. Then in the next to last tent, he said he “found nine or ten of the oldies.”

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“As I came under the flap, all eyes glanced up and conversation ceased. Just before, seconds before, the toe stomping, ear pulling, back slapping and hand shaking that welcomed a member of the pack back to the fold, I heard someone say, ‘I thought somebody shot the S.O.B.’

“Then I knew I was home.”

After I came home from my time in the Marine Corps (1958-61) and up until just a few days before Ben died at 60 years of age, we talked about Iwo Jima and the Marine Corps many times. One of the last things he said to me as he lay on his death bed was, “Won’t be much more time to talk about the Marine Corps.”

He was right. They buried him a few days later, but I remain greatly indebted to Ben for sharing his stories with me.

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Bill Daw, Signal Co. Hdqtrs Bn, of Jacksonville, Fla., lays a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery during a November 2007 Rotary Club-sponsored trip to the World War II Memorial in Washington, D.C.

MOVIE REVIEW

Letters From Iwo Jima (2007)

Editor's Note: Some time ago, Craig Leman, a retired Covallis, Ore., surgeon who served on Iwo Jima in the Fifth Engineer Battalion, then was sent as a replacement officer in H-3-26, wrote that the subject in my novella, Iwo Blasted Again, "is so close to home that I will probably forego reading it, for the same reason I didn't see Flags of Our Fathers, but continue to watch archival documentaries and read archival histories of Iwo. I identify with what I saw and experienced, with the men I knew, and what I observed, and I can't identify the same way with re-creations and fiction, however well-done and well-motivated.

"However, I hope to see Eastwood's film on the Japanese defense of Iwo, because that is the only way I can hope to grasp what it was like to be on their side of the battle."

Later Craig e-mailed that "I saw Letters five times; I thought it was superbly done, and I have heard the same thing from a number of Iwo veterans who saw it."

And after seeing the movie only three times, he wrote this letter to his local newspaper in Corvallis, Ore.:

"Letters from Iwo Jima is a truly great movie. Sixty-two years ago, I spent two weeks on Iwo Jima, fighting the

entrenched Japanese, and another week recuperating from a gunshot wound until I was evacuated by air to a hospital in Guam.

"This film captures some of the grim reality of this struggle. It tells us something of what our soldiers and Marines now are enduring in Iraq and Afghanistan. I have seen it three times. There were four other people in attendance.

"In 1945, I thought I was fighting for an end to such awful bloodletting, and that after we got rid of Tojo and Hitler, the world would come up with a better way of dealing with the needs and conflicts of mankind. Unfortunately, this has not happened.

"I wish more people would see this powerful film. It has many lessons to teach all of us. My feelings about the Japanese are different from what they were in 1945. I could never have predicted how Japan and America have changed."

And it was with that background that I asked permission from the rogerebert.com Web site to reprint Jim Emerson's review below.



By Jim Emerson
Editor, RogerEbert.com

January 12, 2007

For a fraction of a second at the very beginning of Clint Eastwood's *Letters from Iwo Jima*, you may think that you are gazing overhead at a field of stars. In fact, you are looking straight down into the ground, at waves of black sand on the volcanic island where, over the course of five weeks in February and March 1945, an invasion force of 100,000 Americans (two thirds of them U.S. Marines) fought 22,000 entrenched Japanese infantrymen. Only 1,083 Japanese survived the battle, while 6,821 Americans were killed and 20,000 wounded.

It's a simple establishing shot: a tilt up from the beach where the Allied forces landed to Mount Suribachi, a rocky knob on the southern tip of the island where the Japanese holed up in a network of tunnels and bunkers, and on top of which the famous, iconic image of the raising of an American flag was taken. That classically heroic-looking photo, and the collateral damage from its exploitation as a propaganda tool to sell War Bonds, was the subject of Eastwood's 2006 *Flags of Our Fathers*, the companion piece (or other half) of *Letters From Iwo Jima*, though it doesn't really matter which one you see first.

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The opening moments of *Letters* have a cosmic zoom-like effect, taking us from the timeless and abstract (stars/sand) into a specific place and time: "Iwo Jima 2005," as a title denotes. It was on this barren little sulfuric spec in the Pacific Ocean, only about five miles from one end to the other, that so many people fought and died 60 years ago.

Flags of Our Fathers ended with a similar motion, going from memory-images of surviving Marines frolicking in the surf, to the Stars and Stripes atop Mount Suribachi and the battleships in the harbor, and finally up into the sky (another reason you might think you're looking up rather than down at the start of *Letters*, which begins with a view in the opposite direction from the close of *Flags*). The camouflaged artillery that proved so deadly and menacing in *Flags* are, by the start of *Letters*, just rusty relics at a war memorial site. Archeologists explore Suribachi's caves and tunnels, still marveling at how the soldiers ever managed to build them.

And then we're on the beach again, in 1945, as Japanese soldiers prepare for the invasion they know is coming by digging trenches in the sand. It looks like a futile, Sisyphean effort. In a letter to his wife (heard in voiceover) one of the diggers, a puppy-faced former baker named Saigo (Kazunari Ninomiya, in a thoroughly

winning performance), writes philosophically: “This is the hole that we will fight and die in.”

They might have died a lot sooner if they’d stuck with this ill-conceived sand strategy. When the new commander, Gen. Tadamichi Kuribayashi (the always-commanding Ken Watanabe), arrives at Iwo Jima, he immediately changes plans, ordering men and artillery to dig in on higher ground. These are the preparations for the massive ambush we see in *Flags of Our Fathers*.

The Japanese, who are seen as fierce, highly organized fighters in *Flags*, aren’t as well-prepared, or well-equipped, as we may have thought. Dashing Baron Nishi (Tsuyoshi Ihara), the Olympic equestrian

“The Imperial Headquarters is deceiving not just the people but us as well,” Kuribayashi says. It’s a line that could have been adapted from *Flags of Our Fathers*, which was also an examination of various forms of propaganda, codes of honor, and nationalistic symbolism that are among the primary weapons in any war.

When young Saigo is conscripted into the Japanese army, he and his pregnant wife are stunned at the response of his neighbors and friends who, like brainwashed cultists, keep repeating that he is fortunate to be chosen to die for his country. The emphasis here is on the honor conveyed by death itself – something

we see later in the film when soldiers, aware that they’re engaged in a hopeless battle, choose to kill themselves rather than fight to the death. One can’t help recalling the words attributed to Gen. George S. Patton in 1944: “Now I want you to remember that no bastard ever won a war by dying for his country. You won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country.”

In both his films, Eastwood empathizes with the “expendable” soldier on the ground, the “poor bastard” who is only a pawn in a war conceived by generals and politicians, some of whom have never come anywhere near a battlefield or a combat zone. And Eastwood fully commits to a boots-on-the-ground POV: The raising of the American flag, presented as a routine, off-hand task to the soldiers in *Flags of Our Fathers* (and which would have remained that way if a photographer had not been present), is only glimpsed

obliquely from afar by the Japanese in *Letters from Iwo Jima*. Life or death, heroism or folly: It all comes down to which side you’re on, and which piece of ground you’re occupying, at any given moment in the battle. Ebert Rating: ****



General Kuribayashi (Ken Watanabe, far right), who is surrounded by Maj. General Hayashi (Ken Kensei, from left), Admiral Ichimaru (Masashi Nagadoi) and Lieutenant Fujita (Hiroshi Watanabe), surveys the oncoming Allied forces in *Letters from Iwo Jima*, directed by Clint Eastwood. It’s the companion movie to Eastwood’s *Flags of Our Fathers*.

star who once partied with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in Hollywood, appears on the island with his horse, as a symbolic morale-boost for the men. But in a conversation with Kuribayashi over a bottle of Johnnie Walker, Nishi approaches the military reality they face in an indirect manner: “When you think about it,” Nishi offers, “it is regrettable that most of the Combined Fleet was destroyed.” This is the first news Kuribayashi has had of that particular catastrophe – but he already knows he doesn’t have the manpower or weaponry he needs to resist the pending invasion. (Again, parallels to under-equipped American soldiers being asked to hold ground in Iraq without the necessary material support from their leaders at home is a part of the movie’s frame of reference.)

Cast & Credits

Gen. Kuribayashi: Ken Watanabe; Saigo: Kazunari Ninomiya; Baron Nishi: Tsuyoshi Ihara; Shimizu: Ryo Kase; Lt. Ito: Shidou Nakamura. Warner Bros. Pictures and DreamWorks Pictures present a film directed by Clint Eastwood. Written by Iris Yamashita, based on *Picture Letters from Commander in Chief* by Tadamichi Kuribayashi. In Japanese with English subtitles. Running time: 140 minutes. Rated R.

With permission from RogerEbert.com/Chicago Sun-Times.

BOOK REVIEW

Indestructible: The Unforgettable Story of a Marine Hero at the Battle of Iwo Jima

Jack H. Lucas won his Medal of Honor on the black sulfuric sands of Iwo Jima. At 17, he became the youngest 20th-century recipient, and also the youngest Marine to receive his country's highest award for valor.

However, how he survived to accept his medal, the truly amazing story of how he earned the medal and the curious twist of his life's path after his time in the Corps are well worth thorough examination.

"Though I was just 13 when I decided to march on Japan, ride the wave of American retribution, and make the Japanese pay for the attack on Pearl Harbor, I had already passed from boy to man," Lucas writes in the prologue. By the tender age of 14, with his mother's assistance, he had slipped by a recruiter and sallied forth to seek revenge. On Iwo, Private First Class Lucas became a true American hero and seized a unique and honored place tucked well within the "Lore of the Corps."

Unsatisfied with his East Coast duty assignments and a self-professed individualist who enjoyed a good fistfight, he redeployed himself to the West Coast via train. Still fearing that he might miss the war, he went on unauthorized absence, or AWOL, and stowed away in a troopship with the Fifth Marine Division. Soon Lucas found the war he searched for. The troopship in which he embarked had just shoved off for her rendezvous with destiny. He writes, "As I stood on the deck of [USS] Deuel [APA-160], looking toward the distant glittering mushroom that was Iwo Jima, I was five days into my 17th year."

Landing with his unit on Red Beach, Lucas found the black volcanic ash to be difficult to dig in or negotiate. The Japanese defenders paused to let the Marines mass on shore and then unleashed a violent flow of shot and shell. Countless Marines bled and died as they scrambled to expand their initial foothold on the tiny pork chop-shaped island. As Lucas later recalled, Red Beach was well named.

On D-day plus one, Lucas not only met but also passed his matchless test by fire. Two enemy grenades tumbled into the shell hole where he and three other

Marines had taken refuge. "I yelled, 'Grenade!' I remember making the conscious decision to cover

the grenades with my body. ... I dropped to my knees and with a single stroke of my rifle butt, rammed one grenade into the ash. I dove on top of it. I grabbed the second in my right hand, pulled it underneath me and pushed it into the ash."

Miraculously, though torn and shattered, the resolute Marine managed to survive the following concussion.

On Dec. 18, 1945, Lucas, along with 13 other servicemen, received his Medal of Honor from President Harry S. Truman. This illustrious group of medal winners included another storied Marine, Lieutenant Colonel Gregory "Pappy" Boyington. The President, a "Great War" combat vet, quipped: "I would rather have this medal than be President of the United States."

Life wasn't all "beer and skittles" for this Marine hero. He suffered from his wounds, noting that he still carried grenade fragments in his brain and lungs. He was further dogged by post-traumatic stress disorder flashbacks, failed marriages and a prolonged life to remember buddies evaporating in front of his youthful eyes.

The war is never far from him, both physically and emotionally, but he has returned to Iwo and stood upon the fighting ship, USS Iwo Jima. Additionally, he is often an honored guest at reunions, conventions and dedications far and wide. He describes it all quite freely so readers can understand

more of Marines in war.

Jack Lucas' story is beyond compare. Consider this: when was the last time you've read a splendidly written book authored by a veteran who wrapped his body around two live grenades?

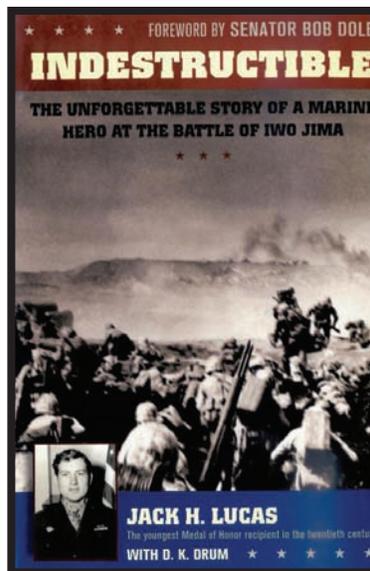
God bless you, sir. You're one tough Marine!

— **Robert B. Loring**

Leatherneck Editor's Note: "Red Bob" Loring is a frequent reviewer; Marine veteran; founding member of the Sgt. Maj. Michael Curtin Detachment (Det. 1124), Marine Corps League.

Appeared in November 2006 Leatherneck magazine. Reprinted with permission.

Note: Signed copies are available from Jack at 75 Elks Lake Road, Hattiesburg, MS 39401, or (601) 544-0049.



Fifth Marine Division Association

Year Ended December 31, 2007

INCOME-	2007	2006	EXPENSE-	2007	2006
-Dues	\$8,720.00	\$11,660.00	-Administration	\$9,625.00	\$13,500.00
-General	2,611.71	5,672.13	-Office expenses	1,015.68	1,723.13
-Scholarship	0.00	4,308.00	-Scholarship donation	0.00	4,000.00
-Reunion return	0.00	7,000.00	-Reunion advances	3,000.00	3,000.00
-Membership receipts	<u>11,331.71</u>	<u>28,640.13</u>	-Spearhead News, production & distribution	8,673.75	7,899.08
-Interest income	<u>9,705.16</u>	<u>5,588.19</u>	-Loss on sale of investment	<u>0.00</u>	<u>3,551.77</u>
-TOTAL INCOME	<u>21,036.87</u>	<u>34,228.32</u>	-TOTAL EXPENSE	<u>22,314.43</u>	<u>33,673.98</u>
NET INCOME (EXPENSE)					
	<u>(\$1,277.56)</u>	<u>\$554.34</u>			

Fifth Marine Division Association

Statement of Net Worth	Balance 31-Dec-07	31-Dec-06	Change Inc/(Dec)
Bank Account	\$123,278.05	\$27,627.31	\$95,650.74
Investments-			
Bank of America CD 4.90%, due February 21, 2008	34,444.73	32,820.33	1,624.40
Uvest Financial Services-- GMAC Bank CD 5.20%, due July 11, 2008	31,977.37	0.00	31,977.37
CDs maturing in 2007	0.00	130,530.07	(130,530.07)
	<u>31,977.37</u>	<u>130,530.07</u>	<u>(98,552.70)</u>
Total Investments	<u>66,422.10</u>	<u>163,350.40</u>	<u>(96,928.30)</u>
Net Worth	<u>\$189,700.15</u>	<u>\$190,977.71</u>	<u>(\$1,277.56)</u>

Prepared by
James G. Shriver, Treasurer
January 30, 2008

2008 EVENT SCHEDULE

• Wednesday, August 27 •

6 p.m. – **Welcome Reception**

Wounded Marine Semper Fi Program and talk by Sgt. Maj. Gene Overstreet, 12th Sergeant Major of USMC.
(Meal included.)

• Thursday, August 28 •

9 a.m. – **Marine Corps Museum, Quantico, Va.**

Buses leave hotel at 9 a.m. to arrive at the museum at 10:30 a.m. Two (2) choices of box lunch: Turkey or Ham.
Speaker: Gen. Al Gray, 29th Commandant of USMC. Buses depart for hotel as filled, or by 2:30 p.m.

6 p.m. – **Young Marine Program**

Featuring Col. Mike Kessler, national director of the Young Marine Program, and a young Marine who will speak about the Iwo Jima Monument.

Iwo Jima Seminar and Discussion

Led by Col. John Ripley, former USMC historian. (Meal included.)

• Friday, August 29 •

8:30 a.m. – **Washington Memorial Visits**

Buses leave hotel at 8:30 a.m. for Washington, D.C. **WWII Memorial** – Frank Wright to place the wreath and make comments. **Vietnam Memorial** – Asst. Under Sec. of Navy Barney Barnum to place wreath. **Iwo Jima Memorial** – Maj. Gen. Haynes to place wreath and make comments; 5th Division Assn. Chaplin Bill Pace will give prayer. Buses depart for hotel at noon.

2 p.m. – **Executive Committee Meeting**

6 p.m. – **USMC Sunset Parade at 8th & I, with Drum & Bugle Corps**

Buses leave hotel at 6 p.m. and board at 8th & I for return trip to hotel at 9 p.m., as they fill up.

• Saturday, August 30 •

8:30 - 9:30 a.m. – **Memorial Service**

10:30 a.m. – **Business Meeting**

6 p.m. – **Reception** (Cash bar)

7 p.m. – **Banquet**

Speaker: Gen. Conway, Commandant of USMC

2008 REGISTRATION FORM

Listed below are total registration, tour and meal cost for the reunion. Please enter how many attendees will be participating in each event and the total cost for each activity, and send a check or money order to the Fifth Marine Division Association. Phone or credit cards will NOT BE ACCEPTED. Your cancelled check will serve as your confirmation. All registration forms and payments must be received by mail on or before August 1, 2008. After that date registration will be accepted on a space-available basis only. We suggest you make a copy of your completed form prior to mailing.

JULY 15, 2008, CUT-OFF DATE FOR REGISTRATION

<u>DAY</u>	<u>EVENT</u>		X	#OF PEOPLE	=	TOTAL
REGISTRATION	(MEMBERS ONLY)	\$15.00	X		=	\$15.00
WEDNESDAY (8-27)	REGISTRATION 1 p.m.					
WEDNESDAY (8-27) Meal served	Sgt. Maj. Gene Overstreet, 12th Sgt. Maj. Of USMC	\$25.00	X		=	
THURSDAY a.m. (8-28) Meal served	MARINE MUSEUM 29th Commandant USMC General Al Gray Ret.	\$25.00	X		=	
THURSDAY p.m. (8-28) Meal served	Col. Mike Kessler USMC Ret., Nat. Dir. Of Young Marines_ IWO JIMA SEMINAR led by Col. John Ripley USMC, former USMC Historian	\$25.00	X		=	
FRIDAY a.m. (8-29)	WWII MEMORIAL VIETNAM MEMORIAL IWO JIMA MEMORIAL	\$5.00	X		=	
FRIDAY 6 p.m. (8-29)	8th & I. USMC PARADE Drum & Bugle Corps	\$15.00	X		=	
SATURDAY a.m. (8-30)	MEMORIAL SERVICE		X		=	
SATURDAY a.m. (8-30)	BUSINESS MEETING					
SATURDAY p.m. (8-30)	BANQUET & DANCING (Beef or Chicken)	\$45.00	X		=	
	HOSPITALITY (EVERY ONE PAYS)	\$20.00	X		=	
SATURDAY a.m. (8-30)	LADIES AUXILIARY DUES (OPTIONAL)	\$5.00	X		=	
TOTAL PAYABLE		\$				

Print Name _____ Served With _____
 Name of Spouse and/or
 Guest _____
 Street Address _____
 City & State, Zip _____ Phone _____
 Disability/Dietary Restrictions _____

Please make check payable to FIFTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION. Mail to Fifth Marine Division Association, P.O. Box #550185, Dallas, TX 75355-0185; Phone: 1-972-744-0191 or 1-972-524-7026.



5TH Marine Division Association

2008 Conference

Wed, August 27 – Sun, August 31, 2008

♪♪ Cut Off Date for Reservations ♪♪

Friday, August 1, 2008

Reservations: 800-228-9290

Hotel Guest Registration Form

Name (Print): _____
Last First

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: () _____ Fax: _____ # in party: _____

Arrival Date: _____ Departure Date: _____

PLEASE CHECK ROOM REQUEST

- | | | |
|--|--|----------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Standard</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>Standard</i> | <i>All rooms are</i> |
| <i>1 King Sized Bed</i> | <i>2 Double Beds</i> | <i>NON SMOKING</i> |
| <i>\$99.00</i> | <i>\$99.00</i> | |

Rates do not include applicable taxes, currently 10.25%. Complimentary Hospitality suites from August 27-31, 2008. Complimentary airport shuttle to and from DCA, Reagan National Airport. Shuttle services start at 6:10am and ends at 10:50pm, runs every 15-20 mins.

Credit Card Choice

___ American Express ___ Master Card ___ Visa ___ Diner's Club ___ Discover

Credit Card Number: _____ Expiration Date: _____

Signature: _____

To guarantee your reservation, we require first nights deposit either:

1. Mail an advance deposit in the form of a check or money order covering the first nights room and tax (10.25%) payable to "Crystal City Marriott" along with a copy of this form.
- OR
2. Include your credit card number card number. We accept Diners Club, American Express, Discover, Visa and Mastercard.

The Marriot Hotel regrets that it cannot hold your reservations after 6:00pm on the day of arrival without one of the above methods of payments.

Deposits will be refunded only if cancellation notification is given at least 24 hours prior to arrival. Please fill in the information requested above and return this to the attention of the Hotel Reservation Department

****Reservations requested after the cut off date are subject to rate and space availability****

FIFTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Ted Overgard, Secretary
P.O. Box 1775
Harrison, AR 72602-1775

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5th Marine Division Association MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

All annual memberships expire on 31 December. Please renew on time.

New member () Renewal () Associate ()

Served with: _____
Co. Bn. Reg.

Name: _____
Street: _____
City: _____ State: _____
Zip: _____ Phone: _____

Mail to:
5th Marine Division Association
Ted Overgard, Secy.
P.O. Box 1775
Harrison, AR 72602-1775

Office Use Only

LGR		LF	
DB		NM	
CRD		FM	
ADS		NL	

Dues - check one

() Annual \$ 10.00
() Lifetime \$ 100.00

Fund contribution(s)

() General \$ _____

TOTAL \$ _____

(Make checks payable to: 5th Marine Division Assn.)