

DETACHMENT NEWSLETTER
MARINE CORPS LEAGUE TREASURE VALLEY
DETACHMENT #878 October 2015 Edition 4
BOISE, IDAHO

OUR OFFICERS
AND STAFF
2015-2017

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The Commandants' Corner-Bill Heyob

Commandant -No article submitted due to prior necessary commitments. Any pertinent info that would have been in the Newsletter from the Commandant will be sent later by email.



Greetings from the Senior Vice Commandant.

I had the honor and privilege this past week of attending the Northwest District Marine Corps League meeting in Post Falls, Idaho in which I attended with the Detachment Commandant.

We met representatives from Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and Montana. Apparently there wasn't enough snow in Alaska for the sled dogs to make it this year, so we had no representatives from Alaska.

The Commandant was gracious enough to show this "Ohio boy" some of the highlights of northern Idaho.

We toured Lewiston and Post Falls, and I had the privilege of seeing the beauty of both Lake Coeur d'Alene and Lake Pend Oreille, which was the former training base for naval recruits.

Among the other sites the Commandant took me to, was the Buck knife factory (which I rather enjoyed) and we also spent time in Cabela's.

The meeting at the Marine Corps League was informative, but a bit long. Most of the meeting was a general review of the events of the past few months and the dismissal of the past Executive Director, CTO and IT employee. We now have a temporary Executive Director, Tom Hazlett, who will serve until a permanent replacement is found.

With the events of the past few months, it was determined that we need fail-safe procedures in place and these have been implemented. With that said, our hope is to move forward, and make the Marine Corps League the great organization that it is.

Semper Fi

For information or to submit articles to be published/reviewed for this Newsletter
please contact: Bobby J. Lee
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TVDMCL CALENDAR
COURTESY OF JR. VICE MODLER

OCTOBER 2015

Meeting 15 Oct
 Veterans Home Parking Lot
 Cookout 1000 TO 1400 3 Oct
 TVD Board meeting 7 Oct
 Decide/Coordinate MC B-Day at
 Vet Home

NOVEMBER 2015

Meeting 19 Nov
 March in Veterans Day Parade
 Nov 7TH at 0930
 MC B-Day Vet Home 10 Nov
 B Day at Quinn's 10 Nov noon & 7p
 TVD Board meeting 11 Nov
 C CO, 4TH TK BN Ball 14 Nov
 Determine Annual Award
 Recipients

DECEMBER 2015

Holiday Party 17 Dec
 TVD Board meeting 9 Dec
 Assist C CO with Toys for Tots as
 Requested
 Caldwell Night Light Parade 5 Dec
 6 to 8pm
 Place Christmas wreaths at VA
 Cemetery



Junior Vice Walt Modler

From the Jr. Vice to members after much consideration and assistance from well wishers, I have decided to shorten my planned 3 part visit at the National Convention. The best comment was "I was boring the sh#% out of the readers". So let me say that the Convention was much in confusion and turmoil from the recent news at National HQ and they, the ones in power at the time, are working to correct their deficiencies.

The Devil Dogs and Auxiliary held meetings and provided lots of entertainment with activities through out the convention.

On the recruiting front I have learned in performing on the street recruiting that with "sheer luck" is probably how sitting in front of a store we will meet any numbers of prospective Marines wanting to join. The best that keeps coming up is the one-on-one, we meet another Marine, we tell them about us and what we do. Get the information to contact that person and hand it over to the Jr. Vice to send information on the League, as well to follow up. If you as members will make only one face to face contact each year we have a chance of keeping this Detachment alive, if not it becomes a coffee klatch first and eventually folds.

I will do my part to try and grow the detachment to continue to seek out locations where a recruiting booth can be setup for a day to test the water for prospective members. All I ask is if you find them we can together try and turn them to the green side again.

If you missed the news a new page has been added to the website (<http://tvdmccl.org/calendar/coffee-wagon-annual-schedule/>) which will list the names and dates members have signed up to stand Coffee Trailer watch. Just as soon as the Wagon Master provides updates they will be posted here. So if in doubt of you scheduled date check here.

Walt Modler
 Jr. Vice Commandant
 Web-Master



MCL Meeting-American Legion Post 113

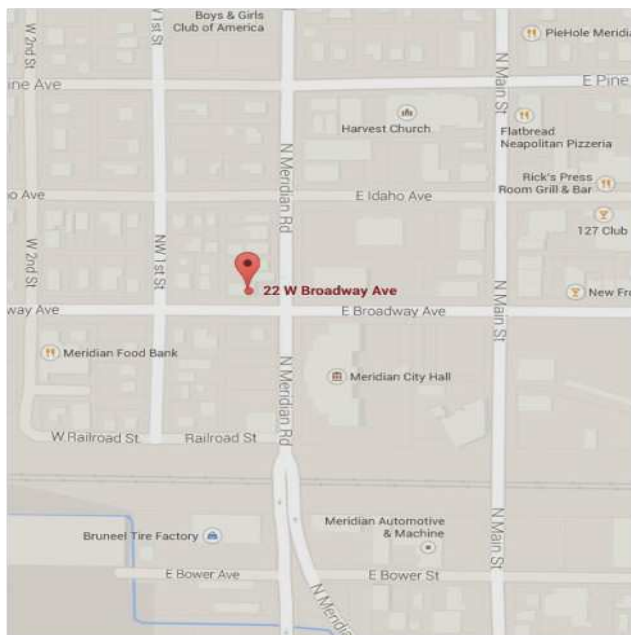
22 W. Broadway Ave., Meridian, ID, 83680

We are located on the corner of Broadway and Meridian Rd., behind City Hall.

22 W. Broadway Ave., Meridian, ID, 83680

Marines of the Treasure Valley Detachment with the closing of Fuddruckers we have relocated to the Legion Hall in Meridian. This temporary move will provide us with an opportunity to increase our meeting attendance. Those members living in the local Meridian area come on down **the 3rd Thursday of each month at 1900 (7 PM) Meeting Time. Come early to meet & Greet!**

Let's open a new era of attendance and involvement it's your detachment become involved.



Ships Store

Check your inventory of TVD / MCL wardrobe items a new T-Shirt is available for \$12.00



Special item **Wind Breakers** are only \$15.00 ea. while supply lasts.



Items shown and other MCL items are available by contacting Maggie or come to the Regular meeting.

Maggie Modler
Ships Store Keeper
371-4236

FOR THE VIETNAM VETS CHECK OUT THIS TRIBUTE!

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/aVeBtnfAxP8>

TWELVE TRIVIAL AND ODD WWII FACTS

You might enjoy this from Col D. G. Swinford, USMC, Retired and a history buff. You would really have to dig deep to get this kind of ringside seat to history:

1. The first German serviceman killed in WW II was killed by the Japanese (China , 1937), The first American serviceman killed was killed by the Russians (Finland 1940); The highest ranking American killed was Lt Gen Lesley McNair, killed by the US Army Air Corps.
2. The youngest US serviceman was 12 year old: Calvin Graham, USN. He was wounded and given a Dishonorable Discharge for lying about his age. His benefits were later restored by act of Congress.
3. At the time of Pearl Harbor, the top US Navy command was called CINCUS (pronounced 'sink us'; the shoulder patch of the US Army's 45th Infantry division was the swastika. Hitler's private train was named 'Amerika.' All three were soon changed for PR purposes.
4. More US servicemen died in the Air Corps than the Marine Corps.
While completing the required 30 missions, an airman's chance of being killed was 71%.
5. Generally speaking, there was no such thing as an average fighter pilot. You were either an ace or a target. For instance, Japanese Ace Hiroyoshi Nishizawho shot down over 80 planes. He died while a passenger on a cargo plane.
6. It was a common practice on fighter planes to load every 5th round with a tracer round to aid in aiming. This was a big mistake. Tracers had different Ballistics so (at long range) if your tracers were hitting the target 80% of your rounds were missing. Worse yet tracers instantly told your enemy he was under fire and from which direction. Worst of all was the practice of loading a string of tracers at the end of the belt to tell you that you were out of ammo. This was definitely not something you wanted to tell the enemy. Units that stopped using tracers saw their success rate nearly double and their loss rate go down.

7. When allied armies reached the Rhine, the first thing men did was pee in it. This was pretty universal from the lowest private to Winston Churchill (who made a big show of it) and Gen. Patton (who had himself photographed in the act).

8. German ME-264 bombers were capable of bombing New York City, but they decided it wasn't worth the effort.

9. German submarine U-120 was sunk by a malfunctioning toilet.

10. Among the first 'Germans' captured at Normandy were several Koreans. They had been forced to fight for the Japanese Army until they were captured by the Russians and forced to fight for the Russian Army until they were captured by the Germans and forced to fight for the German Army until they were captured by the US Army.

11. Following a massive naval bombardment, 35,000 United States and Canadian troops stormed ashore at Kiska, in the Aleutian Islands. 21 troops were killed in the assault on the island... It could have been worse if there had actually been any Japanese on the island.

12. The last Marine killed in WW2 was killed by a can of spam. He was on the ground as a POW in Japan when rescue flights dropping food and supplies came over, the package came apart in the air and a stray can of spam hit him and killed him.

AND NOW YOU KNOW THE REST OF THE STORY!

Simply delightful and playful use of the language...ENJOY

The Washington Post's Mensa Invitational once again invited readers to take any word from the dictionary, alter it by adding, subtracting, or changing one letter, and supply a new definition.

Here are the winners:

1. Cashtration (n.): The act of buying a house, which renders the subject financially impotent for an indefinite period of time.

2. Ignoranus: A person who's both stupid and an a\$\$hole.

3. Intaxicatton: Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realize it was your money to start with.

4. Reintarnation: Coming back to life as a hillbilly.

5. Bozone (n.): The substance surrounding stupid people that stops bright ideas from penetrating. The bozone layer, unfortunately, shows little sign of breaking down in the near future.

6. Foreploy: Any misrepresentation about yourself for the purpose of getting laid.

7. Giraffiti: Vandalism spray-painted very, very high.

8. Sarchasm: The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it.

9. Inoculatte: To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.

10. Osteopornosis: A degenerate disease. (This one got extra credit.)

11. Karmageddon: It's like, when everybody is sending off all these really bad vibes, right? And then, like, the Earth explodes and it's like, a serious bummer.

12. Decafalon (n.): The grueling event of getting through the day consuming only things that are good for you.

13. Glibido: All talk and no action.

14. Dopler Effect: The tendency of stupid ideas to seem smarter when they come at you rapidly.
15. Arachnoleptic Fit (n.): The frantic dance performed just after you've accidentally walked through a spider web.
16. Beelzebug (n.): Satan in the form of a mosquito, that gets into your bedroom at three in the morning and cannot be cast out.
17. Caterpallor (n.): The color you turn after finding half a worm in the fruit you're eating.

The Washington Post has also published the winning submissions to its yearly contest, in which readers are asked to supply alternate meanings for common words.

And the winners are:

1. Coffee, n. The person upon whom one coughs.
2. Flabbergasted, adj. Appalled by discovering how much weight one has gained.
3. Abdicate, v. To give up all hope of ever having a flat stomach.
4. Esplanade, v. To attempt an explanation while drunk.
5. Willy-nilly, adj. Impotent.
6. Negligent, adj. Absentmindedly answering the door when wearing only a nightgown.
7. Lymph, v. To walk with a lisp.
8. Gargoyle, n. Olive-flavoured mouthwash.
9. Flatulence, n. Emergency vehicle that picks up someone who has been run over by a steamroller.
10. Balderdash, n. A rapidly receding hairline.
11. Testicle, n. A humorous question on an exam.
12. Rectitude, n. The formal, dignified bearing adopted by proctologists.
13. Pokemon, n. A Rastafarian proctologist.
14. Oyster, n. A person who sprinkles his conversation with Yiddishisms.
15. Frisbeetarianism, n. The belief that, after death, the soul flies up onto the roof and gets stuck there.
16. Circumvent, n. An opening in the front of boxer shorts worn by Jewish men.

You can't make this stuff up folks!!!

THE SOTHERN CODE OF THE HILLS

.....on the Southern Code of the Hills (resurfaced on a conservative website). This written after the punitive raids by Reagan on foreign dictators.(March 28, 1986|By Charley Reese of the Sentinel Staff)

President Reagan, a Midwesterner, wouldn't know this, but the Southern Code of the Hills says, "Never shoot a man without killing him."

The president has violated that rule a lot, both with Libyan dictator Moammar Khadafy and with the Nicaraguan Sandinistas. The logic of the code is that if you only wound your enemies, you will have to fight them again — and the next time they may get the drop on you.

If you would prefer to have this principle expressed in more hoity-toity terms, then I can say that military forces are not designed to make demonstrations. They are designed to close with and destroy your enemies and any other use of them is misuse and apt to get you into trouble.

Reagan misused the Marines in Lebanon and it cost us 267 lives and an enormous loss of face in the Middle East. The Marines are not trained and designed to be police officers, diplomats or military schoolteachers. They are an assault force.

The flaw in the Gulf of Sidra exercise is that if Khadafy is still alive and in power after the fleet leaves, then no matter how many of his boats are sunk and his underlings killed, Khadafy wins and the United States loses. The inescapable fact is that Khadafy defied the armed might of the United States and survived. That is a victory, no matter what timid deskbound strategists in the White House or Pentagon say.

If Reagan wasn't prepared to use a limited attack as an excuse to knock Khadafy completely out of power, then he should have kept the fleet out of the Gulf of Sidra. If all you want to do is argue points of international law, then you should use lawyers and diplomats, not the Navy.

Fearful people addicted to half steps will try to say we made our point about freedom of the seas by killing a few Libyans, but we didn't. Khadafy made his point. He said the Gulf of Sidra was his and that he would defend it. He did. And he's still there and we're not. You haven't established a right to travel if every time you travel you have to shoot your way through a place.

Reagan, a nice man, does not understand the world, which is just as barbaric as ever. He does not understand that rhetoric notwithstanding, most people in the world can see reality with clear eyes.

The reality is that though Reagan has declared the Sandinistas to be our enemy, they are still in power and thriving. The reality is that though he has declared Khadafy to be our enemy, Khadafy is still in power. The inescapable conclusion is that the United States is impotent to deal with its enemies if they are more in number than the few communists in Grenada. The leader of the last free superpower blusters and threatens, but pipsqueak enemies continue to thrive.

If Reagan had hung out in bad bars and dangerous places instead of living a sheltered life, he would know that a great nation must act like the truly dangerous man.

The truly dangerous man does not wear camouflage fatigues or muscle shirts. He does not talk loudly, boast how tough he is, give demonstrations or make threats. The truly dangerous man dresses inconspicuously and is soft-spoken. He walks away from most confrontations. The only time you learn that the truly dangerous man is mad at you is a split second before you die, for he never fights. He only kills. The truly dangerous man knows that fighting is what children do and killing is what men do.

The United States should present a serene face to the world, confident and open to friendship, tolerant of inconsequential posturing. But, when the United States does frown in public, that frown should be a death sentence. That's the only way the United States will earn respect in a world of nation-states, most of which are run by thieves, cutthroats and greedy opportunists. Never shoot a man you don't intend to kill....'

“HAPPY TRAILS TO YOU”

The young guns may not understand the meaning of this, but if you're over 50 you will!

THE END OF AN ERA.....

The Roy Rogers Museum in Branson , MO has closed its doors forever.

The contents of the museum were sold at a public auction.

Roy Rogers told his son, if the museum ever operates at a loss, close it, and sell the contents. He complied.

Note the follow-on article; truly the end of an era.

Here is a partial listing of some of the items that were sold at auction...

Roy's 1964 Bonneville sold for \$254,500. It was estimated to sell between 100 and 150 thousand dollars.

His script book from the January 14, 1953 episode of

This Is Your Life sold for \$10,000 (EST. \$800-\$1,000).

A collection of signed baseballs (Pete Rose, Duke Snyder, and other greats) sold for \$3,750.

A collection of signed bats (Yogi Berra, Enos Slaughter, Bob Feller, and others) sold for \$2,750.

Trigger 's saddle and bridle sold for \$386,500 (EST. 100-150 K).

One of many of Roy 's shirts sold for \$16,250 and one of his many cowboy hats sold for \$17,500.

One set of boot spurs sold for \$10,625.
(He never used a set of spurs on Trigger).

A life size shooting gallery sold for \$27,500.

Various chandeliers sold from \$6,875 to \$20,000.

Very unique and artistic in their western style.

Roy's first Boots

A signed photograph by Don Larsen taken during his perfect game in the world series against the Dodgers on Oct. 8, 1953, along with a signed baseball to Roy from Don, sold for \$2,500.

Two fabulous limited edition BB guns in their original boxes with Numerous photos of Roy, Dale, Gabby, and Pat sold for \$3,750.

A collection of memorabilia from his shows entertaining the troops in Vietnam sold for \$938.
I never knew he was there.

His flight jacket sold for \$7,500.

His set of dinnerware plates and silverware sold for \$11,875.

The Bible they used at the dinner table every night sold for \$8,750.

One of several of his guitars sold for \$27,500.

Nellybelle sold for \$116,500.

A fabulous painting of Roy , Dale, Pat, Buttermilk, Trigger, and Bullet sold for \$10,625.

One of several sets of movie posters sold for \$18,750.

A black and white photograph of Gene Autry with a touching inscription From Gene to Roy sold for \$17,500.

A Republic Productions Poster bearing many autographs of the people that played in Roy's movies sold for \$11,875.

Dale's horse, Buttermilk (whose history is very interesting) sold below the presale estimate for \$25,000. (EST. 30-40 K).

Bullet sold for \$35,000 (EST. 10-15 K). He was their real pet.

Dale's parade saddle, estimated to sell between 20-30 K, sold for \$104,500.

One of many pairs of Roy 's boots sold for \$21,250.

Trigger sold for \$266,500.

Do you remember the 1938 movie *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland?

Well, Olivia rode Trigger in that movie.

Trigger was bred on a farm co-owned by Bing Crosby.

Roy bought Trigger on a time payment plan for \$2,500.

Roy and Trigger made 188 movies together.

Trigger even outdid Bob Hope by winning an Oscar in the movie *Son of Paleface* in 1953.

It is extremely sad to see this era lost forever. Despite the fact that Gene and Roy's movies, as well as those of other great characters, can be bought or rented for viewing, today's kids would rather spend their time playing video games.

Today it takes a very special pair of parents to raise their kids with the right values and morals.

These were the great heroes of our childhood, and they did teach us right from wrong, and how to have and show respect for each other and the animals that share this earth.

You and I were born at the right time.

We were able to grow up with these great people even if we never met them.

In their own way they taught us patriotism and honor.

We learned that lying and cheating were bad, and that sex wasn't as important as love.

We learned how to suffer through disappointment and failure and work through it.

Our lives were drug free.

So it's good-bye to Roy and Dale, Gene and Hoppy, the Lone Ranger, and Tonto.

Farewell to Sky King and Superman and Sgt. Friday.

Thanks to Capt. Kangaroo, Mister Rogers, and Capt. Noah and all those people whose lives touched ours and made them better.

It was a great ride through childhood.

HAPPY TRAILS MY FRIENDS !

Heroes of the Vietnam Generation by Senator James Webb (VA).

(A commemorative Article for the RVN Veterans)

The rapidly disappearing cohort of Americans that endured the Great Depression and then fought World War II is receiving quite a send-off from the leading lights of the so-called 60s generation. Tom Brokaw has published two oral histories of "The Greatest Generation" that feature ordinary people doing their duty and suggest that such conduct was historically unique.

Chris Matthews of "Hardball" is fond of writing columns praising the Navy service of his father while castigating his own baby boomer generation for its alleged softness and lack of struggle. William Bennett gave a startling condescending speech at the Naval Academy a few years ago comparing the heroism of the "D-Day Generation" to the drugs-and-sex nihilism of the "Woodstock Generation." And Steven Spielberg, in promoting his film "Saving Private Ryan," was careful to justify his portrayals of soldiers in action based on the supposedly unique nature of World War II.

An irony is at work here. Lest we forget, the World War II generation now being lionized also brought us the Vietnam War, a conflict which today's most conspicuous voices by and large opposed, and in which few of them served. The "best and brightest" of the Vietnam age group once made headlines by castigating their parents for bringing about the war in which they would not fight, which has become the war they refuse to remember.

Pundits back then invented a term for this animus: the "generation gap." Long, plaintive articles and even books were written examining its manifestations. Campus leaders, who claimed precocious wisdom through the magical process of reading a few controversial books, urged fellow baby boomers not to trust anyone over 30. Their elders who had survived the Depression and fought the largest war in history were looked down upon as shallow, materialistic and out of touch.

Those of us who grew up, on the other side of the picket line from that era's counter-culture can't help but feel a little leery of this sudden gush of appreciation for our elders from the leading lights of the old counter-culture. Then and now, the national conversation has proceeded from the dubious assumption that those who came of age during Vietnam are a unified generation in the same sense as their parents were and thus are capable of being spoken for through these fickle elites.

In truth, the "Vietnam generation" is a misnomer. Those who came of age during that war are permanently divided by different reactions to a whole range of counter-cultural agendas and nothing divides them more deeply than the personal ramifications of the war itself. The sizable portion of the Vietnam age group who declined to support the counter-cultural agenda, and especially the men and women who opted to serve in the military during the Vietnam War, are quite different from their peers who for decades have claimed to speak for them. In fact, they are much like the World War II generation itself. For them, Woodstock was a side show, college protestors were spoiled brats who would have benefited from having to work a few jobs in order to pay their tuition, and Vietnam represented not an intellectual exercise in draft avoidance, or protest marches but a battlefield that was just as brutal as those their fathers faced in World War II and Korea.

Few who served during Vietnam ever complained of a generation gap. The men who fought World War II were their heroes and role models. They honored their father's service by emulating it, and largely agreed with their father's wisdom in attempting to stop Communism's reach in Southeast Asia.

The most accurate poll of their attitudes (Harris, 1980) showed that 91 percent were glad they'd served their country, 74 percent enjoyed their time in the service, and 89 percent agreed with the statement that "our troops were asked to fight in a war which our political leaders in Washington would not let them win." And most importantly, the castigation they received upon returning home was not from the World War II generation, but from the very elites in their age group who supposedly spoke for them.

Nine million men served in the military during Vietnam War, three million of whom went to the Vietnam Theater. Contrary to popular mythology, two-thirds of these were volunteers, and 73 percent of those who died were volunteers.

While some attention has been paid recently to the plight of our prisoners of war, most of whom were pilots; there has been little recognition of how brutal the war was for those who fought it on the ground.

Dropped onto the enemy's terrain 12,000 miles away from home, America's citizen-soldiers performed with a tenacity and quality that may never be truly understood. Those who believe the war was fought incompletely on a tactical level

should consider Hanoi's recent admission that 1.4 million of its soldiers died on the battlefield, compared to 58,000 total U.S. dead.

Those who believe that it was a "dirty little war" where the bombs did all the work might contemplate that is/was the most costly war the U.S. Marine Corps has ever fought: five times as many dead as World War I, three times as many dead as in Korea, and more total killed and wounded than in all of World War II.

Significantly, these sacrifices were being made at a time the United States was deeply divided over our effort in Vietnam. The baby-boom generation had cracked apart along class lines as America's young men were making difficult, life-or-death choices about serving. The better academic institutions became focal points for vitriolic protest against the war, with few of their graduates going into the military. Harvard College, which had lost 691 alumni in World War II, lost a total of 12 men in Vietnam from the classes of 1962 through 1972 combined. Those classes at Princeton lost six, at MIT two. The media turned ever more hostile. And frequently the reward for a young man's having gone through the trauma of combat was to be greeted by his peers with studied indifference of outright hostility.

What is a hero? My heroes are the young men who faced the issues of war and possible death, and then weighed those concerns against obligations to their country. Citizen-soldiers who interrupted their personal and professional lives at their most formative stage, in the timeless phrase of the Confederate Memorial in Arlington National Cemetery, "not for fame or reward, not for place or for rank, but in simple obedience to duty, as they understood it." Who suffered loneliness, disease, and wounds with an often-contagious élan. And who deserve a far better place in history than that now offered them by the so-called spokesmen of our so-called generation.

Mr. Brokaw, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Spielberg, meet my Marines. 1969 was an odd year to be in Vietnam. Second only to 1968 in terms of American casualties, it was the year made famous by Hamburger Hill, as well as the gut-wrenching Life cover story showing pictures of 242 Americans who had been killed in one average week of fighting. Back home, it was the year of Woodstock, and of numerous anti-war rallies that culminated in the Moratorium march on Washington. The My Lai massacre hit the papers and was seized upon the anti-war movement as the emblematic moment of the war.

Lyndon Johnson left Washington in utter humiliation. Richard Nixon entered the scene, destined for an even worse fate. In the An Hoa Basin southwest of DaNang, the Fifth Marine Regiment was in its third year of continuous combat operations. Combat is an unpredictable and inexact environment, but we were well led. As a rifle platoon and company commander, I served under a succession of three regimental commanders who had cut their teeth in World War II, and four different battalion commanders, three of whom had seen combat in Korea. The company commanders were typically captains on their second combat tour in Vietnam, or young first lieutenants like myself who were given companies after many months of "bush time" as platoon commanders in the Basin's tough and unforgiving environs.

The Basin was one of the most heavily contested areas in Vietnam, its torn, cratered earth offering every sort of war-time possibility. In the mountains just to the west, not far from the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the North Vietnamese Army operated an infantry division from an area called Base Area 112. In the valleys of the Basin, main-force Viet Cong battalions whose ranks were 80 percent North Vietnamese Army regulars moved against the Americans every day. Local Viet Cong units sniped and harassed. Ridgelines and paddy dikes were laced with sophisticated booby traps of every size, from a hand grenade to a 250-pound bomb. The villages sat in the rice paddies and tree lines like individual fortresses, crisscrossed with the trenches and spider holes, their homes sporting bunkers capable of surviving direct hits from large-caliber artillery shells. The Viet Cong infrastructure was intricate and permeating. Except for the old and the very young, villagers who did not side with the Communists had either been killed or driven out to the government controlled enclaves near Danang.

In the rifle companies, we spent the endless months patrolling ridgelines and villages and mountains, far away from any notion of tents, barbed wire hot food, or electricity. Luxuries were limited to what would fit inside one's pack, which after a few "humps" usually boiled down to letter-writing material, towel, soap, toothbrush, poncho liner, and a small transistor radio.

We moved through the boiling heat with 60 pounds of weapons and gear, causing a typical Marine to drop 20 percent of his body weight while in the bush. When we stopped we dug chest-deep fighting holes and slit trenches for toilets. We slept on the ground under makeshift poncho hootches, and when it rained we usually took our hootches down because wet ponchos shined under illumination flares, making great targets. Sleep itself was fitful, never more than an hour or two at a stretch for months at a time as we mixed daytime patrolling with night-time ambushes, listening posts, foxhole duty, and radio watches. Ringworm, hookworm, malaria, and dysentery were common, as was trench foot when the monsoons came. Respite was rotating back to the mud-filled regimental combat base at An Hoa for four or five days, where rocket and mortar attacks were frequent and our troops manned defensive bunkers at night. Which makes it kind of hard to get excited about tales of Woodstock, or camping at the Vineyard during summer break.

We had been told while training that Marine officers in the rifle companies had an 85 percent probability of being killed or wounded, and the experience of "Dying Delta," as our company was known, bore that out. Of the officers in the bush when I arrived, our company commander was wounded, the weapons platoon commander wounded, the first platoon commander was killed, the second platoon commander was wounded twice, and I, commanding the third platoons fared no better. Two of my original three-squad leaders were killed, and the third shot in the stomach. My platoon sergeant was severely wounded, as was my right guide. By the time I left, my platoon I had gone through six radio operators, five of them casualties.

These figures were hardly unique; in fact, they were typical. Many other units; for instance, those who fought the hill battles around Khe Sanh, or were with the famed Walking Dead of the Ninth Marine Regiment, or were in the battle of Hue City or at Dai Do, had it far worse.

When I remember those days and the very young men who spent them with me, I am continually amazed, for these were mostly recent civilians barely out of high school, called up from the cities and the farms to do their year in hell and return. Visions haunt me every day, not of the nightmares of war but of the steady consistency with which my Marines faced their responsibilities, and of how uncomplaining most of them were in the face of constant danger. The salty, battle-hardened 20-year-olds teaching green 19-year-olds the intricate lessons of the hostile battlefield. The unerring skill of the young squad leaders as we moved through unfamiliar villages and weed-choked trails in the black of night. The quick certainty when a fellow Marine was wounded and needed help. Their willingness to risk their lives to save other Marines in peril. To this day it stuns me that their own countrymen have so completely missed the story of their service, lost in the bitter confusion of the war itself.

Like every military unit throughout history we had occasional laggards, cowards, and complainers. But in the aggregate, these Marines were the finest people I have ever been around. It has been my privilege to keep up with many of them over the years since we all came home. One finds in them very little bitterness about the war in which they fought. The most common regret, almost to a man, is that they were not able to do more for each other and for the people they came to help.

It would be redundant to say that I would trust my life to these men. Because I already have, in more ways than I can ever recount. I am alive today because of their quiet, unaffected heroism. Such valor epitomizes the conduct of Americans at war from the first days of our existence. That the boomer elites can canonize this sort of conduct in our fathers' generation while ignoring it in our own is more than simple oversight. It is a conscious, continuing travesty.

Senator James Webb. USMC

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Due to circumstances that I do not care to discuss here, I will be stepping down as Newsletter editor. If there is anyone who would like to carry the position on please contact the Commandant (information on front page) and discuss the details.

It would be good to have the newsletter continue because it is a great tool to pass information on and around in a media that is both informative and entertaining.

I therefore wish everyone the best and Semper Fi!

Thanks,
Bobby Lee.