



The Spearhead News

Official Newsletter of the Fifth Marine Division Association
Website - <https://5thmarinedivision.org>
Social Media - <https://www.facebook.com/SpearheadDivision>

July 2022



Oorah for the San Diego Reunion A SALUTE TO KATHY TINSLEY AND JULIE & BRILLO LICARI



STANDING LEFT TO RIGHT: CHARLES CRAM, KEN BROWN, GEORGE PUTERBAUGH

SITTING LEFT TO RIGHT: GEORGE BOUTWELL, AL JENNINGS, IVAN HAMMOND, CARLO ROMANO

AT LEFT MISSING FROM GROUP PHOTO: LEIGHTON WILLHITE

Devoted sons and daughters escorted their veterans to San Diego



(LEFT TO RIGHT)
JODY SNODGRASS
BARBARA BOUTWELL
SABRE MIDDLEKAUFF
RANDY JENNINGS
CHAD WILLHITE

THE 72ND ANNUAL FIFTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION REUNION IN BEAUTIFUL SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, WAS AN EVENT TO BE REMEMBERED. LIKE ALL OF OUR REUNIONS, IT HAD ITS OWN SPECIAL FLAVOR. HELD AT THE PARADISE POINT RESORT, ON AN ISLAND IN MISSION BAY, THOSE IN ATTENDANCE WOKE UP EACH MORNING IN A TROPICAL WONDERLAND. WE ALL WERE BLESSED WITH THE COMPANY OF EIGHT OF OUR IWO JIMA VETS, ACCOMPANIED BY LOVING FAMILY, AND ALSO BY ELEVEN VIETNAM VETS. OUR MAIN FOCUS, AS ALWAYS, WAS CAMARADERIE, RENEWING OLD FRIENDSHIPS, AND MAKING NEW CONNECTIONS.

**AFTER FOUR VERY PLEASANT AND REWARDING DAYS AND NIGHTS,
WE LEFT LOOKING FORWARD TO THE 73RD REUNION
TO BE HELD THE 1ST WEEK IN OCTOBER OF 2023 IN SAN ANTONIO**



Elected Officers

President - Skip Werthmuller – usnskip1@aol.com
 Vice Pres – Bill Baumann - ecvbilly@yahoo.com

Appointed Positions

Secretary	Karen Campbell
Treasurer	Doug Meny
Database Manager	Tom Huffhines
Sergeant-at-Arms	Morey Butler
Parliamentarian	Hal Campbell
Chaplain	Billy Joe Cawthron
Legal Counsel	James Sargent
History Manager	John Butler
Publicity/Advertising	Ray Elliott
Fund Raising/ Donations Manager	Kathy Tinsley
Spearhead News Editor	Kath Butler
Facebook Administrator	Craig Painton
Website Developer Manager	James Dalman
Association Photographer	Leonardo Flores
War Souvenirs Return Manager	Dan King
Membership/Recruiting Manager	SkipWerthmuller & Bill Baumann

Board of Directors

Bill Rockey, Bonnie Haynes, John Butler, George Boutwell, Valerie Leman, Bruce Hammond, Tom Huffhines

Contents In This Issue

San Diego Reunion	Pg 1, 3
Officers & Tribute form	Pg 2
Message -President Skip Werthmuller	Pg 4
Message – VP Bill Baumann	Pg 5
Reunion Photos	Pg 1,3,6-11
Business Meeting Minutes	Pg 12
New Members	Pg 13
Thanks	Pg 13, 34
Financial Report & Membership Report	Pg 14
Honorary Member Zach Wood	Pg 15
Craig Leman –Tractor takes on a Bunker	Pg 16-17
Ken Brown – Shipping Out to War	Pg 18-19
Hal Campbell - Gen Krulak	Pg 20
Ray Elliott - James Jones Family	Pg 21
C.S. Menzies –Sixth Sense & Serendipity	Pg 22-26
Warren Musch 100 ½ Birthday	Pg 27
Cheryl Kozak – Memory Pillows	Pg 27
Art Sifuentes - Martha Raye	Pg 28-29
Kent Dozark - Ed Mahoney Pacific battles	Pg 30-31
Tom Graves-USSJoe & Rosenthal Photos	Pg 32-33
Marine Corps Recruit Depot Interviews	Pg 34
Final Muster	Pg 35
Combat Photographer Mike Leahy	Pg 35
Jennings Bunn – Boots Thomas Gravesite	Pg 35
Membership form	Pg 36

TRIBUTE OF HONOR
FIFTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION
MEMORIAL DONATION



Honor the memory of someone special through a Memorial Donation to the Fifth Marine Division Association General Fund. The names of Memorial Honorees will be published in a future edition of *The Spearhead News*.

Please prepare this form, along with your donation of any amount, payable to FMDA, and mail to **FMDA, 6720 East Fowler Ave, Box 123 Tampa, Florida 33617**

FMDA is a 501c3, not-for-profit organization. *An acknowledgment of your gift will be sent to you at your address listed below.*

Please check here if you would like an additional letter sent to the Honoree or his family without the dollar amount included. Please provide that address on the back of this copied form.

Your name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Email _____

Phone _____

In Memory of:

Name _____

Rank _____

War served _____

Unit _____

KIA date or DOD if applicable _____

Relationship _____

Amount of donation _____

72nd Reunion 2022 - An outstanding event!!

A year after uniting in Arlington, Texas, our FMDA family once again gathered to share memories. Happily, eight 5th Division Iwo vets and eleven Vietnam vets were in attendance.

Wednesday, May 11th, members began arriving by plane and car to the tropical Paradise Point Resort on beautiful Mission Bay in San Diego, and were welcomed with a drink and appetizer reception on the Lawn Suite.



Thursday morning, our hosts had arranged for a continental breakfast in the Hospitality Room, where folks gathered before the first reunion tour to the Pearl Harbor Survivors Museum, the “greatest military museum you’ve never heard of” as one reporter dubbed the tribute to the Greatest Generation. Terry Ulmer, a retired shipyard worker has constructed amazing replicas of a pilot house and submarine along with a missile launcher on his Alpine ranch. He hosted FMDA members to a tour of his museum and lunch.

On return, there were two book talks by authors Ray Elliott and Mark Carlson, followed by a boxed dinner so that members could continue to visit during the meal. Afterwards, there was a marshmallow roast on the beach by the gently lapping waters.



Friday morning, following a continental breakfast, members took the short bus ride to the Marine Corps Recruit Depot where they witnessed a graduation ceremony. “With so much going on in the world, the Ukraine, China threatening Taiwan... it’s reassuring to see these new young Marines graduating,” quoted one of our group. FMDA attendees were treated to the VIP seating, a Museum tour and lunch with BGen Jason Morris, Commanding General of the Depot.



Late afternoon brought another book presentation about member Jimmie Watson, and an important presentation by USMC Combat Correspondents Association Historian Tom Graves who spoke about the talents of Joe Rosenthal and the USS Joe petition. After another delicious boxed dinner, members spent the evening visiting while the Board of Directors held their annual meeting.

Saturday began with the Memorial Service followed by the Business meeting and election of

the new President Skip Werthmuller and Vice President Bill Baumann, and a decision to hold the next FMDA reunion in the Fall of 2023 in San Antonio, Texas. A discussion arose concerning promoting inclusion of Vietnam vets in with the Iwo vets and their families. Sgt Major George Boutwell, a veteran of three wars, commented afterwards that FMDA is the 5th Division, regardless of what war or where Marines fought. All Marines have a brotherhood.

That evening the very special Banquet featured Guest Speaker Col C.T. Anthony and for a couldn’t-be-beat entertainment, singing World War II 40’s songs, the modern day version of the Andrew Sisters, the “Sweethearts of Swing.”

Sunday, May 15, goodbyes were said, with promises to meet again next year. ❖



Message from President Skip Werthmuller



(In front of a cave on Iwo Jima during a Reunion of Honor MHTour, 2018)

I am extremely honored to be a member of the 5TH Marine Division Association (FMDA) and to be its current President. FMDA was established in 1949 by General Rockey, the Iwo Jima 5th Division Commander, to honor the 5th Division men who fought and died in WWII. They provide an example for all Marines and all of our fellow citizens of honor, bravery, and the will to succeed. I will do my best to ensure that the legacy of these heroic men is never forgotten.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Tom Huffhines, our previous President who did an outstanding job and who continues to contribute in many critical and significant ways. I would also like to thank Kathy Tinsley and Julie and Brillo Licari for planning and hosting a very successful reunion in San Diego in May.

My most direct connection with Iwo Jima is through my mother who was widowed 2/22/1945 when her 31 year old husband, Lieutenant Colonel Tom Trotti USMC, Commander 3rd Battalion 26th Regiment 5th Division (3/26/5) was KIA, along with his operations officer, by a mortar shell. Prior to joining 5th Division, he was XO of the Marine Parachute School in San Diego. Many in the division had a Parachute/Marine Raider background. When Tom graduated from The Citadel in Charleston SC, he was awarded the outstanding class leader award. He had planned to be a medical doctor, but found his true calling to be leading Marines.

I come from a military background. My father was an Annapolis graduate and career Navy submarine Officer. He was XO and Navigator of USS Torsk (SS-423) in WWII, which transited through an underwater minefield to enter the Sea of Japan and sank the last two Japanese combatant ships in WWII. USS Torsk is currently a monument ship in Baltimore, MD and is open for tours.

I am a West Point graduate and career Naval Officer who served on six ships among other assignments. My initial assignment was aboard USS Providence (CLG-6), a WWII era cruiser, where I served as a deck officer and then main battery officer. During a combat deployment in 1972 we fired over 40,000 rounds of 6 inch and 5 inch ammunition in support of Marine Corps and Army combat missions just south of the Cua Viet river and the DMZ in Vietnam & also against targets in Haiphong North Vietnam in the first multiple cruiser raids since WWII.

Other career highlights include operating with the first U.S. Navy Aircraft Carrier Battle Group to arrive in the North Arabian Sea and Persian Gulf during Desert Shield/Storm, graduation from the National War College in Washington DC, and retiring as a Captain USN. I've been an active member of the National War College Alumni Association Board of Directors for over 20 years.

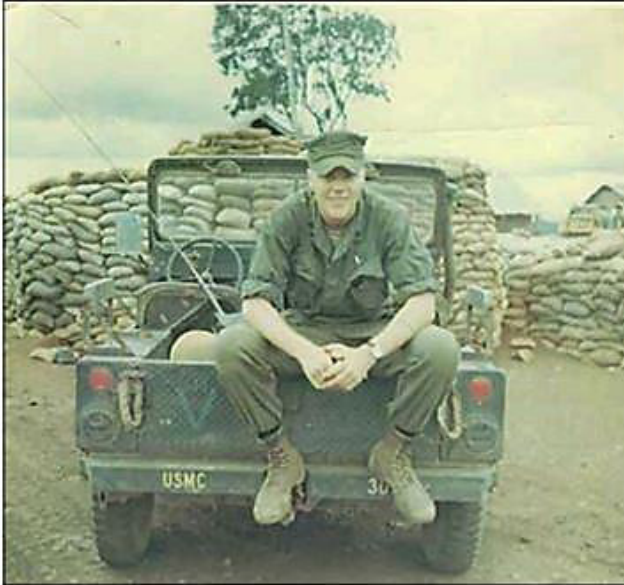
On my very last day on active duty, 30 June 2001, I was fortunate to attend the commissioning of USS Iwo Jima (LHD-7). Having been one of the managers at Naval Sea Systems Command supervising the building of that ship, the Commanding Officer officially designated me an honorary commissioning crew member ("Plank Owner"). I will always treasure that, and even more the memories of talking with many Iwo Jima survivors who were in attendance.

I look forward to working with you all and with our Vice President, Bill Baumann, a 5th Marine Division Vietnam combat veteran, in furthering the objectives of maintaining a strong FMDA and in keeping the legacy of its veterans alive in the minds of all Americans. ❖ Skip Werthmuller, Captain USN (ret)



(Captain Werthmuller with his parents)

Message from Vice President Bill Baumann



Bill Baumann sits on the back of a "Mighty Mito" in Lang Vei, an Army Special Forces compound located at the Laotian border. The back of the vehicle has a "V" insignia to signify the Fifth Marine Division, even though his company was attached to the Third Marine Division. He points out the pen and notebook in his pocket and the PRC 25 radio behind him, but also mentions that the Timex watch on his wrist still runs to this day.

I am both proud and honored to have been elected as your Vice President for the following year. It is a heavy responsibility that I do not take lightly.

The focal point of our organization is, and will always be, carrying on the history and legacy of our Iwo Jima Veterans. Although their numbers are sadly dwindling, their spirits must be kept alive. The epic battle will never be forgotten. The men who fought it will always be revered as true heroes.

It is hard for me to describe the emotions I feel in the presence of those great men. One of them is my great pride in having been able to carry on the traditions of the Fifth Marine Division as a Combat Veteran in Vietnam. To stand shoulder to shoulder with them is one of the greatest honors of my lifetime. We are Marines. No matter what war, battle or situation we encounter, our pride in service spans all generations of service and loyalty.

We need to attract new members to continue. No organization can continue without a base of membership. That is a simple fact. Although a few of our members balk at bringing in Marine Veterans from the Vietnam War, it is a fact of life that we need them. I can assure you that Marine Vietnam Vets are quite knowledgeable regarding Iwo Jima and the men who fought there. They hold them in the highest tradition of our Corps. In no way would their membership detract from our primary mission of honoring Iwo Jima Veterans and the battle they fought.

I am always open to suggestions, new ideas, and constructive criticism. Communication from top to bottom is essential. I am quite certain that your new President, Skip Werthmuller, is on the same page. We will work together to keep our organization alive and well! ❖

Semper Fidelis!!! Bill Baumann, 1/26 Vietnam

My Background: I joined the United States Marine Corps in September, 1965, with the absolute intent of going to Vietnam. I am proud to have done so. Upon my separation from the Corps in 1969, I was hired by the San Bernardino, California, Police Department where I worked until retirement. During my career I worked nearly all possible details and retired as a Patrol Sergeant. I served on the board of our union for a number of years, during which I was involved in negotiations with our city government regarding benefits, etc.

After retirement, I was hired by a local Indian Casino and was eventually elevated to one of three Assistant Administrators Of Public Safety. I also owned and operated a small concrete company working on home improvement projects. I chose to completely retire when I turned 70 years of age.

I served as a board member of VVA Chapter 47 in Riverside, California, for several years. I am a Life VFW member. I am presently the Service Officer for American Legion Post 777 in San Bernardino, a position I will retire from to allow time to serve as your Vice President. I am also a member of Am Vets and DVA.

I am looking forward to being a productive member of our FMDA leadership team. ❖





(Top to bottom, left to right)
Sgt Major George Boutwell and daughters,
Ivan Hammond and daughters, Ken Brown and son,
Al Jennings and son, Charles Cram and family,
Col Carlo Romano and family.

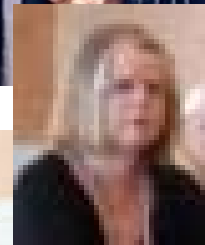
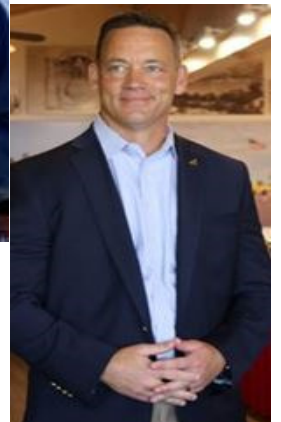
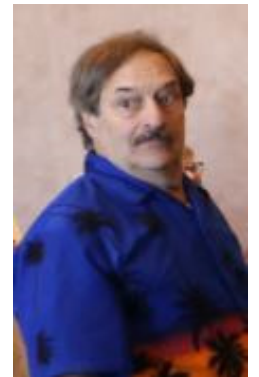
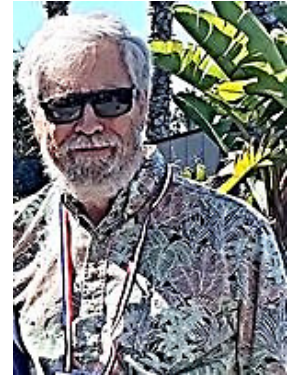


(Top left and right)
U.S. Navy Iwo vet, George Puterbaugh and wife;
Tanker Leighton Willhite with Rick Lewis, a Director of the Vietnam Tankers Association. According to Chad Willhite, one of the highlights of his Dad's reunion experience was talking with his fellow Tanker.











Minutes of the General Business Meeting - San Diego - May 14th, 2022

The meeting was called to order by President Tom Huffhines at 10:15 a.m. Vice President Skip Werthmuller began the Pledge of Allegiance. The Invocation was given by Hal Campbell.

Secretary's Report: President Tom Huffhines had multiple detailed sheets itemizing expenditures and deposits. After a discussion, a motion to accept the treasurer's report was approved. We continue to need sponsors, donations, and sources of revenue.

Memberships Report: Kathy Tinsley passed out a report on the changes in membership. We continue to need more paying members, and a suggestion was made that if a paid-up member could contribute or pay an annual rate, that it would help.

Database and Website: President Tom Huffhines is working to keep both sites up to date. He does request that members report address changes and deaths. Ray Elliot reminded members that older issues of *Spearheads* could be viewed at www.talespress.com. Issues since July 2020 can be viewed on James Dalman's site 5thmarinedivision.org

Newsletter: President Tom Huffhines expressed appreciation to Kath Butler for her behind-the-scenes hard work on the *Spearhead News*, Kath Butler encouraged members to send in stories and photographs to be printed in the newsletter.

New Business: Election of 2023 Officers and Choice of 2023 Annual Reunion

- 1 Tom Huffhines resigned as president.
- 2 Tom nominated VP Skip Werthmuller as president. Skip explained his affiliation with Iwo Jima. Skip was approved.
- 3 John Butler nominated Bill Baumann as Vice President. Bill explained his background and enthusiasm & was approved.
- 4 Next Reunion: Since no one stepped forward to host the next reunion, Tom Huffhines made a suggestion. Tom offered to chair a committee to organize the reunion. His part would be to arrange a hotel. His recommendation is that the reunion would be held **in San Antonio during the first week in October 2023**. The motion was made & accepted.

The meeting was adjourned at 12pm. *Submitted by Karen Cozzi Campbell - Secretary of FMDA*

In Response to Contention at the Business Meeting *By V.P. Bill Baumann*

I am sorry that that some members are "disappointed" that FMDA is reaching out to Nam guys. Very sad attitude. What do they not understand about the name of our association? I believe it says "Fifth Marine Division." Of course, when the Association was formed, the war was over and the division had been deactivated. The Iwo Jima Veterans were the only Fifth Division men in existence. Who would have guessed it would re-emerge for a place called Vietnam? It was activated out of necessity exactly like the original unit. Therefore, we younger guys deserve to be brought into the fold. Both generations were formed out of the necessity to put more Marine units into action.

Of course, we Nam Vets are used to being snubbed. I'll tell you what. If a new Fifth were to be activated, Nam Vets would greet them with open arms. In fact, people that lost loved ones in Nam would undoubtedly do likewise. We would have no hang-ups about accepting a new generation of Marines. We would continue to give our predecessors the utmost respect. Our motto "Semper Fidelis" mandates that. One generation to the next! The Iwo men held up their end in the highest tradition of the United States Marine Corps. Our respect for them has no limits. We Nam Vets did likewise.

As a suggestion, maybe those who oppose bringing in Vietnam veterans should read a book called, *Voices of Courage*. It also has CD's in it. Maybe that would give a little insight into the 26th Regiment's history at Khe Sanh including things that occurred before the Siege. It is available on line. Of course other units are mentioned. Or maybe *Marines in Vietnam 67 and 68*. Maybe they would then realize that we fought with great honor. Just like the heroes of Iwo Jima. ❖

Welcome New Members !!!

STRONG MEMBERSHIP = STRONG FMDA

Annual memberships are due for renewal by Dec. 31 each year. If you have not renewed your membership, please send in your \$25 dues today.



Double your impact by finding a new member to join, too!

Use the Membership Form on the back page of this issue.

Robin Bentzen	Woodbridge, VA
Charles R. Del Castillo	San Antonio, TX
Edward J. Dunn	Lawndale, CA
Toni Emery	Boynton Beach, FL
Cindy Fitch	Cedar Rapids, IA
Larry A. Gott	Reseda, CA
William C. Holdsworth	Collegetown, PA
Col. Charles A. Jones	Greensboro, NC
Milton Lanier	Long Beach, CA
John A. Nardolillo	Albany, NY
Lynn Hammond Payton	Santa Fe, TX
Col. Carlo Romano	Fallbrook, CA
Deborah Noe Schakel	Holland, MI
Pam Warner	Saukville, WI
Bob Weinreich	Westminster, MD
Zach Wood	Wilkesboro, NC

Life Members

Diane Brown Carter	Castle Dale, UT
Eileen C. Clary	Long Beach, CA
Gene Fioretti	Renton, WA
Tom Graves	San Francisco, CA
L.E. (Michael) Johnson	Fontana, CA
John Klein	Canyon Lake, CA
Richard W. Lewis	San Diego, CA
Robert D. Lewis	San Diego, CA
Gary A. Roy	East Hartford, CT

Annual Members

Thanks ! Gracias ! Merci !

To Kathy Tinsley and Julie and Brillo Licari for a job well done in planning and leading a wonderful 2022 reunion!

To Tom Huffhines for multiple and varied reunion chores including constructing the Attendee Spreadsheet

To the two anonymous member donors who remarkably paid for the entire room costs of Iwo Jima vets & their escorts

To Wiley Verstappen for very generously providing boxed dinners Thursday and Friday nights for all attendees

To Ron Verstappen for his greatly appreciated sponsorship of the Andrew Sisters Group for Banquet entertainment

To Cheryl Kozak for the beautiful raffled quilt and attractively embroidered tote bags

To Flo Curnett for the unusual souvenir mini-flashlights

To Barb Allen and Kathy Tinsley for the creative souvenir items for sale at the Hospitality Room

To all those who helped with our two great tours, and To our three great book presenters

To USMCCCA's Tom Graves for his significant presentation of the USSJoe drive to honor the photographer of the 5th Division's flag-raising on Mount Suribachi

To the hard-working Reunion Committee Member who helped with registrations
(Barb Allen, Cheryl Mach, Kathy Painton, Jimmie Watson, Cheryl Kozak, Wylie Verstappen, & Cindy Fitch)

To Ray Elliott for the outstanding job in advertising/publicity for this year's reunion

To Leonardo Flores, Jimmie Watson, Karen Campbell, Skip Werthmuller, Chad Willhite, Lynn Payton, Paul Romano, Chuck Jarvis, and Sabre Middlekauff for contributing memory-producing photos they took at the reunion

To Paradise Point for their always friendly assistance

And truly important: To Skip Werthmuller and Bill Baumann to stepping up to lead FMDA forward in 2023

To all who came to the 72nd Annual Reunion in San Diego

And most of all to our brave Iwo Jima veterans and their fellow brave Vietnam Marines

FINANCIAL REPORT

FMDA Financial Activity 2022 As of 6-13-2022		
Assets		
Cash		
Chase Checking	12,544.84	
Chase Savings	4,000.91	
Total Cash	16,545.75	16,545.75
Total Assets		16,545.75
Liabilities		
Accounts Payable		
	0.00	
Total Liabilities	0.00	0.00
Net Worth		16,545.75

FMDA Profit & Loss 2022 As of 6-13-2022	
Income	
Reunion Donations	10,902.06
Reunion Registrations	16,995.80
Fundraising Projects	6,123.32
Donations	4,912.52
Membership Dues	1,925.00
Interest Income	0.37
Gross Income	40,859.07
Expenses	
Bank Fees	-
Reunion Expenses	(36,475.66)
Misc Expense	(99.99)
Fundraising Projects	(5,875.00)
Fed & State Fees	(101.25)
Office Supplies	-
PO Box Rental	(230.00)
Postage	(1,304.53)
Printing	(3,455.15)
Database Update	(54.08)
Website Develop	(468.00)
Total Expenses	(48,063.66)
Net Income	(7,204.59)

MEMBERSHIP REPORT

Membership Report – 72 nd FMDA Reunion at San Diego, CA	
Total members: <u>768</u> .	
Down 21 from 789-total reported at the Arlington reunion in May 2021.	
<u>Life members: 637</u> . Down 39 from 676-total at the Arlington reunion.	
<u>Annual members: 131</u> . Up 18 from 113-total at the Arlington reunion.	
<u>Memorial members: 176</u> . Down 12 from 188-total at the Arlington reunion	
<u>Honorary members: 21</u> . Up 2 from 19-total at the Arlington reunion.	
<u>Iwo Jima veterans: 260</u> . Down 37 from 297-total at the NOLA reunion.	
<u>Vietnam veterans: 74</u> . Up 11 from 63-total at the NOLA reunion.	

TRIBUTE OF HONOR
MEMORIAL HONOREE



PLT SGT. CLIFTON E. TAYLOR
2nd BN 28 Marines 5th Division WWII
KIA 3/10/45 Navy Cross

(Honored by Sandra Sue Domenech, Cousin)





Enter smile.amazon.com each time you shop (instead of the regular amazon.com) Follow directions for signing up, and type in “Fifth Marine Division Association” as your charity to support. – at no cost to you..

Zach Wood, newest Honorary Member

(Below: Ivan Hammond, Zach Wood, Tom Huffhines)

My name is Zachary Wood and I am a twenty-eight-year-old high school history teacher from Wilkesboro, North Carolina. Growing up as a kid, even when I was three or four years old, I was fascinated with history. Every Tuesday morning, I watched the Civil War Journal on the History Channel, which led me to read books and dig deeper.



My grandfather was a World War Two veteran who fought in Normandy, which sparked my interest in WWII. As I came into my teenage years I started to ask deeper, detailed questions, when talking to my grandfather which led me to start interviewing other veterans. I have been interviewing veterans from WWII and Vietnam for over ten years now, and through that, I have met some incredible people.

When I became a teacher I knew I wanted to bring World War Two to life in my classroom, so I would bring in artifacts from WWII, dress up for my students in mock paratrooper gear, and use the interviews I had done as primary sources in my classroom. I wanted my students to be able to make a connection to WWII and the sacrifice made, which also led me to use the interviews I had conducted with Vietnam veterans. Military history has always been a part of me and my interests and being able to bring the veterans' voices into my classroom has always been something that my students have appreciated because it gives them a small understanding and picture of what World War Two or Vietnam was like through those that were there. It does a much better job of grabbing their attention than a textbook or video ever could.

I first got involved with the 5th Marine Division via Ray Elliot, who put me in contact with Walt O'Malley who served with E/2/27. Ray forwarded me information about the reunion in San Diego, which is what led me to leave small-town North Carolina for five days and interview and meet some of the most incredible people in the world. It was truly a once and a lifetime opportunity to meet the surviving Iwo and Vietnam vets and be in their presence. ❖

TRIBUTE OF HONOR MEMORIAL HONOREES



Mary Huffhines

Wife of John Huffhines H&S 3-13

*(Honored by Tom and Terri Huffhines
Son and daughter-in-law))*



TRIBUTE OF HONOR MEMORIAL HONOREE



Dan King

Outstanding Historian, Consultant, and Japanese linguist, with an encyclopedic knowledge of Iwo Jima and of all WWII Pacific Battles

(Honored by John Butler, friend)



A Tribute and Remembrance

Submitted by Valerie Leman

(at left with parents, Craig and Nancy Leman)



Craig B. Leman (1923-2014) was a longtime member of the FMDA and a frequent contributor to the *Spearhead* newsletter. Following his service from 1943-1946 (2d Lt. USMCR, H-3-26), he returned to the University of Chicago to finish his history degree and earn admission to medical school. My mother, his wife Nancy Farwell Leman (1924-2022) remembered that in 1946, he was still wearing his Marine khaki-colored shirts and trousers, neatly ironed; he was always a person who would try “to use it up, make it do, do without.” His Iwo Jima-incurred wound, still covered with gauze, showed above his collar. While still in school and medical training, he visited fellow recovering veterans in hospitals, starting a pattern of working hard to keep up his ties with the men with whom he served.

Immediately upon his discharge from the service in 1946, Leman fulfilled a pact with three of his classmates in the Special Officer Training School (SOCS), that if any of them were killed, the survivor would visit the bereaved families to tell them about their son’s last year. Trains and planes in Chicago were booked solid at the time, so Leman hitchhiked to Arizona to spend an emotional night with the family of Bill Lowell. He next hitchhiked to Louisiana to see Clarence Louviere’s family, finding it eerie to meet Louviere’s twin sister, who resembled Clarence a great deal. Leman became lifelong friends with their mother, who later visited him in Chicago.

While we six children were growing up in Corvallis, Oregon, we often heard stories about Louviere, Lowell and Lowry, another of Leman’s classmates. He kept in touch with others with whom he served, such as his platoon members Gene Frost and Don Simpson. In the car on family vacations, we would often sing the Marine Corps Hymn and the Ballad of Roger Young. He always made a point of attending the local Oregon State University ROTC Marine birthday celebration, and returned to Iwo Jima for the 1985 and 1995 Reunions of Honor. Throughout his life, Leman wore the Silver Star insignia on his suit jacket, as was customary so that such veterans could recognize one another.



Left: Nick Hernandez
Right: Bert Caloud



After Leman retired from his surgical practice, he had more time to engage in correspondence and visits with fellow former Marines, near and far. He wanted to make sure that the relatives of the fallen knew their stories, and he corresponded with many others who wrote him to ask about service in the Marines. Among those were Bert Caloud of the American Battle Monuments Commission, and the family of Leman’s Camp Tarawa company commander Captain Conrad Pearson. Leman wrote to the family of Nick Hernandez, a member of his platoon who

was KIA and earned the Navy Cross, after Leman wrote up the citation for it. More such stories are told in his 2011 memoir, *A Marine Goes to War in the Battle of Iwo Jima* (available at <https://www.talespress.com/archive/a-marine-goes-to-war>) (Thanks to Ray Elliott.) Leman wrote movingly about his observations of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, a term that had not been invented in 1946. His family treasures his Marine helmet with the hole on the lower right side and his canvas rucksack with the initials FWF, adopted from a dead Marine when his was lost. What follows is another Marine story of local interest.❖

A Tractor Takes on a Pillbox: A Tribute

Remembrance To Local Veterans by Valerie Leman (second of Craig and Nancy Leman's six children)

In 2012, Craig Leman prepared this article as a tribute and remembrance of local veterans who had lived in his home town, Corvallis, Oregon. He wrote that a few local survivors of the Battle of Iwo Jima used to meet at his house once a year, "to acknowledge our bonding and to remember our comrades who didn't come back. They are all gone except Bill Chandler, who had been a 19-year-old corpsman caring for some of our 16,000 wounded. Only two of us—Herb Hammond and Dean Kingsbury—had been in the same unit on Iwo.

"Herb Hammond led an engineer platoon whose mission was to destroy enemy fortifications and blow up obstacles. Just before we sailed from Hawaii to Iwo, he signed up Kingsbury, who, in civilian life, had been a logger and bulldozer-operator in Fall City, Oregon.

"Herb's platoon was to land at the foot of Mount Suribachi in a heavily fortified area. He had rigged up a small tractor with a bulldozer blade and armor to shield the operator as he cleared roads for our tanks.

"Dee Andros, the legendary Oregon State University football coach; Wally Colton, a high school teacher; Harold Bushnell, who worked in land assessment; and Tom Williams of Eugene OR, joined us. I shall never forget our first meeting, about 20 years ago. Some had not met before. As they got to know each other, they began to reminisce about Iwo.

Harold Bushnell described how his infantry unit was pinned down by machine gun fire from a concrete pillbox at the base of Mount Suribachi, taking heavy casualties, till a little armored tractor went through our lines, crawled up to the pillbox, with machine gun bullets bouncing off it, and scraped dirt and rocks into the embrasure, burying the machine gun and enabling Harold's unit to advance.

Harold wound up his story: "I always thought the guy that drove that tractor ought to get the Congressional Medal of Honor."

"Kingsbury, sitting next to Bushnell, asked him: 'Did that dozer have a lot of yellow paint all over it?'

"Bushnell: 'Yep.'

"Kingsbury: 'That was my dozer.'

Bushnell, to me, incredulous: 'I can't believe this. You're setting me up!'

"They went on to exchange information and established that they were in the same firefight at the same time. Bushnell was wounded later and recovered after an operation and months of treatment. Kingsbury drove his tractor over a mine on the last day of the Iwo campaign and recovered after a year in the hospital.

"I miss these men, and the others who never came back." ❖



TRIBUTE OF HONOR MEMORIAL HONOREE



NANCY F. LEMAN

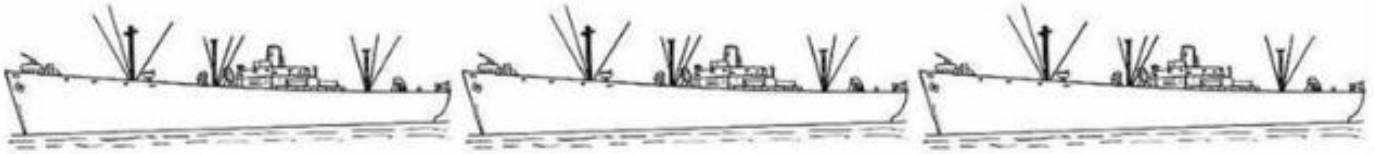
Wife of Lt. Craig B. Leman
H-3-26 - 5th Mar Div WWII USMC

(Honored by Valerie Leman, Daughter)



Going to War.... Just Getting There!

Excerpt from Ken Brown's "Pvt Brown's Diary"



The day we moved out was quite an experience, and I'll have to write about it. The Top Sergeant gave us the word the night before to be ready to fall out with full equipment at 0900. It took us most of the night to get everything loaded up and the next morning when we fell into formation we were loaded to the gills. A convoy of trucks came along, each bearing a large sign which read, "This truck will carry fifteen men only." The Sgt. told twenty-five of us to climb aboard. We did so in a very unmilitary manner, the last ten men getting the best of the deal because they got to ride on top. We rode away from camp Pendleton and gave it a long last look; most of the men accompanying said "look" with remarks to the effect that they hoped they never saw the blanket-blank place again. As we drove along the highway for San Diego, the civilians in the towns along the coast were out on the streets to wave goodbye. We wondered if they were really sorry to see us go or whether they were thinking that now there wouldn't be quite so many Marines around to clutter up their streets and deprive them of some of the things they could enjoy if we were not there.

Finally we arrived at the docks where many ships were tied up being loaded with supplies. After a long wait in line I finally made my way up the gangplank of one of them, the first ship I had ever been on. This big "liberty" ship was to be my home for the duration of the voyage. It looked pretty dirty to me.

We walked down the deck a little ways and then turned down a companionway. I just followed the guy ahead of me. I had quite a time getting down the narrow "stairway" (companionway). The steps led practically straight down and my bedroll kept catching on the sides. I finally solved the problem by going down sideways. We went down and down until I was beginning to wonder if the darn thing had any bottom. Finally we came to a hold and were told this would be our stateroom for the trip. I took one look around and wished I were still in 4F.

I'll try to describe troop quarters on board a crowded transport. The center of the hold was packed with a couple of trucks and a jeep. On all four sides of this equipment were bunks from deck to bulkhead, crowded in as close as possible and occupying all the space. The hold where my outfit was assigned was approximately thirty feet square. This space was to accommodate 95 men, according to the Navy. If I were to say it was "crowded", that would be a gross understatement. Maybe sardines are packed in cans closer than we were in that hold. But the sardines had it all over on us. They'd be dead and we weren't.

I was lucky and got a top bunk. I realized I was lucky after I had climbed up and found there was enough room for me to hang most of my equipment on the various pipes and ducts along the bulkheads, thereby eliminating the necessity of sleeping with it like the men did below. I also found it was a distinct advantage to be on a top bunk when most of the men became violently seasick, for reasons one can best imagine.

It must have been 120 degrees down in that hold and the air was so foul as to be hardly breathable. Demonstrating the height of stupidity, the men began lighting up their cigarettes and it wasn't long until the air was dense with smoke. With no ventilation I couldn't take it and so headed for topside. I sneaked past the guard who wasn't supposed to let anyone up on deck and hid behind some boxes and watched the ship being loaded. It was quite fascinating to me to watch the Navy men man the winches which lifted the heavy loads from the dock and see them down in the holds. I waited until after dark and then headed for the companionway I thought would lead down to my quarters. It didn't and I soon realized that I was lost. I went back up on deck again and it was pitch dark with a blackout. I guess I tried every compartment on that ship before I finally found the right one. It's a wonder I didn't break my neck, or something stumbling around on deck. It's hard enough to find your way around a

ship in the daytime when you can see the obstacle course of protruding gear that lies in your path.

About two o'clock on this afternoon of the 13th we prepared to get underway. As the last line was cast off and the ship started to move out under its own power, we all went up on deck to watch the harbor leaving us. We saw the other ships moving out also and fall in a straight line ahead or behind us. As we moved out through the submarine net and the United States started fading out in the distance, I had a most depressed feeling. I couldn't help wondering when I'd see the shore again and what all lay ahead. I felt as if I had lost my best friend.

It was shortly after this that I began to get an entirely different feeling. This one was in my stomach. It seemed to be turning over and over, and try as I could, I could not force my mind to become unconscious to the steady roll of the ship. Up and down, up and down it went. I was soon so seasick I could hardly stand up and when the word came over the loud speaker, "Chow down for the troops", it had no appeal to me. What I wouldn't have given to have had that darn ship stop rolling for just five minutes!

When night came, the idea of going down to that Black Hole of Calcutta where I was supposed to sleep didn't appeal to me in the least. As seasick as I was I felt I must have fresh air or surely die. As soon as it was dark I sneaked down below and brought up my bedroll which I spread out under a lifeboat. I got away with it fine that night and so that was my procedure for the rest of the journey. I'd take the bedroll back as soon as it began to get light in the morning.

The next morning we hit some particularly rough water and I became violently ill. The only consolation was that most of the men were similarly affected. During the early hours I lay on the deck in profound misery, seriously wondering if I would live or die. I was brought to life, however, by an announcement over the ship's oud speaker that Sunday service could be held in the officers' mess. I had forgotten that it was Sunday and I was expected to help the Chaplain conduct the Protestant service. In spite of my condition I got cleaned up and reported for duty.

After helping to get the altar set up, I sat down and waited for the services to begin. The officers' mess was located a couple of levels above the main deck and it seemed to me there was more rock and roll than ever. By the time the Chaplain had offered prayer I

could barely keep from passing out. Unfortunately, then came my bit moment in the service. The Chaplain announced that we would all stand while Pvt. Brown led in singing "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus". I could hardly stand up for myself, let alone anyone else. I wobbled to the piano and leaned heavily upon it as I raised the baton to get them started. As we began singing "Stand Up", the ship gave a particularly big roll, and that was it. I fell flat on my face and it was all I could do to crawl out of there.

Fortunately for me I was not the only one in such a miserable condition, and as I finally found my way to the exit, about half the congregation thought that that was a good time to leave also. So we left en masse. The Chaplain went right on.

After I had recovered from the sea sickness, I found life aboard ship to be quite tolerable. One day the Navy men sailing our ships proceeded to hold a firing practice. One of the destroyer escorts sent up flares which would promptly be blazed away at with every gun available. I was impressed with the systematic way the "swabbies" manned the different guns, even though they seldom hit their target. We had been given life belts the first day out with orders to wear them at all times. Few of us had. After watching what would be our ship's defense against an enemy plane, it was surprising how many of the men showed up with life belts from then on.

And then one evening we pulled into the harbor of Hilo, Hawaii. Looking at this lush island from offshore was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. Everything looked so green and fresh, not at all like the burned up hills, brown with the late summer's drought, that we had left in California. The cloud-crowned volcanic mountains of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea in the distance, the palm trees and innumerable flower beds along the shoreline, the picturesque Hawaiian village to the left, the beautiful blue water leading to our ship, presented a view which made me wish I could put a frame around it and keep it forever. I stayed on deck the entire night watching the harbor lights lay a thousand golden pathways to our anchored ship. ❖



Hal Campbell's Memories of Tours to Vietnam



(Left: Hal Campbell during his second tour in the Spring of 1966, in a small hamlet in the Highlands of Vietnam during a "Search and Destroy" mission with the 81 Mortar Platoon, H&S Company, 3rd BN, 1st Marines 1st Marine Division - Making good use of a 20 minute rest period)

Hal relays the following story about General Victor "Brute" Krulak, Navy Cross recipient and strategic visionary. In a career that spanned three decades Krulak displayed bravery during combat and brilliance as a tactician and organizer of troops.

In the years before World War II, Krulak helped develop the amphibious-war doctrine that the Marines used to defeat Japan in the Pacific. He championed the Higgins boat landing craft that was involved in World War II amphibious assaults, having been instrumental in the Corps' addition of a drop-ramp for disembarking troops. In the 1950s and 1960s, Gen. Krulak formulated the counterinsurgency policy that would be tried out by the Marines in Vietnam.

But according to his son, former CMC Gen Charles Krulak, his father "was proud of just being a Marine . . . He never forgot that at the end of the day, everything he did was in support of them." A colleague stated, "Brute was very forgiving of young Marines who made mistakes. But he was hell on senior officers who preferred careerism and bureaucracy over decisive action. He detested those who lost sight of looking after their enlisted Marines and young officers." ❖

Fleet Marine Force Pacific Commanding General: Brute Krulak, "A Marine's Marine"

By Hal Campbell

It was during my first tour in 1964. The 1st Bt, 9th Marines were getting ready to go afloat on the L.P.H. Carrier Princeton for three months off the coast of VietNam.

We were standing the Commanding General's inspection at Camp Hansen, Okinawa. The General of F.M.F. Pacific was Victor Krulak. As he moved with his party through the ranks he was making small talk with the Marines in the ranks. He stopped to talk to the Corpsman in the rank in front of me.

He asked "Doc" how long he had been overseas and "Doc" said 14 months. Krulak then asked one of the officers in his party how long the tour was for a Corpsman and was told 13 months.

General Krulak then asked the Corpsman if he extended his tour and was told, "No sir, I am waiting for my orders to go home." Krulak paused and said, "Well son, go pack your sea bags because you just got them." Krulak walked on and one of the officers told the "Doc" to leave ranks and go pack.



I never saw General Krulak after that day but I've always liked and admired him. ❖

From Here to Eternity - by Ray Elliott

Kaylie Jones, daughter of *From Here to Eternity* author James Jones and his granddaughter, Eyrna Jones-Heisler, visited several veterans Saturday afternoon, May 14, at the Fifth Marine Division Association reunion at Paradise Point Resort in San Diego.

“It was such an honor to meet these brave veterans of World War II and to get a chance to talk to them,” Eyrna said. “My grandfather died before I was born, and I never got to meet him. So when I hugged Juan Montano, it was like giving my grandpa a hug.”

Eyrna’s grandfather was stationed at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii during the Dec. 7 Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Jones’ National Book Award-winning *From Here to Eternity* was about the days leading up to the attack and the days afterward. From Hawaii, Jones went to Guadalcanal with the 25th Infantry Division in late 1942 to relieve the Marines. The second novel in his World War II trilogy, *The Thin Red Line*, was about the fighting there, where Jones was wounded and received a Bronze Star.



(Above: Ray Elliott, Juan Montano, Eyrna Jones-Heisler)
(Below Left: Kaylie Jones)

Both novels were made into movies, and *Eternity* was later presented in London as a Tim Rice-produced musical. The third book of the trilogy, *Whistle*, was almost completed when Jones died in 1977. He dictated the last four chapters from his hospital bed to his friend and author, Willie Morris, who finished the manuscript about veterans coming home from the war.

Also an author, memoirist and writing professor, Kaylie Jones is probably best known for her novel, *A Soldier’s Daughter Never Cries*, which was made into a film starring Kris Kristofferson, Barbara Hershey and Leelee Sobieski.



“Ray Elliott and my family have been friends for many years, and we would never miss an occasion to visit with him,” Kaylie said. “I was very moved by the welcome my daughter and I received from the elder Marines, veterans of Iwo Jima. I wish all Americans would honor our World War II veterans with as much zeal and active involvement as Ray does. This visit was a great reminder that none of us should ever lose sight of the fact that those young men went off to fight fascism and many did not survive. God bless all of those who fought so bravely for our country’s freedom.”

James Jones wrote about war throughout his career and said in his later years, “I write about war because it’s the only *métier* I’ve ever had.” He also went to Vietnam in 1973 for *The New York Times Magazine* not long before the drawdown of troops and the eventual pullout. His book, *Viet Journal*, was the result of that tour of the country and is said to be a “book that is a vivid and candid picture of Vietnam only days before the American troop withdrawal.”

Like the Fifth Marine Division (the “Spearhead” division) that had been formed for service in the Pacific War and fought in Vietnam, Jones’ 25th Infantry Division (nicknamed “Tropic Lightning”) fought in Vietnam for five years. The Fifth Marine Division had been deactivated in 1946 and was reactivated in 1966. The Fifth Tank Battalion was attached to the First Marine Division. The 13th, 26th and 27th regiments were attached to the Third Marine Division. The 28th stayed at Camp Pendleton, where the division was originally formed. Elements of the division served in Vietnam from May 1966 until April 1971. It fought in distinguished battles at Rung Sat, Chu Lai, Phu Bai, Hue and Khe Sanh. Marines in the Fifth Division were also involved in operations at Hue City and the Tet Offensive.

These Vietnam War Marines maintained the fighting reputation of the Fifth Marine Division Marines on Iwo Jima, just as the Vietnam War soldiers of the 25th Infantry Division carried on the legacy of Jones’ World War II troops. ❖

A Sixth Sense, Serendipity, and Just Plain Luck

The Fascinating Adventures of My Father, Captain Charles Menzies, USMC

By Robin Menzies Bentzen



My Dad, Charles Menzies, grew up enjoying the bucolic hillsides, valleys and shorelines of Staten Island, NY, one of the five boroughs of New York City. He loved to sail along the shoreline and steam shellfish on the beaches with his friends. He played soccer and excelled at fencing. But what he really enjoyed the most was flying. He learned to fly at age 16 and was happiest soaring amongst the clouds, skimming over the countryside, dipping below the NYC bridges and testing his skills at aerobatic flying.

He was just 17 when, with permission, he borrowed his family's brand new car to visit his friend who lived on the other side of the island. Keep in mind that this was 1940 - at the end of the Great Depression- so this new car purchase was a Big Deal. Unfortunately, when Dad pulled the car out of his friend's garage to return home, he brushed the new car against the garage's wall and damaged the side of the car. He was so upset with the incident that he actually became violently sick to his stomach. At that very moment, his father, miles away in the family home, sat up in his chair where he was reading and said to his wife, "The Lad's in trouble. I must go to him." And when Dad recovered from his bout of sickness, he "knew" that his father was on his way to him. That was the first incident that Dad was aware of both his and his Father's shared ability of a sixth sense or second sight. This gift would stand him in good stead and keep him safe throughout his life.

Dad was the only son of 2 Scottish parents who emigrated to NYC in 1911 and became naturalized US Citizens in 1919. As a former British subject, Dad's father was able to assist Dad in getting a job at the British Passport Office in Manhattan where he had close contacts. Dad held this job after his high school graduation in Jan 1941 through his semesters at Wagner College on Staten Island, NY up until his enlistment in the Marine Corps and call to active duty.

Dad's duties included being a messenger and courier, and conducted several "special assignments." I remember the first time I asked Dad about this job at the Passport Office. He shared that sometimes his job was ordinary - "no big deal". Other times, it was exciting. He also spent a lot of time at the British Embassy. Both locations provided many opportunities to meet all sorts of individuals, many who would become famous or notable in our history books because the passport office was the front for the British Secret Intelligence Service in the US [SIS] which was later named the Military Intelligence Section 6 - aka MI6!

In May 1940, MI6 set up British Security Co-ordination (BSC), on the authorization of Prime Minister Winston Churchill. This was a covert organization based in New York City, headed by Sir William Stephenson, intended to investigate enemy activities, prevent sabotage against British interests in the Western Hemisphere [the Americas], and mobilize pro-British opinion in the Americas.

Dad's father introduced him to Major General Sir Stewart G. Menzies, Chief of the British Secret Intelligence Service, codename "C". Remember, they shared the same Scottish surname and fellow Scottish clansmen always support each other! And as it turned out, Dad's immediate boss was Sir William Stephenson, the famous spymaster known as "Intrepid".

I remember when Dad told me that one time Lord Louis Mountbatten had arrived in NYC and my father was ordered to escort Lord Mountbatten's daughter Patricia around NYC for the week they were there. Dad showed Patricia all the wonderful NYC sights and escorted her on her shopping sprees, much to Patricia's delight. She was very nice and very beautiful, and she and my father became friends who enjoyed each other's company. They stayed in contact until Dad's enlistment.

But most of the time Dad would travel between the Passport Office and the British Embassy at the NYC ports courieri briefcases or packages. There were several "other destinations" with "unnamed" buildings or offices with only addresses viewed on building facades or on entry doors! When I asked dad about more specifics about his activities, he

told me he would be given briefcases or packages and instructed to take a cab to specific destinations. The briefcase would be handcuffed to his wrist and he could only use the taxicab driven by Izzy. Izzy, while friendly to Dad, was all business. He was very muscular and strong. Izzy would always safely transport Dad to the destination and return him to the Passport Office.

I remember being astounded with this revelation and had fired off a number of questions, eager to comprehend... "Dad, did you know what was in the briefcases or packages? And why only Izzy's cab? Didn't you think it strange when the briefcases you carried were *handcuffed* to you and that you were instructed to *only* ride in the taxi cab that Izzy drove? Didn't you ever feel nervous about such arrangements?" Dad replied matter-of-factly, that he didn't know what was in the briefcases or packages. But Izzy would only drive for the Passport Office and Dad felt comfortable and "safe" while in his cab for Izzy had a machine gun under the front seat!

When Dad enlisted in Nov 1942, he wanted to be a Marine Corps aviator for after all, he already was a licensed and experienced pilot. But because of the enormous infantry casualties suffered in the first year of the war, he decided to enlist in the infantry. He was enrolled in the Navy V-12 Program at Bucknell University and he would often fly home to Staten Island when on breaks. When called up to Active Duty, he progressed through Officers Candidate School and became competent in the Japanese Language and earned his Expert Rifleman, Bayonet and Ex. Small Bore Weapons Qualifications. He was assigned to Bravo Company, 1st Battalion, 26th Marine Regiment, 5th Marine Division. He was stationed at Camp Tarawa at Parker Ranch on Hawaii Island, the Big Island - the staging area for the Pacific Theater.

While stationed at Camp Tarawa, Dad would spend his free time learning to ride horses with the Paniolos, the Hawaiian cowboys. The Paniolos were very friendly and Dad thoroughly enjoyed exploring the ranch on the northern side of the island and learning about the paniolo history and traditions. He told me that while watching the paniolos wrangling cattle was mesmerizing, he was content to just enjoy riding the horses, far away from the aggressive cattle's sharp horns.



Dad was one of the fortunate few lucky enough to survive the Battle of Iwo Jima. His unit landed on Red Beach via the Higgins boats. Understandably, he carried such vivid memories of terrible smoke and smells his entire life. He eluded Death's grasp and only suffered hand injuries including broken fingers and shrapnel wounds all over his body, the metal remnants most of which he carried inside him the rest of his life. It wasn't until I was an adult in my late 50's that one day, when Dad was "in the mood", I learned of some of the battle and post-battle details. One can only imagine the stress, the horror, the loss. He told of his patrolling the Japanese caves to root out survivors. He was leading his squad into one particular cave, when he "felt" the hairs stand up on the back of his neck and hands. Despite this warning of danger, he proceeded further into the cave when he felt a "heavy hand" at his back pushing him and instinctively he "knew" to fall down on the cave's hard floor. As he was falling, he heard a "click". A Japanese soldier had Dad in his sights, but his Nambu pistol had misfired. The Marine behind Dad was able to "disarm" the soldier and "neutralize the threat". Dad held onto that misfired bullet and gun the remainder of his life, forever thanking his brother Marine behind him and appreciating another "close call".

After Iwo, Dad returned to Hawaii to prepare for a major assault invasion on the Japanese homeland. After the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs were dropped, Dad deployed from Hilo, Hawaii on a ship bound for Sasebo on the Island of Kyushu for what had then become The Occupation. Sasebo, the second largest city in Japan at that time, had a naval station and was heavily fire bombed and demolished.

On 22 Sept, the Fifth Marine Division were the first Americans to occupy the port city and the 26th Marines were given specific areas of responsibilities. Dad was ordered to the Mayor's house to make arrangements for the surrender and occupation. The V (Fifth) Amphibious Corps zone of occupation comprised the entire island of





Kyushu and Yamaguchi Prefecture on the western tip of Honshu. Dad was Assistant 3 Operations Officer to coordinate the surrender and movement of troops out of that area onto Japanese vessels. The Japanese survivors had fled to the hills and the only Japanese that were first seen were those who surrendered to Lt. Col Pollock, Dad's commanding officer. The Marines moved in with bulldozers to clear the roads and bomb debris. Dad's first night command post was in the railroad station. Dad took his platoon up into the Sasebo mountains to take the town of Aniura and remove the breachblock out of the protecting guns that were located there. The assault took 30 hours.

(Above left: Two Marines of the 2d Battalion, 27th Marines, view the ruins of Sasebo while standing guard on a hill overlooking the suburb of Tahjma. National Archives Photo)

The Mayor of Sasebo had a royal grant to supply oil and coal to the city of Sasebo. The Mayor could speak some English and Dad took a room in the Mayor's family residence during Dad's assignment. Dad and the Mayor became well acquainted - talking about their respective lives, their families, sharing their family histories and cultures and cultivating understanding, tolerance and developing mutual appreciation. Dad was fascinated with Feudal Japan and pursued that interest throughout his life. Dad learned "Kendo" - Japanese fencing - as he was on the fencing team at college. Dad enjoyed improving the English of the Mayor's two daughters and daily brought the girls candy and the family extra food from the mess hall. Dad's father, an avid gardener, even sent vegetable and flower seeds to the Mayor for the family's household garden.

It wasn't until just a couple of years before my father's passing that he told me he had visited Nagasaki after the bomb was dropped. Sasebo and Nagasaki were both located on Kyushu. I was surprised, concerned: "What about the radiation? What was the city like?" He said that they were under strict orders to stay away from nearby Nagasaki. However, Dad, of course, wanted to see the city; he needed to see the city. So one night, his best friend Hayward Faircloth and he "borrowed" a jeep and drove to the outskirts of what was left of the city. Far up high on the overlooking mountain and facing downwind, he could witness the sheer scope of the devastation. It was just - indescribable. As far as the eye could see, there was just ...nothing...nothing, but rubble. Understandably sobering; almost incomprehensible.



From Sasebo, Dad with the 26th Marine Regiment was ordered, combat ready, to forcibly take the Palau Islands where the Japanese 14th Division's commander and troops had refused to surrender. As the war situation had deteriorated against the Japanese, the Japanese government felt it was critical to hold the island group against the numerically superior Allied Forces even if it meant defending the islands "to the death". The Japanese did not know of the Emperor's surrender and it was just inconceivable to them that Japan had failed in the war effort and that the Emperor had surrendered. Surrender was just not what the Japanese would do - ever. U.S. Army and Navy officers went to the island of Koror under the flag of truce to take the surrender but the Japanese commanding general said he didn't know what the US officers were talking about and as far as he was concerned, Japan and the US were still at war. So pamphlets informing the Japanese soldiers of the Emperor's surrender were dropped from airplanes over the two upper islands. But the Island of Peleliu was still in active Japanese control and the Americans needed the harbor.

I didn't know much about this part of his tour, but learned a whole lot more when my family took my parents in 2010 to the USMC Museum in Quantico, VA. We were proceeding through the WWII portion of the exhibit, which is awesome and exceptionally well done. There is even a full sensory experience on the landing of Iwo Jima. You, as the Marine, are in a Higgins Boat or LCVP with mist in your face, the rocking of the craft under your feet and hearing the bullets hitting the landing craft while viewing the island's beach getting larger. It is a very emotional experience and this

immediately threw Dad back to that day on Red Beach, as you can imagine. The first time he visited this museum experience, it took him a bit to regain his composure afterwards. The entire museum is wonderful and does a great service to the Corps and the country.

As we progressed through the exhibit, we came upon the island of Peleliu and the Palau Islands. I asked Dad, "So, where exactly did you land? And tell me again about what happened where you had your Second Sight?" By that time, Dad was comfortable enough to share that his platoon was to come ashore on the southwestern beach of Peleliu with orders to follow a specific route to reach the harbor and secure it. But as Dad reviewed his map, right there on the beach, his Second Sight kicked in. He "knew" that the Japanese soldiers were along his assigned route and had mined the harbor. He could literally visualize the sunken ship in the harbor. He could see exactly where the Japanese soldiers were positioned and where the mines were located. He told me he could picture very clearly the situation - the locations of the enemy, their mines and booby-traps, and other hazardous conditions. There wasn't any doubt in his mind. So he changed his planned route and directed his platoon to cross the far ridge where he didn't "see" any Japanese soldiers. Sure enough, Dad's Second Sight was true and his platoon was able to capture the Japanese and secure the harbor without any American loss of life. He pointed on the map where he had landed, the target harbor, the assigned route and the alternate route he and his platoon had taken instead.

By the time Dad had finished explaining and answering my questions, we looked up from the map and realized we were surrounded by 30 museum visitors and docents who were speechless, completely enthralled with Dad and his recounting of the mission. Dad had a way of sharing his life's experiences that just drew one in – that captured your full attention and immersed you in the moment. Dad was gracious enough to continue answering questions from the visitors for quite a while afterwards.

It was while on the secured beaches of Peleliu that Dad's commanding officer approached him with new orders. Since the pamphlets that were dropped didn't convince the Japanese of the authenticity of Japan's surrender, a Japanese naval officer was parachuted over Koror and informed the Japanese Commander Lt. Gen Sadae Inoue at the Garrison of the Palaus that the Emperor did indeed surrender and that the war was officially over. Lt. Col. Daniel C. Pollock, Battalion Commander, was ordered by Regimental Commander Col. Chester B. Graham to make formal arrangements with Lt. Gen. Inoue at the Japanese garrison of the Palaus on Koror for the surrender of the Northern Islands. It was then that Lt. Col. Pollock approached my Dad and said "Menziez, I understand you can fly. And that you speak some Japanese." When Dad answered in the affirmative, Lt. Col. Pollock replied, "Good. You are to fly me to Koror. It will be just you and me to meet with Lt. Gen. Inoue at the garrison." So Dad flew Lt. Col. Pollock on a L-2 up to the island of Koror where he landed on a road by the dock and they were met by Lt. Gen. Inoue and Col. Tata, Gen Inoue's Chief of Staff. In this pre-surrender ceremony, Lt. Col. Pollock presented the Japanese surrender document for the Palaus by F. L. Rogers, Commanding General American Forces, and made the arrangements for the surrender. Such arrangements were facilitated by the fact that Dad could speak some Japanese and Col. Tata could speak some English. And per their Honor Code, Lt. Gen. Inoue and Col. Tata, in surrender, presented their hereditary samurai swords to Lt. Col. Pollock and my dad, respectively. Dad respected and treasured this beautiful sword and its significance. He was lucky he was given authorization to keep it.



After Pelilu was secure and the formal surrender of the Palaus was completed, Dad was transferred to Guam where he joined the Marine Aircraft Group 11. It was from his post in Guam that Dad was given his "special assignment". This assignment was actually a covert operation to locate and secure a specific Japanese officer for suspicion of war crimes. This particular officer was none other than Col. Tata. Dad was chosen for this assignment because he was the only American who knew Col. Tata and what he looked like because of their time arranging the surrender of the Palaus. Command believed that Dad could definitively identify Col. Tata and successfully return him to Guam. It is very interesting to view Dad's "special assignment" order. It is essentially a redacted document which gave Dad unlimited permissions to take whatever measures necessary using whatever personnel and means of transport necessary to complete his mission which was "verbally given" to him. All identifiable specifics were omitted from these orders. Dad was to present these orders, as needed, providing him unlimited permissions and authority while executing this order. Very interesting.

Col. Tata and Lt. Gen. Inoue were both suspected of war crimes. Lt. Gen. Inoue was tried for Class B and Class C war crimes and condemned to death in 1949 for negligence of command responsibility in permitting subordinates to execute three downed American airmen captured in Palau. His sentence was commuted to life imprisonment in 1951 and he was released in 1953. Lt. Gen. Inoue died in Japan in 1961.

Dad found Col. Tata north of Tsingtao (Qingdao) in the eastern Shandong Province in northern China. When Col. Tata was approached by Dad, he immediately recognized him and was completely surprised to meet Dad in China. "Lieutenant Menzies! What are you doing here?" Dad explained why he was there and Col. Tata emphatically replied that he was NOT a war criminal. In his eyes, the airmen were given an honorable beheading which atoned for Japan's defeat and surrender. This Honor Code originated from the Samurai Code. Dad escorted Col. Tata back to Guam without any incident. Dad never saw Col. Tata again nor did he know what became of Col. Tata and his ensuing trial, although he often wondered.

Greatly influenced by his parents during his formative years and his military experiences, Dad became an avid student of history and culture with interests ranging from ancient to modern civilizations. He was a remarkable man who led an extraordinary and very full life. He was blessed with intelligence, a strong sense of duty, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge. He had character, courage, integrity, bravery, honor and fierce independence in spades.

Dad was immeasurably proud of being a US Marine and a WWII combat survivor and Korean War veteran to boot - as are we. The Marine Corps honored Dad with a 21-gun salute when he was laid to rest a short time ago. I know Dad was smiling from above at this honor. I never had to dream of or search for a hero in my life; I was raised by my very own.

As I held my father on his death bed, I whispered "Rest easy, Marine. Dad, I've got The Watch." ❖

TRIBUTE OF HONOR MEMORIAL HONOREE



PVT MARTY CONNOR
H-1-26 / 5th Marine Division
(Honored by Kath Butler, FMDA friend)



For over 40 years, beginning in 1970 when he met the Reverend Wachi at the FMDA sponsored first Peace Time meeting of the former enemies on the island of Iwo Jima, Marty Connor was instrumental in collecting war souvenirs from other American veterans who fought on the island, and ensuring that the items were sent to the proper Japanese contacts for identification and return to bereaved families in Japan.

Fifth Marine Division Association Official Website = <https://5thmarinedivision.org/>

FMDA Facebook Page = <https://www.facebook.com/SpearheadDivision/>

**Service Records for DISCHARGED Marines can be requested by family members from:
National Personnel Records Center 9700 Page Blvd, Room 5007, St Louis, Mo 63132-5295
Provide them as much available information about the service member that the family has:
Full name, Service number, Rank, Unit Served in, MOS, Social Security Number**

Website to view digitalized combat motion picture clips taken by US Marine Combat Photographers = <https://mirc.sc.edu> (search term U.S. Marine Corps)

FMDA Members visit Warren Musch on 100 ½ birthday



Debbi Fowler, Bob & Carmie Fletcher, Phyllis & Jack Schaefer, & Penny Pauletto helped Warren Musch, born in 1921, celebrate his 100th birthday last October 25th, and were back at his home in Springfield, Illinois, again May 25, 2022, to help him celebrate his 100th and a half birthday.

In the War years, two weeks after he had graduated with a degree in chemistry from Illinois College, Musch had found himself in Marine Corps boot camp.

He served as a combat intelligence officer for the 3rd Battalion, 28th Marine Regiment. On Iwo Jima, Musch would go between the different command posts taking information back to his colonel. "I lived with death for the 36 days," Musch said. After the 5th Division left Iwo Jima to return to Camp Tarawa in Hawaii at the end of the campaign, he wrote the Iwo Jima battle report for the 3rd Battalion and still has the handwritten copy among his papers. Musch was running the

"planning room" for the 28th regiment for the planned invasion of Japan in early 1946. The bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki put an end to those plans, and after the Occupation of Japan, he was sent stateside.

A long time active member of FMDA, Warren has served as President and hosted the 49th Annual gathering in Peoria, IL, in October of 1998. He has also acted as Treasurer and as a member of the Board of Directors. ❖

TRIBUTE OF HONOR MEMORIAL HONOREE



CARL DEHAVEN

H&S Motor Transport

(Honored by William Holdsworth, family friend)



TRIBUTE OF HONOR MEMORIAL HONOREE



CPL MATTHEW "AL" COZZI

B-1-28

(Honored by Karen Cozzi Campbell, Daughter)



Memory Pillows

Memorial Pillows made from dress shirts or any button - up shirt. Designed by Cheryl Kozak, legacy FMDA member. Sarah, the Great-Granddaughter of Al Nelson is shown at the right, holding a pillow made from his shirt. The lowan served in the 5th Division, 5th Tank Battalion on Iwo Jima, and was a 3-War Marine veteran who also served as a Tanker in Korea and in Vietnam. Text (319) 457-2131 for more information on the Memory Pillows ❖



My Favorite Star Colonel Maggie

By Art Sifuentes ("Mad Mex") LtCol, USMC (Ret)



I cannot recall exact dates, but the story is true.

I remember watching **Martha Raye** on comedy shows on our tiny black and white television back in the '50s growing up in Mid-Western Michigan. That said, little did I know I would run into Ms. Raye some 12-15 years later in the Republic of Viet Nam....

Our Marine airbase at Hue-Phu Bai was not large enough to attract the big names supporting the USO. We never saw Bob Hope, Raquel Welch or the other big names. We did get occasional acrobat, singing acts, etc. whose artists braved our small base to entertain, and perhaps save their failing careers. Another story on that at another time...

But, as it happened, I forget exactly when... early to mid 1967... The weather was perfect and I had no flying duty that day.....yet. That changed soon when Ms. Raye, dressed in Cammies sporting the rank of Army Colonel on her collars, arrived on an Army Huey to wish our Marines well, assure them that America was behind them, to ignore the Hippy students and their unwashed culture, etc. She performed a few jokes and old standard songs accompanied by her pianist on a piano. God only knows from where it came!

She finished, glad-handing, picture-taking, kissing the troops, etc. Her reputation was that she started her campaign entertaining the Army Special Forces. At any rate, she was genuinely interested in the health and

well-being of "her boys". You could sense the maternal care she had for each of us. She was the real deal, not a personality searching for more fame and relevance. There were no "airs" or distance from us. And then it was over...so I thought. Ms. Raye wanted to know what other bases or units she could visit. Going much further north was Dong Ha, then the DMZ... West was Khe Sanh....not a place to be after dark, so to speak... Undaunted with the senior officers looking at their boots or avoiding eye contact, she pressed she wanted to visit more of "her boys"... So, Capt Sifuentes was assigned to take a flight of two aging, piston-driven combat-tired UH-34s and carry Ms. Raye wherever she wanted to go... Please not the last five words. That said, safety was paramount, you are the flight leader, seasoned in combat ops, use your best judgement....etc... So off we go. No entourage, just Ms. Raye, my crew and bird #2 on my wing.

We get to Dong Ha...austere, busy, smelly, loud, flight operations at their peak supporting the DMZ, Khe-Sanh and everything in all directions. A call had been made that Ms Raye was inbound and to provide the appropriate welcome. There was no piano or song and dance given the austerity and conditions. She said a few words of encouragement, pictures, handshakes, etc. I am ready to return Ms Raye to relative safety. But she in insistent on going further on to see "her boys"... I believe we went further north to a couple fire-bases...CamLo and ConThien on the DMZ. I was getting a bit concerned at her insistence. I had twice attempted to dissuade her from going too far north. She simply pointed at her collar emblems and reminded me firmly, but politely, of my orders.

So are we ready to go back to Phu Bai?? Not quite... Where else can we go? I advised her North Viet Nam was just a few feet away and we best head back south....until some &%\$#@!-head remarked..."Khe Sanh is the only base left"... I am confident that if could have unpacked my .38 pistol (wrapped in plastic to keep it from rusting) in time, I could have sent him home with a medal and fewer toes. No sooner were those words out of his mouth than she was on it like a rooster on a june-bug! I insisted Khe-Sanh was an active fire-base, often under attack from mortars and rockets and not safe. Therefore I would not be flying her to Khe Sanh... She bristled, tightened her lips and turned to the ranking officer asking for a line back to Phu Bai... The phone was soon in my ear..."Captain, you have your orders..." no

“but sir” was allowed... So off we go...west to Khe Sanh, past the Rockpile and up on to the plateau and base... loud, smelly, sweaty half-dressed Marines, covered in red-dirt wondering who this is...fire missions outgoing, aircraft engines, rotors turning normal confusion of sounds.... Same deal, same spiel, pictures, etc. NOW, I am ready to go “home”Not so fast... Same question....“Any more Marines in the area to visit?” The response....wrong response...“No ma’am, nothing out there but patrols” ... “Oh, where are they? I have to go out there ”.... Same story, same argument, same call on the EE8, same ending.

It matters not that in front of us are the infamous hills 881 and 861 where pitch battles and heavy casualties are daily; it matters not that enemy patrols are out there looking for the good guys;...But we have a line on a patrol near-by inbound and a frequency on which to find them....and find them we do... a small recon patrol who had been in the bush long enough to have torn and rotted much of their cammies from crotch to ankle...did I mention troops in the bush rarely wear skivvies to avoid chaffing in the heavy sweat environment?... Unperturbed, our Ms Raye jumps out of the bird to confront nasty, smelly, half-dressed, mud-covered sweat-stained, wide-eyed Marines wondering “what is this?” ... She collected each and every one in her arms, hugged them fiercely, kissed them on their sweat-stained muddy cheek, praised them for their bravery, patriotism and love of God, Corps and Country... They were astonished, polite and in shock... We loaded them up, took them back to Khe-Sanh and then proceeded, thankfully, back to Phu Bai.

I never had the privilege of seeing her again. She is and was, my hero. ❖



Appreciation of Martha Raye’s work with the USO during World War II and subsequent wars led to her being named both an honorary colonel in the U.S. Marines and an honorary lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Army; the Fifth Special Forces Group (Airborne) made her an honorary Green Beret for her USO work in Vietnam.

On November 2, 1993, she was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom by President Bill Clinton for her service to her country. The citation reads: A talented performer whose career spans the better part of a century, Martha Raye has delighted audiences and uplifted spirits around the globe. She brought her tremendous comedic and musical skills to her work in film, stage, and television, helping to shape American entertainment. The great courage, kindness, and patriotism she showed in her many tours during World War II, the Korean War, and the Vietnam War earned her the nickname 'Colonel Maggie'. The American people honor Martha Raye, a woman who has tirelessly used her gifts to benefit the lives of her fellow Americans.



**TRIBUTE OF HONOR
MEMORIAL HONOREE**



**COL DAVE SEVERANCE &
Mrs Barbara Severance
WWII 5th Div 28th Marines Echo Co**
(Honored by Laura Dietz, friend)



Cpl Edward J. Mahoney, USMC 1943-1945

Interviewed by Kent Dozark

In September of 1942 Ed Mahoney was walking, literally, from Dexter, Missouri to California. Because he had a friend who had survived the sinking of the USS Lexington in the Battle of the Coral Sea, he was planning to join the Navy when he reached the West Coast, but at a stop-over in Oklahoma City, he decided to go ahead and join up at the recruiting office there. The signs outside weren't clear and Ed went into the first door he came to. It was the Marine Corps office, and the recruiter on duty made such a compelling presentation that Ed ended up joining the Marines.

Mahoney served on a 37mm gun with the 3rd Battalion Weapons Company, 9th Regiment, 3rd Marine Division, fighting and surviving combat on Bougainville, Guam, and Iwo Jima. ❖

ON BOUGAINVILLE, SOLOMON ISLANDS

Ed graduated from Boot Camp at Camp Pendleton and in February of 1943 shipped out to New Zealand. After further training, on November 1st, 1943, he landed on Bougainville. During the initial stages of the battle, Ed's 37mm crew was positioned at the water's edge. His gun was pulled by a Jeep.

One night on Bougainville, Ed was assigned to be at a forward listening post. Ed left the main lines as the sun was setting and jogged 100 yards in front of the lines. Positioning himself behind a large tree he alternated positions between crouching down and standing to get as comfortable as possible. It began to rain heavily. Around midnight the rain slowed, then stopped. The only sound was the rain drops falling from the leaves and the various birds and animal life displaying all their noises. As Ed stood there behind the tree he heard a loud thud above him. He looked up but couldn't see anything. Toward sunrise, Ed was relieved by a replacement sentry. As he started to head towards the rear he looked up. Twelve inches up, an arrow was stuck in the tree. Ed retrieved it knowing it had been meant for him. He worked to keep the arrow but it was lost over time. ❖

ON GUAM, MARIANA ISLANDS

Forward to July of 1944 and Ed was fighting on Guam. His unit was on the extreme right flank with the Army between them and the Japanese. Japanese tank attacks were rare so the 37mm was used as much as possible as an Anti-Personnel weapon. In one memorable event Ed's 37mm Anti-Tank gun set up to monitor a road junction. Ed's crew was loaded with canister (effectively, a large shotgun) as the best Anti-Personnel ammunition. To their right a .50 cal. machine gun was in place. Guam and Saipan were two islands to see the last of the large Banzai attacks. That night, the Japs launched the massive attack that Guam was remembered for. Ed's crew fired canister repeatedly and in the morning they counted 32 dead enemy in front of their position.

During his time in the Pacific, Ed was able to avoid Malaria, but was struck down with Dengue Fever while on Guam. He was sent back to an aid station on the beach. Once all his clothes were removed, he was rolled up in rubber sheets, put on a cot next to the nurse's station, and remained there until his fever broke. The next day he was released and hitch-hiked back to his unit. Part of the ride was on a truck filled with ammunition! ❖





(Above left: Ed sitting on the back of his 37MM gun, 2nd from left, back to camera, going inland on Guam. Above right: Ed shaking hands with friend and historian Kent Dozark at his retirement home in Florida))

ON IWO JIMA, BONIN ISLANDS

Ed's unit landed on Iwo Jima on D+5 at Red Beach 1. His unit was used as infantry during the battle and their 37mm Anti-Tank guns were left near the landing beach. It was February 1945 and Mahoney's Third Marine Division had landed on the southern tip of Iwo Jima – the island the U.S. needed for air support purposes.

It's been over 75 years since Ed Mahoney stepped foot on Iwo Jima but put a map in front of him and this Marine is right back on those black-sand beaches. "We come in and we landed in the spot here," he said pointing to a map... And then we went right up to the line at this end of the airfield." "They wanted it for the airfields," Mahoney said. "The Japanese had one airfield that was open, another that was almost completed, and the third was still in the rough stages." A fight that the Marines were told would last five days carried on for five weeks, battling an enemy Mahoney called "ruthless." "They were hard to attack," he says of the Japanese soldiers. "They were good at camouflage, really good." Mahoney recalled many times he had to choose if it was going to be him or the enemy. "I had a bayonet and if he was still alive but wounded, sometimes they would take a hand grenade and try to take out Americans with them. If he possibly could, he was going to kill you," he said. "They had no sense for life. They were just giving it to their emperor."

During his 42 days on Iwo, on one occasion, Ed was ordered to take a prisoner back via Jeep to the Regiment's HQ for interrogation. As they drove to the rear, Marines were moving up to the front in the opposite direction. Every Marine they passed stared in silence, and Ed said, with an ironic laugh, that he didn't know if they wanted to shoot his prisoner or shoot him for giving an enemy a jeep ride!

And though, miraculously, Mahoney was never shot or wounded, many of his friends didn't make it home. "On each one of the islands, I lost my best buddy," he said. "On Bougainville and Guam and Iwo Jima – my closest buddies, I lost." Mahoney says, to this day, he knows it was more than luck that kept him alive. "I was lucky, but the good Lord was with me all the way through," he said. ❖

In a newspaper article written several years ago, Ed told the writer that the war is embedded in his memory "like fish caught in a net." Those long-ago years are with him every day, even almost eight decades later.

Petition to name a Navy warship after Joe Rosenthal

Go to USSJoe.org to sign

On D+4, February 23, 1945, during the Battle of Iwo Jima, Joe Rosenthal snapped what became the most recognized and galvanizing battle photo of WW II.

The Flag Raising photo symbolizes the U.S. Marine Corps and has become a timeless symbol of valor and unity.

The photo lifted the morale of the American Public which was suffering from war fatigue and the grim news of casualties from the Battle of the Bulge. By virtue of his photo's role in raising \$26.3 billion for the 7th War Loan Drive, Rosenthal contributed more to the war effort than nearly any other American civilian.

Joe Rosenthal called on his skill—and a little bit of luck—to capture the Flag Raising photo, that was immediately recognized as “One for all time.” The Associated Press transmitted the image to member newspapers 17 1/2 hours later, and it made the front pages of Sunday newspapers across the country.

While “lucky,” Joe was also experienced, talented and prepared. And he preferred to photograph up on the frontlines. He took many outstanding photographs during his 50-year career: battle scenes, photos for hometown newspapers, and inspiring scenes of Marine brotherhood.



Rosenthal is remembered for his Flag Raising photo and the “Gung Ho” shot of the assembled Marines, but took many other outstanding wartime photos. Turned down for military service because of very poor eyesight, Rosenthal signed on with the Associated Press with the stipulation he would be assigned to cover the war in the Pacific. Joe was on the front lines with the Marines on four amphibious landings and photographed combat action shoulder-to-shoulder with them, armed only with his camera.



ORAL INTERVIEWS IN SAN DIEGO

Jeremy Mazur of the MCRD San Diego Command Museum, Marine Corps History Division oral history collection, interviewed the Iwo Jima vets who attended the 2022 FMDA Reunion in San Diego.

Jeremy is also a member of the Recruit Depot's G-2 section and helped arrange clearance for the trip for FMDA members to attend the May 13th Graduation Ceremony and tour the facility. ❖



“Oral history is a valuable source to reveal what it was like to be at a particular place in time. Oral history provides the setting, the weather, the supply situation, the fear, pain, camaraderie, good leadership, bad leadership, joy and jubilation, and other human aspects of historical events. Joined together with other primary source documentation, oral history interviews fleshes out the bare bones of the printed word. Oral history is best used as ‘color’ for historical writing, to reveal what an individual experienced as a participant in historical events and gain their perspectives. This human-interest type material thickens historical writing, it engages the reader so that the reader can understand the context of historical events.” (Left: Leighton Willhite being interviewed. Other Iwo veterans interviewed were Carlo Romano, Ken Brown, George Boutwell, Charles Cram, Ivan Hammond, Al Jennings, and George Puterbaugh. John Butler, Vietnam vet and legacy member whose father was a BN CO who was KIA on Iwo Jima, was also interviewed.) ❖

GREETINGS & SPECIAL THANKS from SAN DIEGO, by Kathy Martinosky Tinsley, Proud daughter of Iwo Jima Survivor Kenneth Martinosky

If you attended our 72nd FMDA Reunion I miss you all! I was soooooo happy to be your reunion host along with Julie and Brillo Licari. I want to acknowledge everyone that helped make it happen from opening a wine bottle to providing our dinners. I especially want to acknowledge my favorite sister-in-law even though she reminds me she's my only sister-in-law for **EVERYTHING** she willingly took on. **BARB ALLEN MARTINOSKY** thank you, thank you, thank you. I barely would mention a plan that I had, and Barb had it taken care of. Donation cans for the Hospitality Room, name badges, meal choice cards, how out of the box thinking were they? Cow, fish and the lettuce leaf for our vegetarians. Also, Barb and her crafty friends cut out 100 stars from two tattered flags for your banquet gift.

Thank you to all of you for your continued support of FMDA and keeping alive the memories of our loved ones. ❖

THANKS also to MajGen David Bice of the Iwo Jima Association of America

for flying across country to talk with our Board about the possibility of combining some Reunion functions of FMDA and IJAA, while still remaining separate independent organizations..

For quite a few years a significant number of FMDA members have also been members of IJAA and have regularly attended their annual symposium held in D.C. in February

The late Gen Fred Haynes, a 5th Marine Division stalwart, founded and organized IJAA as Combat Veterans of Iwo Jima. later changed to IJAA. Col Bill Rockey, son of Gen Keller Rockey, 5th Division Commander on Iwo Jima, has been a long time Board Member of both IJAA & FMDA.

Accordingly, MajGen David Bice, current President & CEO of IJAA was invited by our Board to attend the San Diego Reunion to discuss possible joint reunions going forward in order to increase attendance and reduce costs. It was further decided at the Board meeting that FMDA would encourage its members to attend the IJAA February 2023 event. Likewise FMDA will welcome IJAA staff to attend our planned October 2023 reunion in San Antonio with hopes of working toward a formal agreement on a suitable joint reunion for both organizations going forward.



Kilroy says, “Mark your calendars!!!!”

Details to be posted on the FMDA website & next SHN

Final Muster – Never to be Forgotten



<i>Name</i>	<i>Unit</i>	<i>City</i>	<i>DOD</i>
BRADDOCK, William M.	B-1-28	Pensacola, FL	03-16-2022
CHRISTIE, Eugene	28 th Marines	Bradenton, FL	01-26-2022
HARVEY, T Fred	C-1-26	Kerrville, TX	01-05-2022
HEILEMAN, Howard W	5thJASCO	Bellevue, IL	12-22-2021
KAZMIERCZAK, Chet	B-1-26	Ft. Myers Beach, FL	06-23-2017
MONTGOMERY, Bill	HQ 2-26	Decatur, GA	03-10-2022
NAU, Warren	5thSIG	Lebanon, IN	04-02-2010
SHIROTA, Jon	US Army	Hacienda Heights, CA	07-28-2020
SZOPO, Stephen J.	HS-2-13	Northville, MI	12-09-2020
VASVARI, Harold L.	A-1-26	Easton, PA	12-25-2011
WELCH, Preston	C-1-28	Sun City AZ	07-21-2021

Michael Leahy was a retired USMCR helicopter crew chief, pilot and combat artist.

He produced amazing combat scenes that mainly focused on the helicopters he loved. *See a full range of Leahy's prints at <http://thehootch.com>, Or contact his son Jim Leahy at jleahyart@gmail.com to purchase prints.*



“Combat art tells of our deepest feelings: We held fast to a set of standards and values that was worth anything we had to endure. This is how we spent a part of our lives... It was worth it.”

“Combat art reduces things to bare essentials... like the virtue most highly valued by men in combat Just keeping the faith with each other!”

Iwo Jima Hero and 1st Flag Raiser Is Not Forgotten

Boots Thomas is remembered by Jennings and Joyce Bunn.

Several times a year they drive to Monticello from their home in North Florida and attend the grave of Iwo Jima hero Boots Thomas who was part of the first flag raising. Out of respect for the memory of Thomas, they clean the gravesite and leave flowers and flags on patriotic holidays. The couple also keeps the adjacent graves of Thomas's parents orderly.

Jennings reported, “A young woman was also visiting a grave across from Boots. I asked if she knew about the grave we were tending? She said ‘Boots Thomas’? I said yes, and she said she had done a report about him in High School. I thanked her, and told her that is excellent. It's most satisfying and appreciated that some of our young people do care.”

Jennings Bunn, FMDA member and an Air Force Vietnam Veteran, came to have ties to the Marine Corps from his time on Guam, during which he led tours for the Military Historical Tours. He has also traveled to Iwo Jima five times and Peleliu three times. Although not a Marine, he came to have absolute respect for the Corps and the men who fought on Iwo Jima.





From:
FIFTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION
 P.O. Box 728
 WEATHERFORD, TEXAS 76086

Forwarding Service Requested



All donations are tax deductible - 501(c)3 non-profit & all-volunteer organization

5th Marine Division Association - Membership and Donation Form

Mail to: 5th Marine Division Association, P.O. Box 728, Weatherford, TX 76086

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

Type Membership: **New Annual or Life** Membership () or **Renewal** of Annual Membership ()

Categories Below:

Iwo Vet () **Vietnam Vet** () Div. _____ Platoon _____ Co. _____ Bn _____ Reg. _____

Legacy () Name & rank of Veteran _____

Vet's Div. _____ Co. _____ Bn. _____ Reg. _____ Your Relationship _____

Associate () (*interested person who is not a veteran or related to a veteran*)

Name: _____

Street: _____

City: _____ State: _____

Zip: _____ Phone: _____

Email _____

Dues (please check):

- () Annual\$ 25
- () New Lifetime (Age 64 & under)... \$150
- () New Lifetime (Age 65-79)\$100
- () New Lifetime (Age 80 & over).....\$ 50

Donation:

() General Fund\$ _____

TOTAL\$ _____

(Please make checks payable to FMDA)