



The Raider Patch



**United States Marine
Raider Association**



July 1996

*A Non-Profit
National Organization*

1st Battalion

2nd Battalion

3rd Battalion

4th Battalion

Admiral Isokura Yamamoto, architect of the Pearl Harbor attack is shown saluting Japanese fighter pilots at Rabaul April 11, 1943. Just left of Yamamoto is Vice Admiral Kusaka. A week after this picture was taken Yamamoto's airplane was ambushed over southern Bougainville and shot down by a small group of Army Air Corps P-38's from Guadalcanal who were fitted with extra fuel tanks for the long round trip. Yamamoto had announced his itinerary by radio ahead of his trip in secret coded words which had for some time been decoded by the Navy. As punctual as ever his plane was right where it was planned when spotted by the P-38's.



COMMANDANT'S PEACETIME/WARTIME SUPPORT PROGRAM - 1st Meeting

Impressions gleaned by Mike Beeler, President, Marine Raider Association

The subject of the first meeting of the Working Group of the Community Outreach Program was "grass roots". There were ±20 representatives of various major Marine Corps related associations representing 200,000 members. There was probably a like number of active duty Marines present, ranging in rank from Majors to Lieut. Generals. This initial meeting convened on 1 May and lasted two days. The Commandant paid the travel and hotel rooms.

The purpose of this initial meet was to study the feasibility of integrating efforts and coordinating resources in support of a "grass roots" community outreach program to advertise the Corp mission, values, and accomplishments.

MAJOR GENERAL WILKERSON - COORDINATING STRUCTURES:

The keynote speaker was Major General Wilkerson, Commander, Marine Forces Reserves (COMMARFORRES). The General charged the associations to establish a coordinating structure to ease communication between the associations, the American public, and the Marines; enhance the image of the Marine Corps.

BRIGADIER GENERAL PUNARO - READINESS SUPPORT PROGRAM:

Brigadier General Punaro, Commanding General Marine Corps Reserve Support Command, (MCRSC), gave a brief on the Readiness Support Program and how the associations could be connected by using the local Marine Corps Coordinating Council (MCCC) that has 186 locations nationwide focusing on increasing the Marine Corps support in the 20-60 age group.

MR. MURPHY - DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LOBBYING AND EDUCATION:

The legal council to the Commandant, Mr. Murphy, gave the group an insight into the difference between lobbying and educating the public about the Marine Corps. This allayed the fears of the associations that have a "no-no" as far as politics are concerned in their charters.

MAJOR GENERAL HARDY - COORDINATING COUNCILS:

Major General Hardy gave a dialogue on the history of the MCCC's influence on local communities where formed. He also distributed copies of a Guide for Marine Corps Coordinating Councils published in 1993.

Then each association member gave a brief synopsis concerning his association's work in the community outreach programs, such as the Vouza Fund.

The most efficient way to integrate the Marine Corps related associations into a nationwide network without further bureaucratic structure other than the current National Marine Corps Council was discussed. It was decided the NMCC would provide an adequate "Association of Associations" structure. An automated communications link between the associations at the national level and the Marine Corps is lacking and has hampered efforts in the past. It was agreed each association would bring the national office or an individual on-line with a personal computer capable of accessing a commercially available network. Also, each association would support 186 MCCC's nationwide. The Marine Corps League (800 detachments and 43,000 members) volunteered to act as coordinator to form MCCC's with guidance from Major General Hardy.

The group believes it is critical to have the 20-60 age former Marines establish a rapport with the Marine Corps by:

- A) The Marine Corps maintains a Community Outreach office within Headquarters Marine Corps and Marine Forces Reserve.
- B) The Marine Corps should make information available to the associations on commercially accessible on-line network.
- C) Make the separation from the Marine Corps from active duty more positive. They should encourage the discharges to participate in not only the Marine Corps Reserve but also civilian associations that support the Marine Corps.
- D) Revitalize the N M C C and focus its efforts on Community outreach. Stem the tide of lethargy among former Marines.

It was recommended the working group attendees commence communicating with each other and where possible, the Marine Corps, in an electronic mode. This appeared to be a sound answer if all units have an on-line piece of hardware.

SUMMARY:

It was learned efforts to accomplish programs like the above have been undertaken by several previous Commandants. Now with the electronics available today, this type of movement appears easier to accomplish. Although there is no active movement, that is apparent, to "pick up" the Marine Corps "Charter", it appears to me that the hierarchy of the Marine Corps is preempting problems and they wish to prepare in advance. Some of you might recall Harry Truman's efforts to cancel the Marine Corps, and I feel certain you are all aware of "Dugout Doug's" efforts to make all Marines, sergeants in the Army.

As you know, Marine Raiders are an "Endangered Species" with the possibility of early extinction in the next few years. There are many civilians, Army, Navy and other Marine organizations who are becoming aware of this obvious fact. This is probably one of the reasons you are being invited to speak so frequently lately. We contacted the Marine Corps, and they have supplied us with outlines of numerous speeches earmarked for different audiences. Some of you have told me you were invited to speak and asked me what to talk about. Some of you may wish to volunteer. Now! if you ask me again, I can supply you with one or more of these speech outlines that would be good for the Marine Corps "Outreach Program" and the Raiders.

C U ON THE BEACH

Mike Beeler, President U.S. Marine Raider Association

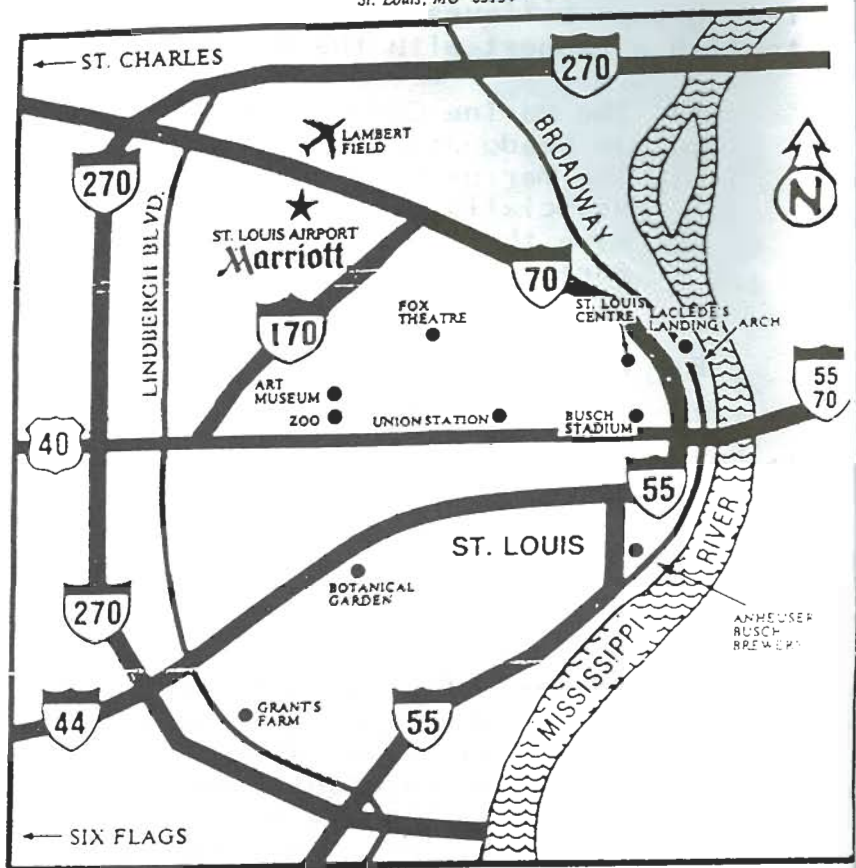
* * *

'CALLING ALL MEMBERS OF SPECIAL OPERATIONS FORCES: Rob Neillands, military historian, has been commissioned to write a book on the SPECIAL OPERATIONS FORCES and would like to hear from anyone who served with Special Operations either during World War II or since. The book will be written mainly in the words of those who took part, so if you have a story or an account to tell, please write now to: Robin Neillands, 48 Beltran Rd., London SW8 5AD.'

* * *

RAIDER HEADQUARTERS
4711 DELMONTE AVE.
SAN DIEGO, CA 92107

ST. LOUIS AIRPORT MARRIOTT
 Phone Number: 314-253-5106
 Guest Fax Number: 314-423-2221
 I-70 at Lambert International Airport
 St. Louis, MO 63134



Your reservations must be received prior to 8/31/96 and before the group reservations block is filled to assure your room accommodations.

PLEASE CHECK RATE REQUESTED

<input type="checkbox"/> Single Occupancy - 1 Person	\$65
<input type="checkbox"/> Double Occupancy - 2 Persons	\$65
<input type="checkbox"/> Triple Occupancy - 3 Persons	\$65
<input type="checkbox"/> Quad Occupancy - 4 Persons	\$65
<input type="checkbox"/> Suites - For rates contact hotel direct	

REQUESTED ROOM TYPE*

<input type="checkbox"/> Handicap Access	<input type="checkbox"/> Smoking	<input type="checkbox"/> King Bed
<input type="checkbox"/> Non-Smoking	<input type="checkbox"/> 2 Double Beds	
<input type="checkbox"/> No preference	<input type="checkbox"/> No Preference	

* In the event room type requested is not available, nearest room type will be assigned.

Things to see in Central St. Louis FOREST PARK
 Free Zoo - Art Hill museum (free) - Science Center - Jefferson Memorial - Jewel Box, for flowers - Two municipal golf courses very low cost.

ALSO: ride capsule up the Arch - 1 hr. river-boat cruises & St. Louis riverfront. good eats!

(input from Paul Funk 3Bn who has lived there 75 yrs)

Guests Flying in to Catch Airport Shuttle: Go to Exit 6 at Baggage Claim

Directions from Lambert International Airport: South on Airflight Drive 1/8 mile to Pear Tree Lane Turn Right. Marriott is one block down on left. Directions from Interstate 70: Exit 231. 236. hotel is immediately to the south of interstate.

The form below is for your hotel reservation. Please fill it out and mail to:
ST. LOUIS AIRPORT MARRIOTT I-70 at Lambert Airport St Louis Mo. 63134
 Attn: RESERVATION DEPT.

MARINE RAIDERS
 SEPTEMBER 11-15, 1996

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Daytime Phone: Area Code (_____) _____
 Arriving on _____ Est. arrival time _____ Depart on _____
 Name(s) of person(s) sharing accommodations _____

What major credit card will be used for payment upon checkout? Member of Honor Guest Award Card # _____
 AMEX VISA MC DINERS DISCOVER
 Number: _____ Exp. Date: _____
 Signature: X _____

- Reservation request is subject to availability. There is a limited number of rooms set aside for your group.
- Reservation requests will be accepted on a first come - first served basis.
- In the event rate or room type requested is not available, nearest available rate or room type will be assigned.
- All rates are subject to state and local taxes.
- Guest rooms will be available for check-in after 4:00 p.m. Saint Louis time.
- Check-out time is 1:00 p.m.

The listed credit card or deposit of one night's room rate will guarantee your reservation. All rooms only held until 6:00 p.m. on arrival date without credit card number or deposit made payable to St. Louis Airport Marriott Hotel. In the event a guaranteed reservation is not cancelled prior to 6:00 p.m. on your arrival date, one night's room and tax will be deducted from your deposit or billed through your credit card.

The St. Louis reunion is getting along fine. However we do need someone in charge of the Hospitality room - are there any volunteers? We will also need bar tenders while you are at it!! Donate a bottle of liquor for our Hospitality room - I'm sure you have an extra bottle at home. We need all the help we can get.

There is a 20% discount at the Hotel for food purchased at the restaurant during your stay at the Marriott. All you need is to show your Raider name tag.

DINNER MENU

MARRIOTT GARDEN SALAD

Fresh Garden Greens Topped with Sliced Cucumbers,
Cherry Tomatoes and Shredded Carrots
Served with Peppercorn Dressing

TOP SIRLOIN STEAK

With Green and Black Peppercorn Sauce

Chef's Selection of Potato, Rice or Pasta

Chef's Selection of Fresh Vegetables

Rye, Multi-Grain and Pumpernickel Breads
Butter and Margarine

TRI-COLOR CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Freshly Brewed Coffee, Decaffeinated Coffee
Assortment of Herbal Teas and Iced Tea

DINNER MENU

CAESAR SALAD

Romaine Lettuce, Herbed Croutons, Parmesan Chee
Tossed Tableside with Caesar Dressing

BREAST OF CHICKEN AMERICAINE

Breast of Chicken Served with Shrimp,
Lobster and cognac Sauce

Chef's Selection of Fresh Vegetables

Chef's Selection of Potato, Rice or Pasta

Rye, Multi-Grain And Pumpernickel Breads
Butter and Margarine

FRUIT TART ON PAINTED PLATE

Freshly Brewed Coffee, Decaffeinated Coffee
Assortment of Herbal Teas and Iced Tea

The publishers report that the Marine Corps Association Book Store in Quantico, the Parris Island PX, Camp Pendleton PX and the Command Museum at San Diego, are all enjoying brisk sales and spreading the word about the exploits of the Marine Raiders.

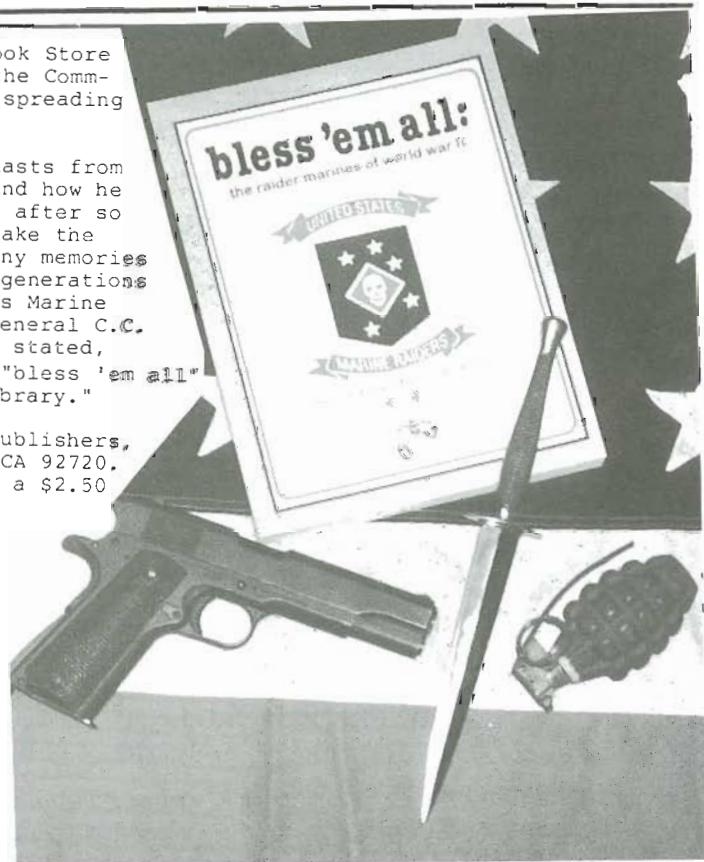
Comments from Raider veterans, Marines and history enthusiasts from all over the country have raved about the General's work and how he was able to recall and gather so much accurate information after so many years had passed. The 180 photos and two dozen maps make the book a visual trip back in time to the early 1940's and many memories are recalled. It is truly a magnificent effort and future generations of Americans will learn the real story of the United States Marine Raiders of World War II. One such note was received from General C.C. Krulack, Commandant of the United States Marine Corps. He stated, "Your company is to be commended on its efforts to ensure "bless 'em all" for publication. I have given it an honored place in my library."

Copies of "bless 'em all" can be ordered direct from the publishers, ReView Publications, 14851 Jeffrey Rd., Suite 270, Irvine CA 92720. The price to Raider Association members is \$19.50 ea. with a \$2.50 postage & handling charge. Non-members, \$22.50 plus P&H.

L I F E

We can't afford to waste
the good parts
by a'frettin about the bad.

..from the movie Old Yeller



Please PRINT Entire Form

U.S. MARINE RAIDER ASSOCIATION REUNION / ST. LOUIS SEPT. 11-15, 1996

Name Raider (Last, First, M.I.) BN _____ CO _____

Circle One: Wife - Hon. Member - Guest
 Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone () Arrive By: () Air () Car () R.V. COST NO TOTAL

Dues must be paid to attend / Check One () Regular () Life () Hon, Annual	\$25.00		
Registration Fee: Incl. Perm Name Tag Raider & Wife, and or Guest () Check here for New Name Tag	25.00		25.00
WEDNESDAY, SEPT 11 Golf Time 0730 Registration & Table Assignment 1400-1700 Hospitality Room Opens 1600	34.00		
THURSDAY, SEPT 12 Registration & Table Assignment 0900-1700 Memorial Services & Union Station Shopping 0915-1415 Raider Board Meeting 1430 * See Below Hospitality Room Opens 1400	6.00		
FRIDAY, SEPT. 13 Registration & Table Assignment Opens 1000-1700 River Boat Casino 1130-1730 Hospitality Room Opens 1400 Hospitality Room Entertainment Lady & the Cop 1930-2200	3.00 N/C		
SATURDAY, SEPT. 14 General Membership Meeting 0900 Coffee & Donuts / Auction Half Time Registration & Table Assignments Opens 1000-1400 Hospitality Room Opens 1200-1500 Catholic Mass in Hotel 1630-1700 Photos for Reunion Picture Book 1700-2300 Cocktails 1800 / Banquet 1900 No Host Bar / Dancing () Chicken or () Steak for Dinner SEE MENU	12.00 27.00		
SUNDAY, SEPT. 15 Farewell Breakfast 0800-1000	14.00		
Donations: Vouza Fund General Fund Museum			
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED			

CHECK YOUR ADDITION PLEASE!!

Make checks payable to : U.S. MARINE RAIDER ASSOCIATION

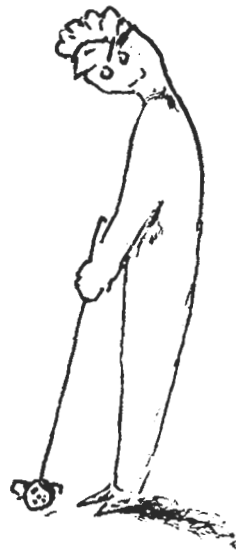
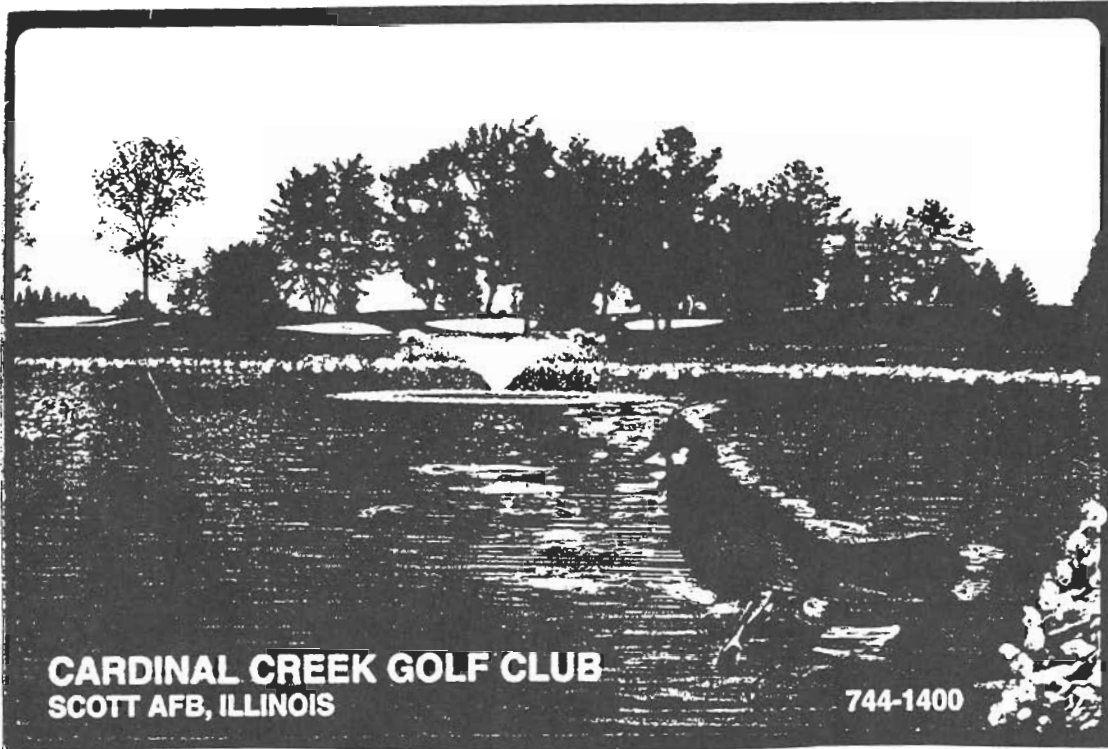
If you have any questions, call either

JOHN DRAGON 941-756-2564 OR WALT KAMINSKI 314-458-8751

MAIL TO:

Col. Martin "Stormy" Sexton If You Cancel, Contact
 1017 Barsky Lane Stormy Sexton for Refund
 Fallbrook, CA 92028-4259

* If the Rams Football Cheerleader's schedule permits,
 they will perform in the Hospitality Room 1930-2200 No Charge



M. J. [Signature]

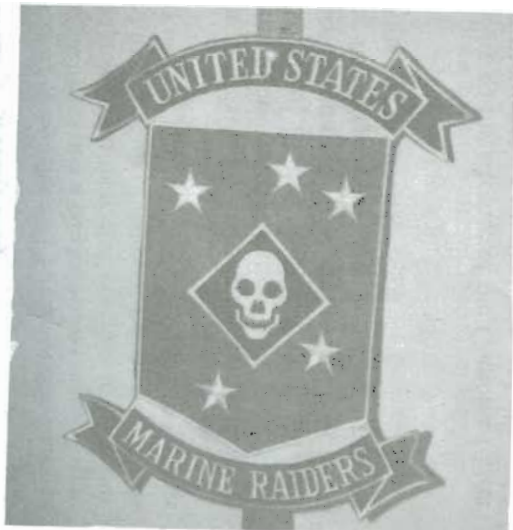
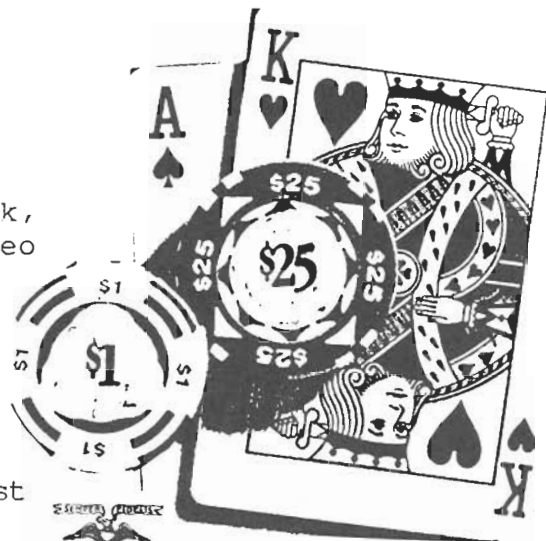
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1996;

We will be Golfing, Best Ball at the Cardinal Creek Golf Course, at Scott Air Force Base, Illinois, Wednesday, September 11, 1996. We will be leaving the Hotel at 7:30 a.m., Tee Time is 8:30 a.m.. The Cost is \$34.00, includes Green Fees, Cart, Golf Bag Picture ID, and Prizes. You may purchase Refreshments on the Course. — NO COOLERS Bill Conners 4ED, 1-908-747-9539 is in charge.

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The Raider jacket PATCH pictured to the left is the best ever made. It is 9 by 11 inches high & finely embroidered with an adhesive backing for ironing. Order from G. Robichaux 3822 Country Club Ln Winston Salem NC 27104 \$20.00 total.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
United States Marine Raider Ass'n.

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EYE WITNESS ACCOUNT OF THE KILLING OF ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO

THE FOLLOWING STORY WAS TAKEN FROM THE DIARY OF JAPANESE ADMIRAL UGAKI, SECOND IN COMMAND TO ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO. THE DIARY IS PUBLISHED IN IT'S ENTIRETY IN A BOOK TITLED, *FADING VICTORY* published by UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH PRESS 1991.

The book was loaned to your PATCH editor by Buck Stidham. It is a fascinating account of what went on with the Japanese while they were being defeated. My favorite chapters were on the Guadalcanal battle and the Midway campaign. It was these two occurrences that doomed the Japanese and Admiral Ugaki knew it. Ed.



UGAKI

22 February-31 May 1944

wounded. The regular entry for 18 April 1944 follows.] The first anniversary of the tragic event came to greet me on board a battleship. As usual, I went up on the weather deck after saluting their majesties' portraits in my cabin. Facing the rising sun, I prayed for the souls of Admiral Yamamoto and six others who were killed on this day last year and pledged myself to revenge them.

I dictated all the entries in my diary for six months since that day. Specifically, those portions up to my hospitalization were written by Ensign Ebima, to whom I dictated. At that time I dictated only the outline, intending to supplement it some time later. But so far I have failed to do so. On this day of the first anniversary, I'm going to write the account in more detail, retracing my memories.

PREFACE

1. The course of events leading to the advance of the Combined Fleet command to Rabaul and the inspection trip is omitted here, as I dictated it upon my return to the homeland after the event and submitted it to the vice chief of the Naval General Staff and vice minister of the navy.

2. The aerial offensive with the carrier air strengths of the Third Fleet and the land-based air force had been completed with a great result after about two weeks' operations. The Eighteenth Army commander, who had returned from an inspection tour of the New Guinea front, also presented a favorable view that if another battalion could be sent there, we would be able to hold on there. So we, from the commander in chief on down, felt somewhat relieved, though not entirely. And we intended to inspect future important points and the front line to encourage our men and also pay our debts by visiting the Seventeenth Army Command at Shortland before returning to Truk.

3. With regard to maintaining alert, I, as chief of staff, had taken every step possible, so I had nothing to worry about, leaving it to the local command.

4. Before we left Truk for Rabaul, it was decided to take along only those concerned with the operation, as we were temporarily moving our command post to Rabaul. I told the fleet engineer, surgeon, and paymaster not to come this time because accommodations there wouldn't be sufficient.

So I was surprised when the fleet adjutant reported the arrival of the fleet surgeon and paymaster on the day I contracted dengue fever around the 13th. Since they had already come over, I could do nothing about it, so I left the matter without interfering. Only the fleet engineer, who seemed to have a little cold, didn't come down, respecting my words. He said he wouldn't come as long as he wasn't needed for operational reasons.

Tuesday, 18 April 1944. Fair. [This is a special entry giving Ugaki's recollections of the events of 18 April 1943, when Yamamoto was killed and Ugaki

On the trip to Shortland, it was decided to accompany only the necessary staff officers in two medium torpedo bombers. Though I repeatedly asked the fleet adjutant who was going with us, his answer was vague, except that he asked my approval for two other officers to be taken aboard the same plane. The fleet adjutant had been suffering from dengue fever at that time. He was so sick that Admiral Yamamoto told him in a car that he had better not come, as other staff officers were coming.

5. In a car the day before the event, a discussion centered on whether white open-neck shirts might be worn during the trip. The general opinion seemed to favor wearing them. But I asserted that it wouldn't be very hot, as we were going to go and return by plane, and, moreover, it wouldn't be proper for the commander in chief of the Combined Fleet and his staff officers to visit officers and men at the front wearing unofficial uniforms. After we got back to the billet, therefore, I had the fleet adjutant telephone them to wear the regular khaki shirts during the trip.

I further told him to arrange for a snapshot of the commander in chief in khaki uniform as he might not have a chance of wearing it again. But this failed to materialize. Consequently, the last picture was the one taken with the commander in chief, Mikawa, and others on the occasion of our visit to the Eighth Fleet Command on the day after we arrived at Rabaul. Others were only those taken by press photographers when he [Yamamoto] was seeing off departing planes.

6. As I had made up my mind to inspect the front line, I prepared a khaki uniform, boots, and a pair of leather leggings before the trip. But the commander in chief and others decided to wear airmen's boots. On the morning of leaving the ship, after contemplation, I changed my mind and had the same kind of boots on as the others did. They were easy to put on and off and quite comfortable. And that fact eventually turned out to help me survive.

NARRATIVE

1. As we were going to take off at 0600, I got up earlier than usual. The sky was quite clear and the early birds sang pleasantly in the trees. I ate breakfast at about 0530 and prepared for the trip. In khaki uniform, I looked gallant. As we were slated to come back on the same day, I brought only a pocket diary, spectacles, cigarettes, and handkerchiefs in my pockets.

2. We left the billet at 0550. I saw the commander in chief in khaki uniform for the first time. It suited him fairly well, but looked a bit strange, perhaps because we were not accustomed to seeing him in such uniform. I myself might have been more so, but I thought I looked all right. We reached the east airfield at 0600.

Then, both air staff officers and others who were to accompany us came from the direction of the field post. I noticed two among them in white uniform. While I wondered what this was all about, eventually they turned out to be the fleet surgeon and paymaster. Though the commander in chief thought it rather awkward, too, we couldn't do anything then. We left the car and got on the planes immediately. Since I followed the commander in chief and proceeded to the second plane, I didn't talk to them.

The first medium torpedo bomber: the commander in chief, the Adjutant [Commander Noboru] Fukuzaki, Fleet Surgeon [Rear Admiral Rokuro] Takata, Staff Officer Toibana.

The second medium torpedo bomber: the chief of staff, Fleet Paymaster [Captain Gen] Kitamura, staff officers [Commander Kaoru] Imanaka, Muroi, and Weather Officer [Commander Jyunji] Unno.

3. After we explained, the communications staff and the weather officers greeted me. I sat on the skipper's seat. I took off my sword, leaving the belt on, and handed it to Staff Officer Muroi, who put it behind out of the way. Both planes then started to roar, taxied to the end of the runway, and took off in the order of first and second plane. Looking down on the volcano at the mouth of the bay, the planes flew in formation heading south-southeast.

The weather was fine, visibility good. From time to time three fighters each were seen escorting to the right and left in the rear above. I remember our altitude was about 1,500 meters.

4. The second plane was flying in tandem with the first aircraft at its left side rear in perfect formation, so I feared their wing tips might touch. I could clearly see the profile of the commander in chief in the skipper's seat and other people moving in the first plane. I enjoyed a pleasant flight as I followed the explanation of the topography down below with an aviation map.

5. When we reached the west side of Bougainville and were passing straight over the jungle with altitude lowered to seven hundred or eight hundred meters, the skipper handed me a piece of paper on which was written, "Expect to arrive at Balale at 0745." I looked at my wrist watch; it was just 0730 and I thought it would be fifteen minutes more before we landed.

At this point the plane suddenly started to dive, following the first plane, and went down to fifty meters. We all wondered what happened! I asked the skipper, an air warrant officer, who was in the passage, "What's the matter?" "May be some mistake," he answered. But it was a great mistake to say so and he was most careless.

One of our fighters flying over us had sighted a group of twenty-four

enemy fighters coming after turning back from their southward flight. While it was coming down to warn the medium bombers, our first plane also found the enemy and lost no time in diving to the level of the jungle treetops. This was learned later. Then for the first time the crews took up combat stations and opened gun ports to prepare for firing. It got noisy for a while with the handling of machine guns and the wind blowing in.

6. By the time we lowered altitude to treetop level, air combat had already been in progress between our escorting fighters and the enemy. Four times as many as our fighters, the enemy planes bore down mercilessly upon the bigger game of the two bombers. We made a quick turn of over 90° to evade them. Watching the sky above and noticing an enemy plane charging in, the skipper tapped the chief pilot's shoulder and directed him to turn left or right.

The first aircraft turned to the right and the second to the left. The distance between them increased.

After we had evaded about twice, I turned to the right to see how the first plane was evading. What I saw then was astounding. Lo! The first plane was staggering southward, just brushing the jungle top with reduced speed, emitting black smoke and flame. It was about four thousand meters away from us. I just said to myself, "My God!" I could think of nothing else. I grabbed the shoulder of Air Staff Officer Muroi, pointed to the first aircraft, and said, "Look at the commander in chief's plane!" This became my parting with him forever. All this happened in only about twenty seconds.

In the meantime, my plane turned again sharply to evade another enemy attack, and we lost sight of the commander in chief's aircraft. I waited impatiently for the plane to get back to the level while full of anxiety, though the result seemed apparent. The next glance revealed that the plane was no more to be seen, only a pall of black smoke rising to the sky from the jungle. Oh! Everything was over now!

7. At that moment our bomber was heading toward the direction of Cape Moira at full speed and soon came out over the sea. Enemy attacks were at first concentrated on the first plane. Looking back, I could see dogfights still going on.

Making a rising half-turn and then a quick turn, a P-38 came upon us at last. Here he comes! Our machine gun opened fire upon him desperately. Though it worked well, it didn't seem to hit him. The enemy P-38 rapidly closed in, taking advantage of his superior speed. His gunfire caught us splendidly, and oncoming bullets were seen on both sides of our plane. I felt them hitting our aircraft from time to time. Now we were hopeless, and I thought my end was very near at hand.

The sound of our machine-gun fire was reduced by this time, and the

skipper could not be heard any more. I thought quite a number must have been killed in the plane.

Staff Officer Muroi was leaning on a table with his face down and arms outstretched. He must have already been killed. The paymaster later revealed this.

8. The chief pilot sitting in front of me felt bullets hitting the right wing and tried to get down to sea level with a down rudder in preparation for a crash landing. At this moment, our fighter above was said to notice our second plane also trailing dark smoke.

When the bomber was near the sea surface, the pilot lost control. He pulled back all the throttles at once, but it was no use. The ship ditched into the sea at full speed and rolled over to the left by more than 90°.

9. Preparing for an emergency, in case of either being shot down or making a crash landing, I had stiffened my limbs, so I didn't feel hurt by the impact. But when the ship crashed on the sea I was thrown off the skipper's seat and landed in the passage. I think I must have gotten most of my wounds at that moment.

Everything went black and I felt the sea water rushing all over my body with fair pressure. I could do absolutely nothing. I told myself, "This is the end of Ugaki." Since I thought all was over, my mind was a blank. I don't think I struggled or made any impatient effort, but that wasn't clear anyway. (I can't think I became unconscious; I didn't swallow any water. I suppose it must have been only a few seconds until the next moment.)

Right after I gave it all up, all of a sudden it lightened. When I opened my eyes, incredibly I found myself floating on the sea surface. What a miracle! The fuselage had already disappeared and the right wing was standing upside down in the sea right behind me and was still burning fiercely. I couldn't see any men around.

I thought it extremely dangerous to stay there. It was less than two hundred meters to the beach and, although I felt somewhat strange all over my body, I thought I could reach shore somehow. And I made up my mind to swim. But I warned myself that I shouldn't exhaust my strength by too much exertion; I wasn't young anymore.

10. I didn't have a cap on my head then and unknown to me the right boot had come off. As the remaining left boot was troublesome, I kicked in the water and it came off easily. My left leg usually got cramps and I often suffered from it when I was playing deck billiards or while hunting ashore. It was really sheer luck that it didn't happen then. Having rid myself of all this trouble, I now calmly swam with breast strokes toward the shore. I looked back from time to time; the plane continued burning. Nobody could be seen there, however. I felt I was the only survivor.

11. When I had advanced about seventy or eighty meters, I saw boxes

come floating toward me. Two of them were small and had a rough surface, while another was painted gray and actually was a gear locker. All of these must have come out of the plane. This was a heaven-sent rescue boat. I thought the bigger one would be better, so I grabbed the gray box with my right hand. But my right hand didn't work. I found it to be hanging from its wrist and blood was dripping. For the first time I realized that my right wrist was broken. Thinking the right hand wasn't enough, I put my left hand on the box, too. Whereupon, I had to propel myself only by legs.

Just then I found one of the crew members with a flying cap on swimming energetically before me, so I called to him "Hey!" in a medium voice. He turned around and noticed me, but kept on swimming toward the beach.

Now that I had hold of the box, I had enough freedom of mind to look around. I saw the wing still burning, but the rest had disappeared. I suppose a rapid current carried it away.

12. As I approached the shore, the current became stronger, seeming to be more than 2 knots. I was drifting with the current more than by pushing the box only by propelling with my legs. The tree I had chosen for a target passed at an angle. But I thought I had no need to hurry. If there was a current I could take advantage of it and should be able to reach shore sometime. I was enveloped in tranquility; I even felt like humming a song.

Meanwhile, four men looking like soldiers came running from the direction of Cape Moira along the boundary between the jungle and the sandy beach. I heard two rifle shots. My eyes seemed hazy and I couldn't distinguish clearly, but they must have been friendly ones as this was our occupied zone.

Thinking that if they were enemies I had no choice but to sink forever, I stared for a while. The crew member who swam preceding me then reached shore and they met him. He seemed to be telling them about me, pointing toward the sea. (I asked them about their behavior after I had recovered, but they remained silent. They seemed to be guards or captors for shot-down enemy fliers. As they didn't know anything about our planes, it might have been a proper step.)

13. One of the men took off his clothes leisurely, got into the water, and approached me. When he came about ten meters from me, he seemed to notice my aiguillette and shouted to the shore in a wild cry, "He's a staff officer!"

The man, who hitherto had approached cautiously, suddenly got lively and pushed my body. "Wait! I'm wounded. Push this box!" I told him, and he obeyed. Meanwhile, another man got into the sea and helped me reach shore.

14. Both planes ended in tragedies and the commander in chief and many capable staff officers were lost. I was the only survivor. Though I felt an urgent need to make contact with our friendly force as soon as possible, I couldn't help squatting down on the beach to rest for a while.

They told me it was only a fifteen minutes' walk to the barracks, so I stood up and started to walk on the sun-scorched sandy beach in drenched clothes without a cap, supported by them. I was feeling faint from the heat and fatigue when they brought a wooden door just in time. I was carried on this to a tin-roofed barracks in the shade of trees. I had my sleeve ripped open, exposing my right arm, and lay on a bed. I received first aid from an army medical orderly, who put a splint on my right hand. His treatment was quite proper.

While I was being treated, I ordered them to telephone the commander, First Base Force, and tell him that "report of this accident should be made by confidential telegram and be restricted as much as possible. This is from the chief of staff."

The chief pilot had only a little scratch on his head. When he came back after reporting the situation by telephone, I sent him again to the beach to confirm the position of the wreck in order to facilitate the future search for missing persons.

15. After first aid was completed, I felt thirsty. Though they said the water wasn't fit to drink, they brought something for me to drink. And it tasted just wonderful! Then I asked them for a cigarette; they lit some cheap brand and handed it to me. Being the first one since I left Rabaul, it tasted grand, too. I didn't care what brand it was!

I thought the chief pilot was the only survivor besides myself, but about this time someone told me the paymaster was alive, too. As to his wounds, I was told that both his eyes were blinded and he had a big hole in his throat. While I was thinking that his must be serious wounds, he was brought in beside me.

I couldn't get up, so I called to him from my bed, "Paymaster!" He only groaned "Oh!" I called to him again, "Pull yourself together!" Again he only groaned "Oh!" He was very downhearted. I even feared he might die if he bled too much.

16. The first report of this incident was made by one of the escorting fighters that developed engine trouble and landed at Balale or Buin. It claimed to have shot down several enemy planes. Then a report from Cape Moira apparently came in by telephone. The Base Force commander was at Balale base to greet the commander in chief and his entourage. The Base Force command immediately sent the chief surgeon and others to Cape Moira by a subchaser. They arrived there about forty or fifty minutes after

my emergency treatment. They properly treated my whole body. I was very grateful for their prompt assistance.

I asked them to take care of the paymaster first, but they started with me after all. While they were attending the paymaster after finishing with me, I asked the surgeon about his condition. Hearing that "neither eyes nor throat was anything serious," I was quite relieved.

17. On the other hand, the search for the plane wreck seemed to have started by this time, but I didn't know about the details.

My temporary treatment finished, I was put on a stretcher after a little rest and moved to a motor launch, which took me to a subchaser. The glaring sun shone overhead. Every time I was moved to another place, men peered at my face. Everybody seemed to be curious.

The subchaser went alongside a jetty in front of the Base Force command and then I was moved into an ambulance. Here I met [Captain Akira] Itagaki, the commander, Base Force, for the first time through the car window. I was moved to a small wooden room where I dressed in a hospital robe. Up to that time I wore nothing but a white cloth spread over my body.

After the broken part of my right hand was photographed with a portable X-ray apparatus, I was moved to the Base Force command. I got in the ambulance again and was placed on a collapsible bed in an officer's room in a coconut grove. As malaria was prevalent, I had to have a green mosquito net even in daytime.

The Base Group commander came and assured me that all efforts were being made to recover and search for both planes. He also urged me to go back to Rabaul for my treatment as well as to take care of various affairs concerning the incident. But I replied as follows:

Necessary steps will be taken care of by the senior staff officer who remains there and also the Southeast Area Fleet command. I can't bear to return alone without settling affairs here after the incident, as I accompanied the commander in chief. So I shall stay here to await reports of rescue, though it may trouble you. Furthermore, I wish you to arrange to get my approval on any dispatch regarding the accident before it's sent out.

I received various shots this night. I had no appetite except for fruits.

18. My wounds were found to be as follows: four scratches on the top and back of the head; a small bruise in the left eye and the area around it was swollen; many bruises in the upper right part and around the mouth and clots of blood in spots on the face; some abrasions in the back and hip; right forearm sprained and compound fracture; some bruises on the left

shin; second rib from the bottom in the left back was broken (found after reaching the homeland).

Though I had so many as listed above, none proved fatal. How lucky I was!

EPITOGUE

1. During the same day, a search plane confirmed the point where the first plane crashed. It reported the burning of the aircraft, but saw no one around the wreck. A native swiftly reported the crashing of a plane to an army unit that was building a road on the west coast of Bougainville. The army at once dispatched a rescue party which reached the spot the next day. They recovered the bodies prior to the arrival of a naval team, which met the former on its way back.

The body of the commander in chief was found on the seat outside of the plane, still gripping his sword. It hadn't decomposed yet and was said to be in a state of great dignity. He must really have been superhuman.

A postmortem made while his body was being carried on a subchaser found two piercing machine-gun bullet wounds in his lower jaw and shoulder. Most probably he was killed instantly while in the air. The remains of the fleet surgeon were recognizable as his body was only half burned, but all the rest were difficult to identify as they were burned and decomposed.

The spot where the second plane crashed was about twenty meters deep. In spite of all efforts by divers, only wheels, motor, propeller, machine gun, and a sword were found scattered around, but not the fuselage itself. Two crew members' bodies washed up on the beach the next day and the day after.

2. Among those on both planes, the survivors were only myself, the paymaster, and the chief pilot of the second aircraft. Altogether twenty lives, including the commander in chief, staff officers, and the crew members were sacrificed. Though such was usual in war, it was in a way my fault, too.

According to what I heard afterwards, the enemy had employed fighter formations in its morning reconnaissance of that area since a few days before. It was quite a change compared with the enemy's past activities, but the report reached the Southeast Area Fleet as a summary report on the day after the incident took place. That was too late.

Had the report reached us in time, we could have called off the trip or changed its schedule and provided powerful escorts. Or we could have taken refuge in case of an enemy contact by maintaining close contact with the destination base. We should have thought of all these [things], as the trip was decided only with all deliberation. I can never cease to regret.

The enemy planes sighted us and turned back to attack us while they were already on their way south. Had there been a few minutes' difference, we would never have met with such an incident, and everything would have gone all right. It was just a turn of fate.

[Of course, it was nothing of the sort. It is interesting to note that a full year after the incident, Ugaki still had no inkling that the American attack was a trap based on radio intelligence. He attributed it to sheer luck.]¹⁹

At the same time it's always essential to think of unexpected things that can take place in war, and we should always maintain a stricter alert than necessary.

3. The chief pilot had good reason to be saved. The paymaster was sitting at the work desk on the other side of me. Though he was hurt in his face with his spectacles, he should have been able to escape through the upper window when the ship rolled over to the left.

But as to myself, there was no clue to show how I could have been saved. Seeing that everything went black after I fell into the passage, I must have slid forward as far as under the pilot's seat. How I got out of danger can't be explained. Such aviation experts as air staff officers of the air fleet thought that the fore part of the plane must have broken open upon impact with the water and the opening happened to face outward, through which I might have been pushed out.

I wasn't hit by an enemy bullet in the air, and when the plane hit the water I rose to the surface from the worst situation without any effort. If this is not to be called a work of God, what else can it be? If and when I had been hit in vital parts when the ship crashed, it would have meant the end of my life. All the wounds were off the vital parts and not serious. That I wore airmen's Wellington half-boots instead of boots and leather leggings, that I handed over my sword soon after I boarded the plane, that I didn't get cramps when I got rid of the left boot, that the boxes came floating in front of me while I was swimming, that the spot where we crashed was in our occupied zone so that our force was garrisoned nearby, that the chief pilot reached shore ahead of me, that I could get first aid from the army medical orderly right after I was rescued, that I was given prompt and proper treatment by the chief surgeon of the Base Force, who was a great surgical specialist from my native place, and also that my right arm was able to be put in a clay cast three days after the incident took place—all these were a series of good luck I was given. I couldn't but think that God must have done everything he could to save me.

Contrary to my determination to sacrifice myself for the commander in chief, instead I lost him and survived. It was a completely unexpected event. I should be resigned to my fate, deeming it God's will, and do my best to live and serve to repay God by carrying out revenge.

22 February—31 May 1944

Tuesday, 18 April 1944. Fair. [Here the chronological diary resumes.] The day on which I should have died has come round again aboard a warship at the front. After getting up, I paid my respects in front of His Majesty's portrait as usual and went up on deck. Then, observing the rising sun sideways to the right, I prayed for the departed souls of Fleet Admiral Yamamoto and the staff officers who died with him and pledged to revenge them.

Today last year the war situation didn't seem as bad as it does now! Last year we had to evacuate our forces from Guadalcanal, yet we could place the rest of the Solomons under our control, and we were convinced of holding the south of Lae and Salamaua for a considerable period.

As the days passed, however, the enemy's counteroffensive grew more and more furious. When I look back and think of our lost territories and the losses so far sustained, I can't but be surprised at the quick change that has taken place in the last months. The enemy has also been building themselves up, and the chief of Naval Operations said on the 15th that the personnel and materials of the U.S. Navy had reached their peak for the first time since the outbreak of the war, and the Japanese Navy would be made to realize it in a few months.

THE PHOTO BELOW SHOWS ADMIRAL UGAKI IN HIS KAMIKAZE PLANE WITH A PILOT ON AUGUST 15, 1945. THE PLANE DISAPPEARED TO THE SOUTH AND WAS NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN. IT WAS PRESUMED IT DROPPED INTO THE OCEAN CAUSING NO DAMAGE TO THE ENEMY.



Last known photo of Ugaki as his plane leaves from Oita.

31 May, 1996

Dear Fellow Marines and Raiders:

We are not certain about the rest of the country, but it looks as if south-eastern Texas is turning into a desert. We are about 18 inches behind on rainfall, and the average temperature for May hovered around 90°. The last ten days or so it has been 95+°

THE VOUZA FUND: We continue to be frustrated with the communications of the Solomon Islanders, specifically Ms. Jam Sanga. We have been puzzled who to send over, but have finally found a man. He will be going to the 'Canal the first of July. We anticipate a report before the convention. There is no cost to the Raider Association.

THE REUNION COMMITTEE: The reports from the committee are all positive. Everything is apparently falling into place for this group. These men also have two reunion sites for 1997. The local Raiders "sponsoring" the sites nearly have their plans "flanged" up. The committee will submit these and possibly other plans to the Board. The Board will prepare recommendations and submit their findings to the general membership for a vote in St. Louis in September for the '97 reunion.

THE AUCTIONEER: It was time to finalize to one man the key position of Auctioneer. Therefore, I appointed J. Gleason, who accepted. The more he auctions, the better he gets. Who knows? If he adopts this as an avocation, we might be listening to him at a tobacco auction.

THE COMMANDANT'S OUTREACH PROGRAM: There is a report of our findings a within this issue of the PATCH.

THE FINANCES: This is just a note concerning money. There are more than 100 "dues-paying members" that have decided to not share in the cost of operation. We must meet our operating costs; therefore, reunion profits must be high enough to cover the balance of the annual operating expenses. Naturally, the first place to cut is the printing and mailing of the PATCH to these "dues-paying members" that do not pay their dues.

THE PLANNING COMMITTEE: These three First Raiders have submitted their findings to the president. We have forwarded the information to the remainder of the Board. These two sources of information, coupled with the suggestions that you have sent, will be compiled and mailed to the general membership via the PATCH in September. You will then be asked to cogitate on the issues and prepare yourself for the deliverance of a presentation with slides and dissertation in St. Louis by the Treasurer. We, at that time, shall vote on these most important issues.

THE SPEAKERS: Mr. W. E. B. Griffin (Butterworth) accepted our invitation to appear at the head table with Commandant General C. C. Krulak and say a few words. The problem that rears its ugly head is, I do not have the authority to pay his transportation, and hotel bill. Sometime in the future, we can take this up again at a board or general meeting.

Semper Fi,



C U ON THE BEACH

Mike Beeler, President
U.S. Marine Raider Association

How Were We Honored

Let me name the ways

by

Ervin Kaplan, M.D. (2, E&H)

In the March 1995 issue of the Raider Patch, Michael Beeler, President of the United States Marine Raider Association, raised a number of questions confronting the Association. Among them is, "What happens after the last man?". The problem in question being, how do we perpetuate the fame of the Raiders? In the half century that has passed, since the luminary exploits of these extraordinary Marines, in a brief two year period left a mark of excellence on the history of the United States' war in the Pacific. They successfully engaged the Japanese in twenty three significant encounters. All but two of them in the Solomon Islands. There is little doubt that the record of these engagements are sufficient to ensure the memory of the Raiders in the military annals.

How has the memory of the Raiders influenced other events? It has been instrumental in reorganizing the structure and function of the Marine infantry squad. It has been the model for the organization and function of the Marine Reconnaissance Battalions. It has further inspired the development of special forces in other branches of the military, exemplified by the Army Green Berets and the Navy Seals. The activities of the Marine Raiders were amplified by the coincidence of time and geography; first, the Japanese had a military free hand in China since 1932; second, following the assault on Pearl Harbor, they occupied the coastal countries of Asia from Burma to Siberia and extended to the Aleutian Islands; further, they occupied the Pacific Islands from East Indies to New Guinea and the Solomons and north through Micronesia to Wake Island. The 20,000,000 square miles under Japanese military influence was seven times as large as the United States and they were hell bent to cut off New Zealand and Australia from the United States. The task of stemming this typhoon and taking the first offensive at Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands against the Japanese fell to the US Navy, the First Marine Division, the attached components of the Second Marine Division, the Army Americal Division the Marine Air Wings, cooperating components of the Army Air Force and the Raider Battalions. Despite the controversial status of the Raiders amongst the Marine Corps General staff, they left a record to be envied. They became the awardees of ten percent of the Medals of Honor and Navy Crosses received by the United States Marine Corps in World War II; in addition, of the one hundred and eleven Navy warships named after Marines, twenty seven of these were named for Raiders. The Raiders produced more General Officers other than the Academies, of any comparable sized unit in the US military. The United States Marine Raiders were recognized far beyond their number but not beyond their deeds.

The Raiders were recognized by the media during and following World War II, they were a favored subject of military historians and their contributions and roots are being explored by academicians to this day. They were the subject of film and video makers, and the also of popular novels. The identity and cohesiveness of the Raiders has been perpetuated in the more than half a century since World War II by the United States Marine Raider Association, which has generated a camaraderie that would not have otherwise been possible. The Raider Patch initiated by Lowell Bulger and followed by Francis Hepburn, as Editors, have documented a treasure chest of historical information and personal opinion of the Raiders. The only museum, to my knowledge, devoted exclusively to a military unit as small as the Raiders has been created by Rudy Rosenquist.

The Monument Builders.

The American Battle Monument Commission in the middle 1950's placed significant memorials in the European theater of operations, largely at the behest of General George Marshal. At that time memorials were not built in the Pacific theater other than at Pearl Harbor. Tom Cleary a Raider who served in H Company, Second Raider Battalion built several monuments on Guadalcanal at Henderson field at his own expense. These monuments each bearing a single plaque honored the First Marine Division, the Raiders and the Coast Watchers. Another monument is located at Edson's Bloody Ridge. Several monuments were located at Henderson Field by the Sixth Seabee Battalion, the 1st and 2nd Commando of the Fiji Guerrillas and a Plaque to an unknown Marine by H&S Company, 23rd Marines, 4th Marine Division.

A veteran of combat on Guadalcanal, Robert C. Muehrcke, M.D., as an enlisted infantryman, in the Americal Division, 132nd Regiment, visited Guadalcanal in 1986. To his great surprise and chagrin when finding Mount Austen (Mambulo) which his infantry company helped take, he found an imposing memorial occupying the summit of the most prominent landmark overlooking the site of the Henderson Field Beach head. This three story high memorial had been built and dedicated by the Japanese, honoring their dead and their participation in the Guadalcanal Campaign. He was accompanied on this trip by Army General William C. Westmoreland and several other prominent individuals. The presence of the Japanese Memorial inspired Dr. Muehrcke to launch an effort to place an appropriate Memorial on the Island of Guadalcanal, site of the most pivotal campaign of World War II in the Pacific. He established the Guadalcanal-Solomon Island War Memorial Foundation. The officers and Advisory Board included:

Robert C. Muehrcke, M.D. AUS <i>Chairman</i>	Gen. Raymond G. Davis USMC(Ret) <i>Medal of Honor Awardee, Assistant Commandant USMC</i>	A. R. Johnston, OBE, <i>Down. Pres.</i> <i>New Zealand Returned Services Assoc.</i>
Ervin Kaplan, USMC, Marine Raider, <i>Assistant Chairman</i>	Lt. W. Mark Durlley, Jr. Inf. USA(Ret)	Lt. Gen. Stanley R. Larson, OBE, USA (Ret)
Joseph G. Micek, AUS <i>Treasurer-Project Manager</i>	Ronald T. Castronova, USA, <i>Vice Comm.</i> <i>Americal Div. Veterans Association</i>	Col. Thomas Carl Moore, Jr., USMC William Manchester, USMC <i>Author-Historian</i>
John Gentile, AUS <i>Secretary</i>	Gen. J. Lawton Collins, USA(Ret)	Col. Joseph B. Mitchell, USA, (Ret)
<u>Board of Advisors</u>	Brig. Gen. James L. Collins, Jr., USA(Ret)	Col. Joseph B. Mitchell, USA, (Ret)
Harold J. Ashe, AUS	Brigadier Alf. Garland AM(Ret) <i>Pres. Australian Returned Services League</i>	<i>Military Historian-Author</i>
Rev. Canon David H. V. Bindon, QSM, JP <i>Church of Melanesia. Selwyn College Honiara, Solomon Islands</i>	Vol Heath, USMC	Air Vice Marshal I. G. Morrison CBE, CBE, RNZAF(Ret)
W. F. Martin Clemens, CBE, MC, LtM. <i>Australian Coastwatchers</i>	Harry R. Horsman, USMC <i>Military Historian</i>	Dwight J. Porter, USMC, Ambassador (Ret)
Charles Dabney, USMC, <i>Architect</i>	Col. James T. Jarman, USAAF, (Ret)	Jack Quisenberry USMC, (ret)
Gen. William Childs Westmoreland USA(Ret)	Stanley C. Jersey, USAAF, <i>Military Historian.</i> <i>Philatelist</i>	Cdr. Allen Rothenberg, USN(Ret)
	Charles C. Stevenson B. ARCH. RIBA <i>Architect., Honiara, SI</i>	Capt. Charles R. Stephan USN(Ret)
		R. Adm. Edwin H. Wilson USNR(Ret)

This prestigious group of veterans established the Foundation, managed it through the United States Senate, obtained the approval of the American Battle Monuments Commission and the American Fine Arts Commission, after coming up with an appropriate design. The initial funding was obtained as a Federal grant, while the major costs were obtained by private subscription from organizations and individuals. In this manner some what less than one million dollars was raised.

The Foundation supervised the site selection and preparation and the construction of the principal memorial occupying approximately one half acre on a hill adjacent to Skyline Drive, overlooking the Matanikau River; constructed the Vouza memorial including a life-size bronze statue of Vouza at the Rove Street Police Station in Honiara; and in addition, made the Edson Bloody Ridge Monument at the site of the World War II Henderson Field control tower which they reconstructed. The selection of subjects and

authors for the text of the memorials was made by the Foundation and included such extraordinary talents as William Manchester the well known author-historian. The Memorial is a walled in stone slab, featuring a thirty foot tall granite pylon, four double faced, eight foot granite walls oriented to the site of various military actions and are engraved with a description of such actions. The Memorial honors actions by all branches of service, as well as all foreign, allied participants of the Guadalcanal Campaign. The Foundation also placed a number of plaques at various notable locations. The dedication of the memorials supervised by the Foundation, was held on August 7, 1992, the fiftieth anniversary of the Marine landing on Guadalcanal. Distinguished speakers and guests were invited. An estimated 20,000 people attended the ceremonies including many Solomon Islanders, American veterans, notable members of the government and the military and representatives of many foreign countries. The Skyline Drive Memorial was deeded in perpetuity to the American Battle Monuments Commission.

The actions of the Raiders in the Guadalcanal Campaign were highly honored and included the battle at Bloody Ridge by the 1st Raider Battalion and the long patrol behind Japanese lines by the 2nd Raider Battalion. The fame of the Raiders has been perpetuated by their own performance, by the recognition of their military colleagues, by authors, historians the general public and by that ultimate criterion of excellence in our society by the , "Monument Builders". When all of us are gone, rest easy. The fame of the Raiders will be recognized

The project manager who was directly involved in all activities described above was Mr. Joseph C. Micek. He is veteran of the Guadalcanal Campaign, wounded in action. He is a person of unusual dedication and energy, with broad and significant contacts, who during the above involvement's made seven trips to Guadalcanal to direct, inspect and oversee the project. He has been nominated for Honorary Membership in the United States Marine Raider Association and carries our very highest recommendations.



The following story was written by R. LEE RUSSELL 3K. He died last February. It is not known when he wrote this account about himself or if it has ever been published. (Editor)

JUNE 7, 1945

A completely moonless night was about to come to an end. The beginning of a new day was heralded by a slight lightening of the eastern horizon. After another night in a foxhole carved into the clay of yet another Okinawa hill, the arrival of the new day was most welcome. After most nights on Okinawa, there were those who would never have the privilege of welcoming another day. Little did I know that this particular day would set off a chain of events which would leave deep and permanent marks on my life.

Having landed on Okinawa on April 1, we were a week into our third month on the island. Our ranks had been reduced daily until they were thin to the point of being threadbare. Those of us who were still slugging it out were worn down to scarecrows but we continued to inch ahead, albeit at a high price. A certain numbness sets in after a time and you become the automaton a good, well-trained Marine should be. Tho you don't cease to think, your training does take over at times and pull you through some tough situations.

On this particular morning I was atop a small hill about seventy-five yards in front of our line. The line extended along a drainage ditch across one end of a Japanese airfield, then around the base of the hill on which I was dug in with about ten other men. A Lieutenant and I had scouted this hill late in the afternoon of the previous day with the thought of setting up an outpost for the night. A Japanese machine gunner chased us off and I returned after dark with the other men and dug in. I had telephone contact with our company command post so they could be alerted of any impending problems from the Japanese. Being dug in at the base of the hill, looking up, they were in a very vulnerable position. Hence the outpost.

The night had been totally uneventful for a change, and as daylight edged closer, I looked forward to the opportunity to have a smoke, warm up some C Rations and stretch my legs a bit. After a careful look at the surrounding brush near where we were dug in, I sat up to take a better look. I playfully tossed some chunks of dirt into some of the other foxholes and after a bit, three or four other fellows climbed out of their holes and crouched in a sort of semi-circle near where I was happily opening some C-Rations. We were not in the midst of a war. That was going on someplace else. WRONG.

I never heard the machine-gun since the bullets traveled much faster than the sound. However, I was acutely aware that I had been hit and hit hard. I have often described the sensation as something like being walloped on the head with a large and somewhat soft rubber mallet. My vision was a rapidly vibrating blur and I was totally unable to move. As my vision started to clear I could see blood literally squirting in several directions. I was a short time later to realize that I no longer had a lower jaw and a portion of my tongue had gone with it. This was only the beginning of a very long and frustrating nightmare.

Although I was convinced that I would be dead in a few minutes, or even seconds, I felt no fear at all. Nor was there any regret for misdeeds or anything else in my life up to that time. There was a mementary feeling of sadness for my parents who would have to be told that I had been killed in action. What I did not know was that they had recieved notice of my two previous wounds. I had not told them. Anyway, this would be the last one.

Suddenly all my feeling came back like a very strong electric shock. During the very short time that I couldn't move, I could still think and it had occurred to me that I didn't have a prayer because the closest blood plasma was at the base of the hill in the company command post. I felt a ray of hope if I could only get down to the C.P. fast enough.

Since I couldn't talk there was no way to tell anyone that I knew what I was doing or ask someone to help me get down the hill. As I leaped out of the foxhole and took off, someone grabbed me but I got loose and kept going. I ran, leaning over as far as possible to keep blood from running down my throat and strangling me. At the same time, I was half choking myself with one hand in an attempt to at least partly staunch the flow of blood. All in all, it was a very clumsy effort, but I was completely out of options. I could feel myself losing strength rapidly but I was determined to get to where I needed to go. This was partly due, I think, to excellent training and considerable battlefield experience. We were trained not to worry about the odds, but to do what had to be done. However, the odds against me were getting greater by the second.

A corpsman finally found me and thought I was a cadaver until he saw I was hooked onto a bottle of the plasma. My appearance had to be frightening. No one had had time to clean my own blood off me and now I was covered with a lot more from others who were probably on the pile by now. They got me back on the cot and left me. Those people were so busy they must have been numb from fatigue as well as from the hopeless task they were performing.

From time to time a corpsman would take my blood pressure. Some time in the late afternoon one checked my pressure about three times one after the other. He left and returned with a doctor who also checked my pressure. I was shortly removed and sent to the hospital ship. That part of my nightmare was over. After more than two years of Pacific combat, hitting beach after beach, I was finally starting the long voyage home.

After I recovered from the initial impact of the bullets I was very aware of the nature and extent of my wound. I knew the repair job wouldn't be short or easy, but I had complete confidence that the damage could and would be repaired. The important thing was that my war was over. I had survived.

The hospital ship lay off-shore for another four or five days then left for Saipan. I don't know how many days it took us to get there, but when we arrived both of my eyes were swollen tightly shut and I was enduring pain totally beyond imagination. Morphine barely took the edge off. Long before I could have another shot, the agony was excruciating. Finally they stopped waiting four hours between shots and I sort of floated in limbo much of the time.

When we arrived at Saipan, in late June, I was put in an ambulance with some other patients for delivery to an Army hospital, the 39th General. It was beastly hot and sticky and I remembered when we hit the beach on neighboring Guam about eleven months before. It was the same stifling heat and the inside of the ambulance was like an oven.

For whatever reason, I was the last out of the ambulance. After the others had gone for what seemed like ages, and ^{one} no₁ was coming for me, I lost my patience. Maybe it was the heat, or maybe the pain, or having been pumped full of morphine for about two weeks. Maybe all of these. I crawled out thinking that someone would see me walking around and take me inside. Anyway it was cooler outside the ambulance.

The results were not good. I fell flat on my tail and couldn't get up. I thought to crawl, but I couldn't very well. Instead I became disoriented and crawled into a ditch alongside the road and out on some weeds. Then I ran out of strength and just had to wait until someone found me.

To be reduced from a strong, vigorous young man to a helpless nothing was totally frustrating. But I absolutely refused to give up and admit that I was out for the count. This simply couldn't be happening to me! When the frustration got too great I kept getting angry and wanting to fight. This was probably good for me. I never let myself sink completely into a state of apathy and defeat. Had I let that state of mind set in, I may have become one of the professional veterans we hear whining about their military misfortunes. My attitude was, "I've taken my lumps, now fix me - I have things to do!" And I haven't changed that attitude in all the years since.

After three months in the hospital on Saipan, I was flown back to the States and spent about two months at Mare Island Naval hospital. From there I went to the Naval Hospital at Great Lakes for eighteen months, Hines General V.A. Hospital in Des Plaines, Illinois, for about nine months, then three months in the V.A. Hospital in Cleveland, Ohio. All together, I spent about thirty two months in hospitals. It took, as I recall, fourteen operations to transplant pieces of bone from my hips to build me a lower jaw and to transplant cartilage where needed.

After surgery to repair my tongue, it was still paralyzed. It took a lot of time and effort to just get it to move slightly. I spent almost every waking minute concentrating on making my tongue move. Finally I was able to move it enough to start making slightly intelligible sounds. It took a year for me to really talk. Not extremely well, but I could talk. I was determined that I would talk and go on to College. This is what I did. Without a rather steely determination, the end of the story would probably have been more dismal.

By the time I reached the C.P. I was as wobbly as a sick kitten. My legs would barely support me. The blood loss by then was so great that I suspect I was very close to cashing it in. Two people grabbed me and placed me face down on a stretcher. Our stretchers had such short legs that I was practically on the ground. Very shortly I, too weak to even hold up my head. I could turn my head, but that was all.

Strangely enough, I was still pumping out blood. The corpsman had applied some large pressure bandages and tied them on top of my head and plasma was going into both legs down near my ankles. Now the battle was on to get my blood pressure back up. Obviously we won that battle or I wouldn't be writing this. I had total confidence that I was going to win, now that I had managed to get some help. But then, Marine Raiders always had a lot of confidence as long as they could breath. Defeat was simply not in our vocabulary.

I am not sure how long it took, but it seemed to me no more than an hour before I was up on my elbows looking around. Sometime later three fellows got me and the stretcher into the drainage ditch running across the end of the air-field and proceeded to drag me out of the ditch and into a wooded area where there was a battalion aid station. Somewhere along the way I slipped off the stretcher into some very muddy water. I surely would have drowned had they not retrieved me promptly because I was still too weak to navigate on my own.

Prior to arriving at the aid station I had been given two shots of morphine but only one was shown on the tag the corpsman at the C.P. had attached to a button on my jacket. Not being able to talk, I pointed at the tag and held up two fingers to indicate to the doctor that I had already had two shots. I was really feeling no pain because those were pretty potent shots. The doctor patted me on the head and said, "We'll take care of you son." So I got another shot. In a few minutes I couldn't even feel the stretcher under me.

Later my stretcher was strapped onto a pallet in the bottom of an amphibious tractor and we headed off to the hospital ship. However, we made a detour which took a few hours and left me with the memory of scenes which should occur only in horror movies.

There obviously were some pretty fierce battles going on because wounded marines were coming in very large numbers. Instead of going to the hospital ship, I was taken out to an LST which I soon realized was for those who weren't expected to pull through. The amphibious tractor pulled up beside the ship and the whole pallet load of us, probably eight or ten were swung up in the air and let down into the ship through an open hatch to the tank deck below.

While we were still up in the air, I could hear all sorts of strange noises coming up out of the hold. As we were carefully lowered, I saw why there was so much noise. Row upon row of canvas cots had people on them with very bad wounds. Legs missing, arms missing, insides hanging out and just about any other severs wound you could imagine. They were screaming, crying, praying, whimpering and some were talking to their parents. The corpsmen had stripped to their skivvies and shoes and were slopping through what looked like two inches of blood on the deck.

At the rear of the tank deck was a large pile of bodies. I was placed on a cot near the pile. We were coming in too fast and too shot up for them to get the bodies off the ship and back to shore for burial as fast as people were dying. They kept throwing bodies on the pile to make room for those coming in.

I knew I was not on a hospital ship. There was at least one doctor, and possibly more, but I saw no operating room. Nor did I see live people being taken to another part of the ship. I know this was primarily a place for people to die. And I promptly made up my mind that I wasn't going to die that day or any time soon. My strength was coming back but not as fast as I thought.

I reasoned that if I went to the doctor and pointed to myself and then to that big hole I had descended through he would understand that I should be taken to the hospital ship for evacuation. Frankly the thought of going back to the beach in a bag never even crossed my mind. Why, I don't know, because I may have been closer to that than I realized. Some inner strength told me that I just wasn't going to die. NOT TODAY.

Naturely I didn't get onto my feet before I fell flat in the slop on the deck. While trying to get back on the cot I succeeded in turning the cot over on me so I just lay there waiting for someone to find me and put me on the cot again.

As a wrap-up of this yarn, there are some comments I wish to make. First, I am an Inveterate Patriotic Flag Waver. When I see the flag or hear our national anthem, I get goose bumps and just a few tears form in my eyes. Our American society isn't perfect, but it is the best I know. We should cherish the Freedom we have and be always ready to defend it to our last breath and last drop of blood. I am not in the habit of quoting Democrats in a complimentary manner but I have to applaud a statement credited to Sam Rayburn, the well known Texas Congressman. He said "Freedom is similar to an insurance policy in that you don't just pay for it once and then have it from then on. You have to keep paying your premiums." I have never regretted or complained that I shed a great deal of blood for my country. I am both pleased and proud that I had the opportunity to serve America and in such a perilous time. Even had I paid the ultimate price and be pushing up coconuts some place in the Pacific, I would feel it was worth it to make this contribution to our victory in World War II. ■

— This is all that Lee Russell wrote, but in the MAY PATCH in the BULLSHEET section you will find a letter written by a fellow raider, William SALLENG who was a neighbor to Russell in Cottage Grove Oregon. Salleng wrote, "Over a period of several years I saw him deliver, in a strong speaking voice, many very well pronounced and enunciated lectures memorized to perfection - word perfect." (There were many truly great men in the Marine Raiders of WWII. Ed.)



Shown above is the Rev. G. Simmons Robichaux of the Moscow Police Department preparatory to incarcerating a construction worker who had made a left turn at the East end of the parking lot at the William Zimmer Nuclear Power House in Moscow, Ohio. Here the Reverend is armed with one of his .50 Cal. Anti-Tank rifles. For more serious offences Rev. Robichaux has larger weapons in keeping with the offence up to a 4.2 Stokes.

Rifle is in RAIDER MUSEUM

BY VINCE FOSTER
COMPANY D
1ST RAIDER BATTALION

Frank Guidone send in the following poem. Foster was a member of D Co. 1st Raiders He won the Navy Cross on Tulagi. Out of the Marines he became a Professor of English at Akron University. His poetry will ring a bell with most of us and we will realize the truth in his poems. Cassidy died in 1989.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST
DAY'S MARCH-- A NIGHT IN THE RAIN.

FIRST DAY

UP HILL, DOWN
DOUBLE TIME!
HURRY ON.
DOUBLE TIME!
HURRY ON.
DOUBLE TIME!

LEGS ARE PAINING
FEET ARE NUMBING.
IT IS RAINING,
NIGHT IS COMING,
NIGHT IS HERE

LET NO SOUND DISTURB THE SILENCE,
STRIKE NO MATCH TO PIERCE THE DARKNESS,
LEAVE THE PHOSPHORESCENT SPECTRES
UNDISTURBED IN ALL THEIR STARKNESS.
QUAKE AND QUIVER IN THE CHILLNESS.
AS THE RAIN FILLS UP YOUR FOX HOLES,
SHAKE AND SHIVER IN THE STILLNESS,
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT* * *

3RD DAY

AFTER MARCHING TWO DAYS THROUGH
SWAMPLANDS--THE ENEMY OUTPOSTS.

THERE'S A THUD BEHIND YOU
AS SOMETHING HITS THE GROUND.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS
AND YOU SHAN'T LOOK AROUND,
(SOME EXHAUSTED BUGGER
IS LYING BY THE TRAIL
GASPING FOR HIS BREATH
AND LOOKING DEATHLY PALE.)
THOUGH YOU'D LIKE TO HELP HIM,
YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE THERE,
FOR YOU'VE A PACK TO CARRY
AND IT'S ALL THAT YOU CAN HEAR.
STAGGER ON, DRAG ALONG
THOROUGH THE MUD--THROUGH THE MUD.

ONE MORE RIDGE--THEN
MARANUSA.
CUT THEIR THROATS AND
THEN TO TRIRI.
GOD BE PRAISED WHEN
THIS DAY'S THROUGH, SIR.
WE ARE WEARY,
WEARY

5TH DAY

THE BATTLE OF ENOGAI IS OVER

ENOGAI! ENOGAI
ANOTHER BATTLE WON,
REST AND BE THANKFUL
FOR THE JOB'S WELL DONE,
SECOND SQUAD PRESENT, SIR,
ALL BUT ONE - ALL BUT ONE
WHO'S LYING BACK WHERE
THE BATTLE BEGAN,
THE LIFELESS, SOUL-LESS
BODY OF A MAN.
* * *PICTURE OF HIS GIRL
IN HIS POCKET STILL
WHOM HE HOPED TO LOVE
AND HONOR UNTIL--
LET IT STAY.
LET IT STAY!
LET HIM KEEP HER WITH HIM,
LONG AS HE MAY.
LET THEM BE TOGETHER.
LET IT STAY.

15TH DAY

ON APPROACHING THE ENEMY POSITIONS
AT BAIROKO

KEEP YOUR HEADS LOW
CRAW AHEAD SLOW.
STEADY, BOYS, STEADY.
KEEP YOUR WEAPONS READY
WE'LL KNOW WHERE THEY ARE
--WHEN THEY LET ONE GO.
NO TIME FOR DOPING.
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.
THE TREES ARE FRIENDLY
--- BUT THE SNIPERS? NO.

16TH DAY

OF A MAN, AND HIS MELODY

I REMEMBER THE TALES HE USED TO TELL.
I REMEMBER THE SONGS THAT HE USED TO SING SO WELL.
HE CALLED IT "JOHN HENRY."
NOW HE'D TAKE THE GUITAR AND HE'D TRY EACH STRING.

HE'D NOD HIS HEAD SLOWLY AND THEN WOULD SING---
"JOHN HENRY", "JOHN HENRY."
BUT NEVER AGAIN WILL JOHN HENRY RISE
TO SUCH HUGE PROPORTIONS BEFORE OUR EYES---

(BIG JOHN HENRY
STEEL DRIVING MAN,
TEN POUND HAMMER
IN EITHER HAND

HIS MAMMY SAID,
HER WORD WAS TRUE,
"RAILROAD WILL BE
THE DEATH OF YOU.."

JOHN HENRY HAD--
THE STORY GOES--
A YELLOW WOMAN,
HER NOSE WAS ROSE.

SHE CAME TO HIM,
KNELT BY HIS SIDE,
WEPT BIG TEARS WHEN
JOHN HENRY DIED,"

THE LAST STRING IS BROKEN, THE MELODY DIES;
HE IS DEAD AT BAIROKO, AND WITH HIM LIES--
"JOHN HENRY", JOHN HENRY".

OF THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE

LISTEN!
TO THE MOANING,
GROANING,,
DRONING,
LISTEN TO THE AIRPLANES
FAR AWAY,
OUR PLANES--THEIR PLANES
FAR AWAY,
LISTEN!
TO THE MUMBLING,
GRUMBLING,
AND THE RUMBLING.
AWAY ARTILLERY--
FAR AWAY.
THUNDER OVER MUNDA,
FAR AWAY.
LISTEN!

BUT YOU SIT AND THINK
OF ANOTHER DAY,
OF THE THINGS YOU'LL DO
WHEN YOU'RE FAR AWAY.
SILENTLY DREAMING
HOW YOU'LL SAY HELLO
TO THE ONES YOU LOVE,
AND THE FOLKS YOU KNOW--
FAR AWAY--
FAR, FAR, FAR--
AWAY

T H E H O N O R R O L L

DAVIS, Hugh C 1B 3/24/96 - KEY, Joel 2FG 1996 - FRANKLIN, Warren G 1B 8/25/94 - MARTIN, Walter 1C 4/17/96
VLEISIDES, William 3M 4/14/96 - SPERR, Donald 4B 4/21/96 - POWARZYNSKI, Edward 2B 5/20/96

N O T I C E

OUR CHAPLAIN, "PADRE" SHIRL BUTLER, OFFERS HIS SERVICES TO THE FAMILIES OF MARINE RAIDERS WHO MAY HAVE NO ASSOCIATION WITH THE RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENT. CHAPLAIN BUTLER CAN PROVIDE A FUNERAL SERVICE THAT IS SENSATIVE TO THE SACRIFICIAL WARTIME SERVICE OF THE DECEASED RAIDER. CHAPLAIN BUTLER OFFERS THESE SERVICES AT NO COST - SUBJECT TO HIS FINANCIAL ABILITY.

The Reverend Shirl P. Butler
5368 S. 74th East Ave
Tulsa, Ok 74145 tel. 918 628 0545

MEMBERS WHO HAVE DONATED MONEY TO THE ASSOCIATION
SINCE MAY 1, 1996:



John McCormick - Paul Lansdale - Ralph Shawlee - Fred Raber - Chuck Kundert -
Ray Bridges - Bob Boehnlein - Norman Lapp - Erwin van der Heyden - Joe Slavin
and James Wood in memory of W.R. Vleisides. Thanks guys, true Gung Ho. Ed.

Mike Beeler, President
John Sweeney, 1st Vice President
Stormy Sexton, Treasurer
Jim Gleason, Secretary

THE BULLSHEET

NOTICE _____ The Annual reunion of the Navy "fourstackers" the APD sailors who moved Marine Raiders all over the Solomon Islands will be held this year in San Diego at the Holiday-on-the-Bay, there close aboard the Anthony Fish house on Harbor Drive. Date: 5,6,7,&8 Sept. 1996. Those Raiders living nearby may want to come and share their hospitality room.

NOTICE The design for the new Museum glass display cases is complete and work is underway to find a source for making the cases and coordinating their installation in our museum in Richmond Va.

Friend Wilk, Gary 86 Pinegrove Dr Pittsfield Ma 01201. "I was born in 1954. My father was a Marine at the end of WWII and my neighborhood has many marines from WWII and Korea. As I grow older I am feeling more and more out of place with society. People in this country who have benefitted from the freedom won through the sacrifice of patriots like the Raiders, seem to have forgotten at what a horrible price that freedom was secured. SEveral years ago I was a volunteer at the hospital and worked with an older nurse. She remarked that her husband had been a Marine aviator in the Pacific war and I asked her if he flew the Dauntless. She looked surprised at the word and replied, "yes". Then I asked if he flew the famous Corsairs. She was visibly shaken at the word and began to cry. She didn't know that some people still cared enough about that war to study and find out what had happened. She remarked that she was surprised that anyone below the age of 70 knew what a dauntless or corsair was. Well, I know about them and the wildcats, avengers and I know about the '03, the M1 and all of the Browning machine guns. I know about Edson's ridge, the Cactus Air Force, Sgt. Major Jacob Vouze and Manila John Basilone. And as long as I live other people will learn about them from me. I thank all the Raiders for their sacrifices for me and my generation. Since I havn't earned the right to sign off with Gung Ho, I will say Semper Fi." (WOW, What a letter. OUR cup do runneth over. Ed)

APD Martin, Mrs. Bea, historian for the ApD ASSOC. whose address is Bx 500 Trenton Fl 32693 writes that she more than welcomes stories from Raiders about their experiences aboard APD's. She reveals that the crews of APD's always anxiously welcomed us Raiders aboard because we always picked up after ourselves, were polite, no trouble and left the boats better than when they boarded. She wrote, "Had a long talk with Jerry BEau (Raider historian) yesterday. I have learned more from you and Jerry about APD raider trips and missions than from any other source." (There were 32 APD's during WWII and their history reveals that they were going at the trot all the time - never any rest & relaxation such as we raiders enjoyed betwaen combat. If any of you guys have a story for Bea, send it in for her record. I sent in the story about the wonderful can (10Gal.) of frozen strawberries the APD set out for us one day off Guadalcanal and the day our APD stopped over the hulk of a big warship that was sunk off Savo just a few months before. Ed.)

4N CRABB, Dale 1817 N Adams St Enid Ok 73701. Dale sent in a copy taken from a Jap soldiers diary on Guadalcanal covering the period from the end of 1942 February 1943. Evidently the Jap was left behind when the Japanese evacuation of Guadalcanal occurred Dec. 31, 1942. In a later issue of the PATCH the diary will be printed. It is despairingly interesting - a peasant soldiers lament.

4B SPERR Mrs. Donna. "This is to inform you that my husband Don Sperr of the 4th Raider Battalion passed away at home with dignity April 21st after a long battle with cancer. He was extremely proud to have served his country as a Raider. We spent 2 months in Florida where loved to be instead of in Minnesota where the winters are so cold. On our way to Florida in 1995 we were able to stop and visit the Marine Raider Museum in Richmond which was number one on his wish list." (Every raider should visit the museum if he can.)

2CF TOBIN, Tom 1460 N Sandburg Ter. Chicago Il 60610 Toms wife Joyce wrote, "Enclosed find a check for Tom's dues. We enjoy the Raider PATCH so very much. Tom is well and still working at the ripe old age of 74 as a US Marshal here in Chicago."

BLESS EM ALL....The second printing of our Raider History is now with the publisher. They are going fast,so order your copies right away. Price is now \$25 total. Order from ReView Publ. 14851 Jeffrey Rd Ste 270 Irvine Ca 92720. Many raiders have ordered more copies after reading the book. The book is a legacy of the raiders. Get it into your family.

1CD SCOTT, Sam J. 6746 Paseo Castille Sarasota Fl 34238 "Enclosed is my dues and a contribution to the General Fund. Reading the PATCH and catching up with some of the news of the 1st Bn has been very interesting and at times scary. We have reached that age when the demise of former comrades make us, the remaining, count our many blessings."

1HS BURKE, Glen R1 Bx 95 56th St Chase Mi 49623 "Does anyone remember this, Shirl Butler should because he was in the 1st Squad, 2nd Pl of F Co. 4th MarRegt. After Emirau we returned to Guadalcanal to train for Guam. . According to my diary we were on LST 481 on the Pacific waiting for the Siapan to end. After 52 days at sea we finally struck Guam on 21July94. Before hitting the beach on our Amphtrack a grenade exploded in our amphtrack knocking out 3 marines. I remember when we hit the beach our sea legs went right out from under us. It took awhile to regain our land legs. Our Platoon Sgt was Clarence Beattie, the 3 squad leaders were Sgt Bill Smith, Sgt Frank Snelson and Sgt Louis Williams."

4p WONSETLER, Ernie 505 W 25th Hutchinson Ks 67502 "Thanks for a great newsletter. I enjoy them all very much."

4DQ DESORMEY, Lee 7951 S Kildare Ave Chicago Il 69652 Lee died November 5. His wife wrote, "Lee was a very proud Marine Raider, a wonderful husband, father and grandfather too. He attended most all of the reunions including the one where the raiders made a mock landing from the submarine silversides here at Lake Michigan. This was in 1957."

3Hq ADAMS, Lou "I recently returned from a P.I., D.I. get together. We meet every two years. We have no official officers, but because we are marine, every thing runs along very smooth. Two d.I.'s are assigned to us to make sure we get a-1 treatment. It is hard for me to admit it, but they do a better job of making Marines than we did. Of course, they have more time than we did. When I watch the Friday graduation ceremony I still get a lump in my throat and feel a great sense of pride."

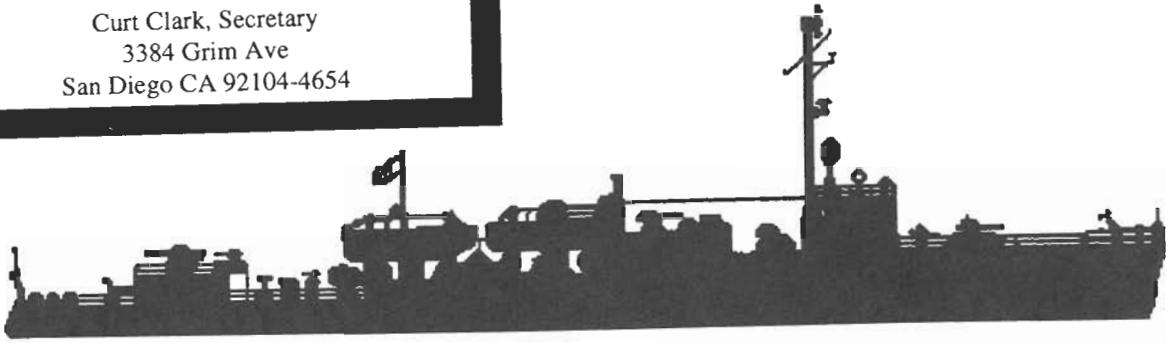
NOTICE NOTICE THE MARINE CORPS MUSTANG ASSOCIATION WILL HAVE THEIR ANNUAL REUNION IN ALBUQUERQUE, NM AUGUST 7 thru 10 1996 For more information contact Bob Richter 1 800 321 6782. This reunion in "The Land of Enchantment" will be short on speeches and long on Fun. MUstang headquarters is PO Bx 1314 Delran N.J. 08075-0142 tel 609 786 4400.

QUOTE, "I took special interest in the 6th Marine Division, the core of the Division which was the old Marine Raiders during the battle for Okinawa. Those veterans of the Solomon islands campaign who were hauled by the ApD's and ApC's. Some of the shore spotting parties with which destroyer IRWIN worked a gunfire support mission were gyerenes from those raider battalions. It was like old home week." These words were taken from the book BLUEJACKET, Page 475 by John Hutchinson. Order your copy now or get a copy at the St. Louis reunion. Order from John Hutchinson 355 S 8th St Apt 11 Coos Bay Or 97420. (A great history, Ed.)

2C ESCH, Robert 3495 Sweetwater Boise Id 83705 Robert was a dilenquent member for a few months, but recently became active through the efforts of his son Jim. Robert wrote, "It was interesting reading the Raider PATCH. I went through the copies looking for familiar names from old C Company. I remember those pencil sketches by Ed Rischer. Ed carried around a big book of drawing paper. That picture of the Jap airplane crashing of Midway island. I am one of the faces looking out of the fox hole. The plane hit about twenty yards from me. When all clear sounded everyone gathered around that plane and the first thing you know one of the raggedy assed marines grabbed the silk scarf around the pilots neck. Some one else pulled the body minus legs and arms out of the wreckage and others took turns jumping up and down on the body."

LAST MAN COMMITTEE UPDATE Joe Bedard has volunteered to be the central coordination point for the 15 young raiders on the committee. Hopefully by the time to print the September PATCH we will have inputs from the Committee as to how they are doing. The least of the problems will be to get the bottle of booze, and the greatest problem will probably be how to preserve it. Ed. If you have questions, contact JOe Bedard, 3I 1584 Council Dr. Sun City Center, Fl 33573

American APD Corporation
FOUR STACK APD VETERANS
Curt Clark, Secretary
3384 Grim Ave
San Diego CA 92104-4654

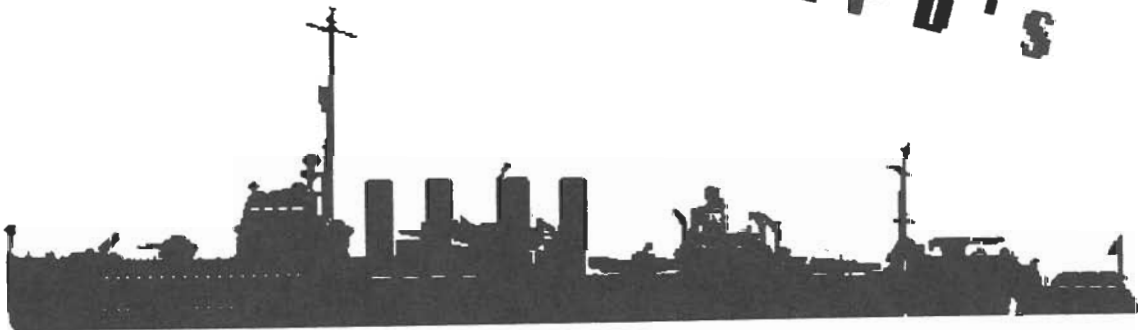


**The Battle History
OF
32 Great Little Ships**

32 Battle Stars

72 Engagements

THOSE GRAND FIGHTING APD'S



Our 1996 Reunion

The Holiday Inn On The Bay
San Diego, California
SEPT. 5-6-7-8

Great Trips
Great Food
Great Friends
Great Hospitality Rooms
Great Weather



FUN IN THE SUN!



APD 01 USS Manley (DD74) Designated APD1 8/2/40
Navy Unit Commendation
5 Battle Stars

CODE	OPERATION	DATES
P9	Capture & Defense of Guadalcanal	05 Sep '42
P26	Marshall Islands Operation	29 Jan - 8 Feb '44
P29	P26-2 Occupation of Kwajalein and Majuro Atolls	11 Jun - 10 Aug '44
P31	P29-2 Capture & Occupation of Saipan	10 Oct - 29 Nov '44
P41	P31-1 Leyte Landings	31 Jan - 10 Feb '45
	P41-2 Nasugbu	14-28 Feb '45
#	P41-3 Mariveles-Corregidor	
	Decommissioned	11/19/45
	Struk	12/05/45
	Scrapped	11/26/46

APD02 USS Colhoun(DD85) Designated APD2 12/11/40
2 Battle Stars

CODE	OPERATION	DATES
P8	Guadalcanal-Tulagi Landings	07 Aug - 9 Aug '42
P9	Capture & Defense of Guadalcanal	10 Aug '42 - 30 Aug '42
#	Sunk Jap Air Raid	8/30/42

APD03 USS Gregory(DD82) Designated APD3 11/4/40
2 Battle Stars

CODE	OPERATION	DATES
P8	Guadalcanal-Tulagi Landings	07 Aug - 9 Aug '42
P9	Capture & Defense of Guadalcanal	10 Aug - 5 Sep '42
#	Sunk by enemy gunfire	9/5/42

APD04 USS Little(DD79) Designated APD4 8/2/40
2 Battle Stars

CODE	OPERATION	DATES
P8	Guadalcanal-Tulagi Landings	07 Aug - 9 Aug '42
P9	Capture & Defense of Guadalcanal	10 Aug - 5 Sep '42
#	Sunk by enemy gunfire	9/5/42



APD05 USS McKean(DD90) Designated APD5 8/2/40
4 Battle Stars

CODE	OPERATION	DATES
P8	Guadalcanal-Tulagi Landings	07 Aug-9 Aug '42
P9	Capture & Defense of Guadalcanal	05 Sep '42
P21	New Georgia Group Operation	30 Jun '43
	P21-1 New Georgia-Hendova-Vangunu	04-05 Jul '43
	P21-5 Vella Lavella	31 Aug '43
P24	Treasury-Bougainville Operations	27 Oct '43
	P24-2 Treasury Island Landing	28 Oct '43
	P24-3 Choiseul Island Diversion	06 Nov '43
	P24-4 Cape Torokina Occupation	11 Nov '43
	P24-4 Cape Torokina Defense	17 Nov '43
#	Sunk by Jap Torpedo Planes	11/17/43

APD06 USS Stirlingham(DD83) Designated APD6 12/11/40
9 Battle Stars

CODE	OPERATION	DATES
P8	Guadalcanal-Tulagi Landings	23 Aug '42
P9	Capture & Defense of Guadalcanal	05 Sep '42
P17	P17-4 Eastern New Guinea Operation	2 Jan '44
P21	P17-4 Saioor Occupation	15 Aug '43
P22	New Georgia Group Operation	26 Dec '43 - 1 Mar '44
	P21-5 Vella Lavella	15-19 Feb '44
	Bismarck Archipelago Operation	27 Oct '43
P24	P22-5 Cape Gloucester-New Britain	06 Nov '43
	P22-8 Green Island Landings	11 Nov '43
	Treasury-Bougainville Operations	17 Nov '43
	P24-2 Treasury Island Landing	15 Jun - 28 Jul '44
	P24-4 Cape Torokina Occupation	06 Sep - 14 Oct '44
	P24-4 Cape Torokina Defense	02-28 Apr '45
P29	P24-4 Cape Torokina Defense	24-28 Jul '44
	Merianes Operation	
P30	P29-2 Capture & Occupation of Saipan	
	Western Caroline Islands Operation	
P34	P30-2 Capture & Occupation of southern Palau	
	Okinawa Gunto Operation	
P38	P34-1 Assault & Occupation of Okinawa	
#	Capture & Occupation of Tinian	
	Decommissioned	11/09/45
	Struk	12/05/45
	Scrapped	03/01/46

ABRAHAM LINCOLN once said, "INASMUCH as most good things are produced by labor, it follows that all such things should belong to those whose labor has produced them. But it has happened in all ages of the world that some have labored, and others, without labor, have enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong, and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor as nearly as possible is a worthy object of any good government." (1862)

APD07 USS Tailbot(DD114) Designated APD7 10/31/42

9 Battle Stars

CODE	OPERATION	DATES
P 21	New Georgia Operation	30 Jun '43
P21-1	New Georgia-Rendova-Vangunu	04-05 Jul '43
P21-5	Vella Lavella	15 Aug '43
P 22	Bismarck Archipelago Operation	15-19 Feb '44
P22-8	Green Island Landings	
P24	Treasury-Bougainville Operation	27 Oct '43
P24-2	Treasury Island Landing	06 Nov '43
P24-4	Occupation of Cape Torokina	11 Nov '43
P24-4	Defense of Cape Torokina	17 Nov '43
P 29	Miriamae Operation	14-24 Jun '44
P29-2	Capture & Occupation of Saipan	
P 31	Leyte Operation	10 Oct-29 Nov '44
P31-1	Leyte Landings	
P 32	Luzon Operation	04-18 Jan '45
P32	Lingayen Gulf	
P 34	Okinawa Gunto Operation	22 May-6 Jun '45
P34-1	Assult & Occupation of Okinawa	22 Apr '44
P 40	Hollandia Operation (Alatope)	31 Jan '45
P41	Manila Bay - Bicol Operation	14-28 Feb '45
P41-2	Nasugbu	
P41-3	Mariveles-Corregidor	
#	Decommissioned	10/9/45
	Struk	10/24/45
	Scrapped	01-30-46

APD8 USS Waters(DD115) Designated APD8 12/19/42

7 Battle Stars

CODE	OPERATION	DATES
P 19	Consolidation of the Solomons	16 Jun '43
P19-1	Southern Solomons	
P 21	New Georgia Group Operation	30 Jun '43
P21-1	New Georgia-Rendova-Vangunu	04-05 Jul '43
P21-5	Vella Lavella Occupation	15 Aug '43
P 22	Bismarck Archipelago Operation	15-19 Feb '44
P22-8	Green Island Landings	
P24	Treasury-Bougainville Operation	27 Oct '43
P24-2	Treasury Island Landing	06 Nov '43
P24-4	Occupation of Cape Torokina	11 Nov '43
P24-4	Defense of Cape Torokina	17 Nov '43
P 29	Marianna Operation	15 Jun-1 Aug '44
P29-2	Capture & Occupation of Saipan	
P29-7	Capture & Occupation of Guam	01-03 Aug '44

APD8 USS Waters (DD115) [Cont.]

P 33	Two Jima Operation	16 FEB - 07 Mar '44
P33-1	Assault & Occupation of Two Jima	
P 34	Okinawa Gunto Operation	26 Mar - 19 May '45
P34-1	Assault & Occupation of Okinawa	
#	Decommissioned	10/24/45
	Struk	10/24/45
	Scrapped	05/10/46

APD9 USS Dent(DD116) Designated APD9 3/7/43

5 Battle Stars

CODE	OPERATION	DATE
P 19	Consolidation of Solomon Islands	08 Jun '43
P19-1	Consolidation of southern Solomons	
P 21	New Georgia Group Operation	30 Jun '43
P21-1	New Georgia-Rendova-Vangunu	04-05 Jul '43
P21-5	Vella Lavella Occupation	15 Aug '43
P21-5	Vella Lavella Occupation	31 Aug '43
P 24	Treasury-Bougainville Operation	27 Oct '43
P24-2	Treasury Island Landing	06 Nov '43
P24-4	Occupation of Cape Torokina	11 Nov '43
P24-4	Defense of Cape Torokina	17 Nov '43
P 29	Marianna Operation	21-26 Jun '44
P29-2	Capture & Occupation of Saipan	
P 40	Hollandia Operation (Alatope)	22 Apr '44
#	Decommissioned	12/4/45
	Struk	01/03/46
	Scrapped	6/13/46

APD10 USS Brooks (DD232) Designated APD10 12/1/42

Navy Unit Commendation

6 Battle Stars

CODE	OPERATION	DATES
P 17	Eastern New Guinea Operations	04-14 Sep '43
P17-2	Lae Occupation	22 Sep '43
P17-3	Finschhafen Occupation	29-30 Sep '43
P17-4	Saidor Occupation	02 Jan '44
P17-4	Saidor Occupation	22 Sep '43-14 Feb '44
P 22	Bismarck Archipelago Operation	26 Dec '44
P22-5	Cape Gloucester, New Britain	26-29 Dec '44
P22-5	Cape Gloucester, New Britain	25 Feb-05 Mar '44
P22-12	Admiralty Is. Landings	19 Mar '44

..... CONTINUED IN NEXT PART

MARINE CORPS:

3RD MARINE RAIDER BN: Raiders
 William Stewart and Charles Walkup,
 where are you? — Archie Rackerby
 P.O. Box 83, Rough & Ready CA 95975
 IN MAGAZINE "ECHO" (C)

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to
 check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money
 can't buy. -- George Lorimer.