



Raider Patch

1st Battalion

2nd Battalion

3rd Battalion

4th Battalion

Patch on Location
★
Story of the Raider Padre

★
National Geographic Special

★
Raider Scrapbook

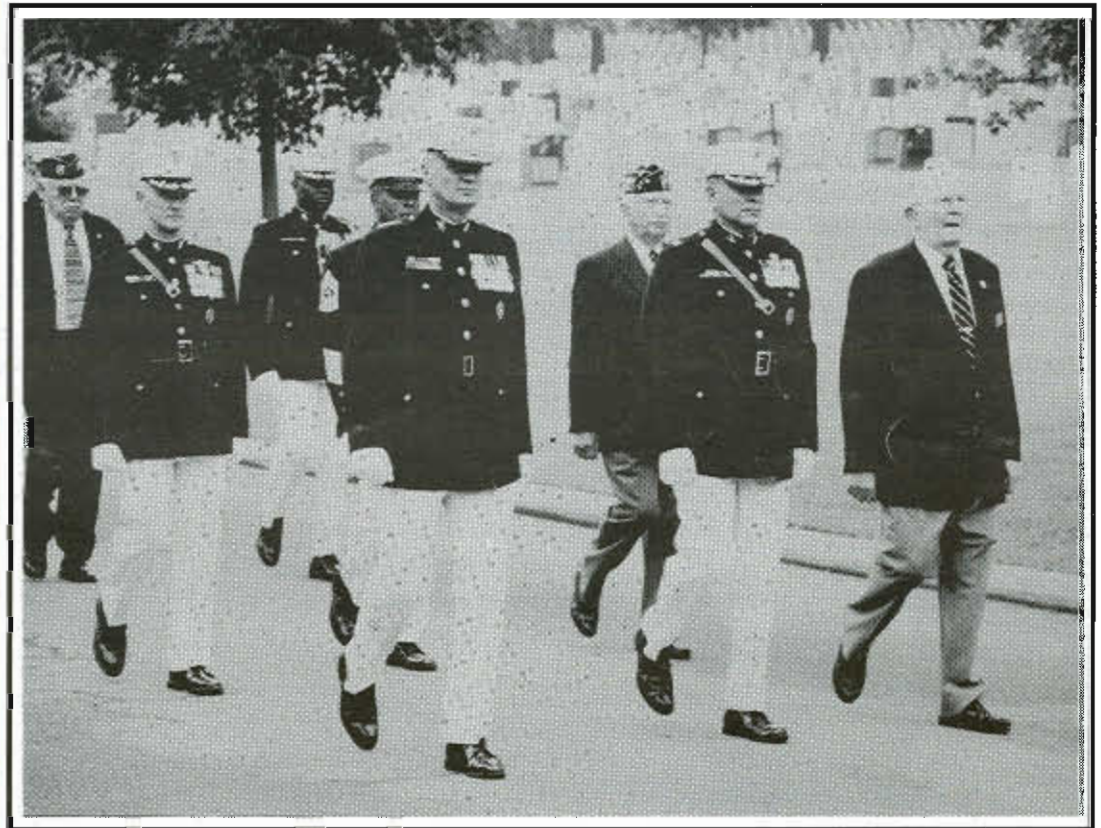
★
New Orleans Reunion Info

★
Bull Sheet
And, much much more



ASSOCIATION TRIBUTE TO FALLEN COMRADES AT PUNCH BOWL

Recovery Work Underway on Kwajalein



- HQMC Photo by Sgt. Paul

If our wonderful friends at CILHI can perform another miracle, this scene could be repeated sometime in the near future. Conserted efforts are underway on Kwajalein to find the remains of our nine Makin Raiders captured on Makin and murdered on Kwajalein in October of 1942. This photo, taken last August at Arlington National Cemetery shows Raider Association President Mel Heckt, far right, USMC Commandant James L. Jones, left front, and our James "Horse" Smith, 1HQ behind Heckt and at the far left rear is Al Careaga, 1 C&D. Perhaps 2002 will mark final closure to the Makin experience?

"Be A Nice Raider and Take Your Medicine"



Drawn by
U.S. Marine Corps Artist
Victor P. Donahue

IT'S ATABRINE TIME

Malaria transmitted by mosquitos, took a heavy toll of U.S. servicemen, in the Pacific war area. The issuance of a small yellow pill called atabrine was to forestall getting malaria... However, a vicious rumor was widely circulated throughout the ranks. The word was - taking the pill will eventually turn your skin yellow and make you IMPOTENT. Needless to say, men shied away from taking 'em. Being in the 2nd Marine Raider Bn., I remember Navy corpsmen were stationed at ends of chow lines dispensing the pill. This didn't work well. When the Marine was 2-4 feet from the corpsman, he'd spit it out. To overcome this, an order was issued by the Colonel. At reveille, men were to answer roll call with their canteens. You were to open your mouth wide while the sergeant pops in a pill. After drinking from your canteen, you were ordered to open your mouth, stick out your tongue for the sarg to inspect that you truly swallowed the pill.

Many yellow-skinned Marines went into battle... As for impotency - we'll never know...

Frank A. Cannestraci



**U. S. MARINE
RAIDER ASSOCIATION**
A NATIONAL NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION



SUPPORTING SCHOLARSHIPS IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC, THE RAIDER MUSEUM IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
AND RAIDER ROOM AT COMMAND MUSEUM, MCRD, SAN DIEGO, CA



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**THE
RAIDER PATCH**
United States Marine Raider Association



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Patch-related material or business-related correspondence to:

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(Note: Same contact for John McCarthy, Patch Editor)

Please direct all dues, donations, changes of address, correction of records,
reports of deaths, new member applications, and membership questions to:
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY
704 Cooper Court, Arlington, TX 76011-5550

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PUBLICATION DEADLINES

Material submitted for publication in the Raider Patch must be received by
the deadline dates shown below for each issue:

FEBRUARY	MAY	AUGUST	NOVEMBER
Jan. 5	April 5	July 5	October 5



**ATTENTION RAIDERS!
CHECK OUT "YOUR"
OFFICIAL WEBSITE ...**

Visit the Official Raider Web Site
on the Internet at:

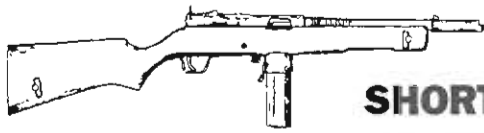
<http://usmarineraiders.org>

Also known as a "Special Edition of the the Raider Patch
for the 21st Century", it is the official website of the USMRA.
The website has received more than 27,000 visitors since
going online four years ago and currently receives more
than 60 visitors per day. It is a very productive disseminater
of Raider history.

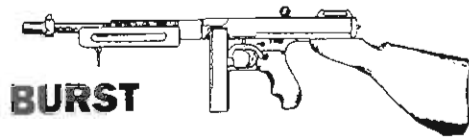
**ATTENTION
BOARD MEMBERS:**

**The Board Meeting
in New Orleans
has to be changed.
You will be notified
by e-mail of new dates.**

**Any questions,
Please call Mel Heckt.
Check contact numbers
on Page 4.**



SHORT



BURST

Notes & Thoughts From President Mel Heckt



President Mel Heckt

Aloha,
On January 18th, Jim Smith, 1st Bn., Jake Broderick, 2nd Bn., George MacRae, 3rd Bn. and Ken O'Donnell, 4th Bn. presented our \$1,000 check to Gen. P.X. Kelley for the WWII Memorial Association.

PUNCH BOWL

I trust that many of you who are physically and financially able will leave the mainland cold and attend the dedication of our Marine Raider Memorial Plaque and Monument at 2:00 p.m., Friday, March 8th at the Punch Bowl.

We will finally remember, respect and honor the 158 Marine Raiders who are buried therein.

HOTEL

We will stay at the Ohana Maile Sky Court Hotel. You can't beat the per diem rate of \$61.28. Please register now by calling 1-800-279-0126 and say you are with the Marine Raiders. You can always cancel a day before and the hotel needs to know how many rooms to reserve.

NORTHWEST AIRLINES

If you decide to fly NWA using the zone code fare, please call 1-800-328-1111 and refer to World File #NYQGP rather than #165608 mentioned in the last Patch.

WHAT TO DO IN HONOLULU?

Thursday, March 7 at 0930. We leave the hotel by bus or van to MCB-Kaneohe. We arrive at 1000 and Marines will conduct a brief windshield bus tour. Then we will walk at a static display of Marines and their weapons. Lunch will be at either the Officer's or Staff NCO's Club. We depart for the hotel at 1330 or 1400.

Friday, March 8 at 1300. We leave the hotel for the Punch Bowl. MARFORPAC will provide a band, color guard, rifle squad, two buglers, a piper Lt. Justin Stodghill and a Navy Chaplain. Gene Castagnetti, Col. USMC Ret. and Director of the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific will welcome us and Brig. Gen. John Castellaw will be our guest speaker. A wreath will be presented by each Bn. Representative after the monument is unveiled. After the ceremony, the cemetery will provide transportation and a map so we can visit the gravesites of our departed buddies.

Saturday, March 9 (AM). We can bus or van to the Arizona and the Big Mo.

*** NEED *
URGENT REPLY**

If you are interested in joining us in Hawaii for the Raider Punch

Bowl Cemetery Program

PLEASE CALL ME:

Mel Heckt

(952) 449-4145 - Office

(763) 588-1051 - Home

Also, Please call your Raider Buddies who might not have E-mail!

PLEASE REGISTER AND ADVISE ME NOW!

If you plan to join us, please register with the hotel and advise me now. 1.) How many in your party? 2.) How many want transportation to the Punch Bowl, to the Marine Base, to the Arizona and Big Mo? Why? The hotel must know how many rooms to reserve; the Marine Corps need to know how many lunches to serve, and I need to know how many buses or vans to secure. We may possibly visit CILHI. I have not, to date, received word that the Air Force will fly us without charge to Kwajalein.

NEW DIRECTORS OF USMRA

I am pleased to announce that the Board of Directors has (unanimously) approved my nomination(s) of Jim Eagleton, 1B, of Tulsa, OK to fill the unexpired term of the late Gus Zurawski, and Emmitt Hays to fill the unexpired term of Joseph McNamara, who resigned as a result of his wife's and his health. We all wish Joe well and thank him for his many years of dedicated service.

DEATH OF JOSEPH BAQUE, JR.

I am sorry to report that Joe Baque recently passed away. He was an outstanding Raider, an excellent Sgt.-at-Arms and a most expert manager of our Reunion libations. We will all miss Joe. Some of you may want to give a contribution to USMRA in Joe's memory.

Semper Fidelis,
Mel Heckt

**HAWAII PUNCH BOWL MEMORIAL PRESENTATION
WOULD WELCOME ALL RAIDERS**

Would you be interested in joining a small group of association members that will go to Hawaii on 8 March, 2002 to place a memorial plaque honoring our fallen comrades buried in that beautiful national cemetery? There is a possibility that a group of us would continue the trip to Kawajalein to participate in a similar ceremony and plaque presentation honoring our nine Makin heroes whose lives were taken by their Japanese captors in October, 1942.

If you have any interest in participating, please contact Raider Association President Mel Heckt at 601 Carlson Parkway, Suite 750, Minnetonka, MN 55305. Fax: (952) 449-4149 • Tel: (952) 449-4145. We are trying to get a handle on how many of our people would participate.

Thank you and Semper Fidelis,
Mel Heckt 1BA



EDITOR'S NOTES

There's Lots Going On!

John McCarthy

The new millennium, 2000, has really had an amazing and unique start for the Association and its members. So many important things have happened and are happening that it's hard to comprehend. Let's just say, as an Association we have a lot on our plate (or should I say mess kit?), so far this century.

Probably the most amazing thing that happened to all of us was the discovery of our Makin KIA's. Although down deep inside we all knew they were there but after 58 years few of us ever thought they would all be located and identified. The painstaking work of all the people at CILHI brought at least some sort of closure for the families and comrades of the 19 recovered.

Now the same marvelous folks are busy on Kwajalein (as I write this column). The nine young Raiders who were captured on Makin and later executed on Kwajalein within two months of the raid, are the subject of an intense search. In addition to the 9 Raiders there is a good possibility that the island will reveal the remains of three, perhaps four, B-24 crews that suffered the same fate as our nine Makin Raiders.

The search team is a miniature "joint operation". We had one Raider, a Makin Raider who just returned from Kwajalein and witnessed some of the recovery effort. We have a brief report from Ben Carson (2BE) as well as several photos taken during the work on page 12 of this issue of your Patch. A detailed report and additional photos will appear in your next Patch.

If all goes well with the Kwajalein efforts and it is successful, we can look for another Full Honors Burial program in Arlington National Cemetery. That would be a fitting conclusion to a prolonged agony. As the twinkling twilight for all of us gets closer and closer, the last piece of the Makin puzzle could be put into place, and it couldn't happen at a better time.

SPECIAL NOTE

During the first week of March, 2002, our President Mel Heckt, several Board members and perhaps a few regular members will fly to Honolulu, Hawaii to present a plaque at the Punch Bowl National Cemetery honoring the 158 Marine Raiders buried in that beautiful National Cemetery. Anyone interested in joining in on the trip see Mel's "Short Burst" column on page 3.

Other activities while in Hawaii include a day in our honor at the Marine Corps Air Station at Kaneohe. Also planned is a visit to Pearl Harbor and going aboard the battleship Missouri, as well as a visit to the Arizona Memorial.

Let Mel know as soon as possible!

RAIDER ROOM

The Raider Room is still seeking artifacts, relics, memorabilia, weapons and other Raider and Marine items for display.

Contact Raider Room Curator/Coordinator:

John McCarthy

Raider Headquarters

14851 Jeffrey Road, Suite 270, Irvine, CA 92618-8270

Telephone: (949) 552-6866



Crumbs From the Membership Secretary's Cluttered Desk

Members who may not have received one of the new ID cards can get one by contacting this office. New cards are no longer issued each time you pay dues. Members changing their status from Annual to Life get a new Life card. New members get a card mailed to them as is appropriate to their membership status. Lost or tattered cards will be replaced if requested, at no charge.

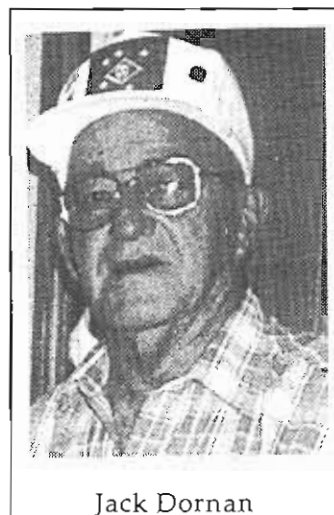
Honorary and Associate members are again requested to advise this office of their membership affiliation for purposes of record.

When a death is reported, be it Raider, Spouse, Honorary or Associate, please provide the necessary data for our records. The name of the deceased, the name of the person making the report, the date of death, the name of the surviving spouse/next of kin, and an address or other contact information, if known is of great help and is very appreciated.

As of this date, there are 270 members who have not, as yet, submitted dues for the current year. Please check the mailing label on this issue of the Patch. It will read, left to right, as follows:

Zip code Seq: 704
290 2G 2002

That 2002 indicates that dues are paid through December 31, 2002, and are again due on January 1, 2003. A dues payment will be reflected on the mailing label affixed to the next issue. Make our Treasurer smile! If you are one of the cited 270, get a check in the mail today.



Jack Dornan

OBITUARY

Gladys Rackerby



We are saddened to report the passing of Gladys Rackerby, wife of our stalwart 3K Raider, Archie.

All those who knew her were taken with her charm and beauty and friendliness.

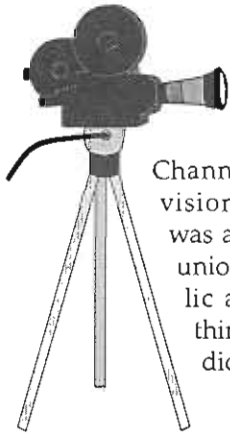
Gladys and Archie had been married for 45 years and she was a tremendous help to him with his "Raider Search Program". "We'd I.D. some 2,000 lads," Archie told the Patch.

Gladys Rackerby had been in poor health for the past few years. Our sympathy to Archie and his family. She will indeed be missed.



PATCH GOES ON LOCA

By Patch Editor



A couple of issues back we reported on being interviewed for the History Channel's "Dangerous Missions." The television documentary on the Marine Raiders was aired nationally just before our D.C. Reunion. It received good notices from the public and mixed reviews from Raiders. All things considered, I thought the producers did an admirable job.

As members of the 1st, 3rd, and 4th Battalions will readily state, "too much emphasis was placed on the 2nd Battalion."

Although the 1st Battalion's "Battle of Edson's Ridge" was pretty well covered, the much bigger action on New Georgia was almost an afterthought. In fact, it *was* an afterthought. After several members of our Association, including your Editor, raised hell with the producers because of the lack of New Georgia and Bougainville campaign coverage, less important footage was removed from the original cut and New Georgia and Bougainville footage was added. I have the original cut, as well as the final one.

All in all, it came out very well. You can never please everyone, every time. I learned that my first day in the newspaper business.

The producers, Digital Ranch in Hollywood, did go out of their way to be as accurate as possible. That was one reason I wanted to be on hand during the location filming.

A team of ten American re-enactors were hired to portray Raiders. Most of these guys are dedicated military historians of a sort and the last thing they wanted was to be carrying the wrong weapon, wearing the wrong equipment and otherwise portraying inaccurate images.

Digital Ranch flew in six Japanese re-enactors from Japan. For our Bill Lansford, 2E, who was also on board as a "technical advisor", it must have been *deja vu* all over again. Only this time the enemy had blanks in their Arisakas and the grenades were inert.



— Patch Photo

"Marine Raiders" and "Imperial Japanese" soldiers gather before the filming of the History Channel's film "Dangerous Missions #42". Every effort was made to insure accuracy.



— Patch Photo

Production people and Japanese re-enactors get set up to film two Japanese riflemen. These young "enemy" soldiers did a fine job.

The six "enemy soldiers" were really a pleasure. They do this sort of thing in Japan quite often and all of their equipment and accoutrements have been tailor made from original uniforms, cartridge boxes, holsters, etc. Because it is illegal to own a firearm in Japan, it was necessary for the producers to employ the services of a professional armorer. They had all the right stuff, including a Boys rifle.

If you see the History Channel's "Dangerous Missions #42" in your tv guide, note the segment on the Makin Raid. They did procure a rubber boat similar to the ones used by Carlson and his Raiders. However, no vintage Evenrude motors could be found. That was easily covered. The tiny pond, about the size of an average three-bedroom house, served as the "mighty" Pacific Ocean. Naturally there was no surf or waves. Makin's surf was considerable, so employing the stuff that Hollywood is famous for, a technician hopped on a jet ski and caused as much wake as possible. It worked, albeit, tiny waves.

It was a very interesting and pleasant experience and my hat goes off to the producers and especially the re-enactors. This sort of exercise is a labor of love for them. That goes for both sides, the victors and the vanquished.



— Patch Photo

"Jap Sniper", yelled a Raider! Within seconds the culprit was dispatched. And so another glorious chapter in Marine Corps history was written. Or, in this case, filmed.

PATCH GOES ON LOCATION - continued



— Patch Photo

Bill Lansford, 2E (standing with Raider cap), seems pleased with his effort for the day. Bill "captured" all six of these guys by himself! They put up such a good fight he decided to take them to lunch. You guessed it.... rice!



— Patch Photo

As a "Raider" quietly slips through the brush, camera and sound men begin the "shoot". This scene was part of the "Carlson's Long Patrol" segment.



— Patch Photo

Your Patch Editor, left and Second Raider Bill Lansford, center, pose with three of the "Marine Raider" re-actors who did an outstanding job. They are: Jeff Wayne, Harlan Glen, Dan Wing and Paul Embuaco.



— Patch Photo

Sayonara! Four of the six Japanese portraying World War II enemy soldiers pose for our Patch camera. There was little English spoken by any of the six, but everything went well.



— Patch Photo

The professional armorer at right, goes over weapon inventory with the Japanese. Note British .303 Vickers water cooled machine gun in front of armorer. (Must have been captured at Singapore and taken to the 'Canal!)



— Patch Photo

All's well that ends well! Looks like these re-actors will become pen pals. After the film, each went their own way. For the Japanese, back to the homeland. For the "Raider", hopefully another assignment on the excellent History Channel series.

THOSE TENACIOUS LITTLE APD'S - GOD BLESS 'EM!

Found: Fabulous Reading

EDITOR'S NOTE: This feature is not a book review. However, if you are lucky enough to stumble across a copy of "Requiem for a Fleet", written and edited by Robert H. Freeman and published by Shellback Press in 1984, grab it! Don't haggle about the price. I guarantee you won't put it down 'til you've finished it.

Here is a sample of what I'm talking about. This is just one brief "chapter", and there are dozens more. The author has covered in fairly complete detail, each of the U.S. ships that fought, were wounded or died in the battle for Guadalcanal. Two of these ships were extremely close to our Raiders: USS Gregory and USS Little. These brave little ships were our Raiders "Taxi Service".
Read on...

"September, 1942: The following was written by Robert Leckie: "At 0100 on 5 September, the Americans observed gunfire flashes in the east near Taivu. Three Japanese destroyers were to provide diversionary bombardment while transports put the last of General Kawaguchi's men ashore at Taivu. At about 0100 they began. And then the startled gunners looked to the west where two small American APD's were beautifully outlined in the light of five American flares.

"Little and Gregory" both thought the gun flashes were from a Japanese sub. They sped eastward and then a Catalina flying boat on patrol a half mile ahead also saw the flashes and also thought that they had come from a sub, and hopefully dropped a string of flares to mark the target."

"In that light the three enemy destroyers, each nearly as big as a light cruiser, began battering the Americans.

Each APD mounted only one four-inchers, some 20mm guns, and a few light and heavy machine guns. Little and Gregory fought bravely, but within a few salvos of feelers they Japs had the range. Commander Hadley was killed on Little's bridge. Gregory was shredded by salvos of 5" shells and set blazing from stem to stern. Both ships were blazing wrecks, but the Japs mad certain of their destruction. They sailed between them, hurling shells to both sides. Many Americans were killed by those shells. Badly wounded LTCMDR Harry Bauer of the Gregory, struggled to escape both burning oil and the suction of his sinking ship.

Two men - Clarence Justice and Chester Ellis - swam to his side to pull him free. Bauer heard a sailor cry out that he was drowning. He directed his rescuers to the man's aid, and was never seen again."

LOSSES:

USS Gregory
22 killed, 44 wounded
USS Little
61 killed, 26 wounded

MEDALS:

LTCMDR Harry C. Bauer
- *Posthumous Silver Star*
CMDR Hugh W. Hadley & LTCMDR Gus B. Lofbert
(both of the USS Little) - *Posthumous Silver Stars*

Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz had the following to say: "Both of these small vessels fought as well as possible against overwhelming odds... With little means they performed duties vital to the success of the campaign."

Is there any wonder why Marine Raiders have such affection for all of the four stackers, their officers and crews.
Semper Fidelis. — Editor



Here's a great picture of one of the APD's that served the Raiders so well. This is the USS Calhoun, APD 2. This brave little relic from World War I had a brief career with the Raiders as well as a short, but honorable service in the war of the South Pacific. She was sunk 30 August, 1942 with the loss of 51 officers and men.

THE GOOD PADRE AND HIS "BOYS"

(Editor's Note: This article was picked up from a rare copy of "GISMO", a short-lived publication for service men in the Pacific Theater. The issue was Vol. 1, No. 1 — I have no idea if there were other issues.)

Raider Padre

Ralph Liberato, USMC

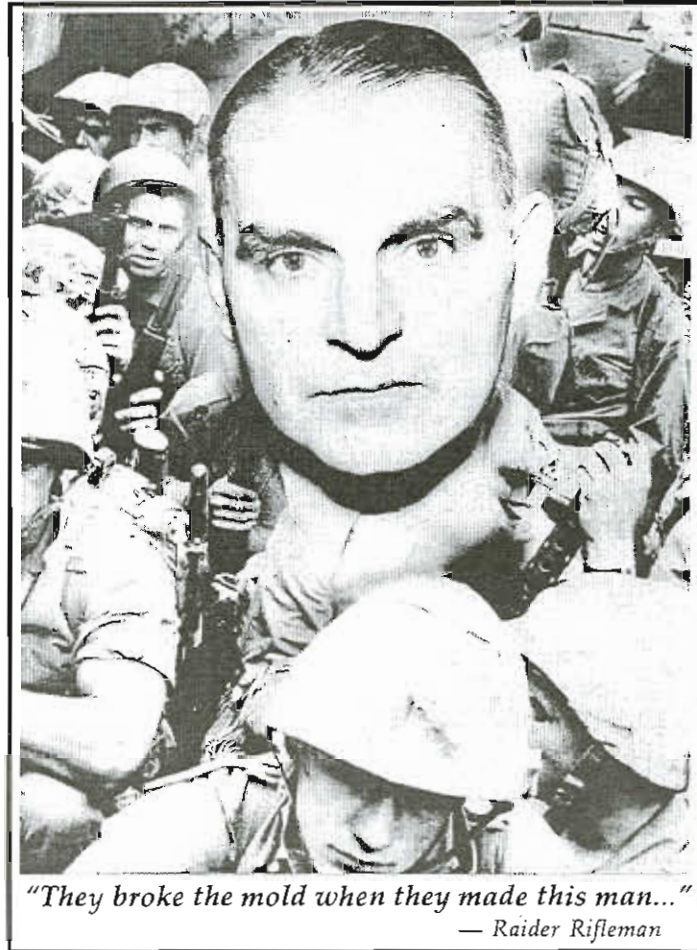
Many of you know the story of the famous Father Duffy, the chaplain who served in World War I with the "Fighting 69th." He was always doing things for his men and keeping them happy. Well, so was the Padre in our outfit doing things for us. He was another Father Duffy, a true Raider. He is Father Paul Redmond, Lt. USMC.

The name of Father Redmond is on the lips of every man in the Fourth Marine Raider Battalion. Every time someone mentioned the Padre's name to a Raider or anyone who knew him well, a twinkle would come into their eyes. Many stories can be told about the Padre, but only in words. You could never put just what you feel down on paper.

Father Redmond worked from Reveille till Taps, doing things for the men. His only thoughts were for them. If they were happy, then the Padre would seem twice as happy.

The first time I saw Father Redmond was aboard ship. We were heading for an unknown destination, where our new base was to be. He had a box of cigars and some cigarettes, passing them out to the men and stopping to talk to everyone, sailor and Marine, seeing if he could do something to help the gang.

Many things he has done for us since then were off the record, but on the level. He would leave camp early in the morning with a jeep, and come back just before evening



chow, the jeep loaded down, either with cases of toilet articles or cigarettes, sometimes peanuts, and pocket edition story books. This was repeated every day. The only thanks he wanted was to see the boys happy.

In battle, the Padre was always where he was needed most. He buried many men, seeing to it that the last orders were given to each before Taps was sounded.

I never found out just how old Father Redmond was, but I do know that he was twice as old as most of the men. On the long marches over hills and across rivers, our Padre was always there with us. It was hard on him but he would never say anything or go back and take

things easy; instead, he'd keep right on with us. Padre was a fighter as well as a priest.

A few officers in the battalion said that Father Redmond would be a good company commander. They were right about that. Any job the Padre could get, he would do his best to fill.

Once on maneuvers, the Padre was lying down next to the men when he heard one of them start griping about things in general. Another man popped up with an expression used a lot by the men: "Tell it to the chaplain." "Don't come to me," Father Redmond answered at once. "I've got enough troubles of my own." That was like Father, always ready

with some crack to give the boys a good laugh.

When the men were in action the Padre came back to the island to get odds and ends for the boys. He started with the Seabees. When he got done talking, the Seabees handed over a few hundred cases of beer for the Fourth Raiders. He also got transportation aboard an APC (Auxiliary Patrol Craft) for the beer to go up north. The Father figured things this way: the beer was extra, and it would help the men out a lot, so why not talk the Seabees out of it. Poor old Seabees must of had tears in their eyes when the Padre got through with them.

This particular Seabee outfit were like brothers to the Raiders, always doing things for us. Any time we needed our knives sharpened or any work done with machinery, they would do it for us. After the build up the Padre gave us, they would do anything to help us, even bring their band down to our camp and play for us. As long as the Padre asked for things, they were given us without any trouble. Yes, another Father Duffy, but a greater man was Paul Redmond to us. It would be hard to find another chaplain to take his place. The Padre is the best. I know everyone in the First Marine Raider Regiment feels the same as I do.

Coming home one night Father had a few visitors along with him, two Chaplains from different outfits on the island. One of them kept laughing to himself, and telling me what a Raider Father Redmond was. He had spent all day shopping with our

(continued on page 10.)

Raider Padre

Continued from page xx.

Padre and watched him at work. You could never forget the funny things the Father did. "Father Redmond and his thousand Raiders" was the name given to the Fourth Marine Raiders and their chaplain.

A corporal by the name of Frank Morrow from "Q" Company caught an infection in the nail of his left thumb from boxing. This made things look bad for Frankie. It meant he wouldn't go on the raid with the battalion he had trained so hard with from the beginning. Corporal Morrow was broken hearted till the Padre had a talk with the Colonel, and fixed it up so Frankie could go on the raid by being his assistant. They were of different religions but they loved each other like father and son. I visited Father Redmond's tent often, to see my buddy

Corporal Morrow, and to find out how our Padre made out on his daylight raids. You could always have a good time with the Father. He would have you laughing no matter how blue you were. You wouldn't need a morale officer if every outfit had a chaplain like Paul Redmond. Every outfit should have a chaplain like the Padre, but there is only one, and we have him.

When the boys were being evacuated from the front lines to the hospitals, the man they talked about most of the time was the Padre. A living hell was turned into a heaven when Father Redmond was there. Any man who went up north without religion, came back with religion. Every time the Padre would see you, he'd ask if you had been to church. One day Father grabbed a certain corporal by

the neck of his collar and led him to church.

Now it is Christmas time, with no snow around to give you the spirit of Christmas, but with the Padre around, he'll have everyone's imagination working, making you feel like you are home eating Christmas dinner with the family.

Or it could be a cold day in December, but just let Father Redmond talk to you, and when you leave him you'll think it a very hot day in August. You can't tell me miracles are not worked these days. A miracle is worked every time the Padre starts out to do things.

Whenever the name of Father Redmond is spoken, it is with great respect. One of the many good things our Lord has given us, was Father Redmond, the kindest, and finest man to be found.

REUNIONS

Sixth Marine Division Assoc.

will hold a
Mini-Reunion
April 21-24, 2002
Holiday Inn
Covington, Louisiana

**** ALSO ****

Sixth Marine Division Assoc.

will hold it's
32nd Annual Reunion
Sept. 15-21, 2002
Hotel Plaza
Las Vegas, Nevada

For information on both reunions, please contact:

Vince G. Mathews
230 22nd Avenue South
South St. Paul, MN
55075-5858
Phone: (651) 455-6700

"HEROS ALL"



Lots of Marine Corps History in this picture!

— Patch Photo

Photo taken during the banquet at our 2001 Raider Reunion in D.C. last August. This stalwart group could keep military historians busy for months if they all told their stories. Left to right are: George MacRae (3K), Assistant Curator Raider Museum (Richmond, VA); General Paul X. Kelly, Commandant USMC, 1 July, 1983 to 30 June, 1987; Charles Meacham (3K), Vice President Raider Association; Jerome J.C. Beau (3K), USMC (Ret.), Raider Historian; Robert Powers (3K), Major USMC (Ret.) and our sole surviving Raider Medal of Honor recipient; Richard Bush (2D4HQ). Oh what stories they could tell!

"TO THE VICTORS GO THE SPOILS"

Patch Editor

Since the very first armies went to combat their foes, long before the Roman Legions, soldiers have removed souvenirs from their dead or captured enemies. The spoils of war are as much a part of a warrior's right as his willingness to fight. It has always been that way and probably always will be.

Both of our Raider Museums are filled with the "spoils of war" - captured Japanese weapons of all types, as well as all sorts of equipment and personal items. Many Raiders didn't want to carry large, heavy or awkward souvenirs home from the Pacific. However, it was very easy to bring home small stuff.

Enemy photos were very popular as was paper money and other Japanese literature and other paper items, not to mention rings and gold teeth!

The photos in this feature were all submitted by Raiders. All came from enemy dead or prisoners after numerous encounters.

Lord only knows the fate of these Japanese military men - or the "girls they left behind." One thing is certain, all warriors, of all eras fought for their cause and that "sweet little thing" who promised to wait for his return.

It would be reasonable to assume that many enemy warriors received their fair share of "Dear John" letters. Perhaps one or more of these ladies couldn't wait for her beloved's return. Perhaps his return was detoured somewhere in the South Pacific. Perhaps by a Raider! We'll never know, will we?



— Patch File Photo

Before the guy who owned this picture arrived in the Solomons, he must have put some time in China or Korea. Note the heavy winter clothing.



— Patch File Photo

Here are a selection of the beauties that were close to the hearts of enemy service men.

— Patch File Photos



These Jap "swabbies" (or maybe Marines), were more than likely victims of combat in World War II. But like all sailors, they had girl friends and "pin-ups".



Pictured at left: If they were lucky (or smart), they threw in the towel and surrendered, went home and married the "girl of his dreams."

— Patch File Photo



— Patch File Photo

If unlucky, (or dumb), they wound up in a banzai charge with the always inevitable result... dead!

RESERVE THESE DATES - 28 AUGUST - 1 SEPT., 2002 NEW ORLEANS FOR A FABULOUS REUNION.

The Marine Raiders 2002 Reunion will take place 28 August through 1 September, 2002 at the beautiful Astor Crowne Plaza. The Astor Crowne Plaza is located where Bourbon Street meets Canal Street, on the former site of the historic Astor Hotel. Here, at the Gateway of New Orleans French Quarter, guests will find comfort and convenience in the 515 well appointed rooms, including 28 suites, which feature luxurious designer fabrics and traditional New Orleans style furnishings. The hotel's commitment to service is marked by a friendly and dedicated staff, attending to every need in the time-honored manner of southern hospitality.

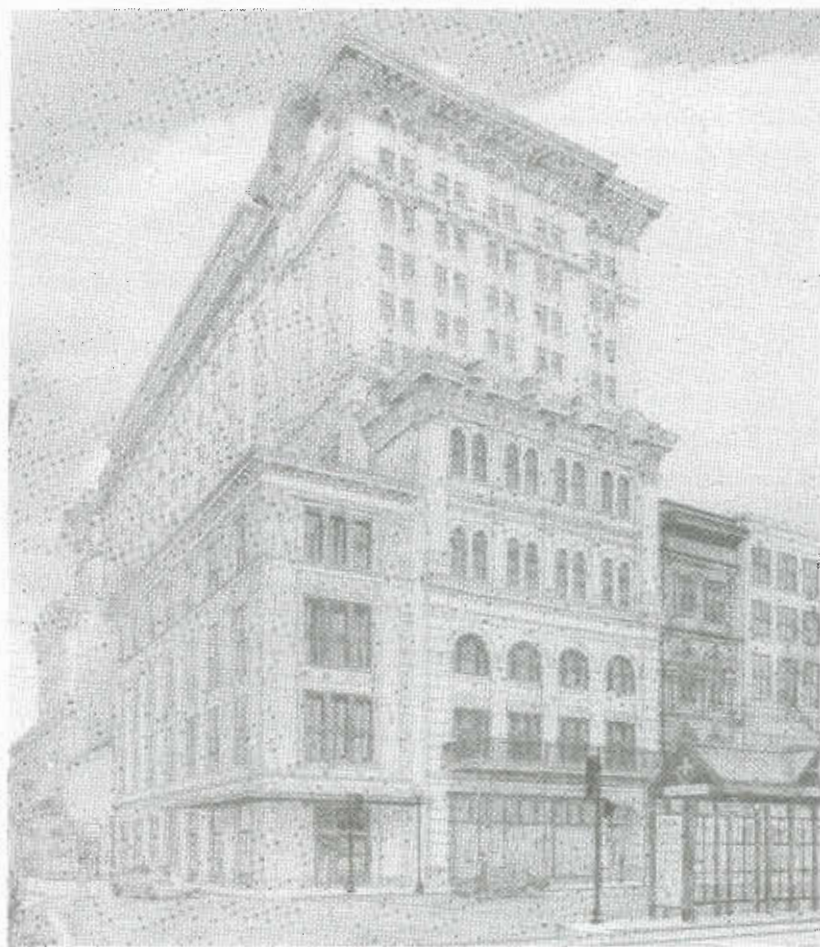
Services and amenities offered at the Astor Crowne Plaza include: a super up-scale restaurant, Dickie Brennan's Brasserie, full service bar, room service, concierge service and business center, rooftop swimming pool and gardens, fitness center, in-room first run movies, two dual line phones, plus high speed internet access. There is also plenty of retail shopping on the ground level. The Astor Crowne Plaza has 25,000 sq. ft. of flexible meeting and function space. Rooms feature balconies overlooking Bourbon, Canal and Iberville streets, club level rooms, and featuring nightly turndown service and complimentary refreshments.

"All the charm of New Orleans in one fine hotel." The Big Easy... The City that time forgot... However you choose to refer to her, New Orleans has been charming visitors for nearly three centuries. The two most famous jewels in her crown, The French Quarter with its wrought iron balconies, lush, leafy courtyards and quiet cobblestoned alleys, and the Garden District with its elegant, white-columned mansions, perfectly manicured gardens and world famous streetcars.

The Astor Crowne Plaza is located where Canal Street meets Bourbon Street. The location, as a hotel site, has quite a history. The 19th Century Cosmopolitan was a French Quarter landmark. The location is steeped in history, as an even earlier building housed the office of Dr. Antommarchi, last physician to Napoleon Bonaparte on the exile island of St. Helena, and the maker of Napoleon's death mask, now on display at the Cabildo Museum.

With easy access to all the "good stuff" New Orleans has to offer, the Astor Crowne Plaza is a perfect site for our 2002 Raider Reunion. *More Details and Registration Forms will be in the next issue of the Patch.*

THE BEST OF THE OL' SOUTH



Astor Crowne Plaza
100 Bourbon Street • New Orleans, Louisiana



FOR 2002 REUNION INFORMATION Special Room Rates • Single/Double/Triple/Quad - \$89.00

Subject to tax of 12% and \$2.00 per night bed tax.

* CONTACT REUNION CO-CHAIRMEN *

Ashley W. "Bill" Fisher 2B
217 South Maple Street
Covington, TN 38019
Tel/Fax: (901) 476-3890

e-mail: kenavo2@earthlink.newt

Earl Lambert
43037 Dunson Road
Ponchatoula, LA
(985) 570-5534

ASTOR CROWNE PLAZA - BE THERE!

Please, always include your Battalion and Company(s) when writing to the Editor.

To all members of the United States Marine Raider Association and to the President and the Editor:

"I wish you a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year," said Sister Mary Theresa's Christmas card. She added a personal note: "On this special occasion let me thank you for keeping my name on the mailing list of your very interesting Raider Patch you publish, for your kindness to this old Guadalcanal Veteran. I am most grateful. Semper Fidelis."

Your Thankful Sister Mary Theresa
(Honorary member)

Editor's note: Our "Angel of Guadalcanal" is well into her 90's and her penmanship is better than most 20 year olds. God bless you.

Ahoy:

Just received the Patch and I can tell you that on December 7, 1941 I was at NOB, Norfolk, VA waiting to go on post when the news broke that we had been attacked at Pearl Harbor. Well, no one knew where Pearl was and all men were called back from liberty and had orders to double the guard at the ammo dumps and sea wall. At the start we had three "tin kellys" (helmets) and one gas mask on the whole post. I hope all you Raiders had a great holiday and wish all a healthy new year. Semper Fi
Martin Zuckerbrow (Marty)
HDQ. Co. 2nd Bn.

Dear John,

Well done! The last two issues of the Raider Patch were excellent. A great tribute to the Makin Heros. Also, I'm writing on behalf of the "Four Stack APD Veterans to thank you for your recognition in the article "A Ring on the Fickle Finger of Fate" - it is very much appreciated. You might enjoy the enclosed copy from the Patch of over 20 years ago. When the APD sailors were invited to become "honorary Raiders". Our Commanding officer said at one time, "the two best kept secrets of World War II were the Marine Raiders and the Four Stack APD Sailors."

Best personal regards, Jim
Rear Admiral James V. Grealish,
USNR (Ret.)

Editor's Note: All Raiders have a special affection for the APD's, their officers and crews. Four of the brave little ships were sunk in Solomon's Battles.)



BULL SHEET

Hello,

Wishing the Officers and staff of the Raider Association the merriest of Christmas and the best new year ever. My annual dues are enclosed. Still the best 25 bucks I spend all year.

Semper Fi.
Roy Watkins, 3BN

Greetings:

The years keep racing by, and I keep slowing down, but my memories of the "Carlson's Raiders" days keep marching on. Yes, the "Good with the Bad". But without the Patch I'd feel lost. Here is my 2002 dues payment, and my sincere vote of appreciation to all who keep the organization going.

Richard Favinger, 2 HQ

Editor's Note:

Dick was one of our revered Corpsmen, A Makin Raider and is a great guy!



Dear Editor,

This picture was taken on liberty in Santa Monica, California a few months before the war ended. At this time we were on assignment standby to invade Japan, which of course, never happened.

Gung Ho,
Ralph Shaeffer, 3 L

To the Editor:

I have always looked forward to reading the Raider Patch. It brings back old memories. I have not made the past three reunions because of my health so the Patch keeps me in touch.

Your November issue No. 70 on page 14 has a picture entitled "God Rest Their Souls". I was in the Third Bat. and I believe one of the people in the picture was me. I have enclosed a check to cover expenses for a copy of the original picture, if possible. If not, put the money in the bank.

Semper Fi,
Robert H. Jones, 3rd Bat.
P.O. Box 1267
Santa Rosa Beach, FL 32459

Editor's Note:

Bob, we will forward a copy of that picture soon!

Dear Editor,

I will always remember my first Christmas on Bouganville. I was a late arrival and was assigned to group with Larry Selig and Bill Reynolds. I was promptly assigned to mess duty at the "L" Co. mess hall. The snipers were around and everyone had to carry his weapon. I was scrubbing out a big pot with sand and a sniper shot my pot! One of our guys got him immediately. My ears rang for hours. I know he could have hit me instead but he must have been a joker.

Also remember the Christmas tree decorated by the cook tent guys and was decorated with shiny, curly strips from "C" rations and playing cards were also hung on the tree. The tree was a big leaf jungle tree like a magnolia. Also have fond memories of that great Christmas football game on Guadalcanal. The 4th Regiment played the 22nd Regiment. The C-Bees made the field and grass covered it in about a month. The 4th won the game and I don't have any idea what the score was. Enclosed are two checks. One a memorial to Mike Shant, the other to George Johnson Carr.

Semper Fi,
Harris F. Wallace, Jr., PFC, 3L

Dear Editor,

I became an Honorary Raider back in the 70's through Lowell Bulger. I came in contact with Lowell through a guy who I had met in Korea, and again in the Marine Memorial Club in San Francisco. Unfortunately I do not seem to be able to bring up his name, but I believe he was a Raider. I was attempting to find information on my cousin Joe Glacken (SP) who was in the old 4th and died as a POW at Palaun. In the process Lowell allowed me to join the Marine Raiders as an Honorary member and I eventually became a Life member. I have almost all of the Raider Patches since the 1970's and have remained a strong supporter of the Association through the years, though lately I've been a bit lax as medical problems seem to take hold. I am the one who had a belt buckle made up, the first one going to Lowell and which I believe was later sold by the Raiders.

James C. Burneson, Hon. Life

To the Membership Secretary

My check is enclosed to cover my 2002 dues. I am indeed proud of having been a Raider and, more important, proud of those of you who now keep the light shining so brightly on the remarkable achievements of so many Raiders who gave so much to preserve our freedom - "lest we forget."

Norman L. Glidden (1D)
5604 Albia Road
Bethesda, MD 20816

Membership Secretary's note: I do not consider myself the spokesman for our Raider's Association officers and appointees, however I am sure my personal feelings are closely related to the feelings of all who are so assigned. There is a lot of work involved in holding an office, but providing a service for those with whom you have shared so much (good and bad) is a reward in itself. It's nice to be reminded periodically that your efforts are noted. Thank you on behalf of all of us. JED

To "All Hands":

Along with my dues check I want to thank the staff of our group for their excellent management of our organization. The same to the Editor of the Patch who not only gets and prints all the dope, but makes the reading of them most interesting, especially for me and other Raiders who cannot attend the reunions due to declining health and other reasons.

Gung Ho,
Bob Limbaugh (2EH)
310 E. 4th Street
Clifton, NJ 07011

MARINE RAIDER ROUND-UP

MINI- REUNION Reno, Nevada

Tuesday & Wednesday
May 7 - 8, 2002

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NUGGET Hotel/Casino
1100 Nugget Avenue
Sparks, NV 89431

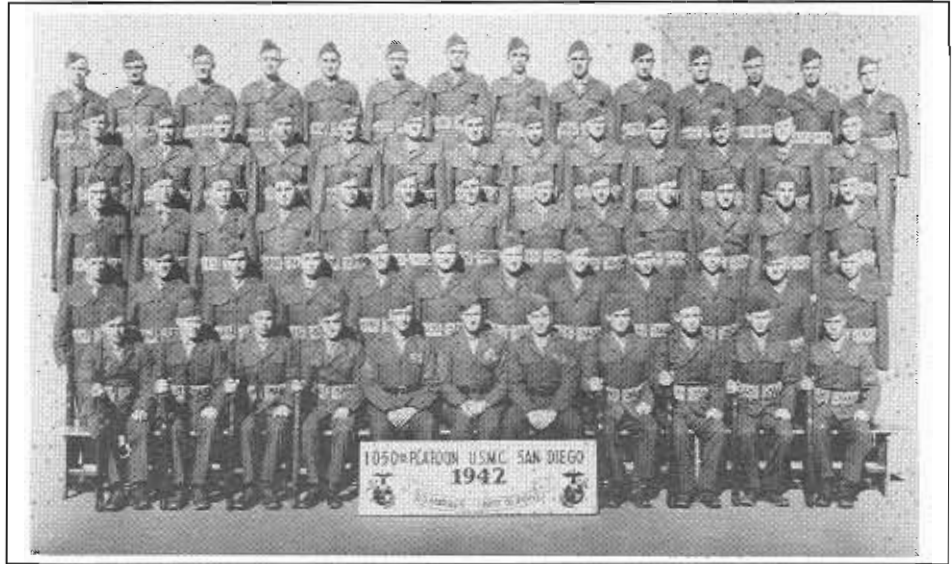
ROOM RESERVATIONS:
1-800-648-1177
Code: GRAIDER

Need More Information??
Call: Bob Mathews (4HQ)
at (916) 624-3966

BULL SHEET



Many Future Raiders in Platoon #1050



Dear Patch Editor:

Just following up on a recent conversation which we had at the Raider Reunion. I hope that you survived the reunion in good shape. Jeanne and I enjoyed our days there. As you can see, I have enclosed a copy of the photo of my Boot Camp Platoon (#1050) which you stated you may consider to publication in the Patch. The following is my attempt to point out members of the platoon who became Marine Raiders.

Top Row: from left - none

Row 2: from left - 6th - Nevlon "Red" Brown (1), 8th - Art Zebley (2)

Row 3: from left - 5th - Claren W. "Nick" Nichols (3), 12th - John Reinken (4),
13th - Elmer Mapes (5)

Row 4: from left - 4th - Robert C. McBee (6), 9th - Robert M. Snider (7)

Front Row: from left - 10th - Roy C. Chick (8)

Information on each:

- 1 - Brown has been deceased for many years.
- 2 - Zebley is a former Mayor of Olathe, Kansas. He is still living in Olathe, KS.
- 3 - Nichols was from Crowell, Texas. He died many years ago.
- 4 - Reinken is the only one I'm not positive about. I believe that he is the young Marine to my right in the photo and that he is the same person who is listed in the Raider Directory, now living in Riverside, California.
- 5 - Mapes - That's me!
- 6 - McBee is listed in the Raider Directory as currently living in Bay St. Louis, MS
- 7 - Snider died several years ago. His last place of residence was Tulsa, OK. Earlier he had been a Deputy U.S. Marshall in Wichita, Kansas.
- 8 - Chick was killed in action at Okinawa in April, 1945.

In case any of our Raiders who read the Patch may have had some contact with some of the other men in the Boot Camp photo, I'll list the names I have:

Top row (l-r): 1st - Don Discher, 3rd - Jack Fitzgerald, 10th - (?) Jurosevich
14 - Richard F. Rohrman

Row 2: (l-r): 5th - (?) Compton, 12th - (?) Butler, 13th - Norton E. Wade

Row 3: (l-r): 2nd - (?) Perkinson, 9th - "Red" Kelsey

Row 4: (l-r): 1st - Arthur E. Johnson, 5th - Joe Marchiando

Row 5: none

Sincerely,
Elmer Mapes (2EHQ)

Editor's note: Many thanks Elmer, for some great memory work and detailed info. I'm sure that many Raiders will be interested. Naturally, we will send your original photo back.

RAIDER REMAINS DISCOVERY BY CILHI TO BE SUBJECT OF NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SPECIAL

SPECIAL TO THE PATCH:

Our Ben Carson (2BE), Makin Raider and Louis Zamperini, a former Air Force pilot whose B-24 went down near the Marshall Islands, were recently guests of the National Geographic Society feature being filmed for release in 2003. The program will cover the Makin Raid, it's aftermath and the recent Raider KIA recovery and the on-going efforts to locate the Raider remains thought to be buried on Kwajalein. The two were on the Atoll while excavation work was going on by the CILHI team to recover our missing nine Raiders.

Ben and Lou were flown to Kwajalein in late January of this year where they joined our friends from CILHI to record some of their thoughts about those experiences of six decades ago. The Makin Raid, the capture and murder of our nine Raiders and Zamperini's imprisonment, a year later, in the same dungeon where the nine unfortunate Raiders were held until their execution.

Zamperini drifted in the Pacific for 47 days until his life raft beached itself on Wohje Island, near Kawajalein. He was captured and promptly taken to Kwajalein headquarters.

Louis Zamparini was a world class miler in the mid and late 1930's. As a teenager he was on the U.S. Olympic Track and Field team in 1936 in Berlin. He would have been a cinch to be on the 1940 team that was scheduled for Tokyo. World War II put those plans on hold. Lou became an Air Force pilot. He was heavily interrogated after his capture. When the Japs found out they had a prize on their hands, they shipped Lou to the homeland for propaganda purposes.

Ben's interview covers the Makin Raid, the Raiders prior to training and a lifelong heartfelt loss of those thirty brave young men so many years ago.

As these photos just arrived to my desk just prior to press time for the Patch, we weren't able to get the complete story on the Kwajalein trip. Next issue, a full report. — Editor.



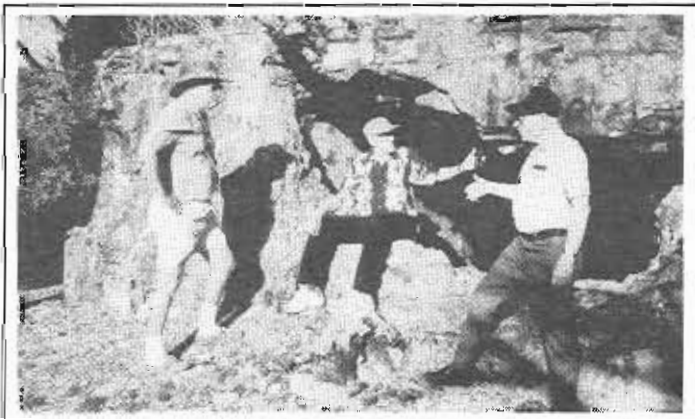
— Photo courtesy of Ben Carson

Ben Carson (2BC), Preston Lockridge PAO, Kwajalein base, Dr. Carl Kuttruff, anthropologist representing the interest of the Marshallese citizens and Louis Zamperini, take a breather at the excavation site on Kwajalein.



— Photo courtesy of Ben Carson

Ben Carson on revetment surrounding a Jap coastal gun mount on Roi Island. These guns were initially believed to have been removed from Singapore defenses but later were determined to be "made in Japan".



— Photo courtesy of Ben Carson

Preston Lockridge, PAO, Lou Zamperini and Ben Carson at a Jap bunker on Roi Island. Bunker took "big time hits" from U.S. Naval guns.



— Photo courtesy of Ben Carson

A time to reflect. Looking and thinking back almost 60 years! Lou Zamperini and Ben Carson rest atop a Jap Bunker on Roi Island.



"WINNING TEAM"



—Photo courtesy of Mrs. Geo. MacRae

In mid-January of this year, four Raiders, one representing each of the four Battalions, met with General P.X. Kelley in Washington, D.C. General Kelley (center) was presented with a check for \$1,000 from the United States Marine Raider Association. The money is a contribution from us towards the proposed World War II Memorial to be located in our nation's capital. As most readers are aware, General Kelley was a former Commandant of the Marine Corps and was a guest speaker at our Washington, DC Reunion banquet. Raiders who made the presentation are, left to right: George MacRae 3K, James "Jim" Smith 1HQ, (General Kelley), Ken O'Donnell 4CP and John Broderick 2CE. They all look very regimental, right?

AN INVITATION TO BECOME PART OF A GREAT ORGANIZATION.

The Marine Corps Heritage Foundation (Formerly Marine Corps Historical Foundation)

Yes, I want to help keep the heritage of the Marine Corps alive for future generations.

Individual Supporting Membership, Annual Dues - \$40.00

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Mail to: Marine Corps Heritage Foundation, P.O. Box 420, Quantico, VA 22134-0420
For information about corporate and non-profit organizational memberships,
write the above address or call 1-800-397-7585

PEOPLE NEEDING INFO...

Dear Editor,

This is a message to any of the Raiders who were in "A" Company on New Georgia during the fighting at Enogai on 11 July. On that day "A" Company was attacking a small Japanese outpost which was on of the last battles at Enogai. During this battle Private James Haxer was killed. His sister, Ms. Elaine Jones is requesting to hear from anyone who was in "A" Company at that time who knew Private Haxer, her brother. Please contact: Frank Guidone, tulagi42@aol.com

Dear Mr. Marsh (c/o Patch),

I am enjoying your website very much and have written to you before, I believe, but I want so badly to find friends who served with my Uncle Charlie and so far I have heard nothing. I have gotten a list of names who may have some information but have yet to hear from them and feel as though I am at a dead end. I have some articles and drawings, but very few pictures or information that might help me know more about him. All of our family is gone and he had no wife or children. I am his niece and his namesake and his memory has been with me all my life. He served with the Raiders I know for sure, and was in New Caledonia, wounded on Guam July '44 and then was in F com., 2nd Bat, 4th Reg, 6 Div, on Okinawa from April 1, '45 until his death June 6, '45. I was born only 2½ weeks before his death and we don't think he knew I was here. Please help me so I can give background on this man to my children and grandchildren! Thanking you in advance for your help and hopefully not too late for the service you have given us all. He gave up all his "Tomorrows for our Todays".

Winston Maberry
linwinmaberry@worldnet.att.net

Raider Scrapbook



— Patch File Photo

More water for Raiders to cross. This time it was made a lot easier by Marine engineers. No date or unit I.D. on photo.



— Photo courtesy of William Bontadelli

These four Raiders are armed to the teeth. Photo dated Nov. 1942 and was sent in by William Bontadelli. He could not recall names or location. Thanks, Bill.



— Photo courtesy of Jim Freeman

Here's a different view of a photo we've run before. This one's from an angle and shows the Australian news cameraman on the left. Occasion was the presentation of the Medals of Honor to four Marines for their actions on Guadalcanal. left to right: Maj. Gen. Alexander Vandegrift, our own Col. Merritt "Red Mike" Edson, Sgt. Mitchell Paige, who was commissioned around the time and Sgt. "Manila" John Basilone. Four outstanding Marines!



An interesting shot that was in our photo archives. It must be of a Raider or it wouldn't be in our files - right? Can anyone identify this guy? If he captured that Jap Samuri sword while wearing that outfit, he's some sort of Raider. No name, no date, no location on photo.



"Play Ball" Looking like a potential major leaguer, Ted Zdrodowski (4ANHQ) is all set to make a double play. No date or location on this photo.

Raider Scrapbook



— Patch File Photo

A little friendly "Acie-Ducie" between buddies on board the USS Wharton. Photo was taken about Sept., 1942. Wharton was on her way to the South Pacific from Hawaii. Card players, left to right are: Corp. Newell Medula, Walter Gibson, Melvin Wilson and Howard Schmidt.



— Patch File Photo

Members of the 2nd Raider Bn. Intelligence section pose for somebody's camera (don't know who, but thanks!). Left to right, seated is Hudson (holding Jap Arisaka rifle), McCoy, Owens and Gibson. Standing are Schmidt and Wright.



— Patch File Photo

A great shot of 2nd Raiders crossing the Garabusu River on Guadalcanal. No date or I.D.'s. One thing the 'canal didn't lack was water. We must have a couple dozen similar, but different photos of Raiders crossing rivers or streams.

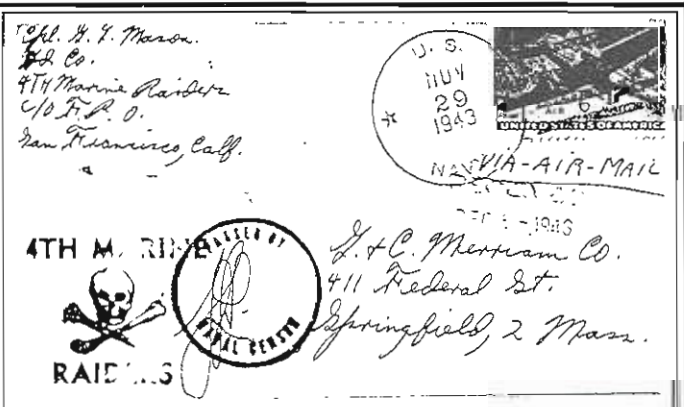


— Official U.S. Navy Photo

Robert Anderson (3EHQ), sent us the negative for this photo with the following info: "Processing returning overseas Marine casualties. Unit was disbanded 1 May, '46. I still have the office door sign as a souvenir. On the left is CWO Leo J. Gottsponer, 1st. Sgt. Theodore W. Cassell and Staff Sgt. Anderson. Photo taken in the Casual Co. Office, U.S. Naval Hospital, Seattle, WA.

CAMP POSTMAN - A POPULAR GUY!

Pictured at right: Cpl. James H. Tillery, Jr., Postmaster of the 2nd Raider Battalion at Noumea, New Caledonia in 1943.



— Courtesy of Stanley C. Jersey
A copy of postal cover passed by U.S. Censor at Cpl. Tillery's "Annex". Note "4th Marine Raiders" with skull & crossbones" cancellation.

Raider Scrapbook



— Patch File Photo

We're not sure just where this photo of William "Pinky" Salleng (4DQ), was taken, or when! Looks like it could have been Camp Pendleton, CA. Doesn't look much like the South Pacific.



— Patch File Photo

Capt. F.W. Muller (MC) USN pins the Silver Star medal on Pfc. Jack J McGovern (1B) for his actions during the New Georgia campaign. He was also WIA. Photo was taken at the Oak Knoll Naval Hospital 13 January, 1944.



— Patch File Photo

Here are three Corpsmen of 4AN. Haven't a clue where this photo was taken or when it was taken. Leonard Pelton, Fred Shilling and Ken Ford (WIA Guam). Those Corpsmen were really guardian angels.



— Patch File Photo

Capt. Harold K. Throneson (2C) appears to be looking over the situation or inspecting something. Officers were always doing that! Location was Camp Catlin, 1942.



GUNG HO OFFICERS

This photo of 2nd BN Officers was taken at Camp Catlin in July of 1942, one month prior to the Makin Raid.

- Front Row:
 Barney Green, Oscar Petross, Charles McAuliff, Jr., William E. Schwerin.
Standing:
 John S. Durant, Charles Lamb, Jack Miller, Cleveland Early, Bill Roberts, Ralph Coyte and W.F. Meyerhoff.

Barney Green was KIA Okinawa, Oscar Petross retired from the Corps a Maj. Gen. and authored the finest book ever written about the Marine Raiders. Charles Lamb was WIA on Makin. Jack Miller's remains are still missing on Guadalcanal. The others all survived World War II.

D-Day Museum Honors Pacific War

By Patch Editor

The Patch was informed by Ashley "Bill" Fisher (2B) who is handling most of the programs for our 2002 Raider Reunion in New Orleans this coming August 28 through September 1, 2002, that a visit to the acclaimed D-Day Museum is on our schedule. Originally opened as a tribute to the men who invaded fortress Europe in 1944, the facility has added a Pacific War section.

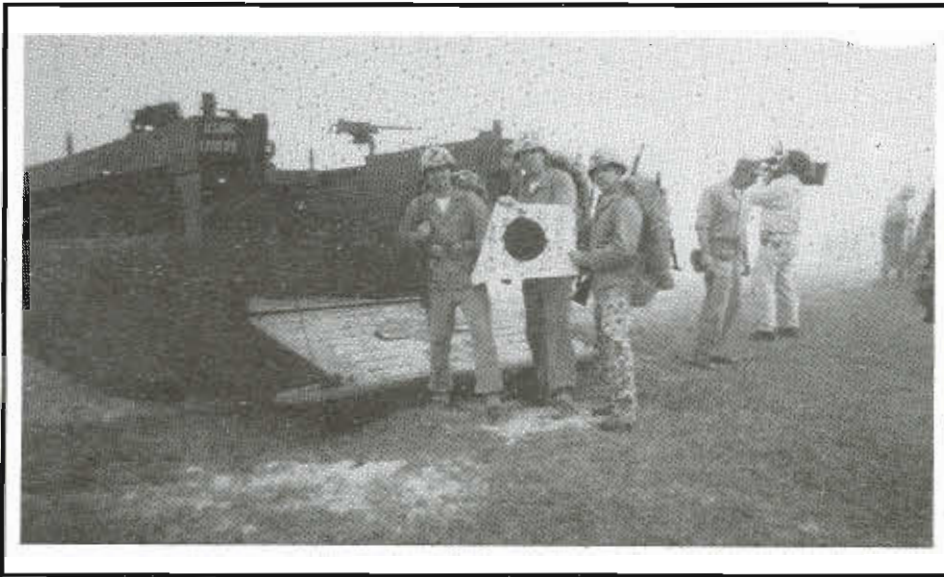
One of the principles behind the D-Day Museum was author Stephen Ambrose. This prolific chronicler of World War II history, in part, selected New Orleans as the site because it's where the famed Higgins Boats (you all remember them don't you?) were conceived, designed and built. Well, we all know that not all of the Higgins Boats hit the beach at Normandy. A few of them found their way to the Pacific, right?

Stephen Ambrose's most recent best seller is *"Band of Brothers"*, a marvelous account of one airborne regiment, the 506th of the 82nd Airborne Division. If there was a group equal to the Raiders in courage, guts, tenacity and fighting spirit, it was those airborne guys.

Ambrose is the author of *"Citizen Soldiers"*, *"Undaunted Courage"* and *"D-Day"* as well as biographies of President Eisenhower and Nixon. He is the founder of The Eisenhower Center and President of the National D-Day Museum.

Ambrose's *"Band of Brothers"* was recently made into a mini-series by actor Tom Hanks and director Steven Spielberg for HBO. It was an outstanding television experience.

We know you'll enjoy your visit to the museum while visiting New Orleans. Bring your camera.



Marine re-enactors display "captured" Jap flag in front of an amtrac. Note the cameraman on far right. This photo was taken during the re-enactment for the opening ceremonies for the D-Day Pacific Theater.

This photo was taken by a member of the Commerative Historical Society of Northern California, World War II Living History Museum.

Both photos were taken on the shores of Lake Ponchartrain, New Orleans and sent to Raider George MacRae, who forwarded them to your Patch Editor. Granted, Lake Ponchartrain is not Empress Augusta Bay, but what the heck!

Many thanks to the re-enactors and George.
— Editor



HONOR ROLL



- BAQUE, Joseph Jr. (3K) 12/26/01
 BARTOSE, Florian J. (4O), 12/9/01
(see footnote)
 BAYEK, Joseph T. (2E31), 9/7/01
 CARPENTER, Hugh D. (3HQ) 10/4/01
 FOSTER, Loren H. (2E) 11/7/00
 FRENCH, George W. (4HQ) 9/8/01
 GATZKE, Andrew (4BO) 9/20/01
 GRAHAM, Merton C, Jr. (3EK) 12/18/01
 HEDAHL, Everet A. (3L) Unknown
 MENARD, Robert A. (Hon.) 12/29/01
 POULIS, George F. (2C) 9/11/02
 RACKERBY, Gladys, 12/5/01
Wife of Archie Rackerby
 SEATON, Kenneth J. (2B0), 1995 or 1996
 SHIVE, George W. (1st & 2nd Bns) 11/18/01
 SPENCER, Robert (4DQ) 11/26/01
 THOMSEN, Frank C. (1C2h&S) 1989
 WALKER, Anthony (4CP) Unknown
 WOLBERT, George A. (2G) 11/13/01

NOTE:
 Raider Florian J. Bartose may be remembered as Florian J. Bartoszewicz and served in (4OP) on New Georgia.

The death of ALL Raiders are reported when received. The passing of a spouse will be published if reported.

DONATIONS FROM CARING RAIDERS AND FRIENDS

- Marilyn Anfeson
 • In memory of Allen A. Luckemeyer (4CP)
 Arthur J. Antczak
 • To General Fund
 Benny S. Aufiero
 • To General Fund
 James C. Burneson
 • To General Fund
 Arthur Cantrall
 • To General Fund
 Alice L. Inman
 • In memory of Calvin L. Inman (2B)
 Charles J. Kundert
 • To General Fund
 Frederick W. Matter
 • To Vousa Fund
 Kenneth A. Nelson
 • To General Fund
 Archie B. Rackerby
 • In memory of Gladys Rackerby
 Nancy & Steven Lane
 • In memory of Allen A. Luckemeyer (4P)
 Moana Tregaskis-McGlaughlin
 • To General Fund
 Elizabeth & William Vidmar
 • In memory of Allen A. Luckemeyer (4P)

NEW MEMBERS

WELCOME ABOARD!

- AMO, Jeffrey A. Honorary
 BIAN, Rebecca Honorary
 BLANCHARD, Richard E. (2C) Annual
 BURACHOWSKI, Robert F. Honorary
 CARPENTER, La Vonne J. Honorary
 DEEM, Michael A. Associate
 DEWITT, Charles W. (3HQ) Annual
 FORD, William D, Jr. (4BO) Annual
 ISKRA, John Honorary
 LASHER, John P. Honorary
 LOEFFEL, Denise Honorary
 PALMER, Joy Honorary
 QUEEN, Eric Associate
 QUIRK, Brian J. (2B3L) Annual
 ZACHARY, John D. Honorary
 ZUCKERBROW, Paul S. Honorary

Note: The above listing does not include members who have been re-instated. They were never dropped, but simply placed in an inactive status and removed from the mailing list.

MEMBERSHIP STATUS

Category	Life	Annual
1st Bn	109	129
2nd Bn	114	139
3rd Bn	91	130
4th Bn	115	131
Raiders	429	529
Honorary	141	106
Associate	25	80
Organizations	7	n/a
Suppliers	3	n/a
TOTALS	605	715

GRAND TOTAL 1,320

Note: Total Raiders have increased by 144, about 70% of which are those who were dropped as delinquent but who have now submitted dues. Part are Raiders who, having allowed their membership to lapse for a number of years have been reinstated. A few more are the result of information supplied by Archie Rackerby's Search Team (and others), that were followed up, and subsequently added to our rolls. Honorary and Associate memberships have added a combined total of 40 new members. We have grown by 184 members since the last Patch issue even though we lost 18 to "Final Muster."

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A RAIDER REMEMBERS

The Assault on Vangunu

By Shirl Butler, Association Chaplain



I wanted everyone to know the preparation and background of those embarking on a combat situation. Some may have thought fresh, rested Marines stepped from boat to shore. Instead, a day was spent striking camp, loading ship, working parties and lots of tense speculation about combat. Boarding ship that night, heavy storm, endless standbys, crunched space, beans and bologna to eat, painful and hazardous small boat disembarking, tossed for hours on the open sea, beached on a coral reef, exhausting, all day march in cutting sand, constant wetting and hazardous river crossings, with no sleep or rest for 36 hours, with the tension that you might be ambushed by a numerically superior enemy at any moment. Many wished they had joined the Navy. Semper Fi Raider!

One of the 4th Raider Battalion's (Company "D") first training exercises for small boat landings from an APD was offshore from San Diego. An unusually heavy storm developed shortly after we were at sea. Solid water was pounding the bridge ports. All exercises were belayed and the ship was trimmed and steered for simple survival. Midship, near the forward stack, water was running as much as 10 inches high. Below deck, crammed into spaces formerly occupied by boilers and coal bunkers in this WWI-converted-four-stacker, were troop compartments more sardine-like in accommodation than human habitations. Canvas, stretched bouncing taut, tier after tier, from deck to overhead created an atmosphere far more odoriferous than our accustomed tents.

The coin toss came up heads for my side when fate decreed that I would never know a moment's seasickness. During those war years and our innumerable coming and goings in vessels of every description, I welcomed storms. I would seek out the spot with the greatest rise, fall and yaw. Usually this was the bow. The movement, pounding and shuddering would lull me quickly into an undisturbed sleep. Naturally, the coin landed tails for many others, especially in severe weather. In this first exercise and first experience tossing about in a tiny tin can, I found no other Marine to share my exhilaration and abandon of nature in full gale. On the contrary, most of the troops remained limply supine on their stretched cotton bunks, weakly disgorging unspeakable substances or nothing at all. It was only later that I learned that the crew, including captain, was almost to the man, violently ill. I am told there is no nausea as bad as mal-de-mer, but must leave this to others to draw comparisons because of my personal immunity.

In isolation, nausea and vomiting are bearable. For large groups in small places with no caregivers or swabbers, the atmosphere is totally intolerable for those not afflicted. Add to this "heads" where outlets are completely stopped and inlets continue to flow. Within hours, salt water, vomit and fecal material is several inches deep when the ship's on a level. In the extreme, changing attitudes of the ship, this loathsome potpourri is sloshing, splashing up the bulkheads

two or three feet. So ill are most men that even this nightmare brew has no additive affect on their affliction. Occasionally one poor miserable creature will grope and sway his way from bunk to head, continuing from habit to seek a depository which now lies under the greasy liquid enveloping the entire compartment.

It was to this cauldron of human misery that I returned after hours topside experiencing the sea, wind and waves as seaman before the mast must have done for centuries. Not anticipating the situation, the stench and scene so assaulted my senses that I half jumped, half stumbled back through the light shielded hatch. Inching my way to the ship's crew quarters, the same conditions prevailed. Going on, I found both the troop and the crew messes abandoned. No mess cooks, no galley slaves, no meal under preparation and no JO. My appetite whetted by cold, salt air and the exercise of remaining in balance with the bucking, vessel twisting, diving violently as it slugged through the towering seas, demanding satisfaction. I scrounged the food lockers to uncover cheese, ham, cold beans and bread. It was all bolted down with water. Satisfied, I returned topside, donned a second life jacket, lashed myself with a line to a steel ladder rung welded to the forward stack. There I stayed, sometimes knee-deep in the surging wash, until we returned to quiet waters of San Diego's protected harbor. We never did make any practice landings but, as scuttlebutt said we simply stood offshore trying to weather one of the most severe storms ever experienced in those waters. For me, it was a memorable and pleasurable detail.

The foregoing description is included to establish two things. First, my own ebullient mood when at sea in rough weather, and second, to establish the severity of another storm brewing when D-Day and H-Hour for Vanguna rolled around. By this time, or course, we were old salts and most of the troops had overcome the disabling effects of sea sickness. Some had not. The most memorable of those who suffered constantly was my buddy Art Corella. Art could step from dock to deck and immediately suffer disabling nausea at the slightest tidal swell. On long voyages there was real concern that he might die of starvation or malnutrition. Going overseas, on our 30 day voyage from San Diego to Esprito Santos in Hebrides, Art went totally without solid food, 99% of the time on his back, seemingly unable to communicate beyond grunts and groans. We would, on frequent occasions, half-carry him topside for relief from the fetid air of the troop compartments.

On the night of landing on Vangunu, I was on deck welcoming the rapid build up of a gale, avoiding the troop compartment as long as possible, or at least until the need for rest was overpowering. To my best recall, we had embarked from the Canal that day at dusk and, undercover of darkness, run up the Slot to New Georgia.

(continued on page 23)

A Raider Remembers

(Continued from page 22)

We were to land at Vanguna where a Jap base was located. Night movements were standard procedure to avoid the Jap Navy which still controlled those waters and was an ever-present menace to all ship movements. Add to this the overall superiority of the Nippon Air Arm and a night run was the only sensible approach. Those kinds of concerns troubled me not in the least. Until Okinawa, the certainty of victory in every engagement and superiority to everything American, especially the Marines, was an absolute fact upon which I operated. I don't recall my buddies thinking anything different. Another fact at that time was the inconceivability of losing my life. A mental understanding that the death of some was inescapable, didn't allow an emotional appreciation or grasp that maybe one of my friends or acquaintances could actually be stilled by death. My personal mental state was a sleep-robbing excitement more akin to arising at four a.m. for a duck hunt or waiting for a 5 a.m. summons for Dad to pack the family in our car and head for a two week Colorado holiday. One clown had let the tension lead to a near fatal carelessness with his BAR. Ignoring the fact that his bolt was drawn, he slapped in a magazine. Somehow the trigger was pulled and one round fired. Not actually seeing the results, I was told the round tore through both thighs of a Marine before it penetrated the steel plate of the hull which made it an AP round identified by the cartridge nose painted black. So mostly sleepless, fully dressed, steel pots, pack and cartridge belts hanging askew, gear swaying and clattering, we tossed and turned awaiting the word to board our landing craft.

At last, the word to harness-up and stand-by blared over the intercom. Now, all who haven't competed for space in an APD troop compartment can only try for some equivalent parallel. A football pile-up while scrambling for a fumble, or exiting a theater when someone cries "fire", gets reasonably close. If you occupy a lower bunk, you can't get up. If you luck out with a top bunk, you can't get down. Arms haven't enough space to pull gear into place; rifles, canteens, and bayonets swing around, buffeting and bruising. Every move elicits unending torrents of verbal abuse. If you haven't been perceptive enough to put on and leave your helmet on, you could suffer cuts that would ordinarily call for stitches. Someone's grenade clangs to the deck, immobilizing everyone who hears it into helpless rigidity. Obscenity and profanity turn into serious prayer and appeals to the Deity - at least until five seconds have passed with no explosion or no fuse pop and sputtering smoker if heard. We escape this time. Emerging finally to a standing position, I pounded my buddy, Phil McMasters, on the shoulder, grinning, wanting to share my excitement. I learned that not everyone approaches a combat landing as a duck hunt. We're standing chest to chest, jammed together, when Phil starts seriously trying to swing at my grin. The best he can do it a kind of rhythmic rat-a-tat on my stomach, more pleasant than unpleasant. Shocked and hurt at first by this physical abuse and teeth-gnashing curses, I glimpse his eyes, filled with dread that makes Phil far more perceptive and wise than I. Of course, his is also almost three years older. In the future, I will know that dread only too often. The moment passes and we're buddies again. We stand-by and stand-by and stand-by.

Moment by moment the fetid air, perfumed with the odor of fish oil lubricants and packed bodies drenched with sweat, make any ordinarily unpleasant alternatives now preferable. A stand-by is seldom a prelude to some subsequent order or movement in the near future. It means to change from a reasonably comfortable waiting position to one of waiting in acute discomfort. Stand-by can be interminable. Some, literally, last for stretched hours. While not surprised that this particular stand-by seemed long, a new almost intolerable affliction now assail the troops. It arrived unexpectedly, at least for me. We had to urinate! The need to urinate became overwhelming. While not a new phenomenon to troops previously experiencing the acute anxiety of waiting to make a combat landing, it was new to those of us not yet been initiated into baptism by fire. Spasms of liquid fire course through us. Bladders seemed to be at the bursting stage. Legs were crossed. Herculean concentration of will was the only barrier between a further, liquid additive to the conditions becoming intolerable. Families and loved ones at home undoubtedly imagined that their hero's worst straits came with combat. Not so! Combat is only the next trial to be endured in a series of events of which each seems worse than the last. So it was with impatient eagerness that we surged and clattered and clanged up the ladders at the command of "Troops, man your landing craft!" we stepped toward our next event.

The storm had not diminished as we stumbled into the wildly pitching deck. The clean, wind lashed air filled our scorched lungs. Stinging torrents of salt spray intermixed with rain cooled and cleansed our bodies. Groping, clinging, grasping, we edged blindly toward the portside. It was long minutes before our vision adapted to the lightless environment of war conditions at sea.

We soon discovered why loading into the Higgins boat was proceeding so slowly. The Higgins boat was one of the older types with two circular mounting for machine guns near the bow and a narrow, one man ramp forward. Only one .30 caliber machine gun was mounted. As the ship rose on a wave, the small craft would fall into the trough. Then as the landing craft rose, paused momentarily, then descended again into a seeming abyss. Now began an exercise in timing. The trick was to leap into the boat at the precise moment of a quivering pause at the apex of the rise. This pause lasted two or three seconds. Another hurdle was clearing the accordion gap between ship and the boat. This would vary from zero to four to five feet. To miss the boat completely when attempting to jump was certain death. The weight of your rifle, ammo and other gear took you straight down. On the way down, the boat could smash into the side of the ship, crushing an unlucky Raider, making drowning redundant. Ben Toth, laden with mortarman gear, straddled the gunnel of the LCP. When the ship and the boat kissed, Ben's leg was crunched. If you jumped a fraction too late, you fell with the boat to the bottom of the trough. As the boat surged upward again, your feet and body met the deck with a force equivalent to jumping down 20 feet or so.

The tensions mounted. Both naval and troop commanders were anxious to meet the time schedules and pressed for a faster disembarkation. The brass do not know the actual

(Continued on page 24)

A Raider Remembers

(Continued from page 23)

loading conditions: so ordered the non-coms to move! move! move! the troops understandably balked at committing suicide. Finally, blindly, in total disregard of consequences to themselves or others, we bailed out into the dark chasm like paratroopers - but without parachutes. Bodies slammed into bodies. Slung rifles gouged limbs and clanged deafeningly onto helmets. Curses, imprecations and dark promises of retaliation rose above even the snarling chaos of the maelstrom. Finally a tangled pile of intermeshed bodies absorbed the last jumper and lines were cast off.

We became independent of our mother ship which disappeared into the froth and foam of wind decapitated waves. Isolation was complete, although theoretically, we would circle until all the boats were launched, then form a line or a landing wave. Circling round and round in a small craft combines and compounds all the worst seamanship possible. You do not meet the waves, bow or stern. You do not anticipate, then steer your craft to reduce the roll and yaw and minimize the taking on of water, you circle. This means that all the negative aspects of meeting waves maximize the roll and taking on water. Thank God the coxswain exercised the good sense of one realizing immediate destruction if blind obedience to orders were followed. With water sloshing to mid-knee and swamping imminent, he pointed us into the wind and storm with enough revolutions to just maintain headway. The pumps began to lighten our burden of water and we assumed a modicum of stability. We survived. Bits and pieces of conversation between Lt. Eric Holmgrain, our platoon leader, and the coxswain floated on the air, mostly to the effect that no one had the slightest idea of the direction of the island we were slated to assault. Finally it was the consensus to ride out the storm, maintaining our present position as much as possible and waiting for first light to identify where the island lay. The excitement and body heat of the ship's stifling hold was now completely dissipated. We were condemned to wind and spray blown by gale level winds, enduring with (presumably) blue skin, raised with goose bumps and chilled, quaking bodies. Noxious, greasy diesel fumes periodically assailed our lungs and eyes. It was all braced, standing with no opportunity for relief to aching limbs, stiffened by unrelenting maintenance of balance in trying to compensate for the pitching deck. Most tried to hang on to the gunwale but woe to the one who leaned too carelessly on his neighbors swinging gear. Add to this the two or three chronic mal-der-mers, puking occasionally between their pitiful moans. Those poor hapless souls were deluged by new nuances of creative curses. Somehow we endured, straining eyes, boxing the compass for any glimpse of land. Almost imperceptibly the gale lessened and the sea grew less violent. Some sharp eye, saw or more likely sensed, a deeper black. Lt. Holmgrain gave permission to steer for the blackest part of the black and we slowly began picking up speed. Without warning, the boat scraped and crunched to a stop. The 32 men pitched forward with those in the bow receiving the greatest press and, in reverse order, the men last in the stern falling on the troops to the front. Beach? Coral? We didn't know. Could we disembark? Were the Japs dug in and waiting for us a few yards ahead? We didn't know.

Coxswains are often skilled in getting a boat free when grounded or hung-up on a reef. They swing the helm from starboard to port, at the same time gunning the diesel engine, inch by inch pulling off the obstacle. Our coxswain pulled out all the stops in the attempt to free us. He shifted the troops: left, right, forward, rear in an attempt to break free: all to no avail. Now our comfort situation worsened. The tide was going out, methodically leaving us higher and more firmly impaled on the coral reef. At the same time the imbalance shifted us until the starboard gunwale was level with the sea. Naturally, the port side was in the air. Then another, higher wave would set us almost level only to roll back to where the starboard gunwale dipped once again as the wave receded. Though still dark, we began to have the first graying of the velvet blackness that enveloped us since leaving our mother so many eons ago.

Near the equator, dawn does come up suddenly, as in the "Road to Mandalay". We now, all of us, grew up-tight concerning our growing visibility and vulnerability (as a decoy duck). From the shoreline, a single sniper could pick us off without the platoon being able to direct any effective counter-fire. There was an overwhelming urge, edging on panic, to quit the boat. The light wasn't good enough yet to see the depth of the seabed or patches of coral reef other than the one on which we were hung. Finally, Eli Legino couldn't take the suspense any longer. He was a BAR man and bailed out over the starboard gunwale just aft of the machine gun swivel bay and ring. Legino sank out of sight as quickly and surely as a lead weight. He hit the water over a hole in the reef and ended up with his head a couple of feet underwater. Bubbles floated up. Finally Jack Freeling or Clarence Beattie jumped out on the coral, reached down and pulled a sputtering Legino up by his pack strap.

We all hit the reef then, mincing our way over the coral to avoid Legino's error. The beach, some 100 yards from the boat, was only six to ten yards deep before a wall of jungle began. The sure sign of our combat inexperience was our bounding up, lighting cigarettes, kids celebrating the negotiation of a difficult obstacle course. There were no signs of habitation or human presence, Jap or otherwise. Ultimately Lt. Holmgrain "secured" the beach and set up lookouts around our landward perimeter. A big discussion developed over the disposition of the machine gun mounted on our beached whale of a boat. Most of us were for disassembling and tossing parts into the ocean - knowing how heavy the thing was to tote. The coxswain, fearful that he would be disciplined for losing the boat and without a side arm or rifle, decided it might be an ameliorating factor if he salvaged the gun. Willie Williams and I agreed to share in carrying a box of ammo, happy in many respects to have the added firepower. Back to the boat the coxswain went, this time without wetting his shoes, since the tide now left the boat high and dry. The coxswain was a good trooper and we felt a little sorry he had to become an instant Marine.

The next big decision was whether to go left or right. While not taking an active part in the decision making process, I thought it very important to form up with the remainder of our company rather than good ole' Second Platoon attacking the whole Jap army on Vangunu.

(continued on page 25)

A Raider Remembers *(Continued from page 24)*

Lt. Holmgren huddled with Plt. John Wilson, and squad leaders Clarence Beattie, "Blue Duck" Spencer, and Allen Haskell. I suspect the decision to go right may have been a coin toss. Later, the miles to link up with the Company and begin actually shooting was calculated at seven. The narrow beach was mostly sharp coral sand, quite tiring to shuffle through. That one march shredded the soles of our boondockers. The worst, however, was saved for the shorter men. It was also the second time we made some use of the toggle ropes each of us carried.

There were at least four good sized rivers to cross. Taller men could make it by tip-toeing and letting a strong current sweep them down to a landing across and down the river. Short guys had to swim and were pushed completely out to sea. So we linked our toggle ropes, making an unbroken line across: a semi-circle formed by the current with all the men able to pull themselves across. The first time we linked toggles was trying to push through heavy jungle at night. We tied one end to our packs for those following the toggle rope of those ahead. As most infantry men know, lines of march are subject to accordion fluctuations. You are either standing or running to try to maintain an acceptable interval between men. The further back you are in the marching order, the more extreme is the fluctuation. In deep jungle at night only the strongest prevail. As the line stretched and the tension gets greater, you either let go the line, tear the pack off or dislocate your shoulder. I don't remember anyone carrying a toggle rope after Vangunu.

Just before 4:30 we began to hear distant shooting. The day had been cloudy and rainy but, as the narrow beach ended at a small stream with only dense jungle ahead, the sun suddenly broke out. It somehow became cheerful and I think we were all eager to get some action. One by one we disappeared into the jungle for our first confrontation with the enemy.

Shirl P. Butler
Platoon 837, 456649
4 DQ Raider
Enlist 9/16/42 - 10/31/45



OBITUARY Joe Baque (3-I)

Word reached our desk of the passing of our Joe Baque (3I). This was one exceptional gentleman and Raider. He was always willing to help, no matter what the task, and was genuinely liked by all who had the honor and privilege to know him. He will be missed.

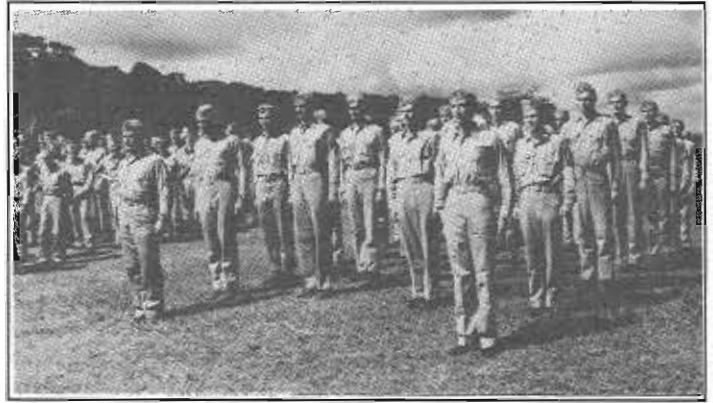
Semper Fidelis, Joe.



— Patch File Photo



New Hebridies



New Hebridies HQ Co. 2nd Raider Bn.

Left to right: Sgt. Peyton, Sgt. West, Cpl. Bell, Sgt. Robinson, Pfc Barnette, (?), Capt. Apergis, Sgt. McCoy, Walter Gibson, James Owens and unidentified others.

More Early Camp Catlin



Here are a few "new" photos from our archives. These came in the mail with only the names on the reverse. We don't even have the donors name. First photo shows Heaton and Wesley C. Leatherwood, Jr., both F Co. 2nd Bn. with their inflated rubber boat at Camp Catlin. Note the deflated boats to the right. Second photo is Stainbrook, F Co., 2nd Bn. on his boat. Third is ID'd at Warren Heaton and Ken Nelson, both also from F Co. 2nd Bn.

RAIDERS, JUST FOR YOU, YOUR KIDS AND GRANDKIDS! A FEW ARLINGTON-RAIDER MEDALLIONS STILL AVAILABLE AND WE ALSO HAVE NEW "MARINE" MEDALLIONS!

By Patch Editor

Shortly before our D.C. Reunion and Arlington program I contacted a company that manufactures medals, medallions, and commemorative coins. Hopefully we could get something together that could be a lasting memento of this most historical event. A long story short - it was exactly 11 days from my first phone call to them that the product was delivered to me at the DoubleTree Hotel, our Reunion Headquarters.

They are simply beautiful. In antique bronze with full color Raider emblem on one side and the Arlington Cemetery information on the other.

They are heavy gauge and will last forever. The proceeds from the sale of these medallions will go towards a future monument and plaque to our Makin KIA's, hopefully in Arlington, but if that's not possible, another appropriate site would be selected from several choices. Consideration would be given to Quantico, MCRD San Diego, or Parris Island.

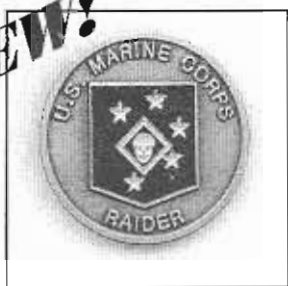
I had also commissioned an artist/sculpturer to provide a rendering of a lifesize Raider and a plaque depicting a submarine with two rubber boats filled with Raiders departing for the beaches of Butaritari.

At the start of this project, it wasn't, and still isn't an Association effort, although the Board and members are whole heartedly for it. There just wasn't time to go through channels to get them done in time. Consequently, your Editor made the commitment and payment. We sold a good many at the Reunion, but still have quite a few left.

They were extremely popular with the Next of Kin and their extended families, as well as Association members and their families. They are truly a lasting memento of a most unique event in Raider history. All proceeds will go towards a permanent memorial statue and memorial plaque dedicated to all Marine Raiders of World War II.

The price per medallion is \$10.00 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling. We think you'll agree that owning one will add a special meaning to an already very special time. See order form below.

NEW!



OBVERSE

NEW!



REVERSE

Gung Ho!

All proceeds go to the proposed Raider Memorial Statue Fund.

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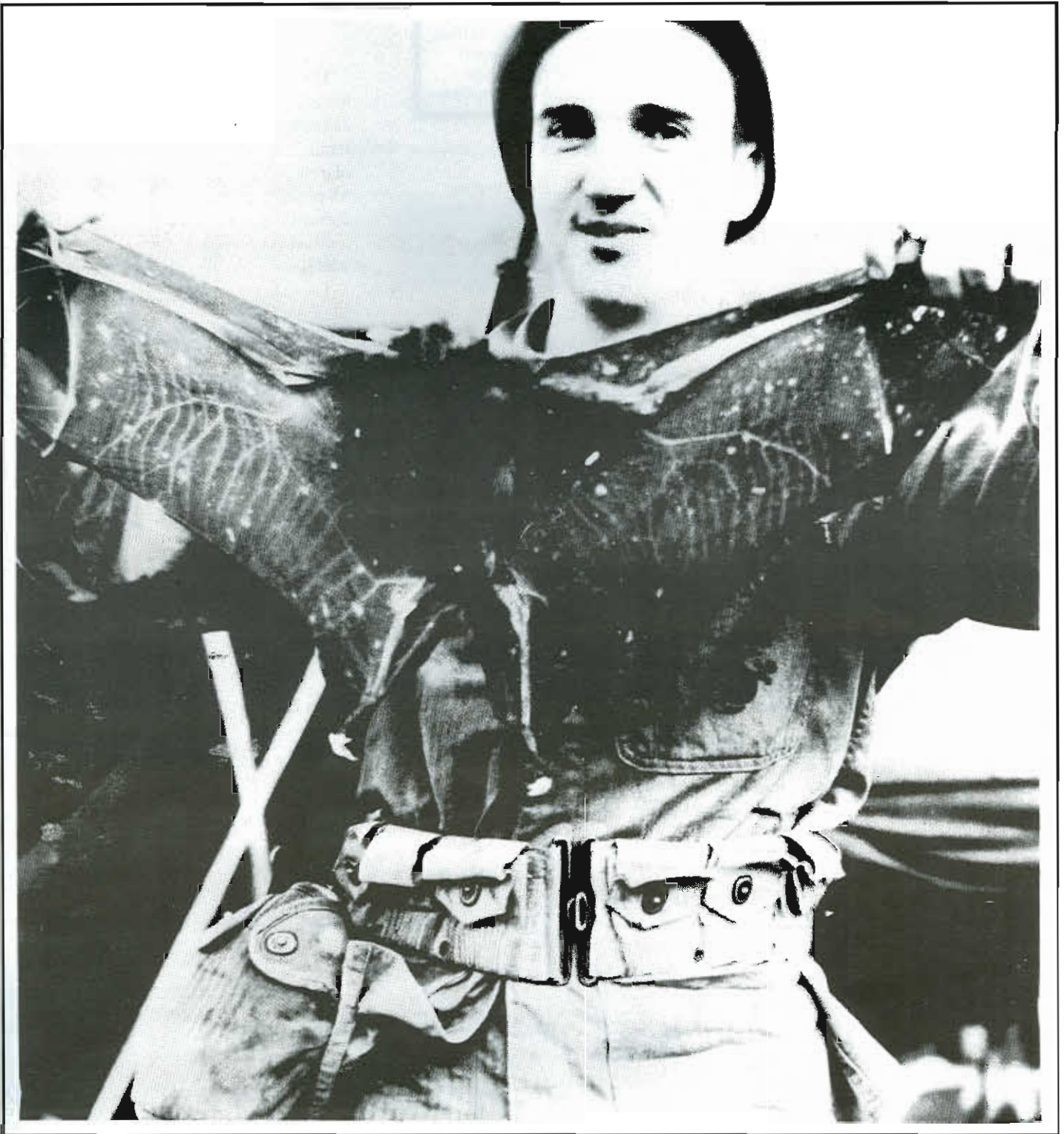
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ENOUGH TO DRIVE YOU BATTY!



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enclosed that you might need to use.*





United States Marine Raider Association



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 Arlington, Texas 76011-5550

(SAVE YOUR PATCH! MAKE A COPY OF THIS PAGE)



1st Battalion

2nd Battalion

United States Marine Raider Association

A non-profit National Organization

3rd Battalion

4th Battalion



Midway ● Tulagi Island ● Makin Island ● Guadalcanal: Tasimboko, Edson's Ridge, 1st Matanikau River, 2nd Matanikau river, Mt. Austen, Asamana
 Russell Islands ● Wickham Anchorage (Vangunu) ● New Georgia: Segi Point-Viru Harbor, Enogi Inlet, Bairoko Harbor ● Bougainville: Puruata Island, Piva Trail, Koiari Raid