



POST SOLANT AMITY

With Former Members of "G" Company, 2nd Battalion, 6th Marine Regiment



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After Five Years and Taking the Long Count.... *By Ed Shea*

(For some time after the terrorist assault on the World Trade Center, our nation's flag adorned jackets, blouses, homes, apartment windows and automobiles across America. A spirit of nationalism filled the land. Political party lines appeared narrowed.

Now, too many have forgotten the significance and emotional impacts of that morning's events. Too many—lacking common as well as strategic sense—have lost the stomach for exacting a penance on the perpetrators, wishing instead for quick solutions and an opportunity to "rest their weary heads upon a soft and willowy pillow of ignorance." While, ethically bankrupt politicians have taken to selling their souls along with their legislative votes.)

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"How do I look?" he replied.

"Like crap." And he did, sitting atop a Jersey City hospital bed, in a slightly bloodied hospital gown, with a bandaged finger missing its tip to the first knuckle. There were stitches visible alongside his head, a fabric collar neckbrace limiting

his head movement and a left leg already greatly discolored that would be, by morning next, "black."

It was 2200, 9/11/2001. Kevin had worked through the night before until relieved from duty in FDNY's mid-town Manhattan Ladder 35, shortly before the first plane struck the World Trade Center. There being no space for additional personnel on the 'truck' when it responded, Kevin received permission to ride with Engine 40 assigned to the same firehouse, when it was ordered to the fire shortly thereafter.

"What did you do when you got there, Kevin?" I asked.

"Well, with no official assignment, at first, I helped the Engine's *chauffeur* to extinguish some automobile fires using a booster line and some hand extinguishers. Then I walked to the fire building to find Ladder 35.

"There were people falling or jumping from the building as I



approached. They hit the ground with an explosive force. Then, seconds later, their slower falling shoes struck with a soft clattering sound."

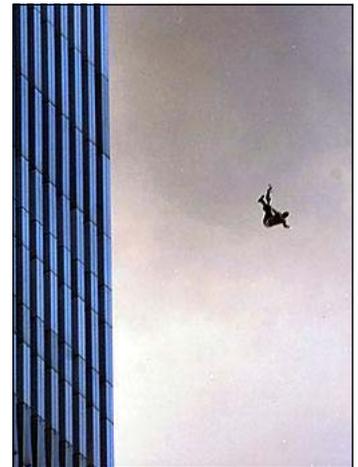
Kevin grew quiet, obviously reflecting on the contrasting sounds and the visual images they conjured in his mind.

"Did you find the guys from 35 Truck? I asked, attempting to distract him.

"No, I reached the lobby, asked around and learned that they'd already started on their way up.

I spoke with some other guys I knew, wished them luck, and was returning to the apparatus when I heard what was apparently the building collapsing."

The following day, Kevin had NO recollection of the events he'd discussed with me and his brother Brian that night. Indeed, whatever he expressed thereafter seemed to come from news reports or the conversations of others around him. It would be weeks before he began piecing things together and months before learning most of what had



happened to him that morning.

Others, both the living as well as the dead, were not so fortunate. And, I speak not of the nearly three

(Continued on page 3, column 1)



Grant the wish of a child with a life-threatening medical conditions. Donate to your local chapter of the Make-a-Wish Foundation.

"World Trade Center" in narrow perspective, by Oliver Stone

Two Port Authority police officers, Will Jimeno and Sergeant. John McLoughlin, were buried in the rubble, 20 feet below the surface. They were found by a senior accountant with Deloitte Touche from Wilton Connecticut named David Karnes and, only recently discovered, Jason Thomas, who is now a Correction Officer in Columbus, Ohio.

The two Former-Active-Duty Marine "rescuers" met—for the first time—amidst the debris of the fallen towers as they had independently looked for survivors. Combining their efforts



and carrying only a flashlight and an entrenching tool, the

two men moved though the horrific environment calling into one crevasse after another "Is anyone down there? United States Marines," until finding the two officers.

"Don't leave us," Officer Jimeno pleaded. It was about 7 p.m. and Jimeno and McLoughlin had been trapped for roughly nine hours.

NOW; Oliver Stone provides a wealth of character development. You grow to "know" much of the personal lives of the two officers and a few sali-

ent points about Karnes, a retired Marine infantry Staff Sergeant.

There's shock and awe, ooohs, aaaahs and lots of "OH, my God" images...both real and reproduced. The emotions of the audience are tossed to-and-fro, as three men are trapped, one commits suicide, their families are traumatized, the two men are found and finally extricated by a team of extraordinarily brave men. Then, as you're leaving the theater, it hits you: "Hey! Where's the anger? Where, in hell, is an expressed desire for retribution?" And, it falls upon you like a ton of *(Continued page 2, column 1)*

bricks that you've been watching little more than an old fashioned "rescue" movie. It might have been thirty men in a sub, a child in a sewer pipe or ten guys in a collapsed mine shaft. But, it was not; was it?

Produced by a man notorious for having more to say about anything he conjures than the facts, Oliver Stone has peculiarly and quite out of character provided us with what can only be called "fodder for the masses."

Stone's only suggestion that something greater than a rescue effort has occurred and that a payback is appropriate comes from our Marine Staff Sergeant who speaks of "avenging" what the liberal media of today still refuses to call the *Islamofascist terrorist attack* on the World Trade Center.

BUT, serious *analysis* aside, if you wish to "escape" and be "entertained" for more than two hours, take-in the movie. It has its uplifting, even funny, elements for sure.

Eventually Karnes, who stayed with the trapped men, was joined by Chuck Sereika, a former paramedic, as well as Scott Strauss



and Paddy McGee, then members of the NYPD's Emergency Service Unit.

At one point, all PO Strauss had with which to dig out Jimeno were a pair of handcuffs. And, when it looked as though it MIGHT be necessary to amputate Jimeno's leg in order to free him, Karnes offered his Marine "sharpest cutting knife in the

world" K-Bar.

It was around this time, as well, that PO Strauss had asked the gallant Mr. Sereika and David Karnes their names, rather than refer to them as "Hey U's."

Sereika said "Chuck. Call me Chuck;" while Karnes immediately thereafter chimed in with "Staff Sergeant David Karnes."

Strauss is reputed to have responded to Karnes by saying "That's seems a bit long, under the circumstances. Can you give me something with fewer syllables?" Through the haze of smoke and floating pulverized ash came *my man's* response "Call me Staff Sergeant Karnes."

Well, despite being seated in a VERY crowded theater watching a reenactment of a major tragedy, hearing what I'd just heard and simultaneously computing my recollections of the Corps [with all due respect to both Karnes and ALL Marine] NCOs: I lost it and broke into laughter.

Not indicated in the movie by the way, but found in newspaper articles of the time, Karnes, *that is* Staff Sergeant David Karnes, left the site later that night when Jimeno was rescued and went with him to the hospital. While doctors treated the injured cop, Karnes grabbed a few hours sleep on an empty bed. And, while he slept, the hospital cleaned and pressed his "utes." After which, God bless him, the man spent two more weeks at ground zero.

Oliver Stone might have done more with this *movie*. And, given his standing, he should have. For that I fault him and his film.

On the other hand, he highlighted the efforts of men who daily risk all, so that others might live. Men like Karnes, Thomas, Sereika, Strauss, McGee, Jimeno and that same trapped Port Authority Police Sergeant John McLaughlin who, during an interview on Fox News Network's "Fox & Friends," was asked "How is it that men can risk so much during such times?" Too which McLaughlin humbly replied, "How could a MAN not?"

Bless them all, now and forever. Then, go and see the movie.



USS New York

With a year to go before it even touches the water, the Navy's amphibious assault ship USS New York has already made history. It was built with 24 tons of scrap steel from the World Trade Center.

USS New York is about 45 percent complete and should be ready for launch in mid-2007.

Katrina disrupted construction when it pounded the Gulf Coast last summer, but the 684-foot vessel escaped serious damage, and workers were back at the yard near New Orleans two weeks after the storm.

It is the fifth in a new class of warship, designed for missions that include special operations against terrorists. It will carry a crew of 360 sailors and 700 combat-ready Marines to be delivered ashore by helicopters and assault craft.

"It would be fitting if the first mission this ship would go on is

to make sure that bin Laden is taken out, his terrorist organization is taken out," said Glenn Clement, a paint foreman. "He came in through the back door and knocked our towers down and (the New York) is coming right through the front door, and we want them to know that."

Steel from the World Trade Center was melted down in a foundry in Amite, LA to cast the ship's bow section. When it was poured into the molds on Sept. 9, 2003, "those big rough steelworkers treated it with total reverence," recalled Navy Captain Kevin Wensing.

Junior Chavers, foundry operations manager, said that when the tradecenter steel first arrived, he touched it with his hand and the "hair on my neck stood up. It had a big meaning for all of us," he said. "They knocked us down ; but we're coming back." Thus comes the ships motto:

Never Forget!!!



thousand to die in the Islamofascist-terrorist attacks that day but of the tens of thousands most immediately and directly effected then and perhaps hundreds of thousands yet who *will* be, throughout their lives, either directly or indirectly influenced by events of 9/11.

They will lose siblings, their parents, and friends, their limbs and lives in a conflict simmering for decades in the Middle-East and now growing into a worldwide event some have labeled a “clash of civilizations.” A clash some naively suggest can be resolved over a conference table.

The history books are replete with the exclamations of such dissident pacifists arguing against a military response to a military threat, whether at their nation’s threshold or “just over the hill.” Many Athenians, for but one very distant example, advocated making a deal with Darius and his Persian army preparing to land at Marathon in 490 BC. Fortunately, the pacifists lost the debate, the Greeks bested the Persian forces, the ironic ancestors of today’s Iran, imbuing the Greeks with what J. F. C. Fuller in his *A History of the Western World* insists was “a faith in their destiny that was to endure for three centuries, during which time western culture was born.”

And, despite the rhetoric of the our political left, doublethink trained attorneys and the likes of the Cindy Sheehans among us: WE Americans are the Athenians of this century and the beast of radical Islam is at our door.

While members of Congress dispute the merits of our being in

Iraq, few believe our premature withdrawal from there or Afghanistan would prove a bright move. Why then argue?

Fools dicker over border security, immigration reform, who to wiretap, the size of the military or the need for military hardware. Then, they rant into the lens of the nearest camera of the need for greater pork barrel spending on *their* cops, firefighters, public buildings, air and shipping facilities or reconstruction of N’Orleans flood plain housing. Things important to them and their reelection.

It’s a full five years after that devastating day when the west looked in awe, Americans draped their homes in flags and the Middle-East laughed. And for those five years, I’ve waited for the entrails of bin Laden and all those supporting destruction of western culture. People believing, if a poor numb-nut, in the virtue of dying for the promise of something so shallow as life in some ephemeral world with 72 virgins and a handful of dates. Or, if a rich and educated numb-nut, believing there is happiness to be had living the life of a tribal caliphate resident of the 11th century bickering with regional tribal councils over sheep grazing and waterhole rights.

However, on the brighter side of life’s Five Year Ledger: Kevin, completing various medical procedures to correct shoulder, spine and scrotum problems, is well and recently finished building a home on eastern Long Island. Retired, he continues to live the full life he deserves.

Now, if only those entrails would arrive. I have a pig farmer willing to take all the DOD can deliver.



Trevor Davies, finding an old photo of the U.S.S. Gearing, emailed a copy of same to Solant Central for publication. Thanks, Trevor.

Today’s Media and “War-torn Anywhere”

Retired Marine Colonel J. H. Alexander, in his “The Battle History of the U. S. Marines,” explained that “Marines in WWII got along famously with their accompanying combat correspondents [yet] this affinity did not extend to some stateside editors. William Randolph Hearst, for example, an unabashed McArthur advocate, in his *San Francisco Examiner’s* front-page editorial on the ninth day of battle on Iwo Jima, was downright abusive of those conducting the battle.

“Indeed, citing evidence that Marine and Naval tactics were causing ‘enormous and excessive casualties’ at Iwo Jima, Hearst concluded, ‘We need McArthur. He saves the lives of his men.’

“Incensed Marines at Camp Pendleton drove five hundred miles to San Francisco to demand an apology. But the damage was done. Marines in battle received mail with clippings criticizing their conduct of the fight. Bitterness was widespread.”

As often said, “there is little new in the world,” including the media mentality of persons the likes of Hearst, known as the father of *yellow* [Spanish American War mongering] journalism.

On the other hand, as a product of world events of his time and not some *liberal* college of journalism, Hearst was not entirely wrong. There were, by battles end, 27,000 American Marine and naval casualties in and around Iwo Jima, during February/March 1945. Nearly, 7,000 were killed. And, military historians are pretty much in agreement

that U. S. leadership failed to recognize that the Japanese had in fact changed their tactics — from meeting the Americans at the beaches to those of attrition and battering them from below-ground emplacements during troop inland advancement — as early as the battle for Peleliu in the fall of 1944. Indeed and strangely, many of our tactical decision-makers had not yet accepted that reality as late as the last Pacific battle on Okinawa, in August of 1945.

Thus, I give Hearst credit for a well intentioned thrust at military *loss acceptance practices*. He was not, after all, objecting to the defeat of fascism, something our pretentious media seems to have a problem with.

Today’s journalists are the product of a *liberal basic* education, followed by more *liberal* indoctrination on college and university campuses across their AmeriKa, then by the still more *liberal* environmental persuasions of pressrooms and the blatant employment requirements of publishers and editors.

While feigning professional aloofness, they pride themselves with being able to imbue their presentations with editorial twists designed to mislead their readers, listeners and viewers. They are little more than puppet propagandists never quite grasping nor achieving their ultimate unconscious goal. A goal impressed into their minds and hearts in small and greater ways over the decades of their lives, that of becoming a latter-day Joseph Goebbels—master propagandist for nazi Germany, 1933-1945.



Firefighter Kevin Shea—WTC—9/11/01

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See the whole story at:
SolantAmity.com

The First Marines to Land in Monrovia

Our members since last we published:

Delwin "Bill" Bailey is suffling off to winter quarters in Newport Richie, FL. Address & phone number to follow.

He recently had a retina replacement, giving him—now get this, folks—one blue and one brown eye.

While **Trevor & Ruth Davies** were rummaging through relics older than ourselves, Trev stumbled upon a postcard photograph of the Gearing. It's posted on page 3.

In addition, Trevor's relentless efforts have provided us with four more members.

Ken Brinlee — Oklahoma. Ken's granddaughter, Courtney, explained that viewing the Solant Amity website along with her granddad was, to her and would be to others, inspirational. **Don Carter**, Massachusetts **Billy J. Driggins**, North Carolina **Peter A Greco**, Florida

"Welcome aboard" from all hands.

"Sammy" Buffardi is well, still in Florida and enjoying life. He's been in contact with some of the old flock and looks forward to contacting some others when time allows.

Rodney "Reverend Ron" Parrot, a former Weapons Platoon member, while in the service of God in Sardinia, emailed the

following note along with a number of pictures: "Hey Ed, we spent a great day yesterday, island hopping in this paradise. I've never before seen the likes of the many beautiful sailboats moored in the lagoons here-about."

[Editor's note: *Having seen the full sized photos, some of the crew weren't hard on the eyes either.*]

Ken & Charlotte Kollai are well and Ken's still working on acquiring a handicap — a golf handicap, that is.

Ed Shea — Life's good. And, except for a required umbilical hernia operation with no complications and little discomfort, I'm doing the kinds of things I want to. Here's one of them:



37 Pacific Seacraft—Highlight

Ron Smith, with two decades of Baltimore broadcasting history under his belt, can now be heard via the internet from 1400-1800 weekdays. Congratulations, Ron, upon the new four hour format.

Ron recently recovered from a bout with a serious vascular problem. "Get better" still.

Why not tune in to Ron some fine afternoon at <http://wbal.com> and refresh your auditory memory of



this never diminished intellect with, now as it was "then," controversial opinions.

And one final note:

A few years back, I was reading a terrorist thriller entitled *Barra-cuda 945* by Patrick Robinson. In it, two of his characters are having a conversation about the rationale behind their acts of terrorism.

"Off the record, I can promise the Grand Ayatollah will be always mindful of the great Islamic ethos, which goes back to the Prophet's journey from Mecca to Medina in 622, the ethos of hegira.

"Hegira is the clear command of the Koran that our people must not live in oppression from those of other faiths. They must remake their lives elsewhere, where Islam is dominant — Dar-Ul-Islam. If required, they may have to fight, to convert a non-Muslim territory. Dar-Il-Harb, into Dar-Ul-Islam. But there can be no compromise....The Koran forbids it."

Seeing this, I was drawn to looking for some additional information on the subject. There is plenty to be had. *Hegira*, for example, has at its root Muhammad's "refining" of the political-religious atmosphere of Medina through mass emigrations and the repression of alternative beliefs." A threat, Europe is now confronting. And, should you choose to make the effort, an internet search would very quickly uncover the likes of the following historical origins of Islamic rule:

"Muhammad's position in Mecca was becoming more and more unsupportable, because of his insistence on one god rather than the many that the Meccans worshipped.

"Muhammad met a group of people from the oases of Yathrib (now Medina), who realized that he might help them with their domestic political problems. They absorbed Islam from Muhammad and returned to Medina to preach the new religion.

"Muhammad then urged his Meccan supporters to emigrate to Medina, while he himself became the last to leave the town. The migration (aka: hegira or Hijra) of the Prophet was later viewed as

Islam's beginning in 622AD."

But, not without violence.

"Medina prior to Muhammad's arrival had eight clans of Arabs and three clans of Jews. Their feuding culminated in a great battle in 618, in which many were slaughtered.

To create political stability, Muhammad established a community of people (umma) made up of his followers from Mecca and the people of Medina. Important issues were to be laid before him and God. All the new arrangements are found in a document called the Constitution of Medina, and [one of the major interests] of the document is the waging of war."

None of this is a surprise to those paying attention to history or



aware of the Koran's contents. And, while we hear talk from the allegedly broad-minded followers of Islam insisting that Islam is a religion of peace, there are clear elements of that document and the Constitution of Medina that belie their testimony.

And the West and where it fits into all of this? Well, it had better watch its collective butt.

*Semper fi:
Your editor*

[Form SF-180 is posted on website's "Links & Things" page. It's needed to obtain military records.]

Mailed as a black on white copy, a colorized version can be found at our website.

I hope you've enjoyed this issue. Send in your stories by e-or-snail mail to make for an even better one, next time. *Ed Shea*