



# POST SOLANT AMITY

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



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## Gallery of Grunts at the National Museum *Henry Allen*

("Gallery of Grunts" — *At the New National Museum of the Marine Corps, Heroes but No Heroics* By Henry Allen Washington Post Staff Writer — 22Nov06)

The new National Museum of the Marine Corps shows you the Marine Corps as it is, which is mostly enlisted men, anonymous grunts, and war as it is, which is dirty, crazy and endless.

No victory parades up the Champs-Elysees or down Fifth Avenue, no "full-dress" surrenders, no girls kissing Marines at war's end, no wreaths, triumphal arches, reflecting pools or any of the World War II Memorial stuff on the Mall, no Generals holding binoculars with one hand and pointing across some battlefield with the other, not that many officers at all, really. And just about no ideology about freedom, America the beautiful or making the world safe for democracy.

A staff sergeant named Steven Sullivan, one of the builders of the exhibits, last week stood inside the big circular hall that holds fighter planes and displays,

which include a helicopter disgorging troops in Korea and Marines hitting the beach at Tarawa. He summed up the ethos of the whole 118,000 square feet of the place: "No grandiosity, no heroic garbage."

One doesn't think of the Marine Corps shrinking from advertising its glamour: the Iwo Jima flag-raising monument, those grandiose TV ads with knights, dragons and swords, and the bumper sticker braggadocio: 'Marines — When It Absolutely, Positively Has to Be

**Trivia Question 1:** You do know this!

When exploring our eastern seaboard in 1562, Jean Ribault helped establish the first Protestant settlement in the New World. Where? (Answer page 4.)

Destroyed Overnight." And there's the 210-foot spire that slants over the museum in unavoidable line-of-sight of travelers driving on Interstate 95 past the Marine base at Quantico.

The museum itself, however, is not about glamour; it's about the Marine mystique. And despite the

glamour created by supremely adroit Marine public relations, the mystique is founded on — of all things — a willful and even perverse modesty. Not the modesty of Spartans or Kamikazes, or the French Foreign Legion parading at a half-time funeral step with leather aprons and axes, but a pristine and hard-eyed dirt-farm stinginess, a nearly lost American poor-but-proud aesthetic that makes Marines enjoy their belief that they're always fighting with hand-me-down equipment and not enough troops (*because one Marine is as good as 10 of any enemy, a belief that was just as wrong when the Confederate army believed it, too*).

There are also the casualties that provoke the perverse Marine boast that the Corps is the finest machine ever developed for the killing of young American men. A friend of mine once heard a Marine colonel say to an Army colonel: "The Army uses tanks to protect men. The Marines use men to protect tanks." Hence, at the end of the museum's three most powerful displays — World War II, Korea and Vietnam — you see not jubilation in triumph but merely a list of Marine casualties, dead, wounded and missing. And carved into the

**Trivia Question 2:** When did the aerial bombardment in preparation for the invasion of Iwo Jima commence? (See answer on page 4.)

stone of the entrance hall are the words of Sgt. Maj. Dan Daly, twice a Medal of Honor winner: "Come on, you sons of bitches, do you want to live forever?"

If you cannot savor this sort of irony and understand that it is irony, the Marine mystique will elude you. But like a beautiful woman, the Marine Corps is secretly delighted to think that you don't understand it. Beyond that, it doesn't give a shit. A museum video screen shows a reporter in Vietnam talking to a Marine who just put himself under enemy fire, risked his life, to retrieve a dead man. "What possessed you to go out and get that body?"

"He's a Marine.

"What do you mean?"

"He's a Marine. I'll take care of him."

Semper Fi, as we Marines say to each other for the rest of our lives. It's short for Semper Fidelis, the Marine motto: Always faithful. Fighting their way back from the Chosin Reservoir in Korea — exhausted, under fire, sick, wounded and frostbitten — Marines walked so that their trucks could carry the dead, as if they believed that men die but Marines live forever, a bleak immortality akin to the Greeks'

(Continued on page 3, column 4)



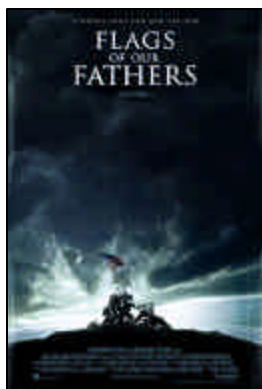
## MERRY CHRISTMAS MARINES

### Clint Eastwood's preoccupation with the negative

To paraphrase the response of newsman Francis P. Church in an editorial he wrote in a September 21<sup>st</sup>, 1897 response to a child's inquiry about the existence of Santa Clause, I propose that "Yes, Virginia, there are heroes but few live, work or support heroism in Hollywood."

But, you might ask, where in hell have all the strong, silent, stiff-upper-lipped, worthy of worship heroes gone? Did they ever exist? If they did, will they ever return? And, how in the name of God has it come to pass that the recognition of virtue and sacrifice has been replaced with the adulation

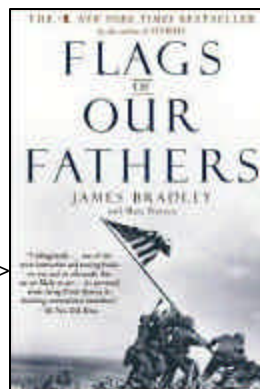
of clay feet? Who was it that first decided to make our *humanity* something of a great equalizer? That since we ALL have some *weakness*, we are therefore all tragically equal under the rules of any and every "12 Step



<THIS

IS NOT

THIS >



Program." Thus, "I'm OK. You're OK."

The book — "Flags of our Fathers" — was wonderful. Though it alluded to the quite personal and human frailties of the *Suribachi six*, it did NOT preoccupy itself with them.

Which brings me to Eastwood's disastrous movie.

Eastwood's collaboration with Hollywood's most recent pacifist, Steven Spielberg, seems to have softened his brain and infused him with tragically higher levels of estrogen than appropriate for a subject so dire as the Battle for Iwo Jima.

Perhaps it all began with his epic (Continued on page 2, column 1)

chick flick, "The Bridges of Madison County," and culminated in this effort to emulate Spielberg's *why can't we be friends* folly, "Munich." In that polemic, one critic has suggested, Spielberg pretty much implies that "both sides of the Israeli-Palestine issue are wrong, that self-hating Jews and mass-murdering Muslims must find common ground, that...if you're a Jew...find a Muslim and apologize."

In "Flags of our Fathers," Eastwood, in the same sad fashion, relentlessly beats to death the issue of the first versus the second photo of the flag raising [Neither photographer cared, should we?]. Then there is Ira Hayes' alcoholism and Rene Gagnon's naiveté, narcissism and later failures in life. There are insensitive generals, rabid and self-serving politicians, an assortment of selfish businessmen and the suggestion that ALL parties, in and out of uniform, are helping to perpetrate some sort of boondoggle to fleece Americans of their hard earned dollars in order to support a "breaking the U.S. Treasury" war effort. Almost as an aside, we are shown intermittent scenes depicting the carnage at IWO. In short, there's ne'er a hero depicted, only tragedy.



**Josey Wales and Dirty Harry have joined the effete elite?**

And, sadly, the ignoble-duo of Eastwood and Spielberg have already released the sequel to this cinematic-tragedy in Japan. It is entitled "Letters from Iwo Jima," will appear Jan07 in the U.S. and portrays the ignominious plight of the Japanese soldier.

A Warner Brothers release describes but one aspect of the battle as follows: "With little defense other than sheer will and the volcanic rock of the island itself, Gen. Kuribayashi's unprecedented tac-

**Trivia Question 3:** ? How many of the flag raising Suribachi six survived the Battle for Iwo Jima? (Answer on page 4.)

tics transform what was predicted to be a quick and bloody defeat into nearly 40 days of heroic and resourceful [Japanese] combat. Almost 7,000 American soldiers [read: Marines & Corpsmen] were killed on Iwo Jima; more than 20,000 Japanese troops perished."

In an editorial entitled *Iwo Jima — The famous battle offers lessons for us 60 years later*, published in the Wall Street Journal on 19Feb05, author and historian Arthur Herman wrote the following "One in three Marines on Iwo Jima would either be killed or wounded, including 19 of 24 battalion commanders. Twenty-seven Marines and naval medical corpsmen would win Medals of Honor — more than in any other battle in history.

"Yet even this valor and sacrifice is not the full story of what Iwo Jima means, or what Rosenthal's immortal photograph truly symbolizes. The lesson of Iwo Jima is in fact an ancient one, going back to Machiavelli: that sometimes free societies must be as tough and unrelenting as their enemies. Totalitarians test their opponents by generating extreme conditions of brutality and violence; in those conditions — in the streets and beheadings of Fallujah or on the beach and in the bunkers of Iwo Jima — they believe weak democratic nerves will crack. This in turn demonstrates their moral superiority: that by giving up their own decency and humanity they have become stronger than those who have not.

"Free societies can afford only one response. There were no complicated legal issues or questions of 'moral equivalence' on Iwo Jima: It was kill or be killed. That endlessly remains the nature of war. The real question is, who outlasts whom. In 1945 on Iwo Jima, it was the Americans, as the monument at Arlington Cemetery, based on Rosenthal's photograph, proudly attests. In the jungles of Vietnam and Cambodia in the 1970s, it was the totalitarians — with terrible consequences.

"Today, some in this country think the totalitarians may still win in Iraq and elsewhere. A few even hope so. Only one thing is certain: As long as Americans cherish the memory of those who served at Iwo Jima, and grasp the crucial lesson they offer all free societies, the totalitarians will never win."

Don't let the effete trivialize bravery and sacrifice. Fight back!

**A Commandant Defines "Love"**

On the occasion marking the Birthday of the US Marine Corps, in 1978, onboard Camp LeJeune, North Carolina and in the presence of several thousand Marines and their Ladies, General Louis H. Wilson, Commandant of the Marine Corps, arose to deliver his long awaited address to the troops.

He approached the dais, nodded to the Commanding Generals of the Base, FSSG and the Division. He then proceeded to explain to the captive masses that he would be short on words that night. Then he turned to his bride, took a glass and, amid absolute DEAD SILENCE, offered this Toast and promptly SAT DOWN!

**LOVE**

The wonderful love of a beautiful maid,  
the love of a staunch and true man,  
the love of a baby unafraid,  
have existed since time began.  
But the greatest of loves,  
the quintessence of loves,  
even greater than that of a mother,  
is the tender, passionate, infinite love,  
of one drunken Marine for another.

Well, the whoopin' and the hollerin' went on for a good 10 minutes.

Merry Christmas & Semper Fi;  
Charlie LaMarr

**Why no peace Marches?**

Why no peace marches? How come there are no massive street demonstrations demanding an end to the Iraq war? What's different now than in the 60s when such dissent eventually forced an end to our bloody adventure in Vietnam.

In the current issue of The Ameri-

can Conservative, that magazine's editor and publisher, Scott McConnell, goes way beyond the easily observed major difference, which is that we now have an all-volunteer military, not one dependent on draftees.

In an article headlined "How They Get Away With It" he says there are three other reasons that no politically significant domestic opposition to this war has been generated, a failure he says is one

**Trivia Question 4:** As only 1 in every 21 survived, just how many Jap Prisoners of War were taken on Iwo Jima? (Answer page 4.)

of the most important developments in world politics.

The first is that the economy has changed dramatically since the 1960s. All those millions of manufacturing jobs that were available at the time for anyone willing to work are gone. People then thought little of "dropping out." They knew they could "drop back in" at any time.

Dropping out of the rat race today can be disastrous what with the incredible cost of health care and thus the need for health insurance. And, says McConnell, back then there wasn't an army of desperate Latinos ready to work for almost any price. Dissent is rare from those with much to lose that can't so easily be regained.

Secondly, the anti-war movement in the Vietnam era was driven by the participation at its top of American Jews.

"Without the radical Jewish children of radical parents," McConnell writes, "there would have been no early SDS, no Free



(...Peace Marches, from page 2)

Speech Movement at Berkeley, no New York kids going South for Freedom Rides to turn the civil rights movement into a matter of national conscience.”

The Jewish turn from the New Left is described in this article as having a huge impact on the country’s political culture. The most passionate and influential Jewish opinion makers these days are the neo-cons who promoted the invasion of Iraq.

The third reason given for the lack of an effective, widespread anti-war movement is what he describes as the political transformation of American Protestantism. He refers to Andrew Bacevich’s observation in his book “The New American Militarism” about how evangelical Christians — who were once “both politically quiescent and skeptical of the culture that surrounded military life — came, in the wake of Vietnam, to embrace the military as a sort of bulwark against national moral decay.

Combined with the waning influence of mainline Protestant churches, this changed dramatically the way most American Christians regard war. He says in the absence of an antiwar movement or serious domestic political opposition, only the outside world can put the brakes on American policy. And that won’t happen until some dramatic defeat or economic catastrophe takes place.

Barring that, he concludes, “the American future may be war as long as anyone can foresee.”

McConnell’s brilliant essay is not yet available on the Internet. This is yet another reason you should subscribe to TAC. It is essential reading for real conservatives. Go to <http://amconmag.com> and do it.

Ron Smith

(Written by our G-2-6 Marine shipmate and published 17Jun05 for radio’s WBAL, Baltimore.

Ron can be heard daily over your computers, weekdays between 1400 and 1800 by simply proceeding to <http://wbal.com>. Tune in and get revved up.)

**Trivia Question 5:** Which of the following was **NOT** a Marine? a) Brian Keith, b) Leon Spinks, c) Drew Carrey; d) Hugh O’Brian (See answer on page 4.)

### As War Rages On Ed Shea

My mind couldn’t be any less clouded about Bush or the war.

Both this Christmas and beyond, I support the war and the killing of EVERY man AND women AND child that would attempt the demise of western civilization, my ways and my life: In short, F... them all.

Then, I’d rather have them killed in their back yard than mine, as should they not be quickly removed, the smell becomes overpowering.

Too many generations of Americans know little of world history and of the sacrifices young men and women have been making, all along and not just the last few years, on their behalf. Nor, of just how many more of them have died **because** of people like a John Kerry or Benedict Arnold. Or, the folly of believing you can put off the inevitable horrors of war by negotiating with devils.

Pulling out of Iraq would embolden the enemy in ways far greater than even the Democratic party has already emboldened the retro-grade peacenik-types that now beat up on American soldiers when they return to America’s shores and appear at the wakes of our fallen heroes bearing signs suggesting they are “baby-killers.”

Those politicians advocating withdrawal from Iraq have self-serving-office-holding-agendas of their own or blindly supporting their party’s line are UNETHICAL COWARDS and not the concerned citizens they would have us believe they are.

As a conservative, I have NO delusions about Bush’s many weaknesses with regard to domestic policy: a) a piss-poor border policy, b) a far worse immigration policy and c) a propensity for spending on social projects that appalls me. But,

### What are those tiny things he’s putting in that magazine?



Mexico-24Nov06: Former USS Vogelgesang becomes an artificial reef

**Trivia Question 6:** During Leap Year, on what date is the Marine Corps’ birthday celebrated? (See answer on page 4.)

as much as I might find those less than admiral qualities in Bush not to my liking, I find the prospect of a nuclear, biological or chemical device of mass destruction being delivered to our shores even more disconcerting.



And, I believe that the prospect is greater when those running for public office are more interested in buying the votes of frightened, or poor, or lazy, or dumb Americans than ensuring our national security. They seem not to recognize that when that proverbial *stuff* hits the fan, it will **generally** be their frightened, poor, lazy and/or dumb ass that will do the bleeding and not the off-spring of office holders. (Continued on page 4, Column 4)

(Gallery of Grunts, from page 1)

underworld; self-sacrifice but with none of the transcendence of martyrdom.

The point here is the admirable or at least intractable modesty — an arrogance of modesty — that creates the Marine mystique as Marines know it and the museum shows it. The mystique drives the Corps and preserves its rituals, most important among them being boot camp, which has not changed much in living memory, an initiation rite that begins with chaos and terror fomented by the rabid indignation of drill instructors at your trespass. It ends, months later, with a graduating platoon gliding across the drill field with the oblivious elegance of a ship sailing along a horizon.

The museum conveys the terror of the first days in boot camp by understatement. It plays the drill instructors’ shouts (*Louder! Louder! Look at the weapon! Shut your mouth!*) at room-conversation volume and lets you amplify them in your mind. You wander through the museum’s dark and noisy labyrinths — the popping of helicopter blades, the artillery and machine-gun fire, bomb bursts, *MOVE OUT! MOVE OUT!*, landing craft engines grinding toward the beach of Iwo Jima, Bugs Bunny singing “Any bonds today?” in a WWII cartoon, and phrases floating through the air from a thousand recorded recollections: “Now the Marines would get their chance ...like cattle in a slaughterhouse...we shall land...stench of rot....”

You see medals and weapons collections and mannequins of Marines killing and being killed, (Continued Page 4, Column 1)

**Solant Amity I — G-2 6 Association**  
 922 "B" NW 30th Avenue  
 Delray Beach, Florida 33445  
 1-561-531-9435

See the whole story at  
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**The First Marines to Land in Monrovia**

**The "Gallery of Grunts"** (continued from page 3)

**Trivia Question 7:** On what date did the invasion of Iwo Jima begin? (See answer below.)

and all the idiosyncratic relics, the old dog tags, a letter opener made from shrapnel, ammo boxes, a canteen with a bullet hole in it, a pinup girl, a straight razor, all with the banality of someone else's souvenirs.

There's no glory when you walk

**Two mutts at a antiwar rally:**



**What has changed???**

off a trembling CH-46 helicopter to find yourself marooned on Hill 881 South, which was a very hot landing zone for months near Khe Sanh, Vietnam, live bodies flying in on helicopters and dead ones flying out while mortar shells exploded, rats prowled behind the sandbags, and the Marines fired back at the mortars with 105mm howitzers like the one you see here with tires flattened by incoming shrapnel. The mystique goes deep. It provokes the fists thrown at or by sailors and soldiers in waterfront bars. It may instill the knack to be found in the lowest private for talking smack to the media, "telling sea stories," as Marines themselves say, and making civilians believe them. The Marine Corps is a cult, a tribe, a religious order.

The mystique even prompts some to lie about having been in the Marine Corps (as in the new novel by Jim



**Generations of Valor**

Lehrer, a former Marine lieutenant, called "The Phony Marine"). If you were a Marine, those men make your flesh crawl with pity. You say: My God, if I could be a Marine, they could have been Marines; don't they know that? Perhaps they couldn't have. But so what? You were a Marine and they weren't, and that is all the difference. Listen up, people! That is all the difference. And that difference is what the museum is all about.

**The National Museum of the Marine Corps** is in Triangle, Virginia and open daily from 0900 to 1700. Admission is free.

For information, you can call 1-800-397-7585. Then, enjoy.

**Trivia Question 8:** On what date was the flag raised on Mount Suribachi? (See answer below.)

(The War Rages On, from page 3)  
 I am not fooled by the Vidkun Quisling-like dictum of "We support our troops BUT..." proffered by Democrats and weak-kneed RINOs [Republicans-In-Name-Only]. Always, there is the qualifying "BUT..." Not, I might add, unlike the few moderate Muslims who announce that they find the behavior of Middle-East terrorists "beyond the pale ... BUT [America is at fault because it supports Israeli imperialism and/or whatever.] There's always a "but...."

Then, I have absolutely NO faith in the United Nations and believe that Europeans, having lost more than 60 million people to war during the last century, have no stomach for the necessary. And, should they suddenly become aware of just how endangered they are, they have not the financial resources to defend themselves, as the costs of their



various Socialist welfare programs have left them staggering.

In short, because the burden for OUR security is OUR responsibility, I support the efforts of OUR troops to kill OUR every enemy, wherever found, recognizing the profoundly unlikely prospect that it will be accomplished without cost to our personnel.

Remember 9/11. And support both our troops and their Commander-in-Chief, as we ARE at war with an enemy that would, with their teeth by-God, rip out your throat in a New York minute.

Mailed as a black on white copy to those without computers, a colorized version can be found at our website, where on page one you will find a link to a down-loadable version.

I hope you've enjoyed this effort. Send us your thoughts to make for an even better next issue.

*Merry Christmas and Semper fi;  
 Ed Shea*

**What's been happening with our G-2-6 members since last we published**

**Delwin "Bill" Bailey** has set himself up in Florida's New Port Richy area for the winter. He'll return to New York in late April '07. [Contact information is available on the membership listing.]

Still awaiting the removal of a half-dozen-or-so stitches from his retina operation, he takes comfort in the many compliments he receives about his "new" blue eye. It seems that the "old" brown and the "new" blue are — pardon the pun — eye catching. [OK, don't pardon me.]

**Dave Beraudo** sent Trevor Davies a copy of "Unfit for Duty:" the text that helped sink John Kerry's Presidential aspirations and had a good portion of America hoping his three Purple Hearts would, some night, turn into "Blue Balls."

**Trevor Davies** is to have a new computer for Christmas. After five years, the last one bit the dust. He's looking forward to, once again, being in touch with our members on-line.

After reading Dave's gift of "Unfit for Duty" in one day, it took a dozen to get his blood pressure down.

He and Ruth wish all a "Merry and safe Christmas."

**Ron and June Smith** are goin' to Hawaii in mid-January! Our very best to you both and may you have a wonderful and safe vacation.

Enjoy....

**Joe Teklits** deserves a big "Thank you, Joe" for the various suggestions and additions he has provided to the newsletter. Your efforts have REALLY been appreciated.



**Recruit Peter M. Kalesnick  
 Parris Island Rifle Range—1959**

**Answers to Trivia Question:**  
 1) Unbelievably: Parris Island, South Carolina; 2) Ten weeks prior to the landing; 3) three survived; 4) only 1,083; 5) ALL were Marines, 6) Uhhhh, November 10th; 7) 19Feb1945; 8) 23Feb1945.

**Closing Thought:** Please, contact another member of our G-2-6 fraternity and wish them a "Merry Christmas."