



POST SOLANT AMITY

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



Volume 7, Issue 4

December 2009

A Christmas Story from Parris Island

I was at Parris Island from 9/17/85-1/13/86 for U.S.M.C. recruit training. I'd stress fractured my hip in 1st phase and spent more than a month in the Medical Rehab Platoon, with AKA Jerry's Kids, before joining another platoon at the rifle range. I'd begun in 3rd and wound up in 1st Battalion.

That means I was on Parris Island for Halloween, the Marine Corps' Birthday, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years! And we had a very large, *dark green*, second in-command Drill Instructor that was as mean as a snake. Weren't they all? His name was SSGT Robinson. He was from Chicago and hated to lose. Man, he HATED to lose.

Twas the night before Christmas, he'd pulled the duty and, I guess, figured he might as well enjoy it....

"Get on line."

"GET ON LINE, AYE SIR!"

"NO! Too slow. Get back."

"GET BACK, AYE SIR!"

"Get on line!"

"GET ON LINE, AYE SIR!"

"And your eyeballs?"

"EYEBALLS TO THE FRONT, SIR!"

"Now listen up. What I want you to do is this. You are to go to your footlockers. You will get one green sock, one boot blouse and get back on line. Got it?"

"AYE SIR!"

"Ready...MOVE!"

"NO! Too slow, get back!"

"GET BACK, AYE SIR!"

"Ready...MOVE!"

"AYE SIR!"

We scrambled as fast as we could, not knowing what was next. Being there for Christmas, my first away from home, sucked bad enough! "This may be fun," I

Trivia Question 1: A covered and then further reinforced fighting hole of any size describes what? [See page 4, answer 1]

remembered thinking. O' yah.

"Get on line!!!"

"GET ON LINE, AYE SIR!"

"Now listen up. It's Christmas Eve and just in case old Santa feels sorry for you nasty little recruits, I want you to take your little boot blouse there and secure your nasty little green sock to the end of your racks. Santa just may take pity on you and bring you some pogy-bait or some nasty trash like that.

"Do you understand?"

"AYE SIR!"

"I said, do you understand?!!"

"AYE SIR!"

"Ready...MOVE!"

We did the best we could to secure the socks to the cross bars between our rifles on the upper rails of our bunks. There was some humor in it, being Christmas Eve and all. Though we were having fun God help you if caught smiling. He called the quarterdeck his "disco deck" for good reason.

We went through the usual bedtime routine. You know, mount

Trivia Question 2: Vietnam provided a number of curious VN expressions, which of them when translated meant "crazy?" [See page 4, answer 2]

and dismount, five or six times, as we were always "TOO SLOW." We sang the Marine Corps Hymn, thanked the Corps for its every feast of a meal and said goodnight to Chesty Puller before that instant, at each day's end, when the lights went out and tranquility reigned all too briefly in our lives.

And, an early wake-up at zero-dark-thirty on Christmas morning ended all that: On came the glaring lights, the clattering din of the customary trash can cover sliding across the squadbay's quarterdeck and the booming voice of SSGT Robinson.

"Get up! Get out of the rack! Get on line, NOW!" Not getting an instantaneous response from the nearly still asleep flock, he again howled "I said get on line!!!"

"GET ON LINE, AYE SIR!"

"And your eyeballs?"

"TO THE FRONT, SIR!"

"Now listen up! When I give the command, you are to go to your rack, remove your nasty little green sock and get back on line with it

(Continued on page 2, Column 1)



MERRY CHRISTMAS MARINES

The Pacific & Helmet for My Pillow

As explained in the last issue, HBO is planning a March 2010



release of a mini-series produced by Steven Spielberg and Tom Hanks. Whereas, the *Band of Brothers* dealt with elements of the 101st in Europe, *The Pacific* will elaborate on the efforts of the Marine Corps during WWII. Filmed in Australia from Aug'07 to May '08,

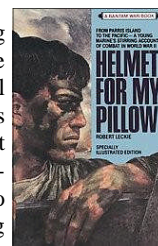
the screenplay used as its platform two books: 1) *Helmet for My Pillow* written by Robert Leckie in 1957 and 2) *With the Old Breed*, written by Eugene Sledge in 1981. The latter and his novel have been enthusiastically endorsed in past issues of our *Post Solant Amity* newsletter.

Robert Leckie joined the Corps in January '42, Sledge a bit later. Leckie an assistant machine gunner in H-2-1 and later a "scout" fought on Guadalcanal [7Aug-14Dec42], New Britain [26Dec-Apr44] and Peleliu [15Sep-Oct44]. Sledge was a mortarman with K-3-5 and fought on Peleliu

and Okinawa [1Apr-Aug45]. Thus their combat experiences overlap from WWII's beginning until its end. BUT, and this may prove crucial to just how the Marine Corps and the war in the Pacific are to be portrayed in the mini-series, the backgrounds, perceptions, the apparent intent and direction of the authors are quite different.

Eugene Sledge, the grandson of Confederate officers, attended Marion Military Institute in 1942, quit and joined the Marines as a private to pursue the experience of combat. *With the Old Breed* emerged from his wartime notes and was published

after his acquiring a Doctorate degree and professorial employment. His writing reflects that measure of discipline common to academics: Making a point impersonally, accurately and succinctly.



He did not make "himself" the object of the story he presented but a bit player in the colossal calamity described without anger, recrimination of those around him...including the enemy trying to kill him, "just the facts," the life-long-impacting PTSD facts.

(Continued on page 2, column 3)



(Christmas...cont. from pg 1)

in hand. And do it quickly! Do you understand?"

"AYE SIR!!!"

"If any one of you nasty little recruits sticks your grubby little dick-skinners in that sock, I'll PT you to death right here on Christmas morning. Just hold it out in front of you like you do your Blue Money Valuable Bag.

"Do you understand?"

"AYE SIR!"

"I said, do you understand!"

"AYE SIR!"

"Ready...MOVE!"

"NO, NO, NO! Too slow, get back on line!"

"GET BACK, AYE SIR!"

"Ready...MOVE!"

Man, was it really Christmas? No snow, no tree, just a damn green sock at the foot of my bunk. But, I'll take that over nothing, right? Right?

We could instantly tell that there wouldn't be much of anything in the socks. They weren't sagging, or bulging. They looked empty. This wasn't good....

"Get on line!"

"GET ON LINE, AYE SIR!"

"Let's see if Santa Clause felt sorry for any of you poor little nasty recruits last night."

He stepped in front of the first recruit. It was Vandenberg, the scribe and house mouse. He was a sickly, skinny soul. He got double rations at chow. He was

Trivia Question 3: When did the first successful domestic terrorist attack occur after 9/11? [See page 4, answer 3]

also a bed wetter. On the rappelling tower he peed himself half-way down the wall. If Santa should feel sorry for any of us, it would surely be Vandenberg.

"Alright Vandenberg, stick your nasty little hand in your little green sock there and see what Santa brought you."

"AYE SIR."

He stuck half his arm in there, all the way to the bottom of the sock. His eyes were rolling with what could only be confusion.

"Hurry up! We ain't got all dag-gone day, Private!"

"AYE, SIR!"

He withdrew his hand, turning the sock inside out in the process. In his hand held a small piece of paper. It was a chit. Not a treat. It couldn't be ANYTHING good.

"Give it here, Vandenberg!"

"AYE, SIR!"

SSGT Robinson snatched it from his hand before he could even get a good look at it.

"Merry Christmas Vandenberg. Santa brought you fifty push-ups! Get on my disco deck and enjoy your Christmas present!"

And so it went. Each of us had a *present* of PT for Christmas, just waiting for us in our nasty green socks and everyone got to *enjoy* their gift on the disco deck that fine Christmas morning, before chow. That sweaty Marine Corps Christmas before chow. The man was plain evil.

Once the last recruit had finished with his *gift* and returned to the line sweating, SSGT Robinson looked out upon us and, with an expressionless face and a voice filled with emotion, declared:

"U.S.M.C. MEANS YOU SUCK-ERS MISSED CHRISTMAS!"

"Now, fall out for chow."

"FALL OUT FOR CHOW, AYE SIR!"

"NO, NO, NO! Too slow, get back...!!!"

Yes, I remember that day like it was *Oh, my Gawd!* yesterday.

Anonymous

[Provided by Thomas Poole, Dr. – former dentist on Hermitage]

(*The Pacific*...cont. from pg 1)

Robert Leckie, on the other hand, being the proverbial horse of a different color, had worked from the age of sixteen. As a cynical and barely twenty-one year old sportswriter for a local paper, he joined and served with the Corps through Peleliu, returned to journalism after the war, wrote *Helmet for My Pillow*, his first of fourteen books, without notes and only vague memories, vivid *perceptions* and a GREAT DEAL of anger. Indeed, *Helmet...* reads like a cathartic purge of every slight he'd ever endured as a Marine. If not defining himself as a proud-of-it culprit, rebel, square-rooting, self-serving, boss-fighting hater of authority and frequent brig-rat, he's elaborating upon his pursuit of puntang, alcohol and easier duty from New River to Peleliu. Is it a realistic depiction of some we've known? Yes. The kind of fellow flatteringly referred to as a *field* and not *garrison* Marine? The kind of guy the immature might admire, aspire to be like and prompt to join the Corps? BUT, in addition, he is exactly the kind of guy the Hollywood *left* loves as its model of the unflattering military mindset.

Leckie was *Battle Cry's* "Spanish Joe," which brings up one last point. Leon Uris [H&S-2-6] wrote *Battle Cry* in '55, two years before Leckie's effort and contains the same-same boot-camp-through-battle outline and the like. There's nothing, pardon the pun, *novel* to be had here.

Instead, read *With the Old Breed* and enjoy the mini-series of *The Pacific* in March of 2010.

"Who was that Marine?"

Born in Los Angeles, he fit the Hollywood image of tall, dark, and handsome. Attending the University of California at the outbreak of World War II, he joined the United States Marines and thereafter received a battlefield commission to lieutenant on Guadalcanal, returning home after the war, a highly decorated veteran.

Making his film debut in 1945, he was contracted to 20th Century Fox in several supporting roles. Later, at Republic Pictures, he secured secondary roles in western films, but in 1952 starred opposite Judy Canova in *Oklahoma Annie*.

In 1955, he was given the lead role in a television drama called "*Soldiers of Fortune*." The half-hour adventure placed him and his sidekick, played by Chick Chandler, in a dangerous jungle setting. While the show proved popular with young boys, it did not draw enough adult viewers and was canceled in 1957.

A year later, he was cast in his most memorable role as Marshal Dan Troop, an ABC western series that ran for five years. Co-starring with Peter Brown, he played a U.S. frontier peace officer mentoring his younger compatriot.

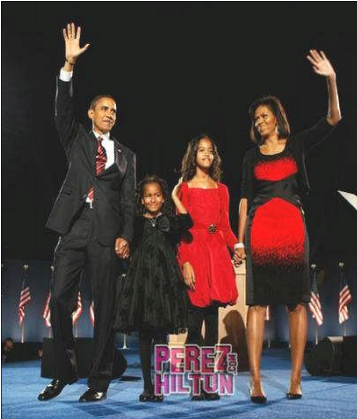
From the 60s through the 80's, he appeared in more than twenty films including three directed by his friend Clint Eastwood.

Can't remember the man? Well, check out page 4, last column.

Ka-ching! And another angel gets his wings....



Trivia Question 4: Name of Parris Island river where six recruits died in 1956? [See page 4, answer 4]



Why the controversy over the First Family's Inaugural attire? Well, check this page's bottom center.

Decade's Best Comeback

The following is a transcript of a National Public Radio (NPR) interview by a female broadcaster. The person being interviewed was Marine Corps General Reinwald, who was about to sponsor a Boy Scout Troop visiting his military installation.

Interviewer: "So, General Reinwald, what things are you going to teach these young boys when they visit your base?"

The General: "We're going to teach them climbing, canoeing, archery, and shooting."

Interviewer: "Shooting! That's a bit irresponsible, isn't it?"

The General: "I don't see why, they'll be properly supervised."

Interviewer: "Don't you admit that this is a terribly dangerous activity to be teaching children?"

The General: "I don't see how. We will be teaching them proper rifle discipline before they even touch a firearm."

Interviewer: "But you're equipping them to become violent killers."

The General: "Well, Ma'am, you're equipped to be a prostitute, but you're not one, are you?"

The radio went silent and the interview ended.

Trivia Question 5: This uncommon marching step is used with a particular group formation, where each individual is but four inches from the back of another. What is the marching step called? [See page 4]

For all the Word-Smiths

- A bicycle can't stand alone; it is two tired.
- A will is a dead giveaway.
- In a democracy, it's your vote that counts; in feudalism, it's your Count that votes.

For our Francophiles:

- A grenade falling onto a kitchen floor in France resulted in Linoleum Blown-apart.
- If you jump off a Parisian bridge, you are in Seine.

And for those who still believe in Santa:

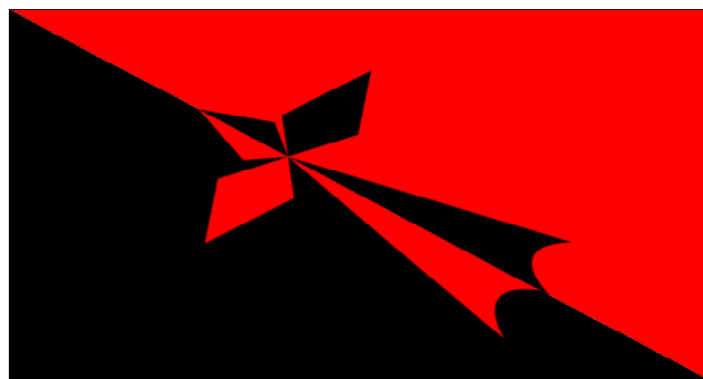
- Santa's helpers are subordinate *clauses*.

History in the Remaking?

Remember those Cruzeiros we loved spending back in '61? Well, consider this bit of Brazilian history:

"Because of the very high inflation rates which Brazil had in the 1980s and early '90s, the country had to change currency several times. Brazilians were used to dealing with Cruzeiros until 1986. That year, an economic plan cut three zeros from the bills and changed the currency to Cruzado. A few years later another three zeros were dropped and Brazilians were introduced to the Cruzados Novos (New Cruzados). In 1990, the Cruzados Novos were retired and Cruzeiros were back! In '93, the Cruzeiros lost another three zeros and were turned into Cruzeiros Reais. Then in '94, the Real was created."

Wow! Which begs the question: How many such substitutes will



Flag and Colors of the "Anarchist-Communist" Movement

our American dollar be having? Perhaps in the summer of 2012, they'll announce the need for us all to go to the banks where every ten-thousand dollars exchanged will become ten *Obamas*. I'm just saying...who knows?

Keep Aspirin at your Bedside

There are more than forty symptoms of a pending or ongoing heart attack. Look them up, print them out, try to memorize them and then put the list in a bedside drawer...along with aspirin. Bayer has developed fast acting crystal aspirins. Buy them or the like and keep them at the ready.



Now, when experiencing a heart attack: **Dissolve two aspirins in your mouth and swallow them with or without a bit of water.**

Then, you should:

Reach for the phone and dial 911 for emergency assistance and announce clearly "**HEART ATTACK!**" AND that "**I'VE TAKEN TWO ASPIRINS.**" Answer their questions and follow their directions.

If alone, call someone who lives **very close** by and ask them to come over.

Then, unlock and take a seat near the front door awaiting the arrival of help.

Do NOT, I repeat, do NOT lie down.

Trivia Question 6: Some negative terms used to describe the *Fouragère*? [See page 4.]

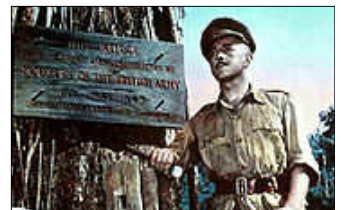
An "Officer of Old" defined

"An officer should be comely, spritely and above all else, confident in his dress and bearing.

"He should, where possible, eat a small piece of meat each morning with molasses and beans.

"He should air himself gracefully when under fire and never place himself in a position of difficulty when being shot at.

"He should eat his meals comfortably and ahead of his soldiers, for it is he who is more important tactically on the battlefield and therefore he should be well nourished. His hair should be well groomed and if



possible he should adorn a moustache or similar facial adornment.

"When speaking to his soldiers he should appear unnerved and aloof and give direction without in any way involving himself personally in the execution of arduous or un-officer like duties.

"He should smoke thin panatellas except when in the company of ladies where he should take only a small gin mixed with lemon tea.

"He should be an ardent and erudite gentleman and woo the ladies both in the formal environment and in the bedroom where he should excel himself beyond the ordinary soldier with his virulent lovemaking prowess.

"There, I say to you, are the qualities of an officer that set him apart from the lay person and the common soldier."

Gen. Hubert Worthington, CIC 5th Royal Mountain Division, Bombay, 12Dec1907

[Provided by George Bitsoli]

SKIPPERS PUB

FOOD & SPIRITS

Enlightening Odds and Ends for your reading pleasure:

Major Ken “The Skipper” Skipper (Ret.) seems to be the most difficult, even if the cleanest, man to reach. Each of my several recent efforts to contact the man has been met with a resounding recorded message from a woman, saying “We’re in the shower. PLEASE, leave your message at the sound of the tone.” ☺

Dave Beraudo, 3rd Platoon, and his wife Deborah are well and planning on a Christmas with family in Ft. Collins, CO not far from his own hilltop retreat with 14,000 foot plus mountains in his near front yard.

in Florida. He’s to remain close to home for the holidays while enjoying the company of the sun, pro-and-college football and his gal friend.

He’s hoping to soon get a handle on “email and internet stuff.”

Merrill Sweitzer, Lt. Col. USMC (Retired) and former XO of G-2-6 a few days ago proudly elaborated upon a 20 pound turkey he helped dispose of on Thanksgiving and of looking forward to some BIG white-tail buck hunting.

He expressed his appreciation of the newsletters, a Semper fi and Merry Christmas to you all.



Ex-1st Platoon member, “Captain” Albie Sears spends a day in the sun at the helm of 37 foot sailboat *Highlight*, in Long Island Sound, on 1Sept09.

Delwin “Bill” Bailey, 3rd Platoon, remains fine in Florida and sends you all an early “Merry Christmas!”

Arthur J Busbee, 3rd Platoon, is well, likes his hunting and has himself a freezer full of venison.

It seems to me, if you HAVE to have a freezer full of anything, it should be venison. “Here’s to a 30.06, a good eye and a Merry Christmas to all,” says he.

Trevor Davies, 3rd Platoon, has kicked a life-long smoking habit. After much effort, he’s into his fourth month without the dreaded weed. He and Ruth send their best to all, a hoped for safe Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Pete Greco, 3rd Platoon, too is

Trivia Question 7: Dispensed on ships in foreign ports at the discretion of the OIC and expires at midnight? [Answer to the right.]

Anonymous in Michigan sent this edited 19Jul09 piece from a letter to the editor column:

“Recently, David Cole, Chairman—Center for Automotive Research and Professor of Engineering at the University of Michigan, spoke of the difficulties he had with Obama administration types sent to SAVE the auto industry. One poignant vignette went something like this: ‘A team of his folks insisted that Chrysler produce a car capable of carrying a combined electric and natural gas capacity to travel 500 miles, after they’d retrieved some fuel BTU data from the internet. I told them that such a car would require a trunk-full of batteries, an LNG tank as big the car and a revision of the laws of physics.’” Now here comes the good part, they’re response:

“‘These laws of physics? We have to change them. Controlling Congress as we do, we’ll repeal them.

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See the whole story at
SolantAmity.com

The First of the Corps to Land in Monrovia

Or issue an Executive Order contradicting them. That’s why we’re here, to fix these things!”

Yep, right along with healthcare and the economy. ☺

And from **Ed Shea**, 3rd Platoon: Some of you may be interested in obtaining your personal military history records, medals and badges. On a computer, type in <http://solantamity.com/Extraneous/LinkThing.htm>; which will bring up access to Standard Form SF-180. Print it, fill out and send it as directed. It may take a few months to receive the records.

At this time, I want to provide a really big “Thank you” to those providing the material for this issue of the newsletter. The noteworthy include, in mostly alpha-

betical order: **George Bitsoli**, 3rd Platoon; **Charlie LaMarr**, HMR 264; **Rocco Minocone**, Weapons Platoon; **Tom Poole**, our former dentist on the Hermitage; and lastly, the most prolific and unheralded author in all of history, **Anonymous**.

During the past year, we lost two of our members to cancer: **Bill Frentz** of the 3rd and **Charlie Wilson** of the 2nd Platoon.

Think of them on occasion and may their souls rest in peace.

Lastly, I ask that you take a few moments out of your busy holiday efforts and call a former member of G-2-6. You’ve got all their phone numbers, so reach out and give them a big Semper fi.



Trivia Answers:

1. A bunker.
2. Dinky Dau.
3. Most poles suggest the date to be 5Nov09 at Fort Hood, Texas; despite suggestions by Democrat and RINO sycophants and various near bankrupt media outlets that the “Alah Hu Akhbar” [God is great!] rantings of U.S. Army Major Nidal Hasan have been re-interpreted to mean “Bush made me do it!”
- Thirteen persons were killed and 30 wounded. Please remember them in your prayers this Christmas.
4. Ribbon Creek.
5. The brig step. And its use is inappropriate except during the process of controlling prisoners.
6. Pogy rope or pogy whistle.
7. Cinderella Liberty



The Lawman—John Russell

Mailed as a black on white copy, a colorized version can be found at our website, where on page one you will find a link to a downloadable version.

I hope you’ve enjoyed this latest effort. Send us your stories by e-or-snail mail to make for an even better next issue.

*Merry Christmas and Semper fi:
 Ed Shea*