

# *Semper Fi*

## "THE SCUTTLEBUTT"

<http://www.mcltraecoheedet115.org/>

July 2012 Edition



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*SSgt Walter F. "Trae" Cohee III*

*Detachment # 115*

*Salisbury, MD*

*Original Charter Date May 10, 1970*

### DETACHMENT OFFICERS

2012 - 2013

*Commandant: Bill Marsich*

Senior Vice Commandant: Bob Miller

Judge Advocate: Ed Hearthway

Paymaster: Andy Bouma

Sgt-At-Arms: Walt Cohee

Junior Vice Commandant: Ed Elder

Junior Past Commandant: Andy Bouma

Adjutant: Richard Hyson

Chaplain: Jim Siegel

Web Sergeant: Don Elseroad

**Please note we have a new paymaster**

### MEETING TIME & PLACE

Meetings are always held on the second Wednesday of each month. The next regularly scheduled meeting will be held on August 8th, 2012 at 1900 (7:00 P.M.) at the American Legion Post 64, 1109 American Legion Road, Salisbury, MD 21801. Please make every effort to attend.

### Important Upcoming Dates & Events

August 12 thru 18, 2012: The P.L. Wilson Detachment #447 of the Marine Corps League will host the 2012 National Convention in Mobile, AL. More information can be found on the following link.

<http://www.mobilemarines.org/2012Natl.html>

September 8, 2012: The Department of MD Fall Staff Meeting will be hosted by Shangri-la Detachment at American Legion Post 11, 1450 Taney Avenue, Frederick, Md.

### "Sick or in Distress"

MCL Members Jimmy Lee HOWARD, Ralph SMITH and Jeanie COHEE wife of member Walt COHEE are having or have recently had various health problems. Please keep these folks and their families in your thoughts and prayers.

### "Membership Happenings"

**(Please advise the Editor of any errors or omissions)**

#### AUGUST "HAPPY BIRTHDAYS"

4th David MILLS

8<sup>th</sup> Charles SANDS

23<sup>rd</sup> Ronnie MARSICH

30th Don ELSEROAD

#### AUGUST ANNIVERSARIES

4th Barb & Carl EBAUGH (22 yrs)

11th Tara & Danny PARSONS (17 yrs)

19th Barbara & George "Buddy" MURRAY (57 yrs)

22nd Alane & Ralph CAPEN (14 yrs)

26th Jeannie & Paul WARD (50 yrs)

<u><b>AUGUST MCL ANNIVERSARIES</b></u> Walter COHEE, Jr. (9 yrs) Robert HORTIE, Sr. (9 yrs)	<u><b>MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS DUE IN</b></u> <u><b>AUGUST</b></u> Robert HORTIE, Sr.
<u><b>WELCOME ABOARD</b></u> ~Recruit~ None ~Recruit~	<u><b>MEMBERSHIP'S RENEWED</b></u> None

**DON'T LET YOUR MEMBERSHIP LAPSE**

Please send your \$22.00 checks made payable to "MCL Det 115" to our paymaster. Also note we have a new paymaster....

Andy Bouma, Paymaster  
32175 Bonhill Dr  
Salisbury, MD 21804-1464

Initial dues for a new member are \$27.00 for the first year, thereafter yearly renewal dues are \$22.00.



**DON'T DELAY...JOIN TODAY  
THEN CONSIDER GOING 'LIFE'  
NOW IS THE TIME TO DO IT**

**Heroes of the Vietnam Generation By James Webb**

Notwithstanding the fact that we all admire and respect "The Greatest Generation", for their winning efforts and valor in WW II, I reserve my "Greatest" Admiration and Respect for the Viet Nam era veterans. They fought this "unpopular" war, (with more than 58,000 of our finest giving their life), without the total support of our Government, our congress, and our citizens. They won that war! But our country lost it! I confess to being somewhat bitter about how they were and are treated. I am delighted that our brave troops fighting in the middle east today are more appreciated.

The rapidly disappearing cohort of Americans that endured the Great Depression and then fought World War II is receiving quite a send-off from the leading lights of the so-called 60s generation. Tom Brokaw has published two oral histories of "The Greatest Generation" that feature ordinary people doing their duty and suggest that such conduct was historically unique.

Chris Matthews of "Hardball" is fond of writing columns praising the Navy service of his father while castigating his own baby boomer generation for its alleged softness and lack of struggle. William Bennett gave a startling condescending speech at the Naval Academy a few years ago comparing the heroism of the "D-Day Generation" to the drugs-and-sex nihilism of the "Woodstock Generation." And Steven Spielberg, in promoting his film "Saving Private Ryan," was careful to justify his portrayals of soldiers in action based on the supposedly unique nature of World War II.

An irony is at work here. Lest we forget, the World War II generation now being lionized also brought us the Vietnam War, a conflict which today's most conspicuous voices by and large opposed, and in which few of them served. The "best and brightest" of the Vietnam age group once made headlines by castigating their parents for bringing about the war in which they would not fight, which has become the war they refuse to remember.

Pundits back then invented a term for this animus: the "generation gap." Long, plaintive articles and even books were written examining its manifestations. Campus leaders, who claimed precocious wisdom through

the magical process of reading a few controversial books, urged fellow baby boomers not to trust anyone over 30. Their elders who had survived the Depression and fought the largest war in history were looked down upon as shallow, materialistic, and out of touch.

Those of us who grew up, on the other side of the picket line from that era's counter-culture can't help but feel a little leery of this sudden gush of appreciation for our elders from the leading lights of the old counter-culture. Then and now, the national conversation has proceeded from the dubious assumption that those who came of age during Vietnam are a unified generation in the same sense as their parents were, and thus are capable of being spoken for through these fickle elites.

In truth, the "Vietnam generation" is a misnomer. Those who came of age during that war are permanently divided by different reactions to a whole range of counter-cultural agendas, and nothing divides them more deeply than the personal ramifications of the war itself. The sizable portion of the Vietnam age group who declined to support the counter-cultural agenda, and especially the men and women who opted to serve in the military during the Vietnam War, are quite different from their peers who for decades have claimed to speak for them. In fact, they are much like the World War II generation itself. For them, Woodstock was a side show, college protestors were spoiled brats who would have benefited from having to work a few jobs in order to pay their tuition, and Vietnam represented not an intellectual exercise in draft avoidance, or protest marches but a battlefield that was just as brutal as those their fathers faced in World War II and Korea.

Few who served during Vietnam ever complained of a generation gap. The men who fought World War II were their heroes and role models. They honored their father's service by emulating it, and largely agreed with their father's wisdom in attempting to stop Communism's reach in Southeast Asia.

The most accurate poll of their attitudes (Harris, 1980) showed that 91 percent were glad they'd served their country, 74 percent enjoyed their time in the service, and 89 percent agreed with the statement that "our troops were asked to fight in a war which our political leaders in Washington would not let them win." And most importantly, the castigation they received upon returning home was not from the World War II generation, but from the very elites in their age group who supposedly spoke for them.

Nine million men served in the military during Vietnam War, three million of whom went to the Vietnam Theater. Contrary to popular mythology, two-thirds of these were volunteers, and 73 percent of those who died were volunteers. While some attention has been paid recently to the plight of our prisoners of war, most of whom were pilots; there has been little recognition of how brutal the war was for those who fought it on the ground.

Dropped onto the enemy's terrain 12,000 miles away from home, America's citizen-soldiers performed with a tenacity and quality that may never be truly understood. Those who believe the war was fought incompletely on a tactical level should consider Hanoi's recent admission that 1.4 million of its soldiers died on the battlefield, compared to 58,000 total U.S. dead.

Those who believe that it was a "dirty little war" where the bombs did all the work might contemplate that it was the most costly war the U.S. Marine Corps has ever fought - five times as many dead as World War I, three times as many dead as in Korea, and more total killed and wounded than in all of World War II.

Significantly, these sacrifices were being made at a time the United States was deeply divided over our effort in Vietnam. The baby-boom generation had cracked apart along class lines as America's young men were making difficult, life-or-death choices about serving. The better academic institutions became focal points for vitriolic protest against the war, with few of their graduates going into the military. Harvard College, which had lost 691 alumni in World War II, lost a total of 12 men in Vietnam from the classes of 1962 through 1972 combined. Those classes at Princeton lost six, at MIT two. The media turned ever more hostile. And, frequently, the reward for a young man's having gone through the trauma of combat was to be greeted by his peers with studied indifference or outright hostility.

What is a hero? My heroes are the young men who faced the issues of war and possible death, and then weighed those concerns against obligations to their country. Citizen-soldiers who interrupted their personal and professional lives at their most formative stage, in the timeless phrase of the Confederate Memorial in

Arlington National Cemetery, "not for fame or reward, not for place or for rank, but in simple obedience to duty, as they understood it." Who suffered loneliness, disease, and wounds with an often-contagious elan. And who deserve a far better place in history than that now offered them by the so-called spokesman of our so-called generation.

Mr. Brokaw, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Spielberg, meet my Marines. 1969 was an odd year to be in Vietnam. Second only to 1968 in terms of American casualties, it was the year made famous by Hamburger Hill, as well as the gut-wrenching Life cover story showing pictures of 242 Americans who had been killed in one average week of fighting. Back home, it was the year of Woodstock, and of numerous anti-war rallies that culminated in the Moratorium March on Washington. The My Lai massacre hit the papers and was seized upon the anti-war movement as the emblematic moment of the war. Lyndon Johnson left Washington in utter humiliation.

Richard Nixon entered the scene, destined for an even worse fate. In the An Hoa Basin southwest of Danang, the Fifth Marine Regiment was in its third year of continuous combat operations. Combat is an unpredictable and inexact environment, but we were well led. As a rifle platoon and company commander, I served under a succession of three regimental commanders who had cut their teeth in World War II, and four different battalion commanders, three of whom had seen combat in Korea. The company commanders were typically captains on their second combat tour in Vietnam, or young first lieutenants like myself who were given companies after many months of "bush time" as platoon commanders in the Basin's tough and unforgiving environs.

The Basin was one of the most heavily contested areas in Vietnam, its torn, cratered earth offering every sort of wartime possibility. In the mountains just to the west, not far from the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the North Vietnamese Army operated an infantry division from an area called Base Area 112. In the valleys of the Basin, main-force Viet Cong battalions whose ranks were 80 percent North Vietnamese Army regulars moved against the Americans every day. Local Viet Cong units sniped and harassed. Ridge lines and paddy dikes were laced with sophisticated booby traps of every size, from a hand grenade to a 250-pound bomb. The villages sat in the rice paddies and tree lines like individual fortresses, crisscrossed with the trenches and spider holes, their homes sporting bunkers capable of surviving direct hits from large-caliber artillery shells. The Viet Cong infrastructure was intricate and permeating. Except for the old and the very young, villagers who did not side with the Communists had either been killed or driven out to the government controlled enclaves near Danang.

In the rifle companies, we spent the endless months patrolling ridge lines and villages and mountains, far away from any notion of tents, barbed wire, hot food, or electricity. Luxuries were limited to what would fit inside one's pack, which after a few "humps" usually boiled down to letter-writing material, towel, soap, toothbrush, poncho liner, and a small transistor radio.

We moved through the boiling heat with 60 pounds of weapons and gear, causing a typical Marine to drop 20 percent of his body weight while in the bush. When we stopped we dug chest-deep fighting holes and slit trenches for toilets. We slept on the ground under makeshift poncho hootches, and when it rained we usually took our hootches down because wet ponchos shined under illumination flares, making great targets. Sleep itself was fitful, never more than an hour or two at a stretch for months at a time as we mixed daytime patrolling with night-time ambushes, listening posts, foxhole duty, and radio watches. Ringworm, hookworm, malaria, and dysentery were common, as was trench foot when the monsoons came. Respite was rotating back to the mud-filled regimental combat base at An Hoa for four or five days, where rocket and mortar attacks were frequent and our troops manned defensive bunkers at night. Which makes it kind of hard to get excited about tales of Woodstock, or camping at the Vineyard during summer break.

We had been told while training that Marine officers in the rifle companies had an 85 percent probability of being killed or wounded, and the experience of "Dying Delta," as our company was known, bore that out. Of the officers in the bush when I arrived, our company commander was wounded, the weapons platoon commander wounded, the first platoon commander was killed, the second platoon commander was wounded twice, and I, commanding the third platoons fared no better. Two of my original three-squad leaders were killed, and the third shot in the stomach. My platoon sergeant was severely wounded, as was my right guide. By the time I left, my platoon I had gone through six radio operators, five of them casualties.

These figures were hardly unique; in fact, they were typical. Many other units; for instance, those who fought the hill battles around Khe Sanh, or were with the famed Walking Dead of the Ninth Marine Regiment, or were in the battle of Hue City or at Dai Do, had it far worse.

When I remember those days and the very young men who spent them with me, I am continually amazed, for these were mostly recent civilians barely out of high school, called up from the cities and the farms to do their year in hell and then return. Visions haunt me every day, not of the nightmares of war but of the steady consistency with which my Marines faced their responsibilities, and of how uncomplaining most of them were in the face of constant danger. The salty, battle-hardened 20-year-olds teaching green 19-year-olds the intricate lessons of the hostile battlefield. The unerring skill of the young squad leaders as we moved through unfamiliar villages and weed-choked trails in the black of night. The quick certainty when a fellow Marine was wounded and needed help. Their willingness to risk their lives to save other Marines in peril. To this day it stuns me that their own countrymen have so completely missed the story of their service, lost in the bitter confusion of the war itself.

Like every military unit throughout history we had occasional laggards, cowards, and complainers. But in the aggregate, these Marines were the finest people I have ever been around. It has been my privilege to keep up with many of them over the years since we all came home. One finds in them very little bitterness about the war in which they fought. The most common regret, almost to a man, is that they were not able to do more for each other and for the people they came to help.

It would be redundant to say that I would trust my life to these men. Because I already have, in more ways than I can ever recount. I am alive today because of their quiet, unaffected heroism. Such valor epitomizes the conduct of Americans at war from the first days of our existence. That the boomer elites can canonize this sort of conduct in our fathers' generation while ignoring it in our own is more than simple oversight. It is a conscious, continuing travesty.

Former Secretary of the Navy James Webb was awarded the Navy Cross, Silver Star, and Bronze Star medals for heroism as a Marine in Vietnam. His novels include *The Emperor's General* and *Fields of Fire*.

### RAO BULLETINS

Each month your editor attempted to review all RAO Bulletins and put articles deemed important to veterans into our newsletters.

However, what may be important to me may not be important to you and I may very possibly overlook something you as a veteran might like to know about, so I am providing links below that will take you to THE current bulletins so that you might look them over. The below bulletins are dated June 15<sup>th</sup> and July 1<sup>st</sup>, 2012.

<http://sjcvets.zymichost.com/Bulletin%20120615%20PDF%20Edition.pdf>  
<http://sjcvets.zymichost.com/Bulletin%20120701%20PDF%20Edition.pdf>

### EVERY DAY PRAYER REQUEST

Life in Afghanistan is very difficult to bear right now. Our troops need our prayers for strength, endurance and safety. Stop for a moment each and every day and say a prayer for our troops around the world.

"Lord, hold our troops in your loving hands. Protect them as they protect us. Bless them and their families for the selfless acts they perform for us in our time of need. Amen."

*The Final Roll Call*



The following Marines/Corpsman paid the ultimate sacrifice for God, Country and Corps since the last issue of *'The Scuttlebutt'* was published.

Stevens, Pfc. Steven P.

Tallahassee, FL

Mills, Lance Cpl. Eugene C.

Laurel, MD

Hogan, Lance Cpl. Hunter D.

Norman, IN

Cotisears, Lance Cpl. Niall W.

Arlington, VA

If You Are Not Willing To Stand Behind Our Troops,  
Please, Please Feel Free To Stand In Front Of Them!

*On behalf of a grateful nation.*

**FREEDOM IS NOT FREE**  
**Support Our Troops**



I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands,  
One Nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

From your editor

If you are receiving this newsletter via "Snail Mail" and have email capability, please email me at [53usmc73@bvunet.net](mailto:53usmc73@bvunet.net) so that I can add you to my address book and cut down on the postage.

**Any comments or suggestion on what should be in our newsletter! Articles/information you need! Let me know!** The newsletter will go to press on or about the weekend following each meeting.

Don Elseroad, Editor

### Quotes about Marines

*Hell, these are Marines. Men like them held Guadalcanal and took Iwo Jima.  
Bagdad ain't shit.*

Marine Major General John F. Kelly

### LINKS TO CHECK OUT

<http://player.vimeo.com/video/38356372?title=0&byline=0&portrait=0>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1L9krf1u4ec&feature=related>



-- Once a Marine, Always a Marine --