SLIDE AND GLIDE

Volume 1 2005 Edition

Photo: GySgt Gideon S. Rogers
Courtesy *Leatherneck*

Memoirs and Memories
as told by those who served at
Marine Barracks, 8th and I Streets, SE
Washington, DC

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Welcome to your memory book

THESE PAGES CHRONICLE SOME OF the memories submitted by our members over the course of the past five years since the 8th and I Association's 2000 reunion. We hope you enjoy these reminiscences and will consider contributing stories from your own Marine Corps careers, be you a one-termer or a career man, an officer or an enlistee.

Some of our stories are laugh-out-loud funny; others may bring a tear; but all hope to serve a larger cause: that of furthering the esprit de corps that began for us in Parris Island or San Diego, Quantico or Annapolis; of strengthening the bonds that have developed since; and to keep alive the words of past Commandant James L. Jones: "Wherever there's a Marine Corps installation, consider yourselves at home."

—Steve DeBock, editor
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Ray Hechler remembers Pearl Harbor. He was there on 12/7/41.

Lest we forget: a day of infamy remembered

I REPORTED TO MARINE BARRACKS, Washington, DC, in December of 1939, to serve with the Presidential Guard Detachment; on June 10, 1940, I took a transfer to the Marine Detachment aboard the *USS Helena*, a new light cruiser, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. After some trial runs, we went through the Panama Canal and out to Pearl Harbor to join the Pacific Fleet.

On December 3, 1941, we headed back to Pearl after holding gunnery practice off the Big Island of Hawaii. We tied up at the north end of Ford Island with two other cruisers on December 4, and on December 6 we moved over to 1010 Dock, where the *USS Pennsylvania*, now in dry dock, had been.

The movie on board ship Saturday night, December 6, was *Hold Back the Dawn*, and it's too bad someone couldn't have done that, because the next morning all hell broke loose. The Japs bombed Pearl Harbor with about 340

planes. Of course, the first ship to get hit was my ship, the *Helena*.

I had just finished breakfast and went topside for some fresh air. I walked aft on the port side, the side that was against the dock. I stopped by the Number 5 main battery turret; the Marine guard was on the fantail getting ready to hoist the colors at 0800.

I looked over toward Ford Island, the Navy air station, and I saw planes diving down. All of a sudden I saw the red sun on the wings and the first plane pulled up and dropped a bomb on a PBY patrol plane sitting on a cement ramp. Just then, General Quarters sounded and the word was passed: "Jap planes attacking Pearl Harbor. This is not a drill. Man your battle stations."

I turned around and saw a Jap plane fly over the fantail about 20 feet above it. Just then there was a big explosion on the starboard side of the ship; the ship rocked, and I was thrown up against the bulkhead. A torpedo had gone under the *USS Ogalala*, an old mine layer that had tied up against our starboard side the day before, and it hit us midships. Knocked out the forward engine room and forward boiler room, killing about 20 men and wounding several others. Our platoon sergeant was burned badly around the back of his head and neck, and PFC Johnson was killed on the main deck starboard side.

Our main battery guns (15 of them) could not be used to fire at planes, and our five-inch .38s (eight of them) were firing target rounds because the live ammo was behind the target ammo and we couldn't get to it. One of our port side five-inch guns put a nice five-inch hole through a smokestack near the dock while firing at a plane on the other side of it.

We had two mounts (four guns to a mount) of 40-mm pom-poms and two .50-caliber water-cooled machine guns, and it was reported after the two-hour attack that the *Helena* had knocked down six and possibly seven Jap planes. There were 29 Jap planes knocked down during the attack.

After my two-year tour of duty aboard ship was up, I transferred to an infantry unit in California. In November of 1942 my unit was sent to Australia, and from there we began fighting our way toward Japan. We landed on New Guinea and occupied the island from September 1 through December 24, 1943.

On December 26 we hit Cape Gloucester, on the island of New Britain, fighting our way up the beach and along a dirt road toward the airfield. We took the airfield in two days. As we approached the field, the Japs attacked across the field from behind a hill with tanks and infantry. We had a Sherman tank with a .75 and two guys with Ba-

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zookas. All of the Jap tanks got knocked out before they got within 100 yards of us.

The day after we secured the field, our executive officer, LtCol Lewis "Chesty" Puller, took our company across the island on a 20-day march to cut off a Jap company that had escaped toward the west coast and were trying to walk the 200 miles to the end of the island, where the Japs had a base at Rabaul. We captured several Japs, and they were all in very bad condition.

Next we fought our way onto Peleliu, a campaign which saw a huge number of killed and wounded. We hit the beach about 10 minutes behind the first wave, and we had half our amtracks knocked out before we even reached the sand.

I was lucky this time. When we reached the beach we were under heavy fire from the Japs in the hills. I dove into a shell crater and theer were seven other guys from the first wave in the crater. The Navy ships opened up again to shell the hills in front of us. For the first time, I experienced 16-inch battleship rounds coming in just over my head, and hoping that they didn't fall short.

We were pinned down a long time during the shelling, and by afternoon we had moved only about 200 yards inland when the Japs opened up with their new mortars. I was in a foxhole when a mortar round landed next to me and knocked me out. A Navy corpsman attached to our company was nearby and saw what had happened. He ran over to me and pulled me into a small trench. I was bleeding from the nose, which I found out later was from a ruptured artery in the top of my nose. They had a hard time stopping the bleeding. They put me on a stretcher and carried me down to the beach, then onto an amtrack, and from there to the hospital ship with several others. At the hospital ship they hoisted us aboard and I was taken to the showers. Two corpsmen held me under a shower to rinse the coral sand and blood off me. After I was put in a bed, a nurse gave me a bowl of cherry Jell-O. It sure felt good going down, but as soon as it got down it came up again, the aftereffects of concussion, I guess.

I was unable to keep anything on my stomach for the next three days, and in the first two weeks I lost 10 pounds.

The hospital ship took us to another island; from there, we were flown to Guadalcanal, and from there it was back to the States. This was in November, 1944.

My next transfer took me to the Naval Ammunition Depot Earle, in Colts Neck, NJ. On my second day there, a runner came to my room and said that Captain Hoover wanted to see me. He was the commanding officer of Earle at the time, and he had been my captain on the *USS Helena* during Pearl Harbor. The captain had seen on my record that I had served under him at Pearl, and a few days later he presented me with the Navy Commendation Ribbon. He said I'd earned it, but because of wartime confusion and delays I hadn't gotten it yet.

Two months later I was transferred back to my first duty station, the 8th and I Marine Barracks in Washington, DC, where I served until my discharge on August 1, 1945. On that day I walked out the main gate onto 8th Street and hailed a cab coming from the Navy Yard a block away. When I got into the back, I found myself sharing the cab with a Navy captain—who happened to be my old gunnery officer aboard the *Helena*.

We talked about Pearl, and then he told me that he was going to Norfolk, VA, to take command of the *USS Missouri*. Thirty days later, he was in Tokyo Bay, when on board his very ship, the Japs signed the official surrender papers, thus ending World War II.

—Raymond E. Hechler

***Ray Hechler** is a life member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association, the American Legion, the Navy League, the US Navy Cruisers Sailors Association, and the 8th and I Reunion Association. He still flies the American flag, the Marine Corps flag, and the Pearl Harbor flag every day outside his home in Carteret, NJ. His wife Doris is a former Navy Wave and the only female member of the American Legion, Post 263, in Carteret.*

Bear scare at David

I HEARD THIS STORY WHILE I WAS stationed with First Platoon, Ceremonial Guard Company, in the 1960s. It involves a private and the Platoon Right Guide, who on this particular night at Camp David was corporal of the guard. The private, a city kid from Brooklyn and relatively new to the Catoctin Mountains, was on sentry duty walking Post number 13 (circumambulating around Aspen, the President's lodge, which we called, simply, the Big House). It was a cold, dark winter's night with an abundance of snow on the ground.

The private apparently did not like the woods, especially at night, and the corporal of the guard (COG) knew this. So the COG sneaked up on the private with his parka reversed, furry side out, and began to crawl toward the sentry while growling like a bear.

The sentry saw this apparition coming at him and, in a state of fright, chambered a round, raised his rifle, and challenged the "bear" with a "Halt! Who's there?"

When the COG heard the round being chambered, he stood up to call to the private and tell him not to shoot. The private, however, saw the "bear" move to the upright, attack position, and nearly panicked.

A moment of uncertainty kept the private's hand from the trigger, just long enough to hear the "bear" call out in English. Soon the two of them were standing there laughing, tears in their eyes, with the COG no doubt shaking with relief that he hadn't been shot—and perhaps made into a bearskin rug.

—Andy Boytos
1st Plt., CGC, 1960-62

Camp David Follies, part 2

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD, ALTHOUGH maybe it shouldn't. It certainly was not my proudest (or smartest) moment. On another cold winter's night at Camp David, I was corporal of the guard and decided to have some fun with a new private marching Post 13 on the eight-to-midnight shift.

I watched the sentry from behind a tree, and when he went behind the Big House I climbed the rose trellis and lay flat on the roof. Slithering over the shingles, I saw the sentry diligently performing his appointed rounds. Then I noticed the sticks all around me.

Apparently, the wind had blown some dead limbs onto the roof. I tossed a

stick off, where it landed just behind the sentry. He jumped and spun, saw nothing, and after a moment resumed walking his post. Seconds later, another stick landed just behind him. This time, his rifle swung to the ready; again, there was nothing to be seen.

I let him make another circuit before lobbing another stick. Now he was getting really jumpy, while I was straining to keep from laughing out loud. Finally, I decided enough was enough and lobbed down the biggest piece there, a tree limb about three feet long. It landed with a crash, and the sentry brought his rifle to the ready as I peered over the edge of the roof. He saw me, chambered a round, and clicked off the safety.

"Halt! Who's there?"

Caught. "Corporal of the guard."

"Corporal of the guard, advance to be recognized." The rifle was still pointing at my head, the safety still off. I began to sweat in the frigid temperature.

I shined my flashlight onto my face. Not good enough. "Advance to be recognized!"

"Um, how can I advance any more? I'll fall off the roof. Listen," I said, "I'll toss down my gourd [cap] and you can see my name under the bill."

"Don't throw it at me," he warned. "Over there, to the side." This guy was serious. Or was he just busting me? Nevertheless, one doesn't argue with a loaded and unlocked M-1, and I did as I was told.

He picked up the gourd, looked up, and said, "Corporal of the guard recognized." Then he let me climb down the trellis to receive his guard report.

I smiled as I commended the sentry for his vigilance; he said nothing. I congratulated him for his ability to take a joke; he said nothing. I told him to carry on; he unchambered the round and resumed his post.

Evidently, he was not amused.

—Steve DeBock
3rd Plt., CGC, 1960-62

Camp David Follies, part 3

DURING MY STINT AT THE BARracks, while standing Sergeant of the Guard at Camp David, I got a desperate call from the gate sentry, around midnight, that a skunk was trying to enter the gate shack. We had some new troops at the time, and I had forgotten to inform them at guard school that the gate sentries had tamed the skunk by feeding him mid-rations.

The sentry, in almost hysterical tones, screamed that he was going to shoot the skunk. I threatened him with all kinds of intimidating verbiage and told him I would be right there and to do nothing.

I jumped in the guard Jeep and broke the speed limit on the short drive to the gate. As I screeched to a halt and hastily disembarked, I saw one of those scenes that make you wish for a camera!

The sentry, who shall remain nameless in defense of his dignity, was standing straddled atop the small desk with one foot on the window sill and the other on the edge of the desk. He was in the firing position with his .45 clutched in both hands and aiming at the poor confused skunk sniffing at the door, who

was only looking for his accustomed night rations.

A butt-chewing for the sentry and a bologna sandwich for the skunk took care of the situation (which, by the way, never found its way into the Sgt. of the Guard log).

—Ed Croghan
CGC, 1955-59

Suicide at Camp David

THE SUICIDE'S FIRST NAME WAS Jonathan. He was a member of 2nd Platoon. I was in 3rd, so we didn't rotate to David together. But I knew him. Here's what I remember:

He wanted to be a writer and to produce the definitive novel about USMC boot camp. His protagonist was going to go through all the recruit training (which he would describe in detail), then go home on boot leave with a life full of promise, and get killed by a hit-and-run driver. I thought the irony was a little—no, a lot—strained, but I didn't say so. I did enjoy reading his poetry and didn't want to discourage him from sharing his literary talent with me.

Jonathan was from Massachusetts, and he'd often mention a girl who lived there and with whom he was hopelessly in love. He wanted her to join him in DC so they could be together—chastely, of course, as he was determined to have no sexual relations with her until after their marriage.

During his off-duty hours, Jonathan solicited for civilian jobs for this girl, no doubt using a résumé she'd sent him, and she soon received a job offer. He found her an apartment, borrowed a sum from the credit union to finance her initial expenses and furniture for the flat, and for her one-way plane ticket. Soon she was working and living in DC, and Jonathan thought he had found his own personal Eden. But he didn't figure on the serpent.

His girl (I use the term advisedly) began advancing up the corporate ladder—quickly. Jonathan attributed it to her innate skills, but he didn't quite realize what those skills were until he walked into her apartment one night to find her *in flagrante delicto* with one of her bosses.

Jonathan confided this information to one of his platoon mates, who chewed him out for simply walking out of the apartment and not challenging the girl and her lover. Jon countered by saying that he'd talk to her about it later, that she was subject to "moods." (His platoon mate probably also chided him for not getting any sex from this girl who was evidently not shy about giving it up to others.)

One night Jonathan walked in to find her with two men. Again, he walked out without a word.

Finally, perhaps at the abusive urging of his Marine confidant, Jonathan confronted the girl about her behavior (and perhaps as well about her not contributing to his crippling loan payments). When he returned, his platoon mate heard this incredible tale:

"She feels terrible about what she's done to me. But she told me she's suffering from incurable cancer and that she only has six months to a year left to live. With the time she has left, she's trying to live as much of life as she can, and that's why she's having sex with other men. She never meant to hurt me."

What's even more incredible about this story is that Jonathan believed it. Not only that, but he came up with a plan: He would marry her ASAP, apply for emergency family leave or discharge, and borrow enough money to take her wherever in the world she wanted to go. He would make her last days on Earth as pleasant as possible; he would fulfill her every dream.

As fate would have it, the weekend after Jonathan made his proposition would be the last one before his platoon rotated to Camp David for its customary two-week tour. He was anxious to spend the time with his "fiancée" so they could begin making plans. But on Thursday she called him to say that her bosses had loaded her up with work—real work, she assured him, not hanky-panky—that would take her into the weekend. She promised to phone him at the barracks when she was done so they could get together before he had to leave for the Hill.

From liberty call on Friday and throughout the weekend, Jonathan sat by the two public phone booths that served the barracks. He wouldn't go to the chow hall for fear of missing her call; others, feeling sorry for him, brought him stuff to eat. Finally, on Sunday afternoon, he could contain himself no longer and went to her apartment.

He inserted his key into the lock; it didn't work. He knocked on the door; it resounded hollowly. He called her name; no response. Finally he went to the superintendent's office and asked if he knew where she might be. "Sure," said the super. "She sold all her furniture last week and moved back home. Massachusetts, I think."

The next day 2nd Platoon was bused to Camp David to relieve the 1st. Jonathan's tour would take the platoon through the Easter holidays of 1961.

One of his posts was the 12-to-4 shift in the Hole, the underground facility from which we monitored the perimeter alarm system. At just before four in the morning, Jonathan's relief knocked on the door and waited for a response. Nothing. He knocked harder, called his name; still, nothing.

Finally, he rattled the doorknob, cursing under his breath that Jonathan had fallen asleep on duty, sure that there would be repercussions. To his shock, he found the door unlocked.

Adrenalin kicked in. He drew his pistol and chambered a round, then threw the door open and leveled his weapon inside. He froze at what he saw.

Jonathan lay on the floor in a pool of his own blood. One hand was on the leg of the desk on which rested the microphone to the guardhouse. A large dent had been made in the metal backrest of his chair. A hole the size of a quarter was in Jonathan's chest; another the size of a volleyball was in his back.

The sentry grabbed the microphone and called the guardhouse. As he waited for the emergency personnel to arrive, he noted that Jonathan had filled the post's log book with some ten pages of narrative about how he'd let a woman foul up his life, concluding with the statement that no one would ever get the chance to foul up his life any more.

After he'd written those words, he put his .45 to his chest and pulled the trigger. But he missed his heart by a fraction of an inch and ended up bleeding to death on the floor.

How could someone as smart as Jonathan (and he was smart) not know

that his heart was in the center of his chest and not off to the left? My own speculation is that he did have the gun pointed at his heart, but in the split second before the hammer struck the firing pin, self-preservation took over and he tried to turn the muzzle aside. He had been reaching vainly for the microphone on the desk to call for help when he died.

His body, twisted and stiff in rigor mortis, was brought topside and placed on the lawn outside the barracks where we held our daily guard mounts. There it was hosed down.

These are the details I got when 3rd Platoon relieved the 2nd. Later I learned that the sentry who had found Jonathan never, from that day on, would be the first to enter a room. Also, someone in the platoon who was also from Massachusetts and knew the girl (perhaps Jon's barracks confidant) saw her while at home on leave and told her what had happened. She shrugged a "too bad" and changed the subject. He said she looked perfectly healthy to him.

I remember Jonathan's showing me a poem he'd written about a military funeral of the type we served at all too regularly. He vividly described the clop of the horses' hooves as they drew the caisson bearing the casket. He noted the honor platoon's symmetry of dress and cadence as they marched behind, the shock to the unsuspecting mourners of the firing party's three volleys, and the sorrowful notes of Taps. But the kicker was in his description of the mourners. It went something like this: "Even as they vow to remember, they begin to forget."

There is an irony that will never be lost.

—Steve DeBock

The princess and the peon

I WAS STATIONED AT THE BARRACKS in 1950-51. Princess Elizabeth, soon to be Queen of Great Britain, was paying a visit to the United States. We were her honor guard while she was in Washington.

One day, the princess was to speak to a joint session of Congress. We were lined up at the Capitol, standing at present arms, when her limousine pulled up right next to us. The future queen did not wait for her driver to open the door; instead, she opened it up herself—and knocked my buddy, standing next to me, flat on his back.

Naturally, he was embarrassed and struggled to get back on his feet and to present arms. The princess, unheeding of royal protocol, reached down, helped lift him to his feet, and proceeded to brush him off, apologizing all the time.

One can only imagine how difficult it was for the rest of us to stand there and maintain a proper military bearing.

—Ernie Hedges
CGC, 1950-51

Tattoos for two

HOWARD ELGART AND I WERE IN Benney's, a rock and roll place on 14th Street. We'd had a couple of beers in the slopchute and now Howard said to me, "Joe, you know what I'd like to do?"

"No, Howard, what would you like to do?"

"I would like to get a tattoo."

I replied, "Are you losing it?"

"No," he answered. "I've always wanted to get one with the USMC bulldog."

So off we went to 7th Street, where the tattoo parlors were (believe me, they were anything but parlors), and we entered one where a paratrooper was having some artwork applied. He had so many already that I told him the next one he gets, he'll have to pull down his pants.

Meanwhile, Howard managed to talk me into getting a tattoo too, and guess which one of us went first. All the time the artist was working, Howard was asking questions like, "How does it feel, Joe?" "Does it hurt?" "What does it feel like?"

I told him that it did hurt a little; it was more like a burning sensation, but not bad. Then, when I was done, I stood up and said, "Okay, Howard, your turn."

You can guess what he said back: "Oh, I've changed my mind."

So here I sit, more than 50 years later, writing this with my tattoo still on my shoulder. Semper fi!

—Joe "Joe Mags" Maglione

Drill Team, 1952-54

Those were the days, of pizza, and pretzels, and beer: Ken Mundy, Frank Golash, Pat Beilen, Pat Ludwick after a day at the rifle range, Quantico, March 1961.

A tribute to "Ike"

THE NEWS OF THE ASSASSINATION of Senator Robert F. Kennedy was the headline on that day in June, 1968, as I arrived for duty at the Marine Barracks, Washington, DC. I remember that the Officer of the Day was Captain Charles Robb, post adjutant and future son-in-law of President Lyndon B. Johnson. Robb later became a US Senator and Governor of Virginia.

The Commanding Officer was Colonel Joseph C. Fegan, but he was soon replaced by Col. Paul G. Graham, who later became a general and, following his retirement, was elected Mayor of Oceanside, California.

I began my tour at 8th and I as the driver and bodyguard for General Lewis W. Walt, Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps. My immediate supervisors were Major Carl Mundy (later to become the 30th Commandant) and Medal of Honor winner Captain Harvey "Barney" Barnum. Within six months my security clearance was approved, and I was transferred to 2nd Platoon, Ceremonial Guard Company—where I was elevated first to fire team leader, then to squad leader, and finally to right guide.

The platoon leader was Lieutenant Barry Fellinger and the platoon sergeant was John Harmon, a salty short-timer with a wife and new baby. His esprit de corps was fading fast.

Soon Lt. Fellinger was promoted to executive officer, and our new platoon leader became Lt. Frank M. "Ike" Izenour, Jr. The platoon was thrilled to have him—except, perhaps, for Sgt. Harmon.

On a rotation to Camp David, Harmon did something anyone with half a brain knew to avoid: he did a wicked imitation of Lt. Izenour. It was the last thing he ever did as platoon sergeant. After that, Ike strolled down the hall from Room One and handed me a black leather belt. He said, "Here, put this on. You're the new platoon sergeant."

I looked him squarely in the eye and said, "Yes, sir." No questions were asked and no answers were offered about the circumstances surrounding my promotion.

Ike was a real pistol: great sense of humor and a tame ego. He was soon promoted to captain and began billing himself as a "Captain of Marines," a fact we embraced as the Marines of whom he was the captain. In a short time, the 2nd Platoon developed a reputation as a crack unit, second only to Lt. Sheldon J. Bathurst's Silent Drill Team.

Every other month, we would rotate with the 3rd Platoon for duty at Camp David. Ike loved the Hill, as we called what is officially (that is, for civilians) listed as Park Camp Number 3. He and I would alternate liberty when the President wasn't in residence. It was now nearing the end of 1968, and President Johnson was ready to leave office. On his last trip to the Hill, LBJ and his family said their last goodbyes to the senior people. I recall Lucy and Linda both flirting with Ike until their father called out, "Come on, girls, you're in love with enough Marines already."

By no means did Ike consider himself a ladies' man; he was more the strong, silent type. On a few occasions, he and I would double date. (I always had to fix him up.) The only complaint the girls ever had was, "He's just too much of a gentleman." Nice work, if you can get it! Although he was only 26 at the time, Ike was prematurely bald. I suspect it really didn't bother him so much as he pretended. Overall, Ike was unflappable, a real easy-going Gyrene.

Nineteen sixty-nine brought a new year and a new President, Richard M. Nixon—whose son-in-law, the grandson of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower (another Ike), was the David after whom the former Shangri-La had been renamed. Nixon loved Camp David, and we spent a lot of long weekends there that winter. Often our Ike and I would check posts together around the three-mile perimeter of the camp at all hours of the day and night.

Ike set a great example for us. When I'd wake up at 2:00 AM to check posts, Frank would be still awake. He never went to bed when he was on duty; he was always up and on the job, giving encouragement to the men. The all-night duty was made more bearable when they knew that their officer was braving the elements along with them.

One bitterly cold day, Ike and I went on a routine visit to the field house that served as a storage facility (and helicopter hangar) for the camp. We found an old snow sled, and as we had two or three feet of snow on the ground, we decided to check posts via sled. What a ball it was—until we got going too fast

down a hill and Fearless Leader steered us into a tree. Poor Ike was in the front, so all I got out of it was a meeting of my chin against his bald head; he, on the other hand, had a rather smashing introduction to a hundred-year-old sycamore. Ike looked like he'd just come off a bout with Muhammad Ali. No more sled trips that year.

As the year wore on, the news of former President Eisenhower's failing health became increasingly grim. When I was in first grade, Eisenhower was President. The heart attack he suffered at that time made national headlines. Our class wrote him a get-well letter, for which we received a very cordial thank you letter from Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower. Little did I know that several years later I would be selected as one of the Marines to serve on her husband's funeral detail.

We began practicing "Operation Abilene" about six weeks prior to Eisenhower's death. The detail consisted of one officer from each branch of the service along with one enlisted man from each. Frank Izenour and I were chosen. We were on the Hill when the news came in that the former President had died. We piled into a bus and raced back to the barracks in DC to change into our dress blues, drive to Gawler's Funeral Home, and assume the "Death Watch."

Next day, the late President's body was moved to the Bethlehem Chapel of the Washington Cathedral. Each branch of the services served a seemingly endless shift that actually lasted only an hour. The duty was tough—standing at attention, moving only in slow motion. A nod from Ike, not visible to the crowd, would signal us to move slowly to parade rest, then back to attention with the same nod. I will never forget my feelings as I slowly marched, death-watch style, past President and Mrs. Nixon and their family, Mrs. Eisenhower, and the late President's brother Milton. I was afraid that I would trip or in some other way make a mistake; Ike, on the other hand, appeared cool as the proverbial cucumber.

Ike's, that is, Frank's father was a retired three-star general in the Army. The uncanny irony was that Frank looked the spitting image of the late President as a young officer. One young Army sergeant on the detail noticed the physical resemblance and identical-sounding name and asked, "Sir, are you any relation to General Eisenhower?

Frank answered without hesitation, "Yes, he's my dad." The poor sergeant turned pale and almost passed out. Frank just walked away and winked at us.

As our shift repeated itself, the more confident we became. From the Washington Cathedral, the body was taken to the Rotunda of the Capitol to lie in state. Frank and I stood guard over the President's casket while such notables as President Nixon, Charles de Gaulle, and a host of other foreign dignitaries paid their final respects to the legendary general of World War II and former President of the United States.

(The fact that the President was buried in his uniform and former Ike jacket [see glossary] presented a slight problem. The Army had discontinued the issuance of tropical shirts; only the Marine Corps issued them as part of the uniform. A runner was sent to Marine Barracks, 8th and I, to procure a "very small" tropical shirt. A young, slightly-built corporal volunteered one of his, not knowing the purpose for which it would be used. "When will I get it back?"

asked the corporal. The runner replied that they were going to bury Eisenhower in it. Thus, underneath the famous "Ike battle jacket" is a shirt bearing the faint stitched outline of a Marine corporal's chevrons.)

The body of the late President was placed on a train en route to Abilene, Kansas. Accompanying the body were Corporal Rich Porter, Frank, and I, along with Sgt. Ernie Richardson of 3rd Platoon and some 30 or so officers and men on the death watch, who flew to Abilene via Military Air Transport. The officers were billeted in a nearby motel, while the local high school gym served as home for the enlisted men.

Cpl. Krysczyn salutes President Eisenhower, Newport, RI, 1960.

Because we'd arrived well before the train and wanted to see the town, we decided to have a beer together. Lo and behold, the town was closed! The only place that was open was the VFW, so we joined up. (This was the first and last time—I think for Frank too—that we ever set foot in a VFW. No offense, but it just wasn't good timing on our part. Although we were both Viet Nam veterans, that didn't really qualify as a war to the regular patrons, and we got the feeling that we weren't particularly welcome. Pretty soon night fell, and not long after so did we. Frank was lucky: he didn't have so far to walk.

Bright and early the next morning, we met the train at the station. The entourage was there and the parade was forming. As the train pulled into the station, a very hesitant Frank Izenour informed me that only he and I would be assuming he next death watch shift due to the limited space on the railroad car that carried the casket. Frank and I ceremonially positioned ourselves at opposite ends of the casket. Some time later a small party of people, Including Mamie Eisenhower, boarded the train and approached the casket. Frank and I were standing at attention with head and eyes straight to the front, staring holes into each other's foreheads.

Slowly, one of the men in the party began to fold back the flag draped over the casket. My fears were immediately confirmed as the side latches were unfastened. The top half of the casket, facing Frank, was opened, exposing the frail, lifeless body of the President. The urge was too strong for both of us: Frank's eyes widened like saucers with curiosity, and so did mine. We both looked down.

It was shocking and unforgettable. The curled hands, folded across his chest, looked more like a monkey's than a general's. Eisenhower weighed only about 120 pounds when he died; obvi-

ously, he had withered quite dramatically. (This never came up between Frank and me until 18 years later when we both admitted to each other that we had looked. We both knew it, but never talked about it.)

After the funeral, Frank Izenour was promoted to Executive Officer. Replacing him as platoon leader of 2nd Platoon was First Lieutenant Peter Pace. Lt. Pace was a graduate of the US Naval Academy and had just returned from Viet Nam. Following in Frank Izenour's footsteps was no small task, as Ike was extremely popular with the troops. However, Lt. Pace soon gained the respect of all the troops and was a top-notch officer. Before too long, he was assigned as platoon leader of the Special Ceremonial Platoon, which included the Silent Drill Team, Color Guard, and Body Bearers.

President Eisenhower lays a wreath at the grave of Gen. "Black Jack" Pershing, 1960.

In 1988 Peter Pace, now a colonel, returned to Marine Barracks 8th and I, as commanding officer. He later became a four star general and Commander in Chief of the US Southern Command, reporting directly to the Secretary of Defense. Today he serves as Vice Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

I was released from active duty in March 1970 and returned home to Fort Lauderdale, Florida. In September of that year I left for California. A week after my departure, my mother got a call from Frank Izenour, who was in town and wanted to get together. Lousy timing!

Frank had received orders to go back to Viet Nam. Although wounded the first time around, Frank was luckier on his second tour, Saigon, 1971, when a Dong was still worth a Dong! (The Dong was the monetary unit of South Viet Nam.)

Frank and I missed connections on his return to the States. I would call him or he would call me every November 10th, the Marine Corps birthday. As the years passed he'd call more often. (Maybe it proved the effectiveness of AT&T's "Reach out and touch someone" ads.) Frank talked about his retirement almost each and every call.

In April 1988, I called Frank to advise I would be attending a meeting in Washington, DC. His office was just across from National Airport. On April 11 I waited with anticipation for my old friend, whom I hadn't seen for nearly two decades. The elevator opened, and down the hall strode the same Frank Izenour—tall, still slim, relatively unchanged. What a great reunion! We sat and talked for five hours and 10 beers!

Frank invited me to come to the house and meet his family, but I had to conduct a seminar and couldn't break

away; however, I assured him that I would be back in DC soon. Next month I did return, but Frank wasn't available, so we missed each other again. Oh well, I thought, we'll get together again soon.

We talked on the phone a few more times after his retirement in June, mostly about his progress in his consulting work. I missed the usual November 10th call but made a follow-up call a month or so later.

On Friday, December 16, 1988, Frank called and said he was very excited about a new book he was writing.

That book won't be finished. Frank died later that evening of a massive heart attack. He left a wife, Susan, and two young children, Chris and Katy. Frank was also survived by his parents, Lieutenant General Frank M. Izenour, Sr., and mother Billie.

Then-Colonel Peter Pace, commanding officer of Marine Barracks, Washington, DC, presided over the funeral of his old friend, Lt. Col. Frank M. "Ike" Izenour, Jr., and presented the United States flag, on behalf of a grateful nation, to his widow Susan.

I didn't learn of Frank's death until March 13, 1989, while making a routine call just to say hello. It has taken me a year to be able to put these words on paper so his family would have some knowledge of Frank's "glory days" at 8th and I.

Frank Izenour will be greatly missed by his family and friends. He was a great Marine and a great man.

Here's to you, Frank. Lest we forget.

—Skip Quant

2nd Plt., CGC, 1968-70

Return to Newport

DURING THE YEAR 2000 I WAS attending a work-related multi-day meeting at the Naval base in Newport, Rhode Island. While there, I took a few hours for a nostalgic visit to the Marine barracks. This was to reminisce on my brief stay there, while part of the CGC Marine guard traveling with then-President Dwight D. Eisenhower. When I entered the barracks office, a young Marine asked if he could help me. I told him I was just visiting, and that "my rack used to be up on the second deck."

That comment sparked interest, and I explained further that I had spent a week there in 1957 while the President was staying at the Admiral's House near the War College—where my guard post was shared with the Secret Service in the back yard.

As I was speaking, a small crowd assembled around the "old guy" and listened to my stories of (as they called it) the Old Corps. After about 30 minutes, a young Marine asked me what it was like on the base back then. I replied that there were fewer buildings and more trees.

He said, "Was it anything like that large poster on the wall behind you?" I turned—and observed a large photograph of a Civil War Marine standing next to a guard shack. We all enjoyed the joke, and after a few minutes I thanked the Marines and Semper fi-ed them. As I went out the door they gave me a rousing "Ooh-rah!"

I returned to the meeting with a severe case of goose bumps—and the assurance that this country has nothing to worry about with the fine group of

young men the boot camps are readying for the Fleet Marine Force.

—James Sottile

CGC, 1956-57

No way to treat a First Lady

THE YEAR was 1958, and President Eisenhower was vacationing in Newport, Rhode Island, where he planned to observe the America's Cup yacht race. He would observe the race from the Navy frigate *USS Mitscher*. My platoon was tasked with providing orderlies for the President during his stay aboard. I was summoned by the officer in charge of the security detail and upon arrival at his office I found several colonels, a Navy captain, and the head of the White House secret service detail, Mr. Rowley, waiting for me. I was briefed on the orderly assignment and was asked for my input. I felt that two Marines, one on duty and one on backup, would suffice; then I was told that I would be one of them. The other would be a "poster perfect" Marine whom we'll call Sergeant Wayne (as in John) to protect his identity—and our friendship. Privately I questioned their choice of Sgt. Wayne, but rationalized by thinking, What can happen on a ship, while at sea? I would soon find out.

Vice President Richard M. Nixon, US Ambassador to the United Nations Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., and Presidential Press Secretary James M. Hagerty at Newport, 1960.

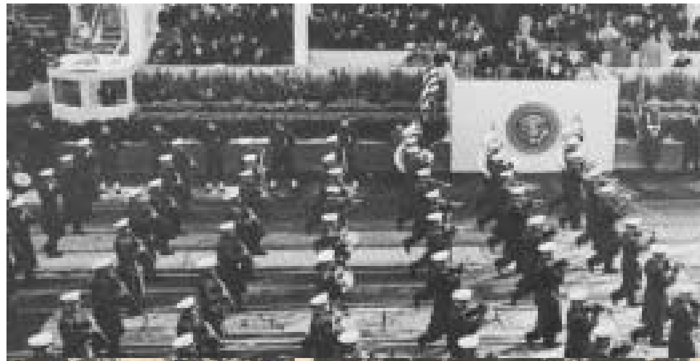
At the designated time, I positioned myself at the bottom of the ship's gangway and awaited the President's arrival. The Presidential limos arrived and amid a flurry of activity, Ike departed his limo and proceeded toward the gangway, flanked by numerous agents and other VIPs. I snapped to attention, saluted as smartly as I knew how, and said, "Good morning, Mr. President."

To my utter amazement, he returned my salute and stopped directly in front of me. He inquired, "You're Sgt. Burton, aren't you?" I quickly acknowledged that I was, totally amazed that he remembered me after our several but brief encounters at Camp David. He thanked me for serving as his orderly and advanced up the gangway, where he was piped aboard in traditional Navy fashion.

As the yacht race began, I took my position near the President. I had been handed a pair of binoculars and told that they were for Ike. At times, he would hold out his hand and I would hand him the binoculars. He'd watch the yachts for a short time and then hand them back to me. On one occasion he asked me if I was enjoying the race. I indicated that it wasn't very exciting, and he smiled and

told me he was a farm boy from Kansas, that boat racing wasn't his thing. He returned to the other spectators while I marveled at the friendliness he had shown toward me, a mere sergeant among all these very important people. However, that was Eisenhower. He always treated the enlisted men with respect, while acting in a way that reminded the flag officers that he was the Commander in Chief.

Several hours passed, and the warm sun began to take its toll on Eisenhower. Mr. Rowley told me that the President would be taking a nap in the captain's cabin. I escorted Ike to his cabin and took up my position before it, where Mr. Rowley gave me my orders.



Transfer of power: the Marine Band passes the reviewing stand during President Kennedy's Inaugural Parade, 20 January 1961.

His exact words were, "Nobody will be allowed to disturb Eisenhower."

In time, I was relieved by Sgt. Wayne. Following protocol, I repeated our orders verbatim: "Nobody will be allowed to disturb Eisenhower." He acknowledged and assumed the position of parade rest before the cabin door.

I proceeded to our assigned cabin and took off my white gloves, pistol belt and holster, and unhooked the snaps on the high collar of my dress blue blouse. I stretched a little, trying to relieve the stiffness I felt in my back and neck. Just as I poured a glass of water, the speaker in the cabin crackled to life and I heard, "Sgt. Burton, get up here and relieve Wayne—now!"

I quickly rehooked my collar and while climbing the ladderwell I replaced my pistol belt and weapon. I flew through the hatch not knowing what to expect. Had the President been attacked? There had been no gunfire or explosions. My imagination was in overdrive.

Then I saw Wayne, at rigid attention, heels together, thumbs along his trouser seams, replying over and over to Mr. Rowley's shaking finger, "Yes, sir…no, sir…never again, sir!"

Rowley was furious as he sent Wayne away and turned toward me. "That man is an absolute idiot. Who assigned him to this job?"

I assumed this was a rhetorical question and kept my mouth shut. Then Mr. Rowley began to relate what had just happened:

It seems that the President's wife Mamie had wanted to check in on Ike. As she approached the hatch where Sgt. Wayne was standing, he snapped to attention and saluted the First Lady, acknowledging her by name and then returning to parade rest—directly in front of the cabin door.

Mrs. Eisenhower asked Sgt. Wayne to move out of her way. He didn't move; instead, he informed her, "My last orders were that nobody could disturb the President…and…*you're nobody*!"

I've always been grateful that it was Wayne, not I, who was on duty when the First Lady tried to countermand an order given by the head of security. When Mr. Rowley asked what I'd have done, I informed him that I would've granted her access. But to this day I'm not sure what I really would have done.

—Ron Burton

CGC, 1955-59

Cassandra, 1961

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NINETEEN WAS A GREAT AGE TO be alive.

I'd loved my first year as a member of President Eisenhower's Honor Guard. I loved marching in the weekly tattoos at the Iwo Jima memorial and our own Marine Barracks. I loved the street parades, the diplomatic arrival and departure ceremonies, the sentry duty at Blair House when the President received guests of state. And I loved equally the two weeks of every six when our platoon rotated from Washington to the President's retreat at Camp David.

Now it was time for the general from Kansas to transfer his power to the patrician from Massachusetts, and I wondered if my second year in the guard would prove as memorable as the first.

I didn't love the Inaugural Parade at all. Anyone old enough will remember the deep snow and bitter cold. I remember being outside in the Capitol staging area four hours early, along with the honor guards from the other services—hundreds of marchers and not a restroom in sight; I remember our march down Pennsylvania Avenue; and I remember our last look at Ike and our first at JFK.

Our first glimpse of Camelot came that night, at the Inaugural Ball. As part of the honor cordon that separated the revelers and provided a walkway for the Cabinet members and their wives, I stood mere inches away from the most powerful men in the free world. Someone sang a song heralding the New Frontier. Then the orchestra played "Hail to the Chief" and the President and Mrs. Kennedy were announced. He looked properly squared away, although from our point of view he needed a haircut; she, in her elegant white sheath, simply looked amazing. The effect was unmistakable and undeniable: we stood in the presence of royalty.

But royalty rarely has the time or inclination to consider commoners, and our status as such was confirmed when the Kennedys first visited Camp David in October of 1961. "Listen up, people," barked the top sergeant at a platoon briefing the day before. "The President and the First Lady want Caroline to think she's a normal kid living a normal life. The scoop is, they don't want their daughter to see any men in uniform. If you see her coming near your post, if you see *anyone* in the Presidential party coming, just hide behind a tree." He smirked. "Make a noise like a carrot." This was a complete turnabout from the days when the former President and Vice

President would think nothing of visiting with base personnel both on and off duty. It did not leave us with good feelings.

Nevertheless, we spent a crisp fall weekend trying to provide top-flight security while at the same time trying to hide from anyone in civilian clothes—especially if that someone were a precocious four-year-old. History records that we succeeded in the security department; mercifully, it doesn't mention that we utterly failed at avoiding Caroline.

The First Daughter had free run of the camp, and she—along with her nanny—was everywhere. She socialized with us in the recreation lodge; she hitched a ride with the roving patrol; she even dropped by to see us in our barracks. So much for Presidential dictum.

While Caroline cavorted about the camp, a Secret Service agent privately groused in the sentry shack at the main gate. "This guy's impossible," he said, referring to the President. The agent was a veteran; I remembered him from last year at the Summer White House in Newport. His voice grew thick with nostalgia when he sighed, "Now Ike—Ike—there was a prince...."

The agent had reason to complain. Whereas President Eisenhower had religiously followed Secret Service precautions to guard his safety, Kennedy often did not. "We clear a chopper route, he decides to take the limo. So we clear a route for the limo, and he decides to go another way. There's no time to clear the new route, so we have to drive it cold. He's making us nuts." He paced inside the guardhouse, eyes darting from windows to door. "And when we tell him to put the bullet-proof bubble on the convertible, he says no. Says he doesn't want anything between himself and the people. Can you believe it?" He shook his head. "Listen," he growled. "This guy's going to get himself killed one day. He really is. He thinks he's invulnerable. And he's going to get himself killed."

I nodded, made some inconsequential remark, and turned my mind toward other things, like our next liberty call back in D.C. After all, I was only nineteen, and all of life still spread before me like an endless buffet. There was no way I could know, much less appreciate, the fact that at that moment John F. Kennedy had two years, one month, and one week left to live.

—Steve DeBock

Addendum

IN 2001 MY NIECE GOT MARRIED IN Taneytown, Maryland, a small town standing in the shadow of Camp David. To take the pictures, she and her fiancé hired Stan Stearns of Annapolis, who had served as official White House photographer for the Kennedys. (It was Stan who snapped the famous shot of a young John-John saluting his father's casket outside the National Cathedral on that black day in 1963.)

Needless to say, Stan and I swapped some sea stories during breaks in the shooting schedule, and after I told him about the secret service agent's comment about the President's disregard for security, he said, "I've got another story for you. One day at Camp David, President Kennedy decided to take his family to Gettysburg to see the Civil War memorial. The secret service agent in charge was caught by surprise.

“’Fine, sir, give us some time to clear a route for you.’

“The President said, ‘No, we’re going now—and I’ll be driving the convertible.’

“The agent was furious, though he tried not to show it. He said, ‘Sir, at least let us drive you in the limousine.’

“Kennedy said, ‘No. You can follow behind if you want, but I’m taking my family to Gettysburg, as tourists.’ The agent was red by this time. Then Kennedy said, ‘Listen: who knows I’m going to Gettysburg today but you? The only time my life’s in any danger is when people know where I’ll be and when I’ll be there. I’ll be perfectly safe.’

“And so off he went, with the family in the convertible, with the top down, with no seat belts, and with a parade of black sedans on his tail.”

—Steve DeBock

The sergeant and the actor’s son

DURING THE WINTER OF 1958-59, Lt. Stewart, Sgt. Ed Croghan, and I were sent to Camp Lejeune to screen and select the new Marines for the 4th Platoon. These we would take with us to Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Virginia, to train as ceremonial Marines.

One prospect whom we interviewed stood out. He met all the prerequisites, but we were hesitant to select him, as he had a very famous father and we wondered if that would create problems for us. His name was James F. Cagney, Jr., son of the *Yankee Doodle Dandy* movie star. Despite our reservations, we decided to select him anyway.

“Jimmy Junior” turned out to be a real disappointment. He just didn’t fit in with the rest of the platoon and quickly became a constant source of irritation. At one point, the troops gave him a GI shower because he didn’t bathe regularly. His locker and bunk were always a mess.

Plus, he was a social dud. None of the other men wanted to take him on liberty with them, and it got so bad that he actually paid them for the privilege of tagging along. (After taking his money and then making him pay for everything, they usually figured out a way to lose him.)

I felt bad about what was going on and submitted Cagney’s name as one of the regular administrative drops. He would simply be reassigned somewhere at Quantico, with no adverse marks in his Service Record Book. It didn’t go quite that smoothly.

Instead of receiving his orders for reassignment, I found myself summoned to report to my commanding officer. Upon arrival, I was introduced to several colonels from Headquarters Marine Corps and at least one from Marine Corps Base Quantico. There was another person there too, one who needed no introduction.

He had a full head of pure white hair and wore a very expensive camel hair overcoat. He stood, and I shook the hand of James Cagney, Sr. I was taken aback by how short he was in real life. He’d always played such a tough guy in the movies, and his size took me by surprise. (I never enjoyed his movies so much after that meeting.)

I was asked why I'd requested a transfer for Mr. Cagney's son. I chose my words carefully but presented my case. Out of consideration for the actor, I kept my remarks vague and very general. Basically, I told them his son was not emotionally suited for this assignment and that he was disruptive to the discipline and good order of the platoon. I explained the many hours of working closely together during the chaotic months of the parade season and stated that James Junior just didn't fit in. He always seemed to be at odds with the rest of the platoon. He managed to create a situation of "him against them," which was unacceptable.

Mr. Cagney thanked me and explained how he had hoped this assignment would make a man of his son. James Junior had been spoiled and was obviously a big disappointment to his father. I was asked if I could make an exception and keep the son in my platoon. I wavered a little as I thought of the trials and tribulations of the parade season ahead and politely said, "No, sir, in my opinion that would be a mistake."

I was dismissed, and James F. Cagney, Jr., was transferred along with the other "drops."

—Ron Burton

Unsafe at third

DURING MY TOUR OF DUTY AT 8th and I, I served not only on the drill team but also on the barracks baseball team. One day we were playing the local DC team, whose third baseman was a local cop who liked to put a hard tag on anyone who slid into third.

Our coach happened to be a gunnery sergeant from Pennsylvania who was so mean his morning mess consisted of three pounds of nails. He told us that if the cop hard-tagged any of us, we were to jump up and hit him. "I'll be there in a second," he promised.

It was bound to happen. Someone slid, he got tagged hard, and our guy cold-cocked the cop. Keeping his promise, one second later the gunny was in the midst of the fray, along with the rest of us. I don't remember exactly how long the brawl lasted (seemed like about 30 minutes at the time), but I do remember the headline in the next day's newspaper:

"Marines Lose Game but Win Fight."

—Joe Maglione

Rank has its perpetrators—er, privileges

ONE NIGHT IN THE CENTER garrett, which served the barracks as sergeants' quarters, we were in the midst of "entertaining" a rather inebriated young lady of questionable moral character. Lt. Ernie Savoy, the officer of the day, got wind of it and proceeded toward our quarters.

Someone had been good enough to warn us that the OD was about to make a call, and we leapt into action. A rope served as our third-floor fire escape; we tied one end into a loop, draped it under the lady's arms, and lowered her out the window, tying the other end off on the radiator. She was dangling outside, just out of sight.

Lt. Savoy walked in, looked around suspiciously, and asked some questions—all of which we answered as if we were pure as the driven snow. Then he walked around the quarters, saw the rope tied in a crude slipknot to the radiator, and jerked the knot loose.

Suddenly, the still night air was pierced by the shrill scream of a drunken young lady as she hurtled toward the sidewalk. It was good fortune that the slack was taken up before she hit the ground: her fall terminated in a sudden stop with her feet just a yard or two from the pavement. The only thing that saved her, besides the length of the rope itself, was the fact that she was so intoxicated she stayed loose and didn't tense up.

The only thing that saved us was the fact that Ernie Savoy was an understanding officer. Nobody was hurt and no harm was done. He ordered us to get the young lady safely home—and advised us that we had used up our "stupid" excuses.

We did as directed, and the young woman actually thanked us for a truly enjoyable and exciting evening. The next day her armpits were chafed and quite sore where the rope had been looped.

As for us, we never did anything quite that stupid again. Not quite…but close.

—Ron Burton

When Viet Nam Came to the Capital

During my assignment at Marine Barracks, I had the privilege of serving with the "best of the best." The vast majority of us were NCOs fresh from Viet Nam. What a transition it was from the jungles of Southeast Asia (wash and wear) to the urban environment of Southeast Washington (spit and polish).

We were reschooled in the manual of arms and taught a new way to march. Our instructor, Sgt. Smith, told us that we were to "walk like queers"—not politically correct, but then neither was Sgt. Smith, a damned good Marine nonetheless. The method he taught was to cross one foot directly in front of the other so that when we marched in our white dress trousers we would appear to be floating. We accomplished this with great success during our evening parades, with a little help from our favorite watering holes on 14th Street prior to the parades. In all seriousness, the Marines serving at the barracks during this turbulent period in our country's history served our country and Corps with pride.

The Silent Drill Team begins its routine during a Moonlight Parade, 1961.

A major historic event occurred during my tour at the barracks—the May Day Riots of 1971. It involved the mobilization of 100,000 troops, including the Marines of 8th and I, and 50-60,000 demonstrators. It was the largest civil disturbance any of us had seen. Thirteen

thousand demonstrators were arrested for civil disobedience, the largest mass arrest in a democratic country up to that date.

The 8th and I Marines were stationed on the 14th Street Bridge. We were all Viet Nam vets, once again wearing flack jackets and helmets and carrying our trusty M-16 rifles. Our job was to guard the bridge, a major artery into Washington from Virginia.

The demonstrators, led by the People's Coalition for Peace, were anything but peaceful. They planned to disrupt traffic crossing the 14th Street Bridge by stopping their vehicles on the bridge and throwing their keys into the river. They believed that by stopping traffic they would stop the government.

Marines follow the caisson of one of their fallen brothers.

The police and the Marines had a different plan. Three tow trucks were on the bridge, one at each end and one in the middle. Landing craft were on both sides of the Potomac and helicopter gunships were flying overhead. If the vehicles were abandoned, they would be towed away and the perpetrators would be escorted to the police.

No cars disrupted traffic during those three days in May. Do you think the Marines' presence on the bridge (for which we would later receive the Navy's Meritorious Unit Commendation) made the demonstrators rethink their strategy? You'd better believe it did!

Standing guard on the bridge, fresh from Viet Nam, we were trying to figure out what had happened to the country we had fought for in a land halfway around the world. Young women were driving by giving us the peace sign, and when we did not respond (we were at parade rest) they gave us the finger and called us baby killers! Under the bridge, a pleasure boat (their pleasure, not ours) flying a North Viet Nam flag was weaving in and out of the pilings while Huey gunships flew overhead and our field radios crackled with the news of the mayhem the "peace" demonstrators were causing.

To a man, we wondered why we were there, but deep down we knew why: for the same reason we fought in Nam—for country, for Corps, and for each other.

—Albert (Mike) Hill

CGC, 1970-71

No Autographs, Please, We're Marines

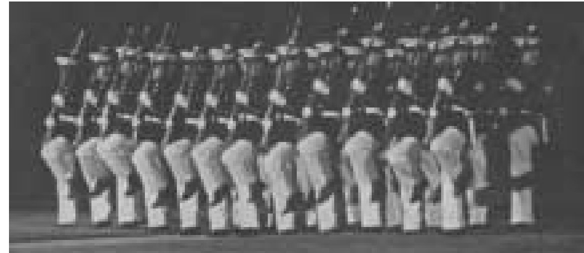
YOU MAY HAVE SEEN THE MEN of Marine Barracks in the movies and on television—if you're old enough. The film *Stars and Stripes Forever* (in which Clifton Webb played John Philip Sousa) featured location shots at the barracks. My unit, 1st Platoon, was shown in the credits at the beginning of the film, in front of the Washington Monument.

In 1952 King George of England died, and his daughter Elizabeth was crowned Queen. Later in the year, she visited the US, and our unit met her and her entourage at the Military Air Transport facility at National Airport. She and her husband Prince Philip inspected our ranks.

We performed our silent drill at the Orange Bowl at Miami as part of the December 31, 1952/January 1, 1953 festivities. We also had a "smaller" version of the silent drill, which we used indoors for special occasions. One such was our appearance on Ed Sullivan's Sunday night variety program *Toast of the Town* sometime in 1953.

—Jim Brunner, Sr.

1st Plt., 1951-53



Drill Team, circa 1964.

Empathy: an epiphany

THE NATIONAL SENSE OF SHOCK, grief, and outrage resulting from the September 11, 2001, assault on the Pentagon and World Trade Center springs in part from its utter inconceivability. This was the first time since the War of 1812 that the American mainland had been attacked from without. The targets, for the most part, were not military but civilian. Further, the missiles had not been launched from foreign silos but from domestic airports—red, white, and blue missiles with *United* and *American* painted on the outside, and with innocent Americans trapped on the inside.

It was an act of cowardice, contrived as a suicide scheme, and concocted without regard for the massive loss of innocent life both in the air and on the ground. And in that respect, at least, this attack was not—I repeat, not—unique.

There was a time in this country when airport security checks, like those violated on September 11, did not even exist. Getting into an airliner was no more complicated than boarding a bus: there was no reason for photo IDs, baggage checks, or metal detectors; the passenger simply bought a ticket, checked in, and climbed aboard. That scenario would change on a dismal January day in 1960 with the suddenness of a blinding flash of light. It was an event that would transform air travel—and me—forever.

One month earlier I had finished basic training at Parris Island and enjoyed my first Christmas leave. Now I was rejoined with my unit in Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, for our next step—a month of advanced infantry training. Yesterday we had experienced the ecstasy of the gas chamber, when our platoon had had to sing all three verses of the Marine Corps Hymn, while marching in place, and entombed in a tiny shed fogged with tear gas. Masks were off, naturally. Today rain was threatening, so we figured on a sloppy day of slogging through the mud of our beloved Swamp Lagoon. We weren't wrong about the

mud part, but this wouldn't be an exercise, and it wouldn't be a scheduled part of our training.

Morning formation found our company of three platoons facing not only our sergeants but, unaccustomedly, our officers as well. They paced off to the side and exchanged inaudible remarks. The senior NCO's bark brought us to attention.

"Listen up, people. We've gotten word that a couple of days ago, some civilian bought himself a big life insurance policy, then he went and put a time bomb in a suitcase, got on board a plane, and blew his butt and everyone else's out of the sky. The wreckage came down near Bogota, not too far from here." (He pronounced it buh-GO-tuh, different from the Colombian capital. Why did that thought pop into my mind, I wondered.) "The wreckage came down in a swamp." Uh-oh. It didn't take a genius to figure what was coming next. "The preliminary inspection team recovered what they could, but they didn't have enough personnel to cover the whole crash site in a military-type, squared-away manner. So here's what you people are going to be doing today … "

Moments later we boarded the Marine Corps's infamous cattle cars—tractor trailer cabs hauling apologies for bus bodies—and bounced our way inland. The acrid essence of tear gas, which had integrated itself into the fabric of our field jackets, mingled with the stench of cigarettes, turning the mere act of breathing into a gag and burn operation. We all griped about it, but the smokers seemed to gripe the most—puffing away all the while. Go figure.

No one commented upon the reason for our excursion.

Time passed, and the cattle cars lumbered to a halt at the edge of a clearing, where we disembarked and formed up to get our orders. As if on cue, the sky enshrouded us inside a blanket of drizzle. And, standing there, we got our first look at the search site.

It was a wall. Not of bricks, but nearly as solid. Briars, brambles, branches of stunted trees waited for us, barred us, dared us. The deck beneath the vegetation, we knew, was doubtless deep with mud.

We were called to attention in one long line, parallel to and facing the swamp. "Normal interval, dress right, dress!" The sergeant checked alignment from the far end. "Ready, front! At ease." We waited.

"Now listen up. You will march in one dressed line, straight through the swamp until you are told to secure the search. You are looking for debris from the wreckage. If you find something, you will break ranks and take that object to the nearest officer or NCO. After turning it over, you will return to your place in line and continue your sweep. If the object is too big to pick up, you will notify the nearest officer or NCO. At all times, you will keep the line dressed. Any questions?"

A voice came from the ranks. "What if we find a body?"

The sergeant turned to a lieutenant, who looked away. No help there.

"Notify the nearest officer or NCO. Any other questions?"

"When's chow?" someone muttered under his breath.

"All right, people, step forward and keep the line dressed."

We stepped, our boots forming depressions into which water seeped up from below as well as down from above, and seconds later we found ourselves climbing into the swamp. It was a more difficult obstacle course than the most

fiendish drill instructor could devise. Thorns tore at our utility trousers and field jackets, and where they met bare skin on hands and faces they dug in there too. What looked like solid ground could easily be quickmud, sending the hapless Marine sprawling and swearing.

"Dress it up! Dress it up!" bellowed the sergeant from behind the line. He obviously didn't realize that occasionally one of us would have to stop to walk around a tree rather than through it. Rain, stronger now, filtered through our caps and streamed down our faces, necks, and backs. Our field jackets were soaked through. At least, I thought, maybe the tear gas will wash out.

"I heard that some bodies weren't recovered," said the private to my left. I looked at him. "Heard the lieutenant ask the sergeant if he had any qualified divers in the ranks. There must be some ponds in here they have to search."

"Dress it up, you two!"

I exchanged an ironic look with my line buddy. "Lifers," he mumbled. Four months in the Corps, like me, and already he thought he was a salt.

After a couple of hours the line was called to a halt. From what I could tell, none of us had found a thing. We were ordered to sit where we could and get ready for chow. Some of us broke ranks to backtrack a few feet and add our own water to the swamp before finding a place to sit. Dull olive-green ration cans were distributed, which we accessed with the tiny folding openers we wore on our dogtag chains. Why did I always seem to get the Beef and Peas with Grease—I mean, Gravy? By the time I was finished, my clear plastic spoon was filmed with milky translucence. I wished I'd been issued the Beefsteak with Potatoes, but so did everyone else: it was the least offensive ration when a guy had to glom it down cold. Oh well, at least I didn't draw the dreaded Ham and Lima Beans.

Someone collected the trash and we renewed our push through the swamp. By midafternoon the rain had abated, and I found myself looking at a piece of polished aluminum skin, backed by yellow, spun-glass insulation. It rested upright against a small tree, about six feet tall and three wide. I could make out the curve of the airplane's body. I called for a sergeant and pressed on.

Other people began finding things as well; evidently we were now deeper into the swamp than the preliminary recovery team had been.

Something glinted in a puddle near my feet. I bent down and picked up a bracelet: costume jewelry, about three inches wide, made of thin, interlocking links of alternating gold and pink. A woman, I realized, had been wearing this—up there—and now it was down here. Where, I wondered, was the woman?

"Dress it up! Dress it up, there!"

"I have something, sergeant." I handed him the bracelet.

He looked at it. "All right. Carry on."

The last thing I found was the shoe.

It was a baby's shoe—empty, thank God—but with the laces still tied. It was white under the mud. Was this a boy's shoe, or a girl's? Did it really matter after all?

In my mind's eye, suddenly, I saw an image of a man: no, not of a man; someone infinitely less, someone who could never, ever, be called a human being. Someone who had decided to kill himself so his wife and kids would get some insurance money. And who couldn't have cared less how many innocent others—men, and women, even children,

for God's sake—he took down with him. Now—finally—I started to shake.

The rain began again. Drop by drop, it washed tiny trails of mud from the polished white leather. New shoes, for the trip? Where had this baby been going? What relatives—aunts and uncles, cousins, grandparents—would he never get to see? And would never get to see him?

I held a baby's shoe in my hand, and looked upon violent death for the first time in my life. I was not yet eighteen.

More than four decades have passed since that day, and to tell the truth, until a certain morning on a sunny September day I hadn't thought about it much. Then, on television, an investigator at the ruins of the World Trade Center remarked at the number of empty shoes found among the debris. When a plane explodes, he said, the shoes are blown right off their owners' feet.

A dam burst, a dam holding back both tears and memory: the memory of a day when I held a baby's shoe in my hand and saw it as the most dreadful of metaphors. It was the first time I can remember feeling genuine empathy for another human being—and I'll never even know who that person was.

Children ultimately became the focus of my career: I recently retired from 33 years as a middle school teacher and four years as a college adjunct instructor. During that time my empathy for kids has grown; further, in the dozen years since I've become a grandfather, it has blossomed blessedly full.

My two grandgirlies took their first flight a while back, and in the terminal they experienced airport paranoia for the first time. They didn't think twice about it. But I did; I think about it now, remembering a rainy January day a long time ago, and hoping for a time when security will be truly airtight.

After all, the worst thing in the world would be to learn that someone had found my granddaughters' shoes in a swamp.

—Steve DeBock

Have gun, will travel

IN 1958, MY PLATOON WAS selected to head overseas to perform our silent drill routine at the Edinburgh Military Tattoo in Scotland. [A filmed record of that trip, entitled "Leatherneck Ambassadors," is an added feature on the DVD *Special Bicentennial Edition: The Evening Parade*, available from Good-to-go Video, online at www.goodtogovideo.com—ed.] That same year, we found ourselves performing at the World's Fair in Brussels, Belgium.

Back Stateside, I was stationed at Camp David throughout the entire conversion of that post from its former identity as Shangri-La. Two hundred fifty workers came through the main gate every morning. I was there also for Soviet Premier Khrushchev's state visit in 1959, and served on the death watch at the Capitol Rotunda for Admiral Halsey.

My tour at 8th and I was a year longer than the standard two, as my last duty was to teach new arrivals the silent drill routine.

—Ernie DeGuevara

CGC, 1957-60

And these men actually guarded the President

DURING MY LAST year in DC, A lot of construction was being done at Camp David. A communications tower was built of heavily-reinforced steel and concrete, and we were told it would survive a direct hit from an atomic bomb. In the event of a nuclear holocaust, the President's image could be broadcast from there to all corners of the world to reassure our allies that he was secure and still in command. (I'm very happy it was never tested.)

Underground quarters for all the Marines, sailors, and soldiers were built, but I don't remember ever moving into them. All of the underground bunkers were connected with a vacuum-operated communications system similar to those used in old department stores. You placed a message in a small cylinder and then placed the cylinder in the tubing. With a loud *swish* your message was whisked away. I don't think we ever used it for anything serious, but mice, snakes, and certain unmentionables had been known to swish back and forth through the tubes. The Army communicators were upset, and the Navy facilities officer would often shake his head in disgust. But one must remember that these pranksters were 18- and 19-year-olds being led by 21- and 22-year-old NCOs, who at times didn't set a very good example.

(Above) Jerry Sulanowski pulls targets at the Quantico rifle range, 1961. (Below) "Ski" as he appeared on a recruiting poster in 1962—when he'd already been a civilian for six months.

Like the time Sgt. Ed Croghan and I noted hundreds of cardboard boxes that had been left at the dump by the civilian construction crew, there to be burned. Right away, we saw the opportunity for some fun. Dismounting from our Jeep, we began stacking the boxes higher and higher until they formed a veritable cardboard tower. Then we got back in the Jeep, drove up the road about a hundred yards or so, and turned around, a pair of Don Quixotes ready to tilt at our makeshift windmill.

We gunned the engine, popped the clutch, and gave a banzai yell. We were off!

In fact, we were off more than we'd planned. We careened down the road, plowed into the doomed boxes—and suddenly we were airborne. We flew over the edge of the dump, and when the Jeep finally returned to Earth, it plopped smack into

slush, burying the wheels up to their axles.

We had a rather long hike back to the billeting area, where we quietly "borrowed" the Naval officer's carryall and retrieved our Jeep. Somehow, nobody ever found out about Croghan's and my crash through the cardboard—a good thing, as it would not have set a very mature example for the troops in our charge. (But we sure had a lot of fun doing it.)

—Ron Burton

The Lifer Mash

SINCE 1775, I THINK, THERE'S BEEN a (usually) cordial antagonism between one-term enlistees and career Marines, aka lifers. Nothing personal, you understand, it's just part of the tradition. Today we realize there's no such thing as a "former" Marine, but back when we were counting the days left to go in our enlistments we took special pleasure in ribbing those of our brothers in arms for whom time served meant more than time left.

In 1962 I transferred from 8th and I to Camp Lejeune and retrained as an administrative clerk, which gave me access to typewriters, stencils, and duplicating paper—to use as I saw fit after hours (so long as no one caught me at it). In the spirit of good clean fun, one night I rewrote the lyrics to Bobby "Boris" Pickett's popular song, "The Monster Mash." I duplicated the anonymously-authored new version, "The Lifer Mash," and surreptitiously placed a stack of some 100 copies on an empty table in the camp cafeteria. Within moments, they had been picked up by curious Marines and brought back to squad bays throughout the Second Division. For those who missed it (that is, most of you reading this), I reprint it below in hopes that it will draw a chuckle or two. Remember, it's all in fun.

Some notes on the lyrics: scuttlebutt at the time had it that Eleanor Roosevelt hated Marines; also, that columnist Walter Winchell's son had been shot at Parris Island when he stuck his head over the butts at the rifle range to see if anyone was still firing. The Nineteen-and-six refers to a person's ability to retire with 20 years' service credit after 19 years and six months. I've never tried to check up on the truth of any of the above. (Lyrics in parentheses would be sung by the female backup singers.)

—Still Anonymous

…after all these years

I was working on an MCI course late one night,

When my eyes beheld a gung-ho sight:

My eagle from his globe began to rise,

And suddenly, to my surprise,

(He did the Mash) He did the Lifer Mash.

(The Lifer Mash) It was a Corps-wide smash.

(He did the Mash) It caught on in a flash.

(He did the Mash) He did the Lifer Mash.

From my command post up in Squad Bay C,

Near the northwest corner, where the lifers sleep,

The peons all came at a run, not a walk,

To hear the dulcet tones of my shipping-over talk.

(They did the Mash) They did the Lifer Mash.

(The Lifer Mash) It was a Corps-wide smash.

(They did the Mash) They re-upped in a flash.

(They did the Mash) And now they wear that hash.

The gunnies were having fun. (Inna shoop-shoop)

The shipping had just begun. (Inna shoop-shoop)

The guests included Eleanor Roosevelt,

Walter Winchell, and his son.

The scene was rocking, all were getting the scoop

From the sergeant major—what a ration of poop.

Then came another sound, from out of the sticks:

It was that swinging combo, the Nineteen-and-six.

(They played the Mash) They played the Lifer Mash.

(The Lifer Mash) It was a Corps-wide smash.

(They played the Mash) It caught on in a flash.

(They played the Mash) They played the Lifer Mash.

From out of the head Top's voice did ring.

Seems he was troubled by just one thing.

He flushed the commode, shook his fist,

And said, "Whatever happened to my Chickenshit Twist?"

(It's now the Mash) It's now the Lifer Mash.

(The Lifer Mash) And it's a Corps-wide smash.

(It's now the Mash) It's caught on in a flash.

(It's now the Mash) It's now the Lifer Mash.

Now everything's groovy, Top's a part of the Corps,

And my Lifer Mash has them shipping for more.

For you, the civilian, this Mash was meant too.

When you get to my squad bay, tell them Chesty sent you.

(Then you can Mash) Then you can Lifer Mash.

(The Lifer Mash) And do my Corps-wide smash.

(Then you can Mash) You'll sign up in a flash.

(Then you can Mash) Then you can Lifer Mash!

(Wah-ooh, Lifer Mash, wah-ooh, Lifer Mash, wah-wah-ooh, Lifer Mash, wah-ooh…)

General Orders

ALL RIGHT, GYRENES, WHO remembers all 11 of a Marine's general orders? The ones we had to shout out every night in boot camp before lights out; the ones we had to repeat to officers and NCOs of the guard who wanted to bust chops?

If memory doesn't serve, they're reprinted below; if it does, and you can recite them all, in order, by heart, you win one Attaboy and an all-expenses-paid trip to your local recruiting office—where a helpful sergeant has some papers he'd like you to sign.

1. To take charge of this post and all government property in view.

2. To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert, and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.

3. To report all violations of orders I am instructed to enforce.

4. To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guardhouse than my own.

5. To quit my post only when properly relieved.

6. To receive, obey, and pass on to the sentry who relieves me all orders from the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and noncommissioned officers of the guard only.

7. To talk to no one except in the line of duty.

8. To give the alarm in case of fire or disorder.

9. To call the corporal of the guard in any case not covered by instructions.

10. To salute all officers and all colors and standards not cased.

11. To be especially watchful at night and during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.

3rd Plt.'s LCpl. Al Cummings, SSgt. William Treisch, PFC J.B. Vaughn take a break at Quantico, as Cpl. Dave Cullington grabs a snooze, March 1961.

GLOSSARY OF 8TH & I-SPEAK

For friends and family unfamiliar with the jargon

belt hooks (n): brass hooks sewed into the sides of a dress blue blouse, designed to hold the white duty belt up without the need to thread it through cloth loops.

bennies (n): benefits, as in "Become a career Marine. Think of the bennies."

Big House, the (n): Aspen Lodge, the President's Camp David home.

Blackie (n): a small black mutt whose home was in the Ceremonial Guard Company barracks, Building 58, in the Naval Weapons Plant during the late 1950s/early '60s. Whereas the bulldog Chesty was the official USMC mascot, Blackie was ours.

blouse (n): a dress jacket, worn over a shirt and tie or, in the case of dress blues, directly over the undershirt; (v): to secure the bottoms of one's trouser legs against one's boots using elastic straps.

boondockers (n): field shoes, high-topped like chukka boots, used in boot camp as alternative to combat boots.

boot (n): a Marine fresh out of recruit training (boot camp); or, any Marine with less time in the Corps than you.

brass, buffed (n): buttons and emblems whose shine was enhanced by application against a buffing wheel in the basement of the Naval Weapons Plant's Building 58, once the home of Ceremonial Guard Company. The buffer not only heightened the shine, it also wore down some of the grooves in the brass. The smoother brass yielded an even brighter shine. Buffing was forbidden after 1960.

Brasso (n): polish used to shine tarnished—what else?—brass.

bulkhead, deck, ladder, overhead (n): civilians call them walls, floor, stairs, and ceiling; so do Marines when no officer or hardass NCO is within earshot.

buttonholes (n): holes in the dress blue blouse where the buttons used to be. Brass buttons were removed for polishing and reattached using circular wiring like that found on key rings. Polished buttons were only handled with white gloves.

cleats (n): parade shoes, dyed and spit shined black, fitted with horseshoe taps on the heels (to click together when coming to attention) and oval-shaped taps on the soles. Today's shoes are patent leather, eliminating the need for hour upon hour of spit shining, and they don't sport cleats either. ("It's not like it was in the Old Corps"—see **salt**, below.)

colors (n): the daily raising of the US flag at 0800 (8:00 AM) and its lowering at sunset.

cords (n): short for cordovans, the premier leather used in shoes that could be worn with the uniform only by officers or staff NCOs. Coveted by enlisted men because of the leather's tendency to crease rather than crack and to take a deep and glossy spit shine, cords often became the shoe of choice for enlistees' dress-up civilian wear.

dependents (n): family members.

Dobkins (n): tavern on 8th Street between the barracks and the weapons plant, second home to countless Marines over the years thanks to the parental attentions and affections of proprietors Molly and Mel Schecter.

double-soled shoes (n): parade shoes fitted out with two layers of sole material to provide more side area to polish. Forbidden after 1960.

drill team (DT) jacket (n): red civilian-style jackets with a USMC emblem over the left breast, gold piping on collar and sleeves, and either "US Marines, Drill Team, Washington, DC" or "US Marines, Honor Guard, Washington, DC" emblazoned on the back. DT jackets were prohibited for liberty wear in 1961. So we waited 'til we got home to wear them.

eight-man squad drill (n): a precision marching drill in which a column of four men abreast swings 90 degrees to the right or left in order to form a line two rows deep. A drill that was standard barracks fare and a proven crowd pleaser ("How'd they do that?") until 1961, when the boot-camp-basic LPM—landing party manual—drill (column of threes, simple halting and facing movements to form a line three rows deep) was imposed by a barracks commander who obviously hated ceremonial Marines. Boo, hiss. Where's the pride? How do you expect us to compete with the Army's ceremonial guards, colonel?

field day (n): not to be confused with athletic events; a Thursday night ritual in which the entire barracks is scrubbed top to bottom and then inspected before liberty call is granted (and by then it's almost too late to go on lib-o).

field scarf (n, obsolete): necktie; the term is never used outside boot camp.

Geiger tiger (n): derisive term applied to a new Marine fresh out of infantry training at Camp Geiger, NC, and who is more impressed with himself than he has a right to be.

gourd (n): one of three styles of cap, or cover in official Marine Corps lingo. A gourd can be a barracks cap, garrison cap, or utility cap—excuse me, cover.

gourd, salty (n): a barracks cap whose grommet is bent forward and curved for a lower look and which, when coupled with a slightly-too-small cloth cover, produces a subtle saddle effect, with nary a wrinkle to be seen. A salty gourd differs from the regulation

barracks cover in that the latter tends to make the wearer look more like a Gestapo than a Marine. Over the years, there has been a constant back-and-forth between command and commanded over regulation vs. non-regulation gourds.

Guy's (n): bar close to the barracks, which was off limits to personnel in the training platoon. 'Nuff said.

heel and sole enamel (n): dressing used by the Army's ceremonial soldiers on the sides of their shoes' soles and heels and the leather tips of their bayonet scabbards; Marines spit shined theirs. Marines spit shined *everything*.

Hill, the (n): Camp David, aka Park Camp Number 3.

Ike jacket (n): a dress green blouse that ends at and fastens tightly around the Marine's waist, patterned after the blouse worn by then-General of the Army and later President Dwight D. Eisenhower. Prohibited wear after 1960.

junk on the bunk (n): an inspection in which a Marine's clothing (or his **782 gear**—see below) is laid out in a prescribed manner on his bunk. All displays on all bunks must be perfectly aligned.

Kiwi (n): is there any other brand of shoe polish?

leave (n): official vacation time. Usually discouraged during **parade season** (see below), the time most Marines want to take it.

liberty (n): time off. Liberty call was usually sounded at 1600 (4:00 PM) and went until reveille (wake-up call) at 0630 (you can figure that out by now, right?) the next morning.

lifer (n): a career Marine. The term is often used pejoratively, as in: "You spit shining your chinstraps again when you could be out on liberty? Jeez, you must be a (expletive deleted) lifer!"

Lin-speed (n): a finish applied to the wooden components of a rifle in order to impart a glossy shine in minimal time. Standard barracks issue until 1961, when the new barracks commander (you remember him) insisted that all wooden parts be stripped down to bare wood and the finish replaced with repeated applications of linseed oil—which gave half the shine in twice the time. Go figure.

M-1 (n): the rifle used by ceremonial troops. It weighs 9.5 pounds without bayonet and 10.5 pounds with bayonet. (Quiz: how much does the bayonet weigh?)

masking tape (n): painter's tape, wrapped around the fingers and used to take lint off a dress blue blouse immediately before a ceremonial detail.

M-nu (n): a brown enamel paint used to replace color that has worn off emblems on service dress uniforms.

MOS (n): Military Occupational Specialty, usually expressed as four numerals. Most 8th and I Marines are classified 0311, or rifleman.

mourners parade rest (n): a position displayed during funerals, in which the heads of the ceremonial escort tilt downward 45 degrees one beat after the standard parade rest posture is assumed. This procedure was abolished in 1961.

pad-pads (n): sometimes referred to as pads, dark brown dress shoes. They were spit shined, of course, and looked fine with winter greens and summer tropicals but horrible with dress blue and white trousers.

parade season (n): the months from April through September, when Tuesday evening Iwo Jima Memorial tattoos and Friday evening Barracks Parades are held.

piss cutter (n): slang for garrison cover, in appearance similar to a Boy Scout cap.

Pledge (n): spray-on furniture polish sometimes sprayed sparingly on flannel cloths to remove streaks in a spit shine.

practice gear (n): spare rifle stock and spit shined black bayonet used during drill and parade rehearsals, also during field training. Parade bayonets are chrome plated. As for parade rifle stocks, see **Lin-speed** above.

quartermaster (n): the coating applied to brass buttons, buckles, emblems, etc. at the point of manufacture to keep them from tarnishing. It is no longer removed today. (Sigh.)

request mast (n): an enlistee's right to request a confidential audience with a superior in order to address grievances. In 1961, 85% of barracks personnel requested mast with the Inspector General to protest the CO's conversion of Barracks Marines into ceremonial grunts, rendered unfit in their opinion to compete with their doggie (Army) counterparts. Conditions improved dramatically as a result of this action—ha, ha! Sure they did! And I've got some Florida swampland to sell you!

reveille (n): the military's answer to the alarm clock. Pronounced REV-i-lee.

salt (n): any Marine who's served more years in the Corps than you; or, one with the attitude of having seen and done more (a pseudo-salt).

salty (adj): describes gear such as clothing or field equipment that show signs of age and wear. Some Marines think that owning salty gear makes them salts. Also refers to language peppered with profanities. Note: a **salty gourd** (see above) is, as Martha Stewart says, a good thing.

782 gear (n): field gear consisting of web cartridge belt, canteen, first aid kit, bayonet, ammunition clips or magazines. Not favored equipment among ceremonial Marines.

sewing down (n): the process of stitching pocket flaps shut to keep them tight to the uniform; also, to sew a crease in the front of trousers.

Skin Bracer (n): the Mennen after-shave which, when poured into a Kiwi shoe polish lid and set aflame, was used to burn off the quartermaster coating from brass buttons and emblems, thus preparing them for continued applications of Brasso and (in the "old Corps") buffing.

skivvies (n): underwear, consisting of cotton tee-shirts and snap-front, non-elasticized boxer shorts. Very sexy. Dress socks were dark brown, also sexy with dress blues. Right.

slide and glide (v): in marching, to start the first step with a slide of the left foot, gliding one half the distance of the standard step, in order to prevent an involuntary dip of the gourd. Also refers to the smoothly graceful movements of the rifle about the body, as opposed to the clumsy and non-ceremonial LPM rifle manual.

slopchute (n): the enlisted men's tavern, where Tuesday was Poultry Day: every lady got a free goose.

Springfield (n): the rifle used by the color guard. The rear portion of the trigger guard is not screwed down, allowing it to smack resoundingly and impressively during sharp rifle movements. This has also resulted in some mighty impressive blood blisters on fingers that came just a little too close.

squared away (n): a general term referring to personnel, barracks conditions, or attitudes. A squared-away Marine will be fit for the most rigorous inspection; his living area will be immaculate; and he will attack each assignment with dedication. (Not to be confused with a kissass.)

trops (n): short for tropical, the summer uniform made from the itchingest substance on Earth.

trou (n): short for trousers, not to be confused with pants. Only girls and sailors wear pants.

tuff (adj): top quality, as in "DC is a tuff liberty town," "She is one tuff babe," "WEAM and WPGC are tuff radio stations," or "Eighth and I was tuff duty."

white gear (n): belts, gloves, gourd covers, and trousers issued in multiples for parade wear.