



The Raider Patch

**MARINE
RAIDER**
ASSOCIATION

Magazine of the Marine Raider Association

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2020

Raider Reunion 2020 set for NOLA!

MARSOC Mourns Two Raiders

Remembering Raider 'Mel' Hecht

War Diaries of WWII Raiders

MARSOC Consolidation

marineraiderassociation.org



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A National Non-Profit Organization

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COVER PHOTO BY LANCE CPL. ANGELA WILCOX

MARINE CORPS BASE CAMP PENDLETON

A MARINE RAIDER WITH MARINE FORCES SPECIAL OPERATIONS COMMAND CONDUCTS HIGH-VALUE TARGET DETAINMENT AND EVACUATION OPERATIONS DURING A MULTIPURPOSE CANINE HANDLER TRAINING COURSE HOSTED BY 1ST MARINE RAIDER BATTALION ON MARINE CORPS BASE CAMP PENDLETON, CALIFORNIA, DEC. 19, 2019. THE HANDLERS LEARNED TO CONDUCT RAIDS, HELICOPTER INSERTIONS AND ADVANCED VETERINARY CARE DURING THE COURSE. MPC HANDLERS INTEGRATE WITH MARINE SPECIAL OPERATIONS TEAMS TO SUPPORT GLOBAL SOF OPERATIONS.

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MRA President's Message



Dear Raiders, Families and Friends,

I am cautiously optimistic as I write this letter and assess our Association's plans for 2020. I'm optimistic because we are making progress on the Raider Hall display update project, gaining momentum for the WWII Marine Raider Monument, and have selected the site of the 2020 Annual Raider Reunion—the WWII D-Day Museum and Higgins Hotel in New Orleans, LA. The reunion plan calls for three days of activities spanning the Labor Day holiday weekend from September 4th-6th (Friday through Sunday). I'm also optimistic because Director Neil Schuehle (Colonel, retired USMC) has agreed to fill the role of 1st Vice President!

I am cautious about 2020 due to the current increase in cases of Coronavirus (COVID-19), the health risks associated with group gatherings, and increasing travel restrictions. As I write this letter, the Federal government has imposed more international travel restrictions and is expanding the precautions being exercised across the country, such as cancelling public events and suspending sporting events. Clearly, MRA considers the health and welfare of its members and supporters as our top priority, particularly with our WWII Raiders and our need to travel long distances. There's still a lot of time between now and September, so we'll continue reunion planning and preparations with the intent to proceed; however, the situation could change between now and Labor Day. We will keep you informed and thank you for your understanding.

On a somber note, the MRA and the wider Raider community mourn the recent loss of two MARSOC Raiders, Captain Moises A. Navas and Gunnery Sergeant Diego D. Pongo, while conducting combat operations with their Iraqi Security Forces partners against ISIS in north central Iraq. Our thoughts, prayers, and most heartfelt condolences go out to their family and friends. Their sacrifice is a stark reminder that the United States is a nation still at war and our love and support are required more than ever for our gallant warriors engaged in defending our freedoms and way of life.

March 10 also marked the 5th anniversary of the Mojo-69 crash resulting in the tragic training loss of the crew of 4 Army National Guard soldiers and "MARSOC 7" – SSgt Andrew Seif, SSgt Kerry Michael Kemp, SSgt Liam Flynn, SSgt Trevor Blaylock, SSgt Marcus Bawol, MSgt Thomas Saunders and Capt Ford Shaw. We remember and honor the memory of these 2nd Marine Raider Battalion warriors.

Thank you all for your continued support. We will keep everyone informed about our 2020 Annual Raider Reunion plans through email blasts, social media posts, and website updates.

Semper Fidelis and Spiritus Invictus!
Craig S. Kozeniesky
President, Marine Raider Association



Raider Challenge Coins are still available. You can pick up your for only \$10.00 at <https://marineraiderassociation.org/store/>



Editor's Notes



Raiders, Family, and Friends,

Welcome to another edition of The Raider Patch. I am incredibly excited about this issue, because we have so much great content. I actually had a hard time deciding what to put in and what to save for next time.

The entire Raider family was saddened by the loss of Mr. Melvin "Mel" Heckt. We are honored to have a wonderful tribute from the family that remembers Raider Hecht and his love of family, life, and his fellow Raiders. (Page 8)

As I was finishing up this issue I was devastated to learn of the death of two Raiders in the mountains of Iraq. I knew GySgt Diego Pongo to be the sort of Raider that all others looked up to and wanted to serve with. I only knew Capt Moises Navas from his time in training, but remember that he was an officer that all of the other students flocked around both because of his leadership ability and his ever present smile. They are remembered on Page 30.

In the last issue, I failed to include the generous donation from Harland Brewing Company that helped to make the San Diego reunion a success. Their logo is depicted here, so if you ever find yourself in San Diego, please stop by. I am a big fan of their West Coast IPA.



The Raider Foundation has a lot of exciting events in the offing. They are looking for runners to join the 2020 Marine Corps Marathon Team. (Page 12)

I am already getting excited about this years reunion in New Orleans. If you haven't seen the WWII museum you are definitely in for a treat! (Page 20) We will pass along updates regarding any effects of COVID-19 as they become available.

Speaking of treats, this issue has portions of the war diaries of Raiders 'Black Jack' Salmon and Warren Mulhall. These will become a regular feature. I would love to share the journal of a current Raider if anyone is interested. (Pages 14 & 26)

The commander and command senior enlisted leader for U.S. Special Operations Command, General Richard D. Clarke and Command Chief Master Sergeant Gregory A. Smith visited MARSOC to join in the units 14th Anniversary celebration held at Camp Lejeune on February 21st. (Page 18), and the command was recently visited by Assistant Secretary of Defense Special Operations and Low Intensity Conflict, the honorable, Mr. Thomas Alexander.

Last but definitely not least we have the first installment of a beautifully written essay by Mr. Douglas Charles Granum titled, The Navajo Weapon. The Navajo Code Talkers were an indispensable component of team that made the Raiders successful. Mr. Granum is a renowned sculpture. At the San Diego reunion he showed us a preview of the project he is working on with the Association that will honor the Raiders, Code Talkers, and Dog Handlers.

Until next time,
Gung Ho!

Raider John Dailey
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Please update your email and mailing address on-line at:

<https://marineraiderassociation.org/raider-association/change-of-email-or-address/>

The Bull Sheet

Submitted by Raider Frank Wright 4th Raider BN HQ

Another one of the World War II Raiders and NAVAJO CODE TALKER has passed and joined those at the Pearly Gates on his last assignment. It was announced in the Arizona Republic News Paper by reporter Shondiin Silversmith the Navajo Code Talker Joe Vandever Sr. passed January 31, 2020 at the age of 96.

Raider Joe was in the 3rd Marine Raiders as well as the 6th Marine Division. He served in the South Pacific on New Caledonia,, the Samoan Islands, Bougainville, Guadalcanal, Emirau Islands, Guam, Okinawa, Japan and China. He was a translator of incoming and outgoing information at headquarters. He would translate Navajo messages and took them to the commanding officers in English. The Navajo Code Language was never broken.

Those Navajo Code Talkers who are still alive include John Kinsel Sr., Samuel Sandoval, Thomas H. Begay, and Peter MacDonald.



Notice Raider Patch on Shoulder of photo of Raider Joe Vandever Sr. on 12 July 2019 by Mark Henle, The Republic

(Dibeh tkin al-an-as-dzoh Ashi-hi.)
(S i x Division.)
Navajo Code

This article by the JDNews staff originally appeared in the Jacksonville Daily News on 11 Dec 2019

A 9/11 organization has paid off the mortgage for the family of a Camp Lejeune Raider who died in combat earlier this year.

Gunnery Sgt. Scott A. Koppenhafer, 35, of Mancos, Colorado, was killed in the line of duty on Aug. 10 after suffering fatal wounds while supporting Iraqi Security Forces, according to a press release from the Stephen Siller Tunnel to Towers Foundation.

The foundation announced Tuesday morning they have paid off the mortgage on Koppenhafer's home less than four months after they promised his family they would do so.

"Gunnery Sgt. Koppenhafer is a hero who served his country for well over a decade. It is our honor and our duty to support his family after this tragic loss," Foundation Chairman and CEO Frank Siller is quoted as saying in the release. "He is a hero in the eyes of his wife and children, and in the eyes of all of us at the Tunnel to Towers Foundation."

Koppenhafer served 14 years in the U.S. Marine Corps and was assigned to the 2nd Marine Raider Battalion, Marine Forces Special Operations Command based at Camp Lejeune. He left behind his wife, Renae, and their two children, Colt and Penelope.

"I am so very thankful for The Tunnel to Towers Foundation," Renae Koppenhafer is quoted as saying in the release. "Having my mortgage paid off has been a huge relief for me and my two kids. It means we can have time to process the next steps in our journey with grief with one less financial stress that comes along with it. Scott would be so happy to see us being well taken care of in his absence."

This is the 10th home in the Foundation's Season of Hope, during which it will give away a home every day from now until Christmas Eve, according to the release. To date, the program has delivered or is in the planning stages of 30 Gold Star homes across the country.

https://www.jdnews.com/news/20191210/mortgage-paid-off-for-family-of-fallen-lejeune-raider?fbclid=IwAR369GD8Wd4L9d5xPqWlkXJEvmJXMwEHTiMbm-RwhLP_lUsHXUg0boeqYBc

No One Left Behind : Keeping Our Promise to our Allies

Raiders,

I recently retired from Marine Special Operations Command in 2018 following a last-minute stint with a Navy SEAL platoon in Iraq. What an experience! During this deployment -my fourth to Iraq- I had the honor of working side-by-side with Kurdish Peshmerga forces conducting counter-ISIS operations. I had a great interpreter, 'Mike', whom I became a sponsor for throughout his journey to the United States via the Special Immigration Visa (SIV) program. Unknown to Mike and I, we set a record of pushing his successful visa case and him arriving to the United States in 18 months. Mike now lives full time with my family, and it's great.

As unconventional warriors know, native language and cultural experts are bedrock to special operations' missions. Mike was a central component to team successes and he helped many including a Marine Special Operations Team, three Navy SEAL Platoons, 101st Airborne Div, and the 82nd Airborne Division in Northern Iraq. His combat time is incredible having zero tactical training and running alongside the elite during kinetic operations for close to three years. His story is not unique; many local interpreters have bravely volunteered to serve USSOF and conventional forces during the war on terror. Unfortunately, the SIV program is broken and thousands of interpreters in both Iraq and Afghanistan have been left behind.

Because of my successful and recent SIV sponsorship, I was considered for, and elected as a Board Member of the No One Left Behind 501(c) organization (www.nooneleft.org) that helps the SIV community downrange and in the United States. It's been an experience in itself and has been eye-opening to the plight of interpreters who bravely served the United States in combat. There are a few horror stories: SIV applicants dying while waiting for their case approvals; families living under bridges for weeks after landing in the United States; zero relocation services; and, worst of all, many have returned to Iraq and Afghanistan after seeing a better option than trying to 'make-it' in the United States. It's truly a shame that this specific program has these types of results. That where NOLB comes in. We keep the State Department on task through policy writing, ensure the program remains a priority national security issue through Congressional engagement, and lead resettlement programs to give our teammates the best chance to survive in this complex country.

I hope that you take a look at our website and listen to General Patreaus, Amb. Wolfowitz, and other members of NOLB

speak about this tremendous effort in strategic human relations. As a 501(c) we look to gain partnerships all around the country to allow the SIV community access to education, jobs, and benefits befitting any combat veteran without Veterans Affairs support. If you, or someone you know would like to donate or start an SIV initiative businesses/communities nationwide, please contact me at fj@nooneleft.org. We are currently partnered with Starbucks and Amazon to name a few but were are in search for more who'd like to help. I hope to hear from you soon!

Gung Ho,
Fritz Sleighter



Photo by Lance Cpl. Isaiah Gomez
Marine Corps Installations East
Reprinted from DVIDS

MARSOC hosted The Health, Wellness, and Fitness Summit at the Stone Bay Fitness Center on Stone Bay, Marine Corps Base Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, Feb. 5, 2020. The Summit, sponsored by the Sergeant Major of the Marine Corps, was held to review and make recommendations on improving programs, organizations and agencies related to the health, fitness and wellness of Marines.

Remembering Raider Melvin 'Mel' Heckt

Eulogy and photos provided by the Heckt Family

My Dad was a “Giant” figure in many people’s lives. He truly was “Larger Than Life”. He touched so many. Everything about him was “Big”.

His physical size, his presence when he walked into a room, the admiration and respect he received, his big, loud booming voice, his wonderful sense of humor and legendary Big laugh.

My brother-in-law Bob does a perfect imitation of that Big laugh that our family has enjoyed many times over the years. My Dad gave Big hugs with his famously, Big hard back slaps that would crush the spines of his unsuspecting victims . . . but were always given with much love.

He was a great sport who could laugh at himself and was forced to do so, many times, because his family enjoyed teasing him so much. One of the things we teased him about the most was his “Big Head.” Spotting him in any photograph, even with hundreds of people in it, was never difficult. Just look for the large, round Charlie Brown basketball head and it would lead you straight to him. It’s kind of like finding Waldo in the “Where’s Waldo” books . . . only it is much easier to “Find Mel”.

He was a big baby weighing in at 12 and a half pounds at birth. We always suspected that was why he was an “Only Child.” From an early age, I was aware of my Dad’s goodness and strength. He made us feel safe and protected. We were proud of him and his many accomplishments. He was my hero. It was like having a real life John Wayne for a Dad . . . Big. Strong. Brave. Wise.

He was a war hero, but never talked about his military service until late in his life and never considered himself a hero. He would tell us that the real heroes were the boys that didn’t come home.

He was a successful attorney and personal friends with important community and civic leaders, business leaders, military leaders, Minnesota governors, United States Senators and Supreme Court Justices. He served on committees that reported to the President of the United States and spent time in the Oval Office in the White House meeting with them.



He was in photos with Presidents Kennedy, Nixon and Ford. It was pretty cool to be a young kid and show your buddies photos of your Dad with Presidents of the United States.

But to us kids, he was also just “Dad”. “Pop” A great guy! A regular guy we hung out with around the house, played catch with, went to ballgames with, watched TV with, laughed often with. He taught us how to throw a baseball, catch a fish and ride a bike.

At heart, my Dad was a simple, unassuming, unpretentious small town Iowa boy that was loving, generous, kind and forgiving. Dad grew up in the small town of Grundy Center Iowa. One of his early childhood memories is of him and his buddies smoking corn silk and tobacco from a pipe. He always reminded us that he gave up the habit after the First Grade. He graduated from Grundy Center High School and lettered in Football four times and Basketball and Track three times each.

During a football game his senior year, he knocked down a pass on defense but the ref blew the whistle and called him for a penalty. Dad went up to the Ref and as he said “What”? 2 large gobs of spit accidentally flew out of his mouth and landed in each eye of the Ref. Dad was penalized and thrown out of the game. He was always grateful that Grundy won that game 7-6.

Dad enrolled in the University of Iowa in the fall of 1942. He made the football team as a freshman but didn’t play much. He lost faith in his football future when the coach kept calling him “Zeck”. We found out years later in a letter to my Dad from the Dean of his law school that his pals on the team nicknamed him “The Judge” because he spent so much time on “The Bench”.

My father enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps after his freshman year in college. He saw heavy combat as a member of an elite Marine Raider Battalion. He fought in the battles of Guam and Okinawa. He was awarded the Bronze Star for his bravery on Sugar Loaf Hill on Okinawa.

After the war ended, Dad went home and enrolled in the University of Iowa law school and life returned back to normal for him. Well, it wouldn't remain normal for long because soon after Melvin Heckt met Dorothy Simons at a wedding in Cedar Rapids Iowa. His life would never be "Normal" again. Mel and Dort. Dort and Mel. They were married for almost 67 years!

I am so happy that crazy couple is back together again!

The next day after meeting Dort at the wedding, Dad wrote home to his mother. I will quote my Dad directly: "I met Norm's cousin, Dorothy Marguerite Simons; needless to say I was most impressed. We danced and talked and Dort acted so sophisticated and quiet, and was so interested in sports, that I decided she would be my wife". Anyone that knew my Mother knows that she was the exact opposite of sophisticated and quiet!

Mel and Dort were married on September 5, 1948, and spent their Honeymoon at the Curtis Hotel in downtown Minneapolis. My Mom was told about a famous fine dining steak house that her and Dad wanted to have a fancy Honeymoon meal at. Unfortunately, she forgot the name of the restaurant and brought them to "Curlies", a gay strip club instead of "Charlie's" the expensive steak house!

My Dad was in law school and my Mom worked very hard to support them in their early days. One night, Dad and his best friend, Jack Osbourne, told their wives they were going to the law school to study but went to a movie instead. During the movie, my Dad let out one of his famous roaring laughs. Unbeknownst to Dad and Jack was that their wives were at the same movie and heard Dad's laugh and busted them.

Mel and Dort were an odd couple indeed. Polar opposites. He wanted her to love sports and Marine Raider conventions and she wanted him to love museums and church socials. They were hilarious when they argued and bickered with each other but they also laughed together more than any couple ever and they loved each other very much! My poor Mom was always hiding food, brownies, cakes, cookies and other assorted goodies from my Dad in a variety of ingenious places all over the house.

My Dad should have been a professional "Treasure Hunter" instead of an Attorney because he was an expert at finding the hidden gems of chocolate that Mom would hide from him. I can recall many times when we would hear a very loud eruption of anger from Mom from all over the house and know that Dad had successfully eaten another one of her stashes of forbidden loot!

One day my Mom was home watching TV and saw an emergency Tornado Warning flash across the bottom of the TV screen. It warned of an imminent Tornado heading straight for Minneapolis. She immediately called my Dad at his downtown law office to warn him to take cover, evacuate the building and get home now.

My Dad looked out of the window from his 35th floor office window and gazed out at a beautiful, sunny, summer day without a cloud in the sky. Still, he heeded Mom's advice, sent his secretaries home, and came home only to discover that Mom had been watching a VHS tape of a movie she had recorded a year earlier when there actually had been a "Real" tornado warning! Needless to say, his law partners never let him forget that one!

Every April Fool's day, my Mom would successfully trick my poor Dad into believing the most outrageous lies! Those were a few of the only times that Dad lost his cool and got excited with much agitation until we all yelled "April Fool's". He fell for it every year.

My Dad loved to read and one Christmas my Brother Tom gave him a book titled "Tennozan". It is an excellent account of the Battle of Okinawa that he fought so valiantly in. One night my Dad was up late reading the book and he said that he almost fell out of bed in shock when he discovered his own name being written about. The Author had found Dad's war diary and quoted directly from it mentioning my Dad's name many times throughout the book. My Dad joined the Marine Raiders Association and was the first Vice President and of course became President as well. He always ended up becoming President of every group he ever joined!

He started to open up and speak more often about his war experiences after that and seemed to come to peace with that terrible time in his life. In 1995, my Dad took my late, older brother Paul and my younger brother Tom to visit Okinawa in remembrance of the 50th Anniversary of the Battle. Together, the three of them shared an awesome experience. They visited China and went to Sugar Loaf Hill on Okinawa.

I wasn't able to join them on that trip because my first-born child was born during it. She was a beautiful baby girl that we named "Melanie" in honor of her grandfather. I am so glad that there is still a "Mel Heckt" in our family to carry on that great name for generations to come.

My Dad and his war diary have since turned up in at least five other books at last count. The History Channel featured him in the documentary "Shoot Out, The Battle of Okinawa" that has aired on the History Channel many times. My Dad and older brother Paul were very close in life and it gives me great comfort to know that they are together again with Mom in heaven. Paul worked very hard to get a school built for poor native children on the Island of Tulagi that Dad spent time on during the war. Dad was always extremely proud of Paul for getting that school built! My Dad was most happy in life hanging out at home, laying on the couch or sitting in his favorite chair watching TV, playing Solitaire, or reading a book.

He loved watching his beloved Iowa Hawkeyes or the Minnesota Vikings on TV in the den . . . or any sports team for that matter, much to the consternation of my Mom!

He was a Vikings season ticket holder since 1961 and enjoyed taking his kids to games for over 50 years. Some of the fondest memories I have in life are the times I spent with him at Vikings games. He particularly enjoyed teaching my sister Barb all about the game of football. They really bonded over their mutual love of the game and enjoyed many Vikings games together over the years. My sister Mary and Dad enjoyed watching their British Comedies and mysteries together on TV for many, many years. My Dad loved his children, his sons and daughters-in-law, his grandchildren and great-grandchildren very much.

He rarely missed any of my hockey games when I was a kid and he and Mom attended many ball games, concerts, plays, and other activities of their grandchildren. They were awesome grandparents!

My Dad spent the last 5 years of his long life at an assisted living home called The Glenn of Hopkins. My sister's Mary and Barb would visit him on week days every week and my brother Tom and I would visit him every weekend. We would often bring our sister Janice with us and she and Dad would sit and hold hands during the entire visit.

Dad was always happy to see us and remained upbeat, cheerful and optimistic right up to the very end even though he was in pain and discomfort. It was obvious that the staff adored him. They gave him great care and much love.

Dad always kidded Tom for having such big size 13 feet. Tom told me the other day that he might have had bigger feet than Dad but he could never fill his shoes.

A big part of my Dad's life and legacy was the charitable work he did on behalf of developmentally disabled children, the disabled, and the poor.

He devoted many years of his life to those noble causes and improved the lives of countless people that benefited from his hard work and dedication.

I would like to close by reading the words my Dad wrote at the end of a speech he gave when he retired as President of the Minnesota ARC.

These were his words:

We must not, however, fail in our purpose nor falter in our determination to make progress or forget the words of Jesus Christ when he said "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." If we remember those words, if we remain united in purpose and action, if we continue in our determination to strengthen our local associations, our state association and our national ARC, we will continue to take giant steps for all developmentally disabled children and adults.

Lastly, I would like to share the sentiments of the great Sir Winston Churchill when he said:

"I am prepared to meet my Maker, but the question is whether or not my Maker is prepared for the ordeal of meeting me".

I think that not only was his Maker prepared to meet my Dad, but he welcomed him home with open arms and told him "Well Done Mel, Well Done Indeed!"

Semper Fi Dad,
You were always faithful!



MARSOC TO CONSOLIDATE ALL MARINE SPECIAL OPERATIONS FORCES AT CAMP LEJEUNE BY 2022

Story by Maj. Kristin Tortorici

Marine Forces, Special Operations Command



CAMP LEJEUNE, N.C. – Marine Forces Special Operations Command will soon begin implementing a phased plan to consolidate all MARSOC personnel and equipment to its headquarters aboard Camp Lejeune by the end of 2022. This initiative will relocate approximately 900 Marines, Sailors, and civilian employees from 1st Marine Raider Battalion and 1st Marine Raider Support Battalion, which have been located aboard Camp Pendleton, C.A. since MARSOC's inception in 2006.

"MARSOC has been pursuing numerous lines of effort to increase performance, efficiencies, and capabilities in support of the 2018 National Defense Strategy's imperatives to build a more lethal force and reform the department for greater performance and affordability. One line of effort is the consolidation of all Marine Special Operations Forces to the east coast. Consolidation will enhance the command's Enterprise Level Agility to meet the future operating environment challenges articulated in the NDS, the Commandant's Planning Guidance, and our own vision and strategy, MARSO 2030," said MajGen Daniel Yoo, MARSOC Commander. "It will also position MARSOC for more economical experimentation, testing, and evaluation of future operating concepts and near-peer offset capabilities, while streamlining organizational learning to enhance component-wide standards, performance, training, and readiness across the force."

The efficiencies gained through consolidation extend beyond performance and training, with significant impacts to time and money. Consolidation will allow MARSOC to gain back almost 2000 man-days per year that would otherwise be lost to PCS and other TAD requirements not associated with deployments. This creates tangible and significant cost-savings and increased readiness across the force. In addition, MARSOC will be better positioned to meet the Secretary of Defense's Deployment-to-Dwell (D2D) guidance, providing greater stability and increased quality of life to Marine Raiders and their families.

The physical movement of personnel and equipment from the West to the East Coast will occur over three phases. The phasing plan allows for minimal disruption to normal Marine Corps transition timelines, like those associated with Permanent Change of Station (PCS) orders. It also provides a managed population increase to the local area. Personnel and families will begin moving from the West Coast during the traditional PCS cycle beginning in the summer of 2021.

MARSOC and Marine Corps Installations East (MCIEAST) School Liaisons and Community Plans and Liaison Officers (CPLO) have been working together to estimate impacts on the local communities and school districts. According to Joe Ramirez, MCB Camp Lejeune Director of Government and External Relations, MCB Camp Lejeune will continue working with Onslow and Pender County Schools and Governments to anticipate and plan for increases in student population and to ensure that all students will be accommodated effectively and receive a quality education.



MILES FOR MARSOC



#Run4Raiders with the Marine Raider Foundation

The Marine Raider Foundation has two opportunities for you to #Run4Raiders! Join our 12-person team August 7th and 8th in Colorado for the Wild West Relay! The team will cover 200 miles as they make their way from Fort Collins to Steamboat Springs! Custom team t-shirt, team dinner, fundraising incentives, and a breathtaking backdrop – all while supporting the Marine Raider Community! Please contact Sarah Christian at schristian@marineraiderfoundation.org for details and to register today!

The Foundation is also building its 8th Annual Marine Corps Marathon Charity Partner Team Roster. We have marathon and 50K slots available, and we welcome all 10K runners to join us, too! As a team member, you will receive fundraising and training tips, be eligible for fundraising incentives and awards (Spiritus Invictus and Top Fundraiser), be invited to our team dinner the night before the race, receive a custom t-shirt, and be making a long lasting impact in the Raider community! Need a bib, have a bib – 6.2 miles, 26.2 miles, or 31 miles – sign up, lace up, and join us today!

Upcoming Events

3rd Annual NYC Salute to Raiders Event

May 6, New York Athletic Club

Join us for an evening celebrating the Marine Raider Community
Special Guest Speakers, Dinner and Drinks, Live and Silent Auction
Event website: <https://RaidersNYC.givesmart.com>



4th Annual Rucking for Raiders Memorial Ruck

May 5th through 8th

Auburn, AL to Navarre, FL

You can support this amazing team as they honor MARSOC's fallen heroes! Please visit <https://www.facebook.com/donate/840442039738701/> to support the team!



3rd Annual Raider Invasion Golf Tournament

June 19, Pelican Hill Golf Club, Newport Beach, CA

Hit the links to support Marine Raiders and their families!
<https://www.marineraidergolf.com/>

Wild West Relay

Marine Raider Foundation 12-Person Relay Team
August 7th to 8th, Fort Collins to Steamboat Springs, CO
Join the Foundation's 12-person team to run 36 legs covering 200 miles over 2 mountain passes
Team Dinner, Custom T-Shirt, Fundraising Incentives
<https://marineraiderfoundation.kindful.com/wild-west-relay-2020>



7th Annual Seaside Semper Five 5K and 1 Mile Run

August 29th, Seaside Heights, NJ
Run the boardwalk in support of the Marine Raider community!
Amazing race t-shirt and a wonderful family-friendly event!
<http://www.seasidesemperfive.org/>

8th Annual Marine Raider Foundation MCM Charity Partner Team Marine Corps Marathon

October 25th, Washington DC
Run with the Marine Raider Foundation in the Marine Corps Marathon! Choose your distance – 10K, Marathon or 50K! Race entries available for the Marathon and 50K on a first-come/first-serve basis! Team t-shirt, pre-race dinner, fundraising incentives, training tips, awards – join us and add some meaning to those miles!
<https://marineraiderfoundation.kindful.com/2020-mcm-charity-partner-team-2020>



Please contact Sarah Christian at 951-551-9309 or schristian@marineraiderfoundation.org for additional event details.

Black Jack at War:

John P. Salmon War Diaries

My father, John Pomeroy Salmon, aka Black Jack, began his war diary with this: "The following will be a chronicle of events of my doings in the Marine Corps during the last war. It is hoped that some of those close to me will find it of interest." Curiously, he never made my brother or me aware of this chronicle. Parts are typewritten, parts are handwritten, and he had done some editing. It also ends abruptly in mid-sentence in mid-1943 before he saw action on Iwo Jima and in other campaigns. The second page is missing. Also curious are the other writings found with this chronicle – the beginnings of a novel or short story; a letter describing events and listing persons involved in the Tulagi Campaign; two fragments of writings with more descriptions of Tulagi; and a fragment that covers some actions on Tulagi and a brief history of the Raider Battalion. With the exception of the letter, nothing is a completed work, and nothing suggests any action beyond mid-1943.

This is deeply frustrating. The writing is immensely interesting. It is not particularly personal, much of it is matter-of-fact, but there are wonderful insights and descriptions of people and events that really make one wish for more. But this is all that we have.

The work was found in a black folder with Correspondence Portfolio written in gold on the cover. It once had a cord that could snap it closed.

I have done very little editing, except for obvious typos, but I may well have added a few in transcription. Where I thought it might be helpful, I've added a footnote to other sources, none of these were in the original. JPS's grandson, Paul Salmon, recreated the pen and ink maps that were part of these writings.



The following will be a chronicle of events of my doings in the Marine Corps during the last war. It is hoped that some of those close to me will find it of interest.

I started my Marine career by joining the Navy, in August 1940. The program was to consist of a month's cruise, and then appointment as a midshipman and further appointment as an ensign. Along with Herb Hansen I went aboard the USS New York at N.Y. and went to the Canal Zone. We were able to spend two days pretty much at ease and I managed to see both sides of the isthmus and some small part of the canal. It was quite interesting, but our cruise was cut short by a speed run to Norfolk, VA where we went into dry dock for repairs. It was there I found that the Navy had no further need of my services and I was a free man once again.

This situation didn't last long, because in January 1941 I enlisted in the Officers Candidates Class of the Marines, and received orders to report to Quantico, VA on the 21st of Feb. By the first of March 300 odd had reported in from all over the country, and our training commenced.

In many ways the next three months were the most interesting in my service. The training was intense, but it was fascinating to me, and due to the non-coms who conducted the bulk of it, it was never dull. These N.C.O.s were picked men from the Corps and knew their stuff and how to put it over. In my platoon or I should say over it was Platoon Sgt. Hammen. This gentleman was a veteran with "lean flaks and leathery 'checks'."

[Here ends page 1. Page two is missing. Chronicle picks up at top of page 3.]

...cronies. His initial formation with us went as follows. "The rules and regulations of this Candidates Class say that you are to be referred to as gentlemen. Very well gentlemen, I am Sgt. Hammen. I may not be the best Sgt. in the Marine Corps, but I am the most distinguished. I am going to teach you to become officers in the Marine Corps if I can, etc."

The "BULL" as we soon tabbed him was a real character,

but the Marines are full of them. He always greeted us in the morning with "Good morning gentlemen, good morning Salmon." However, he was a very competent man, and many times afterwards I wished that I had him. Incidentally, we were actually great friends.

After a few days leave we all reported back to Quantico for three months in the Reserve Officers Course. This was a pretty trying session. A lot of repetition and regulations, with no Bull to relieve the monotony. The primary object of the staff seemed to us to be to keep us out of the Officers Club and sober. Our weekends however made up for the weeks, and we finally wound up the course in September 1941.

By this time the class was cut down to about 250. Of these about 75 were ordered to New River N.C. (Camp Lejeune) and the First Div. Fleet Marine Force. 75 to San Diego and the Second Div. The rest went into various specialties depending on their qualifications, such as artillery, amphibious tractors, balloon barrage, etc. I went to New R. The camp there was still in the process of construction and was mostly tents and mosquitoes, snakes and swamps. The Div. was not anywhere near full strength but they had just returned from Cuba and were rough. I joined the 2nd Bn. 5th Marines, a regiment of much merit in the last war. Every Bn. was over officers as a result of our gang coming in, so 2 of us were transferred to the 1st Bn 5th which was located at Quantico. This Bn. had received special training on converted destroyers and was supposed to be great for marching and other unpleasant activities. I reported in early in October and went to work for F Co. commanded by Cpt. Ken Bailey. The old man was Lt. Col. Merritt A. Edson who had made quite a reputation in Nicaragua and as a rifle shot. He was a little man with sandy hair, a mouth like a bear trap, and very cold blue eyes. As I came to find out, he was a very tough individual, but a brilliant soldier along with it. We started in intensive training with rubber boats. The outfit after its stay in Cuba was well trained in most of the trade, but we rubber boated all over the Potomac River. It got pretty cold.

The "old man" was trying to have his Bn. made into an independent organization, and to train it for short missions similar to the commandos. It apparently took a lot of doing because it wasn't until maneuvers in January 1942 that we were renamed the 1st Separate Bn.

These landing exercises were training for the Amphib. Corps Atlantic Fleet, consisting of the 1st Army Div. and the 1st Marine Div. under the command of Howling Mad Smith USMC. We were all pretty excited as we embarked on the APD's (converted destroyers). We were at war and there was much talk in the press of German Subs off our east coast. We went down the Potomac into Chesapeake Bay and on up to N.Y. to pick up

the Army in their transports. I wriggled out of the duty that night and did a little of N.Y.

Left N.Y. the next day and went back to the Bay and made a landing in a snow storm. Nothing much of note occurred on these landings except that everybody froze. When we returned to Quantico, the Col. announced his intentions concerning the Bn. It was to be strictly volunteer. We would have 4 rifle companies of 130 men and a weapons company machine guns and mortars.

Training was going to be patterned somewhat after commando units, with emphasis on physical conditioning. Right away we lost a lot of men mostly because of some defect of theirs. We made up our losses with men fresh from boot camp, all handpicked. By the time all this administrative work had been taken care of it was March, and the old man called us in and told us to get our personal affairs in order. Needless to say, there was a lot of last-minute hell raising by all hands, which culminated in a party at the Mess. Incidentally, we had joined a new exec. Major SB Griffith III who had just returned from the commando school in Scotland. Late in March the forward echelon (C Co.) boarded a train and 6 days later arrived in San Diego. We were joined in a few days by the rest of the bunch and started to load up the USS Zeilin. Along with us were a Balloon Barrage group and a bunch of Drs.

Left San Diego with some other ships, escorted by the USS Honolulu, on the 13th of April 1942 and arrived at Pago Pago, American Samoa on the 29th. It was a lousy trip. Blackout was enforced and as the ship was not rigged completely it was necessary to dim out the inside. Only two things that might be of interest. The initiation ceremony when we crossed the line was a riot. All hands too quite a drubbing including Maj. Gen. C.F.B. Price on his way to take command of the Samoan area who in thirty years in the Corps had never crossed. The other incident was a revival of charades, played Marine Corps style. The uniform was underwear or less, the battle field a small stateroom, the heat terrific. We developed two four men teams, bet money, and our team never lost. Me. Clay Boyd from Santa Fe, Tom Mullahey from Honolulu, and Art Haake from Brooklyn. It was not for children. It was raining when we got there and it continued most of the time we were there. Our camp was hacked out the jungle and with what lumber we could steal and gravel we fixed it up pretty good. Our engineer piped water down from the mountains, so we did have a dandy shower with a nozzle.

Training started at once. We rubber boated in the surf with remarkably few casualties, climbed from one end of the

island to the other, and in general made life miserable for ourselves. The Bn had a little berr [beer] and a movie once in a while when we could make the projector work. That and native dances were about the crop. The gals were built along Junoesque lines until you got to their feet. These were very large and very flat. They showed little interest in us as men, but considerable as prospective customers for laundry. Any size bundle was \$2 except for me and Boyd. Lucy was our gal all 250 lbs. of her. I praised her guitar playing. Boyd didn't so no matter what she charged me Boyd always payed a half buck more size notwithstanding. We accomplished a great deal actually. We got acquainted with the tropics and disabused ourselves many notions concerning them. We learned that there is no such thing as impenetrable jungle, and to chop open coconuts without losing a finger. It was invaluable training for what was to come. In the meantime we were expecting the Japs to show up any time. In January a Jap sub had lobbed a few shells into Pago, but no sign of them since.

It seemed unusual because of Samoa's strategic position and the weakness of its defenses. Between that and betting on when our next move would be the time passed quick enough. About the first of July the word was passed to strike camp. Consequently, on July 4th we boarded the USS Haywood and took off for New Caledonia. This was a short trip about ten days. We put up a very temporary camp on the beach, and then spent the next week getting in order for an attack. The old man called us in and started giving us the dope on the Solomon Islands with emphasis on Tulagi and Guadalcanal. The Japs were knocking out an airfield on the latter, and the High Command figured they were too damn close. Our mission on Tulagi, while the 1st Div, then in route to New Zealand, would attack Guadalcanal.

Tulagi had been the HQ for the British Colonial Administration of the Solomons. It was about 2 1/2 miles long and 1/2 mile wide. A high ridge with many spurs and cliffs ran up the middle of it. About half was heavily grown over. The other half was cleared except for coconut trees. There were several large frame houses for the British officials, a small chip and put golf course, and a tennis court. It had no military significance except that it was believed that the Japs were using it as their HQ also, and that heavy guns could cause a lot of trouble in the channel between Guadal and Tulagi. It had a harbor of small ships and lay about 20 miles to the north of Guadal. Through British agents who had remained behind when the Japs occupied the Solomons, we estimated the enemy at 600 on Tulagi. Over on the Canal it was believed that the bulk of the enemy strength were laborers. The Japs were confident in those days and with good reason. The activities of these British and Australian colonial officials and plantation foreman are an interesting sidelight.

One, an Englishmen named Martin Clemensv kept a constant watch with the help of his police boys and the Nips at Guadal from the time they arrived. Another, Dusty Rhodes did about the same. Both were known to be on the island by the Japs, but they never quite caught up with them. Their information naturally as invaluable. More about them later. One morning in July our old friends the APDs appeared in the bay where we were camped. We loaded up at night leaving our camp still pitched to deceive anyone and took off. New Caledonia has a terrific ground swell and about 70% were seasick almost at once. We were crowed aboard, and it was an awful mess. 180 men and 8 officers on board, and the ships were designed for 120. In a few days, however, we got our sea legs and as Marines and APD men almost always got along fine, life wasn't too bad. I was on the Gregory. We rendezvoused with the task force one afternoon. Battleships, carriers (2), transports with the Div. aboard, and the whole ball of wax. It was a small force compared to the gigantic fleets that later were in the Pacific, but it represented practically the total striking force of the Navy and infantry available in the Pacific at that time.

(Here begins handwritten narrative)

We all crowed the rails to look. It was very impressive to us then. Our little ships Gregory, Little, Calhoun, and McKean were dwarfed. We were much the smallest unit present, but were proud of it, because ours was a key mission.

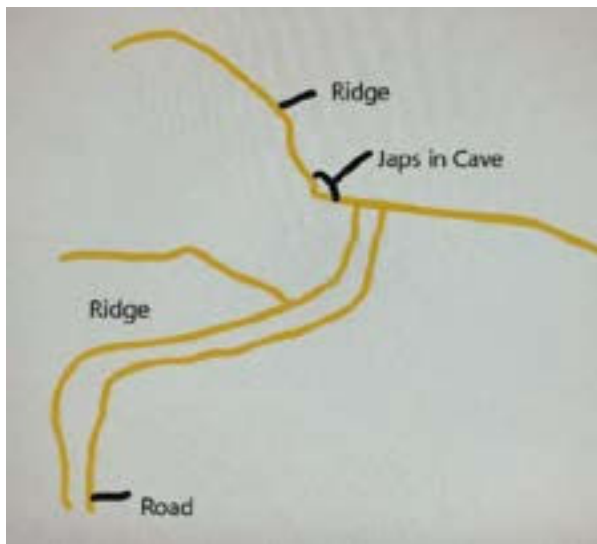
It was intended to stage a rehearsal to iron out the kinks that are always present. In this case especially, practice was needed. The division was actually a composite affair with the 5th and 1st Marines (infantry regiments) the 11th (arty) present, but the 2nd Marines from the 2nd division taking the place of the 7th regiment which was in Samoa. The whole operation had been hastily conceived and planned through the necessity of getting the airfield on Guadalcanal. In July our aerial reconnaissance had shown it to be not yet operational, but once it was, our supply lines and even New Caledonia and New Zealand would be in danger. So it was a must.

These maneuvers took place around the 1st of August on the island of Koro in the Fijis. Nothing of interest happened except the usual confusion, so I will pass over them. The rest of the trip until August 7 was spent in briefing troops, checking gear etc.

We broke out at 3AM that morning and had steak and eggs for breakfast. I remember that we put actors grease paint on our faces only lord knows why. On deck it was very dark, but as it cracked dawn we could vaguely make out the outlines of Guadalcanal in the gloom. I was so excited that I wasn't

scared, a fact I found to be true in every other landing I made. All of a sudden the cruisers and cans assigned opened up. The gun flashes lit the sky briefly outlining the ships in their glare. The shells themselves were glowing blobs arching in a lazy curve through the air. It seemed like they would never reach the beach. All this was very exciting too, but even then I wondered how come no answering fire from Jap shore batteries. No answer at all. It seemed very strange.

Before I knew it we were in our small boats headed for the beach. Embarking was a cinch from so much practice. I was in the 2nd or 3rd wave as I remember. As we moved in, our destroyers were shelling a head of us and I gave a very profane play-by-play account to my men crouched down in the boats. Every minute I expected small arms to break out from the beach, but nothing happened. The waves ahead landed and I could see the boys piling out and disappearing into the woods. The boats jammed up on the coral 20 yds from the beach and it was quite a sight and experience to flounder around in the waist deep water and fall in overhead in a shell hole. If the Japs had had one MG in action at that spot, I am afraid we could have been slaughtered.



However, we finally got ashore, reorganized and on schedule started our advance. C Company was to advance up and secure the east portion of the island, A the center or ridge and B the west side. On our side there was a good beach road, jeep size I would say. Having the weapons plot, 2 LMG's [machine gun] and 2 G 1mm mortars, I followed up the rifle platoons in close support. An hour passed and we reached open, but ridged ground. Not a shot was heard. Then as the leading elements of the company rounded a point the Japs finally showed their hand.

They (attacked?) from a cave at the base of the cliff forming the next point pinned the point down. Immediately Clay Boyd worked his way to a vantage point and started lobbing grenades into the cave. I had climbed the ridge and was looking down on this scene.

I could see the cave entrance, but no Japs. The grenades came flying out as fast as they went in. The Japs were catching them and throwing them out. Finally, Clay ran up to the mouth of the cave and let loose a full clip from his sub-machine gun and retreated. He had no sooner gotten back when 5 or 6 Japs came bowling out of the cave, the leader waving a big sword. They were all cut down, almost on the top of Clay. The war had begun. It was on this very same ridge that my first casualty was hit. I knew the war had begun.

Tulagi was mostly over in three days. We suffered about 100 casualties, the Japs about 600. Most of the fighting was similar to the above. TNT and grenades about the most effective weapon. One nest of Japs in several dugouts and trenches gave us the most trouble, but they were finally cleared out. Even tho the little island was secured in 3 days were still picking Japs up for days afterwards.

The first night on Tulagi was a bad one. We had been instructed as to Japanese tactics at night, but it is one thing to read and another thing to experience. Myself and several wounded with about 10 men and one MG spend it under a large frame house. It was raised about 2 feet off the ground so seemed quite cozy until I discovered that we were in no contact with anybody on either side. The Japs started off shooting, laughing and making a hell of noise to draw our fire. Considering our newness, I think we did well. One man was killed and several wounded, but that couldn't be helped. Several of the wooden structures were on fire and would blaze up intermittently during the night. During one of these flairs I saw a Jap sneaking up towards us and nailed him. I felt pretty good. It was however a bad night and we were all scared to death. They kept at us continually and even got behind us, but we managed to beat them off.

The second night was a little better. We had ring side seats for the Battle of Savo Island. We could see ships burning and sinking all over the place, but we didn't realize then that 4 of our heavy cruisers, the backbone of our fleet, were sinking and that our partially unloaded transports were taking a powder. I am glad we didn't know it. The Japs didn't lose a ship.

To be continued...

‘Little Sparta’ USSOCOM Commander highlights Marine Raider accomplishments at 14th Anniversary

Story by Gunnery Sgt. Lynn Kinney, MARSOC
Reprinted from DVIDS

The auditorium of the Marine Forces Special Operations Command Headquarters at Marine Corps Base Camp Lejeune, N.C., was standing room only as Marine Raiders gathered to celebrate the 14th anniversary ceremony of the organization, Feb. 21, 2020.

The commander and command senior enlisted leader for U.S. Special Operations Command, General Richard D. Clarke and Command Chief Master Sergeant Gregory A. Smith attended the ceremony that also recognized Marines from throughout the component for excellence in their respective fields.

“As we look forward into a future riddled with uncertainty and ever evolving threats, MARSOC will remain an essential part of SOCOM,” said Clarke during his remarks. “You make a difference wherever you are. Time and time again, Raiders have turned the tide on the frontier in far-away places, and all but unknown to most people.”

In the past year, MARSOC has supported 12 named operations across 16 countries, to include support to military actions in Iraq, persistent leadership and coordination for the SOF and conventional force efforts in the Southern Philippines, and command and control nodes for SOF operations in Africa.

“A handful of Marine special operators are positively influencing thousands of Filipino Armed Forces members. You are quite literally the force that is preventing another crisis like Marawi,” said Clarke. “In your 14 year history, Raiders have exceeded expectations in terms of capability and you have outside impact everywhere you have been. It is Raiders who are among the brave. Who waded eagerly into the chaos and restore order.”

The ceremony included the rededication of the organizational battle colors, with the addition of the Operation Inherent Resolve Campaign Streamer, and a Bronze Star, in lieu of second award for the Meritorious Unit Commendation.

“It is all about honoring the customs and traditions of our Corps and our military,” said Maj. Gen. Daniel D. Yoo, MARSOC commander, in his brief remarks during the ceremony, though he expressed his appreciation and pride to the Marine Raiders that serve in his charge.

“I am thankful for all that you do, day-in and day-out, to support our warfighters, uphold our Marine Raider legacy, and forge our path of providing the nation and Geographic Combatant Commanders a Marine Special Operations Force capable of dynamically adjusting to meet the complex demands of the future operating environment,” said Yoo. “I am incredibly proud of your accomplishments. At times the ultimate sacrifice was made, and we will continue to honor and remember



those that have given their lives in support of this great nation. They, and their loved ones, will forever be part of our Marine Raider family.”

Yoo also expressed his vision for the future of MARSOC.

“Throughout 2019, MARSOC made significant advancements in combat development. In the years ahead, we will pursue consolidation, experimentation, testing, and evaluation of future operating concepts and near-peer offset capabilities, and shape the component for continued innovation in support of MARSOF 2030 and the Joint Force.”

In 2019, Marine Raiders worked with Headquarters Marine Corps to transition optics and enhanced thermal imager as a service-common item. The component is also working to identify a system to better integrate and manage the holistic power requirement of an individual operator.

The decision to consolidate all Marine Raider units on the East coast was also announced this past year. Close to 900 Marines, Sailors and civilian employees from 1st Marine Raider Battalion and 1st Marine Raider Support Battalion will move to eastern North Carolina by 2022, allowing the component to streamline organizational learning, talent management and could save the Marine Corps more than \$55 million dollars in housing and family-move costs alone. Other costs savings will allow the component to continue to make headway in combat development initiatives and explore autonomous ground vehicles to add to the successes it has accomplished with ground organic precision strike systems and the medium lightweight machine gun.

“You have a clear and unambiguous vision of the character required to represent our country. The Marine Corps, perhaps better than any other service, has articulated the values that we must hold dear, both day in and day out,” noted Clarke. As he closed out his comments, he recalled having heard MARSOC referred to as, “‘Little Sparta,’ You have blended the martial pride and prowess of Sparta, with the brains of Athens, and the spirit and values of this great American experiment that we all hold so dear.”



Laissez les bons temps rouler!!

Let the good times roll...at the 2020 Annual Raider Reunion!



**MARINE
RAIDER
ASSOCIATION**



**The MRA Annual Raider Reunion will be based out of
the **National WWII Museum** and the **Higgins Hotel**
In downtown **New Orleans, LA!****

**Join us as we explore the WWII museum, visit local attractions, and
binge on fabulous food and drink!**

Dates: September 4-6, 2020 (Labor Day weekend)

Our hotel link is live, so reserve your room today!!

**To reserve your room: use the online [link](#) (expires August 5th) or
call the Higgins Toll Free Reservations Line at 833-357-1172
and give our group name "**Marine Raider Association**"!**

****Block room rates are valid for 3 days before and 3 days after the reunion****

Registration for reunion activities will begin on April 15th!

**Activities include: Dinner/Show at the American Sector Restaurant and Bar,
Mardi Gras World Tour and Mask Making, Preservation Hall Concert,
Audubon Aquarium, Cemetery Tour, and more!**

Questions: Contact reunion@marineraidersassociation.org for assistance!



Café Du Monde



**PRESERVATION
HALL**



2020 will bring some significant changes in the membership arena that will directly impact the Association and each of its members! We are excited to announce our goal of bringing an on-line membership management experience to our members during the 2020 calendar year! It's a huge undertaking, so bear with us as we upgrade and incorporate this software into our membership practices. We ask that you please ensure that your personal information is updated and accurate as we build the database on the new platform. Information updates can be submitted through the website:

<https://marineraiderassociation.org/raider-association/change-of-email-or-address/>

or directly via email to membership@marineraiderassociation.org.

We believe that this software will enhance and empower a member's experience, especially those active-duty members who are frequently on the move! Today's world is fast-paced and ever changing, so we believe this platform will allow us to be more flexible as we endeavor to regularly disseminate information to our growing membership base.

We continue to see our new member rolls expand in 2020, often as a direct result of a conversation, connection, or social media post. Our members are the Association's best advocates, and we are indebted to those who continually advocate for the Association and refer a friend/colleague/family member! Our members are the reason we exist! Keep up the great work on behalf of the Marine Raider Association! Additionally, it's not too late to bring your membership current if it has lapsed. The new platform is expected to have the functionality to generate renewal reminders as well as an auto-renewal option, which has been requested in the past by members.

On a more somber note, the loss of each of our WWII Raiders is keenly felt, and their numbers among our membership continues to decline. Another 2020 mandate for the membership committee is to identify and update the contact information for our remaining WWII Raiders and their widows. It is imperative that we accurately account for any remaining WWII Raiders, and it is quite an undertaking! Again, your assistance is requested as we research and conduct outreach to our surviving WWII Raiders. We continually receive updated information from family, friends, and caregivers on their status; however, many WWII Raiders have outdated personal information in our database. If you are connected to a WWII Raider, consider reaching out to the membership email and give us any important information updates! The Membership Committee and the Association Historian ask that, in the event of a WWII Raider's passing, a copy of his obituary be submitted for inclusion on our Association's website. WWII Raiders' obituaries are updated continually and can be found on our website at

<https://marineraiderassociation.org/about-the-raiders/raider-roster/obituaries/>.

In closing, we thank you for your continued support and look forward to pursuing our 2020 membership goals of growing our member rolls, creating efficiencies for our members, and accurately accounting for our beloved WWII Raiders!

Semper Fi and Gung Ho,
The Membership Committee

2020

MEMBERSHIP

UPDATE

The Navajo Weapon

Douglas Charles Granum

Part 1:

Editor's note: Mr. Granum is a renowned sculpture whose works are beyond category. From his studio in Southworth, Washington, his paintings, glass, metal, and stone creations are found worldwide. He is working on a sculpture project with the Raider Association.

About four years ago a well-dressed older Two Star General came up to me at a party and asked if I had heard of the Code Talkers of World War two, I had, but knew little. He said grab a beer and come sit for a moment I have something I would like to ask of you.

Over the course of the next fifteen minutes or so he told me the story of the "Navajo Weapon." He told me the story of the request from Franklin Roosevelt to Admiral Chester Nimitz to organize a special operation group now known as the Marine Raiders, to combat the Japanese as forward observers and point men in the long and arduous drive from New Guinea, Guadalcanal, Iwo and Okinawa to the Japanese homeland. These Raiders and Code talkers, my friend told me, were trained in judo, jungle survival, existing on a sock full of rice for a month, they carried a special dagger with a blade that was meant to penetrate from the clavicle to the heart, how to use piano wire for clandestine elimination of the enemy. As efficient as they were as fighting units their efficiency improved markedly with the addition of Code talkers. The Code Talkers carried a 38' double action pistol and there were some with carbines and some with rising guns. The Raiders is where the iron was. They packed 45 caliber pistols, M1 Garand rifles, grenades and the dreaded BAR. In addition to the Raider iron there was the phenomenal power of the Navajo word. From English to Navajo to English baffled the Japanese, it was the killing sword of the Allies and used to deadly effect on the Empire of Japan.

He then told me this story.

The Code Talkers, he said, drifted OUT of the Great Pacific war going back home to their soaring mesas sky piercing red mountains and sheep, the same way they ENTERED the Great Pacific war, SILENTLY. So vital was their speech, the aptly named "Navajo Weapon", that it wasn't until 27 years after VJ Day that Code Talkers could tell their few remaining family and friends what their roll in that hideous, but essential war was. As one Marine Raider vet noted: "they gave us a job and we done it", one can say the same for the code talkers. So valuable were the Code Talkers that where other Marines could serve a year get leave and be off the front, the Code Talkers were rotated on the front but not allowed to go home. When one island was conquered and liberated the code talkers were moved to the next island. When the assault on Iwo Jima was made the only code used was the Navajo weapon.

These men the Navajo Code talkers, came from their ancient homelands on the high mesas and cottonwood bottom lands of the Navajo reservation. They came from great grandfather's Hogan in secluded box canyons and scab lands, they walked out into the early morning light from Hogan's with turquoise crucifixes and sheep skins on the walls. They walked down from secluded mountain farms where they were surrounded by their goats and sheep. They came from the checkerboard in rural western New Mexico and Utah. They came from Tuba City and Kayenta and towns and villages across this vast south west land. You see these young herders had been told about the war, they were walking or hitching a ride to sign up. "What did it take to be accepted" they asked? Some said, "you had to run and climb and shoot", all things they knew how to do. They did it most every day.

What they couldn't guess was that what the marines would want from them some other government agency had just taken the last five or ten years trying to deny to them, that was their language. They talked among themselves of all the things it took to go into battle, but their language was really what the Marines wanted, could this be true? To be a code talker you needed to know the old Navajo language, your mother's language, grandfather's and great grandfathers' language.

They hiked toward the cities, washed in drainage ditches and dried themselves with sun heated soft white sand. Some nights they threw out a sheep skin under the heavens.

The mountains are red in this world and never more red than sunrise and sunset, the mesas and mountains stand, grand throats of ancient volcanoes, but surly they are castles?

Those mountains have stood out there against 250 million years of dust and sandstorms, freezing in dry cold winters and baking at 120 degrees in summer. These deserts and valleys, mesas and canyons have names, ancient names that binds one to the land. These named places represent clans containing ancient heritage, The "Start of the red streak" people, "Where two waters meet" people, The "Zuni" people, the "Many Goats" people the "Bitter Water" people The "Honey combed" people and many more.

On the mesa's pastures, sheep and goats quietly graze, their bells chiming. Here colorfully dressed people sit in the shade of bushes watching their flocks. They hold spindle whorls, maybe a rattle, chilies. Some kneel at the stone mete grinding maize, they have been kneeling and sitting there for thousands of years. They are placid and rigid. There are limits and there are overarching Gods.

The Navajos are clannish, they come from ancient parts of their homeland, identified by where they came from. One cannot marry within their own clan.

"My personal clan", my friend the Two Star, said, "is from the ancient Stewart land on the Isle of Skye," in northern Scotland. I understand clans, clans have many Chiefs, however no one chief is in charge of all clans. The clansmen go into battle as true bands

of brothers. The clans were close knit and interrelated, these were our Code Talkers.

They came with an old well-established community. Their language was not written, just say it or draw a symbol. Every now and again they place a bit of corn pollen on their tongue and forehead from a leather pouch around their neck and gesture to the east, south, west and north. They bury their dead with turquoise on their tongue.

The code talkers were so valuable that they had personal guards, some said, who were to shoot the code talker if captured. These men ran as deep as the twisted solid ancient stone rivers, there was a vibration, a drumhead, a moon rattle, they were the geology. Walking through places with names like Window Rock and Winslow the young men are walking along dusty paths, sage lined trails on roads and rails, all to the same or similar places, the Marine Recruitment center at Ft. Defiance, Arizona. A place of polished grey floors that smell pungently of wax. There are stainless steel lunch lines and short brown grassed parade fields. There are barracks of olive drab, double bunk beds, and tents. "We all were having fun early on," one code talker said. But one must ask what was the attraction maybe it was the complete opposite of the sand etched cliffs, the gentle cry of the mourning dove with its distinctive tooo whooo to whoooo, the quaking of aspens, mesquite, pin-yon pines and cottonwood?

There were campfires back then before the war, amidst the boulders, where quiet men and women, watching the flocks savored the scent of the sweet roasting kid lamb on a spit over a desert campfire. They knew nothing in those days of total war, of napalm and the putrid smell of Japanese burning alive in caves, the smell of rotting human flesh.

All of the code talkers had a secret that the Marines wanted kept secret, their language. Who could have believed it was a secret? After all this is how their whole world talked, new and ancient. No one wrote words in the sand but instead wrote symbols.

They painted those symbols on pottery, wove them into blankets.

Now they are going to war, what do they know that will be of use in battle? They can survive, they are nature learned, lean and wiry they can exist on minimal water, sleep on bare ground, be steadfast, know their way at night by the great dome of stars. They have been taught by father and grandfather, uncle, by the medicine man and migrating ducks.

They are uniquely entering the war with lips, the Navajo weapon, against razor edged samurai swords.

They are going to war against a vicious adversary who has never lost a major war in centuries

The "Japanese weapon" is the unrelenting devotion to the God Emperor. Losing was not in the Japanese lexicon. They went to war armed with ancient chants, armed with family swords with personal crests, like Lotus blossom or chrysanthemum, and Fuji. Retreat was not an option, ever! The Japanese felt themselves in-

vincible and superior. Wrapped around their chests were ribbons with these words: Banzai.

The Bushido code, suicide before capture, is "the way of the Warrior". It is fight to the death each and every encounter and take out as many of the enemy as possible, even when dying, choke the enemy to death with your blood. There was the much feared and dreaded Banzai charges where screaming Japanese are yelling "Tenno haika banzai". "May the emperor live one thousand years."

We Code talkers and Raiders knew we either killed them or they killed us, sometimes life is really simple and overwhelmingly terrifying. We knew what to expect, after all we all, the whole US military, all of us young men, were there to kill.

The Japanese, deathly doggedly stumbling through rank wet jungle growth came hollering through the twisted streams and mountain ridges in a silent seething charge running and falling down and getting up and continually kept coming screaming "Tenno haika BANZAI". Out of dense black nights, without reflection, with swords, daggers, bells and gongs, pistols, machine guns, grenades, sometimes fireworks, sometimes deep in the dead of a leadened down pour, when you would least expect anybody to be out, here they would come, grunting, gasping, out of the thick green growth as nightmarish phantasms, dark, chanting, a thousand voices near and far hitting gongs, chanting BONZAI. BONZAI, BONZAI. We instantly are in defensive posture, and 100 percent alert, there is no retreat, only live or die, survive.

Our Marine Code Talkers also went into war with their own weapons, there were also chants and goat bone flutes, medicine bags, and of course, their language. The language told a story of love, of peace and balance. The story was about beauty and harmony, not conquest and subjugation.

The language said:

In beauty I walk.

With beauty before me I walk.

With beauty behind me I walk.

With beauty around me I walk.

With beauty above me I walk.

With beauty below me I walk.

Indeed, the Navajo word is mightier than the sword. For surly has no foe been more thoroughly vanquished by word than the sword wielding Japanese in the second World War.

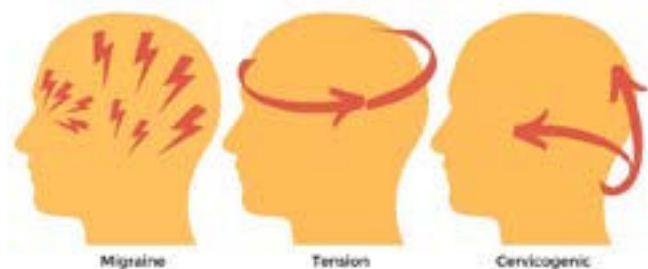
To be continued...

STAY IN THE FIGHT

Tips & Tactics for Physical Durability Dr. Rita Chorba, DPT, ATC, CSCS

When a Headache is a Real Pain in the Neck

once worked with a very grumpy client who had a long and painful history of headaches. He had sustained a whiplash injury in a Humvee rollover accident years earlier. He was taking the prescription medication Imitrex, but the results were inconsistent. The drug worked for the debilitating, fast-onset headaches, but seemed useless for the dull, achy ones that lasted for days or longer.



Grumpy's fast headaches were diagnosed as migraines, and he had a suitable medication for that problem. So why didn't the drug work for the dull headaches? Despite the thorough attention paid to his head - bloodwork, MRIs, and CT scans, to name a few - the simple mechanics of the injury were overlooked. Grumpy had two different types of headaches, and only a solution for one.

In this article, we'll go over headache basics, key features for you to know, and how to find treatment options. The information contained in this article is for your informational purposes only and should not be taken as medical advice. Only a qualified healthcare provider who has examined you can provide a diagnosis and treatment recommendations.

Headaches - the very basics

Headaches are a huge cause of disability, ranking as the #2 cause worldwide (#1 low back pain, #3 depression). Despite an International Headache Society dedicated to this problem, there are still many barriers to action. Most medical providers receive little training in headache disorders, and

the general public doesn't know that diagnosis and effective treatment options exist.

Another difficulty in treating headaches involves sorting out the many types and causes, especially when symptoms overlap. Direct head trauma, hunger, work stress, sinus infections, screaming children in the back seat, and even sensitivity to headache medicines can cause headaches! So, "mixed type" headache disorders are common, requiring a mix of different treatments.

Head pain - neck problem

Although he didn't hit his head directly, Grumpy's head was whipped around during the humvee accident. Not only did this cause nerve and blood vessel injury in the brain, but it also injured neck segments that tether the skull to the rest of the spine.



Cervico-genic headaches, literally meaning "neck-origin," are caused by a mechanical problem in the upper neck where it attaches to the skull. The nerves in and around the neck joints "refer" pain to the head when there is joint stiffness,

muscle imbalance, weakness, or nerve irritation in the surrounding area. Referred pain means pain felt in a part of the body other than its actual source, like a fire alarm sounding in a building far away from the fire.

How to get started with seeking headache treatment

Finding the right solution for your headaches should begin with having a conversation with a healthcare provider you trust. However, I want you to know that it may be a process. You will likely need to travel a pipeline of several different professionals to find effective treatment (or several treatments if you suffer from multiple headache types).

If you think you might have cervicogenic type headaches (head pain-neck problem), use that specific terminology when searching for a professional. Ask your dentist or primary care provider who they know. Their recommendations can save you time and avoid unnecessary delays in referral to the right specialist or therapist.

During the discovery process, each provider you see will help you eliminate what's not the problem. Communicate this information with the next provider so they can save time in

their work to find the root cause. Whoever you see about headaches, you'll know if treatment is working if you notice more extended periods between pain episodes.

Headaches are a pain, but effective treatments exist for those who persist. Don't give up!

References:

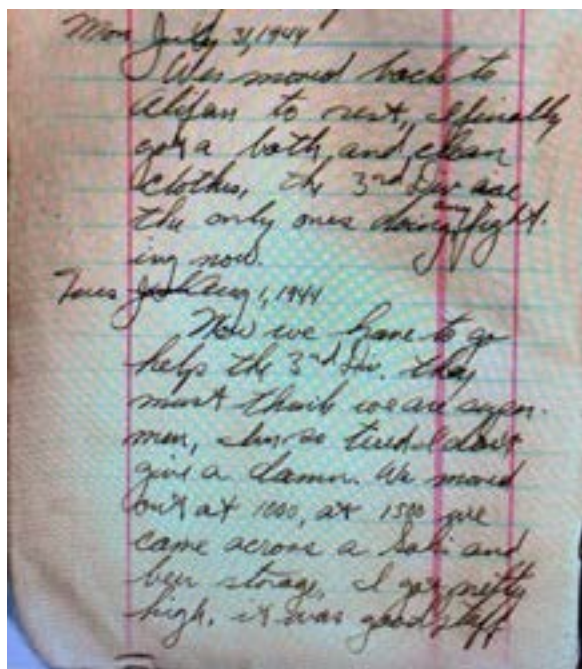
1. Global Burden of Disease Study 2017. Institute of Health Metrics and Evaluation. www.healthdata.org
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Characteristics of three major headache types likely to cause persistent problems.

	Migraine	Tension	Cervico-genic
Headache Cause	Blood vessel problem: changes in flow and oxygen levels irritate	"Vice" problem: sustained high levels of muscle tension irritate and	Mechanical problem: a problem in the neck that causes pain in the head
Related History	Stress, anxiety, hormonal imbalance, early episodes in teen years, worst symptoms 35-45 years old	Stress, anxiety, poor posture, frequent muscle "trigger points, teeth grinding, computer work	Whiplash, fall injury, car accident, head trauma, poor posture, jaw injuries/ TMJ, involved dental work, computer work
Typical Symptoms	Throbbing or pulsating emergency room level pain, sensitivity to light or sound, "auras" prior to	Squeezing pain like a tight hat band wrapping around your forehead and skull	Dull pain that starts at the back of your head and travels forward to your forehead, eye, or ear area
Key Features	Moving your neck or changing body positions doesn't change pain intensity; you are unable to function	Tenderness of neck and shoulder blade muscles, jaw tension, stretching muscles or massage provides temporary relief	Neck pain plus headache, limited neck range of motion, and tenderness of neck muscles; one side worse than the other
Pain Duration	Hours to 3 days max	30 minutes to days	Hours to days
Treatment Specialist	Physician, Neurologist	Psychologist or Counselor and Physical Therapist	Physical Therapist, Chiropractor

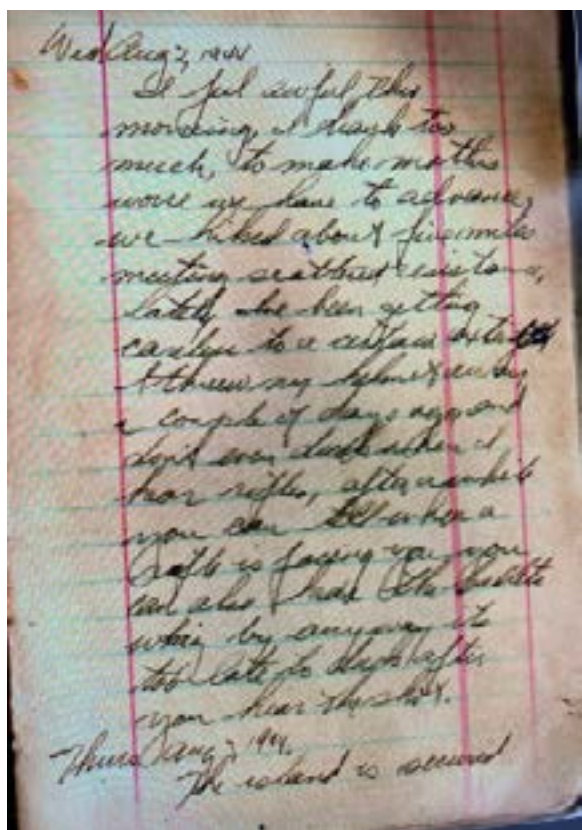
From The War Diary of Raider W. J. Mulhall, J.R.

Editor's note: Recently Raider Warren Mulhall was good enough to send a scanned copy of the journal he kept beginning with an entry made on July 6th 1942 from Parris Island, South Carolina. In that first entry, Private Mulhall wrote the eleven general orders of a sentry. Raider Mulhall carried his journal to Guadalcanal, New Georgia, New Caledonia, Emirau, Guam, and to the Marshall Islands. Some of the entries are notes or observations, but many of the entries give insight into the life of a WWII Raider and the humor and horror of combat in the Pacific. These excerpts are from the battle of Guam after the Raiders had been disbanded.



Mon, July 31, 1944

We moved back to Alifan to rest. I finally got a bath and clean clothes. The 3rd Div are the only ones doing any fighting now.



Wed Aug 2, 1944

I feel awful this morning, I drank too much. To make matters worse we have to advance, we hiked about five miles meeting scattered resistance, lately I've been getting careless to a certain extent.

I threw my helmet away a couple of days ago and don't even duck when i hear rifles. After awhile you can tell when a rifle is facing you. You can also hear the bullets whiz by anyway. It's too late to duck after you hear the shot.

Thurs Aug 3rd, 1944

The island is secured.



Raider Profile

Avery Washington

1. *What was your A&S class. ITC class /Proctor?*

A&S 2-11, ITC 2-11, William Conard

2. *What MARSOC teams were you with?*

MSOTs 8343, 8334, 8301, 8302, 8344, and MSOC 833 from 2011-2019.

3. *When did you get out?* My EAS was June 30, 2019.

4. *What do you wish you had known before you made the decision to get out?*

The importance of completing; the checkout process, medical screening and submitting claims to Veterans Affairs prior to being 90 days from my EAS.

5. *Were there any resources that you discovered or found to be especially useful as you transitioned?*

The best resources I found are; The Honor Foundation and Bunker Labs Wilmington. I transitioned out of the military before making use of them. However, I still found them to be excellent organizations, even though I had already started a career I was passionate about.

6. *What advice would you give transitioning Raiders?*

A. Once you've decided you're transitioning from the military, create a budget that allows you to set money aside. Prepare for the possibility you won't have work lined up immediately.

B. Apply to attend a cohort held by, The Honor Foundation. The curriculum will help you develop a better understanding of the opportunities in the private sector. Additionally, you will have the opportunity to begin growing your professional network.

C. Make it a priority to complete all the administrative requirements for checking out prior to 90 days of your EAS.

D. Look for professional networking opportunities in your area, or where you plan to move. Bunker Labs has numerous chapters throughout the U.S. that hold free events monthly. Making a personal connection in less formal environments, may lead to opportunities you would have never found.

E. You're capable of more than you realize. Don't limit yourself to career fields similar to your military occupation. Figure out what; your strengths are, you're passionate about, intrigued by. Then find a way to get paid for it.

7. *What do you do now?*

I'm a Real Estate Broker with, Coldwell Banker Alliance Group Realty. I primarily work as a listing agent, handling properties from Craven through Brunswick County, NC. I'm also an active "buy and hold" real estate investor and self manage my own rental portfolio. For assistance with any real estate need, I can be reached at: 910-787-0877, precisepropertyolutionsinc@gmail.com, Facebook [@theprecisepropertysolution](https://www.facebook.com/theprecisepropertysolution) or Instagram [@precise_property_solutions](https://www.instagram.com/precise_property_solutions)



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ASDSOLIC Visits MARSOC



Photo by Sgt. Jonathon Wiederhold
Marine Forces, Special Operations Command

Assistant Secretary of Defense Special Operations and Low Intensity Conflict, the honorable, Mr. Thomas Alexander (left) was greeted by Master Gunnery Sergeant Otto Hecht, Marine Raider Training Center's senior enlisted leader, during a visit to Marine Forces, Special Operations Command on Marine Corps Base Camp Lejeune, March 3, 2020. Mr. Alexander and command staff discussed capabilities, innovation, and MARSOC's future vision and strategy for the organization. "SOF is important and we must leverage its unique capabilities to influence and degrade conflict," said Alexander, who supervises U.S. Special Operations Command core tasks: counter-terrorism; unconventional warfare; direct action; special reconnaissance; foreign internal defense; civil affairs, information and psychological operations; and counter-proliferation of WMD.



Marine Raider Association Membership Application

Application Type:

- ☐ Initial Application ☐ Reinstatement/Dues Payment ☐ Change of Address

Membership Category:

- ☐ Marine Raider ☐ Honorary ☐ Associate ☐ Associate/Military ☐ Gold Star Family

Last Name:	First Name:	Middle Initial:
Address:	City:	State:
Telephone:	Cell Phone:	Zip Code:
Email:	Member Number:	
Complementary Life Memberships are granted to: (1) WWII Raiders (2) Spouses/Widows of WWII Raiders and (3) Gold Star Spouses and/or Gold Star Parents. Please contact our Membership Secretary at membership@marineraiderassociation.org for more information.		

Membership Category Descriptions:

Marine Raider: Any person assigned to one or more of the following: (Please check the appropriate box)

- ☐ One of the four (4) WWII Marine Raider Battalions or two (2) Marine Raider Regiments
☐ Marine Corps Special Operations Command Detachment One
☐ U.S. Marine Corps Forces Special Operations Command

Unit(s): _____ Date(s): _____

Please list the names of two (2) MRA members who can vouch for you:

(1) _____ (2) _____

DUES: ☐ \$25/1 year ☐ \$60/3 years ☐ \$375/Life

Honorary: The spouse/descendant/relative of a Marine Raider, or someone who has been nominated for Honorary Membership by an Active Member and approved by the Board of Directors and Membership at the Annual Meetings.

Please list the name of your Marine Raider, your Raider's unit, and indicate your relationship (spouse, child, sibling, etc.):

Raider Name: _____ Unit: _____ Relationship: _____

DUES: ☐ \$35/1 year ☐ \$90/3 years ☐ \$500/Life ☐ Life (over age 50) \$400 Age: _____

Associate: Any person who is historically interested in the Marine Raiders. Such members are invited to all Association functions and meetings and shall have the right to vote but may not hold office.

DUES: ☐ \$35/1 year ☐ \$90/3 years ☐ \$500/Life ☐ Life (over age 50) \$400 Age: _____

Associate/Military: Any retired or active military other than above.

DUES: ☐ \$30/1 year ☐ \$75/3 years ☐ \$400/Life

Unit(s): _____ Date(s): _____

****Dues rates approved November 16, 2019****



Membership questions should be directed to the **Membership Committee** at membership@marineraiderassociation.org or (760) 213-8684.

Checks for dues should be made payable to **US Marine Raider Association** and mailed to:

U.S. Marine Raider Association, ATTN: Helene Kozeniesky, Membership Secretary, 2650 FM 407, Ste 145 #217, Bartonville, TX 76226

Raider Heroes



Gunnery Sgt. Diego D. Pongo, a critical skills operator from Simi Valley, Calif., and Capt. Moises A. Navas, a special operations officer from Germantown, Md., suffered fatal wounds while accompanying Iraqi Security Forces during a mission to eliminate an ISIS stronghold in a mountainous area of north central Iraq. Both were 34 years old and assigned to 2nd Marine Raider Battalion.

The following statement is released on behalf of the Marine Raider Regiment Commanding Officer, Col. John Lynch:

“On behalf of the Marine Raider Regiment and all of MARSOC, our most sincere condolences go out to the families of Gunnery Sgt. Pongo and Capt. Navas. The loss of these two incredible individuals is being felt across our organization, but it cannot compare to the loss that their families and teammates are experiencing. Both men epitomize what it means to be a Marine Raider. They were intelligent, courageous, and loyal. They were dedicated leaders, true professionals in their craft, and willing to go above and beyond for the mission and their team. They were not just leaders today, they were both on the path to be our organizations leaders in the future. They were also family men, adoring husbands and fathers... Capt. Navas to his wife, daughter, and three young sons, and Gunnery Sgt. Pongo to his little girl. Both men were incredibly humble and truly the quiet professionals that define our SOF warriors. Gunnery Sgt. Pongo balanced that with his larger-than-life personality. The command as a whole became witness to his dynamic personality, and love for family, when he brought his mom to this past year's Marine Corps Birthday Ball ceremony and together they out-danced the rest of us on the dance floor. He also loved going on adventures with his daughter, hiking, camping, and woodworking. He was a MARSOF advanced sniper, a foreign weapons instructor, a combat marksmanship leader, and he was fluent in multiple languages. Capt. Navas, who was known to most as “Mo”, was born in Panama but grew up in Maryland. In addition to being a phenomenal Marine officer and Raider, he truly was a family man, and cherished his time watching his children play sports. He was also a scout sniper, a martial arts instructor, combat diver, and was recently selected for promotion to the rank of Major. The hearts of the entire Marine Raider community are with the Pongo and Navas families as we mourn this tremendous loss. In times like these we come together and rely on each other, sharing our burdens and providing strength to those that need it. We will do everything we can to lift up and support our grieving families in order to honor the incredible lives and the ultimate sacrifices of Gunnery Sgt. Pongo and Capt. Navas.”

Raider Heroes

Navy Cross Citation

Lieutenant Colonel Fred D. Beans

Commanding Officer, 3d Marine Raider Battalion

Date of Action: November 9, 1943



The Navy Cross is presented to Fred D. Beans, Lieutenant Colonel, U.S. Marine Corps, for extraordinary heroism as Commanding Officer, Third Raider Battalion, First Marine Raider Regiment, in action against Japanese forces on Bougainville, Solomon Islands, 9 November 1943. Finding his advance pinned down by intense fire while preparing to attack defensive Japanese positions, Lieutenant Colonel Beans unhesitatingly advanced his command post to the front lines without regard for his own personal safety, rallied his men and immediately launched a furious counterattack. Skillfully maneuvering his command for eight continuous hours, he fought gallantly, inflicting heavy casualties and driving the enemy from its position. By his inspiring leadership, courage and intrepid fighting spirit, Lieutenant Colonel Beans contributed essentially to the success of his Battalion in this hazardous engagement, and his great valor was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

Navy Cross Citation

Gunnery Sergeant John Mosser

2nd Marine Raider Battalion

United States Marine Corps



The President of the United States of America takes pleasure in presenting the Navy Cross to Staff Sergeant John S. Mosser, United States Marine Corps, for extraordinary heroism in connection with combat operations against the enemy while serving as Team Sergeant, Marine Special Operations Company H, Second Marine Special Operations Battalion, U.S. Marine Corps Forces, Special Operations Command, in support of Operation ENDURING FREEDOM on 26 June 2008. While maneuvering through restrictive terrain to prosecute a time-sensitive High Value Target, dismounted patrol members were engaged with heavy volumes of high-angle automatic and sniper fire. Within seconds, two Marines lay wounded in the kill zone unable to seek cover. With disregard for his own safety, Staff Sergeant Mosser maintained keen situational awareness and calm under fire as he rushed to the aid of the nearest Marines. He single-handedly dragged the wounded Marine over 35 feet to a covered position and administered first aid. With the entire patrol desperately pinned down, one Marine killed, and five more severely wounded, Staff Sergeant Mosser devised a plan to break contact and extract his team. While adjusting close air support, he personally shielded and moved the wounded Marine through the kill zone a second time to safety. He then ordered the extraction of the remaining 22 members trapped in the ambush. As he instructed the team to move, Staff Sergeant Mosser exposed himself repeatedly to enemy fire and engaged the enemy until all members were safe. By his courageous actions, bold initiative, and total devotion to duty, Staff Sergeant Mosser reflected great credit upon himself and upheld the highest traditions of the Marine Corps and of the United States Naval Service.

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