



**MARINE
RAIDER**
ASSOCIATION

The Raider Patch

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Remembering Raider Sgt Wolf Weninger

MARSOC Change of Command

Raider Reunion Canceled

Book Review: When the Tempest Gathers by Andrew Milburn

Black Jack at War: Part 2

marineraiderassociation.org



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A National Non-Profit Organization

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COVER PHOTO BY STAFF SGT. NICHOLAS PILCH

NATO SPECIAL OPERATIONS COMPONENT COMMAND-AFGHANISTAN

A SPECIAL OPERATIONS MEMBER SCANS THE TERRAIN AFTER A SHORT NIGHT'S SLEEP DURING A THREE-DAY MISSION THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF BAGWA, FARAH PROVINCE, AFGHANISTAN FEB. 25 2010

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MRA President's Message



Dear Raiders, Families and Friends,

Unfortunately, it's with a great deal of disappointment that I begin this update by announcing the cancellation of the 2020 Annual Raider Reunion, which was to be held at the WWII D-Day Museum and Higgins Hotel in New Orleans, LA over the Labor Day weekend. During the Mid-Year Board Meeting video teleconference held on May 9, 2020, the reunion was the principal issue discussed. There is no doubt that the impact of the Coronavirus (COVID-19) is significant and widespread. While the mitigation efforts across this country have been overwhelming and life-changing for most of the populace, conditions still do not guarantee an acceptable reduction of risk to our membership. This decision was not taken lightly by me or the Board. I am exceedingly sensitive to the unstoppable passage of time with respect to our WWII

Marine Raiders. Any lost opportunity to gather for fellowship and camaraderie is regrettable; however, putting these men and their spouses (already in a high-risk category), as well as our general membership at risk is unacceptable. An abundance of caution is appropriate to deal with these unprecedented times. The Board has voted to reschedule the Reunion in the vicinity of Camp Lejeune, NC, and the Reunion Committee is scoping options and schedule alignment with MARSOC East activities.

On a somber note, the Association mourns the loss of our Association's former secretary and membership secretary, Mrs. Florence "Flo" Dornan, on May 27th and Marine Raider Sgt. Wolfgang "Wolf" Weninger on June 16 th . We send our deepest condolences to their families and share our sincere appreciation for their service and sacrifice. Additionally, July 10 th marks the 3 rd anniversary of the tragic KC-130 transport plane crash in LeFlore County, Mississippi that claimed the lives of 16 US service members, including 7 MARSOC Raiders. Five of those Marines were from 2nd Raider Battalion's Marine Special Operations Team (MSOT) 8231. Sadly, this was the same team involved in the 2015 helicopter crash in Navarre, Florida. MRA continues to support and honor the lives and service of these Marines. We encourage all to remember that freedom is not free, and sacrifices are not exclusive to wartime. God bless these Raiders and their families!

On June 26, 2020, the MARSOC Commanding General, MajGen Dan Yoo, turned over command to MajGen Jim Glynn. MRA recognizes the service and leadership of MajGen Yoo and sincerely appreciates his support. We were honored by his attendance of the 2019 Raider Reunion in San Diego and congratulate him on his successful command tour of our MARSOC Raiders, as well as his 30+ years of selfless service and sacrifice to our great nation. We wish him; his wife, Grace; and their family "Fair inds and Following Seas" in retirement. MRA welcomes MajGen Glynn and his wife, Denise. He previously served as Commanding Officer of Marine Special Operations School (now Marine Raider Training Center – MRTC). We wish him the best of luck and look forward to supporting MajGen Glynn during his tenure commanding the Marine Raiders.

Finally, we have arrived at a decision on several MRA projects. The Raider Hall display update will include a long-term agreement with the Marine Corps and the National Museum of the Marine Corps, and we will provide more details in the next Patch. The WWII Marine Raider Monument will expand its organizational committee membership to include a professional fundraiser and a Marine Raider Foundation (MRF) representative. MRF has agreed to serve as fiscal agent for the fundraiser, and this campaign plan will be published in the coming months.

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



Editor's Notes



Raiders, Family, and Friends,

This issue of the Patch is sent out with a very heavy heart. Shortly after our last issue went to print we learned of the passing of Raider Franklin Carson, a Carlson's Raider who fought on Midway, Makin, Bougainville, Guadalcanal, and Iwo Jima. In late May we said goodbye to Florence, (Flo) Dornan, a Raider wife and an incredible lady who served as the Association Secretary for many years. She will be greatly missed by all who knew her.

Most recently we learned of the death of Raider Sgt Wolfgang "Wolf" Weninger. Sgt Weninger recently completed ITC and was awarded his Marine Special Operations Insignia and with it, the title Raider. He then completed language training and was participating in Airborne School when a parachute malfunction took his life. I did not know Sgt Weninger well, but I do remember him as a man of strong body, keen intellect, and stout heart. He will be mourned by the Raider family.

As for this issue, we have a continuation of the memoirs of Black Jack Salmon. In this episode the Raiders move to Guadalcanal. We also have the conclusion of Mr. Douglas Charles Granum's Navajo weapon, and more from the war diary of Raider Warren Mulhall. Anyone who has spent time on a US Navy vessel will sympathize with his entries.

MRA Ambassador Worth Parker reviews retired Raider Col Andrew Milburn's book, "When the Tempest Gathers" on page 15. I highly encourage you to pick up a copy. It is an incredible read. A riveting account of a fascinating life and an unflinching insight of what it is like lead Raiders on the modern battlefield.

As I was working to complete this issue, the MARSOC Change of Command occurred and Maj Gen Daniel Yoo transferred command to Maj Gen James Glynn. Gen Glynn is a returning Raider having commanded the Marine Raider Training Center in its early days (when it was still called MSOS). I had the honor to work for then Col Glynn and look forward to his tenure. But because the issue was nearly "put to bed" I didn't have room to include much about the ceremony. We will provide complete coverage in the next issue. Following the Change of Command, Maj Gen Yoo held his retirement ceremony and MRA 1st Vice President Col Neil Scheuhle (Ret) was on hand to present a gift from the Association, a scaled down copy of the iconic Browning Automatic Rifle.

We are all sorry that the reunion has been canceled, but hope that everyone stays safe and healthy and we look forward to our next reunion.

Until next time,
Gung Ho!

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<https://mailchi.mp/sofx/marine-raider-association>

Taps

Benjamin Franklin Carson, 97, of Beaverton Oregon, passed away on March 22, 2020. He is survived by his wife, Helen, his son Jerry and wife Paula, daughter-in-law Julie, five grandchildren and four great grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his son, Dennis.



Ben was born in Henderson, Minnesota on 2/23/23 and stayed on the family farm until he was 18. When Pearl Harbor was attacked, he joined the Marine Corps where he earned a spot with Carlson's Raiders. He fought in five major battles: Midway, Makin, Bougainville, Guadalcanal, and Iwo Jima. He was part of the initial group in to occupy Japan and after spending 39 months overseas, came back to Minnesota and married his sweetheart, Helen on May 5th. They were married 75 years.

In 1952, Ben joined the Federal Forest Service. He moved around the country, starting with Iowa State where he attended college. Minnesota, Louisiana, Georgia, Alabama, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Alaska, California, Washington D.C. and Oregon were all places Ben and Helen called home. They retired to a small farm, aptly named the DunRoamin Ranch, in Oregon where they grew filberts and kiwi. The farm was started with family at the center. The yearly harvests helped to fund the grandkid's education and truly became a multi-generational venture. The family also worked with Washington County's Agritourism Program to promote agricultural education. Ben's love for agriculture gave him the opportunity to serve overseas again, but this time with the State Department. He made two trips, one to the Republic of Georgia and Azerbaijan and another to Uzbekistan and Turkey to help them cultivate kiwi vines.

Ben served as a court mediator for Washington County Courts for many years and was active in the county's "English as a Second Language" program. He also volunteered at a local high school that sponsored a Veteran's Historical Program. He would spend an entire day answering questions from curious high school students, relating stories about his wartime experiences. Along with this, Ben was interviewed by multiple WWII historians and even wrote some manuscripts of his own - documenting his life growing up in the Great Depression and his time in WWII.

Later in life, Ben's focus turned back to the Marine Corps. He became the primary force behind the recovery of nine Marines left on Makin Island. He worked with Louis Zamperini and traveled back to Quadralene Island to observe the recovery. A documentary titled "Execution Island" cataloged their journey.

He was a wonderful man, truly one of the "Greatest Generation," who will be dearly missed.



Florence Louise Russell Dornan passed away on the evening of May 28th in Arlington, Texas. She will join her beloved husband John "Jack" Dornan. She leaves behind a brother, William Russell, a sister, Dorothy Dooley, her 5 children, William Anderson, Debra Bassett, Robert Anderson, David Anderson, Doreen Walker and her loving furry child Penny. She had 6 grandchildren and 11 great grandchildren.

Florence worked at Komatsu, Distributoys, and Izusu Truck. She is/was a "Daughters of the American Revolution" member and enjoyed researching her family genealogy. She loved going to Church, water color painting and traveling with her friends at the senior center. She also will be remembered for work she did as Secretary to the United States Marine Corp Raiders Association and the 6th Marine Division Association. She will be buried with Jack at the Dallas Fort Worth National Cemetery. Semper Fidelis!

Fond memories and expressions of sympathy may be shared at www.moore-funeralhome.com for the Dornan family.

SgtMaj of the Marine Corps Health, Wellness, & Fitness Summit Comes to MARSOC



All photos by Lance Cpl. Isaiah Gomez

U.S. Marine Corps Staff Sgt. Nicholas C. Perrorazio, assistant element leader with 2nd Raider Support Battalion, speaks about United States Marine Corps Forces Special Operations Command (MARSOC) preservation of the forces and family at the MARSOC Auditorium on Stone Bay, Marine Corps Base Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, Feb. 5, 2020. The event was part of the Health, Wellness, and Fitness Summit, sponsored by the Sergeant Major of the Marine Corps. The summit aspires to create a well defined talent management model for the Marine Corps in order to prevent future injuries and improve mission readiness.



Remembering Raider Wolfgang 'Wolf' Weninger



By Maj. Kristin Tortorici
Marine Forces, Special Operations Command
Reprinted from DVIDS

It is with heavy hearts that Marine Forces Special Operations Command announces the death of a Marine Raider while conducting airborne training at Fort Benning, Ga., June 16, 2020.

Sgt. Wolfgang “Wolf” K. Weninger, 28, a critical skills operator assigned to the Marine Raider Training Center, suffered fatal injuries while participating in the U.S. Army’s Basic Airborne Course 24-20. An investigation into the incident is underway.

Born and raised in Auburn, Ohio, Weninger graduated from Kenston High School. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in May of 2015, and completed recruit training as the Honor Graduate for Hotel Co., 2nd Recruit Training Battalion, MCRD Parris Island. He went on to serve as an armory custodian with Combat Logistics Battalion 2, 2nd Marine Logistics Group, from Nov. 2015 to Dec. 2018.

Sgt. Weninger reported to MARSOC in January 2019 as a student assigned to Individual Training Course 19-1. He completed ITC in October 2019, earning the Marine Special Operator Insignia and the 0372 Critical Skills Operator MOS.

The following is released on behalf of the instructor cadre for ITC Class 19-1:

“Wolf was exactly what we look for when training students to become Marine Raiders. He was a consistent top performer, a natural leader, he never complained, and was always there to pick up his team during challenging events. He was an avid and talented hockey player, and could often be found on the ice, even after a grueling and exhausting week of training. We were proud and honored to have him join this formation and become a part of the Marine Raider legacy. We extend our sincere condolences to his family at this time.”

“Our hearts go out to the family and friends of Sgt. Wolf Weninger – an incredibly smart, dedicated, and dependable Marine. Although he was just beginning his journey as a Marine Raider, his contributions to our legacy did not go unnoticed” said Col. Travis Homiak, the commanding officer of Marine Raider Training Center. “He lived the ethos that defines our Marine Raider culture, possessing unsurmountable determination, a deep sense of integrity, and an unconquerable spirit. That coupled with his witty sense of humor, he could always be sure to get a few laughs, even in the most challenging of times. We will continue to provide as much support as we can to Sgt. Weninger’s family as they mourn the tragic and unexpected loss of their son, brother, and friend.”

The thoughts of the entire MARSOC family are with the family and friends of Sgt. Wolf Weninger during this difficult time. MARSOC is providing care and support to them and we urge respect for their privacy as they grieve this tremendous loss.

For additional information, please contact the MARSOC Communication Strategy and Operations Office, at marsocofficial@socom.mil.



Photo by Lance Cpl. Christian Ayers
Marine Forces, Special Operations Command

Marine Forces Special Operations Command hosted a change of command ceremony, June 26, 2020, as the Marine Raiders bid farewell to Maj. Gen. Daniel D. Yoo and welcomed Maj. Gen. James F. Glynn. Glynn returns to MARSOC to serve as its eighth commander, having previously served as the commanding officer of the Marine Raider Training Center. "You don't get too many opportunities to come back," said Glynn, "but when you do, you stand among giants... people of character, people of care, people of concern that transcends the operational mission. It is personal." Glynn summarized his feelings about taking command in three words. "Pride, at the opportunity to come back to this formation and have the opportunity to stand amongst you. Humility at the opportunity to command in an organization like this. And some would call it a burden of command. It is actually a privilege to have the opportunity to be a part of and to contribute to all the great things that this force and its families do." As the MARSOC commander, Glynn will be responsible for manning, training and equipping Marine Raider task forces for deployments in support of the theater special operations commands. MARSOC maintains continuous deployed presence in the areas of operations for U.S. Indo-Pacific Command, U.S. Central Command and U.S. Africa Command.

Black Jack at War:

John P. Salmon War Diaries

Continued (Part 2)

After Tulagi was cleared up, we spent our time digging in and putting in wire. Our defenses were pitiful. One battery (4 guns) of 75mm pack howitzers and 2-90mm AA guns with about 40 rounds of ammo. Our food was cut to 1 can of beans and 1 can of biscuits per day and 2 packs of cigarettes a week. Everyone got pretty weak. We did find some Jap barley and cooked it. The stuff was weevily, but the weevils would come to the surface after boiling and could be removed. We could and did eat roots, fried like spuds. I guess they were taro. There was one black chicken, but he didn't last long. There were almost 2,000 men jammed on the island and sanitation was foul. Every foot it seemed was an open head and the dead being imperfectly buried.

Dysentery hit about 80% of those aboard. I was laid up for 3 days, but several boys almost died. The "bloody flux", no army in history has ever been free of it. The island literally stunk and it's a smell I will never get out of my nose. Any determined attempt at a landing on the part of the Japs must have succeeded, I think. We were sick, weak and hungry. Then malaria started and we were never rid of it from then on.

I used to spend most of my time in the Observation Post with 2 of the Englishmen. Dick Horton and Hank Joselyn. They were both very capable and very interesting men. We had two German 2 power binoculars and could watch the enemy powdering Guadal 20 miles away.

About the end of the first week the Japs realizing our weakness at sea began to send surface forces down and shelling us in broad daylight. I could very plainly see the Jap sailors on deck.

This was more of a nuisance than anything else, because we had very few casualties, but it was a genuine nuisance. One day they let fly a few rounds at a PBY, which was piled up on a reef. They hit it, but that nite their radio claimed 6 PBYs. So it was with the Japs.

The time passed quickly enough, with digging in and scrounging for food. We knew that the Division over on the canal had landed and without any trouble secured the airfield, but since then the Japs had been landing troops at x night and one battle, the battle of the Tenaru had already taken place. The old man told us to stand by to move over there as soon as shipping was available. Preparing to leave meant putting on a steel helmet and picking up your weapon.

We crossed over on a mine layer before dawn about the 20th of August and arrived just in time to get hell bombed out of us. We set up a camp of sorts in the Lever Bros coconut grove about 1/2 mile from Henderson field. The field was operational by then. The Seabees using Jap equipment had lengthened it and a few fighters and dive bombers were using it.

Description of Guadal

Our lines were stretched woefully thin to protect this field. Every nite the Japs were landing troops to the east and outside these lines until we estimated, from reports by the natives and coast watchers, that there were about 5,000 picked troops ashore. These turned out to be part of the invasion force for Midway which had been turned back after that battle.

Col. Edson was no hand for letting grass grow under his feet. We knew where they were landing and so we loaded aboard some tuna boats and some APDs one afternoon and prepared to take a nite landing at Tasimbok, 25 miles to the east and see what we could do. We planned on landing 2 miles east of the village and going from there. Natives were furnished, including Vouco the man whom the Japs had tied to a tree and bayoneted 23 times for information. He had been left for dead but got away and crawled into our lines.

I went down on the APD Manley the same ship I had gone to my first cruise. (The Calhoun had been sunk by bombs after carrying one of our companies over from Tulagi.)

We got some meat on the Manley, the first since we had landed. It was almost too rich. Our landing was no surprise to the Japs, because on the way one of the boys let a round of tracer go straight up in the air, you could see it for miles, but even so we landed with no opposition and lay alongside the beach road waiting daylight. At dawn we pushed toward Tasimboko. It started to rain and continued. After about a 1/2 hour of cautious advance, shells started dropping in our rear. The shelling was sporadic but annoying. There was not small arms fire which was rather peculiar.

I forgot to say that Maj. Ken Bailey got shot through the leg on Tulagi and Capt. Robert Thomas had taken over. I was next in line.

I can cut the story of Tasimboko short by saying that we destroyed all the Nip artillery and large supplies of chow and ammo. We

killed about 35 Japs and lost 2 men. One MIA PFC Miller. Of him, more later. We departed in one hell of a hurry about 1:30. The old man was exceedingly nervous and raised holy smokes speeding our evacuation and for a good reason of which I was not aware until later. To make things more interesting we had a peach of an air raid on the way back, but no ships were hit.

We had previously received a well done from Gen. Vandergrift for Tulagi. The name Raiders began to be known throughout the Marine Corps.

What had made the old man so anxious was this. The Japs had taken the bulk of their forces back into the jungle where they were chopping a trail to reach around completely behind the airfield and come out west of our lines about 3.5 miles[?] of heavy chopping. This "east-west trail" was very important to them. Anyway, they left only a small guard behind to watch their gear and it was this bunch that we ran into. If the mob back in the jungle had been able to get to us before we pulled out about 600 Marines would have left their bones at Tasimboko. So, tired, soaked, and happy we returned to the coconut grove.

For this action we received a well done from Admiral Charmley commanding the whole operation and from Col. Cates of the 1st Marines. We had previously received a well done from Gen. Vandergrift for Tulagi. The name Raiders began to be known throughout the Marine Corps.

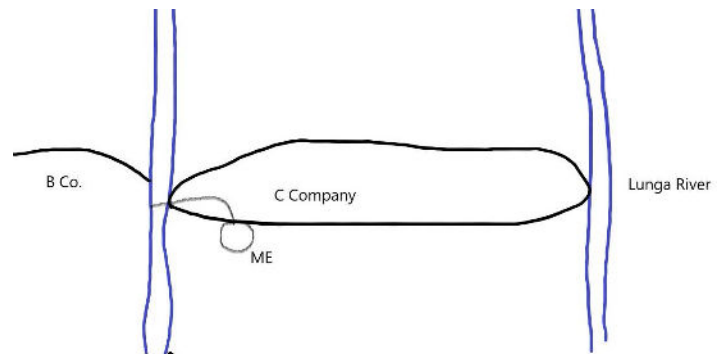
Food improved a little for most of the Div, but not for us. We, the very next day broke camp and moved the hell and gone to a position in the jungle below and in front of a series of ridges about 1500 yards south of the airfield.

Before I go into our activities for the next few days, I would like to mention that the Japs were continuing to land troops at night. These landings were being opposed by our air force, such as it was, but only a few ships were hit. They were using destroyers, and cruisers were giving support by shelling us every nite. This shelling was hair-raising but didn't do much damage. During the day we averaged two air raids a day, but our coastwatchers in the northern Solomons gave us ample warning. In our coconut grove, we never had too much trouble, but our jungle positions, obviously spotted by the Japs drew the honor of a full-scale bombing one day. We had quite a few casualties from that one. I got the P.H. Meanwhile, they whittled down our air force even though the Navy and Marine pilots were knocking 100'ers [?] of Japs a month out of the sky. Our position was more than precarious. It was actually untenable, and

I don't to this day know how we ever held on. We were tired, sick, hungry, but few quit. That was it, I guess.

We had a couple of days to dig in in the jungle. Ken Bailly had returned from the hospital in New Caledonia and had taken over the company and considering our strength we were in a fairly strong position.

Lunga River Map



During the third day we were able to get in a little wire. Incidentally, the company was down to about 75 men from the 130 we started with. Also the third day our patrols reported the Japs actually on our front, and the 3rd nite they hit us. Shortly after dark we were heavily shelled from the sea, but had no casualties. Right after that the Japs apparently in force began banging on our wire. Almost at once 2 center squads got panicky, no officers to guide them, and pulled out in the dark. That left my right flank exposed and it wasn't long before the Japs go in behind us. I decided to cross the log and join Baker company before I was wiped out. How we ever made it in the dark beats me, but we all got across but 4 men, 3 were killed in the ensuing fracas and one, a boy named Newton, who early on in the evening had fallen off the log into the lagoon and almost drowned was left in a hole. I had given him artificial respiration and when he came around a corpsman had slipped him a shot of morphine, so he never got the word. His story later. Somehow, we got across. It is impossible to explain the difficulty. Slippery log, pitch dark, guns banging around.

We joined up with B company, and swapped shots across the lagoon the rest of the nite. I had no idea what had happened to the rest of the company, but there was steady firing going on all night, so I figured that some were still alive and fighting.

At dawn a runner appeared and ordered a withdrawal to the high ground in our rear. There I found Ken and most of the rest of the company. They had been forced to withdraw also but had killed quite a number of Japs it turned out later.

We were not in sufficient strength to try and retake our position. A detail of paratroopers tried and were shot up pretty bad. The woods were crawling with Japs.

The old man came around to each company and told us in so

many words that if we didn't stop them that nite, our goose was cooked. It was us or [them].

He put C company on the ridge with part of the 1st Paratroop Bn. We had almost 200 men, all told, but this time we had some phones in to the artillery in the rear and some mortars I set up. These were complete without sights, but figured to do some damage by just firing in the general direction. Everyone was dead on their feet. The old man looked pretty rough and I know that he was pretty doubtful as to the outcome. He more than the rest of us knew just about what was up. This was the night of September 13, the night of the "Battle of the Ridge." It was some night what I remember of it.

That afternoon Capt. Jake Irwin our quartermaster came up and told me I had been a Capt. since August 7. Hell of a time to get killed I thought.

The Japs started in as soon as it got dark and the battle went on without halt until day. It was hell on earth believe me.

It was such a wild and woolly night that it is rather difficult to talk about. What it consisted of was a succession of charges by a Jap Bn. Each charge culminated in a hand grenade and bayonet affair with casualties heavy on both sides. After each attack had been beaten off the Japs retreated to the jungle at the foot of the ridge and then reformed for another attempt. Confusion in the dark left everybody in doubt as to who, when, where, why, and what. We ran out of grenades and mortar shells, but by a miracle and some very brave men we kept our supply operating and case after case of grenades came pouring up. There was very little evacuation of wounded until morning. If a man couldn't move himself he was out of luck.

The Japs sneaked a few guys through us and these operators managed to get right into the Division command post and gave A.A. Vandergrift a very bad half hour.

Besides the gallant battle our Marines put up, two things saved us. One was the inability of the Nips to co-ordinate their attacks, because had they hit us full strength they must have broken through. The other was our artillery, which was magnificent, laying down barrages as close as 50 yards from our troops. This assisted in breaking up their concentrations.

That's about it. We licked em and when dawn came they hauled off. 90 left from 900 we learned later. I have no figures on our casualties, but they were about 60% killed and wounded. The grass was all burned off the ridge and the dead on both teams were stacked up in front of us. It was one hell of a mess. Ken Bailey and the "old man" got Medals of Honor for that scrap.

We picked ourselves up and started back in trucks for the grove. We knew we were "hot" then. We hadn't been in a truck since the states. We got alongside the airfield just in time to undergo a big air raid. It was almost the last straw.

We laid around then licking our wounds, shifting our camp to the

beach defense area. It was nice down there. We swam and at nite we could see cruisers when they shelled the airfield.

Besides the daily air raids things were quiet, but the Japs kept landing troops, so the "boys" decided to take a crack at them to upset them a little. We were too weak in numbers to do much else.

About 5 miles to the west was the Matanikau river. It was agreed to go there, attempt a crossing and see what the Japs were up to.

(I forgot to mention that we made one long patrol in force up the Lunga River looking for Japs, but didn't find any. Dick Tugaskis went with me and we wore ourselves out. 3/4 of the Bn got lost. A bad day for all hands.)

This was the first battle of the Matanikau.

The 5 Marines attempted a crossing at the mouth and were skinned up pretty badly, so we were given the mission of going up the river and crossing over above where we thought the Japs were. In attempting to do this, my company was forced to get out on a high ridge overlooking the river. The Nips spotted us right away and pinned us down with mortar and mg fire. Several of my men were killed. We were ordered to hold what we had, so we got back on the reverse slope, got our own mortars into action and kept fairly quiet after that. After exchanging a few shots and seeing a dandy air scrap, Lt. Col Sam Griffith came up. Col Edson had taken over the 5th Reg and Sam as Exec was the new "old man." He crawled up with me to my O.P. and as soon as we got there Sam caught one in the shoulder. Word had come up that Ken Bailey who had become Exec and operations officer, had been killed so there we were. That finished us as a Bn. Later in the day with no more casualties, we effected a safe withdrawal and covering the same for all the regiments.

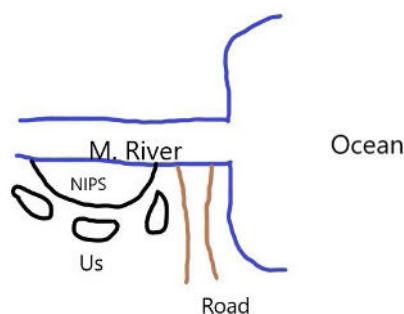
We returned to the coconut grove having accomplished very little in 2 1/2 days. When we were all through reorganizing we were forced to break up one company and Capt Jake Irwin our supply wizard became Bn. Commander. 70% had malaria by this time and all of us were in rotten shape. Our strength was down to 500 from 900 and about 150 were effective, so we loafed in the grove, trying to bum food from other outfits, blasting for fish in the Lunga River and as always heavy air and surface attacks daily and nightly.

We knew that the Japs had continued to build up strength and the great naval battle of those months were fought to stop the so-called "Tokyo Express". We lost the carrier Hornet and Wasp, leaving us only Saratoga and Enterprise afloat, and usually one or the other was in for repair. Consequently, we were pounded hard from the air, 2 and 3 raids a day and in force. The Jap was a long way from giving up "the island of death" as they called it. What we called it is not for publication.

From the native reports we estimated that the Japs had reached a strength at least 1/2 again superior to ours and much better physically. Fresh, well equipped troops. We were a long way from being out of the woods.

Life from the 1st to the 2nd Matanikau wasn't bad. The Lunga was clear and fast moving, so we were clean and somewhat entertained. However, it was learned that again the Japs had come up to the Matanikau and had crossed it in considerable strength. All available Regts were ordered to attempt another attack. The 5th to keep them busy around the mouth and if possible dislodge them from "our" side. The 1st and 7th to cross over above and sweep the other side clear. We were informed that we wouldn't be used for this attack. This we knew was eyewash. The very first day Edson's 5th ran into trouble and one of our companies was called up. I got word at dusk to be ready on call. We were alerted all nite and moved out finally at dawn. I reported to Edson at the 5th C.P. It was raining and kept on the rest of the day. We were sent up to relieve the 3 Bn. 5. I had 45 men in my company at that time. We got into position and started an attack through very dense jungle. We immediately ran into heavy fire from, it seemed, all directions. It was just a whisker high, however, and only 4 men were hit. We tried to flank. No dice. There were no flanks, so we kept inching forward and by dusk we were swapping grenades and lost 2 more men.

It was very dense. We couldn't see the Japs but had an idea of their set up. See sketch.



Their backs were to the river and we must have exerted considerable pressure on them as events to follow proved. By dusk the lines along the river were all Raiders – about 120 men – all that were fit for duty. Some of these were running high fevers and all of us including me had the "trots" terrible. Edson had us again and I was glad he was boss, because I had complete faith in his ability. I was very leery of the Nips. We were awfully weak and they appeared to be in considerable force and quite inclined to do battle.

Our orders were to hold on for the nite. Lou Walt, then a Major, was in direct command. A splendid officer who later was recognized as such by the Marine Corps.

No sooner had it gotten dark when the Japs, howling and yelling launched an attack through A company. They were just getting into position. A very bitter hand-to-hand struggle followed. We could hear it, but fortunately were not in it. The "rice bags" were trying to break away across the river. One of our gunners caught a

flock of them in the clear and literally piled them up. It was all over in about ten minutes and except for a battle I had with a crab, all was serene for the rest of the nite. "A" company lost 12 killed, the Japs over 80. In our area were quite a few too. We mopped up the next day, acquiring several machine guns and lots of equipment. I shot my second Nip, hiding in a foxhole. We learned from diaries that a full company had occupied the area. That gave them about 250 men.

We hauled out the next day. Lou Walt recommended me for the Silver Star, for which I received a letter of commendation from Admiral Halsey. Ample reward for my part in the affair.

Then came the great event. "Stand by to leave the island." Enough said.

Supplies were still so tight on the island that we left everything behind, but our helmets and personal weapons. On the afternoon of Oct 13, we moved to the beach. The USS McCawley and Zeilin were unloading the 164th Army Regt. The comments from the Marines were something. The Zeilin – we went to Samoa on her -- took 1/2 of us including me. We were very comfortable compared to our 1st voyage. Good ventilation, 2 per cabin, and good food. I ate 1 steak, 4 eggs and 6 pancakes for the 1st breakfast. After months of corned beef it was wonderful.

While we were loading we had our 3rd air raid of the day. Henderson field as completely knocked out and we couldn't put a plane in the air. To give us a farewell, the Japs closed our Guadalcanal adventure by opening up on us with some unknown artillery. Several close misses were scored, but 2 "tin cans" xv shut them up before anything happened much.

It was farewell to Guadalcanal. There never was a place like it. Since that time I have been in large operations and with heavy casualties, but never fighting superior force in all places battles with the aspects at a time when food was so low, and the enemy so superior. It was long and it was hard.

I have neglected my English friends. Hank Jocelyn had found himself a mountain on Choiseul up the line and was parked there radioing all the dope as the Japs flew or steamed past him. Dick Horton was doing the same thing on Rendova. A very brave and competent pair whom I hope to meet someday again.

To Be Continued:

Focus on the Food

By Christopher Halagarda, MS, RD, CSSD, CSCS
Certified Specialist in Sports Dietetics



In our overly busy lives of hitting the snooze button for an extra ten minutes of sleep, working through our lunch hour and playing taxi driver for the kids, many people have lost their focus on food. Meals have become simple pauses throughout the blur of a day to simply chow down and move on to check the next box in a list of “need to do’s.” In the day to day hustle, this may just be the norm, but do we ever consider how this might impact our performance, health, or family interaction?

Scientists have nicknamed the gastrointestinal (GI) system as the “second brain” because it is able to work on its own, without any assistance from the “first brain.” The GI system also sends many signals to the brain throughout the day, including simple signals such as “we’re hungry” or “we’re full.” But if we’re focusing on things besides food while we’re mindlessly eating, the communication is less effective. Basically, the gut won’t be able to tell the brain that we’re full and don’t need to eat anymore. So you’ll end up eating more at each sitting. This poor communication can also lead to more frequent snacking or even binge eating.

Obviously, it’s extremely difficult to change your kid’s activity schedule or decide not to get the job done at work, but if you are finding that food is rarely your focus anymore, you may need to find a happy medium by making smaller lifestyle changes toward a healthier physical and social environment for your family.

Below are my top three rules for making good food and family a focus again in your life:

1. Plan meals and meal times together. Having everybody at the dinner table 7 days a week may be impossible, but demand a few consistent meals where everybody will be gathered together. For example, make Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday dinners a must for everybody sit together. Plan the dishes ahead of time. Alternate who gets to choose the dishes, who will shop for the meal and even who plans or prepares the dish. If you have older children, they may team up once a week to prepare a meal for mom and dad!
2. Move meals from the couch to the table. Usually, if you’re eating on the couch, you’re also watching TV and not getting the social aspect of eating with your family...and your gut isn’t communicating with your brain.
3. Avoid ALL electronics during meal time. Aim for a 30+ minute period of no TVs, cell phones, tablets or gaming systems! Try to put them out of site. Embrace the good food and conversation with your family. An exception to this would be playing some light background music.

If this is something that hasn’t existed in your home, ever, this may be a significant change that feels strange or awkward at first. You may need to come up with a list of lite topics to discuss or simple verbal or visual games to play. It can also be a time for deep conversations to evolve and allow for growth in your family’s relationships.

I suspect that in the end you’ll look back at your family meals as an important time for bonding with your family and hopefully it will improve your health and performance too!

Book Review:

When the Tempest Gathers

by Russell Worth Parker

Truth in advertising: Colonel Andrew Milburn is a friend and fellow Marine (now retired), I read the drafts of this memoir and gave him comments, and he was kind enough to thank me in the Acknowledgments. All that aside, I was, and am as enthusiastic about this book as I am because it is a damned fine memoir of combat, military life, and the effects thereof. Andy spent a lot of time in command and in combat, as an infantryman and special operator. The lessons and experience he has to pass on make this book worthwhile. The artfulness with which he writes only makes it more so.

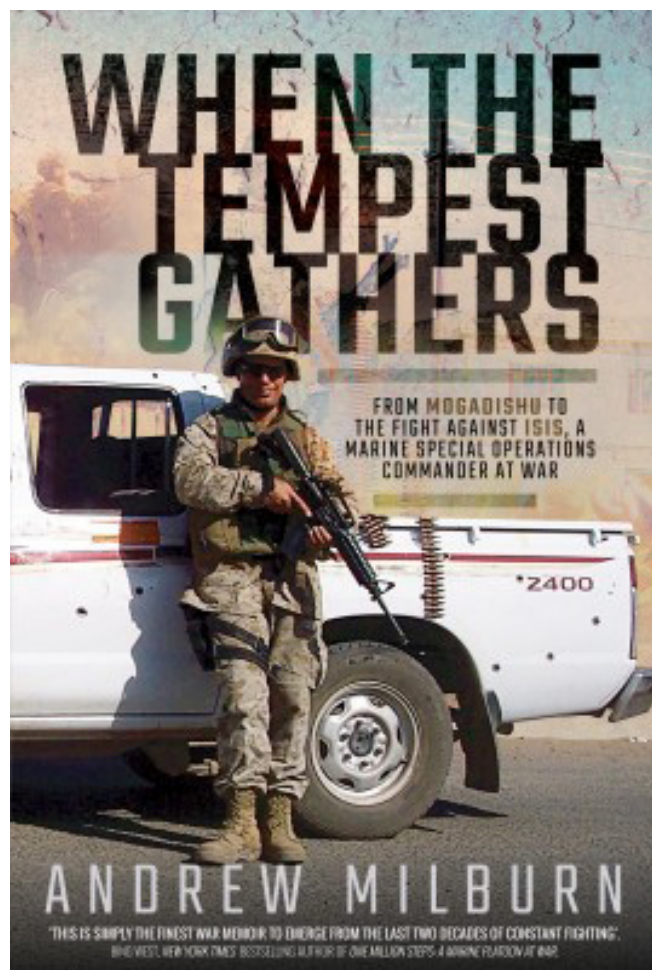
As a Marine, Andy never shied away from a fight, be it actual combat or an intellectual joust. The stories of those things are equally fascinating. For those looking for a combat memoir, the stories in *When the Tempest Gathers* offer enough excitement to appeal. Andy saw more than most Marines, serving in Somalia, Iraq multiple times, and Syria amongst other places. It's all there: close quarters fights in Mogadishu and Fallujah, urban fights in Mosul, even trench warfare against ISIS in the North of Iraq. He also covers his attempts to challenge the accepted intellectual norms of the Corps, a tendency for which he accepted a lot of professional risk.

Outside of some conflict or another, for people considering a career in the military, Andy offers the kind critical insights into what regular life is like on the everyday that comes with thirty years on uniform. Those stories are perhaps more important than the combat recounting because understanding the prosaic day to day of military life is key to a realistic view of what that career brings: the nature of command; the politicking that occurs; the means by which one controls, or cedes control, over one's fate.

But what really sets "Tempest" apart is the honesty with which Andy addresses the impacts of "the life" on his own and that of his family. Too many books about war and combat keep the adrenaline redlined and ignore that doing so eventually blows the engine. On the other end, there are plenty of GWOT memoirs by professional victims. Andy Milburn is neither. He's a professional Marine Officer, a deeply thoughtful man who implemented the policies of this nation through the lethal tactics he mastered over three decades while insightfully evaluating the strengths and frailties of both. Along the way he experienced tragedy and triumph, heralds and heartaches. Read "When The Tempest Gathers" to understand the fullness of a life well lived, then read it again to pull every bit of knowledge from his generous, honest literary offering.

This review appeared initially on SOFLETE.com and was excerpted from a longer piece titled: Five Books You Should Read This Summer: Corona Edition. Read the entire review here:

<https://soflete.com/blogs/knowledge/five-books-you-should-read-this-summer-corona-edition?fbclid=IwAR0I6uBPZ-2POv2tgEH20CONaHiPrRexSzHwdev9h2mAE3ImDWojvXDtIgGk>

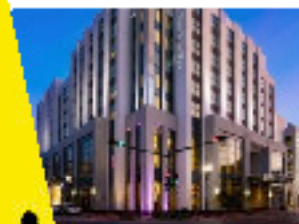


Laissez les bons temps rouler!!

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



The MRA
the National



sed out of
s Hotel

Join us as we experience the history, traditions, and

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

**Event
Cancelled**

**In lieu of one (large) annual reunion,
MRA will facilitate small, local gatherings
throughout the remainder of 2020!**

**Information on these events will be published via the
MRA website, *The Raider Patch*, and on social media!**

Planning for the 2021 Annual Raider Reunion is underway!

Location: Camp Lejeune, NC area

Date: TBD

It is with a heavy heart that the Membership Committee acknowledges the recent passing of Florence “Flo” Dornan. Those who knew and loved Flo understand that her passing is a tremendous loss, not only to Flo’s family and friends, but to the entire Marine Raider Association and the Raider community. Her kindness, generosity, and dedication are legendary within the Association, and our gratitude cannot be measured! We mourn her loss and send our deepest condolences to Flo’s family and friends. Semper Fi and Gung Ho, Flo!

The Membership Committee continues processing updates to the membership database. We are analyzing the membership data from 2019 and the first half of 2020 to guide our membership goals for the remainder of 2020 and beyond. As of June 15th, we have 764 members on our active roster. We currently have 59 active WWII Raiders on our membership roster; however, our historians have identified another 488 “lost” WWII Raiders whose whereabouts are unknown. As we diligently work through the information on file for our WWII Raiders, we are deeply saddened each time we remove the name of a WWII Raider from our active rolls. We are continuing our open-source research efforts to determine the status of each of our “lost” Raiders. It is a time-consuming task, but it is time that is well spent!

It should be noted that we have identified an additional 375 members whose memberships have lapsed. If only half of those members rejoined the Association, we would be approaching the 1,000-member mark! That is a number that seemed unattainable only a few short years ago!!

Check your Patch mailing label! If it shows anything other than LIFE or 2020 and beyond, a membership renewal is needed ASAP! Reinstating your membership is easy! Submit your application and payment online or use the application included in The Raider Patch to pay via check. In November 2019, your Board of Directors approved a motion to **KEEP MEMBERSHIP RATES AT THEIR CURRENT LEVELS**. Act today and take advantage of current membership rates to renew your own membership or refer a friend, colleague, or family member!

You can also “gift” a membership! What a great idea for a birthday present, achievement recognition, or “just because”! Reach out to us at membership@marineraiderassociation.org if you have any questions determining the correct membership category or submitting an application.

As always, we ask that you please ensure that your personal information is updated and accurate. Every undeliverable Patch magazine or notification of an address forward costs the Association \$0.61! It is a small amount that adds up over time! As the PCS season approaches, remember to send us your new mailing address. Personal information updates can be submitted directly to the membership committee via email at membership@marineraiderassociation.org or through the website at <https://marineraiderassociation.org/raider-association/change-of-email-or-address/>.

In closing, we thank you for your continued support! We call on all of you to help us aggressively grow our membership rolls in 2020 and beyond! We encourage each of YOU to be an active member of your Marine Raider Association!

Semper Fi and Gung Ho,
The Membership Committee

The Navajo Weapon

Part 2:

Douglas Charles Granum

Editor's note: Mr. Granum is a renowned sculptor 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 project with the Raider Association.

The combined intel effort, with the code talkers in the lead, out maneuvered the Japanese. No surprise but non the less miraculous that this invisible way of speaking should devolve from quiet, peaceful desert herdsman.

They live in a place of soft winds, ancient cliff dwellers, archaic history, a place of pottery makers, weavers, meadow larks and medicine pipes.

Their home now is a ship all painted grey, wiring and pipes up and down walls. A weird assortment of vents and generators, suction and blow-by valves. Voices on loudspeakers, sirens, and every one running somewhere. This is a place where cannons are booming, men are coughing up blood, red colored jungle birds, high winding Allison aircraft engines, the Divine Wind, the dreaded kamikaze, this is now their home.

Nothing is familiar to these young herdsman except the things they know. They don't know emergency klaxon horns, but they do know the braying of their burrows. They don't know the great salt sea, never even seen the sea only for seven days from Pearl, but they know the vast sea of red sands on the high plateaus. Wires and electrical signals are all new, most of these men didn't have electric lights in their homes.

Nothing is familiar, the smell of diesel, the smell of paint, the smell of your own body and those around you in a bunk or a foxhole.

You have a job to do, seems so simple, just say a few words into your microphone, life and death hanging on every adjective and vowel.

A place where you say Lo-tso but it means something else, in this case whale. The Japanese never could understand this, indeed who could except a Navajo?

Teachers in boarding schools went to great lengths to "civilize" these beautiful young people of the high deserts and in the process tried to destroy their centuries old traditions, bloodlines, customs and more importantly to our story, their language.

"Major Howard Connor, a 5th Marine Division signal officer, had half-a-dozen code talkers with him when he invaded Iwo Jima. He

said that without them, the Americans wouldn't have taken the island. Iwo Jima was the only battle in the Pacific war where Allied casualties outnumbered Japanese casualties."

What a fascinating and intricately woven blanket it all is. All the oceans of sand, the south pacific oceans, the ocean blue and the sky blue, what a colorful place it all is. The grand tangled masses of red bougainvillea, the overwhelming fragrance of white jasmine, the giant green leaves, the grasses, white and black beaches and glassy lavas, what are its colors? Surly Calvary coat red, grey butte grey, campfire charcoal black, freshwater clamshell white, deep ocean blue, blue booby blue and wild onion yellow.

A young sheep herder stands by a small fire on a warm night that cast shadows on nearby canyon walls. Gathered around him his dogs his goats and sheep and the sky, his great mother. He has been taught well by grandmother and grandfather. When he awakes in the morning, he prays to the four corners of the universe. His life course has been set thousands of years before he was born. His people crossed the Bering land bridge.

He hears again of the great conflict that is going on in his nation. Men come and pow wow of the need to join the war effort, many do. People smoke the pipe.

The Navajos have a secret, a language that is not written and a linguistic dialogue that is virtually impenetrable to a non-native Navajo speaker. The military code developed by the first 29 code talkers and then by other code talkers later has never been broken, the only such military record.

All other codes have been broken at one time or another. It was, of course, the breaking of the Japanese code that allowed the allies to discover and crush Admiral Yamamoto and his fleet in the great battle of midway.

**"In beauty will I rest my heart,
In beauty all will be in balance,
In beauty all will be restored."**

The code is everything.

The young Navajo warrior knows little of this, he joins knowing he wants to fight for his land and his country, the black-haired girl in the Bitter Water clan and maybe also a chance to see the city and the giant salt ocean.

The Navajos suffered an indignity as they were not able to vote for the country they were expected to defend in the Pacific.

Defend they did, however with great honor and valor.

The personal Navajo credo was called, "the Right Way," the "balance between all men and women and their world"

Despite the incredible oddity of their new world, the Navajos carried into battle successfully, their ancient home learned personal protections. Tattoos and small leather pouches with objects that had mysterious curative powers. The tooth of a lynx, the dried tongue of a songbird, corn pollen, a pebble, red and black paste,

many things particular to that individual and his clan. There were songfests and dances that “clothed” them before they left home with protective energy for the battles to come.

Men are men and all bring unique experiences. The connection between the Marine Raiders and the Navajo Code Talkers is nearly symbiotic. They could never have functioned the extremely successful way that they did without each other. Each was part of the matrix. It all seems so simple until it isn't.

You only want to sleep and all you need is someone to hold your head above the water in your flooded fox hole so as to catch a few winks. Then wait one or two hours and then change places with your foxhole buddy, and listen, always for Banzai, even in your sleep.

It would be very illuminating to have visited these young men a year before Pearl, make no mistake, for most of these young warriors they were chosen by the war. Few people would take the choice to run into machine gun fire, or choose to run off a landing barge in four feet of water with an eighty pound radio on your back while 40 mm rounds enfilading cross wise across the beach, body parts flying in the wind. Who would choose to crawl on hands and knees into caves to find wild eyed suicidal Japanese madmen? No, war chose these men in the Pacific, but no denying, there was also the allure of protecting their homes and loved ones.

Some were going to be farmers, and doctors, and lawyers, and loggers and dairy men, sheep herders and teachers, they were going to marry the girl next door, they were going to ask the father for the daughter's hand, They were going to buy the car, that tractor, that favorite bull, the productive sow, those sheep, that bride, anything and everything just not have to shoot some poor yellow sop between the eyes on a bleary rainy night in a war in a strange place, how does this happen?

Our Code talkers and Raiders had shot lots of things. Among them deer, pheasants, elk, rabbits, wolves, coyotes, prairie chickens, hogs, goats, cows, sows. Shooting was a way of life for them. When they went out the door, they grabbed their 22.

A few were like “Mud Hole” famed Marine Raider given his Nom de Plume, “Mud Hole” by none other than his commander, Evans Carlson. “I have seen natives in New Guinea”, my twister told me”, reach down in a muddy water filled cavity of a cows footprint in the muck and scoop up a hand full of murky water and drink it, thus did Mud Hole, he was an original. These men code talkers and Marines were all forced to be unique, though few would admit it. Around mud hole's wrist he wore a bracelet of captured Japanese teeth mounted in gold.

“Everything great is just as difficult to realize as it is rare to find.”

The Navajo Weapon, the great Navajo code is just that, great. By this very fact it was so rare in concept, that it peeled steel armor off the entire Japanese war machine. The code is in some ways a Trojan horse amidst Japanese certitude that they were impenetrable.

The profound mistaken idea that one has no vulnerability is a very flawed strategy. The Japanese didn't know their code was broken and they couldn't break ours, hell is about to descend on their heads.

They didn't understand anything except what they could see, and that was only just over the next horizon, their wireless communications viabilities were totally compromised. What orders they sent out were intercepted, understood and decoded by the allies.

With this ability to remain invisible, this Navajo code, made the Japanese extremely vulnerable to allied forces. So vulnerable that their huge grinding, driving, gnashing, war behemoth eventually, flaming, smoking, disintegrated and shuddered to a death rattling stop. Zeros fell from the blue south pacific skies where their shining ceased.

Its gargantuan Japanese death star was extinguished by the quietest of words, really, they simple colorful words like hummingbird, turtle, bear and duck. A few soft Navajo words spoken in a language never written across this vast expanse of rolling ocean, words never heard and as a result, many people die, how ironic.

The words are emblematic of the code talkers home strata. There were soft shades of pale pastures and blue wind ruffled ponds with golden eyes and canvas backs, pulsing windstorms and crystal heavens with an endless pave of diamonds. Stick built Hogan's with grandmothers stirring cornmeal, the supple words talk about feasting, they talk about dancing, weaving and rufous hawks, about sacrifice and death.

The Japanese will surly die if the “turtle kisses the ant”. This is sent out in code. But then how can that make sense to the Japanese?

Sheep, horse, rabbit, deer, lamb Ute, there was no pathway for the Japanese to understand what this string of words meant.

The Japanese didn't want to lose, they thought they were alert but then events swung out of their favor, they had lost the advantage of surprise. The herdsman our code talker says quietly a-ye-shi, eggs in Navajo, bombs in the code, and more Japanese die.

The Navajo code was as important as the atom bomb someone once said. The numbers of people impacted by the code was monumental.

As I finished my second bottle of beer my friend asked me, you are probably wondering why I asked you over? It is this, I want to build a life-sized Marine Raider/Navajo Code Talker monument to these magnificent, selfless individuals, none has ever been built. These World War II code talkers and marine raiders are the fathers of our new MARSOC. The MARSOC are the sons of these Pacific warriors. In fact, the new MARSOC has adopted the name, “Marine Raiders.”

"Would you like another beer? On me of course."

STAY IN THE FIGHT

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

How to Relieve Low Back Pain at Work

Over 80% of people will experience back pain at some point in their life. While pain is a normal part of the human experience, lasting pain or repeated injuries are NOT normal.

Back pain at work can cause a lot more trouble. Unless it's an acute injury, most people with work-related low back pain deal with it for months or years before seeking help. By that time, back pain becomes much more challenging to treat.

Pain-related compensations gradually develop over many years on the job. And while the pain may resolve, the body's memory of the pain can create habits that are hard to kick.

The good news is that it's never too late to take action - you can dramatically improve your back function and health in a relatively short time. This article will help you get started.

Here are four of the most successful strategies we've found to reduce back pain in any job, as well as prevent future low back problems. Scan the overview, then read on for details about each strategy. Don't miss the Bonus strategy at the end!

Overview

1. Sitting Work - High Hips

Sit with hips slightly higher than knees, and try to get up and walk around every 30-45 minutes of continuous work.

2. Bending Work - Reverse It

Perform a 10 second Back Bend stretch with good form every hour, and perform several repetitions before your commute home at the end of the day.

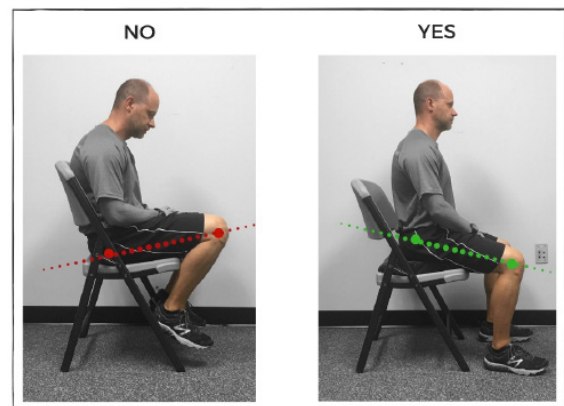
3. Lifting Work - Sit Back First

"Sit back in the chair" before lowering to lift a heavy object. You'll be more likely to keep your back straight, and you'll use your other joints in a more natural way.

4. Carrying Work - Decompress

Perform the Bench Unloader exercise for 10-30 seconds with good form every hour, and perform several repetitions in a row when you can throughout the work cycle.

1. Sitting Work - High Hips



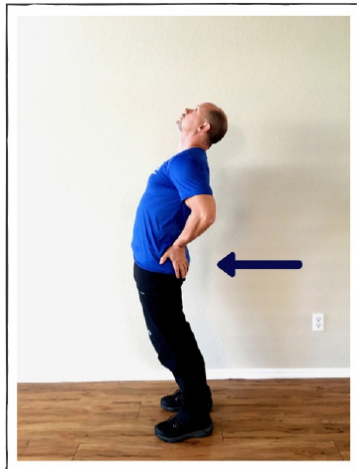
1. Sitting Work - Hips High

There is approximately 10 times more pressure pushing down on your spine when you sit compared to when you stand tall, accelerating dehydration of the shock-absorbing discs. Plus, most of us slouch when we do sit, increasing the strain on soft tissues and causes aching, pain, and stiffness.

The best way to avoid sitting-related low back pain is simply to get up every 30-45 minutes. As little as a 1-minute break to walk around can help. However, there is a little secret that will mitigate the harmful effects of sitting, and that is high hips.

Place a small cushion, your jacket, or a folded towel under your sitting bones and position your feet flat on the floor. From the side, your hip sockets will be just a bit higher than your knees. Adjust the wedge height so that you feel the pressure relieved in your lower back.

2. Bending Work - Reverse It



2. Bending Work - Reverse It

Bending forward is a common movement in most jobs - after all, our arms and eyes are positioned for work in front of the body. Unfortunately, repetitive or prolonged bending creates fatigue in the back muscles,

reducing their ability to maintain spine alignment. As a result, the shock-absorbing spinal discs are compressed, placing them at risk of damage.

You can reverse much of the pressure on your discs with a simple Back Bend microstretch. Start by locking your knees straight. Push your belly forward using your hands on your hip bones.

You'll feel pressure in the front of your hips as well as pressure in your back. This is expected, as long as it doesn't cause pain. If you are stiff, look straight ahead instead of up so that you don't over-arch or lose balance.

Hold the stretch for 10 full seconds and keep breathing. That's it! Perform 1 repetition every hour (or as needed), and 3 reps at the end of the day before commuting home.

3. Lifting Work - Sit Back First

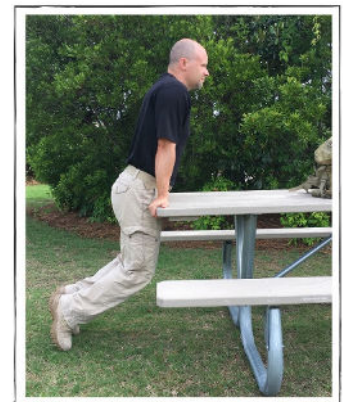
You may have learned to lift by "bending at the knees, not at the waist." While the second half is true - keeping your waist and back straight prevents back strain - the first half advice can be better.

Instead of "bend the knees" we say "sit back in the chair" or "hinge the hips". This is because when you move your hips first, you'll naturally keep your back straighter AND move the leg's joints in their natural order from biggest to smallest.

Take a look at the picture below- the hip joint is bigger than the knee joint, which is bigger than the ankle joint. By turning the biggest hip gear first - "sit back in the chair" - the smaller gears will start moving naturally when it's their turn.

4. Carrying Work - Decompress

Over the course of the day, gravity forces compress the joints and shock-absorbing discs of the spine, squeezing out water. These pressures are magnified when we have to stand or carry heavy equipment for hours on end, causing more dehydration and stiffness.



4. Carrying Work - Decompress

You can relieve this type of pain and rehydrate your discs with decompression exercises. You can also use spinal decompression to unload the stress off your lower back before the pain even sets in! Here is one method that works well in the field: Bench Unloader.

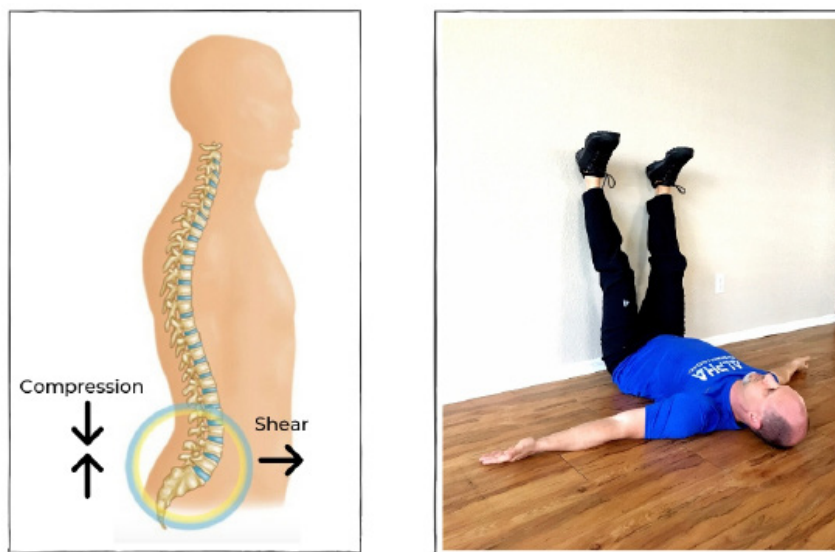


3. Lifting Work - Sit Back First

Place your hands on the edge of a secure table, counter-top, of the trunk of your car. Lean forward and relax your weight over your wrists with elbows locked, until you feel a gradual release of pressure in your lower back. Be sure to keep your toes on the ground.

Hold this position for as many seconds as possible (at least 10, and up to 30 seconds) and keep breathing. Repeat for repetitions over 2 minutes, as often as you can, and ideally for a couple of reps every hour when you are under physical stress.

Bonus: Daily Legs Up the Wall Recovery Time



Bonus: Legs Up Wall Recovery

This drill is borrowed from yoga, and can really do wonders for your lower back at the end of the day. The lowest moveable section of the spine (called L5-S1) is where humans experience the largest shear (horizontal) forces. Shear forces play a large role in aging of the spinal discs.

Legs Up The Wall achieves 3 important things:

- Decompresses the lower spine

- Reverses the shear forces

- Relaxes the surrounding muscle and ligaments

To try it, lie down on the floor and place your legs up the wall. Move your hips away far enough away that you feel a comfortable stretch in your legs and relaxation in your lower back. Place a rolled towel under your tailbone to increase comfort and bend your knees as needed.

Stay here for 5 minutes, wiggling your legs as needed. To get up, press your heels into the wall and roll to your side, slowly sliding your legs down to the ground.

Putting it all together

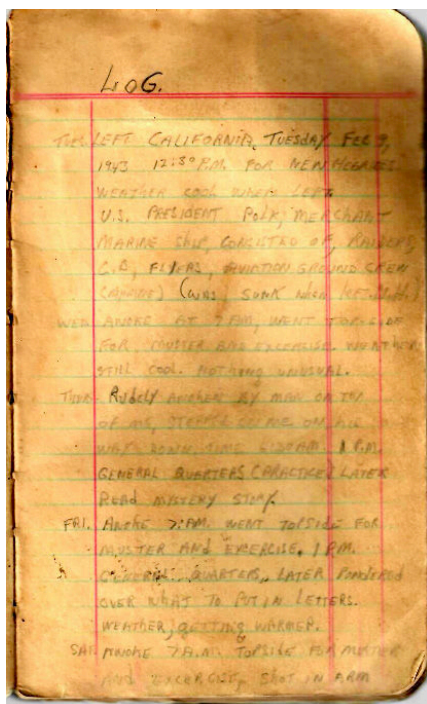
Based on your job and activities, practice these strategies whenever the opportunity comes along. Keep doing what's working to reduce your back pain and modify or discontinue what doesn't.

If none of these tips improve your symptoms, we suggest you consider seeing your medical provider or a physical therapist who can give you advice based on your specific situation. Back pain is no fun, and the sooner you can investigate, the easier it is to eliminate!

Questions about pain or injuries? Send a message to rita@alphapnr.com.

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. The below pages document the Raiders transit from California to the Pacific. The routine and boredom are obvious to anyone who has spent time on ship.



Tuesday Feb 9th, 1943 - Left California 12:30 pm for New Hebrides. Weather cool when left. SS President Polk Merchant Marine Ship consisted of Raiders, CBs, (Navy Construction Battallions), Flyers, Aviation ground crew (Marine). Was sunk when left NH (*ed note, According to my research, the ship may have been hit but was not sunk. She was requisitioned by the Navy and designated the USS President Polk until decommissioning in January of 1946.*)

Wednesday - Woke 2am went topside for muster and exercise. Weather still cool nothing unusual.

Thursday - Rudely awoken by man on top of me. Stepped on me on his way down time 6:30 am. 1pm General Quarters (practice) later read mystery story.

Friday - Awoke 7 am went topside for muster and exercise. 1 pm general quarters later pondered over what to put in letters. Weather, getting warmer

Saturday - Awoke 7 am topside for muster and exercise, shot in arm.

At 1100 am officers loaned \$1.00 apiece to go to PX, bought pop.

1 pm general quarters practice) 1:30 pm Col Roosevelt gave a speech on the do's and don'ts of the island 3 pm rifle inspection on promenade deck weather hot. Slept on deck sat night with Moody.

Sunday - Awoke at 7 went topside for muster flying fish all over. 8 am went to mass, had boxing bouts at 5 pm weather very hot.

Monday - Awoke at 7 am went topside for muster and exercise, weather hotter, nearing equator.

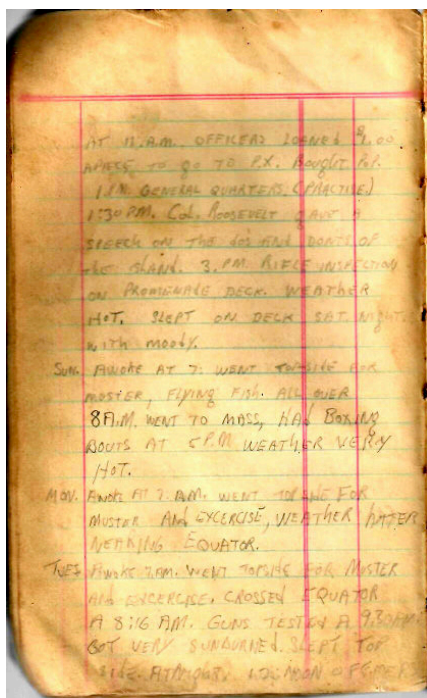
Tuesday - Awoke 7 am went topside for muster and exercise, crossed equator at 8:16 am guns tested at 9:30 am got very sunburned, slept topside at night 12 noon officers initiated other officers making them Shellbacks.

Wednesday - Awoke 710 am stayed up topside for muster and exercise 1 pm Col Roosevelt gave a speech on our equipment. Sunburn very bad.

Thursday- Slept topside awoke 6 am sighted a ship off port side at 745 am, friendly 10 am Col Roosevelt talked on the forthcoming situation Weather still hot sunburn getting better. Position of ship on west side of Samoa.

Friday - Slept topside in rain awoke 6:30 had muster and exercise. 745 am stood guard 8 pm Jap raider chased us but lost him weather occasional showers cloudy

Saturday- Awoke 6 am ate and stood watch for 4 hours.





During these uncertain times, let's tap into the power of coming together!

Now more than ever, a strong sense of community is something everyone can relate to. The Marine Raider Foundation understands this, and as a result, our team created the 100-Mile Summer Sundry Challenge. The challenge is simple - log 100 miles between June 14th- Flag Day, and August 30th - run, walk, hike, jog, swim, row - as long as it doesn't involve an engine other than your heart, you're good to go! There is NO COST to register. All we ask is that you create a fundraising page and invite your friends and family to support you as you strive to reach 100 miles. We have some awesome fundraising incentives, including:

Marine Raider Foundation Patch for raising \$250

Marine Raider Foundation Challenge Custom T-Shirt for raising \$500

A Marine Raider Foundation Hat for raising \$750

A pair of sunglasses courtesy of event sponsor Oakley for raising \$1000

A Miles for MARSOC Community Athlete race kit for raising \$2000

Fundraising Awards for Top 3 Fundraisers!

Go solo or create a team - and most importantly, have fun! Get registered today by visiting:

<https://runsignup.com/Race/AZ/FountainHills/MarineRaiderFoundation100MileSummerSundryChallenge>

The Strength of The Honor Foundation

By: Lindsay Cashin, Director of People, The Honor Foundation, Camp LeJeune Campus

These days it is hard to move through your day and not hear or read the word resiliency. From trending on Twitter and LinkedIn, to being highlighted in publications such as Forbes, individuals, families and leaders of all organizations have been forced to closely examine what the future entails and the strength of their continuity plan since COVID-19 took a hold of our nation.

To encapsulate many definitions into one, resiliency is the ability to quickly recover from or adjust easily to adversity, change or difficulties. For some this intangible soft skill comes naturally; for others it is difficult to develop and endure. It is the difference between negatively reacting or proactively sustaining and strengthening one's performance and influence. It is the difference between confidently moving into the uncharted territory versus remaining static.

Resiliency is a term The Honor Foundation (THF) is well versed in. Since the inception of the North Carolina campus in 2018, we have been challenged with an unpredictable obstacle nearly every cohort. Initially it was Hurricane Florence in the fall of 2018, followed by Hurricane Dorian in 2019, and then COVID-19 in the Spring of 2020. These were not self-imposed obstacles we needed to navigate through self-reflection. These were external obstacles that challenged the way our team and our tribes would serve transitioning members of the Raider community. At the heart of our organization is our mission and values and in the face of all obstacles, we look to them. They influence our ability to effectively adapt so we persevere, and our program operations continue while safeguarding our people and our resources.

I would be remiss if I did not highlight an equal partner in our ability to be resilient are those we serve. The Raider community in itself is resilient. Time and time again, Raiders demonstrate the critical soft skills which organizations now seek out in their talent. From operating in complex, dynamic and austere environments, to suffering the loss of brothers and sisters, Raiders sustain.

The Spring of 2020 gave us our largest Raider cohort to date. Our students and program graduates entered our classroom with enthusiasm. Then came COVID-19. Due to social distancing guidelines, the closure of our physical campus and a shelter at-home executive order, we needed to immediately shift the delivery of our program. While many organizations grappled with continuity and engagement, THF embraced technology and utilized our already established virtual campus so those we serve could continue to receive our critical program instruction and remain engaged in their pursuit of a successful transition. Critical phase events such as Mock Interviews, Professional and Alumni panel nights and fireside Zoom chats with business leaders were executed with great ease, and in many cases, with new people. And it was done so because we were and continue to be resolute in our mission, serving others with honor for life. We maintained positive relationships with our tribes, and we were empathetic to our students and business professionals now working in a new norm of home offices.

Another immediate action was to join the Wilmington Chamber of Commerce. THF was welcomed with open arms. Chamber leadership recognized what we bring to the SE North Carolina business community; an increased awareness and acceptance of the incredible talent pool the Marine Raider community provides organizations. By virtually supporting local Chamber initiatives, such as the Regional Workforce Talent Survey, we have increased our dialogues with hiring managers, talent teams and CEOs. We are encouraged by their interest and commitment in sharing their time, talent and treasure. Together we are breaking down the unconscious bias of the often-underestimated backgrounds of our transitioning Raiders.

As we remain committed to fostering positive relationships and developing Employer Partners locally in North Carolina, we are pleased to share that nCino has recently been spotlighted for their commitment to our program and hiring of Alumni. Their dedicated human resource professionals participate in critical Phase 2 events, while their leaders and employees volunteer as coaches and networking connections. Additionally, great businesses like National Speed and Live Oak Bank have embraced our alumni with opportunities. And we are equally proud of the success stories of our Alumni securing roles in cities of their choice across the nation.

So, I go back to where this article began, the word resiliency. We have served 70 Raiders locally and we look forward to positively impacting the lives of those joining our future cohorts. THF will confidently support Raiders as they navigate career transition at a time when organizations themselves are navigating continuity. We remain committed to our mission and values and will work tirelessly to ensure program success.

Applications are now being accepted for our fall cohort which begins on August 20, 2020. Visit honor.org/apply for more information.

Raider Heroes

Navy Cross Citation

Capt Merwyn C Plumley
Commanding Officer, A Co 2nd Raider Battalion
Date of Action: 17-18 August 1942



The President of the United States of America takes pleasure in presenting the Navy Cross to Captain Merwyn C. Plumley United States Marine Corps, for extraordinary heroism and distinguished service as Commanding Officer of Company A, Second Marine Raider Battalion, during the Marine Raider Expedition against the Japanese-held island of Makin in the Gilbert Islands on 17 and 18 August 1942. With his company providing the advance guard, Captain Plumley led the assault on enemy forces, retaining the initiative in spite of heavy casualties sustained by his company, and successfully turning back two severe charges by the enemy which threatened the flank. When two leaders of his first platoon were wounded in quick succession, he personally assumed the leadership of this platoon, which held a key position, until another leader became available. The inspiring example of his leadership and his outstanding devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

Navy Cross Citation

Capt Matthew P. Manoukian
1st Marine Special Operations Battalion
United States Marine Corps



The President of the United States of America, authorized by Act of Congress July 9, 1918, takes pride in presenting the Navy Cross (Posthumously) to Captain Matthew P. Manoukian, United States Marine Corps, for extraordinary heroism while serving as Team Leader, Marine Special Operations Team 8133, First Marine Special Operations Battalion, U.S. Marine Corps Forces Special Operations Command, in support of Operation ENDURING FREEDOM. While conducting village stability operations in Helmand Province on 10 August 2012, the Marine Tactical Operations Center came under automatic small arms fire from a rogue Afghan uniformed policeman attacking from inside the perimeter. After mortally wounding one Marine outside the entrance, the gunman unleashed a barrage of AK-47 fire that ripped through the plywood walls and partitions of the Tactical Operations Center. He then burst through the door and engaged two Marines who had begun maneuvering out of the room. Located in the far corner of the room, Captain Manoukian drew his pistol and, in the face of near certain death, engaged the attacker while commanding his Marines to maneuver to safety. With one of the two Marines now critically wounded, Captain Manoukian courageously drew heavy fire upon himself, and continued to engage the enemy until he fell mortally wounded from the shooter's overwhelming fire. His heroic and selfless actions assisted in halting the gunman's assault and forcing him to withdraw, enabling his Marines to survive. By his decisive and selfless actions, bold initiative, and complete dedication to duty, Captain Manoukian reflected great credit upon himself and upheld the highest traditions of the Marine Corps and of the United States Naval Service.



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@marineraidersassociation.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
☐ 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@marineraidersassociation.org or (760) 213-8584.

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

U.S. Marine Raider Association, ATTN: Helene Kozminsky, Membership Secretary, 288 Shadow Wood Dr., Apple, IL 62226

UNITED STATES MARINE RAIDER ASSOCIATION

102 ANNISTON COURT

HUBERT, NC 28539

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

Check your label			
Raider's Unit or other Membership type	Membership expiration date	Year: Dues paid until Dec 31st of year indicated	
USMRA ID#	000	2Bn	2019
Last is- sue - Dues		Special Info for this address only	
USPS Delivery Point Barcode			
Please send address corrections to your membership secretary			

Important:
If there is no barcode, your address is not correct according to the USPS. Contact your post