



FIRST IN ~ LAST OUT

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Volume 12, Number 1

# The Ugly Angel Memorial Foundation Newsletter

## Angels Dedicate New Marine Corps Museum

Dedication of the  
National Museum of the Marine Corps  
by Tom Hewes

### Inside this issue:

Curtis Gray Update	3
New Memorial Proposal	4
The Answer	5
Fast Eddy	6
Taps	7
In Memoriam	8

What more could you ask for on the 231st Birthday of the Marine Corps? The crowd was huge, estimated at between ten and fifteen thousand. The weather was perfect, a sunny 70 degrees framed by a cloudless sky. All present and accounted for were the Quantico band and entertainer, and inactive Marine, John Gracin. (There are no former or ex Marines) Also every heavy in the book including Jim Lehrer of PBS, the Chairman of the JCS, General Pace; CMC, General Hagee, and President Bush. All of them arrayed against the star of the show looming in the background – the National Museum of the Marine Corps.

Angels, it was and is awesome!

The day began early for us ordinary mortals, primarily due to the requirement that all be in on site no later than 1100 to undergo presidential security screening. Everyone, including the museum staff and docents, were bussed in from either the Pentagon or Stafford County Airport via a two-hundred bus shuttle. Incredibly, they even closed the HOV lanes on I-95 for the ceremony, a first denied even POTUS on a previous occasion.

There was enough to see and do to keep everyone occupied while waiting for the Prez to arrive. Gracin strummed and sang, the Quantico band played and the Jumbotron screens showed video clips of Marines while hundreds strolled the walk into Semper Fidelis Memorial Park looking for their bricks. I never did find ours, though I know it's there, but did stumble on one appropriately inscribed, "Not so Fonda Jane". Ya gotta love Marines!



Tom McKnight, Tom Hewes, Aileen and Ben Cascio and the genius who recruited the Colonel in 1919. Photo by Carol McKnight





Also featured was a humongous temporary structure containing a food and souvenir concession, and a large dining area with tables and chairs. The other half of the hangar-like building contained a display of the newest Marine Corps vehicles, weapons, and comm gear. No aircraft though, apparently because of space limitations both inside and out.

Just before 1400 the Prez flew into Quantico by chopper and was convoyed (it looked like an armored column advancing to combat) to the site. After a brief pause to position the heavies inside the museum, Honors were rendered with a twenty-one gun salute and Hail to the Chief. A retired WM LtCol sang the National Anthem accompanied by the Quantico band, and four F-18s roared by in salute. After the VIPs seated on the platform were introduced, the speeches, all mercifully brief, began.

Then, much to the surprise of those of us who didn't know he was an inactive Marine – and that included damn near everyone – Jim Lehrer gave a rousing speech of welcome about how proud he was to be a Marine. His salutation could not have been more appropriate, “Mr. President, generals, colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, warrant officers, sergeants, corporals, privates, ladies and gentlemen”.

His opening remarks began:

“We are the Marines. And in this museum, our story is told. It is a single, monumental story, made up of 231 years of many separate stories of heroism and courage, of dedication and sacrifice, of service to our country and to our corps, of honor and loyalty to each other in war and in peace; 231 years of professionalism and pride, of squared corners and squared-away lockers, perfect salutes and good haircuts, well-shined shoes, and eyes right, 231 years of Semper Fis and DIs.”

After a humorous story about his introduction to his OCS DI, he continued in a more solemn vein:

“When Marines stand for or sing the Marines' hymn, as we will at the conclusion of this ceremony, it's never for ourselves personally. It's always for the Marines who went before us, with us, and after us, first and foremost for those who gave their lives, their health, their everything at places such as Tripoli, Belleau Wood, Haiti, Wake Island, Guadalcanal, Peleliu, Iwo Jima, Chosin, Inchon, Danang, Khe Sahn, Beirut, and Baghdad, Fallujah and Ramadi.”

He concluded by saying:

“We are the Marines. And in the language of the rifle range, we are always ready on the right, ready on the left, all ready on the firing line, whatever kind of firing is required, and wherever that line may be.”

It was the perfect speech, laced with humor, pride, and emotion – and the crowd loved it.

CMC, who is apparently a man of very few words and only a wake up from retiring, spoke briefly then introduced President in two brief sentences.

The President also spoke briefly, if not memorably, as is his custom on such occasions:

“For too long, the only people to have direct experience of the Marine Corps have been the Marines themselves -- and the enemy who's made the mistake of taking them on,” he said, drawing cheers and applause.

“In this museum, you'll experience life from a Marine's perspective. You'll feel what it's like to go through boot camp, make an amphibious landing under fire or deploy from a helicopter in Vietnam.”

“The museum will not make you into a Marine -- only a drill instructor can do that,” Mr. Bush said. “But by putting you in the boots of a Marine, this museum will leave you with a rich appreciation for the history of the Corps.”

As he approached the close, President Bush announced that Cpl. Jason L. Dunham, of Scio, N.Y., would posthumously receive the Medal of Honor.

Cpl. Dunham, who was killed near Karabilah, Iraq, in 2004, threw his helmet, and himself, on an insurgent grenade shielding his fellow Marines from injury. Though quickly medevaced, Cpl. Dunham died of his wounds five days later. The President, tears clearly visible in his eyes, paused, noting, “that Cpl Dunham would have been 25 years old yesterday”. “You might say he was born to be a Marine,” the President said to Cpl. Dunham's parents, Dan and Deb Dunham, who were in attendance.

With that we all rose to our feet, every eye also filled with tears, and paid our respects to Cpl Dunham's parents with sustained applause and an occasional OooRah!





lowing a few closing remarks, the ceremony concluded and the President departed, again via motorcade. Those of us who were working the museum took up our posts and the scheduled tours began about 1600. Surprisingly, not as many folks toured as had been expected, possibly due to rush to board busses back to the parking venues and get home after a long, tiring and emotional day.

Since then I've put in about thirty hours serving as a docent. The museum is a huge hit judging from the crowds which have been heavy, sometimes as high as 2000 a day. The museum is receiving rave reviews from everyone – active duty Marines, Marine veterans of WWII, Korea, and Vietnam, vets of other services, and, of course, numerous civilian tourists.

As I wrote at the beginning, Angels, it's awesome. You've got to see it so plan to visit your museum soon.

### **“Bob sez”**

Well, I've had this job for 6 months now and so far, not too much to show for it, as far as I can see. A lot of my time was involved in getting some sort of web presence on line. Right now we do have a site at <http://WWW.HMM-362.US>. You can try it in upper or lower case as well as with or without the three (WWWs). What is there right now is a link to all of the incidents related to our KIAs under Fallen Angels. There is also a link to almost all of our newsletters since Tom invented this gaggle and rosters for all hands who we have at least some contact info on. Do me a favor, please and make sure that you are there and that the info is correct. If you have the dope on a pal that you know is good, send it to me and I'll put it up.

I am trying to avoid putting info up about someone who has never contacted us. We'd like to see a little interest and we will presume interest if the pal has made the big trip home. This roster took Romy, our new Admin Chief, and myself a lot of time since there are so many mailing lists that don't match. Please remember to contact us when you move or change your postal or e-mail address.

Speaking of Romy, as you know Tom Hewes has stepped down and will advise me when requested or when it is so obvious that someone has to do something, so we have added Romy and Bill McNair as new members of the Board of Directors. I'll have a little more info on both of them later.

In a bit you will see a new proposal for another Memorial, but what else are Memorial Foundations for? I hope that you will support this effort. Regretably, since our last publication we also have more reason for being a Memorial operation. These two will be among the hardest we have borne collectively since they concern two of our longest serving Angels, Bobby Johns and Mike Zacker.

Rather than me doing all of the saying and writing, I decided we needed a little variety. Sometime the answer is staring you right in the face like in Pop A Smoke so I made a deal with our own renowned author, Fast Eddy Creamer. I get to publish his papers but if anyone - or all of them - gets picked up by Hollywood, he gets whatever rights he wants. Sounds fair to me.

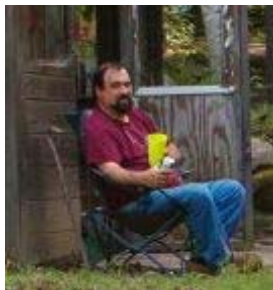
I also asked one of “our beloved Corpsmen,” as they call themselves, a relatively innocent question, like how do they refer to themselves? Well you are about to see the answer written my good pal “Doc” Rob Roy who served the MAG at Ky Ha until he went aboard ship in June 67 with us and became totally Ugly. He got shot in the leg, ending his career in October on a flight with Joe “Fish” Williams, Captain Niederhaus and Vince Pilk. The gunner was also seriously wounded.

After this issue gets sent out, we'll get back to work on the website. Don't go away. It might be interesting.

### **Curtis Gray Update:**

I have wanted to keep you updated more than I have in keep you updated. After all you Marines are his brother-memories of his brothers.....

Curtis received the results of his nuclear CAT scan his surgeon. It appears that the largest of his liver tu- apy administrated to him at the MMC hospital last with the mixture of all of his diagnosis; diabetes, diver- his cancer and of course the dialysis every 48 hours. was in the hospital after three admissions in approxi- off the Vicomycin, it appears the organism is coming back. Please let the Angels know that Curtis truly enjoys his emails from all you Marines... Prayers are needed. Sincerely, Nancy



the past several months. Please know I will always ers. I am not quite sure what he would do without the

last Friday after meeting with both his oncologist and mors has been contained by the embolism chemo ther- month. However he continues to have great difficulty ticulitis, gout, high blood pressure, bone deterioration, Also, the CDIF (like ecoli) was contained while Curtis mately two months time and after four days of being Curt's e-mail is [checkmate7@adelphia.net](mailto:checkmate7@adelphia.net)



## Our Next Memorial

In the last newsletter, my first as president of the UAMF, I listed about a dozen agenda items that I would like to accomplish in the time allotted to me. Several of them are things that as the editor and historian fall to me alone and I think that they can be managed, if no one is in too much of a hurry.

Many of the other agenda items will depend on you, the members and where you live. My suggestions were primarily for people to get together now, socially, so that in time of need, we can be with one another when the going gets tough or when the going ceases.

One item falls into both areas and that is the Scholarship Fund which has been an item of interest for about 8 years now. I think that I may have an idea that will make it a touchstone of the UAMF or, more formally, The Ugly Angel Memorial Foundation. Previous memorial projects include both the YL 42 restoration at the Naval Aviation Museum at NAS Pensacola and "The Wing," our one of a kind memorial to our Fallen Angels presently housed at MCB Quantico but soon to be re-located at the new Museum of the Marine Corps.

My proposal is to ask all members, friends and families to contribute what they can to a scholarship fund which we will then donate to the Marine Corps Scholarship Fund. This would be a **perpetual, named, endowed scholarship** to support the children of Marines who served on active duty for at least 90 days. Designation as a KIA is not a requirement. You can learn more at <http://www.mcsf.com/site/c.ivKVLAMTIuG/b.1677655/k.BEA8/Home.htm>.

When you contribute, you will designate that money on behalf of a squadron member of your choice. For example, a family member would, no doubt, want to designate the family member who is departed. A squadron member might want to remember a best friend, a particular crewmember or, perhaps, all those who fell on his tour. I am also proposing that we remember those who have passed over since returning from Vietnam or finishing their tour with the squadron.

*The connection between the donations and the Scholarship Fund will be a Memorial Page on our website. This will be a virtual representation of the funds committed in a particular Archie's or Ugly Angel's name.* No amounts will be shown, of course, but for a name to be on the wall a minimum amount should be pledged, say \$25.00.

The full amount needed to be raised is \$25,000.00. Our mailing list of members, family and friends is approximately 500 people. That would amount to roughly \$50.00 per person which I doubt will happen, but does indicate that such a plan is doable. Some of you, I know, are on very strict budgets but there are also some of us who may be wondering where all of that extra loot came from. Some of you may have employee donation plans at work who might accept a project such as this.

At the moment, we are only in the proposal stage. I need to determine how likely we are to achieve success. Please indicate your interest either by dropping me an e-mail or a note in the mail letting me know how much you are willing to commit to and in whose name or names you will be making a donation. Both addresses are on the back page of this newsletter. Thank you for your interest and generosity.

## Letters "Curly" Rose

Hello Guys,

My dad was EV Rose, most of you knew him as Curly. Dad passed away February 2006. If any of you have any old stories or pictures of him you would like to share, we would love hear them & see them. My dad did not tell my brother (David) or I too many of his military & flying stories. And somehow over the years the ones we did hear, have faded. And knowing my dad, some of those stories were not intended for little ears. He left behind seven grandchildren ranging from 24 to 7 years old. I was putting together a scrap book and hoped to include some of his USMC & flying days. Dad thought the world of his buddies, so I thought it would be nice to include some of their fondest memories about him. With the youngest grandson only seven, stories and pictures will be all he will remember. Dad never like to draw attention to himself, but we would love hear any old stories. There was a calendar with F8's, do you happen to know if my dad was a part of those squadrons? Feel free to forward this to anyone who knew Curly.

Thank you for your time!

Best Regards, Sharon



### It seemed like such a simple question!!

Not long ago, I asked Rob Roy whether Corpsmen were called Navy or Marine Corpsmen. As mentioned earlier, Rob flew with us in 67 until the fateful day in October when they shot him. His reply follows. I hope we will hear some more from him and our other "shipmates." *Editor*

Dear Ugly Editor,

In May of 63' I graduated from Hospital Corps School at San Diego. I was now a Navy Corpsman. In this pre war time, one had to volunteer to go to Field Medical Service and be in the top 10% of ones class. I volunteered, was accepted, went straight to Pendleton and graduated in July 63'. My Classification (MOS) changed and became HM-8404. One could correctly say from that point I became a Field Medical Service Technician. Others call us Marine Corpsmen. Thus an identity crisis began that still plagues me.

During Field Medical School our Company Marine E-6 Staff Sergeant. Normally he inhumane grunt. Daily he woke us up at 4 ran in the afternoon, we ran at night. Di-Recon Barracks which contained more runs in the early morn. On the road, in the ing the runs we chimed little dities, verses with Marine Corps Corpsman to which we tation, the inhumane Sgt ran us farther we ran forward. My identity crisis had

Nevertheless , certain ones of us never ad- incidentally appeared to delight him to no who never admitted to being a Marine Division on Okinawa. To this day , I feel he

On Okinawa, I started in a sickbay. Within Second Battalion 9th Marines Camp Han- of the Horrible Hawgs. Oddly enough, I was set up to meet The Gunnery Sergeant first. A short squat individual with a "Clint Eastwood" grunting voice, 20 plus yrs in. I was to find he was truly a veteran, I would find out shortly from his peers he had survived a landing at someplace called Betio. Any way, he welcomed me and I felt he meant it. I asked him what he felt I needed to do to learn my place in the company. His answer was get in shape, qualify with a pistol and rifle, the rest would come easily. He ended with " all my corpsmen are respected". So I was home on the rock. Met the mama-san, set up my wash cycle. My utilities were taken from me ,came back the next day washed ,starched and stacked.

A surprise occurred ,the mama-san had Green labels made in Kin village for my Utilities. They read R.A. Roy U.S.N. , my Identity crisis continues. I reveled in this, I had to maintain my Identity. This Identity issue continued, although accepted I made sure they KNEW I was a Navy Corpsman ! To all other grunts, I was a grunt corpsman, an FMF Corpsman, no more , no less.

At the end of this tour, I went to The Naval School of Aviation Medicine in Pensacola Fla. On my first day, back in the Navy, checking in, the Asshole checking me in commented to the Chief Corpsman on duty that this was the first Marine Corpsman he had seen in a long while. So now the tide turns, I'm identified as a Marine Corpsman by my own Hospital Corps. So began a metamorphosis that has continued for me throughout my life and probably for many others like me.

What am I ? To you , I am a Navy Corpsman ! To others in the Navy, I identify myself as a Fleet Marine Corpsman. Usually no one knows what that is. That as close as you'll get to any admission . Now , I am known as a kindly old man. Most think I wouldn't harm a fly, when they ask if I was in the service I tell them I was a Corpsman. 99% of any who ask leave it at that. The remaining 1 % , usually a Marine will ask further, I will only go further with them as only they deserve to know more.



Sergeant (Company Commander) was a appeared human but daily morphed to an am for a morning conditioning run. We rectly across from our barracks was a inhumane grunts. We followed them on beach sand we ran and ran and ran. Dur- some cute, some vulgar. one verse ended chanted back... Navy Corpsman. In re- and the bastard ran backwards as fast as begun.

mitted to being Marine Corpsmen which end. At graduation, the certain ones of us Corpsman were all sent to the 3rd Marine somehow had a part in this.

three weeks I was sent to Hotel company, sen. I was assigned as Senior Corpsman

**DIARY OF "BLACK JACK" DURRANT**

Below is an actual verified copy of an extract from the diary of Capt. "Black Jack" Durrant. It has been attested to by one HOK and 2 HUS eminently qualified HAC's who can write by virtue of their X's signed below said excerpt> The original diary is in the library of Congress and can be found on the third deck, port side, second hatch and third stall from the end.

**KHE HA ON THE SOUTH CHINA SEA – 1965**

31 Aug.: Off loaded from the LPH into an LZ facing the South China Sea. Who said grass had to be green? Talked to our Intel Officer, Mon Cockran, and he didn't remember which of the guys in black pajamas looking up at us asked to be saved for democracy.

1 Sept.: Someone forgot to invite the grunts to guard the perimeter. Nobody told them we were coming? Seabees became right unfriendly when we decided to bore sight our weapons on their LST's at 0-dark-thirty. Something we said?

3 Sept.: Suntan starting to turn red. Crotch rash turning green. Swim in salt water Doc McDonald said. Damn quack graduated from what medical school? Will need skin graphs soon. Wish he could find a cure for Ham and Limas.

6 Sept.: Where's the rain? C-rations don't like sun. Flew fam today. Lat/Lng charts don't read grid coordinates. How many arc seconds equals 1:25,000? Heard a rumor 363 moved south because we didn't have a BOQ.

14 Sept.: Seems the Wing's relatives in Grunt Land decided to move in tanks around our perimeter every night. Great! Makes them an aiming stake now for our base. There goes the neighborhood.

1 Oct.: Rained the last five days. Watched the peter primed helo pad turn to mud. What college did you say those design engineers graduated from? Do you think they'll ever write a song called "Moon Over Tam Key"?

10 Oct.: Flew resupply. Try to find Quang Nai when it's under water. Stars & Stripes tells us we are in Monsoon season. Nahhhhh! Crew chief Stan Domino reminded me H-34's leak when you land them IN the rice paddy and not BESIDE the rice paddy.

29 Oct.: Drew night medevac again. Third night in a week. The 3 must be trying to rearrange the lineal list. Got to get that boy to cut me a hus.

5 Nov.: Got some new style Marston matting last week like HMX has I'm told. Engineers showed up today and took it all up to give to the fixed wingers at Chu Lai. As a taxpayer, I feel we somehow have wasted money on this job. Where's the GAO when you need them? Matting or no matting, magnetos suck.

14 Nov. Color of pistol now matches mold on flight boots. Boots have hole in them and pistol no longer does. Now have "Club with thatch roof cause some idiot saw too many "Road To Anywhere" movies. It don't rain in no Bob Hope movies.

20 No.: I Corps staff said to take down all the Playboy artwork from inside the helos. The brass didn't like the competition. Col. William Gentry Johnson, Group C.O., put holes in the club roof with his 38 while giving handgun safety lecture during happy hour.

3 Dec.: Took hot water shower from garden hose. Same hose used to clean out 4-holers. At least the head doesn't blow over when you're on it like the one at "B" Med did when a medevac flew in.

25 Dec.; Merry Christmas. Got new flight suite today as the old one had fermented fish sauce spilled on it. Besides all sides were brown side out. Even after eating C's SPAM still tastes like crap.

31 Dec.: They say we're winning the war. Didn't say which war. Should have shown the Viet Cong Eisenhower's "Crusade In Europe". Made an Army believer of me. Thought they'd run out of rice to haul by now since we've hauled everyone back to safe zones at least twice. Some even 4 and 4 times. Have we won their hearts and minds yet?

X

X

XX

Fast Eddy Creamer

AND THAT'S THE TRUTH SIGNATURES

## Taps

**Bobby Johns**, one of the longest serving Ugly Angels passed away on 2 December. For several months he had been waiting for a liver transplant but his body finally gave out.

Bobby was remarkable, not only for serving as an Ugly from Spring of 66 through Spring of 69 but in what he accomplished. Not only had he been a highly acclaimed crew chief and awarded the Bronze Star for heroic actions but he also was the only one I ever knew who went from PFC to 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant in 3 years and within one squadron. To make it further noteworthy, he was the first sergeant to be commissioned as a Marine officer during the Vietnam period.

Not only was he dedicated and extremely brave but he was a great guy with a wonderful sense of humor. He was also a devoted father and husband. One of the squadron tragedies came when he lost his loving wife Lynda about 5 years ago. That was, no doubt, the beginning of the end for Bobby.

We were thrilled to see Bobby at the reunion. He had brought a truckload of family with him and, I guess, most of us thought he was on the mend but he wasn't. One great measure of Bobby's worth was the spontaneous turnout when word was passed that he was in dire straits and was not going to get the transplant that he needed. I called him immediately and he sounded like death itself. The following weekend a gang of Ugliers descended from around the country and his home state of Texas. In addition, Frenchy La Fountaine contacted a very high official of the VA who also visited. Between the lobbying of Frenchy, Bobby's kids and squadron mates the hospital reversed their position on denying him a liver and he entered a period of rehab which he had completed and was on the waiting list. Unfortunately, time ran out.

### **Lynn Zacker**

Bobby's death was feared for several months. The tragedy that befell Mike Zacker was close to instantaneous. He and Lynn were returning from visiting his children in Las Vegas a few days after Christmas. They were within 15 miles of their home when their car, which she was driving, suddenly began to vibrate violently and come apart. It, then became airborne and, according to witness following them, flipped at least six times. Help with the "jaws of life" responded and at the beginning, plans were made for the med-evac bird. It was too late though. Mike told me that when the ambulance left with her, they didn't even use the siren.

Like some others of our ilk, Mike had had a hard time in the area of matrimony. It appeared that he finally had found his perfect soul-mate and not only was he happier, but as you would have noted at the last reunion, immensely healthier. There is no doubt in my mind or his, I am sure, that both were the result of their wondrous relationship.

All of us Angels send Mike our deepest condolences. We are also reminded; if you love her, treasure her, because you never know when she will be taken away.

On a side note, like Bobby, Mike is also one of the longest serving Ugly Angels. He arrived with the first draft in 65 did at least a tour plus 6 months, served at NAS Alameda with me and then returned to 362 for their final year in country.

### **More Letters**

#### **One of our authors:**

I am pleased and honored to announce that Twins Platoon ([www.twinsplatoon.com](http://www.twinsplatoon.com)) has been nominated for a book award. It is competing against 90 other books in its category.

The Military Writers Society of America reviewed the book on January 26, 2007. The book received their five star rating (highest possible) which is an honor. The review appears under memoirs. You can read their review by clicking on this link. <http://www.militarywriters.com/review-the%20twins%20platoon.htm>

Best Wishes to All,

Chris

**Note: Pop A Smoke Reunion. 2008 will be held in DC  
Tell you more, when we know more.**

**FIRST IN ~ LAST OUT**

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UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS  
HEADQUARTERS, FLEET MARINE FORCE, PACIFIC  
FPO, SAN FRANCISCO 96610

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the BRONZE STAR MEDAL to

SERGEANT BOBBY JAMES JOHNS

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

for service as set forth in the following

**CITATION:**

"For heroic achievement in connection with operations against insurgent communist (Viet Cong) forces in the Republic of Vietnam while serving with Marine Medium Helicopter Squadron 362, Marine Aircraft Group Thirty-Six, First Marine Aircraft Wing. On the night of 3 April 1968, Sergeant JOHNS launched as Crew Chief aboard a helicopter assigned an emergency medical evacuation mission near Hue. As the aircraft waited in the landing zone, he alertly observed a corpsman carrying a wounded Marine toward the helicopter. Suddenly, the corpsman and his patient came under intense automatic weapons fire and fell to the ground. Reacting instantly, Sergeant JOHNS debarked from the aircraft and fearlessly ran across the fire-swept terrain to the side of the wounded Marine. After determining that the corpsman was not injured, he picked up the Marine and carried him to the aircraft. As the helicopter departed the hazardous area, Sergeant JOHNS delivered a heavy volume of machine gun fire at the hostile weapons, silencing the fire from three enemy positions and forcing the Viet Cong to flee. Sergeant JOHNS' courage, sincere concern for the welfare of his fellow Marine and unwavering devotion to duty contributed significantly to the accomplishment of the mission and were in keeping with the highest traditions of the Marine Corps and of the United States Naval Service."

Sergeant JOHNS is authorized to wear the Combat "V".

FOR THE PRESIDENT,

V. H. KRULAK  
LIEUTENANT GENERAL, U. S. MARINE CORPS  
COMMANDING GENERAL, FLEET MARINE FORCE, PACIFIC

### The Last Word

A goal not previously stated is to get all members online. This will eliminate a huge expense of time and money in getting the newsletter out to all hands. Additionally, it will keep everyone posted regarding important events or 362 related happenings. You don't necessarily even need a computer. Many public libraries allow people to check their mail or check websites or maybe a neighbor or grandchild could give you a HUS. There are also a lot of free e-mail services. You can help us a lot and be a better informed Angel. Sign up and send your new e-mail address to me. You'll be better for it.