



Spearhead NEWS

"Uncommon Valor was a Common Virtue"

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION of the 5TH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION

**64TH ANNUAL REUNION - SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
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HANDLERY HOTEL AND RESORT**

Iwo Jima photo and the man who helped save it

By Paul Farhi
THE WASHINGTON POST

The battle had raged for four days, and would continue for 31 more, a marathon of sand and heat and unrelenting death. But at that moment there was an order from the brass: Get a bigger flag up there. The small American flag fluttering atop Mount Suribachi, the volcanic peak on the island, was too small to be seen by the troops fighting below.

From his makeshift command post near a captured Japanese airstrip, a 24-year-old Marine combat photographer named Norm Hatch began to scramble.

The next few hours, and the days immediately following, would thrust Hatch into the story of one of the most famous photographs in history, taken 68 years ago this week on the speck of rock in the Pacific Ocean



Norman "Norm" Hatch, 91, poses for a portrait near the U.S. Marine Corps War Memorial. (Matt McClain/FOR THE WASHINGTON POST)

called Iwo Jima. The Alexandria resident, the last man living directly involved in its creation, helped ensure the image's place in perpetuity.

Continued on page 6



TONY DE SANTIS
Secretary
Fifth Marine Division Assn.

2560 Gulf to Bay Blvd., Ste 200
Clearwater, FL 33765
Tel.: (727) 791-4020
Email: fifthmda@gmail.com

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EDITOR

Ray Elliott

2609 N. High Cross Road, Urbana, IL 61802
(217) 384-5820; talespress@talespress.com

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***Archived issues of Spearhead News are
available to view at www.talespress.com***

Final Roll Call

*Written by Army Sgt Chris Matthewson,
as "Chris Soldierpoet," who served in Afghanistan
Submitted by Billy Joe Cawthron, Chaplain,
and used by permission*

We stand in rows, all at attention
Our names called one by one
His name called, but no one answers,
They call twice more, then none.

A crashing volley rends the air,
As the guns in sequence shoot
One final, thunderous roar,
This jolting last salute.

Gleaming rifles, polished brass
Dressed in their very best
With smart precision they pay their homage
As we mark this Soldier's rest.

The rifles silent, two by two
We march to the tiny alter
Snap to attention, long salute
It's then I start to falter.

The tears all flow, as I stare ahead
Before those sand-worn boots
The upturned rifle holding tall
Sharp blade for steely roots.

For but a second, I glance down
His tags so gently sway,
Catch the sun, and share the gleam
Then twist into pewter gray.

My tears play back his face,
As his voice rings in my head
In that moment, he seems alive
And I feel like I'm dead.

Just a minute, yet seems a lifetime
As the bugle softly plays
I step away, but leave my heart
My mind a forlorn haze.

Such 'tis life, our hardest duty
To leave our brother there.
He was so young, with so much promise
But war is never fair.

THE EDITOR'S *Quest*

By Jessica Elliott



Editor's Note: *Jessica placed first in Illinois and 18th in the nation in the 2012-13 Voice of Democracy essay/speech scholarship program, sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. You can hear her speech and that of the other state winners online at heroes.vfw.org/site/News2?page=NewsArticle&id=8307.*

2012-13 VFW VOICE OF DEMOCRACY:

Is our Constitution still relevant?

It is the morning after my eighteenth birthday. It is still dark outside. In fact, it's five a.m., but I am wide-awake with anticipation. I am at the airport, preparing to embark on what I know will be an unforgettable journey. I have been given the privilege of going on the Central Illinois Honor Flight to Washington, D.C., a program that takes World War II veterans to see their memorial in the nation's capital.

It's been nearly 70 years since these men were at war, but their sense of duty remains undiminished. I never met a single veteran who'd say he would not serve again if he had to do it over. Something compelled them to enlist all those years ago, and I see that same drive in their eyes as 90-year-old men. What, I wonder, do they all feel so strongly about?

I soon found my answer.

For written in stone, there at that reverent memorial – their memorial – are the words: “Here in the presence of Washington and Lincoln, one the 18th century father and the other the 19th century preserver of our nation, we honor those 20th century Americans who took up the struggle during the Second World War and made the sacrifices to perpetuate the gift our forefathers entrusted to us: a nation conceived in liberty and justice.”

The veterans on this Honor Flight responded to the call of these great presidents — whose monuments salute the World War II Memorial on either side — the call to uphold freedom, to fight injustice, and to protect from tyranny. These values are embodied in our nation's Constitution, a code that Americans have come

to apply, not only to themselves, but to all of humanity. This document that began its life with the purpose of guiding a young nation down the path of freedom and independence has continued to secure the rights of American citizens ever since. Through the Constitution and its amendments, Americans have established the freedoms of speech and religious worship; abolished slavery; given a voice to every adult through the vote, regardless of race or gender; as well as safeguarded many other aspects of American independence.

These inalienable rights represent the ideals that our country was built upon. They are the values instilled in the hearts of our citizens. The Constitution, and all its responsibilities and challenges, continues to influence our actions and decisions to this day, because it has evolved alongside its people.

A man once said, “The United States Constitution has proved itself the most marvelously elastic compilation of rules of government ever written.” That man was Franklin D. Roosevelt, president of the United States during the 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor — the event that led to America's involvement in World War II. His adherence to the Constitution compelled him to take action against the oppressive forces that threatened our country and its principles of freedom and equality.

From Washington and the founders of our nation, to Lincoln who unified a divided people, to the young men who enlisted in the military some 70 years ago, the Constitution has continually inspired Americans since its signing. Quite simply, it was written to ensure the promise of a better tomorrow, and it was this aspiration I saw in the eyes of each World War II veteran on the Honor Flight. They risked their lives to preserve the American way of life, as well as to provide future generations with better opportunities to pursue their dreams in peace.

My generation enjoys a world made possible by their actions. No passage of time will lessen the importance, nor diminish the relevance, of their defense of our Constitution. This is why their story is not one to be confined to a history book; it did not just change the world once — it perpetually changes it. Just like the actions of these brave veterans, the Constitution continues to affect how Americans interact with each other, and with the world. It is not a dead and dusty document by any means.

It lives, and it lives within us.

Father enjoyed reunions, spoke to students and business groups

(My father) Bernard Neiweem was a member of the Fifth Marine Division, 27th Marine Regiment, Joint Assault Signal Company (JASCO), with whom he landed in the first wave on Iwo Jima, Red Beach One.

Father was also a drill instructor at Camp Pendleton, Calif., prior to the Iwo Campaign and served with the U.S. Occupation Forces at Sasebo, Japan. Dad and his wife, Peggy, made a return visit to Iwo Jima in 2000 for the 55th anniversary memorial program. Mom and Dad attended most of the Fifth Marine Division annual reunions over the past 20 years, which they enjoyed immensely. Father passed away at age 87 on Dec. 2, 2012. During the final 20 years of his life, he made presentations about Iwo Jima and the Marine Corps to dozens of junior and senior high school classes and was a frequent guest speaker for business groups and at Veterans Day recognition programs.

His visitation program included photographs and artifacts (DI graduation photos, maps and other items he carried on Iwo, black sand from Iwo, photos taken on Iwo and in Japan, etc.) related to his military service with the Spearhead Division while at Camp Pendleton, Camp Tarawa, Iwo Jima and in Japan. He read *The Spearhead News* from “cover to cover” as soon as it arrived and passed them on to me to enjoy. I am honored to safely store those past issues and his other Marine memorabilia and to share them with future generations.

God bless you for the fine work you do on behalf of brave and loyal Americans like my father and best wishes.

– John Neiweem
neiweemreds@gmail.com

P.S. Semper Fi, Father.

Marine comes full circle with Iwo Jima brethren

I regret to inform you that we have lost another Iwo Jima survivor – a Marine ... true to the Corps. On Jan. 23, 2013, (my father) Joseph J. Martin passed away in his sleep. He was 90 years old, 04/26/1922 - 01/23/2013.

He was on Iwo for the entire campaign. His unit (28th) landed on the beach at the foot of Mt. Suribachi, took Suribachi and then continued to fight along the northwest side of the island before departing from

Kitano Point. Although wounded by shrapnel and suffering from combat fatigue (for which he was awarded two purple hearts), my father always felt very fortunate to have been one of only four men from his platoon to leave Iwo Jima under his own power, i.e. able to walk off at Kitano Point.

There was no doubt that the training he received at Camp Pendleton and Camp Tarawa, combined with the fact that he shot expert, were major factors in his survival, but my dad often said in honest humility that luck was the biggest factor: “How else can you explain why the guy right next to me, with often more training and combat experience, was dead and I wasn’t?”

The Marine Corps was the only constant in his life; it remained a core part of his identity throughout his life. I know the saying, “Once a Marine, always a Marine,” is a motto of the Corps and is sometimes perceived as a cliché outside the Corps, but as a son of a Marine – an Iwo Jima Marine – I can attest that the older my father became, the more he returned to the Corps.

In his later years, he attended several of the Fifth Marine Division reunions, which he thoroughly enjoyed. When flying back from a reunion, attending a civic event or seeing a recent movie about Iwo Jima, he was often embarrassed by the attention he received because of his association with the battle of Iwo Jima. However, he never shied away from answering people’s questions or sharing a story, always pointing out that he was lucky and that the real heroes are the ones who didn’t come home.

Now he has come full circle and is with all of the Marine Corps brethren that have gone before him. All of them are at peace ... a heavenly peace. For God knows, all of them have already served their time in hell ... a hell called Iwo Jima.

Semper Fi, Dad.

– Chris Martin
martincr@frontier.com

Correction

Then-Capt Lawrence “Larry” Snowden served with F/2/23 in the Fourth Marine Division. This was incorrectly reported in the book review of “The Last Zero Fighter” by Dan King in the last issue of *The Spearhead News*. Thanks to Mike Dietz, 5th JASCO, for calling attention to this, and apologies to Gen Snowden, the author, and the members of the Fourth and Fifth Divisions.

Replacement of small-unit leaders in combat

By Dr. Craig B. Leman, H/3/26

In World War II, I joined the Marine Corps because I thought it was the best. I wound up as tent-mate of a career Marine who went on to a 30-year career. The casualty rate among NCOs and junior lieutenants, high in the Solomons, Tarawa, and the Marshalls, continued high in the Marianas, outrunning the full-capacity production from Quantico.

USMC diverted 430 officer candidates to a Special OCS for rifle platoon leaders at Camp Lejeune. Three hundred seventy-three of us survived the rigorous field training supervised by survivors of earlier Pacific campaigns. Roughly half of us went to Iwo Jima, half to Okinawa — 48 of us were killed and 153 wounded. Some of us joined and trained with assault units before they landed; others joined shore party and supply units for their first few days of combat, and then were transferred to depleted assault units as replacements for officer casualties. I was in the latter group. I landed on Iwo Jima on Red Beach 2 as leader of a shore party platoon at H+2 on D-Day and spent the first days on the beach, unloading landing craft and stowing gear and supplies.

On D+10, ten of us lieutenants were sent to exhausted rifle companies as replacement officers. In the next two weeks, all 10 were killed or wounded. I was assigned to H/3/26 to replace 1stLt Angelo Cona, a former parachutist and Solomons veteran beloved by his troops who had been KIA while assaulting a machine gun nest. Of his platoon's original 13 NCOs, only Cpl Nick Hernandez remained.

A former parachutist, fire-team leader, and acting platoon leader, Nick introduced me to our men who were in reserve after three days in the frontline. The original complement had dwindled from 45 to 22 privates and Pfc's. I spent the next two hours talking to Nick, his fire team leaders, and as many men as I could. They were open, friendly and competent. I bonded with them immediately.

I will never forget Nick's best friend, Ben Parra, with whom I spent only eight hours of our whole lives. We were moved back to the front lines that afternoon and saw each other often during the ensuing firefight. As we were digging in for the night, Ben was shot through the arm, evacuated, and I never saw him again. He spent over a year in a Navy hospital having his arm reconstructed,

returned to his reservation in Arizona to punch horses, and then used the GI Bill to become a high school teacher, marry, raise a family and have a great career.

While I was getting to know the men in our platoon, the company that had just passed through our lines was a few yards in front of our line of foxholes. Led by Al Garcia, one of my SOCS friends who had just joined them, they were advancing under fire from the entrenched Japanese. Al was working hard up front, finding cover for his men and bringing them forward under fire. Al was killed later that day. My platoon was ordered back to the front-line to plug a gap that had developed. We were still in the front lines five days later, all eight of us out of the 22 I had joined. Nick was KIA in a firefight just before I was hit. H Company's 1stSgt Paul Carpenter, who replaced me, was KIA several days later. Three of the original platoon, plus a few green replacements, managed to finish the campaign.

During my six days as a platoon leader, I encountered some of my classmates — fighting an entrenched enemy, working with a group of strangers, some of whom were well-trained, and some green, with no advanced training. All were doing a superb job. I was fortunate that the men in my unit were well-trained, friendly and helpful. I was blessed that they knew and executed their jobs without fail. They must have sensed I was young and green. I let them know that I admired their skills, and worked hard to do my job well and stay up front.

Eugene Sledge, author of the superb book, "With the Old Breed at Peleliu and Okinawa," quit the V-12 officer-candidate program in 1943 in order to shorten the delay in his getting into combat. His reward was front-line duty as a mortar-man in both these long battles. Here is Sledge's slant on our subject:

"During the course of the long fighting on Okinawa, unlike at Peleliu, we got numerous replacement lieutenants. They were wounded or killed with such regularity that we rarely knew anything about them other than a code name and saw them on their feet only once or twice. We expected heavy losses of enlisted men in combat, but our officers got hit so soon and so often that it seemed to me the position of a second lieutenant in a rifle company had been made obsolete by modern warfare."

Six of my classmates (one KIA and 4 WIA) were replacement lieutenants in Sledge's unit on Okinawa.

NORM HATCH

Continued from page 1

Hatch corralled two men, S/Sgt. Bill Genaust and Pfc Bob Campbell, and ordered them to join the Marine detachment trudging to the summit of Suribachi with a larger flag. On the uneventful trek, Genaust and Campbell encountered a diminutive, bespectacled photographer for the Associated Press named Joe Rosenthal. Campbell knew Rosenthal from their days working at the San Francisco Chronicle; Rosenthal decided to join the party clambering up the mountain.

“Rosenthal said he thought [the peak] looked like a good place to take a picture,” says Hatch today, sitting in the basement den of the home he has lived in for 62 years with his wife, Lois, now 92. He is a hearty 91, razor-sharp of mind and slowed only by leg troubles that have forced him to rely on a cane. “He got there just in time.”

The Marines reached the top unmolested by the Japanese defenders and a few took down the smaller flag while another group of five, joined by a Navy corpsman, began to hoist a larger one attached to a length of heavy pipe. Campbell snapped away in the foreground. Genaust cranked his 16mm movie camera.

Rosenthal, hurriedly assembling some rocks and sandbags to create a better vantage point, swung his Speed Graphic still camera and hit the shutter.

In 1/400th of a second, he captured something timeless.

Within 36 hours, his photo was on the front page of hundreds of newspapers. The image of teamwork, grit and conquest helped galvanize a war-weary nation. The photo won Rosenthal the Pulitzer Prize and was reproduced millions of times for a massive War Bond drive (an event chronicled in “Flags of Our Fathers,” the book and Clint Eastwood-directed movie). The Marines eventually built their memorial in Arlington according to the photo’s triangular geometry, a tableau as classic as any created by the Greeks or Romans.

“It was the perfect picture at just the right time,” said Charles “Chip” Jones, the author of “War Shots,” a biography of Hatch and his fellow combat cameramen.

The photo might not have assumed its place in American history without Hatch’s involvement.

Soon after the photo’s publication, a story began to percolate that Rosenthal had staged the famous scene that he had posed the men just so. The story followed Rosenthal to his death in 2006. It is whispered in various forms to this day.

Hatch can set you straight on this, just as he has been setting people straight for nearly 70 years.

Hatch enlisted in the Marines in 1939 and worked his way into its photographic unit. In late 1943, some 15 months before Iwo Jima, Hatch had waded ashore with the American invaders at Tarawa, carrying a hand-cranked 16mm camera.

Hatch’s footage of that battle became the core of the 1944 documentary “With the Marines at Tarawa,” which shocked audiences with its unprecedented scenes of Marines lying dead in the surf. It would win an Academy Award for best short documentary.

Hatch came in with the first wave at Iwo Jima, a battle that killed nearly 6,000 Marines.

From that day to this one, he insists there was nothing posed about the flag photo. Though the events occurred a lifetime ago, Hatch speaks about them as if they were fresh in his memory. Hatch can swear like, well, a Marine, and he brooks no argument about what happened that day and thereafter.

“One of those two [Genaust and Campbell] would have told me that the picture was posed if it had been,” he says, surrounded by medals and memorabilia in his cluttered basement. “But I don’t think the thought ever entered their mind.”

Hatch’s account is corroborated by research conducted by several people, including Jones and Walt Ford, a retired Marine colonel who publishes *Leatherneck*, the magazine of the Marine Corps.

Genaust, who died at Iwo Jima, was standing steps away from Rosenthal and recorded the scene just as Rosenthal had shot it. (Genaust’s footage was used by many TV stations throughout the 1950s and ’60s at the end of their daily broadcasts).

Hatch recalls that the photo was questioned for several reasons. One is confusion over the nature of the two flag-raising; some suspected the second one was orchestrated just for the photo (“Not true,” he says bluntly). Another is the role played by wartime journalists Lou Lowery and Robert Sherrod. Still a third is Rosenthal’s own mistake.

Lowery, a staff sergeant who was a photographer for *Leatherneck*, had shot the first flag-raising that morning and was coming down Suribachi as Rosenthal and the second party were headed up. Lowery hadn’t seen Rosenthal at the first flag-raising and was unaware that a second had taken place.

Days after the photo had caused a sensation,

Hatch says Lowery told Sherrod, the legendary war correspondent for Time and Life magazines, that he thought the Marines had set the whole thing up. Sherrod relayed his concerns to his bosses in New York.

Before the confusion could be sorted out, Time prepared a story for its radio program, "Time Views the News." It reported: "Rosenthal climbed Suribachi after the flag had already been planted... Like most photographers, [he] could not resist reposing his characters in historic fashion."

Rosenthal muddied the water further when he was asked at a news conference if he had staged any shots. He replied that he had — referring not to the flag-raising but to a photo of the Marines exulting after the fact.

In the decades that followed, Rosenthal would tirelessly explain all this.

"Had I posed that shot, I would of course have ruined it," he is quoted as saying in Jones's book. "I'd have picked fewer men. ... I would have made them turn their heads so they could be identified [and] nothing like the existing picture would have resulted."

Time eventually retracted its radio story and apologized to Rosenthal, and Sherrod later acknowledged the photo's authenticity.

Hatch played a role in clearing away some of the controversy, and inadvertently played a key role in ensuring that the image would become part of American lore.

Hatch left Iwo Jima with Genaust's film about two weeks after Rosenthal's photo had become a worldwide sensation. He arrived in Washington five days later and was whisked to a meeting with the Marine commandant, Gen. Alexander "Archie" Vandegrift, and senior executives from Time-Life and the Associated Press.

Hatch vouched for the photo's legitimacy, prompting Vandegrift to ask the AP man, Alan J. Gould, for permission to use the image in the Marines' recruiting efforts.

Gould's response "was typical," Hatch says. "He said, 'You can have two duplicate negatives and every print will cost you \$1,' an impossibly costly rate for the Marines. 'There was dead silence in the room.'"

Vandegrift asked Hatch for his opinion. Hatch responded with an audacious bluff.

'Rosenthal said he thought [the peak] looked like a good place to take a picture,' says Hatch today.

"I said that we have [Genaust's] film of the flag-raising, and we could blow that up to 8 by 10 [inches] and make a print of it. And, yes, we'd lose some definition that way, but the footage belonged to us and so we wouldn't need to pay"

AP to license Rosenthal's photo.

Gould didn't know that Hatch had never seen Genaust's film. It hadn't been processed at that point. "We had no idea if it was ruined, scratched, underexposed or damaged in some way," Hatch says.

Given that the Marines possessed an alternative to the Rosenthal photo, Gould "decided to give us the negative and told us we could use it in perpetuity," Hatch says.

Hatch says the story of Rosenthal's photo wouldn't be the same without a mysterious third man.

Rosenthal's image had been a horizontal composition; the full frame showed not just the Marines and the flag, but dirt and rocks in the foreground and an enormous expanse of sky. An anonymous photo editor or lab technician on Guam, where Rosenthal's film had been sent for processing, cropped the image so that the men were framed tightly turning the horizontal photo into a vertical one. The editing improved the composition, emphasizing the exertions of the men, Hatch says.

Six months after the end of the battle for Iwo Jima, for which he was awarded a Bronze Star, Hatch would become part of the American occupation force in Japan. His assignment was Nagasaki, where he photographed the devastation from the second atom bomb.

He would serve 41 years in the Marines and spend 15 years as the audiovisual adviser to the secretary of defense. He retired in 1980 and opened a photographic consulting business.

Hatch says Rosenthal's photo endures for a simple reason: "It's a picture that tells a story. It shows the urgency of getting that flag up. It's got a feeling in it."

It also suggests that in photography, as in war, it pays to be in the right place at the right time. Few know that better than Norm Hatch.

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The Fifth Marine Division Cemetery on Iwo Jima, where Rabbi Gittelsohn gave his eulogy. (USMC Photos)

Original distributed copy of famed eulogy inspires awe

Friends,

I only saw my dad (Fio Lopardo, H/3/28) cry twice. Both concerned events when he was a Fifth Division Marine combat officer during the battle of Iwo Jima.

One occasion was when he told how he had to order a young teenager (Cpl Larkin) to go on what turned out to be a suicide mission.

The other occasion was toward the end of his life when we were watching a documentary on Iwo Jima that showed the dedication of the Fifth Marine Division Cemetery on Iwo. He just lost it and couldn't continue watching.



This cemetery was dedicated with a speech given on March 21, 1945, (while the battle still raged) by a rabbi, Chaplain Roland Gittelsohn.

It is the greatest speech I have ever heard/read, by anybody, on any topic. *“Theirs is the highest and purest democracy.”* Wow.

It is understandably quite famous, and readily available on the Internet and in history books. Last night, however, something amazing happened.

My friends, Steve and Tom Harnsberger (whose father, Hutch, was with my dad on Iwo) showed me an *original* copy of the speech, handed out when their dad was at the dedication on 3/21/45. Seeing an original, with its typos and stains, made the speech even more real, and even more eloquent and prayerful.

To me, it was like holding and reading the original envelope where Lincoln scratched the Gettysburg Address. I am still awed by it, which is why I could not resist sharing a copy with all of you. [See images at right.]

I hope it is as meaningful to you as it is to me.

– **Steve Lopardo**
Fallbrook, Calif.

*Delivered 21 March 1945
on Two Junes, Navy*

**Chap. Giffelsohn's
Two Mem. Address
3-21-45
ORIGINAL**

**MEMORIAL ADDRESS - FIFTH MARINE DIVISION
CAMPBELL**

CHAPLAIN ROYAL B. GIFFELSOHN
Maj. Gen. U.S. Mar.
Fifth Marine Division
1700 Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

*attended their
Memorial Services
on Two Junes,
3-21-45.
(APP)*

This is perhaps the grimmest, and surely the hottest task we have faced since D-day. Here before us lie the bodies of comrades and friends. Men who until yesterday or last week laughed with us, joked with us, trained with us. Men who were on the same ships with us, and went over the sides with us and fought with us. Somewhere in this plot of ground there may lie the man who could have discovered the cure for cancer. Under one of these Christian crosses, or beneath a Jewish Star of David, there may rest now a man who was destined to be a great prophet -- to find the way, perhaps, for all to live in plenty, with poverty and hardship for none. Now they lie here silently in this sacred soil, and we gather to consecrate this earth in their memory.

It is not easy to do so. Some of us have buried our closest friends here. We saw them men killed before our very eyes. Any one of us might have died in their place. Indeed, some of us are alive and breathing at this very moment only because men who lie here beneath us had the courage and strength to give their lives for ours. To speak in memory of such men as these is not easy. Of them we can but be said with utter truth: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here. It can never forget what they did here."

No, our poor power of speech can add nothing to what these men and the other dead of our Division who are not here have already said. All that we even hope to do is follow their example. To show the same selfless courage in peace that they did in war. To wear best by the grace of God and the stubborn strength and power of human will, their sons and ours shall never suffer these pains again. These men have done their job well. They have paid the ghastly price of freedom. If this freedom be once again lost, as it was after the last war, the unforgivable blame will be ours, not theirs. So it is we the living who are here to be dedicated and consecrated.

¶ We dedicate ourselves, first, to live together in peace the way they fought and are buried in this war. Here lie men who loved America because their ancestors generations ago helped in her founding, and other men who loved her with equal earnestness because they themselves or their own fathers escaped from oppression to her blessed shores. Here lie officers and men, negroes and whites, rich men and poor, --together. Here are Protestants, Catholics and Jews, --together. Here no man prefers another because of his faith or despises him because of his color. Here there are no quotas of how many from each group are admitted or allowed. Among these men there is no discrimination. No prejudice. No hatred. Theirs is the highest and purest Democracy.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS - FIFTH MARINE DIVISION CAMPBELL (Cont'd)

Any man among us the living who fails to understand that will thereby betray those who lie here dead. Whoever of us lifts his hand in hate against a brother, or thinks himself superior to those who happen to be in the minority, scores of this country and of the bloody sacrifice its commemoration, an empty, hollow mockery. To this, then, as our solemn, sacred duty, do we the living now dedicate ourselves: --to the right of Protestants, Catholics and Jews, of white men and negroes alike, to enjoy the Democracy for which all of them have here paid the price.

To one thing more do we consecrate ourselves in memory of those who sleep beneath these crosses and stars. We shall not foolishly suppose, as did the least cooperative of America's fighting men, that Victory on the battlefield will automatically guarantee the triumph of democracy at home. This war, with all its frightful heartache and suffering, is but the beginning of our generation's struggle for democracy. When the last battle has been won, there will be those at home, as there were last time, who will want us to turn our backs to selfish isolation on the rest of organized humanity, and thus to sabotage the very peace for which we fight. We promise you who lie here: we will not do that! We will join hands with Britain, China, Russia in peace, even as we have in war, to build the kind of world for which you died.

When the last shot has been fired, there will still be those whose eyes are turned backward, not forward, who will be satisfied with these wide stretches of grassy and wealth in which the costs of another war are laid. We promise you, our departed comrades! This too we will not permit. This war has been fought by the common man; its fruits of peace must be enjoyed by the common man. We promise, by all that is sacred and holy, that your sons the sons of miners and millers, the sons of farmers and workers, will inherit from your death the right to a living that is decent and secure.

When the final cross has been placed in the last cemetery, once again there will be those who seek profit to more important than peace, who will insist with the voice of sweet reasonableness and agreement that it is better to trade with the smelter of mankind than, by crushing them, to lose their profit. To you who sleep here silently, we give our promise: we will not listen! We will not forget that some of you were burnt with oil that came from American wells, that many of you were killed by shells fashioned from American steel. We promise that when and again we seek profit at your expense, we shall remember how you looked when we placed you reverently, lovingly, in the ground.

Thus do we honorize those who, having ceased living with us, now live within us. Thus do we consecrate ourselves the living to carry on the struggle they began. You such blood has gone into this soil for us to let it lie barren. Too much pain and heartache have fertilized the earth on which we stand. We here solemnly swear: this shall not be in vain! Out of this, and from the suffering and sorrow of those who mourn this, will come -- we promise -- the birth of a new freedom for the sons of men everywhere.

AMEN.

FINAL MUSTER

("Roll Call of the Reef")

BERTRAND, Harold P. **5THTK** 2/13/12
 CARLSON, John W. **B-1-28** 8/26/2012
 COUCH, Carl E. **HQ-1/26** 11/27/2012
 CUSHANICK, Edward **WPNS-28** 8/24/11
 EDDINS, Matt Jr. **F-2-28** 9/28/2012
 ELLISON, Jerome "Jerry" M. **F-2-27** 3/19/11
 GARRISON, B.G. **5THPION** 1/3/13
 KLAMM, William F. **D-2-28** 1/20/13
 LYTTLE, John B. **H-3-28** 11/6/11
 LAIRD, Hendrick J. Sr. **5THPION** 12/26/12
 LA VELLA, John B. **5THMARDIV** 11/6/11
 MACKENZIE, James F. **I-3-27** 8/28/12
 MARTIN, JOSEPH J. **I-3-28** 1/23/13
 NEIWEEN, Bernard **5THJASCO** 12/2/12
 NORRIS, Okley "Carter" C. **I-3-13** 10/21/12
 PRACHT, Gilbert E. **L-4-13** 6/12/12
 SHAW, Robert E. **HS-1-13** 12/20/12

Editor's Note: Please send Final Muster notices (including name, unit and date of death) by email to Spearhead Editor at talespress@talespress.com, by USPS to Spearhead Editor, 2609 North High Cross Road, Urbana, IL 61802 or by calling 217-384-5820.



Memories of memorial sculptor

Paul Merriman meets with Felix de Weldon, sculptor of the U.S. Marine Corps Memorial, at a Marine reunion several years ago. Then, some years later, Merriman writes, his son was visiting the monument at Arlington National Cemetery when he asked an elderly man to take his picture. The man said, "I made this statue." It was de Weldon. He later died in 2003. (Photo submitted)

Auxiliary history reflects years of dedication

The Fifth Marine Division Association Auxiliary has been in existence for 53 years. In 1960 LtGen Keller Rocky approached a few of the associate members' wives and asked them to start up a Women's Auxiliary to complement the men's association, as well as create ownership and camaraderie among the women who attended these reunions with their spouses. LtGen Rocky asked Jessie Mangione to be the first honorary president and Marie Preston to be the first secretary/treasurer; these officers are still the only positions voted on by and for the Auxiliary.

Dues were established, and the powers of the honorary president and the secretary/treasurer are directed by the voting of members attending the reunion. At every meeting, members sign in, pay dues, minutes are taken and read, treasurer's report is given, new and old business is discussed. A federal ID was applied for and received in 1960.

Simple by-laws were established, and Roberts Rules were voted on for the format to be followed. The spouse of the hosting associate for the reunion that year would become the honorary president for the Women's Auxiliary. In the event a wife or significant other was not available or chose not to take the position, the task would be taken over by the secretary/treasurer or someone voted on by the Auxiliary members.

In 1986, Matthew Harper, Mat the Doll, was introduced as a fundraiser by Mae and Roy Harper and Ray Dooley. The doll had an entire wardrobe of uniforms, fatigues, vacation clothes and suitcase to travel. Each year Mat the Doll is auctioned off to the highest bidder, and the doll goes home with the winner who keeps a journal of their travels together to be read at the next Auxiliary meeting.

Eventually a silent auction was created to raise more funds; the money made from dues, Matt the Doll and silent auction were given to different charities, memorials and museums voted on by members.

This brief history was researched by phone interviews with Fifth Marine Auxiliary members who have been attending for 50+ years and reading the archives of the Auxiliary.

— Penny Pauletto
Secretary/Treasurer



Translated sentiments for battle

Jim Kelly, 5thSER, of Urbana, Ill., shows the Japanese flag he brought home from his 36 days on Iwo Jima. The writings translate to such sentiments as "Good luck as you leave to the front," "Loyalty and patriotism" and "Praying for you in the battle."

REUNION/LOCATOR MESSAGE

**11th Engineering Battalion,
Third Marine Division, R.V.N. 1965 to 1970**

**Reunion June 11 - 15, 2013
Pensacola, Fla.**

Looking for Marines and Navy personnel
attached and Marines of Third Bridge Co.
attached.

**Contact Charles Luhan Jr.
8451 S. Kilbourn Ave., Chicago, IL 60652
Call after 7:30 p.m. (CDT) 773-585-9629
or email 3rdMarDivCL@sbcglobal.net**

**Secretary's Corner,
New Members,
Annual Financial Statement,
and Minutes from the Reno Reunion
were not available for this issue.**

Registration Form

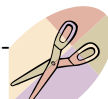
FIFTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION 64TH REUNION

MONDAY, 9 SEPTEMBER – FRIDAY, 13 SEPTEMBER, 2013

HOTEL INFO:
EARLY RESERVATIONS RECOMMENDED
HANDLERY HOTEL AND RESORT
\$109.00 PER NIGHT
950 Hotel Circle North, San Diego, CA 92108
619-298-0511 (Toll Free: 1-800-676-6567)
Group Title: Fifth Marine Reunion

- Send a check or money order payable to: FIFTH MARINE DIVISION REUNION
c/o Bill Behana, M/Sgt USMC Ret
2131 Paseo Grande
El Cajon, CA 92019
For more information: 619-444-9181
- Phone orders and credit card orders will NOT BE ACCEPTED.
- Your cancelled check will serve as your confirmation.
- All registration forms & payments must be received by mail on or before 12 August, 2013.
 - After that, registration will be accepted on a space-available basis only.
- We suggest that you make a copy of your completed form prior to mailing.
- Cancellation must be received no later than 26 August, 2013.
- The Hospitality Room will be “No Host.” Sodas will be \$1.00 and beer/wine will be \$2.00.
 - Hard liquor drinks are available at the nice bar nearby.
- General schedule for the Reunion:
 - Monday, September 9: Hospitality Room: Registration/Social Hour 3:00-10:00 PM
 - Tuesday, September 10: Continental Breakfast, Midway Tour (Lunch on own aboard ship.)
 - Wednesday, September 11: Continental Breakfast, MCAS Miramar Air Museum Tour (Lunch in Chow Hall)
 - Thursday, September 12: Continental Breakfast, Memorial Service, Business Meeting & Lunch
 - Friday, September 13: Continental Breakfast, Open Day, Silent Auction in Hospitality Room, Banquet/Dance PM
 - Saturday, September 14: Check out and Departure
- TOUR INFORMATION: Tours will be available if adequate numbers pre-register.

FIFTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION 64TH REUNION REGISTRATION FORM



NAME/S _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE NUMBER (____) _____ UNIT: _____

REGISTRATION:	\$ 5.00	Number of people: _____	REGISTRATION TOTAL	\$ _____
USS MIDWAY TOUR:	\$35.00	Number of people: _____	USS MIDWAY TOUR TOTAL	\$ _____
MIRAMAR TOUR:	\$30.00	Number of people: _____	MIRAMAR TOUR TOTAL	\$ _____
FRIDAY BANQUET:	\$40.00	# Apricot Pork Loin: _____ #Chicken Picata: _____	BANQUET TOTAL:	\$ _____

Make check out to FIFTH MARINE DIVISION REUNION and mail to Bill Behana.

GRAND TOTAL: \$ _____

FIFTH MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Tony De Santis, Secretary
2560 Gulf to Bay Blvd., Ste 200
Clearwater, FL 33765

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5th Marine Division Association MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

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DB		NM	
CRD		FM	
ADS		NL	

All annual memberships expire on 31 December. Please renew on time.

New member () Renewal () Associate ()

Served with: _____
Co. Bn. Reg.

Name: _____
Street: _____
City: _____ State: _____
Zip: _____ Phone: _____

Mail to:

Fifth Marine Division Association
Tony De Santis, Secretary
2560 Gulf to Bay Blvd., Ste 200
Clearwater, FL 33765
or email fifthmda@gmail.com

Date of birth (for Life Membership): _____

Dues (please check):

- () Annual \$ 25.00
- () Lifetime \$ 150.00
age 64 and under
- () Lifetime \$ 100.00
age 65 through 79
- () Lifetime \$ 50.00
age 80 and over
- () General Fund \$ _____

TOTAL \$ _____

(Make checks payable to: 5th Marine Division Assn.)