

# Kettle Moraine Marine



December 2006

Detachment #1203

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The Monthly Newsletter for Washington and Ozaukee County Marines.

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***True to the Marine motto "Semper Fidelis" these Marines from 3rd Bn, 11th Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Div pay their respects to PFC Chance Phelps and his family in 2005. PFC Phelps had been killed during combat operations in Iraq in April 2004.***

**Our next Meeting is 0900 hrs Saturday December 16th , 2006 at the Trenton Town Hall. Located at 1071 State Hwy 33 East, West Bend Wi 53095.**

# Taking Chance

*EDITOR'S NOTE: PFC Chance Phelps, 19, died April 9, 2005 from hostile fire in Al Anbar Province, Iraq. He was assigned to 3rd Battalion, 11th Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division. He was buried in Dubois, Wyoming on April 17. The below story was condensed from six pages to two for the KETTLE MORAINE MARINE Newsletter. It was taken from one written by LtCol. Mike Strobl, at Quantico, who volunteered to be the escort officer for PFC Phelps during his journey home. Anyone interested can be e-mailed the complete article which is an excellent piece..*

Over a year ago, I volunteered to escort the remains of Marines killed in Iraq should the need arise. The military provides a uniformed escort for all casualties to ensure they are delivered safely to the next of kin and are treated with dignity and respect along the way. The first few weeks of April, had been a tough month for the Marines. On the Monday after Easter I was reviewing Department of Defense press releases when I saw that a Private First Class Chance Phelps was killed in action outside of Baghdad. The press release listed his hometown-the same town I'm from. I notified our Battalion adjutant and told him that, should the duty to escort PFC Phelps fall to our Battalion, I would take him.

We received a brief covering our duties, the proper handling of the remains, the procedures for draping a flag over a casket, and of course, the paperwork attendant to our task. We were shown pictures of the shipping container and told that each one contained, in addition to the casket, a flag. I was given an extra flag since Phelps's parents were divorced. This way they would each get one.

Most of the remains are taken from Dover AFB by hearse to the airport in Philadelphia for air transport to their final destination. The Marine Master Gunnery Sergeant in charge of the Marine liaison came to see me. He had Chance Phelps's personal effects. He removed each item; a large watch, a wooden cross with a lanyard, two loose dog tags, two dog tags on a chain, and a Saint Christopher medal on a silver chain. The Master Gunnery Sergeant and I verified that the name on the container was Phelps's then they pushed the burial container the rest of the way into a modified black Chevy Suburban and we left.

When we got to the Northwest Airlines cargo terminal at the Philadelphia airport, the cargo handler and hearse driver pulled the shipping container onto a loading bay while I stood to the side and executed a slow salute. The woman behind the counter already had tears in her eyes as I was pulling out my government travel voucher. She struggled to find words but managed to express her sympathy for the family and thank me for my service. She upgraded my ticket to first class.

After clearing security, I was met by another Northwest Airline employee at the gate. She told me a representative from cargo would be up to take me down to the tarmac to observe the movement and loading of PFC Phelps. On the tarmac, the cargo crew was silent except for occasional instructions to each other. I stood to the side and saluted as the conveyor moved Chance to the aircraft. I was relieved when he was finally settled into place. The rest of the bags were loaded and I watched them shut the cargo bay door before heading back up to board the aircraft. One of the pilots had taken my carry-on bag himself and had it stored next to the cockpit door so he could watch it while I was on the tarmac.

As I boarded the plane, I could tell immediately that the flight attendants had already been informed of my mission. They seemed a little choked up as they led me to my seat. About 45 minutes into our flight I still hadn't spoken to anyone except to tell the first class flight attendant that I would prefer water. I was surprised when the flight attendant from the back of the plane suddenly appeared and leaned down to grab my hands. She said, "I want you to have this" as she pushed a small gold crucifix, with a relief of Jesus, into my hand. It was her lapel pin and it looked somewhat worn. When we landed in Minneapolis, I was the first one off the plane. The pilot himself escorted me straight down the side stairs of the exit tunnel to the tarmac. The cargo crew there already knew what was on this plane.

My trip with Chance was going to be somewhat unusual in that we were going to have an overnight stopover. I learned that the cargo supervisor for Northwest Airlines at the Minneapolis airport is a Lieutenant Colonel in the Marine Corps Reserves. They called him for me and let me talk to him. The Lieutenant Colonel drove me around to the passenger terminal. I was met again by a man from the cargo crew and escorted down to the tarmac. The pilot of the plane joined me as I waited for them to bring Chance from the cargo area. I saluted as Chance was moved up the conveyor and onto the plane. It was to be a while before the luggage was to be loaded so the pilot took me up to the board the plane where I could watch the tarmac from a window.

When we arrived at Billings, I was again the first off the plane. Chance's shipping container was the first item out of the cargo hold. The funeral director had driven five hours up from Riverton, Wyoming to meet us. We moved Chance to a secluded cargo area. Once the flag was in place, I stood by and saluted as Chance was loaded onto the van from the funeral home. I picked up my rental car and followed Chance for five hours until we reached Riverton. When we finally arrived at the funeral home, I had my first meeting with the Casualty Assistance Call Officer. It had been his duty to inform the family of Chance's death. He was on the Inspector/Inspector staff of an infantry company in Salt Lake City, Utah and I knew he had had a difficult week.

Inside I gave the funeral director some of the paperwork from Dover and discussed the plan for the next day. The service was to be at 1400 in the high school gymnasium up in Dubois, population about 900, some 90 miles away. Eventually, we had covered everything. The CACO had some items that the family wanted to be inserted into the casket and I felt I needed to inspect Chance's uniform to ensure everything was proper. Although it was going to be a closed casket funeral, I still wanted to ensure his uniform was squared away. Suddenly, the casket was open and I got my first look at Chance Phelps. His uniform was immaculate-a tribute to the professionalism of the Marines at Dover. I noticed that he wore six ribbons over his marksmanship badge; the senior one was his Purple Heart. I had been in the Corps for over 17 years, including a combat tour, and was wearing eight ribbons. This Private First Class, with less than a year in the Corps, had already earned six.

I wore my dress blues and followed the hearse for the trip up to Dubois. We moved Chance into the gym to the place of honor. A Marine Sergeant, the command representative from Chance's battalion, met me at the gym. His eyes were watery as he relieved me of watching Chance so that I could go eat lunch. A note in the dining room said that the family would be accepting donations so that they could buy flak vests to send to troops in Iraq.

In short order I had met Chance's step-mom and father followed by his step-dad and, at last, his mom. I didn't know how to express to these people my sympathy for their loss and my gratitude for their sacrifice. Now, however, they were repeatedly thanking me for bringing their son home and for my service. I was humbled beyond words.

I told them that I had some of Chance's things and asked if we could try to find a quiet place. After we had arranged five chairs around a small table, I told them about our trip. I told them how, at every step, Chance was treated with respect, dignity, and honor. I told them about the staff at Dover and all the folks at Northwest Airlines. I tried to convey how the entire Nation, from Dover to Philadelphia, to Minneapolis, to Billings, and Riverton expressed grief and sympathy over their loss.

Finally, it was time to open the pouch. The first item I happened to pull out was Chance's large watch. It was still set to Baghdad time. Next were the lanyard and the wooden cross. Then the dog tags and the Saint Christopher medal. This time the chains were not tangled. Once all of his items were laid out on the table, I told his mom that I had one other item to give them. I retrieved the flight attendant's crucifix from my pocket and told its story. I set that on the table and excused myself. When I next saw Chance's mom, she was wearing the crucifix on her lapel.

There were a surprising number of people in military uniform. Many Marines had come up from Salt Lake City. Men from various VFW posts and the Marine Corps League. We all stood as Chance's family took their seats in the front. It turned out that Chance's sister was a Petty Officer in the Navy. I learned how Chance had died and that he was an artillery cannoneer and his unit was acting as provisional military police outside of Baghdad. Chance had volunteered to man a .50 caliber machine gun in the turret of the leading vehicle in a convoy. The convoy came under intense fire but Chance stayed true to his post and returned fire with the big gun, covering the rest of the convoy, until he was fatally wounded.

The service was a fitting tribute to this hero. When it was over, we stood as the casket was wheeled out and placed onto a horse-drawn carriage for the mile-long trip from the gym, down the main street, then up the steep hill to the cemetery. I stood alone and saluted as the carriage departed the high school. All along the route, the people had lined the street and were waving small American flags. The flags that were otherwise posted were all at half-staff. For the last quarter mile up the hill, local boy scouts, spaced about 20 feet apart, all in uniform, held large flags. At the foot of the hill, I could look up and back and see the enormity of our procession. I wondered how many people would be at this funeral if it were in, say, Detroit or Los Angeles-probably not as many as were here in little Dubois, Wyoming.

The carriage stopped about 15 yards from the grave and the military pall bearers and the family waited until the men of the VFW and Marine Corps league were formed up. Once the entire crowd was in place, the pallbearers came to attention and began to remove the casket from the caisson. As I had done all week, I came to attention and executed a slow ceremonial salute as Chance was being transferred from one mode of transport to another. From Dover to Philadelphia; Philadelphia to Minneapolis; Minneapolis to Billings; Billings to Riverton; and Riverton to Dubois we had been together. Although my mission had been officially complete once I turned him over to the funeral director at the Billings airport, it was his placement at his grave that really concluded it in my mind. Now, he was home to stay and I suddenly felt at once sad, relieved, and useless.

Two Marines removed the flag from the casket and slowly folded it for presentation to his mother. When the ceremony was over, Chance's father placed a ribbon from his service in Vietnam on Chance's casket. His mother approached the casket and took something from her blouse and put it on the casket. I later saw that it was the flight attendant's crucifix. Eventually friends of Chance's moved closer to the grave. A young man put a can of Copenhagen on the casket and many others left flowers.

Finally, we all went back to the gym for a reception. There was enough food to feed the entire population for a few days. People were continually approaching me and the other Marines to thank us for our service. About an hour into the reception, I had the impression that every man in Wyoming had, at one time or another, been in the service. It seemed like every time I saw Chance's mom she was hugging a different well wisher. As time passed, I began to hear people laughing. We were starting to heal.

The local VFW post had invited everyone over to "celebrate Chance's life." The crowd was somewhat smaller than what had been at the gym but the Post was packed. I did not buy a drink that night. As had been happening all day, indeed all week, people were thanking me for my service and for bringing Chance home. Now, in addition to words and handshakes, they were thanking me with beer. I left Dubois in the morning before sunrise for my long drive back to Billings. It had been my honor to take Chance Phelps to his final post. Now he was on the high ground overlooking his town. I miss him.

Regards, LtCol Strobl

## A COLORFUL COMMANDANT

Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Wayne Gale, fourth Commandant of the Marine Corps, was born in Dublin, Ireland on 17 September 1782. Fewer records survive concerning him than any other Commandant but it is known that when he was commissioned a second lieutenant on 1 September 1798, he was one of the first officers commissioned after the re-establishment of the Marine Corps in 1798. Thereafter he fought, in fairly quick succession, the French, The Barbary pirates, the British and one of his Navy shipmates.

The last encounter, involving an affront to the Corps, brought about the naval officer's sudden demise and Commandant of the Marine Corps William Ward Burrow's approval for Gale's defense of his Corps' honor. As the story goes, Gale was Ship's Company Commander aboard USS Ganges in November 1799 when Navy Lieutenant Allen McKenzie had one of the Marines put in irons without first consulting Gale. When Gale inquired about the incident, McKenzie called him a "rascal." The rest of the story is related in correspondence by Commandant Lieutenant Colonel Burrows: "The Captain took no notice of the business and Gale got no satisfaction on the cruise. The moment he arrived he called (McKenzie) out and shot him. Afterwards politeness was restored." McKenzie died of his wounds and Burrows went to say, "It is hoped that this may be a lesson to the Navy Officers to treat the Marines, as well as their Officers, with more respect."

Unfortunately for Captain Gale, increasing rank brought other difficulties not resolved so directly. In 1815 Burrows successor as Commandant, Lieutenant Colonel Franklin Wharton, was charged by Congress with over-spending on the construction of Marine Barracks Philadelphia. He, in turn, accused the Commandant of the barracks, Anthony Gale, of building 'extravagant' officers quarters. Gale was ordered to stand before a Court of Inquiry, but was exonerated. It was shortly after this that Wharton was again called to account to Congress. This time he was accused of fleeing Washington rather than leading his Marines into the Battle of Bladensburg. When convened, his Court Martial consisted of three Navy Captains and one Captain of Marines, Captain Anthony Gale. The Court decided that Marines ashore were subject to Army, not Navy Courts under the Articles of War, and the charges were ultimately dropped. His duties on his Commandant's Court Martial complete, Gale was promoted to Major and transferred to command Marine Barracks New Orleans.

Soon afterwards a letter to the Secretary of the Navy reported that Navy officers had "frequently seen Major Gale intoxicated at New Orleans and that his associates were of such a description and his habits of such a nature as to prevent the respectable officers of that station from having any social or friendly intercourse with him." Daniel T. Paterson, Commander of the New Orleans Naval Station, wrote to the Secretary, "It is reluctantly and with extreme regret that I have again to address you relative to the Marines of this station, but longer to remain silent would be to neglect my duty. The Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates are, without exception, the most depraved abandoned, and drunken set of men ever collected together."

While Gale was preparing to go to Washington to answer the preceding charges, Commandant Wharton died. At his Court Martial, Gale was found not guilty and returned to duty. As he was the next senior officer in the Marine Corps, he was nominated to become Commandant. Despite the vigorous protest and political maneuvering of the Paymaster of the Marine Corps and Major Archibald Henderson (each of whom felt themselves better qualified for the position), on 5 March 1818 Gale was confirmed as the fourth Commandant of the Marine Corps. With it came promotion to Lieutenant Colonel.

His tenure was to be brief. Soon came troubles with Navy Secretary Thompson, who frequently countermanded LtCol Gale's orders in a humiliating manner. Finally LtCol Gale courageously submitted a letter analyzing the proper division of function between himself and the Secretary, and respectfully pointed out the impossibility of his position. This official reaction to infringements of his authority, he paralleled by unofficial retreats to alcohol. On 18 September 1820 he was arrested and charged with offenses of alcoholic and related nature. The first charge was that he was publicly intoxicated in the city of Washington on six specified dates---during the month of August. There were also several specifications under the charge of "Conduct Unbecoming an Officer." First that he had visited a house of prostitution near the barracks, 'in an open and disgraceful manner' and second, that on 1 September he had, before witnesses, called the Paymaster of the Marine Corps, "a damned rascal, a liar, and a coward." Other charges concerned his breaking house arrest and maintaining a Marine as a personal servant.

Gale's unsuccessful defense was temporary insanity. He was cashiered from the Marine Corps on 18 October 1820, leaving 46 other officers on active duty in the Corps. Archibald Henderson succeeded him as Commandant.

From Washington, Gale went first to Philadelphia where he spent several months in hospitals, then took up residence in Kentucky. Armed with proof that he had been under the strain of temporary mental derangement while Commandant, he spent 15 years attempting to have his court martial decision reversed. Eventually, in 1835, the government partially cleared him and awarded him a stipend of \$15 a month, which later increased to \$25, and continued until his death in 1843 in Stanford, Lincoln County, Kentucky. Today no trace of his grave exists and Anthony Wayne Gale is the only Commandant of whom the Marine Corps has no portrait.

*The preceding account partially compiled from: THE U.S. MARINE CORPS STORY by J. Robert Muskin, and U.S. MARINES: 1775-1975 by Brigadier General Edwin Simmons USMC (Retired) - Taken from the Internet.*

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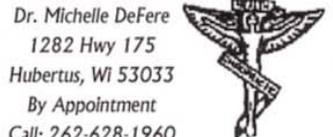
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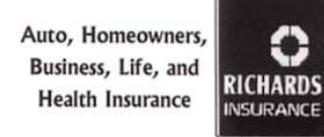
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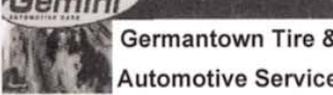
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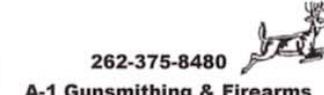
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**KetMorDet Members and guests enjoying the festive attitude at this years Birthday Ball at the Old Courthouse Museum in West Bend.**

**Guest speaker Capt. Klabo and his wife Shawn pose after the Ball for a picture.**



**Capt Klabo cuts the Birthday cake for the oldest and youngest Marines Gil Lucka and Brian Deal, during the opening ceremony.**



**KetMorDet Color Guard members participating in the Veterans Memorial dedication in Germantown Nov 11th.**

**Color Guard members: Danny O'Toole, Glen Brewer, Charlie Keller, Glen Mathews, Hugo Straub, Bill Wallace, Carl Heiman, Cal Racine, Don Erdman, Barry Oelerich, Fred Montag, and Roger Cross(not pictured) along with Marine Mitch Bury prepare for the Germantown Christmas Parade. (Note the NEW winter jackets being worn by the Members.)**



*The poem below has been sent to me at least 20 times in the past month by friends and relatives, including Lois Waier, Jason's mother, and Mary Montag, Fritz' wife. It came from all over the country and even Iraq. So we'll include it in the December Newsletter.*

### A DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS POEM

The embers glowed softly, and in their dim light, I gazed round the room and I cherished the sight.  
My wife was asleep, her head on my chest, My daughter beside me, angelic in rest.  
Outside the snow fell, a blanket of white, Transforming the yard to a winter delight.  
The sparkling lights in the tree I believe, Completed the magic that was Christmas Eve.  
My eyelids were heavy, my breathing was deep, Secure and surrounded by love I would sleep.  
In perfect contentment, or sit it would seem, So I slumbered, perhaps I started to dream.

The sound wasn't loud, and it wasn't too near, But I opened my eyes when it tickled my ear.  
Perhaps just a cough, I didn't quite know, Then the sure sound of footsteps outside in the snow.  
My soul gave a tremble, I struggled to hear, And I crept to the door just to see who was near.  
Standing out in the cold and dark of the night, A lone figure stood, his face weary and tight.

A soldier, I puzzled, some twenty years old, Perhaps a **Marine** huddled here in the cold.  
Alone in the dark, he looked up and smiled, Standing watch over me, and my wife and my child.  
"What are you doing?" I asked without fear, "Come in this moment, it's freezing out here!  
Put down your pack, brush the snow from your sleeve, You should be at home on a cold Christmas Eve!"

For barely a moment I saw his eyes shift, Away from the cold and snow blown in drifts...  
To the window that danced with the warm fire's light, Then he sighed and he said  
"Its really all right, I'm out here by choice. I'm here every night.  
It's my duty to stand at the front of the line, that separates you from the darkest of times.  
No one had to ask or beg or implore me, I'm proud to stand here like my fathers before me.  
My Gramps died at "Pearl on a day in December,"  
Then he sighed, "That's a Christmas Gram always remembers"  
My Dad stood his watch in the jungles of 'Nam, And now it is my turn and so, here I am.  
I've not seen my own son in more than a while, But my wife sends me pictures, he sure got her smile."

Then he bent and he carefully pulled from his bag, The red, white and blue... an American flag.  
"I can live through the cold and the being alone, Away from my family, my house and my home.  
I can stand at my post through the rain and the sleet, I can sleep in a foxhole with little to eat.  
I can carry the weight of killing another. Or lay down my life with my sister and brother..  
Who stand at the front against any and all, To ensure for all time that this flag will not fall."

"So, go back inside," he said, "harbor not fright, Your family is waiting and I'll be all right."  
"But isn't there something I can do, at the least, give you money," I asked, "or prepare you a feast?  
It seems all too little for all that you've done, For being away from your wife and your son."  
Then his eye welled a tear that held no regret, "Just tell us you love us, and never forget.  
To fight for our rights back at home while we're gone, To stand your own watch, no matter how long.  
For when we come home, either standing or dead, To know you remember we fought and we bled.  
Is payment enough, and with that we will trust, That we mattered to you as you mattered to us."

*The following note accompanies this poem.*

PLEASE, Would you do me the kind favor of sending this to as many people as you can? Christmas will be coming soon and some credit is due to our U. S. service men and women for our being able to celebrate these festivities. Let's try in this small way to pay a tiny bit of what we owe. Make people stop and think of our heroes, living and dead, who sacrificed themselves for us.

LCDR Jeff Tiles, SC, USN  
30th Naval Construction Regiment  
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Al Taqqadum, Iraq

## ANOTHER PHONY MARINE

FBI Agents arrested a member of the Marine Corps League in St Louis after being photographed allegedly wearing a Navy Cross medal he doesn't rate at the league's Marine Corps ball in Nov. Michael Weilbacher wore a Navy Cross, two Silver Stars and four Bronze Stars to the ball, where he told Marines he had earned the nation's second highest valor award during drug interdictions in Columbia. This raised a red flag with an attendee who maintains a comprehensive database of every Navy Cross awarded. None has ever been awarded for duty in Columbia. Personnel records at Headquarters Marine Corps show no record of Weilbacher ever serving in the Corps. Under current law, Weilbacher faces a maximum of six months in jail and \$5,000 in fines in connection the misdemeanor charge of wearing unearned military decorations. (Extracted from a Marine Times article on-line).

**And some wonder why we want to look at the DD214 of prospective MCL Members.**

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## SERIOUS USE FOR SILLY STRING

Condensed from an article By Rebecca Santana, Associated Press Writer, Wed Dec 6, 2006

In an age of multimillion-dollar high-tech weapons systems, sometimes it's the simplest ideas that can save lives. Which is why a New Jersey mother is organizing a drive to send cans of silly String to Iraq.

American troops use the stuff to detect trip wires around bombs, as Marcelle Shriver learned from her son, a soldier in Iraq. Before entering a building, troops squirt the plastic goo, which can shoot strands about 10 to 12 feet, across the room. If it falls to the ground, no trip wires. If it hangs in the air, they know they have a problem. The wires are otherwise nearly invisible.

Now, 1,000 cans of the neon-colored plastic goop are packed into Shriver's one-car garage, ready to be shipped to the Middle East, thanks to two churches and a pilot who heard about the drive. "If I turn on the TV and see a soldier with a can of this on his vest, that would make this all worth it" said Shriver, 57, an office manager.

The maker of Silly String brand, Just for Kicks Inc, of Watertown, N. Y. has contacted the Shriver's about donating some. Other manufacturers make the stuff, too, and call their products "party string" or "crazy string."

The military is reluctant to talk about the use of Silly /String, saying that discussing specific tactics will tip off insurgents. A US Military spokesman in Baghdad, said Army soldiers and **Marines** are not forbidden to come up with new ways to do their jobs, especially in Iraq's ever-evolving battlefield. He said that commanders are given money to buy nonstandard supplies as needed.

In other cases of battlefield improvisation in Iraq, U.S. soldiers have bolted scrap metal to Humvees in what has come to be known as "Hillybilly Armor." Medics use tampon to plug bullet holes in the wounded until they can be patched up.

Also, soldiers put condoms and rubber bands around their rifle muzzles to keep out sand. And troops have welded old bulletproof windshields to the tops of Humvees to give gunners extra protection. They have dubbed it "Pope's glass", a reference to the barriers that protect the pontiff.

In an October call to his mother, Army Spec Todd Shriver explained how his unit in the insurgent hotbed of Ramadi, learned from **Marines** to use Silly String on patrol to detect booby traps.

After sending some cans to her 28-year-old son, Shriver enlisted the help of two priests and posted notices in her church and its newsletter. From there, the effort took off, with money and Silly String flowing in. Parishioners have been dropping cans into donation baskets.

There's so much that they can't do, and they're frustrated, but this something they can do," said Rev Joseph Capella of St Luke's Church in Stratford.

The Shriver's said they would not mind seeing the string as standard-issue equipment, but they don't blame the military for not supplying it.

"I don't think that they can think of everything," said Ronald Shriver, 59, a retired salesman. "They're taught to improvise, and this is something that they've thought of."

Marcelle Shriver said that since the string comes in an aerosol can, it is considered a hazardous material, meaning the Postal Service will not ship it by air. But a private pilot who heard about her campaign has agreed to fly the cans to Kuwait, most likely in January where they will then be taken to Iraq.

Shriver said she would continue her campaign as long as her son is overseas and she has Silly String to send. "I know that he's going to come through this. I hope they all do," she said.

## NOVEMBER MEETING/BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

There was no KetMorDet Meeting held in November as the Members attended the Marine Corps Birthday celebration held on November 11th at the Washington County Old Court House Museum in West Bend. Nothing about the festivities was provided to the Newsletter by the Det Social Committee, which did an excellent job. There were 62 attendees in addition to the guest speaker and his wife. Some pictures can be found on the photo page. All had a good time.

### DETACHMENT OFFICERS REPORTS

**Commandant** - Nothing reported.

#### **Sr Vice Commandant** reports:

The Det. Honor Guard participated in services on Nov 29th for former world war II Marine Sergeant Alvin Dixon at Phillips Funeral Home in Slinger. Services rendered included the posting of two Members beside the remains during the wake and a firing detail at the conclusion of the service. Marines from Fox Company Milwaukee I&I were also on hand to perform flag folding and taps. The family was presented with four polished cartridges and a challenge coin in remembrance of their father's service. The family was very appreciative and the Honor Guard Detail was recognized and given an ovation during the funeral service.

Five Care Packages were sent during December to the following military personnel overseas:

Spec. 4 Josh Harazin on duty in Iraq. Submitted by Member, Kevin Koski.

SSgt Jeffery Schied on duty in Afghanistan. Submitted by his mother, Karen, who approached us at the conclusion of a flag presentation performed at Virginia Highlands Home in Germantown.

Cpl John R. Witczak on duty in Iraq with E/2/10. Submitted by Pastor David Cooper, St Paul's Lutheran Church in Slinger.

Marine Major Thomas Witczak on duty in Iraq. Submitted by WW II Marine veteran Sgt Casey Groh Jr, a resident at Highland Newcastle Nursing Home in Mequon.

The Sr Vice Commandant requests that all names submitted for package distribution also include an e-mail address. A pre-delivery e-mail is sent to verify postal address as well as appropriateness of content. It has been recently determined that some overseas phone centers only honor cards purchased through them.

**Jr Vice Commandant** - Nothing reported.

#### **Judge Advocate** reports:

The Det Color Guard has been busy participating as follows:

Sat Nov 25th - Grafton Christmas parade - Marched 86th in the parade

Sun Nov 26th - West Bend Christmas parade - Led the parade

Sat Dec 2nd - Germantown Christmas parade - Marched 3rd in parade

Sun Dec 3rd - Kewaskum Christmas parade - Marched 2nd in parade

Members participating in uniform were:

Glen Brewer	Carl Heiman	Barry Oelerich	John Stern
Roger Cross	Charlie Keller	Dan O'Toole	Hugo Straub
Don Erdman	Fritz Montag	Cal Racine	Bill Wallace

Member John Fleischmann rode in the escort vehicle although he has not been issued a uniform. Member Kevin Koski arrived but there was no room left in the escort vehicle. Thanks for coming Kevin and John.

Comments heard from the parade watchers were "Good Job Marines" and "Look at those Shiny Shoes!"

#### **Adjutant** reports:

Mail-in ballots for the proposed By-law changes have been coming in. If you have not mailed yours yet, bring it to the Dec 16th Meeting where the vote will be taken.

A letter was received which reads: "On the behalf of the Town of Erin Veteran's Committee, our sincere thanks for participating in our Veterans' Day program. The escort your members provided for the honorees and family, was greatly appreciated. Sincerely, Beverly"

#### **Paymaster** reports:

Members are reminded that they can save money by paying their dues by Dec 16th for 2007 and later years.

The bills for the Marine Corps Birthday Celebration have been received and paid. The committee appears to have completed the celebration within its budget.

Mrs. Kathleen Giese of Kewaskum contacted the Paymaster to inquire if she could donate an international phone card for use by the troops overseas. During the conversation she decided to send an additional \$25 check for use in preparing Care Packages for the troops.

A letter was received from the United States Marines Youth Foundation Inc, which reads in part "On behalf of the Chairman of the Board, General Alfred M. Gray, I would like to thank your Detachment for the purchase of a *Blue Light* (\$100.00). A special Scroll of Honor has recorded your gift in Honor of: Marines from the Washington and Ozaukee Counties of Wisconsin."

**Chaplain** reports that he had received no notices of Members in ill health over the past month.

## LAST CHANCE

Any other Members wanting to take advantage of the final opportunity to make an early dues payment at the old rate before the 2007 increase should see the Paymaster at the Detachment Meeting on Dec 16th. Those changes will be forwarded to the National MCL Hqs via the Dept of WI Paymaster in order that they be registered prior to Jan 1st. Any questions about rates, call the Det Paymaster at (262) 689-5409.

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### GET A RED DETACHMENT T-SHIRT

Members who solicit at least three ads for the Newsletter will receive one of the new 2007 red KetMorDet T-shirts. See the Paymaster/Editor for info. Be the first in your Fire team to have one. The ads are needed now.

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### CHRISTMAS WITH THE VETS AT VA HOSPITAL

Members wanting to participate are reminded to bring cookies, candies or checks made out to "Christmas With The Vets" (for tax purposes) to the Dec 16th Meeting. Everything will be delivered by our Commandant to the Zablocki VA Medical Center later that day.

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### DETACHMENT'S SCHEDULE OF UPCOMING EVENTS

Dec 16th Sat	0900	Det Monthly Meeting - Trenton Town Hall
Dec 16th Sat	1730	Commandant will deliver Member donations of cookies, candies and checks for the "Christmas With The Vets" at the Zablocki VA Medical Center
Dec 25th Mon		Merry Christmas to the Marines and their Families
Jan 1st Mon		Happy New Year Jarheads
Jan 15th Mon	1900	Det Officers Call - MPTC West Bend
Jan 20th Sat	0900	Det Monthly Meeting - Trenton Town Hall
Jan 20th Sat	1000	Dept of WI MCL Staff Meeting at Double Days Inn - Cottage Grove

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The *KETTLE MORAINÉ MARINE* Newsletter is published prior to scheduled monthly meetings for the information and use of Detachment Members. Articles and letters are invited. The editor retains the right to accept or edit any submission. Submit typed materials or photographs to the editor at the above Detachment address or by e-mail at mgysgt@att.net. Annual donation for ads is \$75 for a single and \$150 for a double. Half or full-page ads are also available.

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Honorary Military/Political Editor: LtGen Lewis B. "Chesty" Puller (Deceased)

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Taken from the Internet - submitted by SSgt Paul (Smitty) Smith, Holcomb MCL Detachment, Wilmington, DE

I came across a short article from the father of a Marine that I thought I'd pass along. It follows:

#### A FATHER'S VISIT TO THE IWO JIMA MEMORIAL

I was in Washington for a meeting last month and went alone to visit the Marine Corps Iwo Jima Memorial late on the night of 10 November. It was the first time I had been back to the Memorial since the summer of 2005 when I had been there with my Marine son who had just returned from Iraq.

It seemed very quiet being that time of night. When the last visitors had left the side of the Memorial where I was standing, I knelt in prayer at the same place where my son had knelt the year before.

Thinking about the two young Marines I had seen in wheelchairs as I arrived, and about my son, my brother and many friends who have served in Iraq and Afghanistan over the past 4 years and returned home safe, my eyes overflowed some. Being lost in prayer, I didn't realize anyone else had walked up to the Memorial until I heard the voice of a young girl, maybe five years old, standing behind me say "Mommy, why is he so sad?"

Her mother answered, "Honey, he knows a hero."

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#### VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL COLLECTION

The Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund and the National Park Service held a press conference on Dec at the Museum Resource Center in Landover, MD to announce that the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Collection, the archived gathering of items left at the Memorial, now has reached 100,000 items.

Since the dedication of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in 1982, visitors have left items including: medals, photos, helmets, notes and, in one memorable case, a custom-built motorcycle.

National Park Service Rangers collect items left at The Wall each evening. These items are transported to the Museum Resource Center, where they are cataloged and preserved. It is a state of the art climate controlled museum facility that houses 44 collections. This facility is not open to the public.

Object from the first 100,000 collected at The Wall will be featured in the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Center, an education facility that will be built underground on the National Mall near the Vietnam Veterans Memorial.