

**NJ 206
OFFICERS
2016 ~ 2017**



William Freeman*
Commandant



Thomas Miller*
Senior Vice
Commandant



**Anthony
Fiorentino***
Junior Vice
Commandant



Bob Stalzer*
Judge Advocate



James Loizides
Adjutant/Paymaster



Dan Danzi
Chaplain



**Anthony
Oszmianski**
Sergeant at Arms



Artie Williams
Quartermaster



Available
Recording Officer
OPEN

* = Detachment
Trustees

Slattery Sidelines

Welcome To Your OnLine Newsletter - Mar 2017

Volume #5

Issue 3

Links: [Slattery Detachment 206](#) ~ [Marines Care Foundation](#) ~ [Legacy of a Hero](#) ~ [Dept NJ MCL](#) ~ [MCL National](#)

This newsletter is interactive while online, highlighted links work & sometimes open a new screen. You can print each page separately or all, the page number is at top right of page. Officers & members wishing to post in the newsletter, please send info to [Pete Gallo](#).

Feel free to forward this newsletter & web site. Editors: Don Patterson ~ Pete Gallo



www.marinescare.org

L/CPL Robert J. Slattery
Marine Corps League, Detachment #206
Marines Care Foundation, Inc.,
In Memory of L/CPL Chris Cosgrove, III
Whippany, New Jersey
P.O. Box 566, West Caldwell, NJ 07007-0566



www.mclslatterydet.org

2017 Schedule

Detachment monthly meetings 1st Wednesday of the month - starts 1930 ***UPSTAIRS HALL*** at Post #155 American Legion Home 13-23 Legion Place Whippany 07981 phone# 973- 884- 2494

March 1st - meeting - 1930 legion home Whippany

April 5th - meeting - 1930, Legion home Whippany

May 3rd - meeting - 1930, Legion Home Whippany

June 7th - meeting - 1930, Legion home Whippany

June 14th - at dusk - Flag retirement ceremony Legion Home (Flag day)

July 5th - meeting - 1930, Legion home Whippany

Aug 2nd - meeting - 1930, nomination of officers - Legion home Whippany

Sept 6th - meeting - 1930, election of officers - Legion home Whippany

Oct 4th - installation of officers - 1900 Legion home Whippany yes at 1900 food served

Nov 1st - meeting - 1930, Nominations for Detachment Marine of the Year - Legion home Whippany

Nov 11th - Veterans day ceremony - 1100 meet at Legion Home Whippany at 1030

Dec 6th - meeting - 1930, Legion home Whippany

Dec 7th - 2000 Pearl Harbor day ceremony, Legion Home Whippany

Toys 4 Tots Rewarded



At a meeting on Thursday 2/2/17 at the Wayne American Legion Post 174 and gave out thank you certs for Toys for tots

1. American Legion Post 174
2. American Legion Auxiliary Post 174
3. Sons of the American Legion Post 174
4. American Legion Riders Post 174
5. Blue Knights
6. The Protectors
7. American Legion Post 227
8. Russian Hall
9. Saint Michaels Marshalls
10. Hispanic Cycles
11. Kindred
12. Knuckleheads
13. Public Sewer Service

Marines Care
www.marinescare.org

Slattery Det206
www.mclslatterydet.org

Dept NJ
www.njmcl.org

MCL National
www.mclnational.org

LEMC Garden State Chapter gets and receives awards



(L-R) Mario Monaco with Thomas Hayden, both photos.

8 hrs · North Arlington, NJ · Protectors LEMC Garden State Chapter presenting an Appreciation Award to Gunnery Sergeant Mario Monaco of the U.S.M.C./Toys for Tots Program, for his generous donation of toys for our annual Santa Run. Gunnery Sergeant Monaco then presented us with a gift of appreciation for helping him to distribute toys to needy children.

Blast From The Past

A Photo from our archives

During one of our Detachment visits in 2006 to the Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland to visit with wounded service members, we became friendly with Amtrak conductor, Marc Purcelli. Marc is a former Marine who started making visits with us the following month and who would later join our Detachment. Although Marc lives in Newtown, PA. he continues to attend our events.



On this particular day, then Senator Biden, was on the train heading home from DC. Marc told him that a group of Marines were on the train heading back to NJ after visiting the wounded at the hospital.

Senator Biden immediately came back to the car where we seated, shook our hands and then he knelt down at our table. He talked to us for over a 1/2 hour, kneeling all the time. He thanked us for our service and taking time to visit the wounded. After he left, I asked Marc, "Do you think he'll take a picture with us?" He asked, and the Senator said, when the train stops at his station he would gladly take a picture with us. When the train stopped at Wilmington, Delaware we all met out on the platform for a picture. It was a great way for us to end the trip on the way home to New Jersey.

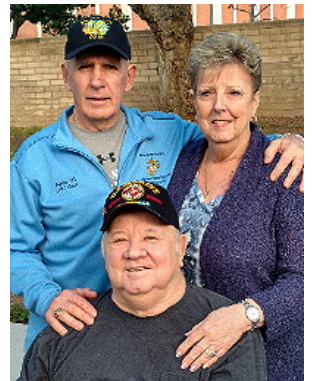
Semper FI,
Eddie

Eddie Neas Visits California

This is of Hue City and Sgt Burghardt is on the left side. I am kneeling down in front. (L to R) Sgt Burghardt, Battalion Scout Hoffman, Doc Tura, Cpl Holmes and 2nd Lt Donnelly. This past week I was in California visiting a friend who was my Platoon Sgt in Viet Nam during the Battle for Hue City. He has been in the Long Beach VA hospital since March of 2016 after having a cancerous bladder removed. There have been complications and two other operations, the last one almost 10 days ago. I have not seen him in almost 22 years and it was time to get off my Ass and go see him. He is doing well now and hopefully in the next 4-8 weeks he should be able to go home and stay there.



While I was in California I had the opportunity to attend a Marine Corps League meeting with the South Coast Detachment 022 in San Clemente, Ca. I was introduced to the members and talked to them about what we do in New Jersey. I then listened to what they do in California. I told them why I was in California. SSgt Burghardt has been in the VA hospital in Long Beach the past ten months. They took that information and said they would stop by and visit with him. The Detachment Sgt at Arms, Mickey Christiason, stopped by on Saturday and bought him white socks after hearing me say, that he needed new socks. It was very much appreciated.



Sgt at Arms visiting with him and wife Jo. SSgt Burghardt was the best Marine I have ever served with in Viet Nam and to be honest there were many in our Company, but he was mine. He was as solid as a Marine could be, a Great Platoon Sgt and Leader. I learned a lot from him. His first tour in Viet Nam was with Alpha 1/9. We met 49 years ago this month at Quang Tri, Viet Nam and next month is the 49th anniversary of the Battle for Hue City.

Three Marines from 1st Platoon were wounded on the 28th of February as we were patrolling near the Phu Cam canal just up from the An Cau Bridge. One Marine was shot in the knee rushing across a small bridge and Sgt Burghardt and I, standing shoulder to shoulder were watching the Fire Team rush across the bridge when the NVA opened up. I was shot in the left shoulder and a round hit him in the back and came out his shoulder and he has been paralyzed since that day. I was Lucky that day. He has been paralyzed since that day and last year he gets cancer. I don't get this at all, but I'm not the person in charge.

The Detachment Sgt at Arms is a Member of the 1st Marine Division Association and has submitted a similar article to The Old Breed News. I have posted stuff during the past year on him, and many of you have sent prayers and asked how he is doing. Well, he's doing good and thanks for all of you who have prayed for him. I know his family and all those who knew and served with him, thank you too. I have included a picture of us back in Viet Nam and a two taken last week during my visit.

Semper Fi
Eddie Neas
Alpha 1/1, 1st Plt. Guns Viet Nam 67-68

LCPL Robert J Slattery detachment members attend Detachments Memorial Service at the Notre Dame Catholic Church Caldwell, NJ



LCPL Robert J Slattery detachment members attend Detachments Memorial Service at the Notre Dame Catholic Church Caldwell, NJ Followed by a 1100 Am :Mass

James F. Ward

May 5, 1929 - February 7, 2017 (age 87) Captain, USMC Korean War veteran, Yale grad., The Mass for Jim Ward was attended by 12 Marines from the Slattery Detachment and 80-90 of Jim's friends and relatives. Nice turn-out for a windy day.

From Slattery were: Dan Danzi, Eddie Neas, Artie Williams, Eddie Moscariello, Jim Crupi, Bob Stalzer, Bob Beck, Keith Butler, John Andrews, Bob Cooney, Ted Jemas, Tom Miller and Father Mike.

Just prior to the Mass the detachment held a funeral ceremony for Jim. John Andrews acted as the lead official and Dan Danzi officiated as the Chaplain as the remaining members formed the long red witness line. Our part of the ceremony lasted about 10 minutes.

After it was over, Father Mike lead the Mass for Jim. Jim's wife and sister along with his immediate family and friends celebrated Jim's life and at one time Father Mike got a few chuckles in as he did the eulogy. At the end of the Mass the Marines from Picatinny (3 of them) did their military ceremony. The Major and a L/Cpl. folded the flag and then presented it to Shirley, Jim's wife.

The attendees were invited to a repast at Crane's Mill, where Jim owned a home in West Caldwell. They have a nice clubhouse there and put on a warm greeting with a nice lunch. About 8 of us attended and most were back home by 1:30.

Tom Miller

This Months Chuckle

The rain was pouring and there was a big puddle in front of the Bar just outside the American Legion Post. A ragged old Army ground pounder was standing near the edge with a fishing line in the puddle.

A curious young Marine Fighter Pilot came over to him and asked what he was doing. "Fishing," the old Sergeant simply said.

"Poor old fool," the Marine Officer thought to himself, and he invited the old Army Soldier into the Bar for a drink.

As he felt he should start some conversation while they were sipping their whiskey, the haughty Fighter Pilot asked, "And how many have you caught today?"

"You're number ten," the old Army Sergeant answered; "2 Air Force, 3 Navy & 5 Marines."

This Month, MARCH, in USMC History

2 March 1867: Jacob Zeilin, Colonel Commandant of the Marine Corps from 30 June 1864, was this date promoted to the rank of Brigadier General Commandant, the first time Congress authorized this rank for the Marine Corps. The statute, however, was repealed in June 1874 so that the rank of Commandant would again revert to colonel upon Zeilin's retirement.

8 March 1965: The 9th Marine Expeditionary Brigade landed at DaNang, Republic of Vietnam as the first U.S. ground combat troops to be committed to that conflict. The 3,500 men arrived both across the beach with Battalion Landing Team 3/9, and at DaNang Airfield with Battalion Landing Team 1/3.

11 March 1778: Marines participated the action when the Continental Navy frigate BOSTON, enroute to France, sighted, engaged, and captured the British merchant ship MARTHA. As the drum of the BOSTON beat to arms, John Adams seized a musket and joined the Marines on deck until the frigate's captain, Samuel Tucker, sent him below for safety.

13 March 1943: The first group of 71 Women Marine officer candidates arrived at the U.S. Midshipmen School (Women's Reserve) at Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, Massachusetts. The Navy's willingness to share training facilities enabled the Marine Corps to begin training Marine Corps Women's Reserve officers just one month after the creation of the MCWR was announced.

17 March 1967: The first woman Marine to report to Vietnam for duty, Master Sergeant Barbara J. Dulinsky, began her 18-hour flight to Bien Hoa, 30 miles north of Saigon. MSgt Dulinsky and the other officer and enlisted Women Marines that followed were assigned to the Military Assistance Command, Vietnam (MACV) based in Saigon. Most worked with the Marine Corps Personnel Section providing administrative support to Marines assigned as far north as the DMZ, but two Lieutenant Colonels, Ruth Reinholz and Ruth O'Holleran, served as historians with the Military History Branch, Secretary Joint Staff, MACV.

25 March 1945: After 35 days of bitter fighting, the amphibious assault on the rocky fortress of Iwo Jima finally appeared over. On the night of 25 March, however, a 300-man Japanese force launched a vicious final counterattack in the vicinity of Airfield Number 2. Army pilots, Seabees and Marines of the 5th Pioneer Battalion and 28th Marines fought the fanatical Japanese force till morning but suffered heavy casualties -- more than 100 killed and another 200 American wounded. Nearly all of the Japanese force was killed in the battle.

27 March 1953: The 5th Marines, supported by the 2d Battalion, 7th Marines, in the first full day of fighting after the Chinese assault the previous evening of Outpost Vegas on Korea's western front, counterattacked to regain enemy-held positions. Companies E and F of 2/7, down to only three platoons between them, managed to regain partial control of Outpost Vegas that day.

31 March 1801: On this date, LtCol Commandant William W. Burrows rode with president Thomas Jefferson to look for "a proper place to fix the Marine Barracks on." President Jefferson was a personal friend of the Commandant, and deeply interested in the welfare of the Corps and accompanied Burrows on horseback on the morning of 31 March. They chose a square in Southeast Washington, bounded by 8th and 9th streets, and a & I streets, because it lay near the Navy Yard and was within easy marching distance of the Capitol.



The Good and the Bad in Nurses

The Good and the Bad in Nurses, by Tom Miller

After I got out of the Ky Phu battlefield on "the last chopper out" we flew to Chu Lai where "B" Med, 3rd Medical Battalion was located. There they did what they could for the shrapnel wounds to my arms, side of face and from the butt down to my toes and then flew me off to "C" Med in Da Nang. I don't remember any of that trip and very little of the C-Med facilities except they couldn't help me.

I was soon on a jet to Saigon (which is a big fuzzi to me) and back into "La-la Land." We landed in Saigon I was "off and on" during the ride from the airbase at the Airport to the downtown hospital. We arrived at the hospital about 0500 on 19 December. They then wheeled me through the corridors of the basement of the hospital and found a quiet place, away from all the local population, in a strange hallway that was the convergence of 5 halls. The lights dimmed and I floated back into La-La Land.

About 6am the light came on like the middle of a 4th of July celebration. Up walked a Lt. Colonel (maybe "Bird" Colonel) nurse with about 9 to 12 young brand new nurses (22 or so years old) fresh from the states. The group stopped next to my gurney and looked at my chart. She then told them that I was recently wounded and would be treated shortly as she lifted up the sheet that was covering me so all these damsels could view me.



Naturally, it was a bit nippy as I was bare as the day I was born and the air was cool. The nurses gasp - now I don't know if that was because of my wounds or my manhood. I like to think the later, but probably the earlier was the reason. After a few minutes of "nurse talk" I interrupted the Colonel by saying, "Hey Colonel, anytime you're "##@&ing" ready to lower the damn sheet, I'd like to warm up." The young ladies were about to burst with laughter as the Colonel humped and slammed down the sheet saying, "You'll hear from me." Then, out the entourage trooped giggling as I warmed up and then went back to sleep.

The Saigon doctors couldn't help me but did give me some more knock out medicine and shipped me off to the Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines. There, I was only a wake a few moments when 3 doctors and a nurse came in. One of the doctors said that I had lost a lot of blood and had holes up and down my backside but these would mend in time. He then informed me that I would lose the sight of my right eye as it was infected beyond saving. He said he had to inject some anti-biotic into my eye as he picked up this needle I estimated to be a 12" long - actually it probably was a couple of inches but I'll stick by 12".

When I woke up the next day I was a bit groggy for most of the afternoon. It was difficult to move my extremities and the only thing I was being fed was ice. On the night of the 22nd, a nurse came and stood on the right side of my bed. This was about 2000. She asked me how I felt and I told her, "I was a bit tired." She asked, "Would you like some water?" and I said, "Yes." She then reached over my bed pressing herself into me but ever so gently as she grabbed my water bottle for me. She was 23, about 5' 7" with dark hair. Her rank was that of a Lt. in the Air Force and she was very good looking with a very nice shape but then, who was looking.

Continued on next page.

The Good and the Bad in Nurses Continued

We talked for a few minutes as she asked me where I was from and little chitchat about home. She then told me she had to leave and make her rounds. I asked her if she'd be back and she said she would later but only for a minute. About 2300 she came in and checked the other men who were mostly asleep. She then pulled up a chair next to the right side of my bed and we began to talk. The first questions out of my mouth was, "Why did you press yourself into me?" She explained that she thought I could use a little bit of encouragement in living as I was so banged up. I told her, just seeing her was encouragement enough. We talked for almost a hour about many things. She left the next day for a week of beach holiday in the northern Philippines with some nurses and doctors. Sadly, I didn't get her address and I never did see her again as I would leave before she returned. I really never did forget her and have looked for her in various ways for over 40 years. The closest I got was a nurse who was on the floor below the same time but she couldn't remember this nurse. Maybe she didn't exist and it was all a dream. I would rather remember her as the perfect girl rather than being reunited with her and seeing a big, fat, old hag which she might have changed into.



Speaking about an old hag reminds me of the head day nurse, "Nurse Nasty" that I met on the following day. She was about as nasty a nurse as I had ever met. "Do this, do that, etc." must have been "her time of the month." She was with us for several days including Christmas day which I remember her coming in. I wasn't in a very good mood that day as the aftermath of the infection and the pain was getting worse; my head hurt and I wasn't at all hungry. She came in and asked what we would like for Christmas dinner. I told her I didn't want anything at all. Naturally, she said, "Sure you do." Back from me came, "No, I don't." She then left.

About noon or 1pm in came the food and "Nurse Nasty." She put the tray holder across me. I told her, "I don't want anything!" She then put the tray of Christmas dinner on the holder. I told her to get it out of there and she said, "It's good, eat it." She turned and went to leave. Well, the tray hit the floor before she cleared the doorway and in her ears was, "I don't want the #\$@ing food I told you." She was very short with me after that but it didn't bother me a bit. I drifted off to "la-la land" again and didn't wake up until that evening.

On the 26th, one of my "roommates" brought up what he called, "a ring finger." It was a hand carved wooden replica of the "salute." I thought it was hilarious and told him to get me two. I still have one on my roll-top desk to this day. The cost as I remember was \$3.50 or \$4.00. It is life-size from the wrist up and made of local wood with the middle finger up to hold a ring. Here's to you, Nurse Nasty.

Story and Hand Drawn Images by Tom Miller



Marines, Join Slattery Team Here 