Again, nothing about the smells

How old was he then? LOC = lack of commitment

CHIEF OF NAVAL PERSONNEL (COPY TO THE J.W.V.)

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20370 7 JUNE, 1987

40+ yrs afterwards

Dear sir: → Polite Salutation, Proper

On or about May 17th, 1945, at a point position along the front line, somewhere between Naha and Shuri on Okinawa my squad encountered a lengthly mortar barrage from the enemy position which was in the visable distance. It began at dusk and lasted into the darkness of night. I believe I was assigned to D squad, I co., 5th Reg., 1st Mar.Div. (Please pardon me for being discharged with a rather unclear mind. In lucid moments clarity returns, but somewhat hazed by time are minute details.)

→ no comma

→ LOC

→ Polite

2 yrs later?

As the squad's Navy Combat Medical Corpsman it was my job to answer the calls for first aid, remove wounded personnel from harm's way, and to establish means for instantaneous evacuation of injured from the line. And until that day on the line, and days subsequent to it, my work on the front line was fairly minimal--averaging one or two calls for my assistance each day. But on that day my work seemed endless.

But

= Starts sentence with "But"

→ no comma

From moments after the onset of the barrage, I was called to leave my foxhole, and rush through the saturation of explosions, and often being knocked down while answering to the screams for my help--hundreds of feet apart from each other. And when I arrived at the side of each hurt man there was no room for me to hide from the blasts and the whirls of shrapnel. I kneeled to help the men, and prayed to survive simultaneously. But when I came to one

Prayed for self

Nothing about the suffering of the wounded here — no "we's" ① All about himself — self-focused & absorbed

Ack. 7/28/87 Beh

Very literary ☆ → See note 6

man, whose instep was spread open like a dull-axed squash, I had to administer more than typical first aid- I had to save his foot. The gory details are not needed here, but the time it took is very significant. It occured while the barrage had increased in volume, and because of his position on the ground, and the many minutes it required, my exposure was exacerbated significantly.

Again focussed on him!

I did not know I was hit. The blood on my hand was mixed with the the blood squirting from the wound of the man. Only after I returned to the Platoon Leader's dugout, which was in a sort of trench along a high burm, did I realize I was hit. I tended to it myself, even though the Lieutenant offered to send me back to field medical. But the barrage continued for some time after that, and the calls took my time away from thinking about a split-thumb wound

(4)

I had butterfly-bandaged the wound, kept putting sulfanilamide on it. Though it hurt, throbbed, I stayed with my squad.

(3)

Names - important

About a week or so after that I was relieved by a corpsman who I knew. His name is on the tip of my tongue, but can't come out. He told me that my best buddies, [redacted] and [redacted] were killed; guys I shared the anguish and pleasures with, when we went through Field Medical training at Pendleton; guys who were given the raw deal, much the same as I was given in the Dispensary at Bremerton.

(6)

? See note 6

Grievance

At the dispensary, when I was assigned to it, I was the most eager Hospital Corpsman they had. I took anything they dished out: night emergency duty, surgery, V.D. duty, prisoner duty, hospital duty, marine target range duty etc., etc.. I wanted to be a good Navy man--a regular. But a Jew in that environment, amidst some of the most bigoted young men I ever knew, was a target for deprivations

(7)

Grandiose

Anti-semitism - Grievance ☆

(2)

and subordinations. I took them, but they weren't enough for the bigots in power.

They were adverse to my passing the examination for third-class petty officer; discussed right in front of me that "a Jew in the office would not be tolerated". Then they conceived a plan. I was given leave--fifteen days I believe it was. And I went home.

When I returned my bunk in the Dispensary was reassigned to a new arrival, and although I had not had much sleep on the grueling trip by train from Chicago, I was not assigned another, nor did I have any notion where to lay my head. To augment my misery my bedding was nowhere to be found, nor were my personal effects: toilet items, books, letters etc., etc.. I knew I could not become derelict; the objective of the culprits was obvious to me. If I bunked without authorization, in some vacant place, I would be instantly on report. Their plan was deep-rooted. To put me on report was their motive for my status, and, although I did not comply with their plan, I found myself on report nonetheless; having to prove to the Captain where I spent the night.

When I told him that I decided to study, instead of tracing the whereabouts of my gear--so late at night--he admonished me, but nothing more than that. That morning I found my gear, but was never able to locate my personal things. I would not make an issue out of it, for I realized that the Captain's clemency had invited repercussions, which would become greatly magnified if I had complained. So I accepted my bunk assignment--in the U.D. barracks. I had served an unblemmished, devoted year by then.

A week or so later, but before Bureau of Personnel had made my promotion official, an urgency arose. The selection of low-rank corpsmen had to be compiled for shipment to Fleet Marines. At first I was asked to volunteer. I said I'd think about it after I got my eagle. They couldn't wait.

I was imediately reassigned to the remote firing range first aid station. And after the week of duty in that furnished cottage I was ordered to return to Dispensary duty. My gear had once again disappeared, and the few newly aquired personal things were also gone.

Upon my return to Bremerton, that night, I had come down with a high fever. I ~~could not~~ hold my head up. The job at the firing range had been draining, marines coming in for everything, from wart medication to cuts from a fist fight, till very late in the evening. Then cleanup, since I was alone, took several hours into the night--having to leave at 0600 the next morning. I was nineteen, and very sick; and very worried.

That night, after doing Hospital duties, I went back to the Dispensary--hoping to see a doctor on duty. Only one of my adversaries was available. I told him that I had a fever, and I didn't know what caused it. He read the thermometer. It read 103.4 or so. He told me to wait in the emergency room, and that I should see the doctor when he came in. I did not realize that the doctor would not return until the following morning. I began to have dizziness, and nausea made me regurgitate often--until I

ran dry. I found myself on the emergency examination table when I awoke. The adversary had brought the O.D. to verify that I was sleeping on it. I went on report. I did not get a chance to see the Captain. I'm sure I went on the list for Fleet Marines that very day. I felt so vulnerable, so completely alone; even though my best friend, who did not lose his bunk, and who got his eagle, assured me that they could not get away with it. But I had never felt comfortable or really well again after that. Their plan was working; I could not combat it. (At that time I found out that a Phm.Mate 2c, [redacted] I believe, was aboard--too late!) But, perhaps, they did not feel secure in their latest effort, for when I was reassigned to Hospital duty I felt that I was to be set up again. Had I become paranoid? I wondered. But the scene spoke for itself.

While I was making up a patient's bed a very pretty young nurse came into the room. Conviently the patient was to be elsewhere for some treatment--for some time. She asked me to put nose-drops in her nostrils, and she layed back on the bed, precariously. I put the drops in, from the opposite side of her outstreched legs, and was not surprised to see the same 2nd Class Pharmacist Mate, who had turned me in just those few days before, standing in the doorway. The nurse flittered off--giggling. Her name was [redacted] I never forgot that because she claimed to be related to a very well known polititian. With the failure of that attempt, did they have enough?

But enough or not I found my name on the posted list--for Fleet Marine Duty. And shortly after that I was boxcared like a steer

paranoic (?)

why is this important?

simply blunt brunette

Look for this.

OK

He knows her name → this was asig. encounter

* what was the event that caused him to be relieved from front lines? Is it in mil record?

* Look for this in ONSUB

Good vocabulary

good writer — educated

to Camp Pendleton; ending up my enlistment duty on the front lines of Okinawa.

twitched

I am proud to have served there, with brave men whose knees' twitched like mine and who shared the horrors of fear, blood, and daily death--who never asked my faith. I have been ashamed all these years for the name the Navy gave my ailment--Nervous Condition--which I cannot relate to, except that I am, and have been suffering with intense anxiousness since I left the service. More now by far in my agingness. It is my firm belief that my failure to become tuned to the social world's requiste for success all these years can only be attributed to the destruction of my pride by your Navy. I was proud when I joined.

Fear

Shame

PTSD?

Grievance gravamen

There is no evidence that that I was so scared on the lines to cause me to shirk my responsibility. I confess! I was scared, but never that scared!

There must be evidence to the contrary as a mater of fact. For whatever happened to me that made them bring me back, which I cannot seem to ever really understand, happened after I was relieved from the front lines and awaited transportation to return to the Battalion Medical unit--WAY out of harm's way.

what was it

Whatever it was, along with what I know that happened in my enlistment tour, plagues me like an insidious, incurable desease. But I am tired of the disrespected and unrewarded pain.

what was this?

Grievance

starts same w/ But

I never received my purple heart, even though the squad leader marked me down for one, and he even mentioned my bravery, as if

this has been in his head all these years

COWARDICE is an issue here

he intended to get me a star. Though I had been relieved from line duty, the Squad Leader and the Sergeant expressed the wish that I could remain with them.

what is it?

I don't care about the star, but I do want my Purple Heart. I feel that I want to die without the inuendo of any sort of cowardice. I bled, and fought and rose in the fields of battle when Marines, brave as they certainly were, clawed earth to reach another inch of depth in their holes. My soul deserves recognition. My heirs should be proud.

Nobody other than he knows

My soul deserves recognition, wow - grandiose

With all due respect I request my medal. And, I understand, that there was a Presidential Citation(s?) for my unit, which I have not received.

AND

persecution

Respectfully yours,

Marvin Margolis (H.A. 1st Class, U.S.N.-Disch.)

Serial Number:301-17-77 U.S.N.

P.O. Box 262, Creston, Ca. 93432

marriage + children → dect s*?

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6.-AMERICAN LEGION
7.-Personal Time Capsule

Oh boy... Grandiose

P.S. FREEDOM is to be free of a fear to be FREE. MY BRAVE FRIENDS, WHO FOUGHT AND VALIANTLY DIED, SHALL NEVER KNOW THEY GAVE THEIR LIVES IN VAIN; SHALL NEVER KNOW THAT THEY COULD NOT REST THEIR HEADS ON SOILS OF HOME IN PEACE, THOUGH THEY WERE FREE TO REST IN FIELDS OF WAR; SHALL NEVER KNOW THEY ARE FORGOTTEN, AS LEAVES BENEATH A

MULCH OF ADVERSE LAWS, AND BENEATH THE LIVING LAYERS OF VERMICULAR VEINS OF BUREAUCRACY--SO VAST AND YET SO INTERLOCKED--WHO IN FACT HAVE BECOME ANOTHER SINGULAR RULING TYRANT, AND HAVE DESTROYED THE FREE MAN'S PRIDE FOR WHICH HE FOUGHT AND DIED. THEY WILL NEVER KNOW THE ANGUISH OF THEIR COMRAD WHO BLED WITH THEM AND LIVED TO SEE, THAT THEY DIED IN VAIN; TO SEE OUR LOSS OF LIBERTY; to see US fear to be FREE.

M.M.

First "We" pronouns !!

Read by

[redacted]

Dept. Hospital Chairman
Jewish War Veterans
California

Did he write the P.S. or lift, plagiarize it from elsewhere?

- histrionic
- paranoid
- NPD

8