

THE JARHEAD JOURNAL

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www.lakecountymarines.com



MARINE CORPS LEAGUE LAKE COUNTY DETACHMENT 801

The Jarhead Journal Published Monthly

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Our next meeting is scheduled for
19 January (Tuesday)

Steven's Restaurant

Starts at 1900-7:00 PM
Wear your mask!

Last Month's Mystery Marine was
Mel Ellingsen



Where Stuff Is

1. Toys for Tots and December Meeting
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Who is this Mystery Marine? Santa, of course!

COMMANDANT'S COMMENTS

Well, here we are finishing up another month of this COVID-19. Oh boy, hopefully with the vaccines coming out things might get back to normal. We will just have to wait. I hope everyone had a GREAT Christmas, and a healthy one.

Now a little something from me, To ERR is Human, To forgive, Divine
HOWEVER, NEITHER IS MARINE CORPS POLICY

I.D. Please

A few years back one of the new Marines from the Barracks at Yorktown, Virginia was standing post at the main gate of the Naval Weapons Station. The duty policy was to check 100% of all ID cards including military in uniform, regardless of rank. A Navy sedan drove up to the gate with a young seaman at the wheel and a rear admiral sitting in the back. The young Marine PFC signaled for the car to stop, approached the driver, and asked to see both ID cards. The admiral told the Marine that he was on his way to meet the station CO and did not have time for such nonsense.... The admiral told the driver, "Go ahead" The PFC told the driver, "Don't do that" The admiral told the driver, "You heard me, drive on!" The PFC asked the admiral as he drew his .45, "Sir this is my first time on post. Do I shoot you, or your driver?" The admiral showed his ID!

Just think in a couple of days we will be stating a new Year. I sure hope it is a lot better than this last one. I had a talk with Brad from Stevens, and he said that he was getting bored and he had penciled us in on his calendar for the Tuesday after the third Monday to have a meeting there from now through June 2021. That being said we will have a meeting at Stevens starting January 19th at 1900. We will wear face coverings and whatever the health dept. recommends. I am hoping we can continue to have our meetings unless something else changes. They will NOT be serving food at the meetings. Stevens is still closed on Mondays and Tuesdays.

Semper Fi,

Ed Mampe, Commandant (847) 641-9689

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE LAKE COUNTY DETACHMENT 801

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

2020 A challenging year, but.....

Yes, it goes without saying that 2020 was an unprecedented year. It presented challenges not seen by recent generations! We were faced with health emergencies, political chaos, civil disobedience, inability to travel, and loss of family and friends, as well as uncertainty about our future, to name a few. Many of us are happy about its departure!

In the midst of all of this, many people were asking "where is God?" I answered both in person and through these articles, that the creator of the universe is not only close by, but in charge!

As bad as things were, it wasn't all bad. Though we suffered physical pain, as well as heart ache, we also experienced joy, pleasure, and memory making experiences with family and friends.

All of these things, good and bad, become part of our makeup, individually, as Americans and as children of God. It is up to us whether these experiences make us better or bitter!

I look forward to the new year with hope, confidence and optimism! I sincerely hope you do to.

Our God only wants the best for us. He will turn adversity into blessings. With His help and as Marines, We ADAPTED, WE IMPROVISED AND WE OVERCAME!

Now it's time to move forward. Let's take the lessons learned in 2020 and make 2021 our banner year.

Let's use the resources and talents we have individually and as a detachment, and make a difference in our communities, in our neighborhoods.

We are magnificent fundraisers, proud bearers of our colors, and humble caretakers of our honored dead. We are fierce defender of our Corps and its traditions.

We are all these things, because we are what we make of ourselves be. Because we are Marines.

2021 promises to be full of new opportunities, challenges, hope and promises. We may not know what the future holds, but we do know who holds the future! Take advantage of all of it. Don't be that person who laments "I wish I had done that".

As long as you are on this earth, regardless of your health, and with God's help, there are things you can do. Our marine brothers who departed in 2020, to be with our Father in heaven, set the example. They were warriors to the very end. They did not let us down!

Let's resolve that beginning with 1 January 2021, we will make our time on this precious planet count for the benefit of our families, friends, fellow marines and brothers and sisters in God!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

GOD'S BLESSINGS FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY

Hank Landrau, Chaplain Det.801

Ramblings from the Jr. Vice

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!!

Well, the Holidays are pretty much over by the time you receive this copy of the JARHEAD. Welcome to the year 2021 and good riddance to the most miserable year I can remember. More thoroughly reported elsewhere I thought I would mention some of the activities that continue in spite of the pandemic.

The Toys for Tots campaign was relatively successful especially with the Young Marines, who were a big help at Hawthorne Mall. As was the Boatload of Booze raffle for the Foundation successful. OohRah!

The Color Guard was not as busy as usual but had a few Volleys to fire and funerals to attend. And the Eagle Scout recipients of K-Bars was about as busy as a normal year, with Eagle Scouts continuing to work.

We have had some interest in new memberships, and Charles Walgreen is one who has joined in and participating – which makes membership more worthwhile to some-having the chance to participate.

All in all, through improvisation, we have been adapting, and overcoming with our monthly meetings, masked and socially distanced. At our December meeting Permanent Lance Corporal ELF started a snowball fight and a Piñata break by our Sgt-at-Arms who has an awesome golf swing while blindfolded. Perhaps more can be done with more members getting involved.

My personal goal for 2021 is to get organized and work on my responsibilities of retention and recruitment – and reporting to YOU our success in the area of membership. This is something that cannot be accomplished alone – I really require the help of every member of our detachment. Mainly in identifying prospects for new membership (ideas and specific people); and, also helping to identify reasons why people do not maintain their membership **SO WE CAN OVERCOME** that dilemma.

I hope you all have a healthy and safe New Year. And a special shout out to Bruce Barclay and Smedley Butler who have moved to Florida.

_Walter Roth, Jr Vice



COLOR & HONOR GUARD



COLOR GUARD

We laid Joe Auth to rest with full Military Honors. At his wake we stood Casket Guard and gave our final salute. Graveside, we fired a volley as the Dress Blue Marines folded the flag. We presented 3 spent cartridges that were placed in the flag. Jim Reynolds then sounded Taps. We collected the rest of the spent brass and gave it to Joe's son for the Grand kids.

Nada, Lori, Ed, Ron, Mel Walt, and Charles----- Thank You for getting up on a Saturday morning on short notice and braving the elements.

It was cold, raining, sleet, windy and miserable but well worth it for Big Joe. He will be missed.

We could sure use a few more Marines, Corpsmen and Associates to join us. Now is a good time to join as we will be slow during the winter, but a good time to relearn all the basics.

Practice will resume in January in my garage. We purchased a propane heater to keep it warm and we have enough room to practice the rifle Manual of Arms and routines. We can also hoist flags, not extended, and do routines and Counter March.

Al Seyler
Commander



EAGLE SCOUTS



We presented four Ka-Bars in November and four in December.

CAPTAIN JAMES A. LOVELL FHCC VISITS



This is from the hospital team leader and Veterans Closet for all the Marines of the Marine Corps League. This the end of another year. Even though it was not a good or great one we are all thankful for what we have and that this year is over with. We did not do hospital visits since March, but the vets were in our hearts and minds in spirit. Hopefully this coming year will end the pandemic and get us into the hospital to spread some cheer and fellowship to those vets not able to come out and enjoy the world as we do. The Veterans Closet in North Chicago wants me to pass on to veterans and active duty personnel that on Mondays and Fridays we give food away to those that can use it and need it for free. Bring your ID and sign in with Nada and then shop for clothing and or food with me and the others volunteers. The food truck does not come back until 4th of March 2021. You need to just come and get the food that is offered in cases. May the rest of your Holiday time be bright and blessed. And may the new year bring peace and joy and no COVID to you all.

_Greg Cummings

They leaned in. (Copied from Facebook-Scott Williams)

With six seconds to live, they didn't run, they didn't hide. They stood their ground, and leaned in.

Almost 8 years ago, two Marines from two different walks of life who had literally just met were told to stand guard in front of their outpost's entry control point in Ramadi, Iraq. Minutes later, they were staring down a big blue truck packed with explosives. In spite of this particular shred of hell bearing down on them, they stood their ground.

Corporal Jonathan Yale, and Lance Corporal Jordan Haerter. These two brave men lost their lives valiantly defending their post in Iraq, on 22APR2008.

I have read the story many times, and I understand it was powerfully retold by Marine Lt. Gen. John Kelly's to a packed house in 2010. Just four days following the death of his own son in combat, Kelly eulogized two other sons, in an unforgettable manner.

From Kelly's speech:

Two years ago when I was the Commander of all U.S. and Iraqi forces, in fact, the 22nd of April 2008, two Marine infantry battalions, 1/9 "The Walking Dead," and 2/8 were switching out in Ramadi. One battalion in the closing days of their deployment going home very soon, the other just starting its seven-month combat tour.

Two Marines, Corporal Jonathan Yale and Lance Corporal Jordan Haerter, 22 and 20 years old respectively, one from each battalion, were assuming the watch together at the entrance gate of an outpost that contained a makeshift barracks housing 50 Marines. The same broken down ramshackle building was also home to 100 Iraqi police, also my men and our allies in the fight against the terrorists in Ramadi, a city until recently the most dangerous city on earth and owned by Al Qaeda. Yale was a dirt poor mixed-race kid from Virginia with a wife and daughter, and a mother and sister who lived with him and he supported as well. He did this on a yearly salary of less than \$23,000. Haerter, on the other hand, was a middle class white kid from Long Island.

They were from two completely different worlds. Had they not joined the Marines they would never have met each other, or understood that multiple America's exist simultaneously depending on one's race, education level, economic status, and where you might have been born. But they were Marines, combat Marines, forged in the same crucible of Marine training, and because of this bond they were brothers as close, or closer, than if they were born of the same woman.

The mission orders they received from the sergeant squad leader I am sure went something like: "Okay you two clowns, stand this post and let no unauthorized personnel or vehicles pass." "You clear?" I am also sure Yale and Haerter then rolled their eyes and said in unison something like: "Yes Sergeant," with just enough attitude that made the point without saying the words, "No kidding sweetheart, we know what we're doing." They then relieved two other Marines on watch and took up their post at the entry control point of Joint Security Station Nasser, in the Sophia section of Ramadi, al Anbar, Iraq.

They leaned in. (continued)

A few minutes later a large blue truck turned down the alley way—perhaps 60-70 yards in length—and sped its way through the serpentine of concrete jersey walls. The truck stopped just short of where the two were posted and detonated, killing them both catastrophically. Twenty-four brick masonry houses were damaged or destroyed. A mosque 100 yards away collapsed. The truck's engine came to rest two hundred yards away knocking most of a house down before it stopped.

Our explosive experts reckoned the blast was made of 2,000 pounds of explosives. Two died, and because these two young infantrymen didn't have it in their DNA to run from danger, they saved 150 of their Iraqi and American brothers-in-arms.

When I read the situation report about the incident a few hours after it happened I called the regimental commander for details as something about this struck me as different. Marines dying or being seriously wounded is commonplace in combat. We expect Marines regardless of rank or MOS to stand their ground and do their duty, and even die in the process, if that is what the mission takes. But this just seemed different.

The regimental commander had just returned from the site and he agreed, but reported that there were no American witnesses to the event—just Iraqi police. I figured if there was any chance of finding out what actually happened and then to decorate the two Marines to acknowledge their bravery, I'd have to do it as a combat award that requires two eyewitnesses and we figured the bureaucrats back in Washington would never buy Iraqi statements. If it had any chance at all, it had to come under the signature of a general officer.

I traveled to Ramadi the next day and spoke individually to a half-dozen Iraqi police all of whom told the same story. The blue truck turned down into the alley and immediately sped up as it made its way through the serpentine. They all said, "We knew immediately what was going on as soon as the two Marines began firing." The Iraqi police then related that some of them also fired, and then to a man, ran for safety just prior to the explosion. All survived. Many were injured ... some seriously. One of the Iraqis elaborated and with tears welling up said, "They'd run like any normal man would to save his life." What he didn't know until then, he said, and what he learned that very instant, was that Marines are not normal. Choking past the emotion he said, "Sir, in the name of God no sane man would have stood there and done what they did."

"No sane man."

"They saved us all."

What we didn't know at the time, and only learned a couple of days later after I wrote a summary and submitted both Yale and Haerter for posthumous Navy Crosses, was that one of our security cameras, damaged initially in the blast, recorded some of the suicide attack. It happened exactly as the Iraqis had described it. It took exactly six seconds from when the truck entered the alley until it detonated.

They leaned in. (continued)

You can watch the last six seconds of their young lives. Putting myself in their heads I supposed it took about a second for the two Marines to separately come to the same conclusion about what was going on once the truck came into their view at the far end of the alley. Exactly no time to talk it over, or call the sergeant to ask what they should do. Only enough time to take half an instant and think about what the sergeant told them to do only a few minutes before: "... let no unauthorized personnel or vehicles pass."

The two Marines had about five seconds left to live. It took maybe another two seconds for them to present their weapons, take aim, and open up. By this time the truck was half-way through the barriers and gaining speed the whole time. Here, the recording shows a number of Iraqi police, some of whom had fired their AKs, now scattering like the normal and rational men they were—some running right past the Marines. They had three seconds left to live.

For about two seconds more, the recording shows the Marines' weapons firing non-stop... the truck's windshield exploding into shards of glass as their rounds take it apart and tore in to the body of the son-of-a-bitch who is trying to get past them to kill their brothers—American and Iraqi—bedded down in the barracks totally unaware of the fact that their lives at that moment depended entirely on two Marines standing their ground. If they had been aware, they would have know they were safe ... because two Marines stood between them and a crazed suicide bomber.

The recording shows the truck careening to a stop immediately in front of the two Marines. In all of the instantaneous violence Yale and Haerter never hesitated. By all reports and by the recording, they never stepped back. They never even started to step aside. They never even shifted their weight. With their feet spread shoulder width apart, they leaned into the danger, firing as fast as they could work their weapons. They had only one second left to live.

The truck explodes. The camera goes blank. Two young men go to their God.

Six seconds.

Not enough time to think about their families, their country, their flag, or about their lives or their deaths, but more than enough time for two very brave young men to do their duty ... into eternity. That is the kind of people who are on watch all over the world tonight—for you.

THEY LEANED IN.

This is the caliber of men and women that serve our great country, out of dedication and commitment to something greater than themselves.

SEMPER FIDELIS

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE LAKE COUNTY DETACHMENT 801



and

then

“SMED”

said

This COVID-19 thing has us all sequestered and not able to visit, so this time I'm going to just write this out and send it to ya. Hope it finds you well. It's a story 'bout a Christmas many years ago when I was a young 'un.

My dad, had one brother and two sisters. One of the sisters lived in our same town, so we saw a lot of her. Actually, we (my sister, two brothers and I) were somewhat her surrogate children because she never married or had kids of her own.

On a number of Decembers, she would 'borrow' the three of us (my sis and oldest younger brother), put us on the ElectraLiner train at the Zion station and take us Christmas shopping in Milwaukee for an afternoon outing. Brother Jim was too small to go. Can you imagine the time we all had? Three preschoolers and our Aunt Hazel Christmas shopping in the "big" city and eating lunch in an actual Department Store cafeteria after a train ride? It was magic!

One Christmas morning after one of those trips, when I was eight or nine, I tumbled downstairs with my brothers and sister to see what "Santa" had left only to discover there was a huge package under the tree with my name on it from Aunt Hazel. I could not imagine what she could have packaged inside of it. In eager anticipation, I grabbed it only to be told my younger brothers and sister should open their gifts first. The anticipation was devastating as they each opened their wrapped gifts and passed them around for inspection. I was beside myself with joyous curiosity.

Finally, at long last, it was my turn. I grabbed that box that was too big to even put on my lap and just ripped the paper off!

Dad came over and used his pocket knife to cut open the top, and I anxiously reached in and pulled out.....a world globe with a big dent in the bottom.

I know my jaw dropped and my mouth hung open with the disappointment showing on my face. The others had received toys and games and other "fun stuff", and I had.....a dented globe. Antarctica was concave!

Well, that globe went on a shelf in my room. When I married and bought a house, it went with me. When we moved, it followed along.

Seventy plus years later that world globe containing time zones, latitude and longitude lines, still with a dent in the bottom, sits alongside my reading chair where it is used quite often to locate countries, time zones, islands and other neat stuff I am reading about.

To this day, I cannot remember what other gifts I received that year, or for that matter, what gifts were received by my brothers and sister, but I sure do remember my Aunt's dented globe. Thank you, Aunt Hazel, for showing me the world!

Well, I'll get this in the mail and hope it gets there in time to wish all of ya a very Merry Christmas and a safe and healthy New Year.

SEMPER FIDELIS TO ALL MY SISTERS AND BROTHERS!

MERRY CHRISTMAS ALL!

See ya next month?

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE LAKE COUNTY DETACHMENT 801

Lake County Detachment Marine Corps League Foundation, Inc

Officers and Directors

President-	Al Seyler
Treasurer-	Mel Ellingsen
Secretary-	Jerry Pedrin

Directors

Jim Sroka, Richard Butler, Ed Mampe, Warren Blacklock, Col. Jim Swab and Joe Wallace.

We have not received any new requests for assistance at this time.

We will be scheduling a meeting of the Board of Directors soon as it is safe to get together.

Al Seyler
President

Related Military Links

US Department of Veterans Affairs

Lake County Veterans Assistance Commission

Illinois Department of Veterans Affairs

Marine Corps League Headquarters

Honor Flight Lake County

Illinois Marine

VFW Action Corps Weekly

American Legion

Sgt Grit