



HUBERT J FALTYN

Marine Corps League Detachment 881

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Mail Call

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COMMANDANT'S CORNER

This past month has been very busy with the Birthday Ball and the Veterans Day Parade but everything turned out great and those of us who marched in the Veterans Day Parade made it fine and did not get to wet. Coralee as usual did outstanding job chairing Birthday Ball Committee and as we moved to the Red Lyon for drinks we found ourselves among Marines who were also celebrating their Birthday, some had returned Iraq and some were going to Iraq and great time was had by all. The final night cap was when Terry called all the Marines on the floor to sing the Marine Hymn and it sound darn good if I my say so.

We will have to plan a packing party real soon as I have 500 sets of glasses in my garage that need to be packed up and mailed to our Marines in Iraq. We also have 14 cases of Kettle Chips that has to be mailed. I am thinking we might want to spend some time packing the glasses during our regular Marine Corps League meeting. I will be discussing this with the officers during our staff meeting to get the feeling on this.

We now have our weapons in and I have ordered 4 slings and two cloth carrying cases that should be arriving soon. I have asked Mark to find an indoor location for our color guard practice and we should have something on this soon. Our next big project, that we need to be working on, is the Mid-Winter Conference. It's coming up fast and I will be discussing each part of the conference at our next meeting.

Coralee and David have already made their reservations for the Mid-Winter Conference and said you may want to get your reservations in because at this time they have ocean view rooms.

Semper Fi,

Wayne

JUDGE ADVOCATE

"Happy 231st Birthday Marines". That was the theme for H.J. Faltyn Detachment as we celebrated the Marine Corps Birthday on Friday, November 10, 2006. Despite a storm front, 34 brave souls managed to attend the Birthday Ball Celebration. The VFW Hall was transformed from a gymnasium appearance into an elegant dining experience. From cloth napkins and tablecloths to china and beautiful

centerpieces with candles; the atmosphere was set for an evening of dining, conversation with old friends, new friends and the traditional cake ceremony. The cake was decorated with the famous Iwo Jima pose which was derived from a photo image. The food consisted of salmon, beef tenderloin and vegetarian lasagna. Vegetables, potatoes, salad and bread sticks rounded out the menu. After the Ball, many members went to the Red Lion Hotel to make toasts and relax. Many, many thanks to all of you who helped make this Second Annual Birthday Ball Celebration a great success!"

Semper Fi,
Coralee Berwick



MEMBERS PITCHING IN NEWS

Delmer Sabrowski rented two tables at the Holiday Bazaar, sponsored by TOPS located at the Keizer Grange. Delmer, Jennifer (Delmer's wife), Wayne Benson, Peter Zielinski, Angelique Flores, Coralee Berwick and David Turner represented the Marine Corps League detachment. We sold donated wreaths and swags.

On November 25, 2006, David and Coralee assisted Connie Riecke and her elves with her Operation Santa project. We stuffed hand made stockings with hard candies, chewing gum, crackers and other snacks, playing cards, small bibles, and hand crafted Christmas cards from local area schoolchildren.

MEMBER SPOT LIGHT...Dennis Durfee

Dennis grew up in Dallas, Oregon and was raised on a cattle ranch. He graduated from Sprague High School in 1980 and joined the Marine Corps in 1979. He first drilled with a Light Helicopter Unit on Whidbey Island Washington, HML 770. He graduated from Marine Corps Boot Camp on October 31 1980 and was sent to Camp Pendleton California in November where I stayed at Las Pulgas (The Fleas) and worked with Delta and Lima Battery I believe it was 2/11 1st Marine Division as a ammo driver. During a CAX in 29 Palms, California, my unit came under friendly fire when a grunt Colonel forgot to move my Unit out of what had become a live fire range. While I watched my FDC Truck get shot up, I bravely dove under my 5 ton truck full of High Explosives and White Phosphorous artillery rounds. I think back, that was stupid! The tank missed me After 8 months on Camp Pendleton I was given orders to Okinawa Japan, Camp Kinser where I drove ambulance for the Navy and worked as a dispatcher/Heavy Truck Driver with the 3rd FSSG. While on the "Rock" I was given orders to Iran. Jimmy Carter was in office, at the time, and I missed out on the expected confrontation. After a year on the Rock I was given orders to 29 Palms or Stumps as we called it, after the trees were cut down. This is where I finished out my active duty career. I returned to the Marine Corps reserve at a Combat Engineer (Salem Oregon) unit in September of 1984, and left the Marine Corps completely in February of 1985 after attaining the Rank of Corporal Meritoriously while serving on active duty.

I joined the Army National Guard in 1989, and served as an Aviation Fueler, Helicopter Mechanic, and my last two years as a crew chief on the UH 1 Delta Models. I flew with some half nuts Vietnam Pilots who tried to kill me a couple of times. I was activated for Gulf War. I finally ended by service in 1993 with a back injury that finally caught up with me as a Sergeant. I Graduated from Chemeketa Community College in 2002 with two Associates Degrees, and a B.A. from George Fox University in 2004. I have attended Graduate School at Hebrew College in Boston, Mass, and the University of Colorado at Denver. One day I hope to become educated.

AGENDA FOR DECEMBER 13TH MEETING

Eagles Lodge, 2771 Pence Loop SE, Salem, Oregon 6:30 PM. Uniform for the meeting is: Long Sleeve shirt with tie.

Mid-Winter Conference

Color Guard

Fund Raising Event

Membership

EDITOR'S NOTES:



Happy Holidays from James and Tina Swogger Sr.!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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 so 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 the 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 the snow blown in drifts..
To the window that danced with a 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's 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 no 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."

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.