



# THE BANDON LIGHT

Sponsored by: Joseph Bain Insurance, The Remy Family,  
American Legion Post 3440

A PUBLICATION OF THE BANDON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## Excerpt: *From Maggots to Marines: A Vietnam War Memoir*

By Jack Greene

### Chapter 2

#### *Draft Board Blues*

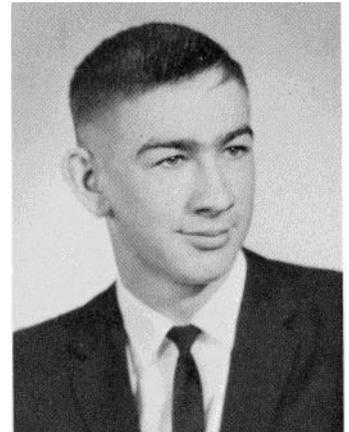
Part way through my senior year, I began to realize that just beneath the surface of this idyllic lifestyle centered on church, school, cars, sports and girls; the Vietnam war was heating up. I was really clueless on what I wanted to do in life, so I essentially threw darts against the wall to select classes.

I became the sports editor of the Southwestern Oregon Community (SWOCC) college student publication, played on the baseball team, and took enough courses to fill my schedule out.

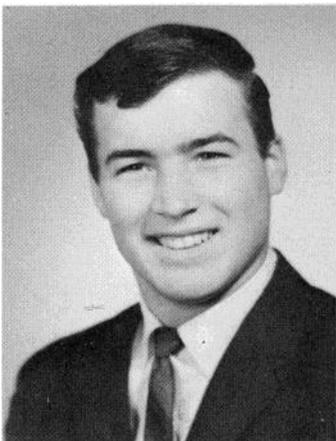
But my heart wasn't in it. By the end of my freshman year my GPA was bottoming out and I was rarely completing any school work—other than writing a lot of sports articles. Soon, my school books and I had all but parted ways.

And then one day--quite unexpectedly--a rumor was brought to my attention that my name, along with classmate Mike Turner's had materialized on a list at the local draft board. It proved to be more than a rumor.

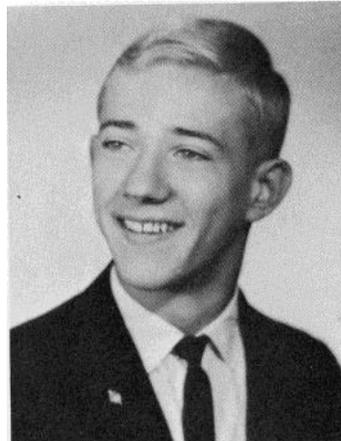
I had nothing against the military, in fact, I had absolute respect for anyone who had ever served--including a few of my uncles. It was just that I wasn't mentally prepared when my number was called.



JACK  
GREENE



TERRY  
WILLIAMS



TERRY  
SUMERLIN

Suddenly, Vietnam was no longer some place in Southeast Asia where other guys came home from in body bags. It was now a place where I could die too.

The war came to Bandon as well. Within a six-month period, we twice received the tragic news that one of our own had been taken from us. They became known as the "Two Terrys"—Terry Williams and Terry Sumerlin--and the deaths of these two Marines shocked the entire community.

Every generation gets its turn to defend their country. Our two Terrys gave their lives in that pursuit. Now according to the folks at the draft board, it was my turn at the plate. I had a couple of options; I could let nature take its course and get drafted, or I could volunteer and choose a branch.

After thinking it over, I figured if I'm destined for Vietnam, I wanted to be trained by the best. The best,

in my opinion was the Marine Corps. Besides, they had those snappy uniforms that had appealed to friends like Jerry Calame earlier.

And so, Mike and I joined up—on the "buddy" system. It was July 24, 1967. Soon, we learned that our ship-out date had been set for Oct. 31<sup>st</sup>, Halloween night. What a crazy time to leave for boot camp, I thought. I smiled to myself as I pictured a bunch of us recruits roaming around recruit training doing a little trick or treating. "Hey Mike, I'll get the 3<sup>rd</sup> battalion Quonset huts; you grab 1<sup>st</sup> battalion."

### Chapter 3

#### *It's Fun To Stay At The Y.M.C.A*

Finally the big day came and Mike and I reported to AFEES (Armed Forces Examining & Entrance Sta-

Continued on Page 6.

# THE BANDON LIGHT

A publication of the  
**Bandon Historical Society  
Museum**

Executive Director.....Gayle Hankwitz  
Native American Consultant... Reg Pullen

## Board of Directors

President.....Doreen Colbert  
Vice President..... Elaine Stohler  
Secretary.....Faye Albertson  
Treasurer.....Jim Proehl

## Board Members

Kathy Dornath	Donna Mason
Rick Hinojosa	Mary Schamehorn
Mary Stewart	Nancy Murphy
Reg Pullen	Brian Vick

## Nominating Committee

Doreen Colbert	Elaine Stohler
Donna Mason	Carolyn Russell

The Board meets the fourth Tuesday of each month,  
4:00 pm at the Museum. All members and guests  
are welcome to attend.

## Newsletter Layout

Jim Proehl

---

Bandon Historical Society

PO Box 737

Bandon, OR 97411

Phone/Fax 541-347-2164

E-mail:

[bandonhistoricalmuseum@yahoo.com](mailto:bandonhistoricalmuseum@yahoo.com)

Web: [www.bandonhistoricalmuseum.org](http://www.bandonhistoricalmuseum.org)

a 501(c)(3) organization

If you are interested in Bandon's history and  
would like to help preserve our past for future gen-  
erations, call us—we need you.

The Museum is OPEN Monday through Satur-  
day 10-4 and 7 days a week June through Septem-  
ber.

Volunteers are waiting to help you and answer  
your questions about Bandon's history.

Enjoy Bandon's rich, wonderful history!

Located at: 270 Fillmore Avenue, Bandon, OR

**On the corner of  
Fillmore Ave. and Highway 101**

© 2021 Bandon Historical Society



## FROM THE DESK OF THE DIRECTOR

Gayle Hankwitz  
Executive Director

Veterans Day is very im-  
portant to me. My dad was a Ma-  
rine Corps veteran who served in  
the South Pacific during World  
War 2, including at the Battle of  
Guadalcanal. My husband Dave  
worked on the spy plane SR-71  
Blackbird during the Vietnam era. Many more family  
members are veterans. We have almost all the branch-  
es of the service covered.

We have several things going for Veterans Day  
this year. Joseph Bain Insurance, the Remy family,  
and American Legion Post 3440 are helping out as  
sponsors.

The museum will be hosting a Veterans Celebra-  
tion Saturday, November 13, from 10:00 am to 2:00  
pm. Board member Rick Hinojosa coordinates this  
event for us. This year's event will feature military  
vehicles on display in the museum parking lot and  
some special collections inside. Admission to the mu-  
seum will be free.

We are looking forward to the day when Rick can  
invite speakers and we can gather an audience, but  
we're not quite there yet.

Jim Proehl recorded some "History Minutes" that  
feature veterans' stories. Two of them are very dear to  
me. One features my colorful Uncle Charlie Crew  
who liked to tell how he and Patton won the war. The  
other is based on a story Linore Tiffany wrote titled  
"My Hawaiian Adventure." Linore was stationed in  
Hawaii during the attack on Pearl Harbor. She was a  
special person to me.

We have radio minutes about Don Goddard and  
Pete Goodbrod, two wonderful longtime Bandon citi-  
zens. We are always looking for more veterans' sto-  
ries to preserve and share.

Try to catch the "History Minutes" on KBDN,  
96.5 FM. They also play on other Bicoastal Media  
stations including K. Dock, 92.9 FM, KOOS, 107.3  
FM, KSHR, 97.3, and The Tee, 94.9 FM.

And, of course, we are producing this newsletter  
extra edition.

The museum is always thankful for the support of  
our members and the community.

*New Members:*

Mark Russell

And a big "Thank You"  
to every member who renewed.



# Rodney Junge Served on the *Enterprise* for the Duration of WW2

By Rick Hinojosa

Rodney Junge was a young man of 18 years of age when he completed Radioman School in San Diego, Calif. In July, 1941, Rodney reported to the USS *Enterprise* moored at Ford Island, Hawaii. Little did he know of the events the future was about to cross his radio headset and that this would be his home until August 1945.

*Wikipedia* defines "Navy Radioman" as "a person responsible for the transmitting and receiving radio signals and processing all forms of telecommunication through various transmission media aboard ship, aircraft and shore facilities." Rodney once said it was a beehive of activity with radiomen talking to departing aircraft, incoming aircraft, ships in the fleet and its own ship's company.

For the next few months after Rodney's arrival the *Enterprise* departed regularly for training and other sea operations. December 1, 1941, saw the *Enterprise* sail off toward Wake Island. Their mission was to deliver aircraft and crews and support teams to the Marines stationed there. The operation was completed uneventfully and the *Big E* started back to Hawaii on December 4. Plans were to reach port on December 7, arriving in the late afternoon. The ship was still some distance from Oahu when word arrived on the attack on Pearl Harbor.

The ship immediately went into War Plan #46. In April of 1942, Rodney and the ship's company took part in a historic event. This event has had books and movies made reenacting the day. It started on April 2, when Task Force 16.2 departed San Francisco with a special mission. TF 16.1, including Rodney's ship, departed Pearl Harbor on April 8, destination unknown. Both Task Forces later joined up and sailed to their target goal some 500 miles from Japan.

This entire force had one goal, to protect one particular carrier, the *Hornet*, for on its deck were 16 B-25 bombers, which we know as the Doolittle's Raiders, and transport it to within bombing range of Japan.

On November 15, 1942, the *Enterprise* and its crew had already participated in ten major Pacific battles, the Marshall Islands, Wake Island, Marcus Island, Doolittle Raid, Coral Sea, Midway, Guadalcanal, Stewart Island, Santa Cruz Island, and Solomon

Islands. For their action they were awarded the Presidential Unit Citation.

The island-hopping campaigns continued and so did the *Enterprise's* involvement. On May 14, 1945, the *Enterprise* was badly damaged when a suicide plane crashed and destroyed her forward elevator causing many deaths and injuries. The USS *Enterprise* was the only carrier in action the entire period of war 1941-1945 but because of its battle damage off Okinawa, the ship was in Washington being repaired and was not present at the signing of Japan's surrender which ended the war and Rodney's naval career.

You can't pinpoint a specific thing Rodney did; he was part of the ship's company of over 2,217 officers and sailors each with specific jobs that made for a successful operation. Ships sunk by her aircraft--71, ships damaged or sunk--192, planes shot down by her guns and aircraft--911. Yes, in that beehive of a communications room Rodney did his share to end WW2.

Rodney left the ship and began his civilian life again in August, 1945. He worked for an agency in South America as a clerk typist hunting down escaped Nazis. He later became a camera man on Channel 12 in Portland and also filled in as a character in a kids' TV program.

In 1969, he moved to Bandon and built his home near Prosper while working as sound manager/editor for our local TV station in Coos Bay. Rodney helped restart a ship building and repair depot at Prosper. When the salmon numbers became dangerously low, Rodney got involved in building and placing "hatch boxes"

to nurture the eggs and newborn fish. He did some commercial fishing and crabbing as well.

Rodney died October 26, 2019.



FIREFIGHTING ON THE "BIG E"

U. S. NAVY PHOTO 36-14



**Rod Junge at work in a fish fry booth on behalf of the STEP Program in 1984.**

## History Minute Sampler

### “My Hawaiian Adventure”

Here’s a little history from the museum in Bandon.

Linore Donohoe, an Army dietician, was sent to Hawaii in 1937. She met fellow soldier Ken Tiffany in 1939. She resigned her enlistment when she and Ken married. They moved onto Honeymoon Row, situated behind the main headquarters for Hawaiian Command, Army.



On December 7, 1941, Linore had a fourteen-month-old son, Paul, and was seven months pregnant with her second son, Terry. Throughout the Pearl Harbor attack, Linore and Paul sheltered in a tunnel with other military families.

Weeks later, they boarded a transport ship

and were part of the third convoy to leave Hawaii. They returned stateside to wait out Ken’s wartime service.

After he retired, Colonel Ken Tiffany took a job as headmaster of the Millard School, a military academy in Bandon. Linore taught at Ocean Crest School until she retired in 1979.

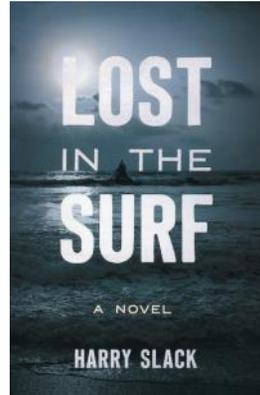
She left her children an account of the Pearl Harbor attack, titled, “My Hawaiian Adventure.”

And that’s a veterans’ story, from Bandon’s Museum.



## Novel Sparks a Question

At the heart of Harry Slack’s novel *Lost in the Surf* is the idea that there was something in Coos County so crucial to the war effort during World War 2 that the Japanese would land a demolition



crew in Bandon to commit an act of sabotage.

We know Slack’s story of an invasion is fiction. But was there something in the area worth sabotaging? The question sent reader Andy Christensen to do some research.

Andy found and shared a 46-page booklet published by the US Forest Service in cooperation with the War Production Board published in April of 1945. The booklet explains: “The tremendous expansion in the motorization of the Allied Armed Forces since December 7, 1941, has created an increased demand for storage batteries.”

“Wood separators for storage batteries in motorized vehicles have in the past been manufactured almost exclusively from Port Orford white-cedar. Demands for this species became so heavy that in 1943 it was placed on the list of critical materials.”

So, loggers and mills in Coos County were producing a product vital to national security during World War 2.

The bulk of the booklet Andy shared is devoted to research on ways to chemically treat other woods so they could serve in batteries as Port Orford cedar did. In hindsight, we know the solution was the invention of plastic.

In hindsight, the Japanese did not invade Bandon to sabotage battery production, but if they did . . .

Read *Lost in the Surf* by Harry Slack, and get your copy in the museum’s book shop.



A pre-World War 2 battery separator plant in Bandon.

Join Us for a

## Veterans Celebration

Saturday, November 13, 10:00 AM to 2:00 PM

Military Vehicles in our Parking Lot  
Special Collections Inside

Free Admission all day

From Our Collection

# Sweetheart Jewelry Gave Wearers Some Glitz

By Rick Hinojosa

In our collection are a number of small items soldiers and soldier's families saved and later donated. Among them are some pieces of "sweetheart jewelry."

Sweetheart jewelry started in World War 1. The often hand-made items were a way for soldiers to



feel connected with wives, mothers and sweethearts.

The concept really took off in World War 2.

One reason it was so popular was it was fashionable. Rationing of material made wartime uniforms and clothing appear plain. Wearing a brooch on a lapel or wearing a locket gave the wearer some glitz.

Also, it was patriotic. Many pieces were shaped like the US flag or the America Eagle. The phrase "Remember Pearl Harbor" can be found on many pieces.

Lastly it reflected a sense of service to remember a son or husband in the service. A gold star service pin indicates a death in service. Look for these small pieces in our military display.

Bandon "History Minutes" are sponsored by First Interstate Bank. They run on KBDN, 96.5 FM, and other Bicoastal Media radio stations.

## History Minute Sampler

### News About Those in the Service

Here's a little bit of history from the museum in Bandon.

"News About Those in the Service" was a feature in the *Western World* throughout World War II.

Typical were these items from August of 1944.



Leonard Smith



Fred Reiman

Four boys held a high school alumni reunion somewhere down in New Guinea recently, according to a letter from Leonard K. Smith of the Seabees, to his parents, Mr. and

Mrs. Carl Smith. "The second night I was there, I looked up Fred Reimann; last night Fred and I went to see Roy Mallory, and all three of us are going Sunday to see Johnny McCue." Smith, Reimann and Mallory were members of the '42 class. McCue is also a Bandon graduate.

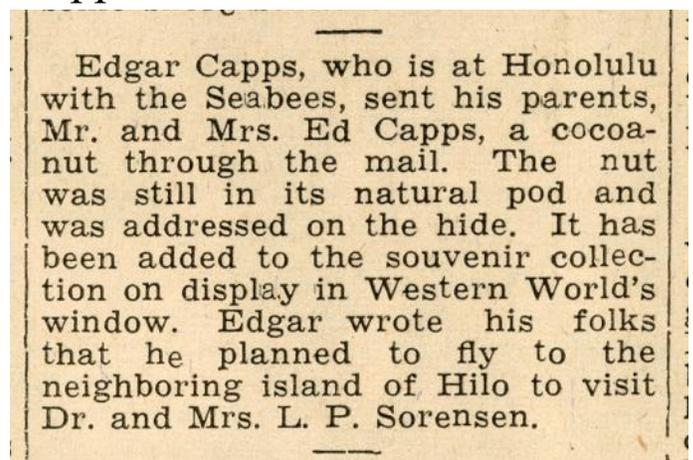
Private Eva Richert of the WACs, after completing her boot camp training, has been assigned to duty with the army air forces at Oklahoma City, where she is driving truck. In a letter to her folks, she says she can 'double clutch' like a veteran. She likes the job but she doesn't like the bugs in Oklahoma.



Eva Richert

**And that's a veterans' story, from Bandon's Museum.**

### Capps Mails Home a "Cocoanut"



One of 21 items in the "News About Those in the Service" column in the June 8, 1944 *Western World*.

# “Luckily, we didn’t have any M-14’s or rocket launchers”

“Maggots to Marines” continued from Page 1.

tion) in Portland for our trip south to San Diego. As it turned out, there were about a dozen or so other recruits from around the Northwest that would be joining us.

They holed us up at a YMCA located directly across from the Greyhound Bus Depot in the heart of the city—up on the 5th floor or so. That was a mistake.

Looking out the window from our upper-level perch, you could see the hustle and bustle of city life on the busy street below. As buses arrived and departed across the way, the streets were sprinkled here and there with costumed party-goers; many no doubt on their way to a Halloween party with friends.

But to some of the recruits crammed in my room, traffic below was viewed as moving targets. Targets that Marine wannabes felt they needed to destroy. Luckily, we didn’t have any M-14’s or rocket launchers in the room, so my fellow enlistees had to improvise.

The next thing I know, guys were flinging hotel ashtrays and glasses out the window. One particularly heavy ashtray, I remember, hit the headlight of a passing car and I could tell from the thud that it did some damage.

Not to be outdone, another one of my roommates walked into the room holding a garbage can lid and approached the window. I thought, “no way is he chucking that thing out.” But he did, and it sailed out the window and seemed to stay aloft forever. The sight of it almost made me want to try it too. But then, I was from a small town policed by omnipresent mothers. They’d probably find out about it.

This revelry continued for some time until the word reached us that the police were on their way up. That was the cue for my hoodlum friends. In a few moments the police arrived to find us all “sleeping peacefully.”

The next day was hurry up and wait all day. We waited, and waited, and waited some more. For what, we weren’t sure, but I believe we were waiting for the WORD.

Anyway, once we finally got it, our group of malcontents was herded off to the airport where I was about to board my first airplane. For a kid from a small town where most people I knew had never flown--this was a big deal. It was Halloween night, Oct.31, ’67 when Mike and I hopped aboard that big bird.

After my ears stopped popping, and the novelty of my first flight began to wane a bit, I was left alone with my thoughts. Had I made a hasty decision? What awaited me later that night? I also wondered how soon before we’d all be getting to bed.

## Chapter 4

### My Arrival At MCRD San Diego

We were supposed to arrive at MCRD San Diego around 11 p.m., but it was fogged in and so our flight was re-routed to Long Beach—about two hours away. Once on the ground, a couple of gung-ho Marines from the base picked our group up in a military bus and that’s when my Marine Corps experience began in earnest. That was the start date.

For whatever reason, I was under the impression that our abuse—in whatever forms it would take, verbal or physical--would not begin until we reached the recruit depot. But given that we were still at the airport, I figured that would serve as some sort of buffer--at least until we got out of the sight of civilians.

That notion got shattered in an instant with a series of angry commands beginning with: “Form two lines, maggots.” It was like I had suddenly been cast in a scene of the Robert De Niro movie *Taxi Driver*. I was like, “are you talking to me? Are you talking to me? Then who the hell else are you talking to? “You talkin’ to me?”

Except, of course, that movie came years later and all those questions were taking place in my mind. It seemed surreal; we’re standing outside the Long Beach Airport terminal with civilians all around. But it didn’t make any difference to these guys. I wondered if they were just trying to make an initial impression on us or if Marines were that tightly wound all the time. Whatever their intent, their demeanor struck fear into our hearts.

Then they herded us onto the bus parked nearby and as we took a seat, we heard, “keep your f-ing eyes on the gourd in front of you.” You will not look to your left or right, or to the rear. You will keep your eyes on the miserable gourd in front of you. Do you understand; you

## Memorial Donations

A memorial donation has been made in memory of:

**Walter (Bud) Garoutte, Velma Garoutte,  
Shirley Langlois Ward, I.D. and Floy Ward  
Harvey Skip Longanecker, Frank Conn,  
Theresa Manciet Langlois, Taylor Lee Massei,  
Jack McMahan, Duane Simmons**

A memorial donation has been made by:

**Careen Pierce,  
Doug and Sharon (Ward) Moy**

“... in four brutal swipes. Five tops. The bald look was in vogue.”

*“Maggots to Marines” continued from Page 6.*

bunch of pukes?”

“Yes sir,” we shouted obediently.

At that moment, every one of us must have wondered what the crap we had gotten ourselves into. I know I did. Also, having been a journalist, I wondered about the application of the words “gourds,” “pukes,” and “maggots” and how they had just been used in a sentence.

I took a seat midway back in the bus by a window and stared at the “gourd” in front of me for seemingly an eternity. I was afraid to steal more than a cursory look out the window, or in any direction for that matter. I didn’t know what these guys were capable of. I wondered what Mike was thinking. I wasn’t even sure if he had gotten on the bus.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Terrie Burness, Joanne Williams, Rosemary Tiffany, Jack Greene, Penny Wicktizer, Bill Wehner, Mary Kay Reichlein, Pam Wicktizer, Diane Blake.

*Jack Greene was a member of the Tiger News Staff, pictured in the 1966 Bandon High annual.*

tops. The bald look was in vogue. A couple of hours earlier, we all had walked into that room with distinctive looks, divergent personalities. Now we were walking out, looking extraordinarily similar, our civilian clothes and personalities checked at the door.

In exchange for our long hair, fashionable civvies, jewelry, etc., we were given what in comparison looked like prison clothing. Seasoned platoons liked to refer to us as “bumble bees” or “yellow jackets.”

By now our possessions had been stored away for safe keeping, and we were given many of the basic things we would need for the coming weeks: hats, shaving kits, towels, bedding, etc. By the time we had stuffed everything into our sea bags, we were lugging 100-lbs. around. It was extremely heavy.

It was now around 4 a.m. and it dawned on me that sleep was out of the question. Instead, we stood there in the dark holding those sea bags above our heads--arms fully extended--until our muscles began to spasm and quiver. At the same time, out of the corner of my eye, I could see the DI’s moving in and out of the formation like wolves seeking out the weakest animal.

In sheer panic, each time I felt my bag begin to slip down to shoulder level, I’d muster up just enough strength to raise it up over my head again--and again. And again.

I remember a thought crossing my mind as I stood there: “Jack, you enlisted for FOUR years, buddy; and you’re having trouble making it through the first night? Four years! I wondered anew, if I was made of the right stuff to get through this.

At long last, they gestured for us to put our sea bags down, allowing all my internal red warning lights to return to yellow. My new world appeared to be a sort of a caste system divided into two classes--lords and subjects. There was very little doubt which one I was.

*Jack Greene is a member of the Bandon High School Class of 1966. This is an abbreviated excerpt from a work in progress titled From Maggots to Marines. We look forward to the completed work.*

The ride to the depot seemed long and we didn’t pass through the guard gate until around 2:30 a.m. I was already dead tired and still hoping for a little shut-eye. As soon as the bus came to a stop, we got our first glimpse of our drill instructors as one of them stepped onto the bus and screamed for us to line up on the “yellow footprints” just outside the door. The footprints were arranged in such a manner that all we had to do was straddle them and we would be in formation.

In the next couple of minutes, the screeching of DI’s escalated into shrieks that became louder and louder. And then I noticed the pairing of colorful swear words with “ing” endings that formed in-ventives I’d never heard before.

After this short “welcoming period” we were ushered into a room--a base barbershop--with several “hairstylists” waiting behind empty chairs. Some of us showed up with long beautiful locks of hair; a pony tail here and there, but we weren’t keeping any of it. In mere seconds it vanished from our memories in four brutal swipes. Five

## JOIN THE BANDON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

YES! Please accept my membership in the Bandon Historical Society

Already a member? Please consider a donation to help support your museum.

(please check one)

\$15 Individual  NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

\$25 Family  ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

\$35 Business  CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

\$250 Life  PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_ E-MAIL: \_\_\_\_\_

I'm a Member  and would like to make a tax deductible donation in the amount of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Please make check payable to BHS and mail to:

**Bandon Historical Society, PO Box 737, Bandon OR 97411**

For more information on benefits of memberships go to

<http://www.bandonhistoricalmuseum.org/membership.html>

A P U B L I C A T I O N O F T H E B A N D O N H I S T O R I C A L S O C I E T Y

Nonprofit Organization  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
Bandon, OR 97411  
Permit NO. 61



**Bandon Historical Society**

PO Box 737  
Bandon, OR 97411

Return Service Requested