

ADDITIONS TO THE HISTORY OF THE 2D CITT:

Insert the following between We've learned three languages in three weeks." and the second paragraph on page 4.

After a week of Arabic we were into about the seventh lesson. Louis Minassian asked Cpl Eedevian: "Hey! Oostaz! How do the Arabs say "Good Morning" ? Jac made a face and very carefully said: "Sabah hol khayr". Minassian chuckled and said: "Them friggin Arabs. When they want to say Good Morning why don't they just say Good Morning."

We were using notes from Maj Hansen. They were originally prepared by and taught by Dr. George Jubron (PHONETIC) at the Naval Receiving Station in Washington, D.C. I have all the lessons on tape at home and written in two notebooks.

Each night (I was trying to learn Arabic along with the guys) I would read each lesson aloud ten times. Some of the sounds were so-guttural I would almost gag on them. My wife made me go into the bathroom because of the gagging sounds to read my lessons.

Insert the following after Coleman lanterns and before the fourth paragraph on page 14.

I was sent to a PW collection point to interrogate about thirty Marines who had been captured. Leaving my weapon outside with the Guards I went in. I had them line up and empty their pockets . Game rules didn't allow us to search them. I then ordered them all to the far side of the collection point because I didn't want them jumping me while I went through their gear. Kneeling down it hit me what I had done. I said to myself: "You stupid jerk. You just separated the PWs from their documents and have no way to recombine them. Ahh Man." I examined their possessions. Found a few LeJeune Globe newspapers they shouldn't have had in the field, Then I gave the command: "Fall in on your gear." Like good little Marines they did it! I was sure relieved.

The PWs had no stories to give to an IT so I just chewed out the ones who had the newspapers for a security violation.

THE 2D CITT

I'm going to try to write a history of the 2d Composite Interrogator-Translator Team. I'll be using orders to refresh my memory of dates, The rest will be recollections from a nowhere near perfect memory. If I slight anyone or forget any names I'm sorry.

As a GySgt I was the S-2 Chief of Marine Aircraft Group 32 that opened Marine Corps Auxiliary Air Station (MCAAS) Beaufort, S.C. My wife and I were transferred there from MCAS Cherry Point. After a few months there I received a call one night from the Station Comms Officer. He informed me I had classified orders to Camp LeJeune to report there the next day or the day after. We packed and moved.

I reported to the 2d Counter-Intelligence Team which was forming. Capt Henry Marshall was the skipper, I don't remember the name of the other officer. I do remember Fritz Friedl; Jack Walsh; "Clip" Carson, and Howard Dolyak as members of the team. The team was stationed at Camp Geiger in a steel hut, Our uniforms would have huge salt stains under the arms each day by 1100. Having no assigned duties I began collecting data on personalities in Lebanon. It was going hot and heavy at the time and was the reason for the teams formation. I used Time; Life; Newsweek; U.S. News and World Report; The Washington Post and Times Herald, and several library books as my sources.

My wife and I were expecting our first child at the time and we were informed there might be difficulties with the birth.

The team was alerted to go to Lebanon and wanted to take my files. I wouldn't let them have them but I did let them copy them. I was left behind due to impending birth problems and at Capt Marshall's decision.

Before they left the team went around to every telephone booth at Geiger. They took out the carbon microphones from the mouthpieces of the -phones, The men said those were superior microphones and might be needed where they were going.

I was transferred to HqCo, ForTrps (Force Troops Special Order 188-59 dated 3Jun59) effective date of my transfer to the 2d CITT was 5Jun59.

I took over several Armenians and a GySgt who had been drunk in the Beirut airport for twelve hours. He was our foreign area specialist.

The team was located in a weird shaped building three stories high on one end aloped down to a one story brick projection booth on the other. It was painted flat black inside and had been used as an indoor gunnery training range. I was told a picture of an airplane would swoop down on a screen on the three story end and was electronically fired on from outside of the projection booth. The building was located behind a parking lot which was just south of the Protestant Chapel. There was an open air theater just behind the building.

On 12Jun my CI credentials were returned to CMC.

The 2d CIT sent a message requesting their gear from Lebanon. The 2d CITT packed all of the gear into a 6x6 at our building and it was sent to them.

LtCol John K. Lynch , ForTrps G-2, came down to the building and asked how long it would take me to collect the materials to teach an Interrogation class. I answered: "One month if I started now." Then I asked if I should start now, He said: "No, don't do anything until FMFLANT tells us to go ahead." As soon as he left the building I started collecting the materials.

The team members were: GySgt Evan "Frank" Parsaghian; GySgt Jacob "Jake" DARAKJIAN; and SSgt Louis MINASSIAN, and of course, our Foreign Area Specialist.

Since the obvious choice of language seemed to be Armenian the guys all wrote home and got language materials from their families. Their parents were all thrilled that the "kids" had finally wised up and decided to learn the mother tongue. The families also sent some fantastic Armenian chow which we ate during our breaks.

I prepared the first Program of Instruction (POI), I used handouts and outlines from Fort Riley, Kansas and from the CIC course at Holabird, (Both POI's are forwarded to the MCITTA). Some of the handout numbers you may not recognize on them are from the Enlisted Ground Order of Battle and Interrogators Course I attended at Fort Riley (10Jan-11Mar1949). (Photo enclosed for MCITTA). other Marines shown in the photo are: PFC LUGO, Rafael (N) Jr. (Killed in Korea) and PFC Charles E. LABBY (he ended his career as Capt Labby A0 Section, G-2 2dMarDiv, I believe).

A week later Col Lynch returned and asked how long I had said it would take to get a course together, I again replied, "One month". He said; "Good, start the course on Monday (1 week)".

I mixed IT/02 and language training instead of going for all IT/02 training first and then language.

Cold weather came and we moved into the brick projection booth. We burned kerosene in sand placed in the bottom third of a 55 gal drum which was cut off. to keep from freezing.

Later, about late Sep early Oct, we moved the team from it's first home to the top center wing of Force Troops HqsCo, Bldg 55. (I know the number of the building thanks to ~~Tommy Starbuck~~ an IT ~~at~~ the first Annual Meeting of the MCITTA). Bldg 55 was across the street from the WM Barracks which was alongside the ForTrps Hqs (also housed in a barracks building).

Col Lynch, or someone in the chain of command, decided we should be learning Spanish and not Armenian. The guys bitched about it for three days and then said O.K. Spanish is easier than Armenian anyway. Major J.R. "Jack" Hansen then took over as Force Troops G-ZO. He visited the team and said: "Hell, anybody can learn Spanish, You're going to learn Arabic". The guys griped for two days. GySgt Parsaghian quipped: "We're pretty good. We've learned three languages in three weeks."

While still in our weird building someone at Force Troops had rounded up Cpl Aro "Jacques" Bedevian who taught Armenian, He was also our Arabia Instructor and extremely competent in both languages. (Photos of the men at this time will be forwarded to MCITTA when located). We joined GySgt Ignace ("Barney") Prezkop (Farsi Linguist) and lost the drinking GySgt. When the 2dCIT returned from Lebanon GySgt Al George joined us. A friendly visitor to team in both Armenian and Arabic days was Aris Akoubian from a ForTrps radar unit. He wanted to join the team but Maj Hansen was unable to swing it.

A short time later we moved to our third home. It was one half of the Police Shed directly behind the WM barracks. We joined Spanish linguists: SSgt Eduardo "Eddy" Valle de Juli-Puig; SSgt Pedro "Pete" Feliciano; LCpl Evelino "Lyno" Maraspin; LCpl Jose Somalian; and a Cpl Prom Maj Hansen's office who's name I can't recall.

We were cleaning up the police shed floor (using battery acid scrounged from the AmTrac Bn) one night. GySgt Helen "The Brute" Brusek saw our light and came in lugging her case of TV tubes. She had a side job repairing TVs at night, The conversation between her and Cpl Maraspin got around to where he said he wasn't going to marry for love, but for money. She said

"How much?". Lyno replied: "How much have you got?". She whipped out a roll of twenties that would have choked an elephant. He looked at her and looked at the money and said: "That ain't enough". He went back to scraping the deck.

Maj Hansen decided the Marine Corps would not leave us alone to run an IPW course. He requested a quota of four to the IPW Course at Holabird. They were for the four Spanish linguists. The Cpl from his office told him that he was not going to reenlist because he had been accepted-for college in Florida. The Cpl showed him the acceptance papers but, Maj Hansen said "You'll reenlist".

On 21Oct59 Maj Hansen; SSgt Valle de Juli; Cpl Bedevian and I went to Fort Bragg for familiarization on the Electronic Teaching Labs which we were to receive. We made friends at the 519th MI Bn, We also ate our hearts out at their thirty booth teaching lab and shelf after shelf of foreign language materials and publications.

The Armenians expressed dissatisfaction with being with the team. Maj Hansen released them and offered them their choice of duty. Jacques returned to being an electrician with ForTrps or Div Engineer Bn; GySgt Parsaghian requested and was granted assignment to training for Embassy Duty. Both GySgt Darakjian and SSgt Minassian requested return to supply duty with the 2dMarDiv; GySgt George returned to the Air Wing. GySgt Prezkop left for unknown parts.

In my personal correspondence file (sent to MCITTA) you will find information on the Electronic Teaching Labs. In the formation order for the team FMFLANT authorized direct liaison with other agencies. The correspondences file shows I took advantage of this. ARAMCO was especially helpful with the Arabic materials. A thermofaxed copy of the formation order (which faded)

will be forwarded to the MCITTA Historian along with a copy of the order that I retyped. I do not know if the therm~~o~~faxed copy can be chemically restored but, enough of it remains that it can be spot checked against the typewritten copy to insure its accuracy.

In Feb60 SSgt Valle de Juli; SSgt Feliciano; LCpl Maraspin and I were sent to the IPW Course at Fort Hoalbird Baltimore, Md. I replaced the Cpl who did not reup. SSgt Felciano got booted out of the course about half way through for map reading problems by LtCol Halle (Holabird Staff), I finished first in the course and Maj Joe Utz, Marine Corps Liaison Officer, commented to me: "This will mean Warrant Officer to you someday down the line."

While we were at IPW School we had an Air Force Spec 5 or 6 try to teach us a class on Middle East Order of Battle (OB). He said there are no tanks in Lebanon. I asked about a recent TV spot that said the U.S. had furnished 24 spare power packs to Lebanon for their M-48s and I had a picture of AMX-13s parked on Watermelon Circle in Beirut, He got really shook and began shouting: "DA says there are no tanks in Lebanon." The other students began chiming in ~~tha~~ that there were. That blew him away. Another Air Force spec watching the class ran and got an Army Officer. The officer said: "For class purposes and tests there are no tanks in Lebanon. It takes months to get our classes approved by DA and the classroom instruction is always far behind real events." All students allowed that this was O.K. with us.

We had an Instructor for Soviet OB. Capt Fred A. Green USMC. The man didn't instruct he erupted onto the teaching platform. We listened to his class positively enthralled. He had rapid fire delivery and among ourselves we nicknamed him "Machine Gun Green".

The Francis Gary Powers incident happened while we were at school. When President Eisenhower admitted he was one of our boys a lot of FOI students quit. We had a prospective FOI candidate in our class taking IPW as part of his training. During one interrogation he got a really crafty look on his face and asked an Infantry squad leader? "How many A-bombs in you (sic) squad?"

I was interrogating a mock Soviet soldier (in the Brewery) and Maj Joe Utz was observing. The PW was wanting a partner to help him retrieve and sell a load of watches. I agreed to go along with the program as soon as we got the current bothersome business (the interrogation) out of the way. The PW then cooperated. After the interrogation the Maj expressed his dissatisfaction with me for dealing with an enemy soldier. Later the instructors said I had done the right thing.

The Army had some crates in the hall of our school building (the long one beside the railroad tracks). SSgt Valle de Juli showed me it was a Radioplane 71 (or 77) drone broken down into small crates. He wanted to load it into his station wagon and take it back to LeJeune. I had a hard time talking him out of it.

There was a Field Army level CPX held the week before we graduated. I served as the First Sergeant of a Language Company of an MI Battalion, When the exercise was over all the Marines did extra duty. We went around collecting all the grease pencils, acetate, embossed signs, and other expendable supplies. It all came in handy back at the team.



While the team was still in the Police Shed I was reading a series of articles in Life magazine. They were Churchill's History of WW II or A History of English Speaking Peoples. In one of the articles was a Latin motto: PRUDENS QUAEESTIO DIMIDIUM SCIENTIAE - Translated: To Ask the Proper Question is Half of Knowing. I adopted that as the team motto.

When we lost the Armenians the composite of the team became **French**. We joined GySgt Raymond "Mr. Clean" Le Brun and LCpl Robillard. Ray got the nickname because he resembled the Mr Clean in the commercials, muscles, short hair and all. All Ray lacked was the earring.

When we had visited the 519th MI Battalion their SgtMaj said he could get all the expendable supplies he could ever use. Our team couldn't. We could get all the Jeep jacks and FMs to go with the Jeep we ever wanted (even though we only had one Jeep). He could never get those items and was always short. Every few months we loaded up our trailer with jacks and FMs. He loaded up our trailer with acetate, grease pencils, pencils, paper, etc. We pulled up to his office one trip and he was in the middle of an Inspector General's Inspection. He waved us away. We went and spent a few hours in the PX Coffee Shop, and then returned. He proudly showed us his supply cabinet: 1 dozen pencils, a pack of bond paper, and a pack of carbon paper. All the rest he had stashed in the trunk of his car. He loaded us up and we went back to LeJeune.

We received a real live officer as our first Team Commander, Captain William Disher. He was an Arabic linguist and we were thrilled. He wasn't. He wanted to work in the Force Troops Headquarters at the seat of power. The Spanish instructors, teaching military symbols, drew up a unit symbol, showing all the proper subordinations and showed **it** to Captain Disher. **They**

asked Captain Disher if he knew what it was. It was a troop unit symbol with a drawn symbol of a pile of human excrement in the center with three squiggles representing steam rising above it. He said: "No". They said it was the symbol for the hot shit 2nd CITT. Disher's jaws tightened and his face reddened. After that he redoubled his efforts to get out of the team and he succeeded. I think he became the ForTrps Staff Secretary.

On one CPX, held in the winter with ice all over the place, we followed the 2d CIT's jeep out in a convoy. All of a sudden it disappeared in a cloud of smoke and ground to a halt. We found out later someone had put stove fuel oil into a gas can and that had been used to fuel the jeep.

The decision was made to run an IPW Class and at the same time French and Spanish refresher language classes. Language classes were separate but, both classes attended IPW training together where the interrogations were conducted in English.

For the first combined Spanish/French class I had to write the PW stories, make up appropriate Aggressor uniforms, or civilian costumes, fabricate documents, and remember the stories to act as the PW the next day. The students would congratulate me on how well I simulated a dog tired PW. I was working every night until three or four the next morning to prepare.

One of the on-going battles we fought in various studies and at various seminars was trying to get a real MOS for the ITs instead of the 8611 MOS.

While the IT Team Chief I was called before a pro-pay board. They said although two of your MOSs rate pro-pay, while you are with the ITT, you are not working in any of your MOSs. I told them I thought pro-pay was a bunch of bull-shit anyway.

GySgt LeBrun and SSgt Robichaud were in our French class. The final test was a two man team of ITs were to interrogate five PWs, translate

three sets of documents and write all the reports in an eight hour period, Some exercises were held outside of the building because of lack of space indoors. I watched those two out of a window. They had a steel rod which they slammed down on their little folding field desk to shock (establish rapport?) with their prisoners. They were stereotyping their approach, I told Cpl Maraspin, acting as a PW, that if they did it him, since he was their next PW, he should jump up and knock the desk over since they had all their gear including coffee on it. They did, and he knocked the desk over. The two Sgts came into the shed with coffee all over their khakis and bitching that I had put him up to it. Cpl Maraspin and I swore it wasn't so. When they left he and I had a good laugh over it.

In our Spanish class we had a fine young Cpl named Bruce Jones. Bruce had been just about shoving his nose into the PWs mouths when he interrogated. I had to break him of that habit, For my role I dressed raggedly (I used my auto repair and workshop clothes and a greasy T-shirt). I was to portray an Italian laborer brought to Germany, I had no documents. Before I went into the class, I chewed up a huge onion and swished it around in my mouth real good. Bruce sat me down and moved in close. He asked my name. I replied, exhaling deeply, "Jose". He leaned back and said: "Wow". With his eyes watering he scooted his stool away from me and I followed him with mine. As he questioned me I followed him around the room. The other students were getting a big laugh out of all of this. I terminated the interrogation and asked Bruce: "Do you understand what I am trying to tell you?". He replied: "Yes, Top". When the interrogation resumed he was getting a laugh out of my atrocious Italian accent and lapsed into one of the gag routines we (all the ITs) sometimes used. Bruce said: "Hey datsa U boat?". I said: "No,

dat'sa no my boat." He said: "Whatta you do widde U boat?". With that I picked up the cigarette pack he had on the field table and held it in his face. The package had printed on it: Salem. The interrogation broke up in laughter and he wasn't worth a darn after that for rest of the class.

We had joined Cpl Joe Granger (French) and Cpl Larry Siler (Russian?). They were used as PWs and instructors and in subsequent classes took a terrific load off of me. In one instance Joe was a PW (a friendly civilian) picked up after swimming a river to reach American lines. The capturing unit had beat him up thinking him a guerrilla, Joe wasn't sure Americans had him, SSgt Robichaud had to convince him he was an American so Joe would give him the information he had. Joe asked to see Robichaud's ID card. He didn't have it with him. Joe asked to see his name marked in his belt because Joe knew Americans marked their clothing. Robichaud unhitched his belt; it wasn't marked. Joe asked to see the marking in his collar. Robichaud turned back his collar and leaned across the desk to let Joe look. A pause. He said: "Can you see it?". Joe said: "It's very faint." What does it say?" Joe answered: "15 and half by 31." Joe looked at me in desperation for what to do next,, I was behind-Robichaud. I silently mouthed to Joe: "Use my crummy joke." Joe caught on and said: "If you're an American, recite the third stanza of the Star Spangled Banner." Robichaud looked crestfallen and said: "I can't. I don't know it." Joe replied: "Well that proves it. You're an American", and began giving Robichaud his information,

Maj Hansen was replaced as G-2 by Major Willis L. Kay. Major Kay had one of the most squared away young Marines I ever knew working for him: Cpl George Houle and SSgt William "Nine Fingers" Brown as his CI man. Major Kay said Force Troops was going on a CPX and had me change our course around

to cover the set up and functioning of a G-2 section in the field before it was due to be taught. That way he could use the ITs as a G-2 Section. Cpl Houle came down to the Police Shed and told me he and SSgt Brown had asked if they could attend the classes since they didn't know how to set up and run a G-2 section in the field. Maj Kay had answered: "No, we're too busy."

We went on the CPX and had to function as an IT Team and also as a G-2 Section; The ITs set up the G-2 tent and ran the watches. The two G-2 men didn't know what to do. After dark Maj Kay motioned me to follow him outside. It was pitch black, He was relieving himself against a tree and said: "Top I'm disappointed in my guys not knowing what to do and I'm going to give bad proficiency and conduct marks and a fitness report". I said: "You can't do that, sir." He asked: "Why not?". I explained to him that they had come to him and asked if they could attend the classes and learn how to do it but, he had told them they were too busy. Maj Kay said: "I'm glad you told me that or I might have really screwed them up. Is there anything else I should know Top?". I answered: "Yessir, you're pissing on my boots."

Ray Le Brun and I were on duty in the watch tent. Chemical warfare had been scheduled to be used on the CPX but, was called off because not everyone had protective masks. Ray and I were briefing Gen Chapman when there were several pops outside the tent and the sound of tear gas being laid. Ray and I didn't have masks so we just hung onto a rope in the tent, The General stayed unmasked a short time and than said: "Heh, heh, I guess I'd better mask.++ Ray and I just continued to hang onto the rope and crap poured from our noses, eyes, and mouths.

Back at our camp, about two miles from the CP, some prisoners were brought in. They were ill prepared, had no stories at all and really

didn't know anything they could have told an Interrogator. Ray wanted to interrogate a Marine 1st Lt. So we put Majors rank insignia on Ray. All we had was Army style oak leaves with faceted backgrounds from our Aggressor stock. Ray was afraid the Lt would notice but I told him he wouldn't, So Ray tried to interrogate the Lt. The Lt didn't know anything, really, that Ray could get. Ray made a shrugging motion to me , I was outside the tent flap, I gave Ray a screwing motion sign with my hand, That was our sign to put the screws to the guy and really lean on him. Ray jumped all over him cussing him and his stupidity and his family and just about everything, When I terminated the interrogation they both came out of the tent and the Lt turned to Ray and introduced himself, Ray said simply: "Nice to meet you", and disappeared. The Lt proceeded to tell me what rough character that Major was and I agreed. Later I asked Ray: "What kind of a ring was it --- the Lt had on his finger?". Ray said: "Damn, I knew you were going to ask me that, and I didn't find out". So I told him: "Ray, it was an Annapolis ring."

A day later Ray was at the main CP on his way to chow and he ran into the Lt, Ray saluted and evaporated before the Lt caught on to who he was.

The ITT Camp was located about two miles from the CP. We were told that since we were working two watches we would be non-tactical. The 2d CIT was camped about fifty yards away, They decided to stage a raid on our camp. They came whooping and hollering and shooting off their weapons. We just looked at them wondering what in the hell they were doing. Cpl George Alvarez threw a popped smoke grenade up on my new 16x16 pyramidal tent, It went under our camouflage netting and began a fire, I must have looked pretty mad because I whipped my .45 out and George started yelling: "Don't hit me Top I'll put out the fire.". He did after the grenade was inside on the floor of the tent.

On another CPX Alvarez was cutting hair with his electric clippers from home, The electricity wasn't too good, The clippers were tearing hunks of hair out the guys heads. We all decided that when we got real prisoners we'd use George and his clippers to break them.

The last I heard, twenty-eight years ago, LtCol Alvarez was still in CI and working at the DIA.

Cpls Granger and Siler stole General Chapman's 'Coleman illumination kit. They slapped our tactical markings on it and we finally had our own Coleman lanterns,

We were required to take part in a Force Troops motor march carrying a 30 combat resupply with us. We had one jeep and one trailer. The Spanish sub-team made up a little three inch square box with spare M-1 parts, They put miniature tactical markings on it and figured the cube and weight and marked that on the box. With some other real items we had a case of toilet paper in our trailer, At our appointed time of departure I called in to G-3. The Colonel on duty-asked the time length of my column, I answered: ".!Thirty--seconds." He got really abusive on the phone and took my name and section. Later Maj Kay explained to him that yes we were a separate unit, but a very small one,,

MSgt Dick Coates was appointed Technical Intelligence Coordinator by either Maj Hansen or Maj Kay, He was to coordinate all the different intelligence teams efforts and keep the G-Z informed,

General Chapman had each of the teams give a -presentation on their duties to the Officer's Wives Club. When our turn came I told the G-2 we couldn't give an Interrogation because the techniques used were classified as Confidential by the Army. Back came the word to give it anyway, I told Maj Kay we would cheerfully give it if the General gave us a letter stating

it was all-right for us to disclose classified Army information. We never got the letter and never gave a demonstration.

The Team was transferred to our fourth home at Montford Point. I was unable to remember the date or the building number.

I instructed the two sub-teams to bolt their typewriters in the typewriter chests for the movement. They didn't do it. As the tractor-trailer with our gear started up Holcomb Boulevard a woman pulled out in front of it. The driver slammed on the brakes and our typewriters were destroyed. I bought a used office typewriter for \$100 from Carolina Office Supply in Jacksonville for the team to use. As a result I spent many nights on the couch because my wife disapproved of what I had done.

At Montford Point I was given Sgt Alan Malik an Arabic Linguist. One day I told him to label one foot locker Spanish gear and the other French gear so we could lock up our language materials. The next day he presented me with the lockers neatly labelled Frog Locker and Spick Locker.

One of the younger men in the French class wanted to be an Interrogator, but wasn't tough enough. LeBrun and I both gave him one last chance. He was to interrogate the two of us separately, Ray and I both cussed him out, cast aspersions on his parentage and everything we could do to make him get mean. He would blink back his tears turn red and keep trying to ask questions, Ray and I compared notes later., I asked Ray: "What would you have done if he tried to punch you out?". Ray said: "I'd have made the son-of-a-bitch an interrogator." I answered: "So would I Ray". We made him an interpreter,

After team moved to Montford Point we would send out an IT with the Med Battalions. The Med Battalion S-2s were really eager to have them. When the ITs came back they informed us the Bns had AN/TPS-21 ("Topsy 21")



Ground Surveillance Radar. The radar broke down into five one man pack loads. The T/O only allocated four men to the Bn S-2 to carry the radar. The Bn S-2s were keen to have the ITs because they used the ITs to carry the fifth load, We stopped sending ITs on the Med cruise.

Force Troops Special Order 91-61 ordered me to report to the 1st MAW by 2400 2May61.

This ends the history of the 2d CITT where I was directly concerned. I will chronicle my later brushes with the ITT and the PW/Document business.

I returned to the 2d Mar Div G-2 as a 2dLt and was made the SIO. It wasn't a full time job so I took over and began doing order of battle.

Cpl Joe Granger requested duty with the 2d Mar Div (to work in G-2). The Marine Corps, in it's infinite wisdom refused his request. Joe got out and joined the Louisiana State Police.

I stayed in touch with the people at Fort Bragg and had a very good relationship with them. A Specialist showed me a PW/DOCUMENT tag he had come up with. The Army couldn't see any merit in it but, we in G-2 Combat Intel adopted it with modifications. On the back on the PW (Top) portion of the tag we placed the notation: Interrogator's notes. CWO Harry Reed got on me about it and said: "We can't tell an interrogator how to conduct his interrogation". I had to explain to him that if the first interrogation approach failed the IT could make a note on it so the next IT could try a different approach. For the Cuban Missile Crisis had several thousand of the tags printed up. They had reinforced holes. Unfortunately, they were without strings to hang on the PW or to wrap up the documnets. We strung them by hand. We made up packets of 100 tags, lectures on how to handle

PWs and documents, and a Caribbean Armed Force Handbook of weapons and equipment. We addressed envelopes to every company in the Division and took them to the Division Post Office,

Aboard the APA-249 (now LPA) Francis Marion, the alternate flagship, there were seven IT's. As the Division OB officer I briefed them on what to interrogate for and was able to issue them one set of 1/50,000 maps (my personal set). The only IT I remember of the group was Sgt Valle de Juli from the early days of the team.,

Back at G-2 a letter was circulated requesting comments on our SOP and whether it followed procedures as used by the ITTs. I wasn't asked to comment but I did anyway, I assured them it was and stated in the future the Division should be prepared to issue a minimum of seven sets of maps to the IT Team attached,

The PW/Document tags, lectures and handbooks we had worked so hard to prepare had never hit the companies in the Division, At the Division Post Office we found out why, The W/O in charge said he would have had to pay commercial postage to get them delivered and he wasn't going to spend all that money.

In 1965 or 1966 LtGen Chapman, Asst Commandant, visited the Fleet Intelligence Center Atlantic (FICLANT). I was a Captain working Ground Order of Battle and had 6 TAD Marines from East Coast units working in my office. He came into our office for a brief, he stopped, looked at me and said: "Hello, Top." Later all the Marines said how great it was that he remembered me and was such a buddy of mine. I told them the story about the interrogation never given for the Officer's Wives Club. I asked the men: "If he is such a buddy of mine why didn't he call me Skipper or even Major?".

While at FICLANT I was fortunate to renew my friendship with SSgt Tom Carrion 1476964 MRTD. Tom had been a CPpl in our first Spanish course back at LeJeune. We served together at FICLANT in February 1968.

In December 1968 I first served with SSgt Harry J. Todd 1941546/0251 of the 2d ITT, HqCo, ForTrps. Harry served two or three six month tours with us at the FIC, During this time he took over a great deal of the instruction that we gave to new men coming to the FIC. Harry was a constant joy because of his antics, hard work and enthusiasm. He was there when I left for Vietnam in 1969.

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