A Marine's Lapse in Synapse

A Collection of Unbelievable, But True Short Stories

By

Joey D. Ossian

This book is a work of non-fiction. Names and places have been changed to protect the privacy of all individuals. The events and situations are true.

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In addition to those people mentioned on the dedication page, this book is dedicated to all those men and women who have served.

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I've been an active duty Marine, I've been an Army National Guardsman, I've been an Air National Guardsman and, so I'm told, I've always been a little weird. If you're among those who didn't know that, this book will quickly get you up to speed, so to speak, with the knowledge, that 'he ain't plumb with the world'.

Since the Marine Corps is technically 'Department of the Navy', I consider myself to have been in every branch of the service with exception of the Coast Guard.

I began this book just before going over twenty years of service. You're probably wondering why the word 'Marine' is in the title instead of 'Soldier' or 'Airman' or 'Squid'. Nothing against the rest, they were good to me as well. I was a Marine first, and I'm

most proud of that title. If you don't understand, you're not a Marine, and you're not expected to understand. Once a Marine, always a Marine. I hope you don't mind that I began this book with two chapters that occurred before I joined those leatherneck ranks. If it makes you feel any better, I always knew that I was going to be a jarhead.

I don't want to admit too much here. I'm sort of the arrogant type. I used to say, "As much self-esteem allowable by the Lord", but that's a front. Don't misunderstand, I think a whole lot of myself, I'm just not as invincible as I used to be in my younger years.

Writing a book like this does many things for me. First, it sort of scared me to think that lots of people could find out that I really was 'out there with Neptune' in my younger years. Mostly, It's a box I wanted to check off on my 'things to do before I die'

list. I also want to claim ‘author’ or ‘writer’ on my business card(s). I suppose I could ‘claim’ anything I want. My friends poke fun at me, deservedly so, because I continue to personally manufacture more versions of business card for myself than anyone they ever met. I suppose that’s a result of possibly liking myself too much, or changing jobs too frequently.

I don’t really concern myself with making any money off of this book, the goal is to just get it out there. That would be good. Great would be to have a library of congress number assigned to my work. Making money at it would be Stellar. Being able to retire doing this would just get me into more trouble, but would probably provide me more material. I’m not holding my breath.

That's me in Moron, Spain during Operation Enduring Freedom, 2002.

I have to begin this dedication by saying this book would have never been possible without many people. The material for the stories all started with my father, idol, and hero, Dr. James E. Ossian and my three brothers, Andy, Rick, and in particular my younger brother, and best friend, David. My encouragement and support system throughout much of my life, my loving mother, Mrs. Beverly J. Ossian, and my sister, Angie, also deserve mention. The material for stories was bolstered significantly by my band of brothers in The United States Marine Corps; in New River North Carolina, Bob Curtis and Ernie Delgado, and in Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii, Kevin Goddard, and Ron Valesano.

Other major contributors were my fellow soldiers in The Nebraska Army National Guard, Detachment 2,

Company D, 109th Aviation in Lincoln, Nebraska; Ben Leduc, Tim Shaner, Shaun Busskohl, Brett Crossley, Troy Pabst, Trent Fuller, Scott Oehm, Tom Oliver, Mike Hoover, Paul Rezac, Craig Bradley, Paul Borzekofski, Barry Read, Terry Read, Perry Read, Ted Christ, Roger Christiansen, Dennis Groshans, Darryl Green, Randy Okra, Dave and Carrie Foster, Joe Husky, Mark Cole, Dean Molzer, Jim Taylor, Jeff Etheridge, Tim Maihlin and Mike Murphy. There are other Army Guardsmen who weren't in Det 2 that deserve mention as well. Derek Whisenhunt, Steve Stanislav, and Dave Seyvold. I'm sure I missed somebody.

Air Guardsmen from the 155th Air Refueling Wing who assisted with material for chapter 11 are deserving of mention. Billy Rowell and James Koelzer were with me on the first Puerto Rico trip, but I can't forget to

mention Jerry Block, who made the shooting team a possibility for David and me. My brother claims that anything good that ever happened to him in the Air Guard involved Jerry Block. I think he's right, and I can attribute a good portion of my air guard success to Jerry as well. I think almost all of those mentioned can bear witness to the weird shit-o-meter.

There are two special ladies that will probably be surprised to see their names here, but I also want to include Ms. Marcee Muller, a high school math teacher who inspired me to teach, and Mrs. Margrede Allschwede, the professor who inspired me to write.

Almost last, and certainly not least, my wife, Deb, for marrying me in spite of my history, and my children, Staci, Samantha, and Carter (11, 7, and 2 as of this publication), deserve mention. Not because of the time they sacrificed, because I didn't borrow a

tremendous amount of time from them to make this happen. Not because of their contribution, because they aren't included in any of the stories. I mention them because I love them and because of the 'sick humor' blood-line that will inevitably be inflicted upon them. I can only hope and pray that my daughters, Staci and Samantha, don't ever join the military or God forbid, live close to a military base. Additionally, I hope that Carter Louis Ossian, my only son as of this writing, doesn't become a magnetic victim for anything beyond his control. Most importantly, I dedicate all I do to the big JC.

"He doesn't have the sense to pour piss out of a boot with instructions on the heel." Dr. James Ossian

Dad and me posing together after receiving my Master's Degree at the University of Nebraska-Kearney, May 2000.

Chapter 1

Introduction: Life with Dad prepared me well for the military.

Don't misunderstand this chapter's message. My father is my hero, and the role model I always needed. However, the background given here won't make it sound that way. In fact, it will probably sound like he was one mean SOB. If he sounds that way, it's because from the perspective of my youth, he probably was. Dad traded being 'buddies' with me as a child, for a mature, understanding love and deeper friendship as an adult. That's the way every father should do it. Looking back, he was just what I needed, and I

wouldn't trade a second (except for maybe that one time when…).

Dr. James Elliot Ossian was born in Red Oak, Iowa, in 1938. I'm told he went by Tod because too many youngsters in the area were already pegged with derivatives of James; Jim, Jimmy, etc. Somebody else told me that Tod was short for 'toddler' or Elliot. I get the former, but I never figured out the latter, so we'll go with the first version.

Dad was quite an ornery youngster himself. I'm told he grew up as ornery as all of us boys put together, so he probably deserved every thing we put him through. I can just hear his mother saying, "You're going to have one just like you." Little did she know he'd get cursed with four.

Dad was a hell of a ball player. Sure, everybody's Dad will recall stories of heroic performances for their boys' entertainment, but my Dad was for real. He's been inducted into the Clarinda A's Hall of Fame, alongside legendary players like Ozzie Smith, and Von Hayes, and some not-yet, maybe never, legendary players like Chuck Knoblauch and Andy Benes.

In his youth, Dad had the luxury of being born to two catchers. My Grandfather, Paul David Ossian, was a catcher for the Beatrice Blues, a AA club out of Beatrice, Nebraska, and my Grandmother, Mildred Ossian, was the only left-handed girls' catcher in NAIA history with the Peru State Bobcats. He could work on his pitching anytime he wished because he had parents who were always eager to 'have a catch'. He credits them for assisting his invention of the

'curve' ball. If you ever saw him throw it, you'd almost believe it.

The time came when he had to choose between a contract to pitch with the Chicago White Sox and a scholarship to Iowa State. At that time, pro contracts weren't nearly as lucrative as they are now, and my folks already had their fourth child, so getting a free education was the simple and obvious choice.

When I started this book, Dad was sixty-four (64) years old. He is one of those unfortunate people to have been born on September 11th, except it doesn't seem to bother him, since the first sixty-two of them were just his birthday.

Except for the 'Ossian appliance curse', most of the remaining misfortunes my father experienced were caused by any number or combination of his sons. I'll leave my brother's stories for future books written by

them, unless they are part of mine, which mostly, they are.

You'd think, my being the third of four boys, my father (one of three boys) would be accustomed to the problems an adolescent male could create. I wasn't any more mischievous than my other brothers. I just have this weird shit-o-meter that pegs every time I dare to delve into devilishness. To include them all here would require volumes, so I'll just attempt to tackle the most memorable and humorous.

Where to start? Throwing rocks at retards or bombing the neighbor's tin shed with cinder blocks? I guess we could take them in that order. They're short, but they will give you some perspective as to how the weirdness got started.

I must have been in Junior High in Big Rapids, Michigan, because of the route I remember taking home from school. It was called Intermediate school then, so it was somewhere between the 6th and 8th grade, '76 to '78. Wait a minute……it's been 25 years since I could sit straight, so it must have been '77, when I was a 7th grader.

We've established that I was routinely on the way home from school, but what I never figured out was why was Dad walking home half a block behind me? Before writing this story, it never dawned on me to ask. I still don't feel completely safe bringing up this story to Dad, so I think I'll wait a few more years before I broach the subject.

Right to the point already. Dad was a highly respected educator in the state of Michigan and continues to be, a highly respected educator in the state

of Nebraska. He's currently the department chair of Educational Administration at the University of Nebraska at Kearney, but for the better part of our school years, he was the high school Principal or Superintendent in the district where my siblings and I attended school.

Being the son of a professional educator, you were expected to abide by all the rules to a much higher standard than the typical youngster. I wasn't going in for all that. I don't believe my older brothers thought it was fair either, and just to prove it, my brother Rick got in trouble so bad, that Dad had to kick him out of school. Actually, a first year high school Principal, Dennis Whitman, had to do it, but he called Dad, his superintendent, for approval first. Dad never kicked me out of school. Probably because most of these stories didn't happen there. Maybe I did do something smart

in trying to avoid all the trouble at school. After watching two older brothers receive 'double jeopardy' for their troubles, I learned that being punished once for what you did, and once for embarrassing the family name was a much worse deal than just causing trouble somewhere else.

On this particularly troubling day, I didn't have anything better to do, and I saw a kid that was in my class. He didn't attend too many with me because he attended Special Education classes. Today, I know that Special Education classes aren't for idiots or rocks. They are for students who need some extra help or have a specific learning disability. Many of them are smarter than you and me.

The treatment I inflicted on this poor boy is shameful now, but at the time, I didn't know better. I was in the middle of pitching rocks at this poor kid. He

was in the middle of his yard, minding his own business, but now trying to figure out the nomenclature of what in the hell was landing all around him and where the hell they were coming from.

My father was about to teach me about picking on people. From my perspective, it appeared that he had no intention of teaching me that it was wrong, he was teaching me what would happened to you if your father caught you. I didn't even see it coming. My worst Godzilla nightmares couldn't compare to this. The shit-my-pants feeling was much worse than sending out the testers and accidentally filling your shorts. It was definitely one for a before and after weight. I should have gone to a shrink for therapy.

I learned later in life to duck the inevitable slap up side the head after seeing the brother walking beside me lurch forward from the launching kick-in-the-ass

he'd just received. To hear the 'whoosh' pass overhead was relieving and terrifying at the same time. It gave you time to brace yourself, but it also gave him time to reload. Maybe I should have avoided that reaction after all. They say hindsight is 20-20.

I'm going to apologize to my brother again before writing this next story. David really took a beating for me on this one, and I would have remained unscathed for eternity had it not been for his buddy's big mouth.

I was a freshman in high school, not into the growth spurt yet, so I was very similar to the size of my younger brother and his friends. I can't remember what David was doing on this day, but I remember like it was yesterday what I was up to, and it was no good.

David's friend, Matt Vance (funny, he joined the Marines too), and I had this idea. Matt was a tall lanky

kid that didn't usually come up with his own ideas. He used to be a pretty good follower, and spent most of his days in my brother's shadow. I can't remember who came up with the idea first. I hope it wasn't me, but given Matt's tendency for following, it probably was. Even if it wasn't me, I went along with it readily enough.

Behind the Vance's house, probably 50 feet across the yard, there sat a garage. It was positioned next to the alley. On the adjacent property, his neighbors had a tin shed where they kept all their preserved fruit. There must have been hundreds of glass Ball jars in that shed. Can you see this bad idea coming yet?

Matt and I decided to haul cinder blocks onto his father's garage roof, to see if we could launch them onto the tin shed in the neighbor's yard. It was a good ten feet away, and we just wanted to see if we could hit

it. I wish I'd had another synapse fire off before we followed through with this idea.

I'm sure somewhere in my mind, I wondered ('knew' would be more accurate) what would happen to the roof of the shed if we could hit it, but we went about hauling up the blocks anyway. I don't even remember who heaved the first block, but what I do remember is we had such a good time watching the roof cave in that we continued to heave blocks. The first block hit it like it was only aluminum foil. After a few minutes, we were laughing so hard at the sounds of shattering glass muffled by the contents of the jars, our heaves started falling short, and we began to cave in the closest of the walls. We stopped only when we saw another neighbor drive down the alley. We laid down on the roof as tight as possible so we wouldn't be seen. When they were gone, we got down, and

suddenly wanted to get the hell out of there, but then we remembered, we were already in his back yard, so the safe haven theory of denial was officially blown. He went inside his house, and I ran home.

I sat at home for hours and wondered what was going to happen. Did you ever do something that you regretted before you got in trouble for it? Usually, we didn't, but we knew we'd get it bad for this one. When Dad got home from work, he went straight for David and half carried him by the nape of his neck, and half carried him by the continual boot up-the-ass kicking he was getting. I just knew he was going to get it with the racquetball paddle. It wasn't the kind with strings, it was just solid wood with holes drilled into it so you could swing it faster. I don't know that I ever saw my Dad play racquetball.

Honest, I had no idea why David was getting it so bad at the moment, and neither did he. I began to wonder if he had done something equally stupid. I soon found out that he was being blamed for what I had done with his buddy, Matt. Matt and I had been seen, but the neighbor who witnessed it thought I was my brother. David would have gone on forever letting my father believe it was he who'd destroyed the Ball jar shed. Don't ask me why, it's a code amongst best-friend-brothers.

My freedom was short lived. It didn't take long for Dad to find out it was me. Matt's father was disciplining him in some form when Matt spilled the proverbial beans. Of course, my father got a call right away. I can't claim to remember what my father did to me at that point. I'm sure I got the paddle. They say the body goes into a state of shock and tries to block

things like that out. It's happened to me before when I had third degree burns on my lower legs and feet.

Joey D. Ossian

"I say, what a joy it is to look ahead and read the signs of your future. So much happiness is in store for you, the most brilliantly lighted stars will be put to shame by the brightness of your life. Oh happiness, what an illusive thing you are, but thank God you were born beneath a star. Drop another coin in the slot, and I will tell you more." Chris Goss - Masters of Reality

Chapter 2

My brother David (Tod): Oh, what I put him through!

I need to do a little character development with my little brother here. Not that he doesn't have enough character already, it just wouldn't be right if I didn't describe him to those who don't know him. With that said, the impossible task begins.

David was born in Flint, Michigan on May 8th, 1969. The only true 'Michigander' in the group of Wolverine fans had three older brothers to choose from for role models. I love Andy and Rick, my two older brothers, dearly, but they weren't exactly model citizens, and didn't set the greatest example for a

younger sibling to aspire to be like. That left me. At that point in my life, I really hadn't had a lot of time to start piling up the mistakes yet. David followed me through life like a little puppy dog, and I loved it. It was a great self-esteem booster to know that he wanted to grow up to be me. He played the drums in band because I did. He wore cammies to school every day because I sent them home. He joined the Marines upon graduation because I did. Hell, he even married one of my ex-girlfriends. When he got out, he joined my Army Guard unit. When I wanted to transfer over to the Air Guard, he decided to go with me.

Brother David and I getting sworn into the Nebraska Air National Guard, August, 1998.

I'm not bragging about my role modeling, but I suppose following my lead wasn't the worst choice he could have made. He did do some things on his own like pursuing the martial art of karate, and he didn't follow my every lead, staying away from the cross-country team. He's become enough like me that we're occasionally mistaken for twins. David is now very

large and you can tell by the way he carries himself, that he likes it that way.

It was the early 70's. We lived in Big Rapids, Michigan. I must have been an elementary aged student, I think about an 8-year old second grader. My brother was probably about 4, and hadn't started school yet. I was his hero and idol even then. We were watching a show on television with our older siblings. Evil Knievel was jumping Snake Canyon, or something of comparable difficulty.

Andy and Rick took a break from beating each other with the orange 'hot wheels' tracks when I'd overheard them, and my sister, Angie, talking about how brave and daring this man was. That was all the inspiration I needed to provoke me into performing what I thought would be an equally brave and daring act.

David was willing to assist me in doing just about anything, even if it was dangerous and death defying. We dragged my old Schwinn that still had the training wheels on it out of the garage and up the stairs of our house without being seen. It wasn't a big bike, so going around the corners was cake, but the small size of the wheels should have been the signal that it wasn't meant for the stairs (or any surface above sea level).

I'd asked Dad to remove the training wheels a couple years prior, but with his busy schedule, it hadn't gotten done yet. I know, I know, lots of you are asking why I didn't take them off myself. Even in my later years as an avionics mechanic, I wasn't the most mechanically inclined individual in the world, so I patiently waited on Dad.

Back to the story. Once we got the bike into our bedroom, we managed to get it out the East window

that let out onto the garage roof. There wasn't much pitch to it, and it was probably only ten feet off the ground, but to David and I, it was as high as the silver water tower that shaded a good portion of our back yard.

David's job was to watch for adults and older siblings, just to make sure nobody would try to interfere with my attempt at stunt-man glory. My job was to successfully ride the bike off the roof and land it in the yard. In hindsight, I didn't think about clearing any objects from below, I just wanted to fly through the air like Evil on his rocket cycle. The landing was the last thing on my mind.

David was doing his job, sort of, and watching me through the window at the same time. I backed the bike up to the top of the roof, as far as I could without quite reaching a point where I was leaning backward on the

other side of the roof, wheels straddling the peak. Heaven forbid go down backward, you could get killed! If I'd looked over my shoulder, I'm sure I would have had a beautiful view of the Ferris State College campus.

I leaned into it and peddled as fast as I could. Just as I cleared the edge of the roof, the bike vanished! It was jerked right out from under me. A split second earlier, I was thinking pull up, just like Evil, but there wasn't anything to pull on. Time moved in slow motion at this point, and I got curious, so I looked under me where I thought the bike should be.

I sort of rolled while looking between my legs for the bike, and I saw where it was and landed at the same time. Have you ever done a somersault? The kind where you expertly tuck your head, sort of land on you shoulder blades and roll out of it, right back onto your

feet? Me too, but that isn't what happened here. It started out that way, sort of. I tucked my head because I was looking for the bike, which I found, and then I landed on my shoulder blades. The perfection stopped there. Probably because my mother had laid out some mattresses to air out that somebody had peed on (it wasn't me, I swear). The mattresses broke my fall, but they really slowed down the perfection of what could have jump-started a career in gymnastics.

This is about the time I realized that the slow motion stopped and the bike that I still had my eye on was being released by the offending rain gutter that had previously jerked it out from under me. The bikes release from the gutter is the time that the missing roll-out from my somersault kicked in, only sideways. Or, it could have been a reaction to avoid the falling bicycle. David looked down at me through the window

and said, "Well, you finally got your training wheels off." They were hanging from the rain gutter. Again, I forgot to take a before and after weight.

The next story involving David has to be told. He probably doesn't want it to be, but it just wouldn't be right to hold back one of the most heroic (or stupid) things he's ever done. I'll apologize again, just in case I need to later.

It was his 30th birthday, May 8th, 1999. David and I were celebrating by consuming large quantities of alcoholic beverages in multiple locations. He would show his ID card, and get a free drink, and I would pull out my money-clip and attempt to keep up with him. He volunteered to drive downtown, but he was bound

and determined that he wasn't driving us home. I'm not quite sure he had to go to such extremes.

After losing count of the drinks consumed and establishments visited in the downtown area, David and I wound up in a place whose name escapes me. I think it was an old movie theatre once. I know it was old because the bathrooms had very old glass in the door. The key word in that last sentence is 'had'.

David and I were in the head together, taking a leak, when some offensive person started talking smack to me. I'm not an extremely large individual, but I never needed a bodyguard or protector of any sort. Regardless of my needs, my brother frequently appointed himself to this position when he was in this state of mind.

David attempted a spinning round house kick to the side of this pricks head, but missed (first time ever).

His foot went right through the window and sort of hung there for a millisecond until he withdrew it. It wasn't stained glass, but it was fairly decorative. Again, 'was' (wait, last time it was 'had') being the key word. The prick ran for his life, and after contemplating the attraction that the broken glass might incur, we ran to escape the blame (and expense) for what used to be the window.

David led the way out of the bar, and we hung a sharp left once we were out on the sidewalk. We sprinted about a block and a half, when David approached an ambulance and started getting in! I couldn't claim at the time to know what the heck he was doing, but I overheard bits of the conversation.

The medics on the scene listened in as David told them that someone had cut the back of his leg in the bar with a knife or a beer bottle, and that they were

now responsible for taking him to the hospital most riki-tik.

He threw me the keys to his black Ford F-150, and told me to meet him at the hospital. One look at the blood, and the medics didn't question him. They just loaded him up and off they went. I ran an additional four blocks to where we had parked the truck and I drunkenly raced to the hospital. I parked the truck and made way to the emergency entrance where upon I caught the attention of many employees with my out-of-breath announcement of who I was and what I was there for. I was expecting someone to point a finger, or provide some direction.

Since they continued to look at me like I was out there with Neptune, I began to approach the desk, and was about to reach over it and bring someone closer to ear shot. Then there was a commotion behind me. I

had beaten my brother's chauffeur to the hospital by about ten seconds.

David wound up getting internal stitches to mend a 'nicked' Achilles tendon, and external stitches to close the gash in his leg. Further research has determined that it should have been impossible to run let alone walk with his lower extremity in that state. Must have been FM.

Why most of the adult stories involving David include alcohol, I can't know. Maybe that's a sign that we should do something different. There once was a place out West 'O' by the name of Joe's. We hadn't been there in awhile, and we were close, so that was as good an excuse as any to stop in for a few drinks.

'Up to and including four, but not to exceed ten, unless absolutely necessary.' That was our motto,

borrowed from Ted Glock, an extremely humorous individual from Rising City, Nebraska. I added the 'unless absolutely necessary' part. I don't think Ted would mind.

David decided to school somebody in pool. I provoked the innocent idiot by telling him that David had won the Cornhusker state games in billiards for 6 years in a row, or some other weak-ass lie like that. I went to the bar to order a Morgan, and it so happened that there was an attractive young woman sitting at the bar.

Being the faithful husband that I am, I only made polite idle conversation with the young lady. Upon receiving my drink, I turned around to see a young Hispanic man with several of his entourage at his back. He appeared somewhat confrontational when he asked

me if I was hitting on his 'old lady'. I wasn't, and even if I was, I would have been wise to respond the same.

Before I had the chance to offer that response however, my self appointed protector arrived on the scene. I observed that someone had conveniently left a couple pool sticks leaning against the bar, and David was without his, so I coolly handed one to him and uttered that statement that almost always signals the beginnings of a skirmish. "Got my back, brother?"

What happened next, still amazes me. David looked at his pool stick like it was a strange object he'd never seen before, threw it to the ground and said, "I don't need this fuckin' stick." He then grabbed the punk that had previously addressed me, hammered him to the ground, and repeatedly punched his face as it rebounded off the carpet. His stunned buddies could do nothing but watch. I was jolted from a similar state of

observance when a bouncer got a handful of the back of my shirt and tossed David and I out of the bar, giving us five minutes before they were to let the other party go.

David and I were told on our way out the door, not to come back. We don't know if those instructions came from the bouncers or the clan that would shortly be trailing us down West 'O', but we don't intend to patronize Joe's again in the very near future.

I heard recently that Joe's is now under new management. I suppose being banned from an establishment possibly carries over from one manager to the next. That's better than being banned from a state, like Arkansas, right?

This next story is one that many people would be ashamed of, regardless of what character you played. I

previously said I wouldn't tell it, but, I lied. Names will be changed or excluded to protect the innocent, if there are any.

David and I had been bar hopping on another occasion when we ran into some girls that I knew. I'm going to leave their names out intentionally, even though my wife claims I never remembered names of women.

David was 'interested' in one of them and the other just sort of 'tagged along' with her friend. She knew me, so she'd have someone to talk to and watch the tube with. We arrived at David's apartment after the bars closed, but continued to party anyway. David mixed some of his world famous 'grasshoppers'. I can't remember what it had in it, but it was green and contained ice cream, so it was quite delicious.

The gal I was visiting with fell asleep on the couch. David hadn't reached the point of no return yet, and was still in the living room. I went to the bedroom to catch some sleep before David and I had to get up for guard drill. At this particular time, we were both members of Det 2, a local Army National Guard unit.

Shortly after I started dozing off, David and his intended target came into the bedroom. I heard the familiar sounds of undressing in the dark room. My eyes were fully adjusted for night vision, but I didn't want to open them very far just yet. I knew what David was up to, and I didn't want to 'block'. I also didn't want to let on that I was intending to enjoy the show.

I slowly opened one eye to make sure nobody was looking at me at a time when the undressing sounds stopped. Damn! David had done well. She looked good and firm. She was mounting David, who was lying on

his back, and the angle was just right for viewing (Great profile, with just a hint of hindsight).

After about twenty minutes of that position, David requested some 'doggy-style' and it was all I could do to keep my mouth shut. I was pulling on my unit as quietly as I could, and I was planning to catch the results in my other hand, so I had no free hand to cover up my mouth. David started hammering away, slapping his thighs against her cheeks, when he reached out to 'high-five' me! I didn't know he knew I was watching! I pulled one dick-skinner out from under the covers to slap the five before it dawned on me that it might create some noise. I slapped his hand, my alarm went off, we all jumped, and I calmly said, "We don't want to be late for drill." David replied, "I'm already there, brother."

That girl called David back for 'booty calls' several times after that. I wonder if she was disappointed that I wasn't there.

This last story will be about the time when David should have died. In fact, many on the scene thought he was dead, and were taking action to remedy that incorrectly diagnosed condition.

A little background is required at this time. Late in 1987, I was working at a Hy-Vee in Lincoln. It was the only one in town with a 'cheese-island', but I was working at the deli at the time of another incident. Hy-Vee isn't part of the story, nor is my employment there. I'm not giving them lip service either, I'm just giving background as to why I was wearing pressure garments on the beach in San Francisco.

After draining the deep fat fryer grease into buckets, I was trying to carry them to a grease trap outside the back door of the mega-grocery store. A handle on one of the buckets broke, and the 360 degree grease poured all over my feet. The vinyl penny-loafers I 'had' (there's that word again) disintegrated instantly like they never existed as I backward-leaped onto some flour bins to peel off my socks. I must have gone into shock at that moment. Someone told me later that I walked bare-footed to the phone and dialed 911. After several painful sessions in the burn unit and a little over a week of in-patient therapy, I had to wear pressure garments to hold the skin grafts in place. The garments allowed my toes to stick out, and stopped just below my knees. At least they were somewhat close to resembling flesh-tone in color. I got tired of telling people what the heck they really were, so I started

telling stories that were in stark contrast to the real thing. The best examples I can remember were wild ideas from new bionics to mosquito guards.

Now about that time, I was in love. At least I thought I was. I look back now, and I know it was lust, but what the heck. She was one of David's High School classmates, and she was so hot that he didn't learn a lick of German after three years of sitting next to her. They were out of school, and I was out of the Corps. The girl, I'll call her 'Angie' for the sake of the story, was leaving for San Francisco to become a nanny. She and her folks asked me to drive her car out to her, since she didn't want to drive it that far. Hell, I would have done anything for this woman, and I was still trying to milk the unemployed civilian life with nothing better to do.

The drive from Waverly to San Francisco was boring and uneventful, so I won't go into that. Once there, I stayed with Angie, but contacted an old Corps roommate, Ron Valesano, and my brother David, who was stationed about 7 hours south, at MCAS El Toro, California. On a side note, I'm sort of ticked now that out of the whole week I only spent a couple hours with my old Corps buddy. I spent the rest of the time trying to 'get some' from Angie and I never even got a sniff. I know, it would have made a better story if I'd gotten laid, but these stories are supposed to be truthful (if just embellished a little).

Angie and her friend Shannon, another of David's classmates, had nanny-ing work to do, so David and I took his white '87 Toyota pick-up truck to the beach. If I told you we had some beer, you wouldn't get an accurate description of the state we were in. I'm not

quite sure how to describe the quantity consumed, so I'll just say that if you looked into the tinted camper top window, you'd notice a small pile of aluminum that had been passed through the sliding glass window from the cab. I'd say the bed was covered approximately three layers deep. We could probably have afforded another case of beer, just from turning in the aluminum cans contained there. However, recycling wasn't on our minds at the time.

At the beach, David and I were entertaining ourselves by watching and occasionally participating in some sand volleyball. We liked to play if there were hotties involved, but mostly we liked to watch for the same reason. The law probably didn't want us to consume alcohol on the beach, but so many others were doing it, we didn't think the local enforcement would mind just one more cooler.

Believe it or not, our cooler got lighter in a hurry. David and I ran out of beer. As far as I was concerned, the scenery was enough for the moment, but David wanted more beer, so he proclaimed a return trip to the pick-up necessary.

When David didn't come back for what seemed like half an hour, I got curious regarding his whereabouts. I started walking back to the truck in an attempt to locate him when in the middle of an alley, I noticed off to the left a group of medical professionals and law enforcement officers in a huddle. Some were on their knees, and some were just standing, looking over their shoulders, but something was happening to somebody, and it didn't look good. There was also a collection of vehicles, from fire engines and ambulances to squad cars and orange lifeguard pick-

ups. I was blasted out of my mind, but I still had the sense to avoid that crowd.

I had just begun a half-veer right, when hollering got my attention. I turned my head toward the sound to hear, "Yah, you. Hey you look just like this dude." I followed (was sort of dragged on the run by an elbow) the guy over to where I had previously mentioned the location of the huddled crowd.

I stopped dead in my tracks. My brother, David, was lying on the ground. In the next split second, a thousand thoughts went through my mind. "He's dead! I killed him! What are Mom and Dad going to say? He's only 19, and I'm going to jail!" Ok, I know it's wrong that most of those thoughts were concerned with my future well-being instead of his, but remember, I'm trying to stick to the truth here.

I watched through tears as a young lady was about to press the paddles to David's chest. We've all seen it on the tube. She was going to give him a jump-start. His eyes opened to see what was going on, and he jumped in alarm. This action of course caused many others to jump in alarm. In the background I caught glimpses of conversation regaled with statements like, "Didn't you check for a friggin' pulse? Yes, and it stopped. I thought he was dead!"

A police officer and I got David to his feet, while the deathly grim scene had a tremendously sobering effect on the both of us. Nobody even asked for ID! Thank God, because David was only 19, and obviously boozed, regardless of any quickly sobering current events.

They let us both go, but one cop followed us to the back of the pick-up. David started to swing up the

camper top door above the tail gate, when I slammed it back down. I think I caught his fingers, but he didn't say anything. He must have gotten the same thought I did because he didn't fight it either. We both looked at the cop, and David alertly said, I just want to stand here and get my bearings for a moment. After what seemed like minutes, but was probably only 5 seconds, the cop turned and walked away. Imagine what his reaction would have been if he'd seen three layers of aluminum in the back of that truck. They didn't make for good pillows, they just made a lot of damn noise. But believe it or not, David and I passed out there for the next six hours.

A Marine's Lapse in Synapse

"Avoid any action with an unacceptable outcome."

George E. Nichols

Chapter 3

Shitbirds: Guard Duty on MCAS(H) New River, NC.

My first real after-boot-camp duty station as a young Marine was in Jacksonville, North Carolina. There were five Marine bases within about 50 miles but most notably, Camp Lejeune, was located about five miles from my base, New River MCAS(H), which means Marine Corps Air Station (Helicopter).

The tour of duty was okay. I was sent there to learn the specifics of my avionics mechanic trade. They say you get out of it what you put into it. Maybe that's why, to this day, I don't know squat about Avionics. Regardless of your apparent work ethics, the new guys

always got stuck on mess duty or guard duty. It was guard duty for me this time. Typically, the tour of duty lasts for one month, but I still hadn't learned to stop volunteering for things when I raised my hand to be trained as a 'driver' of the guard. I didn't know how hard it would be for my squadron to replace me in that capacity, so I was destined to be the driver of the guard for a full six months.

Driver of the guard was a very prestigious position. It wasn't as high up there as Corporal of the guard, but at least I was on the same shift and got to cart his ass around when he posted sentries. The best part about it was that I got to sleep a lot, stood very few posts and had lots of time to screw with people's minds. Most of the time Bob (Corporal of the guard) Curtis and I just snuck up on sentries and tried to catch them sleeping. Bob Curtis was one of the most motivated Marines I'd

ever met. How in the world he got stuck with guard duty after he made Corporal, I'll never know. He must have really pissed somebody off. On occasion, Bob and I were known to come up with some pretty awful pranks.

Bob Curtis and I got along really well, probably because we were both huge Celtics fans. He would be Kevin McHale, and I would be Larry Bird, and we'd kick everybody's ass on base in two-on-two. Our minor victories off the court involved things like removing the standing-on-end M16 rifle from the reach of a sleeping soldier, letting the slide of the Colt model 1911 .45 pistol 'go home' on his Kevlar helmet, and watching him wake to realize that his rifle was gone and that the Corporal had caught him again. In peace time, we laughed our asses off, but reminded the sentry that they could be shot in time of war.

Some of the better excursions involved sneaking up on the ammo dump at the farthest east post, and heaving rocks onto the aluminum overhang where the sentries like to hide out and catch zzz's. Something about the sound of rocks hitting aluminum from above does something for me. This post was frequently and accidentally run into by civilian hunters who had strayed onto base property. It was so close to the beach that fences were inconvenient. Knowing this made the sentries subject to a little extra fun and games. We'd 'stage' an event as a 'Joe Redneck' from the hills on occasion, just to see how the new sentries would react.

The funniest damn thing that ever happened on guard duty didn't involve posting sentries or sneaking up on posts. Bob had this idea to mess with a buddy of his who had just joined our guard duty company from his home unit. His name was Ernie Delgado and I

eventually learned that he was one of the most fun-loving, good-natured, pranksters on the planet.

I guess Bob had to get him before he was got. I was just following Bob's lead, honest. Bob and I snuck into Ernie's room where he was sleeping off the previous night's post. He shared an 8-man room, and it was the middle of the day, but guard duty is weird like that.

Ernie had this habit of sleeping with his mouth open. No doubt, this fact assisted Curtis in dreaming up this nasty scheme. We both created 'wood' from looking at dirty books, and were holding our manhood with one hand, and a polish sausage in the other hand, with our pants around our knees. We started cramming those monster sausages in and out of Ernie's mouth as fast as we could until he started gagging and waking up. The sausages were tossed before Ernie could focus.

When he focused, all he saw was Bob and I standing there with boners, but he must have recalled the feeling of just milliseconds ago of having some large cylindrical object crammed into his mouth. Being the young man that he was, he feared that the cramming object was obvious from what we were sporting and wagging in front of his face.

You never saw a guy jump out of the rack so fast. It was like a drill instructor was yelling at him. You never saw two guys run with their pants around their knees as fast either. You know what they say about paybacks?

Joey D. Ossian

"Up to and including four, but not to exceed ten."

Ted Glock

Chapter 4

The Billys': Life with Kevin Goddard on KMCAS, Kaneohe, HI.

About ten years ago, I was feeling guilty for not keeping in touch with friends I'd made in the Marines. I made attempts to contact five of the closest.

James Svaton, I knew lived in Wisconsin, and I was sure it was a little town that started with an 'A', like Appleton, or Antigone. Being from the same small town as Jack Bradley, the corpsman that helped raise the flag on Iwo Jima, makes me wonder if Jack inspired my young friend, but James never mentioned it. I eventually found him through a relative who gave me a number for him in North Carolina. Then there

was James Longoria. I got hold of his widow. Man did that suck. James and I got short together, and I was supposed to stop in Dallas to see him on my way home. The six-hour non-stop from Denver was all I could handle, so I decided to hook up with him at a later date. If I had stopped on that weekend as I had initially planned, I'd have died with him, or prevented it from happening altogether. I never could relocate Ron Valesano again after San Francisco. I probably deserved that after only spending two hours with him. Harry Sprague, Glenn Sambor's old roomie told me that Glenn died of cancer. I almost quit there. Out of the first four, one couldn't be found, and two others were dead. I didn't want to take a chance on what I'd hear about the next one.

Kevin Goddard was the one I found on the Internet. Actually, I typed in his name, and got two listings for

Tennessee, and called them both. The first one I talked to wasn't the right age, and didn't sound right. The second one I called fit the profile exactly, sounded exactly like him, but denied knowing me. The kicker was when he said, "I don't know anybody in the Marine Corps." He hung up when I replied, "I didn't say anything about being in the Corps."

For some reason, the Corps must have left a bad taste in his mouth, and he didn't want to have contact with anything or anybody that reminded him of it. After recalling these stories, that thinking might be justified.

Kevin Goddard was born in the wrong time and the wrong place. The problem was he couldn't decide what time and place was right for him, and of course, he couldn't do anything to change it. He spent most of his life searching for who he was supposed to be. I haven't

seen or heard from him in years, and the one time I'm sure I did, he denied it.

I previously stated that Kevin was from Tennessee, but he wouldn't admit it. He wanted to be from Los Angeles, so that's probably where he is today. He wanted to be a soap opera star, but I don't think he is. I don't watch them enough to know, but I think I'd know if he was.

I became Kevin's roommate because Ron Valesano and I were suspected of driving a previous roommate, Denny, to the airport so he could go AWOL. They suspected us because Denny left a note leaving his speakers to Ron and his moped registration was conveniently signed over to me. We each had about 40 new CDs as well that Denny had acquired by writing a bad check. They felt that a temporary solution was to separate Ron and me.

They called Kevin and I 'the Billys' because Kevin Goddard spiked his bleached-white hair like Billy Idol, and my last name was and still is Ossian, so they called me Billy Ocean, another popular vocal artist in the 80's.

One Christmas season, most of the squadron was taking leave. The commander gave us 'leftovers' a 96-hour pass. Mostly, it was because there wasn't anything to do, no birds were flying, but he called it a Christmas present. Most of us didn't know any better, and those who did were keeping their mouths shut.

Several of us decided that meant party time, so we rented a hotel in Waikiki, and were assigned to a room on the 8th floor facing the pool. We dragged two kegs up to the room, and set in for the long haul with a couple VCRs and about a pallet of pornos.

Kevin got this wild ass idea about running off the balcony, and of course, he always had a sack of tools with him. Snap-on was the only way to go according to Kevin. He and another Marine started removing the steel railing from the concrete slab that jutted out from the sliding door, connecting our room to the night sky of Waikiki.

Nobody was in the pool. In fact, the gate was locked. I didn't know that until I asked why Kevin had thrown a set of bolt cutters into the pool first. He seemed too prepared to have never done this before. The intention of removing the railing was to remove any and all obstacles for the first idiot Marine who thought he had a chance of reaching the pool with a running start.

Of course, Kevin volunteered to go first. Imagine a tunnel, much like football players run through before

reaching the screaming throng of fans at a big game, and you can imagine two lines of screaming jarheads hollering at you as you charge the runway into nothingness.

I'm no Bob Beamon, and I knew that the deep end closest to us, was at least ten, if not fifteen feet away from the base of the building. But I was drunk, and two others had safely (I think) leaped first. I hadn't actually seen them land in the water, but the lines were continuing to cheer, so who was I to question their apparent success.

Just before I hit top speed, I realized that some stupid fuck was going to try to trip me, or at least make me think he was going to, and I feared that I wouldn't make the landing zone if he was successful. I also knew there wasn't time to stop. I leaped over the

offending appendage, and dove head first straight out into the sky, my body parallel with the earth.

I'm no Greg Louganis, so I knew this wouldn't be pretty, but at least I didn't hit my head on the board. As my body started arching toward the water, I realized I didn't want to land as it appeared I would. I attempted to tuck and roll a little, not wanting to land head first, and I managed to hit the water feet first, sort of. I hadn't quite come around enough and was leaning back enough so I couldn't yet see the water. It took me by surprise when I went in. It was unintentional, but I felt as if I'd just performed the best jack-knife cannonball explosion ever. I was told later that the splash almost made it back to where the building dispensed me, but I didn't see it for myself because I was dragging my ass off the bottom of the pool.

That turned out to be my only trip, because by the time I reached the surface, security already had Kevin and one other Marine in sight with handcuffs in mind. The other part I didn't see was the security that came into the hotel room within seconds after my exit from the balcony. I was the last jumper. We made the local papers, and all I could think of was getting a copy to mail to my parents. As if my poor mother didn't have enough to worry about.

There is a contest familiar to most branches of the military called 'hoggin'. All Marines know all the rules and regulations well, but for the civilians reading this book, I'll explain what it's all about. 'Hoggin' is actually a sub-game that belongs to a larger game with no title. The set of contests involves seeing who can

get laid with proof of it in context of whatever sub-game you are involved in.

'Hoggin' is of course, a contest to see who can lay the biggest hog. In other words, the largest woman, measured not in pounds, but panty size, that you must have in your possession upon completion of the task. It's this way because we couldn't hardly line them up and weigh them at the completion of the contest. Believe it or not, it doesn't count if the panties aren't in a state of having been recently worn, and/or soiled. So…Kevin and I, and several other Marines who were deftly expert at this contest decided to embark on yet another round.

To set this picture up right, downtown Honolulu and Waikiki are the perfect areas to play any and all sub-games involved with getting laid. I say this because the two towns run together seamlessly, and if

you didn't know where you were, you wouldn't know where you were (No, I didn't steal that from Yogi Berra, it just came out that way).

The place was crowded with tourist women, mid 30's to mid 40's, all in some different state of relationship (or not) with someone 3,000 plus miles away. Out of sight, out of mind. If you were white, and not a local moke, you were a perfect 'tour guide' with benefits to come later. It was so simple. You and your partner would simply find a spot in a bar where you could easily be seen, and before you knew it, the waitress was delivering drinks that some member of the previously mentioned group of females had purchased for your consumption.

They mistakenly thought that they had to liquor us up first before we'd be willing to bed them, but we were training to be patient. We also discovered that the

more we consumed (to a point, of course), the better and longer we could perform (sometimes that's good, sometimes bad).

On a 'hoggin' night, believe it or not, you wanted to start early. If you got there too late, you had to fight over them. Go ugly early, or in this case, go hog early. Kevin and I paired ourselves up, and went to a place that we hadn't been to very much. We knew it was good for what we had in mind.

The Blue Kangaroo wasn't uptown, but it wasn't run down. It wasn't high society, so we knew we wouldn't have to subject ourselves to wading through the rich bitches. We simply wanted to find some easy prey. The hard part when you're 'hoggin' is to wait until you think you've got the biggest one you can get without passing up a 'potential'. Imagine getting drinks sent to you from a skinny girl and blowing her

off. Of course you could take her and lose by default (it's been done), but then what would be the fun in that? On this particular night, Kevin and I had to be very patient. Not because we were blowing off skinny girls, but because the night was just slow. We must have sat for two hours before rounds started coming down range.

The waiter pointed out the couple that sent them, and Kevin gave me a wink that told me we were in the running already. We didn't get choosy. A victory for a partner was just as good as one for you, so we let the 'hogs' sit next to whomever they wanted. Upon first glance, I thought I had this one in the bag. The gal that sat next to Kevin appeared to barely out weigh him, but the hog setting next to me was clearly 3 bills. After what seemed like 4 hours of drinking, the girls very tactfully invited us to walk them back to their rooms.

They tried to justify it by saying something about the time of night and rumors they'd heard about muggers. We knew what was really up, so we quickly agreed to escort them safely to their hotel.

They had adjoining rooms just a few short blocks away, and we sat in one watching television while one of the girls fixed more drinks. The slighter of the two girls asked Kevin to help her make drinks in the other joining room, and I knew they wouldn't return until morning.

That was apparently the cue 3 bills needed. She dropped to her knees in front of me as I sat on the bed, and gave me a very seductive look. Being in Hawaii, I was wearing shorts with very easy access, and she snaked my schwance out and started tugging on it with her lips. It was hard with anticipation before she even started. I've always been a sucker for head, especially

when my nuts are being massaged, so I just laid back and enjoyed it.

I knew in my state of 'whiskey dick', it would remain unsensitive and hard for quite some time, but I also knew that once would be about all she would get. Not because I don't like big girls. In fact, I prefer large woman. Mostly because I like large breast and the way they typically work their asses off. She'd get it once because once I blast off when I'm this drunk, all I want to do is sleep.

I pulled off my shirt, and tugged my shorts over my shoes, then I started removing her garments. The lights were off, but it was light enough to see everything, thanks to the moonlight and the gap in the curtains. The bra was proof enough that I was 'hoggin' but that wasn't in the rules. It must have been fashioned by Omar the tent maker. They were enormous, and I loved

being smothered with them. I also prefer being on the bottom, which suited 3 bills just fine. This was before the days where folks worried about aids, so no condoms were necessary. I was a young Marine, and had STDs before. 'Nothing a shot can't cure' came out of many a corpsman's mouth long before Bon Jovi's. I probably was told what her name was, but it wasn't important to remember. We both got what we wanted. In fact, she'd have met my standards, even if we weren't 'hoggin'.

Morning came, and I knew that nobody could top the panties I'd acquired. That was until Kevin showed me the pair he'd gotten. She must have jumped off the top bunk. "She had the biggest ass I'd ever seen" bragged Kevin. That was the rule. Panty size, not weight. While my hog was clearly heavier than Kevin's, he won hands down. I still don't know how

she got all that ass into those jeans. Maybe she jumped from the 8th floor.

Back when PBR came in 30 packs, Kevin and I worked night crew till the work was done, and then drank two 30 packs and a twelve. We never ensured 36 a piece, but we were matched pretty well beer for beer, so it was safe to say, we consumed an equal share, or at least as much as we needed.

We were polishing off some clam strips we'd bought at the packy with our PBR, when Kevin suggested that we do Flaky Jakes for lunch. We were drunk as shit, but climbed into my Diesel Rabbit and headed for town.

Flaky Jakes, for those who haven't ever been to one, is sort of a semi-fancy burger joint. The separation from being like other burger joints is that you tell them

how you want your burger cooked and the rest is up to you. They give you the meat, prepared to your liking, and you fix the rest yourself.

What Kevin liked about the place best was how they finished their portion of the service. They called your name. Actually, they called the name you gave them when you put in your order. It sounds fairly ordinary, but the set up of this restaurant provided an environment where everyone who had ordered could hear and watch who would respond to what name.

Kevin was a huge soap opera fan. Mostly because that was what was on the tube during our waking hours. Kevin knew that the house wife crowds where we frequented would know who Victor Neumann was. He always gave the name Victor N. When the counter employees would announce the name Victor N., he would just sit there and look around the room to see

how many house wife types would perk-up to see who would pick up the order.

He loved the attention it would bring, but then he hated having to get up and disappoint the ladies. Inevitably, he'd ask me to get it, and I never would. He'd sulk his way up to the counter when the next name was called, so as to confuse people, and then he'd whisper that he was Victor. Then it was always the same. After a few bites, he'd always say, "Did you see all those stupid women? They thought fuckin' Victor Neumann was actually in Flakey Jakes in Kaneohe, Hawaii."

Joey D. Ossian

"Off Hand, Palm Down, Under the Leg, Feels Like Somebody Else is Doing It" anonymous

Chapter 5

Anita Blowjob: Bar Hopping with Shaner and Duco.

I need to warn the reader at this point. Up to now, I've attempted to refrain from using vulgarities and profane language to the best of my ability. That just wasn't acceptable during this chapter. In order to get an accurate picture of what really happened, certain language was necessary.

Detachment 2, Company D, 109th Aviation, Nebraska Army National Guard, Lincoln, Nebraska, or more commonly referred to as Det. 2, was a small, dying by attrition, guard unit about 100 plus strong

when I first joined them in 1987 upon leaving the active duty Marines.

A recruiter recommended them to me because at that time, they were about 10% former Marines, and mostly Huey crew chiefs from Vietnam. I hadn't thought of getting back into the military, but I'd decided going to school and getting paid for it had to be more fun than getting a real job.

About the same time I joined, a young man by the name of Tim Shaner graduated from Lincoln Southeast High School and joined Det 2. Shaner was a buffs fan. I never quite figured that one out. He was born and raised in Lincoln, Nebraska, never liked the Huskers, and rooted for a team that always sucked and got their asses pummeled by the Big Red on an almost annual basis. He's not the military type poster boy, but currently works as a full-time technician with the

Army National Guard in Colorado, where he can properly support his 'buffs'. My wife would have pegged him as a 'pretty boy'. We became friends and started hanging out and bar hopping regularly. I enjoyed Tim for his humor, but mostly because the chicks flocked to him like he was some sort of babe-magnet.

Just a few short years after Tim and I had established this routine, a young man by the name of Ben Leduc graduated from Lincoln East High School and joined Det 2. Ben appeared to be a very timid and sheltered young man, so Tim and I decided there was no better media to corrupt.

The best description of Ben would be a short, stocky, 2nd string wrestler with something to prove. He's one of, if not the most irritating drunks I'm met in my life. He's a combination of the 'Fonz' and the

missing link with his '8' head instead of forehead. Real smart, with a degree in electrical engineering, but got there through hard work more than by natural talent. Ben was real impressionable at the beginning, but now follows his own path. He wants to be the leader, but I'm not sure who's going to follow him at this point. Ben's got this leather jacket he likes to wear when we bar hop. Anybody who sees him has images of Happy Days fleeting through their thoughts, which are quickly dismissed. Those who know Ben are quick with the 'Aaayy' and the thumbs up, mimicking Henry Winkler in his younger years.

It wasn't written in stone anywhere, but being the Marine, I was looked to each Saturday afternoon of guard drill to come up with a plan that would create an environment in which we would all show up for Sunday's drill with an incredible hangover. I was

always successful. Hell, I remember one time in particular that Ben had to wear dress greens to an interview for OCS. He blew chunks so hard the previous night, that he popped a corpuscle in his face and had red pockmarks all over his cheeks and under his eyes. It looked weird because he resembled a red-haired, freckle-faced kid, only with black hair. Warrant Officer (CW4) James Taylor, the shop supervisor, had to dress him, and put on his tie, he was still so tanked up. I'll never forget J.T. yelling at us, "Why do you do this shit to me?" Anyway, back to the story.

We were bar hopping in my previously prescribed sequence, when at the end of the evening, we found ourselves in George's Gyros (pronounced "ye-ros"), just three of us left. Shaner, Duco (Ben), and me. We ordered mass quantities, enough to stem the hunger

pangs of three severe drunks, when we spotted two hookers that had laid claim to the establishment.

One of them was almost the most beautiful creature known to man. A strikingly beautiful oriental woman with a huge rack pushing tightly against a furry pink sweater and the shortest black, silk skirt you'd ever wish for. They were probably fake, but men don't care, they just like them big and firm. She was playfully throwing French fries into the air to see if we could catch them in our mouths while giving us quick glimpses to prove easy access to her neatly trimmed landing strip.

The other hooker was at the exact opposite end of the fashion and pleasantries spectrum. She had to be four bills, and she was just a nasty black ho. Upon later reflection, we decided that the two were probably working together. The short black skirt made you

horny enough to stick your junk into anything. Even if they weren't working together, they both obviously knew that four-bills was benefiting from the alcohol and the pleasant fantasies conjured up from looking at her counterpart.

Picture this: Duco and Shaner were sitting across from me in a booth, and there was an empty seat (or area in the booth, to be more accurate) on my left, as I'd slid in all the way to the window hoping the pink sweater and black skirt would come sit by me. Guess who took the seat?

She told us her name was Anita, or that might just have been the name we gave her upon later recollection. She pulled my unit out of my right pant leg (without even asking), again with the easy access shorts, with her right hand and started eating my fries with her left. Anyone walking past on the sidewalk

could have stopped to watch, but I don't think they did. She was ugly, but I had a huge hard-on from watching the short black skirt and the hand job was satisfactorily relieving the pressure. As drunk as I was, I snaked my left arm around her neck and reached down her shirt to fondle her breasts. I didn't think she'd object. After all, she was eating my French fries. I felt something out-of-place, so to speak, and upon further examination, I found she had a pierced nipple. I said, "Hey guys, check this out." At this time, Ben and Tim became aware that our company was an 'active' participant. At about that same time they watched me pull her V-neck down with my right hand, and pull out her entire pierced nipple breast with my left hand, that was still snaked around her neck.

I can't describe the look on their faces, but the soda started coming out of Ben's nose. It must have been

enough to provoke Anita. I didn't realize she was done with my fries until Tim said, "Hey, those are my fries." Anita said in a deep black ho voice, "Shut up, you skinny little white boy, I'll kick your ass." Then she looked at me and in the same tone of voice a mother would coo at her new born, she said, "I hope you have good health insurance, cuz I'm going to fuck you into the hospital." Playing along, I asked her how much for just a blow job, and she replied, "$5." Playing further, I questioned, "How much more for my buddies to watch?" It was at this point that Tim had seen and heard enough. He told Ben to get the keys to my Jeep, and we were out of there. We left about $8 in lamb sandwiches, but I don't think Anita did.

Joey D. Ossian

"You can't polish a turd." Kevin Goddard

Chapter 6

Buying Chew: Rick Rangel always chipped in.

I've been a tobacco chewer for the better part of my life, but it's gone in stages. Not just in stages of starting and stopping, but in stages of brand and/or type. I started chewing while on mess duty in Hawaii. That was the same time I learned to juggle, with frozen oranges, so I must have had a lot of time on my hands. My brand at the time was Hawken, and it stayed that way for about 15 years until I switched to Oliver Twist. Some people don't think Oliver Twist is a chew at all, because you don't spit it, and it doesn't get lost

in your teeth. Somebody got smart and made a rolled pellet.

Rick Rangel has long since left the guard. That's the tactful, diplomatic version of the story. What actually happened was, his wife started working as a waitress at a bar, and left him for another man. It drove Rick to the point of stabbing himself multiple times so he could come to work and sport the wounds for attention. I'm not sure he got the kind of attention he wanted. He wasn't allowed to work on aircraft anymore, and was sentenced to painting curbs yellow until the guard found a way to get rid of him. Its really too bad, because I liked Rick, and he was a good mechanic. I blame the woman.

Rick was a tobacco chewer also, but to my knowledge, he never bought his own. He just chipped in when Joe Huskey bought a can. I want to say it was

Skoal, so I will for the sake of the story. Joe always had a can somewhere, and Rick knew it. Rick never had a chew, so he would 'buy' some from Joe. Dipping a quarter of the can into his mouth 'cost' Rick a quarter, so he felt it was a pretty good deal. Many a time, Joe would return to discover that most of the can had been pilfered. He would then find a 'thank you' note (usually from Joe's sticky note pad) from Rick with a quarter lying close by. It would infuriate Joe to the point of red face profanities.

That gave Shaun Busskohl and I an idea. Shaun was prior service army, and currently married with a young child. Both he and his wife were students. His state of welfare often required us to 'carry' him at the clubs if we wanted him around. He was usually worth it.

Shaun and I were sitting in the battery shop, Joe's home away from home, when Joe returned from the PX with a brand new can of Skoal. You could almost see the wheels spinning in Shaun's gourd and the smoke rolling out of his ears as Joe left the room and the idea worked itself out of his mouth.

I found a zip-lock bag in a drawer while Shaun broke the seal on the new Skoal can. He then dumped out the entire contents of the can into the zip-lock, I closed it, and threw it into the top desk drawer of Joe's desk. Shaun wrote the 'thank you' with Rick's forged signature and left the quarter. It was all we could do to sit and wait. The laughter was splitting my guts already, and holding it in anticipation was killing me.

Finally, Joe walked in. Shaun went white in the face, and I grew jealous because I couldn't 'straight face' it so good. After what seemed several minutes,

Joe must have caught it out of the corner of his eye, because he did a double take, and picked up the note. He dropped the note, and as it floated down to the desk, he picked up the can and opened it only to discover that it was all but empty. There wasn't even enough crumbs to scrape together one dip.

I swear to God he started quivering. He turned around and in one swift motion he whipped that can so hard it made about 6 rails around the room before it came to a rest, and he was out the door before we knew it. I felt sorry for Rick, but we hid from Joe for the rest of the weekend. Rick was never the same after that. I don't think they had any impact, but I'll never know for sure if our actions contributed to Rick's fanatical ways or not. What can I say? You can't polish a turd.

Joey D. Ossian

"When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him." Jonathan Swift

Chapter 7

The Antenna Farm: Abusing Mike Hoover and his pick-up.

Mike Hoover is a story all by himself. He joined Det. 2 after the cliques had formed, and unfortunately for him, it appeared that his IQ was lacking just enough to make him the prime target for massive quantities of hateful pranks. I hate to think of the mental stress we put this boy under, but he handled it much better than I can say I would have. Fortunately, I don't have to guess how I would have handled it, because I've never been the subject of such continual, non-stop abuse over such a long period of time.

If it sounds like we were total inhuman assholes to this young man, we were, and I'd like to collectively apologize to him on behalf of the entire group. Sorry Mike, but damn, you never flinched. You took it like it was intended. Harmless fun.

It was winter, probably a January or February drill, and it had to be early 90's because it still snowed in Nebraska back then. My brother was in with me at the time, so that would put it about '93. David and I found some shovels after being tasked with scooping the walk by J.T. He never saved us 'weekend warriors' much avionics work, he just 'created' stuff to keep us busy so the drunks wouldn't break his planes. It was either that, or 'gold plate' a Huey in a phase inspection, and we'd done that a hundred friggin' times, so snow scooping it was.

Once the walk was cleared, we turned our focus to much more productive and creative efforts. We decided to make a camper top for Mike Hoover. It didn't start out that way. The first thing we wanted to do was pile the snow in his truck bed higher than the 'antenna farm' he'd grown on the hood and roof. Mike was involved with any organization that would have him from the volunteer firemen in his hometown of Louisville to the Knights of Columbus, and he had some form of communication in his pick-up so each entity could get a hold of him quickly. He also had every Gerber, Leatherman, and Hoover-matic type tool that would fit on his web-belt. Like I said, the early 90's in Nebraska had easily provided enough fluff to do the job right.

About half way through, David dropped his shovel and started to take a piss in the snow. This sort of

shocked me because we had a small audience. I remember Troy Pabst being there. Troy was another Lincolnite that joined Det 2 right out of high school. Troy was studying horticultural at UNL, and brought back a butt-load of plants and leaves to study from Corpus Christi, Texas one summer camp. Troy was always good for a laugh, and is primarily responsible for a large portion of nicknames assigned to folks in Det 2. He labeled me with 'Hoey'.

If David didn't care that Troy (gazer) Pabst was watching him pee, I figured it was safe for me as well. After I noticed that David was writing my name, I wasn't to be outdone. I wrote his name in cursive. When Troy commented that future interpreters might think we were holding each other's dicks because of the funny handwriting and such, we discontinued our

handwriting lessons and continued to bury the truck and our handiwork.

When piling it on got boring, we decided to make it look like a camper top. I wish I'd taken a picture. From a distance, you probably couldn't have told the difference between our version and a real camper. Hell, even Mike was amused.

The worse thing I ever did to Mike Hoover is up to interpretation, but I think this next story is it. I never did anything harmful, depending on your perspective. It was a dare to start with, and I can't even remember who dared it. It was probably Troy Pabst. He was the same one who dared me to fire my .32 in David's apartment. I do remember that it was Ben Leduc who double-dogged it, and it was my brother, David, who told me I didn't have a hair on my ass if I didn't.

So I took the zip-lock to the shitter and filled it with a loaf of warmth. You know, it's hard to aim a turd when you can't see the hole it's coming out from. It's also hard to keep from peeing when you're trying to hold the bag open with both hands. I didn't want to pee, because my schwance couldn't be aimed in the stool without at least one hand. Stored in my right cargo pocket, I was literally armed with a 'shitbag'. It wasn't your typical feces collection. The previous night's drinking made sure the consistency filled the corner spaces of the bag quickly. Trent Fuller claimed later that it sort of looked like chili.

It got funnier by the moment as I carted it around asking people to guess what I had in my pocket. Dean Molzer actually guessed correctly, but wouldn't believe he had until I pulled it out and showed it to

him. It was still steaming, and had caused the inside of the bag to grow foggy.

I finally got around to putting it on its dared destination, Hoover's dashboard. Not because I got tired of carrying it around, but because guys were trying to schmush it on my leg to see if the bag would break, and I was getting bruised and charley-horsed all up and down my thigh.

Joey D. Ossian

"The universal aptitude for ineptitude makes any human accomplishment an incredible miracle." Col. John P. Stapp

Chapter 8

Damaging Personal Vehicles: The Deuce that ran over my Ventura and Terry Read's pickup claim.

It had to be the year, 1988 or 1989, because I still owned the 1972 Pontiac Ventura with the honeycomb grill. I bought it for $500 bucks from Weird Wally in Lincoln, Nebraska. It was blue, but had several locations where rust was coming through. I liked the faded appearance of the car, and often thought it would be cool to try out the color-restoring claims of the commercial polishes. It started out running great, but it wasn't two months before I started hearing a grinding noise in the transmission.

I've since read Matilda by Roald Dahl, and I began wondering if I was the victim of some crookedness. For $500 bucks, I wasn't going to get anything fixed on it, I was just going to continue to drive it until it left me stranded somewhere. It never did. One day that transmission must have chewed off the offending tooth, and it ran just as smooth as silk until the day I traded it for the 'Hond' (a later story). Long before the trade however, I was parked out by Craig Bradley's supply shop, North side of the Det 2 hangar on the Air Guard base in Lincoln, Nebraska.

I had just gotten into my Ventura and for the zillionth time, the song by America, Ventura Highway, entered my mind. I sat there waiting while some knucklehead tried to back and turn a deuce and a half into a parking spot on the passenger side of my car.

The military's favorite form of transportation. The Deuce and a half.

I noticed that he was coming pretty close to my bumper, but I figured he had me in his mirror and would adjust, or from his angle, he saw he'd miss me. It was a fairly rutted parking lot, so even at his slow backing speed, he wasn't having the smoothest of rides. Maybe that's why he didn't notice that he was about to win this game of 'bumper tag'. Due to his

altitude, he never actually used his bumper. His left rear tire caught the right corner of my chrome bumper, and instead of stopping, he kept going. Then, instead of being pushed back, like I anticipated my car would react, the front end began going down! I started having flashes of movie scenes where the guy gets crushed in a car in the middle of some vehicle-recycling yard. Again, I expected the driver to stop and try a better angle, but he kept going. He must have thought it was a pretty big rut. The weight of the deuce shoved my car down until rubber met the wheel well, and I felt the back end come off the ground as I watched the Deuce's left rear tire completely roll over my bumper! I sat there in disbelief as the Ventura settled back to a static state and the driver parked the deuce next to me. He got out and began to walk into the hangar as if

nothing happened, so I'm sure that he had no idea what just did.

I jumped out of my car to check out the damage, and to get his attention so I could make him aware of what he'd done. I shut my door and started hollering before I turned the corner to look at the bumper. I was expecting to see it laying on the ground, but there it was, right where it was supposed to be. In fact, it looked perfectly normal with the exception of the black rubber and parking lot grime left by the deuce's tire.

The driver of the deuce had returned and was looking where I was looking, and wondering what I was looking for, because he had no idea what I was looking at. I told him, "You just ran me over." He looked at me like I'd just smoked a pound of crack. "Huh?" was the only response I got from him. He

started walking away, and I just watched him go. I don't know why I didn't ask his name or follow him or kick his ass.

I went into Craig Bradley's office and told him what had just happened. Craig was an AGR, and had been talking about retiring for the entire ten years we drilled together. His dream was to start another career as a teacher and coach. Craig came out to look at the car. The deuce was still there, as was my car, but the rubber and grime markings left on the bumper were gone. "He must have felt bad, and come back to clean it, I guess", I told Craig. He just laughed and started walking back to his office, not believing a word of my tale. I never saw that guy again, and I didn't see that deuce move from that spot for a year.

I'm not sure yet why this story is included in the book. Possibly because it's representative of the weird shit that happens and the way people try to blame it on the government in the hopes of getting some form of compensation. Most probably won't find it funny, but if you were there, and saw the looks on our faces, it was a moment to remember.

A handful of us avionics mechanics were pulling yet another 'home station' annual training for Det 2. The 'Dirtbag' Dennis Groshans, acting First Shirt, had 'created' work for us, so we wouldn't just sit around and play cards.

Prior to joining the Army National Guard, 'Bag' was a corpsman in the Navy and did two tours in Vietnam with a Marine grunt unit. He claims to be a Marine, and if you don't like it, that's too bad. In my opinion, the only way to claim the title other than Paris

Island and San Diego's MCRD, is the way 'Bag' and Jack Bradley did it. Patching up grunts while taking heavy fire. Doing the same shit they were doing, day in and day out.

The task 'Bag' had come up with for us involved moving a bunch of stuff up and down lots of stairs, loading pickups, driving across base, and unloading. Sweat hog work. I didn't bitch, I was rehabbing a knee from surgery about six months previous and wanted to get a good work out. Hefting loads up stairs would do it good.

Before even getting started, we realized that we didn't have a government vehicle to move stuff in. We needed a pickup, and all I had at the time was the 'Hond'. You'll hear about that car in the next chapter.

Terry Read, another former squid, had a pickup, and he readily volunteered it for brownie points with

the shirt. Terry had done 11 years with the Navy. Why he didn't finish his 20 on active duty, I'll never know. Maybe it was because he didn't fit in the Navy. He was the most redneck lookingest fuck you ever saw and was proud of it. Anyway, we loaded that pickup half a dozen times, and rode it back and forth half a day before it happened.

Ben Leduc and I were unloading a very heavy file cabinet. My end slipped which forced Ben to drop his end. My end caught the corner of the bed up by the passenger door and left a large dent in exchange for a good deal of paint. I said a naughty word and Terry said something worse, but then blew it off when he learned that it wouldn't affect the way the truck drove.

I wouldn't say that it improved the appearance of the truck, but it sure as hell didn't hurt it any. Ben and I never heard another word about the incident until a

few drills later when Terry wanted us to sign on as witnesses to something regarding his truck damage. Terry wanted to collect a few bucks out of the deal. Ben and I both said we had no idea what the heck he was talking about, until there were a few beers in it for us. Terry ensured us that there was, and our memories conveniently returned.

A Marine's Lapse in Synapse

"When I die on this road, do I become Santa Claus?" Brett Crossley

Chapter 9

The Hond: What Can I Say,

The 'a' Fell Off.

I just felt like buying it. I had saved up some money, and was tired of the Ventura. There wasn't anything wrong with the Ventura, I just wanted something different. I couldn't afford to be real picky, but I figured a thousand or two dollars would get me something four times as nice as the Pontiac. Chesty should have come up out of his grave to get me for buying a Japanese car but he didn't (yet).

It was a 1978 Honda Civic, 4 speed, with a tape deck. It was nimble and got good gas mileage. For some reason unknown to me, the company logo on the

hatch had lost its last letter, so it affectionately became known as the 'Hond.' I think my older brother, Rick, tabbed it with that title.

One icy February when I was still a college student driving in from Waverly for class, I went out to start the 'Hond' so it would warm up and somewhat defrost itself so I wouldn't have to scrape. I couldn't get the door open. The key went in the lock, and the lock turned, but the dang door was frozen shut. I tried both sides and neither would open. Luckily, the hatch did.

I awkwardly climbed over the backseat, and between the two front seats and into position to start the car. It started just fine, but when I went to get out, I still couldn't get the doors open. Imagine me laying on my back and pushing both feet like a hip sled into the passenger door. Even from the inside, they wouldn't budge. I thought about going back out the hatch, but it

doesn't open from the inside, so I started to roll down the window. It was frozen as well, but with some effort the window started to come down. Unfortunately, it brought the rubber trim down with it. Thinking I could fix that later, I escaped out the window.

I wanted to retain all the heat that I could in the car, so I tried to roll up the window as much as I could from the outside of the car and still get my arm out. The gap didn't satisfy me, so I decided to climb through the hatch again, just to roll up the window. I propped the hatch open with my shoe, so I could get back out through the hatch again. With that mission accomplished, I went back into the house thinking surely that ten minutes of warmth would thaw the doors as well as the windshield.

Ten minutes and breakfast later, I returned to the 'Hond' and tried the doors again. The freeze that took

hold of those doors wasn't ready to let go yet, so I entered through the hatch again, knowing that by the time I drove to campus, the doors would surely be thawed. At least there was progress on the windshield, so I could see to drive without scraping.

About fifteen minutes later, I found a parking space on campus, and was ready to finally leave the frozen prison. Unfortunately the mobile ice-cube wasn't ready to let me go. That stuff was better than super glue! I rolled down the window again, this time without the rubber trim coming with it, and climbed out, much to the amusement of other students parking their cars.

Here on campus, I was really paranoid about stuff being stolen out of the 'Hond', in particular my most excellent cassette tape collection. I re-entered through the hatch, again propping it with my shoe, to the further amusement of the growing crowd of onlookers.

I rolled up the window and exited through the hatch with my book bag in tow.

Some smart-aleck bohunk asked me, "Uh, hey man, why don't you just use the doors?" I was in a fairly angry and exhausted state at the moment, but it didn't take a terribly extra long time to form a reply. As I walk to the driver's side door of the 'Hond' I began to say, "No shit, Sherlock, the friggin' doors are frozen solid!" but before I could get to the third word, I pulled the handle, and it opened, so I said, "No shit, that would have been a banner fuckin' idea. Why didn't I think of that?"

That wasn't the worst, or scariest thing that ever happened in the 'Hond'. One summer camp with Det 2, I convinced 'Bag' that I needed to travel POV (privately owned vehicle). There were only a certain

number of people allowed to do that, and there were certainly other people more worthy than me, but remember, I was the 'chosen one'. Those old jarheads treated me like I was their own son. Anyway, once we were out in Colorado Springs, I had wheels, and this made summer camp a hell of a good deal more fun than sitting in 'tent city' for two weeks.

I was taking Brett Crossley for a drive up Pike's Peak. Brett is one of those guys that looks like a professional athlete. We came up with head size as the primary criteria for looking like a 'pro'. I actually hooked this guy up with my sister once. I think they had one or two dates. I had my hopes up pretty high, because Brett is handsome, and has a real career. I even had the term brother-in-law in mind, but it wasn't to be. My sister, Angie, was in a stage of her life where she wanted to find a husband, and Brett wasn't at the

stage where he wanted to be one. He recognized that, and did the mature thing and ended it.

Brett was blonde, about 6'2", 250 lbs., and walked with his elbows stuck out like he was carrying something under each arm. Anytime he was out with us we used his physique to get us free drinks. People always believed it when we told them he was a punter for the Toronto Argonauts, or a hockey player for some other obscure Canadian team. Hell, one time I even convinced Dean Wysocki, that short-armed weather forecaster from the channel 8 news, that Brett was the first left-handed catcher in major league history, and just signed a contract with the Arizona Devil Rays (I know, slight lack of brain synapse there, but that's the way I told it to Dean). I'll never forget the exchange as long as I live. Dean says, "Hey, are

you really Brett Crossley?" Brett replied, "Not for you I'm not."

Brett and I had dropped off Ted Christ and Roger Christiansen at the base of the peak before beginning our drive to the top. It was warm enough when we started that I was forming a good chunk of 'duck butter'. Ted and Roger wanted to hike up to the top and meet us. We were debating the climb, but somebody had to drive, and somebody had to keep the driver company. Once at the top, Brett and I took pictures, enjoyed the scenery, the gift shop, and the actual snow that was present there in the middle of May.

It took quite a while for Ted and Roger to find their way to the top. They rested, toured the gift shop, and then proclaimed that they were ready for the ride down. If I'd reminded them before they got in that the

'Hond' had little if no braking ability, and third gear was non-existent, they probably would have opted to walk. I left out that little tid-bit of information, and we began our descent.

A little over 900 pounds was probably a little too much for the 'Hond'. The momentum that built up gave me an opportunity to save on gas, but it didn't save what little brakes I had left. They heated up quickly and lost any stopping power they previously had. Even first gear didn't have enough stopping power for that damn hill. Roger wanted out, so when we reached the halfway point, at a mandatory brake check area, he bailed on us and went the rest of the way on foot. He figured he'd be the only one to live through it that way, and then he'd tell the story. The brake check monitor forced us to park it for an hour. We were still North (I mean 'up') of 'Santa's

Workshop', a small amusement park that is settled on much flatter area about a quarter of the way up from the bottom.

We passed Roger shortly after our 'begin again' from the brake check. We just waved, not offering the ride we knew would be refused. We weren't completely giving in to the thought of dying. Brett proved that as we passed the amusement park with a humorous crack that today still doesn't make any sense to me. "When I die on this road, do I become Santa Claus?" Needless to say, when we got to the bottom, I had created more than a little duck butter. I still wonder what the collective before and after weight difference would have been.

Joey D. Ossian

"It would have made a better story if you'd have gotten laid." Ben LeDuc

Chapter 10

Tattoo Boy and The Milkman: Saturday after drill with Det. 2, Co. D, 109th Aviation, Lincoln, NE.

I think this was the outing that Ben and I remember best, because we reviewed the story every time we saw each other for a year after it happened.

After a typical Saturday drill, several of the clan decided it would be a good day to start out at the Royal Grove, just a few short miles from the base. I know Ben and I were there along with Terry Read, and Shaun Busskohl. Other than that my memory of who attended is foggy.

We took our normal positions in the drool trough so we would have a great view of the exotic dancers as they performed their little teases on stage. After enjoying the first few performers, one gal with a very nice post-pregnancy rack got down next to Ben while she was fondling herself. She told Ben to open his mouth. Naturally, when a stripper tells you to do something, you just naturally do it, no questions asked. Even if its some obscure demand like, "Stand on your head, stack b-bs, and gargle peanut butter." So Ben opened his mouth. Like a highly skilled marksman, the stripper shot a stream of milk from her breast, right onto Ben's tongue! It was the coolest thing we ever saw! It was so cool, we did one of those massive group head jerks to look at each other with that 'did you see that shit?' look on our collective faces. So I asked for some, and she shot me in the eye! We were just dying

over how cool it was, and we told the story to everybody we saw for the rest of the night and the following day. The detachment commander, Captain Person, asked Ben the next day, "Got Milk?" Shortly after that, the entire Army National Guard was forever banned from going to the Royal Grove in BDUs.

We enjoyed that trip to the Grove so much, that we went again the following drill. We didn't see the same set of strippers, but one we hadn't seen before had a tattoo that I couldn't help commenting on. The one piece of clothing she was wearing was a tiger striped thong, but the waist band was wide enough to cover up the bottom of a tiger tattoo that was obviously finished at the bottom by a very happy tattoo artist.

I told her that I had some tattoos also, and that I'd gladly show her mine, if she'd show me hers. She was

a stripper, so she didn't get smart and tell me I could see most of it already, she simply asked me where my tattoos were. I lied and told her I had a $ sign on the head of my unit. I didn't really, but I had to come up with something worth seeing in trade. I couldn't just show her the ones on my shoulders and chest, and I was hoping that once we disrobed to sport our art that something else might happen.

I borrowed a ball-point pen from Terry Read, walked to the bathroom, and proceeded to draw a neat $ sign exactly where I told the stripper it was. On her next break she came to me with that 'bring it on' look, so I got up and followed her to a private place behind the stages that I never knew existed before.

She had additional clothing on during her break, but it just added to the erotic moment because the clothing hid nothing. She said, "You first," so I pulled

my pants down and stuck the already-swollen head out the fly of my boxers. It wasn't a well lit room, so she got on her knees to examine it more closely. She claimed that it looked fresh and that it must have hurt like hell. I said it did, and I was only stretching the truth a little, because drawing on the head of your dick with a ball-point pen isn't the most comfortable experience in the world.

Then I told her it was her turn to show me. "First, I want to kiss it and make it feel better". Who was I to argue with a stripper? She wrapped her lips around it and started sliding her mouth back and forth on my schwance! She was so damn good, I didn't think I was going to last very long. She practically read my mind. She got up and pulled off her thong. She then bent over a table and spread her legs and told me to come over and inspect her tattoo as closely as I wanted.

I don't think I even looked at her artwork. I got up behind her and went right to work. This got no argument from her, so I humped the hell out of her for about four minutes, pulled out and nutted all over her back. Some of it must have hit her tiger in the eye. That was payback for the stripper who shot me with her milk. I'm certain that she didn't notice that my tattoo had somehow vanished.

All right, the part about getting laid isn't true, but Ben always wants my stories to end that way, so I fabricated an ending that would give him 'wood'. Ben, I hope it made for a better story.

A Marine's Lapse in Synapse

"If you like Penus A Lotta"

Derek Whisenhunt

Chapter 11

My First Trip to Puerto Rico: David and I shot AR-15s for the Nebraska National Guard Marksmanship Team.

Nebraska Shooters posing with their hardware.

My brother David and I were as pumped as could be. We had only been in the Nebraska Air National Guard for about a month when we joined the marksmanship team in September of 1998. After just

two successful matches, and six months in the Air Guard, we were invited to Puerto Rico to shoot a National Match. Honestly, we didn't care if we finished in last place. We were going to Puerto Rico! We'd never been there before, and we both had exotic fantasies about what awaited us. We didn't even bitch about the six-hour plane ride on canvas troop seats.

I don't have to tell you that Puerto Rico is a beautiful place to visit. You can tell that from the pictures. If you couldn't guess, it's also a magnificent place to party. During the first night there, Derek Whisenhunt went with my brother and I to find a place to eat, drink, and be scary. Derek Whisenhunt is one of the funniest individuals I've ever met in my life, but the funniest part of meeting him is the story I told him about having met him already.

Derek 'DeCaprio' Whisenhunt

That's not from Yogi Berra either, and it doesn't make any sense, so I'll give you the background.

Brother David and I were in a bar in Lincoln, NE after a guard drill (Does that sound familiar?). We just started visiting with this girl when she started talking about her husband, a National Guardsman. We were both in the Guards at the time, so we asked for a name

to see if we knew the lucky bastard. When she said, "Derek Whisenhunt", I had never heard of the guy in my life, but I was in that state of mind where my wheels where always turning. I said, "Whiz!", signifying that I did in fact know her husband, cause 'Whiz' would have to be the guy's nickname if there's a God in this world. I was right on the money, and she began informing me why he couldn't come out this evening as if I'd known Derek for years and was his old buddy. After a few short minutes, I told her to say, "Hi", to Whiz for me (without leaving my name of course). Shortly after I related this story to Derek over a Pina Colada and some chicken-on-a-stick, he laughed and broke into his often-repeated version of an old Rupert Holmes tune. "If you like Penus A Lotta". Rupert Holmes has never sounded the same since. I can't even eat chicken without hearing it in my head.

We were extremely fortunate that during our stay, the islanders were celebrating the San Juan Festival. It occurs the weekend before the United States celebrates Martin Luther King Jr. Day. David and I went to Old San Juan with a vanload of folks that included Derek Whisenhunt, Billy Rowell, and Jim Koelzer. The Festival was like Fat Tuesday at Mardi Gras, only more wholesome.

Billy Rowell is a wonderful human being, regardless of what my brother thinks, but he's one of those unfortunate fellows who looks like a hairy little troll. And damn if I didn't hook this guy up with my sister as well. She almost married this one after dating him for a year. It all started shortly after we left Puerto Rico. I had been talking to Billy about his multiple failed relationships, and I have always talked to my sister about the same thing, so I just put two and two

together. I was almost a perfect Cupid, but turned out to be a perfect stupid. I think he broke her heart.

Jim Koelzer is a salty shooter who ought to be a distinguished pistol and rifle shooter by now. He's one hell of an instructor too, always sharing what he's learned, but the best thing about Jim is his understanding and generosity. I'll never forget him because of what he did for me during a shoot we had a few years after the first trip. Jim understood that my wife wanted justification for me to attend these trips, and that the justification normally came in the form of winning some hardware to prove that I was good enough to go. It's not that hard to believe that I'd have an off day, but it happened. As soon as Jim realized that I might not have a thing to hang from my neck, he gave me one of his medals. It turned out that the team I shot for earned a medal in the end, so I returned Jim's.

He would have always had my respect, but I'll never forget him because of that one gesture.

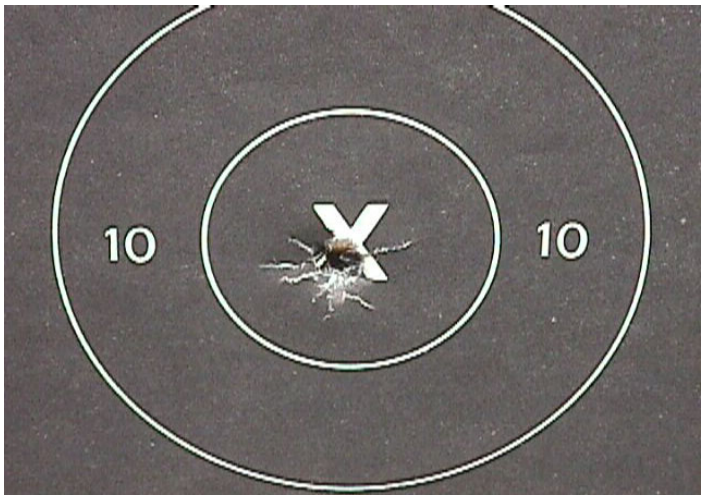
Jim Koelzer taking a break from working the pits.

When the four of us arrived downtown, I was wearing these rubber sandals that were tearing the ass out of my feet. Just about the time my feet were rubbed raw, and I couldn't drink enough 'pain killer' fast enough, Billy spilled about a liter of ice cold Pina

Colada right on both of my feet. My first reaction was 'oh crap, nice move, troll', but the relief that my feet felt was extremely welcome. It wasn't two minutes after that when Koelzer accidentally dumped most of his on my feet as well. These drinks were just too good to spill on purpose, so believe me when I say they didn't do it out of the kindness of their hearts. Billy was so hammered, that by the end of the night, he'd spilled two more on me. Unfortunately, they weren't as well 'aimed' as the first two.

The whole gang did their share of drinking, but David and I over did it on the night before the last day of competition. I was so messed up on Pina Coladas that I was heaving my guts out on the grass just outside the barracks. David and some of the other shooters were encouraging me to see how far I could dispense the projectile vomit. I should have died.

The next morning I laid down in the prone position to shoot from 600 yards. I felt so bad, I didn't even want to shoot, I just wanted to go back to bed and sleep for about six more hours. I even contemplated snoozing right there. I sighted in and pulled the trigger. The scorer sent me back an 'X'. It was pure ass luck I thought, until I did it a couple more times. I decided to start taking this round serious and damned if I didn't shoot my best score ever. I wound up winning the damn match. David got lucky as well, and wound up winning the 300-yard rapid-fire match. No heartbeat or pulse to throw off the shots I guess.



A photo of a shot without a heartbeat.

The last night on the island, we entertained ourselves by tossing Dave Seyvold's boonie hat in the ceiling fan. Major Dave Seyvold is 'Super Dave' in my book. I've known him since he was a Captain, which isn't very long, but in that entire time, he's been a fantastic role model for young officers. He is responsible when he's supposed to be, and very capable, but when it's time to party, the rank comes

off, and you'd never tell the difference between him and the enlisted guys.

The group of us stayed in the barracks that night to consume the alcohol leftovers because we couldn't take open bottles on the plane. We created a drinking game, because we had a lot of open bottles. Lemon Rum, Orange Rum, Banana Rum, and of course Coconut Rum. It turned out to be a very subjective game in the beginning. Random points were assigned to your 'toss'. Once we fine-tuned the rules, If you could throw the hat through the fan without hitting the moving blades, you were a master, and could choose who drank. If the blades caught it and gave it a real good spin before letting go, you were pretty good as well, but the point was to get the whirligig to throw it directly at someone. The receiver was 'allowed' to consume from a bottle of their choosing. You were

penalized if your toss became 'crotched' in the rafters, or was thrown to a location where someone had to get up to fetch it.

'Super Dave' and 'Bishop Stan' in the arms room.

Late in the game, after a few tossers passed out, we got to the topic of terminology for masturbation. This is a fairly common activity for drunken men, so don't be too taken aback. Of course we had to break out the terms everybody had heard first, so we just started 'tossing' them out. Beat the meat, Jack-off, Wax the

Carrot, Spank the Monkey, Whack the Weasel, Punch the Clown, Toss off a batch of orphans, and so forth. The one I mentioned next, from my perspective was as old as the hills themselves. When I said, "Polish the Bishop", Steve Stanislav broke into laughter so robust that he fell on the floor.

Steve Stanislav after shooting his course of fire.

Steve is an old marathoner, and has been around the Army Guard a long time. I would have bet that he'd heard it before, but that obviously wasn't the case. I think it was the funniest term he'd ever heard in his

life. At that point, a portion of it had to become his nickname, just so he'd never forget. Next time you see him, call him 'The Bishop'.

Joey D. Ossian

Private First Class Joey D. Ossian. Photo taken at NAS Memphis, Millington, Tennessee, 1983.

About the Author

Joey Ossian was born in Tecumseh, Nebraska, in September of 1964. He also graduated high school from there, but spent a good deal of time in between being moved around the Midwest by his father in his quest for the perfect job.

After four years in the Marine Corps, during his Nebraska National Guard days, Joey became an elementary teacher, and spent two years as a K-12 Principal before getting deployed in support of Operation Enduring Freedom. Mr. Ossian now works with the National Guard, shoots competitively, writes, and watches his children grow. Joey lives with his wife and three children near Columbus, Nebraska.