The Welcome Tour: Camp Smedley Butler, Okinawa
—David S. Pointer

The dead Marine’s mother was being escorted around Okinawa. She arrived at the Provost Marshal’s office with the officer of the day fairly early in the morning, and an incarcerated prisoner elected to bombard her with his fresh feces—

The desk sergeant had me trade my blackgear and .45 for a mop and bucket high blocking prisoner haymakers while helping him to hold his new mop as conduct unbecoming became a clean black tile floor as well as a stain odor stuck on familial funeral history