

DISPATCHES

Monthly Magazine

MILITARY
WRITERS
SOCIETY
OF AMERICA

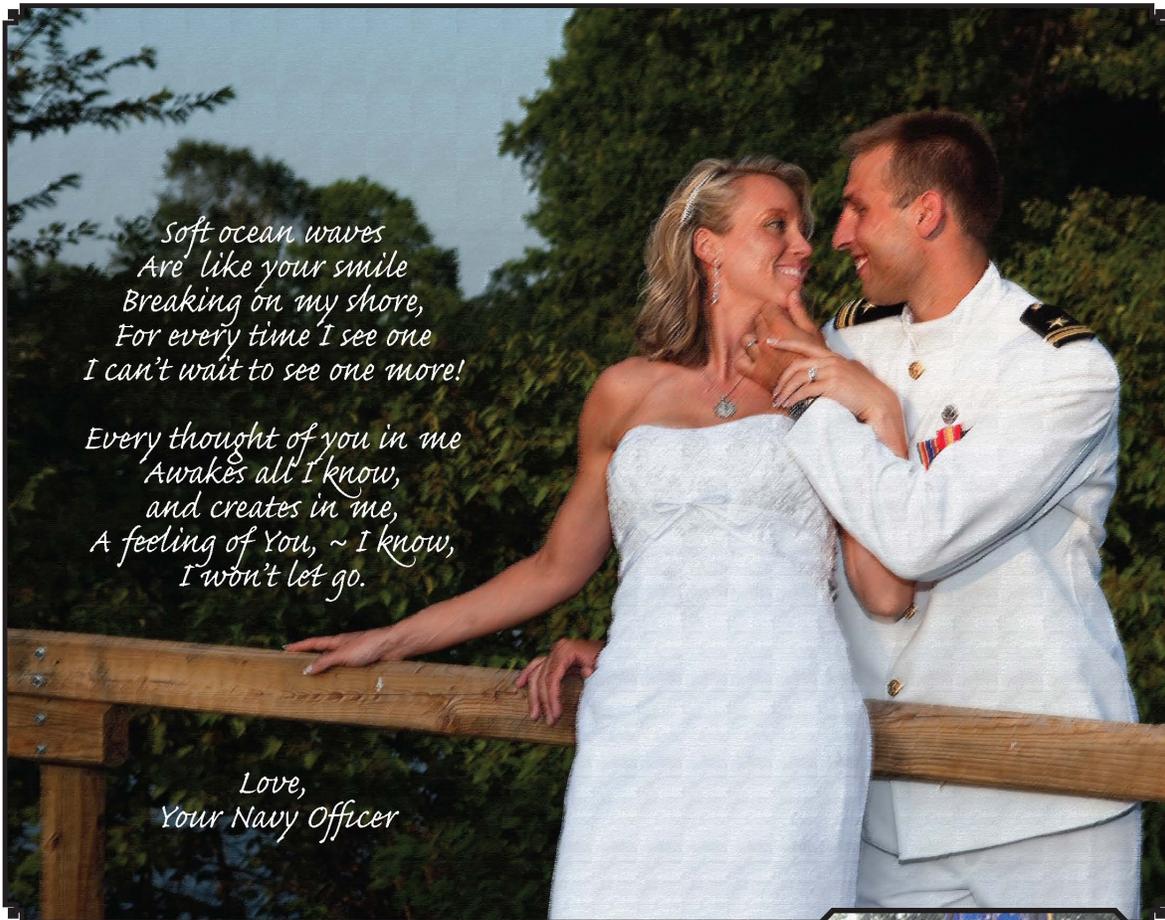
January 2011

RAGE



Inside this issue...

Leon Weckstein's Amazing Story
2010 People's Choice Winners
Korean War Book Award
MWSA Winter Reading List



*Soft ocean waves
Are like your smile
Breaking on my shore,
For every time I see one
I can't wait to see one more!*

*Every thought of you in me
Awakes all I know,
and creates in me,
A feeling of you, ~ I know,
I won't let go.*

*Love,
Your Navy Officer*

Introducing a unique series of original artwork by Kate Dunn of The Creative Cabin, an award-winning graphic designer and fine artist.

life
of many colors™

The "Photo Paint" Process

Kate Dunn's beautiful images are multi-media in nature, and her technique demands raw talent as well as a multiplicity of advanced technical skills. She begins by using her trained eye to capture exciting original images using a state-of-the-art digital camera. Next, she transfers the image to her computer, where she uses a combination of software packages to artistically enhance the images. Finally, she produces an original print on the finest quality Strathmore acid-free cotton fiber paper, or Canvas. The result is a stunning original piece of art, some of which are sold in numbered series and others of which are available as originals only.

Commissioned Pieces

While Dunn typically uses her own photography for her work, she will accept commissions using your own treasured family photographs or photograph a subject of your choosing. Also available are originally designed Invitations, Holiday Cards, Announcements, etc all personalized with your images.



'A Memorable Day'

Expose yourself to a truly creative process producing visual images of highest quality and originality.

theCreativeCabin.com

studio. 412.767.5046

From the Editor...

Hi everyone—and Happy New Year,

As usual, these last few months have been busy. We have been evaluating all the things that we did wrong last year and determining how to do them better or whether to do them at all—and looking at the things that we did right and figuring out how to do them even better. While that's an ongoing task, we have come up with some things that we will be changing—with your help and support.

First, as I've mentioned before, we are working on expanding MWSA leadership through a committee structure. The more that you are involved in the process, the more meaningful your membership is to you. Also, everyone brings something to the table that benefits MWSA. Some of you have already been approached about taking on a new role and many of you have accepted and already started work. For example, this month, Bob Doerr, Chairman of the MWSA Reading List Committee, completed his first reading list and it's now on page 16. The idea is to bring attention to more MWSA authors and their books. This was his baby—he suggested it, defined it, and implemented it. We'll be sending them out in all sorts of places...hoping to introduce them to new audiences. Many thanks, Bob!

Second, I've been slowly reaching out to individual members for feedback. However, if I haven't gotten to you yet, please contact me with your thoughts.

Joyce Faulkner, President of MWSA

The William E. Mayer Prize for Literary and Artistic Excellence phrase for January is "RAGE."

*We need someone who is comfortable with web work to help the Webmaster maintain the bookstore and upload the reviews as they are completed by our reviewers. We estimate this at about two hours a week. You will receive MWSA buckaroos for your help.
Contact mwsawebmaster@gmail.com*

This publication includes works of perspective, reflection, fiction, and poetry.



Contents

<i>Reluctant Heroes —jim greenwald</i>	4
<i>Close Call —Leon Weckstein</i>	5
<i>Korean War Book Award</i>	11
<i>Moon's Mutterings — Mike Mullins</i>	13
<i>MWSA 2011 Winter Reading List</i>	16
<i>MWSA 2010 People's Choice Awards</i>	17
<i>Dreams Along the Way —Bob Flournoy</i>	18
<i>In the Ranks —Chuck Bailey</i>	20
<i>Tips and Tools for Writers—Joyce Faulkner</i>	21
<i>Author of the Month—Blaine Pardoe</i>	22
<i>Book of the Month—Eisenhower & Montgomery</i>	23
<i>January Notes—Jim Greenwald</i>	24
<i>2011 MWSA Registration Form</i>	26
<i>January Poetry Corner</i>	27
<i>January 2011—Dwight Zimmerman</i>	30

Reluctant Heroes

By jim greenwald

At Times my feathers, I confess, become a touch ruffled when folks make a distinction between an author and a poet. I see no difference, but then I am a poet.

Recently I had occasion to engage in an email conversation with a member, Leon Weckstein, a man in his 90s who served in the “big war.” In no way do I feel comfortable writing about his time in the service, perhaps there is a difference between authors and poets after all, for I see no way to write an article that would do him and his service justice.

At my request (indirectly), I received a large envelope containing a slice, an important slice of his time in the Army. A quick scan and I was going “WOW.” Not everyone thinks of themselves as important or as a hero but, here is a man who served, was decorated and took his place as one more quiet hero. Among the decorations he received—the Legion of Merit and the Bronze Star, as well as decorations from the Polish and Italian governments.

No flag waving and chest beating for Staff Sergeant Weckstein, but to this person who has been to Pisa and visited the Leaning Tower, I now owe a thank you to Leon for saving it for the millions who have enjoyed visiting—none of whom know him either.

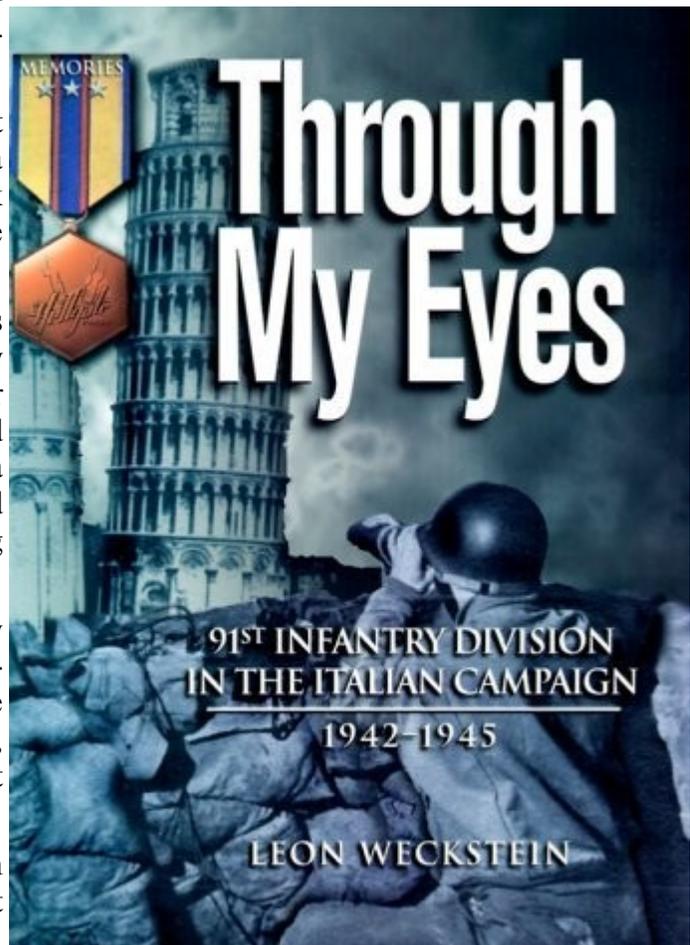
He describes the events and his experiences in his book “Through My Eyes,” which details his story as a part of the 91st Infantry Division, and their participation in the events near the Arno River, and his involvement with the Leaning Tower. He and a radio operator named Charles King were tasked with ascertaining whether the Germans were using the Tower for spotting and sniping at them.

Getting as close as they could to the Tower by passing through mine fields, it was Sgt. Weckstein’s call as to whether or not they bombarded the Tower to eliminate the threat. His decision not to, saved the Tower—and the Italian government at the end of the war decorated him for this.

It was more than thirty years after the war when on a visit back to Italy and prompted by his wife that

Leon agreed to write a book about his experiences. Yes, this is about Leon and his service—about what he did and why we and millions of people should applaud him for his decision, but more than that it is about everyday people, under unbearable circumstances who stand up and step forward silently into history’s halls of quiet Heroes.

I encourage folks to purchase his book, available on Amazon.com and book stores nationwide. We hear enough today in the media about all the bad the U.S.A. does around the world and mentions of the good are few and far between. Here is a story worth telling, worth knowing, a story that speaks volumes of what this country is made of, a story that makes you proud to be an American. Thank you Leon!



Close Call for the Leaning Tower of Pisa

A World War II History...1944

Part I (Abridged)

By Leon Weckstein

Former Intelligence Sergeant, 1st Battalion, 363 Infantry Regiment, 91st Division

For weeks, Weinstein's unit fought throughout the beautiful Tuscan landscape. They were tired and weary—having taken many hits from camouflaged German machinegun nests. By July 20th, 1944, they were inching their way to the Arno River and the historic Italian city of Pisa.

The German's were focused on slowing American progress at all costs. Reinforced with paratroopers, the Germans used mines, artillery and mortar fire—causing extensive American casualties and KIAs. It soon became clear that the enemy must have know every move the Americans were about to make—and countering those moves with accurate and deadly fire. A survey taken by Division intelligence ruled out the enemy's use of any observation posts in the area—except one! The Leaning Tower of Pisa.

From where my platoon had taken refuge, we could barely make out the two upper levels of the tower's marble balustrades. It appeared as the only obvious source to observe our positions. The bell housing on its rooftop appeared to draw the most conjecture since it would be easy enough to hide several men. At that distance, the Leaning Tower didn't appear to be much larger than the width of one's index finger if held six inches from the eye—too far and too difficult to scan with any certainty.

What kept the massive tower from toppling earthward had been an intriguing engineering mystery through the centuries. Rarely at a loss for humor, our GIs dubbed it the "Tiltin' Hilton."

Concerned by the additional losses we'd incur if we dared push ahead, it had become clear that something drastic had to be done to minimize the multitude of "killed and wounded" announcements that would surely follow such a venture.

Our Brass groped for alternative approaches to continue our drive toward Pisa. Every hour delayed gave the enemy time to add fire-power on the mountains ten

miles north of the city. Minutes lost might add up to lives lost. Something had to be done.

It was July 22, 1944. I can't recall if there was a moon that night, but I do remember that it was ominously dark.

"Sergeant Weckstein?" A soldier's black silhouette hovered above me.

"Yeah, that's me. What's up?"

"The Colonel wants your ass in his tent on the double. Now!"

"Okay, okay." I jump-started my tired brain back into readiness. "Be there in a friggin' minute."

The phosphorescent pointers on my GI wristwatch read ten-seventeen. I grabbed my carbine and crouched low as I made for the HQ tent, tripping over and around the scattered trenches of our sleeping men.

I parted the canvas flaps of the dimly-lit tent. Gray-haired and appearing older than his years in the dimmed kerosene lamp, Lieutenant Colonel Woods was reading a communiqué as I entered.

In the glow of the flickering light, I made out two cots, a small table that held a sheaf of papers, and an improvised map board. Telephone wires snaked across the dirty floor to a field phone. The Colonel looked up as I saluted and returned the honor automatically, as if his weighed a ton.



(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5) **Weckstein**

“Sir? You wanted to see me?”

“You look like hell warmed over, Sergeant.” Exhaling, he continued. “Wish to hell I could let you rest but I just got back from a late meeting at Division. General Livesay wants you and a radio man to leave before the crack of dawn tomorrow. Get yourselves as close as you can to that tower. Chances are good that the Germans are using it for an observation post...too damn many casualties. We might have to level it. Cannon Company and our batteries of 105s and 155s are already zeroed in on your target for maximum effect. Even a destroyer offshore with their big guns is available if you think it becomes necessary.”

A destroyer? If I think it necessary?

“Sergeant, if you see anything that looks suspicious up there, *any ...damned...movement...at ..all, do..not...hesitate! Call in fire...Blast the Tower to Kingdom come.*”

I must have blanched but I tried not to show any other emotional reaction as he went on.

“Keep me posted on the radio about where you are on the grids and what’s happening—but don’t over do it. The Germans are too damned good at triangulating locations from radio signals so keep your messages down to a few words. Stay under cover but, for God’s sake, son, watch your step! Try to keep an eye out for damned minefields. I don’t want to lose you, too.”

His last remark was a sharp reminder of the five good men in my platoon who I had recently lost to an antipersonnel mine.

“If we sent out a complete patrol,” he went on, “I don’t think they would get any closer than where you will be able to reach tomorrow—and a larger patrol would be easier to spot. So, please—be careful! Everyone—Artillery and Division HQ will be hanging on your fire directions all the way.”

I left him with an instinctive “Yes sir” and a lackadaisical salute, the significance of his final words echoing through my brain.

During the past weeks of battle, I had apparently

made an impression on our commanding officers as being more than adept as I directed fire at significant enemy targets from our forward observation posts. But this? This had the makings of an earthshaking historic event. Destroying Italy’s logo would never have been a choice I’d make, but if it meant that even one of our men would have to take a bullet because of it, I wouldn’t think twice—it would be reduced to a pile of gravel in no time.

Still mulling over the consequences of this assignment, I’d went in search of our company’s radio technician—Tech Sergeant Charley King, a soft-spoken, down to earth guy.

I stumbled around his platoon sector and finally located his trench. It was easily recognizable from the boxy field radio resting on the turf above his head.

“That you, King?” I whispered.

“No, it’s Betty Grable, asshole. What’s up?”

You just volunteered to help me take out the Leaning Tower of Pisa.”

A few seconds of silence followed before my words sunk in. He turned on his side, facing me from the shallow trench, and growled, “Thanks a lot, Weck! Just what I needed—another damned walk in the park, huh?”

I repeated the Colonel’s orders and King accepted them without additional griping—like the good soldier that he was.

Sleep was impossible. Considering my odds that at best, were never too great anyhow, tomorrow could be my last day on earth.

Four-thirty a.m. arrived sooner than expected. When he met me at the mess wagon kitchen, King appeared to be composed and at ease. I don’t believe he had slept much either.

We filled our canteens with water and drank our fill of strong black coffee provided by the Mess Sergeant. That done, we smudged our cheeks with mud in order to conceal the fleshy highlights that might reflect off our faces and hands, then in-

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6) **Weckstein**

spected each other's equipment in preparation for the awesome whatever that awaited us.

I took a moment to ponder the fate of Italy's venerable logo that had only been known to me as one of the oddest looking "Wonders of the World." The pesky town I intended to pulverize in an hour or so awaited my complete concentration.

Narrowing the two and a half miles between us and the Tower required every training lesson we had ever learned before this momentous day. King strapped the bulky field radio to his back and I reviewed the topographical map before starting out into the unexplored open fields and orchards that delineated no-man's land.

"Cheez, Weck. It's gonna be a freakin' hot one," King complained. I shook my head in agreement. Neither of us would inwardly admit to our concern about stepping on a mine that might be anywhere between us and our potential observation post.

A yearlong hour passed before it became light enough to make out our lop-sided target. We rushed through open fields, crouching to stay out of sight and leaving little time for taking full stock of the Tower's only visible portion—now it had three upper landings.

I wanted to get closer as we hurried northward along the unmarked way, our backs bent low to the ground to avoid being noticed by keen-eyed enemy observers.

"You okay?" I asked, noticing that King had begun to sweat. He had that clumsy field radio on his back. "Wanna break for a few minutes? Get a Coke or something?"

"Let's just keep the friggin show on the road, Weck. I'll let you know if I poop out."

His terse response reassured me and I was glad I had a mensch like him with me.

It was nearing eleven a.m. I sensed that the distance to the Tower should be about right to take a serious look. Studying the distant poplars and beeches we'd been passing through, I spotted the upper half of the Tower as it rose above the next stand of limber. Just within the margin of the next clump of

trees that we were about to exit, I noticed the rotting, horizontal remains of a twenty-inch thick trunk of a fallen oak. It appeared to be made for concealing us—well, almost. Although termite ridden and leafless, it would be better than no cover at all.

King's face brightened when I pointed at it. "Well, whadaya know! There's the bitchin' Tiltin' Hilton now."

Ready for the real work, I donned my GI eyeglasses and set my telescope into the crook of a convenient bough, gingerly removing the lens' out cover to avoid any reflected sparkle of light that might be picked up by our antagonist. Last, I took a bare-eyed guess at the distance to the tower—about seven hundred yards.

A belt-high safety railing appeared to ring the very top—and a similar protective railing surrounded what could have been the flooring of the belfry's outer balcony. However, an obvious problem became apparent as the dark, inner shadows within the circular campanile's housing limited my view of any activity that occurred within its inner walls.

I prayed that we hadn't made ourselves obvious to any observer who happened to be hiding within those ascending tiers of shadowy arched apertures.

"...Think you can get us extra pay for this shit, Weck?" King whispered. "Maybe a penthouse suite in Rome...with maid service?"

For sure," I whispered back. "Maybe even a month's vacation in Honolulu."

I rested for another minute, wiping the sweat away from my eyeglasses.

King radioed a very short message informing HQ that we had set up our observation post. I supplied the necessary info as to where I thought we were—and that "all seemed quiet."

Remembering the colonel's words and knowing that the shells would already be loaded and location zeroed in, I couldn't resist taking pleasure in the thought of their lanyards waiting to be yanked at my command. Then, with ego quickly forgotten, I adjusted the telescope's eyepiece.

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7) *Weckstein*

Peering through the lens at this distance, the Tower appeared to have grown to the width of a roll of paper towels. Details of its lowest three levels were impeded by a stand of trees sixty yards to my front. However, I could see anything that moved on the upper six levels with the exception of the shadows within their marble skeleton. That critical inner area would have to remain out of my sight throughout the entire mission—or until the sun was low enough to light up the interior.

The ornamented bell housing and the level below seemed to have the most obvious apertures behind which an enemy observer might opt to conceal himself and I concentrated my first effort there. Aiming the eyepiece toward the roof, I saw nothing more than the dim profile of the old bells. I continued to maneuver my scope to and through each possible opening. Nothing moved.

More than an hour of empty searching went by, all the while the savage killer in me yearned for action—any action. Yet, there was the contravening aesthetic side that began to find me half-hoping that I'd see nothing—have nothing to report—let the gorgeous tower live.

“Lord, give me a sign. At least, permit me to have something tangible to shoot at if I must!” Sorely in need of the slightest indication that would permit me to blast away and totally free my quarrelsome conscience, something must have stopped me from transmitting the few words that would turn the waiting hellfire loose on the tower—a mischievous act that would probably satisfy the generals and get us quickly back to our bivouac area. But the words wouldn't come—not yet.

I trained the scope up, down, and across each of the elaborate balustrades, struggling for a sign of the evil that might be hidden inside the tower's cavernous arches—a flash from a glistening uniform button, a careless move by an enemy officer. Anything at all that had no right to be there.

My senses began to drift. Spellbound by the Tower's architectural grace, I found myself held fast by that most famous campanile and its re-

fusal to topple throughout its precarious nine century lifetime. Art had been the profession I intended to seek for my future livelihood. The consummate artist in me stopped to revel at the exotic quarry's charm when I was suddenly jolted back into reality.

A suspiciously obscure change! I concentrated my eyepiece toward the belfry, but again, nothing moved. Down and all around the Tower, there was nothing.

Then it happened again. Even as I studied its frustrating innards, the circular Tower strangely altered its granite color, soon to evolve back to its original off-white luster with the passing of the culpable slate-colored cloud, even as I watched. Nothing else. With that startling false alarm, I felt reassured—ready for the “kill” again if it should come to that.

With the slightest hint of our enemy's grayish-green uniform, I could react like a bat out of hell and have King radio the all-important order. Only six simple words would do it. “This is Able George Two. FIRE!” But I saw nothing.

At almost two p.m. I ogled the target again. After all, I had been ordered here for good reason—and if the pesky enemy observer I'd been sent to find had really been using the tower, I'd never forgive myself for not completing the mission.

King settled alongside me. “Anything goin' on, Weck? My left ass is getting too well done—gotta turn over and cook the other side.”

His laid-back patience and humor was a blessing but I was much too involved to shoot the breeze with him since I hoped to sight some kind of enemy slip-up. My patience in past skirmishes had always paid off and I felt that luck was still with me.

I rested my eyes for a few seconds when something unforeseen occurred. I removed my eyeglasses to wipe them clear of steam, wondering if I had overdone it. Had my eyes gotten too much of a workout? No, my vision was fine! Somehow, the sun's broiling heat waves had altered the rigid

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 8) *Weckstein*

Tower into a vibrating mass of marble that danced convulsively. I had noticed that eerie summer phenomenon before when peering at distant objects—but never where the intensity of the sun’s rays fricasseed the air enough to make it impossible to go on observing. It was as if I were attempting to see the target through a glass container of wiggling Jello, rendering my telescope useless as I struggled to focus.

Sergeant King heard my gasp and wondered what had happened to cause my quirky reaction. “Let me have a look,” he grunted after I explained. We switched places and readjusted the scope to suit his eyesight. “Holy crap!” He exclaimed, confirming that he too had been astounded by the bizarre display. Mumbling to himself, he returned to his prone position at the radio.

Another look at the tower’s undulating image made me want to grab hold and steady it with my bare hands! “Stop, damn it! Just hold still for a few more friggin’ minutes,” I barked, disappointed with my own ability to act.

With nerves on edge, the beast in me began to waver again. To my mind, it seemed more than likely that the symbolic marble icon had really been an villainous enemy responsible for doing harm to my men and I might never get another shot at it. So why not now? Just get my ass to the radio and get it over with!

More determined than ever, I began thinking of another option. King and I could simply lose ourselves in the natural surroundings behind us that had, until now, kept us hidden in the shade. We’d wait a few hours until the turbulent air cooled down and give it another try. I was about to have King radio back a shorthand version of my plan when a fateful event stopped me dead in my tracks.

Crunching, staccato bursts resembling thunder broke the fragile silence and jarred me out of any alternatives I might have entertained. Still lying prone at the scope, I turned my body to see the cause of the new interruption just as the sky filled with a barrage of smoke-black eruptions.

Resembling flower buds exploding into full bloom,

we knew these to be overhead artillery bursts designed to rain fiery shrapnel onto their target from varying heights above ground zero. Before we had time to react, another salvo shattered the air above us. This time, closer than the last and reminding us that we were the targets.

Knowing that no other troops were near enough to have been on the receiving end, it became frighteningly clear that our position had been spotted and our mini-patrol was now the enemy’s bull’s eye.

Properly intimidated, we both rose to our feet in the same split second. King was rushing to put the radio on his back when another batch of discharges exploded less than fifty yards south of our position and about three hundred feet above. Clearly the enemy observer had been adjusting his fire to our position, possibly from deep within the Leaning Tower’s shadows.

Suspect as it was, we were helpless to act in the flaming metallic storm that followed. Even as we made our escape, it would have been suicidal to hesitate long enough to call in fire. As certain as I was that the culprit had been the unseen German in the Tower, it had become too damned hot and dangerous to be anywhere around the neighborhood to find out.

With no time to waste and our lives on the line, I tucked the clumsy telescope under my armpit without bothering to disassemble its tripod and made a beeline for the nearest thick grove of Poplars. Sergeant King followed.

Even with the mission curtailed, I considered looking for another spot to observe from after we’d left the protection of the log. But where? Wherever we went, the killer bursts followed. Forced to dodge in and out through the trees, southward towards our bivouac area, we resembled two obsessed quarterbacks on steroids, hoping the firestorm that followed our twisting trail would taper off. It didn’t.

Two minutes later, we slowed long enough for King to radio back a dispatch that our position had become untenable and that we were being chased by unremitting airbursts.

At headquarters, a voice responded, “You guys bet-

(Continued on page 10)

MWSA 2011 Conference

September 29–October 2, 2011

Airport Marriott

777 Aten Road, Coraopolis, PA 15108

1-800-328-9297

Ask for MWSA Block

Reservations made before April 30, 2011 –
\$109/night

Reservations made May 1 thru September
6, \$119/night

Make your reservations early & save!

Seeking Volunteers

MWSA is a volunteer-based organization. The more resources at our disposal, the more and better the services we can provide. With our MWSA buckaroo program, you have a measure of the value of your participation. More importantly, the more that you put into MWSA, the more you will take away from it.

- We need someone to help our beleaguered Webmaster, John Cathcart, with our website.
- We need someone to convert *Dispatches* to a format which will support our Social Networking Strategy.
- All of the committees listed on page 36 need volunteers.
- We need someone to help us find sponsors and to sell ads for our program, *Dispatches*, and *Anthology*.
- We need volunteers to help with the 2011 Conference activities.

If you are willing to help out, contact MWSAPresident@gmail.com for details.

(Continued from page 9) *Weckstein*

ter get your asses out of there! The brass just decided to spare the Tower anyhow—they got other plans—C'mon back!"

Out sounded awfully good to us and *out* we got as fast as possible, hightailing it back through strange orchards and fields, overlooking the need for the same trail we had used before to avoid mines. The deadly fusillades continued to rattle the sky, pouring down shards of flesh piercing metal, wheezing their high-pitched trills too close to us for comfort.

Luck stayed with us until the enemy observer finally lost our trail about a half-mile from our regiment's forward outposts.

Two minutes after returning, King left me at the battalion's HQ tent. Walking away with the radio still on his back, he murmured before crossing himself, "Just had to be—yeah, must a'been—Almighty God must a wanted that friggin' Tower to be around a while longer."

NOTE: When the Tower of Pisa was captured, American soldiers found a sign beside the doorway. It said, in German, "Work of Art! Not to be used for military purpose." Beside it were two strands of red German field wire running up to the top level of the tower. Obviously, it had been used as an observation post.

Franklin Evans

Author of

"Stand To...A Journey to Manhood"

www.efranklinevans.com

2009 MWSA Founder's Award

Video Trailer: www.efranklinevans.com/index.php?pageid=269

New Book Review: www.TheNewBookReview.blogspot.com

Freelance & ghost writing available
Reviews & editing available

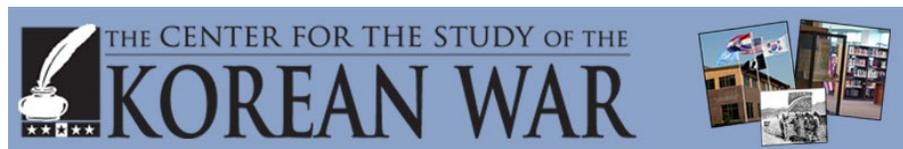
Announcing a Special Contest for 2011

Sponsored by MWSA, The Center for the Study of the Korean War, Our History Project, & Positively Pittsburgh Live

Korean War Book Awards Cash Award \$150 for First Prize

Rules

- Books must be primarily about the Korean War.
- There is no time limit on when the book was published but it must be in print currently.
- Books can be either fiction or non-fiction—memoirs, histories, or novels. If fiction, it must be clearly stated either on the book itself or in the submission query.
- Books can be published by traditional, subsidy, or self-publishers.
- Existing MWSA standards of excellence will be used in judging.
- MWSA members may submit books on Korean War for free. Nonmembers may submit for \$30 and they then become members for one year.
- Because this contest is separate from usual MWSA awards, books who have received MWSA awards in the past may be submitted for this competition as well.
- MWSA officers and board members may not submit books for this award.
- Books being submitted for Korean War Book Award must follow existing MWSA book query procedures—sending a query to the lead reviewer but noting in the comments section that this is a submission for the Korean War Book Award.
- Entries must be submitted by July 15, 2011.
- Winner will be announced September 1, 2011.
- Award will be presented in a ceremony in Pittsburgh, PA during the MWSA Conference — September 29-October 2.





YOU'VE EARNED YOUR STRIPES.
NOW GET THE BADGE.

70% of Americans prefer to purchase from a veteran-owned business vs. one not owned by a veteran, so simply letting consumers know you're a military veteran can help your small business grow.

The Veteran Owned Business "Badge" tells consumers that you're part of this elite group. Join your fellow 3 million veterans who own a small business. Get registered.

Get your badge at www.BuyVeteran.com

Membership costs only \$3.99 per month. MWSA members receive a 25% discount. Use promo code: MWSA

"Buy Veteran" and the "Veteran-Owned Business" Badge are part of a nationwide awareness campaign run by NaVOBA, the National Veteran Owned Business Association. Survey conducted by a third party for NaVOBA in December 2009 of over 500 American consumers of diversified backgrounds.



Moon's Mutterings—Mike Mullins

I awoke Thursday morning, December 30th, 2010 at 7:55 a.m. to the sound of an explosion. It was some sort of crashing, wooden symphony against the wall above my head. My foggy mind cycled through images of a thousand pound bomb run, exploding propane tanks at the local granary, and finally thoughts about an earthquake. The last idea penetrated and I arose from bed—at that time of day I cannot leap—and aimed my semi-conscious self toward the nearest radio. “An earthquake here?” I asked myself. “They always happen in southern or western Indiana. But it had to be. It doesn't sound like a tornado now.” Those were the thoughts pushing through the cobwebs of my mind. I avoided the mirror as I hit the “on” button atop the radio.

The radio blared on, confirming reports of a rare earthquake in our area. The 9-1-1 lines were all jammed and local law enforcement agencies reported panic in homes around our area. People were frightened. News later that day quoted a woman saying she was more afraid than she had ever been in her life. Good Lord! It was a 3.8 magnitude shaker with its epicenter about 5 miles from my house. I am fast-forwarding a bit here. My morning was spent tracking this developing news event with my son's father-in-law in the waiting room at a local out-patient surgery facility while my daughter-in-law had a procedure. Her doctors had discovered some cancer cells that needed to be removed. She had thyroid cancer when she was pregnant for my seven year old granddaughter. She has been monitored closely ever since. The “C” word changes one's perspective. It went well and now we wait further review. My mood was set. I had an interesting discussion with her father during all the chaos. He has a very important role in all public safety issues in the State of Indiana.

Liv was released and so was I, with relief. I had errands to run in the afternoon that required completion before businesses began closing for the long weekend. I was happy that the news was not filled with blizzard warnings. At least I was not going to fight lines for milk and toilet paper. I con-

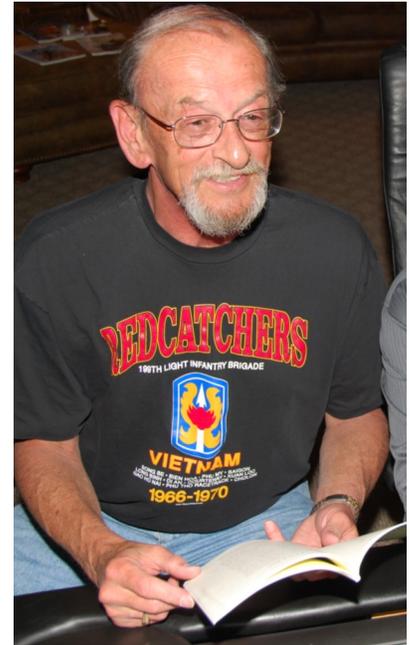
tinued thinking about the protected lives people lead if they are so scared by Care Bears being knocked off the top shelf in their homes. We had two hit the deck but neither required first aide. It was true that some structures had to be inspected for structural damage, but by and large the quake was in a

very rural area and no damage was reported. It was a unique event. My afternoon of errand running, however, was unfortunately common. It inspired me to write my New Year's Resolutions.

Resolutions: (note that they require me to search Middle America's junkyards for an ancient Checker cab and resurrect it mechanically. That is a given for what follows.)

I was leaving my credit union parking lot via its narrow, two lane exit when an idiot confirmed what I wanted to write today. He entered even though I was almost at the exit, with my left hand signal flashing. I had to stop, put my vehicle in reverse, and watch him stare at me as though I was the violator. I was not going to stop except he had south bound traffic blocked if I did not yield. That leads to my first resolution and I roll from there.

1. I resolve to get the Checker and crash into him the next time, drop down a gear and push him across the street, up the bank into a huge old oak tree, there to rest until a tow truck comes to pull squirrels out of his butt.
2. My Checker and I travel the malls of Central Indiana seeking the thoughtless fools who



(Continued on page 14)

drive against the flow of parking angles in the parking lots of the land. I will bash them into unrecognizable hulks. The Cash-for-Clunkers program already placed enough plastic in our landfills to make the plastic bottle problem seem paltry. I will do what I can to double the plastic content of those same landfills. I am sure that in any Wally-World in Any-town, USA I can add a baker's dozen in an hour to sate my appetite. Invariably you will meet someone going the wrong way if you are headed with the flow of parking spots whenever you shop.

3. In those same lots I resolve to drive diagonally and t-bone all unsuspecting "jay-drivers" racing to cut-off little old ladies about to park close to the entrance, even though they are able bodied and perfectly capable of walking more than twelve feet to the doors.
4. I further resolve to park the Checker and grab a cart to wait near the exit of the store. There I will wait for people to charge in the exit as someone with a loaded cart tries to leave but has to halt with a load as some inconsiderate jackass races in, almost over their children; who fails to understand the difference between "exit" and "entrance." By the same token, I will kick over all carts and stomp the contents of those who leave by the entrance as I try to enter. Before I leave this section, which could have been three or four separate resolutions, I will take my cart out the exit and crush the feet of those entering there, breaking the smaller, metatarsal bones in tiny pieces whenever possible.
5. I also resolve to kick over the cart piled high with 150 items that rests under the sign saying "20 items or less" in the "Express Lane" and kick the goods as far as I can before I am apprehended.
6. I resolve to find a baseball bat and knock the heads off teenagers racing around the store late at night on the electric carts reserved for handicapped persons.
7. I resolve to not say what I am going to do to the parents who don't keep their kids from dragging toys off the shelves into the aisles where we have to walk, where they play and run, threatening to topple the infirm and more concerned or compassionate shoppers.
8. How many times have I been in the drive-up lane at a fast food and gotten in line behind the person who is getting lunch for the entire office? That individual usually has seven orders, seven five dollar bills, pays for each order and waits for the change from each, and has seven bags handed in the window. He/she should have gone in, but there I am, waiting, with three more behind me, unable to back up, pull over, and drive around...If I am in the Checker guess what! I ram! If I am in my truck I dismount, walk to the driver's window, reach in and pull off someone's ear, steal the food and dump the rest in the floor board. I so resolve.
9. I am in line at the drive through teller and the jerk ahead of me has five bank bags. He should have gone in and could have. The drive through is for single transactions. It is like the express lane at Wally-World. Once again I cannot back up because of others behind me. We are here 15 minutes because pinhead has ten thousand dollars worth of business to conduct via air-tube missiles. I resolve to carry a five pound bag of potatoes in the Checker. I will get out, walk around my slightly dented car and jam pinhead's tailpipe completely full of taters. I will wedge that puppy so tightly shut he will have to use a Roto-rooter line to clear it. He cannot get out of his vehicle and he cannot leave. He has too much money shooting through the tube system.
10. I am stuck in the left hand turn light lane. We have been hung up for two lights now as knucklehead talks on his/her cell phone. My Checker has a school bus-like mounted swing-arm attachment for close work in traffic. You know what I mean...those things like the stop signs are mounted on when buses come to a stop in traffic as children disembark. I resolve to remain patient for a bit, then "game's on." I am passing on the right as soon as traffic allows

and I am taking the right hand mirror off and rolling by until I get to the next place to make my left...unless there is someone there on a cell phone.

There are more I am sure. I am just as sure all of us have felt these same things. I am tired of being civilized. Call it PTSD if you want, but it ain't. I am just pissy. It was those errands and those rude people you cannot avoid. I would like America to get some sense and some courtesy. I am not making any resolutions this year. They could be destructive if I did.

Happy New Year. As Spock used to say, "Live long and prosper."

Award Winning Clash-of-Civilizations Trilogy

- ***The Rings of Allah*** (Silver Medal)
- ***Behold, an Ashen Horse*** (Gold Medal)
- ***America Reborn***

After Islamic terrorists destroy five U.S. cities with nuclear devices, a strong leader emerges and leads the nation back from the abyss to the Founding Father's wisdom and the Constitution.

Three fast paced, realistic, political and military techno-thrillers by MWSA members Lee Boyland, a former U.S. Army officer, a weapons expert, and Vista Boyland. Visit their interesting web site for more information.

Print and Kindle versions available. Links to sellers at



www.LeeBoylandBooks.com

DOD Announces Vietnam War 50th Anniversary Commemoration Program

The Department of Defense announced today its program to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Vietnam War.

The program will:

- Thank and honor veterans of the Vietnam War, including personnel who were held as prisoners of war or listed as missing in action, for their service and sacrifice on behalf of the United States and to thank and honor the families of these veterans.
- Highlight the service of the armed forces during the Vietnam War and the contributions of federal agencies and governmental and non-governmental organizations that served with, or in support of, the armed forces.
- Pay tribute to the contributions made on the home front by the people of the United States during the Vietnam War.
- Highlight the advances in technology, science, and medicine related to the military research conducted during the Vietnam War.
- Recognize the contributions and sacrifices made by the allies of the United States during the Vietnam War.

DoD representatives will coordinate with other federal agencies, veteran groups, state, local government and non-government organizations for their input in Vietnam War commemoration activities.

For more information call 877-387-9951 or visit the official website at <http://www.vietnamwar50th.com/>.

MWSA's Winter 2011 Recommended Reading List

By Bob Doerr

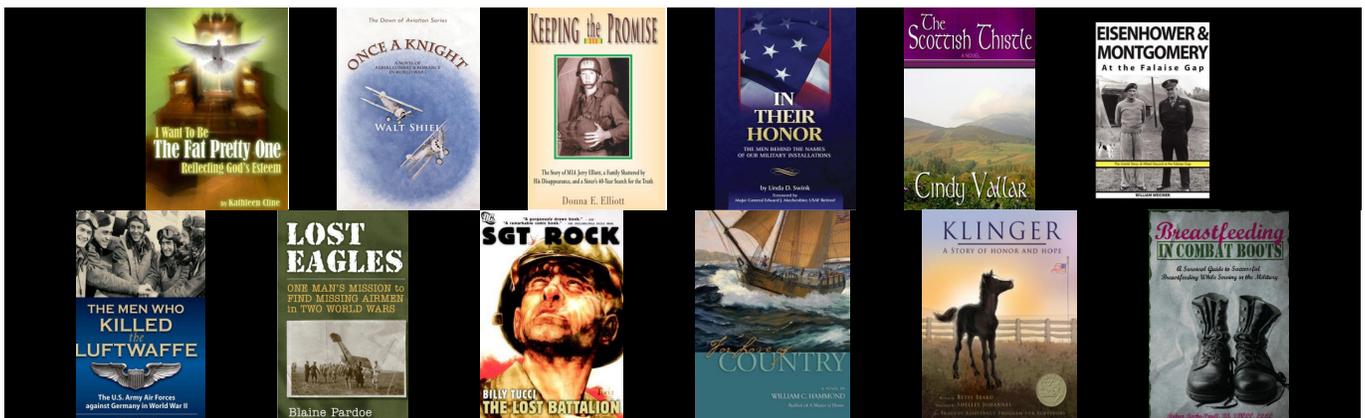
Chairman of Reading List Committee

We are excited about starting 2011 off with something new. Starting with this issue and with each subsequent season, we hope to be able to release our Society's recommended reading list compiled from the works of our own writers. The works listed in each list will be drawn from reviews done by our own reviewers during the prior quarter. While this is an effort that will evolve and be refined, it is our goal to expose the works of more of our members to a wider audience. In addition to carrying it in *Dispatches*, putting it on our website and on our Facebook page are just a few of the steps we will be taking to disseminate the list to the general public.

MWSA Winter Reading List

Title	Author	Genre/Subcategory
Sgt. Rock - The Lost Battalion	Billy Tucci	Fiction – Historical/Graphic
In Their Honor	Linda D. Swink	Non-Fiction - Historical
Lost Eagles	Blaine L. Pardoe	Non-Fiction - Historical
Eisenhower & Montgomery	William Weidner	Non-Fiction - Historical
Breastfeeding in Combat Boots	Robyn Roche-Paul	Non-Fiction - How-To
Klinger: A Story of Honor and Hope	Betsy Beard	Children - Ages 12 & Under
The Men Who Killed the Luftwaffe	Jay A. Stout	Non-Fiction - Military
I Want To Be The Fat Pretty One	Kathleen Cline	Non-Fiction - Spiritual/Religious
The Scottish Thistle	Cindy Vallar	Fiction – Romance
Once a Knight	Walt Shiel	Fiction – Historical
Keeping the Promise	Donna Elliott	Non-Fiction – Memoir
For Love of Country	William C. Hammond	Fiction – Historical

If you're feeling like curling up with a blanket, a cup of hot chocolate and are looking for a good read – might we suggest one of the books mentioned above?

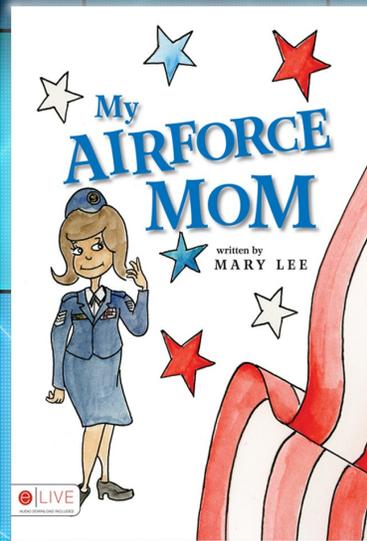


**Announcing the winners of the
2010 People's Choice Awards**

Congratulations to:

**Beth Underwood
Gold Medalist for
"Wake-Up America"**

**Carmen Stenholm
Silver Medalist for
"Untitled"**



Written by
award-winning,
South Carolina
Children's Author,
Mary Lee

A great gift for
children,
grandchildren,
Sunday school
classes,
classrooms, &
school libraries!

Available online
tatepublishing.com/bookstore
ISBN: 978-1-6024734-1-6

Amazon.com
Barnes & Noble.com
Military Writers Society of America.com
Order by Phone: Tate Publishing 888-361-9473

**All the Pittsburgh
Positive News
Fit to Hear!
Talkcast at 7PM EST
Every Monday**



2009 Small Business
Journalist of the Year
Joanne Quinn-Smith



**Pittsburgh Internet
Radio & TV Network
412-628-5048**

**On Line Multi Media Community Magazine at:
<http://www.positivelypittsburghlivemagazine.com>**

Dreams Along The Way

By Bob Flournoy

Rivers

In the middle of a deep clinical depression many years ago, when he would go for nights on end without good sleep, he dreamed of a deep azure blue stream bending around a log cabin in green woods with tall snow capped peaks in the background. The water was so blue, and clear, the air so pure, and there was a delicious humming in his heart as he slept. He felt it. He felt the gold glowing in his body, like an intense opiate high. He knew he was asleep, and dreaming, but he was there, in that scene, and he was achingly happy. It occurred to him as he slept that he had died, and here was heaven. It was the warmest feeling that he had ever experienced, and the dream stayed close to him for decades. Many years later he dreamed of Vietnam again, after a decade of nothing. He remarked, that next morning, to his wife as they sipped coffee on the deck watching the sun rise, that his nightmare had been a field of charred bodies, burning in the jet fuel fire of a Chinook helicopter crash that had happened so long ago. She was silent for a full minute before she asked if they should invite the neighbors over for dinner that night. He said that would be fine. He did not remember what they did got the rest of that day. He likes to read fiction that is prose of the finest art. And he likes to fly fish in clear green rivers. He likes to share both of these things with his closest friends. Little else interests him these days, other than the safety of his family. He finds this prose occasionally, but seldom has the opportunity, or inclination anymore to share it. It is his friend. He has not fished since leaving Colorado and moving to Tennessee ten years ago. The water is not the same there, and it is not about the fish.



He remembers, and he dreams.....

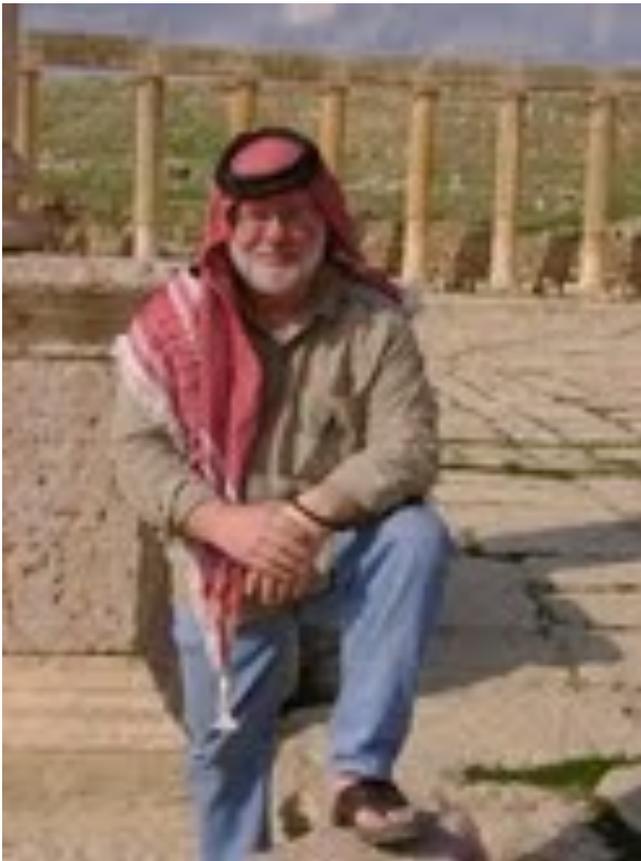
They unwittingly found themselves one soft summer evening in that exact moment of middle ground between the familiar, and an unimaginable, unfathomed future. They were laughing kids, unburdened by histories of, anything, expectant of nothing, because they had no idea what was coming. But between them that night passed an instinctive awareness of things that had, in the briefest flash of time, caught them breathless, intense, and expectant. Her name was Carol Short, and they were 13. There was a shimmering flow of energy sealing their small hands together as they ran toward the lights at a magical evening carnival in 1960. Her merry eyes were telling him things that he could almost imagine, recognized from the depths of genes that were waking to the programmed alarm of a clock that silently ticks in every human being. A time piece as old as the planet, with a chime so achingly clear, and bright, that it travels the length of the universe with the dawn of every new found love. He was indeed a lad of such light feet that night that he fairly floated beside her. Carol moved with her family shortly after that, and

(Continued from page 18) **Flournoy**

after a few letters, she was gone from his life forever. But, he thinks of that innocent aching snapshot of their time together so long ago, even now, almost 50 years later, and he visits it, reverently, in his mind, from time to time, wondering at the innocent beauty of it all, marveling at the simple thing that he once was. Fitzgerald said that we do not long for people, or events in our past, but for our youth. He is not so sure about that, because, still, after 40 years, he dreams of Vicki, although he cannot speak of her, even now. But in the dark hours of restless sleep, she is in a large, expensive house, a ripple at the curtained window, glimpsed by the boy who cannot come in, or running swiftly through jungle foliage, vainly pursued from above, the boy calling to her over the noise of the helicopter.

The fawns lie close to the water bucket he keeps filled next to his deck, so absent is water in this ferocious drought and heat which has lasted for months. The mother stares at him when he emerges, but they don't run now (if he doesn't stare back), afraid to lose claim on the bucket. Water rights. He wonders if human souls are energy that are never destroyed, and dwell in all living things, transforming, bending, blending, traveling, returning. He has received too many messages from animals to deny that there is some truth to this. His ancestor's histories are steeped in such tradition, so keenly were they tuned to the natural world. We are not. When we are offered glimpses of those atrophied instincts, we should not ignore them. He wonders where the new ones come from however, all these souls.

All of these thoughts, awake, or asleep, haunting counter melodies playing in the background as he makes his way through an uncertain solo, looking for the coda in the faces of gaunt, hollow eyed boys who still, after all these years, cannot believe it happened to them.



MWSA Member Louis Intres

For those of you who met Louis Intres in Pittsburgh, you know that he is studying how the theft of Middle Eastern Antiquities is funding terrorism. This will be the topic of his Thesis for a Doctorate in History. He told us about his studies, the support he has received from a variety of law enforcement organizations around the world—and will again at the Conference in 2011.

Louis has been in the Middle East since the week after Christmas—spending time with Bedouin grave robbers, learning the how and whys of this cultural phenomenon. He sent this picture, explaining that because of the violence in the region, his hosts asked him to wear the traditional Jordanian headdress so that he wouldn't be as obvious a target.

Louis will be back in Jonesboro, Arkansas—teaching his Spring classes by mid-January. We look forward to hearing about his adventures and the results of his study.

Open Source

A ship is hijacked.
Russia wants it back.
A simple question.

"What if...?"

The answer will affect
the balance of power
in the Middle East
and change the world...
FOREVER.



Open Source
The controversial new thriller by M. M. Frick.

<http://OpenSourceTheBook.com>

IN THE RANKS...

Five second
fuses only last
three seconds.



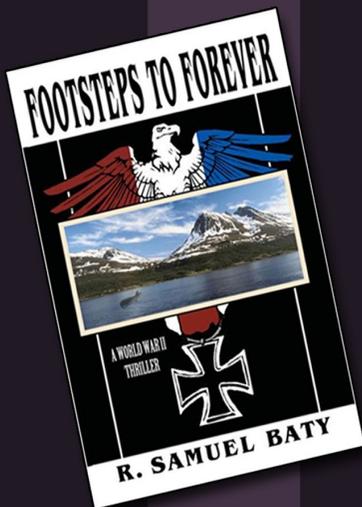
Kablooey?



©2011 c.bailey
www.in-the-ranks.com

FOOTSTEPS TO FOREVER

by R. Samuel Baty
A World War II Historical Thriller



Footsteps to Forever is a riveting World War II historical thriller. Like Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and Wouk's *The Winds of War*, *Footsteps* is a story filled with suspense, romance, and danger. It is 1941, and the devastating attack at Pearl Harbor thrusts the United States into the war. Two uniquely qualified American lieutenants, a young man and beautiful nurse, are sent by President Roosevelt to Norway. Their mission is to rescue a renowned atomic physicist from behind German lines. Chased by the enemy, hampered by the physicist's deteriorating health, impacted by a blossoming romance, and faced with harsh winter conditions, the two young Americans and their allies struggle to avoid disaster. An epic battle occurs, and survivors – enemies as well as friends – are destined to meet again, some shockingly, as the explosive action of *Footsteps* expands to include the failed raid at Dieppe, the Russian Front, the Normandy D-Day invasion, and ferocious air battles in the Pacific

About the Author

From Albuquerque, NM

Retired USAF Officer

PhD Engineering (UCLA)

Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University

rsbaty@att.net

www.sambatybooks.com





Word 2007 and Up Intermediate

Citations and Bibliography

For those of us who learned to compose on a manual typewriter and were thrilled with the marvelous advances an IBM Selectric gave us, I have great news. Starting with Word 2007, Microsoft added a wonderful tool for authors—the ability to create a database of references right in the file that will hold your book. Then, when you need a bibliography, or citation list, all you need to do is point your cursor where you want it to appear in your document, choose which element you want—and BAM, it will appear in the right place, perfectly formatted.

Let's say that you are writing a book about the Battle of Dai Do—and you spent days interviewing some of the Marines who participated. To enter these sources into your document's database, go to the "References" tab on the menu ribbon at the top of your file. Then choose, "Manage Sources" from the "Citations and Bibliography" section. A large form will open. Click on "New" button and another smaller form will open.

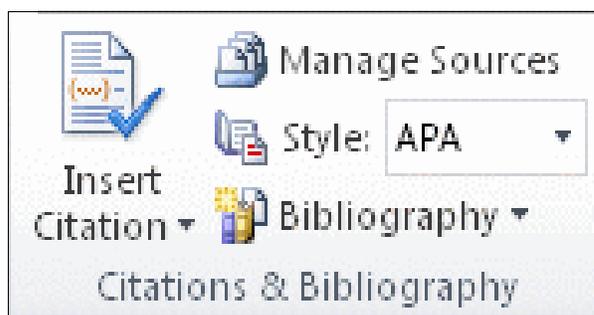
Next to "Type of Source," there is a dropdown menu. Select "Interview." A slightly different information box will appear which will allow you to record information about the person that you interviewed. Let's say that two days later, you read an account of Medal of Honor Recipient James Livingston's role in the battle on an Internet page. Add another record using the "New" button and select "Web Site" from the drop down window. The information box that appears is designed specifically for data collected from the internet. Overall, there are seventeen different options ranging from periodicals to sound recordings to films.

If you want to add to your information or modify it, you can go to "Manage Sources" and select the reference of interest and click on "Edit."

When you have recorded all of your sources and you are writing your piece on the Battle of Dai Do, position your cursor at the end of a sentence containing information taken from your interview. Go to Reference Tab and select "Insert Citation." The information will appear in a parenthesis.

The other item in the "Citations and Bibliography" section of the "References" tab that is useful is the "Style" dropdown menu. I normally keep mine set on "Chicago" because I use the Chicago Manual of Style for most books. However, if you are writing an academic piece, you might want to use ALA Sixth Edition which stands for "Modern Language Association Style." Or you if you are doing a technical treatise, you might prefer one of the ISO 690 options. (I'll do a future article on style and the differences between them.)

Then when you are ready for a bibliography, position your cursor where you want it to appear. Go to "References, Bibliography" and choose the style that you want. Your bibliography will appear automatically formatted as required by the style that you have selected. This function reduces the tedium, the chance of structural errors and typos.



Lost Eagles by Blaine Pardoe

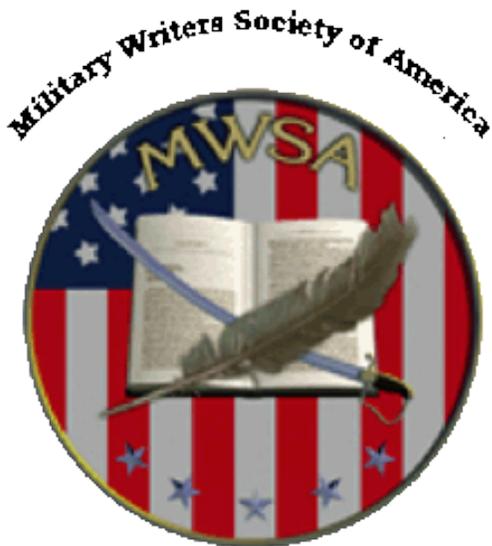
Reviewed by Bill McDonald

An amazing reading discovery! I had no clue who Frederick Zinn was—history seems to have forgotten him but thank God that author and historian, Blaine Pardoe has reintroduced this aviation hero to the world. In his newest book "Lost Eagles: One Man's Mission to Find Missing Airman in Two World Wars", we learn how important he has been and continues to be for aviators. I found this book to be more than just informative story telling but one immensely entertaining experience for the reader.

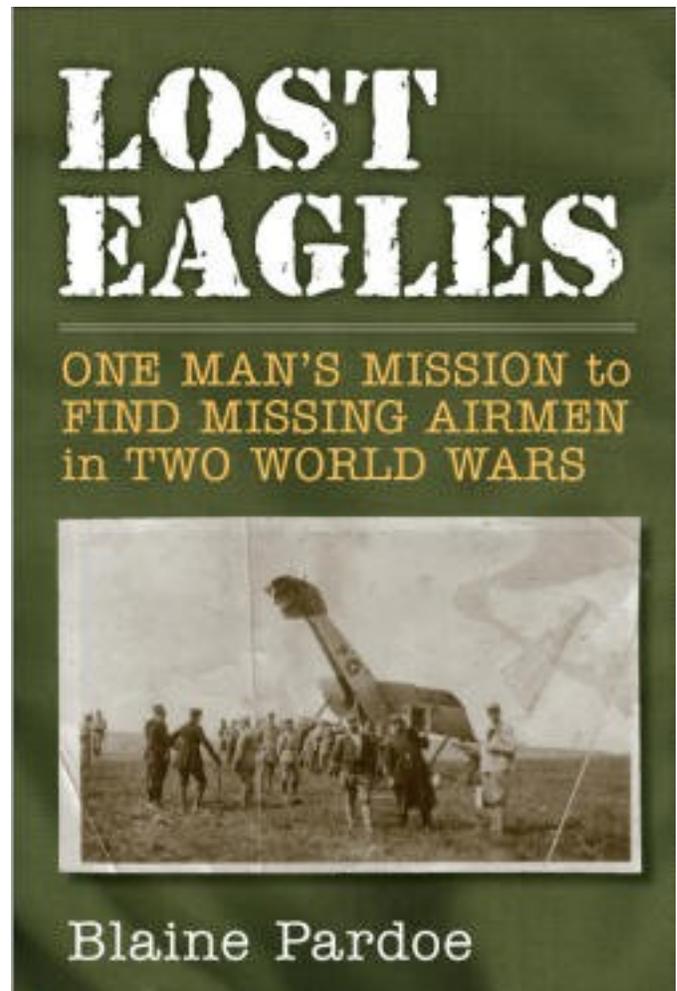
I was a helicopter crew member during the Vietnam War and knew details about finding lost aircrew members. The old motto that we all believed in - "Leave no one behind!" I found out from this book was originated from the efforts of Zinn. He was the very heart and soul of the whole movement to search and recover bodies of aircrew members

who crashed or were shot down. The book is fully researched and factual and yet, it reads like a novel. The author really created a wonderful flow of emotional energy as he ties in stories of missing and KIA pilots and crew-members sandwiched between the life story of Zinn. He makes it work and it enhances the depth of the book greatly.

I highly recommend this book even if you are not a fan of war or aviation genre books—there is something that will appeal to most all readers. It is a human interest story and history. Readers will not be able to put it down once they get into it.



Author of the Month
Blaine Pardoe



Eisenhower & Montgomery at the Falaise Gap

By William Weidner

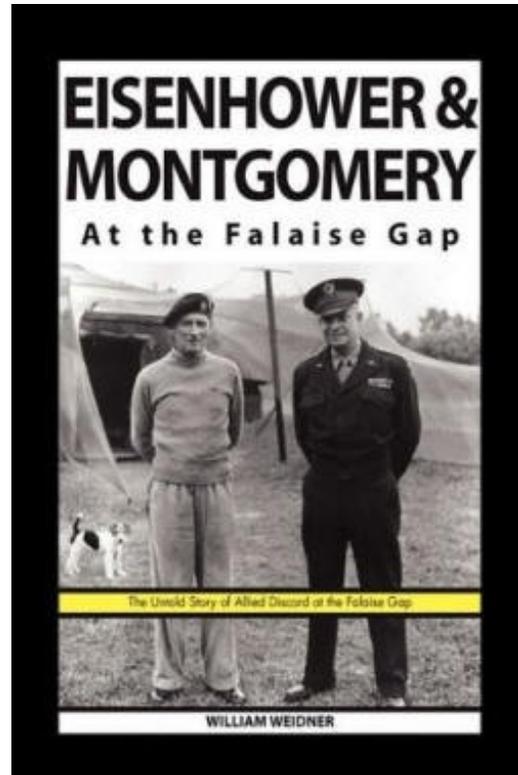
Reviewed by Bill McDonald

William Weidner (who is an obvious historian) takes the reader back in time to WWII in his fully documented and well researched book, "Eisenhower & Montgomery at the Falaise Gap."

The footnotes and extra information truly supports the author's contentions of the stress and issues between Allied Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower and British General Montgomery. We learn how politics and other side issues took the place at times, of good military planning and strategies.

I came away realizing just how good of a true diplomat Eisenhower was. He had to pull the allies together and that was no small matter. He had to deal with the super egos of his own American military forces like General George Patton and some even bigger allied egos that had far less military leadership skills. General Montgomery was one of those that Ike had to get motivated. This book exposes that underbelly that caused more than just concern but perhaps many American lives as well.

The book is not light reading—but is worth the effort. For those who love WWII books and history this is must reading! Put this book on your short list of informative history books! The author has done an outstanding job of capturing the events and the essence of these historic figures. It is an impressive work of capturing real history!



Book of the Month

Eisenhower and Montgomery

January Notes By jim greenwald



The Conference dates are set, the intensive job of planning the conference is underway—and each and every member has an opportunity to participate. One way in which to be a part, a fun part, is to donate an item to the auction. Please email me with your donations starting now. Folks that have participated certainly have an idea of what to donate. For those of you who have not or will be first timers in attending the conference, almost anything is good. Keep in mind that gift cards, electronics and services are all great items and bring big buckaroos at auction. Services such as setting up a web site, free advertising, editing, layout, critique are perfect.

HARP-HARP! No, not the instrument—I mean I will come across as harping on an issue, but, it is an important one. We can plan all we want, but without the cooperation of all members it will accomplish little. This year when you arrive at the conference, you will register at the MWSA registration desk and receive a number of items.

Among which will be tickets for events such as the theatre, banquet, seminars, luncheons, raffle, they will be among the items handed to you. You have two responsibilities:

- make sure everything the folks at the registration desk say is in your bag is there,
- make certain to bring tickets/invitations with you to all events, as they will be a requirement for attending them. We are using the collection of tickets to verify hotel charges and to ascertain interest in various things we do, so I repeat, have them with you. It will save you the time of going back to your room to get them.

If you are bringing your wife or guests, that is fine. There is room on the registration form (it will be available in February Dispatches and online) for handling that. Be certain to provide their information to us. We need to pre-order the Anthologies so please order yours and any extra copies you want when you fill out the application.

Obviously what Joyce has said about rooms is important. You can save a few dollars by signing up early. The second tier pricing is not an MWSA thing but a hotel thing as they did not want to guarantee more rooms at the lower price, this small increase was a compromise that still benefits our members as it is lower than their regular rate. The hotel as Joyce indicated provides FREE shuttle service from the airport to the hotel and back.

Also, paying the conference fees as early as possible helps us as an organization. You can start paying small sums early if that helps you in your planning. However, you must pay in full to receive your registration package.

The Conference Registration form will be sent out as soon as it's ready and it will also be in next month's Dispatches. Please fill it out and send payment as soon as you can. The form may be longer but hopefully has all you need to know to sign up for the conference. Any questions, email me at LeansToFar@aol.com. Some items such as luncheons and seminars will be published in Dispatches at a later date when those are firmed up so please watch for them in your magazine.

We will have room next to the registration desk for a table of books which authors can elect to utilize for a day or more at a nominal charge. Limit is one title per author and preferably no more than five copies of that title. No percentage will be taken by MWSA and the author is solely responsible for picking up their books before leaving the hotel. REMEMBER: This is a writers' conference. Don't expect to sell a lot of book to other writers!

MWSA needs more members to volunteer to be Reviewers. Ten would be a good number, think about it and then email me at LeansToFar@aol.com. Reviewers are critical to the success

(Continued on page 25)

(Continued from page 24) **greenwald**

of our member authors, awards program, and our organization. I also need 10 judges for the awards process and three members who do not have books in this year's award cycle to serve on a committee who will assign nominees books to the judges, as well as an auctioneer and cashier.

Two months ago we started a new section in Dispatches titled "The Poetry Corner." Please forward your poetry to me for future inclusion in our magazine. I am certain that many of our members write poetry, but may not feel they are poets. However, I encourage you each to share.

Well, a new year is here. Like all of you I wish it to be better for you and me. I am still in the process of cleaning up after the flood. I feel like I am camping out, only it is not as much fun. The house looks like it is being built, flooring ripped out, bottom half of drywall cut out, adds to that open living ambience. Add to that the joy of having no heat for over a week and two days with no needed facilities and one can presume I feel some pressure or depression. I don't, stuff happens, no control over it so not worth complaining. I suffered no injuries, well, except for cuts and abrasions did lose some possessions but, I am vertical and life marches on. I watch the news and see how others have it so much worse and am thankful. Toughest part I had to deal with in terms of need and time was saving what else but my thousands of books. I lost zero—what an effort for a senior teenager to have accomplished.

So, 2011 begins, I spent it with friends in the Poconos, even managed to get in some snowboarding, will never win a competition unless they have one for "best fall."

**William E. Mayer word for January is
"Rage"**

**MWSA 2011 Conference &
Awards Conference
September 29–October 2, 2011**

SISTERS of VALOR
A Novel
Rosalie T. Turner

*Four service wives...
Four husbands serving
in Vietnam...*

*The story that gives
voice to the universal
emotions and situations
of every service family.*

**Endorsed by Mrs. Colin Powell, among others.
Winner of the MWSA Bronze Award.**

Cypress
Creek
Publishing

**Reflections
on the
Faded Flag**
2011 MWSA Anthology

**Call for submissions with an American
Flag theme including:**

- Essays
- Poetry
- Short Fiction
- Photography
- Sketches
- Paintings

*** Limited to 3500 words ***

Submit electronically
to Mike Mullins at
mullins.m.1@comcast.net
before
July 15, 2011

Conference 2011 Information

ROOMS : Contact the Marriott Hotel 777 Aten Road, Coraopolis, PA at (412)490-6602 to make your reservation. Ask for MWSA block. Conference dates September 29 – October 2nd. Block of rooms will go fast – book yours as early as possible.

- The hotel has reserved two blocks of rooms, the earlier block is less money per night
 - Block #1 \$109.00 per night, plus taxes, is available through April 30 or until all the rooms available in that block are gone.
 - Block #2 @\$119.00 per night, plus applicable taxes is available until September 1.
 - After September 1, market rates apply.
- Parking is free and there is a free shuttle to and from the airport.
- Internet access is included in MWSA rate.

REGISTRATION: You must register at the MWSA desk in the Lobby when you arrive. Unpaid balances must be paid to register.

- If your dues have expired now would be a great time to renew your membership.
- When you register at our desk in the lobby you will receive the following:
 1. The Program [in the bag]
 2. The New Anthology [separately, if you ordered one or more]
 3. Your Buckaroos [in your name tag pouch]
 4. Your Name Tag (Please wear it - the banquet is the only exception)
 5. A bag to carry everything in with any handouts we are supplying
 6. Your theater ticket(s) [in your name tag pouch]
 7. Your luncheon ticket(s) [in your name tag pouch]
 8. Your seminar tickets [in your name tag pouch]
 9. Your Banquet Invitation & Awards Program [attached to your name tag pouch]
 10. Your Raffle tickets [Drawings – Fri & Sat Morning & Sat Aft] (in your name tag pouch)
 11. If you are a Reviewer or Volunteer, your breakfast invitation [attached to your name tag pouch]

NOTES:

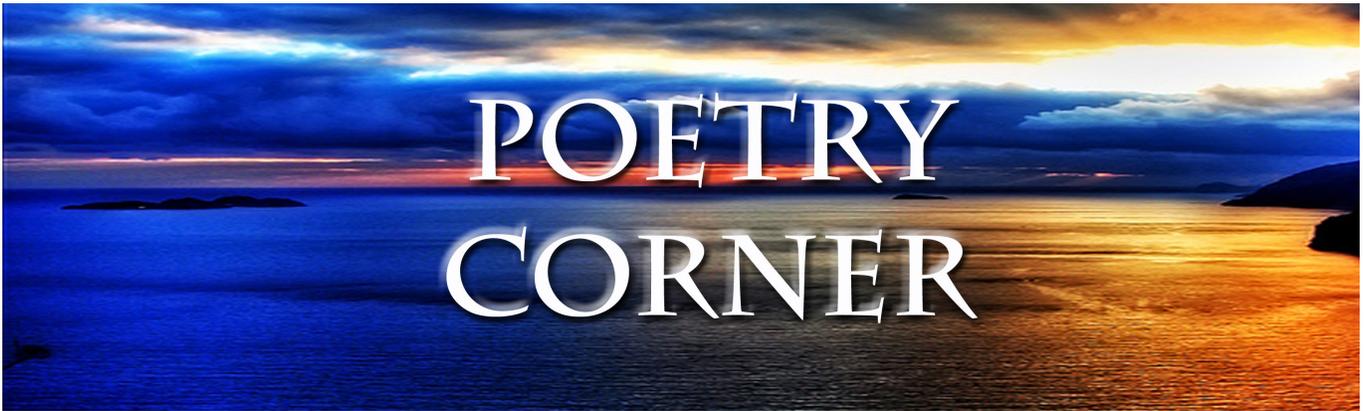
You will be required to have your tickets and Invitations to be seated for all events. You are picking up your tickets when you register so it is your responsibility to have them with you. This is how we validate expenses with the hotel, theater and luncheon events.

The volunteers manning the registration desk will accept written/addressed messages you may wish to leave for fellow members. They will also have extra book seals for sale at a price of .15 each (cash or check accepted). The board next to the registration desk will have any changes posted on them each morning and during the day, make certain to read them to avoid confusion.

If you want your anthology shipped send a check for \$6.00 to cover postage, extra copies may be ordered but, the order must be in and paid for by July 30, 2011 so we can place the order. [Extra copies are \$20.00 does not include shipping]

Award winners will receive their Medal, Certificate and Seals at the Awards Banquet. Medal winners not attending will need to send \$5.00 to cover postage fees.

Conference Fees will be announced in February Dispatches.



words only
[jim greenwald]

I managed a smile
it adhered to my skin
it burnt later...not now

I only search for peacefulness
smile gone, time flows downhill
clock wound tight...uncoiling

I remember being stupidly happy
smiley faces adorning the canvas of my face
arranging days into lifetimes

cold memories creeping into warm
disturbing balance
breath I can see...emptiness I feel

blackness pushes in...surrounds me
squeezing out good and bad
I wish I had amnesia to save me

I look untouchable...unreachable
here, there and no way to turn off my mind
to trade immortality for a black wall

to flee down an endless alley
become invisible in the light of day
eyes crystal clear and blank as HELL

Show and Tell

Nancy Arbuthnot

Pt. Mugu, California, 1958

The F-4 Phantom fighter
lifted from the Holloman
airstrip, swirling up desert
dust. When deep in clouds
the plane still shuddered
and the red light flashed
on, my father called calmly
into the radio (in stress tests
his pulse never hit 140), May
Day! May Day!, shut down
the engine and dead-stick
landed.

Next day at Show and Tell
I held up for my classmates
the front-page story,
asbestos-clad men racing
from emergency vehicles
toward the aviator stepping
smiling from the bent-wing
widow maker.

All of us Navy brats loved
the taste of danger, daring
each other to scale
the barbed wire fence
of the firing range, linger
in the surf after the lifeguards
raised red flags and shrilled
their whistles, Shark! Shark!
All out!

Even now I feel the thrill
of whining bullets, fins slicing
water, my father's guffaws when
we told our stories, my mother,
primed for the Saturday night
O Club dance, tightening her lips
at the dressing-table mirror,
slashing them crimson.

War College

[Nancy Arbuthnot]

Norfolk, Virginia, 1961

Life kept coming up roses,
wrote my father in reminiscences
of California reconnaissance
flights from WestPac carriers,
weekend duty on San Nick
tracking missile operations
and scuba diving. He hammered
abalone meat soft, presenting us
the pearly shells, and caught spiny
lobsters he let us race across
the walk in front of our quarters
before he lifted them into
the boiling pot.

Back east, the six-month tour
at the Naval War College
in Norfolk was a wasted effort,
though he was home every
evening for supper. Mother,
silent at the stove, churned
vegetables into burnt mush.
We whispered, sidestepping
around her, ate what she slapped
on our plates. Other times,
we caught them kissing, once
in the car overgrown with leafy
plants from the PX.

My first real autumn—
leaves orange and yellow
I jumped into, yelling,
colors of a town without friends.

Change of Command

[J.J. Zerr]

Too damn hot. Or too damn cold. It never is just right.

Whether we dress up nice like, or run to gongs and fight.
Skivvy waver to Bilge Rat, the crew's arrayed in rows.

Statues white and still. Kerchiefs flutter black in the blows.
A pennant is hauled down, then another one unfurls.

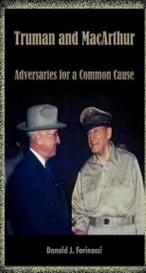
The old guy stops and takes a sec just to pat the rail.
Hammer tacks a new name on the door with nails,

Before he even has the time to walk across the brow.
Stops again a second sec, just to pat the rail.

In the mud, the grunt commands his rifle.
On the sea, the Cap'n commands each trifle.

The CO is like a dad, the ship she is his girl.
The new guy grins big and says, hot damn, at long, long last.

A knife cut my girl away. It went so damn, damn fast.

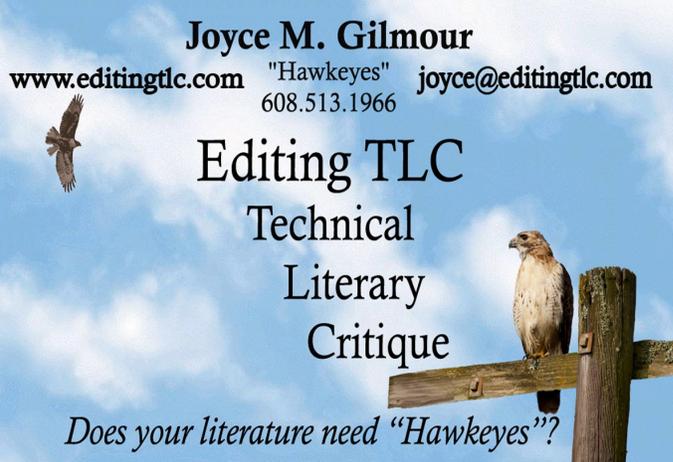


TRUMAN AND MACARTHUR
Adversaries For A Common Cause
by Donald J. Farinacci
(Merriam Press; merriam-press.com)
Recipient of Silver Star Award - 2010 - for non-fiction history, from the Military Writers Society of America.

"One of the best books on Truman and MacArthur"
Bill McDonald, Founder of MWSA

"...an exceptional and timely book..an elegant political biography..well written. Jack London Reviews

Sets "the brilliant new standard on Truman-MacArthur relationship." Steven George Bustin, BustinMedia



Joyce M. Gilmour
www.editingtllc.com "Hawkeyes" joyce@editingtllc.com
608.513.1966

Editing TLC
Technical
Literary
Critique

Does your literature need "Hawkeyes"?

January, 2011 by Dwight Zimmerman

Happy New Year, everyone! Before I get into my topic this month, I want to remind everyone that if you're scheduled for an upcoming event, book signing, lecture, etc., let me know! Email me at: djonzim@gmail.com and I'll post it on our Trumba site.

Last month I wrote about NovelRank, a free service that tracked estimated book sales from Amazon. Shortly after I submitted that article, I discovered that Amazon had set up Author Central, an enhanced book sales tracking system. The good news is that it's impressive and provides a lot more than sales info. The bad news is it can also be pretty darn depressing when you start seeing your book's sales tanking, or making like a new species of bottom feeder—so, that part of it is not for the faint of heart. However, tracking sales is just one aspect of Author Central as I'll explain.

Author Central is a free service for authors that is basically an all-in-one shop. It's a smart move on Amazon's part because it helps authors raise their profile and thus, hopefully, drive sales. Once you register, the list of services available include: a listing of all your books that are available through Amazon, a profile page where you can post and update your biography and photos, post videos, list upcoming events, access a blogging service (create a new one or link to an existing one), track book sales (all editions including electronic), customer review posts, and a help page. Since everything links to your Amazon book sites, your network is maximized.

The heart of the system is the fact that Amazon enables authors “for the first time ever [to] see weekly sales trends of their print books as reported by Nielsen BookScan.” Though BookScan doesn't track all types of book sales, it's regarded as the industry standard, so you'll get a fairly good indication of how your book's doing in advance of an actual publisher sales/royalty statement.

Before Author Central, access to BookScan sales information was by subscription only, which be-

cause of its cost was impractical for all but the most prolific authors. Now thanks to Amazon it's free to Author Central members. Registration is easy. If you have a customer service account with Amazon, you're already a member. All you have to do is activate the service. Go to the site: <https://authorcentral.amazon.com> (NOTE: the “https” at the beginning of the url.) and type in your email address and password. If you're not an Amazon customer, registration is a simple process.

The first time you open the site you'll be directed to the “Welcome to Author Central” page which gives you a quick overview of the service. At the top of the page you see a list of tabs: Books, Profile, Videos, Events, Blog, Sales Info, Customer Reviews, and Help. Place your cursor on the tab you wish to open, and you'll immediately go to that page.

Books: A list of all books written by the author available through Amazon. These can be individually accessed by clicking on the icons. This can be a startling experience if you've been writing for a number of years. In my case, I found out that some old and long-out-of-print children's books that I wrote years ago are available.

Profile: Here is where you can create/update your biography and photographs.

Videos: Have some sales videos, book signing videos, lecture videos? Amazon lets you post them here, and/or link them to other sites.

Events: Here you can list upcoming book/lecture events and link them to the relevant organization or company sites.



(Continued on page 31)

(Continued from page 30) **Zimmerman**

Blog: Here you can link your existing blog to Amazon's site, or create a new blog (since I don't have an existing blog, I'm going to take advantage of this—will keep you posted on my progress).

Sales Info: Okay, here's where you might want to have on hand some Prozac or a stiff shot or two. This information can be a rollercoaster ride.

Unlike NovelRank, Author Central tracks sales from first day of publication. You get a variety of sales totals—daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly. You can also see where your books are selling. Sales are sub-divided into print and e-book, so you have to bounce between the two to get all the available data.

There are three charts, one is a map of the United States broken into sales regions and has an accompanying graph with sales numbers, the second is a bar graph with different shades indicating sales for different books, the third is a line graph tracking hourly/daily/weekly/monthly sales. By running your cursor over the line graph you can literally track sales by the hour. This is particularly useful if you've had a recent event as it allows you to instantly gauge that event's sales impact.

Customer Reviews: These are a collection of the reviews of your book posted on the individual book sites in Amazon.

Help: This contains a list of answers to frequently asked questions with links.

You need to note that the creating and posting of material in your page can take up to three days as Amazon has to review all material to ensure its suitability and to verify you.

I see that I'm near the end of the third manuscript page, which means it's time for me to end this month's column. To everyone signing up on Author Central, good luck!

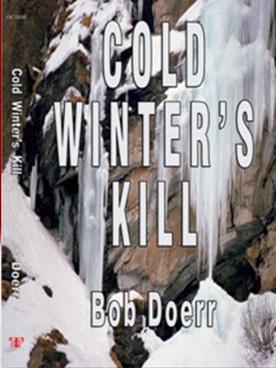
**40 Years in the making Vet-made
Brian Wizard's
"Vietnam: Then, Again, and Beyond"**
Footage of a day in the life of a smokeship Pollution IV, 1969
Through the healing return to the war zone, 1999, and into the Smithsonian Institute's National Air and Space Museum, 2009
Winner: Best Documentary, NY Indie Film Festival, 66 amazing minutes on DVD
Available at BrianWizard.com

Don't Mean Nothing
2001 classic collection of short stories by former Army nurse Susan O'Neill, now in new expanded Serving House Books edition. Available on Amazon in paperback or Kindle, or on Barnes & Noble.com.
Revised Edition includes two new stories
SHORT STORIES OF VIETNAM
Susan O'Neill

MWSA 2011 Conference at Airport Marriot in Pittsburgh, PA – September 29-October 2, 2011.
Make your reservations before April 30, and save! Call 1-800-328-9297 and ask for MWSA Block.
<http://www.marriott.com/hotels/travel/pitmc-pittsburgh-airport-marriott/>

**WOMEN'S
Independent Press**

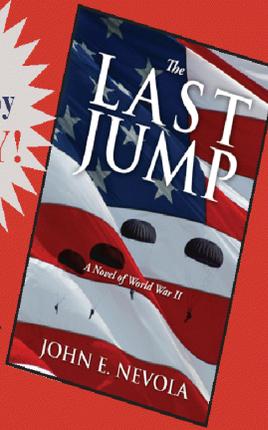
Committee	Chairman
Public Relations Social Networking Website Strategic Partnerships MWSA Reading List Buckaroo Auction Play Liaison & Promotion Korean War Book Award 2011 Anthology	Dwight Zimmerman Jack London John Cathcart Tom Ruck Robert Doerr Jim Greenwald Kathy Rodgers Stephen Peterson Mike Mullins



2010 Eric Hoffer Award Finalist

Readers are raving about the exciting Jim West mystery/thriller series. West, a retired Special Agent who served twenty years with the Air Force Office of Special Investigations, moved back to New Mexico to start what he hoped would be a peaceful, relaxing retirement. Forget that – as he's dragged into one murder investigation after another. Bob Doerr pens fast paced plots that make the books hard to put down! For in-depth reviews of his books check out the reviews in the MWSA website, or go to Bob's website, www.bobdoerr.com.

Bob's next Jim West adventure, *Loose Ends Kill*, will be released in November 2010.



Order Your Copy TODAY!

\$26.95 Hardcover
 \$18.95 Softcover
 530 Pages

A mother's last wish propels her son headlong into an amazing adventure. He must unravel a wartime secret fervently guarded by four old soldiers who swore an oath never to reveal it. As he reaches out to these aging warriors he finds truths he never could have imagined including the shocking conclusion.

A portion of the proceeds are donated to the Freedom Alliance Scholarship Fund

www.thelastjump.com


www.amazon.com


www.bn.com