

DISPATCHES

Monthly Magazine
MILITARY
WRITERS
SOCIETY
OF AMERICA

SEPTEMBER ★ OCTOBER 2010 CONFERENCE ISSUE



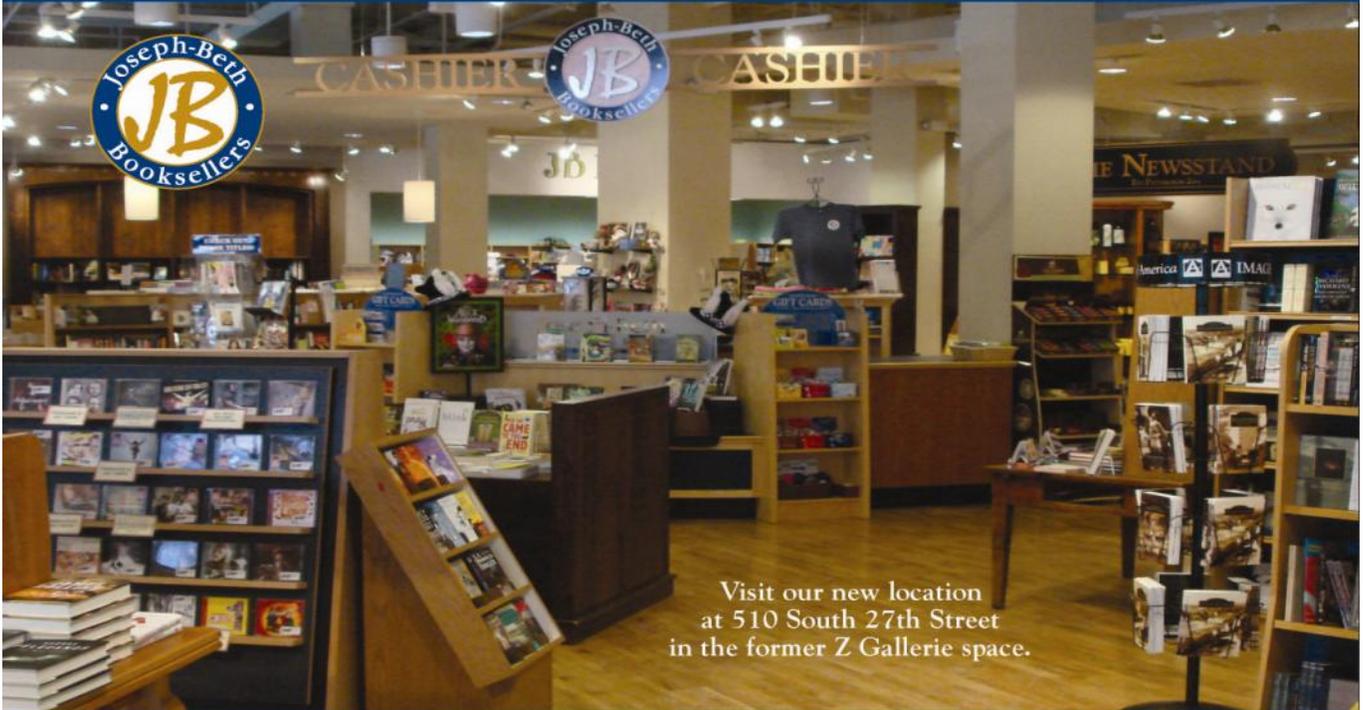
*MWSA 2010 CONFERENCE THEME:
CELEBRATE & EDUCATE!*

*2010 Conference Schedule
Introducing more 2010 Award Winners
The Amazing Story of Irving Reedy &
World War II Ace Paul Zimmer*



*Tom Ruck to speak at Flag Ceremony at the Dawn's Early
Light Flag Retirement Plaza in South Park near Pittsburgh!*

JOSEPH BETH BOOKSELLERS



The Official Bookseller of the
MWSA Pittsburgh Conference



**MILITARY WRITERS
SOCIETY OF AMERICA**

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The William E. Mayer Prize for Literary and Artistic Excellence phrase for November is "Celebrate"

From the Editor...

Hi everyone,

The MWSA 2010 Conference is nigh and for reasons of time, there will be one issue of *Dispatches* for September/October.

There are lots of wonderful things coming to fruition in the next few weeks. First is our Conference here in Pittsburgh. On September 30, will be MWSA member John Kovach's Flag Ceremony at the Dawn's Early Light Flag Plaza in South Park where member Tom Ruck will be the featured speaker. Then we'll have our luncheons—and a book signing at the Kelly Strayhorn and the play featuring the works of MWSA members John Takacs, Mike Angley, Kathy Rodgers, & Erin Rainwater.

Please notice the Conference event schedules as some of them have changed. There were not enough people signed up for the Children's Luncheon and since Bill McDonald is recovering from several severe illnesses and won't be able to attend, the Founder's Lunch has been cancelled as well. I'll be in touch with you to find out which other luncheon interests you.

As the Conference progresses, be prepared for a few surprises to add to the delight of being together.

With this issue of *Dispatches*, we are announcing the finalists for the People's Choice Award — with instructions on how to vote for your favorite. At the end of this week, you will also get the electronic version of the Conference Program. Please forward either *Dispatches* or the Program to as many people as possible and encourage them to vote for their favorite and to share these publications with as many people as possible. We are going for 1 Million Votes...but it will take work! Good luck everyone!

Joyce Faulkner, President of MWSA

Dispatches Staff



Joyce Faulkner — Editor
Mike Mullins — Columnist
Pat Avery — Columnist
Bill McDonald — Columnist
Dwight Jon Zimmerman — Columnist
Jim Greenwald — Columnist
Kate Dunn — Cover Designer
Nancy Yockey Bonar — Copy Editor
Nancy Smith — Photographer
Evelyn Harless — Photographer

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

MWSA in Branson Veterans Week

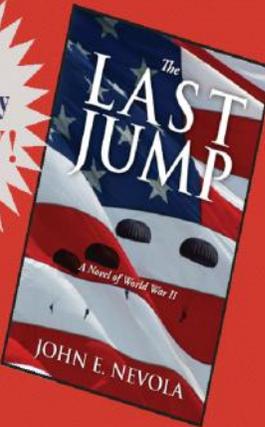
As the MWSA Conference is almost upon us, plans are underway for the next event. MWSA will host a booth at Branson Veterans Week from November 6 – 10.

Branson hosts one of the largest, if not the largest, Veteran Weeks in the country. The entire week is a huge “thank you” to all who have served in the military.

If you’d like to take part in this event, we will have booth space available for authors. The cost for signing books one day will be \$65. This includes an MWSA golf shirt. All profits from book sales will be yours.

If you are interested, contact Pat Avery at patavery@gmail.com.

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Jamaica Magazine

1983, in the wake of the Iran-Contra scandal, during the rise of terrorism on the world scene, and at the pinnacle of the Cold War...

Beyond Those Hills: An Officer and a Lady is M.H.A. Menonji's debut novel, an emotionally-charged and a meticulously documented depletion of three lives intertwined by love, death, lust and a sense of duty that transcends politicians' corruption. An entertaining tale of redemption woven into the private battles of a female warrior.

Meet the Characters and Read Excerpts at www.whofslauraarnitage.com

M.H.A. MENONJI

BEYOND THOSE HILLS: AN OFFICER AND A LADY

Private Battles of a Female Warrior



Workshop Schedule (Tentative)
Wednesday, September 29, 2010

	Wyndham UPMC Conf (8th Floor)	Wyndham	Bethel Park School	Other Schools	Other
08:00	Frank Coleman & Shirley Douglas Setup		Schedule to be Announced 7:30am—2:30 pm	Central Catholic Highschool Schedule to be Announced	
09:00	Open Access TV — 9:30-10:30 Tom McGraham Jim Weberneith David Tschanz			Propel School Schedule to be Announced	
10:00					
11:00	Open Access TV — 11-12Noon Lee Boyland Matt Pavelek John Kovach	Bob Calvert Interviews 11-12:00 Noon Wyndham Lounge			SoHo 11am -1:30 pm MWSA Officer's Lunch Joyce Faulkner, Mike Mullins, Pat Avery, David Tschanz, jim greenwald
12:00					
01:00	Open Access TV — 1-2pm Cyndee Schaefer Vista Boyland Sandra Linhart				
02:00	Open Access TV — 2:30-3:30 pm Erin Rainwater Mike Angley Kathy Rodgers John Takacs		Meet & Greet at Bethel Park School with Municipal & Admin- istrative Leaders		
03:00					Joseph Beth Book Signing 3-5pm jim greenwald, Mike Mullins, James Jellerson, Lee & Vista Boyland, Pat Avery, Cyndee Schaefer
Dinner at Marriott Restaurant—6:30 pm					

Workshop Schedule (Tentative)
Thursday, September 30, 2010

	Marriott	Wyndham	Dawn's Early Light Flag Plaza, South Park	SoHo	Other
08:00					
09:00	Shuttle 2 — Marriott Pickup for Flag Plaza 9:45 am		Setup at Flag Plaza		
10:00		Shuttle 1 — Wyndham Pickup for Flag Plaza 10am			
11:00			Flag Retirement Ceremony 11am—12:30 pm Featured Speaker Tom Ruck		
12:00			Shuttles Leave for Luncheons 12:30 pm		
01:00		Wyndham Shuttle to SoHo at 1:00 pm 1:30-3:30 pm— Luncheons Thrillers/Mystery/SciFi Duquesne Rm, 4th Flr Graphis/Photog/Illustrators Carlow Rm, 5th Flr How To/Business/ Nonfiction CMU Room, 7th Flr		1:30-3:30 pm Luncheons Oral History SoHo	1:30-3:30 pm Luncheons The Purple Rose Tea Room History/Historical Fiction AntiquiTea Women's Luncheon
03:00		4:00 pm Shuttle to Marriott		3:45 Wyndham Shuttle to Wyndham	3:30 pm Shuttle to Wyndham
05:00	5:00 Shuttle to Wyndham 6:00 Shuttle to Wyndham	5:30 pm, 5:45pm, 6pm, 6:30 pm Shuttles to Kelly Strayhorn			
Kelly Strayhorn Theater — 6:00 pm Booksgining 7:00 pm Play Shuttles back to Wyndham & Marriott after the play					

Workshop Schedule (Tentative)

Friday, October 1, 2010

	Duquesne Room (4th Floor)	Carlow Room (5th Floor)	CMU Room (7th Floor)	Lounge	Other
08:00	Social Mike Mullins	Social Joyce Faulkner	Craig Anderson Oral History Day Our History Project		
09:00	Write engaging prose for nonfiction. Bruce Gamble	Publishers' Panel Traditional/Subsidy/Self Zimmerman/Dorrance Publishing/Pat Avery Book Shepherd	The Flag Retirement Plaza John Kovach Tom McGrahan, Iwo Veteran		Talking with Heroes Bob Calvert Tin Front Café 9:30-10:30 am MWSA Officers, Lead Reviewers, Award Winners
10:00	Graphical Books Dwight Zimmerman	How to sell books to libraries, archives, and museums Panel	The Sinking of the Sultana Louis Intres The 75th Aniv of the Battle of Gettysburg		Poetry Corner Tin Front Café Homestead 8th Avenue 10:30-11:30 a.m. Mike Mullins & Jim Greenwald
11:00	Humor Writing Rob Ballister & Joyce Faulkner	A Printer's Perspective Joe Migliozi Scott Edgel	Liberation of Nordenhausen Leila Levinson Truman & MacArthur & The Korean War Don Farinacci		
12:00	Using Violence as Literary Device Mullins, Angley, Faulkner	How to sell books to bookstores Chris Rickert, Joseph Beth Booksellers	Escape from East Germany Carmen Stenholm Dwight Zimmerman 911		PJ Talk with TV hosts Shirley Douglas Holly Winters 12:30—1:30 pm Hotel Bar
01:00		Sell Yourself & Your Book Autumn Edmiston	Khobar Towers Mike Angley SCUDS on the Golf Course: American Civilians and the Gulf War David Tszchanz		
02:00		So You've Written a Novel! Now What? Del Staecker	The Battles for Fallujah Richard Lowry/Craig Rizzo Tear in the Desert Fr. Ron Camarda		Talking with Heroes Bob Calvert Award Winners Hotel Bar
03:00		How to Write a Media Release David Tszchanz	A Passion for Military History Bruce Gamble		Joseph Beth Book- signing 3-5pm E Beesley, FWhitlock, JCathcart, M Yablonka, D McAleer, R Ballister, JHannibal

Free time from 4:00-6:00 pm

Dinner on your own

Hotel offers MWSA Members and Guests a 20% discount for Terranova Restaurant

Cash Bar & Refreshments

Open Mic, Book Signing & Social

6:00-10:00 pm

Workshop Schedule (Tentative)
 Saturday, October 2, 2010

	Duquesne Room (4th Floor)	Carlow Room (5th Floor)	CMU Room (7th Floor)	Lounge	Other
08:00			Volunteer & Reviewers Appreciation Breakfast By Invitation Only		
09:00	Marlyce Stockinger Branson.com Vet Galleria	Writing Our Way Through Trauma Leila Levinson	Reviewers' Meeting Jim Greenwald Joyce Faulkner	Social	Veterans Radio Net- work Show with Dale Throneberry Hotel Bar
10:00	Converting your book to a script Charlayne Henry	Vetreprenuers Magazine Matt Pavelek	Reviewers' Meeting Jim Greenwald Joyce Faulkner	Social	Talking with Heroes Bob Calvert Award Winners Hotel Bar
11:00	MWSA Radio/TV Meeting 11am -12:30 pm	Treat Your Manuscript with TLC Editing Joyce Gilmour		Social	
12:00		War Gaming Jim Werbaneth	Stealth & Precision America's High-Tech Air Force Jim Hannibal	Social	Bob Calvert GI Radio Show Hotel Bar 12-1pm
01:00	Franque Coleman -- Creating a Video Book Trailer	Communications Panel 1:00-2:30 pm Moderated by Nancy Bonar Military Newspaper Reporter PR Newswire (News Distribu- tion) NuRelm (Social Media Net- working)	Theft of Middle Eastern Antiquities that Fund Terrorism Louis Intres	Social	
02:00	Dealing with PTSD Jerry Yellin Ed Schloeman		The Good, the Bad, and the Slutty Lee & Vista Boyland Part 1		Talking with Heroes Bob Calvert Award Winners Hotel Bar
03:00	VA Lawyer		The Good, the Bad, and the Slutty Lee & Vista Boyland Part 2	Social	Joseph Beth Book Signing 3-5pm
Free time from 4:00-6:00 pm People's Choice Award Voting					
Cash Bar Banquet and Awards Ceremony 6:00-10:00 pm					

Workshop Schedule (Tentative)
 Sunday, October 3, 2010

	Ball Room (1st Floor)	Joseph Beth			Pitcairn, PA
08:00					
09:00	Speaker				
10:00	State of Org				
11:00	10:45am Buckaroo Auction				
12:00					
01:00		Book signing 1:30—4:30 pm			5 Church Event
02:00					
03:00					

MWSA Pittsburgh Conference and Awards Banquet Registration Form

Name:

MWSA Member #

Special Interest Luncheon (Check 1):

- Oral History
- Women Authors
- History/Historical Fiction,
- Illustration/Photography/Graphics
- Mystery/Thriller/SciFi
- Nonfiction/Business/How To

Book signing (Check 1): Kelly-Strayhorn Theater (add \$20), Open Mic

Theater Ticket for Guest (add \$20): Y/N

Are you bringing a Guest to Banquet? (add \$40): Y/N

List Workshops of interest to you:

Member Fees: \$240 (inclusive of luncheon, theater ticket, and banquet)

Non-member Fee: \$260 (inclusive of luncheon, theater ticket, and banquet)

Guests for Luncheon? If yes, add \$20 per person

Guests for Theater? If yes, add \$20 per person

Guest for Banquet? If yes, add \$40 per person

If you are signing at Kelly-Strayhorn, add \$20

Example, if you are a member who is NOT signing at the Kelly-Strayhorn and you are bringing 1 guest who wants to participate in a luncheon, go to the theater and the banquet, your fees would be =
 $\$240 + \$20 \text{ for Guest Luncheon} + \$20 \text{ for Guest Theater Ticket} + \$40 \text{ for Guest Banquet} = \310

Send check and application to :
MWSA, PO Box 264, Bridgeville, PA 15017

Contact Wyndham University Place at 412-683-2040 to make hotel arrangements separately!

Joseph Beth Book Signings Pittsburgh, PA

Chris Rickert of Joseph Beth Bookstore has made it possible for us to have four book signings there...so many more of you will get to participate at her beautiful facility.

She is setting up a display that will include MWSA books (including seals on books that have won awards) — and will show off samples of our medals.

At each signing, there will be 8 authors seated behind a table with chairs for a small audience set up in front. Each author can take a few minutes to talk about his/her work, read an excerpt, or answer questions. Frank Coleman, our videographer, will try to stream some of these events to our website so those of you who can't come can enjoy. It will also be nice for the families and friends of the authors who are participating.

Here are the scheduled signings at Joseph Beth:

September 29 — 3-5pm

Pat Avery, Jim Greenwald, James Jellerson, Cyn-dee Schaefer, Lee & Vista Boyland, Free Slot

October 1 — 3-5pm

John Cathcart, Marc Yablonka, Donna McAleer, Eddie Beesley, Rosalie Turner, Flint Whitlock, Rob Ballister, Jim Hannibal

October 2—1-3pm

Sandra Linhart, Kathleen & Kate Dunn, Mark Ozerooff, David Michaelson, Jack London, Norman Fulkerson, Bob Doerr, Jack Wells

October 3 — 1:30-4:30 pm

Tom McGraham, Richard Lowry, Bruce Gamble, Dwight Zimmerman, Dan Farinacci, William Peterson, Tom Ruck, Duke Barrett

A shuttle will pick everyone up at the Wyndham hotel a half hour before their signing and take them to the store. It will pick them up 15 minutes after the event is over and return them to hotel.

Open Access Television Pittsburgh, PA

We will be appearing on Open Access Television, www.pctv21.org, You can watch on the website or on Channel 21 for those with Comcast Cable Service in the Pittsburgh area...or Channel 47 for Verizon customers. Both are filmed and will be shown later. They will be produced and directed by Frank Coleman and hosted by Shirley Douglas.

The first filming will be on September 29 — and will take place at the Wyndham in the UPMC Conference Room on the 8th Floor from 9-4pm. More details will follow.

The second is a regular show called PJ Talk and will be filmed on October 1 from 12:30-1:30 pm in the Wyndham Bar area. Anyone can show up to be in the audience (be sure to wear your pjs!) ... however, David Tschanz, Dwight Zimmerman, Joyce Gilmour, & Marlyce Stockinger will be the primary interviewees and all are packing their best jammies for the event.

History/ Historical Fic- tion

Luncheon

Hosted by Joyce Faulkner

Purple Rose Tearoom

4316 Penn Ave @ 44th St
Pittsburgh PA 15224
(412) 687-2301

**1:30-3:30 PM
September 30, 2010**



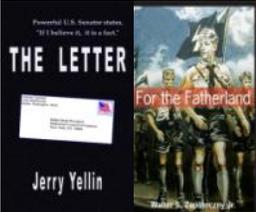
Historical Fiction

- HONORABLE MENTION -- Grey Wolf – David Huffman**
BRONZE -- For the Fatherland – Walter Zapotoczny, Jr
BRONZE -- Sisters of Valor – Rosalie Turner
SILVER -- The Great Hour Struck – Gary Varner
GOLD -- Days of Smoke – Mark Ozeroff



Literary Fiction

- HONORABLE MENTION -- Digger Dogface Brownjob Grunt – Gary Prisk**
BRONZE -- The Letter – Jerry Yellin
SILVER -- Crack Between the Worlds – Carmen Stenholm
GOLD -- Internal Conflicts – Flint Whitlock

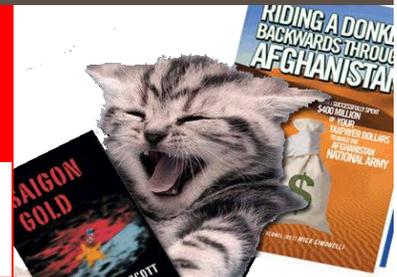


Mystery/Thriller

- BRONZE -- Dangerous Past – A. F. Ebbers**
SILVER -- Muted Mermaid/Shaved Ice/Chocolate Soup Trilogy – Del Staecker
SILVER -- Child Finder: Resurrection – Mike Angley
GOLD -- Saigon Gold – Hugh Scott
GOLD -- Breath of the Choson Dragon – Jack L. Wells

SciFi/Fantasy/Horror

- HONORABLE MENTION – Echo of a Distant Planet – Wayne Lutz**
SILVER – Rhombus – Bob Gore



Creative Non-fiction

- HONORABLE MENTION -- America's Finest – Stephen Peterson**



Anthology

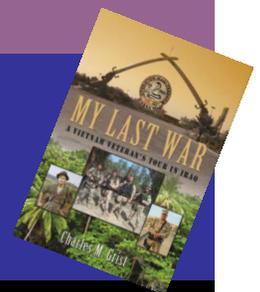
- GOLD -- Surviving the Folded Flag – Deborah Tainsh**

Biography

- HONORABLE MENTION -- A Life Well-Built—Lee Kelley**
SILVER -- This is Latch: The Story of Admiral Roy L. Hoffmann – Weymouth D. Symmes
SILVER -- An American Family in World War II – Sandra O'Connell
GOLD -- An American Knight – Norman Fulkerson

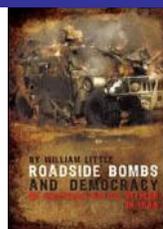
History

- SILVER -- Riding a Donkey Backwards Through Afghanistan – Mick Simonelli**
SILVER -- Truman and MacArthur – Don Farinacci
GOLD -- Fortress Rabaul – Bruce Gamble
GOLD -- New Dawn: The Battles for Fallujah – Richard Lowry



Memoir

- HONORABLE MENTION -- Nam Sense – Arthur Wiknik**
SILVER -- Roadside Bombs – William Little
SILVER -- Missions of Fire and Mercy – William Peterson
GOLD -- My Last War – Charles Grist



How To

SILVER -- The Burntwater's Cook Kitchen Guide – David Michaelson
GOLD -- A Retailer's Guide to Frugal In-Store Promotion – Carolyn Howard-Johnson

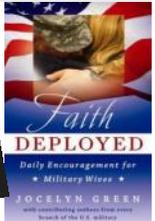


Reference

HONORABLE MENTION -- MST: Military Sexual Trauma – Miette Wells
HONORABLE MENTION -- 25 FREE References EVERY Texas Veteran Needs to Know – Marylyn Harris
BRONZE--The Politics & Security of the Gulf – Jeffrey Macris

Spiritual/Religious

HONORABLE MENTION -- A Quiet Reality – Emilio Marrero
BRONZE --- Faith Deployed – Jocelyn Green
SILVER -- Tear in the Dessert – Fr. Ron Camarda
GOLD -- Battlefields and Blessings – Jocelyn Green



Military/Air Force

SILVER -- If You Fly Don't Crash – Charles Bailey
SILVER -- Of War and Weddings – Jerry Yellin

Military/Coast Guard

GOLD -- So That Others May Live – Martha LaGuardia- Kotite

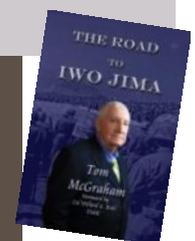
Military/Army

BRONZE -- They Were Ready: The 164th Infantry – Terry Shoptaugh
SILVER -- A Hill Called White Horse – Anthony Sobieski
GOLD -- Porcelain on Steel – Donna McAleer
GOLD -- The Texas Gun Club – Mark Bowlin



Military/Marines

HONORABLE MENTION -- And My Mother Danced with Chesty Puller – Bruce Hoffman
SILVER -- The Road to Iwo Jima – Tom McGraham
GOLD -- Immediate Response – Major Mark Hammond



Military/Navy

HONORABLE MENTION -- War on the Rivers – Weymouth D. Symmes
BRONZE -- Paper Dragon, Wooden Ship – Jack L. Wells
SILVER -- How Can You Mend This Purple Heart – Terry Gould
GOLD -- Shore Duty – Stewart Harris



Poetry – Book of Poetry

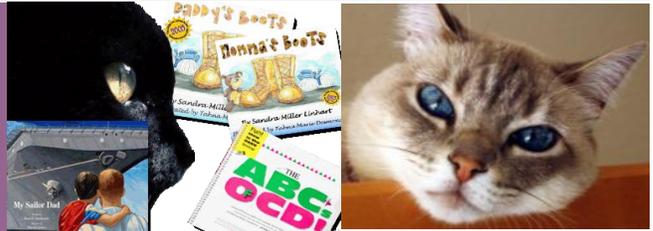
HONORABLE MENTION -- She Wore Emerald Then – Carolyn Howard-Johnson & Magdalena Ball
GOLD -- Twisted Tongues – jim greenwald and Ruth Gerhardt – New Paris, PA

Poetry – Single Poem
GOLD -- POW/MIA – Mike Mullins

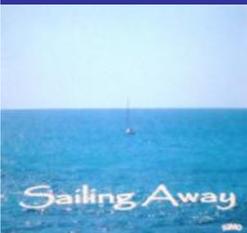
Artistic/Graphic
GOLD The Vietnam War: A Graphic History – Dwight J. Zimmerman

Artistic/Pictorial
HONORABLE MENTION -- AMARG: America's Military Aircraft – Nicholas Veronico and Ron Strong
BRONZE --- Fields of War – Robert Mueller
SILVER -- Cold War Peacemaker – Don Pyeatt and Dennis R. Jenkins
GOLD -- Lockheed Blackbird Family – Tony Landis

Children Under 12
BRONZE -- Momma's Boots – Sandra Linhart
SILVER -- The ABC's of OCD – Kathleen Dunn
SILVER -- Daddy's Boots – Sandra Linhart
GOLD -- My Sailor Dad – Ross Mackenzie



Young Adult
HONORABLE MENTION -- My Story: Blogs by Four Military Teens – Michelle Sherman & DeAnne Sherman
BRONZE -- Tecumsah: Shooting Star of the Shawnee – Dwight J. Zimmerman
SILVER -- Firefight on Brown Water – Lynn Salsi
GOLD -- Finding My Way: A Teenager's Guide to Living with a Parent Who Has Experienced Trauma — Michelle Sherman & DeAnne Sherman



Audio Books
SILVER -- Kings of the Green Jelly Moon – Mike Mullins, James Jellerson, Lloyd King, & jim greenwald
SILVER -- Lucky Enough – Eddie Beesley



Musical CD
SILVER -- Sailing Away – James Jellerson
GOLD -- Way Back Home – Jeff Senour &

MWSA President's Award
Charlayne Henry

Congratulations!

Two Time Winner — Mystery/Thriller author Mike Angley



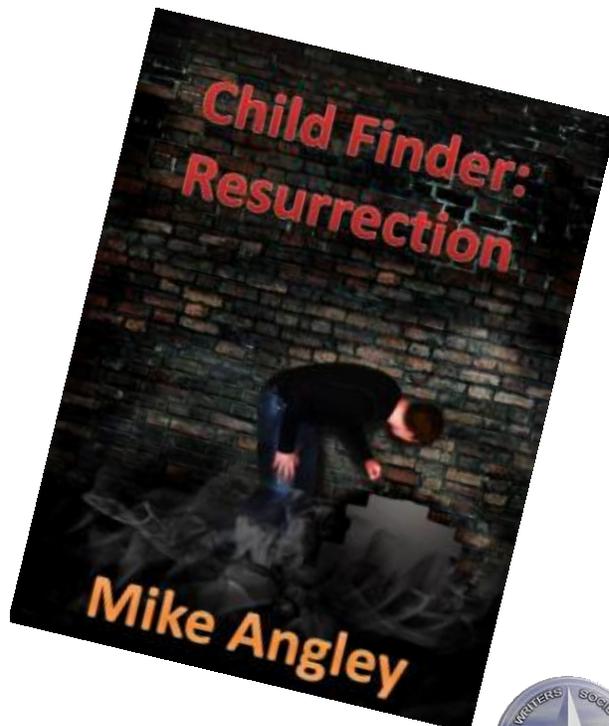
Mike Angley is the award-winning author of the *Child Finder Trilogy*. He retired from the Air Force in 2007 following a 25-year career as a Special Agent with the Office of Special Investigations (OSI).

He writes thrillers with a paranormal twist. His protagonist is a man whose deep faith guides him through his page-turning perils. The *Child Finder Trilogy* is a hot thriller series with a light, somewhat edgy spiritual theme...it is not typical Christian fiction. But fans of that genre as well as suspense and thriller enthusiasts thoroughly enjoy it!

Inspired by real-life experiences, *Child Finder*, the first book in Angley's *Child Finder Trilogy* received the 2009 Silver Medal for Mystery/Thriller and scenes from it will be performed September 30 in "From the Printed Page to the Production Stage" at the Kelly Strayhorn Theater. *Child Finder: Resurrection*, the second book in the trilogy, received the 2010 Silver Medal for Mystery/Thriller.

Mike has taken a leadership role in MWSA's joint project with Bethel Park School District called LAMP — coordinating the development of a Wiki featuring the works of MWSA authors who have volunteered to speak to students in the English and Social Studies departments during the Conference in Pittsburgh.

Mike's books follow the paranormal adventures of an Air Force Special Agent as the government exploits his psychic abilities to rescue abducted children. Patrick O'Donnell, an Air Force Special Agent assigned to the Pentagon, begins experiencing haunting nightmares about children who have been abducted and murdered—before their bodies are found. It quickly becomes apparent that he has a special psychic gift that the government is all too eager to exploit.



YOUR INVITATION

PLEASE JOIN ME TO LAUNCH
ENGAGED IN WAR

BOOK PEOPLE
6TH AND LAMAR, AUSTIN
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22
6:00 PM



JACK WOODVILLE LONDON



FRENCH LETTERS
ENGAGED IN WAR

"EXTREMELY WELL WRITTEN...YOU CAN ALMOST FEEL LIKE YOU ARE THERE. IT IS TRULY AMAZING. IT IS A SHOCKINGLY REAL PORTRAYAL OF OUR ARMED FORCES TOO- I HIGHLY RECOMMEND IT!"
- SARAH FLANAGAN, REVIEWER

LEARN MORE ABOUT THE BOOK ON JACK'S WEBSITE

Things Are Never As They Seem

By Bob Flournoy

As a young boy, sitting quietly around the dinner table at our family's old farmhouse, my parents, aunts, uncles, and grandparents shared a wealth of folk and family lore during dinner—and in the idle time after, in front of the fire. With no TV, and unreliable radio reception in rural Alabama of the 1950s, we practiced the age old but now fading art of just plain talking. As a result of those moments, I can appreciate the passing down of stories in ancient cultures that did not have the written word. I also understand how, over time, younger generations, completely spellbound and enthralled by these stories, could and did slowly change the tone and content of what they had heard. I have never retold the story of Irving Reedy, but it has festered in my mind over the years, growing from the seeds of conversations around that old dinner table so many years ago.

Irving came, with his bride Betty, to the college in Auburn, Alabama, in 1946 on the GI bill to study electrical engineering. He had been a POW in Germany at the end of the war, crashing his P51 Mustang in occupied Holland in 1944. My dad had flown in the China/Burma/India theater, and was at Auburn with his young wife (and me) for the same reason. They wore their old uniforms to class as that was about the extent of their wardrobe, and, recognizing one another as brothers of the Army Air Corps, they became fast friends.

We were in luck to have such wonderful people come into our lives and the Reedys were in luck because my grandparents had a farm outside Auburn where hungry young students would always be fed. This was the setting of many memorable tales from those days, told around that dinner table in those bug booming yet quiet Alabama nights. One particular story would haunt me my entire life and would emerge with startling closure almost 50 years later.

In March of 1944, Lt. Irving Reedy was flying his P51 fighter out of Germany toward the English



Irving Reedy and his plane WWII

Channel accompanied by his wingman and commanding officer, Captain Paul Zimmer. They were flying high, and tight when they saw a lone German fighter below them. Captain Paul gave the order and they dove to attack this target of opportunity. Too late, they realized that he was a decoy for a half dozen German fighters high in the clouds with the sun to their backs. Down they came, and all hell broke loose. Irving and Paul were vastly outnumbered by a foe with the advantage of altitude.

Almost immediately a cannon shot from an ME109 exploded in Irving's cockpit. He blacked out with a vague memory of enemy planes swarm-

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(Continued from page 16) **Flournoy**



Irving

ing around him and a glimpse of a fast departing wingman who fled upward and homeward, leaving him to his fate. Regaining consciousness as his P51 angled sharply toward the ground at treetop level, Irving managed to roll out of his airplane, and attempt to open his chute. The partially opened parachute caught in the branches of a very large tree, and broke his fall just enough to save his life, but did not save his leg, which broke upon impact. In a fog of pain and confusion, Irving witnessed his aircraft impact in a farmer's field 100 yards away and explode in a bright fireball before he passed out.

When he opened his eyes moments, minutes later, he saw the distant speck of his wingman's P51 racing west across the English Channel. He became aware that he was in the yard of a small, rural farm home and watched a young boy and girl, who turned out to be brother and sister, approach him

from the house. They were accompanied by an older man, who turned out to be their father. They laid him on a table in the old house to see if they could give him medical help. Very quickly the house filled with people from neighboring farms who had witnessed the crash. This was a notable event in rural Holland—and they came from all around to see the 20-year-old American flyer. As various men and women in the crowded little house attempted to administer medical help to Irving, the Gestapo who had also witnessed the event arrived on the scene and took custody of Lt. Reedy, taking him away toward an unknown fate, and out of the lives of those farmers as quickly as he had entered.

Irving was kept in isolation—his wounds unattended for several days. Cold, hungry, and in pain, he was finally taken before a German officer who spoke perfect English—and as it turned out, had attended college in the US. Cordially offering him a cigarette and speaking in a soft voice, the German placed a dossier in front of Irving and instructed him to read through it. His words were something to the effect that there should not be any bullshit pass between them because there was very little that the German military did not already know about him. Astounded, Irving leafed through the papers, reading newspaper articles about himself enlisting in the army air corps and graduating from flight school. German intelligence had been working hard in the United States long before Irving or for that matter the country itself, entered World War II. Deflated somewhat, Irving listened quietly to the questions of Hitler's master race representative, attentive to the fact that he had information that this polite man wanted.

In a nutshell, the German wanted to know who gave the order for the P51 pilots to eject the extra fuel pods that they carried. These pods enabled the fighters to do something that American fighters had never been able to do before—accompany their bombers all the way to the target and back. German strategy was to attack the bomber formation over the target with their own fighters, hoping to disrupt the accuracy of the bomb run. When that attack began, the P51s would eject their now empty fuel pods in order to maneuver, and fight

(Continued from page 17) **Flournoy**

the enemy defenders. Still with a full on board fuel supply, they could accomplish this task and then make it back to England. Had the German fighters gone after the bomber formation when it entered the European continent or over the English Channel, the P51s would have let their almost full pods go in order to dogfight the enemy and they would not have had enough fuel to continue to the target deep in mainland Germany, leaving the American bomber fleet unprotected, and vulnerable.

Uncharacteristically, the Germans never figured this out and never changed their strategy. Sensing what his interrogator was trying to discern, Irving gave him an answer that was perfectly acceptable to a German military man. "I am just a lowly lieutenant. I eject the fuel pod when my captain tells me to." Having satisfied his inquisitor, Lt. Reedy was sent on to a stalag in remote northern Germany, where he spent the next 13 months listening to V2 rockets being launched toward England, from a nearby missile base. He also wrestled with his hazy memories of a wingman leaving the field of battle so quickly.

Captain Paul, in the meantime, returned to his base in England and reported that Lt. Reedy's plane had crashed, that there was a fireball and no parachute had been seen. It was a reasonable assumption that Irving was KIA. Life and the war went on. Irving was counted as one of the many who had died. It would be six months before the Red Cross caught up to him in the POW camp, and notified his bride-to-be, Betty, that he was alive. Captain Paul never got that word and it would be 50 years before he finally did.

That 50-year journey would culminate in revelations totally unexpected to all concerned. It would have a monumental impact on all of us who had spent those many years angry at Captain Paul Zimmer for having committed that most unforgivable of sins—deserting a fellow comrade-in-arms in the face of the enemy.

Betty, of course, was wild with the joy of receiving news that her fiancé was alive after living with a heavy heart for six months. There are many stories about that time—and the remainder of the thir-

teen months that Irving spent as a POW. Hilarious, heartbreaking, unimaginable stories of his life as a POW—and of finally being liberated by the Russians are books in themselves, but would detract from our focus on Captain Paul's lack of action in defense of his friend and wingman.

We need heroes in our lives—and we need to balance their deeds and character with antagonists. It is our nature as humans to establish clear opposites to measure our behavior against whether in mythology, parables from the Bible or whatever religious theology we have chosen. There is good and there is evil—and in this saga our families had their hero and their villain.

In 1995, the 8th Air Force which had ravaged Germany from the air during the war held its' 50th reunion in England. Thousands of pilots attended, aging men returning to relive that brief shining moment in their lives when they had been all that they could be or would ever hope to be. War offers that opportunity. It is a sobering fact that we measure ourselves as men by how we behaved as kids in those deadly hours. That has never changed, not since early man picked up a club and advanced alongside his fellow tribesmen against a perceived threat. My own rich life of family and friends is in many respects the product of my service with an infantry company in Vietnam. Such was the case when Irving returned to reunite with his friends of old. He went to the reunion on a whim. When on the spur of the moment, he and Betty decided to rent a car and tour the lowlands of the continent after the reunion, events were set in motion that were being paralleled in the United States by their son, Bob, unbeknownst to anyone.

Being a man of detail, besides love for his father, Bob Reedy had begun, some years before, to chronicle and record his dad's life. When the Freedom of Information Act opened the records and files of so many to anyone who had the gumption to dig into the tangled web of government records, Bob began researching his dad's military career. He retrieved his files and opened the vault of detailed information that outlined the almost daily activities of Lt. Reedy from 1943 until he exited

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the service in 1945. Every order, every award, and every duty assignment was there before him. Most intriguing were the fascinating after-action reports that had been filed by Irving and his fellow pilots, after every mission flown out of England over 50 years ago.

It was in one of these documents that he discovered the report filed by Captain Zimmer that detailed his father's "death"—and the events that had transpired during that last encounter with the enemy. It contained some astonishing revelations

As Bob was about his task of researching his father and his father's old CO, Irving, and Betty were on a carefree bright summer sojourn in an automobile that they had rented, taking the opportunity of being in England for the reunion, to sight see on the mainland. They found themselves driving through the countryside of rural Holland one day, and in one of those slow motion moments that occur in all of our lives, one of those little windows that tie things together in our individual universes, Irving had the chilling feeling that he was in a place of special meaning, and content.



Irving Reedy and the Betty Jane

concerning the dogfight and Captain Paul's part in it. It also pointed Bob in another unexpected direction—researching the records and life of his father's old commanding officer, a journey that would reinforce the age-old adage that things are never simple and seldom are they as they seem. With his research complete, a contemplative Bob Reedy went in search of his father's old friend.

Stopping the car on a quiet country road, Irving pointed out the window to an enormous old tree that stood in the yard of a little cottage and told Betty that he believed it to be the tree that had snagged his streaming parachute and slowed his plunge to the ground, sparing his life so long ago. With his skeptical wife sitting beside him, he

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(Continued from page 19) **Flournoy**

drove into the yard and got out of the car.

A couple in their late fifties emerged from the house and stared at Irving, a 5'6" tall, distinctively craggy-faced man whom one would never forget. With a cry and a shout, the brother and sister who had tended to him over 50 years ago ran to him. In stunned disbelief, he was led into the little house by the joyous couple who were speaking to him a mile a minute in broken English. As they took him into the only large room, Irving saw before him the wooden table where he had been laid so long ago. As he gazed about, speechless, words from a very old man's voice came out of the shadows behind him, "how's your leg, son?"

Word quickly spread in the small Dutch farming community that the "American boy" who had brought such excitement to their village so long ago, and had become something of a legend since, had returned. People flocked in from surrounding farms, producing food and beer. The unbelievable reunion grew into a celebration with all present who had been on the scene so long ago competing with one another to tell their version of those distant events as they remembered them.

One man who was 57-years old, and had witnessed from a neighboring farm the entire confrontation with the Germans from start to finish, praised Irving for his fighter pilot skills. He recounted in detail the dog fight that had roared above those farms and fields, ending in the explosions of two enemy aircraft high above, while the others fled to the east. Irving opened his mouth to inform this man that his memories as a 7-year old were not accurate and that he, Irving, had taken a hit the moment the conflict began, which resulted in his immediate crash. He stopped as it dawned on him that he was hearing the truth, after all these years. The young boy, still confused, had been watching Captain Paul.

Many months after he began his quest for the faceless Captain Paul, Irving's son Bob was able to track down his father's wingman in San Diego, California. Paul had long ago left his home of record in Maine—and had moved several times.

With a fair amount of luck, destiny perhaps, Bob stumbled onto the phone number of Paul's old hometown boyhood minister as he searched for the lost trail. The Internet was not a tool for such research as it is now, so the task was daunting. After hearing Bob's story, and motives for desiring to make contact, the old preacher gave Bob the elusive phone number that was to complete the circle that took a half century to travel.

The telephone rang in a home in San Diego one evening and an old woman answered. She informed the caller that General Zimmer was out for the evening but would be available the next night. Mrs. Zimmer asked if she could take a message. It read: *Bob Reedy was calling and would like to speak with her husband. He would call the following day.*

When he did, she informed Bob that her husband

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Betty and Irving Reedy

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was looking forward to his call, but to be aware of the fact that the general was old, in bad health, and that he had been in an extreme state of nervous anticipation since he had gotten Bob's message.

When the general came on the phone, Bob asked him if he knew who he was. The old voice said, "Yes, son, I know who you are, and I would like to say something before we go any further." He began to tell Bob all of the things that Bob already knew—almost. "I flew 200 combat missions in WW2, Korea and Vietnam. I flew P51s in WW2, F86s in Korea and F4 Phantoms in Vietnam. Those missions are all a blur to me now, and I remember few, if any details of any of them as single events, with the exception of the mission that took the life of your father. I loved him dearly, and I have never forgiven myself for giving the order to attack that German plane, as we were almost home, and I should have seen the trap that had been laid. We were at war and our job was to kill German planes, so that is what I gave the command to do. But, it has grieved me for these many years and the image of your father's exploding plane has haunted me since."

Bob gently told the old man what had actually happened, and the joyful response that he received would warm his heart for a lifetime.

They talked at length and Bob promised to get the general, and his dad connected. The old man had never suspected that he had been so wrongly remembered—and Bob could not wait to tell his dad, who was at that moment in Holland. He was burning with the truth that he had discovered while researching the war records of both men, especially the revealing after action report of that fateful mission that had haunted them both for so long. Little did he know that Irving was discovering the same truth half a world away—from a man who as a child had seen the events unfold before his very eyes.

Just before Bob bade the old general good-bye, he spoke these words to him...

"General, I noticed while researching your records that you were credited with downing four enemy

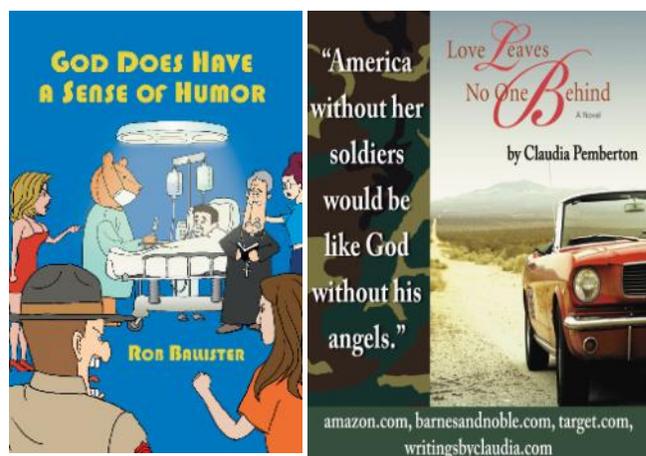
aircraft in the three wars that you fought in—one in WW2, two in Korea and one in Vietnam. You needed one more to reach the total of five required for ACE status. I also noticed that in your after-action report you claimed to have shot down two German fighters in the skies above my dad's burning aircraft, but only one could be verified. Well, sir, I have an eye witness that you did indeed shoot down two enemy planes that day. I know my dad will be pleased to know that you are an ACE."

And so began Bob's next project, a simple one compared to what he had been faced with in the previous months of research to discover the truth—a statement from a Dutch farmer would be a fitting capstone to General Paul Zimmer's career.

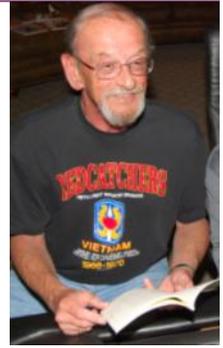
Just before the old general died, he did in fact link up with Irving on the phone. He passed away before they could arrange a face-to-face reunion. But, high in the mountains of North Carolina, where the Reedys have a summer home, there are many visitors every year, from a small Dutch farming community, who come to see their American flier.

I can see the big grin on Irving's face. I now know that Irving never truly believed that his friend had betrayed him. It was "us" that needed a villain, to prove our loyalty to him. He, however, knew long ago what we all should learn sooner than later... one never goes wrong when reserving judgment, and instead gives the nod to love, because then there is never a need to forgive.

And, that is the lesson that a young boy finally learned, after all these years.



Moon's Mutterings—Mike Mullins



I am tickled the award process is complete. I am also exceedingly proud of our organization. We have a bunch of fine folks. The process also reminds me what a judgmental ass I am sometimes. Not our process, just by my nature. That seems way too severe, but I have moments when I am horribly hard to please. Our process is as objective as any I have ever seen. Art is by its very nature a subjective beast and it will always be so. What strikes at the heart of one person may not have the same effect on another.

The visual and auditory arts are the greatest examples of the phenomenon. I have walked through art galleries and wondered why in God's name some things were allowed on the walls. I hear some music and cringe. Have you ever been in a karaoke bar and had the desire to cry when some people sing? When you look in the faces of the offenders did you see the absolute joy in their faces as they destroyed your favorite song?

Books are a whole other thing. Authors are another beast. Creativity is creativity regardless of form. Why do we do it? Why do any of us have the bug? What motivates us to open ourselves to monsters like me? No matter the genre, the form, the place or outlet, we seek a something—we leave something behind in the moment. We react to it and we garner a reaction to it. Some may know why. I simply wanted to write a little book, so I did. I am always full of questions. I am still asking them.

I had no expectations about my book. The final product actually had only a part of my experience in Vietnam in it. I found myself seeking others. It was as though the book led me. It has in fact become a key to a world I did not know existed. It led me to a world of people seeking to record the personal histories of special people who love their country and gave to it. I am learning. Writing was not new to me. Sharing what I wrote was and is. Handling what happens when you do that is.

I have turned to my sister and brother-in-law frequently to ask questions about their handling of

success. That seems weird in a way. I am not a successful author. I do not consider myself a successful author. By my own yardstick I am not even an author yet. When I successfully complete my second independent work I will rethink that definition. In a small way, I have some followers. Some people call me, some have asked me to speak, and some think I have something to offer. My sis and "b-i-l" have been in the bluegrass music industry for two decades and are well known in those circles. Both have toured in Europe. The latter is in a band that performs with major, major country stars and has been to the Far East as well. They handle everything with grace and humility. His band has a large following. They are not wealthy. The genre generates few rich performers. It is the wrong genre (like poetry). They do it because they love it. They understand publicity and still retain their humility.

I have not come to grips with using press releases and saying things like I won an award. My little book seems to me to be just that: a little book. I did an audio book because some vets wanted me to do something for the vets in hospitals who cannot read a book. I did it and I have lost my tail. I still haven't given away enough of them. I have to pay for things as I go, but I haven't given up either.

I am walking a wandering path here, but there are several points I want to make. The Military Writers Society of America became a home to me. There are well known writers here who welcome small fry like me, who help me, who teach me, who recognize I offer a few words of worth. They understand publicity and retain humility. They do not condescend when they speak with me. They welcome me and others like me. They nurture and share with me. They see something of value in what I do. Other organizations would not make a place for me. Bill McDonald had that vision. People who share it became part of that and made it

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(Continued from page 22) **Mullins**

grow. Now we have a play and a process that recognizes effort and breadth of talent from wee to wide.

I know a man who belongs to Mensa. He has never been to college, although he is a technical school graduate. He attended a meeting once and was poorly treated. It was they who lost someone special, not he. He learned to captain (got his three-master license) a large sailing vessel in two weeks on Lake Michigan, has a photogenic memory (I saw him memorize a complex electronic blueprint of a large machine press in about three minutes) and could build almost anything from a photo. Ironically, he is also one of the most volatile men I have ever met. I wonder if he was Van Gogh in another life. If he wrote, he would have a chance in our group to contribute to us in a special way. There is room and opportunity.

Every book, every song, every poem has a chance to be part of something in our organization. We have many things happening now where anyone can shine. Each of us has that “moment” when brilliance strikes, or can strike. Why? Who knows really, but it can and does. A “bad” book can be memorable because of a few sentences. Any writer can be part of the play. One chapter may reach deep inside the reader and pull the heart’s strings and evoke emotions not touched by another destined to be a classic in its entirety. Any artist, any poet, any painter, can strike a brilliant blow in a moment. We have monthly opportunities as well as annual, not to mention our on-going review process. It is not a competition. It is an open chance to participate, to grow, to learn, and to interact. A poem may have a stanza which offers a scene that cries out for broader expression. If ever we are able to include member-generated cover art (not purchased outside) it could even be a drawing that demands expression in words and action. That is unfortunately the most subjective form of all. How do you quantify and objectify visual art?

Why do we do what we do? Do we do it out of love? To leave something of ourselves behind? To seek another form of immortality? To preserve a more personal kind of history than the text books

care for? To speak to the generations we seed? I simply wanted to write a book. Now I am hooked and am writing another. I love the audio stuff and have been part of a couple of them. I got lucky and have been recognized for my work a little bit. It is my hope, whether by intent or by accident, that I wrote something which will be of value or remembered later. It is “kinda” cool knowing that somewhere in a few years I have a book that will sell for a quarter in a yard sale.

Announcing Women’s Luncheon at AntiquiTea



Anna Marie Gire will host the Women Authors’ luncheon on September 30 from 1:30-3:30 pm at AntiquiTea Tea Room and Gift Shop during the 2010 Pittsburgh MWSA Conference.

Yvonne Phillips FSII, will discuss Feng Shui. Feng Shui shows us how our spaces can be designed and rearranged in such a way to provide one with the right balance and harmony—allowing us to tap into our creative self each and every time that we work on our writing projects.

Note: This event isn’t limited to authors only. Anyone else interested in Feng Shui is welcome as well.

Patty Knouse & Nicole Freshwater, Proprietors
AntiquiTea Tearoom and Gift Shop
964 Perry Highway,
Pittsburgh, PA 15237
Call for Details: 412-3646248

Rosalie Turner — 2010 Bronze Medalist for Historical Fiction



I am the wife, sister, and mother of former Marines. Both my husband and brother served in Vietnam, and our son, Joel, served in Iraq. When I first thought about writing *Sisters of Valor*, there were no books that told of those turbulent years of the Vietnam Era from the viewpoint of the service wife. My first motivation for writing *Sisters of Valor* was to give voice to the service wife.



I have been writing for years, and my experience includes four published books, numerous magazine articles for Christian magazines, all the scripts for a puppet ministry group I organized, and a program in the United Methodist Women's Program Book, among miscellaneous writings of devotionals, women's group programs, etc.

My first book, *My Very Own Book of the Lord's Prayer*, was published by Abingdon Press, and is presently out of print after several printings. This non-fiction book explains the Lord's Prayer to children.

Going to the Mountain: Lessons for Life's Journey was my next non-fiction book, published by Wine-Press. It is a book of inspiration that can be used as a small-group study book. It is used by the Stephen Ministry in Texas as a resource book.

Freedom Bound (www.freedombound.net) marked my switch to historical fiction, and was published by Seasons of Harvest, a now-retired small press in Texas. This award-winning novel is based on the amazing life of Anna Kingsley, born of royal blood in Senegal in 1793, captured during a tribal raid at the age of thirteen, and brought as a slave to Spanish East Florida. Because of this book I have been invited to speak at the Birmingham, AL Civil

Rights Museum, at UNC-Chapel Hill at a forum on Race and Gender, and at Texas Tech University, among other places. Freedom Bound is required reading for a history course at Texas Tech.

Memorial Day, 2009 at the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial in Angel Fire, NM, my next historical fiction, *Sisters of Valor* (www.sistersofvalor.com), was released, published by Cypress Creek Publishing, a small press in Alabama. This tells the story of four wives whose husbands are serving in Vietnam at the same time in 1967-'68 (as mine did). *Sisters of Valor* brings those turbulent times to the reader from the unusual viewpoint of the service wife. It is a book club selection for Army Wife Network, and is on the suggested reading list for the Vietnam War course taught at Texas Tech University, where the largest archives of the Vietnam War are held.



I am a graduate of Mary Washington College, which at that time was the women's college of UVA. I have worked as a juvenile probation officer and as a Director of Christian Education. I was fortunate to be a stay-at-home mom, but kept my hand in through volunteer activities, including Headstart Program, Habitat for Humanity, a jail ministry, teaching adult literacy and English as a Second Language, tutoring in the inner city, etc. In Jacksonville, FL, I received the JC Penney Award for establishing a summer reading program in the inner city. I have always been very active in our church wherever we lived – we have moved seventeen times due to my husband's career. I am married to Frank Turner, and we have celebrated our 46th anniversary. We have two sons, Kile who with his wife Sara (both attorneys) have five children, and Joel, a former Marine now a policeman, who lives in North Carolina. We lost a third son to leukemia when he was ten years old.

Charlayne Henry — Playwrite, Producer, Director



Recipient of 2010 MWSA President's Award

Lucky Enough by J.R. Jellerson
Inspired by Lucky Enough by Eddie Beesley



Lucky Enough

(Lyrics and Music by J. R. Jellerson)

Vs. 1

*In my life I've been able
To see so many things
I have lived through hard falls
Tough winters and good springs
I remember seems like it was
Not so long ago
Just a boy of seventeen
I left to fight the war*

Refrain:

*And I remember all the friends I left behind
Each and every day I remember all the time
And though at times my life has gotten tough
I thank the Lord for every day
I've been lucky, lucky enough*

Vs. 2

*Here I am once again
I'm standing at the wall
Looking down the long list
Of those who had to fall
Wish that I could reach out
And touch every name
Without their sacrifice my life
Couldn't be the same*

Refrain:

**To vote for “Lucky Enough” by J.R. Jellerson, send an email to
MWSAPCA1@gmail.com saying, “I vote for *Lucky Enough* by
J.R.Jellerson.”**

Monuments, The Last Page by Bob Flourney

Inspired by the Murrah Building Monument by Larry Wikoff

As a teenager, he climbed the leaning tower of Pizza, the Arch D' Triumph, and the Eiffel Tower. He walked under the Brandenburg Gate, he craned his neck up to the wonders of Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Vatican, he stood on the floor of the Coliseum, he touched the storied columns of the Parthenon, marveled at the magnificent David, visited the tombs of Popes, saints, Emperors, kings, and Kaisers, and he chased his sister across the London Bridge. He was a military brat living in Europe, right after World War II, and lucky to have a dad who painted colorful pictures, and told stories of every historical place they visited. He was intrigued, and enthralled by all that he saw, moved once to tears in response to his father's single, choking sob as they looked out over a field of thousands of new white crosses glittering in the sun in a place called Normandy.

When his family left Europe, they spent a week in the nation's capital where he visited monuments to presidents, marines erecting a battle torn flag, and a monolithic spire that saluted the nation itself. He would travel the land, as his father's duty assignments changed, and he would see famous Americans carved into the rocks of a mountain, and statues of single, lonely stone soldiers in the carriage circles of a hundred small towns. His own country's history would begin to call to him early in his life as a result of his personal exposure to so many famous places. He kept a journal, that eventually became a book. He traipsed scores of battlefields, and parks, never tiring of what he saw, or felt. These experiences stamped into his mind a timeline of all the events, and great people in his country's past. He became a walking encyclopedia of American history, measured page after page by the monuments that marked his life's journey.

When his nephew went to Vietnam he placed an American flag in a bush that enveloped his farm wife sister's mailbox, far out on a country road, knowing she would walk there daily until her boy returned. When the boy did not come back, she would continue to make that walk, every day, for

the last forty years of her life. He did not have the heart to take that old, tattered flag down. It was her monument, and his—their personal yellowed, tattered page, gnarled, and woven into the timeless fabric of the land.



Mail Box and American Flag in the Brush

When his terminal, advancing illness was diagnosed many years later, he found himself at what he thought would be the end of his book; the present. Having come to know, intimately, all that had passed before in his native land, he came to know that he was not a young man, anymore. But, he still burned, and thirsted for the truth behind the events that were unfolding around him that were adding to the American story.

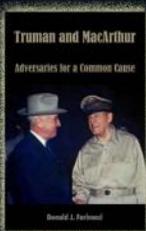
His daughter took him to ground zero, where he shook with rage, and cried shamelessly. The swirling dead souls of thousands were too overwhelming for his aging mind to focus on. He spoke, on that hallowed ground, with a visitor from America's heartland, who, after witnessing the federal building atrocity in 1995, had sojourned to New York for the same reason that he had. It was then, there, in that place, that he knew he had to make one more trip. It would be slow, and hard, because he wanted to do it alone, and he knew it would be his last. He needed to go to the place where his nation's war with terror began; in Oklahoma. He would visit the Field of Empty Chairs, on the site

People's Choice Award Finalist

of the destroyed Murrah building, and sit in all 168 of those holy seats, at sundown, speaking out loud the names that are there, engraved in stone, and in the hearts of his nation, for eternity. If he hurried, he just might have enough time, for one last page.



To vote for “Monuments, The Last Page,” send an email to MWSAPCA2@gmail.com saying, “I vote for *Monuments, The Last Page* by Bob Flounroy.”



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



SELL YOURSELF AND YOUR BOOK

The boxes of your books have arrived. Authors are excited to share their story, but many don't know where to begin. From contacting local newspapers and magazine publications to scheduling a book signing, it's about promoting yourself and your book.

Autumn Edmiston, Principal of Rev-Up Marketing, has over 20 years of marketing and branding experience. She will discuss steps to help authors create the necessary publicity campaign to help them sell books.

Attendees will learn:

- Ø **How to create a bio that tells others about you**
- Ø **The importance of having a professional photo headshot**
 - Ø **Defining the target audience**
 - Ø **Setting goals for distribution**
- Ø **Identifying publication sources to contact to pitch your story and how to create buzz for a story**
- Ø **Creating a basic webpage and/or blog for on-line exposure**
- Ø **Places in the community to host a book signing**
- Ø **Opportunities to sell your book outside of a book signing**
- Ø **Philanthropic avenues for additional exposure**
- Ø **Add on products such as a bookmarker, tee shirt, etc. that will provide additional revenue**

Gain insight into how an effective publicity campaign can work for you.

**MWSA Conference,
Pittsburgh, PA
Sept. 30 - Oct. 3, 2010**



Untitled by Carmen Stenholm

Inspired by "Empty Chairs," "Lucky Enough," "Wake-Up America", & "Detritus"

Seats for the dead. Row upon row, they stand. Sentinels empty of life. Straight backed and precisely aligned, they wait for no one.

A seat with wheels. Not empty and not entirely full. Eddie's feelings rush from his heart to thoughts in his head, then down to the shadows that used to be legs. Can legs remember friends who have become shadows too?

Stars and stripes shaking, waking from dreams of old glory. Oily galaxies with spiral arms stretched straight, rubbing against bloody streaks screaming to America.

Number three, not first nor four. A number good for detritus by a man of Zimmer. Burned by history, translucent yellow lends importance to words thought before terror struck the Center of Trade.

This is our legacy from four moments of remembered pasts. Moments that strike terror, inspire awe and tease at the lump of sorrow we all hold close somewhere in our own bodies and minds.

But, there are other pictures in our heads. They sit on shoulders slumped forward in exhausted acceptance. Moving on, one foot in front of the other closer and closer to the roles we've agreed to play. Holding in our hearts the lessons learned long ages ago. Agreeing, sometimes reluctantly, to read our lines well so that others we love can be, for a time, who they need to be.

Singing through our pain we see light ahead. Disguised as hope, it draws us into the essence of our heart's rhythm and we dance, one beat at a time, to the drums in our heaving chests.

Making a break for it, our hearts lean a little forward and we truly see each other, maybe for the first time, maybe for the last.



To vote for "Untitled" by Carmen Stenholm, send an email to MWSAPCA3@gmail.com saying, "I vote for *Untitled* by Carmen Stenholm."

Lucky Enough by Terry L. Gould Inspired by "Lucky Enough" by Eddie Beesley



Hello my friend.

It's good to see you once again.
My search has brought me all this way,
To look to you for strength this day.

Look at you.
You stand so tall.
So proud and humble on this granite wall.

Look at you.
You haven't changed.
But, oh how our hearts
Have rearranged!

I hope you know the flowing tears
Are from your brother
As I linger here.

You take your place,
With all the others.
Arm-in-arm.
Each of you,
Our fallen brothers.

I sit in solace with full respect,
I touch your name,
My face as it reflects
The sadness,
The honor,
The pride.
And no regrets.

I was lucky enough
To know you then.
Your smile,
Your trust,
Your courage,
My friend.

Yes, I come before you,
Humble and meek.
I miss you more
Than any man will speak.

I see you standing
Tall and true.
And I will forever,
And always,
Look up to you.

I stand before you,
My brother, yet.
And I promise you,
I promise you,
No one will forget.

It's good to see you again,
My friend.
I'll visit more often,
Now
That I know I can.

**To vote for "Lucky Enough" by Terry L. Gould, send an email to
MWSAPCA4@gmail.com saying, "I vote for *Lucky Enough* by Terry L.
Gould**

Reflections on the Wall by Robert Robeson

Inspired by "Lucky Enough" by Eddie Beesley

"All these were glorious in their time, each illustrious in his day...All these are buried in peace, but their name lives on and on."—Ecclesiasticus, Chapter 44.

My palms started to sweat and my throat tightened and became dry in Washington, D.C., as I neared the end of an extended odyssey to say goodbye to some gallant and special friends who'd been waiting patiently for over five years to have me drop by. The last time I'd seen them was 18 years before, in South Vietnam, as a helicopter medical evacuation pilot, with dead and wounded overflowing my aircraft. On this day in our nation's capital, though, I was merely a 45-year-old soldier just days from a military retirement.

Most walls keep us apart, but the Vietnam Veterans Memorial had drawn me from Nebraska like steel filings to a magnet...a tide tugging me home. As I approached the twin black granite scrolls that gracefully join in the center of a carpet of green in a peaceful corner of the Mall, I was awestruck. Nearly two decades after my initial combat involvement, I knew in an instant of awareness that whatever the people whose names had been grit-blasted into that wall and I had been to each other, we still were. They all share the unbearable grief of our Vietnam involvement and note the brevity of human life in time of war—any war.

Memories of combat and the personalities therein can be likened to a yo-yo. You can watch them fall away toward the end of the string, but they never die there. They merely sleep. The point in time always arrives when, in a moment of reflection, they roll back up into your hand again. As long as they are tied to your life and soul in this manner, you can be assured that they will keep returning to your thoughts on a regular basis...like a thrown boomerang or the sparrows to Capistrano.

People passing by whispered, trying not to disturb the tranquility of the setting or those who stood transfixed before this commanding stone presence. The brooding black wall drew my full attention.

My fingers instinctively reached out to softly trace the names of those I'd known and many I'd carried. Remembrances of life and death in "the 'Nam" burned into my mind like a fiery brand.

All the names of those who lost their lives or who remain missing are inscribed on the mirror-like surface of these V-shaped granite walls whose panels are as flat as still water. The largest panels have 137 lines of names; the shortest have one line.

Many of these young people were barely out of high school. The average age of a soldier in this conflict was nineteen. Vietnam belonged to their generation and they were the perfect age to participate, sacrifice and pass on. All of them gave up two lives—the one they were living and the one they would have lived.

My hair contains quite a bit of gray, now, and it's thinning in the back. I've put on some weight. But none of these Americans ever grew old. Now they never will. They didn't have to deal with a life of physical or mental disfigurement, Agent Orange or flashbacks. They discovered that the length of life is as uncertain as the morning fog. Now you see it. Soon it's gone. For them, there's nothing left to worry about. Only those remaining can cry, be angry or feel survivor's guilt.

Reflections from the Wall are like laser beams to the heart. The list begins in the center of the memorial and ends in the center. As the inscribed names are read, you see yourself reflected in the black granite. Regardless of from which angle you view it, you are looking at yourself through the names of the dead. You are a part of it. The Wall and those whose names appear on it, in turn, will always be a part of us, too. When it rains, all of the names disappear because water makes the etched portions of the stone take on the same color as its



(Continued on page 32)

(Continued from page 31) **Robeson**

polished surface. When we weep, the names are not easily seen, either...until the weeping is over.

How far removed from the horrors of combat and its aftermath this memorial is. The bitterness and anger I felt when remembering all of those lifeless and broken bodies that we hauled out of the rice paddies, mountains and jungles of 'Nam were laid to rest here. I could "numb myself out" and dismiss hippies spitting in the faces of returning combat veterans at the San Francisco International Airport—warriors with the dirt of Vietnam still under their fingernails. Then there were those inspiring peace activists who chanted "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, the National Liberation Front is gonna win" and the young infantryman with an arm missing who was asked by an older man, "lose it in Vietnam?" When the answer was "yes," the elder American replied, "serves you right?" It all happened so long ago.

Meeting these fallen comrades again was a moving and memorable moment. Now their names—one of the most sacred parts of a person—are forever relegated like sand castles to time and tide.

The Wall is where all 58,195 of these American heroes have been symbolically buried. Their final curtain has been lowered in a dignified and respectful manner. I'll be forever grateful for this ultimate act of human decency.

Goodbye, my friends. Get some rest. You've earned it. I know things are finally peaceful for you now. How fortunate we are to have had you serve America. How lucky I am to have known so many of you. How very fortunate we are.

To vote for "Reflections on the Wall" by Robert Robeson, send an email to MWSAPCA5@gmail.com saying, "I vote for *Reflections on the Wall* by Robert Robeson"

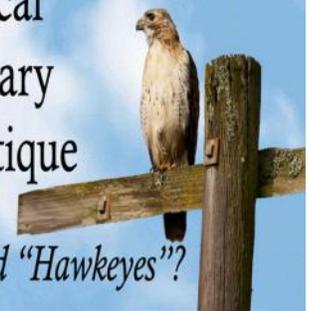
Sign up for Joyce Gilmour's
Workshop at the MWSA
Conference
in
Pittsburgh, PA
October 2, 2010



Joyce M. Gilmour
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America, Wake-Up By Beth Underwood

Inspired by "America, Wake-Up" by Kathleen Dunn

The train was two stops away from the heart of the city and knots were tugging at my stomach. We had it on good authority that final phase of the country's transformation was an hour away and time was running out.

I tried to calm my nerves by remembering those who'd followed in the footsteps of the founding fathers that year, and recalled some of their faces. Some were young, while others had entered the twilights of their lives. Some were quite wealthy, while many were otherwise. The color of skin had never mattered. Only freedom had mattered. And less than 250 years since our country's founding, freedom was hanging by a thread.

We'd made a promise to each other on numerous occasions. That no matter the cost, we would see to it that freedom would never perish. We'd pledged our lives, our fortunes, our sacred honor.

I felt the squeeze of my husband's hand on mine. He still held a spark of hope in his eyes. I was determined to hold that spark, too.

It wasn't until we'd made it out of the subway that we could discern the words of the announcement blaring from the city's Emergency Response System:

"The ruler of the People's Democracy of America has formally signed a pact with the Global Alliance, fulfilling the transformation of the former United States of America. All citizens are urged to go to the closest government office to obtain a copy of their newly designed global rights."

"We're not a democracy—we're a Republic!" I screamed at the speaker, drawing the attention of those standing close by. But I no longer cared. There had to be a way out—a way back to the principles that had made us the greatest nation on the face of the earth. There had to be a loophole somewhere. We simply had to find it. If we lost freedom, too, humanity would lose hope.

We made it to the steps of the National Archives, and joined a large crowd that had gathered. Two

men dressed in dark suits were carrying a large glass encasement, followed by other men, all carrying documents from the building. I stopped a woman who appeared to be leaving. Her eyes were swollen and red.

"It's over," she said. "It's time to give up."

"Listen to me," I said, taking her by the shoulders. "Never give in. Never give up! Don't you understand?"

"Read this," she said, handing me a stack of papers:

Global Rights for the People's Democracy

Abridged version

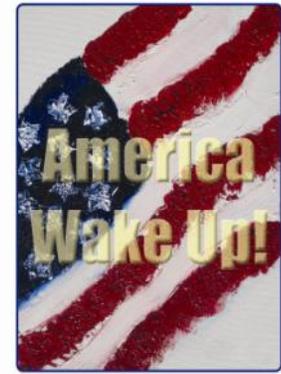
The first section outlined the new national banking system that would be responsible for all monetary distributions. It eliminated the private banking sector, setting up the government as the sole distributor of the people's money in order to create economic equality.

Section 2 charted the new government structure. Czars would replace legislative and judicial branches, allowing new rules to be made on an as-needed basis to promote social justice.

One section placed all radio and television programming under the Communications Czar, who would determine the fairness of programming, banning anything that was deemed divisive.

They'd taken control of the churches in the name of equality, banning all Christian holidays in favor of state-approved holidays. They'd outlawed gun ownership and created an Anti-Intolerance Panel, which required citizens to report anything deemed not within keeping with the new regime.

We weren't half way through the abridged version



(Continued on page 34)

(Continued from page 33) **Underwood**

when the *Transformation Now* buses arrived. The people piled out of the buses and up the steps of the Archives, demanding that the contents of the building be burned.

One man picked up a bullhorn and addressed the crowd.

“Today we erase history,” he said, “and we begin a new era in the name of socialism. You have been our oppressors. I say no more! The old Republic dies today!”

The Declaration of Independence was the first to be destroyed—the glass that had encased it shattered on impact and the bus riders reached in to get it, tearing the page into pieces, and burning the scraps with lighters.

“Your racist constitution is next,” someone yelled.

I clutched my husband’s hand, no longer able to control the tears that began screaming down my face, nor able to figure out how we’d ever save the nation. I reached into my purse to tuck my copy of *Essential Liberties* into a zipped interior pocket. Which was when the sound of a massive explosion shook the ground.

A young man ran up to the ever-growing crowd.

“They’ve destroyed the Washington Monument! The Jefferson and Lincoln memorials are next!”

The crowd turned in the direction of the monuments and began to run. They would have to catch up with us.

A cloud of smoke rose from the Constitution Gardens, making each breath harder to inhale. An odd smell lingered in the air—a smell that reminded me of an apple orchard. I was sleepy and couldn’t breathe. Prior work with the military was enough to realize deadly gases had been released. They were going to kill freedom, one way or another.

“Never give up!” I screamed, dropping to the concrete.

My pillow was soaked with tears as I jolted to a waking state, trying to catch my breath. It had only been a dream. I checked on the family and turned on the radio to hear a reporter state that the oil spill

now meant no new drilling without an environmental assessment.

I looked out the bedroom window—Old Glory was still flying at the church across the street. But the sick feeling remained. The dismantling of the last, best hope on earth was well under way. Freedom itself stood to be snuffed out, unless the rest of America awakened.

**To vote for “America, Wake-Up”
by Beth Underwood, send an email
to
MWSAPCA6@gmail.com saying,
“I vote for America, Wake-Up by
Beth Underwood”**

**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

Charles M. Grist

My Last War: A Vietnam Veteran's Tour in Iraq



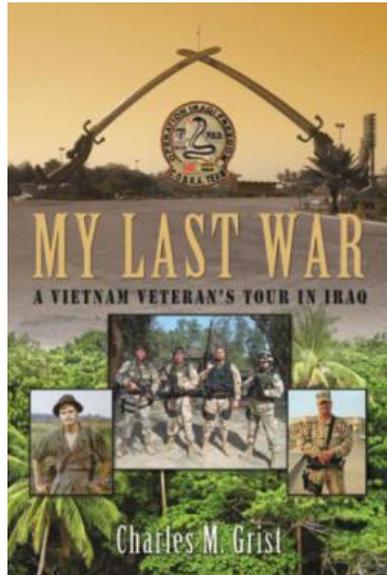
Charles M. (Chuck) Grist was commissioned as an Army second lieutenant in 1969 at the age of twenty. He graduated from the Army's Airborne and Ranger Courses and served in Vietnam as an infantry platoon leader with the First Cavalry Division.

girls and two little Rangers.

Grist retired from the Army Reserve in 2009 and as a police officer in 2010.

After a long break in service, Grist reenlisted in the Army Reserve as a sergeant. After the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, he continued his service as a warrior-citizen, volunteering to serve in Iraq in 2004. Grist became the leader of the C.O.B.R.A. Team, a Protective Service Detail with a mission to protect a general in Baghdad.

He is a graduate of the University of Central Florida. He and his wife, Debbie, are the parents of four children and the grandparents of three little



ONE AUTHOR'S SAGA OF GETTING PUBLISHED

- PREPARING AND POLISHING A MANUSCRIPT
- QUERY LETTERS AND REJECTIONS
- FINDING AND LOSING AN AGENT
- APPROACHING PUBLISHERS
- "WHAT IS SUCCESS?"

2 HOUR WORKSHOP WITH Q&A



AWARD WINNING AUTHOR
DEL STAECKER

MWSA 2010 CONFERENCE AND AWARDS BANQUET
PITTSBURGH, PA

And the Nominees are:

(In no particular order)

God Does Have a Sense of Humor by Rob Ballister

Stand To a Journey to Manhood by Frank Evans

Immeasurable Spirit by Latoya Lucas

Gift of Change by DT Sanders

Ryann Watters and the Kings Sword by Erin Reinhold

Lucky Enough by Eddie Beesley

The Texas Gun Club by Mark Bowlin

Cold Winter's Kill by Bob Doerr

How Can You Mend This Purple Heart By Terry Gould

Battlefields & Blessings: Stories of Faith and Courage from the War in Iraq & Afghanistan by Jocelyn Green

Grey Wolf by David Huffman

The Elementary Adventures of Jones, JEEP, Buck & Blue, Jones, Book 1 by Sandra Linhart

Bear, by Miguel Vargas-Cabo

French Letters, Book One Virginia's War: Tierra, Texas 1944 by Jack Woodville London

The Road to Iwo Jima by Tom McGraham

Love Leaves No One Behind by Claudia Pemberton

America's Finest by Stephen Peterson

Missions of Fire and Mercy by William Peterson

Madam President and the Admiral by Carl Nelson

A Hill Called White Horse by Anthony Sobieski

The Lady Gangster by Del Staecker

Surviving the Folded Flag by Deborah Tainsh

Sisters of Valor by Rosalie Turner

The Letter by Jerry Yellin

Behold an Ashen Horse by Lee Boyland

Chum Water by Hodge Wood

Delta 7 by John Cathcart

A Quiet Reality by Emilio Marrero

Detachment Delta by Don Bendell

**If your book appears on this list, contact
MWSAPresident@gmail.com**

2010 MWSA Officer Elections

The 2010 MWSA Officer and Board Member elections will be held in the months leading up to the Conference and completed during the Conference. As I have been asked to run for a second term as President in 2011-2012, Tom Ruck will manage the election and report results to the membership. If you wish to nominate yourself or someone for any position in MWSA leadership, send an email to Tom at MWSAElections@gmail.com.

Positions are: President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and five Board members.

All nominees are invited to write an article for *Dispatches* explaining their positions and goals for the organization. Deadline for nominations is August 31, 2010.

Voting will begin immediately afterwards online. You must be current on your dues to vote so you will need your MWSA number. More information will be provided later.

Mike Mullins has agreed to run for a second term as VP. I'm nominating David Tschanz for Secretary and Jim Greenwald for Treasurer. Pat Avery, Dwight Zimmerman, DH Brown, & Ray Morris for the Board. Bill McDonald remains the ninth member of the Board as Founder.



Anna Marie Gire — wip@fastmail.fm — www.womensindependentpress.com

Frank Evans, Chairman of the Judging Committee ...



The winner of the William E. Mayer Prize for Literary or Artistic Excellence will be announced at the Awards Banquet in Pittsburgh. The first topic for the 2011 competition will be "Celebrate." The

same rules will apply...no more than 1000 words and the piece must relate in some way to the monthly concept. Be sure to put "William E. Mayer" in the subject line of your email and send to MWSAPresident@gmail.com.



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.

Stealth and Precision: America's High-Tech Air Force

A Multi-Media Presentation

from Former Stealth Bomber Pilot James R. Hannibal

MWSA Conference, October 2010

Pittsburgh, PA



How does a Stealth attack its target?
What happens on a UAV mission?
What is Link-16?

How does a Bunker Buster work?

Listen as a real-life Stealth Pilot talks you through a Top Secret mission and shows you the futuristic technology that brings synergy to today's battlefield

James R. Hannibal is the author of *WRAITH*, a military thriller about covert Stealth operations. He served 10 years as an active duty Air Force pilot, flying the tank-busting A-10 Warthog and the Top Secret B-2 Stealth Bomber. His former clearances in the Stealth require that his books, even fiction, be reviewed by Air Force security personnel before even his wife can read them. James now flies Predator UAVs for the Texas Air National Guard.

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"Incredible...So real you'll wonder if reading it could get you arrested."

James Stoddard, Critically Acclaimed Author of *The High House*

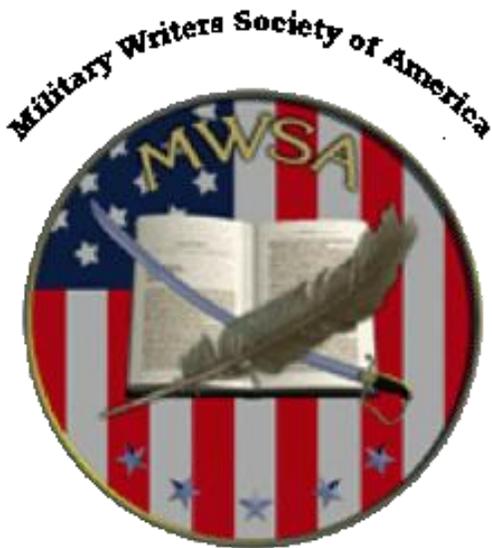
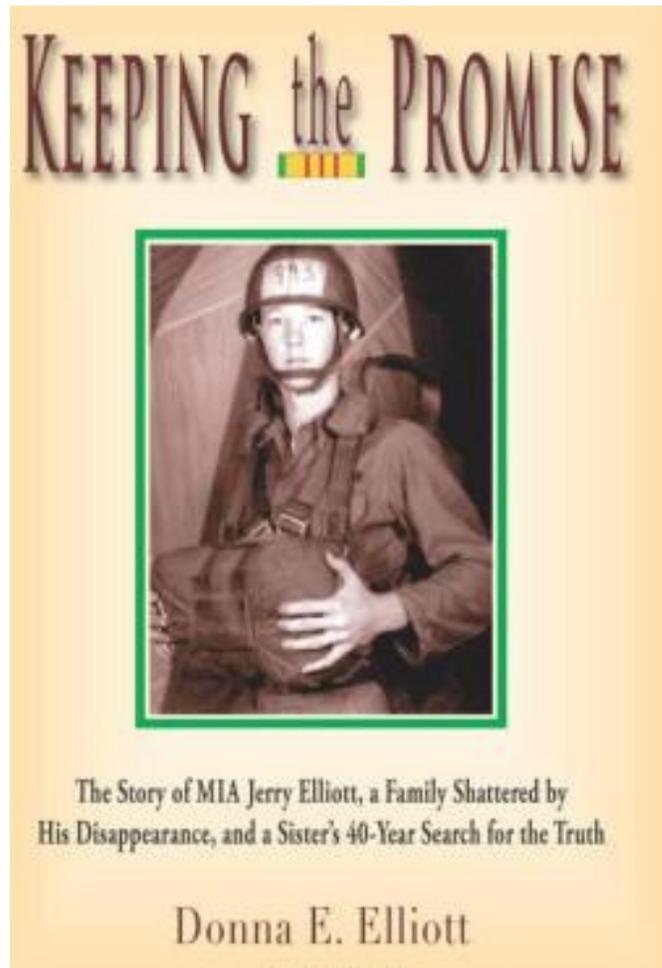


Donna Elliott author of *Keeping the Promise*

January 21, 1968 marks the beginning of the now infamous battle of Khe Sanh in Vietnam. On that day, Jerry Elliott was serving as a UH-1 door gunner with a squadron called the Black Cats. While on a rescue mission, Jerry left the relative safety of his helo to aid his comrades. In the confusion of the battle, Jerry did not make it back to his position in the Huey's door, and was deemed by the U.S. Army to be Missing in Action. In *Keeping the Promise*, Jerry's sister, Donna Elliott, tells Jerry's story, and the resulting trials and tribulations of the Elliott family as they struggle with his missing status. She includes heart-warming, yet gut-wrenching accounts of multiple trips to Vietnam, to visit the spot where Jerry was last seen in hopes of finding the truth of his service.

This book is a touching personal memoir of a soldier and his family. It is recommended for all veterans, but especially those who follow the POW/MIA issue. Most importantly, this book receives the best possible accolade that can be bestowed on any piece of literature—I read it in one sitting.

Review by Stephen Phillips, MWSA Reviewer (August 2010)



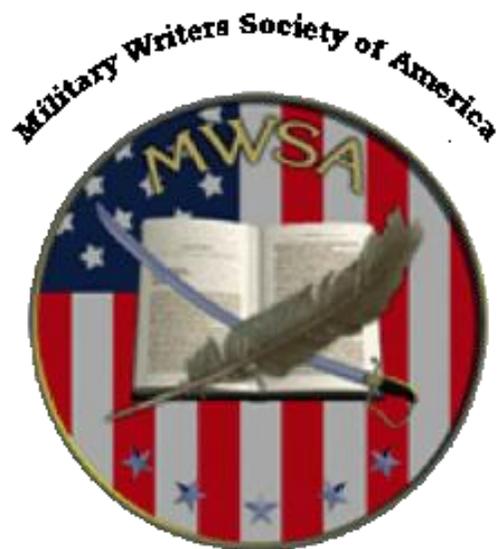
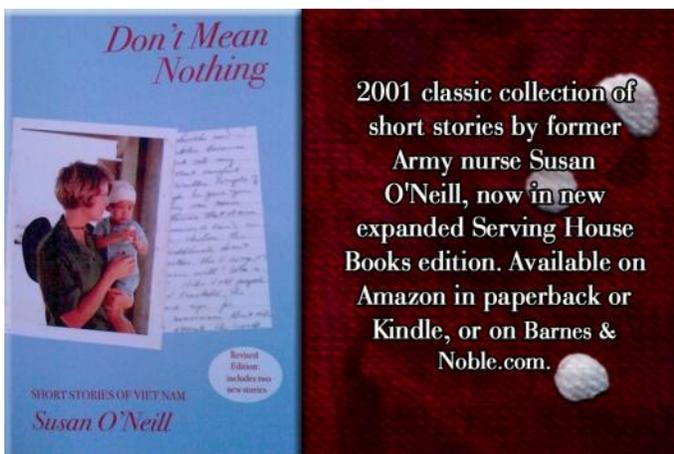
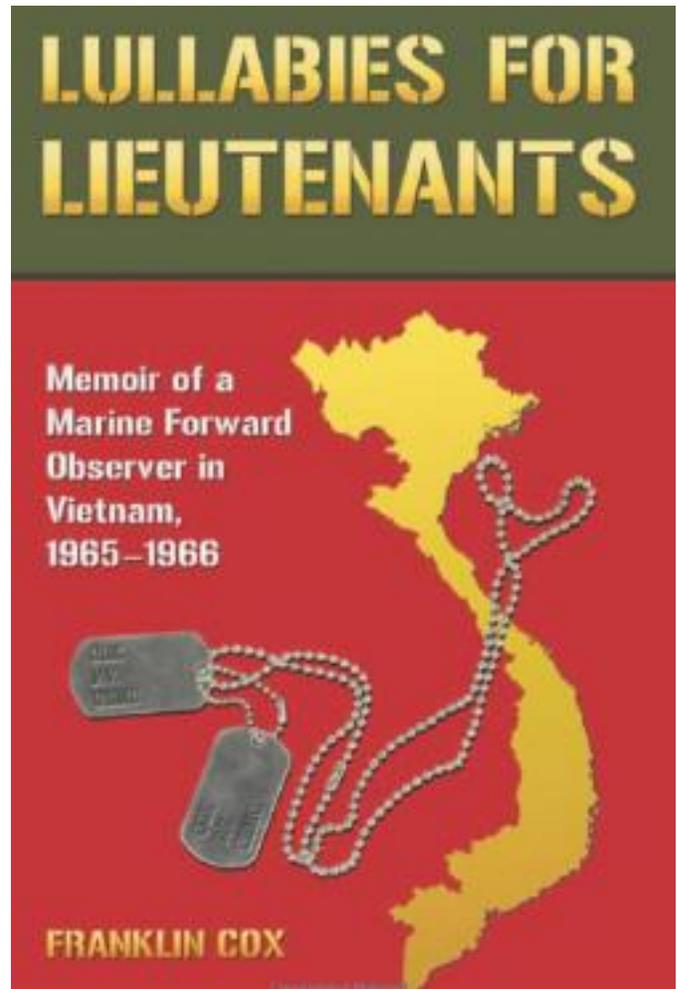
Donna Elliott
Author of the Month, September 2010



Lullabies for Lieutenants by Frank Cox

In this powerful memoir, the clock almost stops to capture every micro-second of thought in Marine Lieutenant Franklin Cox's mind. Charged with exacting artillery in the midst of Vietnam's chaos and carnage, Cox creates a panoramic view of the battlefield and analyzes many who inherit the scene. The reader sees jungle warfare from point blank and the view provides palpable insight into everyone's existence. The author packs vision into every page and his style probes emotions from an intelligent perspective. Pre/post war memories add more depth to an already fathom's deep story, and I was possessed from cover to cover. Cox's ability to write in a tick-tick-tick fashion about the horrific times survived is no easy feat. I've nearly been killed before and recognize how hard that is to slowly sketch out and share. Cox survived hell, wrote about it in living detail, and kept going. I wish for *Lullabies for Lieutenants* to be required reading. Surely there's a place for it in an American History college curriculum. I recommend the read to anyone who cares to witness what makes a man tick before, during and after Vietnam. Cox did an incredible job portraying that eventful experience.

Review by Hodge Wood, MWSA Reviewer (August 2010)



**Lullabies for Lieutenants
Book of the Month, September 2010**

CONNECTIONS

Joyce Gilmour, MWSA Book Reviewer & Editor

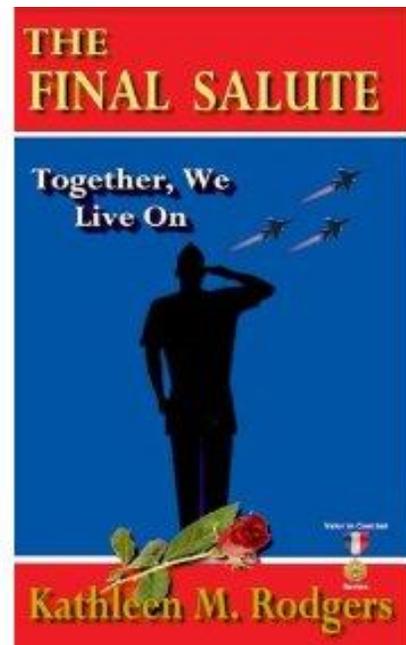
Unbelievable! In less than one month, many of us will be gathering in Pittsburgh for the MWSA Conference. I am so excited to meet some of you there and will be able to make more CONNECTIONS with such wonderful people. I can't wait to meet some of the authors that I have had the honor to write reviews for their books. I'm kind of "funny" that way, as I seem to become possessive in calling them "my" authors. (And you know who you are!)

I also am thrilled to have made a connection with Kathleen Rodgers, MWSA award-winning author of *The Final Salute*, whose book is being included in the stage performance. Due to the MWSA newsletter, Kathleen contacted me, and we are going to be working together on her second novel. I am thrilled to announce that Kathleen will be joining me for the "Treat Your Manuscript with TLC" workshop on Saturday of the conference. We will be demonstrating how an author and copyeditor can get together and decide the process they will use in their teamwork. You can see the decision-making in real-life action. I want to thank Kathleen for being willing to participate in the workshop.

One of the things that has become very apparent in my discussions with Kathleen is just how important

being a member of a critique group can be for an author. I think it takes a lot of courage to put a manuscript "out there" when it is in "working form." It goes well when praise comes your way, but when someone "picks apart" a section of your book, well, that might take a day or more to work through emotionally. It usually is with that "pain" that growth and change occurs, which often results in a much better manuscript. So, my encouragement this month is to search out a critique group, either locally or online.

I cannot wait to see what CONNECTIONS I will be able to make at the conference. I know there is a lot of work going on preparing for this awesome event. In the next newsletter, I'll be writing as someone who has experienced her first MWSA conference. I can't wait!



Stephen A. Peterson, Honorable Mention, Creative Nonfiction

Stephen A. Peterson, a member of the Seminole Nation of Indians, is currently employed in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma as a counseling psychologist/therapist primarily working with teenage and young adult clients. Peterson is a retired United States Army and Army Reserve officer of nearly 37 years of active and reserve service having received his commission through the Army ROTC program at Indiana University—Bloomington, Indiana.



He is the author of nearly 800 articles and short stories on adolescent psychology, military history, racial history, and issues pertaining to death and dying that may be seen on www.faithwriters.com. Additionally, Peterson has written over 50 books. One of these books: *Doesn't Anybody Want Me?* (2010) by PublishAmerica has been nominated for the Pulitzer Prize Award for 2011 in non-fiction.

He has earned college degrees in Biological (Physical) Anthropology, Counseling Psychology and American Military History and has done some college teaching.



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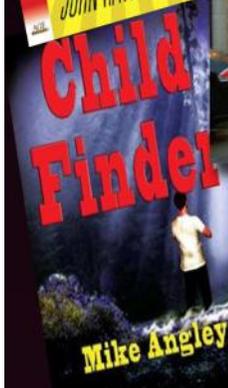
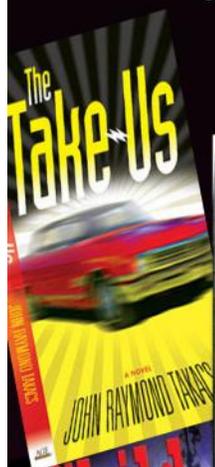
Charlayne Henry Productions &
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7:00 PM

September 30, 2010
Kelly-Strayhorn Theater
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Pittsburgh, PA
\$20



with
James
Jellerson



Writing Our Way Through Trauma

Presented by author Leila Levinson
October 2, 2010
MWSA Conference, Pittsburgh, PA

More and more research confirms what we writers have long intuited and experienced: that writing about traumatic experiences enables us to process and integrate the terror that can keep us hostage to trauma. This workshop will have a two fold focus:

- 1) sharing my personal experience of writing about my trauma and my father's from WWII and how that process brought me healing that therapy alone could not;
- 2) facilitating the healing of veterans suffering PTSD through the use of writing. How to talk about writing and trauma with veterans; how to facilitate their writing; how to create safe "communities" within which they can write.

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

A great gift for
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September/October Notes By jim greenwald



Not seeking pats on the back here, just an awareness of exactly how much time is involved in selecting nominees and then those receiving awards. To state that a good solid 40-hour work week is required would be a marginal understatement at least.

It is a long and carefully thought-out process involving literally thousands of emails between the parties involved and it was made more difficult this year by an approximately 40% increase in entries, in a shorter year—and frankly, stiffer competition in a number of areas. That you were nominated is an award in itself, that you were selected as a result of the process is something to be quite proud and excited over.

So, for what it is worth, my personal congratulations to nominees and winners alike. With the announcements having been made, some of the difficulty should be apparent. The number of ties for the different levels of awards demonstrate how close the combined reviewer/judges average scores were.

The conference is upon us. Let the games begin so to speak. This year is remarkable in its inclusion and expansion. Many folks work “behind the scenes” and deserve our thanks, but everyone should make an effort to thank Joyce for doing such a spectacular job this year both with MWSA and the conference.

There will be so many things to do and so little time. No one should find themselves sitting around and wishing they had something to do. Take advantage of the seminars, the luncheons, and the golden opportunity to mingle with your fellow authors.

On Sunday, October 3, we close the Conference with the auction at the Wyndham. We have a great selection of items all donated by members, non-members and even the Wyndham will be offering a FREE night’s stay.

You will receive the buckaroos that you have

earned throughout the year in your registration packet. Also, throughout the conference, there will be opportunities to win more. For example, a Buckaroo Raffle has been added this year.

All attending members will receive four tickets in their registration package. Drawings will be held Friday (2), Saturday, and Sunday. There might even be a few surprise opportunities to earn more buckaroos so pay attention to announcements and signs at the Conference. Good luck!

There may also be a few interesting ways for you to spend your buckaroos during the Conference as well. Of course, the question is...should you buy? Or hoard them for the auction?

A number of changes are coming this year and among them will be a major overhaul of the Review & Award process. Reviewers will be attending a seminar on the new system at the conference. However, some of the changes are listed here for your information.

The Review and Judging Process 2011 (a snap shot):

1. Each award year a member is permitted to submit only one book for review and consideration for an award. NOTE: A member can submit more than one book to be listed on our web site book store.
2. The five top qualified scoring works will be entered into the nomination process for consideration in each Genre/Sub-Category.
3. If nominated, an author will be required to forward two copies of his/her work to two specified addresses. If MWSA does not receive these books within a seven days after notification, the nomination will be removed. Electronic versions of the work are encouraged. (The package should not include reviews or anything other than the book.)

(Continued on page 44)

(Continued from page 43) *greenwald*

4. Two judges working independently will review and score the work. Their scores will be averaged and that average will be added to the existing adjusted reviewer's score to reach a total. The books will be ranked within each category. Awards will be given based on highest to lowest scores. Books with the same score will be considered tied.
5. If judges have any questions regarding the process or scoring etc., they are to direct them to the Lead Reviewer only. Contacting the President of MWSA can only be done if a satisfactory response is not received from the Lead Reviewer.
6. Discussing the judging is prohibited and may only transpire between the Lead Reviewer and the judge/reviewers. No contact is permitted to occur between authors and reviewers or authors and judges.
7. The 2011 Award Year ends on June 15, 2011. Nominees will be announced by the 24th of June. All nominee books must be in the hands of judge assigned by the 4th week of June. Judging will commence the first week of July and judges will have ten days to complete their scoring. When all judges' scores have been received by the Lead Reviewer then he/she working with the Vice President will make the final determination on Awards. Following that determination, award announcements will be made.

Franklin Evans

Author of

"Stand To...A Journey to Manhood"

www.efranklinevans.com

2009 MWSA Founder's Award

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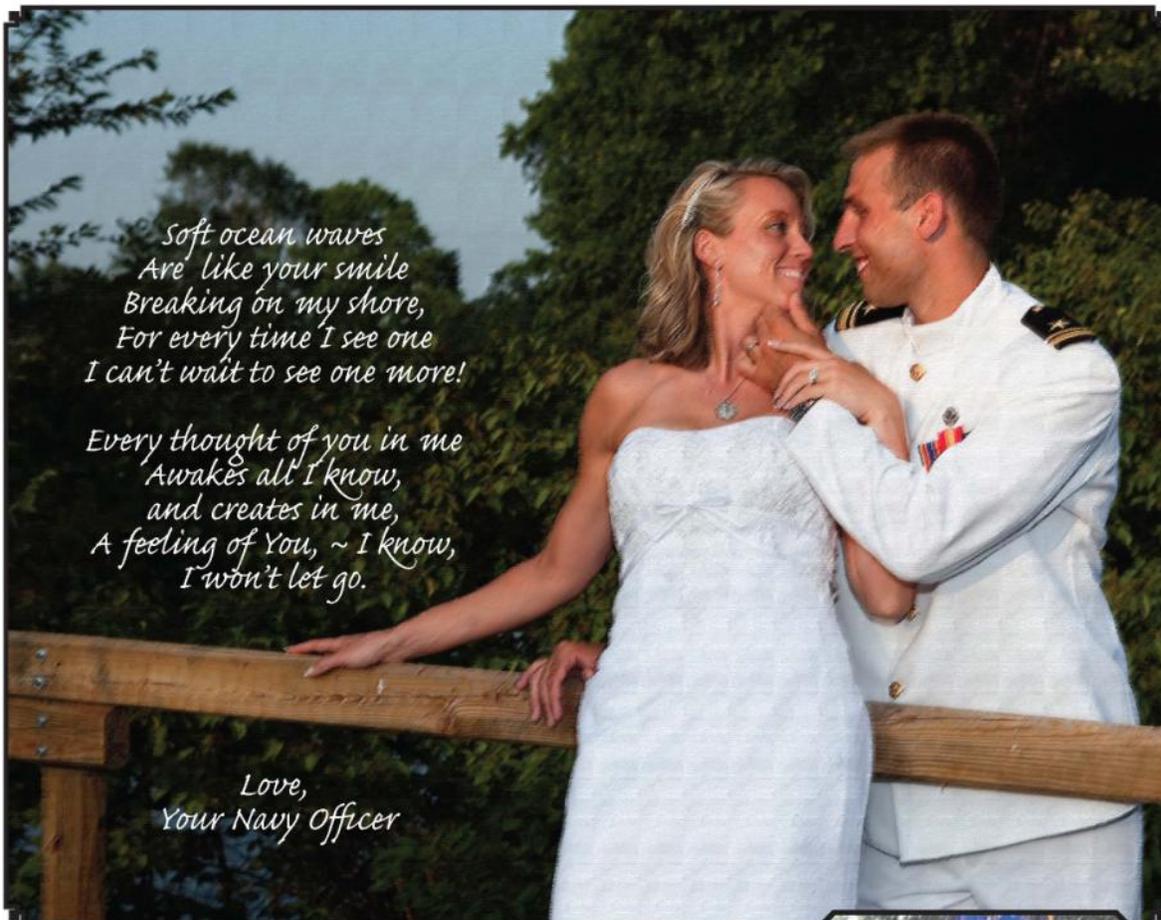
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MWSA 2010 Pittsburgh Conference Auction List

#	Description	Bid \$	Donated By
1	1 – 3 year membership in MWSA	60.00	MWSA
2	1 - Pkg of 3 months Ads in <i>Dispatches</i> ¼ page Size – 2X5H or 5X2V	192.00	MWSA
3	1 – 2011 Conference Dues	250.00	MWSA
4	1 - Set (3) <i>How To Do It Frugally</i> (In e-book format) [<i>Frugal Editor – Frugal Book Promoter - The Great First Impression Book Proposal</i>]	40.00	Carolyn Howard-Johnson
5	1 – Set of 4 Poetry Books (1 by Garrison Keillor, others winners of the James Laughlin Award and the Walt Whitman Award	65.00	jim greenwald
6A	1 hr. Consult on Book & Marketing	250.00	Bill McDonald
6B	1 hr. Consult on Life & Spirituality	250.00	Bill McDonald
7	1 – Barnes & Noble NOOK ebook reader	259.00	MWSA
8	1 - Full Page Ad in <i>Dispatches</i> 8X10 \$50.00 Cash + Buckaroo Bucks Bid Price	250.00	MWSA
9	1 - Half Page Ad in <i>Dispatches</i> 4X10 \$25.00 Cash + Buckaroo Bucks Bid	125.00	MWSA
10	1 – Professional Editing up to 30,000 words	300.00	Joyce Gilmour
11	1 – Marine Corps Lap Blanket	45.00	Connie Beesley
12	1 – 15” Anna Lee Patriotic Santa	55.00	Frank Evans
13	1 – Original Art + book signed by Wayne Vansant & Dwight Zimmerman [The Vietnam War: A Graphic History]	50.00	Dwight Zimmerman
14	3 – No Turning Back CD	10.00	Jeff Senour (CTS)
15	1 – Sony Cyber Shot 8.1 Mega Pixels 3X Zoom Lens	150.00	MWSA
16	1 – Olympus X-915 12 Mega Pixels 5X Zoom Lens	130.00	MWSA
17	2 – Vivatar Digital Video Recorder	140.00	MWSA
18	1 – Business card sized ad in Women’s Yellow Pages	195.00	Anna Marie Gire
19	1 – Samsung 22” LCD Widescreen HDTV Series 3	350.00	Joyce & John Faulkner
20	1 – 5X8’ American Flag that flew over the capital on Memorial Day 2010	35.00	jim greenwald
21	1 – Size 9 USA Button Ring	10.00	Amy Robb
22	1 – 12 Hard Copies of <i>Dispatches</i> to your home	96.00	MWSA
23	3 – 1 year memberships in NaVOBA	50.00	Matt Pavelek
24	1 – Wine Basket (assorted wines)	150.00	Charlayne Henry
25	2 – Spa Baskets (oils, soaps etc.)	75.00	Charlayne Henry
26	1 – Marquee Poster from Kelly Strayhorn Theater	100.00	MWSA
27	1 – Queensized Handmade Quilt	475.00	Connie Beesley
28	1 – Framed cover art of MWSA Anthology Vol.#1	100.00	MWSA
29	4 – MWSA Golf Shirt	25.00	MWSA
30	1 – FREE Night at the Wyndham Hotel	109.00	Wyndham Hotel
31	2 – 3 pc. In Bloom Avon Skin Treatment Set	30.00	Pat Avery
32	1 – Manuscript Critique	300.00	Joyce Faulkner
33	1 – 8 ½ Gold & Floral Button Ring	10.00	Amy Robb
34	1 – 8 ½ X 5 ½ Handmade book bound in gold thread	15.00	Mindy Lawrence



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

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Commissioned Pieces

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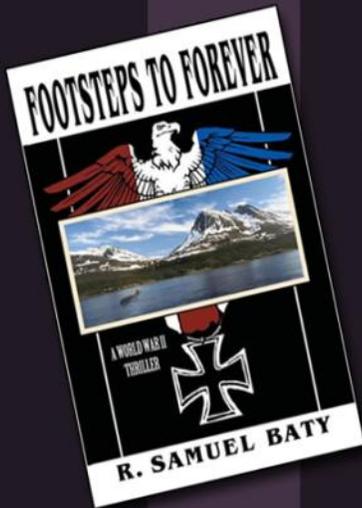
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FOOTSTEPS TO FOREVER

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



Marlyce Stockinger, Speaker at MWSA Conference & Co-emcee for From Printed Page to Production Stage, September 30 at Kelly Strayhorn



Tom Ruck, award-winning author of Sacred Ground, featured speaker at the Flag Ceremony, September 30, Host of Founder's Table & Award Presenter

DATELINE AUGUST 26, 2010: Six-Year-Old in a 23-Book Deal with American Publisher

— Dwight J. Zimmerman



Now that I've got your attention. . . .

With the exception of a headline like "First-Time Novelist Inks Million-Dollar Book Contract" extreme-case publishing headlines like this recent one infuriate me. If taken at face

value, it's incredibly ego crushing—might as well walk away from the keyboard and dig ditches or start flipping burgers for a living. Second, it's so extreme that it's got to be too good to be true. And, upon closer examination, it pretty much is.

The deal as presented in reports is between six-year-old Leo Hunter of England and Strategic Book Publishing (SBP), with offices in England, the U. S. and Australia. Of course, since Leo is a minor, it's his mother, Jamie Hunter, who had to sign the contract. I've never heard of SBP, but that's not unusual, I've not heard of a lot of publishing houses. So, I decided to do a little research. In its website SBP touts itself as a "progressive publisher." Now, I'm a little vague on what a progressive publisher is exactly, but apparently SBP's practices are such that the Science Fiction Writers of America saw fit to issue a warning to its members about SBP, and the Florida state attorney general has filed a lawsuit against the company. Caveat emptor.

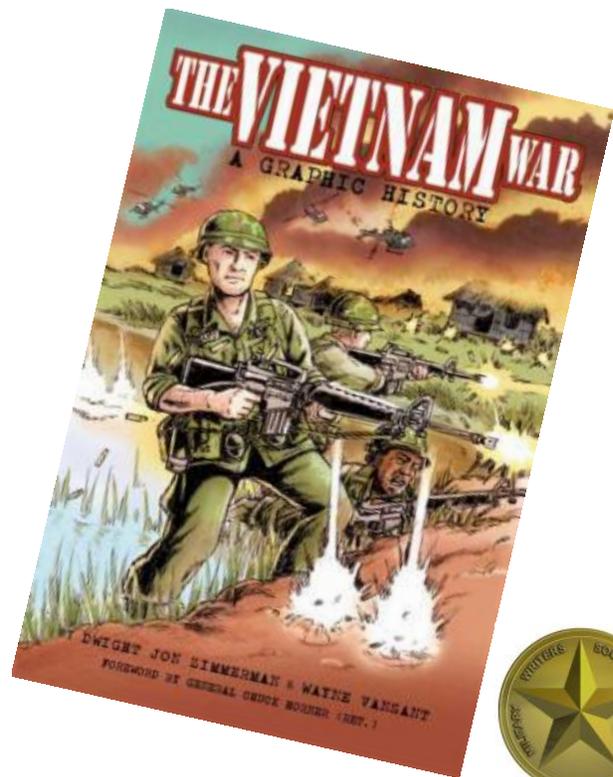
But, getting back to prodigy Leo, who writes under the pen name J. S. Hunterland. Now this Mozart of the publishing world—his photo shows him to be such a cute little nipper that you just want to grab one of his cheeks between thumb and forefinger and pinch it . . . *hard*.

Hmmm? Where was I? Oh, yeah.

As I was saying, it turns out Leo gets "a little help" in his writing from his mother, who is also an author (perhaps "J. S." stands for "Jamie and Son?"). Also, in none of the stories that I read about this

blockbuster book deal did I see any mention of a dollar figure from the publisher, which leads me to believe that this is a subsidy book deal, or a deal in which the publisher gives up little or no front money. If the publisher did pony up some advance against royalty dollars, the amount must be small otherwise you could reasonably expect the money figure to be touted as well. So, while the headline certainly attracted attention (and, boy, did it catch my eye), and spiked Master Hunterland's "name recognition value," I suspect that there's more wishful thinking than reality in this whole deal and that the probability of J. S. Hunterland becoming the next J. K. Rowling is slim.

Now, you'll have to excuse me. I think I saw Elvis walk by and I'm not about to pass up this make-my-reputation-big-time opportunity to get an interview from the King. I can see the headline now: "Elvis Gives First Interview in Thirty-Three Years: The Exclusive Report." ((Attendees of this year's MWSA conference in Pittsburgh will get the inside scoop—I promise!)) Thank you, thank





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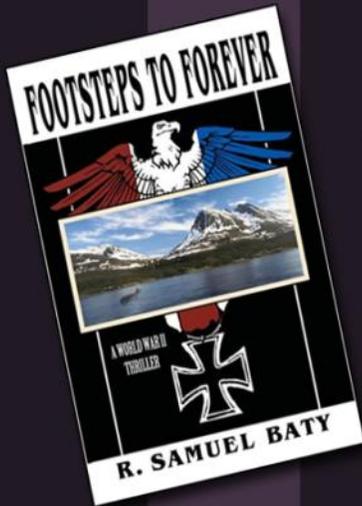
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About the Author
From Albuquerque, NM
Retired USAF Officer
PhD Engineering (UCLA)
Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University
rsbaty@att.net

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