

DISPATCHES

Monthly Magazine

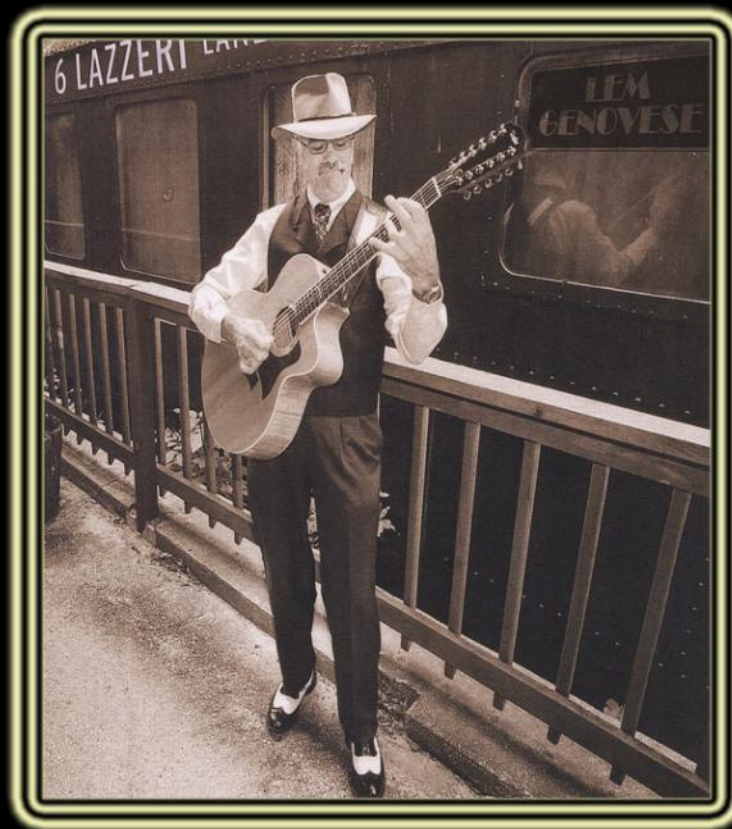
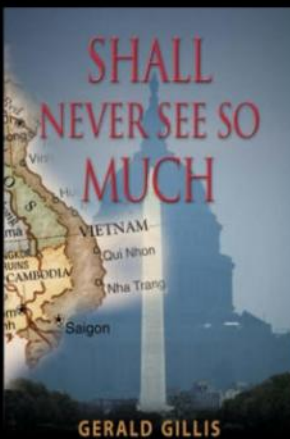
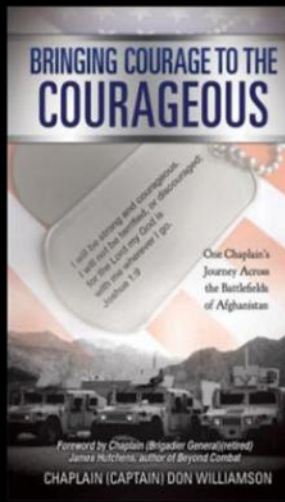
MILITARY
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OF AMERICA

February 2011

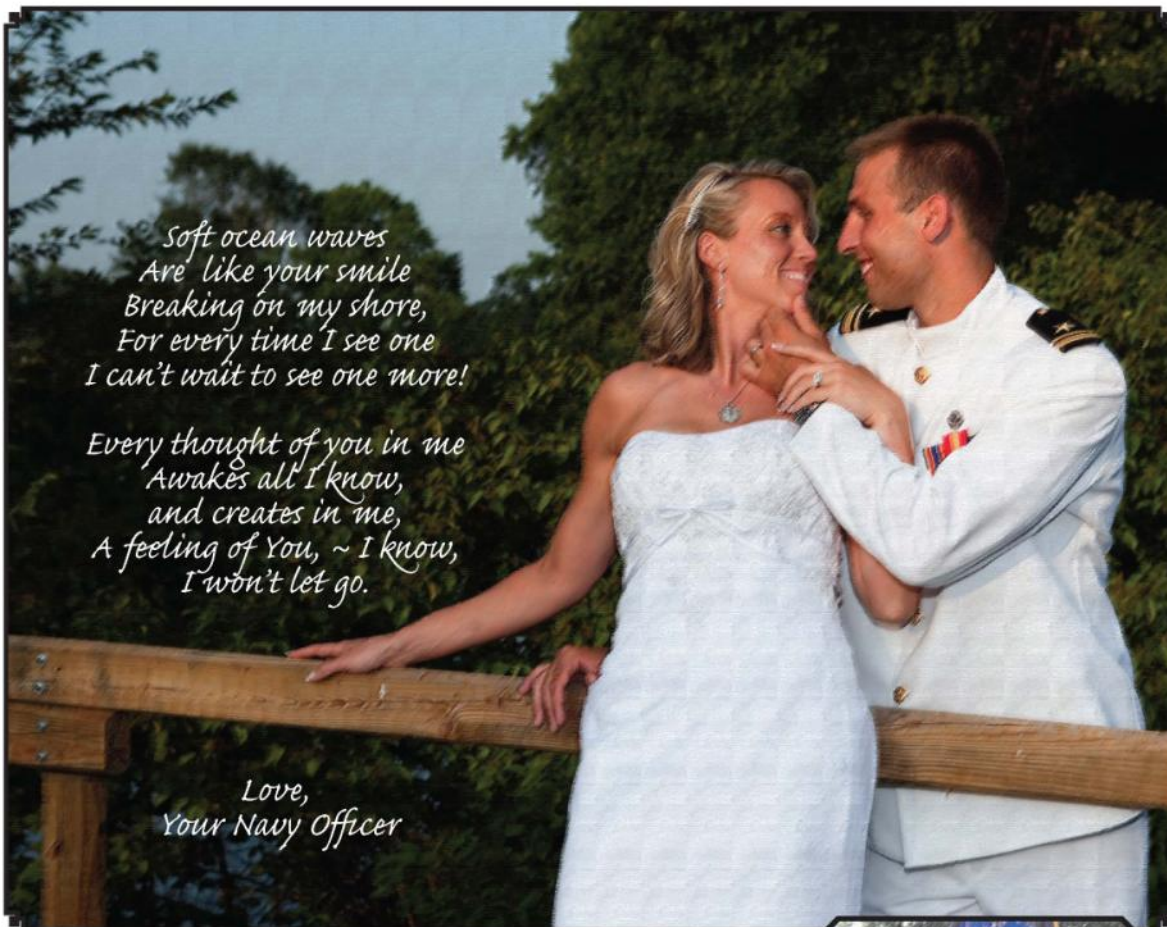


WEM: Death

Lem Genovese talks about “Elegy to the Fallen”



The Grasshopper versus The Elephant—Frank Cox
Introducing Barry Fixler
Don Williamson is Author of the Month
“Shall Never See So Much” is Book of the Month
World War I Nurse Ella’s Silver Locket—Nancy Yockey Bonar



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

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

*Love,
Your Navy Officer*

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

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of many colors™

The "Photo Paint" Process

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

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



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From the Editor...

Hi everyone,

Our founder, Bill McDonald, is back from his trip to India. Poor health forced an early return. He asked that I tell you that he appreciates your emails and prayers. He probably won't be able to return all of them right away as he might be facing more surgery. I know you will all join me praying for Bill's quick recovery.

This month, we have some work submitted by new members Lem Genovase and Frank Cox. Please welcome them and enjoy their work. Thanks, Lem and Frank. Also, MWSA poets, please check out our monthly Poetry Corner and consider sharing some of your verse with us.

Don Williamson, author of *Bringing Courage to the Courageous* is February's Author of the Month. The Book of the Month is *Shall Never See So Much* by Gerald Gillis. Congratulations to both of them.

I want to remind everyone of the Korean War Book Awards this year. MWSA is partnering with the Center for the Study of Korean War, Our History Project, and Positively Pittsburgh Live to encourage veterans and historians to focus on the Korean War. Information about this contest is on page 17.

Jim Greenwald and I are still working on the details for the conference this fall. We hope to finalize them within the next month. I'm looking forward to seeing you all again.

Joyce Faulkner, President of MWSA

*We need someone who is comfortable with web work to help the Webmaster maintain the bookstore and upload the reviews as they are completed by our reviewers. We estimate this at about two hours a week. You will receive MWSA buckaroos for your help.
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The William E. Mayer Prize for Literary and Artistic Excellence phrase for January is "DEATH."

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

The Grasshopper versus the Elephant

by
Franklin Cox

October 18, 1944

The Japanese Vice Admiral scanned the urgent message just handed him by his flagship communications officer and placed the order on his gleaming mahogany desk. The commander of the Japanese Imperial Navy's powerful Central Force Fleet walked to his operation center and glanced out the ship's port side to see the shimmering yellow-green South China Sea reflecting the setting sun. The archipelago of the Philippines was over the horizon to the east.

"So the time has come," Vice Admiral Takeo Kurita informed his staff. "Execute the battle plan for Operation SHO-1!" His armada included four new super battleships averaging eight 14- and 16-inch guns, twenty 5.5-inch and eight 5-inch guns; seven heavy cruisers, speed 35 knots, averaging eight 8-inch and eight 5-inch guns and ten 24-inch torpedo tubes; and 11 destroyers each with five 4-inch guns and four torpedo tubes. This huge naval force was charged with mounting a "general decisive battle" to vanquish once and for all the United States Navy's Pacific fleet and was ordered to fight to the death.

October 23, 1944

Kurita's juggernaut fleet, boasting the newest and largest battleships in the world, steamed toward Luzon to destroy General Douglas MacArthur's amphibious landings. It was to be a last ditch effort by Japan to cling to the Philippines or all would be lost. His would be one of three Nipponese task forces that hoped to find and destroy the Pacific fleet of the United States Navy. Thus began the greatest battle in the history of all naval surface warfare, the Battle of Leyte Gulf.

October 25, 1944

0645

Lt. Cmdr. William Lloyd Carver, USN, Executive Officer (XO) of the USS *Heerman* adjourned



USS Heerman

his staff after the daily morning briefing and left the Combat Information Center (CIC). The ship was conducting anti-submarine operations just east of the island of Sumar. His Fletcher-class destroyer was one of three in a small task force under the command of Rear Admiral Thomas L. Sprague. Called Taffy 3, it also included six small aircraft carriers and four destroyer escorts, smaller than destroyers. The small task force was lightly armed. The aircraft carriers had but one 5-inch gun each and the largest firepower in the task force were the five 5-inch guns on each destroyer. The assumption was Taffy 3 would be protected by the air and sea umbrella of the rest of the Pacific fleet. It was never intended to be a participant in surface warfare.

At 0645 that same morning Admiral Sprague received the following voice report sent by the pilot of one of his aircraft on anti-submarine patrol: "Enemy surface force of 4 battleships, 7 cruisers, and 11 destroyers sighted 20 miles northwest of your task group and closing in on you at 30 knots."

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4) **Cox**

Light from a new-born eastern sun turned the horizon from black to grey and illuminated the crests riding on the swells of the Philippine Sea. Partway up the ladder to the bridge something amiss to the northwest caught the 28-year-old officer's eye. Bill Carver stopped dead in his tracks. Streams of 25 mm antiaircraft fire lit up the distant horizon as high as 18,000 feet. Hundreds of black-red air bursts made the sky tremble.

It could only mean one thing, the young officer concluded. Kurito's powerful fleet had somehow negotiated the treacherous waters of San Bernardino Strait in a daring full-speed night voyage to enter the Leyte Gulf just east of the main body of the Philippines. Then the clever Admiral must have somehow skirted under Admiral William "Bull" Halsey's Third Fleet undetected. Now, Kurita was closing fast toward Task Force Taffy 3, while under attack from American warplanes. Bill Carver dashed up to the bridge and sounded the call for General Quarters.

Twenty-seven year-old Bill Carver had been an excellent student at Marist High School in Atlanta. He was a star on the football squad, a member of the staff of the Cadet Corps at the Catholic, all-male, military school, and graduated from high school a year early. Popular with blond, all-American features, he dated one of the best-looking girls in town. At Georgia Tech, he was a member of Phi Delta Theta fraternity, majored in Mechanical Engineering, enrolled in the NROTC program, and played golf with his idol Bobby Jones every chance he got at East Lake Country Club. Upon graduation, he was commissioned an Ensign in the United States Navy.

As Executive Officer, he was the chief administrator aboard the *Heerman* and the director of navigation. In combat situations, he would be a decision-maker in strategic and tactical situations and the delivery and choice of weapons. In combat, he would be the busiest man on the ship.

Bill Carver entered the bridge and saw all eyes looking north. Out of the fog, the Japanese huge battleships loomed, closing fast, and opened up

with their powerful weapons. Soon Japanese salvos of deadly naval gunfire shells slammed into the waters around Taffy 3. At 0650, Admiral Sprague ordered his fleet to sail to the east at full speed to draw the Japanese away from the vulnerable supply ships at anchor supporting the amphibious landing. Not only was his small group outgunned, the enemy's ships were twice as fast.

Through the fog, Sprague saw that the whole Japanese force of 22 warships was attacking him. The Battle off Samar had begun.

Sprague later said, "I didn't think we'd last 15 minutes with our peashooters against their powerful guns so I thought we might as well as give them all we've got before we all go down."

At 0656, the American admiral ordered all six carriers to launch aircraft for bombing and torpedo strikes on the Jap fleet. At 0657, he ordered his carriers to throw up all possible smoke from their stacks—and for his destroyers and destroyer escorts to whip up and lay all the smoke they could generate. The fog and smoke collided above the rolling sea, placing a shroud from the water to the dark clouds above, reducing the visibility of the attacking Jap navy. Heavy rain squalls abounded in the area. In the gloom the silhouettes of the tiny American destroyers looked to Japanese observers similar to those of *Baltimore*-class heavy cruisers. Kurita did not recognize how small and vulnerable the American force was.

At 0659, the huge battleship *Yamato* began shell-ing Taffy 3 with its 18-inch powerhouse guns, the largest ever mounted on any warship, from twenty miles away, hurling salvos of 3,500 pound armor-piercing shells. Seconds later, the first salvos splashed near the escort carriers USS *White Plains* and USS *St Lo*. Admiral Sprague knew that within minutes his undermanned task force faced annihilation. He had also noticed Kurita had given total tactical control to each of the 22 captains in his fleet and the Jap ships were like individual killer wolves away from the pack, each on its own.

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5) **Cox**

The attackers drew closer, firing torrents of heavy shells. The sea was boiling with Japanese shell splashes. Sprague decided to engage the enemy with unorthodox, desperate measures.

He decided to send his three destroyers to almost certain destruction straight into the battle line of the Japanese cruisers and battleships on a likely suicidal torpedo run.

“All small boys (destroyers) go in and launch torpedo attack!”

At 0715, the American destroyers USS *Heerman* (DD-532), USS *Johnston* (DD-557), and USS *Hoel* (DD-533), carrying a total of 30 torpedoes, joined by the destroyer-escort USS *Samuel B. Roberts* (DE-413), turned north passing out of their recently-laid smokescreens and into the open. In a loose, wide column, the destroyers went to flank speed and powered directly at the Jap fleet to make the closest torpedo run in naval warfare history. It was insane, like wasps attacking eagles, or grasshoppers versus elephants.

In the CIC, Bill Carver helped steer the *Heerman* with his radar and sonar, narrowly avoiding collisions with his comrade ships. The small destroyer sprung headlong at the powerful enemy force comprised of ships up to 30 times larger. Racing through rain squalls in a zigzag fashion, it laid heavy smoke to confuse the Jap observers. The XO had prepared his sailors to face a day like this. The *Heerman's* best allies would be her speed, leadership, and the fighting will of her crew. Their tactic was to head for the nearest shell splash while assuming that no shells would hit the same spot again.

Each of the destroyers entered into running gun battles with super-sized Jap cruisers—and the American vessels began taking powerful hits from 8-inch guns. The light swift destroyers, armed only with 5-inch guns and torpedoes, fought so savagely and fired so repeatedly that Kurita became convinced he was battling the main American task force.

At 0754, Bill Carver ordered his weapon's officer to launch seven of the ten torpedoes aboard

as his ship engaged the brutish Jap cruiser, the *Haguro*. He then directed the firing of 125 5-inch shells at the big target. At the same time, the other American destroyers loosed multiple torpedoes at the enemy armada. Minutes later the Jap battleship *Haruna* spotted the *Heerman* and began firing broadsides from its massive guns, sending shells as large as small automobiles overhead and turning the nearby sea into a cauldron of fury. William Carver called the coordinates of the enemy ship and his cannons fired over 200 shells at his target. His crew saw multiple hits on the *Haruna's* superstructure.

At 0800 and at a distance of 4,400 yards, the *Heerman* fired its last three torpedoes at the *Haruna*, reversed course, began laying smoke, and made its way to the south to provide cover for the vulnerable United States carriers. The torpedoes missed the *Haruna* but continued on a path at the massive battleship *Yamato*, which lay in the line of fire behind *Heerman's* intended target. Vice Admiral Kurita saw the approaching torpedoes, reversed course, and sailed north for ten miles to avoid the American torpedoes streaking at him. By doing so he lost command and control of the action. At the same time he voided the threat of his big guns which were nearing range to the vulnerable American baby carriers.

But at 0845, the *Heerman* came under fire from four heavy cruisers and took multiple blows from 8-inch shells. One enemy shell blasted into the bridge, killing four men. Another direct hit below the waterline at the bow blew a five-foot wide hole in the hull. Water poured in so fast that the anchors began dragging in the water. The XO helped organize a damage control team that stemmed the tide of flooding water.

Soon the enemy began Kamikaze air attacks on the American fleet, the first ever delivered by the Japanese. The aircraft off the carriers of Taffy 3 continued their assault on the enemy, making runs on the Japanese fleet to slow their speed of advance even after expending all their torpedoes, bombs, and machine-gun bullets.

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6) **Cox**

The *Heerman* gunners downed four enemy dive-bombers. The American carrier *St. Lo*, after being repeatedly hit, suffered a series of explosions and sank into the fathoms above the deep Philippine Trench, almost seven miles below the surface. The *Heerman* raced to rescue sailors in the water. Bill Carver later told his daughters Judy and Carolyn how many of the 260 survivors that he and his crew dragged aboard were burned and



The Yamato at Battle of Samar

oily.

Confusion abounded in Vice Admiral Kurita's command center on the massive *Yamato*. He continued to act on the belief he was fighting the major American task force. The Japanese staff was slow to recognize the situation and adapt. Shortly after receiving an erroneous report that another group of six fleet carriers, three cruisers, and destroyers were closing toward him he made his final decision.

At 0911, he reversed course, disengaged, and sent the following message to all his ships: "Cease action! Come north with me at 20 knots." He never knew he was inches away from destroying the entire Taffy 3 task force.

The other American destroyers had been severely damaged by repeated shelling during their brave assault. Soon all sank. Two of the six small Taffy 3 carriers were sunk. Taffy 3 lost 898 men during

the victory. Six American ships were lost in the Battle of Leyte Gulf. The Japanese suffered 26 ships sunk including three aircraft carriers, three battleships, and ten cruisers. The *Heerman* became the only destroyer to have ever fought four battleships singlehandedly and live to tell about it.

Bill Carver sent the following censored letter to his father in Atlanta, a man all referred to as "Colonel."

November 7, 1944
 USS Heerman (DD532)
 c/o Fleet Post Office - Air Mail
 San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Colonel:

Our mail hasn't caught up with us but I suppose it will one of these days. I did get a letter from Mother dated September 17, 1944.

I still don't know how the Georgia Tech football team has fared since the Duke game. Glad that brother John got to play in the game against Clemson.

Well, I guess as might as well tell you we were in the Leyte battle east of Samar. I didn't get hurt at all, not even a scratch, so don't even begin to worry about me. We gave them holy hell and the ship did a wonderful job. We made a successful torpedo run in the middle of the Japanese battle line and we poured the lead into them for well over an hour. But we were sure lucky to get out. Those prayers of Mother's sure were answered in one fell swoop. I was so proud of our crew as they fought like hell, every one of them. Will have to wait to tell you the details when I get home. Also don't say too much about us being in the fracas. We can only write just what I told you. We sure need some liberty and I badly need a vacation. We've been out here thirteen months now and it's getting pretty bad. Ever since the battle I've been working day and night on re-

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7) **Cox**

ports, etc.

Also everyone is a wee bit nervous after the “party” of 25 October. I was scared during the action but I knew everyone else was too. I know I didn’t show it.

Just don’t let Mother worry about me as everything is O.K. now. I did want you to know we were in the scrap and did a damned good job.

Hope everyone back home is fine.

Love to all,

Bill

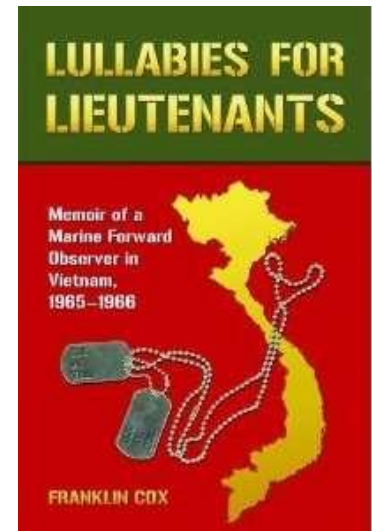
Six months later, Bill Carver received the Silver Star Medal, America’s third highest honor for bravery in combat. The Citation read:

“For distinguishing himself by gallantry and intrepidity in the performance of his duty as evaluator of a destroyer ... in her daylight surface attack against a major enemy task force ... while delivering the attack against a column of enemy vessels ... Lieutenant Commander Carver organized an immediate and effective attack on the enemy battle line. During the entire engagement his skill, bravery, and leadership materially contributed to the successful outcome of the battle. His conduct throughout was in keeping with the best traditions of the Navy of the United States.”

Bill Carver was my Mom’s brother and the oldest of three uncles. When I got back from Vietnam all he wanted to talk about when we visited was what it was like for me to have been a Marine Forward Observer in combat. He never mentioned his own incredible exploits and heroism. I had been vaguely aware he was a U.S. Navy officer out in the Pacific in World War II and had seen some action. It wasn’t until January 2, 2011, the day my Mom died, that I found some old scrapbooks in her basement. That’s the day I read the articles about what a hero my uncle had been. He has gone to his grave now, so I will never be able to have him tell me what he saw transpire on

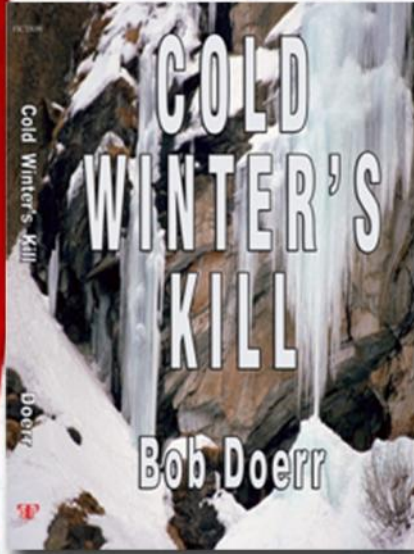
the tempestuous waters of the ocean the day he raced his small, valiant vessel dead aim in a frontal assault against a Japanese battleship. Now I

Franklin Cox was raised in Atlanta and graduated from the Marist School. He received his undergraduate degree in English Literature from Saint Bernard College in 1963. After a stint as a reporter with the Atlanta Journal he attended Emory University Law School for a year.



He then gained a commission in the United States Marine Corps and served on active duty for three years as an artillery officer. He was a Forward Observer and an Artillery Liaison Officer in Vietnam. His dramatic experiences with his fellow Marines in combat led him to recently write *Lullabies for Lieutenants: Memoir of a Marine Forward Observer in Vietnam, 1965-1966*, his first book ([McFarland and Co.](#))

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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.

Seeking Volunteers

MWSA is a volunteer-based organization. The more resources at our disposal, the more and better the services we can provide. With our MWSA buckaroo program, you have a measure of the value of your participation. (Buckaroos are MWSA currency. The more you volunteer, the more you earn. Every year at the Conference, we have a buckaroo auction where you can use your buckaroos to bid on cameras, computers, services, etc.) More importantly, the more that you put into MWSA, the more you will take away from it.

- We need someone to help our beleaguered Webmaster, John Cathcart, with our website.
- We need someone to convert *Dispatches* to a format which will support our Social Networking Strategy.
- All of the committees listed on page 38 need volunteers.
- We need someone to help us find sponsors and to sell ads for our 2011 Conference Program, *Dispatches*, and our 2011 Anthology book.
- We need volunteers to help with the 2011 Conference activities.

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

Introducing MWSA member, Lem Genovese

LEM GENOVESE: The Biography

Website: www.yankeemedicrecords.com

E-mail: yankeemedic51@mac.com

Integrity, authenticity and longevity are "Old School" values. Yankee Medic Record's slogan is "Old School rules with high-tech tools." No one personifies this better than nationally recognized veteran tunesmith Lem Genovese. You can truly use the word "unique" to describe him. He is the complete package—his guitar, vocals and arrangements are singular.

Lem Genovese { pronounced: "Jen-oh-VAYZ" } IS that rare exception. He is the real deal, the genuine article, a bona fide tunesmith and all of the above. His sense of perspective has been honed by a total of four decades of song writing & national touring, 20 years service in the US Army and the Iowa National Guard, and two cultural exchange programs in Indochina and the Persian Gulf. Whether in an intimate cafe or a larger venue, this is music that's been there, done that, and then some. Its compelling material with a timeless approach.

When you listen to his live performance, you are instantly drawn into the narrative and his distinctive abilities on 12 and 6-string guitars. His music melds genres within a single song and defies easy categorization. From his 12-string instrumental—"Elegy for The Fallen," the stark reality of a post 9/11 America in "Endangered," to the Bluesy fun of "Blues You Can Use" or the joy of watching an excellent outfielder perform like a Joe Dimaggio or Bernie Williams in the jazz instrumental "Silence From Deep Center," you realize that Lem Genovese has more than earned the right to cover all the genre bases.

Jerry Raddatz—a scout for the Los Angeles Dodgers—wrote in 2006:

"I know when I scout players, we look for ability and a desire of the individual to perform with real inspiration in all facets of the game... Lem played from the heart and in baseball terminology it was really "major league material."



Lem Genovese

Yankee Medic Records defines the three great passions of his life. He is a 3rd generation New York Yankees fan, a retired Army combat medic and a lifelong musician. He has performed in major league cities from New York to Los Angeles and has appeared in newspapers from the Washington Post and the Chicago Tribune to the San Francisco Chronicle. He has shared the stage since the 1970s with the likes of blues guitarist Luther Allison, sixties' icon Country Joe McDonald, the "non-brothers Brown"—folky Greg and reggae Tony, folk diva Dar Williams and recently with Native American Grammy winner Bill Miller.

With the release of his 13-song compilation of four decades' worth of original material entitled, "ACOUSTIC JOURNAL," admirers of his music can at long last have a full band studio compact disc as part of his legacy. His latest nine-song CD release is called "SIX LAZZERI LANE." Yankee Medic Records is proud to represent this musical legacy. Another project in the works is his memoir, "The TUNESMITH CHRONICLES," which covers his military and music careers.

It's been written that you either make history, witness it, share it, or ignore it. The music of Lem Genovese is nothing short of LIVING HISTORY.

"ELEGY FOR THE FALLEN"

A 12-String Guitar Instrumental For Gold Star Families

By Lem Genovese

Of all the instrumentals written in my career, "Elegy for the Fallen" will always hold a special place. It is the culmination of over two-years worth of composing and life-changing events during its development.

There is SO much history involved here that we need to walk through that to try and explain to civilians how the term "Gold Star Families" was developed and also debunk a popular myth about "Taps," the military funeral bugle call written during the American Civil War. "Taps" is only 24 notes, and is usually part of a ceremony that includes a rifle squad's series of volleys. Those two traditional parts of a military funeral to honor those who have passed as veterans or fallen in the service of their nation need some background to explain how and why "Elegy" was written. American History was always my favorite subject from Monroe Elementary School in Des Moines, through to the University of Iowa in Iowa City. Besides, it's a nice bit of trivia a reader can bring up in an appropriate setting. Without this background, "Elegy" is just another acoustic 12-string guitar instrumental. It helps define my writing approach.

In addition, the first half of the composition was conceived prior to my volunteering for Operation Desert Storm in 1991, refined on a chaplain's assistant's borrowed acoustic guitar the day before the ground war started, in our last phase line in Saudi Arabia. With further refinement ahead. The development of the composition will have to wait while we approach the history behind it.

The Myth of "Taps"

There is a piece of Civil War folklore that surrounds the writing of "Taps." The story goes some-



thing akin to the following scenario:

Captain Robert Ellicombe, after the final day of battle at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania in early July of 1863, was collecting the dead from both sides for identification and burial. A company or platoon commander is often responsible for this form of "killed in action" (KIA) or "wounded in action" (WIA) accounting of military person-

nel. Among the casualties, the captain's men found a young dead Confederate soldier. As was the custom, Ellicombe's troops searched the body for letters, orders or paperwork that would help identify him. In one of his pockets was a poem he had written just before the start of the three day battle. They soon realized that they'd found Captain Ellicombe's own son. They brought the young Confederate to his Union father. Before long, the news traveled up through the chain of command to Union General Daniel Sickles. When the general heard this heart-wrenching story, he had a new bugle call written for the young man's funeral.

According to Jari A. Villanueva's paper entitled, "24 Notes That Tap Deep Emotions," this NEVER HAPPENED. It is one of those ironic, poignant, poetic and mythic pieces of American Civil War stories that has become fact over the years for many people who want to believe it.

"When the legend becomes fact, print the legend"
—*"Liberty Valance" film dialog.*

Exhaustive research by the US Military Academy at West Point's historical review found no evidence that there was a Captain Ellicombe at Gettysburg during the timeframe of the battle. Further, there

(Continued on page 12)

(Continued from page 11) **Genovase**

was no Captain Ellicombe in the Union Army who had a son who fought with the Confederacy from 1861 to 1865.

The General's Idea

The US Military Academy's paper on the origin of the Army bugle call "Taps" refer to two letters from General Daniel A. Butterfield and the Brigade Bugler, Oliver Willcox Norton, to Century magazine in 1898 (the year of the Spanish-American War for you history buffs out there). Each reported slightly different accounts about how this melody was developed.

A quick biographical sketch of General Dan Butterfield will help explain my approach that history isn't just a random string of dates and events, it is the PEOPLE who witnessed or participated in it that make all the difference. Further, in battle, PERCEPTION by participants at the same place and same exact time will be different. Memory is a fickle thing.

General Butterfield was born in Utica, New York, on October 31, 1831. He graduated from Schenectady and became the superintendent of the American Express Company in the state of New York before the Civil War broke out in 1861. With

no prior military experience, he nonetheless rose to the rank of colonel in the 12th Infantry Regiment of the New York State Militia. Through his service in the Union Army he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General (a single star on his epaulette) and became the commander of the Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

The 12th New York Militia Infantry Regiment served in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia that included the First Manassas (Bull Run) campaign.

During the Peninsular Campaign in July of 1862, Butterfield served with distinction during the Battle of Gaine's Mill. Despite being injured himself, he retrieved the regimental colors of the 83rd Pennsylvania Infantry and rallied the troops at a critical point in the battle. Years later he was awarded the Medal of Honor for his heroism and leadership.

As the account unfolds, it seems that Butterfield was not satisfied with the standard bugle tattoo (call) "Extinguish Lights" that had been borrowed from the French Army. He felt that it was "too formal" to signal the activities of the day to end. With the help of the Brigade Bugler, Willcox, they wrote "Taps" to honor his men while in camp at Harri-

(Continued on page 13)

Taps

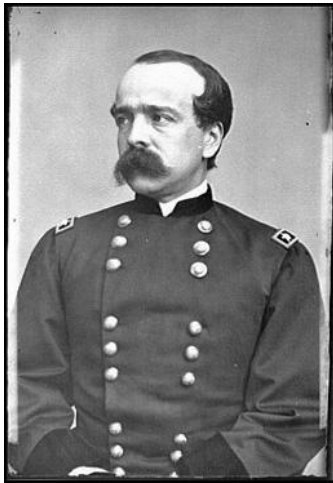
Gen. Daniel Butterfield



Arr: Emmet Bondurant

(Continued from page 12) *Genovase*

son's Landing following the battle of the Seven Days. Butterfield's unit had 600 casualties during that week of combat.



General Daniel Butterfield

Butterfield had learned bugle calls as part of his commissioned officers training, since this was before telegraph lines in certain environments was practical. Signal flags and mirrors could not be seen through thick forests, fog or poor light conditions like the smoke of battle. Therefore, Bugle calls were a necessity. However, Butterfield could not read music. So between Willcox and the General it was probably a trial and error method of developing the 24-note melody.

It doesn't take much imagination to hear the haunting, mournful performance of "Taps" as it echoed from one unit to the next up and down the lines of Union and some Confederate buglers. Maybe I'm wrong, but as a veteran, I have to believe that something akin to that happened more than once from 1862 to April of 1865.

We are not done with the good General. He also designed the Corps badge system with specific shapes of colored cloth to be sewn on the Union soldiers' tunics and overcoats. Metal badges for hat insignia were developed from these designs. Heart, diamond, spade, heart, rectangle, triangle and a maltese cross are examples. A man's legacy needs to be remembered and honored for leading a life like that.

The Military Family Service Banner

We now take our written magical history tour to the Great War, The First World War, or simply WW1. Most scholars attribute the starting date as July 28th, 1914. President Woodrow Wilson issued a Declaration of Neutrality on August 19th of that same year. By 1916, two years of War had raged across Belgium, France and in Northern Italy along the Austrian border region.

This was the war of "Lawrence of Arabia" in the Middle East which, upon its completion, the victorious Allies helped set up the borders of nations we now know as Syria, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Iran. Thus sowing the seeds of sectarian violence for the future. On November 9th of 1916, Wilson won re-election as President partially on the slogan "He kept us out of war."

After the sinking of the passenger liner RMS "Lusitania" on May 7th of 1915, the United States took two years before it would no longer tolerate violation of its maritime neutrality by the German Navy's submarines ("U-Boats"). The unrestricted sinking of vessels bound for Great Britain with Americans onboard was the final deciding factor. President Wilson appealed to Congress for a declaration of War against Germany and on April 6th, 1917 the United States was involved.

Captain R. L. Queisser of the 5th Ohio Infantry designed a banner to honor his own two sons fighting in Europe in 1917. The October issue of National Geographic that same year ran an article causing a nationwide demand for it. Subsequently, Captain Queisser turned over his copyrighted design to the US Government's Defense Department.

By 1918, President Wilson approved this new design that could be used in lieu of the traditional black draping and armband for the loss of a family member in service to the Nation. The red rectangular border encased a white field with a gold star signifying the family's loss. Alternatively, a blue star represents a family member in service. The use of the Service Banner was to show support for the family's loved ones in military service. This is how the "Gold Star Family" term developed.

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 13) **Genovase**

To clear up any misconceptions, a banner is hung vertically and a flag flown or draped horizontally. It gets confusing when a horizontally designed flag is draped vertically, but oxymorons in Washington are something we veterans get used to over time.

By early 1942, as America was then embroiled in a two-ocean Second World War, the use of the service banner was ubiquitous. You could see it in store windows, garage/gas stations, the city office building, homes, hospitals, and all over the Nation. By the Korean, and Vietnam Wars, the banner had fallen out of use. It took 9/11/2001 to encourage families to once again show their faith in their loved ones serving in the US military and the nation they serve.

Behind the Music

The opening chord run and early part of "Elegy" began in the summer of 1990. At that point I hadn't decided whether it would later need a melody and lyrics. When a full brigade of the 1st Infantry Division out of Fort Riley, Kansas, was sent overseas to Saudi Arabia as part of "Operation Desert Shield," I knew the US Army would get involved in liberating the nation of Kuwait from the despot invasion by the Iraqi army. It usually doesn't send a full brigade of the "Big Red One" unless it's a serious situation.



When the First got its deployment orders, I got on the volunteer roster for any unit of the Iowa Army National Guard that would get sent into this upcoming war. I had followed Saddam Hus-

sein's antics for years and knew he wouldn't budge out of Kuwait with diplomacy. Some dictators have to be dealt with by force. Sanctions may work, but the alternatives must be chosen with cold deliberation.

As that summer of 1990 wore on, more early parts of this composition fell into place. It wasn't until after I had joined the Iowa Army National Guard's 209th Medical Company based out of

Iowa City, that the composition found its core. It was on the last phase line in Saudi Arabia before the ground war started, that the first half of "Elegy" took its real form.

The Second Brigade Chaplain from the 1st Infantry held an ecumenical service out in the field with several companies' troops involved. The chaplain's assistant used a black acoustic guitar for the songs we shared during the service. After it was over, I asked the chaplain if he had a spare Bible from his issued supply. Not only did he donate one, Major Terry Cash signed and dated it 05 February, 1991. He made sure that later that night I would receive a Saint Michael's medal for my dog tags chain.

The good Chaplain's assistant loaned me his guitar for about 15 minutes as he needed the time to pack up all their gear and tend to some troops who needed a little extra counsel before the big first day of battle. I knew it might be the last time I would ever play the guitar and the only thing worth playing was the early changes for "Elegy." Gone was any doubt that it needed a melody and words.

Gone was any doubt about the true nature of how and why this composition needed to be written or who it was written for on this eve of a piece of history.

The BBC & a Name Change

In February of 1991, when the allied air forces were pounding Iraqi army positions all over Kuwait before the ground war started, the members of the 209th took turns doing perimeter watch. This was to protect us from vehicles running over someone in the dark. A few of the more forward-thinking troops brought short wave radios with ear phones for night time noise discipline. One of the most memorable broadcasts for me was a British Broadcasting Corporation news report by a Middle East correspondent who had been stationed in that region for about two decades. He predicted that Saddam would light up a lot of the Kuwaiti oil fields to impede our thermal optical sighting systems in our aircraft, tanks and Bradley Fighting Vehicles.

(Continued on page 15)

(Continued from page 14) *Genovase*

On the hour and half hour, you could hear the tolling of the deep bells from "Big Ben" in London in the United Kingdom. Then you would hear a distinctly British accent saying: "This is the BBC News World Service..."

My uncles who had served in Europe during WW2 told stories about listening to the BBC newscasts on their Army radios with headsets to get "another approach" to how the war was being conducted. The US Armed Forces Radio Network had its own agenda.

I wouldn't touch a guitar again until I was safely home in May of 1991 and "Elegy" was put on the back burner for about a year. Unemployment and the lack of the most important woman in my life — Nance, who was living in Onalaska, Wisconsin, near LaCrosse—made life in Des Moines, Iowa, increasingly difficult.

Nancy accepted my long distance proposal and I moved to Wisconsin in November of 1991, a few days before Veterans Day. We married in August of 1992. That life change and my Taylor Kottke model 12-string helped inspire the second half of the instrumental. One February day in 1993, Nance was home from work and I was in the guest bedroom working on "Elegy." All of a sudden, the verse structure to the Crosby, Stills & Nash song "Wooden Ships" came to mind.

With a little embellishment it flowed seamlessly into the entire composition as its main theme. When I finished playing it all the way through, Nance put her newspaper down and yelled upstairs: "What was THAT ?!"

I replied: "I have no idea..."

Nance then asked: "Can you remember it like the way you just played it? That sounds great !"

My reply was: "I haven't got a clue, but here goes..."

Section by section, the composition finally had a prelude, a main theme and a fitting finale. From here it was worth all the risk, fear and heartache to write.

To Honor Their Service and Memory and For the Healing Process

The original title was "Higher Ground/Higher Calling." People confused that with the Stevie Wonder hit from the 1970s. By the time I was ready to record it for a compact disc some four years later, I changed the title to the more appropriate "Elegy For The Fallen" (Song for Gold Star Families).

The most recent introduction was added at least a year after I thought the composition was completed. It was my way to honor that accurate BBC forecast—and our Brit and her various Commonwealth allies who have stuck by us through two world wars, Korea, with the Aussies and the Kiwis (New Zealand) in Vietnam and now in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Hitting those specific chiming harmonics properly on a 12-string takes a light touch and tone perfect clockwork timing. The result is a striking reminder of Hemingway's classic—"For Whom The Bell Tolls." The three tolls is for those "oh-dark-thirty" assignments and missions that begin while the bad guys are asleep.

A section or two isn't that easy to get good notes off some tough chord configurations. The risk of a fluffed note or two isn't cause for alarm in my book. Its the overall effort and intentions that truly matter.

For some Gold Star Families, the playing of "Taps" is synonymous with the military funeral for their loved one. It is a melody fixed and frozen in time for them. Losing a loved one in the service of our nation's military takes a lifetime of healing and recovery. "Elegy For The Fallen" is my humble contribution to that process. People have commented how "cinematic" it sounds. It was written with that in mind as well. It was included in the 1/5 Marines memorial service—05 February, 2010 as background theme music on the film score and the soundtrack of the independent documentary "Patrol Base Jaker" from Waltzing Matilda Productions of Akron, Ohio.

It is my hope that in the years to come, the composition becomes a sonic oasis for those families of

(Continued on page 16)

(Continued from page 15) *Genovese*

the wounded and the fallen, that honors their memory and sacrifice, while helping heal those shattered lives left behind. With that timeline, I've always felt that "Taps" was a commencement, and a prelude if you will.

When "Elegy" is performed for appropriate audiences, it becomes transcendent for me. Its like flying on "auto-pilot" and there's no worrying about the landing. Compositions such as these are a leap of faith on many levels.

"Elegy for the Fallen" by Lem Genovese

http://www.yankeemedicrecords.com/audio/LEM_GENOVESE-Elegy_For_The_1.mp3

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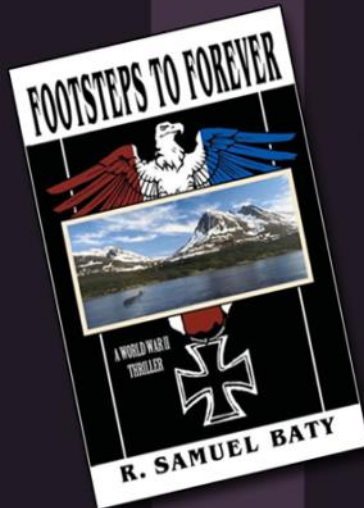
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FOOTSTEPS TO FOREVER

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

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Announcing a Special Contest for 2011

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

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

Rules

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





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Moon's Mutterings—Mike Mullins

Who cares what the groundhog did? I was too busy trying to fight my own shadows to worry about his. That is the truth. My mind was full of those silent mutterings which are horrifically disquieting. It was a night where the images flashed incessantly, without form and face. It would have been easier had there been something at which to scream silently in anger. They were like some endless super-eight movie film that kept breaking. It would run a while and SNAP! Then it would roll a bit longer and Crack! My splicer would work... although I am unsure why, because there was no real story being told...and the film was start feeding onto the other reel again. Then it would begin to streeetttccccchhhh again and POP! I know; that is too many exclamation points in one paragraph for some of the writing experts, but they can kiss by butt for the moment. This is my column.

As I was saying, the faceless images were spread so thinly I could not make them out, the story continued to fade, exploding in my mind, obliterating whatever pattern of thought that lurked there trying to reveal itself to me. My sleep was constantly broken in concert with my thoughts. Often I can roll from the bed, stagger to the closest computer and write. Not so that night. All I had was broken words and images that slid from my grasp like petroleum-jelly-coated body parts. By the time my first foot hit the floor, my film splicer quit functioning and there was nothing to write about but nothing.

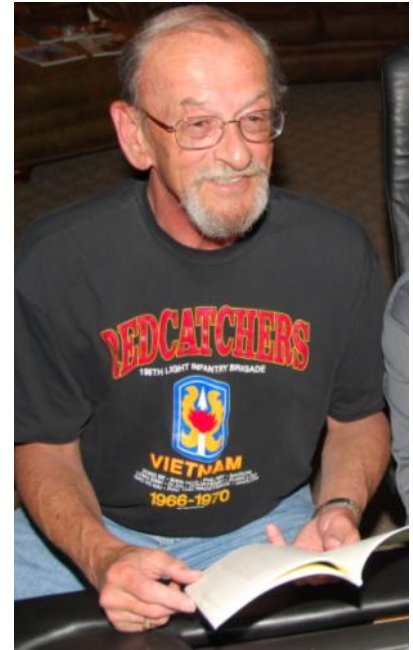
All that was left to me was a sour taste in my mouth, throbbing temples, frustration with the shadows in the room and in my mind, the echoes of the mutterings trapped between my frontal lobe and my anterior brain thingy. Oh, and the idea that my wakefulness had to do with the faded purpose of Valentine's Day and all the different kinds of love that we writers sometimes think we can explain. Or perhaps I made that up so this column has some purpose since my whole "daggummed" night had none.

At different times during the night, I recalled unrequited love, Agape love, altruistic love, Platonic love, passionate love between lovers (does that

have anything to do with marriage?), sibling love, parental love, brotherhood, love of nature, narcissism, Oedipus, and even D.H. Lawrence. My word...no wonder I had little time for sleep. I can rule a couple of those out on the personal level, but in the course of our lives, how many of them

touch us and how much do we know about them? Do we dare write about them as though we know and understand them? Does some company dare make a card for each one for this time of year? Can you imagine giving yourself one when you feel a bit narcissistic? "Hey! I love me and I wish me a great Valentine's Day." I can see the cashier at the local Walgreens when you leave with that one!

Which is the greatest? My church upbringing will always say that Agape love is the greatest. In many ways I compare it with the way the warrior feels on the battlefield or the parent who would die for the child. What of the caretaker of one who cannot care for him or herself? How does one feel when love is pushed aside by resentment of the one you love when the pain of loving exceeds the reward of loving/giving? Therein lays the torment in the shadows of my night. We think we can love/give limitlessly and we learn we cannot. We are human and we do not have god-like limits. Facing that humanity is humbling. It is also not romantic and takes the foolish pleasure out of days like Valentine's Day. Saint Valentine is a lofty little icon for the romantic, but only a flashy cherub in the chocolate vat at other times.



(Continued on page 20)

(Continued from page 19) *Mullins*

I had a friend who hated Valentine's Day due to its artificiality. Life's experiences had so embittered her that she avoided the words associated with the day except in context with friendship and love of family. She had few limits in those regards. My friend may have inadvertently reached the higher philosophic levels of purity in an emotional sense that are purported to be mankind's goal. She embraced lust on occasion, saying love had failed her. Life is full of ironic juxtaposition. That seems to be a constant. What is it we call a "given" in the world of math? I forget the fancy word from the time eons ago when I was doing theorems and such. The friend I mention had tremendous compassion and volunteered to help others routinely. She was one of the softest hearted people I have ever known and equally hard hearted toward the lazy and thoughtless.

This seems unrelated to my column but is not. I thought of her today as I tried to rekindle my night's confusion. She seemed well settled in her perception of love and lust. She was not. She was disillusioned and disappointed. Her decisions haunt and pain her as surely as mine do me. Among my night's broken images...stained by faded glory and failure in my mind...are the things that ignite the creative spirit of the writer of songs, poems, and books. Years ago I painted a little and drew a lot. I loved chalk pastels. I never quite grasped how to put my emotions into that art form, but I loved sunsets. They bridge the hard work of the day with color and the promise of dreams at night exists there where the sun sinks into the earth at night's edge. It was not until I grew older that I learned that the line between dreams and nightmares is fine and easily crossed.

Those of you in our group who know me are aware that my wife and I care for her mother. I am taking a moment of your time here to cleanse my soul so forgive me. It has been hard but it has been done with love and to the best of our ability. It has certainly not been done without cost on many levels. A few weeks ago I reached the edge of my personal cliff. Physically and emotionally I realized I had done all I could do. I knew my wife was being strangled by the monster called love and the ripples

in our family pool were turning into a tsunami. When you add my issues to the stress of caring for a person who suddenly is failing like a skydiver whose chute is not opening you have an idea how things have changed for us in recent weeks. No matter how I appear on the outside to the world, I have always believed I could withstand anything, bend and never break, get up after every knock-down, or paint with a dry brush. Pain is my friend. Damned if I don't have limits too! I admitted it to the world and that has been hard for me to accept. Things have changed. There are things worse than death. Have I killed love? What does that day mean to me this month?

We are going forward in a different way now. We did not make the call as it were. God and the nature of an illness have done it for us, but it is still difficult. It is all too easy to doubt one's self in some way. We have a lot to reclaim now. I must see if I can still write, still create, get back into the book I so want to finish. I must shed these shadows of doubt and try to light my flame, love what I do, reclaim my passion, and rid myself of the dead skin that made me act like rattler in the blind. Last night I had this image of a tomato worm curled, about to drop from an over-ripe tomato before it fell from its vine to rot on the earth below. The worm needed a fresh tomato for its life to flourish. Worm...snake...lowly images...broken, flopping film that is beyond splicing...fading images without meaning...

Valentine's Day is a silly, self-indulgent day. It is a day of romance. It is also the day a horrendous massacre once occurred. Ironic juxtaposition; life; art; writing; cards; songs; poems; silly columns; enigma; friends; fantasy; disappointment; hope; love; lust; compassion; passion; all different kinds of love. How is it different than any other kind of day? It makes Hallmark a hell of a lot of money.

Happy Valentine's Day. Or not.

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MWSA's Winter 2011 Recommended Reading List

By Bob Doerr

Chairman of Reading List Committee

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

MWSA Winter Reading List

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

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



Introducing MWSA member, Barry Fixler

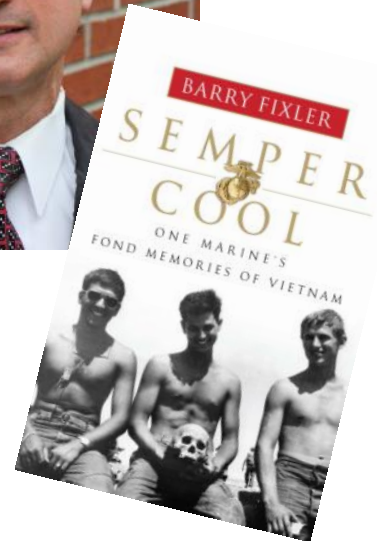
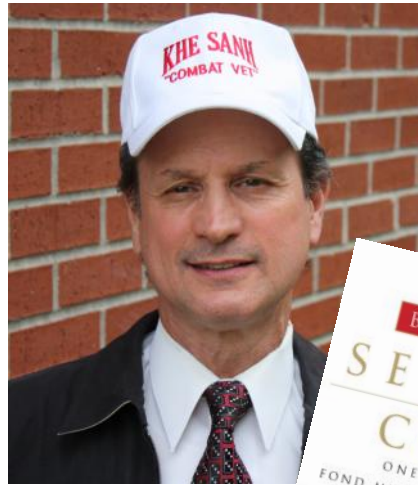
Barry Fixler is a USMC veteran who served in Vietnam in 1967 and 1968 and fought in the legendary Siege of Khe Sanh. Today he lives with his wife Linda in Bardonia, NY, where he owns Barry's Estate Jewelry.

In 2005 two thugs put a gun to Barry's head in an attempt to rob his jewelry store. Barry quickly turned the tables, retrieved his own weapon and went on the offense. The entire gunfight was caught on tape and can be seen on his web site: www.sempercool.com.

His book, *Semper Cool: One Marine's Fond Memories of Vietnam*, received positive reviews from Publishers Weekly, ForeWord and Midwest.

Barry is donating 100% of his royalties from *Semper Cool* to combat veterans wounded in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Congratulations to Barry!



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CONNECTIONS

Joyce Gilmour



It is just unbelievable how time is flying for me. I am on the downward slope of my final year of teaching third graders (year #36). After this school year is behind me, I will be devoting my time to Editing TLC and being a facilitator for Love and Logic classes (both for teachers and for parents). It will give me more time to review for MWSA and make more connections with wonderful authors. I am glad for all of the connections of the past several years that are now setting me on a new path on my journey of life. I look forward to my retirement from teaching and into a bit more relaxed daily schedule and a lot of stress being lifted from my shoulders. Anyway, enough about me, and on to my “CONNECTION” of the month.

I would like to introduce you to Kathy Rowe, who I was fortunate to “meet” via MWSA. I’m hoping that we can meet in person at this next year’s MWSA conference. Her book *Project: Dragonslayers* won the MWSA October 2010 Book of the Month Award. jim greenwald wrote in his review: “This book will interest males and females and all branches of the military as it will be easy to see the story as something that may have or could have in some way existed for each of them. Lots of toys (weapons) involved to grab the interest of action fans and an equal amount of human interest and interaction. It is a long book, 578 pages, but one the reader will not put down until finished. For first-time author Rowe this is an excellent effort, the first of a trilogy I know I will read.” Let me tell you that our Lead Reviewer jim greenwald does not hand out praise like this lightly. So take note!

Air Force Master Sergeant Rowe will be retiring

in July, and I personally would like to thank her for her service to our country. She says she is 40 and not getting any older (wish I could say that!) By trade, she is an X-ray technician, and that allows her to use her talent in imaging, and also to meet people and hear stories. She has been writing for over 22 years and has been

published in various types of media: magazine, news, photography, and literary. She is also an accomplished photographer with a few of her photos published in a book. She writes primarily military fiction, and has published *Project: Dragonslayers*. It’s about a small Special Forces unit and the trials and tribulations they face. It deals with issues relevant to our warriors today: suffering with PTSD, anger, and denial. It brings all these to light through fictional characters.

A sequel is finished and published. *Dragonslayers: Mind Games* brings the team further into the dark world of the SF community and sends them against terrorists hellbent with waging war on the U.S. and her allies. She has two more books in the series (*Dragonslayers: Battle Rhythm* and *Dragonslayers: Kill Box*) in the works, waiting for the time for rewrites and editing.

Not wanting to be locked into one genre, Kathy has branched out by writing a contemporary romance called *Cowboys and Olympians*. I was able to copy edit that as well as her *Mind Games* book. *Cowboys and Olympians* is complete and waiting for a publisher. She is writing a suspense/horror set in Memphis, TN, titled *The Hall* and is also dabbling with a number of screenplay possibilities in various genres.

Master Sergeant Rowe is one of the most prolific

(Continued on page 25)

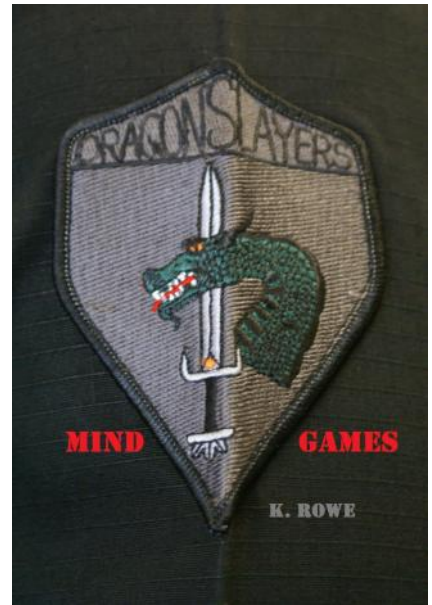
(Continued from page 24) *Gilmour*

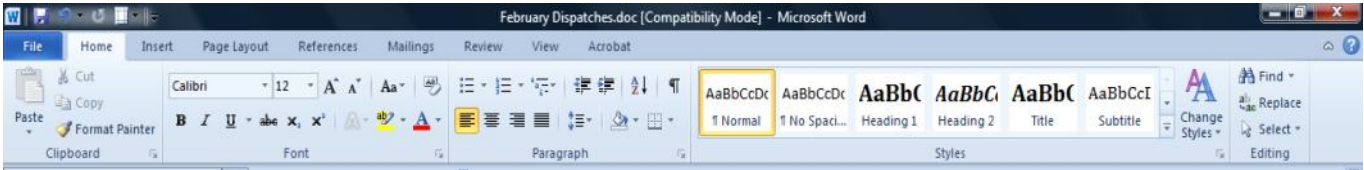
authors I have worked with! She has so many ideas in that head of hers and she writes every chance that she gets. We are building a great author-editor friendship through her books. They definitely are worth checking out. Something that Kathy introduced me to is SmashWords.com. (You can go there and use coupon code RY64S which is good until March 1st to download a free copy of *Project: Dragonslayers*. Enjoy, and please post reviews. We all need to be helping each other out with getting the reviews out to the public.) Both of her Dragonslayer books are available in paperback and Kindle formatting, which includes pdf downloads. (I must admit that I have struggled about Kindle and e-books, just because I love to have a “book” in my hands, but the world is changing...and to be able to get Kathy’s first two books at 99 cents and FREE! is quite the deal, wouldn’t you say?)

Grab one of Kathy Rowe’s published books and keep your eyes open for more books to come. She’s a talented author who is going to be giving us many great reads in the future. It is fun for me to see how she can produce such great stories in various genres. I can’t say enough about Kathy... she allowed me to use my experiences with her

in my PowerPoint for the MWSA conference because we met due to the fact that editing was recommended for her first book. She took that suggestion, contacted me, and we’ve been busy working together ever since. The thing that has impressed me the most is that Kathy has learned so much in the editing aspect of writing. She really studies and questions all along the editing process. She really wants to be the best that she can be at what she does and she is great fun to work with. She never ceases to amaze me.

So, at this time, we are both looking forward to our retirements this summer...and lots of possibilities of working together in the future. Kathy gets to retire to a farm in Kentucky, where she will spend more time writing and riding her horses. Now THAT I am jealous about! I’ve seen pictures of Sturgeon Creek Farm where she and her husband will be heading after her retirement. Congrats, Master Sergeant Rowe, on a job well done...both in your service to our country and in the job you are doing as an author.





MSWord 2010 Home Tab Command Ribbon

Word 2007 and Up Basic — Styles

In the 1970s, when I was in engineering school, I had a programming class that required me to write my own word processing package. At the time, I could type but I had no idea what was involved in “word processing.” So I wrote a program that handled the typing techniques that I knew. Since then, I have used many commercial packages—from Word Star to Ami-Pro. Even so, I would be the last to say that I know all there is to know about the subject.

MSWord, the most widely used word processing package in our culture today, offers users an amazing array of techniques that will make a writer’s life easier. However, most of us are so eager to get into writing our books, articles, and reports that we never take the time to learn how to use these tools. We should though. I hope that these tips will interest you in trying some of these tools.

It’s easy to create a consistent and attractive document in MSWord 2007/2010. The secret is to use “style sets.” A style set is a group of formatting commands that you can use to define the look and feel of your documents. You can use the ones that have already been configured for you by Microsoft, or you can create your own.

For a writer, this is important because once you have selected a style set, you can create co-

ordinating and professional title sheets, tables of content, headers and footers, chapter titles and subtitles, page numbering conventions, and any number of other formatting decisions. The style sets are even more useful if you change your mind after a document has been set up. Instead of spending hours going through your manuscript reformatting headings, titles, tables, and the like, all you have to do is modify your style set and your book changes automatically.

Using Style Sets

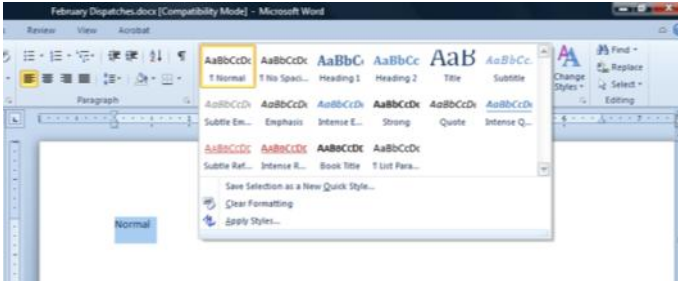
Microsoft provides you with a variety of predefined style sets. You can access them on “Home” tab control ribbon at the top of your document. To select a given style, highlight the text that you want to format and then click on the appropriate option box. For example, if you wanted all of your manuscript copy to be “Normal,” you’d highlight all of your text, and then select “Normal” as seen in the ribbon above.

If you don’t see the type of formatting that you need, click on the down arrow on the right and a drop-down menu of additional options will appear as shown on the next page.

So, for example, to format all of your chapter headings the same way, you might highlight “Chapter One: In the Beginning” and then select Heading 1. It’s easier to do this as you are writing your manuscript to begin with. However, if you

(Continued on page 27)

(Continued from page 26)

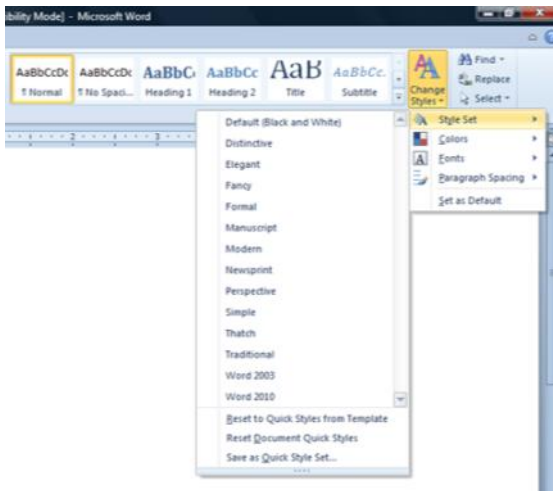


MSWord 2007/2010 default style set options

have already completed it and used similar formatting for each chapter, you can right click on the first chapter heading, select “styles” and “Select Text with Similar Formatting.” Then choose the style that you want from the Style Set Menu shown above and all of the chapter headings will be corrected at the same time. In the future, all you have to do is change the style set for Heading 1 and all of your chapter heading styles will change automatically.

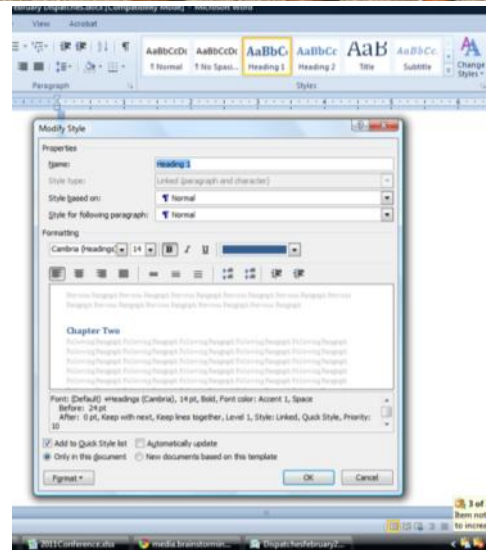
If you decide that you don’t like the default style set, you can see if there are any other standard ones that you might want to use.

To do that, select “Change Styles” and then “Style Set.” A menu of styles will drop down as shown above. Move your mouse over the options



MSWord 2010 Standard Style Sets

to see what they look like. Click on one of them to load the whole set into your document.



MWord 2010 Modify Style Dropdown Box

Creating your own style set.

If you don’t find a style set that fits your vision, you can create your own. I recommend modifying one of the predefined ones. For example, if you want to change Heading 1, you can right click on it and select “Modify Style.” A box will drop down that will allow you to change the name of the style set—perhaps from Heading 1 to “Joyce’s Book Chapter Headings,” for example.

You can make complex selections from the font, font size, font characteristic, or font color. You can also choose justification, vertical position, and indents. For more customization, click on

“Format.” I like to set the line spacing and vertical positioning, so that all of my chapter headings start at the same place on the page. You can even do things like putting a box around the heading.

You can add your new style to the Quick Style list if you want to as well. Otherwise, click okay and you will be able to use the style set for your book chapter headings.

You will find that once you are comfortable with style sets, you will be able to far more in less time. Happy writing!

Bringing Courage to the Courageous

By Don Williamson

Bringing Courage to the Courageous offers a unique opportunity to view the battlefield of modern day Afghanistan through the eyes of one who experienced it firsthand. Chaplain (Captain) Don Williamson's active twenty-year military career spans the spectrum from Private to Captain to Chaplain. *Bringing Courage to the Courageous* chronicles his first assignment as Chaplain during a fifteen-month deployment to war-torn Afghanistan in May 2007 to July 2008.

Armed only with his Bible, Captain Williamson served as battalion chaplain for the 4th Battalion, 319th Airborne Artillery Regiment for the 173rd Airborne Brigade Combat Team. Determined to reach as many Soldiers as possible, the dedicated Chaplain endeavored to visit every single FOB at least once during his deployment—no matter how distant, remote, or dangerous.

Not only is Chaplain Williamson an inspiration to those in uniform, but his heartfelt account of encounters with Soldiers in need of support, encouragement, spiritual guidance, advice, and camarade-

rie will encourage and enlighten the reader as well. Very seldom is a reader privileged to such an intimate view into the life of a soldier in combat, and the ministers who strive to keep them bolstered for battle.

The prose is intense and descriptive, transporting the reader into a pair of Army boots, and into the heart of a man of God. The writing is flowing and connected, making it a pleasure to read. The content is factual, informative, and interesting, but contains elements of honesty and sensitivity that penetrates the heart with its warmth.

The author's telling of various Soldiers' stories is beautifully written, exposing America's finest in a way that few of us will ever be privy to witness, allowing us to rejoice in their triumphs, weep in their tragedies, and mourn their losses.

Although scorched many times by the heat of battle, not a solitary Soldier in Chaplain Williamson's assigned unit was lost during their fifteen-month deployment. Not a single casualty from the 4th Battalion was suffered under his prayerful watch. What a remarkable statistic that was—so remarkable that they were dubbed the "Miracle Battalion." Was their immaculate good fortune a result of divine intervention in answer to the Chaplain's unceasing prayers, or just simply blind luck? The reader is free to make his or her own assumption.

This appropriately titled body of work offers every American the chance to watch a devoted ministering Soldier do what he does best ... *Bringing Courage to the Courageous*.

This book will inspire all readers—military and civilian alike. Supported by Biblical truths, it will fill the reader's heart with pride and appreciation for God, country, and those brave, selfless souls who as Chaplain Williamson phrased it ... "carry a weapon so I (we) don't have to."

Review by Claudia Pemberton



Author of the Month
Don Williamson

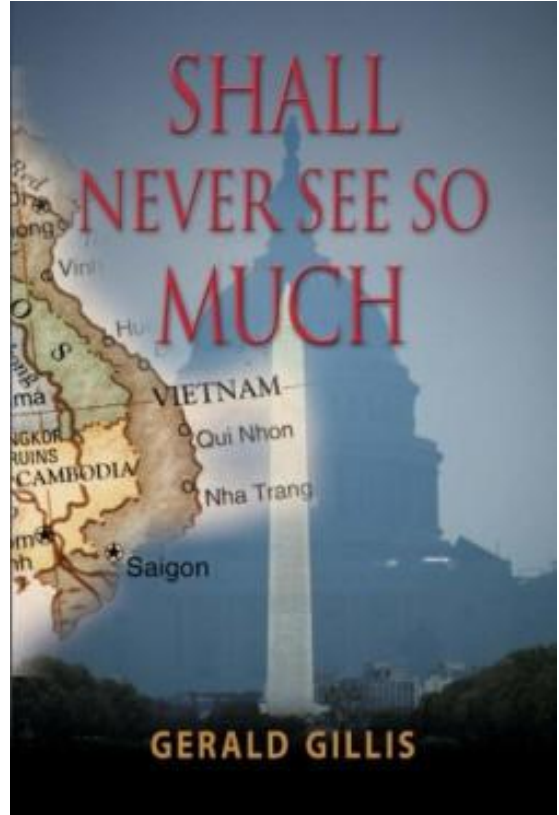
Shall Never See So Much By Gerald Gillis

If any year defined the Baby Boomer generation, it would be 1968. The anti-war protests at home played out against heavy fighting during the Tet Offensive in Vietnam. Idealistic and hopeful youth rallied around Dr. Martin Luther King and Sen. Robert F. Kennedy only to witness their assassinations two months apart. Music was great and women were empowered. It is against this backdrop that author Gerald Gillis sets his novel, *Shall Never See So Much*.

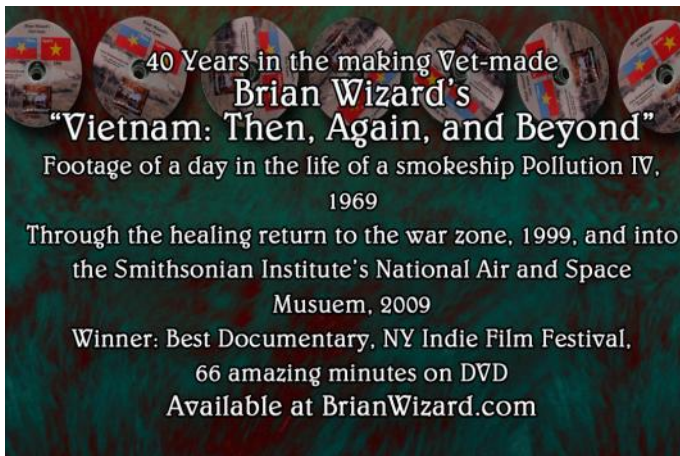
Central characters Tom and Kate Flanagan, brother and sister, are typical of their generation in their passion for what they believe is best for our nation. But like the nation in 1968, they stand divided. Tom is a lieutenant in the Marine Corps leading men into some of the most vicious battles in Vietnam. Kate has just joined the staff of anti-war candidate Sen. Robert F. Kennedy as he campaigns for the presidency. Both Tom's and Kate's individual stories play off each other and bring the reader into that challenging year in our history.

Gillis is a former Marine and expressively captures the "everydayness" as well as the horrors of war. *Shall Never See So Much* is an incredible story of family, war and the love of country that held our nation together.

Review by Gail Chatfield



Book of the Month Shall Never See So Much



January Notes By jim greenwald

Well, your reviewers, Joyce and I have almost completed the conversion to the new scoring system. We have made scoring a book easier and removed officers and board members from the decision process of the awards.

The ability to have one's work reviewed and to possibly receive an award is dependent on members who willing to volunteer. This organization cannot survive without members who are willing to help. Some projects require more time than others so if you have only a little time to spare—or a lot, please contact Joyce at MWSAPresident@gmail.com or me at Leanstofar@aol.com.

We need seven Judges to score books for the awards process (a great way for past winners to assist possible new winners). I also need one more member to assign books to the Judging Teams (this person cannot be a Judge). This is a once a year task that will not more than 2-3 hours of someone's time.

Officers and board members are not permitted to be Judges nor can they assign books to Judges. So step forward and participate in your organization by becoming a volunteer judge, reviewer or book assigner. Volunteers receive Buckaroos and judges will get FREE books to read. It doesn't get much better than that.

Auction Items – Can't think of something to donate to the auction? Perhaps an autographed copy of your book? We accept all donations, so do not hold back. Gift cards and electronics as well as services go over well with our membership. The goal this year is to exceed past year levels of donations. Now is the time to think of what to donate and make a point to allot time to participate in the auction. It makes little sense to accumulate Buckaroos and never use them. Donations are being accepted now!

I need members to send me their poems so I can include them in "The Poetry Corner." Come on folks, dust them off and send them to me, the exposure will not cause any damage or embarrassment.

No one is critiquing your efforts so be adventurous and share with your fellow members. A little print exposure is good for you.

NOTE: There is a limited number of 2010 Pittsburgh Conference Anthologies left. If anyone is interested in purchasing one or more payment can be made using PayPal or by sending a check to MWSA's P.O. Box. Including postage the cost is \$20.00 for one, 35.00 for two.

Writing Contests

I've added a list of contests that may be of interest to members on page 31. MWSA is not sponsoring or promoting any of them, merely listing them to make members aware. If you decide they are interesting you need to go to the web sites to get the particulars.



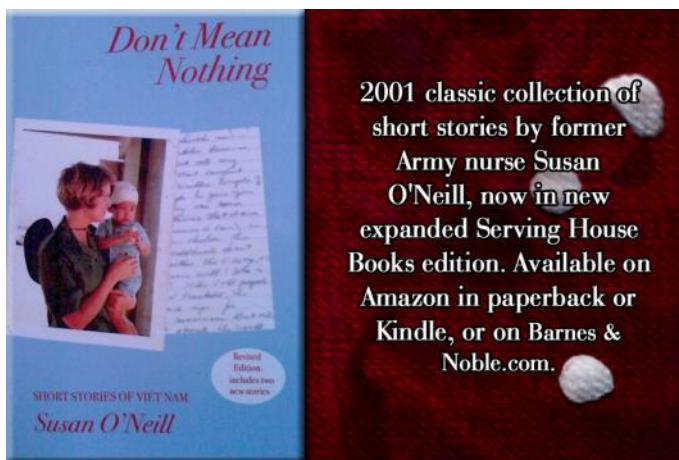
Joyce M. Gilmour
 www.editingtlc.com "Hawkeyes" joyce@editingtlc.com
 608.513.1966

Editing TLC
 Technical
 Literary
 Critique

Does your literature need "Hawkeyes"?

Non-MWSA Sponsored Award Contests

- Writer's Digest - \$17,000.00 in Prizes – WritersDigest.com for guidelines and to enter on line
- Columbia: Publication Contest - \$1,500.00 in Prizes – www.columbiajournal.org
- The Southeast Review Short-Short Story Contest - \$500.00 www.southeastreview.org
- Salamander Fiction Prize - \$1,500.00 Honorarium – www.salamandermag.org
- Prairie Schooner Book Prize – Short Fiction \$3,000.00 – <http://prairieschooner.uni.edu>
- Nimrod Int'l Fiction max 7,500 words - \$2,000.00 – www.utulsa.edu/nimrod
- The Starcherone Prize for Fiction – WWW.STARCHERONE.COM/PRIZE.HTM
- St. Francis College – Fiction \$50,000.00 – www.stfranciscollege.edu
- Straylight Magazine is hosting a poetry contest! All forms, styles, and subjects of poetry will be considered. Cash Prizes: \$125 for 1st Place; \$50 for 2nd Place; \$25 for 3rd Place Entry fee: \$10 Deadline: March 22, 2011 Submit your best poem to Straylight! All submissions will also be considered for publication in our print journal. The top three poems are guaranteed publication. Poets can submit up to seven poems per \$10 entry fee. Send poems and money to Straylight Magazine c/o Poetry Editor English Department University of Wisconsin-Parkside 900 Wood Road Kenosha, WI 53141 Also, poetry, as well as short fiction, can be submitted exclusively for consideration in our journal, separate from the contest. www.straylightmag.com Good luck! Brit Kopczynski Poetry Editor Find us on the web!
- The Villa: The following is a Winning Writers Contest info on line @ www.WinningWriters.com
John H. Reid Short Story Contest: \$5,500 in Prizes Deadline March 31



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

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

Reflections on the Faded Flag 2011 MWSA Anthology

**Call for submissions with an American
Flag theme including:
Essays and/or Articles
Poetry
Short Fiction
Photography
Artwork
Short Plays**

***** Limited to 3500 words *****

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

Conference 2011 Information

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

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

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

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

NOTES:

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

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

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

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

Conference Fees will be announced in February Dispatches.



Home

[by John Zerr]

Home is the Sailor

We sail away upon waves topped white with foam, to adventure.
Wife and baby wave from the pier. You see her wave the baby's hand, but not the tear.
He sails to exotic lands; she, to an empty home.
Days and days, endless days are x'ed and x'ed away.
Coastal Range stands at dawn in purple majesty.
You turn, look wistful where you've been across the sea.
Says one, did our town have smog, when we sailed away?
At dawn's lightening, brightening, heart's a twitter.
No x for today, today's the day that's circled.
Dress the child, don new clothes, new nightie on the bed.
Pack the car with child and all that baby litter.
You see her wave the baby's hand, and wipe away your tears.
She looks so good! Lust stirs ... gotta say what she wears.
A magic week, each night, all favorites the fare, and only words of laughter, love, and joy
you hear.
Week two, then you start to see, to know, that your two hearts
have been not so long apart as now are apart so far.

Illusion

[by jim greenwald]

in the mist of my dream she stands
eyes boring deep into my soul
I feel the need in her so strong
to know me as no other ever has
every cell of my body trembles
as her mind touches each in turn
my body moving as you move thru me
the sensation erotic

then suddenly you are outside...
I feel you touch my face tracing the outline of my lips
I feel your warm breath on me as you move ever closer
your arms reach out...pulling me tightly to you
suddenly I am inside her
cell by cell I come to know her
her body trembling as I move through her
the sensation erotic

suddenly I am outside...I touch her
face tracing the outline of her lips
arms reaching around her pulling her close
I feel love for she who is not here
passion and desire fill my thoughts
as I lay immersed in my dream
I feel the wonder of love...the need to explore
I have spoken silent words filled with meaning

holding my breath for eternity
awaiting a reply
silence robbing my soul of love
empty now within my illusion...
unable to say good-bye

A...ten...shun!

By Frank Evans, Committee Chair

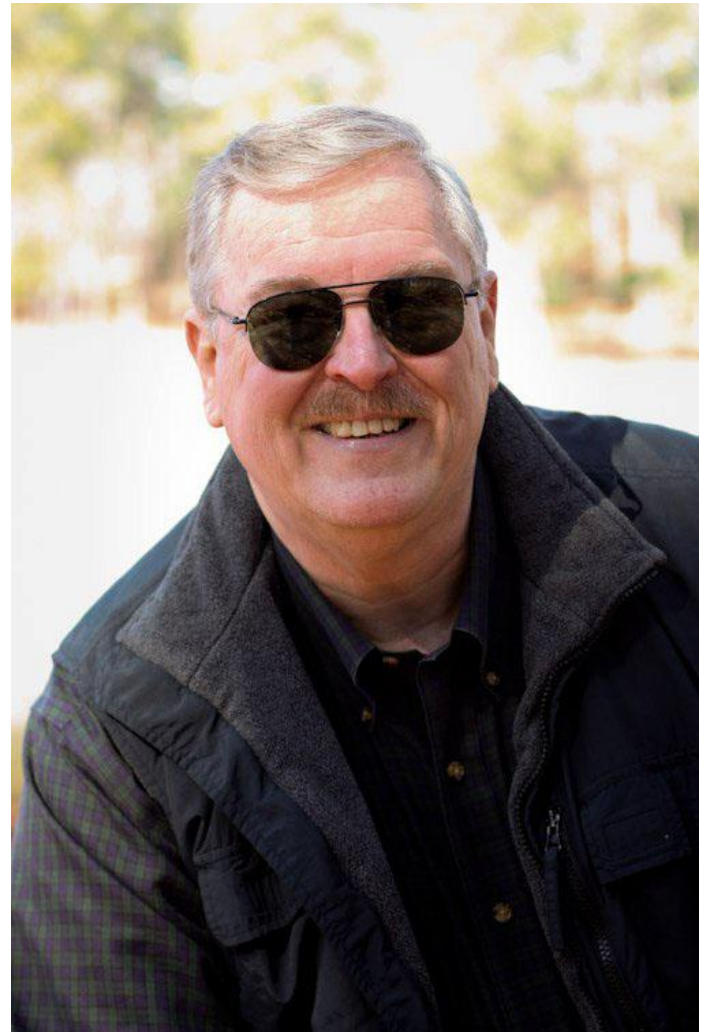
“A...ten...shun!”

I’ve wanted to say that ever since I retired from the Army several years ago. Felt good, too. I guess we all know that we never lose our military sense of belonging and sometimes crave that close comradeship we felt. After all, isn’t that a major reason most of us joined the MWSA? Now that I have your attention (note the subtle Segway to my topic), let me talk about that prestigious award competition available to all 800+ members of the MWSA. Of course, I am talking about the William E. Mayer (WEM) Award for Literary & Artistic Excellence.

Named for the late William E. Mayer, the award is presented annually from a list of nominees selected from the monthly entries submitted by our members. As you know, each month a topic is selected to “... stimulate the imagination and encourage our members to create.” The presentation of this award is made during the annual MWSA Writers’ Conference. Your opportunity to receive national (yes, national) recognition or to enhance your already impressive list of accomplishments is awaiting your entry of a poem, a short short story (sometimes referred to as flash fiction), lyrics, drama, sketches, paintings, digital art, photography and audio pieces. Monthly, a topic is selected and announced in Dispatches. To enter your candidate, send your submission to MWSAPresident@gmail.com.

Entries are logged, numbered, and then judged by members of the award committee who are unaware of the identity of the artist who submitted the entry.

A reminder, written works may not exceed 1000 words so be sure to do a word count on your submission before submission. Titles are not included in the word count. Audio pieces must be submitted as mp3 files and last five minutes or less. We also ask that you try to get your entry in as early in the month as possible in order to give



your judges sufficient time to devote to your entry. Last minute entries will be accepted if time allows for the judges to read, listen, or visually absorb the content.

In summary, simple rules, big payoff. We have a vast talent pool within our membership. Let’s see what you’ve got. We await your next submission. “Stand at... ease.”

WW I NURSE ELLA'S SILVER LOCKET

By Nancy Yockey Bonar

“Dear Friends: I just received the three boxes of Red Cross supplies you sent me. They came thru in very good shape, and are beautifully made. I want to thank you for them. I cannot tell you my deep appreciation to know that I am being thought of in a little town so far away. I cannot realize the vast rolling deep lies between America and myself.” – Letter to home from World War I nurse, Ella Boner Bartlett, hospital base, Le Treport, France. She was among about 1,100 women accepted as nurses during a time when the U.S. government/military was hesitant to enlist women in the war effort. By war's end, more than 25,000 American women had served in Europe.



WW I Nurse Ella's Silver Locket

“B” is monogrammed on the outside of the 2 1/2” x 2 1/2” silver box. Inside are slots for trolley tokens, rouge and powder, and a mirror. I inherited this Bonar family heirloom years ago from my now late father-in-law, Boyd Bonar, a WW I veteran, 1918-1919. Through the box's small loop I threaded a fine silver chain and wore it as a locket—until mid-December, 2010.



It was then that I began a two-week research, sometimes late into the night, so I could give this family heirloom to its rightful owner, my stepdaughter, Julie Bonar Baughman, the only granddaughter of Boyd Bonar. But I couldn't give her this gift without its history. Whose locket was it?

I shipped this treasure to Julie's husband for safe keeping and, at noon on Christmas Day, I e-mailed a 10-page historical document to go along with the silver locket.

“It is now eight months since I last saw the Statue of Liberty, which is almost the last view of New York harbor and the dear shores of America. When will we ever see it again? Time has flown, and I have enjoyed every minute of it.”

I'd known Boyd's sister, Ella, had been a nurse and that she'd lived in Philadelphia; however, I knew nothing more, nothing about the “B” monogrammed silver locket. In my “Nancy Drew” mode, I began to dig up the facts about this rather amazing woman.

“No doubt you know our unit is with the British. Thus, we not only have American and English patients, but they are from Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, British West Indies and so on. This is the interesting part of our work, to meet people from so many other countries ... As patients, they are wonderful, so patient and grateful. I trust the Americans may be as nice.”

Ella Cooper Boner – the “B” monogram and Cooper for ancestor/author, James Finimore Cooper—was the youngest of five siblings who grew up in the late 1890s in Fredericktown. It was, and is, a small community not far from Mt. Vernon, Knox County, Ohio. Following high school graduation, Ella ventured to New York State University, Albany, to study nursing. The 1917 records of Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, list Ella Boner Bartlett (now married to James Bartlett—more to come about him) as among nurses and Army Medical Corps personnel who were shipped in September by the hospital to its Unit 10 (base), Le Treport, France, near the Belgium border. All such hospital units were under the International Red Cross umbrella. Pennsylvania

(Continued on page 37)

(Continued from page 36) **Yockey Bonar**

Hospital's Unit 10, first a British base, then an American one, was in the forefront of those established in WW I.

"No doubt you know our unit is with the British. Thus, we not only have American and English patients, but they are from Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, British West Indies and so on. This is the interesting part of our work, to meet people from so many other countries ... As patients, they are wonderful, so patient and grateful. I trust the Americans may be as nice.

"We are not very close to the firing line, a very safe distance. I may say, but we think a great many times, we are just as close as we care to be.

"Our hospital is located in a beautiful spot. The sunrises and sunsets are magnificent. I think in America they are beautiful, but they cannot compare with these. The moonlight nights are nearly as light as day."



World War I Nurses, including Ella Boner Bartlett, are shown at Pennsylvania Hospital's Unit 10, LeTreport, France. The hospital's physicians and nurses supported American efforts during World War I by treating nearly 48,000 patients. -- Photo courtesy of Pennsylvania Hospital Historic Collection.

By 1919, when Nurse Ella returned to the US, unit 10 personnel had treated around 48,000 in the 2,000-bed hospital's wards. She received from the

International Red Cross its award for distinguished Foreign Service. Ella and husband, James—it appears he was not only from her Ohio hometown but also a corporal in Pennsylvania's Hospital Army Medical Corps and served in France—settled in Fredericktown. A

few years later, James was gored by a bull and died. Widow Ella later married Clyde Campbell, an engineer, and they lived in Manchester, Tennessee, where both were active in the American Legion. Then they moved to the Panama Canal where Ella was a member of the Panama Canal Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Her ancestors, I discovered, had served in both the Revolutionary War and Civil War, several as prominent officers. Ella and Clyde returned to Manchester where she died in 1970.



International Red Cross its award for distinguished Foreign Service. Ella and husband, James—it appears he was not only from her Ohio hometown but also a corporal in Pennsylvania's Hospital Army Medical Corps and served in France—settled in Fredericktown. A few years later, James was gored by a bull and died. Widow Ella later married Clyde Campbell, an engineer, and they lived in Manchester, Tennessee, where both were active in the American Legion. Then they moved to the Panama Canal where Ella was a member of the Panama Canal Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Her ancestors, I discovered, had served in both the Revolutionary War and Civil War, several as prominent officers. Ella and Clyde returned to Manchester where she died in 1970.

Note: Nurses Day is celebrated annually on May 12, the birth date of Florence Nightingale, often said to be the founder of nursing. Many such celebrations include the Florence Nightingale Pledge. I can almost hear **WW I Nurse Ella Boner Bartlett** solemnly saying the oath.

"I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly, to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."

An event of interest for MWSA members: Celebration of the 25th Anniversary of the 1986 Vietnam Veterans Reunion in Chicago, will take place at Chicago's Millennium Park, Navy Pier, The Palmer House and the Chicago Cultural Center from June 17 – 19, 2011.

The committee is seeking **Vietnam Veteran Authors** to participate in a panel discussion as well as a book fair with author signings on June 18th. Interested authors should contact the author coordinator Debby Preiser; dpreiser@oppl.org.

See the Welcome Home 2011 website www.serviceandhonor.org for all the details.

FYI: The 1986 event drew over 200,000 Vietnam Veterans (which included me) as well as 300,000 spectators. The experience resulted in closure & healing for many of us. Of course, present day veterans from the Gulf War, Iraq and Afghanistan will be honored too. The event will be a great opportunity for military authors to meet the audience in their genre.

Event shared by MWSA member Earl Gorman

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