

DISPATCHES

Monthly Magazine

MILITARY
WRITERS
SOCIETY
OF AMERICA

July/August 2011



MWSA Book Award Nominations for 2011

*Introducing MWSA member & Book Award Nominee Joe Sanchez
Using Smashwords? Book Award Nominee Walt Shiel discusses
The FO by Robert Fournoy
Ohio M4A3 Sherman gets face lift*



**Gary Lillie
Seabee MCB3
Chu Lai RVN '66
Partner, Veterans Radio Network
Killed by a Drunk Driver, August 4, 2011**



OPEN



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From the Editor...

Hi everyone,

Here we are...the Conference is drawing near and we are very busy preparing for our big annual celebration — the 2011 MWSA Book Award Banquet. Congratulations to everyone who was nominated for this years award program — and good luck! This is the first year that we are delaying the announcements of who won which award until the conference. We are doing this for several reasons. One, it was called to our attention that as soon as the announcements are made, those who win Gold and Silver get more promotional opportunities than those who place lower. Since part of the idea for these awards is to bring public attention to our authors' works, this seemed to be working against our goals. By delaying the final announcement, we are giving the nominees as much time as possible to get as much value out of their nomination. Dwight Zimmerman prepared a national media release that went out this week. <http://www.prweb.com/releases/2011/8/prweb8684591.htm> You can also simply search on the various nominees names and see which publications are picking up our announcements.

Our conference this year will be a lot of fun. We kick off with a special hands-on writing event on Thursday afternoon, September 29 — featuring Benjamin Franklin and some of his friends. Screenwriter, Christopher Wyatt will discuss that business and what to expect if you sell your book to Hollywood. Joyce Gilmour will demonstrate editing techniques. Award-winning author Del Staecker will emcee the Book Award Contests which will feature a special surprise visitor.

I look forward to meeting new friends and hugging old ones.

Joyce Faulkner, President of MWSA

MWSAPresident@gmail.com

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Charles Bailey—Cartoonist
Joyce Gilmour—Columnist
Marcia Sargent—Columnist
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Jim Greenwald—Columnist
Bob Doerr—Columnist
Jack Woodville London—Columnist

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

Fighter Pilot Lessons For Life



Be aware of neutral, offensive and defensive starts.

Before pilots or RIOs took off and slipped the surly bonds of earth, they met in the Ready Room to get their shit together with the other flight members.

First, they got the admin details out of the way: like when to walk to the plane, when to man-up—be in the plane ready to strap in—when to taxi and take-off.

Second, they had to brief the set-ups and engagements. Would the air combat maneuvers, ACMs, be on radar or visual? A radar set-up meant starting BVR—Beyond Visual Range—a visual set-up began much closer in.

Aviators then briefed where the planes would be the start of each engagement. Different start parameters meant different tactics. If 1v.1—one fighter fighting against one other—in a defensive start, then one plane had an advantage. The bogey—the bad guy—could come up on the fighter's ass or could have an angle of attack to shoot a virtual sidewinder missile for a virtual kill. Fox Two!

A neutral start began with bogey and fighter side by side, turning away 45 degrees in a butterfly maneuver before turning head on, so neither had an angle, no position of advantage on the other.

An offensive start gave the fighter an advantage—say at the six-o'clock ready to attack the bogey up the rear. Aviators preferred an advantage right from the git-go but they needed to practice offensive and defensive tactics so in a real combat situation, they could get themselves out of tight spots, find the bogey, and shoot it down. The job of the fighter pilot. As the Red Baron said, "Anything else is nonsense."

In my relationships with others, too often I find



Marcia Sargent
Author of "Wing
Wife: How To Be Mar-
ried To A Marine
Fighter Pilot,"
Chair of MWSA Blog,
MWSAMember-
talk.blogspot.com

myself thinking there's my side and the other side (and the other side is so wrong). I want to prove my point, show them I'm right. I want to win.

In tactical maneuvering in war or combat training winning is important. In war it can be a matter of life or death.

In a relationship, winning or losing can also be a matter of life or death—the life or death of the relationship. Too many times, defense means not listening, offense speaks the unforgivable. A relationship—whether with a spouse, a family member or a friend—is not about offense or defense—except to defend and support the other. Relationships are about establishing

common ground—neutral. Be aware of when it's best to insist, when to break away and when to leave the ACM to fly another day.

I have to remember to be a good wingman, not a Manfred Von Richtofen. We have enough nonsense in our lives.

<http://www.marciajsargent.com>

EDITORS NOTE: Marcia Sargent is MWSA 2011 Nominee for Non-Fiction/Memoir for her book, *Wing Wife: How to Be Married To A Marine Fighter Pilot*.

Introducing MWSA Member Joe Sanchez

Joe Sanchez Picon was born on January 16, 1947, in Santurce, Puerto Rico. He is a highly decorated former New York City police officer. His books, *Latin Blues* and *True Blue: A tale of the enemy within*, give an insight to the corruption within the police department. Upon exposing illegal acts committed by some high ranking officers, Joe was betrayed by Internal Affairs — and arrested on false allegations of committing various crimes in a case which was highly publicized by the media. He was found guilty of assaulting a drug dealer, a verdict which was later dismissed by the special state prosecutor. His case exposed a code of silence among police officers, known as "The Blue Wall of Silence."

Before becoming a police officer, Joe was drafted into the Army at the age of 18. He served with Company A, 5th Battalion, 7th Cavalry and Company D, 2nd Battalion, 7th Cavalry, First Air Cavalry Division [Airmobile], 1966-'67. While serving with D Company, 2nd Battalion, 7th Cavalry, his company engaged the Viet Cong in a firefight near a small village in Phan Thiet, South Vietnam. He and three of his comrades were seriously wounded by the shrapnel of an enemy grenade. He was awarded the Purple Heart and Army Commendation Medals.

Upon his return home, like many young boys, he wanted to become a police officer to serve the people and protect the innocent. Not all the officers he met, certainly not all those in command, lived up to those ideals, but so many do.

As a Latino candidate trying to break barriers in what was then a white-Anglo-male dominated profession, he found it gruesome sometimes. Even the height barrier tended to keep out Latinos, women, and others.

He first thought of writing a book after Andrew



"Andy" Glover, who was a friend of his, and Glover's sergeant, Frederick Reddy, were gunned down in Manhattan's Lower East Side in September of 1975. Joe had repeatedly warned both his own commanding officer and Andy Glover's of the danger posed by the Aviles Gang. These warnings were ignored. He went higher up, and was reassured it would be handled...only to have his information sat on by bureaus guarding their turf. If it hadn't been for all the ass-covering going on, these

men would be alive today — or at least would have died a natural death.

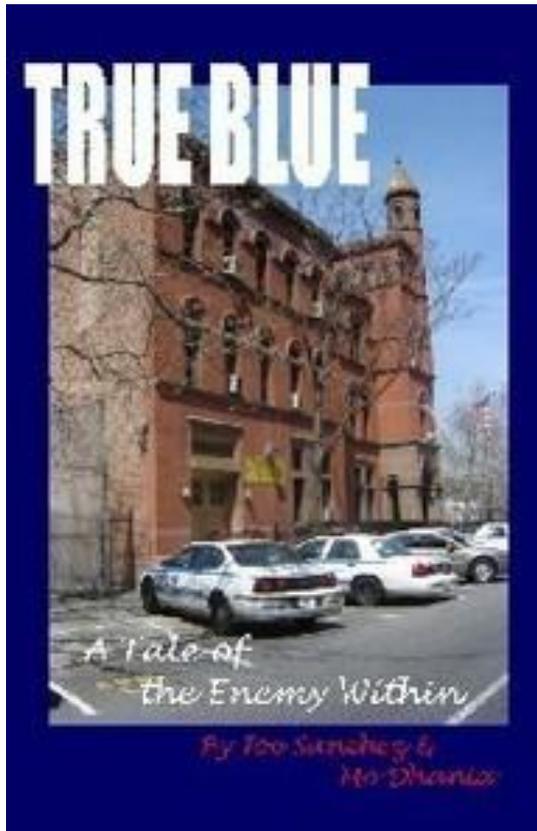
Joe did not think of himself as very literary back then, though he had a first-rate professor in writing and composition at John Jay College, back in his rookie year. So it was an idea he put on the back burner, until he got sold out by his own department, years later. Joe wanted to write it all. He did write it all, but in the words of his co-author, it looked like a two-hundred-page police report. His co-author Mo has been through a lot herself. Because of this, she fell in love with Joe's story, and knew it needed to be told. They collaborated to write a great story, though sad, as they edited each others work.

Joe has never seen an English-language movie, whether a war or law enforcement movie, where the protagonist was Hispanic or Latino, even though they have been heavily represented in both fields. Puerto Ricans, whether from the island or from [as it was then] the Forty-Eight, have been subjected to the draft since WWI. Their heroes have been many and their casualty rate high — yet you cannot see it portrayed in films. Hispanic law enforcement officers have long served in many mainland cities, and not Puerto Ricans only. That is why Joe feels we need to screen the true story of a Hispanic Vi-

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5) **Decker**

etnam veteran who becomes a cop — only to go through Hell, fighting not just the bad guys on the street, but the enemy within. Joe has a screenplay for his first book "Latin Blues", a novel portraying, in fictionalized form, the events that led to the deaths of Police Officer



Andrew Glover and Sgt. Frederick Reddy. Now he needs to translate his own story to the screen: a true story, not just for him, Joe Sanchez Picon [who after being wrongfully terminated went on to work for the New York Department of Corrections as a correction officer at Sing Sing and at Coxsackie Correctional Facility, where he came across inmates he once arrested, and in one occasion he saved the life of an inmate who was being stabbed by another inmate], but for all the good guys, known and unknown, who came and will come after him. It's for them he fought and spoken out, and it's the future ones, the Latino kids, who come to the theatre, that he wants to

inspire to follow the call of law and order, fairly and faithfully enforced.

Frank Serpico: Joe has had the honor to meet and befriend Frank Serpico. His friends call him Paco. In Spanish it means Frank. Like Joe, he had trouble forgetting the injustices committed against him. Unlike Joe, though, he is an intensely private person, yet once you know him, he's a pleasant and affable, and doesn't demand you be coming from the same place that he is. His dreams like Joe's dreams, aren't pleasant at night. Joe has often dreamt of being back on the job patrolling the mean streets of the concrete jungle of the naked city, only to have a superior officer terminating him again. Frank has probably dreamt of termination in a more sinister, final form.

Unlike Joe [but a little bit more like Mo], Frank is a man of mystery.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Joe Sanchez' book, *True Blue, A Tale of the Enemy Within*, was nominated in the 2011 MWSA Non-Fiction/Biography. He joined MWSA after being encouraged by friend Paul Decker. Congratulations and good luck, Joe!

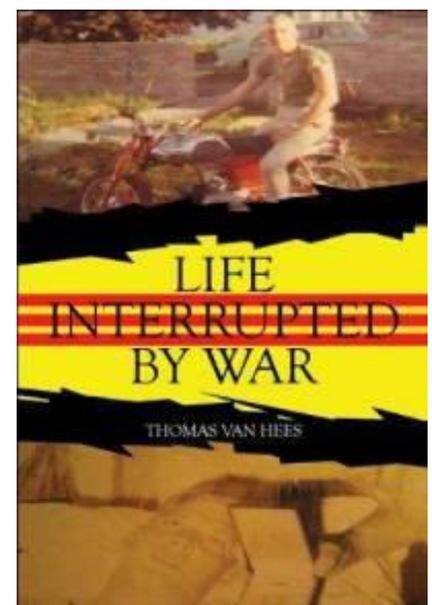
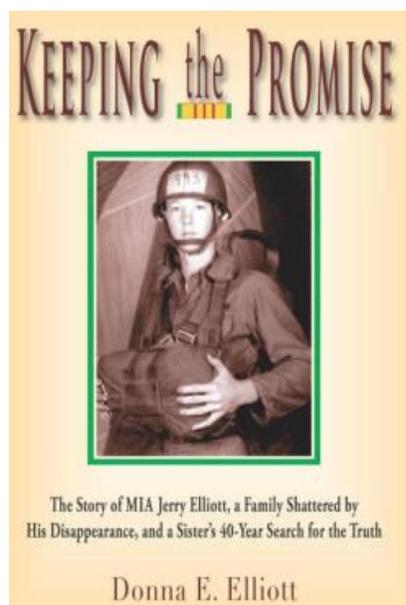
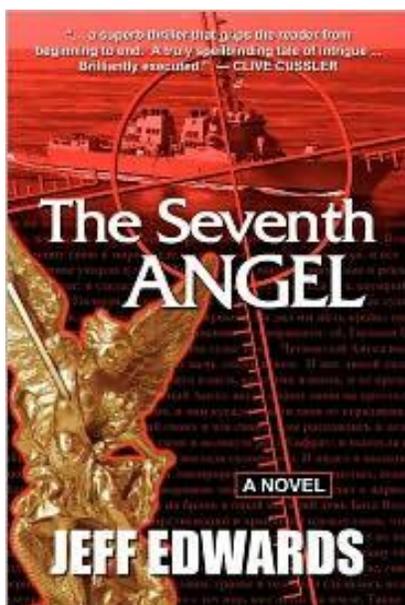
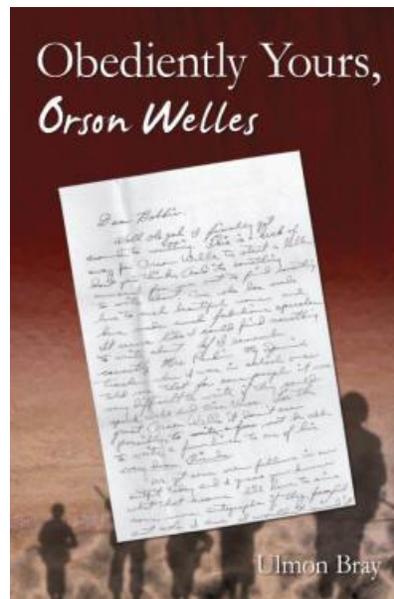
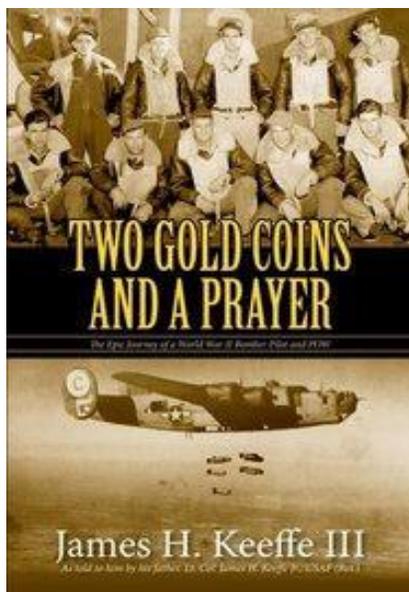
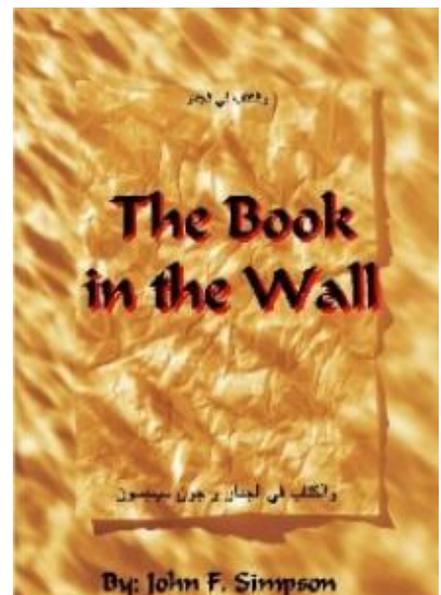
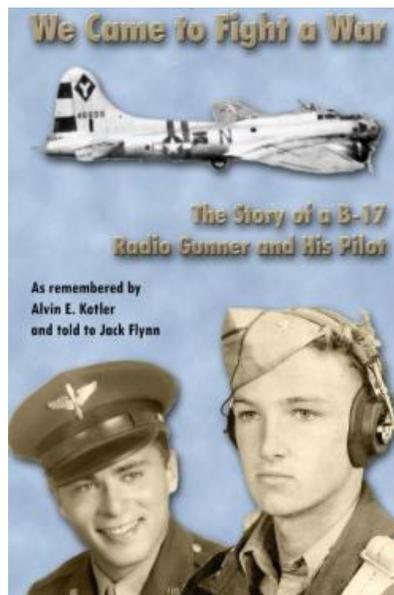
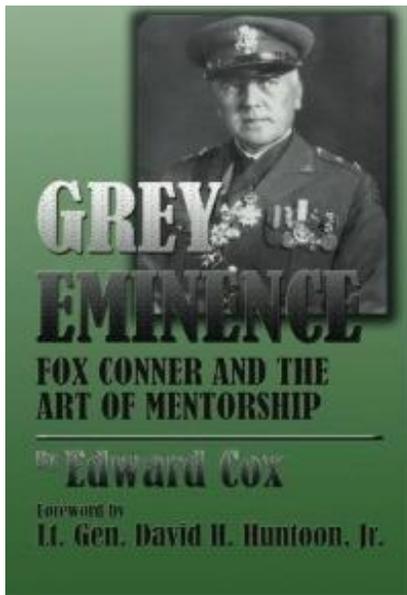
**Reflections
on the
Faded Flag**
2011 MWSA Anthology

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



MWSA Conference Programming

*** Topics are firm, timing is still tentative pending confirmation of some presenters & panelists. ***
Thursday September 29—Sunday October 2, 2011 Pittsburgh Airport Marriott (PAM)

Thursday, September 29

8am-5pm
Registration, Lobby, PAM
MWSA Hospitality Room Open, PAM

1 pm
Late Lunch Buffet & Orientation, PAM Meeting Room 1

1:30-4:30 pm
Special Writing “Hands-On” Workshop
Fiction, Non-fiction & Poetry
Featuring Benjamin Franklin & Friends
PAM Meeting Room 1

6:30 –9:30 pm
MWSA Event & Book signing (12 authors)
Bridgeville Public Library
Snacks & Drinks Provided by Library
On your own for transportation

6-8:30 pm
MWSA Social in Hospitality Suite, PAM
Snacks & Drinks

Friday, September 30

7am—5pm
Registration, Lobby, PAM

8am-4pm
Vendor Tables
Outside Meeting Rooms 1 & 2, PAM

9am—4pm
Snacks & Drinks
Hospitality Suite, PAM

8—9:20 am
Editing — Joyce Gilmour
Meeting Room 1, PAM

8-8:50 am

Spies & Secrets — Dick Hrebeck
Meeting Room 2, PAM

9-9:40 am
Graverobbing & Terrorism — Louis Intres
Meeting Room 2, PAM

9:30-10:20 am
Poetry Corner — Mike Mullins & jim greenwald
Meeting Room 1, PAM

10:30—11:20 am
Screenwriting—Christopher (C.S.) Wyatt
Meeting Room 2, PAM

11:30am—12:20pm
Book Cover Design Panel
Moderated by Nancy Smith
TBA, TBA, TBA
Meeting Room 1, PAM

12:30—1:20 pm
Writing Dialogue Panel
Moderated by Christopher (C.S.) Wyatt
Joyce Faulkner, TBA, TBA
Meeting Room 2, PAM

1:30-2:20pm
PTSD & Writing Panel
Moderated by Leila Levinson
Mike Mullins & Lillie Leonardi
Meeting Room 1, PAM

3:00-3:50pm
Social Networking for Authors—Joanne Quinn-Smith
Meeting Room 1, PAM

4:00-4:50pm
Book Promotion Panel
Moderated by Jack Woodville London,
Joanne Quinn-Smith, Kathy Rodgers, George Mancini
Meeting Room 1, PAM

6:30-7:20 pm
What’s New in Industry—Dwight Zimmerman
Meeting Room 2, PAM

7:30-9pm

Saturday, October 1

7am—5pm
Registration, Lobby, PAM

8am-4pm
Vendor Tables
Outside Meeting Rooms 1 & 2, PAM

9am—4pm
Snacks & Drinks
Hospitality Suite, PAM

8-9:20 am
Reviewer & Volunteer Breakfast
By Invitation only
Meeting Room 2, PAM

9:00-10am
Veterans Radio Network—Dale Throneberry
Hospitality Suite, PAM

9:30-10:50am
**The Difference between writing fiction & nonfiction—
Del Staecker**
Meeting Room 1, PAM

11:00—11:50am
How to Get, Prepare, & Deliver an Effective Interview
Panel Moderated by Dale Throneberry
Nancy Smith, Joanne Quinn-Smith, TBA
Meeting Room 1, PAM

11-12:20pm
How to Write a Children's Book—Sandra Linhart
Meeting Room 2, PAM

12:30-1:20pm
Bookblock Layout Using LYX—Vivek Sharma
Meeting Room 1, PAM

1:30-2:20pm
On Motion Book Trailers — Bill Medeci
Meeting Room 2, PAM

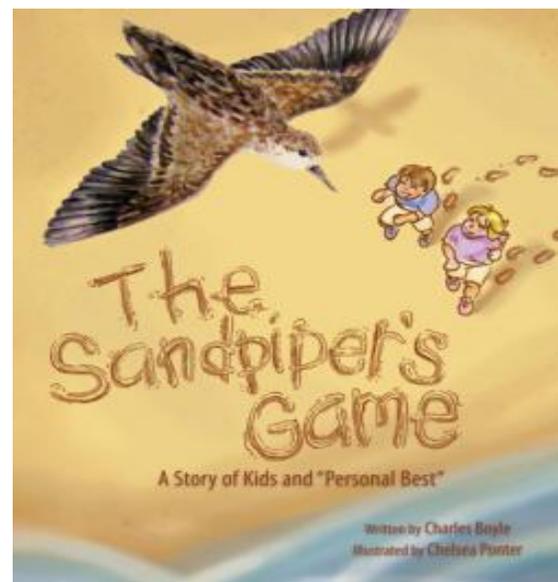
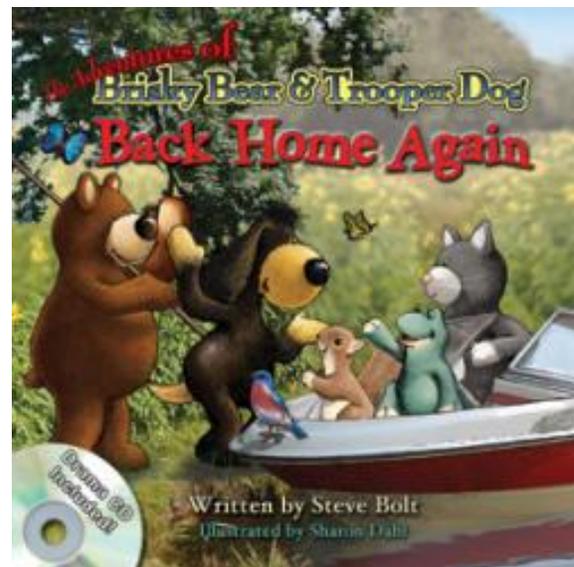
2:30-3:20 pm
MWSA Book Award Process
Joyce Faulkner & jim greenwald
Meeting Room 1, PAM

3:30-4:20pm
eBook Roundtable including Amazon & Smashwords
Moderated by Joyce Faulkner
TBA, TBA, TBA

Meeting Room 2, PAM
6-10pm
Awards Banquet
Emcee Del Staecker
Banquet Room, PAM

Sunday, October 2

8:30-11 am
Meeting Room 1
State of Organization
Buckaroo Auction



2011 MWSA BOOK AWARD NOMINEES

Historical Fiction – Event

Beyond Those Hills

by M.H.A. Menondji

David & the Mighty Eight

by Marjorie Hodgson Parker

Victory Road

by Mark Bowlin

The Corydon Snow

by Richard Whitten Barnes

Once a Knight

by Walt Shiel

Look Long Into the Abyss

by A.R. Homer

★

Historical Fiction — Chronicle

Shall Never See So Much

by Gerald Gillis

★

Historical Fiction — Protagonist

For Love of Country

by William C. Hammond

★

Fiction — Mystery

Loose Ends Kill

by Bob Doerr

Laos File

by Dale A. Dye

ARGOPELTER

by Ronald Smith

I Know Why the Dogwoods Blush

by Bill Cain

★

Fiction — Thriller

Project Dragonslayers

by Kathy Rowe

Pirates & Cartels

by Lee & Vista Boyland

Sgt. Rock - The Lost Battalion, HC

by Billy Tucci

The Mullahs Storm

by Thomas W. Young

Fiction — Literary

The Book in the Wall

by John F. Simpson

★

Non-Fiction — History

Eisenhower & Montgomery

by William Weidner

Keeping the Promise

by Donna Elliott

American Guerilla

by Mike Guardia

Targeted Killing

by Thomas B. Hunter

T-41 Mescalero: The Military Cessna 172

by Walt Shiel

Lost Eagles

by Blaine L. Pardue

★

Non-Fiction — Memoir

DAI Uy Hoch

by David R. Hoch

Wing Wife

by Marcia J. Sargent

Life Interrupted by War

by Thomas van Hees

Lullabies for Lieutenants

by Franklin Cox

We Came to Fight a War

by Jack Flynn & Alvin E. Kotler

Earning My Wings

by Shirley Dobbins Forgan

★

Non-Fiction — Reference

Aerial Aces of the Universal Newsreel

by Philip W. Stewart

★

Non-Fiction — Biography

True Blue: A Tale of the Enemy Within

by Joe Sanchez & MoDhanian

Women in the U.S. Armed Forces

by Darlene M. Iskra

Grey Eminence
by Edward Cox
Beyond All Price
by Carolyn Poling Schriber

★

Non-Fiction — How To/Business
Disability Compensation by Thomas van Hees
Breastfeeding in Combat Boots by Robyn Roche-Paul

★

Non-Fiction — Creative Non-Fiction
Gated Grief
by Leila Levinson

★

Non-Fiction — Spiritual/Religious
God + Military Spouse
by Lori Kathleen Cline
A Prayer Journey through Deployment
by Donna Mull
Bringing Courage to the Courageous
by Don Williamson
I Want to be the Fat Pretty One
by Lori Kathleen Cline

★

Artistic — Pictorial
USAF Interceptors
by Marty Isham & David McLaren

★

Poetry — Book
Through the Years
by James Jellerson
Blooming Red
by Carolyn Howard-Johnson
& Magdelina Ball
Kings of the Green Jelly Moon
by Lloyd King, jim greenwald, James Jellerson, Michael
Mullins

★

Children — Ages 12 & Below
The Adventures of Briskey Bear
by Steve Bolt
The Sandpiper's Game
by Charles Boyle
Klinger
by Betsy Beard
Our Daddy is Invincible
by Shannon Maxwell
Eddie & Bingo: A Friendship Tale
by Katherine & Kathleen L. Taylor

★

Military — Air Force
Safe Landings
by Fran McGraw
Belle of the Brawl
by Gary A. Best
The Men Who Killed the Luftwaffe
by Jay A. Stout
Two Gold Coins and a Prayer
by James H. Keefe III

★

Military — Army
Incoming
by Jack Manick
Alan's Letters
by Nancy E. Rial
Still Standing
by Jim Kosmo
The Sentinel & the Shooter
by Douglas W. Bonnot
Inside the President's Helicopter
by G.T. Boyd & J. Boor
War Remains
by Jeffery Miller

★

Military — Marines
Obediently Yours, Orson Welles
by Ulman Bray

★

Military — Navy
The Seventh Angel
by Jeff Edwards
The Untold Experiences
by C. Gilbert Lowery
Listening to Ghosts
by Robert (Bob) Stockton

★

Military — Coast Guard
The Coast Guard by Tom Beard

★

Korean War Book Award
Chitose Road by Robert S. Ruehrdanz
A Hill Called White Horse by Tony Sobieski
The Untold Experiences by C. Gilbert Lowery
Truman & MacArthur by Donald Farinacci
Eddie & Bingo by Kathleen & Katherine Taylor
War Remains by Jeffrey Miller

AMELIA EARHART, WHERE ARE YOU?

BY E. FRANKLIN EVANS

July 4th, 2011 was the seventy-fourth anniversary of the scheduled end of Amelia Earhart's around the world flight. On July 4th, 1937 she planned to end this amazing accomplishment with her landing at Oakland, California. She disappeared somewhere over the Pacific during the last leg of her flight. Twenty-seven years ago on this July weekend I was on the island of Saipan where I was told a remarkable story concerning the mystery of her disappearance.

While living on the island of Oahu, Hawaii, during my military tour I was the active Army adviser to the famous "Go for Broke" [100th Battalion 442nd Regiment](#) US Army Reserve. Then located in Waikiki, I had one of the best jobs in the Army. My wife and young son loved Hawaii and I enjoyed my job. My office window faced the beach and it was difficult at times to concentrate on my military duties. One hundred yards away was one of the most famous beaches in the world with all its distractions. During lunch I jogged along the Ala Wai Canal and returned along that famous beach. Often I would take a quick cooling rinse in the ocean before my shower and return to work.

My duties included visiting all the subordinate reserve units in the Pacific each month. Saipan was home to one of the units I visited. I visited many of the historical sites around the small island each time I visited. Suicide Cliffs, the last Japanese stronghold, and Blood Beach were places I remember well. Those journeys are for later stories.

The Lieutenant that commanded the unit on Saipan knew of my interest in history and escorted me to many of the sites of interest each time I visited. On that particular trip to Saipan he said



he had a Japanese prison he wanted to show me. I had seen several sites on earlier visits but didn't know about a prison there. We took a short drive around the former Japanese airstrip and turned off on a barely noticeable dirt road. It was rarely used and wasn't much more than a trail. We were met by an older gentleman who had been a child during the Japanese occupation prior to World War II and who had survived throughout the intense fighting there during the invasion by our forces. The story he told was incredible.

A very short drive down the overgrown trail revealed an area devoid of trees and where he pointed out three concrete structures. They were raised concrete platforms about six feet square. Roofs were no longer over them if they had ever had roofs. I could see where iron bars had been

(Continued on page 13)

(Continued from page 12) *Evans*

embedded into the platform and formed the iron cages where prisoners were held. The old man then pointed at one cage and said that was where the Japanese had imprisoned Amelia Earhart for a short time. Next to her, he said, was the cage where her navigator was imprisoned. I could only imagine the discomfort that a prisoner must have endured while held captive. I noticed upon entering the small area of the former cages that no sounds from the road penetrated this area. It was totally silent and there was a heaviness in the air that made it difficult to draw a breath. I remembered the lack of bird sounds in Guam, a nearby island, and once again I listened to the heavy silence that enshrouded us. Not only were there no bird sounds, there were no sounds at all. The experience was unnerving. His story was convincing.

We left the small prison and the old man further said that he was told that both the prisoners had been executed by the Japanese for being spies. He took us to the general area where he said the two prisoners, one female and one man, were shot and buried. He wasn't sure of the exact spot but was sure it was within a hundred meters or so of where we stood. He was convinced that the two were Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan. I've often wondered if this was the real story behind their fates.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the disappearance of Earhart and Noonan. Perhaps one day evidence will solve the mystery.

An interesting note, in 1990 the [NBC-TV](#) series *Unsolved Mysteries* broadcast an interview with a Saispanese woman, who said she witnessed the execution by Japanese soldiers. Her story parallels the story I was told. If you want more information on this theory go to http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amelia_earhart#cite_note-181.

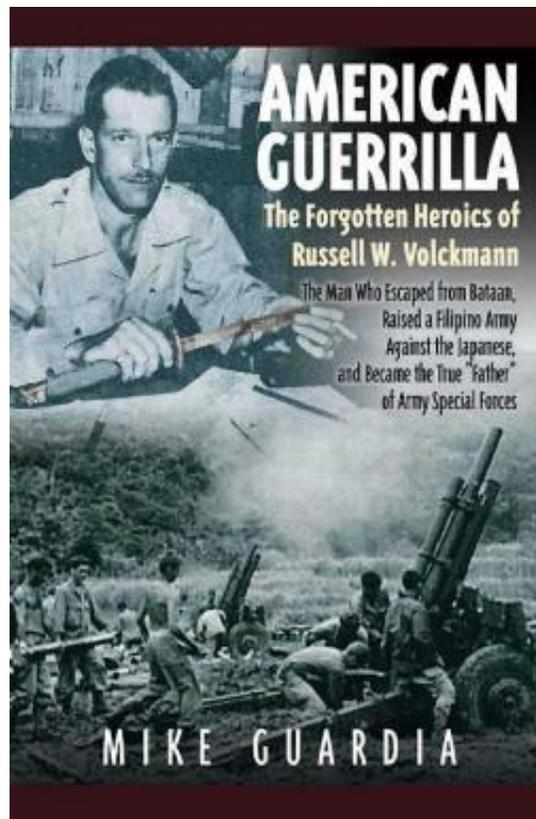


Veterans or Military Retiree Benefits Advisor

Do you have questions regarding your Veterans' eligibility or military retiree benefits?

We can help answer those questions.

To make an appointment, contact the Branson Veterans Task Force
417-337-8387



THE LAW OF UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES

No Good Deed Goes Unpunished. Part Three

By Jack Woodville London

In the 1940's, American production not only succeeded in building tanks and bombers, it brought life to the desert. During World War II the United States Army's Preventive Medicine Service brought penicillin to Libya and, with it, survival against common diseases that had killed for millennia – influenza, wound infections, sepsis — and a vast reduction of deaths from cuts and scratches, childbirth, and dirty water. By the end of the war, Libya more or less belonged to the United Kingdom and the US as friendly occupiers of a third rate desert monarchy, a base for protecting the Mediterranean and a vast air strip to counter the growing might of the Soviet Union. It also was a new-found source for oil, a free gas station for the next twenty-five years. And, with benevolent occupation, western medicine gained a toe hold in Libya.

By the time the US and Britain left Libya in 1970, the Libyan population had changed radically. Life expectancy shifted from 42 to age 72, expanding to ages where Libyans and others who lived along the far-flung US supply lines had come to live long enough to begin to contract diseases and cancers from which they had never previously suffered. The population grew from around one million, where it had hovered for twenty centuries, to a present day estimate of 6,700,000. There are presently 24 births but only 3 deaths per 1000.

But, in 1970, there were very few home-grown Libyan professionals such as doctors, engineers, or the like. It seemed that Libya's only professional class was the military. Why did Britain and America leave? Because that military class,

led by Colonel Ghadafi, staged a coup against their desert king and the foreign occupiers that had begun to exploit the oil and geographical proximity to Eastern Europe. Sparked by an independence movement that would be echoed forty years later, Libya rebelled for freedom. Instead, Libya only changed hands, from king to despot.

Following through on promises, Ghadafi did spend some oil money for schools and hospitals and development of a professional class. He built some infrastructure. Today over 90% of the population is literate and has direct access to medical care. Still, there isn't a lot to do for the average Libyan in a country with little industry and a well-defined export system limited to oil, so the country is very underemployed. With a population of well-educated, healthy, underemployed males aged between age 18 and 60, there would be sparks and flames. There are now, and there were then.

So, decades ago, making up for perceived slights, an overpopulated, literate, healthy, mostly unemployed Libya unleashed terror on its own dissidents and its neighbors and declared jihad on the West.

I was to become a witness to it, very up close and frighteningly personal.

SHOULD YOU USE SMASHWORDS TO CREATE YOUR EBOOKS?

BY WALT SHIEL

Smashwords.com provides a relatively painless way to get your manuscript into the big, wide, wonderful world of eBooks, the fastest growing segment of the publishing universe. For some books and some authors, it may even be the best way. But it is not quite the panacea some people think it is.

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Walt Shiel is the managing partner at Slipdown Mountain Publications LLC (with its new Jacobsville Books imprint) and Five Rainbows Services for Authors & Publishers. He is also an author, book designer, and self-publishing coach. He can be contacted at Walt@JacobsvilleBooks.com, on Twitter at [@WaltShiel](https://twitter.com/WaltShiel) or [@FiveRainbows](https://twitter.com/FiveRainbows), and via his WaltShiel.com blog.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Walt Shiel's book *Once a Knight* has been nominated for 2011 MWSA Historical Fiction Award. He has also been nominated for Non-Fiction History for his book *T-41 Mescalero: The Military Cessna 172*

A FEW BRAVE MEN

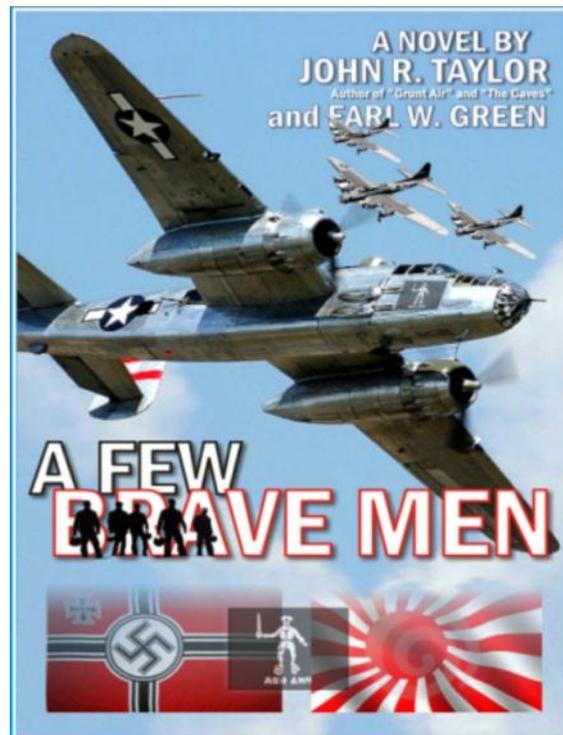
By John R. "Rick" Taylor

BACKGROUND OF THE HISTORICAL NOVEL

The genesis of *A Few Brave Men* lies within a screenplay written primarily by Earl W. Green and to a lesser amount myself back in 1984-1986. Earl and I flew out and met with General Lemay to ensure that the text was accurate in its historical representation of the development of strategic bombing prior to and during the Second World War. Gen. Lemay was instrumental in the development of the tactics that were used by the Army Air Force in Europe and later in the Pacific Theater. Earl and I worked hard to make sure that everything was in fact accurate; we even secure confirmations in writing from Gen. Lemay himself and from an U.S. Air Force Historian in 1992. The first area focuses around Gen. Lemay and his efforts in 1935 to 1941 to develop pre-WWII strategic bombing for national defense despite political conflicts against strategic bombers. Before Pearl Harbor he and other Air Corps proponents had a significant battle to get approval and funding for the development and deployment of the B-17 and B-29 bombers. Historically, these parts of the novel are correct. Secondly I created a fictitious character by the name of Bart Coltrane who is a composite of several Americans that went to England in 1939-1941 to fly for the British against Germany. The vast majority of American pilots flew in the RAF Eagle Squadron with some working in other critical aviation roles. I chose to put our fictitious hero into flying special operations behind the lines for the British Special Operations Directorate (SOE).

NOVEL SUMMARY

"**A FEW BRAVE MEN**" tells the story of the post-World War I entrenched military, political and ideological debate that threatened the early development of America's strategic bombardment capability. General Curtis E. Lemay is the centerpiece of this gripping and dramatic story of the struggle to advance U.S. airpower.



The epic begins in October 1935 with the delivery of the first B-17 Flying Fortress prototype to the Army Air Corps. America's entire strategic bombardment concept rests on the successful development and mass production of this first, long range 4-engine bomber built to the visionary specifications of the Army Air Corps. The B-17 prototype crashes during its first military acceptance test flight, feeding the partisan arguments of short-sighted Congressmen and military leaders who think that America's national defense and military dominance lie only with its ground and sea forces. Despite the crash of the B-17 prototype and attempts by the plane's opponents to discredit the strategic bombing initiative, the Congress requisitions a limited number of B-17 Flying Fortress aircraft. Lieutenant General Frank M. Andrews found himself in constant conflict with the General Staff over the B-17 and its future tactical deployment. Andrews was a leader in the military

(Continued on page 17)

(Continued from page 16) *Taylor*

aviation development and proponent of a separate air arm of the US military. In an effort to demonstrate the value of the bomber and its capabilities to the General Staff, the President and the American people General Andrews directed Lt. Colonel Olds and his navigator Lt. Curtis Lemay to fly several long range missions to Latin America and other high visibility areas. This resulted in formal condemnation by the General Staff who saw the potential of the aircraft to threaten their out dated concept of national defense. The B-17 demonstrations and the plane's potential capabilities were not lost on Brigadier General George C. Marshall who would become the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. General Marshall saw the military potential of the B-17 especially as the winds of war starting to blow in Europe.

While the political battles over the value of strategic bombers were being fought in Washington Lt. Lemay and Lt. Colonel Robert Olds were training the meager forces they had available to them for eminent hostilities in Europe and possibly in the Pacific. Lemay introduced a long range navigation technique he developed as a young Lieutenant making it possible for the fast Flying Fortress to find its way to distant targets. To the new B-17s with the newly developed Norden bombsight, thus enabling pinpoint target accuracy. The Norden bombsight which gave the B-17 a high altitude daylight precision bombardment capability would require extensive flight crew training in order to achieve proven and highly effective results. Then, on the very eve of World War II, the War Department and the Congress summarily cancel the B-17 production contract - ***with only thirteen B-17s in existence.***

By 1939 the Second War had already begun in Europe. France and Western Europe nations were falling to the Germans led by the awesome but little publicized German air force and in particular their bombers. The British Intelligence service was having great difficulties in deploying and supporting their Special Agents operating behind the lines in Europe. They called upon President Roosevelt for aircraft and crew to take

on the very dangerous support missions. The President responded by sending Bart Coltrane and his B-25 crew to England where they flew exciting and dangerous missions behind the lines for the RAF and British Intelligence. These were named Black Bart missions after the notorious British Pirate John Bartholomew Roberts of Pembrokeshire, Wales. The character Black Bart represents the early American volunteers who helped the British prior to the US entering the war. The American volunteer's contribution to the British war effort was notably significant.

As war becomes inevitable, President Roosevelt at last becomes aware of the preeminent importance of military air power. The President supported the private aviation sector as it mounted a heroic effort to achieve production levels sufficient to bridge the deficiencies in America's air arm. Brigadier General H.H. "Hap" Arnold the Army Chief of Staff-Air and the Chief of Staff for the new Army Air Force was tasked by President Roosevelt to quietly building a credible combat capable air force. Still, the War Department and Congress failed to recognize and accept the role of air power in modern warfare. This reluctance causes near tragic consequences as the 8th Air Force struggles to gain air supremacy in the early days of the war in Europe. The United States became engaged in the air war over Europe with too few airplanes and insufficiently trained flight crews.

The aircraft factories could not build B-17s fast enough to meet the critical need in Europe and for personnel training in the US. After a very brief training period Lemay acquires the B-17s for his 305th Heavy Bombardment Group. Before he is able to properly train his crews in the new B-17s he is faced with the news that higher command planned to redirect his aircraft to the Pacific. He takes it upon himself to deploy his Group to its intended destination in England before the order was issued. The story describes the historic development of strategic bombardment tactics created by Lemay as they gained experience in a new combat area. Combat tactics which became standard practice in the fledging 8th Air Force.

(Continued on page 18)

(Continued from page 17) *Taylor*

Lemay's tactics reversed the tremendous loss of crews and aircraft over Fortress Europe in the early days of the US effort there. He personally led the historic raids on Regensburg and Schweinfurt as well as other critical German military industrial targets which reduced the German war machine to rubble.

Coltrane and his crews become very successful and attract the attention and hatred of the German High Command who try frequently to destroy the Black Bart B-25 which was helping and encouraging the various covert nationalist guerilla movements in German occupied Europe who created a significant problem to the occupying Germans.

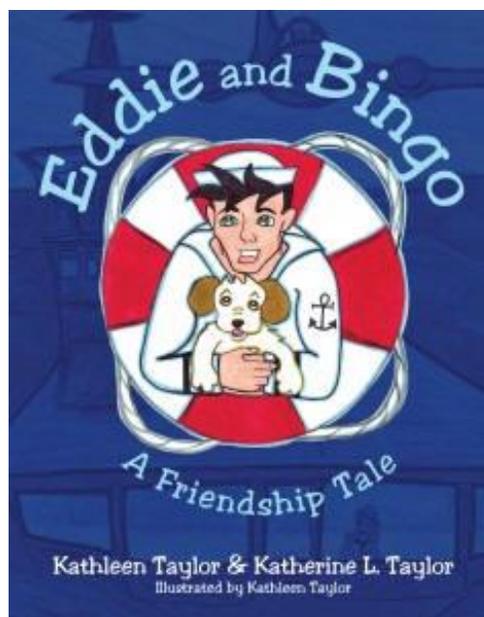
In the meantime, Boeing continues to develop the B-29 Super Fortress with its own funding, recognizing that if England falls to Hitler, a super long range bomber will be America's only means of preventing the Germans from bringing the war to America's shores. Boeing's efforts are in contradiction to the War Department's continuing and unyielding conviction that wars are still to be won, only through Navy and Army surface engagements.

When the gravity of the error in the War Department's judgment is finally realized, Roosevelt orders the B-29 into full production without the benefit of a thorough flight testing program and final modifications. The story tells of the B-29 engine problems from the perspective of the men who had to resolve the problems while producing the bombers for deployment from bases in Kansas. The B-29 equipment problems and its tactical employment are also seen by the reader from the eyes of a B-29 crew deployed to India. Again, there are near tragic consequences as the 20th Air Force struggles to overcome the B-29's performance problems and to achieve the bombardment capability against the Japanese while operating out of China and India.

The story reflects the anxiety of the crew with the mechanical and operational problems encountered during combat by the B-29's while

living in tropical India and flying combat missions from forward bases in China. The problems are mostly resolved once Lemay is transferred from Europe to the Command of the 20th Air Force in India. The problems were not limited to the enemy. Lemay had to deal with resupply problems as well the political battles over control of his force by other theater commanders like Lord Mountbatten, General Chennault, Commander of the Pacific Naval forces, General Mac Arthur and General Stillwell.

Later Lemay took over the Command of the XXI Bomber Command in the Marianas. By this time in the war sufficient B-29s had been manufactured and sent to the Pacific. Initially the bomber force did little damage to the Japanese targets due to very high winds over Japan. The operations out of the Marianas were more successful given its location and the dynamic leadership of Lemay. He developed the use of fire-bombing Japanese industrial areas to reduce the enemy ability to support its war effort in attempt to preclude the dreaded need for a ground invasion of the Japanese mainland. Later he directed the use of the two atomic bombs that ultimately leads to Japan's defeat.



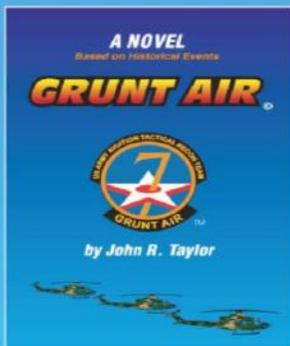


About the Author

John R. "Rick" Taylor
President and CEO, Firecreek Global, Inc.

John R. "Rick" Taylor (OUTLAW 3) is a decorated Vietnam veteran that served in the U.S. Army for ten years. He had overseas assignments in Vietnam, Korea and Germany. His duty assignments included Aviation, Military Intelligence and Air Defense. His first-hand military experience gives him the background needed to write "A Few Brave Men." Today he is an oil and gas executive who has returned to post-war Vietnam to engage in petroleum exploration operations in the Mekong Delta. He has met with many former North Vietnamese combat leaders, including the legendary military architect of the war, General Nguyen Vo Giap. In the early and mid-80's he was an activist for the return and full accountability of POWs and MIAs in the Vietnam War. His job has taken him to central Russia, Chechnya, Turkey, Azerbaijan and Bosnia. He was principal in the early post-war Bosnia war damage assessment and reconstruction planning efforts. Taylor still enjoys his love of flying, as well as sailing and racquetball. He started flying at age 13 and later became an Army Aviator and flew combat missions in Vietnam and Laos. He currently lives in Texas.

**Books by John R. "Rick" Taylor
Available on Amazon Kindle, Amazon.com
and BarnesandNoble.com:**



GRUNT AIR



**Author John R. "Rick" Taylor
in-country, 1972**



A FEW BRAVE MEN

CONNECTIONS

Life throws us some curve balls, and we can fade out of the mainstream of things for a while. That is what happened to me over the last few months. I lost my brother, due to long-term illnesses, at the end of April. Watching a younger sibling pass away wasn't an easy time for me. Then I had to "close up shop" on a 36-year teaching career.

Oh man, you should see my storage room here at home. No, actually, you shouldn't!

I'm working at getting back into the mainstream of life, and part of that includes my volunteer work for MWSA. I am so thankful for the last book of this contest year that I was able to review. I'm looking forward to being able to do a lot more reviews this next year. Now we're into the judging stage, and I can't wait to go to the conference and meet up with friends made at last year's conference and to make CONNECTIONS with a lot of new people. Military Writers Society of America has some of the most wonderful people in the world. I can't thank Bob Calvert (of Talking with Heroes fame) enough for letting me know about this great organization.

So let me move on to introduce to you, Jeffrey Miller, author of *War Remains*, which has been nominated for the Korean War Book Award, and also in the Army category. This book captured my heart. Please allow me to share my book review with you:

War Remains by Jeffrey Miller is an excellent read. Never having been a history buff due to teachers and professors who made it less than



Joyce Gilmour,
Columnist & Book Reviewer

enjoyable for me, I am truly grateful for authors like Mr. Miller who can take me through the Korean War days in a way that attaches it to people and emotions and the reality of how it affected families.

When I think about the title *War Remains* I asked myself as I was reading it, just what the author had in mind. The

title can certainly have multiple meanings. The obvious seems to be that many of our military were left behind in Korea and families were told they were MIA and unless their remains were to be found and identified, that would continue to be their classification. From my research, it appears that we have MIA status for approximately 10,000 of our military. One fifth of those are from Vietnam, and the other four-fifths from the Korean War. Have I ever once given thought about the family members that have been affected in this way? I'm ashamed to say that I don't think so. *War Remains* has touched me in a very special way.

This book led me to research what has been happening for these families. Hence, to me, the title can also mean that this *war remains* in the hearts of the survivors. Jeffrey Miller's book will open the hearts and the eyes of those who have lived their lives unaffected by the Korean War. I thank him for that gift. It should also prove as a source of hope for families still waiting to have closure.

Mr. Miller begins his book with the discovery of a footlocker in an attic. This footlocker then

(Continued on page 21)

(Continued from page 20) *Gilmour*

finds its way to the son of Sgt. First Class Robert (Bobby) Francis Washkowiak, Ronnie Washkowiak. It contains many letters from Bobby to his wife, Mary, and their infant son, Ronnie. When Bobby heads off to war, it is his small beloved family that keeps him going through his time in Korea. The book uses his many letters, which are then read by Ronnie, and his son, Michael, to take us to the time and place when Bobby is writing the letters to his beloved wife. In this way, we see the side of war from the Korean War happenings which the author does a superb job of writing, telling readers about what the GIs in Korea were facing and about the many battles and the fact that the Korean War is called a “forgotten war.” Then we move back to present day, when Bobby’s family is always wondering what happened to their father, grandfather, and husband. Just how long should a young woman with a young son hold out hope for her loved one to return? How long should one wait to accept that your husband has probably been killed? Mr. Miller does a superb job of transitioning back and forth between time frames.

Mr. Miller has very successfully written a story that shines light onto what many American families have experienced. It is a beautiful love story, shown through the many letters from Bobby to Mary. It is a war story, in that we see the Korean War up close and personal, through Bobby and his GI buddies. We see our military heroes returning to the States never knowing what happened to buddies that they had gotten close to during their service to our country. It is not always easy reading when you encounter the Chinese in the rice paddies in the deep of night. But it is encouraging to know that some families have received closure when DNA has been matched to the remains of their loved one, in more recent times.

I highly recommend *War Remains* to readers... this book has touched me deeply and is sticking with me both in my mind and my heart days after completing it. *War Remains* is a very impressive first novel for Jeffrey Miller.

Jeffrey has a very interesting “life” story in that he served in the U.S. Air Force from 1976-1980. He has been living and teaching in South Korea since 1990. The genesis for *War Remains* started with the articles that he wrote about Korean War commemorative events from 2000-2003, especially the interviews with Chipyeong-ni veterans, Oscar Cortez, and two repatriation ceremonies in Korea. He wanted to honor all those who fought in the war, those who didn’t come home, and the loved ones who lost a loved one in the war. There is a theme of “discovery” that runs through the novel and the hope is that readers will also discover the realities of this so-called “forgotten war.” You can learn more about *War Remains* and Jeffrey Miller at:

www.jeffreyalanmiller.wordpress.com and/or www.warremains.blogspot.com I truly believe that Mr. Miller has met his goal of honoring heroes and their families through his writing of *War Remains*.

EDITOR’S NOTE: Jeffrey Miller has been nominated for two awards in 2011. *War Remains* nominated for the special Korean War Book Award Contest as well as the Military/Army Award. Congratulations and good luck to Jeffrey Miller.



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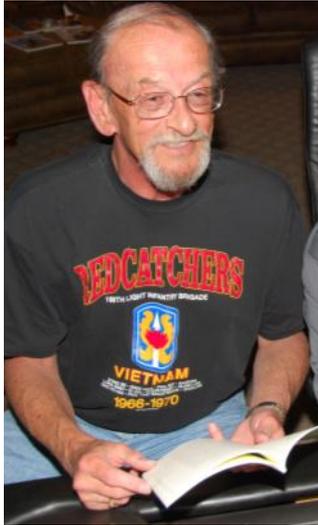
MOON'S MUTTERINGS

The Flags in My Life

I started The Flag essay for the anthology several times---in my mind. It kept getting trapped. I could not get it unfurled. Images waved but wrapped around the pole. When I thought I saw the stars and stripes the way I should the wind shredded the vision. It does not connect to one single moment or event. It envelops my life.

I did not grow up an Army brat, but I was part of a family with members who served. Old Glory is a symbol of something that throbbed inside us, or most of us. As is always the case it mattered more to some than others. There are always those who have nothing in their lives that is that meaningful. My family is no different. Such is not the case in my house. I had uncles who wore the uniform, who fought, who served, who “believed.” My father fought in World War II. I saw my “heroes” more than I saw The Flag perhaps, but where they were *it* was. We visited them where they were stationed at different times when I was young. I saw the Changing of the Guard at the “Tomb” as a child. I had an uncle who was part of the ceremony. The need for reverence was explained and inviolate. It was on a plane with silence at prayer time.

When the old World War II movies were featured on television we watched. I was always in awe. I still watch them. I love them. I am still in awe. The Flag was a main character in those movies. Unit banners and The Flag went to War, even in the traditional “cowboy and Indian” loops. Old Glory stood proudly at every fort, every outpost, every compound, every encampment, and with every unit that ever marched on film I think. If The Flag fell in battle somebody had one tucked away in a pack. It was as important as the ammo they carried to war. Where Americans were called



Mike Mullins

to stand-to, The Flag stood above them. In those movies Americans took ground--- accomplished something. America, and it, stood for something grand and magnificent. She still does, but somehow the pride seems to have been humbled.

In Korea we took ground, and took it again and again and again...and gave it back. I did not understand what that meant for decades. The Flag went and came back, but it was always there, with pride and glory. I went through school and sang the Star Spangled Banner while facing The Flag. Chill bumps danced somewhere on my body. They always will, especially when I am with those who know what The Flag really means, who have stood beneath it and risked everything to keep it standing tall. I marched behind it in band, I played my horn for it, I prayed beneath it. But I was never allowed to take ground behind it.

I fought in the Vietnam Conflict. Our larger compounds had The Flag. Our excursions into the countryside were “search and destroy” missions. My work was interdiction---jungle warfare, guerilla warfare. We carried supplies and nothing else. There were no streamers, no banners, no Homeric attacks with glistening swords and sounding trumpets. We took no ground where I served. Others may have had a different mission. I cannot speak to that. I know there were battles for hills, but did they “take” them in the traditional sense? Or give them back as in the Korean precedent? The Flag was in many of our hearts, but I knew of nobody who carried one in their pack with the hope of planting it atop a conquered enemy stronghold. We never had the opportunity to experience that kind of heart-warming glory. We only had the opportunity to experience the heart-chilling thrill of battle. But I could not love The Flag more than I do.

(Continued on page 25)

(Continued from page 24) **Mullins**

I had a friend in my Legion Post who loved buying a Flag for people who could not afford to buy one. He often bought a larger one for our local school or went ballistic when the town did not replace a tattered one soon enough. Bill was a Korean War vet, a semi-literate man who worked hard all his life. He left his home at the age of fourteen to be a carnival barker because his family could not feed everyone. There were more mouths at the table than chairs. He did not read well, but you could not count money faster than he. He was my friend. Bill Parks thought The Flag was the grandest thing there was and it was good that he was never around one being burned. Instead of passing away among friends he may have died in jail.

How many Flag stories are there? I tell one in my first book, *Vietnam in Verse*. A man who worked for me, a Nam brother, who became a friend, was assigned to funeral details when he came home. He made a Flag presentation to a young widow at a military funeral. She struck him across the chest with the folded Flag, knocking him backwards into the open grave. He loves The Flag, but he cries when he stands below it.

My mother told me a story about The Flag my father flew while I was in Vietnam. Their neighbors gave Dad a lot of grief over flying The Flag at night and flying The Flag after it became tattered and torn. He took it without saying much at first. His fellow Legionnaires joined the chorus of complainers. Dad finally told them all to bring it on if they wanted, but The Flag stayed where it was, the way it was until I came home. If I was good enough to stay out in the dark and rain and fight, then The Flag could too. One of them brought him a new Flag to put up when I came home.

My son and daughter-in-law brought us a Flag that flew over their post in Afghanistan in 2004. We have The Flag that was presented to Mom when dad died in 1980. How many Flag stories are there? There should be one for every Flag.



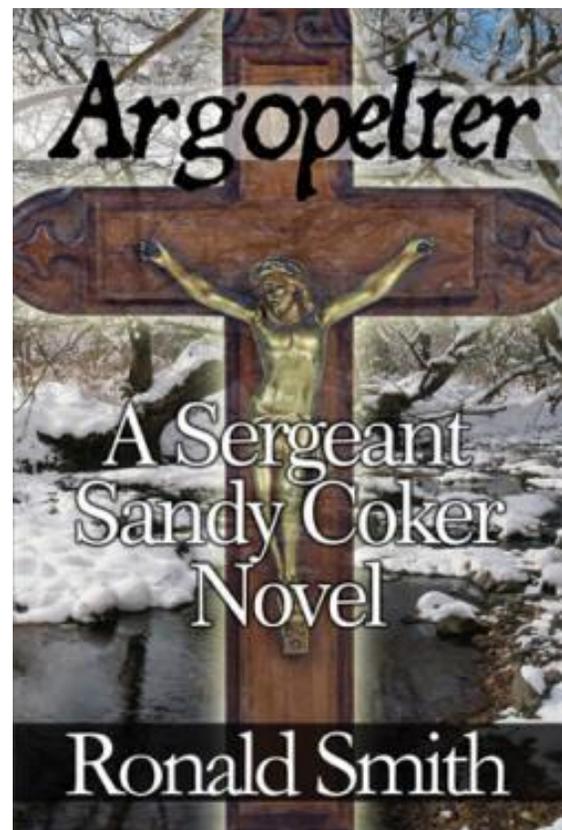
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MWSA reviews published books only. It must have an ISBN and a price. Please do not send manuscripts, ARCs or "treatments"—including Adobe PDF, MS Word or MS Word Perfect files, handwritten or typed drafts or outlines, they will not be accepted for review.



Update:

Women submarines about to make history

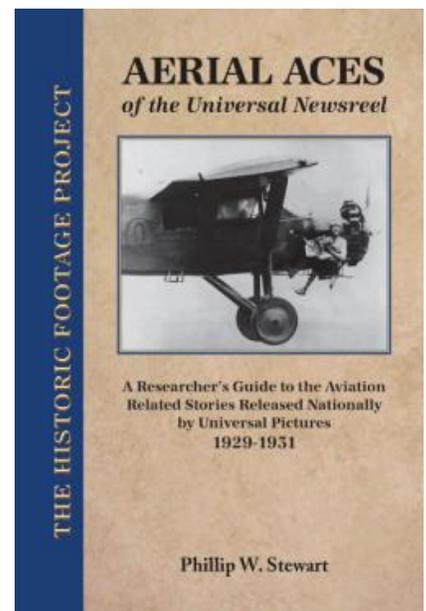
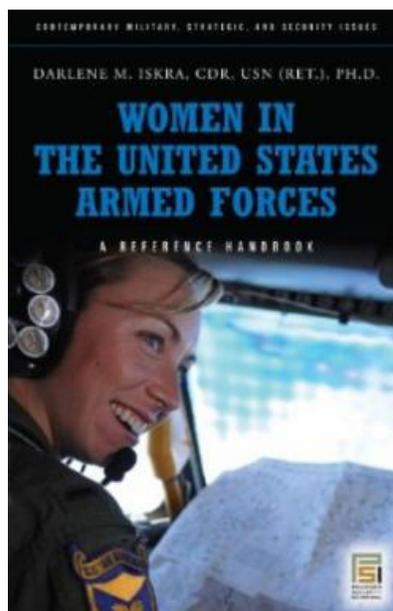
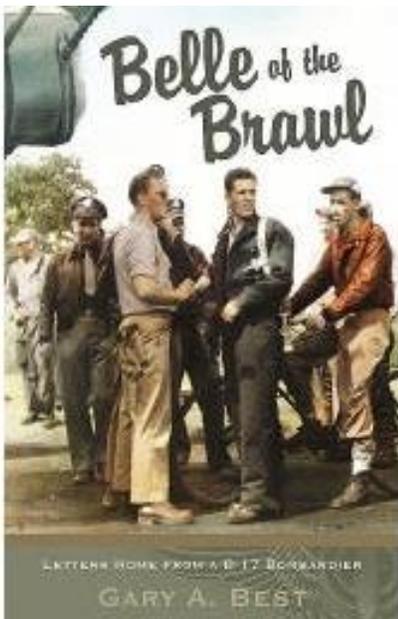
In MWSA's March 2010 newsletter – before the switch to *Dispatches* magazine – I wrote about women (first officers) — having been accepted as submariners for the first time in the Submarine Force's then 110-year history. Later that year, 19 women, USNA and college NROTC grads/ensigns, were selected for training, both the nuclear academic and hands-on programs and submarine officers school.

I'm happy to report that all's going well according to Submarine Force spokesmen. The first women officers will report aboard subs late this year and on the Gold or Blue alternating crews. The four subs, able to accommodate them without modifications, are two SSBNs (nuclear ballistic missile), USS Georgia and USS Wyoming, and two SSGNs (nuclear guided missile), USS Ohio and USS Maine. (As an Ohioan, I'm well aware of the relevance of USS Ohio's motto, "Always first.")

When first chosen, the women were unanimous in not wanting to be called "trailblazers" (although they were and are.) Once aboard the subs, they'll be outnumbered – three women to about 152 men – and sure don't expect or want any special treatment. However, they'll

be keenly aware that everything they do and say will be on the sonar screens of the crews and submarine veterans, the Navy and other armed services and, through the media, the public.

Fair winds and following seas to all submariners, both men and women. – Nancy Yockey Bonar, acknowledged Submarine Force family.



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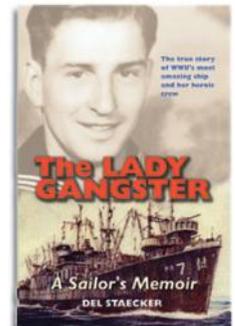
Seeking Volunteers

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 convert *Dispatches* to a format which will support our Social Networking Strategy.
- All of the committees 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.



ANNOUNCING: Del Staecker, award-winning author for *The Lady Gangster* in 2009 and for his Ledge Tra-bue Trilogy in 2010 will be the Emcee for the MWSA Award Banquet on October 1, 2011, at the Airport Mar-riot.



LCI L33

By Jack Manick

My name is Jack Manick, son of Elmer Manick. He was the Chief Boatswain, Mate of the LCI(L)33 from 1942 until 1944 when it was transferred to British Control. This is a mini history of the L33, from it's inception until it was turned over to the British, months after the Normandy Landings. These are my father's words:

LCI (L)33 was built in November 1942. I was her Chief Boatswains Mate. I joined the Navy in October of 1942 and was sent to boot camp in Newport, Rhode Island. There was such a demand for personnel to man the LCI's that training was limited to 3 weeks. We learned basic seamanship and did lots of marching.

After boot camp, it was on to Little Creek, VA, for training aboard the LCI (L) 216. I reported with the rank of Seaman Apprentice. I and the rest of the officers and seamen selected to man the LCI (L) 33 trained on the 216 as a unit. In January 1943, we took her on a shakedown cruise. We practiced landings, navigation exercises and anything we needed to take over and safely operate our new ship. After 2 weeks of training, the navy said we were ready. It wasn't much more than a familiarization, but time was of the essence and our real training would be "On the Job".

We proceeded to Philadelphia to pick up our new ship. We divided our time between practice landings along the Virginia Coast, navigation exercises in Chesapeake Bay and just trying to shake out any bugs in the 33.

Then it was time to leave and we joined a convoy assembly point just outside the Chesapeake. There were hundreds of vessels, most were LCIs, some were sub chasers, and a few were tankers. One of these ancient tankers was our flagship. It was filled with thousands of gallons of some type



L33 and Crew

of combustible liquid. The convoy commander was Captain Sabin.

After we put to sea, orders were opened. Our first destination was Bermuda. Initially the weather was cold and the seas heavy. We crawled along at a 7-knot pace, making us easy targets for any U-boats. Heavy seas tossed our LCIs around like corks in a washing machine. Nearly

flat-bottomed, the LCIs pitched and rolled from side to side in the turbulent waters. As we reached the crest of a swell our bow broke free from the water, exposing a portion of our keel. Then, just as suddenly, we fell back into the trough, our bow hitting the water with a loud slapping sound. This was characteristic of LCI in heavy seas, but we didn't know it at the time. We were all sea sick. Frenchy, our cook, was by far the worst. For those of us who could tolerate food, we would stagger to the galley where we found Frenchy on the floor, too sick to move. When asked if there was any food prepared for us, he could only raise his arm from his side and point to one of the shelves containing canned goods. We all felt sorry for him. For the majority of our trip, all that Frenchy could eat was soda crackers.



Frenchy, the seasick cook of L33

(Continued on page 29)

(Continued from page 28) *Manick*

We arrived at Bermuda a few days later. The docks were large enough to handle only a few ships so most of the convoy dropped anchor off the coast, including us. We anticipated shore leave and a chance to set foot on dry land. This was not to be. An LCVP returning 24 sailors from liberty on Bermuda, sunk in the heavy swells. All hands were lost. From that point on, all Liberty was cancelled. It was very disappointing since we hoped that a day on dry land would help to cure our seasickness.

The next day we set sail. At first, we thought we might be headed to Europe but our southwesterly heading indicated otherwise. It looked like the Mediterranean or Africa for us. Sure enough, after orders were opened, our next destination was North Africa.

Our LCIs were a new breed of ship. The Navy had never tested them in sea trials. We found out later that the navy wasn't even sure our LCIs could make an ocean crossing. Good thing they didn't tell us. We had taken on enough fuel at Philadelphia to cross without refueling. Our 8 Cummings Diesels Engines were reliable and fuel-efficient. Our machinist mates stored most common engine parts aboard so we were pretty much self-sufficient when it came to engine parts.

Our only problem was fresh water. We carried a 500-gallon tank aboard. It was used for everything from cooking to drinking to washing clothes. Early on, we tried to conserve our fresh water by washing our clothes with seawater. That was a mistake. The clothes dried to a cardboard-like consistency. They were rough, scratchy and smelly and couldn't be worn. We quickly gave up on that idea. There was no equipment on board to produce fresh water. Our convoy however, had a



L33 on the water

water tender, whose purpose it was to convert salt water to fresh water. When supplies ran short, we made arrangements to tie up to it and refill our tank.

On April 12, 1943, we passed through the straits of Gibraltar and entered the Mediterranean Sea. The next day we landed at Nemours, Algeria. All

four of our holds were filled food, which we thought was ours. To our surprise, the Army came aboard and off-loaded all of it. Unbeknown to us, our number one hold was not secured in Philadelphia by the army personnel

when they filled it with food. Somewhere between Philadelphia and North Africa, the hold filled with water. When we opened it shortly after landing at Nemours we saw items floating in the seawater. All of the foodstuffs, including the canned items were ruined. We pumped out the hold and threw away the spoiled food. An experienced crew would have checked all hatches exposed to the weather before taking to sea. This incident taught us a valuable lesson.

On May 14, 1943 we docked in Bizerte in Tunisia. We had a tough time getting into Lake Bizerte because the Germans had sunk ships at the mouth of the entrance. Our quartermaster, Ed Sternett, who had worked on lake Michigan piloting ore carriers and was an experienced captain in his own right, piloted the ship through this maze of twisted wreckage.

Captain Dekyne was a great skipper. He always took good care of us. If some of the men didn't have spending money for shore leave, he would take it out of his pocket and give it to them. He never asked for it back. He was also great on promoting those who he thought deserved it.

I achieved the rank of Chief in a brief 15 months.

(Continued on page 30)

(Continued from page 29) *Manick*

My dad (Jack Manick) was a seafaring man from the days of the wooden-masted schooners. He sailed on many ships and taught his sons those seafaring skills that he could while living in the Smokey Mountains of western North Carolina. I knew how to tie knots, how to splice rope and other skills, that helped me to achieve my new ratings from the captain. He took good care of the crew and liked those who showed initiative. We all liked and respected him.

Thirteen days later (May 27), we picked up 255 German Prisoners and were ordered to transport them to Oran in Tunisia. During the trip, the German Luftwaffe dive-bombed us many times. During the bombings, the prisoners on deck waved at the planes, yelling and screaming for them not to drop their bombs on them. It made no difference. From the altitude they were bombing, the planes probably couldn't distinguish whose troops were on deck. Either their aim was off or we were very lucky that day. There were lots of near misses.

The prisoners were a tough bunch, having fought in the desert until captured in Bizerte. Most spoke good English. They wanted to know about America and loved Camel Cigarettes. Their final destination was the Norfolk Naval Base in Virginia.

There they would work (as prisoners) at the Naval Base.

On July 6, 1943, we were anchored at Bizerte with hundreds of other ships, everything from LCIs to destroyer escorts, destroyers and a few light cruisers including the Birmingham. The Germans knew we were there and they also knew in what strength. Around the lake, the British had installed hundreds of large spotlights. That evening, the German Luftwaffe staged a large raid. As they came over our position, the British turned on the lights and lit up

the sky. In the time it took to turn on the lights, night turned into day. Destroyers, cruisers, LCIs, LSTs, every ship that had a gun opened fire at the well-lit targets. One of our ships picked up a German War Correspondent from the water after he bailed out of his crippled plane. He commented that he had never seen nor expected such firepower from the allied ships at Bizerte.

Later that month, we loaded 250 American troops of the 46'th Division at Bizerte and joined a large convoy for Licata, Sicily. The landings were virtually unopposed. A couple of Italian planes released bombs that landed close by but did no damage. After discharging the troops, we went back to Bizerte to await further orders.

On August 3, we proceeded to Palermo, Sicily, to transport American wounded to a hospital ship. We loaded troops of the 3rd division US on September 7, 1943. The next day we left Palermo for the Invasion of Italy at Salerno (Maieri). We had General Quarters at 1715 hours and stayed at General Quarters. At 2130 hours, there was a massive air raid. The Luftwaffe dropped flares. Some planes had depth charges. Anti-aircraft fire rose from all of the ships. One plane was shot down close by our port bow.

On September 9, we landed troops at Maieri (Salerno) and returned to Bizerte. The time when we were not transporting troops or cargo or involved in an invasion, was spent waiting, usually anchored somewhere off the coast of North Africa. It was boring, but we could never let up on our guard. Watches were always set should the Luftwaffe or the Italian Air Force choose to attack us.

On September 26 we returned to Salerno and transported wounded to a hospital ship. This time we ran into a large storm with heavy seas. Four days later we transported and discharged



Tunisia

(Continued on page 31)

(Continued from page 30) **Manick**

German prisoners onto the beach at Salerno. Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox was on the beach to greet us as the prisoners were unloaded. He made a statement about what a great job the LCIs were doing.

Our last trip back to Bizerte was on November 10, 1943. The Germans hit us with another air raid. On November 22, we picked up British troops bound for Toronto, Italy. The next day, General Quarters sounded at 0500 hours. We awoke to find ourselves surrounded by mines the Germans had laid earlier. How we got through the minefield, I'll never know. The mines were everywhere. Lookouts were posted all over the ship trying to spot them and relay the information back to the bridge so we could steer around them. While we tried to avoid them, our mine-sweepers were busy detonating them. Someone was watching over us that day. We continued to make runs to Toronto Italy for the next few days.

Late the next month (December 19), on a very dark and rainy night, we collided with LCI (L) 14. Our damage was minimal but it was a frightening experience.

For the next few days we were working out of Pozzouli, Italy, practicing beaching, in preparation for the Invasion of Anzio.

During January, 1944, the allied high command, in an effort to shorten the Italian Campaign and cut off the German's escape route in Italy, devised yet another invasion. It would come on January 22. We loaded a full contingent of US Rangers and deposited them on the beaches in Anzio. The landings were unopposed. We had caught the Germans by surprise. Rather than immediately breaking out of the beachhead, we chose to reinforce it with men and material. After a few days of reinforcing the beaches and the land immediately behind them, the fate of the ground forces was sealed. The Germans had iso-

lated and imprisoned the beachhead. Then they opened fire. The troops could do nothing but dig in and hope our planes and ships could muster enough firepower to hold the beachhead. (Later, we found out that the entire 1500 man Ranger contingent except for one man had been killed.)

We ran daily runs from Pozzouli to Anzio, carrying troops and supplies. On Feb 22, German E Boats attacked us. We picked up two survivors from a sunken British destroyer. One of the crewmembers had his hand blown off. Our pharmacist mate, Doc Nichols, cleaned off the wound and had the wounded man transported to a medical facility. We think the sailor lived.

Seven days later (February 29), we anchored off the coast of Italy with a number of other ships. Every night destroyers laid a smokescreen over us, to protect us from Luftwaffe. We, however, lost our stern anchor and drifted far out to sea, out of the protective cover of the smoke screen. That night we had the worst air raid I'd been in. Our orders were not to fire on any aircraft, but our mid ship gunner made a mistake and fired. Since every third bullet was a tracer, the Germans had no trouble locating us. I counted 16



46th Div

bombs that landed within a few yards of the ship. How they missed us, I'll never know. We were darned lucky that night.

From March 2nd to April 17th, we transported American Troops from Pozzouli to Anzio. On our return trips it was civilian refugees from Anzio to Pozzouli. On one occasion, an old lady wanted to bring her cow aboard. We laughed and politely told her no.

April 18, we went back to Algeria, filled our holds with candy and left for England. Since most of the troops had pulled out of North Africa, there was a surplus of candy. We had Baby Ruths, Butter Fingers, Mounds, etc. Everyone

(Continued on page 32)

(Continued from page 31) *Manick*

had a locker full of candy. While in North Africa, I came down with a case of jaundice but wouldn't tell anyone for fear they would leave me behind. Our pharmacist mate gave me lots of orange juice. There was no other treatment for it. By the time we reached Cardiff, Wales, I was feeling better, but I was put in the hospital anyway. While there, my shipmates visited me and brought me several boxes of candy. That made me the most popular patient in the hospital. I had more doctors and nurses come to visit me than any other patient. Candy was very scarce in England so I was the center of attention. I hated to leave the hospital and they were sad to see me go.

On May 15, I caught up with my ship at New Haven. For the next two weeks we prepared for the Invasion of Normandy, practicing landings along the English coast. New Haven was a small town and was relatively quiet, so most of us spent our Liberty time in the larger city of Brighton. There were 2 nice dance halls there and we were treated very nicely by the British.

In the early evening of June 5, 1944, we loaded about 255 troops of the British 50th Division. About 10 PM we unhooked our dock moorings and set sail for our mid channel rendezvous with the Normandy Invasion Fleet.

There were ships everywhere, of all sizes and shapes. Our destination was Gold Beach, a British designated landing area. The crossing was rough, since the English Channel was still churning from the storm that had abated only a few hours before. No one slept that night. Five hours later and shortly before 7 AM, we made our final approach to the beach.

Minutes before, LCVPs had discharged their troops and had pulled off, making way for the next wave of landings, the LCI Landings. About 100 feet out from the beach, we dropped our



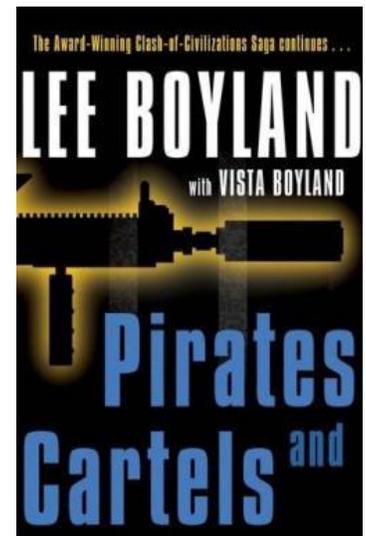
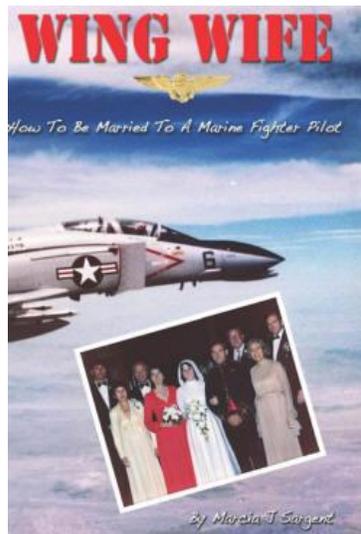
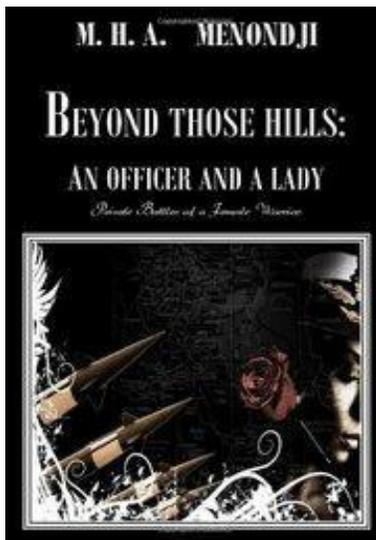
Gold Beach at Normandy

stern anchor. The tide was coming in and dead soldiers were already being washed up upon the beach.

There was a hotel standing near the beach that was being destroyed by incoming German artillery. Each round that hit the hotel knocked off another section of the brick structure. They were very efficient at knocking down the building but less effective at hitting the troops or the landing craft. There were bodies floating everywhere. Our ship moved through the water pushing them aside until we grounded. The ladders were lowered and the troops, some with bicycles debarked. We tried to hurry the British soldiers off the ship and into the chest high water but they paid us no attention and unloaded at their own pace. We were on the beach for no more than 15 minutes, then we reversed engines, reeled in the stern anchor and pulled ourselves off. All around us there was heavy gunfire, smoke and death.

We headed back to New Haven, hoping to get a day off and go into the town. That wasn't to be. On the dock we were given another load of British Troops to transport back to Gold Beach. We made 17 crossings from New Haven to Normandy in 20 days, each time carrying troops.

On October 11 we sailed to Weymouth, England. Our captain informed us that we would be going home between October 15th and November 1st. The LCI (L) 33 was to continue to transport troops and supplies from England to the continent, only this time with a British Crew. The crew of the 33 was to be split up and head for other locations. Some of us were assigned to stateside duty, others, like me were sent to the Pacific. I would serve aboard the LST 1103 and participate in yet another invasion, the Invasion of Okinawa and survive the two month Kamikaze ordeal of the ships around Okinawa.



Book Reviews: First, if you have not as an author noticed, reviews are coming slow. We are way behind and there are a multitude of reasons.

- a. We have a lack of volunteers to do reviews**
- b. A number of our volunteer reviewers are not reading as they are working on finishing their own books or promoting one that was just released**
- c. Some reviewers have experienced health issues**
- d. Add to that the fact that we are now in the process of determining the award winners for 2011, this for two months will remove one-third of available reviewers.**

Please have patience, know that any book not reviewed for this cycle is automatically in the next cycle. Our volunteers are doing the best they can and we as an organization as I have stated numerous times needs more reviewers. We need a minimum of ten more to keep up as we are growing as an organization. So when you read this, stop, think carefully about contributing a tiny fraction of your time to help your fellow members, your organization and frankly yourselves, If you have submitted a book and you volunteer to review books that speeds up the process and catches us up to review yours faster. If you have won an award in the past you know how that experience feels, help others share that experience – Volunteer! - jim greenwald, Lead Reviewer

MWSA's Summer 2011 Recommended Reading List

By Bob Doerr

Chairman of Reading List Committee

As most of you know, the Military Writers Society of America (MWSA) is an organization of nearly one thousand writers, poets, and artists drawn together by a common bond of military service. One purpose of our Society is to review the written works of our members. From our recent book reviews, we have selected the following as our 2011 Summer Suggested Reading List:

MWSA Summer Reading List

Blooming Red	Howard-Johnson, Ball	Poetry
Pirates & Cartels	Lee & Vista Boyland	Fiction - Thriller
While You Were Away	Megan Egerton Graham	Non-Fiction: How-to/Business
Eddie & Bingo: A Friendship	Kathleen and Katherine Taylor	Children: 12 & Under
Earning My Wings	Shirley Dobbins Forgan	Nonfiction - Memoir
A Matter of Honor	William C. Hammond	Fiction: Historical Fiction
A Prayer Journey	Donna Mull	Non-Fiction: Spiritual/Religion
Dragonslayers: Mind Games	Kathy Rowe	Fiction: Thriller/Mystery
The Untold Experience	C. Gilbert Lowery	Military: Navy
Why the Dogwoods Blush	Bill Cain	Fiction: Thriller/Mystery
T-41 Mescalero	Walt Shiel	Non-Fiction: History
Targeted Killing	Thomas B. Hunter	Non-Fiction: History
Listening to Ghosts	Bob Stockton	Military: Navy
Devil in the North Woods	Walt Shiel	Fiction: Historical Fiction
Wing Wife	Marcia J. Sargent	Non-Fiction: Memoir
Beyond Those Hills	M.H.A. Menondji	Fiction: Historical Fiction
Victory Road	Mark Bowlin	Fiction: Historical Fiction
Kings of the Green Jelly Moon	King, greenwald, Jellerson, Mullins	Poetry

If you feel like taking a break from barb-b-que and beer, grab a good book. Looking for a good read – might we suggest one of the books mentioned above?



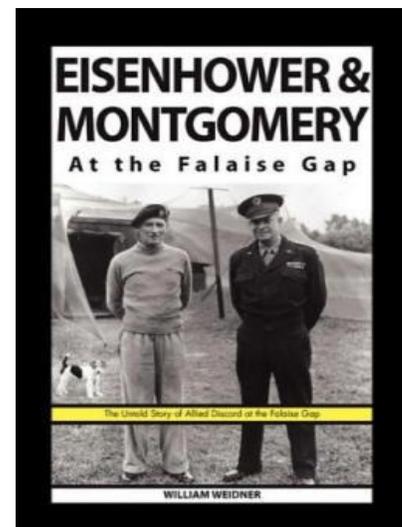
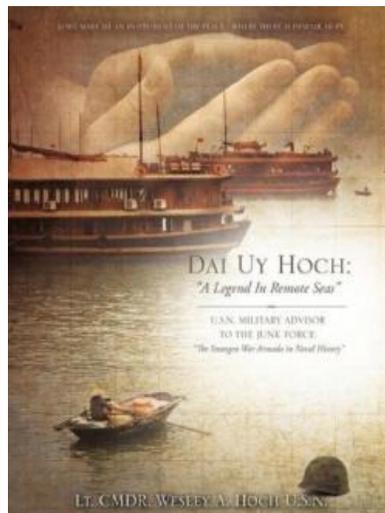
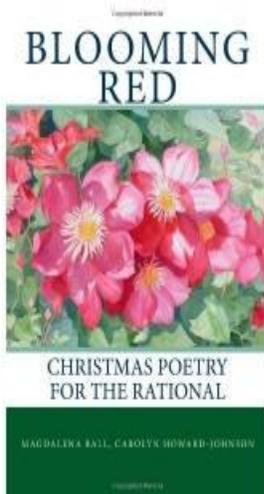
2011 MWSA Conference Presenter & Screenwriter

CHRISTOPHER S. WYATT

Christopher S. ("C. S.") Wyatt has worked as a freelance writer and editor since 1987. A member of the Dramatists Guild of America, Wyatt is a produced playwright and has worked on television and film projects. Most of his work is as a "consultant" for hire, working with writers to polish manuscripts for publication or production. In addition to his freelance work, Wyatt is also an assistant professor in the School of Communications and Information Systems at Robert Morris University. His duties at RMU include coordinating the university's professional writing programs.



Chris will discuss the business of movie making and what to expect when trying to sell your book to Hollywood. He'll also participate in a panel on xxxx & be available to answer your questions during the day of Friday, September 30.





Book Promotion on the Cheap: Helping each other —Part II

By

Joyce Faulkner

Why does Maria Shriver get publishers chasing her down and offering her big bucks? Surely, she doesn't need it. Surely, her writing style isn't better than Del Staecker's. Surely her story isn't as compelling as Donna Elliott's. Surely she isn't as dedicated a writer as Joe Sanchez. What's the difference? People know Maria Shriver. She's a member of a nationally-known family. On top of that, she was a television reporter — and the first lady of California. She's a household name — like chocolate.

Book sales are all about name recognition. And short of murdering your neighbor in the middle of Times Square with a crossbow secreted in your underwear, how do you get that? If people knew how to do that, we'd all be famous. It can be done, but it involves time, energy, thought and determination. All we can do is work at it using the tools at our disposal. This issue, I want to talk about some techniques that we can practice together to help each other achieve our goals.

As a means of getting the word about you and your book out to *many* people, Twitter is both an easy and convenient collaborative tool. It can be wielded on a computer, a tablet, and/or a smart phone. Your approach can be as simple or complex as your personality. Here's how it works. Each person has an account on Twitter. On this account, you can write 140-character messages about anything that you want. By "following" other people, you can see their messages. When other people follow you, they can see yours. If someone

likes what you have to say, they can forward or "retweet" your message to everyone following them. Therein lies the strategic book promotional value of Twitter — it's like a giant chain letter that grows exponentially over a very short time.

Let's say five MWSA authors agree to help promote each others work on Twitter. And for simplicity, let's say that each of these five authors have five people "following" them on their twitter accounts. So, if I'm MWSA author number 1 and I have 4 other members following me, I can type: "My new book USERNAME is scary & fun at the same time." They can all see it. If they like what I say, they can each "retweet" my message to their followers. So, instead of just sending a message to four friends, I'm actually sending that same message to 24. And if each of those extra 20 people send to their followers, then the number of people seeing my message gets big fast.

To facilitate an MWSA strategy, I have a twitter account @MWSAPresident. I have been regularly tweeting about our 2011 Book Award Nominees and their books, the summer reading book list, and our various events to my nearly 700 followers. Some of our members follow me and they have retweeted about your books to their followers. Strangers have retweeted about you as well — some of those strangers have a couple thousand followers. To expand the value of this, I encourage you to follow me if you already have a twitter account — or to set up a twitter account and follow me. (I'll automatically follow you!) The value of sharing is immense!

Facebook is another place where you can share information about yourself, your book, your experiences, your friends, etc. MWSA has a group you can find at www.facebook.com/MilitaryWriters

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(Continued from page 36) **Faulkner**

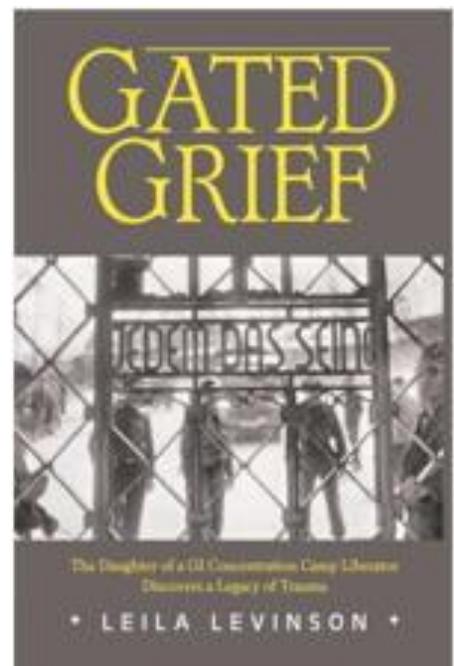
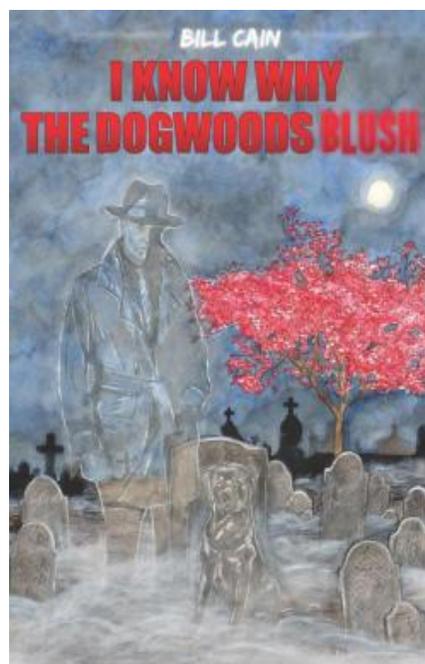
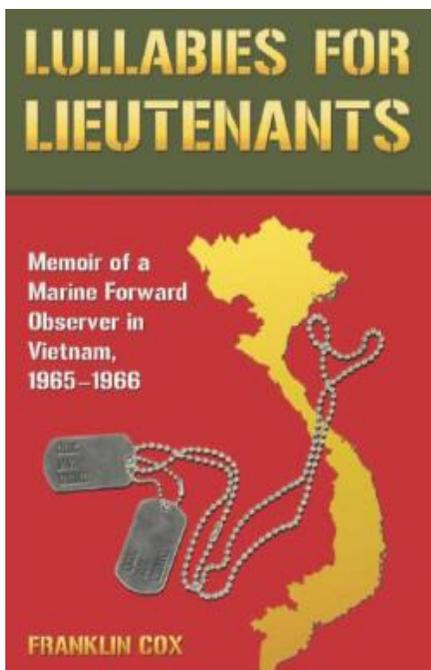
Society of America. If you have a FB account, you will find that many of your MWSA colleagues are out there too...and willing to support you, give you ideas and suggestions ... and cheer you on. For this to work, you have to be willing to do the same for them too.

I talked about You Tube in a previous column, but it's another way to gather a loyal audience of "followers." However, once you have a presence on these sites and others, you will find that you can distribute content through all of them. For example, perhaps you have a book trailer video on You Tube. You can link it on FB and on Twitter. When you do that, the audiences that you have accumulated on these social networks will see it...and hopefully share with THEIR followers.

Because of the way these sites work, it makes sense to publicize your presence there...which encourage folks to "follow" you. Ways to do that include placing them in your email "signature" file, including them on your blogs and websites, and putting them on your book-marks and business cards.

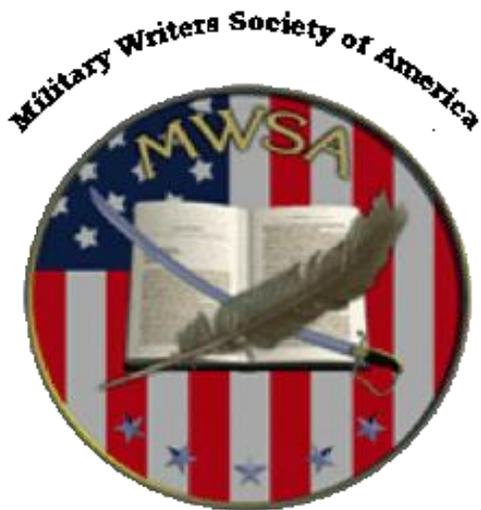
There are many other ways to help each other. One is to buy each other's work and to write reviews and post them on Amazon and other re-

view sites. This is a big win-win because you can showcase your own writing and few authors receiving a review from you begrudge you including *your* credentials including the title of your book below your name. Even better, volunteer to do reviews for MWSA. This is an even bigger win for you. There are organizational perks, of course. And your reviews are posted on our site. If one of the authors that you have reviewed receives Author of the Month or Book of the Month, your review will show up in *Dispatches*. Posting your reviews on your own blog, or somewhere else — and then using FB and Twitter to bring people to them makes *your* name more familiar to readers too.



Kings of the Green Jelly Moon The Book Vol. 1.5

By Lloyd King, James Jellerson, Mike Mullins & jim greenwald



Kings of the Green Jelly Moon

Authors of the Month

Lloyd King, jim greenwald, James Jellerson & Mike Mullins

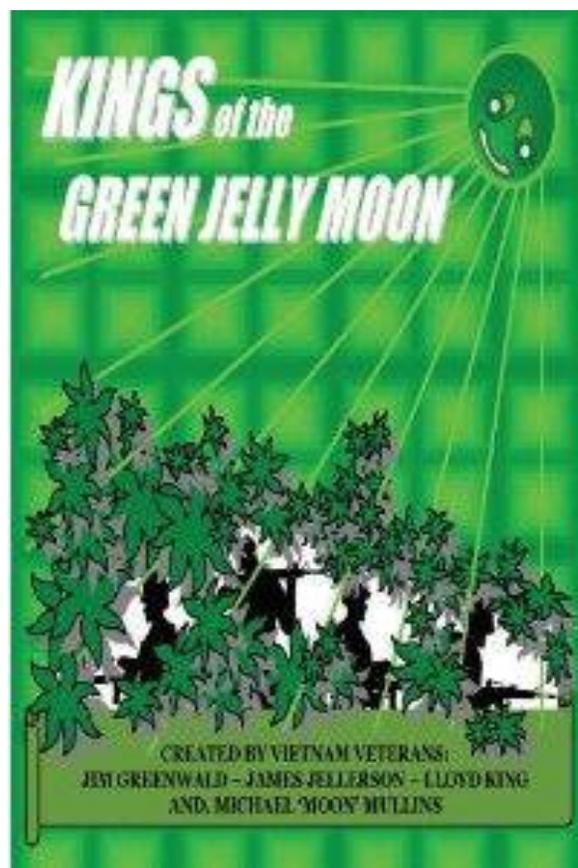
Kings of the Green Jelly Moon is an amazing recitation of poetry composed by four uniquely different voices. Wrought with rawness and realism, this diverse collection is sure to give the reader pause for reflection and understanding.

None but those who were actually entrenched in the jungles of Southeast Asia are qualified to educate others as to the lasting effects of the tragedy and turmoil that was Vietnam. Not only are these four author/patriots qualified, they are also masterful poets as well, each bringing their own flavor to the same subject, surviving Nam.

Lloyd King's "First Kill" is a chilling testament to the inherent value that a Soldier places on every human life even that of his enemy.

Jim Greenwald's "Just Stopped By" is a sobering reminder of those who paid the ultimate price for our freedom lest we forget.

James Jellerson's "Seven Stars" offers a glimpse into the depths of selfless camaraderie that only brothers in arms can share.



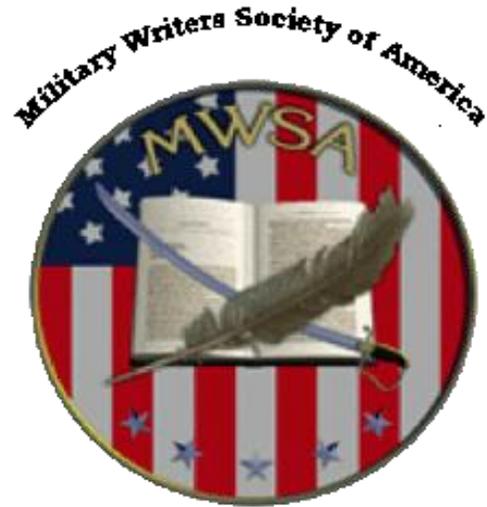
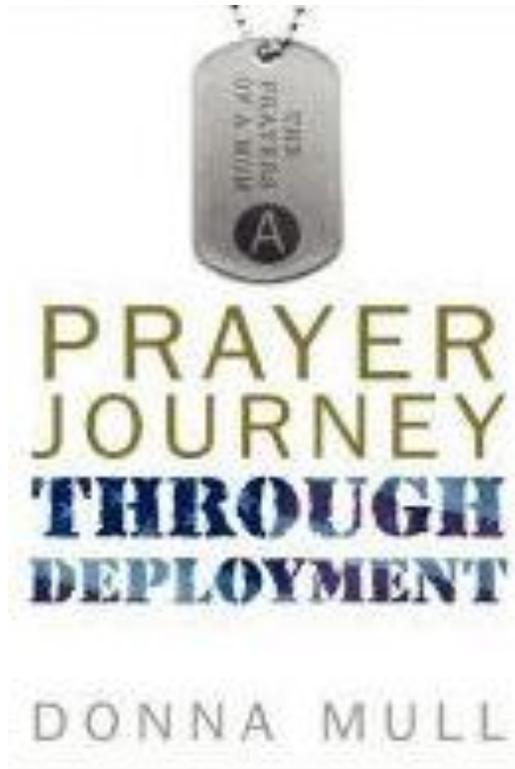
Mike Mullin's "Silence" gives the reader an intimate insight into the challenges of living with the memories of being a warrior.

Kings of the Green Jelly Moon is not merely a collection of poems about Vietnam, but rather songs about the human condition in all its forms. Absorbing and contemplating these poetic offerings will break the readers heart and mend it all at the same time. This is a very impressive body of work. The level of talent and presentation is outstanding. Each poet bares his soul to the reader, giving us a privileged glimpse into their souls showing us the Vietnam they experienced and its lingering aftermath.

Review by , Claudia Pemberton MWSA Reviewer (2011)

A Prayer Journey Through Deployment

By Donna Mull



*A Prayer Journey Through
Deployment*
July Book of the Month

Donna Mull is a brilliant writer; but, that alone would not have made *Prayer Journey Through Deployment*, the gem that it is. What makes this collection of prayers, commentaries and trenchant insights so special is that it flows from a powerful force of inspiration, faith, passion and pain that cause it to soar. Written primarily for the soldier deployed during war and his or her loved ones, it achieves, perhaps even unwittingly by Ms. Mull, a universality that makes it a valued guide to life for young and old, soldier and civilian, believer and non-believer, alike. This intricate interweave of biblical passages with thematic prayer, poetry and prose is a work of art.

Review by , Donald J. Farrinacci MWSA Reviewer (2011)

NOTE: If you are planning on coming to the Conference, send your fees and the form on page 44 to MWSA, PO Box 264, Bridgeville, PA. 15017 asap. If you prefer to use a credit card, contact leanstofar@aol.com. Also, contact the hotel quickly because now that there will be a Steeler season, the rooms will be taken quickly.

INCOMING

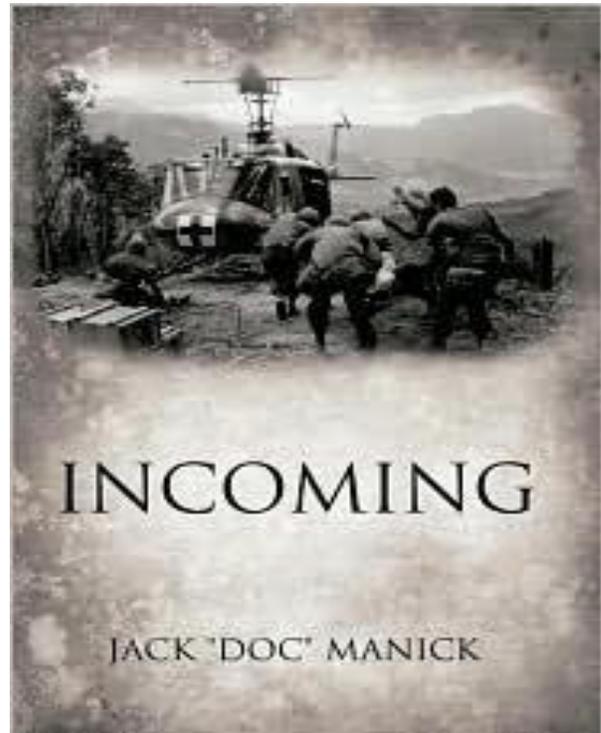
By Jack Manick

Jack “Doc” Manick's excellent memoir, *Incoming*, is a coming of age story for veterans of all wars and their families. *Incoming* is at times gripping, funny, sad, and full of the humanity, inhumanity, heroism, fear and pathos of war. As a combat veteran of the Vietnam War myself I lived every moment with Doc Manick and his unit as I read his book and could relate them to my own experiences. This is not a dry history by someone unconnected to the events, Doc Manick lived them.

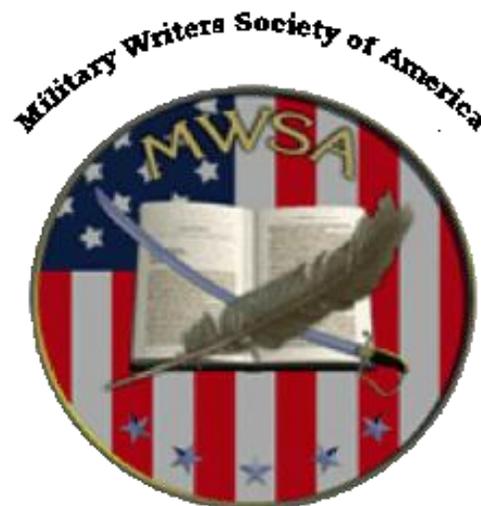
The heart of *Incoming* is Jack Manick's time as an Army field combat medic in the Central Highland of Vietnam with the 70th Combat Engineer Battalion and the 131st Engineer Company. Manick has obviously spent a great deal of thought and time in producing his book, but not so long that his memories of those dramatic days have dimmed. *Incoming* has the immediacy of today's newspaper headline, written from a 40 year perspective.

Since it is a memoir of Manick's war experience, it's often brutal, profane, and heartrending. But the book is leavened with humor and stories of the absurdities and inspirations of war. *Incoming* takes us from enlistment by the draft-eligible young Jack Manick; to Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri; Fort Sam Houston; to Germany, where he received his orders to Vietnam after volunteering for that duty. After training he went on to Cam Ranh Bay, then to the boonies. Most of the remainder of the book concerns the life of a combat medic treatments given, patrols and firefights, life and death in a combat zone.

In the book the reader learns why one should never get on the wrong side of your medic; why shooting at rats is so dangerous; why orders are often stupid but must be obeyed; why those who experience combat never come back as the same person who existed before. Read this memoir and you will have one more excellent snapshot of the Vietnam War, which was more than any other a story of individual experiences rather than set piece battles. Highly recommended.



Review by Weymouth Symmes



August Author of the Month
Jack Manick

Beyond All Price

By Carolyn Poling Schriber

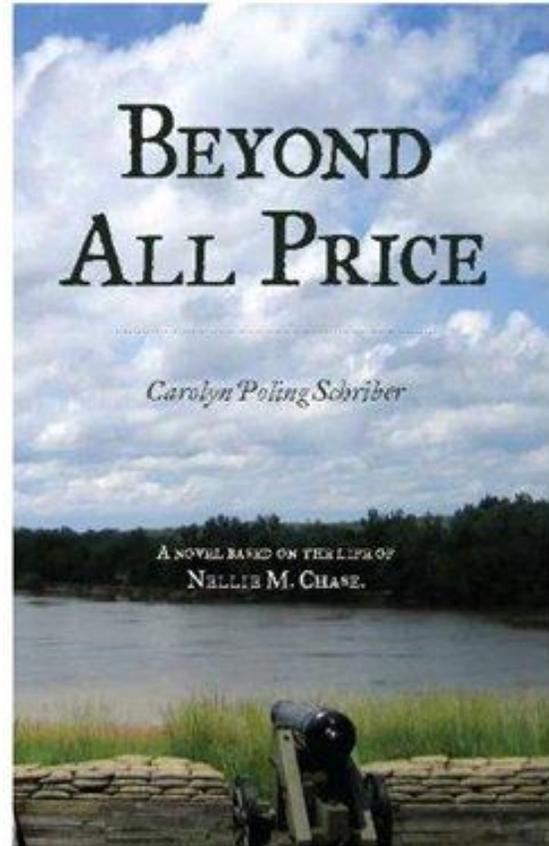
Beyond All Price is a five-by-eight inch paperback book. The cover has a pleasant design portraying a gun battery at Fort Donelson, Tennessee. As Civil War fiction, this book presents a well-researched chronicle of Nellie Chase's career as matron and nurse to the 100th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Infantry Regiment.

Nellie Chase existed. The 100th Pennsylvania Regiment existed. This fictional account of Nellie's efforts gives the reader an insight to the early years of the Civil War; as the 100th Pennsylvania goes through training and campaigns in coastal Carolina.

Following her career with the 100th Pennsylvania, Nellie becomes the organizational force that develops the model veterans hospital in Nashville as the Civil War comes to a close.

Beyond All Price is a recommended read for Civil War followers. It is an interesting story that provides insight into Nellie Chase's life during and after the Civil War.

Review by John R. R. Faulkner



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

Editing TLC
Technical
Literary
Critique

Does your literature need "Hawkeyes"?

August Book of the Month Beyond All Price

July/August Notes By jim greenwald

The Perseverator's Forum - I being the guilty party of course. The conference is rapidly approaching, rooms are filling up and all kinds of stuff is going on behind the scenes to prepare. Much left to be done, volunteers are needed for the conference and most assuredly for after the conference. Please consider volunteering for something and take time while at the conference to sign the volunteers list at the registration table. When you register, you will receive a neck wallet. I suggest that you wear it at all times as your raffle tickets, buckaroos, and invitations will be in it. You will need these items at certain times throughout the event — plus, it will serve as your name tag.

MWSA VP Mike Mullins announced the 2011 Book Award Nominations on the Veterans Radio Network on July 23. All those who were nominated were notified that same weekend. Check page 42 if you haven't seen the list yet. I suggest you confirm the status of your dues as one requirement for receiving an award is being a paid up member. If you are on the list and have not received an email from me with instructions by now, contact me immediately. Winners will be announced at the Awards Banquet, October 1, at the Airport Marriott in Pittsburgh.

We are going to have a book table or two at the conference. It will be located next to the registration desk and manned by the folks at the registration desk. The cost is \$5.00 per day for 1, 2 or 3 days, your choice. You are permitted only one book, up to five copies and they must be pre-priced and given to the folks at the desk when you sign in. MWSA does not take a percentage. You, the author will be solely responsible for picking up your books from the Book Table(s) at the end of the time period you paid for.

Traditionally, reviewers and volunteers are invited to a special breakfast on Saturday morning of the conference where they are thanked personally by members of the Board and by the MWSA of-

ficers personally. Since we are dealing with meal choices, assigned place settings and the like (and not everyone is invited to the Volunteer's Breakfast), you will be required to show your invitation to these

two events. Please do not tell the person at the door "I forgot mine" as that does not gain you entrance.

Raffles! You will have your tickets, you must be present to win and of course have your ticket stub to prove you are the winner. The drawings will be held on Thursday at the Buffet/Seminar, Friday at Open Mic and Saturday at the Banquet. Tickets will be drawn until we have a winner. Thursdays tickets are attached to the outside of your name tag pouch, and much like old time theatres you present the tickets at the door and the person at the door will separate the two, one they will place in the jar, the other one you keep. You are not required to carry the conference program with you to the banquet but if you wish to know what is happening and when, you will find it handy.

Buckaroo Auction. For those of you who are new, we have a buckaroo auction as the last event of the conference every year. You earn buckaroos by volunteering, by doing book reviews, by winning raffles and various activities throughout the conference — and by winning an Award. The amounts will be posted in the program.

We need donations for the buckaroo auction.



(Continued on page 43)

(Continued from page 42) *greenwald*

Usually, people donate things like book services, editing, small electronics like Nooks or Kindles, cameras, small televisions, laptops, etc. Contact me if you have a question or need an address to mail your donation. Big or little is not important, participation is, and it is always a fun event. These donations are then auctioned off for buckaroos.

Book Reviewers – When you are assigned a book to review you have a responsibility to notify me as to whether you received it or not. So, no more than ten days from having a book assigned you need to email me on this matter. Doing so will help to speed up the process.

Authors, some of you rely on your publisher to send your book to a reviewer, that is fine, but, it is your responsibility to make certain you forward the correct information to your publisher. You must provide them with the address the Lead Reviewer provides you of the assigned reviewer, if your book shows up in the MWSA P.O. Box (an obvious error) it is a gift to a local library and you will receive another email to send a copy to the reviewer. Also, it is a good idea for you to check up on your publisher as at times they are quite slow for whatever reason(s).

Posting reviews on Amazon and Barnes & Noble. MWSA does not require it, but we do however encourage reviewers to post their reviews of your books there if they can. We see anything to help promote a members book as a positive step.

We have a large backlog of books waiting to be reviewed. The lack of volunteers to become reviewers is slowing down the process and I only see it becoming worse. Each of us came to MWSA for a variety of reasons. Among which is recognition for our writing, enhanced I feel by the prospect of “WINNING” an award. This is all being placed somewhat in a delay mode at a minimum due to the lack of volunteers. I realize we all have other things we are doing, but to me it is not reasonable to expect “someone else” to handle all the work so books can be reviewed and awards made. MWSA needs a minimum of 20 more reviewers. Folks that can commit to reviewing a minimum of six books a year would in my estimation place the

organization in a much better position to handle the process and satisfy author requests. Obviously additional reviewers handling even one book will help alleviate the problem and would be very much appreciated.

Everyone (well 99.9%) of folks submitting book review requests are anxious to have their book reviewed. I get emails from folks one and two weeks after they submit a book wanting to know why or what is happening and once assigned to a reviewer I have received multiple emails wanting to know when it will be done and posted. I understand what could be perceived as impatience, but in reality is an expectation and we as an organization should be able to meet that. Reviews to me should be done in sixty days or less. (Sound fast?) Average page count for our books is about 250 pages, that is five pages a day of reading (or one normal commercial break in the average television show) and ten days to score and write the review.

Until the level of participation improves “request for review” forms will be limited to one book per year per author, this is the only way we can be fair in providing each member an opportunity to receive a review.

Can you fill out more than one form, absolutely! Additional books will be placed at the back of the waiting list and if we run out of other requests then that portion of the waiting list will be used. No promises, do not email asking when it will be reviewed, I have mentioned before there is no way to know that.

We cannot afford to pay cash to reviewers but we do offer incentives, buckaroos, a free breakfast at the conference if you have reviewed at least two books, and two separate discounts to your conference dues (starting in the 2012 cycle). A \$10.00 discount for being a reviewer and a percentage discount based on the number of reviews you complete in an award year cycle and the satisfaction of helping your fellow members.

MWSA BUSINESS

Military Writer's Society of America 2011 Conference Registration Form September 29, 30, October 1 and 2

Amount (\$)

Name:		
MWSA Member #:		
Conference Fees:	3 Day (\$235) 2 Day (\$160) 1 Day (\$80)	A)
Non-Member:	3 Day (\$265) 2 Day (\$190) 1 Day (\$110)	B)
Conference Guests:	(# Guests X \$80.00)	C)
Lunch Buffet Guests:	(# Guests X \$25.00)	D)
Banquet Guests:	(# Guests X \$45.00)	E)
Book Table:	# days _____ X \$5.00	F)
Additional Anthologies	# _____ X \$20	G)
Total Conference Fees:	A+B+C+D+E+F+G =?	
Member Dinner Choice:		Beef/Salmon/Vegetarian
Guest Name & Meal:		Beef/Salmon/Vegetarian
Guest Name & Meal:		Beef/Salmon/Vegetarian
Guest Name & Meal:		Beef/Salmon/Vegetarian
Title & Price of Book:		

- All Conference Fees must be paid in full to register for the Conference
Member Conference Fee covers All Functions & the Anthology, but does not cover cost of book table.
- If you want to have your Anthology shipped, please contact jim greenwald and mail a check to MWSA for \$6.00 to cover shipping costs. If you asking for it to be shipped and or ordering extra copies please do so before July 30th so we can order enough copies.
- Award Winners will receive their Medal, Certificate & Seals at the Banquet. If you do not attend, mail a check to MWSA for \$5.00 to cover shipping costs, no medals certificates or seals will be mailed until payment is received.
- Mail Check to: MWSA, P.O. Box 264, Bridgeville, PA 15017, or email to leanstofar@aol.com and jim greenwald will email you a .doc form to fill out and return to him. Then he'll send you a Paypal Invoice.

**MWSA
PO Box 264
Bridgeville, PA 15017**



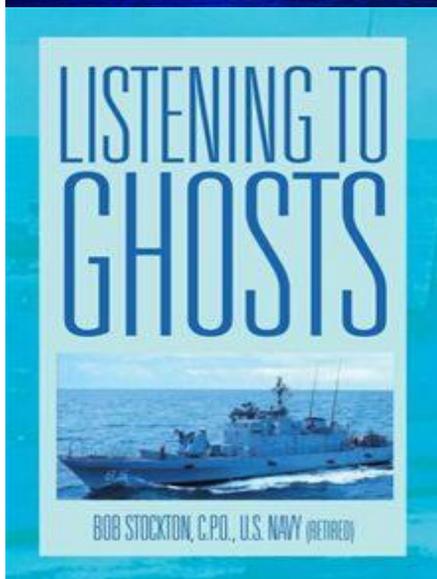
ALL SPORTS ARE A STAGE

(with apologies to Shakespeare's All the World's a Stage)

By: Robert Robeson

All sports are a stage,
And all the men and women active players;

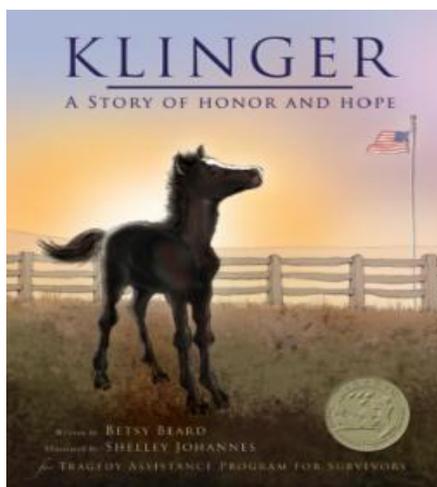
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one athlete in his time plays many positions,
His career being seven ages. At first, the child
Stumbling and uncoordinated when throwing a ball.
Then the adolescent schoolboy, with his glove
And eager upturned face, attempting to learn
Desiring not to lose. And then Little League
Learning to compete, with a determined potential
Taught to appreciate teamwork. Then Babe Ruth,
Full of intense innings and around-the-horn rituals,
Stealing a base, aggressive and quick in fielding,
Seeking the All-Star reputation
Power in the batter's box. And then collegiate ranks,
On dirt and grassy diamonds with avid fans attending,
With RBIs soaring and prolific batting averages,
Full of competitive zeal and legendary performances;
And so he plays his position. The sixth age shifts
Into a lax and undisciplined lifestyle,
With bifocals on nose, bulging belly in front;
His youthful talents, long gone, a world undone
By his lack of will, and his stellar on-field deeds,
Once so profound and inspiring, fail
To garner one more headline. Last age of all,
That ends this cumulative baseball history,
Is athletic obscurity and sports oblivion,
Sans glove, sans bat, sans ball, sans everything.



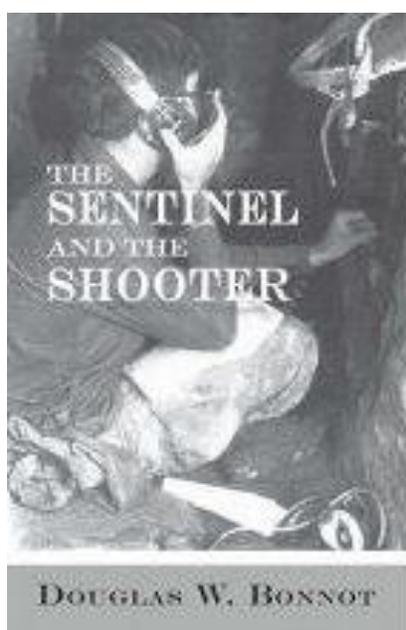
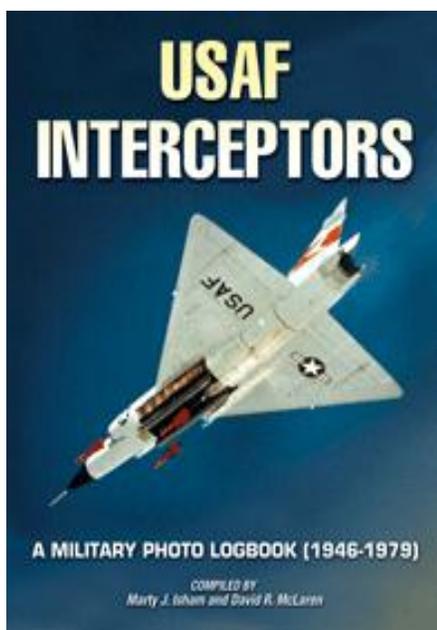
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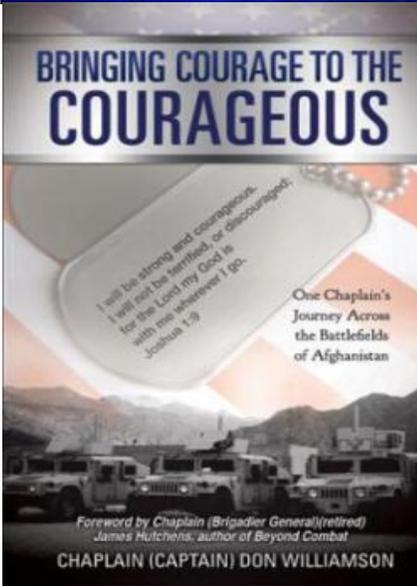
by Robert B. Robeson

Vietnam was no country for young men.
 Joy did not live on that terrain.
 Pain, sorrow and death hovered where we hovered.
 We flew: they came. We flew: they found us.
 Living like Second Century Christians in Rome.
 Vietnam—America's jungle rot of the soul—
 was a dark, ugly endless hell.
 A cosmic play with a cast of millions.
 We fought: hands tied. We fought: time ran out.
 Playing God...and finding we weren't qualified.
 We had compassion for war's trauma.
 A daily witness to anguished flesh.
 Timeless chaos...no escape from fear and gore.
 They called: we came. They called: much too late.
 Sharing final moments of countless, scarred lives.



Blood flowed like water from a cleft rock.
 Time can't tarnish such sacrifice.
 Bodies on our deck like fallen dominoes.
 Some died: we tried. Some died: thank "Charlie."
 It's a fact, Vietnam was no country for young men.





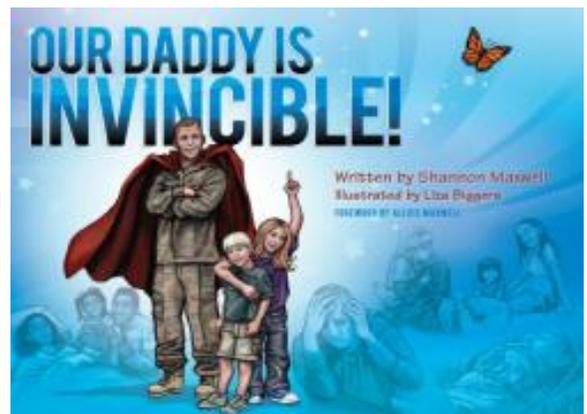
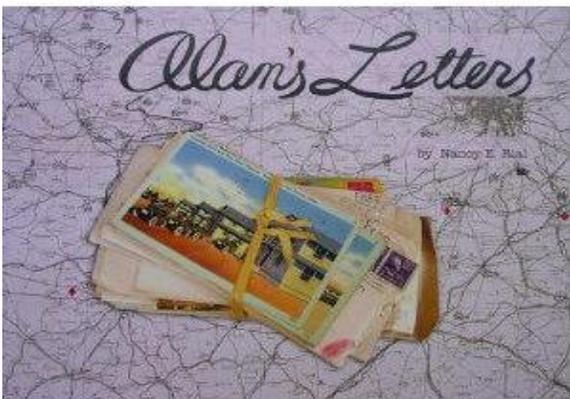
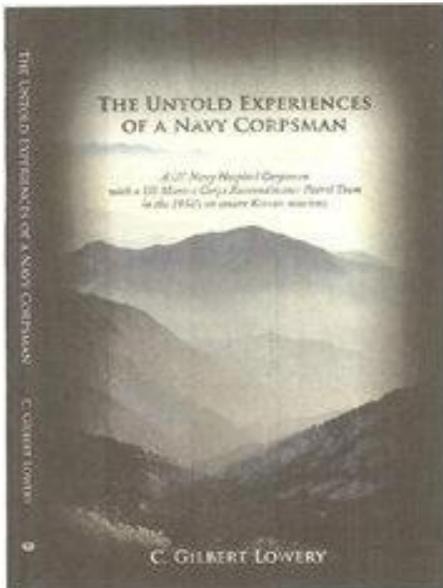
I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MAKE IT

by Robert B. Robeson

I didn't think you'd make it,
wounded so severely by that AK-47, your
youth and blood spilling out before our eyes.
I didn't think you'd make it.

When the medevac call came that morning,
you were lying in a foul rice paddy
in 'Nam's I Corps,
writhing in agony and praying
we'd get there in time.
Our helicopter ambulance was
your sole hope for survival.
Another nineteen-year-old knew
how to treat your sucking-chest wound.
He sealed the hole and started an IV in
flight. Our blades wore down the minutes
it took to reach the aid station
where an army doctor
provided further stabilization.

It's been over 40 years since that mission.
I still remember you sprawled
atop that muddy paddy dike,
when I hovered down to land.
Your courage and determination
guaranteed a second chance at life.
I didn't think you'd make it.



Coming of Age

Nancy Arbuthnot
Navy Medical, Washington, DC

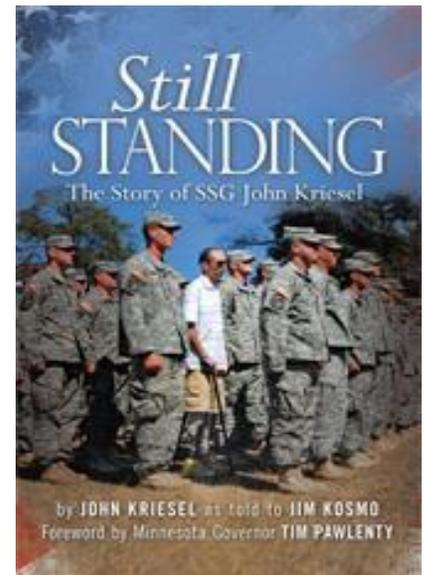
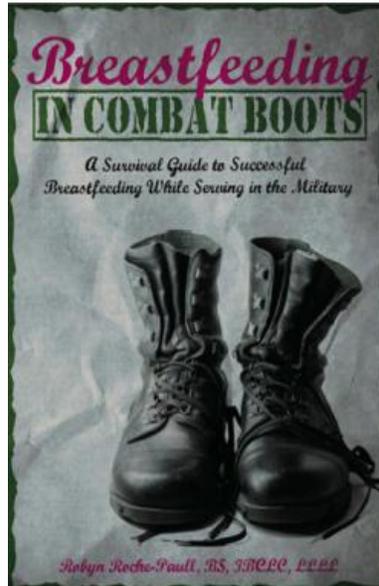
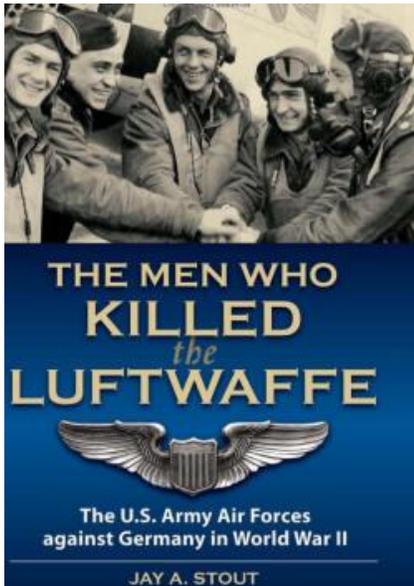
The navy corpsman in neat starched
whites (though I could just see
adrift under his short left sleeve a blue

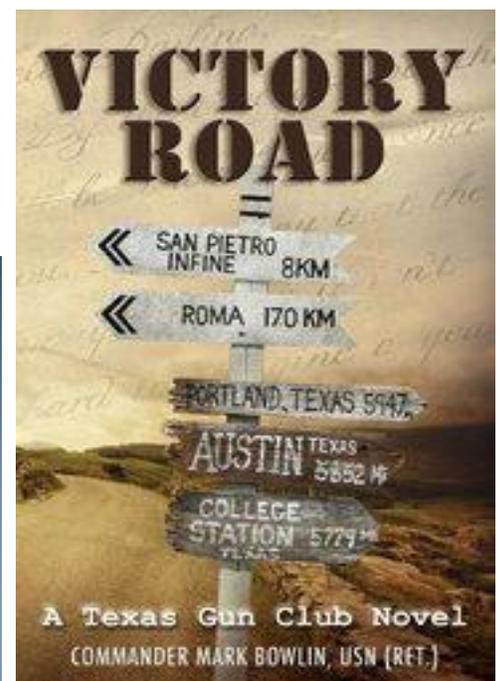
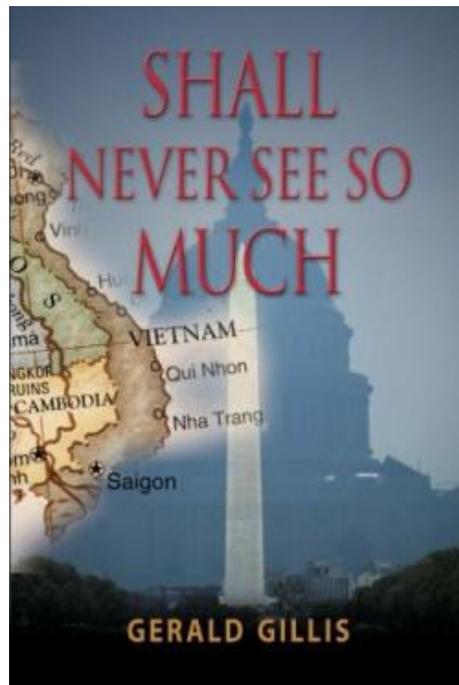
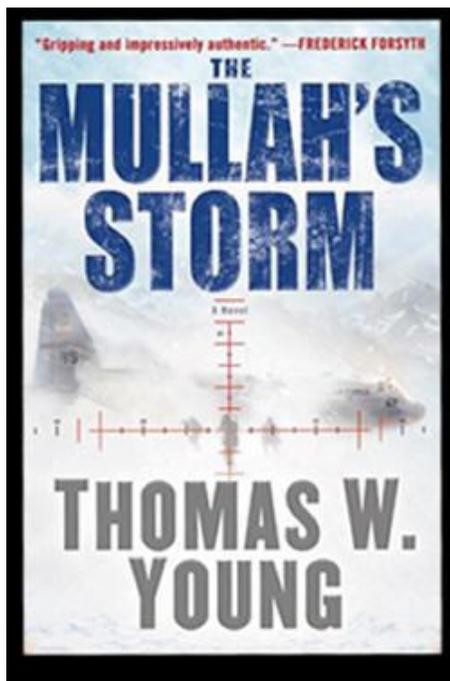
anchor tattoo), glared at my ID. *You're
too old!* he declared. A sea of fear
for my dissolving identity swallowed

the heart that rose in my throat. *But
I made the appointment before my birthday,*
I stammered. *I have nowhere else to go. . .*

The corpsman relented, but summoning
the physician, picked up a pair of scissors
and snipped my Navy Dependent ID in two,

issuing me into the way of the world no longer
navy blue and white or even the soothing navy green
of hospital corridors, but fog-thick, storm-sea gray.





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WW II tank, submarine are bonded

by

Nancy Yockey Bonar

Member, MWSA, USS COD Memorial Advisory Group

Betcha' never heard of a close relationship between a World War II Army Sherman tank and one of that war's Navy fleet submarines. But in July, what's surely such a first-ever bonding occurred in the Cleveland, Ohio, area when the tank got a badly needed face lift from the sub's crew.

This particular tank has been parked for about 55 years on an American Legion Post property in Parma Heights, a Cleveland suburb. The post got the WW II Sherman – as did other veteran's organizations and cities – from the Army. However, this post's records show neither when the tank arrived nor its history.



Faded Gray, Starless and Rusting Sherman M4A3... model to come...before volunteer crew of the WW II USS Cod submarine memorial/museum, Cleveland, Ohio, set to work to give the tank and its surrounding metal stanchions badly needed face lifts. The tank has been parked for 55 years on an American Legion Post's property in Parma, a Cleveland suburb

The all spit-and-polish USS Cod (SS 224), moored on downtown Cleveland's Lake Erie waterfront, is the most authentic of the 20-plus WW II submarine memorials/museums across the

country. Manned by volunteers – submarine and other armed forces veterans and civilians – the sub has been open for public tours since 1976 and is a National Historic Landmark. Cod has the distinction of having conducted the only international sub-to-sub rescue in history. *To see why the boat has a martini glass painted on its conning tower, www.usscod.org*



USS Cod submarine's WW II patrols are well documented unlike the M4A3 that's parked at a Parma, Ohio, American Legion Post. The boat's conning tower displays its service ribbons as well as Japanese rising sign flags for vessels Cod sunk or damaged.

The Parma Height's tank is one of 12,000 M4A3s, which were the most produced of all M4 (medium) Shermans. The US built 50,000 M4s for both American, and on land-lease, allied forces. (It was Britain that named the M4 after the Union's Civil War General William Tecumseh Sherman.) An icon and mainstay of tank battles, the M4 had seven variants and many sub types, including several versions of the M4A3. The latter were the Army's preferred tanks. The main differences in tanks were types of engines and guns, and deviations in armored plate thickness.

The majority of the Army's Shermans and crews

battled in North Africa, Italy and Europe and, to a lesser, but critical extent with the Army and Marines in the Pacific Theater. In December 1944 on the Ardennes front, M4A3s and crews helped turn the tide in the war with Germany. Shermans continued to see action in the Korean Conflict and in other Cold War battles.

Army Ordinance notes that M4A3s were dependable; very maneuverable on flat ground and steep inclines, ran on powerful Ford V-8 450hp gasoline engines and the vehicles' top turret gun swiveled 360 degrees. Among other pluses – M4A3s were efficiently built; parts and ammunition were standardized for use by such allies as Russia, Britain and France and, like the M4s, were easily repaired. One minus of some M4A3 types: “dry” or vulnerable ammunition storage. Improvements led to “wet” storage in which ammunition was less likely to explode from within, including from enemy fire.

Submarine and tank. USS Cod curator, Paul Farace, who headed the sub crew's project to refurbish the American Legion Post tank, says, “The M4A3 tank's history may forever be a mystery. On the other hand, Cod's history, including its seven Western Pacific war patrols and crews, are well documented. On the boat's conning tower, each Japanese rising sun battle flag represents a warship or merchant vessel sunk or damaged.”

What Farace does know about this M4A3 is that it rolled off the assembly line in February 1944. – with a 75mm/360 gun, two machine guns, dry ammunition storage, and the Ford V8 450hp gasoline engine. The tank had been updated with a thicker (63.5mm) armored plate/hull and a cupola in the turret for the crew commander and driver. Farace has childhood memories of what was a spiffy, awesome tank. In fact, the tank led to his interest in all things military, including tanks and submarines. And he's fairly certain this M4A3 was driven by Ohio National Guardsmen to deliver milk and other supplies during Cleveland's 1950 five-day record snow storm with up to 30-foot drifts. However, over the years, rust had eaten away at the tank's steel skin, bogie wheels and tracks, and the stanchions and chains sur-

rounding it. The gray paint – not authentic for a M4A3 built in early 1944 – had faded. The official three large white stars were either never there or missing.

The Cod crew, most of the six having some olive drab in their blood – and after the tank had been sandblasted in late June by a local Boy Scout



U.S. Air Force veteran and USS Cod's shipkeeper, Chuck Ristagno, paints one of the new stars on the M4A3 tank as a part of the submarine crew's project to refurbish the WW II era vehicle.

Troop, went to work on the tank. Why? “Because it was the right thing to do,” echoes the crew. On July 4 the authentic olive drab-painted tank – with no visible rust and three large and gleaming white stars – was unveiled for Parma Height's Independence Day celebration

Army's seeking tanks Farace thinks the tank's identifying infantry tank unit information and vehicle number might be buried deep under numerous layers of paint. “But because of the tank's manufacturing date, Cod's crew likes to imagine that it saw WW II action in Europe, maybe from D-Day on. And if didn't, and the tank was used to train our soldiers, it served a major role in the winning of that war. He adds, “Perhaps the Army will have success identifying when and where it and crews served.”

The Army *is* actively working to locate WW II

(Continued from page 51) **Bonar**

vehicles, particularly armored ones like Sherman tanks. According to the Military Vehicle Preservation Society's Paul Harless, "Many thousands of military vehicles, including tanks, were buried or simply left in foreign countries or acquired by them post-war. Among these countries are some in the Middle East."

He goes on, "Also, such vehicles went to salvage yards and Shermans, for example, were used for training or purchased by collectors, some of whom donated their tanks to military vehicle museums. The tanks were also purchased by pri-

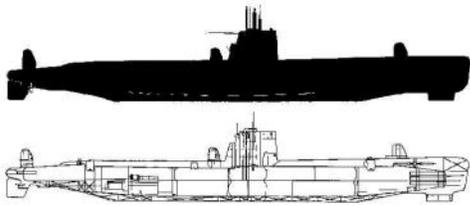
vate businesses for use on target ranges. Quite frankly, there are lots of mysteries about the location of armored vehicles that the Army will have to resolve"

But no matter whether or not the face-lifted M4A3 tank's history will forever remain a mystery, there will always be a closely-knit bond between it, and USS Cod submarine and crew.



Sitting Pretty in Olive Drab, the official color of World War II Sherman tanks, and with the proper **three?** white star insignias. USS Cod submarine's volunteer crew completed the tank's restoration in time for suburban Parma's July 4 Independence Day celebration. M4A3 Shermans were fast and highly maneuverable; they could defeat Germany's heavier Panther tanks by blowing off their treads, then zeroing in for the kill. *All photos: Paul Farace, USS Cod curator*

Ground pounders, sharks of steel



Unlike WW II submarines, there wasn't anything covert about Sherman tanks. The menacing, rolling thunder of these "ground pounders" was heard long before they became visible on flat terrain and slopes and from around street corners. The public learned about tank crews and battles from war correspondents like Ernie Pyle and soldier/cartoonist Bill Mauldin. On the flipside, the hide-and-seek missions of "sharks of steel" like Cod

included traveling silently – unheard, unseen – beneath oceans. If asked "Where did you go, what did you do," boat sailors replied, as they still do, "We went out, we came back." Unless a sub sank with or without all hands, the public, through the print and radio, never knew anything about submarines.

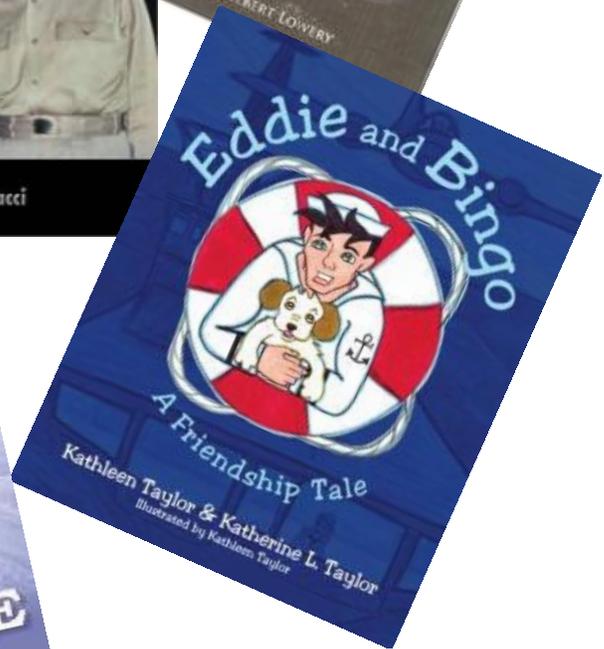
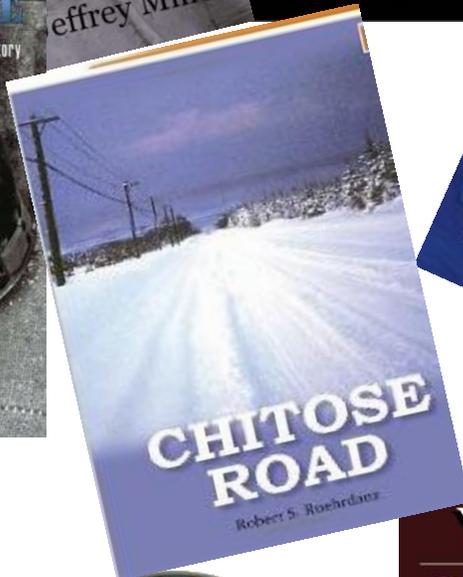
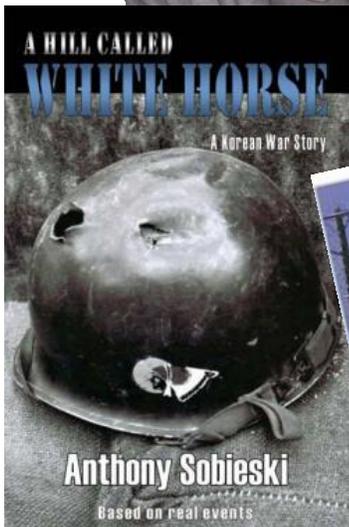
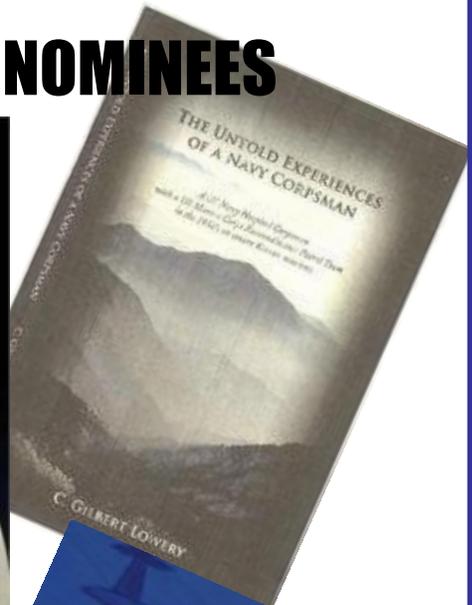
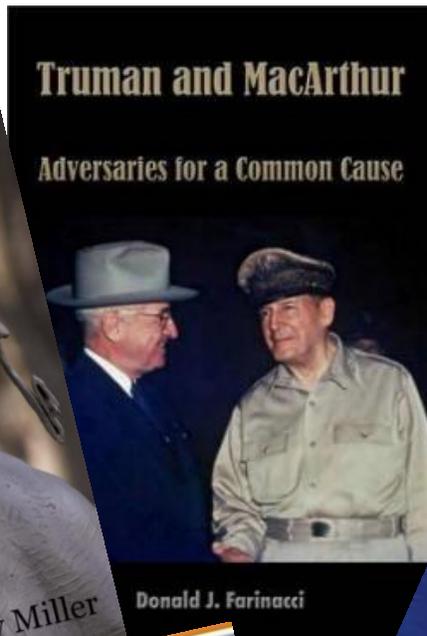
Shermans and subs did have some commonalties. Among them: periscopes to sight — and aboard weapons to destroy — enemies; compasses for tanks and gyrocompasses for subs, escape hatches and crews that endured unfathomable stress. Their terrors included the possibility of death due to explosion and fire, both from outside and within the tanks and boats. Just seconds could make the difference in living or dying. A Sherman had

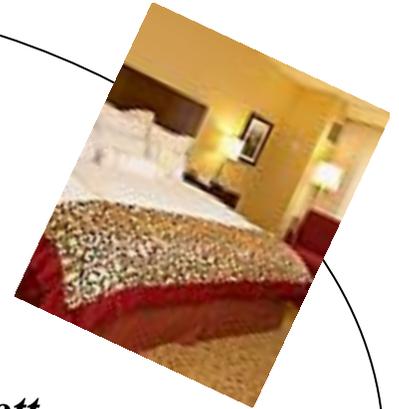
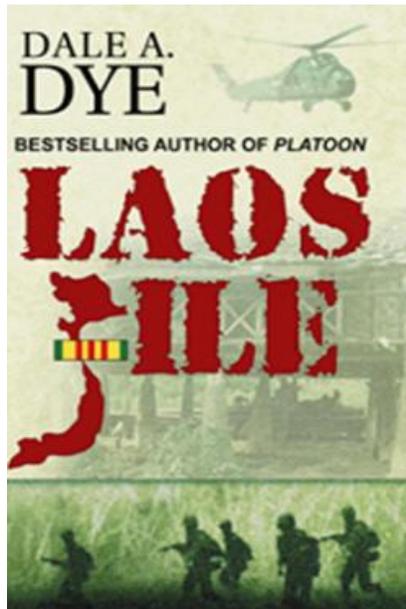
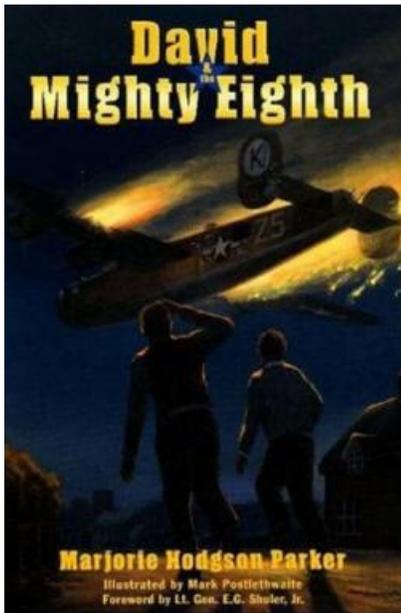
five crew members – a commander, gunner and loader/radio operator for M4A3, driver and hull gunner/co-driver for M4A3. A submarine crew of 80 comprised a commander, other officers, and enlisted such as torpedomen, gunners and helmsmen/drivers.

Although Army tanks were unisex, they did have unofficial crew-given names like "Draftee," "Yank," and the Bettys — "Boop" and "Grable." However, subs were/and are always referred to as "she's," and are commissioned and launched with official Navy-given names. WWII ones were named for various fish, i.e. — Cod, Salmon, Perch and Wahoo.

Sherman M4s, as noted in the main story, were manufactured in many variants and sub categories. Submarines were built and launched in three "classes." The first class was the Gato (Cod was among them) – and with Gato's minor design modifications – the Balao and Tench classes. However, there were some design differences in many of the subs in each class.

Korean War Book Award NOMINEES





*Pittsburgh Airport Marriott
Site of the 2011 MWSA
Conference*



The FO

Bob Flourney

War Zone C Republic of South Vietnam

They stayed in the bush 22 days on his first mission. After an aerial helicopter combat assault, his small infantry company walked off of a tiny, burned, and tangled landing zone in a remote jungle, splitting up so as not to give away their ultimate direction of travel. They would link up at a rendezvous point half a kilometer away. Hooking up in the deep bush was touchy since this was the only time that soldiers didn't shoot first and talk later when running into someone "out there". Friendly forces exchanged fire more times than the army would ever admit on these occasions. When they slept, it was on the ground, as flat as possible, never taking off boots or covering up. They never talked, but whispered, and used hand signals to communicate. A whole language of breaking squelch on the radio developed, negating the need for any verbal noise. The silence was eerie, but natural to them, with any unidentified noise freezing them into a cold readiness. They wore no underwear or socks in that fecund, hot, wet hell; they quickly stank and rotted as they were always wet. Their skin fell off in soggy green pieces from jungle rot. Groins were especially susceptible to this condition and men would lie in the sun when possible with their trousers off, legs spread to its' warmth and dry heat. Soldiers relieved themselves just off their path of travel, feeling vulnerable to the darkness

around them, never letting go of their weapons; a couple of images to ponder for those who would further gender integrate the military. Groups of 10 to 40 very young men, boys, moving silently through the jungle, single file, 5 meters apart, with 70 lbs on their backs for 12 hours a day. Young killers from Omaha, Montgomery, St. Louis and New York, on edge with atavistic instincts awakened from some primeval time, adherents to a ritual painfully learned and bequeathed by those that had walked before them. The war was 7 years old at this point. Their families would not have believed it, and Hollywood would never come close, not once, to getting it right. (There is no visceral combat footage of jungle warfare in Vietnam, and very little still photography of that war that accurately depicts how it was



Combat Assault

fought on the ground, in the swamps, at night, at point blank range in exchanges so violent, savage and quick that each encounter was often over in minutes, seconds even. Photographers were seldom found in these settings, and if they were, the events' ferocity prevented any kind of adequate recording. How does one film the mind numbing, strobe light flash blast of a claymore that a trip wire sets off when it is least expected, and the mad minute of small arms fire that ensues?) Always wary of the dark jungle around them, soldiers were also very much aware of the 18

(Continued on page 57)

(Continued from page 56) *Flourney*



Bob Flourney, FO, 1971

year olds behind them who had nervous fingers on the triggers of their chambered automatic rifles. Accidents and friendly fire accounted for at least one- third of the American deaths in Vietnam. Some would put that figure higher. Much higher. He was an artillery forward observer with an air cavalry infantry company in the First Cavalry. His radio operator was 18 years old.

.....from his infantry unit's night defensive position, the young artillery forward observer would have his direct support fire base fire H&I (harassment, and interdiction) rounds throughout the night, at preset times, onto stream bed intersections, hill tops, valley centers, or simply into dense jungle; anywhere that he thought VC, or NVA might be. Stay on their ass, never let 'em sleep, and maybe get lucky and hit something. The sound of that incoming was just a back ground noise to him that he barely heard in his subconscious, so used to it had he become, nor did the troops around him even blink when projectiles impacted around their position. But, later in life, he would go blank, trancelike, and glassy eyed as he watched fourth of July fireworks dis-

plays with his family, them having no idea, none at all.

On an early morning in 1971, this air cavalry company rose from the steaming jungle floor at first light, rucked up, and silently moved out, northwest toward Cambodia, a slow serpentine line slithering through the dense forest. The FO was already plotting defensive targets to be called in should contact with the enemy be made. It was the second day of a 14 day mission that would stretch out over a week longer than originally planned. The heat would top 100 degrees by 10 A.M., just as it did everyday. The company would be on its' feet, moving cat like, tensely alert, until the sun set 12 hours later. The forward observer would repeat the H&I targeting, and firing, every night for the remainder of the mission.

Four days later, the company had moved 1.4 kilometers in a reasonably straight line, slowly, ever so slowly into the endless jungle. On the fifth day, they made a right angle turn through the



Alpha Company 2, Air Cav 8th, 1st Cav

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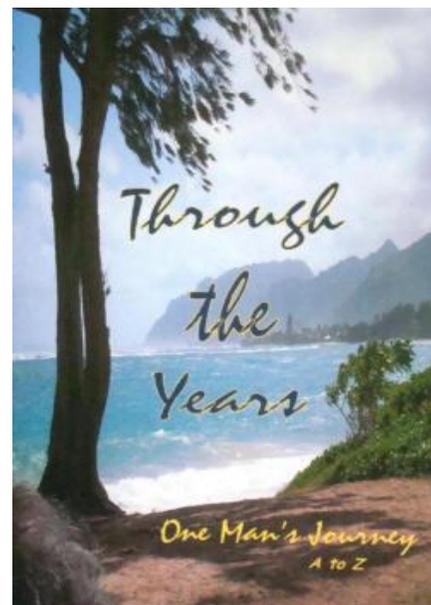
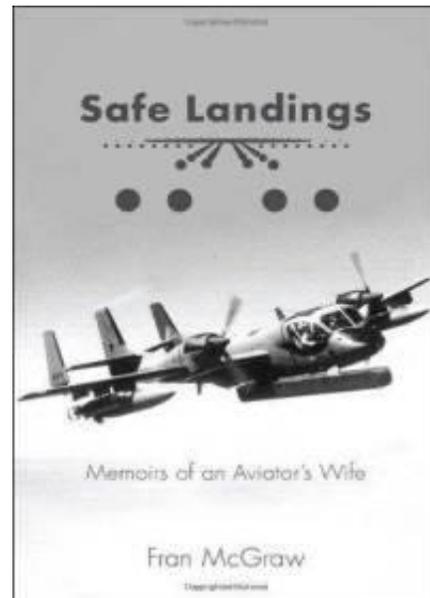
(Continued from page 57) **Zimmerman**

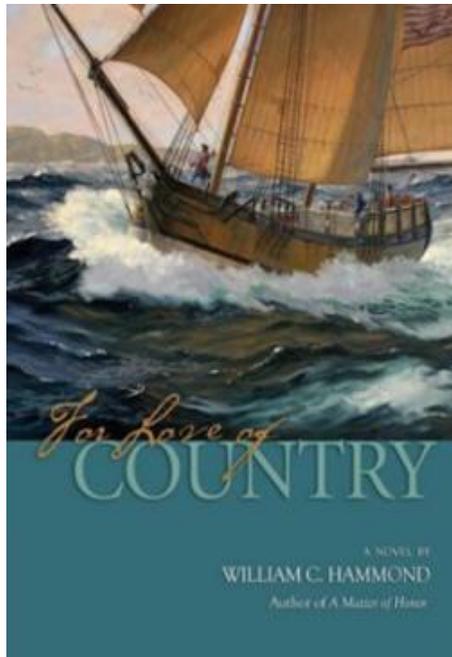
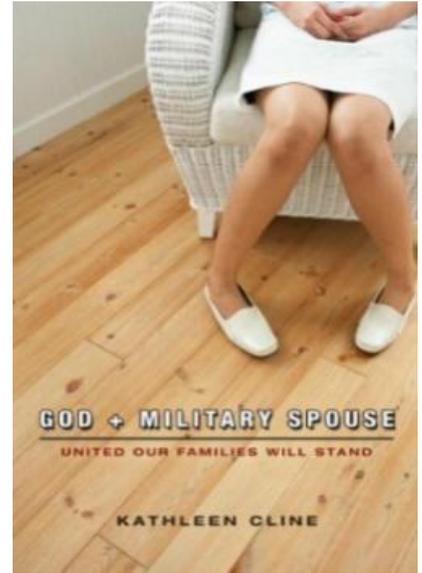
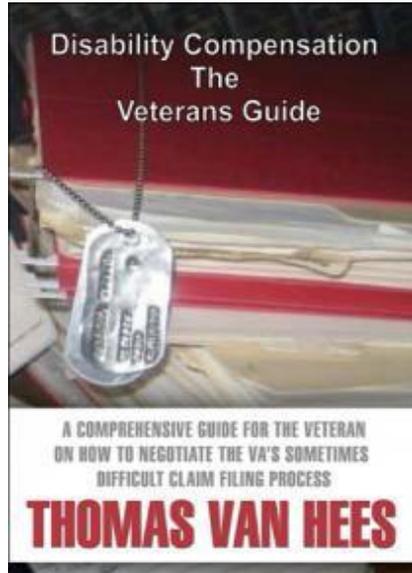
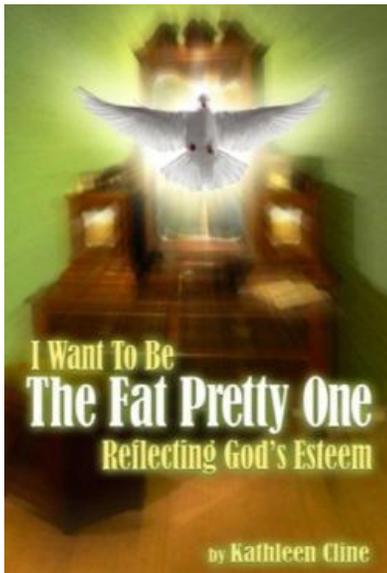


Air Cav Extraction, 1972

same rugged country, moving 1.2 more kilometers in the next four days. On the fourth day of that second leg of the triangle they were forming, a horrible stench, and intense buzzing sound arose out of the jungle in front of the column. The line of men filed slowly past the rotting, mutilated corpses of seven fully uniformed NVA soldiers, killed eight nights before by one of the FO's random strikes, in this case a full battery of six rounds that had caught this enemy squad completely by surprise, with some of the rounds bursting just overhead in the forest canopy. Some of the 18 year old troopers gave the lieutenant a silent thumbs up, one distinctly murmuring to him, "get some, LT". Consumed by a hoard of insects, there were no survivors in this grotesque, colorful jumble of death, or the bodies would have been concealed, an attempt made to move them. A few of these men had died slowly, as evidenced by some of their body positions, leaning against trees, with bloody, feeble attempts at bandaging. They were without communications gear, so their passing would go unnoticed by their own army, and their families would never know what happened to them. Numb to it initially, and suppressed for decades, this image would eventually haunt the then 24 year old lieutenant, revisiting him unexpectedly in his dreams, and even in broad daylight. These

men had died because of a mechanical, almost casual radio message that the FO had sent out in the middle of a night that was like a hundred others in his war. A routine request to fire six 105 mm howitzer rounds at 2 o'clock in the morning at a specified grid. A spot on a map, nothing more, at the time. Mostly, he would remember the smell of those men, those random, routine casualties of his war.





Dwight Zimmerman—Industry News

The past few months have contained a plethora (now *there's* a two-dollar word!) of publishing news, more than what I could reasonably include in a monthly column. Thanks to Jeff and Maria Edwards I had a solution: the Military Writers Society of America Facebook page! About half the membership as “friended” the page. If you’re one of those who hasn’t, or doesn’t have a Facebook account, I urge you to do so. The MWSA Facebook site is a great—and free—platform for new project announcements or posting events you’re attending, or even news items that have caught your eye that you think members would like to know. I’ve posted news and links for my own projects as well as news item links, the latter being particularly important given the fast pace of industry events. Thank you, Jeff and Maria for putting together the MWSA Facebook page, it’s certainly made my job a lot easier!

Okay, now it’s time for a quick update of the industry. First some wrapup information from BEA. The Association of American Publishers and a couple of other trade organizations made a presentation of the overall health of the industry. Representatives reported that more than 1,100 publishers of all sizes supplied sales data to the AAP/BISG BookStats project. According to the press release “preliminary findings from the actual numbers show that sales, both in units and dollars, were up in the trade segment between 2008 and 2010.” This is really amazing, since this was the period in which the economy was tanking. Perhaps people found that buying a book set in an exotic location was a lot cheaper than actually visiting it. They went on to say that the strongest sales were in the small and medium-size publishers, with the largest houses showing slight gains. Adult fiction was up slightly, and children’s/young adult had substantial gains. Adult nonfic-



tion sales were soft. Regarding format, hardcover and paperback sales were down and e-book sales “had exponential growth.” An updated report is expected some time this month.

In other BEA news, Google Books’ director of strategic partnerships, Tom Turvey, moderated a standing-room only panel on the present and future of e-books. The panel was composed of executives

from O’Reilly Media, Bloomsbury, Random House, and Perseus. The topics of discussion ranged all over the map. With regards to casual browsing and buying, a visit to an actual store trumps Internet browsing. The panel noted, “It’s easy to find a book if you know what you’re looking for, but the virtual world offers nothing for the causal browser comparable to the bricks-and-mortar experience.” Google Books’ Tom Turvey conceded that Internet outlet “book recommendation engines suck” and that real-life bookstore sellers, “after just a few questions can say, ‘Here is what you want to read next’ with startling accuracy.”

Presently 15 million titles are available on Google eBooks, of which 3 million are free. And the trend appears to be that people use Google eBooks to preview a book and then go on to purchase it.

The complete article can be read at: www.publishersweekly.com/pw/papercopy/47423-bea-2011-e-book-future-google-and-facts.html.

And, finally, Amazon released its list of the top 20 Most Well-Read Cities in America

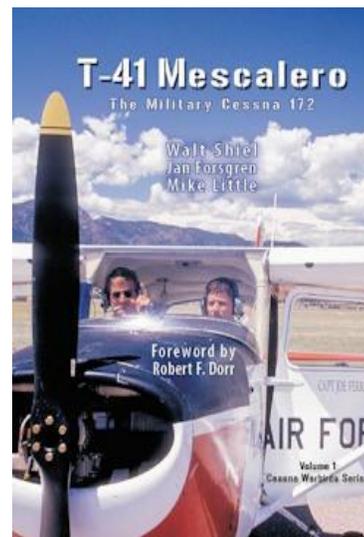
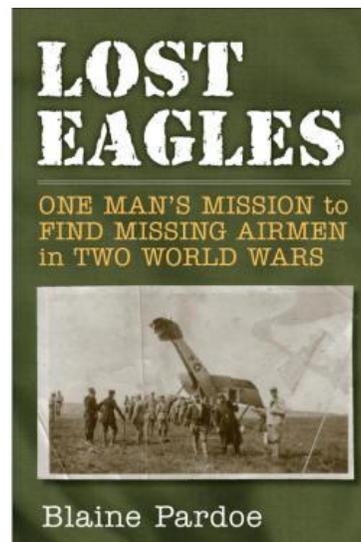
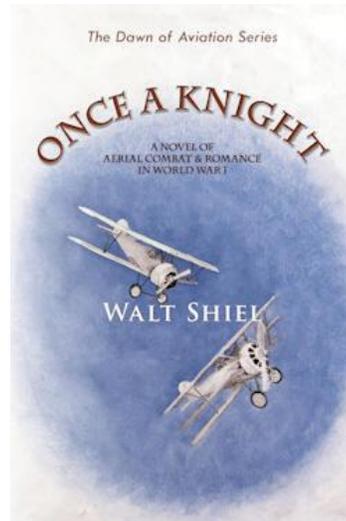
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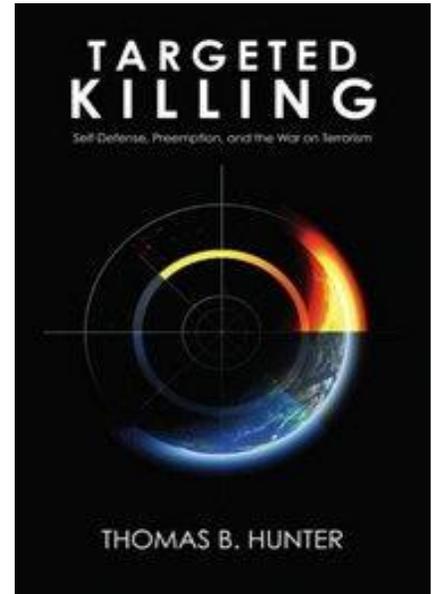
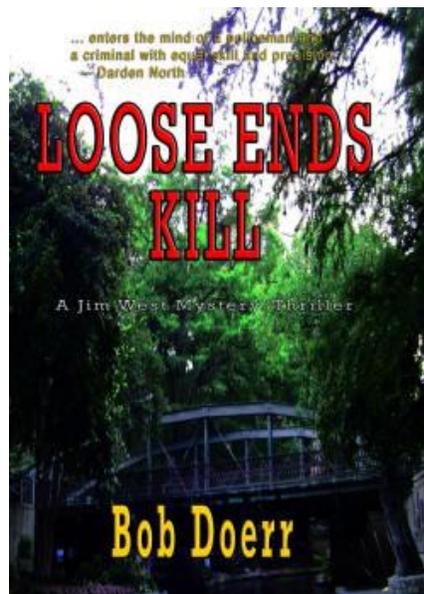
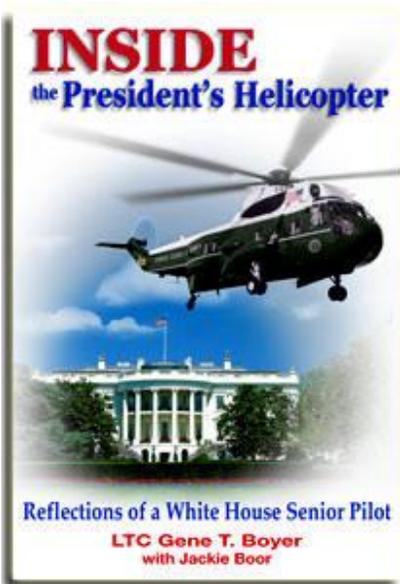
(Continued from page 60) **Zimmerman**
 (cities with a population of more than 100,000).
 In order they are:

- 1) Cambridge, MA
- 2) Alexandria, VA
- 3) Berkeley, CA
- 4) Ann Arbor, MI
- 5) Boulder, CO
- 6) Miami, FL
- 7) Salt Lake City, UT
- 8) Gainesville, FL
- 9) Seattle, WA
- 10) Arlington, VA
- 11) Knoxville, TN
- 12) Orlando, FL
- 13) Pittsburgh, PA
- 14) Washington, DC
- 15) Bellevue, WA
- 16) Columbia, SC
- 17) St. Louis, MO
- 18) Cincinnati, OH
- 19) Portland, OR
- 20) Atlanta, GA

In a breakdown of reading tastes, Amazon noted that Cambridge topped the list for non-fiction book sales (no surprise, given that Harvard and MIT are there), Boulder tops the lifestyle list for cooking and food and wine, Alexandria orders the most children's books, and apparently beach reads are big for the Florida audiences, with even the home of Disney World getting in on the list.

And finally, Nielsen BookScan reports that unit sales of print books dropped 10.2% in the first half of 2011, falling to 307.1 million. Adult fiction sales fell 25.7% and mass market paperback sales dropped 26.6%. There was no news about e-book sales in the release. Will post updates on the MWSA facebook site as I receive them





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NOTE: For issues concerning:

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- **Web site, contact John Cathcart**
- **Membership records &/or dues, contact Terry Gould**
- **Book signing schedules, contact Dwight Zimmerman**
- **Programming, contact Joyce Faulkner or Mike Mullins**
- **Anthology, contact Mike Mullins**