

# DISPATCHES

Monthly Magazine

MILITARY  
WRITERS  
SOCIETY  
OF AMERICA

May 2011



## In Remembrance of those who served....



### Honoring those who died in far-away countries

Goodbye Florence Kuhn  
Sharon Rogers Band  
USO  
1945



Remembering those in our  
National Cemeteries



Authors of the Month:  
Kathleen and Katherine Taylor

Book of the Month:  
Pirates and Cartels

Law of Unintended Consequences  
Tips for Creating Book Index  
Arkansas' Killing Fields  
False Honor  
Ultimate Combat Courage  
The Old Soldier

# THE FRONTLINES

## WEM: Trapped



OPEN



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## From the Editor...

Hi everyone,

I hope that your work is coming along. We are making progress in planning this year's conference. So far, we have several events planned that should be useful and a lot of fun. Del Staecker has agreed to be MC at the Awards Banquet this year—and he will also do a workshop on the differences between writing fiction and non-fiction. Louis Intres will share with us some more of his research in the Middle East. This should be all the more fascinating given recent events in that part of the world. We will have some hands-on events that should be fun and educational. More program details will be coming next month.

For those of you who have followed Gold Medalist Richard Lowry's amazing career, you may like to know that he's been embedded with a Marine unit since the end of March—and is on a ship not too far from Libya. He's been blogging and if you'd like to read about his adventure, here's the link: <http://blog.richardslowry.com/>

On page 14, we have republished Frank Evans' story, *The Old Soldier*. I'm sure you will remember it from Memorial Day last year. If not, I know you will love it as I do.

Congratulations to Authors of the Month, Kathleen and Katherine Taylor for their book, *Eddie and Bingo*. Also, to Lee and Vista Boyland. Their new book, *Pirates and Cartels*, is Book of the Month for May. The winners of the William E. Mayer Prize for Artistic and Literary Excellence is jim greenwald for April and Robert Robeson for May.

**Joyce Faulkner, President of MWSA**

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## Dispatches Staff

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**Bob Doerr—Columnist**  
**Nancy Yockey Bonar—Feature**

### Contents

<i>MWSA Conference Information</i>	4
<i>Fighter Pilot Lessons for Life—Marcia Sargent</i>	6
<i>Law of Unintended Consequences—Jack London</i>	7
<i>Arkansas' Killing Fields—Louis Intres</i>	8
<i>In the Ranks—Charles Bailey</i>	11
<i>Anniversaries—Nancy Yockey Bonar</i>	12
<i>Korean War MOH Recipients</i>	13
<i>The Old Soldier—Frank Evans</i>	14
<i>The Frontlines—Nancy Yockey Bonar</i>	16
<i>Moon's Mutterings—Mike Mullins</i>	18
<i>Introducing Robyn Roche-Paull</i>	20
<i>A Journey in Self-Publishing—Lynn Hallbrooks</i>	21
<i>Warriors—Nancy Yockey Bonar</i>	23
<i>MWSA Spring Reading List—Bob Doerr</i>	24
<i>Tips &amp; Tools for Writers—Joyce Faulkner</i>	26
<i>Authors of the Month—Kathleen &amp; Katherine Taylor</i>	28
<i>Book of the Month—Pirates and Cartels-Boylands</i>	29
<i>May Notes—jim greenwald</i>	30
<i>Poetry Corner</i>	33
<i>People's Choice Inspiration Pieces</i>	38
<i>Korean War Book Award</i>	39
<i>William E. Mayer Awards—Frank Evans</i>	40
<i>Ultimate Combat Courage—Robert Robeson</i>	40
<i>False Honor—jim greenwald</i>	42
<i>Penguin Website—Dwight Zimmerman</i>	43

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

## MWSA 2011 Conference Information

Soon our annual conference will be here and I'm looking forward to seeing all of you again. As we have announced previously, the Conference will be September 29 through October 2, 2011, at the Pittsburgh Airport Marriott Hotel. It's a much bigger venue than last year and we will have all of our workshops and meetings on the same floor...right next to each other. One of the big advantages to this arrangement is that the Airport Marriot offers free shuttle from the airport—and free parking. Also, all of our Conference programming will take place at the hotel...so this will eliminate the “running around” that we did last year and reduce some of our costs.

NOTE: Due to circumstances beyond our control, we will not be doing the play this year. We plan to produce scenes from the books that were selected last year during our 2012 conference!

This year, we will be announcing nominated books before the conference on the Veterans Radio Network as usual. However, the winners won't be announced until the banquet. There are several reasons for this—aside from making the banquet a lot more fun. First, this will give the judges more time to make their selections. Second, we'll have more time to publicize the nominations—and all of our pre-conference and during conference publicity will be national and will give your local press time to contact you and us to discuss your book. Hopefully, the announcements at the banquet will help us encourage the press local to the conference to come to the banquet.

We will kick off the event on Thursday afternoon with a buffet luncheon and a hands-on writing Work Shop starting at 2pm. Friday, September 30 will be Oral History Day, and Friday evening, we'll have our our traditional Open Mic. Come prepared to share a story, a song, an excerpt from your book. Saturday will be seminars and work-

shops all day long. We'll announce programming in a future *Dispatches*. The Awards Banquet and Ceremony will be Saturday night. Sunday morning will be our State of the Organization Meeting and we'll close with the Buckaroo Auction.

We will have a registration desk in the Main Lobby. You must register to get the materials that you will need to get into MWSA events. If you have an unpaid balance at that time, you will be able to pay with either a check or a credit card. When you register you will receive the following:

- A bag with any handouts, program and anthology.
- Your Name Tag/Pouch. Please wear it at all times. It will contain your:
  - Buckaroos
  - Seminar tickets
  - Buffet Luncheon ticket (attached)
  - Banquet invitation with your table and seat assignment (attached)
  - Raffle tickets for drawings on Fri & Sat. Morning and Sat. afternoon
  - And If you are a reviewer or volunteer, your Saturday morning breakfast invitation.

Note: You will be required to present your tickets/invitations for all events. That's how we will keep track of which programs matter to you and which we can eliminate.

Contact the Marriott Hotel for your room reservation @ (412-788-8800) ask for the MWSA Rate for Sept. 29 – Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup>—the first block of rooms is \$109.00 and will be available until all are filled. The Hotel will set aside a second block at \$119.00 which will be good until August 31. Market rates apply after that. These rates include internet access and free parking.

# 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 30<sup>th</sup> 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](mailto: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**

# Fighter Pilot Lessons For Life



## Altitude saves lives

Fighter pilots want maneuvering room. Contact with the ground with any surface other than the rolling tires of the landing gear is guaranteed to create problems—too often fatal ones.

The Phantom F-4 came equipped with a Martin-Baker mkH7 ejection seat. Aviators fly planes. This is important to remember when discussing ejections. An aviator without a plane to fly becomes just a Marine, not a bad thing—but not as good, either. Ejections guaranteed a pilot would look bad at the field by abandoning a multi-million dollar piece of machinery to crash and burn.

Aviators did not want to eject. But plane wings could fall off; engines inhaled birds through the turbine blades—something known as FOD—Foreign Object Damage; or equipment could malfunction at a critical point in flight, creating an unrecoverable airplane. Those were regrettable, but not the pilot's fault. A pilot who ejected in these circumstances and survived received sympathy and joined the Lucky Bastard Club—an unofficial community, as well as the Martin Baker Tie Club—an official honor and tie given to all pilots who eject from a plane with the aid of a Martin-Baker seat. The count currently stands at seventy-two hundred pilots saved. Most of the time, ejection seats worked.

But too many things could go wrong with an ejection, not all of them dependent on the manufacture of the seat. First, the canopy had to be blown off. If not, the pilot or RIO would impact the thick plastic. The plastic would win. Then, an explosive had to explode under the seat to send it and the aviator up the rails, pulling ten to twelve Gs. Elbows, knees, and shoulders needed to be tucked in or the force of the ejection would break, dislocate, or mangle. A rocket had to shoot the seat free of the plane. If the plane traveled at too high a rate of speed, the jet blast of air would hit

the aviator like a brick wall. The jet blast would win. The parachute had to deploy properly and the aviator had to come down somewhere he could be recovered, preferably not in the fireball of his crashed bird. Pilots thought paratroopers crazy for jumping out of perfectly good airplanes. So there was a corollary to Rather Be Dead Than Look Bad At the Field: Airplanes Are Meant To Be Flown, Not Jumped Out Of.

Captain Stu Mosbey, an Air Force exchange pilot flying F-4s with VMFA 314, while landing behind a DC-10 in Yuma, got caught in the wake turbulence—in the days before the regulations changed—the F-4 flipped upside down—a bad position to eject from close to the ground. Did he panic? Did he try to eject anyway? Did he crash and burn? Nope. He lit the afterburners and flew it out. Mosbey's Aerial Circus Act. "Hey, Stu, You should take that one on the road with the Blue Angels."

The worth of an ejection seat depends on circumstances. Shit happens. Machines fail. A lucky pilot who keeps his cool lives to fly another day.

Just because there is an ejection seat does not mean we should look for the handle at the first sign of difficulty. And we need to keep a few extra feet of clearance from the ground in case of the unexpected. Pilots know to prepare for the unexpected—the unexpected that is expected, a contradiction in terms and pretty much SOP for life.



**Marcia Sargent**  
Author of *“Wing Wife: How To Be Married To A Marine Fighter Pilot,”*  
Chair of MWSA Blog,  
MWSAMember-talk.blogspot.com

# THE LAW OF UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES

## No Good Deed Goes Unpunished. Part One

By Jack Woodville London

Charles Dickens was the master of using coincidence as a literary device to portray social horrors. *Oliver Twist* condemned to the workhouse by greedy guardians, Sydney Carton making up for his wasted life by volunteering for a guillotine manned by angry French peasants, Little Dorritt in debtors' prison. The best use of Dickens' device, coincidence, was in *A Handful of Dust* in which a heartbroken jungle adventurer is imprisoned by a native tribe and condemned to read Little Dorritt to the chief for the rest of his life. In all of these and in most great literature, all comes out in the end, usually as unexpected consequences and not always as hoped for.

Could a story have a more unintended consequence than for the courage of our parents and our grandparents in finding the will and way to survive their harsh lives in World War II to become the legacy of our having 18 ½ % APR credit cards to buy flat screen televisions to watch when we get home to eat fast food rather than cook? Is it a coincidence, and how will it end?

I wrote *French Letters*, both *Virginia's War* and *Engaged in War*, because I believe that our parents and grandparents found the courage to fight and survive World War II, on battlefield and home front, not so that six decades later we would spend our way to staggering household credit debt to buy cell phones and five day cruises but because they thought life could go back to the way it had been. They believed that with the destruction of the Axis they could re-



sume growing up with their cousins, living in small home towns with Sunday dinners and rocking on the verandah, picking a husband or wife and sticking with it. It was not to be. Drugs, divorce, moving far from home in search of a job, and easy credit are just a few of the derailments on the road to riches triggered by the restlessness of the war generation.

True, not all the changes are bad—widespread university education, racial and gender equality, science, all these and more have their seeds in that war.

Nowhere, however, does our parents' bequest seem to have had a more unexpected destiny than the phenomenal development of medicine and medical care. Penicillin, surgery, and radiology in all their forms have delivered us from millennia of death in childbirth and childhood, death from illness and infection, and enabled care for conditions that could never before be diagnosed or treated. Thanks to the urgency of that war's medical horrors, we now live and expect to live well past the age of 80 or even 90.

And therein the problem—with so few people dying now, thanks to the wartime discoveries that became medical advances, the planet's overflow population turns back to war for solutions to overcrowding.



# ARKANSAS' KILLING FIELDS:

## THE TWIN BATTLES OF POISIN CREEK AND JENKINS' FERRY

### RACISM IN THE CIVIL WAR

BY LOUIS INTRES

Was racism the cause of slavery and the Civil War, or the result of it? This is a question not easily answered. Racism can be traced back to the first slaves to set foot on American soil in 1619—twenty Africans who arrived as indentured servants. Before 1860, their numbers reached nearly four million in the South alone. The bias of racism was carried into the Civil War and would eventually change the way, and the reason for, fighting the war between brothers.

Many historians agree that the Civil War began as an economic and state's rights issue between the North and South. South Carolina almost seceded in 1832 over the nullification argument having to do with tariffs. The idea of federally imposed legislation, harmful to the South and its cotton exports, was almost enough to cause secession at that time. After simmering for nearly thirty years, the South finally split from the Union to form the Confederate States of America, immediately after the election of Lincoln.

Blacks participated in the war on both sides.

Racism during the Civil war was not just a southern idea. It pervaded the Union army as much as it did the North in general—and effected black soldiers in every facet of their service. They were paid about half of the average white soldier's salary, given the harshest duty, and forced at sword point to lead the charge into battle. When wounded, they received medical treatment only after white soldier's wounds were tended. Their unit commanders treated them much like plantation slaves in the South. If captured, they were likely to be murdered rather than sent to a prison



*Camden, Arkansas*

camp. On the home-front, their families did not receive government support like white service families did. Most whites despised their fellow black soldiers. One Union Officer, speaking the sentiments of many others, said, "I would rather be shot in the back for cowardice than to stand and fight next to a nigger soldier." (Redkey, 1992).

After two years of Civil War, and with news of a Union victory at the Battle of Antietam, Lincoln notified his Cabinet that he would sign and implement the Emancipation Proclamation on January 1, 1863. It was a Presidential War Act, designed to cause slaves in Confederate-held territories to revolt. After this proclamation, the Union Army began to recruit black freedmen and runaway slaves into their own regiments. More than thirty all-Black Regiments were formed and nearly 200,000 African-Americans fought in the Union Army. Over sixty-seven thousand of them died before the fighting ended in 1865. By the middle of 1863, even Lincoln realized that slavery was the underlying issue of the war and peace could not be achieved unless slavery was totally abolished within the United States.

As the war lengthened, many soldiers blamed African-Americans for their lengthy stays away from home. In answer to such questions, Private Richard McDaniel, G. Company, United States Colored Troops, was told: "you niggers are the cause of my having to leave home. If it had not been for you Negroes, this war would never have been." (Redkey)

On the other hand, mistreatment of blacks in the

*(Continued on page 9)*



(Continued from page 8) *Intres*

Confederacy came directly from the slave culture, as a way of controlling and subjugating their actions. Southern soldiers felt that African-Americans were inferior to them. Aside from using blacks as a ready and willing resource, the Union knew that the presence of colored Union soldiers insulted their Confederate counterparts and acted as a provocation. As result of this "outrage," the South announced that "all black soldiers captured would be treated as runaway slaves under the Fugitive Slave Law—and be shot, or returned to slavery on a southern plantation." (Redkey)

The first major battle to evidence hatred based on race, rather than the political ideologies which first spawned the war in 1861, was the Massacre at Fort Pillow. On April 12, 1864, Major General Nathan B. Forrest led a contingent of Confederate soldiers against Fort Pillow on the Mississippi River, about forty miles north of Memphis, TN. (Forrest would form the Klu Klux Klan in Tennessee in 1866.) This siege became famous for the numbers of black Union soldiers murdered by white Confederates after the Union surrendered. The bloodshed was so horrible and unnecessary that the story spread like wildfire through all camps, North and South. Forrest's own biographer, Robert S. Henry, observed that: "Fort Pillow was *the* 'atrocious' of the war." (Anne J. Bailey, 2004). After this battle, black soldiers knew they could not be captured alive, because capture meant humiliation, torture and certain death.

It was not long before this new type warfare began to spread in skirmishes in Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi and other Deep South locations. Two battles, in particular, have gained notoriety due to recent scholarship and academic research leading up to the sesquicentennial commemoration of the Civil War—the Battles of Poison Springs and Jenkins' Ferry in Arkansas. These two battles are unique for several reasons. First, they involved the first all-black regiments to fight in Arkansas. Second, they were fought by the same adversaries twelve days apart—and third, each side won one of the battles and com-

mitted post-battle atrocities against the other. After these battles, many of the remaining skirmishes of the war were fought out of hatred and fear, rather than for ideology. The advancing yell of many attacking armies became "no quarter given."

Early in 1864, General Frederick Steele became commander of an 8,500 man Union army at Fort Smith, Arkansas. It was a part of what would become the Red River Expedition. It was their job to sweep southern Arkansas, turn west, and attack all Confederate locations in Texas. General Steele's command included the Kansas First, and Kansas Second, Colored Volunteer Infantries (KCVI), consisting mostly of runaway slaves from Arkansas and Missouri.

It all began when Steele sent a contingent of nearly 100 wagons and 1,170 men, including over 400 of the First KCVI, to recover corn in the vicinity of Camden, Arkansas. On the return trip, a 3,500 man Confederate Army attacked them at Poison Creek. The Confederate Army consisted mostly of the Texas Twenty-Ninth Cavalry and the Texas First Volunteer Infantry. Outnumbered better than three-to-one, the Kansas First took point—and the brunt of three assaults by the Confederates. On the third charge, the Kansas First broke and the remnants of the foraging group fled into the trees.

Although the battle was over quickly, more than 300 wounded and captured members of the First Kansas regiment remained on the field—and the all-white Texas armies began to take out years of frustration, anger, and hatred on the remnants of the Kansas First Regiment. As the Confederate soldiers walked through the field of battle, they cut throats, mutilated bodies—and shot and bayoneted non-wounded captives. They buried many of them vertically, with only half the body interred—some with the torso above the ground, some with it below ground. In competition, other Rebels rolled the captured wagons, heavy with corn, over the wounded black men, crushing their skulls. No mercy was shown or given to any wounded or dying African-American soldier. The

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(Continued from page 9) *Intres*

post-battle massacre made sensational local news:

“Blood, human blood stood about in pools and brains could be gathered up in any quantity” (Cornish, 1988)



*19th Century Monument at Poison Springs*

“If a nigger tried to surrender, we’d just bayonet em’ and the next guy would shoot em” (Christ, 2003)

“The fact the victims of the massacre were exclusively the First Kansas leads to the conclusion the perpetrators motives were racial” (De Black, 2003)

One survivor was quoted in a letter home as writing: “I swear, I’ll never see so many dead niggers again. They were so thick you could walk on them. They would shoot them (or scalp them) as long as he could breathe.” (De Black)

The story of Poison Springs invigorated all black Union soldiers with renewed hatred for white rebel soldiers. Their call was for immediate revenge against the Confederates, with a motif of “an eye for an eye.”

The opportunity for revenge came in less than two weeks. During the interim, however, another massacre of black Union soldiers occurred at Marks Mill, also in Arkansas, but involving different military units. Word of these two racial massacres infuriated Steele’s Union contingent. On their knees, Union soldiers of Steele’s army

pledged to “give back what we got... the (Kansas Second) would take no prisoners so long as the rebels continued to murder our (Union) men.” (Urwin, 2000)

A servant to Union Lieutenant William Blain, who enlisted after hearing of the war atrocities, said, “dey don’t gib us any quartah, and we don’t gib dem any. Suh, dey kill us like brutes, dat’s what we gwine to use dem de same way.” (Urwin, 2000)

Twelve days after the Poison Springs Massacre, on April 30, 1864, Steele’s army, reinforced by over 400 angry members of the Kansas Second Colored Volunteers, forded the Saline River at Jenkins’ Ferry. Once again, the marauding Texas army attacked the retreating Union command. They were unaware that Steele had been reinforced to a full complement of nearly 8,000 men and artillery. Rain was falling in torrents and footing was slippery. Steele had fortified the crossing point with rifle pits and breastworks for covering fire. With a swamp on one side and a steep hill on the other, the attacking Confederates had nowhere to go but straight at the established Union artillery. (DeBlack, 2003)

The Kansas Second fired canons taking out the Texas artillery. With leveled bayonets they charged, impaling rebel soldiers without mercy, one after another. Screaming “Poison Springs,” they killed all that were in their way, even those attempting to surrender. Their fury “drew no dis-



*Monument at Jenkins’ Ferry*

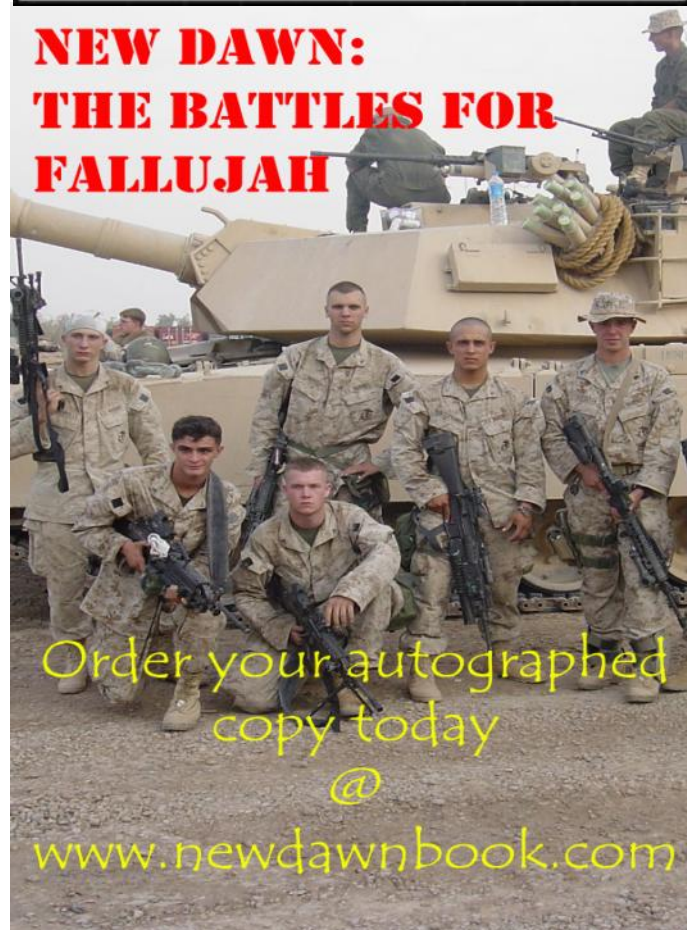
(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10) *Intres*

inction between able-bodied or wounded foes.” (Urwin, 2000) The Kansas Second fought with particular ferocity in an attempt to satiate their desire for revenge. They even cut the throats of the dead. Nearly every white body was mutilated. The horrors continued long after the battle had ended. Later in the day, as the Kansas Second searched the battlefield for their own wounded, “they slit the throats and otherwise mutilated the bodies of every wounded rebel they found.” (DeBlack, 2003)

After Poison Springs and Jenkins’ Ferry, organized battles gave way to marauders who killed indiscriminately, for purely racial reasons. The motivation for these “war crimes” came from hatred and fears that permeated Southern society during nearly two hundred fifty years of slavery. Disorganized groups of raiders replaced armies, and according to Confederate General Joseph Shelby, the region became a “pitiable place in the extreme...” (DeBlack, 2003)

The end of the Civil War did not end this racial antipathy. Long after Appomattox and passage of the Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery in America, Black Codes and Jim Crow Laws penalized Americans of color. Overt discrimination lasted nearly another century, until the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the 1965 Voting Rights Act. Ironically it was an equal opportunity crisis over education in Little Rock, Arkansas, that helped propel America into the new era of Civil Rights—only a few miles from the site of the Twin Battles of Poison Springs and Jenkins’ Ferry.



# Anniversaries

## By Nancy Yockey Bonar



**D-Day Dooms Hitler's Dream** It was on June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1944, that about 175,000 Allied troops, primarily American, British and Canadian, landed on beaches in a heavily fortified area of Normandy, France. There would be at least 10,000 killed, wounded, missing in action and captured. More than 6,600 were Americans.\* Before the invasion, aircraft bombed the Nazi defenders and dropped thousands of paratroopers behind German lines to capture bridges and railroads. Navy ships were ready to bombard the landings areas and launch landing craft with soldiers, vehicles and equipment. Of the five beaches—Utah, Gold, Juno, Sword and Omaha—it was on the US military's Omaha Beach where, before unforeseen complications had been lessened, more than 2,000 died. They were Army and Navy demolition engineers (see *The Frontlines*, Page 17), Army Rangers, and soldiers of the 29<sup>th</sup> Infantry and 1<sup>st</sup> Infantry divisions. What they and other Allied liberation forces did in 24 hours was shatter Hitler's dream of a Nazi-controlled "Fortress Europe" and mark the beginning of the end for Germany. \* Estimated numbers. *Painting, Omaha Beach, France, Joseph Gary Sheahan, 1944.*

<http://www.history.army.mil/html/reference/normandy/pictures.html>

**Bitter Cold, Bitter Fight** June marks the 61<sup>st</sup> anniversary of the beginning of the Korean War. In December 1950 embattled units of the US First Marine Division and Seventh Infantry Division fought in stinging snow and ice as swarms of communist troops charged again and again into the United Nations forces. In the photo below, a marine battles the elements as he trudges toward a ridge crest where the two divisions are to link up. *Photo – National Archives and Records Administration*



CHARLES G ABRELL, STANLEY T. ADAMS, WILLIAM E. BARBER, CHARLES H. BARKER, WILLIAM B. BAUGH, EMORY L. BENNETT, NELSON V. BRITTIN, MELVIN L. BROWN, LLOYD L. BURKE, TONY K. BURRIS, HECTOR A. CAFFERATA, JR., DAVID B. CHAMPAGNE, WILLIAM R. CHARETTE, CORNELIUS H. CHARLTON, STANLEY R. CHRISTIANSON, GILBERT G. COLLIER, JOHN W. COLLIER, HENRY A. COMMISKEY, SR., SAMUEL S. COURSEN, GORDON M. CRAIG, JERRY K. CRUMP, JACK A. DAVENPORT, GEORGE ANDREW DAVIS, JR., RAYMOND G. DAVIS, WILLIAM F. DEAN, REGINALD B. DESIDERIO, RICHARD DAVID DEWERT, DUANE E. DEWEY, CARL H. DODD, RAY E. DUKE, JUNIOR D. EDWARDS, JOHN, JR., ESSEBAGGER, DON C. FAITH, JR., FERNANDO LUIS GARCIA, CHARLES GEORGE, CHARLES L. GILLILAND, EDWARD GOMEZ, CLAIR GOODBLOOD, AMBROSIO GUILLEN, FRANCIS C. HAMMOND, LESTER HAMMOND, JR., MELVIN O. HANDRICH, JACK G. HANSON, LEE R. HARTELL, RAYMOND HARVEY, FREDERICK F. HENRY, RODOLFO P. HERNANDEZ, THOMAS JEROME HUDNER, JR., EINAR H. INGMAN, JR., WILLIAM R. JECELIN, JAMES E. JOHNSON, MACK A. JORDAN, BILLIE G. KANELL, LOREN R. KAUFMAN, JOHN D. KELLY, JACK WILLIAM KELSO, ROBERT S. KENNEMORE, JOHN E. KILMER, NOAH O. KNIGHT, JOHN KELVIN

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**Korean War Medals of Honor** Earlier this month, Korean War Army soldiers, Pfc Henry Svehla (photo) and Pfc Anthony Kaho'ohanohano were posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor by President Obama, had their names placed into the Pentagon's Hall of Heroes. The two were in the 7<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, but in different companies, regiments and battles. A rifleman, Svehla distinguished himself while on patrol near Pyongony, and Kaho'ohanohano showed heroism in the vicinity of Chupa-ri. The Medal of Honor has been awarded less than 3,500 times—135 for the Korean War—among the tens of millions of Americans who have served in combat for the US since 1862.

AND G. DAVIS, WILLIAM F. DEAN, RICHARD DAVID DEWERT, DUANE E. DEWEY, CARL H. DODD, RAY E. DUKE, JUNIOR D. EDWARDS, JOHN, JR., ESSEBAGGER, DON C. FAITH, JR., FERNANDO LUIS GARCIA, CHARLES GEORGE, CHARLES L. GILLILAND, EDWARD GOMEZ, CLAIR GOODBLOOD, AMBROSIO GUILLEN, FRANCIS C. HAMMOND, LESTER HAMMOND, JR., MELVIN O. HANDRICH, JACK G. HANSON, LEE R. HARTELL, RAYMOND HARVEY, FREDERICK F. HENRY, RODOLFO P. HERNANDEZ, THOMAS JEROME HUDNER, JR., EINAR H. INGMAN, JR., WILLIAM R. JECELIN, JAMES E. JOHNSON, MACK A. JORDAN, BILLIE G. KANELL, LOREN R. KAUFMAN, JOHN D. KELLY, JACK WILLIAM KELSO, ROBERT S. KENNEMORE, JOHN E. KILMER, NOAH O. KNIGHT, JOHN KELVIN

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# THE OLD SOLDIER

By E. Franklin Evans

It was a 90° day, perfect for the beach. The back of the SUV was loaded with floats, beach toys, buckets and shovels for Frankie and little Barb to build sand castles. A picnic basket and cooler laden with family favorites had Frankie's stomach growling in anticipation.

The air-conditioning kept everyone comfortable if not completely content, for the hour and a half ride from home. The kids were getting restless, Frankie teasing Barb the way older brothers do with little sisters.

"Mother, can you quiet these kids so I can concentrate on my driving?" Dad asked.

She turned to face the rambunctious kids in the back seat. "Frankie, stop teasing your sister. I know it's a long ride, but I have an idea to help the time pass. Why don't we sing a song?"

Frankie slouched in the seat as far down as he could while fastened in the seat belt. "I don't wanna sing. I wanna get to the beach."

Mother ignored the remarks. "I know, let's all sing 'Old MacDonalld.' I'll start. 'Old Macdonald had a farm, e i e i o. And on his farm he had a goat, e i e. . .'"

"It's not a goat, Mom," Frankie said. "It's a cow. With a moo moo here, and a moo moo there. . ." Mom smiled to herself as the kids became engaged in making the animal sounds.

Dad could see the cemetery up ahead and hundreds of flags waving in the slight breeze. On impulse, he decided to drive in to show respect for the veterans of all wars.

Frankie stopped singing in the middle of the baa baa. "Where are you going, Dad? This isn't the beach. It's a sema, a sema. . ."

"Cemetery. That's right. And this is Memorial Day, which is why you don't have to go to school. It's not just a day off, it's a day we celebrate the lives of brave men and women who died for their country." Here's a good spot." He

pulled off the paved road into the gravel parking area near a large oak tree. "Lots of shade and a great view of all the flags waving over the graves."

Frankie looked at the hundreds of miniature flags waving in the slight breeze. It looked like an ocean of red, white, and blue. It made Frankie more anxious to get this over and get on to the beach.

"Dad, why don't we quit wasting time and just get on to the beach?"

"Son, it's only fitting that we give thanks and honor those who gave their lives in service of our country. One of those, remember, was your uncle. He's not here, but Belgium is too far away for us, I'm afraid. I still think of him. You were named for him."

"I know, Dad. Let's just get this over."

Dad got out and opened the door for Mom, then for the kids. Mom and Dad stood there for a moment gazing over the sea of flags.

"Mommy, will you carry me?" Barb asked in a pleading voice.

"No, honey, it's too hot. You can walk beside me. Give me your hand."

"Let's walk down this row for a bit and read some of the names," said Dad.

"I'm just going to sit on the bench in the shade, Dad. I don't want to walk."

"OK, Frankie. I'm sorry you don't want to join us, but have it your way. Don't leave the bench. We're not going to be far."



It was cool on the bench and Frankie stretched out watching the clouds overhead as they changed shape. Soon the gentle breeze and the mesmerizing effect of the flags in the wind lulled Frankie to sleep.

*(Continued on page 15)*

(Continued from page 14) *Evans*

“Young man, may I sit down here for a spell?” asked an older gentleman in a soldier’s uniform.

“Uh, I guess so,” said Frankie sitting up. “My parents are just over there.”

“Oh, don’t worry, I won’t be any bother. I just want to rest for a few minutes and enjoy the beautiful sight of all those flags.”

“Mister, are you part of that ceremony over there with all the other soldiers and the band?”

“Well, sort of, I guess.”

Frankie recognized the uniform from pictures he had seen of his Uncle Frank.

“You’re dressed up like a soldier from WWII, aren’t you? My Dad and his brothers were in WWII.”

“The man chuckled and said, “Yes, son. I know. We gather here at this time every year to see old friends and enjoy the ceremonies. We share stories with each other and watch the families who come to remember.”

“You mean your club or friends from the war?”

Smiling, the old man said, “Yes, it is a club of sorts. It has lots of chapters all over the US and even a couple overseas. We have numerous members that wear many different uniforms. But we share a common bond and that is the love of this country. We are concerned about it and as long as people come to remember and celebrate the sacrifices of others who have given their lives for its principles, we will continue to come.”

Frankie looked around for his parents.

“See that headstone over there by the walkway?”

“Yes, Sir”

“Well, that belongs to one of my best friends. We came here together. Great guy. A salesman in life. Had a wife and two children.”

Frankie began to feel a bit uneasy. “Uh, I think I’d better go find my parents now.”

“That’s fine, son. I think you understand now,

don’t you?”

“Y...Yes, Sir. I think I do.” Frankie began to feel a calming peacefulness come over him as the truth was revealed.

“Young man, I have to go now. I’m part of the Welcoming Committee and we have some new members that have just arrived. That’s them over there.”

Frankie looked where the old soldier was pointing and he saw a group of ten or twelve young men and women in uniform anxiously looking around at the ceremonies and flags. They were talking among themselves, but no one seemed to take notice of their presence.

“Good-bye, young man. Thank you for sharing part of your day with us.”

Frankie stood up erect and smiled while one small tear crept from the corner of his eye.

“Thank you, Sir. For all you have given and for the sacrifices all of you have made throughout the ages.” Frankie suddenly came to attention as if it was the most natural thing to do. He saluted the old soldier who returned his salute and walked away.

“By the way, Sir. If you happen to see my uncle, please tell him that I remember and thank him for me.”

“I sure will, son. I sure will.”

Nearing the group of newcomers to the club, the old soldier waved and they waved back. As he joined them, he turned to look at Frankie and waved again. Frankie returned his wave and watched as the group and the old soldier who was in charge now, slowly faded away.

Frankie looked for his parents and saw them in the distance. They were walking with Barb among the rows of headstones and flags. Although he wasn’t sure they could hear him from that far away, he called, “Mom! Dad! Wait up for me; I’m coming.” He started to run. “I understand now. Wait for me.”

# Stars Create “The Frontlines” Galaxy

## By Nancy Yockey Bonar

An active duty Army helicopter pilot. A shoe box of WWII treasures. A duel amputee soldier. When these three stars collided, they formed a new galaxy called, “The Frontlines.”

**The first “star”** is helicopter pilot/Chief Warrant Officer, Nathan Tierney, deployed three times to the Middle East. Although he shuns the spotlight, it’s from his voluntary, unpaid time that *The Frontlines* got its wings. This incredible network—there’s no other like it on the internet or elsewhere—was christened just seven months ago. It’s now *the* mega “store” of resources and educational information for active personnel and veterans of all military services, families and friends. And it’s *the* place to archive personal military-related stories, and to discuss issues and problems.



*Nathan Tierney*

Nathan's a 17-year serviceman who, before becoming a helicopter pilot, was a Navy rescue swimmer. In their Nashville home, he and wife Leeza—in their quest to *encourage selfless acts by others*—founded two organizations. In 2009 she launched the non-for-profit *Cup of Change* and in 2010 Nathan created *The Frontlines* which relies on Google's AdSense and Amazon affiliates to keep it hosted and free. The mission of *Cup of Change* includes empowering communities and citizens worldwide by supporting projects and education. As one example, Leeza recently returned from Kathmandu, Nepal. In this capital city, and with *Cup of Change* support, a community-inspired playground and library have been built for shelter children and war orphans.

<http://cupofchange.org/>

Nathan's selflessness in setting up *The Frontlines* dates back to childhood. “When I was a boy, my

father's advice included, ‘Be a boxer in life. For every hit, give one back in the form of a selfless act.’ As would most youngsters, I kind of ignored his wisdom into adulthood. But I eventually pulled out this cobwebbed advice and put it to work. Actually, boxing at hits in life with unselfish acts, without asking, ‘What's in it for me?’ is what I and others have put into the bricks *The Frontlines*' foundation.”



*George Van Allen*

**Second “star,” the shoe box**, is discovered hidden away in the home of Lezza's grandmother and late grandfather, George Van Allen. The box holds Grandpa Allen's undeveloped film and stories from WWII. Until then, little has been known by family about his answering our nation's call or of his distinguished overseas service, including on Omaha Beach. As with most WWII veterans, he rarely spoke of the campaigns he fought in, the soldiers he served with or what going to war actually meant to him. The Tierneys carry the box back to Nashville. “We knew we should do something with those treasures, but at the time didn't know what it was,” Nathan says. “We tucked it into a closet.”

**Third “star,” the soldier**, wears an Army enlisted uniform as he sits in a wheelchair just outside Walter Reed Army Medical Center, Washington, DC. As he has little left of two amputated legs, and balancing is difficult, he struggles to put on a backpack. No one seems to pay attention except Nathan. He helps the soldier. A selfless act.

Nathan wonders: Is this soldier alone, is he going to be discharged, what will happen to him? What about other men and women who've sacrificed their lives? What will it take for civilians to un-



derstand all of this? If we're to be boxers, what tools are needed to hit back? How can I help?

It's August 2010—after the collision of the above second and third stars in Nathan's heart and mind—he gets an eureka, pulls on his father's-advised "boxing gloves" and starts researching for the right tools for "hitting back." He checks military records at the National Archives in Washington, DC, and on its website. He contacts veterans organizations and military-related government agencies—and scours online blogs for pertinent information. Members of the media get wind of this, interview him, and the stories hit the internet. Word-of-mouth spreads. Military service stories from veterans and loved ones start coming in. He looks for and finds sponsors.

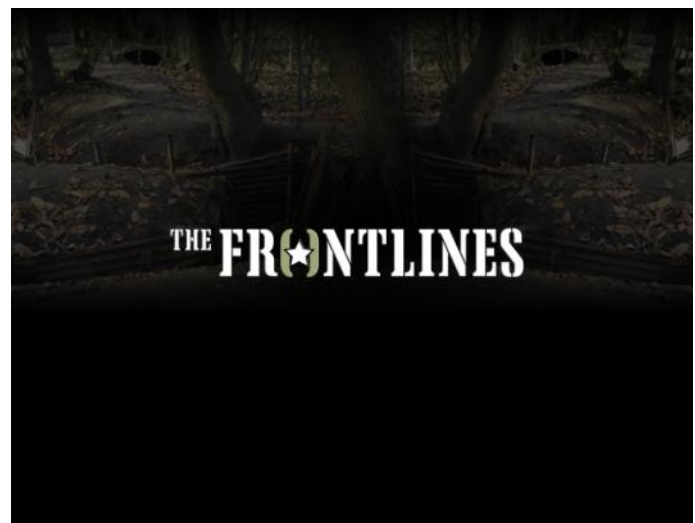
**Fronts Change, Memories Don't** Amazingly In just three months, and on Veterans Day in November 2010, Nathan launches *The Frontlines* on the internet. It highlights—in both written and audio form—1,000 stories that Nathan has gathered and posted. These range from a Civil War soldier's letter and a WWII bomber crews' extensive diaries to stories obtained through live interviews with a nurse and a Navy seaman on the Big War's fronts. Among other stories and memories are accounts from a Korean prisoner of war and Vietnam War's Aviation C-Company (Little Bears), and letters written by parents to sons and daughters serving in Iraq and Afghanistan. Under "dossiers" are photos and bios submitted by veterans or loved ones, so important in saving history.

*The Frontlines'* pages are especially for active military, veterans, spouses and friends. It has extensive resources/major topics (with more than 50 sub topics) for benefits, education, health, transition, issues and concerns. A blog encourages dialogue, including with civilians. Among the site's special bonuses: entertaining military-themed, story-telling videos, photos, artwork, books and movies. There are two stores, one links to Amazon, the other, *The Frontlines'* gear shop, links to Café Press.

As for making purchases or supporting *The Frontlines* with donations, Nathan is adamant. "No one who visits the site has to fork over money. Those who do consider donating should know that I vetted military-type charities before choosing Wounded Warriors and Fisher House. There might be others down the road. But, again, no donations to support *The Frontline* are required."

*The Frontlines galaxy* is set for a magnificent "meteor shower" on Veterans Day, Friday, November 11, one year after its first appearance on the internet's sky. The website will be showered with about 440,000 links to every imaginable outside resource. Another of Nathan's unselfish acts.

What is this humble pilot of both Army helicopters and *The Frontlines* looking to achieve? Nathan says, "I hope to inspire more citizens to serve a cause greater than themselves. I ask them, 'What can you do for your country, your soldiers and veterans and your fellow citizens?'" Then he offers up this motto: *Selfless Americans in America* and adds, "Only through preservation and education can we hope to inspire future generations to serve for a cause greater than oneself."



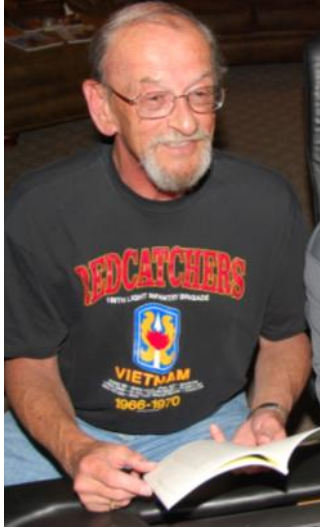
**T e n - s h u n !**    *T h e   F r o n t l i n e s*  
[www.thefrontlines.com](http://www.thefrontlines.com)

# MOON'S MUTTERINGS

May I speak frankly? May I complain that it still feels like October? Or even like November on some nights? Or may I complain about the rain and the horrible storms we had late last month that killed so many and destroyed so much property? May I admit that my mind is still on the track it was traveling last month? May I mention that Mother's Day is this weekend and my wife's birthday is coming as well as one of my daughters-in-law?

I want to argue with my stupid grammar program again and all the calendars I have seen. Mother's Day is wrong! It should be Mothers' Day or Mothers Day. It is either a day set aside to celebrate *all* mothers and owned by nobody or it is a day *possessed by all* mothers, not just one. Veterans Day is a day set aside to celebrate and remember veterans. It is a day not owned by veterans, but my grammar program does not argue with me regarding a possessive apostrophe for that one. Is that not odd? The damned squiggly line showed up again when I mentioned it. Funny how that thing works. It just appeared again—'cause I intentionally wrote a fragmented sentence.

I returned to Indiana and all my writing momentum washed away with the farmers' top soil. It went into the over-taxed ditches and rushed to the nearest stream, eventually crowding south into the flooded Ohio River and below. The Army Corps of Engineers is blowing levies below Cairo, Illinois to save towns along the Mississippi River right now. My momentum is crashing into deserted farmhouses somewhere in Missouri and points south. And all the while I am struggling with becoming social again. I kept myself isolated so long this winter so I could write that I forgot how to interact with people. My computer, my momentum, my radio and I did just fine as a group



*Mike Mullins*

in a room where we co-existed with a single purpose. I want to finish my book. No, that is not it. I must finish my book. I am in pain about it.

I came home to watch my grandkids play ball as well as enjoy them doing other things. They are a joy, yet I resent the interference too. Here I go again; the Bible speaks to giving with a resentful heart. I have been conflicted since early April when I had to say, "Self, you are not good at handling criticism." I realized that, but I believed I had improved with age. I still believe that. Does it have anything to do with being a Virgo with touches of Leo in

the sign? I know somebody out there has an idea about that.

I get defensive. I want what I want. I write what I write and by God, that has to make it good. I said so.

I will say this about some of the short stories I have written. When I meet my World War II veterans and they allow me the honor of telling their story I promise them that I will give them a copy of it. I do that. It is a commitment I make without fail. There are many reasons for it, but the primary one is the importance it has to them and their families. If I fail to complete my book, or it is less than successful, they have their personal history. If something happens to me they still have the story. That matters. To me that is what this is about. Getting their stories to everybody else comes next, but telling what they have done to their families in a meaningful way has become paramount to me. It matters more than critiques, awards, ego, sales, press, interviews, or any other public showcase I endeavor to embrace.

During March and part of April I wrote and wrote. I missed meals. I finished stories. I even did some

*(Continued on page 19)*

(Continued from page 18) **Mullins**

rewrites. I was criticized. I complained about it, but I did some polishing. Some stories were e-mailed to those about whom they were written. Some were done before I went to my home in Tennessee. But the pattern was the same. Some were delivered after my return to the top-soil-less Indiana farmland. Now I am ready to wrap it up. It is time to recapture momentum. It is time to rebuild my own personal levy.

My doctor told me two years ago that I needed to gain some weight. It took two years to gain twelve pounds. In two months I lost half of that again. I wrote. I must write again. I must find a balance between the little skeeters' ballparks and my computer. That is the task I face. Sometimes doing this piece helps me, so I owe you guys for that...and much more.

I am cranky and frustrated. Do writers get that way? I have always wondered if I am really a writer. I still look in the mirror and consider myself a "wannabe" yet I am still sitting here doing it too. One thing I have to admit, however, is the

tremendous gratification I feel as I write this. Every one of my WW Two folks, and many of their family members, has called me with thanks for their stories. I have been reduced to tears and humbled by their gratitude. Every minute, every hour, every disappointment at a miscue, has been worth it. I cannot find the words to express how much the looks in their eyes have meant. If the book never gets done they are happy and their families know more about the men they love...and in a few cases, the women.

May I now say thanks to all of you who have read my stuff and encouraging me to go on? May I say thanks for telling me how to be better, despite my resistance? May I say thanks to my wife for leaving me alone to my own devices...and those moments yet to come? May I say thanks to MWSA for giving me a place to be?

May I?



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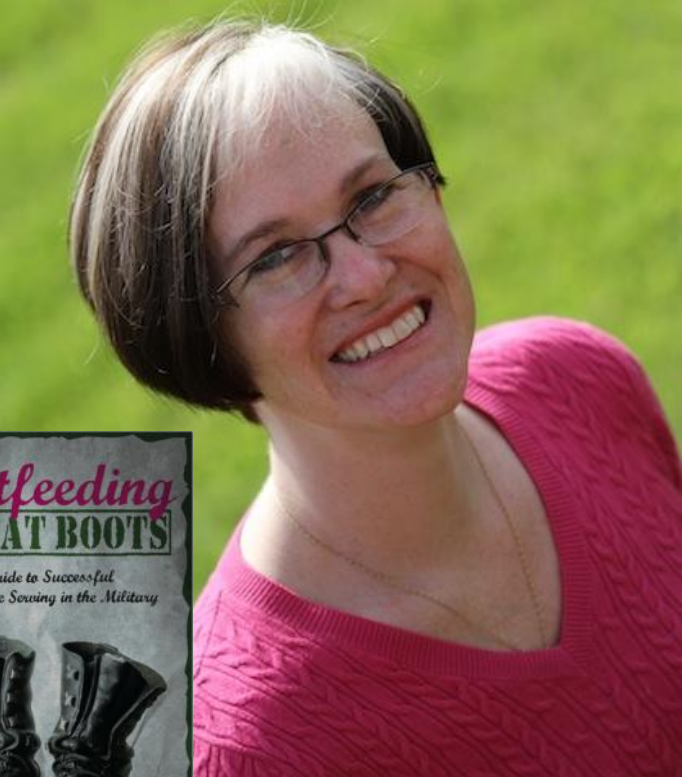
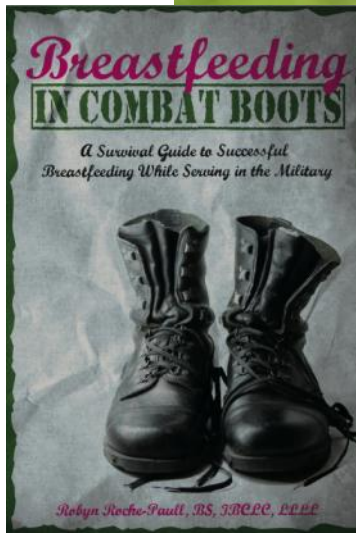
**On Line Multi Media Community Magazine at:  
<http://www.positivelypittsburghlivemagazine.com>**

# INTRODUCING MWSA MEMBER ROBIN ROCHE-PAULL

Robyn Roche-Paull, USN veteran, and International Board Certified Lactation Consultant (IBCLC) is the author of *Breastfeeding in Combat Boots: A Guide to Successful Breastfeeding While Serving in the Military*. While many books have been written for the average corporate working mother, there simply isn't any type of book that has information regarding the unique challenges and obstacles faced by breastfeeding mothers in the military. *Breastfeeding in Combat Boots* covers everything from pumping breastmilk in a tent while in Afghanistan to HAZMAT concerns. Robyn hopes that her book is beacon of hope for the many women who want to enjoy the benefits of breastfeeding while still serving their country, but need some information and support to be successful.

While Robyn currently has over a decade of experience helping breastfeeding military mothers and babies, she began her own breastfeeding career while on active duty in the US Navy. She served six years as an aircraft mechanic on F/A-18 Hornets and A-6 Intruders on deployments overseas and stateside. During that time she birthed her eldest son and breastfed him for over a year. As part of a combat squadron, working in an all-male shop, Robyn fought many battles to secure her right to pump and provide her breastmilk to her son at a time when there were no policies in place or support available for breastfeeding in the military. Robyn's motivation to write her book and create the companion website stemmed from the difficulties she experienced breastfeeding her first born while on active duty.

Robyn has her bachelor's degree in maternal



child health and lives in Virginia Beach, Virginia, with her husband of 17 years, a Chief Petty Officer in the US Navy, and her three breastfed children. Her

book has received rave reviews on Amazon and is a Finalist in the Foreword Reviews Book Of The Year Awards, as well as an Honors Winner in the NAPPA Parenting awards. She also has a FB page providing support for military breastfeeding mothers worldwide. You can find more information at the companion website:

[www.breastfeedingincombatboots.com](http://www.breastfeedingincombatboots.com)

# A JOURNEY IN SELF-PUBLISHING

## LYNN HALLBROOKS AND DAVID MCKOY

Hello, I'm Lynn Hallbrooks. This is the story of my journey into self-publishing. It began about a year and half ago. One day after over thirty years of working in the Health Information field, I decided I had enough. One of my closest and dearest friends, David McKoy was listening to me talk about my frustrations. He asked, "Well what do you want to do?" I said, "I've been giving serious consideration to writing a book, especially since my friends Eddie and Connie Beesley were able to publish *Lucky Enough*. I've also been told by several people that I might be really good at it."



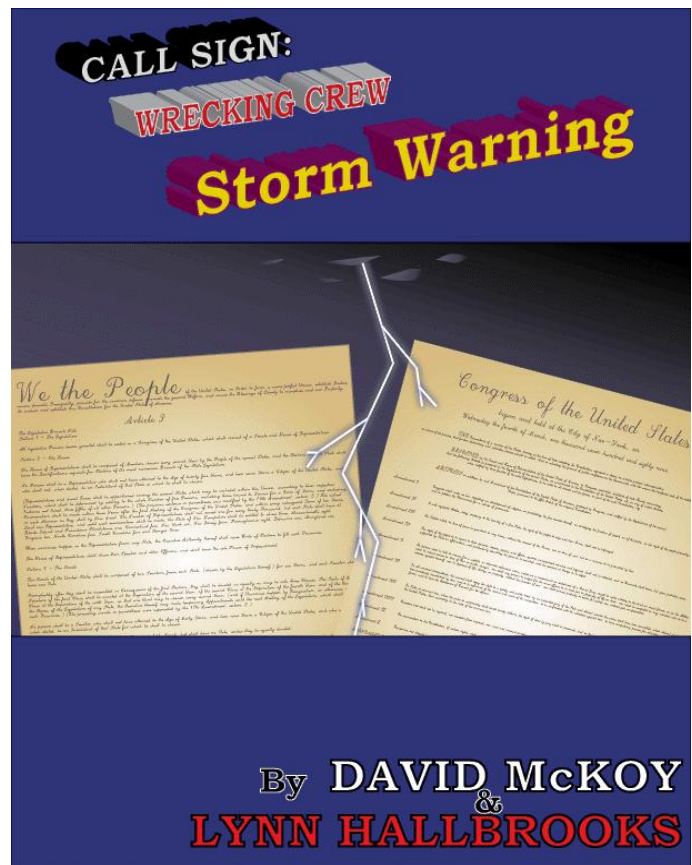
So in the last few days of working at a prominent hospital in Dallas, I had a few ideas in mind. But I never really had a good storyline or at least not one that didn't require other people to provide me with their stories. One day David said, "Well here's something I've thought about over the last few years. So, I played with a few of his original ideas. After some feedback from me he said, "You know what I have an even better idea." And thus *Call Sign: Wrecking Crew (Storm Warning)* was 'born'.

David is responsible for the storylines. In our first book he had ideas fermenting in his brain for quite some time. He told me once that the words just started flowing out of his head and into his pen/pencil and onto the paper faster than he could think of them. I could tell that was true as I began typing them out.

After several drafts, lots of ink, lots of stamps, and a lot of cash, the book went to River Road Press for editing and book layout. Thanks to Pat and Joyce's editing and input, we finally got it copyrighted and uploaded onto Amazon Kindle in January 2011. We both hope that one day real

soon the book will take off like a rocket.

Oh, you'd like to know more about us. Well, we went to the same High School in Texas where we were in JROTC (Junior Reserve Officer Training Corps). After High School, David joined the Navy. A year later I went into the Air Force. Many years later we met through a mutual connection. We became fast friends and now business partners in *Call Sign Wrecking Crew*, Limited Liability Corporation. We are in the process of 'writing' the second and third books in the trilogy. The second book's working title is *Call Sign: Wrecking Crew (Inferno)*. The third



(Continued on page 22)

(Continued from page 21) *Hallbrooks*

book's working title is *Call Sign: Wrecking Crew (Aftershock)*.

Because David is in the security field and has been for over 30 years, he wishes to keep his face out of the limelight. He loves to read books by Richard Marcinko and Glenn Beck. They are some of his main influences in writing these stories. He has a vivid imagination and can come up with characters and backgrounds within minutes.

As I said before, I've been in the Health Information field for over 30 years. So I've learned a lot about the Healthcare Industry as a whole. Both of us have witnessed the VA system in action. I love to read books by Robin Cook and Patricia Cornwell. Most recently, I've discovered Dee Henderson. I believe that she may influence the flow and a maybe a touch of the style in our second book.

I would say our overall goal in writing these books is to forewarn, inform, and entertain our audience. We try to intersperse the book with seriousness, laughter, love, and real life. So, if someone reads our book summary and thinks that we have given the whole story away, well then they need to read the book to see just how imprecise that thought really is.

## NOTE:

MWSA member, Dale Throneberry of Veterans Radio Network, will be participating in a Welcome Home Rally celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the beginning of the Vietnam War in Hudson, Ohio, May 20-22. He will broadcast Veterans Radio Network show remotely from Hudson on Saturday and act as Master of Ceremonies in some of the other events. It is estimated that about 1000 Vietnam Veterans will attend.

MWSA will have a vendor booth. Anyone who is interested in appearing at the booth, please contact Joyce Faulkner at [MWSAPresident@gmail.com](mailto:MWSAPresident@gmail.com) or call 412.496.5034.



## 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



Memorial Day, Monday, May 30

By Nancy Yockey Bonar



**Warrior Basketball** Army Spc Craig C. Smith dribbles the ball down court during a match of wheelchair basketball against the Marines at the 2010 inaugural Warrior Games. Smith is a below-the-right-knee amputee who fought in Afghanistan. The 2011 Warrior Games taking place in the Olympic Training Facility, Colorado Springs, CO, includes about 220 wounded, ill and injured servicemen and women from the Army, Marine Corps, Navy/Coast Guard, Air Force and Special Operations. To reach the Games they've trained with coaches at various military rehabilitation camps and facilities. This week's competition – with medals and other awards – isn't about elite performances. It's about camaraderie, enjoyment and using adaptive sports that are so instrumental in rehabilitation. The competition is a joint effort between the US Olympic Committee and the Department of Defense, and is supported by Deloitte, USO, BP, Fisher House Foundation and Bob Woodruff Foundation.

**Warrior Torchbearer** The first living recipient of the Medal of Honor since the Vietnam War is the torchbearer for Monday's opening ceremony of the 2011 Warrior Games. As an Army staff sergeant deployed in Afghanistan, Giunta saved the lives of members of his squad by exposing himself to enemy fire in order to pull a soldier back to cover. Later, while engaging the enemy, he noticed insurgents carrying away a fellow soldier. Sgt. Giunta immediately killed one kidnapper and wounded the other and then gave medical aid to his wounded comrade. After eight years of service, he's transitioning to civilian life in Colorado.

Photo: <http://usparalympics.org/news/2011/05/05/medal-of-honor-recipient-to-open-2011-warrior-games-presented-by-deloitte/42166>

Photo – Department of Defense/Fred W. Baker

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/familymwr/5282091788/>



# MWSA's Spring 2011 Recommended Reading List

By **Bob Doerr**

**Chairman of Reading List Committee**

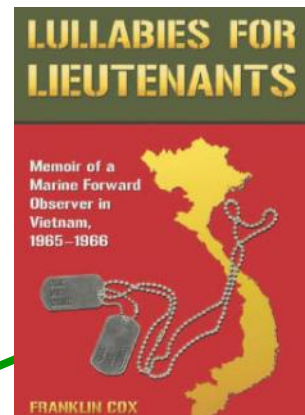
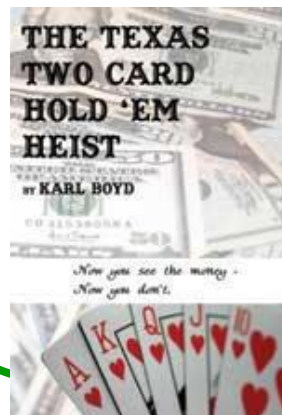
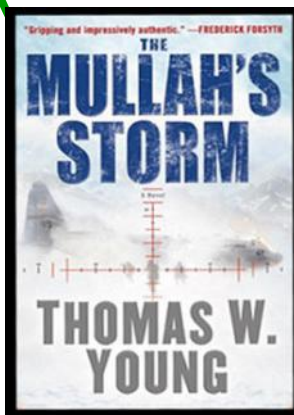
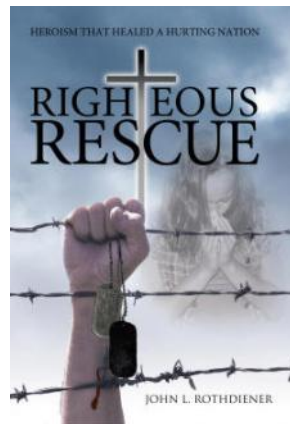
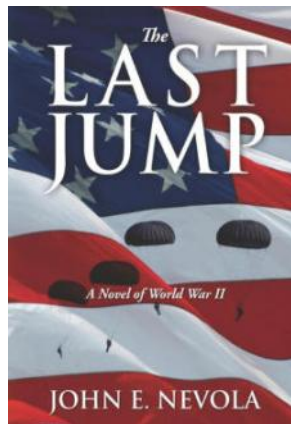
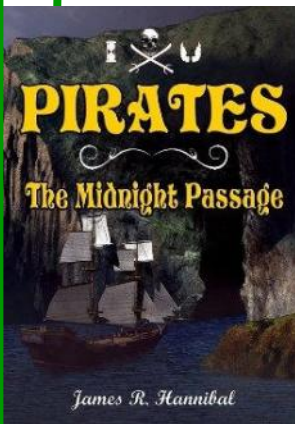
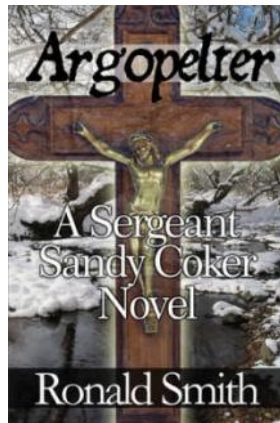
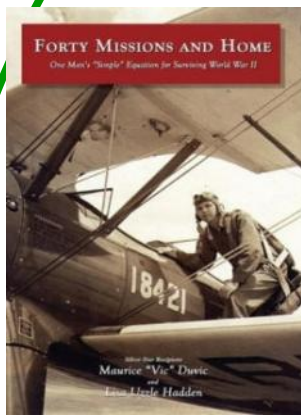
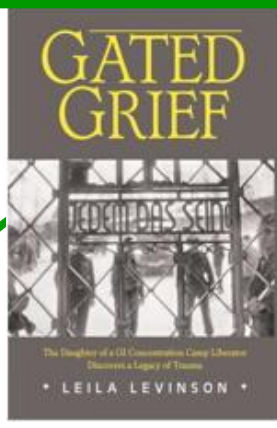
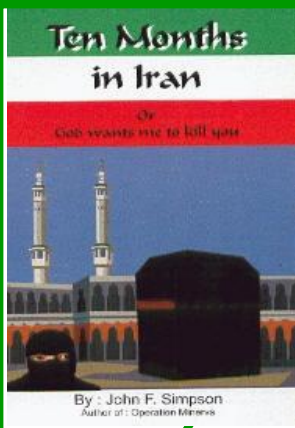
As most of you know, the Military Writers Society of America (MWSA) is an organization of nearly one thousand writers, poets, and artists drawn together by a common bond of military service. One purpose of our Society is to review the written works of our members. From our recent book reviews, we have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

MWSA Spring Reading List		
Title	Author	Genre/Subcategory
Last Roll Call	Kenneth Tucker & Wanda Goodwin	Nonfiction - Memoir
Lullabies for Lieutenants	Franklin Cox	Nonfiction - Memoir
Forty Missions & Home	Vic Duvic & Lisa Hadden	Nonfiction - Memoir
Mollie's War	Mollie & Cyndee Schaffer	Nonfiction - Memoir
Ten Months in Iran	John F. Simpson	Nonfiction - Memoir
The Coast Guard	Tom Beard	Nonfiction - History
Gated Grief	Leila Levinson	Nonfiction – Creative Nonfiction
God + Military Spouse	Lori Kathleen Cline	Nonfiction – Spiritual
Argopelter	Ronald Smith	Fiction - Thriller
Pirates: The Midnight Passage	James Hannibal	Fiction - Adventure
The Texas Two Card Hold'em Heist	Karl Boyd	Fiction - Thriller
Righteous Rescue	John Rothdeiner	Fiction - Historical Thriller
The Last Jump	John Nevola	Fiction – Historical Adventure
The Mullah's Storm	Thomas W. Young	Fiction - Thriller
Footsteps to Forever	R. Samuel Baty	Fiction - Historical Thriller
Shall Never See So Much	Gerald Gillis	Fiction – Historical Fiction

If you feel like taking a break from pulling weeds or planting spring flowers, give yourself a rest and grab a good book. Looking for a good read – might we suggest one of the books mentioned above?









## Indexes

By Joyce Faulkner

For those of you who write non-fiction, an important element of your book is the index. One of the most surprising things about traditional publishers is that they don't necessarily provide one—although they often require one. If so, make sure that you understand what they expect from you before you sign your contract. Are you supposed to generate a list of key words? The whole index? Are you responsible for paying a professional indexer to create one for you?

There are differing opinions about how important an index is to the success of a book. Many subsidy or self-published authors, when faced with additional costs, make the decision to not include one with memoirs or biographies. If you are writing a book for your family or for a tiny audience, that might be okay. However, as authors who write for military audiences and/or historians, most of us have noticed at signings how veterans pick up a book and turn immediately to the back to see if this piece mentions his or her unit. If you write about specific locations, your customers might be checking to see if they recognize businesses or local personalities. If you mention certain battles, they might be looking for specific locations or events. Sometimes people are looking to see if you included their names in your book—or the names of people they know.

An index points to your professionalism and enhances your credibility. It also makes your book attractive to libraries, archives, and museums. Researchers will appreciate that you have made your book easier to use. Serious readers will note the quality of your work. At MWSA, we do not reduce your score if you don't have one for a non-fiction book, but we do give you a bonus point if you

do...which of course, can make a difference if there's a tie in all the other areas of quality that we evaluate and measure in the awards program.

If you are concerned about indexing and prefer to have one professionally generated, you can find someone at the American Society of Indexers. (<http://www.asindexing.org>)

If you prefer to create one yourself, you can do it in MsWord. (Examples are for Word 2010. Other versions might have slightly different menu choices.) As author, you know your material better than anyone else. However, you will need to do some serious strategizing. The first thing you need to do is identify your audience. Are you aiming at veterans? Historians? General audience? Each of these audiences will require a different indexing approach. For example, a general audience is more likely to be looking for broad information. Historians will want more detail pertaining to events, participants, and outcome. Technical readers want specificity. Your vocabulary and presentation will already be directed toward the readers you are courting so this is information that you have already considered.

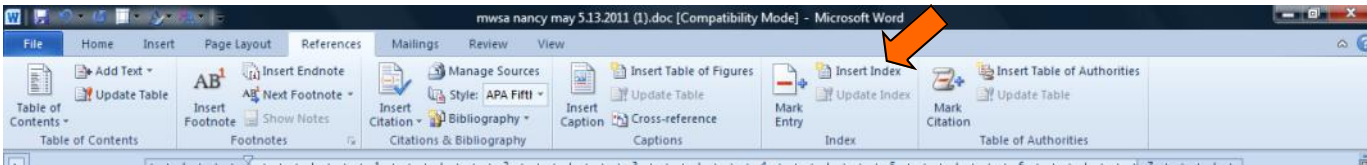
The second step is to create a list of words that you think your readers might need. For example, if you have written a memoir and are aiming at a general audience, you might include the names of people, cities, companies, etc. You could even consider adding important events of public note. However, if you are focusing on a military readership, you might also include operational terminology and rank or unit information. You might even want to arrange these words into a rational hierarchy—under “weapons,” you might have a subset of rockets, rifles, and sabers. Once you have your list,

- Alphabetize it.

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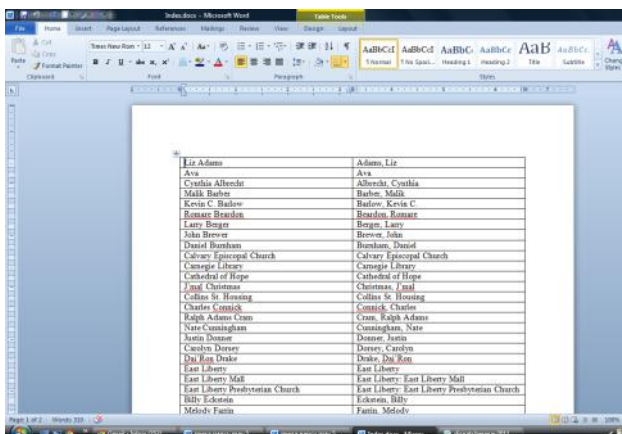


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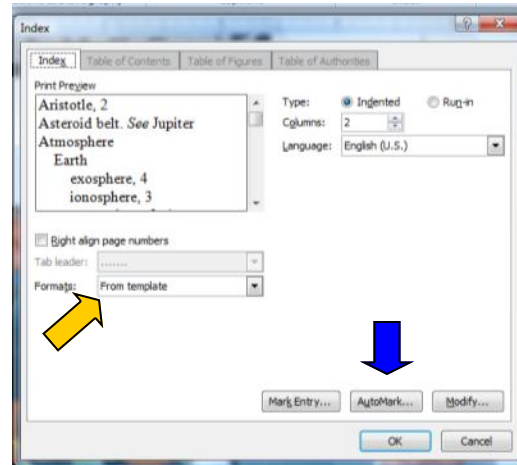


- Create a separate file from your manuscript and name it something like “index.docx.”
- In this file, create a two column table.
- In the left column, place the word or phrase that you have identified as a keyword.
- In the right column, place how you would like to see it appear in the index. For example, if your key word is “John Brown,” you might want it to appear in the index as “Brown, John” or “Brown, John LTCOL USMC.”
- If you have subcategories, you would indicate this in the right column as well. Example, if your keyword is “daffodil,” you would put “Flowers: Daffodil.” You’d do the same with “Flowers: Poppy” and “Flowers: Tulip.” In your completed index, the information would appear as:

Flowers  
 Daffodil, 2  
 Poppy, 5  
 Tulip, 9



- When you complete your table, save the file.
- Open your manuscript file and navigate to the



page where you want your index to appear and click on the location on the page.

- On the command ribbon, select “References.”
- On the “Index” section, select “Insert Index.”
- A box will appear. Under the “Index Tab,” select a format from the “Format” dropdown menu.
- Then select “Automark.”
- From your hard drive, choose the file that you just created with your table of keywords.
- The program will then go through your table of keywords, marking them in the manuscript, and generating your index.
- After your index has been created, you will see all kinds of odd marks and fields in your copy. Go to “File,” “Options,” “Display,” and deselect “Show all formatting marks.”

At this point, you can go through your index, making sure that it appears as you planned. If not, you can make edits in your table and try again.

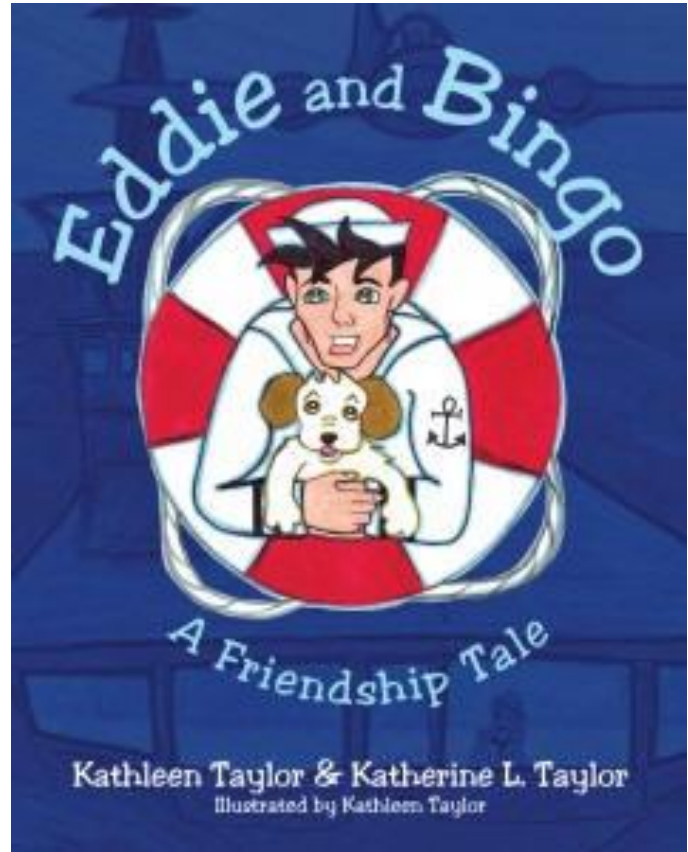
You can also mark your manuscript manually, however, it’s much easier to use the concordance table.

# Eddie and Bingo

By Kathleen and Katherine Taylor

Eddie and Bingo are the kind of heroes children will love and parents will want to be part of their family's life. This book is wonderful for many reasons and one of the most profound is the sense of normalcy the authors give to basic human kindness. There are no super-heroes, only young American sailors who lived a challenging chapter in American history with kindness and a sense of duty to even the smallest of "friends". Bingo is more than a puppy; he is a means for profound values to find expression in the unlikely setting of an aircraft carrier in the Pacific Fleet of 1951. *Eddie and Bingo* is a story that will become a treasure for its simple but profound lessons in history and its glimpse into compassion among military personnel.

*Review by Carmen Stenholm*



**Author of the Month**

**Kathleen and Katherine Taylor**

# PIRATES AND CARTELS

By Lee and Vista Boyland

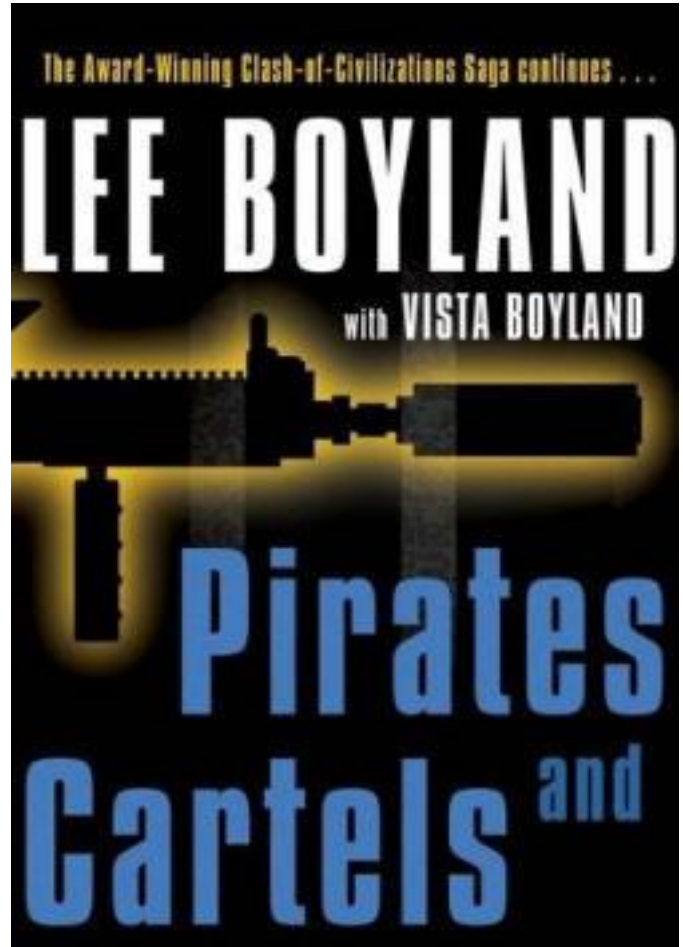
*Pirates and Cartels* is a spin-off of *The Rings of Allah*, *Behold an Ashen Horse*, and *America Reborn* series. Similarities exist but *Pirates and Cartels* stands firmly on its own feet as the first in a trend setting series that should be coming to a theatre near you soon (my opinion).

A linear leap, as the authors move familiar characters into new roles. The American president, George Alexander strikes at the countries enemies in an easily identifiable way. The authors add enough snafus' to keep the reader in their seat, while they wish silently they could join the fight.

The characters foes are relentless, heartless, and well prepared. Erica Borgg and Melissa Adams are deftly defined characters with all the strengths and frailties of people we can identify with. The plot sings of reality without detracting from the reader's ability to become immersed in the story.

*Pirates and Cartels* is an easy read that will compel the reader to turn the page to discover what happens next. The language is straightforward which adds an authenticity to the story. This is a book you must have and from the minute you open to the first page each sentence will draw you to the next.

*Review by jim greenwald*



**Book of the Month**  
**Pirates and Cartels**

# May Notes By jim greenwald



Please direct all questions concerning reviews and submission of books to the Lead Reviewer (leanstofar@aol.com). Emails directed to other people will only delay a response and add work to already over worked volunteers. Names and emails to direct questions is on Page 29. Please print out a copy and keep it by your computer for reference.

Reviewers (and Authors) take note! Follow the piece below that was copied direct from our web site as it concerns what an author can or cannot send for review.

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

Do not send books without being notified that your book has been assigned to a reviewer by the Lead Reviewer. Books sent to a reviewer or to our post office box address will be considered to be gifts, it will be necessary when you are informed that your book has been assigned a reviewer to forward that reviewer a copy of your book for review.

## How long does it take to have your book assigned to a reviewer?

There is no way to know, that is the simple truth. Book review requests are placed in a file in the order they are received, as they reach the top of the pile the next available reviewer is generally given two or three to select from, they may choose what they wish, it could be #1, #2 or #3. Those not selected are put back on the top of the pile.

Some of our reviewers review one book a year, others perhaps two. The bulk of reviews are han-

dled by less than ten people. So trying to place a time on a review request is literally impossible. The reviewer that comes available may not like to review fiction so if the top three are fiction they may request alternate choices.

Keep in mind our reviewers are volunteers, they work, have families and write their own books as well. There is only one way in which we could speed up the process and that is if you volunteer to review books.

Once your book is assigned, it is in your best interest to get the book in the mail within 24 hours, this will help speed up the process a tiny bit. Some authors for whatever reason take 10-30 days to get a book to a reviewer. That delays the process and ties up reviewers unfairly.

As explained above, reviewers read at varying speeds. However, all books will be reviewed and posted. If a submitted book does not make this year's deadline then it is placed in next year's competition, so no one is excluded.

Posting your review on the web is another issue. Joyce has been asking for a volunteer or volunteers to assist the web master for about two years and still no help. So that process has slowed to a crawl. At one time 7-10 days was normal, now it is a minimum of a month. Again, this is a volunteer issue, we need volunteers! Without more volunteers to help, things will only get slower. If

*(Continued on page 31)*

(Continued from page 30) **greenwald**

you feel being recognized by winning an award is GREAT, keep this in mind. Being a volunteer is even better for without volunteers there can be no awards. No medal should mean more than giving back to an organization you are part of.

It may be necessary if more volunteers do not step forward to review books to limit reviews in some fashion. I hope it never comes to that. Possibilities could but would not necessarily include limiting reviews to one book per author per year, perhaps excluding medal winners from participating in the following year's competition in order to give others an opportunity. Don't panic, these are just thoughts. However, the lack of volunteers to review books will force us into doing something. If you have an idea you feel would work please email it to me.

The need for volunteers to participate in this year's awards judging is reaching the critical point. Vol-

unteers have to come from the membership, officers and board members are not eligible.

#### New Reviewer Incentive Program:

Starting with books beginning on the start date of the next award year (July 16<sup>th</sup>, 2011), reviewers will earn the following in addition to the \$50.00 in Buckaroos for each book reviewed:

Review 2 books = an invite to the reviewers breakfast at the conference

- **4 books = 5% discount on your next conference fee**
- **5 books = 10% discount on your next conference fee**
- **6 books = 15% discount on your next conference fee**
- **8+ books = 25% discount on your next conference fee**

(Continued on page 32)

## MWSA Contacts

**Joyce Faulkner — President—MWSAPresident@gmail.com**

**Mike Mullins—VP—mullins.m.1@comcast.net**

**Pat Avery—Secretary—patavery@gmail.com**

**Jim Greenwald—Treasurer & Lead Reviewer—leanstofar@aol.com**

**John Cathcart—Webmaster—MWSAwebmaster@gmail.com**

**Terry Gould —Membership Secretary—purpledoodle@att.net**

**Dwight Zimmerman—Board Member & Chair of PR Committee—  
djonzim@gmail.com**

**NOTE: For issues concerning:**

- **Book Reviews, Dues, & Conference Invoices, contact Jim Greenwald**
- **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**

(Continued from page 31) **greenwald**

The Buckaroo Raffle to be held at the conference has been changed from what was printed in *Dispatches* originally. The winner must be present to win! If the person's ticket pulled does not respond tickets will continue to be selected until we have a winner. There will be three (3) drawings total.

- Thursday at the Buffet/Seminar - 5,000 Buckaroos [Raffle ticket stub must be handed in at the door]
- Friday at Open Mic - 5,000 Buckaroos [Raffle ticket stub is already in the jar for the drawing]
- Saturday at the Banquet - 20,000 Buckaroos [Raffle ticket stub is already in the jar for the drawing]

This is a big opportunity for you to acquire more buckaroos for the auction!

Auction Donations (email [LeansToFar@aol.com](mailto:LeansToFar@aol.com) if you have questions concerning donations)

We are now collecting donations for the Auction. We are open to almost anything. If you are not certain email me and I will get back to you promptly. Electronics, services and gift cards go over well and bring the most Buckaroos. Remember, you are credited for the value of the donation and the difference between the value and the actual auction sales price. This is the easiest way in which to amass your fortune in Buckaroos for future purchases.

Life as a child:

I lived one block over from Highway #1 in Jersey

City. Lots of social clubs (gangs) and they were generational. You belonged not so much by choice but need. Now this did not mean we did not play games and do things all kids did, but, it did mean the pressures you were under varied and courage was paramount among the things that were valued highly.

One of the things we liked was taking roller skates and creating a kind of scooter with them. We took a piece of 2X4 and nailed ½ of a skate to the front and back. Then we attached a milk case (they were made of wood to carry a dozen bottles of milk or even more bottles of soda) and mounted wooden handles on top for steering and holding on.

In the summer, we'd walk them up a steep hill which flattened out about 75 yards from the other side of the highway. The object was to head down the hill and cross the highway without stopping.

Those that did not were teased and sometimes even beaten (rough neighborhood). You won nothing in terms of prizes but you did notch the reputation. The races (we called them that rather than suicide runs) went on until the last two kids were left. To decide the best, they donned blindfolds and each in turn went down the hill and across the highway.

The goal, to not get splattered and of course to be the one that did not chicken out. I won many times, but certainly not always. Sometimes you could hear the semis coming as you approached the bottom and I confess on more than one occasion I decided to live.

Now I heard on the news New York was going to ban or restrict dangerous childhood games like dodge ball and that all time highly dangerous game called TAG! I laughed when I heard it—more of the nanny state nonsense I thought. Then I wondered how these politicians who have far more important things to be concerned about would have felt about our little races.

**Editor's Note: NOW we understand about jim!**

Joyce M. Gilmour  
www.editingtcl.com "Hawkeyes" 608.513.1966 joyce@editingtcl.com  
Editing TLC  
Technical  
Literary  
Critique  
Does your literature need "Hawkeyes"?





# POETRY CORNER

## The Cowboy And The Indian

by Kathy Rodgers

The Indian pulled the arrow  
from beneath the cowboy's vest.  
And in return the cowboy dug  
the bullet from the Indian's chest.  
They shared some beans  
and passed the peace pipe  
and talked of what went wrong:  
why their forefathers started the killings  
that had lasted for so long.  
The Indian shook his head  
and turned to the angry fire.  
The cowboy peered into the distance  
at the sight of post and wire.  
They compared their knowledge  
of life and creation  
and talked of each other's God.  
Then both rose  
and looked to the sun  
as the day came to a close.  
One walked east  
and one rode west  
into the lone twilight.  
Their weapons had joined  
brothers together  
And peace prevailed that night.

## Dream Taker

by jim greenwald

When the dreams have all been taken, when the  
heart lays shattered and empty...the Dream Taker  
walks on to the next dreamer.

If you could read my heart only one word would be  
seen "solitude."

I try to keep my eyes averted...hidden, for in them  
one can clearly see the loneliness of a heart unable to heal.

I am drowning amid the chaos that is my life.  
Mind swamped by crashing and colliding emotions,  
vision obscured by ominous clouds of indecision  
and copious tears.

If only you realized that I am a blank canvas, so in  
need of color...of your passion, to  
bring me to life once more.

The feeling of emptiness surrounds me, invades me,  
leaving me lost and alone.

Is life a grand design, or can one alter it?  
Is it fate, or am I but a pawn?

Do dreams exist while existence is real, or do they  
continue amidst the stars, reaching down to touch  
those that were close, those once loved...still loved?

I asked you silently to hold my heart, you shattered it instead.

I can't find the pieces through the tears I shed.

Dreams, torn from my mind, ripped from my heart,  
shattering my soul, leaving this empty shell behind.

And you! You are The Dream Taker, moving on to another.

## THE NURSING HOME

by Robert B. Robeson

Years have heaped withered hours, like leaves  
on their decay.

Features altered by antiquity,  
seasons stealing focus from minds,  
vigor from limbs.

Spent by old wars and new afflictions.  
They had their time...but it was long ago.

Fortunes are now like sunset  
on a wreckage-strewn sea,  
casual relics left alone  
upon a distant shore  
to gather rust and be neglected.

Dimming fires scatter fading embers across  
their track of time.

So soon forgotten, like waves  
washing imprints from the sand:  
history's unknown soldiers.

Their monuments fast becoming undistinguished ruins.

Scant breaths delay the dutiful grasp of death,  
beyond all immemorial descending dusks,  
while existence silently turns its pages.

Their winter of discontent bears lonely  
nights and painful days.  
The pangs are sharp, yet unavoidable.

## THE NINETY-FIVE-YEAR JOURNEY

by Robert B. Robeson  
(A Narrative Poem)

Age spots dot her face and arms. Her flesh is loose from weathered years.  
With kidneys shutting down, Mom's leave-taking is as near as her faith in God.

A mere shadow of her former self, wavy silver hair coordinates  
with a pillow and sheet spread across the rumpled bed. Facing  
a gray wall, featuring my parent's final photo taken together,  
her eyes are closed. She takes no notice.

The arthritis in her feeble hands is so severe that sponges have been inserted  
beneath gnarled fingers, inhibiting fingernails from slicing tender and  
vulnerable palms. They remain clasped into perpetual fists.

In the midst of extended quiet, I caress her limp hands and arms. My thoughts are  
reflective. *These are what raised me, comforted me and disciplined me.*  
*These hands used to prepare sack lunches for the homeless and drifters who chanced*  
*by our parsonage seeking temporary sustenance.*

A mountain of memories bubble up from the past.

She has spent nine uncomplaining years in a nursing home. Her 66½-year  
soul mate—my father—departed without her seven years before.

I have witnessed rending moments when tears come to her eyes because she  
can no longer communicate with those she loves.

Robeson/The Ninety-Five Year Journey

2

Mom silently mourns a loss of independence and an ability to share. But she  
attempts to camouflage this misfortune with courage and smiles.

I remember the color photo of her feeding a wild deer by the side of a country  
road in Oregon...with the carrot in her mouth. Now she is unable to feed herself.

Their first furniture in married life, during the Depression,  
were orange crates for chairs in a converted chicken coop.

I glance around her room. Two chairs are lined up like twin tombstones against the  
far wall. Her 19-inch TV will now calm and entertain someone else for a brief while.

(Continued on page 37)

(Continued from page 36) **Robeson**

She has survived over ninety-five years on this planet. Without an appetite, her will to struggle on is fast diminishing.

As the concluding chapter nears an end, her face becomes an ashen gray. Silence hangs in the air...reminiscent of ghostly fog.

At 2:00 a.m. on a fall morning, she just fades away. Her passing is like one of General Douglas MacArthur's "old soldiers" or a music box that has finally wound down.

"Good-bye, Mom. We'll miss you," I whisper, as warmth recedes from her emaciated body. The breeze from a nearby fan brushes across her forehead...a gentle kiss from God.

I breathe a prayer of thanks to the One Who has all of her times in His keeping. Mom's suffering is over. Her eternal soul has taken its final flight.

Then philosopher Tagore's words ring loud and clear in my mind. "Death is not extinguishing the light; it is only putting out the lamp because the dawn has come."

It was time for my mother to put aside cares and trials of this world...to rest. I'm comforted. No matter how strong and long a storm, it will always be over in the end.

**ATTENTION: The Arkansas Chapter of the Military Vehicle Preservation Association invitation for MWSA members!**

Any MWSA member who would like to have a book posted on the AR MVPA website, please send a photo of your book cover and copyright date, an overview, link to purchase the book, and recommendation to read to Evelyn Harless at [plheh38@hughes.net](mailto:plheh38@hughes.net).

See MVPA website book page at:  
[http://www.armvpa.com/recommended\\_reads.htm](http://www.armvpa.com/recommended_reads.htm)



# 2011 People's Choice Award Inspiration Pieces

To participate in the 2011 People's Choice Award:

- Select one of the inspiration pieces and write a poem, essay, article, song, or short story or a piece of artwork. (Word limit 1000)
- Submit your piece to [MWSAPresident@gmail.com](mailto:MWSAPresident@gmail.com) with the words "People's Choice Submission" in the subject line. Indicate which of the inspiration pieces that you used.
- Deadline is July 31, 2011.
- Judges will select the top 8 pieces. They will appear in *Dispatches*, the Conference Program, on Facebook and Twitter and on as many websites as possible. The general public can vote for the winner. Gold and Silver Medals will be presented to the two top vote getters.

#1. Video on YouTube showing Vietnam War Scenes with Animals singing "We Gotta Get Out of this Place"

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Io\\_6UtzBf28&feature=related](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Io_6UtzBf28&feature=related)

#2. Photo taken on Iwo Jima, March 1945. Shows 5th Division Marines holding conquered Japanese flags. From scrapbook of Pvt. Billy Lee Plummer, USMC 1/26.



#3. USS North Carolina Battleship.  
Taken by MWSA member Larry Wikoff.

#4. MWSA member Patrick Nelson in front of an old Iraqi Army Garrison.



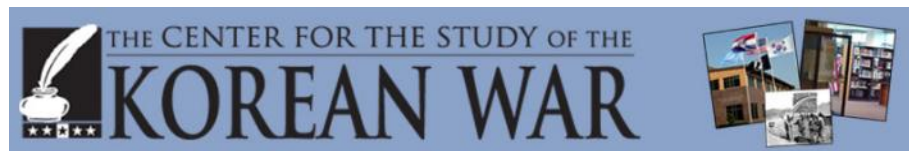
# Announcing a Special Contest for 2011

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

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

### Rules

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



## William E. Mayer Award Finalists

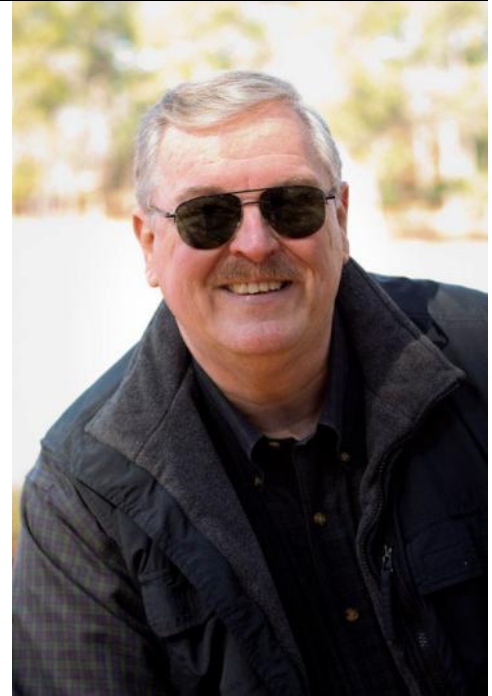
### Frank Evans

Congratulations to the winners of the prestigious William E. Mayer Award (WEM) for the months of March and April. March's award winning selection was the poem entitled *false honor* submitted by jim greenwald. April's award-winning essay is *The Ultimate Courage* by Robert Robeson.

*false honor* is a passionate, poignant outcry against injustice and misplaced tribute for the U.S. Army's attack on a peaceful village at Wounded Knee in 1890.

*The Ultimate Courage* recounts the heroic actions of a young medic who gave his all to aid a wounded fellow soldier.

Both are fitting Memorial Day reminders of the sacrifices of our citizens, whether in or out of uniform, who deserve to be remembered and honored not just one day a year, but for all time. We should also recognize that not all our heroes have monuments built to honor their lives, however they no less deserve our respect for their noble contributions to our freedom.



## The Ultimate Combat Courage

### By Robert Robeson

As an American soldier during the war in Vietnam, it didn't take long to realize that not every act of heroism and courage in combat is marked by a monument. Many exist only in the remembrances of those who were there. That's why even today, over 40 years later, one special infantry medic's momentous decision under fire is still compelling, inspiring and painful.

In January of 1970, I was a U.S. Army Medical Service Corps pilot and operations officer assigned to the 236<sup>th</sup> Medical Detachment (Helicopter Ambulance) in Da Nang at Red Beach on the edge of Da Nang Harbor. I'd assigned myself to a week of duty with three other "Dustoff" crewmembers at our field site aid station at Landing Zone Hawk Hill, 36 miles south of Da Nang along Highway

My flight medic had become a close friend with an infantry medic who was assigned to a company co-located with us there. Midway through this week, my medic mentioned his friend wanted to meet me because he'd heard I was a published writer. Writing happened to be one of his interests, too.

There was heavy enemy action in our operational area during that period of time. One hectic afternoon, between our missions and those of his friend's, my medic was able to arrange a meeting in our battalion aid station. His friend was nineteen years old. He wasn't someone you'd expect to see lining up on the offensive line of the Green Bay Packers because he was short and slight in build. But God had put more into him than any-

*(Continued on page 41)*



(Continued from page 40) **Robeson**

one could tell from the outside.

We stood next to the radio shack and talked about writing and flying for about twenty minutes before another mission was called in and I was forced to leave. During my brief conversation this young man, who was barely out of high school and whose name I can't recall after all of these years, looked up into my eyes for an unusually long moment. Then he spoke words I *haven't* forgotten.

"Sir, when you get back to the 'World,' tell them what it's like here. Tell them what we're trying to do."

His statement seemed somewhat eerie and out of place because he'd been talking about how he wanted to be a writer. Why couldn't *he* tell "them" himself? But I had to hurry off and simply replied "I will." We shook hands, again, and I left to gather my crew.

I recalled my interaction with this teenaged medic, with the brown hair and eyes, over a week later when devastating news reached me in operations at Red Beach. His platoon had been on patrol in the jungle and was ambushed by a larger enemy force. Their point man was seriously wounded and became separated from the rest of the platoon when they fell back to regroup. He could be heard crying out for medical help above the ensuing firefight.

Everyone was aware that in this type of guerrilla warfare North Vietnamese Army troops would often not kill a wounded American so he could lure others back into the kill zone. They knew how highly we prized life. Enemy fire was intermittent but this infantry medic was warned by others not to approach the point man until an artillery strike could be called in or reinforcements arrived.

"My job is to get to him," he was overheard saying, as he began removing his web gear. "I'm going. He shouldn't have to die alone."

After setting aside his gear and weapon, and only taking his aid bag, this young medic crawled a

considerable distance back through the chaos and enemy fire to his wounded buddy trapped between the opposing forces. That's where he was later found next to the point man. Both were dead, having been executed at close range. They died together somewhere in the Que Son Valley southwest of Da Nang in I Corps. Only God knows what happened between them in their final moments on Earth.

I believe this medic knew he was going to die even before that afternoon, but his commitment to a fellow American apparently held a higher priority. That's why he left his weapon behind and any opportunity to defend himself or his wounded comrade. He didn't want it falling into enemy hands, too. He chose not to cast his lot with the survivors because a critically-wounded friend facing a lonely and painful death needed him more. For this reason, his light in our world was quickly extinguished.

When this news was relayed to me, I thought back to our brief conversation

in the aid station. Perhaps his remark, and the long pause and stare that day, was foreshadowing from a premonition that something was going to happen to him. I knew others whose personal premonitions had also come true.

He was awarded a posthumous Silver Star—America's third highest medal for heroism—but he'd given us so much more. Like so many others, he lived a short violent life and was buried somewhere in the land he loved with little fanfare.

Memories of unflinching, head-on heroism in combat never die for those who've witnessed it. And I now know courage can only be measured by its own yardstick. It's not calculated by size, sex or race, but rather by deed.

This dedicated medic's voice still echoes down the long hall of my memory. Although I can't remember his name four decades later, I still recall him standing next to me in that aid station's dim light like it was yesterday. All I can do is

(Continued on page 42)

(Continued from page 41) **Robeson**

hold what is left of such an experience until the pain subsides or my own life slowly slips away.

“Don’t let a man be known for the last thing he does,” an old saying notes. “Let him be known for the best thing he does.” But sometimes, as in this courageous medic’s case, the best thing is the last thing.

## **false honor** **by jim greenwald**

*surely if you invited someone into  
your home you would not expect them  
to tell you to leave*

*surely you are no different than I?  
would you not fight to protect what is yours,  
to keep what is yours?*

*there is a dishonor never rectified  
one hidden in the fog of history  
of medals of honor given for genocide not valor*

*stains they are, these twenty medals  
given to murderers of women and children  
babies and pregnant women are not warriors*

*here at Wounded Knee you left your honor  
here on this ground you became the savage  
never an apology – only medals and your  
**GREED***

*December 29, 1890 the US Army attacked a village at Wounded Knee comprised mostly of women, children and the elderly. Prominent above the camp flew a flag of truce. This did not prevent or slow down the army’s use of repeating rifles and Hotchkiss guns to kill every living person in*

*sight. For this inglorious non-combat action twenty Medals of Honor were awarded. No medals for the over two hundred and sixty victims, only a mass grave.*

*Today the government is attempting to take 1,800 acres of that site away from the tribe to create a national park, they also want the mineral rights and water rights and all Natives off the land. This so they can “honor” the site. If they truly wished to honor Natives and this massacre site they should rescind those phony medals awarded for nothing more than genocide. No better were they than the Nazis.*

### **Reflections on the Faded Flag**

2011 MWSA Anthology

**Call for submissions with an American  
Flag theme including:  
Essays and/or Articles**

**Poetry**

**Short Fiction**

**Photography**

**Artwork**

**Short Plays**

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

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

## Dwight Zimmerman—PENGUIN LAUNCHES GENRE FICTION WEBSITE

On Tuesday, April 26, 2011, Penguin Group USA, the publisher of Tom Clancy, amongst others, launched a new writing community website for fiction authors, Book Country. According to an article in the *New York Times* “Book Country will allow writers to post their own work—whether it’s an opening chapter or a full manuscript—and receive critiques from other users, who can comment on points like character development, pacing and dialogue. Later this summer the site will generate revenue by allowing users to self-publish their books for a fee by ordering printed copies.” According to Penguin executives, what sets Book Country apart from such popular writers’ web sites Writers Café, Protagonize, and Mibba is that it is more comprehensive and provides a “one stop shop” for everything a fiction writer needs.

The website, [www.bookcountry.com](http://www.bookcountry.com), has a no-frills type of design. Books are organized according to genre and within two categories, Favorites and Buzz Books. Membership is free and registration is a simple process. To encourage peer support, an author has to write three critiques before being allowed to upload manuscripts. There are discussion boards and the topics cover a wide range of writing tips and also guides to reporting bugs and beta issues in the site. Authors are encouraged to meet other authors who write in the same genre through the author biography section. The site also offers advice regarding the business of publishing itself including such tips as how to find an agent, marketing and promoting a book, using social media and handling digital and subsidiary rites. Authors retain copyright of any work they post on the site.

The site has a Community Guidelines section that contains both a mission statement and advice. The site stresses peer respect: “Book Country is intended to be a supportive online space where writers and readers can engage in a positive atmosphere of encouragement, collaboration, and creativity. Above all, we expect Book Country members to respect one another and the com-

munity as a whole. This respect should carry over into every area of interaction within the Book Country community. We heartily support and encourage civil debate and conversation, and we recognize your right to disagree with another Book Country member

in the comments or forum threads, but we also expect you to behave like an adult and frame your opinions in a respectful and polite way. Personal attacks will not be tolerated. Likewise, comments designed to provoke hatred or incitements to commit violence are not acceptable. Users who violate this policy risk having their membership revoked and being banned from Book Country.

“If you see anything that you believe violates this spirit of community respect, please do us a favor and flag it with the relevant Report Abuse button. We have placed them in appropriate spots all over the site.”

Penguin’s goal is for the site to be a platform that attracts agents, editors, and publishers scouting for new talent, and for authors, particularly aspiring ones, to get more help in polishing their manuscripts than they might otherwise receive.

Presently there is no military fiction category, but that’s probably a reflection of the fact that the site just started. No doubt new categories will be added as submissions increase.



## Seeking Volunteers

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

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

If you are willing to help out, contact [MWSAPresident@gmail.com](mailto:MWSAPresident@gmail.com) for details.

William E. Mayer word for April  
is "TRAPPED"



### Call For Entries

**starsandflags.com**  
invites you to enter the  
4th annual  
**Stars and Flags Book  
Awards Contest**

See website for details

MWSA discount

Must have tie to military

Earlybird discount before 5/15/11

Published after 1/06

Winner announced 11/11/11

Enteries accepted through August 31

Questions? Call Nancy Smith 417-338-4891 or email: [nancysentertainment@yahoo.com](mailto:nancysentertainment@yahoo.com)

