

June 25, 2007



Gig Smith & Sheila Jones

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Sunchon Tunnel Survivors Meet in Branson for Second Time

Five survivors of the Sunchon Tunnel Massacre met in Branson on Memorial Day weekend. Three – Allen Gifford, Valdor John and Bill Henninger were not able to attend this year due to health issues. Seven of the eight remaining survivors met in 2006 for the first time. Until



Bob Sharpe, Sherman Jones, Walt Whitcomb, James Yeager & Ed Slater

shortly before that, most hadn't realized that the others were still alive.

As they did a year ago, the people of Branson welcomed these ex-POWs to their community and went out of their way to make the event memorable. The men attended

(Continued on page 14)

Women Veterans Reunion by Pat McGrath Avery

Life sometimes gives one the opportunity to mingle with people of distinction. We had the good fortune to attend the Women Veterans Week in Branson, MO, and to meet a number of admirable women. The majority were Vietnam-era veterans, many of them nurses — women who served from WWII, Korea, Vietnam and later shared laughter and fellowship.

Karen Yarbough served in Panama in the 1980s. Helen 'Gig' Smith served in Pacific military intelligence during WWII and in the late 1940s became a professional baseball player.

Many of the women attending the Women Veteran's Week lived their lives ignoring the years they served. From WWII when name-calling was a consequence to Vietnam when neither men nor women veterans were appreciated, they came to

We learned about the **US Army Women's Museum** in Ft. Lee, Virginia. General Vaught, the director of the **Women of the American Military Memorial** in Washington DC, included Branson on her busy schedule.

Mattie Stephens, Emma Pogge and Helen Gig Smith all served in WWII. Women who served in the Army, the Navy, the Air Force and Marine Corps represented their respective organizations with gusto. Vicki Merryman served as Army Central Command Chemical Officer in the first Gulf War and retired in 1995 as a Lt. Colonel. Bernadette Miller serves on the Board of Commissioners for the Missouri Veterans Commis-



Photo by © Flash Photo

(Continued on page 3)



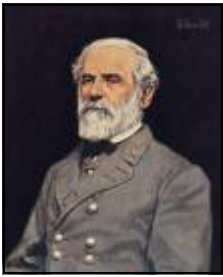
Pittsburgh World War II Vets at memorial in Washington DC

Commander in Chiefs (CINCS) by Feather Schwartz Foster

The Constitutional Commander-in-Chief



General David Petraeus
Iraqi Freedom



General Robert E. Lee
Mexican American
Civil War



General William Westmoreland
Vietnam

In 1787, the flawed Articles of Confederation were failing, and the new United States of America was foundering. The best minds were once again called to Philadelphia to revise, revamp, amend and otherwise do whatever was necessary to give teeth to the ineffective laws.

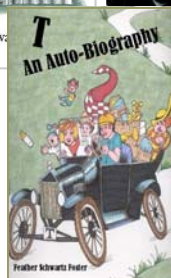
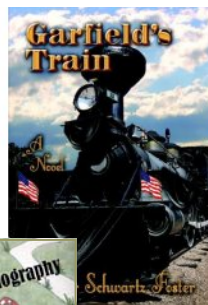
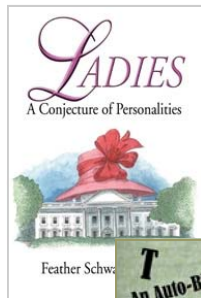
George Washington, now in his mid-50s, and ex-General of the War of Independence, was again summoned to duty. At that age, advanced by the opinion of the day, Washington would have much preferred to tend to Martha, his vines and fig trees, but George Washington never failed to respond to the call from his country. Perhaps he also knew that his presence, if nothing else, would lend importance, credibility, status and legitimacy to the Constitutional Convention. It did.

Elected to "preside" over the convention, George Washington, in civilian clothes, spoke little according to most sources. But his presence was indeed felt, and, it is said, that "behind the scenes," evening after evening, at dinners and in taverns, he played an active and participatory role. Always somewhat timid regarding his lack of formal education (and surrounded by graduates of Harvard, Princeton, Yale and William & Mary), he nevertheless provided his peers with his wisdom and uncommon sense. If he spoke but little, what he did say was always of substance.

Thus, when the office of "President" was being debated by the convention delegates, they had to look no further than the front of the room to find their ideal – an ideal that remains even to this day. He was elected with no opposition. No one could come close. And no one doubted Washington's devotion, ability and integrity.

The position of Commander-in-Chief, written into the Constitution as a presidential duty, reflects the times the founders lived in, and would forever be a blessing to posterity. Heads of state, be they kings, emperors, grand dukes or other royals, had always led their troops in battle since Biblical times, if not before. They would continue to do so until the mid-19th Century – at least in Europe.

And who better than George Washington to assume command of any army that might be needed by the fledgling country? He had proven himself as a battle commander, and had already rejected the possibility of being a king. Surely he could be trusted to act in the country's best interests – and best defense.



Feather Schwartz Foster is a Presidential historian and the author of three books — *Ladies, A Conjecture of Personalities*, *Garfield's Train* and *T: An Auto-Biography*.

My Hero — My Dad by Connie Beesley



My father, Charles William Gaudette was a career Navy Corpsman. He served 26 ½ years. While he never talked much about what he did, I do know that he was FMF (Fleet Marine Force) in the Pacific during WW2. He never talked about that war or Korea...he was just doing his job. During Vietnam, as I was older, I know that he served one tour on a ship and one in Okinawa doing med-evacs into Vietnam to pick up the injured.

I had some friends who did not want to be known as "the Navy kids" at the schools we attended, but it never bothered me as I was always proud of my father and his service to our country. Yes, there was the constant moving around and the Navy housing that wasn't always that great....BUT that didn't bother his 7 children or my mother. We may have been less fortunate financially than others....still we were rich in so many other ways with our memories and experiences.

My father loved serving his country. He stayed in the service even though for a time he could not advance as there were no promotions to chief in his field. It wasn't until I was a senior in high school that he finally made rank. We all enjoyed seeing him dress up funny for his initiation! He had to wear the top of his old uniform backwards, cut off the legs of his trousers making them shorts and wear a sign that said boot chief. We all laughed at him but we were very proud!

He instilled in his children a great love for our country...our America. We knew there was a price that our military paid for the freedoms we enjoyed every day. And we learned that we had our price to pay as well with all the moves we made...as well as having him gone for long periods at a time. He taught us to respect our country and our flag. To this day, I still love to see those stars and stripes flying high! My eyes get misty when I hear our nation's anthem or any other patriotic song. Those are things my father taught me!

My father also taught me to have a sense of humor AND to be able to tease as well as take any teasing dished out to me! He would bring home the "homesick" sailors from his ship to be around family and have one of mother's wonderful meals. When ever I would get upset at being teased I was sent to my bedroom.

Not wanting to be stuck in my room with the young sailors at our home, I soon learned to take the teasing as well as dish out some of my own!



My brother Michael has some wonderful memories of the time that he was able to do his R & R from Vietnam on Dad's ship. Dad wanted to be near his boy and put in for duty as near Vietnam as he could get. I know that Michael treasures those memories... though he did not like flying on and off the carrier!

In May of 1969 my mother got that dreaded visit...the Navy car stopped in front of her home and came to her door. Dad was stationed in Okinawa at this time...he had died of a heart attack. He actually should have retired, but would not as long as this war was going on and he had sons serving. He died happy, doing what he wanted to do...serving, taking care of those who were doing the fighting.

I am so proud to be his daughter...to have grown up a "Navy brat"...I'm the Corpsman's daughter and I miss him.

(Continued from page 1) *Women Veterans' Reunion*

honor each other and claim recognition that they too served.

Young women today still find remnants of the prejudices their older sisters endured, but strides have been made. Branson welcomed women who never had the opportunity to advance in military careers, those who later did and those who are starting careers today.

The Women's Army Corps held their annual convention concurrently and in doing so, added another dimension to the week.



Estelle Townsend, Barb Riggle, Mattie Morris

(Continued on page 8)



General John Pershing
Spanish American War



General Zachary Taylor
Mexican American War



General
Benjamin Oliver Davis, Sr.
World War II

Arkansas Inland Maritime Museum by Mary Nida Smith

The USS Razorback (SS 394) on 30 November, 1970 was decommissioned and transferred to the Turkish government. On 17 December, 1971 it was recommissioned as TCG Muratreis (S 336) to serve in the 1st Submarine Squadron, based in Karadeniz Eregil on the Black Sea.

The TCG Muratreis was decommissioned 08 August, 2001 and on 25 March, 2004 she was officially transferred to the "USS Razorback/TCG Muratreis Association", now known as the Arkansas Inland Maritime Museum Foundation. The USS Razorback that was purchased by the city of North Little Rock traveled from Turkey to Key West to New Orleans, LA for a stop over celebration.

The US Submarine Veterans of Arkansas with the support of Arkansas State Government Officials and other volunteers worked to bring the Razorback to Little Rock to help create a maritime museum on the banks of the Arkansas River. The Arkansas Inland Maritime Museum which opened its doors 15 May, 2005 is centered around the USS Razorback (SS 394) and soon the historical tug USS Hoga (YT 146) will moor along side it. It is more than a military museum for it has a research library, photographs, oral history, artifacts and the USS Snook (SS279) Memorial. Soon the *Beacon of Peace and Hope*, a 36-foot sculpture with lights will brighten the skies over the banks of the Arkansas River. The beacon is sponsored by the Women's Action for New Directions (WAND).

The work of many volunteers continue daily to do repairs to bring the USS Razorback (SS 394) back to its former working condition. When you step on the deck you will be taking a walk into a WWII submarine where you will see how the submariners lived .

George Stitz is the Curator/Education Director of AIMM/ www.aimm.museum or call 501-371-8320. The AIMM Mission: "To commemorate American's rich naval and maritime heritage through the preservation and exhibition of historic vessels with an emphasis on the era of World War II through the present. To learn

more you can go to the USSVI Razorback Base website at www.razorbackbase.com and read their newsletter the *Hawfish Scuttlebut*. The USS Razorback Association Reunion 11-15 September, 2007 will be in Seattle, WA at the Best Western Executive Inn.

Arkansas Inland Maritime Museum

100 Riverfront Drive
North Little Rock, AR 72119
Sunday, 1-6 pm
Thursday-Saturday, 10 am-5 pm
Closed Monday-Wednesday

War

Death can happen at any given moment.
They were younger than some clothes I own.

They signed up for a brighter future,
They'll never reach the drinking age.

They joined the military to protect their country,
They invaded someone else's.

They were told they are liberators,
They were shot as oppressors.

Their budding youth crushed,
A folded flag,
A medal of honor,
A smiling picture,
Left for their loved ones.

Death happens at any given time.
An accident, tragic.
An illness, understandable.
An act of God, justifiable.
An act of man, unforgivable.

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Remembering by Joyce Faulkner

I sat at a back table, sipping diet cola and picking at a salad.

A couple squeezed into the booth next to me. They leaned forward on their elbows, intent on their conversation.

"They are dying over there." The woman wiped a tear off her cheek. "They are babies and they are dying."

"We can't leave now," the man sitting across from her said. "It's unacceptable to leave the field of battle before we achieve our objectives."

"It's a political war," she countered. "We can't make them accept our values."

The man grimaced. "If we don't fight them over there, we'll have to fight them here."

"There's no way to win this one," she said. "I don't even know what the goal is any more."

He hit the table with his fist. "If we leave now, the ones we've lost will have died in vain!"

Their intense conversation faded into the background as a single thought stuck in my head. Died in vain?

I left the restaurant heartsick. Could that be true? Could the outcome of an event invalidate the value of the effort?

I called my husband on the way home. "Do you think the Indians died in vain?"

"What?"

"You know, the Indians that Custer killed?"

"Have you been reading 'Little Big Man' again?"

"No. I was just thinking about my Uncle D.G."

"Your dad's brother?"

"He was run over by a truck during World War II."

"What does that have to do with the Indians that Custer killed?"

"Could be Custer himself, actually."

"What are you talking about?"

"Dying in vain."

"Dying in vain?"

"Yeah, what is it?"

He was quiet. "A useless death?"

"I don't like it."

"Me either," he said.

I hung up and rubbed at an unexpected tear on my cheek.

"Maybe death is just death – however it happens," I pondered to an online friend a few days later.

"People need for the deaths of their loved ones to have meaning," he typed. "It's better to have died while accomplishing something."

"Test pilot deaths trump daredevil ones?"

"Something like that."

"Is my grief less profound if my loved one wiped out on deadman's curve than if he died rescuing a little girl from a swirling tide?"

"Sure."

"I dunno -- even a serial killer's mother cries for him," I typed before logging off for the night.

"I can't stop thinking about it," I told my friend and writing partner Pat the next day.

"Maybe there's a story brewing," she said soothingly.

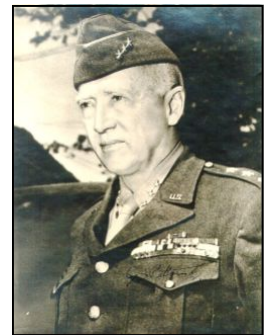
"Maybe – but it's slow coming."

"Was it the bus trip to DC to see the World War II Memorial that got to you?"

"Kinda," I said. "There were so many of them."



General
George Washington
Revolutionary War



General
George Patton
World War II



General
George Meade
Civil War

(Continued on page 6)

Cathy Aleshire * Claire Archambault * Sheila Artt * Judy Auer * Kelly D. Awtrey * Nadine Backus * Donna Ball * Gloria Bailey * A.J. Baker * Lillie Mae Baker * Catherine Bander * Christine Biedt * Opal D. Baughman * Laura Beck * Patricia Benson * Donna M. Benson * Audrey M. Bergstresser * Brenda Blair * Jeannie Blakeman * Pam Bloustine * Geri Boudnar * Rebecca Bradley * Valerie Branch * Susan Brandwick * Nancy Brant * Ruth Cade * Connie Chambers * Shirley Christensen * Marilyn Cloutier * Barbara Colson * Pat Connarn * Frances Coulter * Marilla Cushman * Sara J. Dameron * Bernice Davis * Darlene Davis * Gwen Diehl * Kathy Donnelly * Lois Dyckman * Eastman * Karen Eber * Connie Fauver * Marrie Ferguson * Carolyn Gainsborough * Dayle Gordon * Sue Gordy * Barbara E. Green * Delores * Vicki Hajduk * Ida Hale * Nona Harris * Julia Haskell * June Hester * Nikkie Hayward * Betty Hewitt * Sandy Hill * Ruth Hill * Betty J. Honig * Emily Honig * Vera Honig * Katrina Hoover * Dorthea Humphries * Janice Ide * Sue C. Ide * Pat Jernigan * Sheila Reynolds * Jeanne L. Kay * Carol D. Keith * Pat Korchnak * Heidi Krucken * Elizabeth E.

(Continued from page 5) *Remembering by Joyce Faulkner*

"There always are," she sighed.

"Seems to me that the reasons for war change as time passes – taxation without representation, Manifest Destiny, self defense, conquest, empire building, states rights, liberation, dominoes. They were important reasons at the time – even if they are harder for other generations to understand."

"I'm not sure that I even know the reasons for some wars – like the Philippine Insurrection or when we sent troops to Somalia," she said. "Some make sense on reflection, some don't."

"Does that change the value of the participants? Do those who died because they believed in the mores of their times lose their status when we change our minds about war?"

I could see that the thought upset her too. "I hope not."

The next day, Pat and I met with five men in their seventies. In 1950, they went to Korea in the opening days of the war. The North Korean in-

vaders surrounded their units and captured those that they didn't kill. Enemy soldiers took their clothes and shoes. Over the next three months, these men faced beatings, political brainwashing, starvation, thirst, illness and the deaths of their comrades. They marched almost six hundred miles – sleeping in barns, fields and schools along the way. In Pyongyang, their guards herded them onto a train. North of Suncheon, the train stopped in a tunnel. Lured off the railcars in groups of thirty by the promise of food, they were executed. In total, almost two hundred men died there. Twenty survived. Today, only eight are still alive.

As I spent time with each man in turn, I was struck by the suffering still evident in their eyes. Being a prisoner of war isn't something one gets over. Even so, each of them went on – marrying, having children – trying to make sense of war and cruelty and the incredible gift of life that they received in the midst of carnage. Their sacrifices were real – they were real.

Afterwards, I flew home thinking about how much these men mattered to our country, to history – to me. Suddenly, I realized -- people only die in vain if their efforts are not valued – or if they are forgotten. Shaken, I got off the plane determined to find out more about my Uncle D.G. – and the others.



Ed Slater, Bob Sharpe, Walt Whitcomb, Jim Yeager, Sherman Jones

Torpedo

By Jeff Edwards

ISBN: 978-1-58348-465-4 paperback edition

www.thedeckplate.com

Reviewer: Pat McGrath Avery



Torpedo is a great read. Edward's website shows it was #8 on Amazon's adventure books for men. It's broader than that. It's a book for anyone who likes history and adventure.

The characters are strong – both the men and the women. The history of the torpedo is interspersed throughout.

The US is smack dab in the middle of an international situation and must act quickly and effectively to diffuse the problem and prevent a war. Edwards brings the commanders and crew members to life. From strategy to tactical action, we're there with them.

From a biological warfare attack on the British Embassy in Washington, DC, to the White House, Chinese diplomatic relationships and an illegal arms deal to the German state-of-the-art submarines, we're drawn into international intrigue – from page one to page 333.

For a non-military, non-techie reader like me, Edwards did a superb job of keeping my interest in the story and giving me enough education to understand it. Anyone can relate to the possibility of a similar situation in today's world. I appreciate an author who cares enough about readers to educate them about issues and/or technologies that are pertinent to the story. Edwards successfully takes his book out of the 'military' genre and into the 'thriller/adventure' genre by educating us without slowing down the action.

For someone with basic understanding of nautical warfare, it's definitely in the 'can't put it down' category.

The global dilemma is possible, the fear plausible and the political intrigue all too real. It's smooth and moves the reader forward with anticipation.

Edwards in retired military and an anti-submarine warfare specialist. Put that together with a great imagination and a storyteller's soul, and you have a 'must read' book.

Dorothy Schafernocker

Dorothy Schafernocker has been a Gold Star Mother for thirty-eight years. Her son, Michael, a door gunner on a Navy SeaWolf helicopter, was killed on April 28, 1969. His plane was shot down over Cambodia. Nearly a year later his remains were returned to her. She bought him a burial plot for his twenty-first birthday. Twenty years later, Dorothy received a phone call telling her that three sets of teeth were found at the crash site, one of them her son's. She learned how he died and the name of the North Vietnamese soldier who killed him.

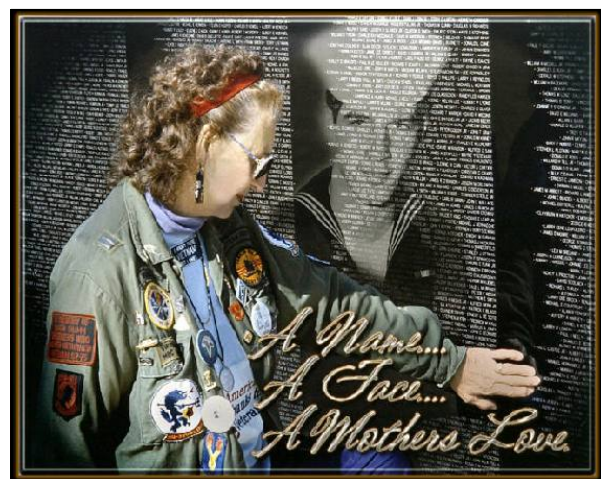
Three years ago, a Navy Seal who returned to the site, found more of Michael's teeth and sent them to her.

She copes. Her mission today is to help Vietnam veterans who came home. "So many of them are angry, frustrated and guilty. I tell them, 'Wake up! God has plans for you.'

"I'm a goofy old broad - 80 years old. I try to help. I call myself their 'udder mudder'."

Schafernocker frequently travels with the Dignity Memorial Vietnam Wall to protect and care for the 58,000 fallen warriors listed on it. In fact, she drove the Wall cross-country in 1989 and 1990.

Over the years, Dorothy has become a second mother to many veterans and is known as "Momma Knocker." Some of them built a memorial in the back yard of her Texas home. She hosts two picnics a year, in early summer and in the fall. Any veteran, or anyone interested in veterans, is welcome.



(Continued from page 3) *Women Veterans' Reunion*

Special guest, Connie Stevens, delighted everyone who met her. She paid tribute to the women who have served and shared stories of the years she traveled with the Bob Hope Show. A woman of many dimensions and talents, she exemplified the contributions made by women. Her list of accomplishments is long, her graciousness and kindness will be remembered, and her sense of humor frequently charmed everyone who met her.

A video program by the Women's Army Corps honored the seventy-six young women who have given their lives in the Iraqi conflict. Everyone should have the opportunity to learn about them.



Connie Stevens & Mary Slivka



Women Veteran's Committee with Connie Stevens — (l to r) Sheila Artt, Mary Slivka, Sue Gordy, Barb Linderer, Connie Stevens, Stormy Snow, Barb Riggle & Dayle Goldsworthy

2007 Bus Tour to the World War II Memorial in Washington, DC

by Joyce Faulkner

On Tuesday, May 22, 2007, five busloads of World War II veterans from Pittsburgh, PA, traveled to Washington DC. To ensure that the participants were safe and comfortable — and to record stories the veterans might wish to share, each bus included a driver and guide, a registered nurse and/or doctor, a historian and photographers. The trip was free to the veterans. Donations supported the event. Sponsors provided drinks, snacks and sandwiches.

Veterans and volunteers met at four different locations in the Pittsburgh area for an early morning send-off that included coffee and donuts. I was delighted to serve as a historian for the bus leaving from Coraopolis — a small town not too far from the airport. Forty men in their eighties boarded and settled into their seats. Event organizer and Vietnam veteran Jim Hilts distributed special tour hats to everyone. Most of the guys had point and shoot cameras strapped to their wrists. Many were natives of the area. Some knew each other from childhood.

Every branch of the service was represented — and the men had a wide variety of experiences to share. There were combat marines who'd hit the beaches of exotic islands with names like Saipan, Tarawa, Okinawa and Iwo Jima. There were swabbies who'd ferried soldiers across the English Channel in 1944. There were men who'd liberated French villages — and men who supplied invading armies with food, ammunition and cigarettes. One octogenarian had joined the army at age thirteen, pretending to be eighteen. There was a pilot who'd been shot down over Germany and became a prisoner in the last months of the war.

The majority of the participants had not yet seen the memorial. As we drew closer, there was an air of expectation and wonderment — had their adventures, tragedies and triumphs really taken place over sixty years ago? The veterans around me had left friends on battlefields thousands of miles away. Together, we were going to contemplate faces that had remained forever young in their memories. As we pulled up to the curb, I glanced at a man sitting across the aisle from me. He sighed and lowered his eyes as though I'd caught him reading an old love letter.

I wandered around the memorial with my busmates — pondering how their teenage dreams, passions and friendships had been impacted by a war that enveloped the world. Six men posed together and I took their picture — with my camera and each of theirs in turn. Each time, a heartbeat before I clicked the shutter, they squared their shoulders, stuck out their chests and smiled.



2007 Bus Tour from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania to World War II Memorial in Washington DC

Run for the Warriors by Connie Beesley

My husband Eddie was invited to participate in the Run for the Warriors Race at Camp Lejeune, N C. Not one to pass up every chance we have to be with our wounded warriors he said "yes". He found his ancient racing wheel chair in the pile of discarded "stuff" we have and dusted off the cob webs, replaced the bearings and tires. He began going to the gym twice a day to swim to build up endurance...he only had a short time to prepare.

On race day he learned just how out of date his equipment is...they no longer race in the chairs; now they use hand bikes, three wheeled bikes that you "peddle" with your hands. Still, he was going to give it his best shot as he approached the starting line...Marines don't quit! But as luck would have it, Eddie is after all one Lucky Marine...a group called Achilles that supports activities for the disabled had an extra hand bike. With only minutes before the race, they explained how the gears worked and then the racers were off! The young warriors pulled out ahead quickly, they had been practicing. Eddie later told me that he was struggling, "sucking wind" thinking this was about to be a very long day! As he began to play with the gears and figure out how they work he caught up with the other racers...then he was soon ahead of them. It was then that he thought he could actually win this race. He told me that for an instant he thought perhaps he should let one the younger men win...BUT that was only a fleeting thought. The younger Marines will build up their strength and have many other races to win in the future.

While all of this was happening I was back at the finish line with Mary from Achilles cheering on the runners coming in from the short fun run and the 5K race. In the fun run there were a lot of mothers pushing strollers racing for their men who are deployed. One group of wives were all in pink T-shirts representing their men of the 26th MEU who are now in Iraq.

Soon Mary was cheering on one of the Achilles team runners. As the young Marine approached the finish line you could see the pain and determination in his face. This race was proving a little too much too soon for this wounded warrior. BUT he was determined to finish and he did! He collapsed after crossing the finish line and someone yelled for a corpsman. The young man was soon up after a brief rest and proud that he had finished the race!

Then Mary looked at me, she could see further down the track to where the racers entered the stadium. She yelled to me "here he comes and he's the first one!" I pushed up to see him and started yelling "Eddie, Eddie, Eddie" as he came in to cross the finish line...the winner in the hand bike division!

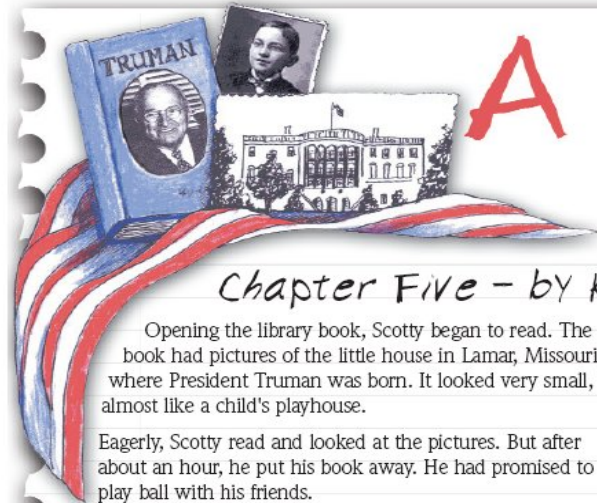
As soon as he was off the track I gave him a big hug! We watched and cheered as the others came in. Toward the end of the race we cheered as Gunny Willis came in next to a young Marine who was struggling to make it to the finish line...almost at a walk instead of a run. Gunny had slowed down to stay with him...in the spirit of "Never leave a man behind." As they neared the finish line Gunny pushed the young man forward letting him cross the line before him. This young Marine accomplished a lot today! Many of the other Marines stationed here at Camp Lejeune raced in formation with their units calling cadence and carrying their unit flags. One unit had only recently returned from Iraq. They were all sitting in "formation" waiting till the medals were passed out. I just had to thank them for their service and tell them what our grandson Jace had said a few weeks ago. We were watching TV and the news was on...talking about the war. Eddie mentioned that he would be glad when our troops could come home. Jace looked at him and said, "But Grandpa we can't let the bad guys come to our town." All the young Marines had big smiles on their faces!

Eddie also had a chance to talk with a young corporal who had many questions about coping with his injuries. This is why we do what we do. I hope that our words helped him. And then the moment came...the awards! A proud Eddie received his gold medal!



Eddie Beesley





A Familiar Face

Chapter Five - by Kay Hively

Opening the library book, Scotty began to read. The book had pictures of the little house in Lamar, Missouri, where President Truman was born. It looked very small, almost like a child's playhouse.

Eagerly, Scotty read and looked at the pictures. But after about an hour, he put his book away. He had promised to play ball with his friends.

Grabbing his ball glove, Scotty hurried outside. His father, who was weeding flowerbeds, waved to Scotty as he raced off to the park.

Most of the boys were already at the ball field. Everyone had brought gloves, and two boys had baseballs. But no one had brought a bat. Jimmy Powers, who lived near the park, offered to run home and get one. Scotty went home with Jimmy and soon they came running down the street. Jimmy carried a wooden bat and Scotty carried an aluminum one.

Jimmy always used a wooden bat when he played ball. Scotty and his friends couldn't understand why. Jimmy said it just felt better, and he liked the sound of the ball hitting the wooden bat.

Since Jimmy was the best batter in school it was hard for the other boys to argue. Everyone had tried the wooden bat, but it didn't help them hit the ball any better. But when Jimmy used the wooden bat, he could hit the ball farther than anyone else.

As soon as Scotty and Jimmy got the bats to the park, the play began. Each team played hard and everyone was having a good time. Scotty played far out in left field. He enjoyed playing out there. From left field, he could watch everyone on the bases and he could see everyone bat.

After five innings, the teams were tied at seven runs each. Then, as Scotty's team came up to bat, a jagged bolt of lightning raced through the sky. This was followed by a big rumble of thunder.

All the boys knew it was dangerous to play outside when there was thunder and lightning. It was time to go home.

Quickly, the boys had their equipment gathered up and were running out of the park. Scotty ran as fast as he could, but before he reached home rain began to fall. After losing his cap, he finally made it to the front porch, but he was dripping wet.

As Scotty sat down in the big swing to remove his tennis shoes, the front door opened. Mr. Brown came out of the house with a big towel and began rubbing Scotty's head.

Soon most of the water was gone so Scotty and his father went inside, leaving the wet tennis shoes on the porch to dry.

With a steady rain falling, outdoor play was impossible. But Scotty didn't mind. He was ready to get back to his library book and learn more about the President who looked like him.



Author Kay Hively and Illustrator Billie Cofourth-Stewart are both of Neosho, Missouri. Truman photo by Harry Barth. Produced by the Missouri Press Foundation. Copyright 2007.

Billie Cofourth-Stewart

Things to Think About and Do

- When lightning flashed, the boys left the park. What creates lightning? What did Benjamin Franklin discover about lightning? Draw a picture of three things not to do when it's lightning.
- Do you have a favorite baseball team? What kind of bats does that team use? What is a Louisville Slugger? Where is it made? Are wooden bats allowed in the baseball leagues in your community?
- Make a list of all the different sports that are reported on in your newspaper. Use a ruler to measure the length of each story in inches. Create a chart comparing the total inches for each sport. Why is there more coverage of one sport over another?

STANDARDS: G1:2; G1:3; G2:1; G2:4; G4:7; CA:3; S:1; S:5; S:8; S:5; H/PE:7; H/PE:5

Visit the Truman Presidential Museum & Library at www.trumanlibrary.org

Next Week: Chapter Six - Helping the needy

One Serves, One Stays

One son serves our country.
The other is left behind.

Forever one is lauded and the other
Is left in the shadow.

It is not a shadow at all.
It is so, so important.

The one with me keeps the memory alive.
He is both in my weary mind.

He has indescribable value.
That son represents all.

He is family, my son, my love, just as strong.
He serves in steadfastness just as long.

Memories, images are fleeting.
They are a will-o'-the-wisp.

A son who stands beside you keeps your faith alive.
It is value neglected, even deemphasized.

I see now what my brother felt.
It is the only shadow I ever cast.

He feels it still today when war stories are told.
Without him, my parents' hearts would have been cold.

I know now what my heroic son
Must feel when at my side.

History has a way of repeating itself I know now.
My sons have equal courage and purpose, with my love in tow.

One serves, one stays.
The lesson is for us all you see.
One fights for all, one just for me.
I and his mother will never forget.

Mike Mullins, 4/14/07

- Kugal * Diana LeBuda *
- Shirley LaCorte * Paula Lane
- * Catherine G. Lizzanne
- Lawrence Rebecca Lee *
- Barb Lindner Pamela J.B.
- Luce * Judy Matheson *
- Dee Ann Maxwell * Williams *
- Ursula Meadows * Marjorie
- Charlene * Vicki
- Merryman Bernadette
- Miller * Shirley Finick *
- Mattie Morris * Mary
- Murtha * Arlene L. Musick *
- Janice Natus * Connie Nel-
- son * Carmel Rizzzi-Santiago
- * Nanette Pearson * Char-
- lotte Phillips * Marie Pierce *
- Shanna Purcell * Khriissy
- Ralph * Les * Kasmussen *
- Barb Riggle * Marian Ritchie
- * LuAnn * Aida Ruiz *
- Carolyn R... Helen
- Sadowski * Juan Sanchez *
- Patricia A. * Maria D.
- Silva * Maria * Cindy
- Smith * * Smith *
- Donna * Helen
- "Gig" * Mary Spring
- Coleman * Stallings *
- Gina Stamp * Mattie
- Stephens * Cindy Stivers *
- Ruth * Summer
- Summa * M. Swan *
- Janet Thomas * Rosanne
- Tossing * Townsend *
- Peggy Trossen * Susan Tully
- * Jeannine * Carol
- Van Hoef * Jean Van
- DeHeuf * Vilma BG
- Vaught * Lynda L. Waldroop
- * Joan Weir * Cassandra
- White * Corrie C. White *
- Elizabeth * Whitebeck *
- Precilla * Jan Wil-
- kins * Jo * Al-
- frieda * Karen
- Yarbrough * Erma York *

Schedule of Events

- **Military Vehicle Preservation Society Convention, Little Rock AR, June 28-30, 2007** — Dale "Sierra" Seawright, Pat McGrath Avery, Chris Avery, Joyce Faulkner & Billy Templeton in attendance.
- **Sharon Rogers Band Reunion, Chicago, IL — July 13-July 15.**
- **Submarine Veterans of World War II 53rd National Convention, Billings, Montana — September 3-8, 2007**
<http://www.ussubvetsofworldwar2.org>
- **Submarine Veterans Inc., Annual Convention will be an Alaskan Cruise September 15-22, 2007** —
<http://www.ussvi.org/conventions.asp> or
<http://www.aaawa.com/submarine/index.htm>
- **Military Writers Society of America (MWSA) Conference, Branson, MO — Nov 5-Nov 7**
- **Veteran's Week – Branson, MO – Nov 5-Nov 11** — Look for RRP Consulting Workshops on writing & publishing books.



Connie Stevens & Emma Pogge

(Continued from page 1) *Sunchon Tunnel Survivors*

a Memorial Day service at the Ozark Memorial Park Cemetery. Later, Branson celebrities Shoji Tabuchi, Allen Edwards and Joey Ambrose entertained them with their talent and personal charm.

The survivors were especially moved by the kindnesses of Steve Weyher and Marlyce Stockinger -- and gratified by the support of the Veteran's Task Force members.

For most of the reunion, Ed Slater, Walt Whitcomb, James Yeager, Sherman Jones and Bob Sharpe spent time rejoicing in the pleasures of life and remembering those who died along side the train tracks in Korea fifty-seven years ago. At a public reception at the Radisson Hotel, Bob Sharpe spoke about their ordeal as prisoners of war in 1950 – and together with



Jim Yeager, Shoji Tabuchi & Sherman Jones

the others answered questions about the massacre. The five survivors sat in dignified silence remembering the horror they felt when they realized that their guards had become executioners. As the story unfolded, audience members responded with sorrow for their suffering and admiration for their courage in the face of such a life challenge.

Co-authors Pat McGrath Avery and Joyce Faulkner will launch a new book, *They Came Home: The Sunchon Tunnel Massacre Survivors* during Veteran's Week 2007 and the survivors have agreed to return to Branson for the event.

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Women Veterans Tell Their Stories by Chris Avery

On <http://userpages.aug.com/captbarb/>, women veterans post their stories.

Throughout our country's history from the Revolutionary War to the present day, the military has not officially recognized women. This started when Deborah Samson dressed as a man and enlisted in the Continental Army to fight the British. Amazingly, she was wounded twice and the charade continued. It was not until she contracted brain fever, a common ailment at the time, that her true identity was revealed. According to legend, she per-

sonally carried a letter to George Washington. Although she was certain that Washington would scold her, he offered her refreshments, handed her a discharge from service, a note with some advice, and money to get back home.

At least Deborah Samson was recognized for her accomplishments. The government has not always recognized its women soldiers. Upon MacArthur's return to the Philippines, for example, the women who greeted him were cut out of the picture! This is why this website is so impor-

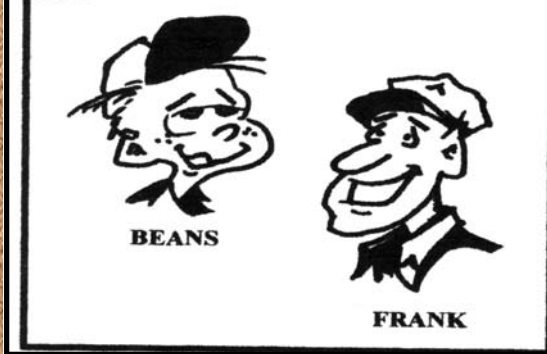
tant, so that women can tell their stories and be recognized.

In modern day, women are serving in the army in large numbers. During the Gulf War, over 40,000 women served in theater. Officially, women in Desert Storm, for example, did everything the male troops did except engage in ground combat—they could essentially get fired upon—they just weren't, by existing regulations, allowed to shoot back! In all, sixteen women died during the war

(Continued on page 16)

“No Slack” Battalion Poster Board

No breather from work
No relief from combat.
No request for respite.
NO SLACK



Fallen Heroes

Fallen Heroes

*Though they no longer see dawn or dusk
Fallen heroes remain alive in our hearts
Heroes not forgotten by those who grieve
Losing a daughter, son, husband, or wife.*

*Their memory alone brings them new life
Eternal life that grows anew with beauty
Within our thoughts and nightly dreams
Of fond memories of days now long past.*

*Memories of a proud soldier, and of life
Memories of sacrifices each soldier made
And the kindly impulse in their intentions
Of heroes we remember each Memorial Day.*

Editorial Staff

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(Continued from page 14)

and two were taken prisoner.

On this site, Kathy Forstner Cooper writes that, "I was a female paratrooper with the 82nd Airborne Division during Desert Shield/Desert Storm. I want to make you aware of the fact that the females in the 82nd were among the ground troops that pushed into Iraq during the ground war...and we most definitely could shoot back!"

To get free email copy of Salute!, send an email to faulknerco@comcast.net with "Add to Salute" in subject line.

Flag of Flowers

Between the fields where the flag is planted, there are 9+ miles of flower fields that go all the way to the ocean. The flowers are grown by seed companies. It's a beautiful place, close to Vandenberg AFB. Check out the dimensions of the flag. The Floral Flag is 740 feet long and 390 feet wide and maintains the proper Flag dimensions, as described in Executive Order #10834. This Flag is 6.65 acres and is the first Floral Flag to be planted with 5 pointed Stars, comprised of White Larkspur. Each Star is 24 feet in diameter; each Stripe is 30 feet wide. This Flag is estimated to contain more than 400,000 Larkspur plants, with 4-5 flower stems each, for a total of more than 2 million flowers.



Picture submitted by Roy Lee, Louisiana Director of Veterans of Underage Military Service.

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SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Articles should be 150-350 words. Please submit in Word format if possible. Articles with accompanying photos are preferred. You are not guaranteed publication, but we are looking to showcase a diverse group of authors. Rejection will be automatic if the purpose of your article is to espouse a complaint or political viewpoint. All articles should be emailed to both Pat at riverroadpress@yahoo.com and Joyce at katieseyes@aol.com. If you want to send by regular mail, please send to: Red Engine Press, P.O. Box 1214, Kimberling City, MO 65686.

If you submit an article and it is accepted, it may not be in the next issue. Our goal is to cover a broad range of topics, different historical times and all branches of the service. We will require rights for both email and print versions of the newsletter. Previously published articles may be submitted, but you are responsible for guaranteeing your right of ownership.

Your article must be submitted in its final edited form by the 10th of each month. Publication date is the 20th. At the present time, there is no pay, but you will be given a byline. Please submit your photo if possible.

If you have questions about a topic, please query Pat at riverroadpress@yahoo.com or Joyce at [katie-seves@aol.com](mailto:katieseyes@aol.com).

Bill McDonald interviewed by the Sacramento Bee

Sacramento Bee columnist, Nan Mahon, recently wrote an article about Bill McDonald, Vietnam veteran and founder of the Military Writers Society of America. In it she writes about Bill's experiences as a helicopter crew chief in Vietnam.

He currently spends his time working on documentaries and encouraging other veterans to write about their experiences.

Mahon writes: "McDonald is often asked to collaborate on projects. He is helping to put together an anthology of war experiences titled 'God in the Foxhole' and was part of the documentary crew in 2002 that interviewed veterans about the effects of the Vietnam War and the impact of the Huey helicopter experience."

Check out the complete article at www.sacbee.com/elkgrove/story/190009.html

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