

DISPATCHES

MILITARY
WRITERS
SOCIETY OF
AMERICA

Rescuing History One Story at a Time
www.MWSAdispatches.com



SPRING 2023

AMBASSADORS
UPDATE
PG 8

SCHOLARSHIP
RECIPIENT
PG 10



RECOMMENDED
READING
PG 18



2023
MWSA
CONFERENCE

NEW LONDON, CT
SEPTEMBER 14-17, 2023



MWSA LEADERSHIP

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MEMBERSHIP

Betsy Beard

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FEATURE WRITER ~ BOB DOERR
FEATURE WRITER ~ VALERIE ORMOND
FEATURE WRITER ~ JOHN CATHCART
EDITOR/L&D ~ SANDRA LINHART



THE CONFERENCE IS DRAWING CLOSER. Have you registered?

The agenda, registration form, and hotel information are online. Check out what we have planned for this year in New London, CT.

The hotel is centrally located—lots of places to see and things to do. Come early, stay late. Take a harbor tour, or a trip to Block Island. Visit the aquarium, Olde Mystic Shopping Village (located near the aquarium), the Mystic Seaport (an old whaling port) and go aboard the last of the wooden whaling ships. Visit the Nathan Hale Schoolhouse and the Shaw Mansion—among the many sites for which to make time.



As we prepare for our New London, CT conference, we are thinking ahead to 2024. We're interested in hearing from members and request your participation. If you have experience and knowledge that would help your fellow members, volunteer to do a seminar or panel discussion on subjects like marketing, social media, book trailers, finding agents, creating and tying in characters persona to the elements of a plot, the rhythm of writing (punctuation, grammar), or the business side of being an author. If you have ideas feel free to share. Our desire is to make your conferences interesting and informative.

One of MWSA's most important and ever-present needs is for volunteers to review books. Whether you have time for one book or twenty, sharing time to aid fellow members and your organization is important and worthwhile. Please consider, if not now, at the conference to take a few minutes and approach Betsy Beard or John Cathcart and let them know you wish to help. The process is simple, the rewards are many.

Volunteers are not just needed, they are required in order for MWSA to do what we do. A lack of volunteers ultimately will cause us to reduce our services to you. If no one steps up to handle a program, effort, or service we are attempting to provide, we'll be forced to cancel it.

2023 MWSA CONFERENCE

NEW LONDON, CT
SEPTEMBER 14-17, 2023

At present, a handful of members do all the work, taking time from other things they may prefer to be doing, yet they have stepped up to make MWSA, your shared organization, one of quality and fully member oriented.

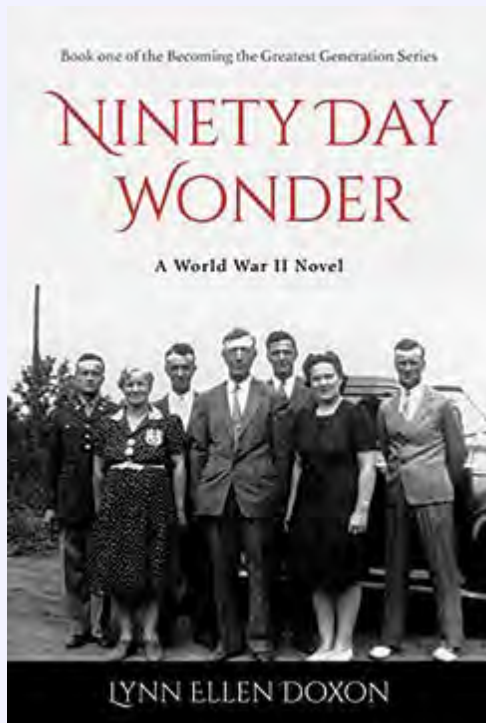
The areas of need are many. Most require a small effort and little time.

If you're interested in volunteering in any way, please reach out to me.

The winner of the 2023 William "Rev. Bill" McDonald Scholarship is Faith Nunez of Piper High Scholl, sponsored by Rob Lofthouse. Congratulations to Faith and we wish her success in her educational pursuits. Be sure to read her essay in this issue of *Dispatches*.

An election for the two open At-Large Director positions on the board have been filled by Gary Zelinski and John Cathcart. Welcome to the board.

Hope to see everyone in New London in September.



NINETY DAY WONDER

by Lynn Ellen Doxon

Format(s): Kindle, Paperback

ISBN-13 : 978-1951122386

Artemesia Publishing, LLC (September 13, 2022)



In the crucible of war, one man struggles with his duty to his country and love.

Gene Sinclair's life's goal was to become a medical doctor, to get away from the tedium of teaching high school chemistry. But as World War II looms, Sinclair is drafted and sent to train on coastal artillery.

Dragged back into the artillery, Sinclair is sent to the ninety-day Officer's Training School. Despite his resolve to avoid romantic relationships, Sinclair meets Sarah Gale and falls in love with her. Commissioned as an antiaircraft artillery officer, Sinclair struggles to come to grips with his duty as an officer and to Sarah Gale as she joins the WAACs.

The war separates the young lovers when Sinclair's unit is shipped to Australia. Sinclair experiences the harsh reality of the war during a Japanese air raid on the city.

YEARS AGO WHILE IN BASIC training at Amarillo Air Force base in Amarillo, Texas one of the classroom subjects we were tasked with mastering was titled “Rumors and Propaganda”. The instructors infused us with a sense of conspiracy, identifying the many different forces tasked with converting recruits fresh out of basic training into the wild world of international espionage.



Apparently they were everywhere!

“They’ll come at you from all angles,” we were told. Insidious photos of men, looking not coincidentally like Russian and Chinese heavies, were depicted sneaking around staring at us, just waiting for the chance to find out how we got those hospital corners on our beds so crisp, or possibly how we peeled fifty pounds of onions and one hundred pounds of potatoes in a single eight hour shift. (We could offer little else at this point in our Air Force career) These were secrets, apparently, that desperate commies would go

to any lengths to obtain in order to achieve world domination.

Strangely, after two months in Tech school at Lowry Air Force Base, Colorado, where we mastered the art of drinking 3.2 *Coors* beer, followed by one year of permanent duty at Grand Forks, Air Force Base North Dakota, where we mastered the art of drinking *Grain Belt* and *Schmidt* beer, not one dang alien—foreign, or extraterrestrial—approached us for any of the top secret information we so closely guarded.

Moreover, during thirteen months in Vietnam I am disappointed to say, though they did their best to kill us, not one Viet Cong guerrilla or one NVA regular attempted to torture anyone in my unit in an attempt to squeeze sensitive information out of our heads.

And then, to rub salt in the wound, after eighteen months at a desk job shuffling paperwork at March Air Force Base in Riverside, California, not once was I abducted and forced to turn over information on even one stinking little document, or even to find out how many beers I spilled at my part time job as a bartender at the local *Shakey’s* Pizza Parlor. I was quite put out!

THE WAR RAGES ON

Fast forward to the 21st Century and the age of the internet. Nothing spreads as fast as an internet rumor, and an internet rumor never goes away. It's always out there in cyberspace, reappearing like an apparition ready to pounce on an unsuspecting audience. Today's internet includes many websites, *Facebook* groups, and pundit articles regarding the war in Vietnam—which also seemingly will never go away.

Probably because of its length and controversial nature, the Vietnam War is fought and re-fought every day in cyberspace. Every battle, event, and supporting character is scrutinized, analyzed and argued about—day in and day out. And of course, there are the many rumors about the war which pop up like clockwork on each internet Vietnam War venue on a regular basis, often several times a week.

MORE CRITTER PROBLEMS



Oh no!!

Several of these dyed-in-the-wool rumors involve the wildlife we confronted in Vietnam. (Reference my earlier blog story, *The Critters of Vietnam*). One of the worst offenders and one that always irritates the daylights out of me is the “giant centipede” story. A picture of a giant photo-shopped centipede makes the rounds at least once a day on some of these websites. The creature appears to be at least thirty inches long, having the diameter of a baseball bat. No amount of proof that no such critter exists will stamp this one out. I, among others, have cited articles reporting the largest centipede in the world is from South America and is about seventeen inches long, maximum. A Vietnamese centipede reaches about twelve inches long, but nothing like the monster posted in the picture making the rounds week-in and week-out. No matter, if there's a picture of it must be real. *Tsk -tsk* to you non-believers.



Monkey business

Continued on page 6

MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

Another mythical creature which regularly appears on these sites are the supposed “rock apes” of Vietnam.

Now Vietnam does have vast troops of monkeys which could be a real pain in the backside, however these rock apes appear to be anywhere from the size of a human being to that of an orangutan. Some of the stories claim that the Viet Cong recruited them and trained them to attack American troops who often found themselves surrounded by the ghost-like creatures, who would then stone them or steal their weapons. Other stories had them positioned in the trees where they would urinate on the American GI’s as they passed, irritating them and causing their M-16’s to corrode. (Perhaps the reason pith helmets were invented?)

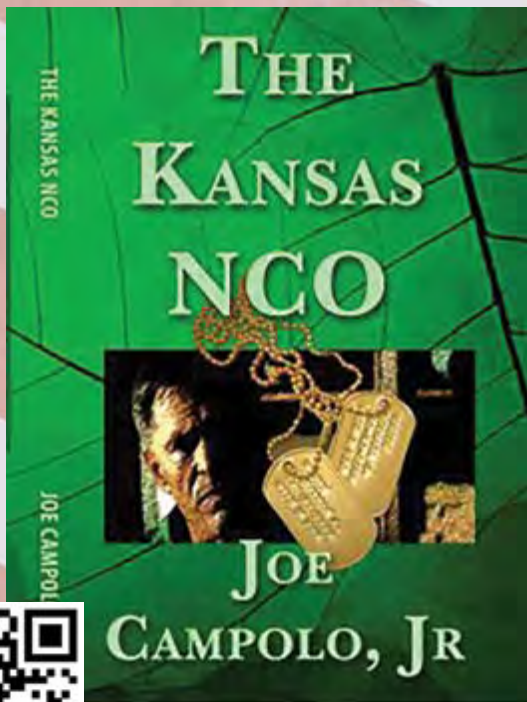
A story every GI who served in Southeast Asia has surely heard, relates to an extremely viral form of venereal disease known as “The Black S”. There supposedly was no cure for it and, once you acquired this malady, you were doomed without hope. Upon diagnosis you would be shipped off to a mysterious island where you would live out your days with others who had contracted the deadly disease. Your family would be told you were killed in action and that your body could not be found. Some of us referred to this as “Gilligan’s Island” (others as B.S. Island).

COVERT OPS



Trained killer!

There is no arguing the U.S. employed Special and Covert Ops during the Vietnam War. Many of these were CIA, some were Tiger Force, others Mike Force along with some I’m not familiar with. And while they did their cloak-and-dagger stuff very well, for obvious reasons their numbers were limited. However if you visit many of the Veteran’s website or *Facebook* groups there seem to be an



inordinate number of members who were “Special Ops” back in the day.

They usually begin their saga by stating the missions they carried out were top secret, and to this day they are not allowed to divulge any information under the threat of imprisonment and possibly torture, we assume. (Apparently with the exception of the sordid details they are now revealing.)

Some members bite on this baloney hook, line, and sinker, but most of us have heard it all before and respond with a distinctive *YAWN*. Once a few tough questions are tossed out, the individual usually fades away into internet obscurity until he develops another moniker so he can retell his dashing deeds once more.

I always thought it would be fun to collect all these stories and put together a book on the topic. We could call it, *Barney Fife Goes to Nam*, or how about, *What I Pretend I Did in the War*. I believe such a book would go right to the top of the charts.

Tell me about your favorite rumor from the Nam, or any other part of the known world for that matter!



Just no!

Edit! Since I penned this story, several readers have reminded me about the “Mr. Rogers hoax”. I had completely forgotten about that one. Every now and then a story pops up claiming Mr. Rogers was either a Navy Seal or Marine sniper in the Vietnam War.

Of course, the truth is the only action Mr. Rogers saw was keeping Mrs. McFeely from harming Mr. McFeely when she caught him eying up Lady Aberlin.



2023 Season Kickoff January 15, 2023

MWSA ANNUAL BOOK SUBMISSION
WINDOW OPENED ON JANUARY
15. IF YOU PLAN ON SUBMITTING
YOUR BOOK, PLEASE HAVE A
LOOK AT OUR MAIN REVIEW AND
AWARDS PAGE FOR DETAILS.

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN
HELPING OUT THIS SEASON AS
AN MWSA REVIEWER, YOU CAN
LEARN MORE AND SUBMIT YOUR
NAME ON THIS PAGE: [CLICK HERE.](#)

THE MWSA AMBASSADOR PROGRAM VISION was to expand MWSA’s annual “Write Your Story” workshops to regional workshops held throughout the year. Unfortunately, limitations during the pandemic put those regional programs on hold until recently.

MWSA Ambassadors Terese Schlachter and Valerie Ormond teamed up to provide a first-time workshop for the Workhouse Arts Center in Lorton, VA from Jan. 10 – Feb. 14. For the final class, MWSA member Nancy Arbuthnot joined the team for a specialty presentation on poetry, calling it “a rich and rewarding time.”

The Workhouse Arts Center advertised the workshop as, “A new writing course of the Military in the Arts Initiative (WMAI) in partnership with Military Writers Society of America (MWSA).”



Terese Schlachter (l) and Nancy Arbuthnot (r) during final Write Your Story presentation at the Workhouse Arts Center_Photo by Sun Lee

Terese initially reached out to the Workhouse Arts Center gauging their interest in the “Write Your Story” workshop and arranged for a meeting for Terese and Val with the Workhouse’s Director, Leon Scioscia as well as program leads in January 2022. Terese was familiar with the Center based on her work with U.S. Army COL (ret) Greg Gadson, the subject of her upcoming book, *Finding Waypoints – A Warrior’s Journey to Purpose and Peace*. COL Gadson is a member of the Workhouse Arts Center’s Board of Directors.

Following multiple meetings, the Workhouse requested a six-week class format, two-hours a class, to match many of their other offerings. The

MWSA team adjusted the “Write Your Story” curriculum from the normal one-day format and added additional content to meet the requirements. This program ended up covering topics including storytelling, characters, memoir techniques, dialogue, script writing, Ekphrastic writing, poetry, and more.

Attendees included local MWSA member, Carolyn Patrick, author of *True Feathers*, an allegorical story about her transition from military to civilian life. She is currently working on her next novel, which she applied workshop exercises to and received feedback from both the faculty and attendees.

The class was small but engaged, and provided positive survey responses and remarks. One comment from a female attendee said, “I loved this so much (and



Val Ormond (l) and Terese Schlachter (r) discussing *Dialogue* at the workshop_Photo by Sun Lee



loved that this class had all female instructors.)” The MWSA team hadn’t planned it that way, but that’s how it worked out.

Two class members submitted poems to The Cuddy Family Foundation For Veterans’ (TCFFV) latest publication and were published in *The TCFFV Poetry Journal, Volume Five* in March.

Terese and Val met with the Workhouse Arts Center leads for an after-action report, and the Center invited MWSA back for similar veteran, military, and families’ workshops in the future.



THE WINNER OF THE 2023 William “Rev. Bill” McDonald Scholarship was Faith Nunez of Piper High School, Kansas City, KS, sponsored by member Rob Lofthouse.

Faith is a young lady itching to get out there and influence others through a career in art therapy. She is well read, golfs for fun, engages in debate and finds comfort in her artwork. She has given much thought to what she wants to do with her life. This MWSA scholarship award will enable her to further develop her talents, realize her vision of the



American dream and soar with her unique abilities. I’m honored to be involved in this small way with her success.

ESSAY:

Life should be better and richer and fuller for everyone, with opportunity for each according to ability or achievement.

Adams, J. T. (1931). The epic of America. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.

PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE world have been chasing the *American Dream* for hundreds of years. To this day, the *American Dream* is what we all hope to achieve—a life where we are not defined by our class, the color of our skin, or how much money is in our bank accounts. For me, being an American means gaining an education, defining my own identity, and deciding the impact I have on this world.

I value my education above all else. In many countries, it is not guaranteed that women receive an education at all. For example, in Afghanistan it is illegal for girls to get an education. America represents the right to be educated, especially as a woman. Learning is not just the process of receiving data like a computer. It is the process of being able to think critically. The education system teaches us how to prioritize knowledge and learning. It teaches us how to use the knowledge to benefit us in the future.

Acquiring an education does not always involve books and the knowledge we can gain from them, but education can also involve the practice of a skill.

The most enjoyable form of education I have received is learning how to make ceramics. I have hand-built vases, thrown many different forms on the potter's wheel, and learned how glazing works. From a young age I was interested in art, but learning how to make ceramics has truly blossomed my passion for art and its different forms. Taking ceramics classes made me realize I would like to pursue a career in Art Therapy.

Education has the ability to expose people to passions and knowledge. The knowledge we learn gives us the ability to make a difference and impact others. It is what connects us all together and leads us to the *American Dream*.

America thrives from individuality. We are encouraged to pursue uniqueness. What enables us to be unique is that we get to make our own choices. Our freedom of choice lets us explore anything and everything. Not only do we have the right to individuality, but choice leads us to

Continued on page 12



MILITARY WRITERS SOCIETY
OF AMERICA PRESENTS

THE WILLIAM "REV BILL" McDONALD
SCHOLARSHIP
PROGRAM!

Available for 11th and 12th grade students



happiness. We get to pursue happiness for as long as we would like, in any kind of way. To be American means to have a choice to be whomever I want to be and to guide my future as it relates to my own *American Dream*.

Over the past four years, my main focus has been on debate, golf and art. These activities have changed me for the better. From debate, I have learned how to communicate complex concepts to other students and to adults. Golf has taught me how to be resilient and even-tempered. Art has taught me to be detail oriented but to not take for granted the feeling art is supposed to communicate.

Choice has enabled me to have goals for who I want to be, what I want to be, and where I want to be. What I like most about individuality being ingrained into the *American Dream* is that there are limitless possibilities—limitless possibilities for me to decide how successful I would like to be, where my interest lie, and what I want to do with my life. America was founded on the idea we should be able to make changes to our nation if we decide that it is best.

America is a place where we can make a change. Whether it is impacting one person's life or a system the whole world works upon, we get to make an impact at the end of the day. It is our job to decide what kind of impact we would like to make. I hope to influence people in my life by being kind, compassionate, and honest.

By doing this, I desire to be dependable and trustworthy. I want to be a person whom people can go to when they need help or need a listening ear. Career-wise, I would like to make as big of an impact as I can. Whether helping people resolve past trauma or writing a book about an open-studio-concept art therapy program.

I dream to show people how important art is to who we are as people and as a society. Art is a form of communication often overlooked. Oftentimes, art can express so much more than words can. It can spread awareness, knowledge, and even emotions. Art could be a coping mechanism for past trauma or an expression of who we are.

I hope to teach people to lean on art during difficult times—that it will make them feel more connected to people. I want to change the perception art must be perfect and no one can attempt it. Art is never perfect because it represents us as people, and we are far from perfect. I hope to make an impact by teaching people art is a reflection of who we are.

Overall, being an American means having the ability to acquire education through knowledge and practice. To be able to be unique, and to decide what kind of impact we make on the rest of the world. All three of these are catalysts to following a passion, which is the most important aspect of being an American.

Having a passion fuels inspiration and determination to follow the *American Dream* and gives us the ability to support and encourage others to achieve their own version of the *American Dream*.

Would you like to place an advertisement in *Dispatches*?

Current rates:

Full page ad - \$150

½ page - \$85

¼ page - \$50

(payable to MWSA)

To get started, email info@mwsa.co for details.

Images must be of higher resolution—at least 300dpi. Your *Dispatches* team will do their best to make your ad look professional but your best option is to send an already completed ad in .jpg or .png format.

Contact info@mwsa.co for questions or concerns. .

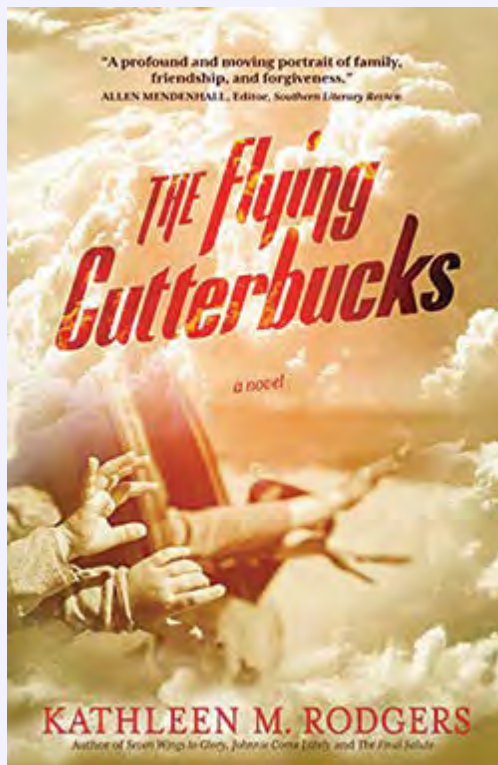
MWSA DISPATCHES IS LOOKING FOR MEMBER SUBMISSIONS.

We have free resources available for members in good standing, from [Interviews](#), to poetry, photograph submissions, and book adverts.

Although we presently are not paying for articles, we offer this opportunity for your art to be published in a national magazine exclusively to our membership.

If you'd like to submit a feature article (1500 words or less, please), photograph(s), poetry, artwork, or have any questions, please email:

dispatches@mwsa.co



THE FLYING CUTTERBUCKS

by Kathleen M. Rodgers

Format(s): Kindle, Audio, Paperback

ISBN-13 : 978-1948018784

Wyatt-MacKenzie Publishing (June 2, 2020)



Decades ago, Trudy, Georgia, and Aunt Star formed a code of silence to protect each other from an abusive man who terrorized their family. One act of solidarity long ago lives with them still. With the election of a president who brags about groping women without their consent, old wounds and deep secrets come alive again, forcing hard truths to be told and even harder truths to be left to the dead.

On the outskirts of Pardon, New Mexico, Trudy returns to her mother, Jewel, to navigate an old house filled with haunting mementos of her father who went missing in action over North Vietnam. As she helps her mother sift through the memories and finally lay her father to rest, Trudy will do her own soul searching to say goodbye to the dead, and find her way along with the other women in her family, and through the next election.

2023 ANNUAL CONFERENCE

& General Membership Meeting

2023

MWSA CONFERENCE

NEW LONDON, CT
SEPTEMBER 14-17, 2023

Overview

Help create a memorable time filled with solid educational events that will inspire and motivate you to write.

Volunteer to help at the registration desk. Become a Book Reviewer.

Undecided? Talk to those who attended the 2022 Conference in New Orleans. You know, the one you missed out on? Don't let this opportunity to learn and have fun slip by.

A great organization is only made great by members willing to volunteer to do the work needed to achieve more. It takes massive effort to run an organization--volunteers are our life blood.

You can use our [Event Contact Form](#) or email jim directly at NewLondon@mwsa.co

Registration



End 17 Sep 2023

11:00 AM

Location New London, CT

REGISTRATION

- **Banquet Only – Members & Guests – \$90.00**

Awards banquet only. If you'd like to attend any conference events or activities, please select the one of the Full- or Half-Conference options.

- **Banquet Only -- Non-Members – \$110.00**

Awards banquet only. If you'd like to attend any conference events or activities, please select the one of the Full- or Half-Conference options.

- **Full – Member & Guests – \$260.00**

All conference events and meals for Friday & Saturday (Sept. 15-16). Also includes the reception on Thursday evening (the 14th).

- **Full – Member & Guests (Early Bird Rate) – \$210.00**

All conference events and meals for Friday & Saturday (Sept. 15-16). Also includes the reception on Thursday evening (the 14th).

The discounted early bird rate will not be available after April 30

- **Full -- Non-Members – \$310.00**

All events and meals at the Holiday Inn Hotel, New London, CT September 15 and 16th, plus the reception on the 14th of September at the hotel.

- **Half – Member & guests – \$180.00**

All conference hotel events and meals after (not including) lunch on Friday, 15 September – includes the awards banquet Saturday, September 16, 2023.

- **Half -- Non-Members – \$210.00**

All conference hotel events and meals after (not including) lunch on Friday, 15 September – includes the awards banquet Saturday, September 16.

Hotel

The Holiday Inn North

35 Governor Winthrop Blvd., New London, CT 06320

2023

MWSA



To book your room, call 1-860-443-7000. Please do not use booking sites.

The total price per room, per night is \$263.35 (including taxes & fees) and covers a room with either one or two king-sized beds). This price is valid until the room block is full, or August 26, 2023, whichever comes first.

Agenda



Welcome to your 2023 Conference and the great state of Connecticut

Conference Dates: September 14 – 17, 2023

Meet, greet, and network with old and new friends.

Help create a memorable time filled with solid educational events that will inspire and motivate you to write or to continue to write. Volunteer to help at the registration desk to meet and greet your fellow members. Become a book reviewer to improve your craft and contribute to the organization.

Attend the seminars which are being presented by volunteers from within and outside the organization. They have donated their time to help expand your thoughts and knowledge on subjects and areas of your writing interests.

Your conference fee (for the full conference) covers the Thursday reception & auction, all program events on Friday and Saturday, lunch on Saturday, the banquet, and the awards ceremony. Your fee also covers the cost of snacks, coffee, our conference presentation room, and hotel logistics to bring you this event.



THE MILITARY WRITERS SOCIETY OF America (MWSA) is an organization of hundreds of 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. This is our first quarter for book reviews, and as you can see it is quite extensive:

JUSTICE by Joseph Badal

LOVING SUMMER by Carole Brungar

STORIES FROM THE FRONT by COL Lisa Carrington Firmin, USAF (Ret)

THE CURATORS by Kenneth Andrus

FNG: A BLACK SPEAR NOVEL by Benjamin Spada

THE RETURN by Carole Brungar

WHEN WE ARE APART by Becca Johnsey

HE CHARGED ALONE by John R. Strasburg

NINETY DAY WONDER by Lynn Ellen Doxon

ASHUR'S TEARS by Bill Riley

ADVANCE TO CONTACT: 1980 by Alex Aaronson / James Rosone

TWELVE O'CLOCK HAIKU by Randy Brown

RED MARKERS: THE REST OF THE STORY by Gary N. Willis

LIFE DUST by Pam Webber

LIFE ON THE DARK SIDE—SHORT STORIES AND PLAYS by George J. Bryjak

RUCKSACK GRUNT by Robert Kuhn

DUTY, HONOR, AND COURAGE by Angel Giacomo

IN THE MOUTH OF THE DRAGON by John B. Haseman

LEXIE'S GIFT by John R. Stoeffler

PEACE AT A COST by Angel Giacomo

SUBMARINE-ER by Jerry Pait LCDR, USN (Ret.)

INTREPID SPIRIT by David Tunno

THE MARINE CORPS EXPERIENCE: PARRIS ISLAND by J. A. Clark

LST 1150 A LUCKY DRAW by John Carter Wyle

A GIRL'S GUIDE TO MILITARY SERVICE by Amanda Huffman

CONDUCT IN WAR, A GUIDE FOR THE ETHICAL WARRIOR by David B. Land

ESCAPE FROM UKRAINE by Ward R. Anderson

TERROR'S SWORD, A KYLE MCEWAN NOVEL by Kevin Kuhens

THE LAST ROAD TRIP by James Elsener

THE HAWK ENIGMA by J.L. Hancock

PAYBACK by Joseph Badal

DISASTER ON THE SPANISH MAIN by Craig S. Chapman

PORCH MUSIC by Kathy Maresca

HOGS IN THE SAND: A GULF WAR A-10 PILOT'S COMBAT JOURNAL by Buck Wyndham

OPERATION TAILWIND: MEMOIRS OF A SECRET BATTLE IN A SECRET WAR by Barry Pencek

SANDUSKY BURNING by Bryan W. Conway

THE JACKSON MACKENZIE CHRONICLES: GOLDEN FEATHER by Angel Giacomo

TESTING MICHAEL: A CIVIL WAR NOVEL by Linda Loegel/Hemby

MOSS by Joe Pace

THE SPIRIT TO SOAR by Jim Petersen, PhD

PEACHY POSSUMS by Nancy Panko

THE BOYS OF ST. JOE'S '65 IN THE VIETNAM WAR by Dennis G. Pregent

THE JACKSON MACKENZIE CHRONICLES: IN THE EYE OF THE STORM by Angel Giacomo

WHEN HEROES FLEW: THE ROOF OF THE WORLD by H. W. "Buzz" Bernard

THE ORIGINAL JEEPS IN PICTURES by Paul R. Bruno

TOGETHER WE SERVED by Bill Sheehan

THE ABLE QUEEN by Rainy Horvath and Robert Binzer

101 CHUCK YEAGER-ISMS by Victoria Yeager

HEART SONGS by Dennis Maulsby

This quarter's list is longer than most, but that's a good thing, right? We are reviewing more books, and more are meeting our standards to get on this list. Now relax, stay out of the spring blizzards and tornadoes, and enjoy a good book. More about these books and hundreds of other books written by our members can be found on our website <https://www.mwsadispatches.com>

A MAJOR BLAINE MYSTERY
In Three Parts

THE BEAT, PART 1 - BALTIMORE

Gary B. Zelinski



WHEN I MET HIM, HE was a beat cop working in the toughest town. He worked alone. Alone, because no other cop wanted to ride with him. Getting shot was a frequent habit of Marlboro's partners. Sergeant Philip Winston Marlboro rode the night shift, past the sleaziest bars, back alleys, and vacant lots of Baltimore. It was easy to find the crooks, backstabbers, and cheats. They were everywhere. They were everyone. Once he stopped his patrol car, the crackheads, pimps, and pickpockets vanished into the damp mist blowing in off the Chesapeake.

If he wanted to make a few extra dollars, he could've taken their money. He never did. He was fair, though he didn't make many arrests. Late at night, he chose his own form of justice. His nightstick served as judge and jury. Crime eventually settled down when he was on the beat. Crime didn't go away—it just sort of gave up—a case of give up or get beat up when Sergeant Marlboro was on patrol.

He wasn't a tall guy, not short—but tough. He was as hard as a nail hammered sideways into a two-by-four. He could outrun a meth addict and outbox the heaviest brawler. When I first met him, he didn't drink, he

didn't smoke, and he never uttered a foul or impolite word.

The beat, the crime, and the war would change all that. But the crimes he saw and the horrors he suffered later during the war wouldn't change him half as much as she did.

Crime and the war didn't break him, but she broke his heart.

It was a dark and stormy night. He met her on patrol. The rain was so heavy at times it felt like watching the thoroughbreds line up at the starting gate of the Preakness. Marlboro hated pulling Preakness duty.

The Preakness was the second, shortest, dirtiest race of the Triple Crown. A dim agate of an aged jewel. Known for its rowdy infield of drunk Hopkins med students, the Preakness runs in the spring. It's also run in the rain—always the rain.

The only fun of the entire shift was watching the horses line up. The gates were cramped and full of flies. The jockeys, horses, and keepers were all hyped up on amphetamines and diuretics. So right before the big race, all the horses peed.

They pee in unison, a collective firehose of urine. They pee as hard and fast as the rain on a cold Baltimore night. They pee right there at the starting gate. I can't say why Marlboro found this funny. The rain in Baltimore does strange things to your brain.

At night, on his patrols, it was always cold and always raining. Baltimore was like that. You got soaked when your shift

started, and you got wetter as the night grew longer. No amount of coffee cures the chill that starts to own your bones on a damp night in Baltimore. He was soaked, tired, and not in the mood for company.

Then, she walked by.

Not a walk with a particular pace. Nor a walk with a particular place to be. But a walk that causes you to stop shivering and focus on the show in front of you. Coming closer, Marlboro could feel what was next. His nightstick was poised and at the ready, nerves braced. She had a way of pressing her entire body next to his as if two could become one. As she passed, he instinctively checked for his keys, wallet, mace, and that small backup radio which had a habit of going off when you didn't want it to.

So, that's how they met, first the walk, then the pressing of two bodies on a cold, wet Baltimore night. After that, they were inseparable.

A product of the streets, she knew how to survive. She could give love like it consumed her whole body and then turn on you in an instant. She could rip your heart out. Then she'd think nothing of it. She did what she had to do. She did what she was good at—surviving the cold and rain of Baltimore nights any way she could. She took to riding in the back of Marlboro's patrol car. She'd curl up in the back and go to sleep. If Marlboro made an arrest, she didn't move. She'd sleep with one eye trained on the creep.

Continued on page 22

Continued from page 21

She was ready to rip his heart out if he made a move.

Occasionally he'd bring her home to his rat-infested apartment above the *Trailways* bus depot. She hated the noise. She hated the smell of urine left by the winos. For Marlboro, it was home, but it would never be hers. An apartment couldn't keep her. She was born on the street. The streets were her home.

Her hair was dirty and matted from a hundred nights plying her wares in Baltimore's back alleys. Marlboro tried to wash it once, with limited luck. He cleaned enough to see that her hair wasn't brown, not black, and

certainly not red. Somehow, depending on the light, it was all three. Then in the shadows, it was neither one nor the other, or the other.

Marlboro eventually got around to naming her. I really can't remember what he called her. But when I caught up to him years later during the war, Marlboro would say, "That was the best damn dame I ever knew." He remembered her like that—just another female from Baltimore's cold, wet streets.

When he left for the war, she couldn't and wouldn't go. She left him crying, turning up her cold, wet nose and just walked off. The kind of walk that lets you know her moves will now be for someone else. You're the history now. She left Sergeant Marlboro as quickly as she took him. He'd now be singing a song of loneliness on cold and rainy Baltimore nights.

He went off to war, but not before that damn cat broke his heart.

Next Time: The War



MWSA NEWS BLASTS

jim greenwald

Conference Early Bird Rate Ends Soon

Our MWSA Annual Conference in New London, CT is only five months away. Two items to keep in mind: (1) The Early Bird Rate for our conference ends April 30th, and (2) Thirty rooms are blocked for us at the hotel. That block of rooms expires upon all thirty being booked, or we reach August 26th at which point they will no longer be held. Please see the registration page for additional details for our Sep. 14 – Sep. 17, 2023 conference.

A Volunteer!

Thank you to Dane Zeller for stepping up to Chair the Write Your Story Workshop program for this year's conference in New London.

Welcome to Our New At-Large Directors

Your Board of Directors have voted on candidates to fill the open positions on the board created by two resignations. Please welcome Gary Zelinski and John Cathcart as your new At-Large Directors and thank you to Gary and John for volunteering. Please see their biographies and photos posted on our MWSA Leadership page.



MWSA NEWS BLASTS

DATE OF INTERVIEW: 25 MARCH 2019

LTC COLEY D. TYLER IS an Active Duty US Army Officer and former member of the Second Battalion, Seventh Cavalry Regiment (2-7 CAV). He was the Battalion Fire Support Officer during the Second Battle of Fallujah. LTC Tyler has served in many capacities during his service as an Artillery Officer in the First Cavalry Division, Physical Education Instructor at the United States Military Academy, Space Operations Officer in Korea, and Space Integration Officer to the Maneuver Center of Excellence at Fort Benning, GA. He is married with four children.



MWSA: How did you find out about MWSA?

COLEY TYLER: Deeds Publishing as a primary publisher of military books recommended joining the organization for the benefits of a welcoming writing community, an honest review process, and help spreading the word about my book.

MWSA: What was your inspiration for your book *Ghosts of Fallujah*?

TYLER: I was a participant in the Second Battle of Fallujah in Iraq 2004. I felt the historical significance of the battle, our unit (2nd Battalion, 7th US Cavalry), and connections with previous conflicts and leaders [World War II, Vietnam, and LTG (R) Hal Moore, etc.] was a story that deserved to be told. Writing *Ghosts of Fallujah* was also a cathartic process for me personally to help me deal with my time in Iraq and Afghanistan.

MWSA: How long did it take you to write *Ghosts of Fallujah*?

TYLER: I started researching, outlining, and putting the *Ghosts of Fallujah* story together in 2009. It was finally published in 2018, so the process spanned almost a decade. The whole last year alone was for completing the Department of Defense review and approval process. Good things come to those who wait!

MWSA: What do you hope to accomplish with the publishing of *Ghosts of Fallujah*?

TYLER: Very simply, to tell the story of some of the finest soldiers I have every served with and to encourage other combat veterans to share their story also. It is also a legacy piece for my family. Ghosts of Fallujah puts into words thoughts and feelings I have a hard time sharing verbally in hopes I may be better understood.

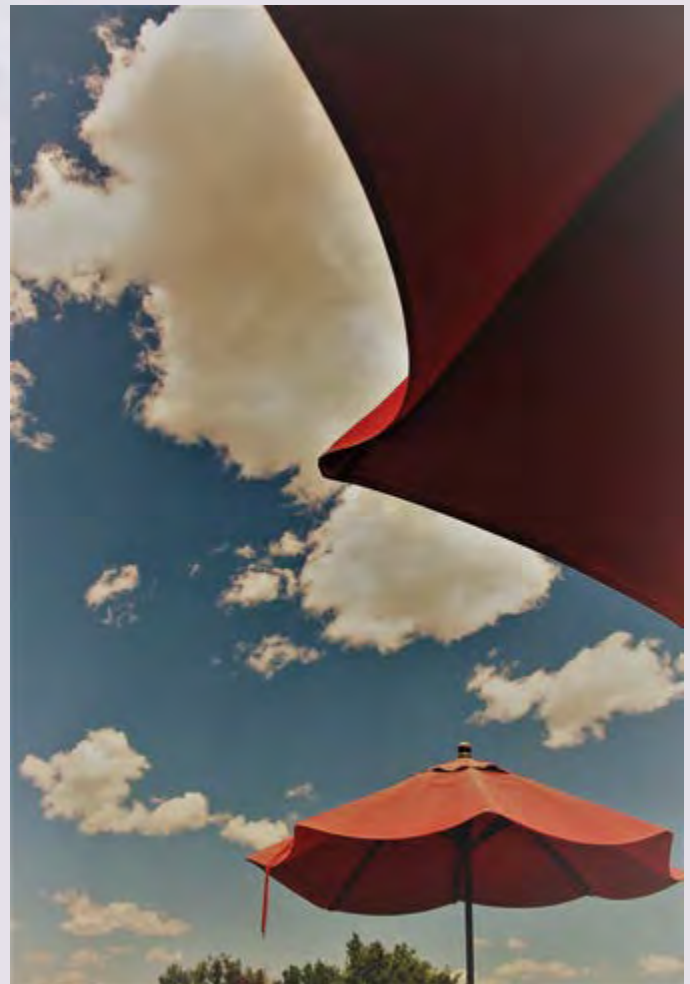


MWSA: What advice would you give others contemplating writing a book?

TYLER: Go for it! Put your fears of rejection, someone not liking your work, or your ability to communicate in written form aside. I struggled with this kind of apprehension for many years, constantly trying to perfect what I had written. I finally took a leap of faith and only good things have come from doing so. It is not an easy process and it does take perseverance to the utmost, but nothing worth doing is easy.

MWSA: What has been the number one criticism Ghosts of Fallujah has received to date and what would you say about that?

TYLER: The biggest criticism so far has been that there are details of the battle missing from my recount and this is true. Ghosts of Fallujah is my personal experience of the Second Battle of Fallujah, the intricate delicacies of destiny and fate in my life that brought me to that battlefield, and how it has impacted my life. I was not and could not be everywhere, but that was not my purpose for writing the book remember. I want others to fill in those holes with their personal experience. I think much more good will come from that for both the writer and the reader.



MWSA REVIEW

HONOR THROUGH SACRIFICE: *THE STORY of One of America's Greatest Military Leaders* is a memoir/biography chock full of history. From World War II through the undeclared war in Vietnam, author Robert Lofthouse gives a well-documented account of his highly decorated cousin, Gordon Lippman.



Lippman, a bonafide hero, came from a farming county in South Dakota with ingrained leadership skills. To have these attributes in a young man who never graduated from any of the service academies

is an anomaly. Yet anyone who served with or under his command would say that Lippman was the one they'd follow into battle.

Gordon enlisted in the army to serve his country, carrying with him his faith and the traditional values of his South Dakota family. He served in World War II, Korea, and Vietnam. He earned some of our country's highest honors: Silver and Bronze Stars, the Distinguished Service Cross, the Distinguished Service Medal, and three Combat Infantry Badges, to name a few. He was part of the second D-Day landing and fought in the Battle of the Bulge. Years later, he served in Korea. In the 1960s, as a brigade executive officer, Lippman led men young enough to be his sons while fighting the Viet Cong in the Iron Triangle.

Much has been written about Gordon Lippman in Readers Digest and Newsweek Magazine. He was eulogized on Paul Harvey's radio program, and Harry Reasoner told Lippman's story for CBS news. Gordon was honored by his state in South Dakota Magazine. Robert Lofthouse has pulled articles and interviews together to create a historically accurate memoir in a tribute to his hero cousin.

Review by Nancy Panko (June 2022)

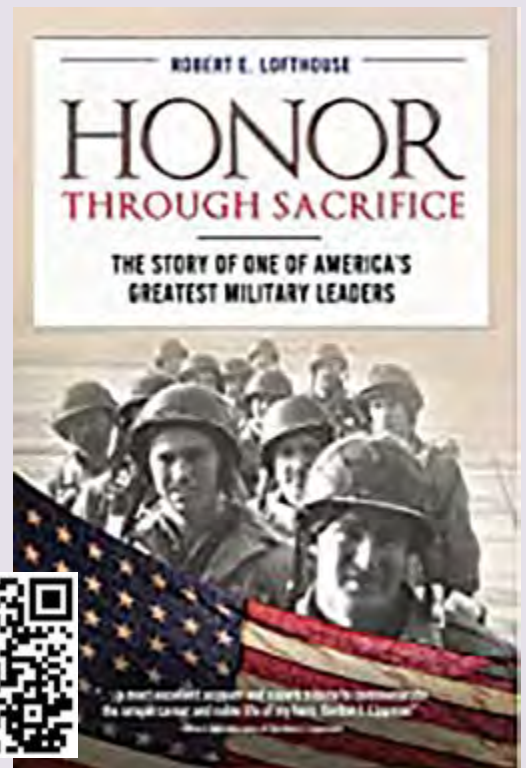
AUTHOR'S SYNOPSIS

MY DEBUT BOOK TELLS THE story of Gordon Lippman, serving with the US Army from WWII as a paratrooper until his untimely death in Vietnam, where he was deployed as an executive officer with the 1st Infantry Division's 3rd Brigade.

We need heroes today. Gordon fits this description. His bravery in combat is emphasized along with his zeal to be a servant leader throughout a 22-year Army career.

At the core of the biography is a question that I wonder about:

“Where does America get such gallant men?”



YOUR MWSA MEMBERSHIP TEAM

WHERE TO GO FOR INFORMATION. WHO TO CONTACT WITH QUESTIONS.

Membership | membership@mwsa.co

Review & Awards | mwsaawardsdirectors@gmail.com

Events & Conferences | events@mwsa.co

Dispatches Magazine | dispatches@mwsa.co

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Volunteer Opportunities | volunteer@mwsa.co

Website & Contact | info@mwsa.co



FUEL OR FUN? WHICH IS IT? In my Overeaters Anonymous support group, one of the members, Charlie (not his real name), said, “I am. Therefore, I eat.”

You all know the tune: “As we age, our metabolism slows down, and unless we change our lifestyle, we gain weight.”

Knowing that and listening to it are two different things. Of all the people I’ve ever known, precisely one of them listened to this life’s jewel. He also exercises and only drinks in moderation. I think this makes him mean to his pets.

For the rest of you, here are my thoughts on food.

GROWING IT.

I think growing food is a modern-day miracle. Traversing the lower forty-eight states my whole life, I saw very few farms devoted to the growing of *food*. What you see as you drive along Interstate anything is feed corn, soybeans, and the occasional sorghum. In the Southeastern US, you’ll find rice, cotton, and maybe some indigo. As you drive by the fields, you witness a mechanized marvel—GPS-driven combines slow your drive. Signposts dot the landscape with the latest bio-engineered seeds or fertilizer.

But in California and around where Lillian and I live in Ventura County, they grow real food. If you drive out the back way from our all-white gated

community, you'll see food. No, not in Safeway or Kroger. You drive past a field of cauliflower. Just ten weeks earlier, the field was artichokes. As you reach the highway, you'll see a field covered in plastic and the beginnings of strawberries. If you continue taking backroads, you'll zoom by orange and lemon groves.

Sure, you'll see the occasional tractor and combine, but for every tractor, you'll see thousands of workers. Being an older white ugly American, I'm not sure what or whom I'm looking at.

The dozens of workers bent over tending our food are covered head to toe, shielding themselves from the blistering California sun. Their wide-brimmed hats are often all you can see as you speed past in your air-conditioned *Tesla*.

I love the colors. Everyone has a different colored shirt or hat. In a field of green and mud. I love the pinks, blues, browns, and yellows. When on a break, you see them lined up to use the aqua blue port-a-johns.

So, who are these people to whom I owe my food? I'm smart enough not to call them Mexicans. Not all of them are from Mexico. Are they Hispanic? Latino?

I'm also smart enough to know not one of them is white. Are these folks who do the back-breaking work to provide me with a strawberry pie have healthcare? Do they live in their own gated community?

We haven't lived in Southern California long, but I promise you I will find out. I like food, and the folks who make it for me work harder than anything I've ever done.

THE GROCERY STORE.

Shop the periphery of the store, never the aisles. Go for name brands, never the store brand. Lillian's mom, Branka, passed away at the age of ninety-six. For the last twenty years of her life, she was blind—Macular Degeneration, which is hereditary. Branka knew every inch of her local *Ralphs*. Taking Branka to *Ralphs* was a lesson in shopping for *food*. "That's too much for chicken breasts. How much is the hamburger? Look, the pork chops are on sale—get those." Lillian is a power shopper when it comes to groceries. A meal plan, a list, get in, get out. If it's not on the list, it's not in the basket. I have no list. I have no plan.

MILK AND EGGS.

1%, 2%, skim, whole, half-and-half, heavy cream. Oh, if only it were that simple. Soy, almond, coconut, lactose-free, and a dozen other exotic blends. Some people have allergies, I get it, but come on, folks. The milk aisle is ridiculous. And while we're at it, what about the eggs? Large, jumbo, quail. Quail eggs—really? Cage-free, free-range, organic, brown, white.

"Honey, go get a dozen eggs."

"Sorry, I can't. Too much pressure."

I try and help when we go to the grocery store. But I'm not built for all the decisions.

CAN WE TALK ABOUT WATER?

At the grocery store, there is an entire aisle devoted to water. You know, the stuff that comes out of your tap for practically free.

Continued on page 30

Spring, distilled, electrolyte-infused. Power water, PH neutral, bird poop added for taste. Once again, too many choices. Lillian likes bottled water. She likes the stuff from a small South Pacific Island. Polynesian women squeeze it through palm fronds. You know the kind—the six-pack that costs more than those pork chops. Lillian’s carbon footprint is through the roof. She’s going to global warming hell. I’m trying to save her. When she goes to bed, I refill the bottles with tap water. She never notices. I couldn’t afford the pork chops. I’m saving the planet. I like seltzer, plain seltzer. Not club soda or tonic water, but regular, plain seltzer. Not club soda flavored with strawberries, lemons, pineapple, cranberries, or battery acid. I like plain, zero-calorie seltzer. I like the tingly sensation and that it has absolutely no taste. Every grocery store is always sold out. A hundred choices of water, the water aisle is useless.

CHEESE.

I actually like the variety of cheeses. Cheese is almost as expensive as meat, so carefully pick your poison. Having a finely aged cheese to offer that snooty couple your wife invited for dinner is a must. The age and sharpness of the cheese need to be finely paired to the degree of pretentiousness. Cows, goats, sheep, and even buffalo can be a source of cheese. There are over a thousand cheese varieties. I have no idea what

cheeses I like or what to buy. Long ago, at our yearly Superbowl parties, we’d serve a delightful chili-cheese dip. Not your 2023, low-calorie snack. This was a harden-your-arteries *Velveeta* and *Hormel* chili concoction. Did you know *Velveeta* cheese is gray before they add yellow food coloring? What end of the cow did that come from? I like cheese. If you invite me to dinner, impress me.



Turkey Day with Jason and Mary

COOKING.

Lillian likes to cook. I like to eat out. Lillian likes leftovers. I like tuna fish. Lillian can whip up a seventeen-course meal in under thirty minutes. It always tastes delicious. As I said, she likes to cook. She hates electric stoves. As a present, I bought her a fancy gas stove. Running the gas line, rerouting the electrical outlet, and delivery and installation cost me only \$27,000. The delicious meals she prepares taste exactly the same. But she’s happy. When Lillian broke her foot, I had to do the cooking. For eight weeks of my

life, Lillian watched in agony as I laser-aligned the knife to slice a tomato or onion. I reread menus twelve times and still missed important ingredients. The vegetables got cold and grew mold before the meat was done. When I mastered a chicken dish she actually liked, she praised me as if I was the Second Coming of the Lord. Those eight weeks were the longest period of my life. I call it the Gary 2.0 period. Luckily for me, the upgrade didn't last.

DIETING.

Lillian and I've tried various diets over the years. When you get our Christmas card, you'll know how well they work. Currently, she's on keto. No carbs or sugar. All the bacon you want. This is not the diet recommended by Julia Child. I'm on a modified keto diet. We once visited Miami's South Beach. I wanted to research the diet. Sitting on the veranda of a wonderful hotel, I looked out over the sand. But the young barely-clad cherubs distracted me. Over the years, we've tried a bunch of different diets. At this stage of our lives, we consume calories directly from the air. Life is stacked against us.



Lanny's BBQ The Best BBQ on the Planet



Lanny and his Wife in Selma, Alabama

EATING.

I don't like most all vegetables. I prefer them processed through a cow first. Broccoli, asparagus, and cauliflower aren't bad. I believe I ate a carrot once. Raw, not cooked! Not bad. Next year I might have another. It's not that I dislike orange food; it's that orange food dislikes me. Sweet potatoes and yams make me physically ill. Lillian loves them. I never allowed them in the house. If I was traveling for work, Lillian would load up. You think you know someone, and then they go and eat a yam behind your back.

On the rare occasion we have steak on the grill, I like mine medium-rare minus. A little on the rare side. Every extra second left on the grill destroys the texture and taste. Lillian likes her steaks well done. If I cook Lillian a steak, I put it on the grill the day before.

There you have it. My take on food.

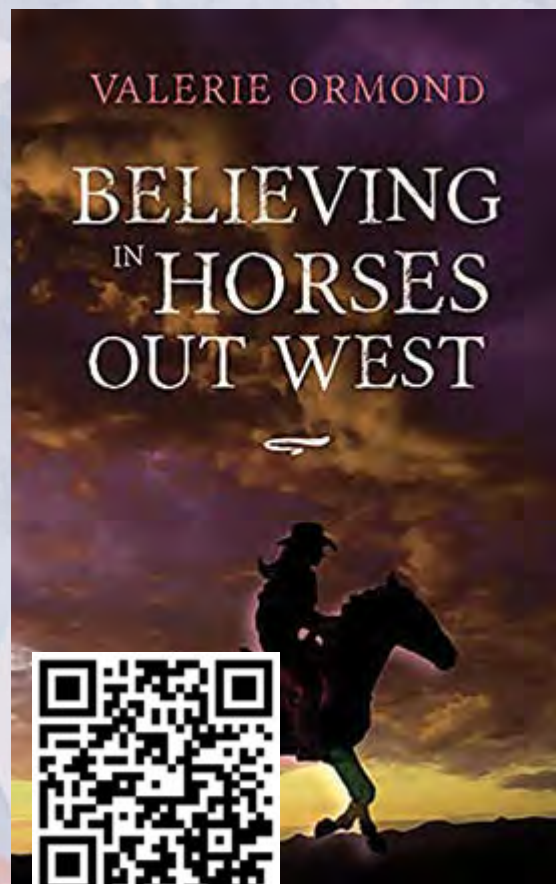
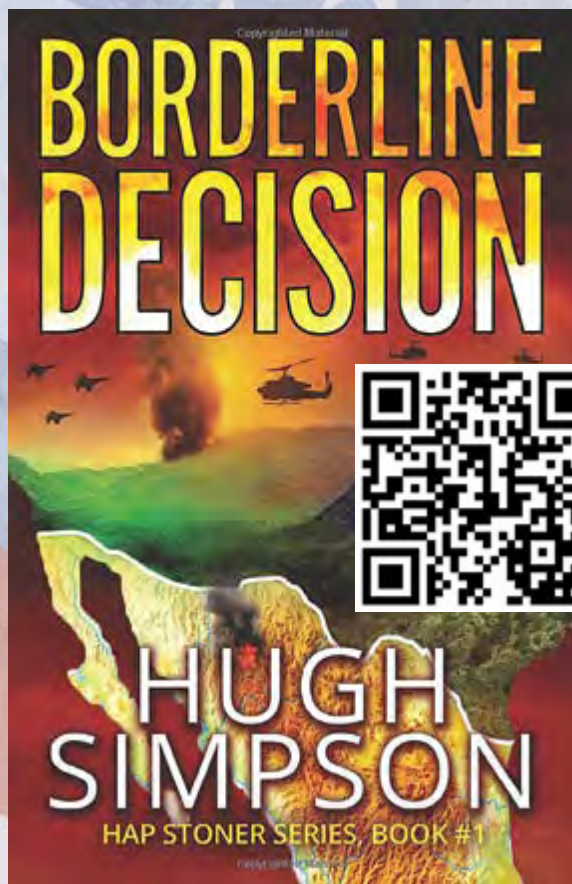
"Hello, my name is Gary."

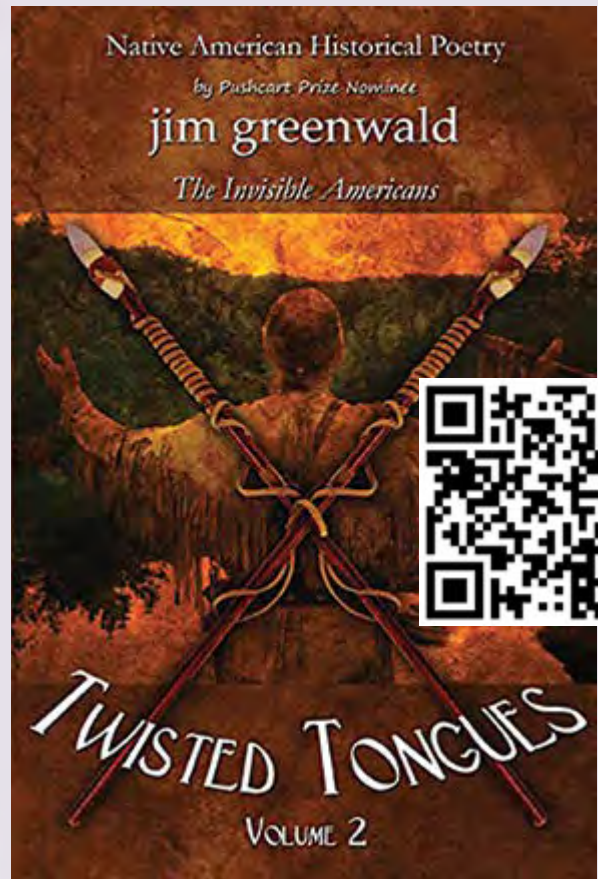
"Hello, Gary."

"I like to eat."



AUTHORS SHOWCASE





HEART SONGS
by Dennis Maulsby
Format(s): Kindle, Paperback
ISBN-13 : 978-8182539761
Published by Cyberwit.net

Heart songs come from many sources. We welcome those of love, whether romantic or platonic. Our life experiences evoke other songs, whether bawdy, prideful, humorous, sad, happy, terrifying, or in joyous dance — the heart's percussion, riffs, and chords changing in response to each experience.

Poetry can capture them all, permitting the intimate sensual and intimate virtual to blend. In this book, think of the poems as the author's sheet music — records of the heart's songs.

Maulsby is a native of Iowa and a graduate of Marshalltown High School and Grinnell College. A US Army Vietnam veteran, he served with the 25th Infantry Division. He is an associate member of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America, the Military Writers Society of America, and a past president of the Iowa Poetry Association.

For more information on Maulsby's writing, go to www.dennismaulsby.com.

DATE OF INTERVIEW: 28 AUGUST 2019

I enlisted into the Navy's Nuclear Power Program in August of 1987 and completed the nuclear power program pipeline before receiving orders to USS *Parche* SSN 683, a special projects platform in June of 1989. I spent 4 years on board obtaining the rank of EM1(SS), qualifying Silver Dolphins on Sept 04, 1990. This duty station provided the foundation and building blocks for a twenty-three-year successful career.



After a tour as an instructor in Orlando Fl, I was accepted into the Enlisted Commissioning Program and received my commission in December of 1997. Another stint in the nuclear power pipeline led to my Junior Officer tour on USS *Wyoming* SSBN 742 (B), the platform for my first book *Keep Silent Service*, where I completed my Gold Dolphin qualifications on December 07, 2000. A Department Head tour on USS *Greeneville* SSN 772 as navigator and operations officer culminated my sea time in the Navy and brought me experience with the SEAL ASDS platform and its operations. *Greeneville* is the main platform for book 2, *Lethal Intentions*. I retired in 2010 as a LCDR, leaving with a FM MBA from Naval Postgraduate School and the vast experience used to write *Sub Surface* Volumes 1 and 2. The gadgets are fictional, the action is mainly driven from real life experience on a US Navy Submarine

MWSA: How did you find out about MWSA?

DAVE ANDERSON: A reader of my books recommended I check out the link he provided to possibly gain exposure for my books.

MWSA: What was the inspiration for *Keep Silent Service*?

ANDERSON: KSS is based on a growing personal belief that the Presidential call to launch nuclear weapons would be questioned. The movie, *Crimson Tide* delved into that thought process, also. The main character was an embedded psychologist hired to join the Navy and work her way through the nuclear power pipeline, because any active member knows test results

would be skewed if the crew thought they were being monitored by a “rider.”

MWSA: Why did you use a female main character?

ANDERSON: I was an enlisted instructor in Orlando FL when females were allowed back into the nuclear power program. I battled the misconception then that women couldn't perform the same job and believe completely that the inclusion into the submarine fleet is the right answer. Jillian Steel is a strong character. I used that last name to foreshadow her strength and resolve to carry out the mission she accepted.

MWSA: Where did you get the ideas for the new fictional equipment used in your books?

ANDERSON: I spent the last two years of my active duty time as the N81 Budget Officer at COMSUBPAC and worked with funding new programs. Those real programs involved many things that were cutting edge developmental tools. I used that background to devise my own fictional “gadgets” to enhance the books I've written.

MWSA: *Lethal Intentions*, *Sub Surface Vol 2*, utilizes SEAL Teams and a submersible platform. What's the background on that concept?

ANDERSON: My Department Head tour on USS *Greeneville* involved operations with the now cancelled Advanced SEAL Delivery System. We trained for real world operations with the team and the ASDS unit and had hoped to receive

a real mission while on deployment. Operational considerations did not allow that to happen and ASDS went back to Pearl Harbor. That platform experiences a battery explosion that breached the hull and effectively canceled the program. The book is an extension to that program and the potential missions it would have received.

MWSA: What's on the horizon for Volume 3?

ANDERSON: I will begin the initial stages of writing book three in the fall of 2019. Life considerations have lead to me holding off the writing process. As of this interview, *Volume 3* will involve South American drug interdiction operations using SEAL Teams, submarine operations, and combined surface and air assets to weave a tale that will keep the pages turning.

MWSA: We look forward to reading that book soon. Thank you.





CALL FOR ARTICLES

MILITARY WRITERS SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Dispatches Magazine is the official publication of the Military Writers Society of America. We are actively seeking articles from our members. As active duty service members, veterans, family members and those who have a story to tell, let *Dispatches* showcase your unique contribution to America's fabric of freedom. Our core principle is a love of love and respect for the men and women who defend this nation and a deep personal understanding of their sacrifice and dedication.

The magazine is published four times a year and provides our membership a national platform for short stories of less than 1500 words, articles, poetry, and art.

SPRING 2023

MWSA DISPATCHES MAGAZINE



SPRING
JAN-MAR

DEADLINE FOR
SUBMISSIONS
1 APRIL



SUMMER
APR-JUN

DEADLINE FOR
SUBMISSIONS
1 JULY



FALL
JUL-SEP

DEADLINE FOR
SUBMISSIONS
1 OCTOBER



WINTER
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Use this link to ask us questions and send us your story: dispatches@mwsa.co



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Author interviews, book reviews, upcoming events, educational avenues, and links to previous events can be found at the click of your mouse.

Check it out:

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You're welcome.





WELCOME TO THE MWSA ~ WHO WE ARE

John Cathcart

WE ARE A NATIONWIDE ASSOCIATION of authors, poets, and artists, drawn together by the common bond of military service. Most of our members are active duty military, retirees, or military veterans. A few are lifelong civilians who have chosen to honor our military through their writings or their art. Others have only a tangential relationship to the military. Our only core principle is a love of the men and women who defend this nation, and a deeply personal understanding of their sacrifice and dedication.

Our skills are varied. Some of us are world-class writers, with many successful books. Others write only for the eyes of their friends and families. But each of us has a tale to tell. Each of us is a part of the Fabric of Freedom. These are our stories...

For more details, [click here](#) to read more about us on our website. Feel free to browse our site and get to know our organization, our members, and their works.

THANKS VERY MUCH FOR BEING A PART OF YOUR MWSA ORGANIZATION.

SAVING HISTORY ONE STORY AT A TIME



