

Fellow Mustangs and Ladies:

I have just returned from what should have been a record breaking NOBC convention/reunion. It was not. Our Deputy Commander Steve Shivers spent an inordinate amount of time and effort to secure our old haunt the Plaza Hotel and Casino, plan for our buffet, breakfast, banquet, entertainment, photographer, guest speaker, and color guard. Past National Commander Pete Armstrong drove from North Carolina to deliver all the NOBC table setting, flags, helmets and signs. Past National Commander Gib Bolton drove from southern California to ensure a full compliment of PX items were available. This list could go on, but suffice it to say for all the effort the response from the NOBC body was abysmal; we had the lowest turn out from our membership in twenty-four years.

The founding fathers of NOBC, true members of The Greatest Generation, are well into their eighth-decade of life and in many instances unable to travel.

Commander's Message

by Robert Evans



I am heartened, however, as I look at our active roster and see a significant fraction of our membership is comprised essentially of the sons of The Greatest Generation, Vietnam veterans. Gentlemen it is time for you, the Vietnam veterans, to step up and lend your support to this NOBC band of brothers.

We need your support by becoming true active members of NOBC. A first step in being an active member would be to attend the 2006 convention/reunion (look for details in the spring issue of the Mustang News).

It is at the annual convention/reunion we conduct business at

the Board of Director and member levels, setting the stage for each upcoming year. Without a strong active member base attending the annual conventions/reunions, we cannot continue to be a viable organization. It seems a true pity to sit and allow this one-of-a-kind organization to fade into a niche in the U.S. Army Military History Institute at Carlisle Barracks in Pennsylvania.

Our long-time chaplain Warren Schilling has, because of medical issues, decided to step down. Everyone within the ranks of NOBC thanks Warren for so many years of support in writing his Chaplain's Corner column in our Mustang News, and providing words of comfort at our annual memorial services. We wish Warren God speed in his recovery and sincerely hope he will join us yet again at many future conventions/reunions.

If you would like to drop Warren a note, his new address is Col. Warren Schilling, 15010 Shell Point Boulevard, Fort Myers, Florida 33908-1637.

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Ralph A. Casperson (3)
Leroy E. "Roy" Bunders (2)
William T. Tibbitt (2)
James Davis (1)
Stephen "Steve" Parisi (1)

It is Time to Stand Up and Be Counted

Editor: As Commander Evans noted, Warren has relinquished his post as our Chaplain. He would like to have his messages "recycled" and we are delighted to do this.



Warren Schilling

A preacher once asked his senior deacon, "What do you think is our church's worse problem, ignorance or apathy?" The answer, "I don't know and I don't care."

While that's a clever little joke, may be it's a commentary on our religious culture today. Surveys show that most church members seldom read the Bible (assures ignorance) and they don't care enough (reveals apathy) to get involved in causes that will help turn around our nation's moral decline.

There are guide books in religious stores that are great helps for personal Bible study in all sections of the Bible. But the goal in studying is not just information, but transformation.

When our lives are transformed we can help change others.

History may reveal someday the truth that liberty and license are not the same thing and that if our nation

failed it was because it never learned the difference, Of course we have laws, but so many don't keep them. This license is reported daily on our streets, in our families, in our businesses, and displayed constantly for all to see in mov-

ies on TV. Let's take a stand - no one is too unimportant to be used by God. We can work through our churches or contact our leaders by mail or petitions from organizations that support our moral concepts. It is time for us to stand up and be counted.

Mustang News, Spring 1994

Address Change

PNC Russel M Brami has moved to a Senior Living Facility

Mr. Russel M. Brami
Silverado Senior Living
22955 Eastex Freeway
Kingwood, TX 77339
(281) 312-2526

He would appreciate hearing from his buddies

If there is no hell, a good many preachers are obtaining money under false pretenses.

Attributed to William A. "Billy" Sunday, American baseball player turned evangelist (1862-1935).

From the Hawaii Editor's Desk

by Bill "Scotty" Wynn



Mustang News

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TAPS

for Mustangs answering
their final muster:

995L-Gordon L. Baldry-SD
433-Clement L. Haase-IA
1044L-Christian A. Hansen-MT
683-Harold F. Lange-OH

Note: We depend on family members, friends and members to inform us of the deaths of our members. Please provide Stan Schmucker, Admin. & Fin. Officer, with pertinent information and details as soon as possible. Thank you.

Taps

There will be a great encampment
In the land of clouds today.
A mingling and a merging
Of our boys who've gone away.
Though on earth they are disbanding,
They are very close and near,
For those brave and honored heroes
Show no sorrow, shed no tear.
They have lived a life of glory,
History pins their medals high,
Listen to the thunder rolling,
They are marching in the sky!

--Artus Nottingham Chappus

New Life Member

1088L Merlyn R. Dungey

John C. Angier III Memorial Scholarship Fund



Recently departed National Adjutant John C. Angier III, 338L, (FL) has very generously provided NOBC with a gift annuity in his will. In recognition and appreciation of his gift, the Mustang Ponies Scholarship Fund will henceforth be known as The John C. Angier III Memorial Scholarship Fund.

Letters from NOBC Next of Kin

NOBC widows or next of kin receive a plaque and citation honoring their late husbands from Gib Bolton

From Bernadine Rouker & Jerry Drazkowski:

As my brother and I prepare to attend my father, Frank Drazkowski's military funeral at Arlington National Cemetery in August, we are grateful for the kind letters of sympathy from you and NOBC Chaplain Warren Schilling. We will proudly display the beautiful NOBC memorial plaque and citation as part of a treasured collection honoring my father's military career.

Please express our heartfelt thanks to the officers, directors and loyal members of NOBC for the plaque and for the work they do to honor the contribution of those who served to preserve our freedom.

Copies of the 25th NOBC Anniversary booklet are available at \$4.00 per copy. See Item #14 on the NOBC PX Order Form.

Although attendance was light, the 2005 Convention/Reunion was otherwise a successful event. 21 members, 4 Ponies, 2 widows, wives and guests brought the total to 55. "1st Timers" Albert F. Albertini #1116L (MT) and Francis E. Walsh #1140L (OH) were so identified by a red, white and blue ribbon attached to their name tag. This enabled everyone to make them especially welcome. Ponies in attendance were Ron and Joan Dungey, Sharon Chain and Dan Hunt. The two widows were Roselyn Burke and Ryan Miele, also a "1st Timer."

Friday, 21 October

The convention opened at 1200 on Friday as all began to check in at the Registration Table in the Hospitality Room of the Plaza Hotel and Casino. There they picked up their "info" packet and name tag. The Hospitality Room, or "Foxhole" as it is affectionately



Camaraderie and Conviviality in the Foxhole

known, was ably maintained by Convention Chairman Steve Shivers and his wife, Dee. It was here that many Mustangs met for the first time, while others renewed old friendships from previous years and established new ones. And it is in the "Foxhole" that an atmosphere of camaraderie and coviviality was generated.

Also in an adjoining room, PNC and PX Officer Gilbert "Gib" Bolton (CA) had his array of PX items on display including NOBC pins, decals, license plate frames, Battlefield Commission certificates, key chains, NOBC medal and many more. A new item this year was the NOBC jacket.

Saturday 22 October

Saturday, for the most part, was an open day. The Foxhole opened at 1000 and remained open until 1700 to ensure that everyone had time to prepare for cocktails at 1800 and the traditional evening buffet. At 0900 the Officers and Directors met for the annual Board of Directors meeting which concluded at 1300 after a lengthy agenda was addressed. For those wishing to visit the "Strip", or Hoover Dam or any other area within Las Vegas, a van was available for transportation.



Our overworked and underpaid Board of Directors

Saturday Evening Buffet

The buffet has become a permanent event and is also synonomous with the presentation of the "Helmet Awards" and the 50/50 lottery drawing. Prior to these taking place, Ralph Casperson (MI) delivered an essay entitled "Bill and Betty" (See pages 6-8. Helmet awards were presented to Tom Andrews (NC) for his term of service on the Board of Directors; Ralph Casperson for his presentation; Steve Shivers (SC) for his outstanding performance as Convention Chairman.



Commander Evans presents Helmet Award to Tom Andrews

Commander Evans presents Helmet Award to Ralph Casperson





Commander Evans presents NOBC pins to 1st Timers Albert Albertini and Francis Walsh

The two "1st Timers" were again recognized and presented with a gold NOBC collar pin. Topping off the evening was, as always, the 50/50 lottery drawing. The winners were: Jacob P. Meyers (PA) - \$500; Martin H. Huschka (KS) - \$300; Joyce Lindeken, relative of Roy Asbury (KS) - \$200 and Milton G. Kitchens (OK) - \$100.

Sunday 23 October

The day began with a new feature, an innovative buffet breakfast from 0800 to 0930. This was followed by the traditional Memorial Service beginning at 1000 with the Call to Order by National Commander Robert C. Evans. The colors were posted by the Marine Corps League, Greater Nevada Detachment #186, Last Vegas. After the Pledge of Alle-

338L	John C. Angier III FL	659	Duane E. Masterson OH
041L	John Benziger AZ	1095	Federico Pagani, Jr. PR
859L	Robert C. Baldridge NY	1051	Joe P. Rawls FL
995L	Gordon L. Baldry	956	Cosmo Riviello CA
506	Charles M. Buckholz IN	564	Edward J. Rutkowski IL
154	Joseph B. Cain, Jr AL	1082	Ellis H. Sherer AL
475	Joseph W. Clifton FL	265	James F. Shephard MA
1001	Thomas F. Crabtree MO	753	Robert M. Snodgrass OR
315	Arthur V. Detmers FL	713	Harold V. Stout NH
572L	Frank A. Drazkowski IL	342L	Harry W. Stonecipher IL
558	Robert C. Gresher GA	969	Robert A. Strong PA
433	Clement L. Haase IA	133L	Dean C. Swem MI
543L	David H. Hackworth CT	870	Clarence E. Troeger NM
239	Lindle W. Hancock UT	316L	Joseph L. Tucker VT
434	Richard R. Hanna IA	1028L	Richard F. Turner MD
1044L	Christian A. Hansen MT	1033	Edgar W. Westlake FL
002	William R. Healey TX	803L	James L. White VA
069L	J. Newell Henderson IL	129L	Henry P. Wojtanoski OH
915	John M. Keyser KY	468L	Ignatius J. Wolfington CA
550	Richard B. Lang IA	981	Harold E. Woodrome IL
683	Harold F. Lange OH		

giance and singing of the National Anthem, Mustang Pony Ron Dungey delivered the invocation. A stirring "self examination" message was presented by Deputy Commander Steve Shivers. His message was followed by the traditional candle lighting ceremony and the reading of the names of 41 Mustangs who departed our ranks this past year.

Annual Business Meeting

18 Mustangs attended the annual business meeting following the Memorial Service and was called to order by National Commander Evans at 1110. After reports from the Officers and Staff, Administrative & Finance Officer Stan Schmucker presented the minutes of the previous year's meeting and the Consolidated Financial Statement for the period ending 30 September 2005. Both were approved by the membership.

Commander Evans announced that departed National Adjutant John C. Angier III had very generously provided NOBC with a gift annuity in his will. It was unanimously approved that in recognition of John's remembrance, the Scholarship Fund shall henceforth be known as The John C. Angier III Memorial Scholarship Fund.

Mustang Pony Ron Dungey announced the selection of Elizabeth Hunt, granddaughter of Mustang George A. Hunt #325H, and daughter of Mustang Pony Daniel C. Hunt as the recipient of the \$1,000 scholarship.

There were no volunteers and therefore no decision as to the location for Convention/Reunion 2006. The matter will be pursued by Commander Evans by means of a subject article in a future issue of the Mustang News. Tom Andrews agreed to serve another 3 year term on the Board of Directors. Ralph Casperson was approved to fill the second 3 year term vacancy.

Closing Night Banquet

Social highlight is always the closing night formal banquet which this year was attended by approximately 70 Mustangs, Wives, Ponies, Widows



Keynote speaker Colonel Thomas H. Hueg and Guests. Again the Color Guard posted the colors. Featured speaker was Colonel Thomas H. Hueg, USAF, advisor to the Commander, Air & Space Expeditionary Force Center, Langley AFB, VA. His remarks concerning the current status of the Armed Forces in light of the current conflicts was well received. Highlight of the evening is always the presentation of the Commander's Trophy given in recognition of outstanding service and contribution to NOBC. This year there were two recipients: Sherman W. Pratt (VA) for his service as a previous editor of the Mustang News and as Washington Liaison in Project Arlington which culminated in the placing of an NOBC Memorial Marker in Arlington National Cemetery; and Russel M. Brami (FL) for his service on the Board of Directors, as Deputy Commander and as National Commander during which time the NOBC Commemorative Medal was finalized.

Monday 24 October Departure for "Home Station"

The "Foxhole" opened from 0700 to 1100 for the traditional "Getaway Continental Breakfast." Farewells were exchanged as all prepared to depart for their respective "home stations," with wishes to each other for a safe trip home, and a healthy year.

Stan Schmucker

Bill and Betty

A Ralph Casperson Essay

I'm going to read a story to you that may bring back bittersweet memories for those who are of the World War II generation. The story is historic fiction. It is based on true happenings in my life and in the lives of others before, during and after World War II.

Their given names were William and Elizabeth Ann. Bill and Betty saw the light of day in the town of Fairhaven, Wisconsin on Sweetwater Lake in 1919 where Bill's father was an engineer on the Soo Line Railroad. Betty's dad tended the huge coal-fired boilers at the electric generating plant on the shore of the big lake. Betty's mother, perennial treasurer of the Ladies' Aid Society, practically ran the church single-handedly according to some of the parishioners. The official board of the church never met without Bill's father's input.

Betty and Bill were together almost from the time they came into the world; Bill was the elder by eight months. They sat together on little red chairs in the primary department at Sunday School.

Time passed. Bill and Betty started in the first grade at Beaser School. Kindergarten didn't exist in Fairhaven in 1924. Mothers stayed home in those days, preparing their offspring for elementary school. Bill's mother, a former school teacher, taught him to read some before he was enrolled in Beaser School.

Although for seven years they sat in the same class in church and school, Bill and Betty were largely unaware of each other's existence. They advanced from the primary department in the church basement to the intermediate department in the sanctuary. Every Sunday they sat in the same pew, sometimes so close together their clothing touched. Even then Bill took no more notice of Betty than he did of his sister Elaine. To Betty, Bill was just another boy. He was something to be tolerated, if she acknowledged his existence at all.

By their pre-teen years Betty and Bill spent their time in the same social environment; church pageants, classes, plays, and parties in the elementary school. On many occasions on a summer Saturday their families picked wild berries together. On Halloween they both dressed up in costumes and attended parties at other chums' houses. In the sixth grade, Betty drew Bill's name for the gift exchange at the school Christ-

mas party. She gave him a bag of marbles. To Bill, Betty was like any of the other girls in the group. He paid her no special attention. Bill, as far as Betty was concerned, was equally non-existent. To each other, if they were to consider it (which they didn't) they were both just other members of the class of gang.

It was a significant day in the fall of 1933 when they started in the eighth grade in the big red-brick high school building. That Depression year was important in another way also. They joined the Methodist young people's organization.

As sophomores they worked on the "Purple and Gold", their high school newspaper. Bill joined the year-book staff as a tenth grader. Betty followed a year later. As freshmen they both joined the International Club (International Wizards). Bill was president of the group as a junior and Betty was treasurer as a junior and senior.

Betty and Bill were in the eleventh grade when Bill was elected president of the Methodist young people's group. Betty played the piano for their Sunday evening meetings. Each week they worked together planning these sessions.

On a clear, cold, northern Wisconsin night, the young people's group went on a sleigh ride. The horse-drawn sleigh needed no running lights; the light from the full moon, reflected from the pure white snow, lit the way. A farm house six miles from town was their destination. The scent of burning pine logs perfumed the air in the warm, cozy farm house. Hot cocoa and doughnuts satisfied the hunger of the lively teenagers. Some of the kids were bobbing for apples. A huge pan of water filled with home grown Jonathons was resting on a high stool. Bill stood on one side of the stool facing Betty with the pan of apples between them. Bill, ducking his head into the pan, hooked an apple by the stem, retrieving the fruit neatly. It was Betty's turn and as she slowly bent over the pan, the tips of her long auburn curls touching the water, someone accidentally pushed her, sending her face-down into the pan of water. Recovering quickly, she stood up sputtering, dripping, and laughing. It was a magic instant! Bill was transformed! He saw Betty for the first time. Bill was looking at the most beautiful and desirable thing he had seen in all his sixteen years. Helping her dry off, and sharing his apple with her, they were inseparable for the rest of the evening. On the way back to town in the sleigh, the kids formed couples and snuggled together under the

blankets. Bill and Betty did the same, holding hands for the first time. Something strange and soul-stirring had happened to Betty that night, too.

Changing their routes to and from school now, walking part of the way together, their conversation was spirited and endless. Only sometimes, when they looked at each other in a special way, were they speechless.

Betty helped Bill with his homework in English, and Bill, a history buff, practically memorized historical dates for Betty. Bill's parents thought Betty was the greatest thing that had ever happened. At Betty's house, the feeling toward Bill was the same.

As time passed, their feelings for each other grew stronger. After a movie or some school activity, Betty and Bill found themselves in each other's arms in a secluded spot at the park. Bill, the timid aggressor, became fearful. His anxiety, coupled with his respect for Betty, kept his advances in check during these passionate times. The young couple, now, irreversibly in love, retained control.

Bill became a book collector. He browsed at the "Reader's Corner", a book store that opened in Fairhaven in 1936. Betty's sewing was a counterpart to Bill's books and his hunting and fishing. Her first quilt, completed during her senior year, was the first article to rest in her hope chest, a cedar chest Bill made for her in his wood-working class in 1937 and her Christmas present that year. Betty gave Bill a monogrammed sweater she made with her own talented hands.

Disaster had struck Betty's family in 1936 when her father suffered an industrial accident that left him partially disabled. The money coming into the household was drastically reduced. Things were not exactly robust at Bill's house either during Depression years; his father worked only part time on the railroad. After high school graduation, further education was out of the question for Betty and Bill; their financial help was needed at home.

Betty was assured employment at the power company because of her father's accident there. Bill, an experienced hunter and fisherman, landed a job in the Montgomery Ward sporting goods department.

As time passed, our couple, though mostly inseparable, yearned for each other when separated. They did many things together: church and school activities, long

walks, picnics, reading to each other, movies, trips to the soda bar, time with each other's families, and occasional trips to their secluded spot at the park. This was courtship! On Christmas Eve in 1939, Bill slipped a modest diamond on the finger of Betty's left hand. Prospects for an early marriage were slim but they both knew that someday...on January 2, 1940 they opened a joint savings account with a two-dollar deposit.

In January 1942, about a month after the Japanese bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, Bill got his draft notice. Wanting to be master of his own fate, Bill enlisted in the Army. Their parting at the railroad station was misty eyed but brave. For the first time since they had found each other, Bill and Betty were separated.

Camp Roberts, California, Bill's station during the next four months, was where he learned the soldier's trade in the infantry. In June 1942, he was sent to Camp Blanding, Florida to join the 36th Infantry Division. Betty and Bill wrote each other almost every day. Bill missed sometimes when his unit was in the field and when it moved to Camp Edwards, Massachusetts.

Bill came home on a ten-day furlough in early February 1943. A long boat ride awaited him. Their parting at the Fairhaven railroad station was tragic. Tears flowed! Though madly in love and badly in need of each other, they had to part; unsatisfied and unfulfilled, they were miserable.

The options of an infantryman headed overseas in 1943 were limited. Hard labor, uncontrollable fear, and at worst a violent death, were his to ponder. In early March a desperate Bill called Betty! She boarded the next train for the east coast! Within an hour after she stepped off the train, they were married. Three glorious days were spent together in a Boston hotel. Again the lovers parted.

As Bill walked up the gangplank of the U.S. Army transport Brazil on April 1, 1943, he carried nothing but his backpack and a barracks bag. Betty carried a part of Bill with her on her return to Fairhaven.

In early September 1943, after spending some time in North Africa, Bill landed on a highly-contested beach near Salerno, Italy. By January 1944, he was tending his machine gun at the Rapido River south of Rome. At the same time, back in Fairhaven, Betty was nursing their son, William, Jr., born in December 1943. She called the little fair-haired boy Willie.

During the next eighteen months Betty received many letters from Italy, France and Germany, but the last one had a United States postmark. Bill was coming home!

In August 1945 when his train pulled into the Fairhaven station, Bill saw a mature woman standing on the platform holding the hand of a little blond boy. Betty saw a stranger striding toward her across the red bricks. Betty and Bill were changed by their two and one-half year separation; again they needed each other. The mental wounds driven through them by heart-wrenching years of war and loneliness needed healing.

Betty became a homemaker. Bill was hired by the power company; the corporation was still making amends for Betty's father's accident. Betty Ann was born in 1946; their little family was complete. The G.I. Bill financed their house. Bill received promotions until he became purchasing agent of the company. Now he had a private office and a staff of four. As the good years rolled by, the family prospered - a cottage in the woods, a small boat and snowmobiles.

Starting as a treasurer of the Ladies' Aid, Betty began to "run the church." Bill was appointed to the official board.

When the time came, Willie watched out for Betty Ann (Beth Ann) as they walked to and from the Beaser School. After all, he was the older brother and must play the role. A prosperous country afforded a new high school. Beth Ann and Willie abdicated their lock step with their parents after elementary school.

Bill and Betty grew older and their two kids grew up; Willie and Beth Ann both attended the local college. Before she married, Beth Ann worked for awhile for the power company. She too made quilts and became a gourmet cook.

Willie, following his father's interests, became a bibliophile. With his parents' financial help, he bought the "Reader's Corner" and is now one of the leading antiquarian booksellers in America.

Betty and Bill continued to do things together. On one occasion they visited old World War II battlefields in Italy. It is not needed yet, but recently I saw them ordering a headstone at the Harley Monument Company. Along with their names and birth-dates, it carries the inscription, "together forever" the last date is blank.

Soldiers For The Truth

This organization was founded by Col. David Hackworth and is continuing under the capable auspices of Roger Charles, President. Roger has agreed to continue our access to the SFTT website to select articles for the Mustang News. We will continue to head this as Hack's Page in his honor. We look forward to receiving a picture of Roger Charles to display in the heading of this page.

Last Orders

*by Eilyhs England Hackworth, Chairman & CEO
Soldiers For The Truth Foundation*

Veterans Day 2005 is Hack's first birthday that he and I will have spent apart in sixteen years. My husband often told me that soldiers who'd spent any time out on the killing fields cared more than a little about good food the rest of their lives and his birthday proved no exception to his rule. He always chose to cook with me alone at home on his birthday and the buildup would start days before with us creating and rejecting various rich and exotic menus before he'd settle on that year's choice, always the same: a red-sauce pasta, garlic bread and a large bowl of my Caesar salad – followed by chocolate birthday cake and chocolate ice cream and whatever else he'd ordered up.

Contemplating November 11th without him conjures up all that we shared over the years: the love, of course, always the love; the passion for both me and his pet projects and vendettas and how sooner or later he'd suck me into them; the daily sit-reps on our morning walks, wrapping up with the lessons learned; the heady weekly mind-merge when we worked on the Defending America column; his distinctive baby blues sparking with mischief when he'd jump out from around a corner to ambush me — and all the other times he made me laugh; the twists and turns of his genius as well as his outrageous humor; his astounding prescience and bloodhound nose for the truth; his super-hero strength, moral as well as physical; the way he secured the perimeter every night; his idealism; his natural grace and lack of pretension; his resolute loyalty; and most of all, his mythic bravery that I bore witness to while we fought together to save his life until we lost that last terrible battle and he died in my arms.



David & Eilyhs Share a Wonderful Moment

On his deathbed Hack charged me with certain tasks. It was a short list, much of it quite daunting: to finish and produce a family comedy screenplay he was consulting on for me; to get his leadership book published; to buy a new car – he even picked out the make and the model – because he thought our old ones were unsafe; and to keep Soldiers For The Truth going to protect the grunts.

SFTT is the big cahuna because Phil Matthews, Roger Charles, Nat Helms and I can't keep it going

without each and every one of you contributing in your separate way. Articles. E-mails from Iraq and other trouble spots. Soldiers' letters home for our new archival effort – COMMO HOME – established in Hack's honor. Thirty bucks a year or whatever you can afford. Or the proceeds from cake sales and benefits. Anything you personally can do to support SFTT — the only consistent place our warriors can go for help or to air their gripes. That's particularly important these days when our brave soldiers out at the tip of the spear – fighting for the most powerful country in the world, a country that spends more on its military than all the rest of the world combined — are saddled with going to war with second hand equipment and third hand body armor because the Pentagon's corrupt Perfumed Princes would have it so.

Hack often said that out of ten people in a platoon – or in life — nine would turn out to be rock-huggers. I hope you all will celebrate his 75th birthday by picking up the slack and proving him wrong.

May Hack be with you!

The Whining Veterans Myth

Major Mark A. Smith, US Army (ret)

I recall as a youth the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Life* magazines in a box in our garage they had pictures of war and of proud returning veterans. There were wounded men and those Rockwell paintings of the young trooper coming home to a proud family. I do not recall even one photo of an unkempt, whining returning soldier, marine, sailor or airman. I also never saw a slovenly veteran from a past war, standing there crying. They were pictured with the returning warriors, standing proud and obviously adoring a new generation of American fighting men.

Somewhere along the way we experienced a collision between returning veterans and the new "sensitive American male." Numerous photos appeared of this new type veteran crying on the shoulders of a consoling female, with that pained look on her face showing the injustice of it all. I could not figure out who these people were. I went to war with no whiners and came home from multiple tours, each time, with none. A couple of rowdy drunks on a trip or two, but, no darned whiners, not even on the return flight from POW camp and a couple of them had been in the jungle for nearly seven years. I felt and saw pride among my war making brethern.

I never disembarked from an aircraft at Travis AFB and heard a fellow warrior say: "Where's the parade like daddy got." It was many years before I heard the now common refrain: "I never got a parade." I was never spit at in the San Francisco airport in all the years of passing through there from 1965 to 1973. Every one of those years I came or left for Vietnam through that much maligned airport. A pretty little hippie girl gave me a nice flower once and I tried to pick her up in good soldierly fashion. She was with a dirty, long-haired type and he did not spit either. He just stood with this forlorn look on his face and appeared totally dejected. I asked if she'd like to try and change her luck and she just smiled and said she was kind of committed to the long haired young man. He just seemed more hurt than hostile during the flirtation. I do not recall ever expecting to be spit on at that airport or down town for that matter. I guess what so many claim as their defining moment of that war, kind of passed me by.

The only times I recall being embarrassed in an airport a sloppy soldier was the culprit and not some hippie. I made the on the spot correction and the only looks from civilians were more along the line of "just let the kid go home to mom," rather than hostility. No spitting involved and the slovenly soldier never said he looked like a bum because he never got a parade.

On all those plane rides I never met a warrior who bragged of raping Vietnamese girls or murdering their families. I guess they were holding back for those "winter soldier" hearings with Kerry. Oliver Stone and John must have been on flights reserved for those who had been in the army commanded by "Ghengis Kahn." That is John's description and not mine of the military he served with in Vietnam.

During all the years of the Vietnam war I never had a confrontation with the anti-war crowd. I did once go to my father's office and they had an anti-war march in the street outside. We, along with a Navy recruiter from down stairs, went out to watch. We saw Doctor Spock roll by and a couple folk singers. Though we were in uniform, no catcalls or spit came our way. As a matter of fact, most marchers seemed a little embarrassed and maybe even a tad intimidated by our being there. I did not scream and cry asking why the parade was not for me and neither did the Navy chief.

Long after the wall was erected, I finally got down there to honor my fallen fellow warriors. I also attended a number of veterans gatherings in 1985. Suddenly, everyone is crying and saying "welcome home brother, we never got a parade." Actually a huge parade took place when the wall opened officially. I guess all these guys did not get the word. My comments were less than kind. A guy who had been a lawyer in Vietnam, came up wearing a green beret with his civilian suit. He asked where my beret was and I told him it was home in my bag where it belonged. I was about to ask him why he had one on when a fellow walked up in full camouflage gear with a beard and weighing about 280, so I knew he was no hungry "homeless" vet. He said, "It's all right if you cry, just let it out." I wanted to puke. Who in God's name were these guys? I had come to

honor my fallen comrades and to remember those still missing. None of my dead friends would expect me to stand in front of that wall and cry. They were prouder than that and so am I.

In recent years I have been approached on the street by those claiming to be “homeless veterans.” I questioned all and not even one ever appeared legit with the exception of that feminist Gloria at her friend Jane’s press conference, these were the only people who became hostile when challenged.

I look at John Kerry and his cohorts from the VVAW and see the birthplace of the “poor Vietnam veteran” myth in the public’s eye. Millions of honorable veterans and the media tries to make that ragtag bunch of bums us? Not on my watch, Dan and Walter. Those are your veterans, not mine! They are the genesis of every bad impression of Vietnam veterans. They started the myth along with the media left, that we were all dope addicts and most of us ended up in prison. It was this crew of real and imaginary veterans, along with the left handed media, who hate the military, which created the myth of the whining veteran and they are doing their best to do it to a new generation of American warriors. They had no military pride in their day and have not one ounce of national pride today. They are not us and never were.

We veterans have made our voices heard on everything from POWs left behind to the terrible consequences from the use of chemicals in our war. We kept John Kerry and his VVAW “band of brothers” out of the White House. But, even the VA seems intent on tagging us, rather than treating us. Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome (PTSD) has become almost a buzz word for veterans of any war. I do not begrudge anyone treatment, but, I am offended by the myth that none of us could cope with the rigors of combat and its aftermath. As a former POW the first words out of the VA reps mouth were “Of course you will get compensated for PTSD.” My response? “Just rate me on the bullets and shrapnel.” I want them to treat that quiet vet in the corner, who never whines, but, dreams terrible things at night. Then I want them to go down to the shopping mall and snatch up that camouflage wearing goon, bothering the old ladies, and find out if he ever actually went to war.

Alexander Hamilton

Hamilton would become inspector general of the Army and in that capacity founded the US Navy. Along with James Madison and John Jay, he wrote the Federalist Papers, essays that helped gain popular support for the then-proposed Constitution. In 1789, he became the first Secretary of the Treasury, under President Washington and almost single-handedly created the US Mint, the stock and bond markets and the concept of the modern corporation.

After the death of Washington on Dec. 14, 1799, Hamilton worked secretly, though assiduously, to prevent the reelection of John Adams as well as the election of Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr. Burr obtained a copy of a Hamilton letter that branded Adams an “eccentric” lacking in “sound judgment” and got it published in newspapers all over America. In the 1801 election, Jefferson and Burr tied in the Electoral College, and Congress made Jefferson president, with Burr his vice president. Hamilton, his political career in tatters, founded the *New York Evening Post* newspaper, which he used to attack the new administration. In the 1804 New York gubernatorial election, Hamilton opposed Aaron Burr’s bid to replace Governor George Clinton. With Hamilton’s help, Clinton won.

When he heard that Hamilton had called him a “dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government,” Burr demanded a written apology or satisfaction in a duel. On the morning of July 11, 1804, on a cliff in Weehawken, New Jersey, Hamilton faced the man who had rescued him 28 years earlier in Manhattan. Hamilton told his second, Nathaniel Pendleton, he intended to fire into the air as to end this affair with honor but without bloodshed. Burr made no such promise. A shot ran out. Burr’s bullet struck Hamilton on the right side, tearing through his liver. Hamilton’s pistol went off a split second later, snapping a twig overhead. Thirty-six hours later, Alexander Hamilton was dead. He was 49 years old.



Word Fun

Dormitory: When you rearrange the letters:
Dirty Room

Desperation: When you rearrange the letters:
A Rope Ends It

The John C. Angier III Scholarship Fund



Elizabeth Hunt

The Mustang Ponies Scholarship Fund, after considerable contemplation, has selected the granddaughter of George A. Hunt, Mustang 325(H). It is with pleasure that I present Elizabeth Hunt, Mustang Pony 005J, for the NOBC scholarship. She is the daughter of Daniel C. Hunt, Pony #101. As always, the selection for the NOBC scholarship was difficult as applicants have diverse interests and all demonstrate high standards of academic excellence. I believe that this years selection is an excellent choice for her activities in her community and her academic scholarship.

Elizabeth is a freshman at Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. The program there will provide Elizabeth the opportunity to study marketing with a concentration in fashion merchandising and advertising.

While in high school, Elizabeth was recognized as New Hampshire High School Women's Scholar Athlete. Among her athletic pursuits as Red Cross certification in lifeguard and water safety. Her scholastics has put her on the honor roll and provided her the opportunity to attend the National Young

Leaders Conference in Washington, DC. Her performance at the Young Leaders Conference precipitated in her nomination to the Global Young Leaders Conference in Europe and nomination to the Presidential Youth Inaugural Conference.

Elizabeth's selection is in keeping with the standards we have set in providing assistance to our scholars.

Sincerely,
Ronald E. Dungey, *Chair*
Scholarship Committee

A Bit of Idiot Trivia

In Food Service: Went to a Taco Bell and asked the person behind the counter to use "minimal lettuce." He said he was sorry, but they only had iceberg. He was a Kansas City chef!

Sighting: The stoplight buzzes when it's safe to cross the street. Walking with an intellectually challenged coworker she asked if i knew what the buzzer was for. I explained it signals blind people when the light is red. She responded: "What are blind people doing driving?!" She was a probation officer in Wichita.

Sighting: I worked with an individual who plugged her power strip back into itself and for the life of her couldn't understand why her system would not turn on. A deputy with Dallas County Sheriff's office.

Sighting: My husband and I went to the dealer to pick up our car, we were told the keys were locked inside. We found a mechanic working feverishly to unlock the driver's door. I went to the passenger side, tried the door and found it unlocked. "Hey," I said, "it's open!" The mechanic replied, "I know - I already got that side." A Ford Dealer in Canton, MS.

In the Neighborhood: We recently had a new neighbor call the town office to request removal of the Deer Crossing sign on our road. Reason: "too many deer were being hit by cars" and he didn't want them crossing there anymore. From Kingman, KS

**And they walk among us and reproduce.
Kinda scary, huh?**

Financial Report

NATIONAL ORDER OF BATTLEFIELD COMMISSIONS
CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL STATEMENT
1 October 2004 - 30 September 2005

OPERATING ACCOUNT

Balance 1 October 2004		7724.88
	<u>RECEIPTS</u>	
Annual Dues (New, Current, Wid/NOK)	3685.00	
PX Sales	3053.00	
Donations	824.00	
Convention 2004 and 2005	11835.48	
Trfr from Life Acct (5% of Principal)	636.00	
Trfr from Life Account (Interest)	95.73	
Trfr from Reserve Acct (Interest)	41.94	
Miscellaneous (Rosters, Mustang News)	30.00	
Total Receipts		<u>20201.15</u>
Total Income		<u>27926.03</u>

DISBURSEMENTS

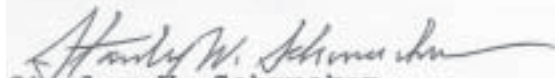
Printing - Mustang News (4 Issues and Anniversary Issue)	6308.28	
Other	35.00	
Postage	1723.48	
PX Purchases and Expense	1100.35	
Office and Telephone Expense	1710.07	
Awards and Plaques	249.14	
Convention 2004	6252.30	
Website Maintenance	214.40	
Miscellaneous (Surety Bond, Bank Stamp)	393.00	
Total Disbursements		<u>17986.02</u>
Balance 30 September 2005		<u><u>9940.01</u></u>

LIFE ACCOUNT

Balance 1 October 2004		4713.35
	<u>Receipts & Disbursements</u>	
New Life Members (9)	900.00	
Bank Interest	88.36	
Mustang Pony Scholarship	(1000.00)	
Trfr to Operating Acct (5% of Princ)	(636.00)	
Trfr to Operating Acct (Interest)	(95.73)	
Total Receipts & Disbursements		<u>(743.37)</u>
Balance 30 September 2005		<u><u>3969.98</u></u>

RESERVE ACCOUNT

Balance 1 October 2004		2041.94
	<u>Receipts & Disbursements</u>	
Bank Interest	46.36	
Convention 2005 (Temporary)	2060.00	
Plaza Hotel (Convention 2005 Deposit)	(1000.00)	
Caddo Printing (50/50 Lottery Tickets)	(776.79)	
Trfr to Operating Acct (Interest)	(41.94)	
Total Receipts & Disbursements		<u>287.63</u>
Balance 30 September 2005		<u><u>2329.57</u></u>


Stanley W. Schmucker
Administrative & Finance Officer



Bob Evans

I serve on the Retired Affairs Committee, one of nine TMC committees that include: (1) Awards; (2) Guard & Reserve; (3) Health Care; (4) Military Construction/Morale, Welfare and Recreation; (5) Military Personnel, Compensation, Commissaries; (6) Retired Affairs; (7) Survivor Benefits; (8) Taxes, Social Security; and (9) Veterans.

Since a significant fraction of our readership falls squarely within my committee, I am going to spend the balance of my report outlining my committee's legislative goals for 2006. Since the committee membership has yet to ratify the goals, if you have comments on any of them, please feel free to contact me and I will surely carry your suggestions forward.

And now for the legislative goals for the Retired Affairs Committee for 2006:

1. Continue to seek timely and comprehensive implementation of legislation that authorizes the concurrent receipt of uniformed services retired pay and VA disability compensation, by:

- 1 Developing the case to expand concurrent receipt legislation—both Combat Related Special Compensation (CRSC) and Concurrent Retirement and Disability Payments (CRDP)—to disabled retirees not eligible under the current statute.
- 2 Assisting the DoD and Services with outreach application efforts to disabled retirees who are not aware they are eligible for Combat Related Special Compensation (CRSC);
- 3 Closely monitoring and actively seeking to be involved in the congressionally directed commission reviewing the VA disability system to ensure the principles of DoD disability retirement and VA disability compensation are not compromised;
- 4 Seeking legislation to resolve disparities associated with the implementation of CRDP and CRSC legislation, to include making those

disabled retirees rated 100% by the VA for “unemployable” (IU) eligible for FY 2005 legislation authorizing the full concurrent receipt of retired pay and VA disability compensation.

2. Pursue legislation that eliminates inequities in the Uniformed Services Former Spouses Protection Act (USFSPA). Specifically, build consensus to enact legislation that would:

- 1 Base the award amount to the former spouse on the grade and years of service of the member at time of divorce (and not retirement);
- 2 Permit the designation of multiple Survivor Benefit Plan (SBP) beneficiaries with the presumption that SBP benefits must be proportionate to the allocation of retired pay;
- 3 Eliminate the “10-year Rule” for the direct payment of retired pay allocations by the Defense Finance and Accounting Service (DFAS).

3. Support on going efforts to reduce the qualifying Guard/Reserve retirement age from 60 to 55.

4. Protect retiree entitlements and closely monitor any attempts to degrade benefits. Monitor access to military commissaries, exchange facilities, family support services, and Morale, Welfare and Recreation activities, and be especially vigilant with regard to impacts from BRAC and other re-basing/redeployment initiatives.

5. Seek to guard against any discriminatory treatment of retired members of the uniformed services compared to other Federal retirement, or Federal COLA-eligibles, by maintaining and enhancing the equity of annual cost-of-living adjustments (COLA) through:

- 1 Working to ensure continued fulfillment of congressional COLA intent, as expressed in HNSC Committee Print of Title 37, USC: “to provide every military retired member the same purchasing power of the retired pay to which he was entitled at the time of retirement [and ensure it is] not, at any time in the

future...eroded by subsequent increases in consumer prices;”

- 2 Ensuring equal treatment of NOAA/USPHS/USCG personnel in conjunction with any retirement/COLA legislation;
- 3 Monitoring any proposed Bureau of Labor and Statistics (BLS) adjustments to the Consumer Price Index (CPI) calculation process;
- 4 And, monitoring action on Budget Resolution, Omnibus Budget Reconciliation, Social Security reform initiatives, and other proposals to guard against discriminatory treatment of uniformed services retired members.

6. Seek balance in space-available travel priorities between:

- 1 Retired members versus unaccompanied active duty dependents (i.e., establish some limits on unaccompanied dependent travel to more appropriately recognize their need for such travel without closing out retiree travel options); and,
- 2 “Gray area” Reserve retirees and other uniformed services retirees, including their widows, regarding space-available travel (Reserves now cannot use space-available travel outside the ConUS as other retirees can).

On The Lighter Side

History Lesson

A long time ago, Britain and France were at war. During one battle, the French captured an English major. The French general questioned him and asked, “Why do you English officers wear red coats? Don’t you know the red makes you better targets?”

In his bland way, the major informed the general that the reason English officers wear red coats is so that if they are shot, the blood won’t show and the men they are leading won’t panic.

And that is why from that day to this all French Army officers wear brown pants.

The Task Has to be Worthwhile

Two men were sitting in an outhouse. The first man finished his task and as he was arranging his trousers a quarter and a dime fell out of his pocket and disappeared in the darkness below. With a sigh of resignation he pulled a twenty dollar bill from his pocket and tossed it into the hole. The other man watched this with amazement and remarked, “What the hell are you doing?” The first man drew himself up and replied in a haughty manner, “You don’t think I’m going down there for thirty-five cents!”

The Upper Crust!

When the English gentry sailed to India they would specify the cabin side of the ship they wanted to avoid the strong sun. Port side out, starboard home. Hence the term POSH.

Jim Plate Recalls the 1500s

Of course, he isn’t really that old - he just likes the History Channel.

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were beginning to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying “dirt poor.” The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery when wet, so they spread thresh (straw on the floor to help them keep their footing). As the winter wore on, they added more thresh until when you opened the door, it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entranceway. Hence the saying a “thresh hold.”

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for about 400 years, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or “upper crust.”

**National Order of
Battlefield Commissions**
Stanley W. Schmucker
Administrative Officer
1490 Independence Avenue
Melbourne, FL 32940

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Have a Great Holiday Season

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