

USS BRISTOL DD 857 VETERANS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER SPRING 2016

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President’s Message

Shipmates:

Now that Spring is finally here, it is time to think about our 2016 Reunion. The cancellation of our 2015 reunion, which was to be held in Baltimore, MD, was not an easy decision. After a great deal of communication and consideration by the Board, it was decided that due to the poor response and ongoing problems in the Baltimore area, the 2015 reunion would be cancelled.

The Bristol Association 2016 reunion will be held in Wilmington, North Carolina, as voted on by the membership at our last organizational meeting in Branson. The membership also wanted to have the reunion extended one more day, making it a five (5) day reunion instead of the usual four (4) day reunion.

By now you should have received your information packet from The Reunion Brat for the 2016 Wilmington reunion. Please check the dates and sign up as soon as possible. Making the hotel reservation early does not cost you anything until you actually use it. Of course, you do have to give them a few days notice if you are cancelling. This is all explained in the reunion packet that you received.

If you have any questions, please call me or email me.

As your president, I thank each and every one of you who have attended our reunions. By your presence, it makes me and the Board proud to serve this great organization. Yes, the USS Bristol is no longer, but our memories of her and the time we served on her will always be in our thoughts. Trading stories of being on patrol, riding out a big storm, on liberty in some foreign port, at our work stations, meeting shipmates that have served before us and after us; this is what reunions are all about. **LET’S KEEP IT GOING.** I hope to see many shipmates at the next reunion.

Paul Ratcliffe, EM2, President

Nice bit of History *Contributed by Ray Storey*

Frank Sinatra considered Kate Smith the best singer of her time, and said that when he and a million other guys first heard her sing "God Bless America" on the radio, they all pretended to have dust in their eyes as they wiped away a tear or two.

Here are the facts.... The link at the bottom will take you to a video showing the very first public singing of "GOD BLESS AMERICA". But before you watch it, you should also know the story behind the first

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public showing of the song.

The time was 1940. America was still in a terrible economic depression. Hitler was taking over Europe and Americans were afraid we'd have to go to war. It was a time of hardship and worry for most Americans.

This was the era just before TV, when radio shows were HUGE, and American families sat around their radios in the evenings, listening to their favorite entertainers, and no entertainer of that era was bigger than Kate Smith.

Kate was also large; plus size, as we now say, and the popular phrase still used today is in deference to her, "It ain't over till the fat lady sings".

Kate Smith might not have made it big in the age of TV, but with her voice coming over the radio, she was the biggest star of her time.

Kate was also patriotic. It hurt her to see Americans so depressed and afraid of what the next day would bring. She had hope for America, and faith in her fellow Americans. She wanted to do something to cheer them up, so she went to the famous American song-writer, Irving Berlin (who also wrote "White Christmas") and asked him to write a song that would make Americans feel good again about their country. When she described what she was looking for, he said he had just the song for her. He went to his files and found a song that he had written, but never published, 22 years before - way back in 1917. He gave it to her and she worked on it with her studio orchestra. She and Irving Berlin were not sure how the song would be received by the public, but both agreed they would not take any profits from God Bless America. Any profits would go

to the Boy Scouts of America. Over the years, the Boy Scouts have received millions of dollars in royalties from this song.

This video starts out with Kate Smith coming into the radio studio with the orchestra and an audience. She introduces the new song for the very first time, and starts singing. After the first couple verses, with her voice in the background still singing, scenes are shown from the 1940 movie, "You're In The Army Now." At the 4:20 mark of the video you see a young actor in the movie, sitting in an office, reading a paper; it's Ronald Reagan.

To this day, God Bless America stirs our patriotic feelings and pride in our country. Back in 1940, when Kate Smith went looking for a song to raise the spirits of her fellow Americans, I doubt whether she realized just how successful the results would be for her fellow Americans during those years of hardship and worry.... And for many generations of Americans to follow.

Now that you know the story of the song, I hope you'll enjoy it. Many people don't know there's a lead in to the song since it usually starts with "God Bless America" So here's the entire song as originally sung.... ENJOY!

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/TnQDW-NMaRs?rel=0>

.....
Rolling Thunder
Washington, DC Inc.
Contributed by Charlie Weaver

o f Remains P f c .



Kenneth Leroy Cunningham, missing since 1969, coming home

Today, we honor, salute and remember PFC Cunningham, missing since Oct. 3, 1969.

He was 21 at the time.

On Oct. 3, 1969, First Lt. Paul L. Graffe, a pilot, and Cunningham departed from Phu Hiep, South Vietnam during the early evening for a nighttime surveillance mission of targets located in the tri-border area of Cambodia, Laos and South Vietnam.

The aircraft, an OV1C Mohawk plane, was equipped with surveillance equipment, but was not armed. The aircraft failed to return at its scheduled time.

Two days later, search-and-rescue aircraft located the wreckage of an aircraft atop a 7,000-foot peak in a mountain range north of the city of Kontum.

The wreckage was positively identified as Graffe's and Cunningham's aircraft. Efforts were made to insert a ground team at the site on Oct. 5 and Oct. 6, but bad weather prevented the mission.

Cunningham's remains will be flown back to the United States next week, arriving at the airport in Louisville, Kentucky on Jan 19.

His remains will be escorted back to Albion, Illinois for funeral services and burial at the Little Prairie Christian Church. Visitation will be Jan 20th, 4-8 p.m at the church.

Funeral services will be 2 p.m. on Jan. 21 at the Little Prairie Christian Church at Albion with burial in the church cemetery. He will be buried with full military honors.

Thank you for your service, sir. May you continue to rest in peace.

May your family finally find comfort and peace.

Cunningham is listed on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, panel 17W, line 033.

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Molly McLaughlin, 87, started nursing school on the day World War II ended, in 1945, at the dawn of the age of antibiotics, and is ending her career treating victims of a disease that didn't even exist then. In her 67 years as a registered nurse, she's cared for veterans of the Spanish-American War, vaccinated thousands of children with the then new Salk polio vaccine, and was among the first to report the outbreak of Legionnaires' disease. For the past quarter century, until her retirement this month, she has been caring for HIV and AIDS victims at the Veterans Administration hospital in Philadelphia.

"When you have a passion and you impact people's lives on a daily basis," she says, "it gives you a purpose."

As a nursing student, one of her very first patients was a 12-year-old boy, Tommy Rios, who was riding double on the handlebars of a bicycle when he fell and was hit by a car, fracturing his skull and breaking his femur and pelvis. He was in a full body cast, in the hospital, for six months. Molly not only cared for him, but also brought him hoagies — the Philly word for submarine sandwiches — because he wasn't eating the hospital food.

Molly's niece Anne Harriott asked her the other day what ever became of the boy.

"I had lunch with him last week," Molly replied.

Indeed, Rios, now 81, always felt enormous gratitude to Molly. He'd look her up whenever he returned to the hospital for follow-up visits, and they became lifelong friends. Years later, he taught Molly how to drive. When Rios married and had a daughter, he asked Molly to be godmother.

"Molly is a very caring person," Rios said the other day. "When I was in the hospital for the six months, she was the one who kept me alive."

Molly grew up in Philadelphia and says she'd wanted to be a nurse since the seventh grade. Her graduation present from Catholic high school was a bandage scissors and syringe, back in the day before disposables.

Molly's interest was always public health.

After her graduation from Fitzgerald Mercy nursing school, she worked for the Philadelphia health department. She administered the newly discovered polio vaccine to thousands of schoolchildren. She has no idea how many thousands of shots she's given since starting nursing school 70 years ago, but confesses, "I'm pretty good at it. I'm fast."

In 1960, she went to work for the Philadelphia VA Medical Center — and spent the next 55 years there.

When she started, she was caring for veterans of the Spanish-American War of 1898.

"One man was 93 and worked for the state, and he was still working," she recalls. "He was my inspiration. Another man was a stockbroker, and in 1929 he watched all his friends jump out of windows on Wall Street."

Molly has built relationships with patients from many wars. She has the most affection for Vietnam veterans because they were treated

so poorly by the public when they returned home.

One Vietnam vet, Ed Henry, was ambushed by machine gun fire at age 19 and had both legs amputated. Molly helped Henry in many ways, even filing paperwork to get him better compensation. Henry grew to trust Molly and rely on her. He'd bring in other vets who were reluctant to get care and escort them right to Molly's office.

After Henry died in 2012, one of the first people his wife called was Molly.

"He had a lot of faith in Molly," said Linda Henry, "in her judgment and kindness and just her."

Molly was working in a VA clinic in Center City, Philadelphia, the second day of August in 1976 when a veteran she had been dating, a member of the American Legion, came in and told her that many fellow Legionnaires attending a convention at a nearby hotel the previous week were sick and four had died.

This is Honor, this is



Patriotism, this is loyalty and dedication *From Joe Kelsey* Everything in Washington is shutdown. EVERYTHING due to one of the worst winter storms in history starting to hit. Look at this Patriotic Hero at the Tomb of the

Unknown Soldier, no he didn't take the day off, hurricane force winds expected, up to 3 feet of snow.

.....
Omaha II (CL-4) *Contributed by Vinnie Sillaro*



Omaha (CL-4) was laid down 6 December 1918 by the Todd SB & DD Co., Tacoma, Wash.; launched 14 December 1920; sponsored by Miss Louise Bushnell White; and commissioned 24 February 1923, Capt. David C. Hanrahan in command.

Following her commissioning, Omaha joined the Atlantic Fleet under peace-time conditions. At this time her primary mission was training, and she proved to be very capable by consistently winning fleet awards in gunnery and communications. She made many ports-of-call throughout the Mediterranean and Caribbean during her peacetime cruises, displaying the Stars and Stripes.

Just prior to the U. S. entry into World War II, on 6 November 1941, while on neutrality patrol with Somers (DD-381) in mid-Atlantic near the Equator, Omaha sighted a vessel which aroused much suspicion by her actions. Refusing to satisfactorily identify herself, and taking evasive actions, the stranger was ordered to heave to. She flew the American flag and carried the name Willmote of Philadelphia on her stern.

As Omaha's crew dispatched a boarding party, the freighter's crew took to life boats and hoisted a

signal which indicated that the ship was sinking. When the Omaha party pulled alongside they could hear explosions from within the hull, while one of the fleeing crewmen shouted "This is a German ship and she is sinking." In short order the men of the Omaha, in spite of extreme dangers, had salvaged the vessel, rendered her safe and had her underway for Puerto Rico. The freighter, as it turned out, was the German ship

Odenwald, and her capture was one of the great dramas of American seamanship.

After the United States entered the war, Omaha continued her South Atlantic patrol, instructed to stop Nazi blockade runners. While patrolling out of a base in Brazil, on 4 January 1944, with Jouett (DD-396), she spotted a ship which immediately showed signs of being scuttled. The ship's crew took to the boats and she began settling by the stern. The following day another ship was sighted and its crew set her afire. Omaha opened fire and the vessel disappeared beneath the waves. Both ships carried cargos of rubber which the Germans desperately needed.

In March, Omaha proceeded to Naples to prepare for landings in Southern France. On 19 August she protected the flank of the units bombarding Toulon, and three days later took part in the operations that resulted in the surrender of the German garrison on the island of Porquerolles.

Omaha was present at the surrender of Giens on 23 August, and on the 25th she delivered a sustained bombardment on targets in the Toulon area. Shortly thereafter she was detached from the operation and returned to patrol duties. The termination of hostilities (15 August

1945) found her patrolling in the South Atlantic.

Omaha sailed for Philadelphia upon detachment from patrol, arriving 1 September. By 17 October she was slated for retirement, and she decommissioned 1 November 1945. Omaha was struck from the Naval Register 28 November 1945, and scrapped in February 1946 at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Omaha earned one battle star for service in World War II.

LITTLE KNOWN TIDBIT OF NAVAL HISTORY. *from David "Guns" Lincoln*

The U.S.S. Constitution (Old Iron Sides), as a combat vessel, carried 48,600 gallons of fresh water for her crew of 475 officers and men. This was sufficient to last six months of sustained operations at sea. She carried no evaporators (I.e. Fresh water distillers).

However, let it be noted that according to her ship's log, "On July 27, 1798, the U.S.S. Constitution sailed from Boston with a full complement of 475 officers and men, 48,600 gallons of fresh water, 7,400 cannon shot, 11,600 pounds of black powder and 79,400 gallons of rum"

Her mission: "To destroy and harass English shipping."

Making Jamaica on 6 October, she took on 826 pounds of flour and 68,300 gallons of rum.

Then she headed for the Azores, arriving there 12 November. She provisioned with 550 pounds of beef and 64,300 gallons of Portuguese wine.

On 18 November, she set sail for England. In the ensuing days she defeated five British men-of-war and captured and scuttled 12 English merchant ships, salvaging only the rum aboard each.

By 26 January, her powder and shot were exhausted. Nevertheless, although unarmed she made a night

raid up the Firth of Clyde in Scotland. Her landing party captured a whiskey distillery and transferred 40,000 gallons of single malt Scotch aboard by dawn. Then she headed home.

The U.S.S. Constitution arrived in Boston on 20 February 1799, with no cannon shot, no food, no powder, no rum, no wine, no whiskey, and 38,600 gallons of water.

GO NAVY!

Riverine Command Boats

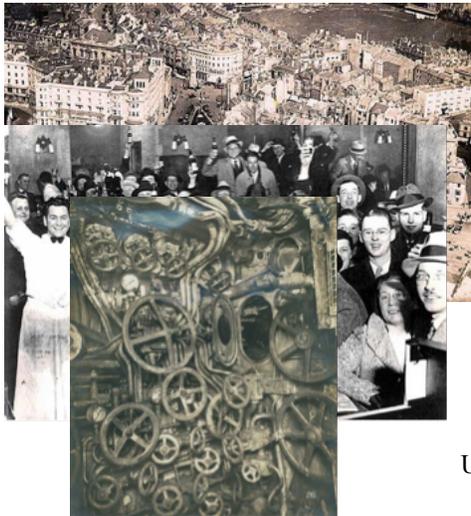
Contributed by Charlie Weaver

Received from a retired Army MSG friend who lives near the Navy Ship Yards area in Norfolk, VA with many Navy friends and retirees... this whole thing stinks like Benghazi... it's Obama's forced stupid rules of engagement causing how this all went down... again... instead of allowing our military to resolve this they asked for their new friend Iran to solve this... we have idiots running this country. Not my words. but must agree. A tale of U.S. Navy vessels "MY GUT FEELING KNEW THAT THERE WAS MORE TOO IT THAN WE WERE TOLD."

This is the best summary and analysis of the situation I've read. In my view, this could not have happened without involvement from the white house and Kerry. Check out Dr. Hamilton's credentials on the web. "Central View," by William Hamilton, J.D., Ph.D.

Iranian coup: A tale of two U.S. Navy vessels Last week, the U.S. Navy dispatched two of its fearsomely armed Riverine Command Boats (RCBs) to patrol between Kuwait and Bahrain. Somehow, the RCBs were seized by the Iranian Navy; the crewmembers arrested, and -- even though the U.S. and Iran are not technically at war -- treated as Prisoners of War (POWs). How could this happen? The Swedish-designed, U.S.-manufactured RCBs cost \$2.8 million per copy. Each RCB carries six machine guns, to include a .50

caliber Gatling gun, plus grenade launchers. Covered with armor plating able to deflect AK-47 fire, the RCB's 49.4 mile-per-hour top speed means RCBs can outrun every known surface warship. To guard against surprise attack, RCBs carry the Sea FLIR III infrared sensor system, thermal imaging, a laser rangefinder, and long-range radar. Navigation is by a top-of-the line GPS and chart plotter system, along with traditional chart and compass back-up. The RCB's world-wide communications gear nets with ships, aircraft, and ground forces. Operating in pairs, the RCBs provide each other with mutual fire support. If one RCB is disabled, the other RCB can tow it to safety. Thus, the question arises: How could two RCBs lose their ability to navigate at the same time and stray into Iranian waters? And how could two world-class weapons platforms be seized by the, arguably, inferior Iranian Navy? Apparently, one of the RCBs had a propulsion problem and radioed U.S. 5th Fleet in Bahrain for assistance. Congressman Louis Gohmert (R) of Texas claims the Obama White House intervened, asked the Iranian Navy to provide assistance, and ordered the U.S. 5th Fleet to stand down. By long-standing naval custom, disabled boats found in territorial waters are rendered assistance, and simply escorted back into international waters. Their crews are not subjected to POW treatment or put on world-wide video display, looking like criminals. But, instead of being treated as distressed vessels exercising the mariners' right of innocent passage, the Iranians arrested the crew members, treated them as POWs, and, somehow, got the officer-in-charge to make filmed statements praising the Iranians and saying the treatment the crew received was: "Fantastic." Absent Congressman Gohmert's explanation -- citing White House intervention -- it appears Articles II and V of the U.S. military's Code of Conduct were violated.



educated at the University of Oklahoma, the George Washington University, the Infantry School, the



U.S Naval War College, the University of Nebraska, and Harvard University.

Editor's Note: I researched this on Snopes and other fact check sites.

Remember This *Contributed by Ray Storey*

The evacuation of Saigon, in which some 45 UH-1Hueys and one CH-47 Chinook were pushed overboard to make room for others to land (1975).

A WWI submarine washed ashore on the beach in England The night they ended Prohibition (December 5, 1933)Control room of the UB-110 German submarine (1918).

*USAAF B-25 sinks Japanese destroyer Amatsukaze off the coast of Xiamen,China (1945).
A woman who survived the Nagasaki bombing (1945).*

SKIMMERS = TARGETS
Contributed by Charlie Weaver

When I was stationed in Rhode Island I found myself in a pub in near the submarine base in New London. A group of surface sailors (targets) came in. One of the skimmers said, in a loud voice, "I hear you Bubble Heads think you're great drinkers.

I bet \$5,000 that no one here can drink 20 pints of Guinness in 30 minutes." The bar was silent, but the skimmer noticed me leaving. No one took up the bet.

40 minutes later, I returned and said, "Hey target, is yer bet still on?"

"Sure" said the skimmer, "20 pints in 30 minutes for a bet of \$5,000."

"Out Standing" I replied, "so pour the pints and start the clock!"

It was very close but the last drop was consumed with 2 seconds to spare.

"OK, buddy, pay up." said I."I'm happy to pay, here's your money" said the skimmer. "But tell me, when I first offered the wager, I saw you leave. Where did you go?"

"Well skimmer," I replied, "\$5,000 is a lot of money to a man like me, so I went to the pub across the road to see if I could do it first..."

EF-FF *from Charlie Weaver*

Article II states: "I will never surrender of my own free will. If in command, I will never surrender the members of my command while they still have the means to resist."

Article V reads: "When questioned, should I become a prisoner of war, I am required to give name, rank, service number, and date of birth. I will evade answering further questions to the best of my ability. I will make no oral or written statements disloyal to my country and its allies or harmful to their cause."

Alternatively, could it be that the White House-imposed Rules of Engagement (ROE) robbed the RCBs of their "means to resist"? Were the RCB's awesome weapons even permitted to be loaded? Congress should demand to see the Operations Order under which the two RCBs left Kuwait for Bahrain and demand copies of all the communications between the RCBs, U.S. 5th Fleet, and the White House. Meanwhile, the RCB crews are left twisting in the wind.

Nationally syndicated columnist, William Hamilton, is a laureate of the Oklahoma Journalism Hall of Fame, the Colorado Aviation Hall of Fame, the Oklahoma University Army ROTC Wall of Fame, and is a recipient of the University of Nebraska 2015 Alumni Achievement Award. He was

After a very long deployment at sea, the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Abraham Lincoln was finally inching up to the pier at Alameda when the Captain of the ship noticed a sailor on the flight deck gesturing wildly with semaphore flags.

He then noticed an attractive young woman standing on top of a station wagon, also waving semaphore flags.

Always concerned about security and never having seen something like this, the Captain barked at his Bridge Signalman, "What message are those two people sending?"

The Signalman concentrated intently and soon reported, "Sir, he is sending FOXTROT-FOXTROT and she is sending ECHO-FOXTROT."

Not having any clue as to what these messages could mean, the Captain dispatched an armed Marine to escort the sailor back to the Bridge.

The sailor arrived, out of breath from running up the many ladders to the bridge, and saluted smartly. "Seaman Endicott reporting as ordered, sir!"

"Seaman", shouted the Captain, "Who is that woman on the pier and why are you exchanging signals FF and EF?"

"Sir, that's my wife, Sir, and she wants to Eat First!"

An Original (Battle Scars And All) B-17 Found

from Joe Kelsey

In February 1942, after America's first heavy bomber offensive raid of World War II, a bullet-riddled U.S. B-17E bomber [crash landed in a remote swamp](#) in Papua New Guinea because it was running out of fuel.



The crew of nine survived, and over the next six weeks, [battled malaria and heat exhaustion](#) to make their

way to safety. But the Flying Fortress was left for lost for decades. The plane has a pretty incredible story, and getting it back to Hawaii was no small feat.

After a half-century in the soggy marsh, this once-forgotten piece of history returned to its homeland in April 2013, and is sitting on display at Hawaii's [Pacific Aviation Museum Pearl Harbor](#).



It wasn't until 1972, three decades after its crash, that Australian soldiers [spotted the partially submerged aircraft from a helicopter](#). They landed on one of its wings to investigate and found it "eerily untouched," according to John Darnton's article in Smithsonian magazine.

"The [machine guns were in place, fully loaded](#), and in the cabin there was a thermos with what used to be coffee inside," Darnton wrote. "Some claim there was even an ashtray with cigarette butts." Local press nicknamed the plane "Swamp Ghost."

It took [years of negotiations](#) between the [salvage team](#), led by former WWII bomber pilot and famed aircraft collector David C. Tallichet, and the Papua New Guinea government. Kenneth DeHoff, the Pacific Aviation Museum's executive director of operations, says it was well worth it, however, calling "Swamp Ghost" a national treasure.

"It's one of those first-time original airplanes, if you will," he told The Huffington Post. "I'm just in awe."

"Swamp Ghost" is arguably the world's [only intact and un-retired World War II-era B-17E bomber](#), a "one-of-a-kind example of an aircraft that played an indispensable role in winning WWII," according to the Pacific Aviation Museum.

And it is the only B-17 in the world that still bears its battle scars.

"This airplane was such a fortress," DeHoff said. "We counted 121 bullet holes in it."



As for the aircraft's original crew, they had one week of rest after their ordeal and then were reassigned to another bomber. They [continued to fly](#) for the rest of the war. According to Darnton, the plane's pilot, Capt. Frederick "Fred" C. Eaton, would often fly over the wreck and tell his new crew about how all nine men survived.

Now, visitors can see the plane up-close in its original wreckage state with the Pacific Aviation Museum's special [B-17E Swamp Ghost Tour](#). Consider this a must-do when visiting Hawaii.

Chik-fil-A remembers our brothers and sisters until they all come home.



UNSUNG HEROES: THE STORY OF AMERICA'S

FEMALE PATRIOTS

Editor's note: I viewed a documentary in Netflix regarding our women who have served valiantly since our country's founding. The following is an excerpt of the script regarding our women heroes who served as nurses. You may want to purchase the DVD by visiting:

unsungheroesfilm.org Many other heroes have served in combat roles and I will present some of those in future newsletters.

HEALERS

BETH NORMAN: There's one commonality about being a nurse in war time that crosses all wars, generally, you're a very young person. Usually a young woman. You're far away from home. You're lonely and you're looking at death of men your own age or younger. So, those three aspects of being a nurse would apply to the Somme, would apply to Antietam, would apply to Da Nang, and certainly would apply to the Philippines.

MILDRED MANNING: I was on Bataan where the guys were on carts under the trees and, uh, they were very, very ill. I didn't have time to think and I cut so many clothes off of the soldiers with wounds, that I can't use scissors as much today.

MARSHA FOUR: Times change, the places where war occurs are different. The equipment and weapons that we used certainly are different over time. But war has a certain common denominator for anyone who's a part of it. Fear will never change. Blood always smells the same. Those are the things that are always the same for anyone who's fought in a war. And those are sometimes the things that those who haven't fought will never know and never understand.

FRANCOISE BONNELL: Nurses during the Civil War were

very important. They played a critical role. Some of them were paid, some of them weren't. Dorothea Dix for example was not paid for her service. And because of her skills, she was put in charge of the nurses, for the Union Army.

BETH NORMAN There's a scene in *Gone With The Wind* at the Atlanta train station where the camera starts off with one casualty and then pans out, that's what the battlefield hospitals look like, in the north and the south. There were no antibiotics, amputation was the treatment of the day for, musket wounds, and it was done without anesthesia and often the men died from the hemorrhaging of the surgery or the infection.

FRANCOISE BONNELL: The only woman to have been awarded the Medal of Honor in our nation's history is Dr. Mary Walker. She was awarded the Medal of Honor for her work at the Battle of Bull Run, and she was cited for her courageousness in not worrying about herself and only about those that she could help.

BETH NORMAN: In 1898, the Spanish-American War, we needed women, but this was the first time we were sending women out of our shores. And what became so well known in Cuba is that that was a country with horrific disease, typhoid, malaria, yellow fever, was killing more troops than the enemy. So, they started to do experiments and one of the nurses who volunteered was a woman named Clara Maass and she volunteered to be inoculated with the yellow fever and she died. And so, she really stood as an emblem of what women were willing to do for the country. But the war ended and so did military nursing. However, at this point, the government realized, you know, maybe we better not send all the nurses home after a war. So, in 1901, the Army Nurse Corps was established and 220 women became the first Army Nurse Corps nurses,

official. And then in 1908, the Navy Nurse Corps was founded.

MICHELLE HOWARD: To me one of the most significant things about this whole period, whether it's the first women volunteering to do nursing, whether it's the yeomanettes, is the fact, it's all volunteer. So those women who served during those years truly loved the country.

FRANCOISE BONNELL: Up until WWI, the numbers of nurses were very small. In 1917, just as the American Expeditionary Forces were going into Europe to fight there were some 400 Army nurses. By the end of the War, over 20,000 will have served.

BETH NORMAN: These women went to Europe, they were on the front lines and these were the women who first saw poison gas. They also saw for the first time in combat machine guns and what a machine gun bullet could do to a young soldier or Marine. The scope of the casualties is hard for us to even imagine. 50,000 men killed in one day, in one battle. Most of the nurses, when WWI was finished, went home and continued with their lives. But they did not get the recognition that they deserved. Nor did the nurses from any other war.

CYNTHIA PRICHETT: The nurse corps was really the groundbreakers. They started just chipping away at that stereotype that women are just supposed to be in the kitchen, raising kids and building families.

FRANCOISE BONNELL: I find most interesting the story of the role of nurses at the D-Day invasion in World War II. As soon as the beachheads were secure, Army nurses were put onto the landing ships and arrived at D plus four. Many of those women, once they had landed on the continent, would move with the Allied Forces

throughout the course of the rest of the war. And perhaps the most well known of this would be the nurses at Anzio.

FRANCOISE BONNELL: Anzio Beach was unique because of its fierceness and the fact that it wasn't successful at first, so it meant that the Allied Forces were pinned on the beachheads for days after days. So, the nurses of course had arrived on those beaches and were taking care of the wounded over a long period of time and were also subjected, of course, to the horrors of battle. Many of them were cited for bravery.

BETH NORMAN: One way you could look at combat nursing is after each war we learn a lot. And then we apply those innovations to the next war. So, by the time Korea explodes in the 1950s, we had mobile Army surgical hospitals and the nurses in Korea, they really, perfected the helicopter evacuation, the triage system. So, all that we learned from the blood of the soldiers in WWII, nurses got to use in Korea. And one of the points that are lost to the fog of history, was that Ruby Bradley, Chief Nurse in Korea, Maxwell Taylor who commanded the troops in Korea was so impressed with her organization, her leadership, that she was one of the first women to have an international parade of review in her honor, and for a time, she was the most decorated woman in the history of our country.

FRANCOISE BONNELL: There are many varying roles that women had in the Vietnam War. Probably the best known, are of course, the stories of the nurses.

MARSHA FOUR: The top priority was to take care of the GI and make sure that we kept him alive, and did all we could to get him out of there.

MARSH FOUR: I think in some ways the hardest care to give was listening to them, and reassuring

them that they were going to make it. Reassuring them that when they get home, their family would be there. I mean, there were some who were so badly wounded. Who's gonna want you when you go home? There was such desperation for some of them, and such depression, And often it came at night, and sometimes just sitting beside them, and, you know, holding their hand. Because they did see us as a piece of home. That's what we were. And we were able to be there in place of, for most of them, their moms.

BETH NORMAN: The nurses who served in Vietnam were the first group of military combat nurses who really argued for recognition. They wanted VA services. They wanted to be acknowledged for what they did.

Welcome home women!
Thank you. Thank you.
Thank you for everything you did!



Memories by Edwin F. Glowinski
U.S. Army Vietnam (1966-1968)

I was in one of the squads of 'C' Company, 4th Combat Engineer Battalion 4th Infantry Division. I was a combat demolition specialist, MOS 12B30. Photo is our team following a minesweeping mission. It was May 9, 1968 in Vietnam. We were on the road between the village of Polei Kleng and the bridge over

the Kontum River, sweeping for anti-vehicle mines.

As we crossed the stream outside the village, I saw a small ring-neck snake. I picked it up and it bit me. I took this as a warning, for snakes usually didn't bite me, and I used to keep them as pets. My 'pets' would bite other people, though.

I told the Sergeant, but he said it was crazy. Then the mine detectors started breaking down. We carried four; two were metal detectors and the other two were for detecting plastic mines. After considerable repair efforts we had only two working detectors, one of each type.

The other mine sweep team, who swept from Kontum City to the bridge, had already finished, and a colonel radioed us saying to hurry up. The Sergeant ordered us to have one detector for each side of the road, and to "take big steps." This was dangerous, and I told him so. He ordered me to the back of the line in last probe position (we followed the sweepers and probed the ground if they got a reading) so he didn't have to hear me complain.

After some distance doing this, I looked down at the road's edge and just "knew" a mine was there, although the detectors missed it and there was no obvious sign. I told everyone to hold up and the Sergeant came back saying "What is it now?" I scraped my bayonet over the covering soil and uncovered a gray plastic Russian-made anti-vehicle mine. The Sergeant halted the following convoy, and called back the mine detectors and started a more careful sweep while I dug out the Russian mine. They found nothing, so the mine I found turned out to be the first in a series of nine mines. Some were found with mine detectors, the rest I found by 'knowing' they were there.

We found eight other mines that day. A truck coming from Kontum didn't know the road wasn't clear, and was driving toward us; I had been switched to point position (we took turns to avoid fatigue) and ran up to get the truck to stop; it had barely missed a buried mine.

At a dip in the road a puddle of water had collected from the rain. Looking at the puddle I felt a mine was there, underwater. I asked the mine detectors to check it a second time, but they found nothing. I asked a prober to probe the puddle carefully, and he also found nothing. The two soldiers in the truck were anxious to continue on, and they were let go. As they drove over the puddle, it exploded, and the two men were badly injured as their 3/4 ton pick-up was tossed into the air to land upside-down on the side of the road. I don't know if they survived.

I had wanted to check the puddle personally, but regulations required me to stay on point and watch for ambush. I felt that if I checked it I would have found it, and have felt guilt for the past 46 years.

**Post cards sold in ship store
USS Texas BB 35**



Veterans

Some of us may have gained a little weight
Some of us no longer walk as well as we did
Some of us can't stand as long either
and some of us may only be
"Legends in our Own Mind"

**BUT, If you sit us on a hill somewhere and
give us a rifle, plenty of ammo,
provide the beer and feed us I'm
pretty sure we can clean up this ISIS problem
you're having so you can get back to
fixing the Veterans Administration
no brag, just fact**

Here's something to think about.

Cinnamon and RAW Honey...!

Drug companies won't like this one getting around.

Facts on RAW Honey and Cinnamon:

It is found that a mix of honey and cinnamon CURES most diseases. Honey is produced in most of the countries of the world. Scientists of today also note honey as very effective medicine for all kinds of diseases. Honey can be used without side effects which is also a plus.

HEART DISEASES: Make a paste of honey and cinnamon powder, put it on toast instead of jelly and jam and eat it regularly for breakfast. It reduces the cholesterol and could potentially save one from heart attack. Also, even if you have already had an attack studies show you could be kept miles away from the next attack. Regular use of cinnamon honey strengthens the heart beat. In America and Canada, various nursing homes have treated patients successfully and have found that as one ages the arteries and veins lose their flexibility and get clogged; honey and cinnamon revitalize the arteries and the veins.

ARTHRITIS: Arthritis patients can benefit by taking one cup of hot water with two tablespoons of honey and one small teaspoon of cinnamon powder. When taken daily even chronic arthritis can be cured. In a recent research conducted at the Copenhagen University, it was found that when the doctors treated their patients with a mixture of one tablespoon Honey and half teaspoon Cinnamon powder before breakfast, they found that within a week (out of the 200 people so treated) practically 73 patients were totally relieved of pain -- and within a month, most all the patients who could not walk or move around because of arthritis now started walking without pain.

BLADDER INFECTIONS: Take two tablespoons of cinnamon powder and one teaspoon of honey in a glass of lukewarm water and drink it. It destroys the germs in the bladder....who knew?

CHOLESTEROL: Two tablespoons of honey and three teaspoons of Cinnamon Powder mixed in 16 ounces of tea water given to a cholesterol patient was found to reduce the level of cholesterol in the blood by 10 percent within two hours. As mentioned for arthritic patients, when taken three times a day, any chronic cholesterol-could be cured. According to information received in the said Journal, pure honey taken with food daily relieves complaints of cholesterol.

COLDS: Those suffering from common or severe colds should take one tablespoon lukewarm honey with 1/4 spoon cinnamon powder daily for three days. This process will cure most chronic cough, cold, and, clear the sinuses, and it's delicious too!

UPSET STOMACH: Honey taken with cinnamon powder cures stomach ache and also is said to clear stomach ulcers from its root.

GAS: According to the studies done in India and Japan, it is revealed that

when Honey is taken with cinnamon powder the stomach is relieved of gas.

IMMUNE SYSTEM: Daily use of honey and cinnamon powder strengthens the immune system and protects the body from bacterial and viral attacks. Scientists have found that honey has various vitamins and iron in large amounts. Constant use of Honey strengthens the white blood corpuscles (where DNA is contained) to fight bacterial and viral diseases.

INDIGESTION: Cinnamon powder sprinkled on two tablespoons of honey taken before food is eaten relieves acidity and digests the heaviest of meals.

INFLUENZA: A scientist in Spain has proved that honey contains a natural 'Ingredient' which kills the influenza germs and saves the patient from flu.

LONGEVITY: Tea made with honey and cinnamon powder, when taken regularly, arrests the ravages of old age. Use four teaspoons of honey, one teaspoon of cinnamon powder, and three cups of boiling water to make a tea. Drink 1/4 cup, three to four times a day. It keeps the skin fresh and soft and arrests old age. Life spans increase and even a 100 year old will start performing the chores of a 20-year-old.

RASPY OR SORE THROAT: When throat has a tickle or is raspy, take one tablespoon of honey and sip until gone. Repeat every three hours until throat is without symptoms.

PIMPLES: Three tablespoons of honey and one teaspoon of cinnamon powder paste. Apply this paste on the pimples before sleeping and wash it off the next morning with warm water. When done daily for two weeks, it removes all pimples from the root.

SKIN INFECTIONS:Applying honey and cinnamon powder in

equal parts on the affected parts cures eczema, ringworm and all types of skin Infections.

WEIGHT LOSS:Daily in the morning one half hour before breakfast and on an empty stomach, and at night before sleeping, drink honey and cinnamon powder boiled in one cup of water. When taken regularly, it reduces the weight of even the most obese person. Also, drinking this mixture regularly does not allow the fat to accumulate in the body even though the person may eat a high calorie diet.

FATIGUE: Recent studies have shown that the sugar content of honey is more helpful rather than being detrimental to the strength of the body. Senior citizens who take honey and cinnamon powder in equal parts are more alert and flexible. Dr. Milton, who has done research, says that a half tablespoon of honey taken in a glass of water and sprinkled with cinnamon powder, even when the vitality of the body starts to decrease, when taken daily after brushing and in the afternoon at about 3:00 P.M., the vitality of the body increases within a week.

BAD BREATH: People of South America, gargle with one teaspoon of honey and cinnamon powder mixed in hot water first thing in the morning so their breath stays fresh throughout the day.

HEARING LOSS: Daily morning and night honey and cinnamon powder, taken in equal parts restores hearing.

.....

A SOLDIER/SAILOR DIED TODAY
Originally Titled, "JUST A COMMON SOLDIER"

by A. Lawrence Vaincourt ©1985
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This is consistently one of the most popular pages posted on Jack's Joint
He was getting old and paunchy
and his hair was falling fast,
And he sat around the Legion,
telling stories of the past
Of a war that he had fought in and
the deeds that he had done,
In his exploits with his buddies; they
were heroes, every one.

And tho' sometimes, to his
neighbors, his tales became a joke,
All his Legion buddies listened, for
they knew whereof he spoke.
But we'll hear his tales no longer for
old Bill has passed away,
And the world's a little poorer, for a
soldier died today.

He will not be mourned by many,
just his children and his wife,
For he lived an ordinary and quite
uneventful life.

Held a job and raised a family,
quietly going his own way,
And the world won't note his
passing, though a soldier died today.

When politicians leave this earth,
their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing
and proclaim that they were great.
Papers tell their whole life stories,
from the time that they were young,
But the passing of a soldier goes
unnoticed and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution to the
welfare of our land
A guy who breaks his promises and
cons his fellow man?
Or the ordinary fellow who, in times
of war and strife,
Goes off to serve his Country and
offers up his life?

A politician's stipend and the style in
which he lives
Are sometimes
disproportionate to the service that
he gives.

While the ordinary soldier, who
offered up his all,
Is paid off with a medal and
perhaps, a pension small.

It's so easy to forget them for it was
so long ago,

That the old Bills of our Country
went to battle, but we know
It was not the politicians, with their
compromise and ploys,
Who won for us the freedom that
our Country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger,
with your enemies at hand,
Would you want a politician with his
ever-shifting stand?
Or would you prefer a soldier, who
has sworn to defend
His home, his kin and Country and
would fight until the end?

He was just a common soldier and
his ranks are growing thin,
But his presence should remind us
we may need his like again.
For when countries are in conflict,
then we find the soldier's part
Is to clean up all the troubles that
the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor while
he's here to hear the praise,
Then at least let's give him homage
at the ending of his days.
Perhaps just a simple headline in a
paper that would say,
Our Country is in mourning, for a
soldier died today.

.....
**A Must Have In Every
Home In America!**



Contributed by Don Tanner

In view of the recent Supreme Court
ruling, sales of this new product
may skyrocket.

Washington thinks they are going to
take away our guns, so check this
out. I like it!

NAIL GUNS! AND, you don't even
have to REGISTER them or
have LICENSES for them!

AND, you don't have to worry about
them being CONCEALED!

Just a LOT of good stuff to do with
THIS!

Once in a while something so totally
cool comes out that even a guy who
doesn't normally even know what
he'd like for Father's Day or
Christmas would immediately ask
for it:

Thank you, DeWalt!!!

New Nail Gun, made by DeWalt. It
can drive a 16-D nails through a 2x4
at 200 yards.

This makes construction a breeze,
you can sit in your lawn chair and
build a fence.

Hundred round magazine.

Someone invades your home, just
nail their ass.

.....
Best .45 M1911ACP Shot
Contributed by Gary Johnson

Owen John Baggett was born in
1920 in Graham, Texas. By 1941 he
graduated from college and went on
to work on Wall Street, but by the
following year, he enlisted in the
Army Air Corps (now USAF) when
the United States entered the war.



A studious man, he graduated from
pilot training in just five months and
was sent to Burma, flying a B-24
Liberator. What he happened the
following year is one of those
stories we just described.

On March 31st, 1943, Baggett and
his squadron were sent on a mission
to destroy a bridge of strategic

importance. On their way, the B-24s got intercepted by Japanese Zeros which hit the squadron hard. Baggett's plane was riddled with bullets to such an extent that the crew was forced to bail out.

While parachuting, a Japanese pilot decided that downing the plane wasn't enough. He circled around and started shooting at the bailed out pilots, killing two of the crew. Seeing this, Baggett did the only thing he could. He played dead.



Owen J. Baggett became legendary as the only person to have downed a Japanese aircraft with a M1911 pistol hitting the pilot in the head while he was parachuting.

Not convinced Baggett was dead, the Zero pulled up to him at near stall speed, the pilot opening his canopy to check on his horrendous work. Not wasting any time and thinking on his feet (no pun intended), Baggett pulled out his pistol and shot the pilot right in the head.



This is considered the best shot by a Caliber .45 M911 pistol of all time. The last thing he saw was the Zero spiraling toward earth. When he landed, he and the other bailed out crew members were captured and sent to a POW camp where they remained till the end of the war. They were liberated by OSS agents (World War II version of the modern CIA) and Baggett was recognized as the only person during the war to shoot down a Zero with a pistol. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Owen_J._Baggett

Remembering Medal of Honor recipient Santiago Erevia

Today, we honor the service of an American hero, U.S. Army Sgt. Santiago Erevia. Sgt. Erevia was a member of the famed 101st Airborne Division, Charlie Co, 1st Bn, 501st Infantry Regiment and served six tours of duty during the Vietnam War.

On May 21, 1969, the quiet and reserved Erevia was part of a task force whose mission was to sweep and clear an area in the Tam Ky Province of Vietnam. During the mission, his unit came under intense enemy fire. Erevia was directed by his squad leader to render first aid to the wounded, while the rest of the unit advanced on the ambushing enemy forces.

A few minutes later, Erevia and the wounded men in his care were attacked from four fortified enemy positions to Erevia's front left. Completely disregarding his own safety and under intense enemy fire, he gathered extra ammunition and another M-16 rifle and charged the first of the four enemy positions.

Arriving at the first position, Erevia kicked open the hatch and dropped a grenade, destroying the enemy position. He repeated this act on the second and third positions.

Out of grenades, he approached the fourth position firing both M-16 rifles, effectively providing his own cover fire. When he kicked open the hatch, the enemy, mere inches from Erevia's head, began firing, but it was Erevia who would be victorious in the close-quarters firefight.

Erevia's actions directly contributed to saving the lives of the wounded in his care as well as propelling the morale and resolve of his fellow Soldiers during the intense battle.

When word spread of Erevia's actions, many in his unit were in disbelief. The man who rarely said a word would become the man who would save the lives of countless



American Soldiers and go on to be awarded the Medal of Honor for his bravery and courage under seemingly insurmountable odds.

As the end of Erevia's citation reads, "Specialist Four Erevia's conspicuous gallantry, extraordinary heroism, and intrepidity at the risk of his own life, above and beyond the call of duty, were in keeping with the highest traditions of military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army."

Erevia was originally awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his actions, but a review of award records determined his actions met the standards for award of the Medal of Honor. The medal was presented to him on March 18, 2014.

Erevia left the Army and began a 32-year career as a postal carrier near his home of San Antonio. He was the father of four children and spent his retirement years updating his home and walking to stay healthy.

Sgt. Santiago Erevia passed away Tuesday, March 22, 2016, at the age of 70. We honor his service.

Hooah, Sergeant!

.....

Movie deals death blow to vicious lies about Vietnam

'Believe it or not, we were the good guys' Contributed by Charlie Weaver

"Ride the Thunder"

Actress Jane Fonda cozies up to North Vietnamese Crazy, drug-addicted "baby-killers" and "murderers" - for more than 40 years, that's how many in the American media portrayed U.S. troops who fought in the Vietnam War.

And America's Vietnamese allies didn't fare much better; they were often depicted as corrupt, cowardly and unworthy of U.S. troops' sacrifice.

In the 1960s, negative television coverage helped turn American public opinion against the war, the veterans and even the Vietnamese who fought to prevent a communist takeover of South Vietnam.

Actress Jane Fonda, who called U.S. troops murderers, was famously shown sitting on a North Vietnamese anti-aircraft gunner used to shoot at American planes.

By 1971, John Kerry, a Vietnam veteran and now secretary of state, declared on national TV, "We wish that a merciful God could wipe away our own memories of that service."

But is what Americans saw on television and in the movies an accurate portrayal of those warriors and their mission to halt the spread of communism?

Executive Producer Richard Botkin and Producer Fred Koster take a provocative look at the Vietnam War and the troops who fought it in the new documentary film, "Ride the Thunder: A Vietnam War Story of Honor and Triumph." The movie portrays the inspirational story the media neglected – one of friendship, bravery, patriotism and sacrifice.

[Read the WND book that inspired the film, "Ride the Thunder: A Vietnam War Story of Honor and Triumph" – autographed at the WND Superstore!](#)

Botkin says, quite frankly, Americans have been duped. "The men who served in Vietnam are

every bit as great as their dads and uncles who served in World War II," he told WND. "The reason they're not called the Greatest Generation is because Vietnam's generation had people like Jane Fonda out there muddying up the waters and John Kerry. There were several hundred thousand junior officers who served in the Marine Corps and Army, and yet the only name that is ever recalled is Lt. William Calley. We've got to change that."

After the war had been over for several years, former President Richard Nixon lamented, "No event in American history is more misunderstood than the Vietnam War. It was misreported then. It is misremembered now."

Many popular films dealing with Vietnam – such as "Apocalypse Now," "The Deer Hunter," "Good Morning, Vietnam," "Rambo" and "Full Metal Jacket" – serve as great entertainment, Botkin said, but they often grossly distort the reality of the warriors who fought courageously to stop the spread of communism.

Richard Botkin

"They portray the American fighting man as doped, duped, a victim, in it for the wrong reason. And, when he comes home, he's definitely marginalized and at the mercy of the military industrial complex," Botkin said. "And our Vietnamese allies are portrayed even more negatively. They're portrayed as corrupt, effete, not wanting to fight, not worth fighting for."

But Botkin – [who also authored the WND book that inspired the movie, "Ride the Thunder,"](#) and has toured former battlefields in Vietnam and chronicled accounts of the Vietnamese Marines and their American Marine advisers – is adamant in his assertion that "those representations are just simply wrong."

"The film is our effort to try and right the historical wrongs, to leave a more positive record of the American fighting man and also our Vietnamese allies," he said. "Communism is evil. We were right to oppose it."

In the early 1970s, under President Richard Nixon's "Vietnamization" program, the war was being turned

over to South Vietnam. Botkin's film tells the little-known story of a few courageous American and Vietnamese Marines who fought valiantly to thwart the Communist invasion – nearly saving South Vietnam – during North Vietnam's all-out attack on South Vietnam from the DMZ known as the 1972 Easter Offensive.

In a true-life story, the film shows how, when the unrelenting North Vietnamese Army of 20,000 soldiers and 200 tanks reached the bridge at Dong Ha, their offensive was stopped in its tracks by a small force of just over 700 Vietnamese Marines and U.S. military advisers.

[Read the WND book that inspired the film, "Ride the Thunder: A Vietnam War Story of Honor and Triumph" – autographed at the WND Superstore!](#)

Even though the South Vietnamese Marines had nearly won on the battlefield, they would suffer terribly, starving and spending long years at hard labor after the war as part of the communists' re-education process.

Actor Joseph Hieu plays Vietnamese Marine Maj. Le Ba Binh (second from left), who is held in a communist re-education camp in this scene from the film, "Ride the Thunder"

Lt. Col. Le Ba Binh stands in Quang Tri prior to being wounded for the 9th time, 1972

The film follows Vietnamese Marine Maj. Le Ba Binh, the main character played by Joseph Hieu, during his time at the communist camp in Nam Ha in 1979.

"We start with him in a re-education camp and having all these flashbacks," Botkin explained. "During the flashbacks, we go to Vietnam, post-World War II, with him as a boy. We go to all the American people and Vietnamese people who were interviewed and appropriately tell the story through Binh's life experience."

Binh, a man with few equals in the war-fighting profession, served 13 years in heavy combat and another 11 years in prison camps. Despite numerous battle wounds and lost comrades, he showed unwavering courage in the face of extreme

hardship. He was wounded nine times and awarded the American Silver Star.

"When the Americans went to Vietnam, they typically would go for 12 or 13 months," Botkin explained. "But Binh was there for the whole thing. It's through him that we tell the story, hoping to make the Americans see that their sacrifice was justified."

As the war ended, millions of displaced Vietnamese citizens fled the communist invasion. Hopeless citizens faced imprisonment and execution. On the morning of April 30, 1975, the Vietnamese Marine Corps ceased to exist after 21 years of combat.

The film cast includes many Vietnamese refugees. "For them, telling the story has become more than just a job. It really is something they passionately believe in," Botkin said. "All of these people are strongly anti-communist. They're passionate, because they've suffered at the hands of communists. Their families have been killed or brutally tortured. They risked a lot and paid a

heavy price for their freedom. I have nothing but respect for them."

As for the U.S. mission in Vietnam, Botkin said the effort bought time for the rest of developing Asia to grow free of communist influence.

"When we went ashore in 1965, there were active communist insurgencies in the Philippines, in Malaysia, in Indonesia, Thailand," he said. "The American effort – for all its flaws that people point out – stalled the communist expansion and allowed those economies time to grow. I just don't think there's any question that our effort was the right one."

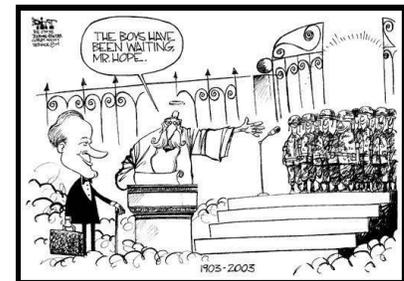
As for America's reputation today, Botkin said, "We're fighting a battle for our nation's soul. People think America is a bad country. But America is the light of the world. We're the good guys."

"We were the good guys in World War II. We were the good guys in the Korean War. And believe it or not, we were the good guys in Vietnam."

Read the WND book that inspired the film, "Ride the Thunder: A Vietnam War Story of Honor and Triumph" – autographed at the WND Superstore!

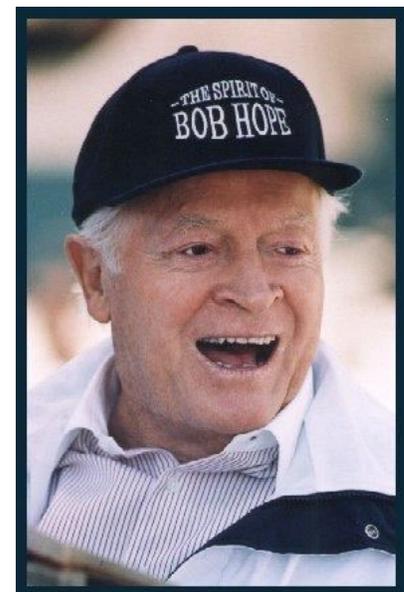
BOB HOPE IN HEAVEN
Contributed by Ray Storey

For those of you too young to remember Bob Hope, ask your Grandparents. And thanks for the memories. WHAT A WONDERFUL E-MAIL.



I HOPE THIS WILL PUT A SMILE ON YOUR FACE AND IN YOUR HEART.

Tribute to a man who DID make a difference.



ON TURNING 70

'I still chase women, but only Downhill.'

ON TURNING 80

'That's the time of your life when even your birthday suit needs pressing.'

ON TURNING 90

'You know you're getting old when the candles cost more than the cake.'

ON TURNING 100

'I don't feel old. In fact, I don't feel Anything until noon. Then it's time for my nap.'

ON GIVING UP HIS EARLY CAREER, BOXING

'I ruined my hands in the ring. The referee kept stepping on them.'

ON NEVER WINNING AN OSCAR

'Welcome to the Academy Awards or, as it's called at my home, 'Passover'.'

ON GOLF

'Golf is my profession. Show business is just to pay the green fees.'

ON PRESIDENTS

'I have performed for 12 presidents and entertained only six.'

ON WHY HE CHOSE SHOWBIZ FOR HIS CAREER

'When I was born, the doctor said to my mother, Congratulations, you have an eight pound ham.'

ON RECEIVING THE CONGRESSIONAL GOLD MEDAL

'I feel very humble, but I think I have the strength of character to fight it.'

ON HIS FAMILY'S EARLY POVERTY

'Four of us slept in the one bed. When it got cold, mother threw on another brother.'

ON HIS SIX BROTHERS

'That's how I learned to dance. Waiting for the bathroom.'

ON HIS EARLY FAILURES

'I would not have had anything to eat if it wasn't for the Stuff the audience threw at me.'

ON GOING TO HEAVEN

'I've done benefits for ALL religions. I'd hate to blow the hereafter on a technicality.'



Give me a sense of humour;
Lord, give me the grace to see a joke,
.....

You might enjoy this from Col D. G. Swinford, USMC, Ret and history buff. You would really have to dig deep to get this kind of rightside seat to history:

1. The first German serviceman killed in WW II was killed by the Japanese (China , 1937), The first American serviceman killed was killed by the Russians (Finland 1940); The highest ranking American killed was Lt Gen Lesley McNair, killed by the US Army Air Corps.
2. The youngest US serviceman was 12 year old: Calvin Graham, USN. He was wounded and given a Dishonorable Discharge for lying about his age. His benefits were later restored by act of Congress.

3. At the time of Pearl Harbor , the top US Navy command was called CINCUS (pronounced 'sink us'); The shoulder patch of the US Army's 45th Infantry division was the swastika. Hitler's private train was named 'Amerika.' All three were soon changed for PR purposes.

4. More US servicemen died in the Air Corps than the Marine Corps. While completing the required 30 missions, an airman's chance of being killed was 71%.

5. Generally speaking, there was no such thing as an average fighter pilot. You were either an ace or a target. For instance, Japanese Ace Hiroyoshi Nishizawa shot down over 80 planes. He died while a passenger on a cargo plane.

6. It was a common practice on fighter planes to load every 5th round with a tracer round to aid in aiming. This was a big mistake. Tracers had different ballistics so (at long range) if your tracers were hitting the target 80% of your rounds were missing. Worse yet tracers instantly told your enemy he was under fire and from which direction. Worst of all was the practice of loading a string of tracers at the end of the belt to tell you that you were out of ammo. This was definitely not something you wanted to tell the enemy. Units that stopped using tracers saw their success rate nearly double and their loss rate go down.

7. When allied armies reached the Rhine , the first thing men did was pee in it. This was pretty universal from the lowest private to Winston Churchill (who made a big show of it) and Gen. Patton (who had himself photographed in the act).

8. German Me-264 bombers were capable of bombing New York City , but they decided it wasn't worth the effort.

9. German submarine U-120 was sunk by a malfunctioning toilet.

10. Among the first 'Germans' captured at Normandy were several Koreans. They had been forced to fight for the Japanese Army until they were captured by the Russians and forced to fight for the Russian Army until they were captured by the Germans and forced to fight for the German Army until they were captured by the US Army.

11. Following a massive naval bombardment, 35,000 United States and Canadian troops stormed ashore at Kiska, in the Aleutian Islands . 21 troops were killed in the assault on the island..... It could have been worse if there had actually been any Japanese on the island.

12. The last marine killed in WW2 was killed by a can of spam. He was on the ground as a POW in Japan when rescue flights dropping food and supplies came over, the package came apart in the air and a stray can of spam hit him and killed him.

Contributed by Ron Conran

.....

Did Prince Charles Fart?

The expressions are priceless!

Look at the Queen's face!

A fart is a pleasant thing,
It gives the belly ease,
It warms the bed in winter,
And suffocates the fleas.
A fart can be quiet,
A fart can be loud,
Some leave a powerful,
Poisonous cloud.

A fart can be short,
Or a fart can be long,
Some farts have been known



To sound like a song,
A fart can create
A most curious medley,
A fart can be harmless,
Or silent, and deadly,
A fart might not smell,
While others are vile,
A fart may pass quickly,
Or linger a while.
A fart can occur
In a number of places,
And leave everyone there,
With strange looks on their faces.
From wide-open prairie,
To small elevators,
A fart will find all of
Us sooner or later.
But farts are all bad,
Is simply not true!
We must never forget
Sweet old farts like you!

Kinda brings a tear to your eye,
right?

THE HORMONE GUIDE			
HOW TO SPEAK TO WOMEN			
DAINGEROUS	SAFER	SAFEST	ULTRA SAFE
What's for dinner?	Can I help you with dinner?	Where would you like to go for dinner?	Here, have some wine.
Are you wearing that?	You sure look good in brown!	WOW! Look at you!	Here, have some wine
What are you so worked up about?	Could we be overreacting?	Here's my paycheck.	Here, have some wine.
Should you be eating that?	You know, there are a lot of apples left.	Can I get you a piece of chocolate with that?	Here, have some wine.
What did you DO all day?	I hope you didn't over-do it today.	I've always loved you in that robe!	Here, have some wine.



.....
An old retired Navy Salvage Diver

is at a fund raiser in his dress blues. He is there alone and is caught by surprise when a young attractive woman comes up and starts talking to him. She is praising him and thanking him for his years of dedicated service. She then says "I hope I'm not being crude, but I would like to repay you in a special way. When was the last time you have had sex?"

The Sailor replies, "1956."

The woman is shocked and says, "Let's change that." She then takes his hand and leads him off to a back room. After they finish the woman exclaims, "That was incredible! I can't believe you're that good after so long!"

He replies, "Long? It hasn't been that long. It's only 2230."

.....

Heroes of the Vietnam Generation By James Webb

The rapidly disappearing cohort of Americans that endured the Great

Depression and then fought World War II is receiving quite a send-off from the leading lights of the so-called 60s generation. Tom Brokaw has published two oral histories of "The Greatest Generation" that feature ordinary people doing their duty and suggest that such conduct was historically unique.

Chris Matthews of "Hardball" is fond of writing columns praising the Navy service of his father while castigating his own baby boomer generation for its alleged softness and lack of struggle. William Bennett gave a startling condescending speech at the Naval Academy a few years ago comparing the heroism of the "D-Day Generation" to the drugs-and-sex nihilism of the "Woodstock Generation." And Steven Spielberg, in promoting his film "Saving Private Ryan," was careful to justify his portrayals of soldiers in action based on the supposedly unique nature of World War II.

An irony is at work here. Lest we forget, the World War II generation now being lionized also brought us the Vietnam War, a conflict which today's most conspicuous voices by and large opposed, and in which few of them served. The "best and brightest" of the Vietnam age group once made headlines by castigating their parents for bringing about the war in which they would not fight, which has become the war they refuse to remember.

Pundits back then invented a term for this animus: the "generation gap." Long, plaintive articles and even books were written examining its manifestations. Campus leaders, who claimed precocious wisdom through the magical process of reading a few controversial books, urged fellow baby boomers not to trust anyone over 30. Their elders who had survived the Depression and fought the largest war in history were looked down upon as shallow, materialistic, and out of touch.

Those of us who grew up, on the other side of the picket line from that era's counter-culture can't help but feel a little leery of this sudden gush of appreciation for our elders from the leading lights of the old counter-culture. Then and now, the national conversation has proceeded from the dubious assumption that those who came of age during Vietnam are a unified generation in the same sense as their parents were, and thus are capable of being spoken for through these fickle elites.

In truth, the "Vietnam generation" is a misnomer. Those who came of age during that war are permanently divided by different reactions to a whole range of counter-cultural agendas, and nothing divides them more deeply than the personal ramifications of the war itself. The sizable portion of the Vietnam age group who declined to support the counter-cultural agenda, and especially the men and women who opted to serve in the military during the Vietnam War, are quite different from their peers who for decades have claimed to speak for them. In fact, they are much like the World War II generation itself. For them, Woodstock was a side show, college protestors were spoiled brats who would have benefited from having to work a few jobs in order to pay their tuition, and Vietnam represented not an intellectual exercise in draft avoidance, or protest marches but a battlefield that was just as brutal as those their fathers faced in World War II and Korea.

Few who served during Vietnam ever complained of a generation gap. The men who fought World War II were their heroes and role models. They honored their father's service by emulating it, and largely agreed with their father's wisdom in attempting to stop Communism's reach in Southeast Asia.

The most accurate poll of their attitudes (Harris, 1980) showed that 91 percent were glad they'd served

their country, 74 percent enjoyed their time in the service, and 89 percent agreed with the statement that "our troops were asked to fight in a war which our political leaders in Washington would not let them win." And most importantly, the castigation they received upon returning home was not from the World War II generation, but from the very elites in their age group who supposedly spoke for them.

Nine million men served in the military during Vietnam War, three million of whom went to the Vietnam Theater. Contrary to popular mythology, two-thirds of these were volunteers, and 73 percent of those who died were volunteers. While some attention has been paid recently to the plight of our prisoners of war, most of whom were pilots; there has been little recognition of how brutal the war was for those who fought it on the ground.

Dropped onto the enemy's terrain 12,000 miles away from home, America's citizen-soldiers performed with a tenacity and quality that may never be truly understood. Those who believe the war was fought incompletely on a tactical level should consider Hanoi's recent admission that 1.4 million of its soldiers died on the battlefield, compared to 58,000 total U.S. dead.

Those who believe that it was a "dirty little war" where the bombs did all the work might contemplate that it was the most costly war the U.S. Marine Corps has ever fought—five times as many dead as World War I, three times as many dead as in Korea, and more total killed and wounded than in all of World War II.

Significantly, these sacrifices were being made at a time the United States was deeply divided over our effort in Vietnam. The baby-boom generation had cracked apart along class lines as America's young men were making difficult, life-or-death choices about serving. The better

academic institutions became focal points for vitriolic protest against the war, with few of their graduates going into the military. Harvard College, which had lost 691 alumni in World War II, lost a total of 12 men in Vietnam from the classes of 1962 through 1972 combined. Those classes at Princeton lost six, at MIT two. The media turned ever more hostile. And frequently the reward for a young man's having gone through the trauma of combat was to be greeted by his peers with studied indifference or outright hostility.

What is a hero? My heroes are the young men who faced the issues of war and possible death, and then weighed those concerns against obligations to their country. Citizen-soldiers who interrupted their personal and professional lives at their most formative stage, in the timeless phrase of the Confederate Memorial in Arlington National Cemetery, "not for fame or reward, not for place or for rank, but in simple obedience to duty, as they understood it." Who suffered loneliness, disease, and wounds with an often-contagious elan. And who deserve a far better place in history than that now offered them by the so-called spokesman of our so-called generation.

Mr. Brokaw, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Spielberg, meet my Marines. 1969 was an odd year to be in Vietnam. Second only to 1968 in terms of American casualties, it was the year made famous by Hamburger Hill, as well as the gut-wrenching Life cover story showing pictures of 242 Americans who had been killed in one average week of fighting. Back home, it was the year of Woodstock, and of numerous anti-war rallies that culminated in the Moratorium march on Washington. The My Lai massacre hit the papers and was seized upon the anti-war movement as the emblematic moment of the war. Lyndon Johnson left Washington in utter humiliation.

Richard Nixon entered the scene, destined for an even worse fate. In the An Hoa Basin southwest of Danang, the Fifth Marine Regiment was in its third year of continuous combat operations. Combat is an unpredictable and inexact environment, but we were well led. As a rifle platoon and company commander, I served under a succession of three regimental commanders who had cut their teeth in World War II, and four different battalion commanders, three of whom had seen combat in Korea. The company commanders were typically captains on their second combat tour in Vietnam, or young first lieutenants like myself who were given companies after many months of "bush time" as platoon commanders in the Basin's tough and unforgiving environs.

The Basin was one of the most heavily contested areas in Vietnam, its torn, cratered earth offering every sort of wartime possibility. In the mountains just to the west, not far from the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the North Vietnamese Army operated an infantry division from an area called Base Area 112. In the valleys of the Basin, main-force Viet Cong battalions whose ranks were 80 percent North Vietnamese Army regulars moved against the Americans every day. Local Viet Cong units sniped and harassed. Ridgelines and paddy dikes were laced with sophisticated booby traps of every size, from a hand grenade to a 250-pound bomb. The villages sat in the rice paddies and tree lines like individual fortresses, crisscrossed with the trenches and spider holes, their homes sporting bunkers capable of surviving direct hits from large-caliber artillery shells. The Viet Cong infrastructure was intricate and permeating. Except for the old and the very young, villagers who did not side with the Communists had either been killed or driven out to the government controlled enclaves near Danang.

In the rifle companies, we spent the endless months patrolling ridgelines and villages and mountains, far away from any notion of tents, barbed wire, hot food, or electricity. Luxuries were limited to what would fit inside one's pack, which after a few "humps" usually boiled down to letter-writing material, towel, soap, toothbrush, poncho liner, and a small transistor radio.

We moved through the boiling heat with 60 pounds of weapons and gear, causing a typical Marine to drop 20 percent of his body weight while in the bush. When we stopped we dug chest-deep fighting holes and slit trenches for toilets. We slept on the ground under makeshift poncho hootches, and when it rained we usually took our hootches down because wet ponchos shined under illumination flares, making great targets. Sleep itself was fitful, never more than an hour or two at a stretch for months at a time as we mixed daytime patrolling with night-time ambushes, listening posts, foxhole duty, and radio watches. Ringworm, hookworm, malaria, and dysentery were common, as was trench foot when the monsoons came. Respite was rotating back to the mud-filled regimental combat base at An Hoa for four or five days, where rocket and mortar attacks were frequent and our troops manned defensive bunkers at night. Which makes it kind of hard to get excited about tales of Woodstock, or camping at the Vineyard during summer break.

We had been told while training that Marine officers in the rifle companies had an 85 percent probability of being killed or wounded, and the experience of "Dying Delta," as our company was known, bore that out. Of the officers in the bush when I arrived, our company commander was wounded, the weapons platoon commander wounded, the first platoon commander was killed, the second platoon commander was wounded twice, and I, commanding the third platoons fared no better. Two of my original three-squad leaders were

killed, and the third shot in the stomach. My platoon sergeant was severely wounded, as was my right guide. By the time I left, my platoon I had gone through six radio operators, five of them casualties.

These figures were hardly unique; in fact, they were typical. Many other units; for instance, those who fought the hill battles around Khe Sanh, or were with the famed Walking Dead of the Ninth Marine Regiment, or were in the battle of Hue City or at Dai Do, had it far worse.

When I remember those days and the very young men who spent them with me, I am continually amazed, for these were mostly recent civilians barely out of high school, called up from the cities and the farms to do their year in hell and he return. Visions haunt me every day, not of the nightmares of war but of the steady consistency with which my Marines faced their responsibilities, and of how uncomplaining most of them were in the face of constant danger. The salty, battle-hardened 20-year-olds teaching green 19-year-olds the intricate lessons of the hostile battlefield. The unerring skill of the young squad leaders as we moved through unfamiliar villages and weed-choked trails in the black of night. The quick certainty when a fellow Marine was wounded and needed help. Their willingness to risk their lives to save other Marines in peril. To this day it stuns me that their own countrymen have so completely missed the story of their service, lost in the bitter confusion of the war itself.

Like every military unit throughout history we had occasional laggards, cowards, and complainers. But in the aggregate, these Marines were the finest people I have ever been around. It has been my privilege to keep up with many of them over the years since we all came home. One finds in them very little bitterness about the war in which they fought. The most common regret, almost to a man, is that they were not able to

do more for each other and for the people they came to help.

It would be redundant to say that I would trust my life to these men. Because I already have, in more ways than I can ever recount. I am alive today because of their quiet, unaffected heroism. Such valor epitomizes the conduct of Americans at war from the first days of our existence. That the boomer elites can canonize this sort of conduct in our fathers' generation while ignoring it in our own is more than simple oversight. It is a conscious, continuing travesty.

.....
Capt. Steven Ellison, MD
A Military Doctor

This should be required reading in every school and college in our country. This Captain, an Army doctor, deserves a medal himself for putting this together. If you choose not to pass it on, fine, but I think you will want to, after you read it.



I am a doctor specializing in the Emergency Departments of the only two military LevelOne-Trauma Centers, both in San Antonio , TX and they care for civilian emergencies as well as military personnel. San Antonio has the largest military retiree population in the world living here. As a military doctor, I work long hours and the

pay is less than glamorous. One tends to become jaded by the long hours, lack of sleep, food, family contact and the endless parade of human suffering passing before you. The arrival of another ambulance does not mean more pay, only more work. Most often, it is a victim from a motor vehicle crash.



Often it is a person of dubious character who has been shot or stabbed. With our large military retiree population, it is often a nursing home patient. Even with my enlisted service and minimal combat experience in Panama , I have caught myself groaning when the ambulance brought in yet another sick, elderly person from one of the local retirement centers that cater to military retirees. I had not stopped to think of what citizens of this age group represented.

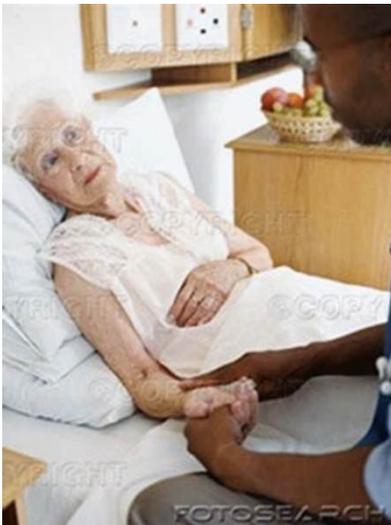


I saw 'Saving Private Ryan.' I was touched deeply. Not so much by the carnage, but by the sacrifices of so many. I was touched most by the scene of the elderly survivor at the graveside, asking his wife if he'd been a good man. I realized that I had seen these same men and women coming through my Emergency Dept. And had not realized what magnificent sacrifices

they had made. The things they did for me and everyone else that has lived on this planet since the end of that conflict are priceless.



Situation permitting, I now try to ask my patients about their experiences. They would never bring up the subject without my inquiry. I have been privileged to hear an amazing array of experiences, recounted in the brief minutes allowed in an Emergency Dept. Encounter. These experiences have revealed the incredible individuals I have had the honor of serving in a medical capacity, many on their last admission to the hospital.



There was a frail, elderly woman who reassured my young enlisted medic, trying to start an IV line in her arm. She remained calm and poised, despite her illness and the multiple needle-sticks into her fragile veins. She was what we call a 'hard stick.' As the medic made another attempt, I noticed a number

tattooed across her forearm. I touched it with one finger and looked into her eyes. She simply said, 'Auschwitz .' Many of later generations would have loudly and openly berated the young medic in his many attempts. How different was the response from this person who'd seen unspeakable suffering.



Also, there was this long retired Colonel, who as a young officer had parachuted from his burning plane over a Pacific Island held by the Japanese. Now an octogenarian, he had a minor cut on his head from a fall at his home where he lived alone. His CT scan and suturing had been delayed until after midnight by the usual parade of high priority ambulance patients. Still spry for his age, he asked to use the phone to call a taxi, to take him home, then he realized his ambulance had brought him without his wallet. He asked if he could use the phone to make a long distance call to his daughter who lived 7 miles away. With great pride we told him that he could not, as he'd done enough for his country and the least we could do was get him a taxi home, even if we had to pay for it ourselves. My only regret was that my shift wouldn't end for several hours, and I couldn't drive him myself.

I was there the night M/Sgt Roy Benavidez came through the Emergency Dept. For the last time. He was very sick. I was not the doctor taking care of him, but I walked to his bedside and took his hand. I said nothing. He was so sick, he didn't know I was there. I'd read his Congressional Medal of Honor

citation and wanted to shake his hand. He died a few days later.



The gentleman who served with Merrill's Marauders,



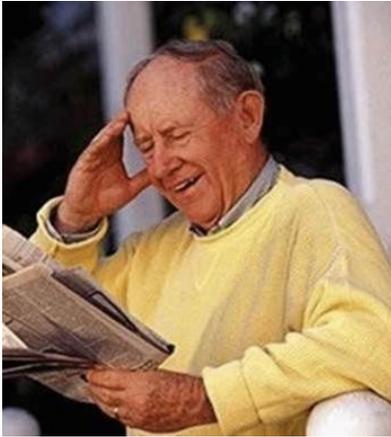
the survivor of the Bataan Death March,



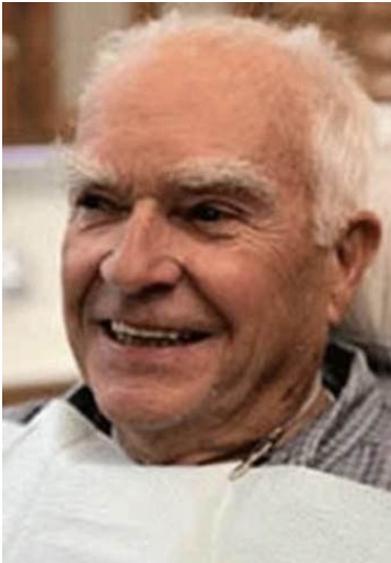
the survivor of Omaha Beach ,



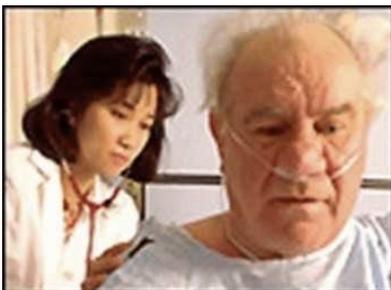
the 101 year old World War I veteran.



The former POW held in frozen North Korea



The former Special Forces medic - now with non-operable liver cancer



the former Viet Nam Corps Commander..



I may still groan when yet another ambulance comes in, but now I am much more aware of what an honor it is to serve these particular men and women.



It has become my personal endeavor to make the nurses and young enlisted medics aware of these amazing individuals when I encounter them in our Emergency Dept. Their response to these particular citizens has made me think that perhaps all is not lost in the next generation.

My experiences have solidified my belief that we are losing an incredible generation, and this nation knows not what it is losing. Our uncaring government and ungrateful civilian populace should all take note. We should all remember that we must 'Earn this.'



Written By CAPT. Steven R. Ellison, M.D. US Army

If it weren't for the United States Military, there'd be 'NO' United States of America !

.....

Navy Cooks

Contributed by Charlie Weaver

An admiral visited one of the ships of the line under his command. While eating breakfast with the crew he was impressed to see the Naval insignia stamped on every biscuit. He went to the Chief cook to ask how this feat was done, so it could be used on other ships under his command.

The Chief replied, "I'd be glad to share that with you, Admiral. After each biscuit is cut, I just slap it here against my belt buckle which bears the Navy insignia."

Horrified the Admiral exclaims, "That's very unhygienic!"

The Chief shrugs and replies, "Well,



if that's the way you feel, Sir, I suggest you avoid the donuts."

.....

Origin of

Navy Terminology *Contributed by Marty Walsh*

ADMIRAL

An admiral is the senior ranking flag officer in the US Navy, but his title comes from the name given the senior ranking officer in the Moorish army of many years ago. A Moorish chief was an "emir," and the chief of all chiefs was an "emiral." Our English word is derived directly from the Moorish.

BAMBOOZLE

In today's Navy when you intentionally deceive someone, usually as a joke, you are said to have bamboozled them. The word was used in the days of sail, also, but the intent was not hilarity. Bamboozle meant to deceive a passing vessel as to your ship's origin or nationality by flying an ensign other than your own -- a common practice of pirates.

BINNACLE LIST

Many novice sailors, confusing the words "binnacle" and barnacle, have wondered what their illnesses had to do with crusty growths found on the hull of a ship. Their confusion is understandable.

Binnacle is defined as the stand or housing for the ship's compass located on the bridge. The term binnacle list, in lieu of sick list, originated years ago when ships' corpsmen used to place a list of the sick on the binnacle each morning to inform the captain about the crew's health. After long practice, it came to be called binnacle list.

BITTER END

As any able-bodied seaman can tell you, a turn of a line around a bitt, those wooden or iron posts sticking through a ship's deck, is called a bitter. Thus, the last of the line secured to the bitts is known as the bitter end. Nautical usage has somewhat expanded the original definition in that today the end of any line, secured to bitts or not, is

called a bitter end.

The landlubbing phrases "stick to the bitter end" and "faithful to the bitter end" are derivations of the nautical term and refer to anyone who insists on adhering to a course of action without regard to consequences.

BOATSWAIN, COCKSWAIN (OR COXSWAIN), SKIFFSWAIN

As required by 17th century law, British ships-of-war carried three smaller boats -- the boat, the cock boat, and the skiff. The boat -- or gig -- was usually used by the captain to go ashore and was the larger of the three. The cock boat was a very small rowboat used as a ship's tender. The skiff was a lightweight all-purpose vessel. The suffix "swain" means keeper, thus the keepers of the boat, cock and skiff were called boatswain, cockswain and skiffswain respectively. Until 1949, a boatswain's mate 3rd class in the Navy was called a cockswain.

BOATSWAIN'S PIPE

No self-respecting boatswain's mate would dare admit he couldn't blow his pipe in a manner above reproach. This pipe, which is the emblem of the boatswain and his mates, has an ancient and interesting history.

On the ancient row-galleys, the boatswain used his pipe to "call the stroke." Later because its shrill tune could be heard above most of the activity on board, it was used to signal various happenings such as knock-off and the boarding of officials. So essential was this signaling device to the well-being of the ship, that it became a badge of office and honor in the British and American Navy of the sailing ships.

BOKOO

Often an old salt will boast that he has had bokoo this or has done something bokoo times during his seafaring years. The picturesque sound of the word "bokoo" may cause one to wonder how it came to mean "many" or "a lot."

Actually, bokoo is a legitimate French word, "beaucoup," meaning "very many." Americanization changed the spelling and pronunciation but the meaning remains unchanged. Like many foreign terms that have crept into our nautical lingo, "bokoo" is the inevitable product of generations of American seamen meeting peoples of other nations and adopting bokoo phrases from their languages for everyday shipboard use.

BULLY BOYS

Bully boys, a term prominent in Navy chauties and poems, means in its strictest sense, "beef eating sailors." Sailors of the Colonial Navy had a daily menu of an amazingly elastic substance called bully beef, actually beef jerky. The item appeared so frequently on the messdeck that it naturally lent its name to the sailors who had to eat it.

As an indication of the beef's texture and chewability, it was also called "salt junk" alluding to the rope yarn used for caulking the ship's seams.

BUMBOATS

Bumboats, in spite of their name, were not waterborne geedunks piloted by bums or hobos. They are small boats used by native hucksters and gizmo salesmen to transport their wares to ships anchored in the storm. The name is a hand-me-down from "boomboats" as the craft were once permitted to tie up to the boom of a ship. An early Low German spelling was "bumboat" and in that form it was taken up by American sailors.

CAPTAIN'S MAST

The term "mast" refers to the ceremony that takes place when the captain awards non-judicial punishment for regulation infractions or official recognition for "jobs well done." In the days of sail, ceremonies were held under the mainmast on a regular basis and usually on a Sunday morning just before divine services.

Consequently, the ceremony came to be known as "mast" in recognition of the locality of the presentation.

CARRY ON

In the days of sail, the officer of the deck kept a weather eye constantly on the slightest change in wind so sail could be reefed or added as necessary to ensure the fastest headway. Whenever a good breeze came along, the order to "carry on" would be given. It meant to hoist every bit of canvas the yards could carry. Pity the poor sailor whose weather eye failed him and the ship was caught partially reefed when a good breeze arrived.

Through the centuries the term's connotation has changed somewhat. Today, the Bluejacket Manual defines "carry on" as an order to resume work: work not so grueling as two centuries ago.

CHAPLAINS

Chaplains, the military men of the cloth, are rightly named according to French legene.

It seems that Saint Martin of Tours shared his cloak -- by splitting it in half -- with a beggar on a wintry day at the gates of Amiens, France. The cloak was preserved since it was believed to have been shared with Christ, and became the sacred banner of French kings. The officer tasked with the care of the cloak and carrying into battle was called the chaplain or cloak bearer. Chaplain comes from the French word "chapele" meaning a short cloke. Later, priests or chaplains, rather than field officers, were charged with the care of the sacred cloak.

Chaplains served aboard warships of many nations and in the British and American navies they collected four pence per month from each member of the crew. In return, they rewarded every seaman who learned a psalm by giving him six pence.

Besides holding divine services, chaplains were charged with the instruction of midshipmen and the moral guidance of officers and men

alike.

It wasn't until the 18th century that chaplains were permitted to dine in the wardroom. Previously, they messed in their own cabins although they were frequently invited to dine with the captain.

CHARLEY NOBLE

Charley Noble is the enlisted man's name for the galley smoke stack or funnel. The funnel is said to have been named after a stern old merchant captain who discovered that the galley's smoke stack was made of copper and therefore should receive a daily polishing. In today's Navy it is the custom to send green recruits to find Charley Noble, a hunt which causes endless amusement for the ship's veterans.

CHEWING THE FAT

God made the vittles, but the devil made the cook," was a popular saying used by seafaring men in the last century when salted beef was staple diet aboard ship.

This tough cured beef, suitable only for long voyages when nothing else was as cheap or would keep as well, required prolonged chewing to make it edible. Men often chewed one chunk for hours, just as if it were chewing gum and referred to this practice as "chewing the fat."

CHIT

One tradition carried on in the Navy is the use of the "chit." It is a carry over from the days when Hindu traders used slips of paper called "citthi" for money, so they wouldn't have to carry heavy bags of gold and silver.

British sailors shortened the word to chit and applied it to their mess vouchers. Its most outstanding use in the Navy today is for drawing pay and a form used for requesting leave and liberty. But the term is currently applied to almost any piece of paper from a pass to an official letter requesting some privilege.

CROW'S NEST

The crow (the bird, not the rating badge) was an essential part of the early sailors' navigation equipment. These land-lubbing fowl were carried on board to help the navigator determine where the closest land lay when the weather prevented sighting the shore visually. In cases of poor visibility, a crow was released and the navigator plotted a course that corresponded with the bird's because it invariably headed toward land.

The crow's nest was situated high in the main mast where the look-out stood his watch. Often, he shared this lofty perch with a crow or two since the crows' cages were kept there: hence the "crow's nest."

DEAD HORSE

British seaman, apt to be ashore and unemployed for considerable periods between voyages, generally preferred to live in boarding houses near the piers while waiting for sailing ships to take on crews. During these periods of unrestricted liberty, many ran out of money so the innkeepers carried them on credit until hired for another voyage.

When a seaman was booked on a ship, he was customarily advanced a month's wages, if needed, to pay off his boarding house debt. Then, while paying back the ship's master, he worked for nothing but "salt horse" the first several weeks aboard.

Salt horse was the staple diet of early sailors and it wasn't exactly tasty cuisine. Consisting of a low quality beef that had been heavily salted, the salt horse was tough to chew and even harder to digest.

When the debt had been repaid, the salt horse was said to be dead and it was a time for great celebration among the crew. Usually, an effigy of a horse was constructed from odds and ends, set afire and then cast afloat to the cheers and hilarity of the ex-debtors.

Today, just as in the days of sail,

"dead horse" refers to a debt to the government for advance pay. Sailors today don't burn effigies when the debt is paid but they are no less jubilant than their counterparts of old.

DEVIL TO PAY

Today the expression "devil to pay" is used primarily as a means of conveying an unpleasant and impending happening. Originally, this expression denoted a specific task aboard the ship as caulking the ship's longest seam.

The "devil" was the longest seam on the wooden ship and caulking was done with "pay" or pitch. This grueling task of paying the devil was despised by every seaman and the expression came to denote any unpleasant task.

DITTY BAGS

Ditty bag (or box) was originally called "ditto bag" because it contained at least two of everything: two needles, two spools of thread, two buttons, etc. With the passing of years, the "ditto" was dropped in favor of "ditty" and remains so today.

Before World War I, the Navy issued ditty boxes made of wood and styled after foot lockers. These carried the personal gear and some clothes of the sailor.

Today the ditty bag is still issued to recruits and contains a sewing kit, toiletry articles and personal items such as writing paper and pens.

DOG WATCH

Dog watch is the name given to the 1600-1800 and the 1800-2000 watches aboard ship. The 1800-2000 four-hour watch was originally split to prevent men from always having to stand the same watches daily. As a result, sailors dodge the same daily routine, hence they are dodging the watch or standing the dodge watch.

In its corrupted form, dodge became dog and the procedure is referred to

as "dogging the watch" or standing the "dog watch."

DUNGAREES

Webster defines dungaree as "a coarse kind of fabric worn by the poorer class of people and also used for tents and sail." We find it hard to picture our favorite pair of dungarees flying from the mast of a sailing ship, but in those days sailors often made both their working clothes and hammocks out of discarded sail cloth.

The cloth used then wasn't as well woven nor was it dyed blue, but it served the purpose. Dungarees worn by sailors of the Continental Navy were cut directly from old sails and remained tan in color just as they had been when filled with wind.

After battles, it was the practice in both the American and British Navies for captains to report more sail lost in battle than actually was the case so the crew would have cloth to mend their hammocks and make new clothes. Since the cloth was called dungaree, clothes made from the fabric borrowed the name.

ENSIGN

The name given the Navy's junior most officer dates to medieval times. Lords honored their squires by allowing them to carry the ensign (banner) into battle. Later these squires became known by the name of the banner itself.

In the US Army the lowest ranking officer was originally called "ensign" because he, like the squire of old, would one day lead troops into battle and was training to that end. It is still the lowest commissioned rank in the British army today.

When the US Navy was established, the Americans carried on the tradition and adapted the rank of ensign as the title for its junior commissioned officers.

FATHOM

Fathom was originally a land measuring term derived from the Anglo Saxon word "faetm" meaning literally the embracing arms or to embrace. In those days, most measurements were based on average sizes of parts of the body such as the hand or foot, or were derived from the average lengths between two points on the body. A fathom is the average distance from fingertip to fingertip of the outstretched arms of a man, about six feet.

Even today in our nuclear Navy, sailors can be seen "guesstimating" the length of line by using the Anglo Saxon fingertip method; crude but still reliable. And every housewife measuring cloth today knows that from the tip of her nose to the tips of her fingers of one outstretched arm equals one yard.

GEEDUNK

To most sailors the word geedunk means ice cream, candy, potato chips and other assorted snacks, or even the place where they can be purchased. No one, however, knows for certain where the term originated; there are several plausible theories:

In the 1920s a comic strip character named Harold Teen and his friends spent a great amount of time at Pop's candy store. The store's name was the Sugar Bowl but Harold and company always called it the geedunk for reasons never explained.

The Chinese word meaning a place of idleness sounds something like "gee dung."

"Geedunk" is sound made by a vending machine when it dispenses a soft drink in a cup.

It may be derived from the German word "tunk" meaning to dip or sop either in gravy or coffee. Dunking was a common practice in days when bread, not always obtained fresh, needed a bit of "tunking" to soften it. The "ge" is a German

unaccented prefix denoting repetition. In time it may have changed from getunk to geedunk.

Whatever theory we use to explain geedunk's origin, it doesn't alter the fact that Navy people are glad it all got started!

GUNDECKING

In the modern Navy falsifying reports, records and the like is often referred to as "gundecking." The origin of the term is somewhat obscure, but at the risk of gundecking, here are two plausible explanations for its modern usage.

The deck below the upper deck on British sailing ships-of-war was called the gundeck although it carried no guns. This false deck may have been constructed to deceive enemies as to the amount of armament carried, thus the gundeck was a falsification.

A more plausible explanation may stem from shortcuts taken by early midshipmen when doing their navigation lessons. Each mid was supposed to take sun lines at noon and star sights at night and then go below to the gundeck, work out their calculations and show them to the navigator.

Certain of these young men, however, had a special formula for getting the correct answers. They would note the noon or last position on the quarterdeck traverse board and determine the approximate current position by dead reckoning plotting. Armed with this information, they proceeded to the gundeck to "gundeck" their navigation homework by simply working backwards from the dead reckoning position.

HE KNOWS THE ROPES

When we say someone knows the ropes we infer that he knows his way around at sea and is quite capable of handling most nautical problems. Through the years the phrase's meaning has changed

somewhat. Originally, the statement was printed on a seaman's discharge to indicate that he knew the names and primary uses of the main ropes on board ship. In other words, "This man is a novice seaman and knows only the basics of seamanship."

HORSE LATITUDES

The words of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "Idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean" well describe a sailing ship's situation when it entered the horse latitudes. Located near the West Indies between 30 and 40 degrees north latitude, these waters were noted for unfavorable winds that becalmed cattle ships heading from Europe to America.

Often ships carrying horses would have to cast several overboard to conserve drinking water for the rest as the ship rode out the unfavorable winds. Because so many horses and other cattle were tossed to the sea, the area came to be known as the "horse latitudes."

IN THROUGH THE HAWSEPIPE

Sometimes we hear an old chief petty officer claim he came into the Navy through the hawsepipe and it makes one wonder if he is referring to some early enlistment program. Actually, it was an enlistment program of sorts; it means a person is salty and savvies the ways of the sea because he began his nautical career on the lowest ladder of the deck force. A hawsepipe or hawsehole, incidentally, is a hole in the bow of the ship through which the anchor chain runs.

JACOB'S LADDER

A jacob's ladder is a portable ladder made of rope or metal and used primarily as an aid in boarding ship. Originally, the jacob's ladder was a network of line leading to the skysail on wooden ships. The name alludes to the biblical Jacob reputed to have dreamed that he climbed a ladder to the sky.

Anyone who has ever tried climbing a jacob's ladder while carrying a

seabag can appreciate the allusion. It does seem that the climb is long enough to take one into the next world.

KEELHAUL

To be keelhailed today is merely to be given a severe reprimand for some infraction of the rules. As late as the 19th century, however, it meant the extreme. It was a dire and often fatal torture employed to punish offenders of certain naval laws.

An offender was securely bound both hand and foot and had heavy weights attached to his body. He was then lowered over the ship's side and slowly dragged along under the ship's hull. If he didn't drown -- which was rare -- barnacles usually ripped him, causing him to bleed to death.

All navies stopped this cruel and unusual punishment many years ago and today any such punishment is forbidden.

KNOT

The term knot or nautical mile, is used world-wide to denote one's speed through water. Today, we measure knots with electronic devices, but 200 years ago such devices were unknown. Ingenious mariners devised a speed measuring device both easy to use and reliable: the "log line." From this method we get the term "knot."

The log line was a length of twine marked at 47.33-foot intervals by colored knots. At one end was fastened a log chip; it was shaped like the sector of a circle and weighted at the rounded end with lead.

When thrown over the stern, it would float pointing upward and would remain relatively stationary. The log line was allowed to run free over the side for 28 seconds and then hauled on board. Knots which had passed over the side were

counted. In this way the ship's speed was measured.

LOG BOOK

Today any bound record kept on a daily basis aboard ship is called a "log." Originally, records were kept on the sailing ships by inscribing information onto shingles cut from logs and hinged so they opened like books. When paper became more readily available, "log books" were manufactured from paper and bound. Shingles were relegated to naval museums -- but the slang term stuck.

MASTER-AT-ARMS

The master-at-arms rating is by no means a modern innovation. Naval records show that these "sheriffs of the sea" were keeping order as early as the reign of Charles I of England. At that time they were charged with keeping the swords, pistols, carbines and muskets in good working order as well as ensuring that the bandoliers were filled with fresh powder before combat.

Besides being chiefs of police at sea, the sea corporals, as they were called in the British Navy, had to be qualified in close order fighting under arms and able to train seamen in hand-to-hand combat. In the days of sail, the MAAs were truly "masters at arms." The master-at-arms in the US Navy can trace the beginning of his rate to the Union Navy of the Civil War.

MIDSHIPMEN

"Midshipmen" originally referred to the youngsters aboard British Navy vessels who were in training to become naval officers. Their primary duties included carrying orders from the officers, quartered in the stern, to the crew, quartered in the fo'c'sle. The repeated scampering through the middle part of the ship earned them the name "midshipmen" and the nickname "middle."

Naval Academy students and Navy Reserve Officer Training Candidates

are still called midshipmen because, just like their counterparts of old, they are in training to become officers in the sea service. It is interesting to note that mids (the term middle went out of use only recently) back in the days of sail could begin their naval careers at the ripe old age of eight.

MIND YOUR Ps AND Qs

There are few of us who have not at one time or another been admonished to "mind our Ps and Qs," or in other words, to behave our best. Oddly enough, "mind your Ps and Qs" had nautical beginnings as a method of keeping books on the waterfront.

In the days of sail when sailors were paid a pittance, seaman drank their ale in taverns whose keepers were willing to extend credit until payday. Since many salts were illiterate, keepers kept a talley of pints and quarts consumed by each sailor on a chalkboard behind the bar. Next to each person's name a mark was made under "P" for pint or "Q" for quart whenever a seaman ordered another draught.

On payday, each seaman was liable for each mark next to his name, so he was forced to "mind his Ps and Qs" or get into financial trouble. To ensure an accurate count by unscrupulous keepers, sailors had to keep their wits and remain somewhat sober. Sobriety usually ensured good behavior, hence the meaning of "mind your Ps and Qs."

MOORING LINE

There aren't many "old salts" in today's Navy who haven't been required sometime in their career to heave around on a length of hawser in order to tie up a ship. Hawser used in this backbreaking task is called mooring line and gets its name from a combination of two terms used in the early days of sail. The Middle Dutch word "maren" meant "to tie," and the Middle English words "moren rap" meant "ship's rope." Through the years the

terms merged and were Americanized, hence any line used to tie a ship to the pier is called "mooring line."

NAVY BLUE

Blue has not always been "navy blue." In fact it wasn't until 1745 that the expression navy blue meant anything at all.

In that year several British officers petitioned the Admiralty for adaption of new uniforms for its officers. The first lord requested several officers to model various uniforms under consideration so he could select the best. He then selected several uniforms of various styles and colors to present to George II for the final decision.

King George, unable to decide on either style or color, finally chose a blue and white uniform because they were the favorite color combinations of the first lord's wife, Duchess of Bedford.

PEA COAT

Sailors who have to endure pea-soup weather often don their pea cots but the coat's name isn't derived from the weather.

The heavy topcoat worn in cold, miserable weather by seafaring men was once tailored from pilot cloth -- a heavy, coarse, stout kind of twilled blue cloth with the nap on one side. The cloth was sometimes called P-cloth for the initial letter of the word and the garment made from it was called a p-jacket -- later a pea coat. The term has been used since 1723 to denote coats made from that cloth.

PORTHOLES

Sometimes, novice seamen will ask "how comes holes on the starboard side are called portholes instead of starboardholes?" Many old salts are ready with explanations, but actually the name "porthole" has nothing to do with its location. The word originated during the reign of Henry VI of England (1485). It seems the good king insisted on mounting

guns too large for his ships and therefore the conventional methods of securing the weapons on the forecandle and aftcastle could not be used.

A French shipbuilder named James Baker was commissioned to solve the problem. And solve it he did by piercing the ship's sides so the cannon could be mounted inside the fore and after castles. Covers, gun ports, were fitted for heavy weather and when the cannon were not in use.

The French word "porte" meaning door, was used to designate the revolutionary invention. "Porte" was Anglicized to "Port" and later corrupted to porthole. Eventually, it came to mean any opening in a ship's side whether for cannon or not.

ROPE YARN SUNDAY

On the day the tailor boarded a sailing ship in port, the crew knocked off early, broke out rope yarn and mended clothes and hammocks. One afternoon per week at sea, usually a Wednesday, was reserved for mending. Since it was an afternoon for rest from the usual chores, much like Sunday, it was dubbed "rope yarn Sunday."

The Navy adhered to the custom up to the years immediately after World War II; men used Wednesday afternoon for personal errands like picking up their laundry and getting haircuts. Of course they paid back the time by working a half-day on Saturdays.

Today, uniforms require less attention so rope yarn Sunday has been turned to other purposes; mainly early liberty or a time for catching up on sleep. Some, however, still adhere to tradition and break out the ditty bag for an afternoon of uniform PMS [Preventative Maintenance Schedule].

SALLY SHIP

"Sally ship" was not a ship but a method of loosing a vessel run aground from the mud holding her fast. In the days before sophisticated navigation equipment, ships ran aground much more often than today. A grounded ship could be freed with little or no hull damage if she could be rocked out of her muddy predicament.

To free her, the order was given to "sally ship." The crew gathered in a line along one side and then ran athwartships from port to starboard and back and forth until the vessel began to roll. Often the rolling broke the mud's suction and she could be pulled free and gotten underway.

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2016 Reunion Restaurant Guide Wilmington, North Carolina

Submitted by Marty Walsh

Shipmates who like to eat will find a nice selection of eating establishments located within walking distance or a short drive from the reunion hotel, including the following.

At the Hotel:

The Bistro

Go to this link to see the menu
<http://www.courtyard.marriott.com/bistro>

Serves Starbucks Coffee

Directly north of the hotel and within walking distance:

Cracker Barrel, Paso Fino Restaurant Bar & Lounge, Istanbul's Turkish Cafe & Hookah Lounge

Less than 1/4 mile north of the hotel but walkable:

Carrabba's Italian Grill, Tilted Kilt,

By car, but less than 1/2 mile north of the hotel:

Olive Garden, IHOP, Jasons Deli

By car, less than a mile north of the hotel:

Chick-fil-A, Incredible Gourmet Pizza, Chop Stix, Hooters, Dunkin Donuts, Waffle house

By car, about a mile south of the hotel:

Applebees, Golden Corral, Outback, Starbucks, Wendy's Carolina Ale House

By car, within 2 miles south of the hotel:

Jimmy John's, Mission BBQ, Blue Asia, Cicis, Jersey Mikes Subs, Smoothie King, Baba Ghannoj, Bdobo Mongolian Grill, Jamaica's Comfort Zone, Wasabi Sushi Kickback Jacks.

For more eating options go to this link from the hotel

<http://www.marriott.com/hotels/hotel-information/restaurant/ilmcy-courtyard-wilmington-wrightsville-beach/>

Walmart:

Across the street and up a block

Shipmate Richard Brusky will be taking an Honor Flight to Washington, DC on 23 April.

Richard will be sending me a copy of a book of the round the world cruise he and his shipmates took during the Korean War. Of course there was a time spent in the Korean Theater of Operations.

