

FEMALE VETERANS
REPORT P. 10-11



CHRONICLE

The Newspaper for Veterans and All Who Love Them.

JULY/AUGUST 2020

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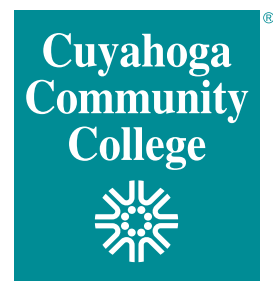
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STAND AT EASE *By John H. Tidyman, Editor*

The hidden enemy, the invisible ambush

By John H. Tidyman, editor

Just me, but this pandemic, in addition to scaring the bejesus out of me, disappointments me, as well.

First, the pandemic comes out of nowhere – maybe the best and most effective ambush Mother Nature ever planned and executed. Hit us so fast and so effectively, we were not prepared. Thousands and thousands and thousands of deaths. Health care professionals scrambled to their posts, ready for battle, but ignorant of the enemy or the weapons needed.

Support staff hit the ground running; the men and women who serve as sanitation workers, ambulance drivers, laboratory researchers, custodians, suppliers of all sort, laundry workers, embalmers and funeral directors, cafeteria cooks and staffs, and the odd and worthless politicians.



When the enemy finally showed its face, we had no weapons, hence, no counterattack. No front lines.

Second, we know little about the pandemic's origin. We know even less about fighting this battle.

History insists that without leadership, there is no chance of victory. If there are leaders somewhere, they are hidden well. Just my own guess, but no leaders will emerge. With all the tax money handed over to government, the future is dim. Politicians enjoy lying to us and stuffing their pockets.

Third, we are so ignorant and self-destructive, we ignore the risks and tell ourselves, "I've been in isolation long enough," or, "Hey, the bar is open—must be safe," or, "Ah, c'mon—what are the chances?"

Capital Punishment: The Unanswerable Question

By Rev. Richard J. Watts, Chaplain, DD214 Chronicle

Sometimes I wonder about government-sanctioned executions. I rarely think about war. About the man and women who fight wars, I think a great deal.

War has been part of the human condition since history was created.

There is a great deal of money in war; money trumps peace. (Exceedingly small anti-war groups will never win, but if there is a heaven, they are going.)

But executing our own?

Executions provide only a small return on investment. Rope, sword, firing squad, electricity, and a tip for the clergy. Chump change.

So why do we kill just one person at a time, when imprisoning him, though more expensive, would insure he does not again commit another capital crime?

The answer is in the bloody, vengeful, and hidden recesses of our hearts. We want to feel justified watching a man die at the hands of our government.



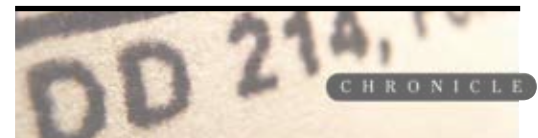
So different from war dead, both or own and the enemy, the endless list of names and outfits that we were not angry with and had little interest watching the mortally wounded gasp his last breath.

But executions? It is only one man. We know his name and age, some family history, the details of his crime. We look at him.

We do not have to kill the criminal, but we get to watch. Watching a man killed is fascinating. Especially because we are not pulling the trigger

or flipping the switch or letting the floor fall away under the criminal and sending him only a couple yards before the satisfying sound of a broken neck fills the air.

We didn't break the Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." God did not create executions or the pleasure we take in watching. I think God created in us a wonderful sense of right and wrong. He gave us the ability to select one or the other. It is not easy and the path we take is entirely up to us.



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DD214 Chronicle is committed to its readers: Veterans of every generation and all who love them. The printed newspaper is delivered across northern Ohio without charge to more than 500 locations: libraries, colleges and universities that welcome veteran students, VFW and American Legion posts, city halls, Veteran Administration offices and health care facilities, organizations in support of veterans, advertisers, political offices, and Veteran Service Commissions. DD214 Chronicle also maintains dd214chronicle.com and DD214 Chronicle/Facebook.

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Hell No We Won't Go

Just when you thought you'd seen everything. Check a recent article published at military.com, Veterans Day, Nov 11, 2019: "Midshipmen Establish Study Group for Satanic Temple Beliefs at US Naval Academy." Military.com is a pretty credible site not likely to poke an elbow in your ribs with unexpected satire; this is a legitimate story. So what in the name of everything unholy is this already stunk up world of ours coming to next? As if Global Warming isn't enough, we now face Global Weirding.

The US Naval Academy? The US Naval Academy? I'm pretty sure they mean the one at Annapolis, unless there's an obscure and unconventional alternate someplace we former navy gobs haven't heard about. Note to self--call congressman today: Dear sir, please withdraw the recommendation for my candidacy to a future USNA class. Thanks for your help dealing with difficulties about maximum age bracket, scholastic achievement and other annoying requirements. Now this. Sorry for the trouble.

The news article is headed by a creepy, surreal picture (conceptual drawing, not a police mugshot) of Baphomet, infamous associate of Satan and now recipient of personal requests by students at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. Baphomet, you surely recall, is an ancient infernal figure the medieval Templars

were accused of worshipping and praying to as they ritually spat upon the holy cross, or so the papal inquisitors claimed. Who better to inspire our military young?

Which brings up an important point: exactly what sort of Satanists will these new midshipmen turn out to be? Fundamentalist, hexagram thumping evangelizers shouting down all competing concepts, cursing with bell, book and hot poker---or something a little more laid back, liberal even? Let's hope for the latter, there is already a big enough problem with fundamentalism at the Air Force Academy, I'm sure you've heard. Moreover, who do you think these shining prospective Navy officers will vote for? True rock hard fundamentalists will go for Trump, the Baphomet seated even today upon the blazing hellfire throne of world domination. On the other hand, if the liberal wing prevails, they may decide to serve not Baphomet, but other more acceptable Satanic figures, like Beelzebub, Moloch, say, or Hillary Clinton. Voting pollsters really need to take a look at this.

I'm too old for this crap. A shimmering, hallucinogenic weird new world awaits out there, but I'm not going, hell no. Maybe I should just stop reading the news. Screw you, Satan.

Art Dorland was a harmless E4 drudge of the US Navy 1964-1967.

Nicknames, Noms de plume, Aliases



173rd Airborne Brigade – "Sky Soldiers"



82nd Airborne Division – "All-Americans"



101st Airborne Division – "The Screaming Eagles"



2nd Armored Division – "Hell on Wheels"



1st Infantry Division – "The Big Red One"



4th Infantry Division – "Ivy"



9th Infantry Division – "Old Reliables"



10th Mountain Division – "Mountaineer"



25th Infantry Division – "Tropic Lightning"



92nd Infantry Division – "Buffalo Soldiers"

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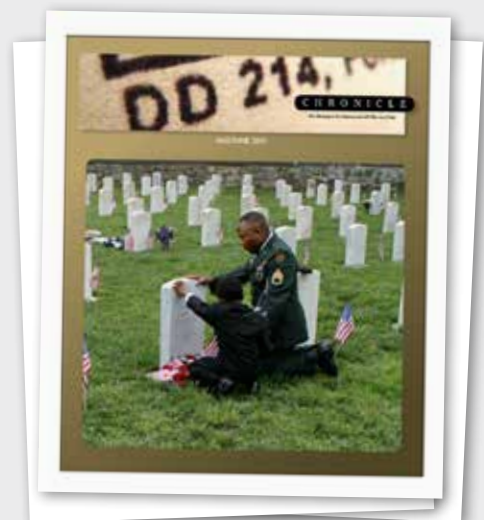
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DATELINE: SAIGON

Excerpt from the book *Hot Type, Cold Beer and Bad News: A Cleveland Reporter Looks Back at the 1960s* by Michael D. Roberts, reprinted with permission of Gray & Company, Publishers. \$24.94, hardcover, 293 pages. Available at ClevelandBooks.com, Amazon.com, and Northeast Ohio bookstores.

Assigned by his editor to “look in on the war” in Vietnam, Cleveland Plain Dealer reporter Michael D. Roberts arrived at Tan Son Nhut on January 29, 1968. The next day, the infamous Tet offensive began. In this excerpt it is three days later, and Roberts is reporting from the streets of Saigon ...

Although the assault on Saigon had been largely repelled, pockets of the enemy formed strongholds throughout the city. Street fighting broke out everywhere as Vietnamese troops dealt with resisters.

AP photographer Eddie Adams and I were caught in cross fire on a narrow street called Nhan Vi. (The day before, Adams had cinched a Pulitzer with his dramatic photo of South Vietnamese chief of national police Nguyen Ngoc Loan executing a Viet Cong captive.) We lay in the gutter listening to the distinctive, deadly sound of the VC’s AK-47s. The buildings around us housed shops shuttered by heavy metal grating.

Suddenly one of the gratings parted. A thin, veiny hand beckoned, and we darted into the shop, two men seeking asylum. Inside we found a mother and father with 10 children, along with the grandmother who had waved us to safety. One of the children practiced his English. He said that the VC had killed many in the neighborhood. The grandmother brought us Cokes

and apologized for not having ice. The shooting subsided after an hour, and with the silence we made our escape, thanking the elderly woman for the hospitality as the rest of the family bowed in a goodbye.

The next day did not get any better, only this time I was with AP reporter Peter Arnett driving through Gia Dinh on the outskirts of Saigon. We were dressed in bright sports shirts and not looking for trouble. Nonetheless, it found us.

As we drove past a group of concrete houses we heard a firefight break out. Again, the distinctive clatter of AK-47s filled the air, followed by the retorts of different sorts of weaponry. Arnett wanted to see who was fighting. It was a group of ARVN forces, South Vietnamese, who had pinned down some fleeing VC.

As we made our way toward the South Vietnamese troops, a furious exchange of fire erupted and we took cover in one of the houses. Prone on the dirt floor and deafened by the shooting, I looked up at the roof made of flattened soft-drink cans and saw periodic glimpses of sky. The rounds were piercing the roof. I looked at Arnett’s face and he was perspiring.

“This is bad,” he said. Arnett had been covering the war for six years, so he knew what he was talking about. The firing continued, punctuated by grenade blasts.

Suddenly the door opened and a harried American sergeant, an adviser to the ARVN, began swearing at us. “Get the hell out of here now,” he commanded. “You fools are going to get overrun by the dinks.”

We needed no further

encouragement. We scrambled to our feet, ducked our heads, and ran for it. I remember running through flowerbeds, looking down and passing a prone Vietnamese soldier firing a Browning Automatic Rifle, a vintage World War II weapon that was far too heavy for the diminutive trooper. The gun was ejecting shells at a furious rate.

Arnett was ahead of me, running toward a five-foot stone wall. I was breathless with excitement and exertion by the time I reached the barrier. I pulled myself over it and tumbled into a cemetery. The tall, heavy tombstones provided excellent shelter from the fusillade behind us.

Arnett took cover, and I found a place a few tombstones away. Both of us took a while to catch our rasping breaths. It had been an adrenaline-filled you-bet-your-life escape.

I hadn’t fully recovered when I noticed an elderly man with a wispy white beard crawling toward me.

In one hand he held a wooden tray with bottles of beer. I could hardly believe my eyes.

“Beer 50 piasters,” the man managed in fractured English. “Drink beer, no die.”

From behind a tombstone Arnett yelled, “For God’s sake, don’t overtip him.”

More excerpts are available at ClevelandBooks.com.

About the Author

Michael D. Roberts got his start as a newspaper reporter in 1962 and joined the *Plain Dealer* in 1963. He received the Ohio Associated Press Award in 1966 for exposing a forged Rembrandt painting. He reported on assignment from Vietnam, the Middle East, and the newspaper’s Washington Bureau. He joined *Cleveland Magazine* in 1972 and served as editor for 17 years. He works in public relations and regularly writes for several publications.

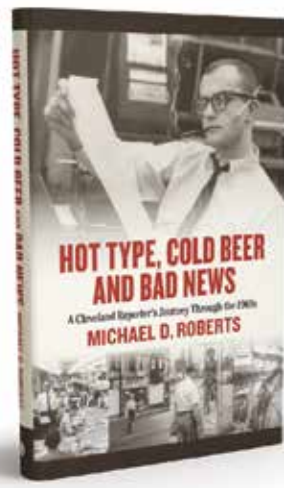
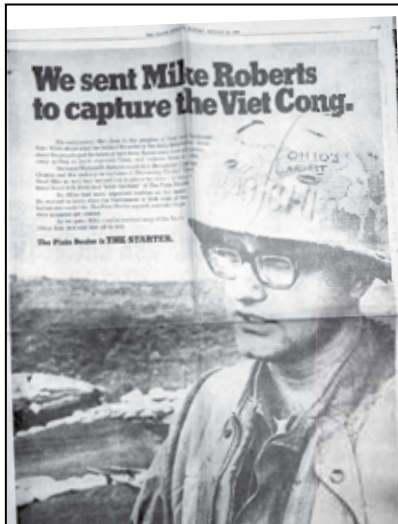
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Hot Type, Cold Beer and Bad News

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*Vacation from July 4,
reopen July 28*

Delivery boy becomes delivery man

By Jim Schoene

Ever since I was blessed to fly a mission that the USMC pilots thought too dangerous (they were probably right!) during my first tour In I Corps, I've had a special bond with the Corps.

1968, Dong Ha, I was sitting in my 'Loach' (OH-6 Scout helicopter) after having just refueled. A guy came up to me (branch and rank unknown) and asked if I'd fly him, beans, bullets, and batteries, to a Marine OP overlooking Khe Sanh. He said they were out of everything and desperate for resupply out there in 'a bad area'. He'd already asked the USMC aviation support at Dong Ha but they said the weather at the OP was fogged in and the mountainous terrain was too dangerous. Being an invincible 21 year old WO1, I said "Sure. Load up and let's go!" When we arrived near the OP, sure enough it was socked in. I made an approach to the pad which was just visible and appeared big enough for my Loach, but I had to abort because it got fogged in again. I went around and asked them to pop smoke and I'd fly toward the smoke. I confirmed yellow smoke and made a second attempt. Thank God, I made it to the pad OK, and out of the fog I saw several dirty scruffy bare chested Marines come climbing up to the pad to unload the cargo. As the lead Jarhead approached the pad, he had tears streaming down his face as he came to my side and yelled an emotional and heartfelt "Thank you sir!" in my helmet covered ear. It was right then that I realized, I may have been an Army pilot when I landed, but I was about to depart as a fellow warrior brother forever.

Semper Fi friend...



Dorothy Ryan

You're Invited: Announcing a Virtual Veteran-to-Veteran Café on July 28

Free Online Event to Connect Veterans for Conversation, Camaraderie

By Nate Gradisher

Q: What is a veteran-to-veteran café?

A: Veteran-to-veteran cafés are small, intimate social gatherings that provide veterans in the community with an opportunity to meet other veterans, create new friendships and enjoy the camaraderie of shared military experiences. The cafés are typically held in coffee shops, libraries or other neighborhood gathering spots.

Q: How will the virtual veteran-to-veteran café work?

A: To protect everyone's safety during the pandemic, Hospice of the Western Reserve will be hosting a virtual veterans' café on Tuesday, July 28, from 1 to 2:30 p.m. using the Microsoft Teams platform. Microsoft Teams is a web-based video conferencing tool that will allow everyone who is registered to see or hear the other participants using their cell phone,

iPad or Smart TV.

Q: How do I register for the virtual veterans' café? Is there any cost to participate?

A: The café is free, and veterans of any era are welcome to participate. To register for the virtual café, veterans in the community can simply email me at ngradisher@hospicewr.org.

Q: What will be discussed?

A: Having a natural and free-flowing conversation is the whole idea behind the veteran-to-veteran cafés, so there is no formal agenda. We will get things started by talking about some of our veteran's experiences as Hospice of the Western Reserve volunteers. We will share some of the ways volunteers help their fellow veterans, why this work is so meaningful and how to become a veteran volunteer. Participants are encouraged to ask questions, talk about their own

experiences in military or civilian life or share whatever is on their minds.

Q: Is everyone required to talk?

A: No, there is never any pressure to speak. The invitation to the virtual veteran-to-veteran café is sent with no expectations. Veterans can share their stories if they would like, chat with each other or just sit back and listen.

Q: Why is Hospice of the Western Reserve hosting the virtual café?

A: Hospice of the Western Reserve is a Level 5 Partner with We Honor Veterans (WHV), a program of the National Hospice and Palliative Care Organization in collaboration with the Department of Veterans Affairs (VA). Level 5 is the highest level WHV partners can attain. As a partner in the program, Hospice of the Western Reserve cares for veterans facing

Nate Gradisher is Provider Relations Manager for Hospice of the Western Reserve and chairs the non-profit agency's Peaceful & Proud Veterans Committee.



a life-limiting illness through its Peaceful & Proud program. Volunteers play an especially meaningful role. Hospice patients are matched with veteran volunteers who can relate to them as fellow service members. They provide companionship, family support, assistance with legacy work and much more. The volunteers also participate in Veterans Recognition Ceremonies honoring their fellow veterans.

Join us for a free Virtual Veterans' Café

Tuesday, July 28, 1:00 to 2:30 p.m.

Learn how volunteers are serving fellow veterans through our **Peaceful & Proud** program.

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To register:

Email Nate Gradisher at ngradisher@hospicewr.org



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Dead Reckoning chronicles dramatic Yamamoto mission

By Barry Goodrich

Dec. 7, 1941 is a date with special meaning to Americans of many generations. The infamous attack on Pearl Harbor, designed by Japanese Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, killed more than 2,400 U.S. Servicemen and civilians, wounded 1,178 and propelled America into World War II.

April 18, 1943 is another date when the war changed but few remember its importance. It was the day a group of 16 fighter planes led by Major Johnny Mitchell intercepted and shot down a Japanese bomber carrying one very important passenger, Yamamoto himself, over the jungles of Bougainville, New Guinea.

In his new book, *Dead Reckoning: The Story of How Johnny Mitchell and his Fighter Pilots Took on Admiral Yamamoto and Avenged Pearl Harbor*, Pulitzer Prize finalist Dick Lehr tells the fascinating story of Operation Vengeance, the targeted kill of Japan's top military commander. It is a narrative driven by

Mitchell's private letters, diaries and papers, most of them written to his wife Annie Lee.

"I had never heard of the Yamamoto mission until a few years ago," said Lehr from his home in Boston. "It seemed people knew of it but not a lot about it. Once I dove in, I realized what an important mission it was. So much of the story of the mission was about which pilot had shot down Yamamoto but the mission leader was overshadowed. That was my a-ha moment – I wanted this to be Johnny Mitchell's book."

Lehr uses Mitchell to tell the story not only of the mission but

of Guadalcanal itself. Thanks to hundreds of letters and tapes from Mitchell's widow, daughter and son, the book becomes a love story as well as a historical narrative.

"The Friday before the Sunday (Yamamoto) mission, Mitchell wrote a letter to his wife telling her he was on the list to come home," said Lehr. "The very next day he was told about the mission and he had to figure out how to pull it off."

Thanks to American code breakers,

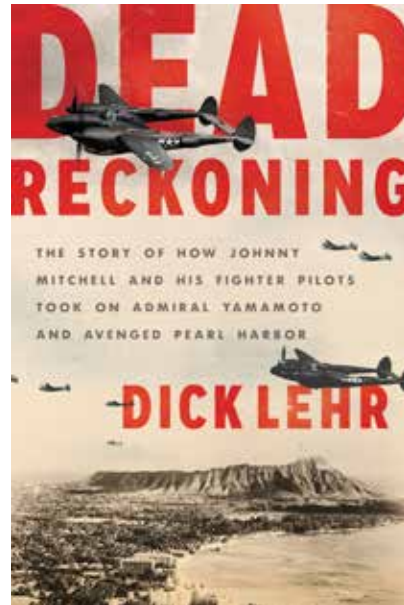
Yamamoto's travel plans were discovered but Mitchell had no idea of which route the Japanese admiral would be taking. "The mission

itself was extraordinary," said Lehr. "It was a crapshoot – there was so much that could go wrong. The pilots were flying with radio silence at a low altitude...there were no checkpoints or landmarks. All Mitchell had was his watch, his compass and his map."

Just how dangerous was Operation Vengeance? "They didn't expect to come back," said Lehr.

It took Japan weeks to announce the death of Yamamoto, the charismatic, Harvard-educated leader whose shock and awe style attack of Pearl Harbor would pit his nation against a country he knew it could never defeat. "Yamamoto was a rock star in Japan," said Lehr. "He had bottomless loyalty to his country, but he was also smart and worldly. He was realistic about the war in a global sense."

Mitchell went on to fly over 100 missions during the Korean War. To this day, the country's greatest fighter pilot has yet to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor.



VETS - YOUR HELP IS NEEDED

The past thirty-five years, on the Saturday before Christmas, a totally unique holiday tradition takes place. And this coming December will be no different. **Loving hands of help focused on needy kids, and life-challenged men, women and families will again demonstrate the true spirit of Christmas and the Holiday Season.**

Ninety-plus friends of **Vietnam Veteran, Dick Clough**, board donated Lakefront Lines buses near his home in Lakewood loaded with 200+ custom packed containers with merchandise together with a bus full of coats and another with oversized toys. Escorted by Cleveland Police, there are nine stops located in different parts of Cleveland beginning at 4 PM and ending after Midnight, and in between delivering Christmas to 1,200 inner-city kids, adults including previously homeless veterans, and families. The annual project is aptly called - **Tour of Good Cheer.**

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Woman's 3-Year Enlistment Leads to 20-year Marine Corps Career

by Jerri Donohue

When Marie Wisenbaker Arndt was graduating from high school in 1979, an Army recruiter came to her home.

"My father met him at the door with a shotgun," the Geneva resident said.

But Arndt recognized military service as a way out of her small town. Her Dad and one of her brothers were Army veterans. Another brother served in the Air Force and a third in the Navy. Her paternal grandfather was a naval officer.

A Marine Corps recruiter approached Arndt a few months later - and she was ready.

"There was nobody in the Marine Corps and so I said, 'okay,' Arndt recalled. "The best decision I ever made."

Planning to stay three years, she trained as a small arms repairman after boot camp. She fixed, rebuilt and fired pistols, rifles and machine guns.

Her subsequent assignments included running armories on Okinawa, Japan and at Parris Island, South Carolina. The Marine Corps was predominantly male.

"You had to fight for your position because it was a man's world," she said.

Arndt earned the respect of male colleagues and didn't experience sexual harassment. At Camp Foster, Okinawa, her running partner was a male gunnery sergeant, Carlton Kent.

"I used to run with him because I felt safe," Arndt said.

Years later, Kent became Sergeant Major of the Marine Corps.

Back in the States, Arndt undertook rigorous training at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina to become a drill instructor.

"It's very demanding," Arndt said. "You might start a class of ninety and only graduate fifty drill instructors."

When she needed help with the many drill movements, a friend advised her to contact Rick Arndt, a Marine who had been a drill instructor. She mastered the drills, and the two began dating. They have been married since 1988.

Arndt admits she was tough on recruits during her years as a drill instructor at Parris Island.

"You had to be," Arndt said. "You put on your DI face when you needed to. You rarely took it off and you worked a lot of hours."

She found the job challenging but rewarding.

"You get these young women," Arndt said. "You tear them down and then build them up."

She taught recruits self-defense techniques.

"I was the first female instructor at close combat," she said. "I taught both males and females."

Because Arndt's husband frequently deployed, he missed their daughter's birth. He was stationed in Zaire when Marie Arndt, too, faced deployment. At the time, she was working at Camp Lejeune's School of Infantry.

"Every so many years, it's your turn to go overseas," Arndt said. "And I had two little kids. My daughter wasn't even a year old."

She chose to leave the Marine Corps rather than place her children with relatives for a year. A gunnery sergeant, Arndt retired in 2000, grateful for her 20 years as a Marine.

"The Marine Corps teaches you initiative, decisiveness, judgment," she said. "It teaches you to be independent."

The veteran wishes all high school graduates would do two years of military service.

"You just learn so much," she said.



Women to Serve in All Infantry & Armor Combat Teams

Military.com | By Matthew Cox

The U.S. Army announced recently that female soldiers will be integrated into all of its infantry and armor brigade combat teams (BCTs) by the end of the year.

Currently, 601 women are in the process of entering the infantry career field and 568 are joining the armor career field, according to a recent Army news release.

"Every year, though, the number of women in combat arms increases," Maj. Melissa Comiskey, chief of command policy for Army G-1, said in the release. "We've had women in the infantry and armor occupations now for three years. It's not as different as it was three years ago when the Army first implemented the integration plan."

Former Defense Secretary Leon Panetta started the process by lifting the ban on women serving in combat roles in 2013. The Army then launched a historic effort in 2015 to open the previously male-only Ranger School to female applicants.

Out of the 19 women who originally volunteered in April 2015, then-Capt. Kristen Griest and 1st Lt. Shaye Haver became the first to earn the coveted Ranger Tab that August.

The plan is to integrate female soldiers into the final nine of the

Army's 31 infantry and armor BCTs this year, according to the release. The service did not say how many female soldiers are currently serving in the other 22 BCTs.

At first, the gender integration plan, under the "leaders first" approach, required that two female officers or noncommissioned officers of the same military occupational specialty be assigned to each company that accepted women straight from initial-entry training.

Now, the rule has been changed to require only one female officer or NCO to be in companies that accept junior enlisted women, according to the release.

Comiskey said it's still important to have female leaders in units receiving junior enlisted female infantry and armor soldiers, to help ease the culture change of historically all-male organizations.

"Quite frankly, it's generally going to be an NCO leader that young soldiers will turn to for questions," she said. "The inventory of infantry and armor women leaders is not as high as we have junior soldiers. ... It takes a little bit longer to grow the leaders."

In 2019, the Army began opening up more assignments for female armor and infantry officers at Fort Stewart, Georgia; Fort Drum, New York; Fort Riley, Kansas; Fort Polk, Louisiana; and in Italy.



First Lieutenant Sharon Ann Lane

“See you sooner.”

Just four days before being mortally wounded by enemy fire while working in the 312th Evacuation Hospital in Chu Lai, Republic of Vietnam, 1LT Sharon Ann Lane signed a letter to her parents in her characteristically upbeat manner, “See you sooner.”

Writing to them about the heat, the GIs in her care, and the movie she missed the night before, Lane assured her parents that things were “still very quiet around here... haven’t gotten mortared in a couple of weeks now.” Ironically, within days of writing her parents, she was killed in a rocket attack upon the hospital where she was stationed.

Sharon Ann Lane was born 7 July 1943 in Zanesville, Ohio. Two years later the Lane family moved to Canton, where Sharon spent the remainder of her childhood. She graduated from Canton South High School in June 1961 and decided to pursue her dream of becoming a nurse by attending the Aultman Hospital School of Nursing. She graduated on 25 April 1965 and worked at a local hospital for two years before trying her hand in the business world. She made it through three quarters at the Canton Business College before deciding to join the U.S. Army Nurse Corps Reserve on 18 April 1968.

Training for 2LT Lane began on 5 May 1968 at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. She graduated on 14 June

1968, and just three days later reported for duty at the Army’s Fitzsimons General Hospital in Denver, Colorado. Her first assignment was with three tuberculosis wards, but after receiving a promotion to first lieutenant, she was placed in the Cardiac Division’s Intensive Care Unit and Recovery Room. She worked in the ICU until 24 April 1969, when she reported to Travis Air Force Base, California, with orders sending her to Vietnam.

1LT Lane arrived at the 312th Evacuation Hospital at Chu Lai on 29 April. She was originally assigned to the Intensive Care Unit, but a few days later was reassigned to the Vietnamese Ward.

Nursing the Vietnamese in Ward 4 was often physically and emotionally challenging, yet Lane repeatedly declined transfers to another ward. She worked five days a week, twelve hours a day in Ward 4, and spent her off-duty time taking care of the most critically injured American soldiers in the Surgical ICU. She thrived despite the demanding schedule, and was adored and respected by co-workers and patients alike.

On the morning of 8 June 1969, the 312th Evacuation Hospital was struck by a salvo of 122mm rockets fired by the Viet Cong. One rocket struck between Wards 4A and 4B, killing two people and wounding another twenty-seven. Among the



dead was 1LT Lane, who died instantly of fragmentation wounds to the chest. She was one month shy of her twenty-sixth birthday.

Though one of eight American military nurses who died while serving in Vietnam, Sharon Lane was the only American nurse killed as a direct result of hostile fire. A memorial service was held in Chu Lai 10 June 1969 and a Catholic mass followed the next day. Lane was buried with full military honors at Sunset Hills Burial Park in her hometown of Canton, Ohio.

For her service in Vietnam, 1LT Sharon Ann Lane was awarded the Purple Heart, the Bronze Star with “V” device, the National Defense

Service Medal, the Vietnam Service Medal, the National Order of Vietnam Medal, and the Vietnamese Gallantry Cross (with Palm).

In the years that followed her death, various individuals and organizations honored Lane in a variety of ways. On 11 November 1969, the Fitzsimons Hospital named its recovery room the Lane Recovery Suite and put a plaque and a picture on display. In that same year, the Daughters of the American Revolution named her Outstanding Nurse of the Year, and posthumously awarded her the Anita Newcomb McGee medal in 1970. In 1973 a statue of Lane was dedicated in front of Aultman Hospital, and in 1986, the Hospital opened the Sharon Lane Woman’s Center in its front lobby. The Canton Chapter of the Vietnam Veterans of America officially changed its name to the Sharon Lane Chapter #199, and roads in Denver, Colorado, and at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, have been named in her honor. Despite the fact that over thirty years have passed since her death, 1LT Sharon Ann Lane remains an important symbol representing the sacrifices and service of the thousands of American women who served in the Vietnam War.

The Army Historical Foundation is the designated official fundraiser for the National Museum of the United States Army.



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Might as well deliver all the news about Don Stark

by John H. Tidyman

Don Stark, whose athletic fame fades with every passing year, has joined *The Chronicle* and will manage advertising sales. Here are his good points: 1.) He listens (not to me, but everyone else); 2.) His advertising history is stellar; with clients, he wants to know, "How I can help you reach your objectives?" 3.) He is tireless, committed to serving his customers, and a gentleman.



Don is a longtime volunteer with veteran causes and a former councilman in Fairview Park. His commitment to veterans as well as Fairview Park sets an example worthy of following.

He is a former Marine, which means no better pal in a barroom brawl. He and his wife, Nancy, are parents, grandparents, and good neighbors. Play my cards right, and *The Chronicle* and I will be okay.

Welcome, Don, to the Good Ship Veterans.

VA Video Connect visits increase 1000% during COVID-19 pandemic

Video appointments provide Veterans safe, convenient access to care

WASHINGTON – The U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) announced today telehealth video appointments using VA Video Connect increased from approximately 10,000 to 120,000 appointments a week between February and May of 2020.

This increase of 1000% is attributed to VA providers and Veterans taking precautions against COVID-19.

"As we near the three-year anniversary of the launch of VA Video Connect, even during these challenging times, VA has and continues to maintain access to high-quality health care for Veterans," said VA Secretary Robert Wilkie. "As the service becomes more popular, VA remains committed to providing a seamless user experience to ensure Veterans have access to care where and when they need it."

VA Video Connect allows Veterans and their caregivers to meet virtually with their VA care teams on any computer, tablet, or mobile device with an internet connection. It is one of the largest and most successful digital health platforms in the nation and currently enables more than 25,000 virtual appointments, including mental health appointments each day.

VA is also taking strides to bridge the digital divide for Veterans who lack the technology or broadband internet connectivity required to participate in VA telehealth services. More than 26,000 cellular-enabled

tablets are currently distributed to Veterans across the country. Major wireless carriers T-Mobile, Sprint, now part of T-Mobile, SafeLink by Tracfone and Verizon are allowing Veterans to access VA telehealth services without incurring data charges.

Due to increased demand during the COVID-19 pandemic, VA is rapidly expanding VA Video Connect, allowing more Veterans and VA care teams to connect by video. During this time, Veterans using VA Video Connect with limited data plans could temporarily experience data charges. While cellular carriers are taking measures to support Veterans during this period of expansion – Veterans with concerns are encouraged to contact their carrier.

Read more about VA Video Connect. For information about VA's telehealth services visit connectedcare.va.gov.



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Welcome back! We missed you!

In Their Words: World War II Veterans on Encounters with Civilians Overseas

by Jerri Donohue

American servicemen and women in the European theatre often interacted with civilians. Some local people befriended the Yanks, while others hindered them. Interviewees for the Library of Congress Veterans History Project shared the following stories with me.

Edwin “Ted” West enlisted in 1942, and later flew out of England with the Eighth Air Force. Mike, with whom he had trained, became his closest friend.

“The radio men particularly got friendly in the enlisted group because we were the ‘geeks’ of that age. We were always getting together to figure out what we had done wrong or what we could do better.”

When one of their comrades didn’t return from a mission, Mike, the son of a Baptist minister, suggested the others hold an informal memorial service in the local cathedral. They stopped in a pub afterwards.

“That got to be the ritual as we lost crews. As time went on, it got down to my friend [Mike] and I. By this time, we’d given up the noisy pubs and we’d found a little pub about a half a mile away. When we walked in the first time, the people sort of looked at us, the Englishmen. They didn’t want their pub turned into a ‘Yank’. After a while they recognized we didn’t want it turned into a Yank pub, either... The landlord, Mr. Bolger—and I can remember his name because he could have been Ray Bolger’s father— he looked very much like him—and we got to be very friendly. That was good until I lost Mike.”

Another crew had watched Mike’s bomber get down in a spiral.

“Everybody’s pinned into place. There’s nothing you can do. It’s a lousy way to die. I said to myself, ‘If Mike were still alive, he’d go to the cathedral.’ So I did. But I didn’t have anything to say or anybody to say it to.”

After a while, West completed the ritual by going to the pub.

“Mr. Bolger pulled me a pint and looked at me and said, ‘Your friend isn’t with you.’ I said, ‘No, sir. He’s

not going to be in, Mr. Bolger.’

“He pulled my pint down. He pulled out a bottle of Scotch, which was invisible in those days, poured himself one, poured me one and said, ‘To the sergeant.’”

Interviewed April 25, 2008 at the meeting of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society, Savannah, Georgia

Stanley M. Wozniak drove a jeep in France.

“We were going through a small village. On the outskirts, there were a bunch of people, waving at us. And there was this little girl, about eight years old. She had a white dress on, like you’d wear when you make your First Holy Communion. And I waved back.”

A while later, the Germans shelled Wozniak’s column.

“The lieutenant says, ‘One of our trucks got hit. Some of the guys got hit. Go back and find out.’ So I go back. Two of our guys got hit with shrapnel...And some Frenchmen got hit. I looked over and there’s two guys carrying this little girl. I guess she was dead. That snow white dress was so red! I’d never cried in my life, but I did then. I felt so bad for that little girl. She was just beginning her life.”

August 22, 2008 at the 62nd Reunion of the Fifth Armored Division, Louisville, Kentucky

Draftee **Richard Merle Brown** landed in France in July 1944 with the Fifth Armored Division. A messenger, he drove his own “peep” to deliver orders and information.

“When we were going through France, I saw a German truck come down the road. And he turned off the road and went and parked in a garage. And two guys jumped out and ran.”

Curious about the truck’s cargo, Brown left his map reader in the jeep and went to investigate.

“I went down there and looked in the back of the truck. It was full of bread, not wrapped or anything.”

Brown marked the German vehicle with orange panels so American planes wouldn’t strafe it, and then drove it back to his outfit. An officer scolded him for the theft. Brown felt no regret

because French civilians received the loaves.

Interviewed August 18, 2007 at the 61st Reunion of the Fifth Armored Division, Canton, Ohio

When **Edward Clifford Miller’s** bomber was shot down over France in January 1944, the 8th Air Force pilot had to approach civilians for food and shelter. One hamlet of 10 homes collected clothing to replace his uniform. Another time, Miller stopped at a multi-generational farm. While his 30-something son sat silently, the elderly farmer served Miller breakfast.

“And all the time, he was telling me, ‘when you leave here, you go to the right.’ And when it came time to leave, he walked to the door with me and whispered in English, ‘Go to the left. My son’s a collaborator. He’s going to call.’”

Interviewed April 14, 2011 at the meeting of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society, San Antonio, Texas



Enlistee **Donald “Sandy” Hooper** manned an anti-aircraft gun for several weeks near a Belgian town.

“The night before the Bulge started, three of us guys went down the road to get our laundry from a farmer woman that lived out of that town just a little ways. The road down there went right by Combat Command R’s gasoline dump...There was a ground fog, and it was light, you could see. We got down by that gas dump, and

there was a man there. We chased him. I got up pretty close to him. I had my own pistol, an old single action Colt. I pulled the hammer back and said ‘Halt!’ and the clack-clack-clack- he heard it. He came back and he told me he was the mayor. And I didn’t know if he was or wasn’t. So we took him on down and the washer lady said, ‘yeah, he’s the mayor.’ So we turned him loose. As soon as she was sure he was gone and wasn’t listening, she said, ‘He’s a Nazi.’ Our troops had put him in to be the mayor! Our American people in charge of such things selected him for the mayor, but he was a Nazi! After we got our clothes, I hunted up the lieutenant, the S-2 officer, and I told him about it. So they gathered him up [the mayor] and sent him away some place.”

The next morning Hooper discovered what the mayor had been doing.

“There was nobody on guard at that gas dump, and he had taken the lids off several of those gas cans and was standing there waiting for those German planes to come over, and he was going to throw a match in there and make a fire for some kind of a signal to the German troops.”

Interviewed August 2, 2013 at a gathering of Fifth Armored Division Veterans, Wichita, Kansas

An officer in the Ninth Armored Division, **Demetri “Dee” Paris** rumbled across Europe after the invasion. A Belgian couple befriended him.

“He was a man who had been an American in World War I and stayed over there [Belgium] and married a lady over there. He had a little farm there, and a stable attached to the house.”

When Paris took flour to the wife, she baked pies for him. The three enjoyed great conversations.

Then the Battle of the Bulge began.

“We got orders to move out. And I went down and spent the evening with them. And I didn’t tell them about this, because it was classified. We left, and of course the

Continued on next page



Continued from previous page
Germans later over ran that area. They [his civilian friends] thought we were killed. So when things settled down later and we got the Bulge solved, I went back down there to meet them. I knocked on the door and the fella opened it. The shock in his eyes! He called, 'Maman! Maman!' She came running in there and grabbed me.

"He had a little bottle of brandy—he must have had it for twenty years—that he'd been saving. So we all had a little drink of brandy."

Interviewed September 9, 2008 at the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge reunion, Columbus, Ohio



After enlisting, **Daniel Martin McBride** joined the 101st Airborne Division even though he was afraid of heights.

McBride jumped into Normandy and later into Holland during the Market Garden operation.

"In Holland, we had a wonderful

relationship. They loved us! Man, they'd do anything for us."

He described an incident in Sint Oedenrode.

"They had like a little show they put on, for about 14 of us there. This little girl, about 15 [years old]—she was kinda chubby but beautiful. She was like somebody's kid sister. She wanted to sing for us. She had a beautiful voice. She sang 'Lily Marlene'. When she got done, we all cheered. And she said, 'I thank you for the clap.' We all cracked up...She was such a sweet little girl."

McBride later fought in Belgium during the Battle of the Bulge.

Superiors told the GIs that all the locals had fled when the Germans broke through.

"They told us, anything in front is enemy. There are no civilians in the area. This one morning, I had this German sniper rifle we'd picked up... Matter of fact, I had my machine gun, a German machine gun and a German sniper rifle all in the hole, because we were running low on ammunition for our own... There was a house on the other side of the hill, and it had a basement that opened up onto the level. And that door had been closed all the time. We always checked it in the morning because that place would be a good place for some German artillery..."

But Christmas morning, just as it was starting to get light, the lieutenant said, 'Hey, Mac, that door is open.' So we started watching with binoculars. And we could see movement in there once in a while. Finally—it looked just exactly like a German officer, SS in black—came out through the door. And I had the German sniper rifle..."

so I shot and he went down in the doorway. And the guys said, 'Hey, good shot, Mac, good shot.' So that night, we were going to sneak out and see if we could find somebody with some food and I went to that house, and there was a young woman laying in the doorway, and there's a box behind her—she'd been picking up toys. And that was the woman who was in the doorway, and she was wearing a black coat and had dark hair. From a distance she looked just like a German SS officer standing there. And I haven't enjoyed Christmas since. That's the one thing that bothered me and it still does. Evidently she snuck in there from the German side at night to pick up toys and stuff for Christmas Day. That's the only reason I can figure she'd be there...So Christmas has never set right with me. I know I made it miserable for my wife a couple of times."

Interviewed August 24, 2014 in his nephew's home in Conneaut, Ohio

Marion Moore Sanford enlisted in the Army after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. In the summer of 1944, he was moving through France and Belgium with the 30th Infantry Division. A Dutch family befriended Sanford on his first day in the Netherlands.

"We were trying to cook something to eat. We hadn't had time to do that since we left Normandy. I looked up and this young lady and a small boy, seven or eight years old, were coming across the field... We could tell they were hungry and they ate with us."

The woman lived with her in-laws and she spoke enough English to invite Sanford to their home. Working in reconnaissance, he was

often in the area and he became well acquainted with the family. He knew that they had little food. Whenever possible, he slipped them some.

In time, Sgt. Sanford's unit penetrated into Germany. At one point, they were near the Dutch-German border and so he and another soldier went AWOL to visit their Dutch friends. They learned the civilians had no meat. The two promptly returned to Germany and raided a chicken farm near Aachen while the owner protested.

"She came out and threw her hands up and said, 'Nein! Nein!' He [Sanford's buddy] was shooting chickens and I was keeping her off him. But I never pointed my gun at her."

Holding the butt of his weapon with one hand and the barrel with the other, Sanford barred the woman's way.

The GIs returned to Holland with about two dozen chickens. Their friends distributed them to hungry neighbors on the street and an impromptu block party ensued.

"We ate and had a big time," Sanford said.

Sanford paid a surprise visit to the family in 1994. The older couple had died, but the younger woman and her husband, Fred, were still living. The wife answered the door.

"We stood and stared at each other. She didn't know I was coming, but she knew who I was... We had contacted each other over the years, especially at Christmastime. When I left that day, Fred said, 'I'll see you in Heaven.'"

Interviewed March 4, 2010 at the reunion of WWII Veterans of the 30th Infantry Division, Nashville, Tennessee



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“I read it cover-to-cover. Well-written and fascinating. Gives non-vets like me a greater understanding of what they did for us.” - Kevin Day

“Veterans appreciate most everything. They always see the bright side.”
- Catherine M. Weiss



Brian Albrecht was born in East Cleveland and has lived most of his life in Northeast Ohio. The graduate of Ohio State University worked for *The Plain Dealer* as a reporter and editor for 39 years. He wrote the column “World at War” starting in 2007, telling the stories of World War II veterans and later expanded that column to “Profiles of Service,” about vets from that conflict to the present. His father was a paratrooper with the 82nd Airborne Division during World War II who parachuted into Normandy on D-Day and subsequently was awarded a Silver Star and Purple Heart.

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Anna Lupson, Navy veteran and LCCC psychology student who is using her veterans benefits to attend school. She plans to continue her education through LCCC's University Partnership program.



**Lorain County
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Community West Foundation Grants Over \$600,000 to Local Nonprofit Agencies

[Westlake, Ohio] – The Community West Foundation Board of Directors approved \$485,000 in second quarter grants to nonprofit agencies that provide basic needs services to the community. The receiving organizations include:

- Avon/Avon Lake Community Resource Services
- Cogswell Hall
- Domestic Violence & Child Advocacy Center
- Lorain County Free Clinic
- May Dugan Center
- Northeast Ohio Coalition for the Homeless (NEOCH)
- Nueva Luz Urban Resource Center
- Oberlin Community Services
- Society of St. Vincent de Paul
- St. Herman's/FOCUS
- St. Paul's Community Outreach
- The City Mission
- The Ed Keating Center
- The Turn

These grants are just the beginning of the group's recent philanthropic efforts. In March, Community West announced they were establishing the COVID-19 Emergency Fund to support nonprofit agencies in need during the pandemic crisis. That fund quickly grew to \$143,000 and, in the past two months, Community West issued grants amounting to \$85,140.

The receiving organizations include:

- Cleveland Christian Home
- Community Service Alliance
- Lakewood Community Services Center
- Lutheran Hospital
- Malachi House
- May Dugan Center
- Merrick House
- Nueva Luz Urban Resource Center
- Oberlin Community Services
- Society of St. Vincent de Paul Food Centers
- St. Paul's Community Outreach
- Stella Maris
- The Edna House for Women
- The Village Project
- Trials for Hope
- Urban Community School/Refugee Response
- Ursuline Piazza (HIV/AIDS)
- West Side Catholic Center
- Westlake Meals on Wheels

Community West Foundation also provided a \$50,000 grant to the Greater Cleveland COVID-19 Rapid Response Fund as well as a \$10,000 grant to a similar collaboration being led by the Community Foundation of Lorain County.

The mission of Community West Foundation is to advance the health and well being of our community. The staff and Board of Directors are

guided by the words in Matthew 25:35-40: "For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me... Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me."

For more information, contact Community West Foundation at 440-360-7370 or visit community-westfoundation.org

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