

The Proper Use of Hero and Examples of Its Misuse

By Jim Brinson

Each year I am hired to go to Washington, D.C., with the eighth grade class from Clinton, Wisconsin where I grew up, to videotape their trip. I greatly enjoy visiting our nation's capitol, and each year I take some special memories back with me. This fall's trip was especially memorable.

On the last night of our trip, we stopped at the Iwo Jima Memorial. This memorial is one of the largest bronze statues in the world and depicts one of the most famous photographs in history — that of the six brave soldiers raising the American flag at the top of a rocky hill on the island of Iwo Jima during WW II.

Over one hundred students and chaperons piled off the buses and headed towards the memorial. I noticed a solitary figure at the base of the statue, and as I got closer he asked, "Where are you guys from?" I told him that we were from Wisconsin. "Hey, I'm a Cheesehead, too! Come gather around, Cheeseheads, and I will tell you a story.

James Bradley just happened to be in Washington, DC, to speak at the memorial the following day. He was there that night to say good night to his dad, who had passed away. He was just about to leave when he saw the buses pull up. I videotaped him as he spoke to us, and received his permission to share what he said from my videotape.

It is one thing to tour the incredible monuments filled with history in Washington, D.C., but it is quite another to get the kind of insight we received that night.

When all had gathered around, he reverently began to speak.

"My name is James Bradley and I'm from Antigo, Wisconsin. My dad is on that statue, and I just wrote a book called *Flag of Our Fathers* which is on the New York Times Best Seller list right now. It is the story of the six boys you see behind me. (*Flags of Our Fathers*, James Bradley with Ron Powers, Bantam Trade Paperback, October, 2001, \$12.95)

"Six boys raised the flag. The first guy putting the pole in the ground is Harlon Block. Harlon was an all-state football player. He enlisted in the Marine Corps with all the senior members

of his football team. They were off to play another type of game. A game called War. But it didn't turn out to be a game. Harlon, at the age of 21, died with his intestines in his hands. I don't say that to gross you out; I say that because there are people who stand in front of this statue and talk about the glory of war. You guys need to know that most of the boys in Iwo Jima were 17-, 18-, and 19-year olds — and it was so hard that the ones who did make it home never would talk to their families about it.

"You see this next guy? That's Rene Gagnon from New Hampshire. If you took Rene's helmet off at the moment

this photo was taken and looked in the webbing of that helmet, you would find a photograph, a photograph of his girlfriend. Rene put that in there for protection because he was scared. He was 18 years old. It was just boys who won the battle of Iwo Jima. Boys. Not old men.

"The next guy here, the third guy in this tableau, was Sergeant Mike Strank. Mike is my hero. He was the hero of all these guys. They called him the Old Man because he was so old. He was already 24. When Mike would motivate his boys in training camp, he didn't say, 'Let's go kill some Japanese' or 'Let's die for our country.' He knew

See *Flag*, Page 6



Trans-Siberian Orchestra

Winter Tour 2010

Tickets Starting
at \$25*

BOTH SHOWS ON SALE NOW

COVELLI CENTRE
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

NOVEMBER 3
4PM & 8PM

PRESENTED BY



BUY TICKETS AT LIVENATION.com CHARGE BY PHONE: 800-745-3000

All Ticketmaster Outlets • The Covelli Centre Box Office

A portion of the proceeds benefits Dan Ryan Scholarship Fund & Akron Children's Hospital of the Mahoning Valley

Quicken Loans Arena
CLEVELAND, OHIO

NOVEMBER 28
ONLY 2 SHOWS • 3PM & 7:30PM

PRESENTED BY



BUY TICKETS AT LIVENATION.com CHARGE BY PHONE: 1-888-894-9424

Quicken Loans Arena Box Office • All Northern Ohio Discount Drug Mart Locations

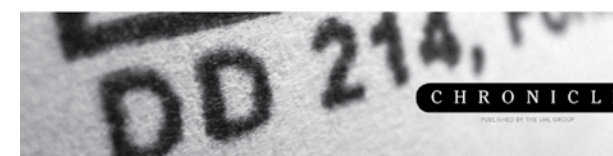
PORTION OF THE PROCEEDS BENEFITS
PLAIN DEALER CHARITIES
& ST. AUGUSTINE HUNGER CENTER



available at **amazon.com**

Amazon, Amazon.com and the Amazon.com logo are registered trademarks of Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliates

*Facility and service fees may apply



PUBLISHER
Terence J. Uhl

EDITOR
John H. Tidyman
11 BRAVO 40

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Harry Besharet

SALES MANAGER
Jackie Boesinger
330.352.6775
jackie@uhlgroup.com

ART DIRECTOR
Laura Chadwick

OFFICE MANAGER
Annabelle Lee Dowd

For Advertising Information, Call:
Terence J.Uhl
216.912.2863
terryuhl@uhlgroup.com



Write to us c/o John H. Tidyman
johntidyman@uhlgroup.com

DD 215 is published by
Terence J. Uhl
Principal
The Uhl group
700 West St. Clair Avenue
Suite 414
Cleveland, OH 44113
terryuhl@uhlgroup.com

Phone:
216.912.2863
Fax:
216.771.5206

Contents

Stand at Ease	4
Mail Call	4
Tri-C.....	5
It's Not the Size of the Dog in the Fight	6
Tobacconist	7
Slyman's.....	8
A Visit to the Wall.....	8
The Curator	10
Stolen Valor Law	10
What a Difference a Day Makes	11
Anxious Hearts.....	12
Fitness	13
Faith	14
Book Excerpt: Cleveland Cops	14
Automatic Press	15

Welcome to DD 214 Chronicle, the bi-monthly



newspaper for the many thousands of men and women who honorably served in our nation's military. DD 214 is published by The Uhl Group, and is the third leg on a three-legged stool. The first is "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," a half hour

interview show broadcast Sunday mornings on WNCX-FM Classic Rock. "When Johnny ..." was honored earlier this year by the Press Club of Cleveland in its annual journalism competition. The second leg is our web site, www.clevelandwarveterans.com, where news and information important to veterans can be found. In addition, podcasts of "When Johnny ..." are available there. We hope you enjoy all three. Let us know how we can be better, more responsive, more interesting, and valuable to veterans.

Welcome home and welcome to the first edition of DD 214 Chronicle. This newspaper joins our two other media serving veterans: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," our weekly radio show on WNCX 98.5 Classic Rock, and our website, www.clevelandwarveterans.com.

This publication was created to serve a special audience: the men and women in northeast Ohio who served the nation. We come in all colors, practice all faiths, and drink imported as well as domestic beers.

Our parents and grandparents reflect every continent, and our accents come from every corner of America. We wear police uniforms and prison uniforms, surgeon scrubs and judicial robes, bib overalls and

STAND AT EASE By John H. Tidyman, Editor

finely-tailored suits. We design and build and maintain buildings, repair furnaces and automobiles, sell insurance and cars and homes and refrigerators. We are politicians, fervent voters, members of school boards and hospital boards. We are volunteers. We belong to the Republican Party, the Democratic Party, the Tea Party, and a sizable number is purely independent. We are world travelers and have a



sharper perspective of government and society.

We brag about our military contributions with bumper stickers, license plates, tee shirts, ball caps, and miniature medals worn on lapels. We join and enjoy the special camaraderie found in Legion halls and VFW posts.

We are a special fraternity. As veterans, our challenges are unique to our status. We have access to

health care, education, housing, and other veteran benefits. Using our benefits can be problematic.

Those benefits are sometimes stuck in the cracks of a huge and creaking bureaucracy. Sometimes invisible and often inaccessible.

One of myriad lessons taught by our military experience is the value of teamwork. Somebody walks point, somebody walks flank security, and someone brings up the rear. And without communication, we're lost.

I'm asking that you re-up. With your experience, insights, opinions, suggestions, criticisms, ideas, support, and enthusiasm, DD 214 Chronicle will accomplish a noble mission: Service to Those Who Served.

MAIL CALL



office can provide. The Department of Veterans Affairs is your primary source for help from the federal government, but its bureaucracies can be difficult to navigate. If you have any problems with or questions about the VA, please contact my office at (216)228-8850. In addition to help from the VA, many organizations offer special benefits or job opportunities for our veterans and we may be able to help you find those opportunities as well. My office is always open to you. A grateful nation, your family, friends, neighbors and I welcome you home.

*Congressman
Dennis Kucinich*

An idea whose time is extremely appropriate given the number of traumatized combat veterans of multiple tours being dumped back into society. Oh how I wish this were the Viet Nam era and people had been there to help me and my brothers as

we came home to a "strange new world", but this time we can be there and we can be brothers helping brothers.....as it should be. I believe a venue such as this that will show empathy and understanding is the perfect forum to open the door to re-adjust to "The World" for these brave young men and women..! Welcome Home and best of luck with The Chronicle.

*Richard J. Watts
Girard, Ohio*

I am extremely pleased and interested to read your first issue. You can put me down as a subscriber. I have been ill recently and spent a great deal of time in the VA hospital, trading war and life stories with other vets. It is amazing to me how we open the books of our lives and the stories start pouring out. Their stories are interesting, tragic, hilarious and fascinating. There is a trove of information about the lives of vets, and each is impor-

tant to the history of our times. Can't wait — hurry and mail that first issue to me.

*Tom Jones
Canton, Michigan*

Great to hear about the new paper in town! As a freelance journalist and a media relations specialist for over 2 decades, I hear stories all the time. I've interviewed hundreds of people, but the stories that move and amaze me the most are the ones with heart: the stories of the good men and women who gave all. These are the men and women who stood up for the country. This city's been missing a regular vet beat that keeps us in touch with those who've given everything for us. My grandfather served in WWII, and my uncle and father-in-law served in Korea, and in their memory, I thank you for sharing the stories that need to be told. Looking forward to checking out the paper. Good luck.

*Kris Denholm
Copley, Ohio*

Congratulations to the founding editors of the DD 214 Chronicle. As a veteran, I'm sure the Chronicle will provide a forum for important information for all veterans of all eras of military service. Even better, it will be an ongoing reminder of the importance of service to our nation, in both good times and bad.

*Jim Cox
Cleveland, Ohio*

Let me be one of the first to welcome DD 214 Chronicle to your already extraordinary website and

radio show. It will be another way of staying connected and informed. Launching a monthly tabloid for military veterans provides us with even more avenues of staying connected.

Dennis Odums
Thank you for your service to our country. You have served our nation with honor, dignity and great courage. You are what makes the armed services, and our nation, the best in the world. Our nation has asked a great deal

from our men and women in uniform and from their families. We are fighting two concurrent wars in Iraq and Afghanistan as well as maintaining numerous humanitarian missions around the globe.

You have served your country honorably; you deserve the gratitude of a grateful nation and the benefits you were promised. As you return to your families and readjust to life at home please be aware of the opportunities and help my

Tri-C: A Veteran Educator and an Educator of Veterans

By Rick DeChant Executive Director of Veteran Services & Programs

Over the course of 44 years, Cuyahoga Community College (Tri-C) has provided some 22,000 veterans of the U.S. Armed Forces with access to affordable education and workforce training programs that allow them to transition successfully from military to civilian life.



Rick DeChant

Through the College's Veterans Initiative, Tri-C continues its commitment to veterans and their families, customizing its support services to serve those who have served so proudly. Whether you're a discharged veteran, still serving on active duty, or a member of the Guard and Reserve, you and your families are welcome at Tri-C. The College stands ready to assist with high-quality educational, fast-track



certification, and degree program opportunities. For further information call 216-987-3193 or visit: www.tric.edu/apply/specialinterest/veterans
Cuyahoga Community College (Tri-C) was among the institutions named on the 2011 list of Military Friendly Schools as released by G.I. Jobs Magazine. This is the second year in a row that Tri-C has earned this honor. The list honors the top 15 percent of colleges, universities and

trade schools who are doing the most to embrace America's veterans as students. Schools on the list range from state universities and private colleges to community colleges and trade schools. The common bond is their shared priority of recruiting students with military experience.

All at Tri-C who are involved with the College's Veterans Initiative are thrilled to have again been selected for this honor and recognition. This designation further re-enforces Tri-C's long standing commitment to serving veterans - a commitment which goes back to the founding of the College in the mid-60's through today.

Schools on the Military Friendly Schools list offer additional benefits to student veterans such as on-campus veterans programs, credit for service, military spouse programs and more. The list was compiled through exhaustive research starting last May.

G.I. Jobs polled more than 7,000 schools nationwide. Methodology, criteria and weighting for the list were developed with the assistance of an Academic Advisory Committee (AAC), consisting of educators and administrators from Carnegie Mellon University, the University of Toledo, Duquesne University, Coastline Community College and Lincoln Technical Institute.

Criteria for making the Military Friendly Schools list included efforts to recruit and retain military and veteran students, results in recruiting military and veteran students and academic accreditations.

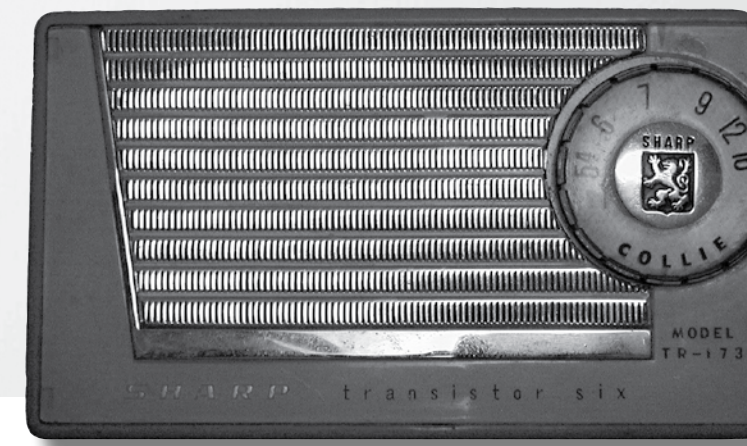
At 0700 hours this Sunday,
on WNCX 98.5 Classic Rock,
the only radio show created for veterans cranks up again.

It's a half hour of conversation with members of the Warrior Class — northeast Ohio fighters, fliers, sailors, REMFs, Marines, Coasties — plus the men and women who love and support them.

Listen up as your comrades-in-arms remind you of those days when business dress was fatigues, you dined in a mess hall, and you were an early riser — whether you liked it or not.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," is the award-winning show dedicated to serving northeast Ohio veterans. Host John Tidyman (11B40) opens the memory banks of former enlisted troops, officers, and Doughnut Dollies.

For some of us, it was long ago and away. For others, it's here and now. But for each of us, it's a vital time of our lives. A time well worth talking about.



Flag, from cover

he was talking to little boys. Instead, he would say, 'You do what I say, and I'll get you home to your mothers.'

"The last guy on this side of the statue is Ira Hayes, a Pima Indian from Arizona. Ira Hayes was one who walked off Iwo Jima. He went into the White House with my dad. President Truman told him, 'You're a hero.' He told reporters, 'How can I feel like a hero when 250 of my buddies hit the island with me and only 27 of us walked off alive?'"

"So you take your class at school, 250 of you spending a year together having fun, doing everything together. Then all 250 of you hit the beach, but only 27 of your classmates walk off alive. That was Ira Hayes. He had images of horror in his mind. Ira Hayes carried the pain home with him and eventually died dead drunk, face down at the age of 32.

"The next guy, going around the statue, is Franklin Sousley from Hilltop, Kentucky. A fun-lovin', hillbilly boy. His best friend, who is now 70, told me, 'Yeah, you know, we took two cows up on the porch of the Hilltop General Store. Then we strung wire across the stairs so the cows couldn't get down. Then we fed them Epsom

salts. Those cows crapped all night.' Yes, he was a fun-lovin' hillbilly boy. Franklin died on Iwo Jima at the age of 19. When the telegram came to tell his mother that he was dead, it went to the Hilltop General Store. A bare-foot boy ran that telegram up to his mother's farm. The neighbors could hear her scream all night and into the morning. Those neighbors lived a quarter of a mile away.

"The next guy, as we continue to go around the statue, is my dad, John Bradley, from Antigo, Wisconsin, where I was raised. My dad lived until 1994, but he would never give interviews. When Walter Cronkite's producers or The New York Times would call, we were trained as little kids to say 'No, I'm sorry, sir, my dad's not here. He is in Canada fishing. No, there is no phone there, sir. No, we don't know when he is coming back.' My dad never fished or even went to Canada. Usually, he was sitting there right at the table eating his Campbell's soup. But we had to tell the press that he was out fishing. He didn't want to talk to the press.

"You see, like Ira Hayes, my dad didn't see himself as a hero. Everyone thinks these guys are heroes,

'cause they are in a photo and on a monument. My dad knew better. He was a medic. John Bradley from Wisconsin was a caregiver. In Iwo Jima he probably held over 200 boys as they died. And when boys died in Iwo Jima, they writhed and screamed, without any medication or help with the pain.

"When I was a little boy, my third grade teacher told me that my dad was a hero. When I went home and told my dad that, he looked at me and said, 'I want you always to remember that the heroes of Iwo Jima are the guys who did not come back. Did NOT come back.'

"So that's the story about six nice young boys. Three died on Iwo Jima, and three came back as national heroes. Overall, 7,000 boys died on Iwo Jima in the worst battle in the history of the Marine Corps. My voice is giving out, so I will end here. Thank you for your time."

Suddenly, the monument wasn't just a big old piece of metal with a flag sticking out of the top. It came to life before our eyes with the heart-felt words of a son who did indeed have a father who was a hero. Maybe not a hero for the reasons most

people would believe, but a hero nonetheless.

We need to remember that God created this vast and glorious world for us to live in, freely, but also at great sacrifice. Let us never forget from the Revolutionary War to the current war on terrorism, and all the wars in between, that sacrifice was made for our freedom.

Remember to pray/praises for this great country of ours and also pray for those still in murderous unrest around the world. Stop and thank God for being alive and being free at someone else's sacrifice.

God Bless you and God Bless America.

Reminder: Every day you wake up free, it's going to be a great day.

One more thing I learned while on tour with my 8th grade students in DC that is not mentioned here is that if you look at the statue very closely and count the number of 'hands' raising the flag, there are 13. When the man who made the statue was asked why there were 13, he simply said the 13th hand was the hand of God.

Great story - worth your time - worth every American's time.

Blessings~~~

It's Not the Size of the Dog in the Fight, It's the Size of the Fight in the Dog (Attributed to Mark Twain)

By Calvin Ball



Dogs go to war whenever we do. The Egyptians, Greeks, and Persians found them to be excellent troops. Dogs played a role in the

fall of the Roman Empire. They were scouts, sentries, messengers, mascots, and attack dogs.

Some were bred and trained for

battle, others just showed up. Smoky, a four-pound Yorkshire Terrier, was one who just showed up.

Bill Wynne, serving in New Guinea in WW II, picked up Smoky's option for a couple bucks. The little guy was hauled out of a foxhole by a soldier and sold to Wynne. The soldier wanted to get back to a poker game.

Smoky could not have landed in better hands. Wynne was part of the 26th Photo Recon Squadron in the South Pacific. Smoky would add to the war effort and spent two years, sometimes on reconnaissance flights, other times seeking shelter, with Wynne, from enemy air raids, and once making it through a typhoon. The troops fashioned a parachute so Smoky could get his jump wings. The jump tower was 30 feet high.

His best-known exploit was running comms wire through a 70-foot pipe under an airfield on Luzon. Without him, the job would have taken three days, exposed aircraft to enemy fire, as well as engineers and Signal Corps troop. The pipe was eight inches; Smoky, when he stood straight, was seven.

Much decorated, Smoky came home with Wynne. In 1957, Smoky, the old soldier, faded away. This sculpture of Smoky is in Metroparks. Wynne wrote a book about his comrade-in-arms, "Yorkie Doodle Dandy: A Memoir: Or the Other Woman Was a Real Dog."

Wynne's book is a delightful read because it's an intimate look at Smoky at war, and a very personal look at the war in the South Pacific.

Up in Smoke By Christopher Joyce, Tobacconist

TOBACCONIST



Christopher Joyce

One of the regulars who stops here to enjoy a cigar and conversation said it best: "Dad's is like a corner saloon. As the day goes on, guys will come in, stay awhile, maybe talk politics or sports, buy a couple sticks for the road, and say goodbye. The conversation is mostly interesting, sometimes boring, and every so often, it's enlightening.

"Unlike the corner saloon, there are no screaming battles, no sucker punches, and no one throws up on the floor. Wives don't call asking the manager to send their husbands home, and no one gets busted for driving home under the influence of nicotine."

I would add that the mix of guys is remarkable. Among others, we have salesmen, builders, veterans, restaurant owners, politicians, one veterinarian, one ice cream manufacturer, a restaurant architect, and professional athletes.

All are drawn by the same virtues

of a corner bar (minus the booze and the tabs): It is pretty much a guys' place. The faces are familiar. The conversation is worthwhile. Best of all, good cigars are sold and smoked here.

(Wait a minute — some of the conversations are unusual. During the last Olympics, curling suddenly became the game of choice. I don't guess I'll ever understand grown men yelling at a television set where women are furiously sweeping an alley as a big, round stone glides along.)

The favorite part of my day happens when a customer arrives and needs help. It can be the best man who wants a box of cigars for a wedding, or to mark the birth of a child, or a special gift to a father-in-law. (Let me interrupt because the regular I quote at the beginning of this column is married. His wife said, "If

your old man loves cigars, there's never a problem selecting a gift." She's right.)

Back to customers who are not cigar aficionados. I ask lots of questions: Who's the cigar for? How often does he enjoy cigars? Does he regularly enjoy a particular brand? What size? Does he maintain a humidor at home? I want to do two things with this interrogation. First, I want the recipient to be delighted with the gift. Second, I want the customer to come back.

I don't like it when I'm asked, "What's the best?" Few subjects could be more subjective than cigars. Some guys look forward to an end-of-the-day smoke, a rich and heavy flavor. Some guys enjoy a mild smoke with an easy draw. Cigar manufacturers produce more different sizes than Macy's lingerie department, and that's important, too.

But for me? Just about any of the Davidoffs. First because of the quality of the tobacco and the process used to age it. Second would be the construction. It's made in the best cigar factory

in the world, Tabadom, in the Dominican Republic. The burn rate is perfect and so is the draw.

A couple of years ago, a young man strolled in and asked, "What's the best cigar you sell?" I told him it would be, in my opinion, the Davidoff Double R, a Churchill from the Special Line. It measures seven inches long and has a ring of 48. It's expensive at \$32.30, and I offered to lead him to very good smokes that cost less. No, he said, I want the Davidoff. I offered to trim it for him, but he brushed me off. Out the back door he went and then, a couple minutes later, back in. He held up this beautiful Davidoff, which now looked like it was trimmed with a Veg-O-Matic.

"What the hell happened?" I shouted.

"I dunno. I tore it off with my teeth, like I do all my cigars," he said.

My heart, like everyone else's, has been broken a few times, but that heart-breaking incident is one I'll never get over.

LIBERTY VETERANS HONOR GARDEN

PRESENTING THE STORIES OF THOSE WHO BROUGHT

FREEDOM AND PEACE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

HELPING NATIONS
AND PEOPLE
PRESERVE THEIR HERITAGE



To view the Garden Design please visit

www.jvcocc.org

Tel. (216) 373-7799 E-mail: info@jvcocc.org

JOINT VETERANS COMMISSION OF CUYAHOGA COUNTY

These troops Are So Far Way, They Can't Even Smell Slyman's; But They Remember and Can Dream

By Grady Tylerman



Check Your Weapons at the Door

For lots of northeast Ohio troops, thinking about the foods from home is most pleasant.

The perch at Brennans' Fish House, in Grand River. The red sauce at Mama Santa's in Cleveland. The perfectly-grilled Porterhouse at the Diamond Grill in Akron.

And for troops familiar with Slyman's corned beef, on the edge of downtown Cleveland, the memories are a delight. Not for nothing is Slyman's known as the best corned beef



spot in the world. That's right. The entire world.

The corned beef is cooked per-

fectly; it's hot, tender, full of flavor. The bread is a fresh-baked rye. The slice of nutty Swiss cheese is thick. If

you can polish off a sandwich, you're a trencherman. This sandwich is so thick with luscious slices of corned beef, few patrons can wrap lower and upper jaws around it.

This corned beef sandwich — named as the Best Corned Beef Sandwich in the Entire World — is the stuff of legend. For troops stationed around the world, it is the stuff of dreams.

When you get home, troops, Slyman's will be here.



A Visit to The Wall

For those of us who aren't going to make the pilgrimage this year to The Wall, there is a web site that provides the next best thing: www.virtualwall.org/iStates.htm. After you've enjoyed it, pass the website on to others.

IMPROVE YOUR FUTURE NOW!

AT CHANCELLOR UNIVERSITY

◆ ASSOCIATES AND BACHELOR DEGREES IN CRIMINAL JUSTICE

◆ AFFORDABLE TUITION

◆ OFFICERS QUALIFY FOR 27 HOURS OF BLOCK CREDITS

◆ CREDITS ALSO AVAILABLE FOR MILITARY OR POLICE TRAINING

◆ CRIMINAL JUSTICE FACULTY WITH REAL LIFE EXPERIENCE

◆ 100% ONLINE CLASSES

◆ NO SAT, GMAT OR GRE REQUIRED



CHANCELLOR UNIVERSITY
YOUR OPPORTUNITY UNIVERSITY™
OH REG. #08-07-1871T

CALL ME TODAY!
1-877-654-6902

VISIT OUR WEBSITE:
CHANCELLORU.EDU

The History of War, Through the Eyes of Northeast Ohio Troops

By James Banks, Ph.D., Curator, The Crile Archives

THE CURATOR

The Crile Archives Center for History Education grew out of a student course on WW II and the history of Crile General Hospital. During WW II the War Department built over sixty hospitals stateside to heal the wounded. In its two year existence as an army hospital, Crile treated over 15,000 veterans and housed three hundred German POWs. In 1946 Crile General became Crile VA hospital and was the site of a Nike missile base during the cold war. In 1964 the hospital moved to a new campus at Wade Park. In 1966, the Crile barracks and wards entered its third life as the Western Campus of Cuyahoga Community College. In 1975 the new campus buildings replaced the "temporary" structures that had been in use since 1944.

The US army named all of its WW II hospitals after army surgeons. George Washington Crile (1864-1943) served in both the Spanish-American war and WW I. In 1917, George Crile took the Lakeside Unit of nurses and physicians to France, becoming the first American detachment treating the wounded. As a result of that experi-



Dr. Banks provides a remarkable perspective on war and the men and women who fight them.

ence and Crile's organizational skills, he and three other physicians established the Cleveland Clinic in 1921.

The Crile Archives Center for History Education is located on the Western Campus of Cuyahoga Community College, at 11000 Pleasant Valley Rd, in Parma. The mission of the Center is to collect and provide educational aspects of veterans' battlefield and home front experiences while stressing the historical significance of health and healing of

veterans' hospitals.

The Crile Center maintains a small library of military history and a focused collection on the history of combat medicine from WW I to the present. George Crile's book, *Notes on Military Surgery* is just one of several original works tracing the history of combat medicine. Crile discovered some profound insights on "shell shock" and related "invisible wounds".

The artifacts, documents, memo-

abilia, medical equipment, documentaries, and small library span WW I to the present, fill the room within the Western Campus Library. The Crile Center sponsors annual public commemorations honoring former prisoners of war, hosts the traditional Memorial Day observation on May 30th, and several public forums and symposia on veterans' health issues.

In 2008 a conference on "Invisible Wounds" featured Ms. Terri Tanielian of the RAND corporation study on PTSD, TBI, and depression. In March 2011 a major conference is scheduled at the Western Campus on veterans' health with the focus: Combat Stress-Home Front Impact. The dual keynote will feature Col. Peter Mansoor, a specialist in counterinsurgency warfare who was on General Petraeus' staff that drafted the "surge" strategy in Iraq. Ms. Terri Tanielian will present follow-up data on the "Invisible Wounds" study and some new research on health issues facing the children of OEF and OIF veterans.

For more information on the Crile Archives visit: www.crile-archives.org and an on line article in the League of Innovation featuring the Crile Archives.

"Stolen Valor" Law Successfully Challenged in Courts

By Harry Besharet, Associate Editor



Rick Glen Strandlof bragged that he was a Marine. A veteran of battle in Iraq. For his valorous service, a Silver Star was pinned to his chest. It went well with the two Purple Hearts he won.

Except he was never a Marine. Not then, not now, and not ever. All that valor and all that pain in service to the country was a figment of his imagination. He did more than imagine it; he bragged about it.

You can go to jail for that, you know. One year in a federal lockup. Federal law, the Stolen Valor Act, makes lying about being a war hero a crime.

Used to be a crime, that is. Strandlof's lawyer argued in a Denver federal court that the law violated the Constitution.

Judge Robert Blackburn agreed with the lawyer, and ruled the government does not have a compelling reason to restrict or make criminal those types of statements.

The ACLU filed a friend-of-the-court brief. The law fails, it said, because prosecutors don't have to prove anyone was harmed or defamed.

The law is also being challenged in other courts.

Rep. John Salazar, D-Colo., who sponsored the Stolen Valor Act in the House, issued this statement:

"This is an issue of fraud plain and simple," Salazar said in a written release. "The individuals who violate this law are those who knowingly portray themselves as pillars of the community for personal and monetary gain."

What a Difference A Day Makes: Equal Honor For All

By Ray Saikus

WALKING POINT

Do you agree with me when I say there should be one day every year that honors and celebrates the troops who served in Vietnam and during that era? Honors the families who sacrificed so much?

Just one day when we remember those who didn't come home, reawaken that precious bond and again reach out to our brothers and sisters in arms and their families who still need our support and that of our fellow citizens. This is a day to lift our spirits and that of our families as we embellish about what we did on R & R and remind ourselves and our loved ones that we were young once but our commitment to each other never will waver.

Is that too much to ask of legislators? It seems so. A day for Viet Nam veterans wouldn't be setting



any new precedent.

July 27th is Korean War Veterans Day. It may be the "forgotten war," but not by its veterans and not, obviously, by the legislature.

In October, the eleventh day is "General Pulaski Memorial Day," honoring the American Revolution military commander. Also in October, we enjoy "USS Hocking Day," for the World War II attack transport, its sailors and Marines. Ships do pretty well; in June, we put on our party hats for "Destroyer Escort Day," and the Ohio veterans who served on them in World

War II, Korea, and Viet Nam.

The last Sunday in September is reserved, and rightly so, for "Gold Star Mothers Day." Who sacrificed more?

The Ohio National Guard gets its day and it's the 25th of July. A favorite, Dean Martin Day, is June 7th. Who sponsored that, the liquor and cigar lobby?

In May, just about the time most school bus drivers are bald from tearing their hair out, the legislators decided to honor them with School Bus Drivers Appreciation Day. Also in May is Teacher Appreciation Day. Between the bus drivers and teachers, some Valor medals and free sanity adjustment sessions might be more appropriate.

In September is Ohio Public Safety Employee Day, for the courageous men and women who protect us and our property.

There are plenty more, but you get my drift, don't you? Every one of these

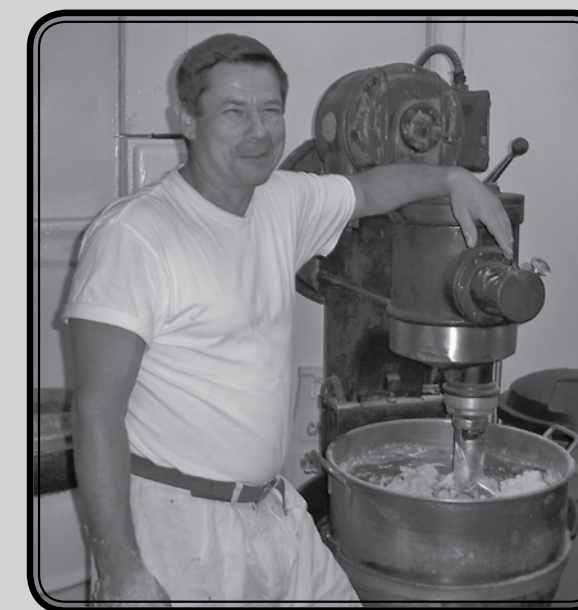
commemorations is important, especially to the men and women who are being celebrated. Except Dean Martin Day. He was a great entertainer. Good singer, too. Wonderful straight man for Jerry Lewis. But he's not quite up there with Gold Star Mothers, veterans of the Korean War, or school bus drivers. Just my opinion.

The legislators who step forward to make this bill setting aside one day (out of 365!) a reality will be on the receiving end of our thanks.

It's not as if the government has to fund it or do anything else. We look after our own and we'll take care of the parades, memorial services, picnics, and reaching out to our brethren and their families to commemorate and celebrate with. We're used to it.

Footnote - Ray Saikus is a Vietnam Veteran who served with the U.S. Army's 173rd Airborne Brigade from October 1968 to September 1969.

From Our Family to Our Veterans
and Their Families
Thank You Forever!



ELMWOOD BAKERY
15204 MADISON AVENUE
LAKEWOOD, OHIO 44107
(216) 221-5107

Unchained Gastronomy

cleveland
independents
eat.drink.local.™

Cleveland Independents is a group of 90
locally owned and operated restaurants.
Visit clevelandindependents.com

Anxious Hearts: Blue Star and Gold Star Mothers

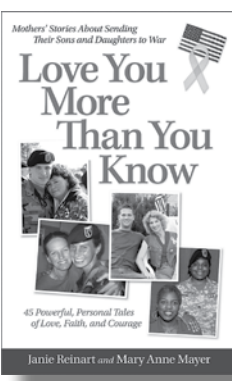
What's it like when your son or daughter leaves home to fight a war? For months, it's a daily roller coaster: the dread of an unexpected phone call at night . . . the joy from even the briefest postcard or e-mail message . . . the addiction to 24-hour news stations . . . the waiting and the worrying. A new book, *Love You More Than You Know* (softcover, \$14.95, 240 pages) by Janie Reinart and Mary Anne Mayer collects stories from 45 Northeast Ohio mothers who've experienced the "shock and awe" of sending their children to Iraq and Afghanistan. The following excerpt reveals some of their personal stories.



When authors Janie Reinart (left) and Mary Anne Mayer sent their boys off to war, they involuntarily boarded an emotional roller coaster that went places where they were strangers. Not any more.



Excerpted from the book *Love You More Than You Know: Mothers' Stories About Sending Their Sons and Daughters to War* © by Janie Reinart and Mary Anne Mayer. The book is available from NE Ohio bookstores and online from Amazon.com.



By Janie Reinart

The sweet, mournful sound of taps honored my father's leaving, echoing in the cold December morning. The silence was shattered by a color guard firing a twenty-one-gun salute. Our country's flag fluttered as it lay draped over the casket of a hero, Joseph Vayo, a Navy veteran of WWII. Reverently, the color guard folded this bright symbol of freedom into a triangle. My son, Specialist Joseph Reinart, Ohio Army National Guard, stepped briskly forward to receive the flag. Turning to my mother, Joe said, "On behalf of the president of the United States of America, I present you with this flag for your husband's faithful service to our country. May God bless you, and I love you, Grandma."

Just weeks later, Joe was leaving. My son, my father's namesake, my hero, was being deployed to the Middle East to serve his country as a peace-maker. When he was little, I would bundle him up to face the world safe and snug. Looking into his bright eyes, I would say, "Make sure you wear your

boots and jacket and hat!" I never imagined thinking, "Make sure you wear your boots and flak jacket and Kevlar helmet!" This time he was bundled up to protect the world and keep it safe. I had thought about sending my child away to school, away to a new job, away to be married, but never, never away to war.

Time stopped. Night ran into day. I took off my watch and put on a lapel pin, the kind that holds a small picture in a frame—a picture of my soldier boy in his National Guard uniform. I wore Joe's picture over my heart every day. Because of that picture, strangers would stop me at the store, around town, or at church and ask, "Is that your son?" I would answer proudly, "Yes, please pray for him and for the safety of all our soldiers." No one ever refused my request.

All my phone calls were forwarded from home to my cell phone. I did not want to miss a single call despite the eight-hour time difference between Ohio and Iraq. When I did happen to miss some calls from Joe, I saved the voice messages so that I could listen to his voice anytime I wanted to, during the long eighteen months of his active duty and deployment for Operation

Iraqi Freedom. He would be in Iraq for one year starting when his boots touched the ground. Joe, twenty-two years old, went on active duty December 18, 2003.

Joe was part of the 216th Engineer Battalion, which shipped out from training at Camp Atterbury in Indiana, reaching Kuwait on February 17, 2004. Their mission was to help rebuild Iraq. In Kuwait, they would acclimate to the extreme temperatures and receive more training before moving on to their base in Iraq. It was in Kuwait that Joe had his wisdom teeth pulled. He sent me a picture taken a couple of hours later that day and I saw him in body armor for the first time. He wrote, "My chinstrap is a little crooked because my jaw is still sore from the extractions." I had pampered his four siblings with ice cream and cold packs when they had their wisdom teeth out. I was very sad that I could not do that for my soldier. The look in his eyes in that picture told me that he was changing.

In an e-mail dated February 24, 2004, from Kuwait, Joe writes:

*Hi Mom and Dad,
I miss you. I have been on active duty for 3 months and 6 days. At 6 mths. I will have veteran's status, which is awesome. Everything is sandy and dirty—can't escape the sand in my mouth, ears, eyes, hair, shoes and clothes—it is the*

enemy. I miss everything about being home. This is an experience that will change me forever, more discipline than I have ever had.

It makes me realize how good we have it in the USA. I love you. Joe

Early one morning in the predawn light, just before the 216th went overseas, I found myself in a semiconscious state between sleep and wakefulness. A startling image filled my mind. The vivid picture was of a soldier in tri-color desert fatigues wearing a helmet. The soldier's head was down, so I couldn't see his face. Behind the soldier was an angel with broad white wings crisscrossed protectively around the soldier. The overlapping of each individual feather in those strong wings reminded me of eagles' wings when the bird stretches and soars high in the sky. The image stayed with me for the rest of the day. How I wished that I could draw! I was changing too. I was realizing that I had no control of the situation and could only lift Joe up to God. My heart sang, "He will raise you up on eagle's wings."

The convoy from Kuwait to Camp Speicher in northern Iraq took three days. The unit bounced around standing in trucks, traveling two hundred miles a day to make the six-hundred-mile trip. Joe was the unit's SAW (squad automatic weapon) gunner,

See *Anxious Hearts*, Page 13

clevelandwarveterans.com

A Man and His Gut By Addie King

FITNESS

When Joey Ebenger was in Viet Nam, his waistline was the least of his concerns. He packed a PRC-25 for an FO in the I Corps. "My only concern was not getting shot," he said. For a long, long time his Levis measurements were 29-29.

Back in The World, he joined Laborers' Union, Local 310 in Cleveland and spent his days raking wet cement, hanging on to a jackhammer, pushing a broom, and taking orders from bricklayers and ironworkers.

He retired a few years ago. It didn't take long for his gut to insist on larger jeans. Add smoking a couple packs of Kools to the diet, and pretty soon you have an old soldier who is out of shape.

He went from burning up 5,000 calories to burning so few it didn't even make smoke. But he did want to enjoy health for the rest of his life, so he created a program.

Ebenger took advantage of the

smoking cessation program at the VA, and decided to walk off his gut. Easier said than done. The smoking addiction took a couple months to extinguish. "Smartest move I ever made," he said.

When he started a daily walking program, his limit was a half-mile. Over the course of a couple years, he built it to four miles every morning.

Best of all, his walking track was Rocky River Reservation, one of the incredible jewels on the Emerald Necklace. "While you're walking, you get to watch Mother Nature change clothes—from spring to summer to fall. Lots of deer there, and, for a while, I brought unsalted peanuts to an extended family of squirrels."

Between walking every day, the absence of nicotine, and better eating habits, where once there was jiggling fat there was muscle. While his gut was



still a dominant feature, even it had toned up and slimmed down.

Ebenger was lucky. He grew up enjoying vegetables. The bachelor, however, usually took the easy way out when it came to eating. After he retired, he went out every day for breakfast, and limited his cooking challenges to hamburgers and hot dogs.

Until he quit smoking and started walking. "Cooking vegetables is pretty easy," he said. "Now, instead of fat-filled hot dogs, I enjoy Brussels sprouts, all sorts of beans, fresh salads. The only thing I'll never enjoy is carrots. Never did, never will." He added that a midweek visit to the West Side Market keeps him in fresh fruit and vegetables.

The last part of his program was joining Anytime Fitness, on Warren Road, in Cleveland. The name describes

the hours of operation: It's open 'round the clock. Jesse Garling is the certified trainer there, the go-to guy for clients with questions.

Ebenger started by going five days a week, later bumped to seven. In addition to the hours, there is lots of parking, all the machines and all the free weights a man could want, showers and a locker room. Ebenger got a small discount for being a veteran. "Going every day, I get my money out of it," he noted.

His morning routine is simple: Get up, have a pot of tea to go with the Plain Dealer, and head to the fitness center, where he spends an hour and a half to two hours. He warms up on the treadmill, then rides a stationery bike, then moves to the weight machines.

"I got good news and bad news," Ebenger said. "First the good. I feel good, weigh less, eat better, don't smoke, and will probably live to be a healthy 100. Here's the bad news: My gut, in one form or another, might be permanent party."

Anxious Hearts, from page 12

positioned half in and half out of a Humvee, packing a .50 caliber machine gun and on the lookout for snipers. I don't know how he got to be such a good shot. When he was little, I would never let him play with guns. In an e-mail Joe said:

I am doing okay. We made it through the convoy; it was the most crazy thing that I have ever experienced! We actually made a wrong turn and ended up in downtown Baghdad. The streets were crowded and very suspicious. The base that I am living at now is attacked almost every night by drive-by mortar rounds. It is weird to wake up to the sounds of explosion. I hope everything is going well. Got to run. Love you. Joe

To stay strong spiritually, on March 19, the Feast of St. Joseph, I made the commitment to go to mass every day and become a prayer warrior. My pastor, Father Dan Schlegel, always says, "When you don't know what to do—pray." I continually realized how much I needed God. To stay strong physically, I worked out every day, lifting free

weights, walking, and doing some low-impact aerobics. At one point Joe e-mailed me, "I am strong because you are strong." We were strong for each other.

I soon became friends with the postal clerks at my local post office, and they always asked how Joe and his unit were doing. Sending my love in packages from home, I became an expert at packing boxes and began shipping two a week. Initial shipments were of baby wipes, insect repellent, candy and gum to soothe the throat, sunscreen, a handheld fan, lotion, Chapstick, and socks. Then Joe asked for food because anytime they left their barracks, the soldiers had to be in full body armor and gear. For lunch every day the soldiers had MREs (Meals, Ready to Eat). Sometimes it was just easier to eat what you had in your room, and not go out in the heat after work. So every week I would shop for groceries in Ohio to send halfway around the world—always buying enough so that my soldier could share. Joe made so many chocolate chip muffins from a mix that just needed water and a toaster oven that he became known as the Muffin Man.

Making God Weep

Rev. Dr. Kenneth W. Chalker Senior Pastor, University Circle United Methodist Church

FAITH

There is a great deal of difference between religion and faith. It is very, very important to make this distinction. The distinction is critical for a number of reasons, not the least of which is that religion is made up by humankind. Faith is the uplifting, hope-inspiring and confirming spiritual response to the presence of God. If we confuse the two – religion and faith – we can, in the face of “religion gone bad” for instance, make the terrible mistake of disbelieving in God and becoming spiritually disillusioned and cynical.

Let me say it again. In our world which is being torn apart by too much religion that is on political and cultural steroids, it is essential to make this important distinction between religion and faith. We cannot afford to be confused. Indeed, the vitality of our souls depends on



The sign says it all. The guy in the first pew every Sunday? An agnostic.

it. The vitality of our souls depends upon it because human-constructed religion is flawed.

No matter how wonderful a religion's origin in the hearts and minds of people of faith may have been, over time the faith experience which motivated religious beginnings can be forgotten. What can be ‘left’ so to speak can be a spiritless order of religious practice. This is why too many present day religions are either dead-ly dull or promulgated by some very

strange folk and behaviors. Most of the deadly dull stuff is harmless. It is irrelevant to the lives we lead. So, few people are interested. But, religious belief and practice in the hands of extremists, can be downright dangerous, sick and destructive; just like the dangerous, sick and destructive people who

practice them.

Religion, at its best (and there are times when it is,) merely points us to the Creator. The problem with religion is, however, that far too often over time, people will confuse religion WITH the Creator. Instead of opening ones spirit to the experience to which religion at its best will point, people will worship the religion itself and religious practice as if these two things defined the Creator.

Once again, this is a terrible con-

fusion. It is a confusion which will cause too many people to think such things as “there is only one true religion” and justify self-righteousness among a particular religious group in thinking that people who practice other religions or no religion are heathen, damned, damnable, and perhaps even to be eliminated by the righteous followers of true religion.

The Creator must weep.

Faith is what the Creator inspires. It is transforming. We humans have nothing to do with its origin. We are just grateful and forever changed by its living presence in our lives. Faith enables us to be people of hope-filled, life-enhancing action. Faith enables us to “keep on keeping on” when there is every good reason to give up or to give in. Faith enables us to be on the march for justice rather than sitting on the sidelines of prejudice and sanctimonious indifference.

Thanks be to the Creator who lives in us and inspires faith!

Excerpt: Cleveland Cops

Excerpted from the book *Cleveland Cops: The Real Stories They Tell Each Other* © John H. Tidyman. Reprinted with permission of Gray & Company, Publishers. The book is available at NE Ohio bookstores and online from Amazon.com. For more information, call the publisher at 1-800-915-3609 or visit their web site at www.grayco.com

Kevin Grady Fourth District, Patrol Officer

We just got out of roll call and were working third shift. Dave Borden and I were driving down Ramona Avenue and a call came over for a domestic. We pulled up on Oakfield Avenue and saw a couple of zone cars parked there. There was a guy standing on the porch roof and he's yelling and screaming. A couple policemen are trying to settle him down and get him off the roof. He lost it during an argument with his girlfriend. And he's holding their baby in his arms. It was a four-month-old girl. The guy was either drunk or mental.

One cop goes indoors and gets the mother out. The guy moved back toward the house and reached in the window. His hand came out with a gun. He starts walking to the edge of the porch and boom! He's popping rounds at us. One round went right over me, and I still remember it felt like it was creasing my hair. He's using the baby as



a shield, so there's no way we can return fire. The only thing you could do was haul ass and hide behind the engine block. That's your only cover.

There was a sergeant there—and this was the only funny thing that happened. It was Sergeant Harvey Romero and he's so relaxed, I think you could electrocute him and his pulse wouldn't rise. He's just a very mellow guy. The guy on the porch is popping rounds and Romero's just walking, smoking a cigarette. To this day, I don't know, that's just his personality. He's a great boss. But anyhow, that was, like I said, the only funny thing that night and the rest of it was tragic.

The guy on the porch roof is screaming and the baby is screaming. Can you imagine a gun going off next to a baby's ear? The gun fired 9 or 10 times and she was just screaming. It became a standoff. At one point, he went back into the window and pulled out a samurai sword. He threw it at us. The blade was three-and-a-half feet long. I was pissed. I was scared, but when I get scared,

I get pissed, you know what I mean?

He started pistol-whipping the baby. That's when I started feeling hatred. The feeling of helplessness was overwhelming. The guy put the baby back in the house and he came back out by himself. He had the gun in his hand. I fired two rounds at him and a few other officers fired. He went down on the roof and he was laughing. An eerie laugh.

When he went in with the baby, he had started a fire, and the fire department races over and the guy is sitting on the edge of the porch roof with the place going up in flames. We were ready to have the fire department ladder bring him down when wham! He jumped. He hits the walkway. The baby was with him. She bounced off the ground. He was dead. I said out loud, “You son of a bitch.” I don't know what happened to the baby. One officer went to Metro to check on her and he was told, “Two broken arms, two broken legs, severe brain swelling.”

Some stories you never want to talk about. This is one.

Why Tony Ganda PGA is Smiling

By Aylsa Craig, Free lance writer

AUTOMATIC PRESS

Tony Ganda PGA is DD 214 Chronicle's golf writer. His first column will appear in the next issue. In the meantime, his story is worth telling. An introduction to The Most Fortunate Man in the World, as it were. Ganda did what many golfers would love to do: Retire and become a golf pro.

Reality has a way of waking us from those dreams, but in Ganda's case, that's exactly what he did. I will tell you he has more energy than a class of five-year olds and he hits the ball very, very well.

I won't tell you his age, but his first set of new sticks was Sam Snead Autographs from Uncle Bill's, the northeast Ohio discount store that cut the trail for every discount store since. His parents could buy just the even-numbered irons or just the odd or the whole set. Two iron to pitching wedge. There was no sand wedge. The woods were called brassies and spoons as well as drivers.

His first set was a mismatched collection he found at a garage sale. Early on, he teed it up, took a swing, and watched the driver head travel farther than the ball. He started golf using a three-wood off the tee



Photo: AM Stasko
One of the pro's better-dressed students

until he got his first matched set at Uncle Bill's.

He was a natural, and playing at the MetroPark courses on the West Side, he shot some remarkable scores. Ganda was blessed with great hand-eye coordination, and the pros were eager to tutor him. Those golf pros and his West Tech gym teacher, Fred George, who hung a driving net in a hallway and taught.

Ganda won a golf scholarship to Cuyahoga Community College, a member of the Turnpike Conference at the time, and he played against teams from Butler, Tiffin, Niagara and the community colleges in

Lorain and Lake counties. He took his associate degree in mechanical engineering and went to work. Remember Republic Steel? Ganda spent his career there as chief planner and supervisor of maintenance.

He also played golf, this time with the vaunted Cleveland Industrial Golf League. Parker-Hannifin had a team, the Cuyahoga County engineers, too, as well as Ohio Bell, Ford Motor, and Warner and Swasey. Lots of low handicaps in that league, which was known for playing in all sorts of weather except lightning.

He retired, but came back for eight years as a buyer. If there's any-

thing a salesman likes, it's a client who loves golf.

Oh, by the way, the Sam Snead Autograph sticks were replaced with Ben Hogan forged irons, which lasted until the company was sold and quality dropped. He's been a Titleist player ever since. Still plays with steel shafts on his irons, though he has switched to graphite on his woods.

It was at this point he started thinking about turning pro. He knew how hard and detailed the work was, but he loved being part of the game. Passed his Playing Ability Test the first time he took it — 36 holes in one day, with a target score just a few strokes over par.

He first served as an assistant at Springvale GC, in North Olmsted, then head pro at Briarwood GC in Broadview Heights. When new ownership took over Briarwood, he was out of the head pro job, and today is a teacher at a number of ranges and courses.

If you were part of the powerful Cleveland Industrial Golf League and wonder what happened to Ganda — or you're ready for lessons — here's his number: 440-725-2910. His e-mail is tonyganda@hotmail.com.

And next issue, he'll write his own column.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM



DD 214 Chronicle is delivered without charge to libraries, veteran organizations, VFW and American Legion posts. Some readers would rather the postman delivered the paper. If you're of them, we're happy

to add you to our subscription list. Your copy of DD 214 will be mailed First Class.

1 year (6 issues) \$12.00
2 years (12 issues) \$24.00

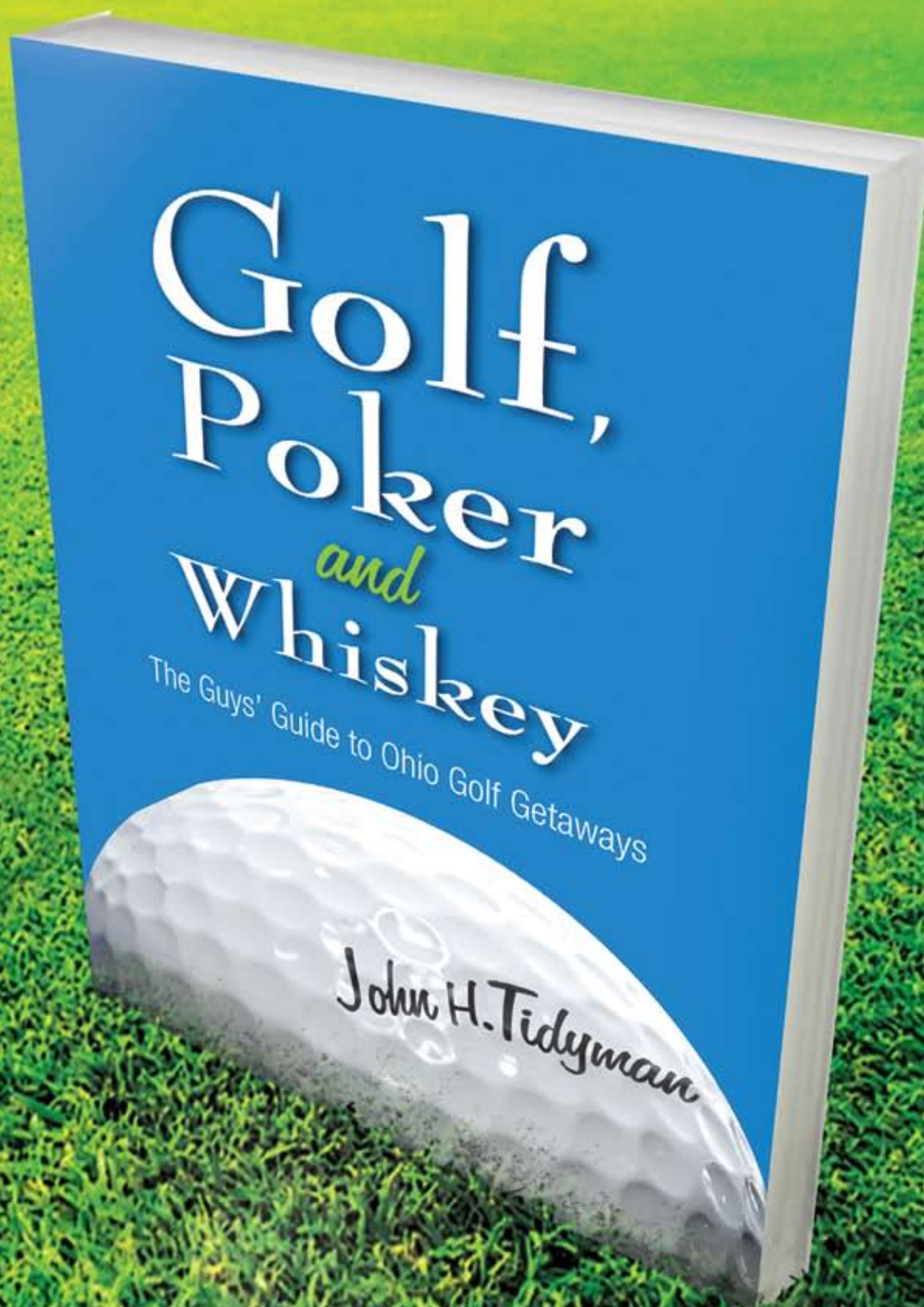
Subscriptions received by November 15, 2010 will be eligible for a drawing.
Prize? Two tickets to Trans-Siberian Orchestra, November 28, 2010 Quicken Arena.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____
email _____

Send check made out to:
The Uhl Group
700 West St. Clair Avenue
Suite 414
Cleveland, OH 44113

The book
for guys who
need to get
away...

and for
women who
want to get
rid of them.



AVAILABLE OCTOBER 1

at bookstores across Ohio or online at amazon.com
and orange frazer.com only

262 pages of golf getaways for guys! **\$| 4.95**