



The Aftermath of Battle: The Nurses Whose Business was Blood, Guts, Brains and Bones

By Mary Reynolds Powell, R.N.



"Hi! How y'all doin'?" came the greeting from the doorway. At the sound of the voice, I stopped shoving my clothes into drawers and turned to meet my new neighbor, Stephanie Genthon. Exactly one month after arriving at the 24th Evac, temporary quarters and pre-dawn hitchhiking were behind me! Now, as a resident of Hooch 3, I would roll out of bed after an extra half-hour's sleep to make my way down the covered walkway to Wards 7 and 8.

Stephanie worked in the emergency room. She had returned to her room for a short nap, and seeing my open door, she stopped in to welcome me to the hooch. She was shorter than I, with long, sandy blonde hair pulled back into a low ponytail. Her engaging smile and deep Southern drawl conveyed the warmth of her native Mississippi. She introduced me to the hoochmaids (Mamasans) who would be doing my laundry and filled me in on hooch routines like the use of the phone and where to post messages. Then she tactfully suggested that I might want to eat lunch elsewhere because every day

at noon, the mamasans cooked their lunch on a hot plate in the community room. The seasoning they used was made from the residue of decaying fish. "It's called nuoc mam sauce," Stephanie said. "I've heard it doesn't taste so bad, but the odor is so foul, I haven't gotten close enough to try it. The smell fills the whole hooch."

Two other nurses stopped by to say hello. As we chatted, Stephanie realized the background sound of churning helicopter blades had grown louder. A quick look revealed a flurry of activity at the helipad. Out went her cigarette, on went her boots. Running out the door, she called "good-bye!" I did not see her for three days.

The chief nurse at the hospital assigned Stephanie to the surgical intensive care unit (Ward 2) because she had worked for six months in an ICU at Madigan General Hospital in



Mary Reynolds Powell in Vietnam

(An excerpt from
A World of Hurt:
Between Innocence
and Arrogance in
Vietnam, by Mary
Reynolds Powell,
R.N., 171 pp.,
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Tacoma, Washington. Before Madigan, Stephanie had never seen an ICU, nor had she seen a patient die. She was not ready for the 24th. Her first day on duty, watching the staff in action, she thought, "I can't do this. I don't know what I'm doing." Within weeks, she made the adjustment.

"The operating theaters were separated by rolling screens," a surgeon told me at the hospital reunion in 1993. "And I will never forget the sight of blood from separate cases mixing on the floor under our feet."

Even nurses with considerably more experience than Stephanie were unprepared for what they faced in Vietnam. The shattered bodies of U.S. soldiers came directly from the field to Army hospitals. Weapons were designed not only to kill, but to maim and mutilate. Bullets from high-velocity assault rifles (M-16s and AK-47s) did not travel

straight through bodies. They ricocheted through their victims, tearing at muscle, bone and organs along their irregular paths. One round simultaneously could perforate a colon, small intestine, duodenum, pancreas, and stomach. It could shred a liver and sever major blood vessels. Grenades peppered bodies with fragments of shrapnel that permeated muscle and organs. Claymore mines and booby traps amputated arms and legs, severed spinal cords, and blinded thousands of GIs. In the OR at the 24th, it was not unusual for a general surgeon, an orthopedic surgeon, and a neurosurgeon to operate on the same patient at the same time. "The operating theaters were separated by rolling screens," a surgeon told me at the hospital reunion in 1993. "And I will never forget the sight of blood from separate cases mixing on the floor under our feet."

Friendly fire caused the worst injuries. American soldiers hit by U.S. artillery arrived burned beyond recognition. So did casualties of helicopter crashes and napalm victims. The war raised emergency care to a state of the art level. Many critical care measures were introduced and refined in the 10-year carnage of the Vietnam War. Patients who would have died in previous wars made it to military hospitals and lived. In 1971, a Walter Reed Army
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PUBLISHER COLUMN

Dear Readers,

This newspaper was an idea that literally started with scribbles on the back of a cocktail napkin. John Tidyman and I were talking about issues of the day when he began an impassioned plea for more news and information — save for Brian Albrecht's great work at the *Plain Dealer* — for the large military veteran community in northeast Ohio.

That evening, our radio show "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," our website, www.dd214chronicle.com and this newspaper *DD 214 Chronicle*, took shape and soon began operation. The radio show ran Sunday mornings at 0700 for a year and a half on 98.5 WNCX. It was honored by the Press Club of Cleveland at the Awards of Excellence dinner. More important, the radio built our ideas, editorial direction and audience for *DD 214 Chronicle*.

Now, as we finish our first year of publishing this newspaper, we've

been delighted with the positive feedback of our readers, the support of our core advertisers and the passion of our staff to bring you a high-quality publication with great stories of interest to the men and women who've served our country.

We want to write more about our Iran and Afghanistan veterans because this is the first modern war we've fought with a volunteer Army.

Special thanks to our Art Director Laura Chadwick who makes us look good issue after issue, to Bill Grulich for his assistance in marketing. Thank you to Annabelle Lee Dowd for keeping our editor on track, to Kathryn Tidyman for cleaning up our copy and to our editor John Tidyman, who drives the success of

the publication day after day, week after week. The dedication of all of you has helped to make this publication better.

Every advertiser deserves our thanks for giving us the opportunity to carry important messages to

an important market.

Education is a critical issue to recent veterans and Tri-C's Rick DeChant has been especially generous in sharing his insight, advice and counsel on important topics. Thanks, Commander.

Like most publications, the best way to continue to improve is to hear from

readers: what you want more or less of in the paper. Don't be shy; send us emails, letters or call us with ideas.

We'll be writing lots about the new generation of veterans from Afghanistan and Iraq, while we continue to capture the stories from WW II, Korea and Viet Nam.

From our newest veterans, we're particularly interested in your health, VA benefits, and educational experiences since coming home — whether you are learning on or off the job or at one of the area's colleges, universities or vocational schools. Did it help you find work in this bleak economy?

We want to write more about our Iran and Afghanistan veterans because this is the first modern war we've fought with a volunteer Army. Everyone who reads this publication can benefit from what you have experienced firsthand.

We're proud to serve you.

In peace,
Terence J. Uhl, Publisher

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CLEVELAND, OHIO

The mission of the Greater Cleveland Veterans Business Resource Council (GCVBRC) is to help Veterans achieve self-employment status. The GCVBRC accomplishes its mission through education training, business planning, mentoring, referrals and other related services.

The GCVBRC is a non-profit organization of veterans who are committed to helping veterans throughout the Greater Cleveland area including, but not limited to, Cuyahoga, Lake, Geauga, Medina, Summit and Lorain counties. The organization was chartered July 1, 1991 and there are only 25 Veterans Business Resource Councils (VBRCs) in the USA.



The American Red Cross Bldg.

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Veterans Business Center

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www.gcvbrc.org

MAIL CALL

I am veteran of WWII. This is a simple lesson in history that I hope your children or grandchildren or mine do not have to repeat. There would not have been a WWII if the people of Germany had resisted the Nazi actions involved with gun control. About 80,000,000 lives were lost worldwide because of Adolf Hitler's advance to power, then mobilizing the country to move across Europe in beginning of the 1930's. When Hitler first came into power all the guns in Germany were confiscated. The Third Reich had ordered registration of arms with the government a few years before. That is how you take the sting out of competitors. Then there was Russia in 1917, wide open for revolt. Stalin and his cohorts took over by gun control. We had a seventy-year war on our hands, called a "cold war" to force the communist monster from taking over the world that Hitler had failed doing. Had the American colonists been ordered to give up their weapons, the American Revolution would not have happened and we would be under the English rule today. Japan gave up the idea of invading America in



1941-42, in part because they knew that there were 48,000,000 armed civilians. And a country in defense of its own land is radical enough to fight to the last. The people using guns on the streets should be punished. Starting with their parents if the criminals are teenagers. Adults have to be held responsible for what their kids do. I mean prison time for kids and parents. Don't ever give it up.

Bill Wynne
Mansfield Ohio

September 27, 2011 was the 69th anniversary of the combat death of Douglas Munro, the only Coast Guardsman to receive the Medal of Honor. Let's all take a moment and pay tribute to our Coast Guard hero. On the day of his death, Signalman First Class Munro was the Officer-in-Charge of a group of Higgins boats in Guadalcanal that was evacuating 500 Marines. Petty Officer Munro, under constant risk of his life, daringly led five Higgins Boats towards the beach. As he ap-

proached the beach, he signaled the other boats to land and then, in order to draw the enemy's fire and protect the heavily loaded boats with Marines, he valiantly placed his craft so that it would serve as a cover for the last Marines to leave the beach. It was thus that he was fatally wounded. He remained conscious sufficiently long enough to say four words: "Did they get off?" He died with the realization that his mission had succeeded and his final assignment had been carried out. Since Munro was operating under the authority of the Navy, he received the Navy Medal of Honor. A Coast Guard Medal of Honor exists, but has never been issued. There have been two ships named after him, the US Coast Guard Cutter Munro (I was fortunate enough to be stationed on board her between 1983 and 1985,) and the Navy's USS Douglas A. Munro. Also the barracks building located at the Coast Guard Training Center in Cape May, New Jersey, is named in his honor and this is where his Medal of Honor is on Display.

Semper Paratus,
Charlie Dugan

Waiting for Marcie

By Egbert Williamson

TOBACCONIST

In a few weeks, Marcie is going to drop by Dad's Smoke Shop on Kamm's Corners. A very attractive woman, she visits only twice a year. Once for her husband's birthday and once for Christmas.

Here's how she explained her shopping forays. "My husband loves only four things. Me, his dog Nick the Greek, golf, and cigars. The order changes, by the way. For his birthday and Christmas, I started buying cigars for him. You would think I shopped all over the world to get the perfect gift."

Marcie's astute and thoughtful gift-giving is shared by lots of customers. Let's face it; if the recipient enjoys cigars, the gift is always perfect.

Marcie is astute as well as obser-



Egbert, the sage of Kamms Corners.

vant. She collects cigar rings when her old man is finished. "At first, I wanted to create a nice scrapbook for him, but I use it to see what he's been smoking. When I shop for him, I can

tell the tobacconist the brands and sizes, and we select something that might be better or different. That's what's nice about having a tobacconist at the store instead of a clerk."

Two years ago, Marcie and her husband celebrated ten years of wedded bliss. For the special occasion, she bought him a humidor. Tobacconist Chris Joyce worked with her to select the proper size and then fill it with sticks he would enjoy.

"At first, my husband thought I bought him a medical dictionary. When he ripped off the wrapping, his first response was a big sigh, followed by a big smile. Now he has three humidors, and he likes to use one for Dominicans, one for Hondurans, and the third for — can I say this? Cubans. He has friends who travel and they bring the Cubans to him."

She said for their 25th anniversary, she planned to get him two crystal cigar ashtrays.

Chris Joyce said, "If more women bought cigars for their men as Marcie does, I believe the world would be at peace."

Worth a try.

Women In (and out of) UNIFORM

Wendell Willkie's House, A Night with the Divas, and a Stand Down for Homeless Veterans: *The Mighty 19* from Highland Square By Alysa Craig

The American Legion Post in Akron's Highland Square was created in the '30s. A stately and handsome brick home, it has sheltered many generations before this one. Wendell Willkie among them. He ran against Roosevelt but lost. A ghost lives there, too, a friendly ghost who makes a little noise and moves furniture around.

At present, Auxiliary President Felicia McCartney (when you stop in, ask her how she was named,) is working hard on promoting membership.

The best promotion might be her own story. She was married at 18 to a soldier stationed at Fort Polk, Louisiana. That was eleven years ago.

The American Legion was her voting site, and she was fascinated with the

house. "I guess I was just drawn to it. I wanted to find out more about it."

The first thing she found out was the personality of the membership. "Everyone was so friendly, so down to earth. I was eligible, and I joined."

That was 2008. The new member was young, energetic, and filled with good ideas. Within a year, she was elected secretary.

The effects of the Legion Auxiliary on her were not expected; instead, they were the essence of serendipity.

Almost without being aware, she went from a shy and quiet young

woman to an outgoing, dedicated member who cherishes her Legion friendships. "The Auxiliary brought me out of my shell. The experience has enhanced my life." The president had untapped leadership potential and working with others, she was able to develop it. When she thinks about the Mighty 19, "I get a warm and fuzzy feeling."

There is no shortage of work to do for veterans. Scholarships, a stand-down for homeless veterans, volunteer work at VA health facilities, are among the many.

All work and no play makes Felicia and her pals dull, so they regularly

party together, drink together (canteen bar prices are the best in town,) and pat each other on the back.

One of the president's more daring fund raisers was, "A Night with the Divas," two drag queens appearing as Bette Midler and the late Amy Winehouse. "There was some grumbling from the membership when I proposed it, but I would never do anything to embarrass the Legion. The show was wonderful and the guys were pure professional."

Best of all, the show raised \$4,000.

The president added her Auxiliary work is, "an honor. Veterans are very near and dear to my heart, and I know how military service can affect families. This is my way of serving my country."



Sen. Sherrod Brown on Homeless Veterans

"Our commitment to our service members shouldn't end when they return home. It's a tragedy when even one member of our armed services is forced to live on the street — which is why preventing and ending homelessness is so important."

Sen. Sherrod Brown, Member, U.S. Committee on Veterans Affairs.

Continued from The Aftermath of Battle, Cover

Institute of Research study discovered that it took an average of only 18 minutes for a soldier with a priority injury to go directly from the field to the 24th Evac's operating room.

The surgical intensive care unit had 21 beds. The average census was 17 GIs, "so damn sick and all filled with holes," Stephanie said. On the day shift, she worked with several nurses; most nights she worked with a single corpsman. "The routine was always the same," she explained. "The two of us filled a dressing cart with supplies, and went bed to bed, changing dressings and taking care of Foley catheters. There were no curtains or privacy of any kind. The guys laid their wounds out to be squirted and rinsed, dabbed and dressed four times a day."

Stephanie remembers a continuous procession of

young faces without names, many soldiers who died, and ones who barely made it out of Vietnam alive. She recalls one GI whose femoral artery (main artery to the leg) was severed by shrapnel. Surgeons patched the vessel with a graft. "We couldn't send him home until he had been with us for a full two weeks," said Stephanie, "to make

sure the graft wouldn't tear open in transit." One hour before the soldier was to leave in an evacuation helicopter, the graft broke open. He immediately went to the operating room for a repair. Two weeks later, the graft ruptured again. Stephanie finally put him on a flight after six weeks and

three operations, hoping his patched vessel would survive the trip. "Getting him on the plane was the highlight of my year," she said, and added, "I hope the graft didn't blow in the air."

Women In (and out of) UNIFORM

OBITUARY

"... never die. They just fade away."

Richard Francies, the survivor of the Bataan Death March who was our cover story in the last edition, faded away on October 14. He was a longtime member of University Circle United Methodist Church who played the hand he was dealt. And won. Goodbye, Richard.

Was David Hack a Ranger or Was He Not?

When Hudson resident Dave Hack decided to run for mayor, he made it clear he would accept no campaign contributions. Instead, he would self-fund the campaign.

To further his branding efforts, he offered sweatshirts, hooded sweatshirts, and wind shirts, each emblazoned with "Hack for Mayor" and the Hudson clock tower.

He also offered copies of the small paperback book he wrote and published. Writing in the third person, Hack wrote about himself in, "The Life of a Warrior: Based on the True Life Story of Sgt. Hack." The book is reportedly under consideration for a movie, according to Hack's website.

When a television reporter questioned Hack's alleged status as a Ranger during the Vietnam War, his military service came under scrutiny. Apparently, Hack claimed to be something he wasn't. He held a news conference last month, but refused to speak to reporters. Instead, a lawyer said to be representing him announced a suit filed in Summit County Court, charging the

current mayor, the television reporter, and 25 John Does with slander.

In his book, Hack wrote, "He (Hack) worked hard as a raw recruit, training to be a special forces soldier in the Rangers and completing his Ph.D in Military Science. The Rangers' training is grueling, and spending every other waking moment studying for a Ph.D helped make it just a little harder."

It isn't clear which college or university granted his Ph.D.

In another section, he describes his arrival in Vietnam:

Sergeant Hack's deployment to war-torn Vietnam played out like a scene from a Hollywood action adventure film. Under heavy artillery attack at night, the Rangers' transport plane was unable to land on the airstrip, but the Rangers would deploy. At the Jump Master's command, the five-member special teams unit exited the plane out the rear hatch that scraped the runway as the plane lumbered along at thirty-six knots. Each Ranger tucked himself into a ball and rolled out onto the airfield over the sparks, which were sent up by the metal

hatch door dragging on the concrete pavement.

Once on the ground, the Jump Master got the unit together, back-to-back in a tight group to face any attacks from the surrounding jungle. This was how Hack spent his first hours in Vietnam; awaiting an unseen enemy to spring from the jungle, whose numbers could have surely overwhelmed the small Rangers' unit.

As the night passed and dawn approached, the clamor of battle receded into a distant echo, and it seemed that everyone would be alive at first light. But a war zone is never safe, and to let one's guard down is suicide. Out of modesty, a Ranger left the group to urinate, and before the Jump Master could reprimand him, modesty was his death. The unseen enemy's machete cut through the man's neck so quickly and completely, that only one stroke was needed to remove the

head. Sergeant Hack and the others, still squatting, looked on in frozen horror as the man's head actually hit the ground before his erect body fell, so clean was the decapitation. The Jump Master did not move, nor did he order any one to move. He simply whispered, "Welcome to Hell, boys."

It's not clear why a transport plane would have to land at night on an airfield under artillery attack. It's surprising that none of the Rangers was

injured, jumping, as Hack writes, from a low-flying transport plane, and hitting the concrete airfield at 40 m.p.h. Furthermore, he fails to explain how the troops were able to hang on to their equipment, which would have included, at the least, rifles, ammunition, a radio, and other gear vital to Rangers.

The beheading of a Ranger is thought to be suspect. Vietnam veterans who used machetes to cut through jungle vegetation doubt such a blow could be struck.

Even more troubling in Hack's book is the reaction of the Ranger leader, who didn't move when one of his troops was beheaded, and instead said only, "Welcome to hell, boys."

Other parts of Hack's book detail his royal Irish lineage. In his Hudson retail store, which sells military items, clothing items can be purchased with the coat of arms and motto Hack claims as his own.

The motto reads, "Malo Mori Quam Foedari," which translates, "I would rather die than be disgraced."

— John H. Tidyman



Shortly after arrival in Lai Khe, February 1968.



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It's About Time!

VA Plans to Treat Women Veterans Better; First Big Deal is a 60-Second Video; "Culture Change!"

WASHINGTON (Oct. 13, 2011)- The Department of Veterans Affairs is taking its internal culture-change message to the public with a new video about the vital role women play in the military and the importance of providing women veterans with high quality health care.

VA's Women Veterans Health Strategic Health Care Group recently completed a 60-second public service announcement (PSA) that challenges viewers to rethink preconceived notions about women veterans.

This dynamic video features imag-

es of women in service to our country: they drive supply trucks, participate in reconnaissance missions, walk safety patrols, and operate helicopter machine guns.

"When these brave women complete their service and become veterans, we want them to know that VA is there to meet their health care needs," said Dr. Patricia Hayes,



Chief Consultant of the VA's Women Veterans Health Strategic Health Care Group. "At the same time, we want the public to recognize the contributions of women veterans and the benefits they have earned through their service to the Nation."

The number of women using VA has doubled in the past decade, and

that increase is expected to continue into the next decade. More than half of the women using VA health care have a service-connected disability. These range from combat PTSD to missing limbs. The PSA gives a sampling of the service-connected disabilities women veterans must cope with on a daily basis.

The PSA was created as part of VA's ongoing efforts to change its culture to be more understanding and accommodating of women veterans and honor the important service they have given our country.

VetSignia: Acknowledging All Veterans

You let a bunch of retired veterans sit around and chew the fat, you never know what might come of it.

Bob Kline is an old but energetic Marine who has welcomed home more than his share of veterans. Kline and his group wondered aloud how veterans — all veterans — might be recognized for their service.

"We didn't want anything that would pat ourselves on the back, but we did want something that would remind people of the sacrifices every veteran made," he said. "RHIP didn't have any influence in our bull sessions. A veteran is a veteran."

Thus was born the VetSignia group. Ideas were brought up, talked about, either discarded or enhanced. Here is what VetSignia came up with: a small, discreet, simple magnetic plaque, a few inches high and a few inches wide that goes on the rear of your car. Like the Raiders, it is silver and black. A smaller version was designed as a metalized film window sticker.

"We wanted to include everyone, so we offer 36 different designs. If you were Korea/Army, or Vietnam/Navy, or Expeditionary Forces, or any other combination, we have it," Kline said.

Some veteran groups use VetSignia for raising funds, family members often purchase them for the veterans in the family, and lots of vets get VetSignia for themselves.

As much as Kline enjoys seeing the car in front of him with a VetSignia, a more satisfying part of the project is the notes he gets from customers. One wife wrote Kline, telling him that she put the VetSignia in her husband's Christmas stocking. "If you want to remind your veteran that you're grateful, this is just the ticket," she wrote.

In the market for a VetSignia gift? Go to their web site: www.vetsignia.org. Or call the grizzled old Marine himself: Bob Kline, Box 382, Blue Bell PA 19422. Phone 610.277.1171

Sometimes the best gifts come in the smallest packages.

You Can Grow Old or You Can Grow Older and Love It

By Tyler P. Grady

"Middle age is when you're faced with two temptations and you choose the one that will get you home by 9 o'clock."
— Ronald Reagan

Not so fast. Fact is, you can surrender to the aging process or you can enjoy it. If you're going to surrender, get a recliner with cup holder and a bowl big enough to hold an entire bag of barbecue chips.

If you want to enjoy it, pay attention.

John Kocka, M.D., is a board certified physician who completed his residency in Family Practice at the Cleveland Clinic. He is also certified with the American Academy for Anti-Aging.

Anti-aging is the one term Dr. Kocka doesn't like to use. "We all age. A better term might be healthy aging or proactive aging. Age management covers a lot of territory, but the foundation hasn't changed; it's a matter of eating for health as well as pleasure, exercising in ways that benefit your heart and lungs, and living what I would call a clean life."

Uh-oh. Sounds like a drill sergeant just took over our health care.

"Not at all. One of many benefits of aging is perspective. You're at a point in your life when you understand and appreciate health. And you realize how much health has to do with enjoying life."

Too many of us, Dr. Kocka said, meekly accept the problems associated with aging, believing, "Well, you're getting older and this happens."

It ain't necessarily so, he said.

A new patient arrived with a list of medical

conditions: Chronic joint aches, lung disease, lack of energy and a non-existent sex drive. He was on numerous drugs, each designed to relieve a specific problem. Little wonder he also suffered depression. Dr. Kocka said such a regimen treated symptoms, not causes.

Dr. Kocka takes blood tests to a deeper level. He wants to know if your hypothalamus and pituitary glands are up to speed, and how well your pancreas, adrenal glands, thyroid, and testes are performing.

He found a number of deficiencies. For positive change, the patient didn't have to assume the lifestyle of a monk. Just the opposite. With supplements and nutrients, and vitamins that are backed with substantial research, began a recovery program that is now in its third month. Bringing hormones to optimal, safe levels, including testosterone, meant a return to a very active, very satisfying life. Along the way, the patient learned a great deal about his own body and its inner workings.

Dr. Kocka said, "I hate to use taking care of your car as a metaphor, but it works. If the gas line is rusted and leaking, it doesn't make any difference that the exterior is spotless. If spark plugs are not firing in order, who cares about the sound system?"

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Steelies and Venison: Let's Eat!

By Jan Winthrop



A Keeper!

Ah, Steelies! Big, powerful, good-looking trout that are just itchin' for a fight. Thanks to the Ohio Department of Natural Resources, these battlers train in Lake Erie, then return to the rivers and creeks of their youths.

ODNR raises 400,000 steelies and stocks the 6" to 9" fish in these rivers and creeks that empty into Lake Erie: Vermilion, Rocky, Cuyahoga, Grand, and Ashtabula rivers, and the Arcola and Conneaut creeks.

From there, they head for the lake and stay there for a few years. After a couple years they have grown to four-plus pounds. Two more years in the lake, and they can tip the scale at 10 pounds or more. The record is a behemoth that stretched out to 38 inches

and weighed in at more than 21 pounds. Whew.

When the urge hits, they return to their home rivers and creeks, and find fishermen waiting for them.

Fall and winter seasons can be bountiful if the water has eight inches or a foot of visibility. Equipment, baits, and techniques can vary, so the best primer on steelies in

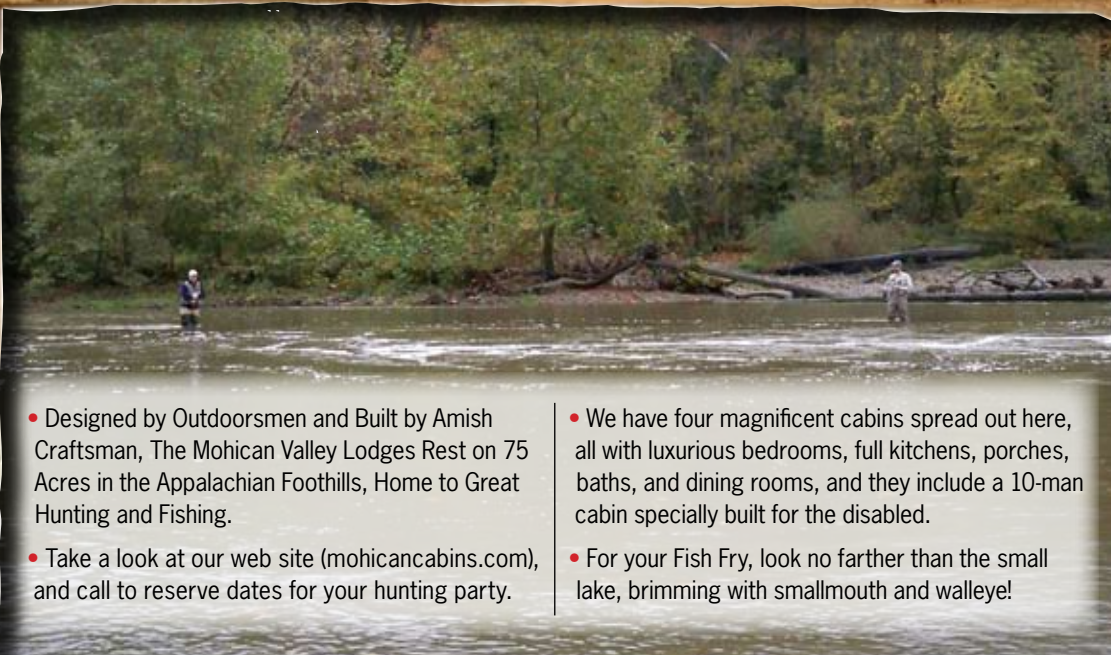
the guy in the waders, standing in knee high water, flicking a fly rod or spinning rod. Watch and learn. And then, when he returns to dry land, ask for advice. According to unofficial research, the vast majority are happy to share.

Preparing steelies isn't easy; remember, they were at the top of the food chain in Lake Erie, and if their

diets consisted of mercury-tainted meals, they have the mercury, too. Lots of recipes, though, to be found on the Internet, and rave reviews, too.

Speaking of recipes, the mention of venison often elicits frowns. Mishandled and cooked improperly, venison has a strong flavor and lacks tenderness. But when the carcass is properly field dressed, butchered, and left in the hands of a good venison cook, it's purely wonderful. What do you like? Marinated backstrap sandwich? Venison paprikash or chili? Not only delicious, but good for you. And you know the meat you're enjoying is truly hormone-free and free-range. It's the season. Happy Hunting.

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How SB5 Removes Veterans Preference

Ohio Teacher Pay - After Senate Bill 5

Sec. 3317.13 [Second of two versions] Performance-based teacher salaries:

...

- (A) As used in this section, “teacher” means all teachers employed by the board of education of any school district, including any cooperative education or joint vocational school district and all teachers employed by any educational service center governing board.
- (B) Each teacher shall be paid a salary based upon performance as described in this section.
- (C) For purposes of this section, a board shall measure a teacher’s performance by considering all of the following:
 - (1) The level of license issued under section 3319.22 of the Revised Code that the teacher holds;
 - (2) Whether the teacher is a “highly qualified teacher” as defined in section 3319.074 of the Revised Code;
 - (3) The value-added measure the board uses to determine the performance of the students assigned to the teacher’s classroom;
 - (4) The results of the teacher’s performance evaluations conducted under section 3319.111 of the Revised Code or any peer review program created by an agreement entered into by a board of education and representatives of teachers employed by that board;
 - (5) Any other criteria established by the board.
- (D) All years of active military service in the armed forces of the United States, as defined in section 3307.75 of the Revised Code, to a maximum of five years. For purposes of this calculation, a partial year of active military service of eight continuous months or more in the armed forces shall be counted as a full year.

- Senate Bill 5 specifically eliminates veterans preference from determining starting pay for a teacher with military experience
- Unless language is clearly written into law, there is no guarantee that a veteran’s military work history will be considered when determining starting salary for teaching
- This is disrespectful to our veterans community and shows that we need to repeal Senate Bill 5 by voting NO on Issue 2 and protecting veterans preference in Ohio



National Guard & Reservist Protections:

National Guardsmen and Reservists have been asked to share equal responsibility in defending this great Nation, with many units deploying at the same rate of their Active Duty counterparts.

Many public-sector workers also serve in the National Guard and Reserves, because of the sense of duty they feel they have to their communities and our country.

Because of the demand on our citizen-service members, many public-sector unions have negotiated through the collective bargaining process to create additional provisions, protecting the families of the deployed workers from undue financial hardship.

Key Example: Healthcare

Although USERRA obligates employers to extend their healthcare benefits for up to 24 months similar to that of COBRA, but employers - both public and private - can require the employee to pay upwards of 102% of the premium for the coverage.

Organizations like OCSEA have been able to secure the continuation of their health benefits to the families of their members who deploy at no additional cost. This is critical to the continuation of care for families, especially for those who have medical issues such as cancer treatment or children with learning disabilities without creating an additional financial burden

If Senate Bill 5 goes into effect, protections like these cannot be negotiated for on behalf of the union.

Veterans Preference:

Under Senate Bill 5, a Veteran seeking to become a teacher would no longer be able to apply his or her military service towards in-classroom experience.

The practical effect would be lower starting salaries for Veterans.

Before the passage of Senate Bill 5, a Veteran seeking to become a teacher could expect to receive up to 20% more in their starting pay than other first-year teachers.

This type of provision acknowledges the training, leadership and management skills military service-members acquire while serving our country, and just serves as an equalizer in the career field”

While these Veteran educators were defending our country, their education professional counterparts were effectively getting a head start in their civilian careers. All this provision does is start a Veteran out at a pay that reflects the unique, real world skill set that she or he can bring to the classroom.

By Senate Bill 5 removing this provision, they are saying “thank you for your service, but your experience does not matter.”

Key Phrasing To Use:

It’s a slap in the face to veterans and disrespectful to their service

It’s not enough to support the service member and not the veteran, you do not have the ability to support half of a person

Veterans preference is nothing more the equalizing an opportunity. Not a hand out.

A Young Marine, A Horrible Battle, and the Aching Hearts Left Behind

By Tina Mathis

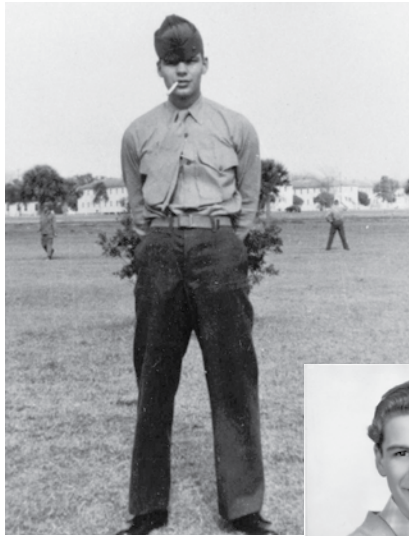
Private First Class Alphonse Richard Pilosi, a 20-year old Marine Corp reservist, left Cleveland on September 1, 1950 with the 7th Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division for Camp Pendleton, California.

The Pilosi family never imagined that would be the last time they saw Richard, nor could they have imagined the unprecedented battle that would ultimately claim his life.

Pilosi was declared missing in action on November 27, 1950, reportedly the first day of fighting at Chosin Reservoir in Korea. According to Marine history, the 1st Marine Division was surrounded and outnumbered eight to one. The bloody battle was intensified by rugged terrain and sub-zero temperatures. The young Marine was declared dead on October 21, 1953; his remains were never recovered.

For the past sixty-one years, Pilosi's sister, Ruth Ann Miles, has kept his memory alive, displaying his photo and frequently relating stories to her children and grandchildren.

Although none of her children had the opportunity to meet their uncle, each knows it was their Uncle Richard who introduced their parents. Pilosi's longtime friend, Stephen Miles, who also spent a tour of duty in Korea,



We sent them over, let's bring them home.



married Ruth Ann in January, 1953.

Few details are available surrounding Pilosi's death, however, Mrs. Miles clings to the story she was told more than sixty years ago. Given her brother's prior service and the man she knew him to be, it is not hard for her to believe that Richard

was among the Marines who stayed behind to defend their position while others made their withdrawal.

Miles accepted her brother's fate

long ago; still, she wonders about the person he would have been and how her own life might have been different if her big brother had survived the horrific fighting at Chosin Reservoir.

In June of this year, Ruth Ann Miles submitted family DNA to the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command in the hope that her brother is among the 750 remains they are currently working to identify.

Although the process can take up to a year and there is no indication that he will be identified, Ruth Ann and her family have discussed the possibilities. Without hesitation, her grandson, a member of the Ohio National Guard, suggested the proper resting place for her brother would be Arlington National Cemetery.

PFC Alphonse Richard Pilosi, your brothers at Arlington will be honored to welcome you home.

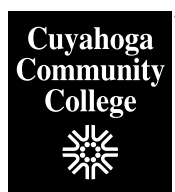
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The Office of
Congresswoman Marcia Fudge

“... And We Won't Be Back 'Til It's Over Over There.”

By Baruch Besharet

DD 214 *Chronicle* Chaplain Rev. Ralph Fotia is no stranger to the unspeakable horribleness of war. In WWII, he served with the Army Air Corps in Europe. Three issues ago, he wrote about his first hand experience at the Nazi death camps.

Rev. Fotia was not the first in his family to take up arms. His father, Antonio Fotia, preceded him in battle, in The Great War, the war to end all wars.

He came to America from Reggio Calabria, Italy, and worked as a coal miner in Bluefield, W.Va. When The Great War broke out, he joined The Big Red One, the newly formed 1st Infantry Division that would see action in his war, and later in WWII, Korea, Vietnam, Gulf War, Bosnia, Kosovo, Iraq, and Afghanistan. He trained at

Camp Shelby, in Mississippi, and there he was made a naturalized citizen.

In the battle of Meuse-Argonne Forest, he was wounded. We didn't have the Purple Heart decoration as we do today. Instead, wounded soldiers were honored with a special chevron worn on the arm.

In an old photograph, the elder warrior wears his dress uniform, complete with the special chevron. The Purple Heart we see today was created at the



Chivalry of Humanity

order of Gen. Douglas MacArthur in 1931, and veterans from the Great War were authorized to wear it.

It might surprise some to learn of well known figures who were awarded the Purple Heart, among them: Lee Marvin, Warren Spahn, James Garner, Oliver Stone, JFK, and Rocky Bleier. Lex, a war dog with the Marines, was awarded an honorary Purple Heart, though it's unlikely ol' Lex thought

his wounds were honorary. On Memorial Day, Rev. Fotia gath-

ered his family for a family history lesson and a memorial presentation of the Purple Heart to Antonio Fotia. The decoration would complement the framed citation signed by President Woodrow Wilson, "Columbia gives to her son the accolade of the new Chivalry of Humanity. Antonio Fotia, Company H, 18th Infantry, served with honor in the World War and was wounded in action." The Purple Heart joins two other decorations, the Army of Occupation (in Germany), and the World War Victory Medal.

Rev. Fotia's family included his wife, Lydia, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. While it was a history lesson with a personal twist, likely it will remain one of those lessons never forgotten.

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Women In
(and out of)
UNIFORM

Up Close and Personal: An Army Nurse in North Africa

Evelyn Slotwinski had been a patient of Hospice of the Western Reserve for three years, an unusually long time by hospice standards. But she was no stranger to beating the odds. Evelyn spent three years in an evacuation hospital in Northern Africa during WWII. As an Army nurse, Evelyn cared for injured soldiers under strenuous and often bleak conditions.

“We were low on everything. When you’re going in on D-day, in an invasion, you don’t have anything. What you carry on your back, that’s what you have.” The lack of equipment

made Evelyn’s job even more difficult. Sometimes all she could do was wash the men’s faces.

Of life in an evacuation hospital unit, Evelyn remembers, “It was just a field, one empty field. We’d go from one field to another. We’d leave a field and go set up a hospital at another field a ways down the road.

“There was usually a contingent of flyboys close by. You’d see them go out in the morning, you’d see so many planes go out. And you’d see fewer planes come home a lot of times, so you knew there were casualties. And you just didn’t ask any questions.”

Evelyn F. Slotwinski

Born: November 3, 1919

World War II
Army; Enlisted

Served: 1942-1945
Lieutenant

Medals

- European Theatre/African Middle Eastern Campaign
- American Campaign
- World War II Victory Medal

Life Closure Activities:

The Heart of Hospice
Hospice services for Evelyn and her family:

- Pain and symptom management
- Volunteer visits
- Spiritual care
- Medical equipment

Asked if being that close to death changed her, Evelyn said, “I didn’t think it changed me. I really and truly didn’t. I had a friend who kept telling everybody, I changed so much. I was no longer the happy young girl. And I thought, ‘She’s crazy, absolutely crazy.’”

“Then one day there was a bunch of pictures that were taken right after the war. And I looked at all these pictures and I saw this really strained look on my face. And I thought, ‘Yeah, I guess I did change.’”

It is often difficult for veterans

who have survived the traumatic experiences of war to recount their memories. For WWII veterans, the 60 years that now separate them from the horrors they witnessed, might make reminiscing easier. According to Evelyn’s daughter, Rita, “We never heard about any of her Army experiences until maybe the last ten years.”

“That’s because it took that long before I could talk about it,” Evelyn said. Ethical wills, which are one of many life closure activities, are at

the heart of Hospice of the Western Reserve. Unlike a will in which there is inheritance, ethical wills are an expression of values. Ethical wills draw out past experiences and memories, and reflect the lessons of life. Typically, ethical wills are written, but can be expressed in music, art, or another form of expression.

“You’d see them go out in the morning; you’d see so many planes go out. And you’d see fewer planes come home.”

For hospice patients who are veterans, military service or wartime experiences color the way they face their own deaths. Ethical wills provide an outlet to share military experiences and give closure to a heroic life.

“Some of the things that she went through were pretty horrific,” Rita said. “She was always very proud of the fact that she served in the war and always wanted to let people know.”

Just a few weeks after her ethical will was completed, Evelyn passed away peacefully. Her hospice team leader believes Evelyn was having a difficult time coming to terms with the events in her life, particularly her experiences during WWII. She was able to let go and die in peace due in large part to the ethical will.



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CTS: The Cadillac for the World Stage

By Whitey Remp

The design team at Cadillac must have thought it died and went to heaven when management ordered a Cadillac that would combine sport and luxury. The result: CTS.

Luxury has always been Cadillac's stock in trade, but sport? Handling? The CTS is not the Cadillac for hearses and limousines, and it's not for a chauffeur. It is yours and yours alone.

Since it was first loosed on the market, it has won excellent reviews. More important, owners have been thrilled. One customer at Central Cadillac summed it up best when he told salesman John Mohorcic, "You feel like

you own the road."

The CTS is big, rangy, powerful, and has the confidence of an NFL linebacker. It isn't parked; it is poised, like a big, black jungle cat deciding on dinner.

Purchasing a CTS isn't done in an afternoon. It takes a few days, given the packages that can be put together. (In these parts, let's agree a heated steering wheel is not only a comfort, but a safety feature.)

The most exciting part of the process begins with a dealer plate hang-

American CARS



ing on the rear deck and keys in hand.

Not for nothing does Cadillac call the front seat the cockpit. For many, sitting in the cockpit is as close as we're going to get to flying a Stealth bomber. Regardless what you're wearing, you feel underdressed. If Cadillac kept a selection of flight suits in the showroom, you might select the suit with the name most appropriate to your style, say, Tomb Raider, Carnivore, Fast Eddie, or Time Traveler.

Unless you were a cow in a previous life, this is the most leather that has ever surrounded you. Learning the controls while the engine is purring is a good way to start. While the first drive should be without any talk or music, there can be a ten-speaker Bose system that makes you feel as

if you're in the woodwinds section of the Cleveland Orchestra. Your seat has ten adjustments and two-way lumbar control. The steering wheel both tilts and telescopes.

Ready? Strap in, put it in Drive and let's go. Central Cadillac brags about its downtown Cleveland location. All well and good, but even better, the showroom is only a 3-wood from I-90, one of the great test tracks in town.

The test drive will sell the car. But if you have to convince your agent, wife, husband, managing partner, investment counselor, or first born son, invite the skeptical party to another test drive.

As the tobacco auctioneer used to yell, "Sold, American!"

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— Greg Rusnak

Canada: A Friend in War and Peace

By Dennis Thrasher

STEWARDS OF TRADITION AND HONOR

A while back I wrote an article that was published in *DD 214* about walking with my Father at the head of the Canada Veterans Day Parade. It was the first time we had ever done so and for me the first time I had gone back home to pay homage to my time of service in the RCAF as a Pilot Officer. The old sailor passed away a few weeks ago, was honored by a color guard ceremony at the funeral home, and a 21 gun salute at graveside the next day. Afterwards we retreated to the Canadian Legion, Fort Malden Post #147 for his wake. After many tearful eulogies and remarks we ate a meal and then opened the bar. This was the very legion branch founded by my Father's Father, my Grandfather, who served as its President for a record 16 years. He was awarded a Bronze Medal by the Canadian Government for his service to both the Legion and the country for all he did from there, so it was a fitting place to celebrate his son's life.

Some weeks later I returned to Canada to attend a tree planting ceremony where a tree was planted in my Father's memory and afterwards we retired to the Legion for a bite to eat and a few hearty Canadian beers. As my Father had been the member, it occurred to me that it was time for me to join so that I might carry on the tradition. Obtaining an application I completed it, realizing that I needed a few sponsors, and wondered who I might ask. I looked about the hall, got up and randomly approached a table where I knew one of the men from my childhood. Explaining that my Dad had passed, and wishing to continue to be able to use the facility I asked who might be willing to sponsor me. Everyone of course knew of my family history, the legacy that my father, his Father and brothers left behind and to a person they all signed. I was, after all my Father's son, and he was as fine a man as any I've known.

There are many who ask me if Canada still has a military, and if it is any good or things of that nature. As I too am now an American it makes

me shudder as it evokes images of the "ugly American", insensitive to any country but their own. So I thought a few facts might be in order:

1.1 million Canadians served the Canadian armed Forces in WW2 with 45,00 killed and 54,000 wounded. Canada declared war on Nazi Germany 3 years before the U.S.

The first military special forces, the "Devils Brigade" was a joint U.S./Canadian effort staffed with officers and soldiers from both countries formed in 1942.

Forty Joint Task Force operators were sent to Afghanistan in December 2001, two months after the Minister of Defense, announced that Canada would be sending troops to Afghanistan to aid the removal of the Taliban (In October 2004, these JTF-2 personnel were awarded the US Navy Presidential Unit Citation as part of Task Force K-BAR, a multinational special-operations task force led by the US Navy SEALs that was decorated for its operations during the period 17 October 2001 through 30 March 2002.)

In March 2002, three Canadian Light Infantry snipers fought alongside American units during Anaconda. In the operation the team broke, and re-broke, the record for a long distance sniper kill set in the Vietnam by a U.S. Marine. Operation Anaconda was also the first time since the War in Korea that Canadian soldiers relieved American soldiers in a combat situation.

By the spring of 2006, Canada had a major role in southern Afghanistan, with Task Force Afghanistan being a battle group of 2,300 soldiers based at Kandahar. Canada also commanded the Multi-National Brigade for Command South, a main military force in the region.

On 28 February 2006, control of Regional Command South was transferred from a U.S. Lieutenant Gen-

eral to a Canadian Brigadier-General David Fraser in a ceremony at Kandahar Airfield. He actually spoke at the Parade in which I marched with my Dad.

Operation Mountain Thrust was launched in the beginning of the summer in 2006. Canadians of the 1 PPCLI Battle Groups were one of the leading combatants and the first fighting when a Battle took place at Panjwaii. Complex mud-walled compounds made the rural District take on an almost urban style of fighting in some places. Daily firefights, artillery bombardments, and allied airstrikes turned the tides of the battle in favor of the Canadians.

Canadians launched another operation in September in an attempt to clear the areas of Taliban fighters from Panjwaii once and for all. The fighting of Operation Medusa led the way to the second, and most fierce Battle of Panjwaii in which daily gun-battles, ambushes, and mortar and rocket attacks were targeting the Canadian troops.

The Taliban had massed with an estimated 1,500 to 2,000 fighters. The Taliban were reluctant to give up the area, and after being surrounded by the Canadian Forces, they dug in and fought a more conventional style battle. After weeks of fighting, the Taliban had been cleared from the Panjwaii area and Canadian reconstruction efforts in the area began.

On 15 September 2006, the Canadian government committed a squadron of Leopard C2 tanks from Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians) and an additional 200 to 500 troops to Afghanistan.

Hundreds of Canadians have died in this theater of war, and Canada has suffered countless thousands of casualties and wounded. And these are but a few of Canada's contributions to America's war effort against global terrorism.

And on a final note, the recent tributes to the fallen in the September 11th attacks against the United States reminded me of an earlier kindness by our neighbors to the North. Once it had been established that our country was under attack and that civilian air liners were being used to carry out the terrorists agenda all passenger planes were refused entry into American air space. Coming from Europe and points even further east where were they to go, as many did not have adequate fuel to return to their points of origin? Canada opened its borders, risked the danger that it imposed and directed the planes to airfields in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. Stranded for many long days, the passengers stuck on their aircraft soon ran low on food, water and even the bathroom facilities were proving unable to keep up. So Canadians opened their homes, schools, churches and hearts, even going so far as to turn their schools into dormitories, with the stranded Americans being ferried to people's homes, where they could shower, enjoy a home cooked meal and call their loved ones back in the States; at no charge of course.

They did this without expecting any compensation or reward. I was reminded of all this when my father passed away for he had called me on that terrible, and that tough old warrior, with a tremble in his voice and tears streaming said to me "How could they do this to you. How could they do this to our friends and neighbors? We will be going to war son, we will all be going to war, for this cannot go unanswered."

So for those of you who wonder if Canada has armed forces, are they any good, what do they care? Or sometimes "So Canada had an air force huh, what kind of plane is it?" My answer is, "It's one that fights for you." No country on earth has ever had a better neighbor sharing its borders than the US has in Canada; the longest undefended border between two nations in the world.

Lest we forget.



Straighten Up and Fly Right

By John H. Tidyman

AUTOMATIC PRESS

At Skyland Golf Course, in Hinckley, is a challenging par four on the back side. Straightaway, but 190 yards out, the terrain drops to a small creek. You can put your ball into the creek if you hit it 250, or you can look at a downhill lie if you hit it 200. You can fly the water and have a level lie but a blind approach. Down the right side are deep woods and in the woods is Golf Ball Graveyard.

I am a grave robber.

I've never played with anyone who flew the water. But I've seen many guys try. It's not the smartest play. Lots of their dimpled balls end up in Golf Ball Graveyard, courtesy The Swing Flaw We Refuse to Correct, the slice.

Now comes Power Straight, a patented nano-polyer coating that goes a long, long way toward eliminating slices. The idea isn't new; guys have been greasing the faces of their drivers for a long time. When nothing was played but persimmon, the juice of choice was Pledge, the furniture polish.

The grease job eliminates most of the sidespin put on the ball by slicers. Ball goes farther with much less bend in it. You can go from losing a dozen balls a week to referring to your drive



Woods are equipment, never a destination.

as, "My Trevino power fade."

But Power Straight isn't for everyone. It isn't for guys who meticulously adjust their handicaps, or for tournament players of any rank. If your regular foursome bets more than two bucks on a match, it probably shouldn't be used there, either.

The reason? It's against the rules.

But if you belong to the golf class that enjoys hearing, "Hit 'til you're happy," and, "That's a gimme," and, "I'm takin' my Mulligan," well, then this little can of juice might be the very thing. If you play o.b. as a lateral hazard, then this is *definitely* for you.

Here are some of the benefits, to both players and course owners, for putting Power Straight on the club face:

Faster play. You're not tramping

around the woods.

Less frustration. Golf courses weren't created for you to audition your latest curse.

More fun. Well, of course.

And if the game is made more fun, maybe we'll play more. I hope so. So do course owners.

Plenty of players will feign shock and indignation when the subject is raised, citing history, tradition, honor, and the Rules of Golf.

Give me a break, will you? There has been so much club enhancement — from grooves, to oversize clubs, to titanium, to graphite shafts — it ain't your grandfather's game. Same with balls, whether cover components or inner workings, so relax. When players are hitting drives of 350+ yards

and landing in 25-paces-wide short grass, it's not all talent. Much of it is equipment. All OK'd by the USGA, darn its venal soul.

We did virtually no research before recommending this product. We played with Joey Arthur, who, when he puts his ample gut into a drive, can send the ball a long, long ways. His driver appears to have been designed by the Fuller Brush 18-Wheeler Division and would work well as a wheel block.

Over the course of the first few holes, Joey launched two banana balls that probably destroyed a couple squirrel nests. So on went the Power Straight. You pump spray it on, allow it to dry, rub it off, then do the same thing again.

Joey then started hitting true power fades from the tee. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

If you want to put a can in your bag, or stuff a stocking for a fellow player, the web site is powerstraight.com. It's also available via Amazon.com.

John H. Tidyman is the author of Golf, Poker and Whiskey: The Guys' Guide to Ohio Golf Getaways (Orange Frazer Press,) The Cleveland Golfers Bible (Gray & Co., Publishers,) and Fifty Great Golf Getaways (Gray & Co., Publishers.) For seven years, he was the golf writer for Crain's Cleveland Business.)

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Hospice Coordinator, Bay Pines VA Medical Center, St. Petersburg, Florida

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Monday, November 21, 2011

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12:00 p.m. *Lunch*

1:00 p.m. *Program*

Parking is available behind building or in nearby parking garage.

Register by November 14 on-line at hospicewr.org/peaceatlast or by calling 216.502.4456, or emailing bschindler@hospicewr.org



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