



RUN FOR THE WALL

Quarterly Newsletter

"We Ride For Those Who Can't"

July 2010

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INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

- The Editor's Notes
- The President's Message
- New Board Members for 2011
- RFTW 2011 Route Coordinators
- Run for Them All
- Robley Rex Patch
- Group Photo in D.C.
- An MIA Daughter's Experience
- My Trip Home
- No Longer an FNG
- Heart of Stone
- I Needed That
- From an Old War Horse
- A Significant Life Experience
- Top Hat Saved My Life!
- What a Rush!
- We Are in Good Hands
- Kinship and Healing
- Thank You for the Ride of a Lifetime
- Suggestion From an FNG
- You Made It Possible
- Parabola
- An Ordinary Soldier
- Watching Over FNGs
- Passing the Torch
- POW/MIA Statistics
- JPAC Teams Return From Korea
- JPAC Teams Return From Vietnam
- 9 Remains From Vietnam Returned
- MIA From Korean War Identified
- Six Names Added to The Wall
- Events
- Taps
- Closing Thoughts

THE EDITOR'S NOTES



We see tons of videos, some musical, passed around in emails. I especially like the patriotic ones and like to share them with my friends. Every now and then a really special one catches your eye. One of those features a song entitled "I Was Only Nineteen," which was written 40 years ago. It has hauntingly beautiful words. I want to share it with our veterans, because I know it will be meaningful to you.

"I Was Only Nineteen" was written by an Australian Vietnam Veteran, John Lewis Schumann. Although there are many artists who sing this song, this one has excellent visuals.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lgmgwx77osw&NR=1>.

John Schumann and the Vagabond Crew recently gave the first live performance in Vietnam of "I Was Only 19" in Vung Tau for the 40th anniversary of Long Tan.

Schumann is a singer, songwriter, and guitarist from Adelaide. He is best known as the lead singer for the folk group Redgum. "I Was Only 19 (A Walk in the Light Green)," was a chart-topping hit described as exploring

the psychological and medical side-effects of serving in the Australian forces during the Vietnam War. The song's sales assisted Vietnam Veterans during the 1983 Royal Commission into the effects of Agent Orange and other chemical defoliants employed during the war.

The lyrics are beautiful. You can read them on this video: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1UYDKxxQ50o>.

Thanks to Roland "Pegleg" Marchand for sending out this link.

Don't forget that POW/MIA Recognition Day is September 17, 2010. Stop for a few minutes that day and give thanks to the many who paid a high price for our freedom, and pray for the return of all who are not yet home.

Judy "Velcro" Lacey

Freedom is never free. It is paid for with the blood of the brave.

It is paid for with the tears of their loved ones. It is up to us to preserve and defend that which they have paid so dearly for.

OUTGOING PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By John "Ice Scout" King



Greetings,

First, I want to thank everyone who helped make RFTW 2010 such a success.

Ray "Too Tall" McDowell and Arnie "Postmaster" Swift are at the head of that very long list of volunteers. Together with their leadership teams, they led the Southern and the Central Route riders safely across the country to accomplish our Mission at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. And they did it with grace, with clarity, and with style.

The other members of the Board of Directors—Mike McDole, Ron Young, Judy Cockrum, Ross Currie, Ted Riedel, and Michael Mendell—worked year-round to put everything in place for the Run. They struggled with endless complexity and kept us all on course. I am honored to have worked and ridden in the company of such fine people.

The State Coordinators labored to organize the events, the fuel stops, the hotels, and the presence of those wonderful "friends on the bridge" in their states. These folks are our grassroots representatives working all year to connect RFTW with these communities, and they deserve our respect and appreciation.

And here is a special thanks to the FNGs who came to RFTW for so many different reasons. Whether they were Vietnam veterans, Gulf War veterans, Afghanistan veterans, or serving on active duty today; their presence gave us purpose as we honored all of America's warriors. Welcome home and welcome to the Run!

Looking ahead to next year, the following route leadership appointments have been finalized:

Central Route Coordinator: Harry "Attitude" Steelman

Southern Route Coordinator: Richard "Preacher" Moore

The Assistant Route Coordinator and the Road Guard Captain appointments for each Route will be finalized on July 1, 2010.

Three members of the Board of Directors have completed their terms and are stepping down from the Board. They are Mike “Tanker” McDole, John “Ice Scout” King, and Michael “Enigma” Mendell.

In their stead, Ray “Too Tall” McDowell, John “Hardcharger” Barker, and Daryl “Top” Neil have been elected to begin new three-year terms on the Board of Directors. Congratulations to each of them!

Thank you again everyone. I am honored to have ridden with you.

INCOMING PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE

By Ron Young



I am Ron “Hammer” Young, your new President of the Board of Directors. The role is an honor, and I wish to thank all of the past leaders of this organization. I draw upon their knowledge and wisdom as I strive to serve the Run in a professional, caring manner.

I am not a veteran, having missed the draft by one year with a classification of 1-H. However, my respect for the military is deeply rooted, as my family has nearly 100 years of service, including brothers in the Navy and Marine Corps.

My father (Army) was severely wounded (rocket fragments to his left calf, knee, ankle, and thigh) in the mountains of North Korea in extremely cold weather. While he offered little information of what he endured in Korea, Dad once shared he didn’t know which would be his fate from the wounds: freezing or bleeding to death. After suffering three days and nights on a mountainside in the snow, he was transported to a MASH unit—location uncertain. Nine months later he was discharged from the Army, still mending.

Spending nearly his last cent at the PX on a Remington Model 52 rifle, Dad returned to his childhood home on crutches, leg stiff in a long cast, and his rifle slung over his shoulder—all while hitchhiking the last 175 miles. That must have been a sight.

Over the following decades the Remington was his best friend, especially at a shooting range on the banks of the Wabash River. When he was stressed, the best relief was target shooting hours at a time, feeling especially satisfied with repeated tight groupings.

Much of our rare quality time together was spent sipping coffee at the range while he gazed across the river toward the tree line and hills, not focusing on anything in particular, but searching nevertheless. I reloaded his clips of .22s; a fresh clip snapping into the rifle brought him into focus. And the ritual repeated ...

Dad’s “Welcome Home” didn’t include a parade, or even “glad to see you.” He physically recovered for the most part, married my mom, got a job at the creamery, and tried to live life. That is what society expected and he truly tried. Putting the horrible battles and acts of Korea behind him was another matter. Today we’d say he suffered from PTSD. I don’t need to go into the details, for many of you know of what I speak.

I tell you all of that so you might understand my passion for the Run for the Wall. I FNG’d in 2000 as a day rider, and then traveled to California in 2001 for my first All the Way. At the end of Day 1, I was ready to go home. Not being a vet, I didn’t feel as though I fit in yet, felt torn because the guys had a familiar feel about them I couldn’t explain.

In the night chill of the KOA campgrounds in Williams, AZ I confessed to a “gray beard” I was thinking of riding home alone and why. He put his arm around my shoulder and said, **“The Run was for all people impacted by war: the warrior, his family, and his community are all affected.”** His simple sentence

distilled so many things I had struggled to understand much of my life. And it made perfect sense. I completed my All the Way in 2001 and have made every Run since, thanks to Milo Gordon and his wise advice.

In the Runs that followed I tried to help others as best I could. In the early days there were no platoons—just a long rubber banding snake of bikes. We experimented with “pace setters” and I signed up for the role—anything would be better than the status quo! Since then I’ve worked a variety of positions on the Run, including Platoon Leader, Assistant Route Coordinator, Route Coordinator in 2007 and 2008, and Director of Risk Management 2009 and 2010. As I transition into the role of President, I will try to keep what is best for the Run at the forefront of the Board.

Over the next five or so years, Run for the Wall will undergo a transition as we welcome more of our recent veterans from the middle east region. The Board will expand our outreach to these warriors, their families, and their communities. After all, the Run is for all people impacted by war.

Thanks for reading ...

Hammer

“Until they are home ...” – JPAC

► RFTW NEWS

NEW BOARD MEMBERS FOR 2010-2011

John "Hardcharger" Barker
Run For The Wall Secretary/Treasurer
Grants Pass, Or.
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I'm retired as an attorney. I built and ran California's largest criminal defense firm. I also taught criminal law at police academy and law school. I was in law enforcement for 10 years before becoming an attorney. I also taught SCUBA, did search and rescue, and ran a cattle and horse ranch.

I started with RFTW in 2007 with my wife. We each rode all the way SR. Since then I have served as Tail Gunner, and two years as Platoon Leader. My wife has served as chase truck driver and now serves as head chase truck driver and chase team coordinator, all on the SR.



I joined the US Marines in 1965 and was stationed at Camp Pendleton and then at Marine Barracks NAS Alameda, mainly as military police. I was honorably discharged in March 1969 and went into Alameda County Sheriff's Department during the Berkeley riots.

I'm married to Dee "Shortstack" Barker, and we have six kids, I have no idea how many grand kids, and one great grandchild. We still run horses.

Ray "Too Tall" McDowell
Run For The Wall Risk Management/Purchasing Director
Odessa, TX
432-366-7042
rayequip@aol.com



I was born in Snyder, Texas, August 23, 1947, and moved to Midland, Texas, and then to Odessa, Texas and graduated Permian High School in 1966. I attended Odessa College before entering the Army in 1967 where I served in the 572nd Combat Engineers as a heavy equipment operator and worked with explosives, proudly serving in Vietnam from 1968-69.

When I returned from Nam, I was assigned to Ft. Hood in Killeen, TX until I was discharged from the Army as an E-5. Odessa has always been my home even though I spent many years away working in the oilfield. In 1991, I married Kay "Too Small" McDowell. We have a blended family of six children and twelve grandchildren. In 2004 we started our own business, Ray's Equipment, LLC.

Community Organizations:

Permian Basin Fair & Exposition. Past President, Executive Director
Odessa Chuck Wagon Gang
Heritage Holiday Lighted Christmas Parade
CrossRoads Fellowship Church - Member

In 2004 we did RUN For The Wall for the first time and were hooked. We have made the Run every year since. I have served as Tail Gunner, Asst. Platoon Leader, Platoon Leader for three years, Asst. Route Coordinator in 2009 and Southern Route Coordinator in 2010.

This mission is very close to my heart and we will continue to work and do what we can to help it grow and become an even safer ride and to spread the word that we will "NEVER FORGET." *We all ride for those who can't.*

Greatest Honor: Laying a wreath at the TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER May 23, 2009

Daryl "Top" Neil
Run For The Wall Director Public Relations/Communications
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Sun City, AZ
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I am a retired Army First Sergeant with 22 years of military service. I served with the 25th Infantry Division and the USACIDC. I have one daughter who is an Elementary Education teacher. For recreation, I enjoy motorcycling, ocean cruising, snow skiing, motorcycling, fishing, scuba diving and oops, did I mention motorcycling!

I have been involved with Run for The Wall for the past five years. In that time I have served in numerous positions, to include, Tail Gunner, Assistant Platoon Leader, Platoon Leader, Road Guard, and Assistant State Coordinator. I firmly believe in the Run for the Wall Mission Statement and support is wholeheartedly. I am honored to serve you on the Board of Directors.



Daryl "Top" Neil
American By Birth, Biker By Choice, Patriot Forever!

RFTW 2011 ROUTE COORDINATORS

Looking ahead to next year, the following route leadership appointments have been finalized:

Central Route Coordinator: Harry "Attitude" Steelman
Southern Route Coordinator: Richard "Preacher" Moore

Their bios and photos will be in the October newsletter.

The Coordinators will select volunteers for their teams: Assistant Route Coordinator, Staging Team Leader, Fuel Team Leader, Lead Chaplain, Missing Man Coordinator, and RG Captain. The BOD will approve their choices, then the teams will be formed: Platoon Leaders, Assistant Platoon Leaders, Tail Gunners, Chaplains, RGs, Fuel Team, Staging Team, etc. Each position has requirements that need to be met in order for the run to function smoothly.

"Rocket" suggests the following for anyone considering being a Road Guard:

To be considered for a Road Guard, a person must have gone all the way before, be going all the way 2011, completed the experienced rider course (every state calls it something different) in the last two years, have good riding skills, a good temperament and a working CB to use while traveling at highway speed.

Why? It may be necessary for you to lead the pack or a platoon into a stop because of weather or traffic conditions. It is impractical to train a new RG for 1 or 2 days of the ride. ERC is a necessary for insurance purposes. Making aggressive maneuvers and stopping numerous times should be a no-brainer. You will deal with many different people under very emotional strains who all have different priorities, and you represent the RFTW. You need to be able to communicate.

The pay is thanks for a job well done, and yelled at for a job well done. Hours, at the staging area 2 hours before the Riders Meeting, RG End of Day meeting after the Pack has been parked and ceremonies started. Lunch, how fast can you eat, bathroom, how fast can you ____. Time to talk to your buddies, zero. Time spent at the intersection waiting for the pack to go by, forever. This is a physically demanding job, please consider that.

Satisfaction in knowing that you provide a valuable service to the Run, priceless.

It's recommended that you consider the fuel crew or staging crew first. The coordinators try to select from fuel or staging as that gives them a chance to evaluate your skills and temperament, but it is not a requirement. If you are considering becoming a RG and meet the requirements, then contact either the CR or SR coordinator.

RUN FOR THEM ALL

At both the Angel Fire and the Kerrville Reunion Rider's Forums, we heard many comments about the need to reach out to the veterans of today's wars. Many riders spoke about how important it was that we do all we could to open the doors of Run For The Wall to these men and women.

Acting upon this, we made some changes to the website home page and we also emphasized the importance of personal outreach in the newsletter and on the forum.

Now, another step has been taken. An individual who wishes to remain anonymous, has made a commitment to donate \$1,500 per year for the next four years with that money being used to help Global War on Terrorism veterans participate in RFTW.

The Board has agreed to match this donation with another \$1,500 from our treasury. This Board commitment is consistent with the way we have given “benevolence” gifts to organizations helping homeless veterans, the families of deployed service personnel, and our wounded warriors the last two years. Where we find we have some extra money, the Board prefers to use it to help our needy brothers and sisters.

At the annual face-to-face meeting this Fall, the Board will develop guidelines for the use of this money during the 2011 Run. We want to be sure the money is used as intended and that all eligible veterans have a chance to ask for help.

In the meantime, we developed a patch “Run For Them All,” which was sold in Rancho Cucamonga. One hundred percent of the proceeds from the sale of these patches will go to this fund. If enough participants buy a patch, we may even be able to help some younger veterans join us this year.

I am putting this information out now because it is important to everyone that we be completely clear about how we use our monies. RFTW was started to honor and help Vietnam veterans and we will always be true to that Mission. It is also important that we extend a helping hand to the men and women who are serving our nation today.

Thank You & Ride Safe,
John “Ice Scout” King, Jr.
Immediate Past President RFTW Board of Directors

ROBLEY REX PATCH

Last year right after Robley Rex passed away, some patches were made to honor him. I’ve heard requests for that patch, so if you would like to buy a patch, Janice Wentworth will make them for \$5 plus shipping. Call her at 214-906-5357 (Stitchnbitch1@earthlink.net)



GROUP PHOTO IN D.C.

The RFTW group photo is now available from KZ Ric. Ric said this year’s photo is an improvement, in that the process he used causes no distortion at the edges. The result is gorgeous! The new size is a little larger than the past few years 12” x 25”

Please use the below form to order a copy.



2010 Group Photos by "KZ" Ric White

(One size only: 12"x 25")

\$15 each plus \$5 for S&H = \$20

(Up to 3 photos per shipping tube; for more than 3,
add an extra \$5 for shipping.)

Name or Initials of group: RUN FOR THE WALL Date: _____

How many? _____ Total cost: \$ _____

Please mail to:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State & Zip _____

Email or phone (in case of problems) _____

Method of payment: CASH (in person), Personal check, or U.S. Postal Money Order

Payable to: Ric White and mail to: P.O. Box 180789, Dallas, TX 75218

703-445-8538 or pikzr@aol.com



PLEASE ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR
DELIVERY

God Bless America



► FNG STORIES FROM RFTW 2010

RUN FOR THE WALL — An MIA Daughter's Experience

By Karoni Forrester.

You never know when your life is going to change—when you will see life and your surroundings through a different pair of glasses, when you will accept gifts that have been offered, though never seen as yours to accept, when your heart will grow...

Run For The Wall 2010 offered me a new pair of glasses, a plethora of gifts, and a swelling of my heart. I am honored to have been a part of this year's ride.

Why? Because I am Ron Forrester's daughter. He's Missing in Action.

RFTW, for me, started in late 2008 when I was in San Jose and met Doug Lyvere, aka Sgt Major, at the American Legion. He shared with me what RFTW meant to him, and asked to carry my father's picture with him. That was the beginning of our "picture project" and brought me to Rancho Cucamonga in 2009.

Last year, my plan had been to fly out and bring photos of our MIAs that would be carried to D.C., and fly home to Austin before heading to D.C. to meet you, then participate in Rolling Thunder for the first time. My dear friend, with whom I was riding in Rolling Thunder, said, "Ride with them. At least one day." So I did. That sole day (or shall I say "soul" day) in 2009 started my true journey with RFTW, leading me to RFTW 2010.

Cowboy called me during the Kerrville reunion in 2009 to tell me I had a ride for 2010. I was on way my back from "The Ride Home" and said "I can't ride with you. You're a Road Guard!" (I learned a few things on that one day...) [*Editor's note: Cowboy rode as Platoon Leader 2010, not a Road Guard*] He said, "Little Sister, you're riding with me. It's settled." I was happy and my heart smiled.

I knew I couldn't do the whole run, as much as I wanted to ... I'm a single, working mom. A week off and a holiday weekend? I could pull that ... perfect. RFTW pulls into Odessa, TX on a Friday. The real beauty? I'm from Odessa, TX, and so is my father, Capt Ron Forrester, USMC, MIA 12/27/72. It was the perfect place to join and start my personal journey.

I left Odessa in 1989. I had been back to visit family, but had never been to the Permian Basin Memorial before. My hometown did me proud on that memorial. I think it was the BEST, second only to the The Wall. The elephant grass, the helicopter, the healing vibe ...

Along our way over the next 10 days, I met some of the most awesome people on the planet. While I experienced the kindness of strangers in the towns where we stopped, I was overwhelmed by the genuine love of your community while traveling with you. I cannot BEGIN to thank the riders of RFTW enough for the love and caring I felt.

In an effort to keep it brief, can I just say "Mississippi" and "Wytheville, VA"??? I mean really—I was blown away.

Which brings me to my last point. You ever get that feeling that you're doing the right thing?? I experienced it over and over with RFTW. I knew my father was with me in spirit through it all. I can't begin to explain this feeling, but will share examples of how I know ...

After I spoke at the 2009 kick-off to say THANK YOU for what you do, I sat down at my table and a man at the table behind me tapped my shoulder. I turned around to see a man with tears in his eyes and went to him. He couldn't speak at the moment, so he showed me his wrist. It bore a well-worn MIA bracelet with Daddy's name on it. We hugged, shared tears, and promised never to forget. The man didn't know Dad or me, he just wanted a "Texas boy" when he got his bracelet in 1977.

This year, just as I was putting down my suitcase and hoop, Sgt Major comes to me and says "Stop what you're doing and come with me now." A man from Odessa had been speaking with Sgt Major and showed him his bracelet. My father's name was on the bracelet. After being introduced to Mike Jackson, I was shown his motorcycle that prominently shows Daddy's name as well. He said, "I take him everywhere." Why? "Because he's a hometown boy."

Flame wrote about this on her Facebook blog, and a responding post found yet another man who has been wearing my father's bracelet for years. Then in early June, an email came from a man who randomly had been in Weatherford, out and about the day we all came through. A veteran himself, he came out to meet us. He checked out the website and was shocked when he saw Ron Forrester's kid. Yes—he has been wearing Dad's bracelet for 20+ years.

To answer that question—YES, I was doing something right. I was with YOU, RFTW. Dad agrees as you can tell from above.

I am honored to have met you, to love you and be a part of your family. I cannot express in words what the ride did for me, but know I love and appreciate each and every one of you for taking the time to do this and to remember our POW/MIAs.

So what, 320ish days until we do it again?? See you then!!

MY TRIP HOME

By Dan Jelly Been Mc Gillivray

I had some Idea of what to expect on the run and some of the stops. I am sure that you have heard this before, that I am not one to show my emotion in public or for that matter not to many places either. It has been 46 years since Viet Nam and most of try our best to forget the whole thing. I spent two years over there: 68-69 and 72-73.

"Old School" was an influence in getting me even to consider going on the Run at all. I knew from Old School that this was not going to be what one called a dry run. That sat like a clog high in my throat. I soon found that when Top Sarge pinned that FNG Button and hugged me and said "Welcome Home," my thoughts were being changed. I found when people sang The Star Spangled Banner that it was forming more meaning for me and it was hard to see through waterfalls. (A least by the end of the run I could start to sing along.) There where teary eyes at most of the stops and it was not until Odessa and the memorial of the chopper coming in to get the wounded soldier that the healing really started.

I found that all the people of the run were very supportive in a lot of ways—taking care of your bike, comforting your soul, just making sure that everything was going good, so you can do your job and finish the run. Seeing the people standing on the overpasses was something that I had not prepared for at all—that can take someone outside of themselves. And when you are standing beside a Major General, and he is introducing his wife and a cannon goes off!!! You don't know who is going to dig the biggest hole, or how fast, when you stop and realize where you are and that the two of you are or were about to dig this hole. You look through tear-filled eyes and of course unable to speak, and see this man in the same condition that you are and when you get your voice back you say "One would think that after 46 years you would get over this." His reply was "Son you

never get over this.” We both looked at his wife and seeing her eyes were filled put a question mark on our faces. She looked at us both and said “Now I understand better my husband and what he has gone through and it took a 46-year vet to show me more understanding of my husband and now more of the rest of the vets as well.

That really got to me. Ho! We were going to shake hands and that rolled into a hug and a kiss on the cheek. They’re all like that, the riders on Run For The Wall. You never really know what to expect while on the Run, and never know where it comes from.

I guess the two things that I did not expect on the Run was the camaraderie that I had not felt since I left country. Part of that was the feeling of a “family” that a soldier of all services does not feel when he’s out of the service.

I would like to thank all who put on the Run and all those who helped to make my trip home the best that one could hope for anywhere or anytime. Thank you all.

NO LONGER AN FNG

By Pat “Bubblegum” Urban
Portland, OR

Run For The Wall Coordinators, Board of Directors and all of the Volunteers:

There are so many things I could say about the Run and I'm not sure I can do all of my memories justice. I'm afraid of leaving something out; but I will try to tell you in my words what the Run means to me now that it is over. What will stand out in my mind and memories are too many incidents to write - but for me, it was the people. The kids who made us hearts, wrote poems and gave us dog tags to take to The Wall. The people who love our country and expressed it by giving us hugs and telling us thank you over and over. Yup; it was the people: new friends we made who rode with us and those who asked if we were going to come back. And, it is more:

It was the lone man alongside the freeway standing at attention and saluting us in the desert outside of Phoenix
It was the retired Marine standing in full dress blues saluting us as we rode into Jackson, MS.
It was the many, many people on overpasses and in the cities who took the time to greet us.
It was the pride in the American faces of adults, teenagers and children we met.
It was the privilege of meeting MOH, POW Veterans from WW2, Korea and Vietnam; Tuskegee Airmen and Navajo Code Talkers and a survivor from the Bataan Death March.
It was the camaraderie and love I felt as John was surrounded by his fellows at the Vietnam Memorial in Odessa, TX. with the wind howling and the sky with its dark clouds shooting lightning
It was the interaction with the ride heroes: The Road Guards, Platoon Leaders and Tail Gunners, Advance Team and Chaplains
It was the morning prayers
It was the morning meetings
It was smiling and giving a big Whoo Hoo to the fueling team
It was the awesome hydration team
It was being able to help in the merchandise trailer
It was knowing the chase truck was there-just in case
It was the pride I felt as my husband participated in RFTW Honor Guard
It was the goose bumps I got when Shenandoah was played on the harmonica at Silverdale Civil War Confederate Cemetery
It was the Vet who quilts
It was the men who wore pink shirts to support another worthy cause
It was the Road Guards who smiled at my pink sparkling helmet

It was earning a Road name, "Bubblegum"

It was the people we met and rode with side-by-side

It was the Huey ride and feeling an overwhelming sense of pride in my husband as he hung out the gunner door, pumping his arms in the air and smiling and laughing and yelling, "YES!" reenacting his time in Vietnam as a door gunner

And finally,

It was walking hand in hand with my husband to The Wall, taking photos, rubbing names, gently putting down items and finally looking at The Wall from a distance and letting go

It was knowing that for 10 glorious days on the road, I was a part of something so very special and that first ride as FNG will live in my heart forever.

For all of the work you have done over the years, as former FNG (Fine New Gal) 2010, who rode all the way;

Thank you!

HEART OF STONE

By Smeg

I have had a stone cold heart since I came back from Vietnam. Three years ago I got prostate cancer, from agent orange. This brought back nightmares and memories I had put behind me. Then I got diabetes. All of this inflamed my anger. I have been treated, very well I might say, by the VA. Also they put me in anger management and group therapy.

Nothing has softened my heart and reduced the anger like the Run for the Wall. I have a whole new outlook, and finally feel welcome home. It is because of people like you who put this on each year.

From my heart I thank you.

I NEEDED THAT

By Tom "Sidewalk" Cameron

San Diego, CA

tomcameron@cox.net

I was on the Southern Route and can't say loud enough that this was far and away the best motorcycle trip ever! My only regret was not being able to get to know more of the outstanding men and women who participated, and I guess it was just over too soon. Wow.

They should advise people to bring more Kleenex. Most of the water from the hydration trailer was coming out my eyes! Never have I had so much trouble choking through the national anthem and the pledge. I was most surprised by my personal emotional response, but I saw others having the same reaction. Yes, they were right, you have to experience it to come to really believe.

In that vein, one of the things I enjoyed watching was when you would see one of the riders who had removed himself from the group and was on his cell phone. More than once I heard something like, "Hey Bobby! You just gotta do this run! You wouldn't believe how wonderful it is! Really, you just have to come next year!!"

Found myself making one of those calls myself!

In Phoenix, there was a slight problem. For the camping contingent, there was no place near the hotel to camp or set tents. Knowing this, I had made arrangements to stay with a friend a few miles away, but the others told their plight to the security guard at the hotel. And here comes the RFTW story maker! The guard reached into his pocket and pulled out the key to his own house.

"Here. Go on over to my house and you can stay the night there!"

He didn't know these RFTW people from Adam—he just sent them to his home! Unbelievable, but that was what being on this Run was like. And the following night in Las Cruces, local Biker Dusty took us out to a home in the country in almost the same way. We each found a corner of the house or the yard to roll out our sleeping bags and sleep- to the braying of goats, honking of geese, and curious purring of the indoor cats. We all survived just fine!

One story I must add is from a gas stop somewhere out there in the middle of the ride. After we got gas I had parked the bike and a particular pin on my vest caught the eye of another rider. It is not a pin that one in a million veterans would recognize, it is the emblem of the 1st battalion 16th infantry. Milt saw the pin and asked when I had been in Viet Nam with that unit. I told him the years, 1967, 1968. He gave me a funny look.

"What company were you with?"

I stopped and looked back at him. No one had ever asked that of me. "Charlie company," I replied. We were face to face now.

"Were you with Charlie Company when they got the shit shot out of them?"

My jaw dropped. With my mind suddenly filled with a flood of memories I said simply, "Yes, I was."

Forty-three years ago and suddenly it was like yesterday. Milt had been in the First division that day, and was privy to the communication and paperwork involving that battle. It had been a very big deal that the whole First Division knew about, but from my lonely vantage point it seemed like just another forgotten firefight. Not so, Milt still remembered with me. I wept, and it all felt good. In my pack I carried the list of names I had embroidered onto a round patch, the good men who died that day. It helped to know that someone else also remembered it.

I still have the patch and will keep it for now. I simply left a small flag under the panel where my friends' names are on the Wall.

Thank you, Run For The Wall. I needed that.

Read more on Tom's blog: http://www.raggtopp.5u.com/whats_new.html

FROM AN OLD WAR HORSE

By Terry "Rotorhead" and Dianna McCollum
Casper, WY
Blue Gold Wing Trike
supercoach@wyoming.com

My wife and I joined the Central Route in Goodland, KS. I have trouble expressing myself in long letters. so this one will be pretty short.

What can you say about this ride except beyond belief. From the dinner and welcome in Goodland from the very fine people there to the very end and being one of the few that got to ride through Arlington. It was extremely emotional for me. Some people call me Rotorhead, thanks to my being a helicopter pilot in RVN. On Oct 31, 68 one of my helicopters crashed and all 10 on board were killed. Back when I was flying for the state of Wyoming I had been to DC and made a trip to the wall and had the opportunity to leave a couple of items at that time so I didn't think I would feel the urge to leave anything this time. Well when I got to my panel I didn't have anything to leave. Thanks to Tail Gunner Nich and Charley, they not only had my back but dug deep in their pockets and found something for me to leave. Thanks gentlemen I owe you.

Rolling Thunder was more relaxed for me than the emotional high I had been on for the preceding week. What a massive number of Motorcycles and there was just about as many parked along The Mall as was riding. What a wonderful experience. The two that were closest to me was our Platoon Leader Grumpy (Terri) and our Tail Gunner Nich. Their only concern for the entire ride was our safety. Nich you can yell at me any time I do something wrong cause it came from the heart. THANK YOU. I am totally convinced that the major pre-qualification for Road Guards is to be INSANE, thank you for all of your hard work.

From the planners, state coordinators, fuel crews, road guards, platoon leaders, tail gunners, chase vehicles, chaplains, and especially the people who took the time out of their busy lives to skip work and come out and cheer us on and say "WELCOME HOME," thank you, thank you, thank you. To everyone I forgot thank you too.

Now a note to the old warriors who served back during the Viet Nam era. We have a duty an obligation to our young brothers and sisters serving today. Make it a point to say THANK YOU, and shake their hand. Make sure they get their WELCOME HOME when they return, not 30 or 40 years later. If you have made it to here, thank you for reading the ramblings of an old War Horse.

A SIGNIFICANT LIFE EXPERIENCE

By Michael "Dadbo" Owen, MSgt USAF Ret.
Lompoc, CA
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We have but one short life to live on this earth and many opportunities to live for God and country. But it seems that out of many conflicting perceptions, we seldom make good on these moments. I stand here before the Lord, my sisters and brothers, veteran and civilian, to give thanks and honor for the unique privilege afforded me by those who made the 2009 Run For The Wall a reality.

This was and will always be a significant life experience for me to carry for the remainder of time. I am having almost as much difficulty trying to find the words to express my gratitude and appreciation of the RFTW effort as for those that have died for so many. It would be impossible to convey in this short letter what may take me a lifetime to realize. The selfless dedication, genuine concern for others, love of country, and the love of one's neighbor is truly extraordinary. I am so grateful to so many people, most of whom I didn't have to chance to meet, let alone thank, that it has taken me awhile to try to express.

I have to admit I was a bit incredulous when Jim Perry and Ross Currie first told me about RFTW. I entered the Air Force in 1975 at the end of Vietnam, and admittedly didn't feel the same pain as too many had in their return from that awful war. So I took a knee and asked God what I should do and slowly over the next few months it became clear that this was to be call I had to answer. I recognized that there was real need for recognition of the ultimate sacrifice of so many, the service of countless patriots, and healing of many who came home wounded in body and spirit. What I didn't count on was the healing I needed and received at the hands of so many. I didn't know I had any wounds to mend, or scars to repair. But day after day, meeting hero after hero, seeing the pain in the contorted face of men and women I will forever consider friends, I saw myself

and recognized my wounded spirit. In every mile we rode, every town we entered, every man, woman, and child cheering us on, every flag, and every salute I had the honor to return that I found the healing tears of God's abundant love. Every day I melted a little more and accepted those curative tears.

I was on a quest to find what I needed to do to help my fellow veterans, but I found the answer to the prayer I made the day I departed for Rancho Cucamonga. "Lord, guide me to do your will on this run". The answer was to accept His grace to rid myself of the scars I had and allow the His therapeutic love to take place in me. Now I have a new prayer and a new mission to find those I can truly aid in their recover, to lend a hand where it can lift another, and to help this country recognize what needs to be done.

This may sound like the incoherent rambling of an FNG and that might be true, but it is the only way I've found to express even an infinitesimal portion of what I still cannot fathom. "If you haven't been there..." is etched on my soul and I have for the first time an inkling of what it must be like, and I am proud to call the airmen, soldiers, marines, sailors, and civilians who gave and are still giving, brother/sister.

Mike aka Dadbo
Green Knights 39 - Road Captain
Patriot Guard Rider
American Legion Rider
Msgt, US Air Force Retired
and now
Run for the Wall / Rolling Thunder

TOP HAT SAVED MY LIFE!

By Gordon Eggers, 2nd Platoon Central Route 2010
Livermore, CA

I had a moderate heart attack and severe altitude sickness on arrival in Angel Fire NM. TOP HAT probably saved my life when he gave me a couple of nitro pills when he saw me collapse on the stairway in the resort, late afternoon on the 21st of May. I was transported to the hospital in Taos, NM. and after a laborious night, I was released to the Angel Fire Fire Dept. for transport back to the resort.

The chaplains we had on the run, one especially who came to the hospital while I was there, I salute you for taking the time to see to my needs, even after a hard run before-hand, to ride another 70 miles to succor me. Brothers-in-arms we were/are, I am still emotional as to your actions taken in my behalf.

WHAT A RUSH!

By Trikebike of Missouri

I would like to thank all of you for allowing me to have the most memorable trip of a life. I was selected to escort Gold Star Mother Theresa Sareo. She is the lady who sang the National Anthem. What an honor for me. I also took her right to the water's edge at the reflecting pool on the bike. People had to be moved and I was escorted all the way. What a rush.

So many things happened to me on this ride that have changed me for the better. I guess that is what it is truly all about. The good Lord blessed me on this trip and now I know why it took three years before the doctors would allow me to go. I met a lot of new friends and hope to meet many more. I would like to thank Stray Dog, Digger, Colonel, and Pop-a-Top for watching over me and push-starting my bike as the starter went out in Washington. They push-started it all the way to Missouri as no shop had a new starter on hand. Thanks again and I will be there again next year.

WE ARE IN GOOD HANDS

By Joe Middleton

Abilene, TX

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I want to say first that this was the best experience I have enjoyed in many, many years. That being said the people I met, the people I saw, the old and new vets I had the privilege of being among, the many kids and people along the side of the roads waving flags and yelling and shouting with love and respect was overwhelming to me. I come from a town in Texas that has large military influence in its population, but to see the outpouring from the small communities along the route from Weatherford, Tx to DC gave me more faith in the future of our country than I could have gotten from anywhere.

As long as there are people like this, showing their respect to our military, and its fallen, past and present, we are in good hands. As long as we have our sons and daughters showing their kids and grandkids what respect for God and country really is, then we'll be OK. I feel honored to have ridden with what I feel like are real men and women who honestly still have a deep love for this country and what it's all about, all politics aside and riding to honor those that have given all for us to be able to do so.

It is not hard to see how this adventure gets into your blood. I know it has gotten into mine. The Lord willing, and if "Chicken Joe" and Dan "Wide Load" will allow me to join 7th platoon (Triker and Trailer Trash) next year I would be honored to ride with them all the way from CA to DC. Oh yea! You others that have to stay in your air conditioned rooms can come along also LOL.

We left as individuals and arrived as family. I never enjoyed being welcomed home like this before. Thank you 1ST Sargent and everyone else who made this event a life changer for me.

KINSHIP AND HEALING

By David E. Sholly

SSGT. USAF 1967-1971

Aurora, Colorado

trainjockey58@msn.com

I was given a RUN FOR THE WALL pin by a co-worker five years ago. He told me his story of the RFTW, and what it had meant to him.

I am a 100% P&T disabled veteran, in remission from lung cancer for two and one half years. I felt I had put it off long enough, so I put all my excuses and medical conditions aside and decided now was my time to run for the Wall!

After 41 years of emptiness, I felt a kinship and a healing, as I met my new brother and sister riders from Vietnam, Iraq, Afghanistan, U.S. active duty veterans, and one very Special Gold Star Mom and her dog Gizmo.

As an FNG I got to ride my motorcycle into Arlington National Cemetery and see the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. We then proceeded to the Vietnam Memorial wall. As I saluted them, I swelled up with gratitude for those who had given the ultimate sacrifice for our freedom.

What patriotism I saw on the bridge overpasses as we rode under them and in the towns with the American flags displayed. The people who came up and said "thank you for your service to our country" melted away the hard feelings I had from when we came home from across the pond without any respect or honor.

God willing I'll be part of the RFTW in 2011!

A thank you to the RFTW 2010 organizers, advance teams, platoon leaders, chaplains, road guards, tail gunners, chase vehicles, etc. And a heartfelt thanks to the platoon leader and assistant platoon leader of Platoon 4, Central Route! All of you made my experience an unforgettable, safe and pleasurable trip.

I purchased twenty five 2010 RFTW pins to pass out to veterans who have not yet made the Run, hoping to inspire them as my friend did me! WELCOME HOME!!!

THANK YOU FOR THE RIDE OF A LIFETIME

By Rick Behymer

Missouri

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I was an FNG on the Central Route, 2010 Run For The Wall. When I joined the Run in Wentzville Mo. I had no idea what an incredible experience being on The Run For The Wall would turn out to be for me. I've tried to explain to my wife and others just what being on the Run is like and I haven't been able to adequately put it into words. I haven't been able to explain the instant friendship and sense of family that develops the morning you join the Run. I've come to realize that sense of family lasts much longer than the Run itself.

I took a couple of hundred pictures on the Run and while they bring a smile to my face when I look at them now, they aren't nearly as good as the memories I have when we were moving and picture taking was out of the question. Memories like: two ladder fire trucks on an overpass parked facing each other, their ladders fully extended, a very large American Flag suspended between them. On top of the cab of one fire truck stood lone a fireman, holding a perfect hand salute, backlit by the morning sun, as we went under that overpass.

Overpasses with people standing shoulder to shoulder holding flags and waving, with bed sheets made into signs hanging from overpass railings saying "Welcome Home. " A little girl about 8 or so in West Virginia who asked if she could take a picture of me and the two riders I was talking to at the time, just because we were on the Run.

Being fortunate enough to be allowed to ride into Arlington National Cemetery, with 249 other FNGs from 2010. Seeing The Wall for the first time, and walking its length.

Words can't describe how those things touched my heart, caused a lump in my throat, and sometimes required me to blink rapidly to clear my vision.

I could ramble on for several more paragraphs about the things I saw, and the feelings I felt, but I won't. If you were on either Route you know exactly what I'm talking about. If you haven't been on the Run For The Wall yet, I urge you to go as soon as you can.

It doesn't take long to realize that it takes a lot of dedicated people to make the Run For The Wall work as well as it does. To all of them I'd like to take this opportunity to say Thank You for the Ride of a Lifetime. To everyone on the Central Route, particularly the Second Platoon, Thank You isn't nearly enough, but it'll have to do. It was an honor to ride with all of you.

Would I do it again? Absolutely! Only the next time, my wife will be with me. After seeing the pictures I took, and listening to me try to explain what being on the Run For The Wall was like for me this year, she's decided she wants to see it all for herself next year starting in California.

A SUGGESTION FROM AN FNG

Wolfman, USMC '63-'66, Vietnam '65-'66 (1stAmTracBn)
Semper Fi #1, MHD-15, RNC

Now that the run is over for this year and planning and work begins for next year, I would like to make one suggestion that drastically affected my run this year and kept me from going ATW. This has to do with all of the excellent "check lists" and "things to do" lists that RFTW puts out and are very thorough on keeping us on track on what to expect. I'm speaking strictly as a FNG, which I was this year.

I was on the Central Route, which is what my suggestion has mostly to do with. I made it into Williams, AZ for the first overnight and that was it. What sidelined me was not my bike but my lungs. I had no idea the first three nights would be over 7,000 ft. elevation (and higher for Angel Fire, 8,400 ft. and getting over the divide 9,600 ft.) or how badly it would affect me. I was fine all through the climb into Williams, the parade, and the bbq, but by 3 a.m. at the hotel I could go no further and had to call 911. Williams, AZ's finest came and were outstanding. Within 60 sec of them providing me with O2 I was fine. Problem was I was a long way from breathable (for me) altitude and there is no O2 handy and the nearest hospital was 30 miles away in Flagstaff.

After much encouragement from my two roommates (both experienced RFTW riders and both on the Fuel Crew), I gave in (that macho Marine thing is hard to give up) and went with the EMTs to Flagstaff Medical Center where I stayed for 36 hrs while the VA arranged to provide me with portable O2 to get down out of the mountains. If you ever need a hospital stay while in northern Arizona I highly recommend Flagstaff Medical Center. They were absolutely outstanding. Also a big thank you to the RFTW "chase crews" who took my bike down to Flagstaff and got the hospital to store it for me in their fully-enclosed and locked storage area. Thanks again guys, sorry I can't remember your names but would love to hear from you.

From there I had to return home because I did not believe the O2 I had would have or could have gotten me down out of the mountains into Kansas (to catch up) before running out of O2. As it was that was a wise move as it took over 2 of my 3 bottles just to make it back down to I-10.

My only reason for this post is to suggest that in future RFTWs more and repeated warnings IN WRITING are posted throughout the "check-lists", etc. We're all not getting any younger and with the 23rd run coming up, more emphasis needs to be placed on the extremely high altitudes that the Central Route especially traverses. Just saw another post of a rider who got altitude sickness in Angel Fire and also had to go to the hospital. I lived in AZ (in the 70's) and I had no idea just how high the whole northern part of the state (and especially New Mexico) is (and how utterly beautiful too) and I was a pilot selling airplanes back then too.

The VA, if you're 100% (I am) can provide you with an O2 "concentrator" on a loaner (they cost in excess of \$4K) if you give them enough advance notice. It's on a first-come first-serve basis only. It's about the size of a small backpack (can fit on the backseat of touring bikes easily) and produces its own O2 from outside air. No refilling is required, just batteries and they're rechargeable from either 12v or 120v. Just used one on a commercial airline flight and it worked great. Plan on using one for the 23rd RFTW (ATW).

In summation, everything worked great. Twenty-two years of planning by all the myriad of volunteers worked just as it was intended to. I and my bike were well taken care of. My only suggestion again is that as we are getting older, **please put more emphasis in all the information that you provide on the extreme altitudes that are encountered in the first 3 days of the Central Route.** People who have no trouble breathing don't notice the lack of air up there, but those of us who do have breathing problems really do notice it. If as a rider

you go on and try and drive through it or ignore it, you can be looking at worst-case scenario being a stroke and/or a crash. Granted, a cannula around your nose doesn't look all that macho, but I'd rather breathe and be able to go ATW next year.

► **OUR STORIES**

YOU MADE IT POSSIBLE

By Rocket, Central Route Road Guard Captain

I want to thank the Central Route riders. The pack arrived in DC without any serious mishaps—mostly low-speed or parking incidents (hurt pride). I received many thanks and congratulations on a job well done, but I know that none of that would have been possible without you paying attention and listening at the morning meetings.

If you have not completed the After Action Report yet, please do. It is available on the Home page of the RFTW website.

PARABOLA

By Harry "Mustang" Parmer

A parabola is one of the most elegant forms in nature. Every path made by a thrown ball, every spout of water from a fountain, and every graceful arch of steel cables in a suspension bridge is a parabola.

The parabola represents the epitome of a quest—it is a curving line that sails outward and returns with a new expansion—and perhaps a new content, like the flung net of a Japanese fisherman. It is the metaphorical journey to a particular point, and then back home, along a similar path perhaps, but in a different direction, after which the traveler is essentially, irrevocably changed.

Parabolas have an unusual and useful property: as in a satellite dish, all parallel beams of energy (e.g., light or radio waves) reflect on the parabola's face and gather at one point. That point is called the focus.

So what does a parabola and Run For The Wall have in common? In similar ways, each Run For The Wall has its own focus as the participants journey to a particular point, and then back home again, and a big part of that focus is the healing the experience brings to those who so long ago began their journey in a place called Vietnam.

In this year 2010, two brother Marine 9th Engineers joined together to participate in Run For The Wall with a focus to remember those from their past who gave all in this country's most controversial war. They remembered their fallen comrades and honored them by riding for them across this great country. Like a parabola, their journey together culminated at a particular point, The Wall, and then back home again, along a similar path, but in different directions, after which both of them were irrevocably changed—further along in their healing from a past war that in some ways seems to have no end.

So as the parabola, Run For The Wall represents the epitome of a quest. And at the end of this year's RFTW, those who participated hear the echo of those sweet words many failed to hear some 40 years ago when their lifelong quests began in the aftermath of war ...

Welcome home!

AN ORDINARY SOLDIER

By Judy Lacey

Lake Havasu, AZ

My first year with RFTW was 2003, and I've taken several friends under my wing as FNGs in past years. This year I could only go as far as Raton, NM, and my friend Paul (USAF) could take just a few days off work and asked if he could ride with me. He had been thinking about going for some time, but always put it off.

Paul has never been on RFTW, so he had no idea what to expect. I told him why we go to The Wall and the things that happen along the way, but not until he experienced it firsthand did he realize just what a powerful impact it would have on him. A few days before the Run he commented that he had not "let it out"—cried—since Vietnam. I told him "Oh, you'll be crying, believe me." And it didn't take long. We were still in Rancho, and Sizzmo presented him with Vietnam beads and told him he was her hero, that he should always be proud of his service to his country when he shed tears for the first of several times on the Run.

I love watching FNGs on RFTW—their astonishment at seeing hundreds of veterans and their support systems hugging everywhere you looked; their wide-eyed excitement at seeing all the people on overpasses waving flags; having people come up to them and say "Welcome Home" and "Thank you for your service"; the cities and towns that put on meals for several hundred of us—then thank US; their first glimpse of the Angel Fire Memorial up on the hill. I see their watery eyes and know that the experience is softening their hearts. It's like experiencing my first RFTW all over, and it keeps me from taking it for granted.

One incident in particular this year will always remain in my memory. On our way back home from Raton, when we came through Gallup, I asked Paul if he'd like to take a side trip to see Window Rock. It's such a special place, and I wish CR could go back there, but our group had gotten too large. Paul was very interested in seeing Window Rock, the headquarters of the Navajo Nation. I headed that way, but missed a turn because the "Window Rock" sign to turn right had been vandalized and the sign couldn't be read. We drove farther and farther into the reservation, and I finally decided I was lost. I turned back and looked for a house (they're very far apart out there) where I could ask directions.

We came upon two houses on either side of the road, and I was about to turn into the closest one, on my side of the road. But for some reason I didn't understand, I thought no, I should go to the other house. I pulled up in the dirt driveway and went to the door.

A Native American answered the knock. I told him we had been with Run For The Wall and were heading back but I wanted my friend to see Window Rock. He gave me directions and I thanked him, and as I turned around he asked me "Is that a serviceman in your car?" Yes, I said. He asked if he could talk to him. He walked to the passenger side of the car and leaned down. He extended his hand to Paul and said, "I'm not a veteran, but my grandfather was a Code Talker, and I just want to thank you for your service to our country." He waved his hand as if encompassing everything in view. "I want to thank you for fighting for my country and for making it possible for me to live here on my Mother Earth. Thank you sir."

Paul couldn't speak because he was choked up and his eyes were spilling over. He just nodded and mumbled "thank you." When we drove away he could only say "I don't believe this – I just can't believe it."

I could hardly believe it, either. That this Native American, rather than brag about his famous grandfather, instead thanked an ordinary soldier as a hero.

Before we got back home, Paul had talked to his wife and she agreed to go with him next year—all the way.

WATCHING OVER FNG'S

By LittleMac

2010 was an interesting and personally rewarding RFTW for me. My FNG year was 1998 (same as Skeater's, I believe), but this year, I was joined by two fellow military retirees and dear friends of more than 20 years. Neither are Vietnam veterans, but both are retired E-9s and we have remained in essentially daily contact over all these years, first in pen and ink, then email and now cell phone. In fact, it was one of them who decided we should do this together (we have done quite a few travels in our retirement years sort of working on that "bucket list" thing).

Joe drove the gray Toyota Avalon that stayed with Skeater most of the way and Matt rode the dark blue trike that popped and annoyed the seventh platoon to the point of having him fall in last!

Both Joe and Matt were FNGs and both did a lot of reading about RFTW and what we do. They became pretty committed to the cause and to the effort. Neither is in exceptional shape, with Joe using a cane and Matt nursing a knee replacement, migraines (which I'm sure that embarrassing deceleration popping exacerbated!) and both with the effects of the years creeping up on them (as they do all of us eventually).

For a few years now, I have told folks who listen to my accounts of RFTW that this experience cannot be described (Ron, my neighbor and riding buddy for almost the same amount of time, repeated that statement when we were both on "the original" fuel crew in 2006.) Joe and Matt have heard it as well, but now they repeat that sentiment.

I met Joe and Matt in Limon and we proceeded to Goodland to meet the pack when they arrived that evening. It wasn't their first glimpse of the pack (they went with me to Limon in 1998 when I made my FNG ride to DC), but it was their first as a part of it all.

They both were insistent about being at every rider's meeting and paying attention to all the information passed down each day (and, remember, Joe was in a cage!).

Each evening, we would discuss the day's events and stops. I warned them that unless they took time to make daily detailed notes, the run becomes a blur and it all runs together. They discovered that about the time we rolled into Hurricane! We are still attempting to reconstruct every little detail of our adventure.

Fortunately, I knew a lot of the folks on the run and they did indeed take care of the new FNG friends (as they always do). They were able to both hop on Matt's trike (Joe with cane in hand) and make the FNG ride to visit the Tomb of the Unknown and to make the Arlington ride (where Joe and I visited in November to pay our respects to another retiree Brother there).

Unfortunately, after four and a half hours in the sun at the Pentagon, they ended up being diverted by traffic cops and were parked at the Washington Monument. That wasn't going to bode well for the two of them with their disabilities, but at least we had all been to the Wall the day prior ... something they understand far better than most and where I have some 74 names on Panel 05-East. I am happy they could accompany me and be with me for that solemn visit. And, after six days on RFTW and the experience of meeting all the riders and the townspeople, they understand even better. They returned to the hotel without the opportunity to meet Nikki Mendicino (and her mom had made arrangements for the two of them to sit with them and had chairs awaiting them!).

We shared one of my particular missions together and have no regrets and nothing but great memories. They were impressed at how well planned and orchestrated RFTW is, how cordial the riders and RFTW staff are, and amazed at the welcome we receive in each town and fuel stop. I am sure they are "spreading the word" about RFTW and their wonderful experience.

Will we (they) do it again? Probably (though they jokingly say they want to get new patches that say “Fly to the Wall”!)

One thing for sure, as they both said before going, “We do not want to end up in wheelchairs in an old soldiers’ home with lap blankets and a drool cup saying, I wish, I should have, I could have”! They earned their patches and will display them proudly.

Thanks to all for welcoming my Brothers.

PASSING THE TORCH

By Shadow

Their eyes so wide and bright,
They could see the many bikes in the strong sun light.
In the distance -thunder they can hear,
They stood in awe as the group drew near

As the passing vets looked into each little face,
The smiles they seen helped them keep up the pace.
Their ride had been long and hard,
But with the children there waving- it was just another short yard.

These precious children and their Freedom -one more reason we ride,
You know these people will not run or hide!
Protecting Freedom and Country as well,
We all know that some have been through pure hell!

Now we pass the torch to this next generation,
Ensuring the survival of this Great Nation.
Yes these children are our future and this we do swear,
We will continue this mission year after year.

And if you ask those who ride,
If it is worth the miles riding side by side.
I'm sure they will tell you—yes it's all very true,
Because We Ride in Freedom for Each and Every One of You!

► BRINGING THEM HOME

POW/MIA STATISTICS

Still unaccounted for as of June 2010:

WWI:	More than 3,000 *
WWII:	72,000
Korean War:	8,025
Vietnam War:	1,719

Cold War:	125
Desert Storm:	0
TOTAL:	84,869

* How rare is it to find and identify remains of missing U.S. service members from the First World War? It's happened just five times in the past seven years, according to Lee Tucker, spokesman for the Joint POW-MIA Accounting Command in Hawaii. That still leaves more than 3,000 Americans missing and unaccounted for in the so-called war to end all wars.

JPAC TEAMS RETURN FROM SOUTH KOREA

JOINT BASE PEARL HARBOR-HICKAM, Hawaii (July 7, 2010) – Multiple teams from the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command returned to Hawaii June 21 after spending more than 100 days in the Republic of Korea on two Joint Field Activities. The teams successfully conducted recovery and investigative operations searching for evidence and information associated with Americans missing from the Korean War. This was the third and fourth Joint Field Activity in South Korea scheduled for 2010.

Two recovery teams searched in the Kangwon and Kyongsang provinces for multiple missing individuals associated with ground and aircraft losses. The teams searched for human remains, life support, and material evidence used in the identification of unaccounted-for personnel. Possible human remains and material evidence were recovered and were transferred to U.S. Forces Korea Mortuary Affairs in preparation for a Joint Forensics Review and future repatriation.

Investigation teams developed information to support the recommendation to excavate selected recovery sites. Two investigation teams conducted interviews, research and fieldwork in the Kyonggi and Kangwon provinces for information associated with 53 missing individuals. Fourteen primary leads resulted in two site closures, one site suspension, and one site nomination for future recovery mission.

The mission of JPAC is to achieve the fullest possible accounting of all Americans missing as a result of the nation's past conflicts. In Fiscal Year 2009, recovery and investigation teams deployed to 16 countries on 69 missions searching for those heroes that remain unaccounted-for.

To view photos of this mission, visit the JPAC photo gallery at www.jpac.pacom.mil

JPAC TEAMS RETURN FROM VIETNAM

JOINT BASE PEARL HARBOR-HICKAM, Hawaii (June 25, 2010) – Teams from the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command returned to Hawaii June 22 after spending more than 40 days in the Socialist Republic of Vietnam. The teams successfully conducted recovery and investigative operations searching for evidence and information associated with Americans missing from the Vietnam War. This was the 99th Joint Field Activity in Vietnam.

Three recovery teams searched in the Quang Binh, Quang Tri, and Thua Thien-Hue provinces for four missing individuals associated with aircraft losses. The fourth recovery team searched an underwater aircraft crash site in the northeastern Nghe An and southeastern Thanh Hoa provinces for two missing individuals. The teams searched for human remains, life support, and material evidence used in the identification of unaccounted-for personnel. Possible human remains were recovered and repatriated, and have been transported to JPAC's Central Identification Laboratory for analysis and identification.

The investigation teams conducted interviews, research, and fieldwork in seven provinces for 53 missing individuals associated with 28 cases. Investigation teams developed information to advance the fate determination of Last Known Alive cases and support the recommendation to excavate selected recovery sites.

The mission of JPAC is to achieve the fullest possible accounting of all Americans missing as a result of the nation's past conflicts. In Fiscal Year 2009, recovery and investigation teams deployed to 16 countries on 69 missions searching for those heroes that remain unaccounted-for. "Until They Are Home"

Attu Island Update

The DPMO staff is working with the government of Japan to move forward in assisting the Japanese to recover remains of their WWII missing from Attu Island, Alaska. Before major recovery work can begin there, an assessment must be conducted to protect sensitive environmental areas on the island.

Punchbowl Disinterment

DPMO and JPAC are coordinating on a proposal to disinter a set of unknown Korean War remains currently buried at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific. To date, JPAC has exhumed 15 sets of unknown remains there from the Korean War. Eight have been identified, while the rest are undergoing forensic analysis.

- **1st Sgt. George H. Humphrey**, U.S. Marine Corps, 6th Marine Regiment, lost Sept. 15, 1918, during the first U.S.-led offensive of World War I, under the command of Gen. John J. Pershing, near St. Mihiel, France. His remains were identified on March 2, 2010.

George Humphrey joined the Marines a couple of years before WW-I broke out and by the time the Marines deployed to France he was a 1st Sgt. In September 1918 the American Expeditionary Forces entered the St. Mihiel sector. I Corps, made up of elements of the U.S. Army 2nd, 5th, 82nd, and 90th Infantry Divisions, anchored the eastern flank near the town of Thiacourt. Attached to the 2nd Infantry Division was the 6th Marine Regiment. Among the approximately 7000 Allied casualties of the battle was First Sergeant George H. Humphrey of the 6th Marine Regiment. On 15 September, 1918, 1st Sgt Humphrey was with a group of Marines moving along a trail north of Thiacourt when they encountered a relatively large group of German troops and a firefight erupted. As 1st Sgt Humphrey began setting up a defense, he was shot in the head and killed instantly. On the morning of 16 September, some of his fellow Marines buried him on the crest of the hill. When they buried him they did so in full uniform with all of his web gear, boots, etc and placed his helmet over his head. Shortly after the war, Army graves registration details searched for 1st Sgt Humphrey's grave but were unable to locate it.

Fast forward 91 years to September 2009 when French relic hunters were searching for artifacts in a wooded area west of the village of Rembercourt-sur-Mad, approximately 17 miles northeast of St. Mihiel. As they searched, they found artifacts and a helmet that they thought belonged to an American from WW-I. As they picked up the helmet, they could see cranial remains beneath those of an American soldier from World War I. The relic hunters stopped immediately and notified French authorities who, in turn notified the US government. From 20-23 October, a US recovery team excavated the site pointed out by the French and recovered the remains of 1st Sgt George Humphrey. When found he still had his wallet in his pocket, a couple bandoliers of 30-36 ammo, and some French coins in his pocket. About two weeks ago a sister who is still alive accepted the identification of 1st Sgt Humphrey. He was buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

- **Fireman 3rd Class Gerald G. Lehman**, U.S. Navy, aboard the battleship USS Oklahoma was lost Dec. 7, 1941, when the Japanese capsized the vessel during their attack on Pearl Harbor. His remains were identified Jan. 11, 2010.

The Department of Defense POW/Missing Personnel Office (DPMO) announced that the remains of a U.S. serviceman missing in action from World War II were identified on January 11, 2010. He was returned to his family for burial with full military honors. He is U.S. Navy Fireman Third Class Gerald G. Lehman, of Hancock, Mich. He was in Hancock.

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor Dec. 7, 1941, the battleship USS Oklahoma suffered multiple torpedo hits and capsized. As a result, 429 sailors and Marines died. Following the attack, 36 of these servicemen were identified and the remaining 393 were buried as unknowns in the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific in Honolulu, Hawaii.

In 2003, an independent researcher contacted the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command (JPAC) with information he believed indicated that one of the USS Oklahoma casualties who was buried as an unknown could be positively identified. After reviewing the case, JPAC exhumed the casket and discovered that it contained Lehman's remains.

Among other forensic identification tools and circumstantial evidence, scientists from JPAC and the Armed Forces DNA Identification Laboratory also used dental comparisons and mitochondrial DNA – which matched that of his sister and nieces -- in the identification of Lehman's remains.

More than 400,000 of the 16 million Americans who served in World War II died. At the end of the war, the U.S. government was unable to recover, identify, and bury approximately 79,000 as known persons. They include those buried with honor as unknowns, those lost at sea, and those missing in action. That number also includes the 1,100 sailors entombed in the USS Arizona Memorial in Pearl Harbor. Today, more than 72,000 Americans remain unaccounted-for from WW II.

- **Col. Elton L. Perrine**, U.S. Air Force, 497th Tactical Fighter Squadron, 8th Tactical Fighter Wing, was lost on May 22, 1967, aboard an F-4C Phantom aircraft during a nighttime strike mission in North Vietnam. His remains were identified on Dec. 7, 2009.

The Department of Defense POW/Missing Personnel Office announced June 3, 2010 that the remains of a U.S. serviceman, missing in action from the Vietnam War, have been identified and returned to his family for burial with full military honors. Air Force Col. Elton L. Perrine of Pittsford, N.Y., was buried at Arlington National Cemetery near Washington, D.C.

On May 22, 1967, Perrine and Capt. Kenneth F. Backus completed a nighttime strike against the Cao Nung Railroad Yard near the town of Kep in North Vietnam.

Seconds after the bomb run, a nearby aircrew reported seeing an isolated explosion approximately three miles east of the target, thought to be Perrine's F-4C Phantom aircraft crashing. Search and rescue attempts were not initiated due to heavy anti-aircraft fire in the area.

Analysts from DPMO developed case leads with information spanning more than 28 years. Through interviews with eyewitnesses and research in the National Archives, four locations in Lang Son Province were pinpointed as potential crash sites, separated by as many as 10 miles.

Between 1999 and 2008, U.S.-Socialist Republic of Vietnam teams, led by the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command, further analyzed leads, interviewed villagers, conducted two surveys and four excavations. The teams recovered small pieces of aircraft wreckage, human remains, personal effects and life-support equipment from the four locations.

Among other forensic identification tools and circumstantial evidence, scientists from JPAC and the Armed Forces DNA Identification Laboratory also used mitochondrial DNA – which matched that of Perrine's

mother – in the identification of his remains. No remains connected to Backus were recovered at the locations.

REMAINS OF 9 FROM VIETNAM RETURNED

Department of Defense Prisoner of War/Missing Personnel Office officials announced on June 11 that the remains of nine service members, missing in action from the Vietnam War, have been accounted for and returned to their families for burial with full military honors.

Col. William H. Mason, Camden, Ark.; Lt. Col. Jerry L. Chambers, Muskogee, Okla.; Maj. William T. McPhail, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Maj. Thomas B. Mitchell, Littleton, Colo.; Chief Master Sgt. John Q. Adam, Bethel, Kan.; Chief Master Sgt. Calvin C. Glover, Steubenville, Ohio; Chief Master Sgt. Thomas E. Knebel, Midway, Ark.; Chief Master Sgt. Melvin D. Rash, Yorktown, Va.; and Master Sgt. Gary Pate, Brooks, Ga., were buried as a group June 11 in Arlington National Cemetery. The individually identified remains of each Airman were previously returned to their families for burial.

MIA FROM KOREAN WAR IDENTIFIED

The Department of Defense POW/Missing Personnel Office (DPMO) announced on June 18, 2010 that the remains of a U.S. serviceman, missing in action from the Korean War, have been identified and returned to his family for burial with full military honors.

He is Pfc. Charles H. Higdon, U.S. Army. He was buried his hometown of Akron, Ohio.

In early November 1950, Higdon was assigned to 2nd Battalion, 8th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division, occupying a defensive position near the town of Unsan by the Kuryong River known as the “Camel’s Head.” Two enemy elements attacked the U.S. forces, collapsing their perimeter and forcing a withdrawal. Higdon’s unit was involved in fighting which devolved into hand-to-hand combat around the 3rd Battalion’s command post. Almost 400 men were reported missing or killed in action following the battle.

In late November 1950, a U.S. soldier captured during the battle of Unsan reported, during his debriefing, that he and nine American soldiers were moved to a house near the battlefield. The POWs were taken to an adjacent field and shot. Three of the 10 Americans survived, though one later died. He provided detailed information on the incident location and the identities of the other soldiers.

Following the armistice in 1953 and the release of POWs, the other surviving soldier confirmed the details provided in 1950.

Analysts from DPMO developed case leads with information spanning more than 58 years. Through interviews with eyewitnesses, experts validated circumstances surrounding the soldier’s captivity and death, confirming wartime documentation of his loss.

In May 2004, a joint U.S.-North Korean team, led by the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command (JPAC), excavated a mass grave near the “Camel’s Head.” An elderly North Korean national reported he had witnessed the death of seven or eight U.S. soldiers near that location and provided the team with a general description of the burial site.

The excavation team recovered human remains and other personal artifacts, ultimately leading to the identification of seven soldiers from that site.

Among other forensic identification tools and circumstantial evidence, scientists from JPAC and Armed Forces DNA Identification Laboratory also used dental comparisons and mitochondrial DNA – which matched that of Higdon’s sister—in the identification.

More than 2,000 servicemen died as prisoners of war during the Korean War. With this accounting, 8,025 service members still remain missing from the conflict.

SIX NAMES ADDED TO THE WALL

Washington, D.C. — The names of six American servicemen were recently inscribed on the black granite walls of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, and the status designations will be changed for 11 others whose names are already on The Wall, announced Jan C. Scruggs, founder and president of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund (VVMF).

Work began April 29 and proceeded through May 4. A May 4 press event showcased the addition of one name, that of Army Lt. Col. William L. Taylor, whose name will be added to Panel 7W, Line 81 of the Memorial.

The six names being added this year meet the Department of Defense (DOD) criteria for addition to The Wall: all of the men died as a result of wounds sustained in the combat zone during the Vietnam War.

Names Added to The Wall:

Lance Cpl. John E. Granville, U.S. Marine Corps

Los Angeles, Calif..

Jan. 7, 1949 – April 26, 2007

Date of Casualty: June 12, 1968

Wall Location: Panel 56W, Line 34

The Department of Defense (DOD) ruled that medical evidence submitted by the Department of the Navy Bureau of Medicine and Surgery (BUMED) about Lance Cpl. Granville shows that he qualifies as having "died as a result of wounds (combat or hostile related) sustained in the combat zone" due to the amputations that he received as a result of his wounds.

Lance Cpl. Clayton K. Hough Jr., U.S. Marine Corps

Holyoke, Mass.

Oct. 1, 1947 – Feb. 9, 2004

Date of Casualty: Feb. 22, 1969

Wall Location: Panel 8W, Line 3

Medical evidence submitted by the Department of the Navy Bureau of Medicine and Surgery (BUMED) indicates that Lance Cpl. Hough qualifies as having "died as a result of wounds (combat or hostile related) sustained in the combat zone" due to the amputations that he received as a result of his wounds.

Capt. Edward F. Miles, U.S. Army

Manhasset, N.Y.

Aug. 17, 1944 – Jan. 26, 2004

Date of Casualty: April 26, 1969

Wall Location: Panel 26W, Line 55

The U. S. Army Office of the Surgeon General (OTSG) made the determination that Capt. Miles died as a result of wounds sustained on April 26, 1969 from a "booby trap" set by hostile forces.

Sgt. Michael J. Morehouse, U.S. Army
Covington, Ky.
Feb. 15, 1949 – Aug. 14, 2004
Date of Casualty: April 1969
Wall Location: Panel 26W, Line 1

The U. S. Army Office of the Surgeon General (OTSG) has made the determination that Sgt. Morehouse died as a result of wounds sustained by hostile action in April of 1969 in Vietnam.

Lt. Col. William L. Taylor, U.S. Army
Tampa, Fla.
Dec. 19, 1941 – Jan. 23, 2009
Date of Casualty: Sept. 21, 1970
Wall Location: Panel 7W, Line 81

The U. S. Army Office of the Surgeon General (OTSG) has made the determination that Lt. Col. Taylor died as a result of wounds sustained by hostile action on Sept. 21, 1970 in Vietnam.

Cpl. Ronald M. Vivona, U.S. Marine Corps
Suffolk, N.Y.
Nov. 30, 1946 – Apr. 28, 2008
Date of Casualty: Apr. 6, 1968
Wall Location: Panel 50E, Line 36

Medical evidence submitted by the Department of the Navy Bureau of Medicine and Surgery (BUMED) indicates that Cpl. Vivona died as a result of wounds (combat or hostile related) sustained in the combat zone. "We will add the names as close as possible to their dates of casualty, so these servicemen can remain in the company of those they served with," said Scruggs. Taylor will be added on the location corresponding to his exact date of casualty.

Status Changes

Beside each name on the Memorial is a symbol designating status. The diamond symbol denotes confirmed death. The cross represents missing in action. When a service member's remains are returned or accounted for, the diamond is superimposed over the cross. In addition to the six names being added this year, 11 designation changes will be made as well.

Adding Names

These changes brought the total number of names on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial to 58,267 men and women who were killed or remain missing in action.

The six new names became "official" when they were read aloud during the annual Memorial Day Ceremony at The Wall on Monday, May 31.

The Department of Defense sets the criteria for and makes decisions about whose names are eligible for inscription on The Wall. The Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund pays for the name additions and status changes, and works with the National Park Service to ensure long-term preservation and maintenance of The Wall. Dedicated on Nov. 13, 1982, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial was built to honor all who served with the U.S. armed forces during the Vietnam War. It has become known as an international symbol of healing and is the most-visited memorial on the National Mall.

► EVENTS

August 20-22, 2010

18TH ANNUAL SALUTE TO AMERICAN VETERANS RALLY Cripple Creek, Colorado

After three years in Winter Park, the Veterans Rally is returning to its original home in Cripple Creek, Colorado!

Flyovers, parade, poker run, POW/MIA Remembrance Ceremony, vendors, free concerts
The Traveling Wall will be there

For more info: <http://www.theveteransrally.org/>

September 3-6, 2010

ANGEL FIRE REUNION

Host Hotel: Angel Fire Lodge 575-377-6401 Mention RFTW Reunion for Group Discount.

Planned Events:

1. Friday, 9/3/ 2010 - Meet and Greet and Riders Forum. Enchanted Circle Ride (if enough interest) Email Monte if you're interested.
2. Saturday, 9/4/ 2010 - Brick Laying (work day); Reunion Group Dinner,
3. Sunday, 9/5/ 2010 - Golf Tournament (Fundraiser for David Westphall Vietnam Veterans Foundation). Sunday Church Service.
4. Monday, 9/6/ 2010 – Farewell,

Saturday Lunch, during the work schedule is sponsored by Barbara Montoya, owner of Cloud Nine Beauty Indulgence. Barbara and Cloud Nine Beauty Indulgence also is the sponsor of the 2nd annual Hair Cutting Fundraiser for the David Westphall Veterans Foundation, which this year is scheduled for October 16, 2010.

There will also be a Bikes, Blues, & Brews biker event in Angel Fire that weekend.

Volunteers (preferably in uniform) will be needed to raise and lower the flag each day. Each Medal of Honor Brick will be escorted by one each uniformed Army, Marine, Navy, and Coast Guard. Leading the escort in uniform will be Retired Army LTC. Chuck Howe, President DWVF and RFTW President John King. Contact Monte if you are interested in participating in this honor detail.

Watch for additional details.

Monte (Bullrider) Apodaca
575-595-5166

Lharley8@aol.com
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September 17-19, 2010

KERRVILLE, TX REUNION

Host Hotel: YO Ranch Resort Hotel
2033 Sidney Baker, Kerrville, TX 78028
Sgl/dbl rate: \$92, Family suite \$159, 1bd suite \$185, 2bd suite \$260
Call 8779673767;
ask for RFTW rate. Rooms held until 7 a.m. August 16, 2010

Camping: KerrvilleSchreiner Park 830-257-5392
(close to hotel). Call for reservations.

Registration Cost: \$30 until August 23; \$45 after that. Send checks payable to Janice Wentworth, 113 Old South Drive, Crestview, FL 32536. Include your address, phone number, email address, and number of people attending. Paypal is available – call or email Janice (2149065357, stitchnbitch1@earthlink.net). Email receipt will be your dinner ticket/confirmation.

Friday: Rides planned

Saturday: Morning ride; Riders Meeting in afternoon; buffet dinner

Sunday: Breakfast

DON'T FORGET POW/MIA Recognition Day—September 17, 2010

► TAPS

Gayle McCook

Marty “5 Dollars” Geblar’s beloved wife passed away June 17. We send our condolences to Marty. Gayle will always be in our hearts.



► CLOSING THOUGHTS

WW II TRIVIA

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

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

3. At the time of Pearl Harbor , the top US Navy command was called CINCUS (pronounced 'sink us'), the shoulder patch of the US Army's 45th Infantry division was the Swastika, and Hitler's private train was named 'Amerika.' All three were soon changed for PR purposes.
4. More US servicemen died in the Air Corps than the Marine Corps. While completing the required 30 missions, your chance of being killed was 71%.
5. Generally speaking, there was no such thing as an average fighter pilot. You were either an ace or a target. For instance, Japanese Ace Hiroyoshi Nishizawa shot down over 80 planes. He died while a passenger on a cargo plane.
6. It was a common practice on fighter planes to load every 5th round with a tracer round to aid in aiming. This was a mistake. Tracers had different ballistics so (at long range) if your tracers were hitting the target 80% of your rounds were missing. Worse yet, tracers instantly told your enemy he was under fire and from which direction. Worst of all was the practice of loading a string of tracers at the end of the belt to tell you that you were out of ammo. This was definitely not something you wanted to tell the enemy. Units that stopped using tracers saw their success rate nearly double and their loss rate go down.
7. When allied armies reached the Rhine, the first thing men did was pee in it. This was pretty universal from the lowest private to Winston Churchill (who made a big show of it) and Gen. Patton (who had himself photographed in the act).
8. German Me-264 bombers were capable of bombing New York City, but they decided it wasn't worth the effort.
9. German submarine U-120 was sunk by a malfunctioning toilet.
10. Among the first 'Germans' captured at Normandy were several Koreans. They had been forced to fight for the Japanese Army until they were captured by the Russians and forced to fight for the Russian Army until they were captured by the Germans and forced to fight for the German Army until they were captured by the US Army.
11. Following a massive naval bombardment, 35,000 United States and Canadian troops stormed ashore at Kiska, in the Aleutian Islands. 21 troops were killed in the assault on the island. It could have been worse if there had been any Japanese on the island.

VIDEOS OF INTEREST

If you haven't yet seen this video, watch it—you'll be amazed.

A Marine's Vigil (Rolling Thunder Parade)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eefQSDrJ0x8>

“GI Joe and Lillie” by the Oak Ridge Boys. If you don't shed tears when you hear this, you don't have a heart. Be sure to listen to the words at the very end. <http://silverandgoldandthee.net/V/Lil.html>

Here are some youtube videos I found for RFTW 2010, CR and SR both:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y5ocEXoWUcM&feature=related> (Anne Perry – official RFTW 2010 video)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UdhymNR5sA8> (Supporters in Palm Springs – AdStar Productions)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VgoocpYdY4E&feature=related> (RFTW Tribute - Anne Perry)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nXgc4SI51eQ&feature=fvw> (The privileged 250 FNGs at Arlington)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JP6oMJStZpc> (RFTW 2010 departure from Big String, TX – Kylee Carol)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RAkEV7Gq2j8&feature=related> (Choudrant, LA Black Wolf Harley)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rUC30GseQZc&feature=related> (Santa Fe, NM)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YFMITSwE9kM&feature=related> (An overpass in Saline Co. AR)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=V3wkHzD2KL4&feature=related> (Grain Valley, MO)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aM5tyBprLt0&feature=related> (Wytheville, VA)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J6MzQIY44pM&feature=fvw> (Corydon, IN)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ocV9CIdQWDI&feature=related> (Blythe, CA)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=93AE4MOKptQ&feature=related> (Terrell, TX)

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dtnjEgOh_dk&feature=related (Vietnam Vets Thank You – VVA Chapter 785 (2007))

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wBrLAWVWsUg> (Cimarron, NM)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NKIS3isuvDQ&feature=related> (Weatherford TX - Anne Perry)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uJMeeOf5rCY&feature=related> (Bristol, VA)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-fAeVCjzTzI&feature=related> (Limon, CO)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wekZ5b0fxug&feature=related> (Monroe, LA)

You Are Not Forgotten



RUN FOR THE WALL



WE RIDE FOR THOSE WHO CAN'T

**To promote healing among Vietnam veterans and their families and friends
To call for an accounting of all Prisoners of War and those Missing in Action (POW/MIA)
To honor the memory of those Killed in Action (KIA)**