



EL GRITO DEL CUERVO

THE CRY OF THE CROW

Special points of interest:

- Next Games Night is 12 January 2002.
- Sign up for the luncheon (page 4) by 8 January 2002.
- Check out the DD214 article on page 6.

The Big Wheel-A Christmas Story

I realize that Christmas has come and gone but I believe you will enjoy this story. It was furnished to me by one of the members of my Homeowners Association.

In September 1960, I woke up one morning with six hungry babies and just 75 cents in my pocket. Their father was gone. The boys ranged from three months to seven years and their sister was two. Their dad had never been much more than a presence they feared. Whenever they heard his tires crunch on the gravel driveway they would scramble to hide under their beds. He did manage to leave \$15 a week to buy groceries. Now that he had decided to leave, there would be no more beatings, but no food either. If there was a welfare system in effect in southern Indiana at that time, I certainly knew nothing about it. I scrubbed the kids until they looked brand new and then put on my best homemade dress. I loaded them into the rusty old 51 Chevy and drove off to find a job.

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Our Scholarship Chairman	5	One bleak fall morning, I dragged myself to the car to go home and found four tires in the back seat. New tires! There was no note, no nothing, just those beautiful brand new tires. Had angels taken up residence in Indiana? I wondered. I made a deal with the owner of the local service station. In exchange for his mounting the new tires, I would clean up his office. I remember it took me a lot longer to scrub his floor than it did for him to do the tires.
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DD Forms 214 & Identity Theft	6	I was now working six nights instead of five and it still wasn't enough. Christmas was coming and I knew there would be no money for toys for the kids. I found a can of red paint and started repairing and painting some old toys. Then I hid them in the basement so there would be something for Santa to deliver on Christmas morning. Clothes were a worry too. I was sewing patches on top of patches on the boys pants and soon they would be too far gone to repair.
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The Presidents Corner



I hope that each and every one of you had a very Merry Holiday Season, and a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous New Year. We can say a lot about

this last year but what sticks in my mind the most is 9-11-2001. I'm sure that is a day that none of us will ever forget.

My wife and I had the distinct pleasure of attending Major General Bruce A. "Orville" and Mrs. Wright's appreciation party. Of course most of you know that he since has been promoted to Lt. General. Fortunately I was able to attend his promotion ceremony also.

The Appreciation Party was very well done and a fine time was had by all. In representing the association I was able to present a plaque to the general in order to show our appreciation for the support he has given us during his tenure as Commander, AIA. Most of you probably know by now that he is moving to ACC to take over as the Vice Commander. Hopefully we will see him here again on one of his visits to the area.

On a lighter note, I wish to say "thanks" to Sam and Nancy Roberts and all others involved in

putting together the Christmas party this year. A fun time was had by all even though we had a lot of food left. Fortunately we were able to donate the "leftovers" to the SAMM Shelter downtown. I hope they enjoyed their treat.

We are starting something a little different with this issue of the newsletter. I have asked each board member to write an article identifying what they do, why they volunteer to do it and what they would like to see the chapter do in the future. This month's board member is Mike Miller, our Scholarship Chairman. I am anticipating having a new article each month by one of the board members. The real purpose for this is to let you the membership know who is doing what and why. I would love to have your feedback with regard to the article.

My Wife Anne and I also were fortunate to attend the annual 563rd FTS party which was held at Retama Park. The food was great and when you put it together with the entertainment and the chance to be with friends one could not ask for a better evening. Oh, how nice it would be to be young again!!!!

On a more serious note, the new Office Manager, Marsha Ocain is off and running. She has pretty much settled in and is "taking charge" as is necessary. Keep up the good work Marsha.

We have also transitioned the Treasurer's position and Mike Feldblum is now in full control.

For those of you who haven't completely read the newsletter be sure to get your reservations in early for the luncheon coming up on January 11th. This is one of the two sessions we will have this year which will be more on the technical rather than operational side of things. Dr. Keith Lysiak will be presenting information on "Numerical Modeling of COMINT Platforms".

*Happy New Year,
Donald E. Macaulay,
President*

Freedom's Price: far from free, but worth it

By Lt. Col. Tim Saffold 354th Fighter Squadron commander DAVIS-MONTHAN AIR FORCE BASE, Ariz. (ACCNS) -- Freedom isn't free. Freedom has a price. As American fighting men and women, we hear this so often that it almost becomes a cliché uttered whenever anyone wants to praise the virtues of military service. Rather than inspire us, it quite often seems to numb us. We hear the words but we don't connect them to the sacrifices of warriors who have purchased our nation's heritage with hard work, sweat, and blood. Sadly, we fail to realize that we are those warriors connecting the past with the future by honoring the memories of those who have gone before us. The price was very high for two good friends back in February 1991. One lived to tell his story; one died,

but his story will never be forgotten. I remember each of them quite well. One was a fellow flight commander; one was like a kid brother. I was a flight commander flying A-10s over the skies of Iraq in Operation Desert Storm. But this story isn't about me, it is about Storman and Oly -- two exceptional warriors who believed in America and were willing to lay it on the line for Kuwait's freedom. Storman's story has almost a comical beginning. The night before he was shot down, my other two roommates and I had had enough of Storman's incessant snoring. Louder and

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A Christmas Story

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at the Legion and were dropping nickels in the pinball machine.

The regulars all just sat around and talked through the wee hours of the morning and then left to get home before the sun came up. When it was time for me to go home at seven o'clock on Christmas morning I hurried to the car. I was hoping the kids wouldn't wake up before I managed to get home and get the presents from the basement and place them under the tree. (We had cut down a small cedar tree by the side of the road down by the dump.)

It was still dark and I couldn't see much, but there appeared to be some dark shadows in the car - or was that just a trick of the night? Something certainly looked different, but it was hard to tell what. When I reached the car I peered warily into one of the side windows. Then my jaw dropped in amazement. My old, battered Chevy was filled full to the top with boxes of all shapes and sizes. I quickly opened the driver's side door, scrambled inside and kneeled in the front facing the back seat. Reaching back, I pulled off the lid of the top box. Inside was whole case of little blue jeans, sizes 2-10! I looked inside another box: it was full of shirts to go with the jeans. Then I peeked inside some of the other boxes: there was candy and nuts and bananas and bags of groceries. There was an enormous ham for baking and canned vegetables and potatoes. There was pudding and Jell-O and cookies, pie filling and flour. There was a whole bag of laundry supplies and cleaning items. And there were five toy trucks and one beautiful doll.

As I drove back through empty streets as the sun slowly rose on the most amazing Christmas Day of my life, I was sobbing with gratitude. And I will never forget the joy on the faces of my little ones that precious morning. Yes, there were angels in Indiana that long-ago December. And they all hung out at the Big Wheel truck stop.

Always Remember

I Will Force Myself To Remember The Weeping.....And Remember The Pain.....

I sat in a movie theater watching "Shindler's list," and asked myself, "Why didn't the Jews fight back?" Now I know.

I sat in a movie theater watching "Pearl Harbor" and asked myself, "Why weren't we prepared?" Now I know. Civilized people cannot fathom, much less predict, the actions of evil people.

On September 11, dozens of capable airplane passengers allowed themselves to be overpowered by a handful of poorly-armed terrorists because they did not comprehend the depth of hatred that motivated their captors.

On September 11, thousands of innocent people were murdered because too many Americans naively reject the reality that

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Enlisted Tuition Grants Awarded

The Billy Mitchell Chapter awarded Enlisted Tuition Grants totaling \$1,002 to six local enlisted members. Grants were for the second term of the fall semester. The lucky recipients were:

TSgt Cornel N. Berry
SSgt Tara L. Bullard
MSgt Bryan K. McNutt
TSgt James M. Thompson
MSgt Angela M. Washington
SSgt Wendy M. Zimmer

The six recipients attend Park University. Five of them are pursuing bachelor degrees and one an associate degree.

Enlisted Tuition Grant (ETG) application deadlines for the upcoming spring semester are 1 Feb 02 for Spring I and 1 Apr 02 for Spring II. For more information about the ETG program and application contact the Installation Education Office or visit the Billy Mitchell Chapter web site at www.bmcaoc.org.

The ETG program is chaired by CMSgt Robert Flores

Job Opportunity

Looking for an experienced network engineer - CCIE certification desirable - to be our Senior Network Engineer. Knowledge in VoIP, network security, network design, advanced communications systems (optical, wireless and LAN) is required. This is not an entry level position.

If Interested contact Dick Mortenson at New Technology Management, INC, (NTMI), at 1843 Paseo San Luis , Sierra Vista (across the street from ILEX). My office phone is (520) 452-1428.

Dick has been a long time supporter of FiestaCrow and we anticipate he will continue to support us.

JOINT AOC / AFCEA Luncheon

SPEAKER

Dr. Keith A. Lysiak

Numerical Modeling of COMINT Platforms

He will discuss

the use of cost efficient numerical modeling to predict Direction Finding (DF) antenna and array responses of systems installed on complex platforms and how to use this to optimize system and platform performance prior to production

11 January 2002

Sign-in 1100L

Lunch 1130L

Speaker 1200L

Dave & Busters (I-10 & 410)

Menu

Italian Rosemary Chicken Breast or Fajita Salad

\$15.00

RSVP

Via

[HTTP://WWW.BMCAOC.ORG](http://www.bmcaoc.org)

Or call

Marsha Ocain at the BMCAOC office at 732-7697

Please make your reservations NLT 8 January 2002. If canceling a reservation please do so NLT 9 January 2002

Our Scholarship Chairman



I'm Mike Miller and I'm the chairman of the scholarship committee for the Billy Mitchell Chapter of the AOC and the AOC Educational Foundation, Inc. I'll bet most of you didn't even realize our board of directors actually serves both AOC organizations. Obviously, there is the BMC, which actually takes care of the day-to-day business of the chapter, sponsors the Fiesta Crow symposiums, the St. Patrick's Day party, river parade and lots of other stuff. But the Educational Foundation is where I believe we provide an equal impact on the organization and community.

Don Macaulay, our chapter and foundation president asked the members of the board of directors to write articles for the newsletter describing our individual involvement with the BMC and the Educational Foundation. I got conned into writing the first article because I'm the current longest serving member on the board of directors, besides DAK. He wasn't at the last meeting. I don't know why we didn't task him to write the first article. Isn't that the way it's supposed to go? Don thinks this is a warm fuzzy for us, a pat on the back for a job well done. Personally, I think it's a pain in the butt. I

could be watching Survivor or re-runs of the Simpson's right now. I'm a volunteer. I don't serve on the board expecting recognition. Besides, my picture was in the newsletter 14 times a couple of months ago.

I'm starting my seventh year as a member of the board of directors. I was a volunteer on the scholarship committee prior to being elected to the board of directors. I managed the Enlisted Tuition Assistance (ETA) committee after Chief Fencel left. A few years ago ETA became the Enlisted Tuition Grant (ETG) program. When I started working on the scholarship committee we averaged awarding a thousand dollars a semester to local enlisted service members in less than 100 career fields. I put my focus on improving the ETG program and expanding it to serve a wider portion of enlisted force. This last year we awarded almost \$12,000 to local enlisted service members in more than 200 career fields. We added information operations related career fields after the AOC embraced IO/IW as a core force multiplier. It's not unusual now to have 30 or more applications for enlisted tuition grants per semester. I didn't do this alone, Chief Flores serves on the scholarship committee and he is doing a great job with the ETG program. He's the example you use when someone asks what a Chief does.

We tweaked the scholarship program and shifted money over to the ETG program, but continued to serve local university students in the fields of electrical engineering, mathematics and computer science. We're putting more emphasis on trying to get ROTC students to apply for our grant.

I serve on the board of directors because I hope to give something back to the enlisted force and help in some way to assist in easing the financial load and maybe some pressure enlisted members have to bear when attending college courses part-time, at night. I got my degrees that way and it was no picnic.

As a member of the board of directors my goal is to attract younger members to the chapter and raise awareness in the enlisted force about what the AOC can do for them and the EW/IO community. The last couple of years I've looked around and noticed I am an "Old Crow." That was one of the reasons I didn't join the AOC earlier. I thought it was just a bunch of older officers and senior NCOs that put on an EW symposium every couple of years. What on earth did I have in common with them? Other than maybe an appreciation for single malt scotch. As a member of the general membership the only benefit I got out of AOC membership was reading the Journal of Electronic Defense (JED). As a member of the board of directors I can help steer the direction the chapter and foundation takes to assist our membership and the local community.

I see our goal, as the premier EW/IO professional organization, is to raise the awareness of industry, academia, governments and militaries of the world to the importance of EW and IO in the full spectrum of conflict. We dropped relatively few daisy cutters on Afghanistan, but as time goes by the importance of IO on the war on terrorism and in Afghanistan will be revealed.

Ok, being first I set the low standard for these articles. Next month tune in to see which BMC mis fit gets his non-writing arm twisted enough to write a self aggrandizing article. Cheers.

PRESIDENT/EDITORS NOTE:

Mike has performed an excellent service as the Scholarship Chairman for the Billy Mitchell Chapter-Association of Old Crows and we hope he will continue to do so.

Freedom's price:

(Continued from page 2)

louder he snored until Dodger took a broom handle and swacked him with it a couple of times, exclaiming, "For God's sake, man, knock it off or we'll all die from lack of rest!" It worked! Uninjured, the mighty Storman ceased his snoring and slept for another four hours before hitting the floor to begin a three-sortie combat day. Little did we know that before day's end, Dodger would regret broom-whipping the Storman. And our squadron would have to begin a quick recovery from the shock of losing one of our own. Storman was working not too far from Al Jaber Air Base when he was hit. He almost made it to the border before ejecting; his wingman did not see him eject and assumed that he went in with the aircraft. A massive combat search and rescue ensued. Hawgs from six different squadrons and Marine Corps AV-8 Harriers converged on his location. Through a hailstorm of anti-aircraft artillery fire, pilot after pilot flew low and hard in search of the Storman. No one made contact. Enemy forces covered the area. By nightfall, the decision was made to call the search off; Storman was gone, presumed dead. The next day, we had a short memorial. We sang songs, threw nickels on the one clump of grass near our hooch, and listened to two different chaplains offer words of consolation. No amount of consolation could temper the rage, and we flew harder and meaner than we had ever flown before. The end was near. We could see the Iraqis breaking. Then the combined air and ground operation exploded into Kuwait. Oly was a forward air controller flying in front of advancing U.S. and British armor forces to direct air strikes against Iraqi Republican Guard units in Northern Kuwait. A hard-charging and fearless aviator, Oly flew every mission with a full sized American flag folded neatly in his cockpit. He was an aggressive perfectionist second to none. He knew quite well that the only way to end the war was to keep the pressure on and not let up until the enemy capitulated or was destroyed. On this day, less than 12 hours before the cease-fire, Oly's OA-10 suffered heavy battle damage from an exploding enemy missile. He handled it in textbook fashion, defeating other enemy gunfire and missiles before reaching a safe area where other A-10s could join him to determine the extent of the damage. It was quite extensive. Oly worked hard to get his aircraft into Saudi Arabia. There he made the decision to land his badly shot-up jet. He could have ejected, but he felt confident he could save his bird to fight another day. He almost made it too. Oly crashed on short final and a genuine American hero's life ended just hours before the war was finally decided. But what happened to the Storman? Happily, we would see the Storman emerge from an Iraqi prison and return home to a triumphant reunion. Emaciated and injured from torture, Storman suffered many months to overcome the effects of his captivity. Speaking tirelessly to groups across the U.S., Storman's message was loud and clear: Freedom isn't free; freedom has a price. With the events of September 11 still fresh in our minds and with combat operations in full swing in Afghanistan, Storman's and Oly's stories can inspire us in times of struggle. During these times, we turn to one another for strength, for courage and for inspiration to

see our missions through. Look around at all the faces at your base. Remember that we are the connection between the past and the future. It is our responsibility to ensure we honor the memory of those who have gone before us in order to bring honor to ourselves and to our nation. We do that through our commitment to each other and through exceptional performance of our duties. Freedom isn't free. And because it isn't, it belongs to those who will guard it and cherish it in their hearts and with their lives. That means freedom belongs to you. Never forget it! And never let those who would try to take it from us forget that we will fight to ensure our freedom endures!

DD Forms 214 and Identity Theft

After years of advising our separating and retiring folks to record/file their DD Form 214 at their local courthouse or other registering agency for safekeeping, there is some evidence that recording the DD Form 214 may not be a wise decision, and definitely it's a decision that must be made by each member. Our goal is to ensure all member's are aware of the possible risks.

Officials in the Family Matters Operations Branch in the Air Force Personnel Center report that information has surfaced that a military member's identity was stolen as a result of an unscrupulous lawyer being able to obtain several thousand DD Forms 214 through courthouse public records.

Please ensure your separations staffs advise separating and retiring members that to ensure documents will be safeguarded from viewing by unauthorized individuals, they should ascertain from the registering agency whether State or local law will permit the public access to the recorded document. If public access is authorized, and they choose to register the DD Form 214, it's conceivable that any person could obtain a copy for an unlawful purpose (e.g., to obtain a credit card in the member's name). If public access is permitted, and they choose not to register their DD Form 214, they should still take steps to protect it as they would any other sensitive document (wills, marriage and birth certificates, insurance policies). They may wish to store it in a safe deposit box or at some other secure location where it will be protected. Transition officials report that they are now providing this background information to active members as they retire or separate so they can make an informed decision about this important and sensitive document.

*This information furnished by:
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OK In Idaho—An Interesting Story

I arrived in Moscow, Idaho (Home of Idaho University one block from Best Western) and went to dinner at Best Western. About 85-100 people were in the Restaurant. I'm at a table for about 5 minutes when this "Group" comes in (20 people). They have Anti-War Picket Signs with them. It appears that two of these demonstrators are Professors. They all sit at a large round table behind me and begin to talk very loudly about US atrocities in Afghanistan. One of the "Professors" stands up and gives a brief talk about how the "US is famous for "Atrocities" and Afghanistan will be no different. One of the students asked a question about Viet Nam POW's.

The "Professor" makes a comment about how that was only US propaganda about poor treatment of POW's. OK - I'm really mad now and I jump up and go over to their table. (In retrospect - over the entrance to the Restaurant is a huge American Flag. On each table is an American Flag and a small hand painted sign "United We Stand") I excuse myself and ask the Professor if I can ask him a question. He says yes. I said that he appears to be of age to have served in Viet Nam, and asked him if he had served. His answer was, "NO - I defended this Campus and told the truth to the students. I then asked if he remembered what he was doing on February 16, 1969. When he answered, "Of course not - that was too long ago," I responded, "Really, I remember what I was doing. That was the second day of my capture and I had been standing in a bamboo cage for 24 hours with water up to my chest." I then said "Sir, your comments about how POW's in Nam were treated are a lie and I personally say to you, you are a ***** liar, as you never were there.

I was a POW and they did not treat our POWs humanly. The only other person I have ever heard make the statements like you have is Jane Fonda. Is she telling the truth and not me?" He stood up and after about 10 seconds said,

"Jane is a great patriot and I cannot visualize her lying." With that, I reached over and grabbed the small American Flag and United We Stand sign and said, "I'm taking this back to my table where it can be appreciated." No one said a word to me as I started to walk back. However after a few seconds, people started standing up and applauding all around the restaurant. Two men got up from a table across the room and walked over to me. The first identified himself as former US Marine Lieutenant Flynn and the other man was former Gunnery Sergeant Graboski. In a loud voice after introducing themselves, Lt. Flynn said they were former Marine Guards at a US Embassy. He then said, "We are over at this table to defend the US Flag from all foes, both foreign and domestic."

They then sat down and asked their Waitress to bring their meals over to the table. A few more minutes went by with loud comments from the "Anti-War" table. All of a sudden, "Gunny" Sergeant Graboski stood up and in a loud voice said "All of you heard what the President said the other night. You are either with the United States or you are with the terrorists." He then said, "Please stand and join me in God Bless America." As he started singing, people all around the restaurant stood up and joined in. Several of the students at the "Anti-War" table also stood up half

way through the song and joined in. Both Professors and the majority of the students remained seated and refused to sing. At the end there was a great ovation.

The Manager came up to my table. (He and his staff came out from the kitchen and sang.) He thanked me for what I started and then went over to the Anti-War table and asked them to leave. "I will pay for what you have had so far but I cannot in good conscience serve you - get out now!! One of the Professors then made a remark "Well, we are not going to pay one dime for how shabbily we have been treated." As they were leaving, one customer stood up and said, "Manager, here is \$5 towards their bill, anyone else willing to chip in to get this scum out of here?" All over the restaurant, people stood up reaching for their wallet and saying, "I'll chip in" The Manager, in tears said, "My family is from Poland, I am now a citizen and am so proud of what I see tonight." He started crying and a couple of the waitresses helped him into the kitchen.

The two Marines and I were there for about another 20 minutes and finished our meal. The Hostess came up and showed us more than \$100 dollars that all the other tables had told their Waitresses to give towards our bill. I thanked her but said I could not take the money. LT Flynn suggested donating it in the Restaurant's name to the New York Relief Fund, so I guess that's what will happen. I just can't believe how Americans are coming together now. Just thought you would like to hear how the rest of the country is reacting to what happened!!!

If you don't understand weapons you don't understand fighting. If you don't understand fighting you don't understand war. If you don't understand war you don't understand history. And if you don't understand history you might as well live with your head in a sack. ~ Colonel Jeff Cooper

Always Remember

(Continued from page 3)

some nations are dedicated to the dominance of others.

Many political pundits, pacifists, and media personnel want us to forget the carnage. They say we must focus on the bravery of the rescuers and ignore the cowardice of the killers. They implore us to understand the motivation of the perpetrators. The major television stations have announced they will assist the healing process by not re-playing devastating footage of the planes crashing into the Towers. I will not be manipulated. I will not pretend to understand. I will not forget.

I will not underestimate the intelligence of our adversary who patiently planned and meticulously orchestrated a devastating act of war.

I will not forget that the terrorists desire a world society where women are chattel and freedom is forbidden.

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**THE ASSOCIATION OF OLD CROWS
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PERIODICAL

**We're on the web
Http://www.bmcaoc.org**

Always Remember

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I will not isolate myself from my fellow Americans by pretending an attack on the USS Cole in Yemen was not an attack on me.

I will not forget the Clinton administration equipped Islamic terrorists and their supporters with the world's most sophisticated telecommunications equipment and encryption technology, hereby compromising America's ability to trace terrorist radio, cell phone, land lines, faxes, and modem communications.

I will not be appeased with pointless, quick retaliatory strikes like those perfected by the previous administration. I will not be comforted by "feel good do nothing" regulations like the silly, "Have your bags been under your control?" question at the airport.

I will not forget the liberal media who abused freedom of the press to kick our country when it was vulnerable and hurting.

I will not forget that ABC TV anchor Peter Jennings questioned President Bush's motives for not returning immediately to Washington DC and commented, "We're all pretty skeptical and cynical about Washington."

I will not forget that CBS anchor Dan Rather preceded President Bush's address to the nation with the snide remark, "No matter how you feel about him, he is still our president."

And I will not forget that ABC's Mark Halperin warned if reporters weren't informed of every little detail of this war, they aren't "likely - nor should they be expected - to show deference.."

I will not be influenced by so-called, "anti-war demonstrators" who exploit the right of expression to chant anti-American obscenities. I will not forget the moral victory handed the North Vietnamese by American war protestors who reviled and spat

upon the returning soldiers. I will not be softened by the wishful thinking of pacifists who chose reassurance over reality.

I will embrace the wise words of Prime Minister Tony Blair who told Labor Party conference, "They have no moral inhibition on the slaughter of the innocent. If they could have murdered not 7,000, but 70,000, does anyone doubt they would have done so and rejoiced in it?"

There is no compromise possible with such people, no meeting of minds, no point of understanding with such terror. Just a choice: defeat it or be defeated by it. And defeat it we must."

-I will force myself to:

- hear the weeping
- feel the helplessness
- imagine the terror
- sense the panic
- smell the burning flesh
- experience the loss
- remember the hatred

I sat in a movie theater, watching in quiet reverence as the blood of young soldiers turned the sands of Normandy beach red in "Private Ryan" and asked myself, "Where did they find the courage?"

Now I know. We have no choice.

Living without liberty is not living.
Author Unknown