



Catalina Mountains Patriot

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Preamble

“to promote and further patriotic education in our nation”

Commander's Comments

Welcome back. I hope everyone had a good summer break. In June we commemorated the 75th anniversary of D-Day. Remembering the horror of war and the bravery of the ones who sacrificed to save our way of life may serve to keep the world from a repetition.

In July we celebrated the birth of our great nation. The success of this great experiment serves as a beacon of hope and freedom around the world.

August, as always, is dedicated to surviving the rest of the hot Tucson summer. Our national convention was held August 5-9. It was a great success with many issues dealt with.

One of our main concerns is the survival of MOWW. With dwindling membership and low participation, it gets ever harder to maintain our relevancy. As a chapter we must do all we can to keep the order viable. I am asking all companions who are able to consider attending our regular meetings. This is also a request for each of you to ask friends and relatives to join our ranks.

(Continued on page 2)



Chaplain's Corner

Psalm 118:24 *"This is the day the Lord has made; rejoice and be glad in it."*

We have a tendency to look at yesterday and contemplate what we could have done differently. Or we concern ourselves with tomorrow and worry about what will happen. It is a very normal, human reaction to life, but we can be confident that the God of our yesterdays and tomorrows has already forgiven past mistakes and has planned good things for the future. So with trust in the God of past and future, have faith that God is with us in the present.

So, just for today, I will not try to tackle all my problems at once. Today I will be agreeable, courteous, and considerate. I will not find fault with anyone and will not try to improve anyone but myself. Today I will do two things I don't want to do, just for the exercise.

And today I will give thanks to God for this day. I will be unafraid to enjoy all that is beautiful in our world. I will take each day God has given me and appreciate it just for today.

Chaplain Jean



Commander's Comments

(Continued from page 1)

MOWW has a long and proud history of civic and patriotic involvement and it would be tragic to see this great organization fade away for lack of participation.

I hope to see many of you at our first meeting of the year. We will meet at Casa del Rio at 11:30 on September 7.



Patriot's Day

On September 11, 2011, four coordinated terrorist attacks by the Islamic terrorist group al-Qaeda killed 2,996 people, injured over 6,000 others, and caused at least \$10 billion in infrastructure and property damage. Additional people died of 9/11-related cancer and respiratory diseases in the months and years following the attacks.

On this day each year, a National Day of Service and Remembrance, Americans pause to reflect on the devastating attacks. On this day we commemorate those we lost, and give thanks to the brave first responders that put their lives on the line to help. *Info from Wikipediacom*

June Luncheon

We had a good turnout for our last get-to-gether before the summer break.

Our guest speaker was Col. John “Dan” McArthur, who was a Radiologist in the Air Force before retiring in 2019. Dan related some of his experiences at the Balad Military Hospital in Iraq during his two tours there, the first in the early days of the Iraq War. Dan is the son of member Jim McArthur. Thanks for sharing with us, Dan.



Commander Jean and Col Dan McArthur

Bob Ozier reported that we will be sending 12 students to the Arizona Youth Leadership Conference this summer. This is more than we have sent over the past several years. Great job, Bob.

Coimmander Jean presented a perpetual membership pin to Ken Robinson, who had previously been a regular member. Good job, Ken.

Guesats included Ann Hollis, who is a member of the Santa Cruz Chapter, and Nathaly McArthur, wife of our speaker. Nathaly is an Assistant Principal at Tucson High School.

Winners of the lottery were John Devine, Bob Ozier and Jim McArthur.



Commander Jean and Ken Robinson

Ted's Page

Homecomings



It was late in September, 1966. At Danang, with no seat available, we stood in the hot, crude-steel building. A long wait. We finally climbed aboard a C-141. I slept most of the way to Travis Air Force Base. After a year in and out of base camp, in enemy-concealing patches of jungle or shrub-covered hills, sometimes sloshing in rain and mud, I wanted to arrive home with, at the very least, a clean face. At the Travis gate, I took a bus to nearby San Francisco and saw what I was looking for — a barbershop. I fell into the barber's chair, softly padded, just as was remembered. A comforting thought: in America, one need not



An Khe "Home" Apr '66

recoil at the sight of a straight razor. The barber: "Do you want the mustache off?" A mustache didn't improve appearance. But it was there since February when we were ordered to stop shaving to conserve water — my great 13-man ballistic meteorology section, with the artillery, were leaving 1st Air Cavalry's base camp, going to a battle site. Vietnamese, I'd been told, viewed a man with mustache as being someone worthy of respect. So, after that operation I kept the mustache, thinking it might be helpful when

we went to future battle sites should I then try to learn from friendly Vietnamese where the Viet Cong were. But this was San Francisco, there were no Viet Cong, though there'd likely be

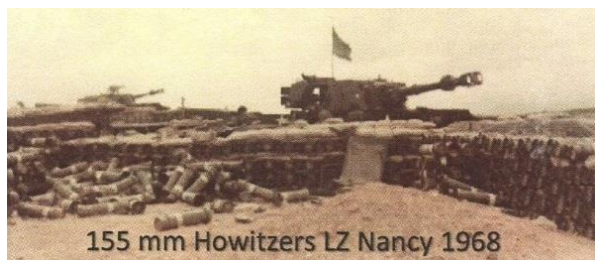


Radioonde release
near the DMZ
(photo enhanced to
expose balloon
string)

protesters agitating against the war and therefore, *against us*. We of the WWII era couldn't believe it. In being against us, the protesters were more successful than were the VC and NVA. Perhaps, in altruistic zeal, they believed they could end the war. Actually, they were prolonging it. As it turned out, the enemy depended on their assistance. "Leave it," I said, thinking the mustache might command respect here in San Francisco. The barber finished the shave and put away his razor. I ran a hand across a face, smoothest and

seemingly cleanest of that year, and left. If there were protesters on the way to the airport, they were ignored. I was on my way home.

In the airliner, dozing, unforgettable events returned. Ia Drang Valley in which other battalion units were engaged and the other 1st Air Cavalry battles in which my meteorology section *was*: Operations Clean House; White Wing/Masher with the ROKs (Republic of Korea), RVNs (Republic of Vietnam), and the 3rd Marines; Operation Black Horse; Operation Crazy Horse — 1st Cav, the horse division, had had an interesting Year of the Horse (on Vietnam's calendar).



way, pushing that science toward great heights.

Jumping ahead to July 1969, another return from Vietnam, but now to retire. Following our families' beliefs: that the privilege of living in the world's greatest country required one to do something in return, I had enlisted and became a recipient of the WWII nation-wide warm feeling for service people. I was thrust into meteorology. We, in military meteorology, were paving the

Over the years, there were three one-year overseas tours: forecasting in Saudi Arabia, and the two ballistic meteorology Vietnam tours. While I was away, Marie alone kept home fires burning: a warm, fuzzy term for paying bills, maintaining house and car, getting three girls to school, caring for illnesses, handling family deaths. To help make ends meet, she made clothing for the girls, even a lady's suit for herself — they were beautiful; in those pre-smart phone days, she wrote daily letters taking two weeks to arrive. The last and best assignment: operational control of seven great XXIVth Corps 13-man sections scattered near the DMZ and informing the Artillery Commanding General on area ballistic meteorology concerns. Before I left, the Corps XO said: "If you will change your mind and stay in the Army, your future is secure." I then held the most crucial job meteorologists could have — a greater challenge was not possible. I'd retire. I'd not have a 4th or more one-year tour. No more leaving Marie alone on long absences.

By this time, contract airlines shuttled our troops. We left Cam Ranh Bay in a World Airways 707 jet, landing at Tacoma-Seattle. I wasn't looking for a barber. Protesters, more numerous and emboldened, were harassing our homeland and trusting to a straight razor did



seem a bit ill-advised. A strangely quiet cab driver (a protester?) took me to Ft. Lewis. MPs directed me to a mess hall. Others from our 707 were already there. My Army records show the time: 0145 24 July 1969; yet, the post's entire cooks' staff were there, not cooking breakfast food but what most of us barely remembered— steaks. By this time, the Army must have realized it would have to welcome returning troops if they were to be welcomed at all other than by, of course, their families. The steaks were that much appreciated welcome back.

I had no current news or I would have thought those great Army cooks, instead of cooking nighttime steaks for Vietnam returnees, could be following, on TV, America's incredible feat; on that very day, Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins on Apollo 11 would splash down on the Pacific. Four days earlier, while Collins orbited the moon, Armstrong and Aldrin walked on it.

WHY THE MOWW?



John F. Kennedy declared in his 1961 Inaugural Speech: *“Ask not what your country can do for you -ask what you can do for your country.”*

Today these words may ring a little hollow when we hear so much about free government health care, free college, government stimulus plans, farm subsidies, and many, many more government programs on which we come to depend. It seems like everything is all about what can the country do for us. We wonder then if there is anyone concerned about the part that says “what we can do for the country?”

But then we think about the thousands of our young men and women who have volunteered to serve in the Armed Forces of our nation, putting their lives in harm’s way to protect our liberties and our way of life, and we find the answer loud and clear.

Where does this spirit of service come from, and what can we do to nourish and support it? The MOWW states in its preamble that we unite “...to inculcate and stimulate love of our country ...” and “...to promote and further patriotic education in our nation...”

We do this in our local chapter in several ways. Each year we recognize outstanding students in our High School Jr. ROTC programs, and at the University of Arizona Army, Navy and Air Force ROTC programs. Also each year the Arizona MOWW sponsors a week long youth leadership conference on citizenship for young people across the state. Our chapter sent 12 students to this event this year. And each year we sponsor a Massing of the Colors, a patriotic community service of remembrance involving the Boy Scouts, various veterans’ groups, ROTC units, Women’s Auxiliary units and others. We believe all of these programs encourage a sense of service to our country.

Where does the spirit of “what can we do for the country” come from? It comes from many sources but one of these is the MOWW. To continue with these programs, we need your support. If you believe this is a worthwhile effort why not come out to our monthly luncheons, enjoy great fellowship, and get involved in some of these activities? We could use your help.

“It is nobler to serve than to be served.”

Missing in Action - Found



September 20th is POW/MIA Recognition day, a time where we pause and remember those who have given so much for our country.

More than 80,000 Americans remain missing and unaccounted for from WWII, the Korean War, the Vietnam War, the Cold War, and the Gulf Wars/other conflicts. The Defense POW/MIA Accounting Agency (DPAA) is dedicated to providing the fullest possible accounting for these missing personnel to their families and the nation. Last month 17 more MIA's were identified.

One of these was Pvt. Penn Franks, Jr. from San Antonio, Texas, who was killed in WWII. Franks was a member of Company G, 371st Infantry Regiment, 92nd Infantry Division of the US Army. In February his unit was engaged in a battle on the Gothic line in the northern Apennine Mountains near Strettoia, Italy, where he was killed. Following the battle his unit was unable to recover his body.

In Aug 1945, the Americans recovered a set of remains, designated as Unknown 187- Castelfiorentino, from an area of the town of Strettoia. They were classed as unidentifiable and were buried in the U. S. Military Cemetery in Florence.

In June, 2016, a DPAA historian reviewing the case determined that based on where the remains were found there was a good possibility that the person could be identified. So X-185 was disinterred and sent to the DPAA laboratory in Oahu, Hawaii.



Pvt Penn Franks, Jr



To identify the remains scientists used dental and anthropological analysis, DNA analysis, as well as circumstantial and material evidence, and were able to identify them as belonging to Pvt Penn Franks Jr.

Franks is home, no longer missing in action. He was buried last month, August 16th, in Fort Sam Houston, Texas.





MOWW Luncheon

Join us for our luncheon at 11:30 on Saturday,
September 7, at the Casa Del Rio Restaurant
1060 South Pantano Road
(22nd and Pantano)



September 8

MOWW Newsletter: 8621 E. Pembroke Dr., Tucson, AZ 85715