



**Derelict Veterans Group**  
**"Of Muneris ut Totus"**  
*(Of Service to All)*

2009 ~ Summer Issue

# NEWSLETTER

Volume One ~ Issue One

*"In the DVG, the only rank is Veterans"*

## Message from RonSSgt65

I'm not speaking in any official capacity for the DVG or as a moderator.

*In my view and from my memory:*

The derelict name came from veterans feeling that they (we) have been abandoned and left in a derelict state by the government, sometimes families, friends, and the general population.

We wanted to band together as a group of veterans who at one time or another have been treated as derelicts. Somewhere early we declared that we were never derelict in our duty or commitment.

Personally, I'm sorry if you perceive as if we were saying any veteran was "a derelict." I would never want to convey that message to my friends or to any other vet.

Other members may want to share their view of why and how the name derelict came in to being.

Lets all be positive - nothing negative, please.

Ron



## Derelict Veterans Group Reunion 2010

I have thought a lot on this, issue, I talked to a lot of people, this is what I think would be best for the DVG II 2010 Reunion. After you read and digest all of it you can give me your thoughts. *(Ron)*

I was ask to start looking at next years reunion and start planning early so maybe we can get a better turn out if people get it on their calendar.

Friday 28 May to Monday 31 May 2010  
*(or longer if you want to stay additional nights)*

Like last year, this would be again over Memorial Day Weekend. We will be staying at Greenbo Lake State Resort Park in Greenup County Kentucky.

Schwanke and OldArmy first time meeting in Topeka at the Golden Corral. This proves the WOPA branch of the DVG is alive and well.



Donald (Schwanke) & Bruce (OldArmyLove)  
*"We might be old and plumpish, but we are both married to beautiful ladies."*

**The Lodge at Greenbo Lake: 800-325-0083**  
<http://parks.ky.gov/findparks/resortparks/go/>

## "May I Salute You?"

*A point of view by Patricia Salwei*

I approached the entrance to Fort Belvoir's medical facility last year as an old veteran pattered towards me. Easily over 80 years old, stooped and slow, I barely gave him a second glance because on his heels was a full bird colonel.

As they approached, I rendered a sharp salute and barked, "Good morning, Sir!" Because they were heel to toe, I began my salute as the old veteran was about two paces from me. He immediately came to life!

Transformed by my greeting, he rose to his full height, returned my salute with pride, and exclaimed, "Good morning captain!" I was startled, but the full bird behind him was flabbergasted. The colonel stopped mid-salute, smiled at me and quietly moved on.

As I entered the clinic, the utter beauty of the encounter preoccupied me. What prompted the old man to assume that I was saluting him. Perhaps he just thought, "It's about time!" After all, doesn't a veteran outrank us all? I turned my attention to the waiting room taking a moment to survey the veterans there. Service people rushed around, loudspeakers blared, the bell for the prescription window kept ringing. It was a whirl of activity and the older veterans sat quietly on the outside seemingly out of step, patiently waiting to be seen. Nobody was seeing.

My old friend stayed on my mind. I began to pay attention to the military's attitude towards its veterans. I witnessed indifference: Impatient soldiers and airmen plowing over little old ladies at the commissary; I noticed my own agitation as an older couple cornered me at the Officer's Club and began reminiscing about their tour in Germany.

To our disgrace, I have also witnessed disdain: At Ramstein Air Base terminal, an airman was condescending and borderline cruel with a deaf veteran flying Space Available; An ancient woman wearing a WACS button was shoved aside by a cadet at the Women's Memorial dedication in D.C.; A member of the color guard turned away in disgust from a drunk Vietnam vet trying to talk to him before the Veteran's Day Ceremony at the Vietnam War Memorial.

Have you been to a ceremony at the Wall lately? How about a Veteran's Day parade in a small town? The crowds are growing faint. Why do we expect the general public to care if we don't? We are getting comfortable again.

It is not my intention to minimize the selfless service of our modern military; my comrades are the greatest people I know. But lately I'm wondering if the public's attitude towards the military isn't just a reflection of these active duty military's attitude towards its own veterans.

It's time to ask -- do we regard them, do we consider them at all? How does our attitude change when the hero is no longer wearing a uniform?

I was proud to wear my uniform. Can I admit that I thought it was cool? There is no denying that there is something about our profession, combined with youth, that feeds the ego a little.

We have all seen a young pilot strut into the Officer's Club with his flight suit on. He matters; he takes on the room; he knows he can take on the world. But, one day he will leave his jet for a desk, and eventually he will have to hang up that flight suit. A super hero hanging up his cape. How will we measure his value then? He will no longer look like a pilot, an officer, a colonel. He'll just look like an old man coming out of the clinic with his prescription.

But, is he less of a hero? Will anybody remember or care about all the months he spent away from his newborn daughter while making peace a possibility in the Balkans? Probably not.

Our society has a short memory. Maybe it is not for the protected to understand. Rather, it is my hope that when a young lieutenant walks by him they will each see themselves reflected in the other - one's future, the other's past. In that moment, perhaps, the lieutenant will also see the hero, now disguised as an old man, and thank him.

The truth is there are heroes in disguise everywhere. I used to wonder why people would want to chat with me when I was in uniform, telling me about their four years as a radio operator in Korea. So what? I wasn't impressed relative to my own experiences. Now I understand that they were telling me because nobody else cared. Proud of their service, no matter how limited, and still in love with our country, they were trying to stay connected. Their stories were a code for *"I understand and appreciate you, can you appreciate me?"* The answer is yes.

I separated from the military in February. I'm out of the club. Still, I want you to know that I'll attend the parades, visit the memorials, and honor you while my kids and your kids are watching.

Then, maybe someday when I'm an old woman riding the metro, a young airman will take a moment of her time to listen to one of my war stories. I, in turn, will soak in her beauty and strength, and remember.

Today as I reflect on my adventures in the Air Force, I'm thinking of that ancient warrior I collided with at Fort Belvoir. I'm wondering where he is, if he's still alive, if it's too late to thank him. I want to start a campaign in his honor - Salute a Veteran. Yes, this started out as a misunderstanding on my part. But, now I get it. That day was the first time in my life that I really understood what it meant to salute someone.

Dear veteran, I recognize and hail you! I do understand what I have and what you have given to make it possible. So I'm wondering if we meet on the street again...may I salute you?

## Message from Grover1945

Greetings and special blessings to one and all.

I just want to thank everyone for your prayers and support for our 2009 trip to Greenbo Lake.

Ron, his son Nick, Don and his wife, myself, my wife and oldest granddaughter all had a great time at the lake, or should I say around the area of the lake.

Ron and his son did take a canoe ride on the lake and got some sun burn in the process.

I also went with my granddaughter in the paddle boat, my legs were too long, and so she did all the work.

Don and wife went with us on Sat and we all enjoyed a quilt trail, found about 12 quilt patterns on old barns along KY Rt. 7, from Greenup back to the South West about 40 miles.

We did BBQ on Friday evening and everyone was too full for BBQ on Sat evening, so we had all the steaks, and we just did our own BBQ again on Sun evening instead of going to the Golden Carol. I was voted into doing the cooking. We all met at Don's RV site. They had a good BBQ pit and a nice picnic table.

I went with Ron and son on Sunday afternoon to watch Star Trek.

I think everyone had a great time.

We all got to meet Dave Barker on Monday. Riding in the longest running Memorial Day Parade in the Nation was a great experience.

Dave B, is a great person. The AMVETS fed us Breakfast and lunch on Monday. They were selling hot dogs with chili, cookies and drinks, so they just gave us a hot dog w/chili and a drink. The lady sent my wife the recipe for the chili.

May God richly bless and keep each of you.

In His Service,  
Grover

## May 2009 DVG Reunion

If you were there you could have road in the 3-mile, oldest Memorial parade in the USA!!



*left to right ~ Ron, Donald, Dave Barker, and Grover*

## Message from Doc247

*This was about my only attempt to commit poetry:*

### REMEMBER

I've fought.  
I've killed.

I've done my best  
But now a crimson tide ebbs from my chest  
To wet the grass and stain the ground  
While stinging flies swarm all around  
And man-made Hell tears at the sky  
Heedlessly, while I lay and die  
Cold  
And alone  
Half a world away from home.

Oh God. The pain. The Pain! The PAIN!!  
Twists my body. Sears my brain.  
Gasping breath through gnashing teeth;  
The hand I long to hold is out of reach.

Now the loneliness, the chaos, the pain  
All begin to fade  
And I find to my surprise  
That I am not afraid.  
Now the darkness gathers,  
I can no longer see.  
My God. My Country  
Remem... remember...

©Copyright 1980 by Harold E. Keim  
Written for Sp/5 Harry Suttler  
KIA: 17 September 1970  
Near Camp Bearcat RSVN

## Message from OldArmyLove

I gave my Bronze Star away. What do you think was I right or wrong?

Here's the story:

Just before Christmas, my youngest two grandchildren (Caleb, 11 and Abbey, 3) were playing in their back yard with adult supervision. All of a sudden Abbey slipped and fell into the deep-end of the pool (eight foot). Caleb saw her hit the pool.

Without hesitation, Caleb screamed "help" and jumped into the pool and pulled her out. Witnesses said that he was in the pool before Abbey's head went under the water and before any of the adults could get to her. Caleb is a good swimmer but has never had any life saving instructions.

At the time, Caleb was dressed in his best clothes and new shoes and he was holding his new 3G game and his dad's new I-phone. He reacted so quickly that he was still holding the game and phone when he hit the water.

As soon as Caleb had Abbey safely out of the pool he told his dad that he was sorry for ruining game, phone and his new dress shoes. He added that he would pay for all of the items, but it would take long to earn and save that much money. Then he said Abbey was more important to him than any of those things.

Of course, his dad said, "No Caleb, Mom and I will replace everything." It turned out that the game, phone and shoes were fine as soon as they dried out.

Just a couple of days earlier Caleb had been at our house looking at my Army scrapbook. He wanted to know everything about my ribbons and said someday I want to be a soldier like you were, Grandpa.

As I was thinking about a way to commend Caleb for his rescue, I decided to give him my Bronze Star with his own citation of rescuing his sister.

*(continued on the right)*

*(Message from OldArmyLove; continued)*

OK, as I asked earlier, what do you think - was I right or wrong?

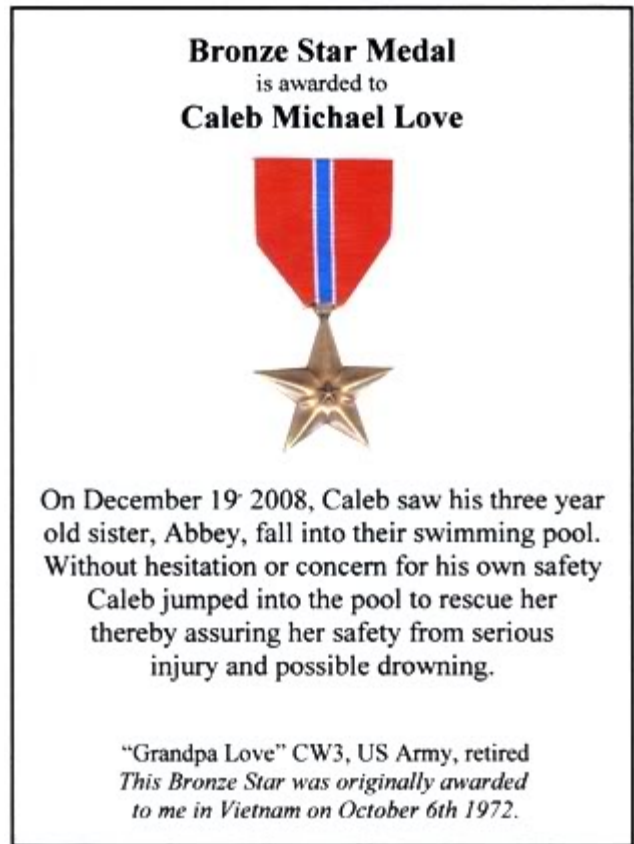
Bruce

**29 December 2008**

We had a pinning ceremony with Grandma, his mom and dad, and Abbey.

I also gave him a Bronze Star lapel pin.

Here's the citation I put in a 5x7 frame.



And here's my favorite picture of Caleb and Abbey taken at half-time in Caleb's last football game of this year. He plays full back and defensive nose tackle.



I told Caleb I would like to put him in for a life saving award. He said, "Please don't. I only did what any big brother would have done."

## Message from Dave Barker

Poetry is important and does serve an important function in expression. "Footprints" is a great description of life. Another poem which I loved from the time I first heard it was "Trees". When the teacher told us it was written by Joyce Kilmer, she failed to tell us just who Joyce Kilmer really was and what else Joyce contributed to our nation. I thought at the time it was another girl or woman who wrote poems; however I was in the 3rd grade at the time.

### TREES

I think that I shall never see  
a poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed  
against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,  
and lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
a nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
but only God can make a tree.

### So just who was Joyce Kilmer?

Alfred Joyce Kilmer (06 December 1886 – 30 July 1918) was an American journalist, poet, literary critic, lecturer, editor and a true American hero. Though a prolific poet whose works celebrated the common beauty of the natural world as well as his religious faith, Kilmer is remembered most for a poem entitled, Trees (1913), which was published in the collection Trees and Other Poems, in 1914. While most of his works are unknown, a select few of his poems remain popular and are published frequently in anthologies. Several critics, both Kilmer's contemporaries and modern scholars, disparaged Kilmer's work as being too simple, overly sentimental.

At the time of his deployment to Europe during the First World War (1914–1918), Kilmer was considered the leading American Catholic poet and lecturer of his generation, whom critics often compared to British contemporaries G. K. Chesterton (1874–1936) and Hilaire Belloc (1870–1953). A sergeant in the 165th U.S. Infantry Regiment, Kilmer was killed at the Second Battle of Marne in 1918 at the age of 31.

### A poet! A veteran! A brother!

Camp Kilmer opened in 1942 in what is now Edison, New Jersey, an embarkation center for soldiers going to the European theatre during World War II. Many of the original buildings remain, and it is now the location of the Livingston campus of Rutgers University where a library is named after him.

In the movie, The Fighting 69<sup>th</sup>, starring James Cagney, Kilmer is depicted as a minor character played by actor Jeffrey Lynn (1909–1995) the movie is shown on most Memorial Day movie marathons.

He ranks as one of my favorite poets.

Dave

## Message from Freddy

At the 2010 reunion, we could...as a group collectively spend one day at the homeless shelter and cook & serve one of the meals, then on the same evening visit the veterans retirement/nursing home and visit with them, play some checkers, music, and if so inclined take 1 or 2 for a walk. Then offer to escort any veteran to the parade as I'm sure the Staff would not be able to, I think each of us can escort 1 vet, maybe even 2 and after the parade, as we head back to return them, take them for a treat at a local diner or even McDonalds who knows, may have been a secret wish for many to have a good ole burger.

Just a thought  
Freddy

Bill and Sam, two Derelict Vets, met in the military.com forum every day to complain about their aches and pains, tell tall stories and discuss world problems.

One day Bill didn't show up. Sam didn't think much about it and figured maybe he had a cold or something. But after Bill hadn't shown up for a week or so, Sam really got worried. However, since the only time they ever got together was at the forum, Sam didn't know where Bill lived, so he was unable to find out what had happened to him.

A month had passed, and Sam figured he had seen the last of Bill, but one day, Sam signed onto the forum and -- lo and behold! --there was Bill! Sam was very excited and happy to see him and told him so. Then he said, 'For crying out loud Bill, what in the world happened to you?'

Bill replied, 'I have been in jail.'  
'Jail?' cried Sam. 'What in the world for?'  
'Well,' Bill said, 'There's this cute little blonde waitress at the coffee shop where I sometime go.'  
'Yeah,' said Sam, 'What about her?'  
'Well, one day she filed rape charges against me; and, at 89 years old, I was so proud that when I got into court, I pled 'guilty'  
'The darn judge gave me 30 days for perjury.



"Try to understand"  
If he stays home alone,  
and doesn't like to hear the phone.  
If he won't answer the door,  
'cause he doesn't want to see anyone anymore.

"Try to understand"  
If nighttime is something to dread,  
and his sleep is restless and fleeting in bed,  
if he quietly gets up in the night,  
so as not to disturb your pleasant respite.

"Try to understand"  
If he becomes nervous and jumps around,  
at unexpected movement or a sudden sound.  
If he sits in a restaurant with his back to the wall,  
because he can't have anyone behind him at all.

"Try to understand"  
If he shows no fear and wouldn't turn if he could,  
that part of him has gone that says you should.  
If his anger seems quick and extreme,  
he's only trying to control intense emotions unseen.

"Try to understand"  
If he seems emotionless and indifferent some days,  
and perhaps he just says "Go Away!"  
If he becomes depressed and may seem unkind,  
he is only trying to spare you the agony in his mind.

"Try to understand"  
If his mood changes and alters,  
and he becomes unsure and often falters.  
If he becomes sad and stares into space,  
he has only gone to some other place.

"Try to understand"  
...Because he can't...

A vet's cry for help.  
*By David Pye, ADF, Vietnam Veteran*

## The VA Suicide Prevention Lifeline: 1-800-273-TALK

Since its inception in July 2007, the VA Suicide Prevention Lifeline has rescued more than 3,000 Veterans and provided counseling for more than 120,000 Veterans and their loved ones at home and overseas.

The lifeline is staffed 24-hours a day, 7-days a week by trained mental health professionals prepared to deal with immediate crises.

**Important ~ Veterans please share ideas on how to be of service to other Veterans.**

**First:**

If you are not a DVG member, this is for you to be able find out who the DVG is and to be able to join the DVG if you believe that it is a group that you agree with and would like to become a member.

**Derelict Veteran's Unit Page:**

<http://unitpages.military.com/unitpages/unit.do?id=854522>

**Derelict Veteran's Forum Page:**

<http://forums.military.com/eve/forums/a/tpc/f/8280047191001/m/2270036012001/p/1>

**Derelict Veterans Group**

P.O. Box 216

Marrowbone, KY 42759

[SSgt65@gmail.com](mailto:SSgt65@gmail.com)

**You do not need to be a member of the DVG to make suggestions.**

**Here's one suggestion of ways to serve other Veterans:**

We carry in our car and my truck:

- ~ Six to eight 12-oz. bottles of drinking waster. (kept in our plug-in cooler)
- ~ A few boxes of fruit bars and packets of Lance peanut butter and cheese crackers.
- ~ A dozen or so packets of wash & dries.
- ~ Packets of personal hygiene items that we pick up from ever time we stay in hotels/motes etc. We also have our friends collect the same from their trips.
- ~ We keep McDonald's and Burger King one dollar gift certificates. We found a McDonald's and a Burger King Manager who will give 10 of these a month.
- ~ We also buy ten 10-ride bus passes every month.
- ~ When we come across a Vet in need we share what we feel would meet their short term needs.
- ~ My wife also carries some female hygiene items, because we are seeing more and more homeless female Veterans.

**Now:**

Please share your ideas and lets see how many of our brother and sister Vets we can help!

**Two More Ideas:**

- ~ Extra books and magazines you've enjoyed but no longer read can be donated to your local Veterans Center library.
- ~ Veterans Center Canteen is ALWAYS in need of toiletries such as tissues, shampoos, shave creams, etc.

**Who are We?**  
**We are Derelict Veterans Group**

We are new, we are small,  
but we can blossom into an organization and do well for our fellow veterans.

After all, who would you trust more?

Those who have standard names or a Group that openly states, "Cast Aways"!

We may never get bigger than one chapter; we may never have an office;  
we may never have a membership of any consequence,  
and we may never have our "Root Beer" cafe.

BUT WE WILL GET AND DRAW ATTENTION  
TO THE CAUSE FOR WHICH WE EXIST - OUR FELLOW MAN!!  
WE WILL BE REMEMBERED.

Who could forget any organization, no matter how small, with A NAME LIKE OURS?

IF YOU REMEMBER OUR NAME, YOU WILL REMEMBER OUR CAUSE,  
AND THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER TO CARE FOR VETERANS FROM COAST TO COAST,  
NORTH AND SOUTH, IN THE U.S.A.

Our name, as unique as it is, stands and identifies each of its founding members.

We may, therefore, all be round pegs that cannot be placed in round holes.

It also stands for our character. While we are part and parcel of mainstream society,  
we, as a Group, shall always stand together,  
whether in harmony or dissent, with our Country's Leadership.

In keeping with our ONE CHARTER, we are our Brother's Keeper, and above all things,  
we stand united in honor of our Soldier's service and sacrifice,  
and serve to remind Our Great Nation of their duty to embrace her heroes.

In so doing, give Honor, Truth and Comfort to the words carved in Stone,  
"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, HIS WIDOW AND HIS ORPHAN."

WE, AS THE "DERELICT VETERANS GROUP" SHALL, AS OUR SOLE MISSION,  
SERVE UPON ALL THE ADVANCEMENT OF THIS NOBLE AND JUST CAUSE.

Derelict Veterans Group cares and supports our brothers in or out of uniform,  
advances the cause for just and quality life compensation, recognizes that we are  
our Brothers Keeper and must do all that we can to advance his cause on behalf of,  
and in the interest of, all veterans, past, present and future.

**A listening ear, a caring heart, an open mind and an extended hand  
may be all I can offer, but it is yours without charge or judgment.**

"OF MUNERIS UT TOTUS"

*(Of Service to All)*

01 April 2009