



## Message from Dustin

Hey Guys,

The days are flying by here. I can't even keep up with them anymore. It's been a very busy month. Each platoon has been assigned to a specific Iraqi Police station. So we get to work with the same guys and get them trained to where they need to be. We are progressing with them little by little. I guess it needs to be done to get our troops out of here sooner. It's a lot of fun working with the IP (Iraqi Police).



They like to joke around with us while we are at the station. We have caught a few bad guys lately. The



more we catch the better it will be.

Toby Keith came here. He played a little concert for us. He played "American Soldier" that song was awesome. It gave me chill bumps to hear that song live and in person.



It keeps getting hotter and hotter over here. We had one day where it reached 125. It's going to continue to get hotter. None of us are looking forward to that. The only other news I got is I ordered a Harley. I can't wait to go riding with my dad. It will be a lot of fun. I am really looking forward to that.



Well, I guess this is all for now. I will be home soon. I love and miss each one of you. I hope you enjoy the pictures.

Dustin Buzze





## US Marines at Midway

A shell from a salvo hit the command post of Battery H. The Battery Commander, Marine 1st Lieutenant George H. Cannon, suffered grave injuries. Despite the seriousness of his condition, and continuing heavy loss of blood, Lieutenant Cannon refused medical evacuation. He remained at his post until his injured men had been evacuated and communications had been restored. Cannon was finally removed forcibly, but the gallant Marine died shortly afterwards at the battalion aid station from loss of blood. He was posthumously awarded the first Medal of Honor awarded to a Marine in World War II.



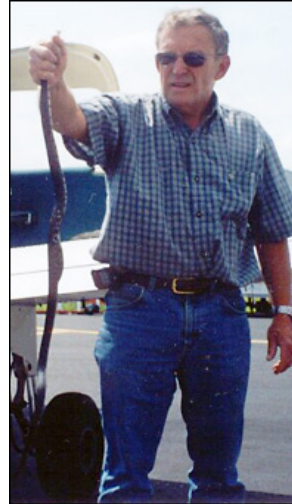
**First Lieutenant George H. Cannon  
6th Defense Battalion**

Visit the following site for more interesting reading  
[http://www.users.bigpond.com/pacificwar/Midway/Marines\\_arrive\\_Midway.html](http://www.users.bigpond.com/pacificwar/Midway/Marines_arrive_Midway.html)

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## Stowaway!

CHARLESTON, W.Va. — Monty Coles was 3,000 feet in the air when he discovered a stowaway peeking out at him from the plane's instrument panel — a 4 1/2-foot black snake.



Coles had left Charleston earlier for a leisurely flight over the West Virginia countryside last Saturday in his Piper Cherokee and was preparing to land in Gallipolis, Ohio, when the snake revealed itself.

"Nothing in any of the manuals ever described anything like this," the 62-year-old Cross Lanes resident said. But, the advice given 25 years earlier from his flight

instructor immediately came to mind: "No matter what happens, fly the plane."

An attempt to swat the snake only resulted in it falling to Coles' feet under the rudder pedals. It then darted to the other side of the cockpit.

While maintaining control of the single-engine plane with one hand, Coles grabbed the reptile behind its head with his other.

"There was no way I was letting that thing go. It coiled all around my arm, and its tail grabbed hold of a lever on the floor and started pulling," Coles said.

The next step was to radio for emergency landing clearance.

"They came back and asked what my problem was. I told them I had one hand full of snake and the other hand full of plane. They cleared me in."

After a smooth landing, Coles posed for pictures with the snake, then let it loose.

"That snake resides in Ohio now," he said. "I wasn't about to bring it home. I don't mind snakes, but I sure like to know where they are."

Coles said he was lucky his usual travel companions, his wife and dachshund, were not on the flight.

"If my wife had been in the plane, I wouldn't have a wife, a plane or myself," Coles said. "I don't know what might have happened if Killer (the dog) had been in the plane, but it sure would have been a lot more exciting."

*Thanks to Lyn & Anne McCutcheon*





## Per Diem for Veterans?

Sen. Conrad Burns, (R Mont.), vowed to work to expand reimbursement for veterans who volunteer as honor guards for military funerals. Under Burns plan, the government would provide \$50 per diem to veterans for a day of funeral duties when no active or reserve service members are available. Under current law, per diem is provided only when there is a current military member who is part of a funeral detail. Burns said he is acting because the Defense Department is able to supply honor guards for only 45 percent of funerals for veterans, with rural areas far from military bases particularly hard hit.

W. H. "Wally" Wallace  
SENIOR EVALUATOR, Army Reserve Internal Review



## I had a drug problem when I was young.

I was drug to church on Sunday morning.  
I was drug to family reunions no matter the weather.  
I was drug to church for weddings and funerals.  
I was drug to the bus stop to go to school every weekday.  
I was drug by my ears when I was disrespectful to adults and teachers.  
I was also drug to the woodshed when I disobeyed my parents.  
Those drugs are still in my veins; and affect my behavior in every thing I do, say, and think.  
They are stronger than cocaine, crack, or heroin, and if today's children had this kind of drug problem, America might be a better place.

Thanks to Jerry Baxter

## Troutman 4<sup>th</sup> of July Parade on July 1

Don't forget to come out on Saturday July 1 and have a great time.  
The Coffee Shop will be closed.



## June Birthdays

Tom Klumb – June 19

Richard Warren – June 21

Leo Fel – June 22

Stan Mills Jr. June 22

Lee Bryant – June 23

Jim Luke – June 25

Happy Birthday to anyone we missed.



## June Dates To Remember

June 3<sup>rd</sup> Battle of Midway 1942

June 14<sup>th</sup> US Army founded 1775

June 22<sup>nd</sup> GI Bill signed Into Law 1944

Jun 25<sup>th</sup> Korean War Began 1950



## FROM THE OTHER SIDE

At first there was no place for us to go until someone put up that Black Granite Wall. Now, everyday and night, my Brothers and my Sisters wait to see the many people from places afar file in front of this Wall. Many stopping briefly and many for hours and some that come on a regular basis. It was hard at first, not that it's gotten any easier, but it





# Pat's Gourmet Coffee Shop

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The Most Patriotic Coffee Shop in the USA

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seems that many of the attitudes toward that war that we were involved in have changed. I can only pray that the ones on the other side have learned something and more Walls, such as this one, needn't be built.

Several members of my unit and many that I did not recognize have called me to the Wall by touching my name that is engraved upon it. The tears aren't necessary but are hard even for me to hold back. Don't feel guilty for not being with me, my Brothers. This was my destiny, as it is yours, to be on that side of the Wall. Touch the Wall, my Brothers, so that we can share in the memories that we had. I have learned to put the bad memories aside and remember only the pleasant times that we had together. Tell our other Brothers out there to come and visit me, not to say Good Bye but to say Hello and be together again, even for a short time and to ease that pain of loss that we all share.

Today, an irresistible and loving call comes from the Wall. As I approach, I can see an elderly lady and as I get closer I recognize her -- It's Momma! As much as I have looked forward to this day, I have also regretted it because I didn't know what reaction I would have.

Next to her, I suddenly see my wife and immediately think how hard it must have been for her to come to this place and my mind floods with the pleasant memories of 30 years past. There's a young man in a military uniform standing with his arm around her ... My God! ... It's has to be my son.

Look at him trying to be the man without a tear in his eye. I yearn to tell him how proud I am, seeing him standing tall, straight and proud in his uniform.

Momma comes closer and touches the Wall and I feel the soft and gentle touch I had not felt in so many years. Dad has crossed to this side of the Wall and through our touch, I try to convey to her that Dad is doing fine and is no longer suffering or feeling pain. I see my wife's courage building as she sees Momma touch the Wall and she approaches and lays her hand on my waiting hand. All the emotions, feelings and memories of three decades past flash between our touch and I tell her that it's all right. Carry on with your life and don't worry about me ... I can see as I look into her eyes that she hears and understands me and a big burden has been lifted from her.

I watch as they lay flowers and other memories of my past. My lucky charm that was taken from me and sent to her by my CO, a tattered and worn teddy bear that I can barely remember having as I grew up as a child and several medals that I had earned and were presented to my wife.

One of them is the Combat Infantry Badge that I am very proud of and I notice that my son is also wearing this medal. I had earned mine in the jungles of Vietnam and he had probably earned his in the deserts of Iraq.

I can tell that they are preparing to leave and I try to take a mental picture of them together, because I don't know when I will see them again. I wouldn't blame them if they were not to return and can only thank them that I was not forgotten. My wife and Momma near the Wall for one final touch and so many years of indecision, fear and sorrow are let go. As they turn to leave I feel my tears that had not flowed for so many years, form as if dew drops on the other side of the Wall.

They slowly move away with only a glance over their shoulder. My son suddenly stops and slowly returns. He stand straight and proud in front of me and snaps a salute. Something makes him move to the Wall and he puts his hand upon the Wall and touches my tears that had formed on the face of the Wall and I can tell that he senses my presence there and the pride and the love that I have for him. He falls to his knees and the tears flow from his eyes and I try my best to reassure him that it's alright and the tears do not make him any less of a man. As he moves back wiping the tears from his eyes, he silently mouths, God Bless you, Dad .... God Bless, YOU, Son ... We WILL meet someday but in the meanwhile, go on your way ... There is no hurry ... There is no hurry at all.

As I see them walk off in the distance, I yell out to THEM and EVERYONE there today, as loud as I can -- THANKS FOR REMEMBERING. And as others on this side of the Wall join in, I notice that the US Flag that so proudly flies in front of us every day is flapping and standing proudly straight out in the wind today.

THANK YOU ALL FOR REMEMBERING!

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## Less We Forget

Mr. Donald Dickson, an Air Force Veteran, and Cheryl Ann's father, passed away on June 19<sup>th</sup> 2006. He was cremated on June 21<sup>st</sup> and a Memorial Service was held on June 22<sup>nd</sup>.

Please keep Cheryl Ann and her family in your prayers.

Everyone at the Coffee Shop welcomed Cheryl Ann home on Saturday.

