

Action Report: Memorial Day Writers' Project (MDWP)

Activity: A Tribute to all Veterans

Date: November 11, 2010

Location: Washington, DC

(Constitution Ave., and 21 St.) behind the sidewalk facing Constitution Ave.

Weather: 48 to 58 degrees, cloudless blue sky.



On Veterans Day 2010, we had twelve spirited participants who read, played, and sang throughout the day. They spoke of heroes, lost friends, air strikes and firefights. Dick Epstein served as host and Barbara Morris was chief greeter and in charge of book and CD sales. Barbara gave away all of our free copies of “Hugs,” (poems written Vince Kaspar); previous MDWP After Action Reports; copies of our Mission Statement; a recent chapbook produced by Maritza Cohn; and sold copiers of her husband’s book entitled *Cologne No. 10 for Men*, and a CD jam packed with wonderful songs written by Dick Morris while he was with the 1st Cav in Vietnam.

Jonathan Myer (“JM”) opened the day’s activities with a brief poem in memory of O-2 FAC 1/Lt James L. “Larry” Hull (aka “Woodstock”), KIA 19 February 1971, during a search-and-rescue mission supporting the recovery of a helicopter crew downed in Laos. The poem was written by the Special Forces about Lt Hull’s earlier brush with a tree top and is repeated here in memoriam.



The Ballad of Woodstock

I love to fly the Oscar Deuce
I fly that dog through rain and fog
And no one knows we’re fighting there
So mark my words and heed them well,
I flew too low and got too slow

from Channel one-oh-three,
in the extreme western DMZ.
'cept Charlie, you, and me.
or you could end up like me.
and hit a goddam tree.

Jonathan flew the O-1E Bird Dog (aka L-19), mostly as an in-country Province FAC, but also a few weeks flying over the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ) that separated North from South Vietnam. As a Kontum Province FAC in II Corps' Central Highlands, he regularly flew visual reconnaissance (VR), air strike control and liaison missions to provide intelligence to MAC-V, and tactical air (tacair) support for U.S. Special Forces (Green Beret) and Army of the Republic of Viet Nam (ARVN) units' ground operations (1966 - 67). His around-the-clock DMZ missions involved looking for trucks and any other signs of North Vietnamese Army (NVA) infiltration of troops and supplies into the South, to be followed by air strikes when found. Jonathan’s songs for this Veterans Day 2010 (the first six as duets with Alexandra Lajoux are summarized at the end of this report.



Tom McLean. Tom served in Qui Nhon as an MP and was one of the early participants of the MDWP in 1993. Tom's first song, "Aging Veteran," is about a soldier near the end of his life, who tells his tale about his war and its affects. In this song, Tom captures the unique experience of the Vietnam vet with an air of sorrow and dignity. Tom then sang "Conversation with Grandfather," a mythical conversation with Tom's Civil War ancestors about the state of veterans then and now. Tom's maternal Great Grandfather Giuseppe Arancio became known as Joseph Orange and was a just-off-the-boat Italian immigrant who joined the 12th MA Infantry. After being captured, he spent 11 months in Andersonville. Tom's Paternal Great Great Grandfather (Oliver McLean) was 2nd generation Scotch-Irish and was in the 53rd GA Infantry. He died from wounds suffered at Antietam. In his third song, "We Were There," Tom takes a look back remembering how and why we ended up as soldiers in Vietnam. Tom's last song, "Flashes," is about the constant interruptions one can have from flashbacks. You will soon be able to hear several of Tom's songs on the MDWP web site.



Gerry Ney was OIC of an Imagery Interpretation Section in the 172nd Military Intelligence Detachment with the 173rd. Gerry read poems had special meaning for him on Memorial Day. Gerry started off with "Dealing with Nam Anew," written by Isaac (Ike) Richard Jones. The poem starts off with a quote from JFK and reminds us of the commitments our government made, the reception we received when we came back home, and the reconciliation many of us made with the actions of others as well as the brotherly bonds, the comradeship, and the buddies we once knew. In his "Looking Down the Barrel - or "All Quiet on the Temp > LZ," Gerry tells of a night out at a battalion Listening Post. His "On the Road to Ollie" is about the drive from An Khe to LZ English via Hwys 19 and Route 1. LZ Ollie was a small post off Route 1 just before Bon Son and LZ English; Gerry's poem "Christmas Eve at Shitfield Tower" is both a parody on the "Night Before Christmas" and an actual account of his time as a perimeter guard.

At Gerry's second time at the mic, he read "Lighting Up the Twilight at Charlie's Behest." The poem tell about his first assignment as perimeter duty officer which got off to a rough start. Next was "Pass the Pipe and Sugarcane, Light on the Shrapnel Please." This poem is about the time Gerry was sent out to a Montagnard unit with two American advisors to take a photo for ID of a dead VC thought to be one of the province leaders and what then ensued... the Montagnards chewing on sugarcane and smoking pipes between firing and getting missed one or two inches by an erratic round. "Dali Dayze in the Wilted Watch Zone" told of some of the absurdities of the war with nods to Salvador Dali and Rod Serling's Twilight Zone." Gerry ended his reading with his oldest Vietnam poem "The Leaf Rider written in 1985; which starts with an echo of Tolkien's "Ride of Eorl the Young, using the same rhyming scheme, but goes off in its own direction. "Whom you send to war is often not whom you get back."

Richard Morris was a rifle platoon leader with A Co. 2nd Bn 5th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division in '67 and '68. Dick sang tunes from his CD "Skytroopers, (lyrics can be seen at www.vietwarsongs.com). His CD is available at <http://cdbaby.com/cd/richardmorris>). One of his songs, "Digging' a Hole," was a Finalist in the Vocal Jazz & Blues category of the 23rd Annual Mid-Atlantic Song Contest. (www.saw.org/masc.asp). Richard also read from his award winning novel "Cologne No. 10 for Men," which grew out of his songs and experiences in Vietnam.



One reading was about counting bodies of dead enemy soldiers after a harrowing night ambush. Body counts were how we kept score in the war and were used to calculate kill ratios. Another reading was about soldiers in mangrove swamps in a cold monsoon rain discussing their last cigarette. (This emotional reading was cut from the book, but can be found on his website, www.richardmorrisauthor.wordpress.com, by clicking on the "Cuts From Cologne No. 10 For Men" tab. In his "Spot of Green" reading, a soldier walking across a firebase comes upon a pile of plastic body bags, two deep, ten high and twenty or thirty long, "each stuffed with the refuse of battle and neatly tagged for shipment." It honors the fifty-eight thousand Americans who died in Vietnam—ten times as many as have perished in Iraq and Afghanistan

and five thousand more than in Korea, but only half as many as in World War I, one-seventh as many as in World War II, and one-tenth as many as in the Civil War, our most horrible war (source: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United_States_military_casualties_of_war). "When will we ever learn?"

The following lists the songs sung by Richard Morris:

- "The Bong Song Bridge," a catchy tune about the easy time spent guarding the Bong Song Bridge
- "John Wesley," a song about a 1st Cavalry Division point man who volunteered for point for an entire year and killed a dozen VC.
- "Chanh Giao Cave," a song about the Rockpile Operation of A Co. 2/5, a 13-day siege where 179 NVA were extracted from holes between the rocks.
- "When's The Sun Gonna Shine On Camp Evans?" monsoon season at the northern HQ of the 1st Cav.
- "Lonesome for You," a love song from Richard to his wife, Barbara.
- "Diggin' A Hole," about digging foxholes and sleeping holes, an activity soldiers performed daily all over Vietnam; this song received a finalist award in the Vocal Jazz & Blues category of the 23rd Annual Mid-Atlantic Song Contest in 2006.
- "The Chaplain" is his song about a fictitious chaplain who leaves the field with battle fatigue. He dedicated it to the soldiers who come home with PTSD.
- "I Got A Lonesome Me," a silly song about all his body parts (except one) that were lonesome
- "Mirage," a love song he wrote to his wife of 43 years while sitting on a sand dune overlooking the South China Sea
- "Go To Sleep," a lullaby he wrote for his yet-to-be-conceived children. "Go To Sleep" is also on his daughter's CD, "Imagine That" (see www.rickandaudrey.com).

Thanks to Richard and Barbara's marketing efforts, we had several members of the 1st Cav visit with us with us throughout the day.



Holley Watts (Donut Dolly, '66-'67, 1st and 3rd Marine Amphibious Forces, DaNang, Chu Lai, An Khe, and Cu Chi). Holley Watts joined us after activities at The Wall and shared a combination of her prose and poetry. She read (tongue-in-cheek) what could have been the recruitment ad for her job, an unverifiable account of a Donut Dollie's response to a negative situation, her own "*Coming Home*" experience on the cab ride to her home, and an homage to an Australian friend with "*Remembering Bunny Olson*." Finally, Holley solicited some audience participation with her final poem, "*Where Can I Find Them?*" Handing out cards, each with an individual's nickname written on the cards, the audience was asked to hold up the name when she read it in the poem. The member of the small audience held several names and they were very conscientious to make sure each nick name was loudly recognized. The poem is available on page 3 of her website, holleywatts.com. (Holley reports that she's aware of a problem with pages 7 and 8 with the website and is working to fix it asap.)

Bocar Ba, President and Founder of African New Vision and senior engineer with Global SATCOM Technology, Inc., (that's where I now work folks) read a tribute to the Senegalese Tirailleurs, who fought alongside the French in WW I and WW II. This was Bocar's first time reading at the MDWP tent.

Clyde Christofferson read from his dog eared copy of "*Your Hero and Mine, Scott*," a collection of letters written by his brother, Scott, before his death near Chu Lai on October 8, 1967. Scott was a combat reporter for the



101st Airborne Division, and the unit he was with on that day got ambushed. Here's a little taste of Scott's writing about war:

"... the staccato rattle of machine guns, the whump of grenades, the concussions of the artillery, the whoosh of rockets, the roar of helicopters, the acid odor of people's seat, the nearness of death and mutilation. ... the stickiness of mud clinging to your boots, the hard-to-get-used-to feeling of being constantly wet. The lurking monster of futility which occasionally clutches your throat. The strangling loneliness that chokes you when you aren't busy. This and much more is apparent and real when you are actually here. It ain't nice, but it (the experience) reaches into part of your skull and shakes into consciousness cells of awareness which can be awakened in no other manner. To me, life should be spent awakening all those nasty little cells ..."

Clyde told three stories. The first was about letters Scott had written to a high school friend. The second was about a combat photographer who had been with Scott the last four days of his life, and after thirty years of looking, finally found one of Scott's sisters and emailed her a tribute to Scott, who had been a mentor to him. The email told how Scott and he had been working with Frank McGee and an NBC news crew, and then were choppered to a nearby hot LZ to be with the line company that was there, under the command of Capt. Lawton. Four days later the company lost twenty soldiers, including Scott, in an ambush by a large North Vietnamese force. The third story was about a phone call Clyde received, after an earlier MDWP meeting, from Capt. Lawton, who happened to live only a ten minute drive away. A small world, indeed. Capt. Lawton had survived the ambush but was badly wounded and spent the next two years recuperating at Walter Reed.



Singer-songwriter **Alexandra Lajoux**, a familiar face at the Writer's Tent, came with a friend (also a welcome regular) to lend an ear and to add some vocals. Alex added harmonies and even a yodel to Jonathan's first six songs and gave us an a capella rendition of Pete Seeger's 1959 song "Turn! Turn! Turn! (To Everything There Is a Season), adapted almost verbatim from the Book of Ecclesiastes. Looking at last years



Action Report, I am reminded that Alexandra created a CD that was distributed by American Forces Network Iraq. Alexandra is also a Soldiers' Angel. Copies of her CD can be obtained at <http://www.alexismusicstudio.com>. She uses the funds she receives for packages she sends to our troops.

James W. Stewart (aka Tanker) spent the whole day with us. He sang several well known patriotic songs and several by Woody Guthrie, Hank Williams, and Johnny Cash: "Deep in the Heart of Taxes," "Folsom Prison Blues," and he surprised us with "Me and Bobby McGee" by Janis Joplin, and many others--on his 100-year-old guitar.

Robert Morton , 1st Cavalry Division, stopped by and read a copy of a poem he left at the wall for a friend. The poem titled "Johnny Scull, My Best Friend, Went to War One Day."

Songs sung by Jonathan Myer (JM) throughout the day are described below.

1. "Warrior Bards" (by "Yodelin' Irv" LeVine; added verses by JM): This is their tribute to several of the military singer-songwriters who documented some of Southeast Asia (SEA) War's triumphs, tragedies, pain, and sardonic humor:

All across the country side, You'll hear them sing and play,
 Those warrior bards from long ago, It seems like yesterday.
 They'll sing you songs of fighting men On land and in the sky,
 Of how it felt to live back then And have their good friends die.

Irv took the war up through LBJ and McNamara; Jonathan continued through Nixon, Kerry, Fonda, and how finally "Congress left the South [Vietnam] bereft By cutting off the funds."

2. "Answering the 9-11 Call" (by JM): Written within a month after that fatal date, this song expresses the USA's defiant response to al-Qaeda's attack. Its chorus, "Life and Liberty and Happiness / As Freedom marches on," reaffirms our national principles in the face of the extremist terrorism that changed our country's (and the world's) course at the beginning of our Third Millennium.

3. "Bird Dog Pilots' Heaven" (by JM) envisions impossibly powerful performance by that little aircraft, and the total mission success of which its Forward Air Controller pilots can experience only in their dreams:

In "Bird Dog" pilots' heaven, Your engine's double power,
It only burns a pint of gas For every flying hour.
So you fly and fight and always win, . . . Climb straight up and loop and spin,
And never, ever auger in — In "Bird Dog" pilots' heaven.

4. "The Aging Pilot" (by JM) contrasts his early years flying jet fighter-interceptors "across the blue sky like a meteor's flash" with the inevitable changes that forty more years bring: ". . . I'm approaching my dotage, / My second childhood is well underway —" but just the same, every day on the right side of the grass is a victory!

5. "Glory Flying Regulations (III)" (by JM) updates the Oscar Brand song that contrasted the thrills of WW-II combat flying with the boredom and restrictions of peacetime flying. Only now the contrast for each Service is post-Vietnam, and up to the advent of unmanned aerial vehicles (UAVs) and reduction of manned fighters. The final verse sums it up:

Our mighty fighting aircraft unleashed death with every pass,
Annihilating Charlie as he hid there in the grass,
But now they're on display — with a pole stuck up their ass,
— The force is shot to hell!

6. "58,000 Names Carved in a Wall" (poem by Johnnie Rainwater, tweaked by Irv LeVine): This song captures the immensely powerful effect Maya Lin's "Wall" has had on Vietnam veterans and bereaved families alike, as they find the names of dead comrades and loved ones inscribed thereon. Irv's version substituted a numbers progression, from 50,000 to 54,000 to 58,000 names as the SEA War went on, with a final spoken line: "And there's 58 thousand, 2 hundred and 67 names . . . on that Wall" (as of 2009).

7. "Teeny Weeny Bird Dog" (by JM), his first post-SEA War song (1997), was drawn from his experiences flying that low, slow airplane some 30 years earlier. With all its shortcomings of performance, equipage and vulnerability, it was flown in parts of Southeast Asia throughout the war. Moreover, one reason so few O-1s are in museums is that, unlike its more advanced successors, most of the surviving birds are privately owned and still flying.

8. "Ballad of the Black Beret" (by JM). While walking through the Post Exchange of "his Fort" (Ft. Myer), Jonathan saw the 10 May 2010 *Army Times*, whose huge headline read: "SOLDIERS SAY: 'DUMP THE BERET.'" The inside article began: "10 years later, soldiers still loathe it and want it off their heads." That was enough for Jonathan, who had followed the original brouhaha in which the Army's Chief of Staff decided that the black beret — the U.S. Army's elite Ranger headgear — should be extended to the rest of the Army, to symbolize "a strategically responsive force for the 21st century." Rage, scorn and scandal ensued . . . and this song documents most of it.

9. "Different Missions" (poem by Bill Rothas). On a December 1968 evening, Bill met his Aviation Cadets classmate, Dick Allee, for drinks at their Thai base club. Next day, Bill, in his EB-66 standoff jammer aircraft, heard his "buddy, Dick" calling for help as his F-105 "Thud" fighter-bomber was "going down." His

poem about his lost comrade was published in the *Air Force Times*. Jonathan borrowed an old tune decades later to turn it into a song.

10. "Frankie and Johnnie (Air Force Style)" (by JM). This update of the old "he done her wrong" song transforms the duo into a military club hostess whose "man" was an Air Force fighter pilot. The story unfolds as before and Frankie's philandering fighter jockey met his fate, "Spoken by [her] old forty-four." The finale has him buried in a formal military funeral, at the end of which:

The squadron gave Frankie Johnnie's coffin flag, Threw nickels on the grass,
Sang "Hallelujah, let's head for the bar, 'Nuther fighter jock lost his ass!
. . . He was her man — till he done her wrong!"

11. "Mission to Mang Buk" (by JM). Mang Buk was a Special Forces camp in the northeastern part of Kontum Province in the Central Highlands (II Corps). Its altitude was about 5,000 feet, approachable only over difficult and mountainous terrain and requiring relatively good weather. On this mission, Jonathan's passenger was an Army Ranger Captain Phil Bosma — escorting "two machine gun barrels and three case of ammo / And some mailbags beneath his feet" — all of which added significantly to the gross weight of his Bird Dog. Takeoff was interesting; landing (on wet pierced steel planking, or PSP) was even more so. The beers offered by "the A-team commander, buried in his poncho," were very welcome indeed . . . and so were next ones "for the road." — Just another day at the office? Well, yes — but you really had to have been there. . . .

12. "My Peace Song" (by JM). In his own words: "While cruising down I-95 ten years ago to attend fellow-FAC Hilliard A. 'Willie' Wilbanks's inauguration into Georgia's Aviation Hall of Fame, I heard Brownie McGhee's butter-smooth guitar and Sonny Terry's chugging harmonica as they sang 'Down by the Riverside.' As the SEA War had been over for more than 25 years, I decided to write my own peace song and 'study war no more' . . . **AFTER** I 'lay down my Willie Pete' (marking rockets), 'smoke grenade,' 'nape and snake' (napalm and high-drag 500-lb bombs), 'CBUs (cluster bomb units), and '20 mike-mike' (20-millimeter machine-gun fire) — **Then** I'll study war no more! Like Frank Warner's 'Old Rebel Soldier' — 'I won't be reconstructed, and I do not give a damn!'"

13. "Draft Dodger Rag (Updated)" (Originally "a satirical anti-war song by Phil Ochs, a U.S. protest singer from the 1960s known for being a harsh critic of the American military industrial complex" — *Wikipedia*.) **Hey!** We don't need no steenking anti-war protesters to tell us what's wrong with our wars! Those of us who've "been there, done that, and have the T-shirts" (etc.) can do it quite well by ourselves, thank-you-very-much! Just the same, JM's update keeps the first verse and a few other lines (which he incorporates in subsequent verses) to chronicle a whole new set of excuses as he grows older — from Ochs's "18" to his own "48 and overweight," "69 and I'd be lyin'," and "73, I cannot pee, . . ." (Need he say more? Well, he did — especially now that he's 74, and counting.)

14. "FAC and the Green Beret" (by JM). The song begins with Special Forces radio operator asking for air support from his somewhat snotty FAC in his "Lima One-Nine," (for "L-19," the traditional Army name for the "Bird Dog"). They trade barbs in the conversation that follows, tracing how a situation can "turn to worms" as both come under fire. After further confusion between radio operator, FAC and his fighters, the song ends happily: "Your friendly FAC and fighters will always save the day, / Killing off the Charlies till the last Green Beret." While the song is a spoof on the actual "blood brotherhood" that prevailed between Province FACs and the Green Beret A-teams they supported, some of its incidents actually happened during Jonathan's FAC missions in Kontum Province.

15. "How I Went IFR in Flying Buffalo Shit" (by JM). This song is based on Jonathan's 30 July 1966 landing at Dak Pek, the Special Forces' most challenging landing strip in Kontum Province. Landing "uphill" involved a tight turn inside the hills bordering the rock-covered dirt strip, while landing "downhill" required an early landing to avoid running into a hill now at the strip's far end. Other features included the A-Team's camp bunkers to the north, a Montagnard village to the south, and water buffalo . . . well, anywhere they wanted to be. And therein lies the tale — which conclusively showed that environmental hazards posed by "V.C. buffalo" could be more dangerous than ground fire!

16. "Hunting Trucks by Starlight" (by JM). O-1E FACs flew "Tally Ho" missions (over the DMZ) around the clock from July 1966 through May 1967, looking for signs of enemy activity. Jonathan flew with them from late-September through mid-October 1966: "At night with two of us flying in the "Bird Dog," one used a light-enhancing Starlite scope to look for trucks heading south on open stretches of road, while the other flew the aircraft. When we found one, we'd ask "Hillsboro" (our C-130 airborne command post) for flare-birds ("Blind Bats") and fighters — to strike before the truck disappeared under jungle canopy. The odds were usually with the trucks, but not this time. This is the story of that mission, flown with 'Salty' Harrison, in October of 1966."

17. "My Last Flight" (by JM). They say a pilot never forgets his first squadron. Jonathan's was the 13th Fighter Interceptor Squadron (FIS), where he flew first F-86L "Sabrejets" and then F-101B/F "Voodoos," both aircraft jet interceptors with the mission of homeland air defense. A pilot's "last flight" is when he "goes west"; i.e., he dies. In the mind's eye, he may relive the sheer joys of special missions and the memories of comrades lost over the years, whether in battle, from accidents, or due to old age. He seeks that "final Great Reunion," whether in heaven or (more likely) "the other way," where he can relive the "Flying and fellowship, missions and crew — / A thousand souvenirs for those who flew. . . ."

Anyone interested in learning more about combat flying missions during the Southeast Asia War and the songs that describe them, or where to find CDs or DVDs that document them — please contact Jonathan Myer at:

<j-bmyer-alexva@erols.com> or <soba@erols.com>

The first address is best for Jonathan's own two CDs (to date), plus info on other "Warrior Bards" performers' own CDs, while the second is best for songs and performers on the three CDs produced from three annual Flyers' Songfests sponsors by the Society of Old Bold Aviators (SOBA).

Books and CD's by MDWP Presenters

- Scott A. Christofferson, Your Hero and Mine, Scott, a collection of insightful and penetrating letters written by a 19-year old Information Officer attached to the 101st Screaming Eagles.
- William Powell, A Taste of War, an Infantry Platoon Leader's recollections of service at Tay Ninh and Fire Base Hunter with the 25 Infantry Division.
- Richard Morris, Cologne No. 10 for Men, a catch 22 look at life with the 1st Cav. Order from Amazon.com and other online booksellers.
- Richard Morris, Skytroopers, original songs written in Vietnam. Order from www.cdbaby.com/cd/richardmorris.
- Joy Matthews Alford, Lord, I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can, Sistah Joy's first book of poetry.
- Joy Matthews Alford, From Pain To Empowerment.
- John Top Holland and Father Patrick Bascio, Perfidy: The Govt. Cabal That Knowingly Abandoned Our POWs and Left Them to Die.
- Maritza Rivera Cohen, A Mother's War.
- Jonathan Myer, Songs of the O-1E Bird Dog, More FAC and Flying Songs, and CD's from the Society of Old Bold Aviators. Order from: j-bmyer-alexva@erols.com.

- Nancy Lynch, [Vietnam Mailbag : Voices From the War, 1968-1972](http://www.vietnammailbag.com/), available at <http://www.vietnammailbag.com/>
 - Alexandra Lajoux, [My Country is Your Country](http://www.alexismusicstudio.com), a blend of country, folk, gospel and bluegrass. The album's title song, "We Thank You," was sung by Alexandra at the MDWP Tent on the Mall. Available at <http://www.alexismusicstudio.com>
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Thank you to all of you who participated and to those who help sponsor MDWP activities on the Mall. Special thanks to VVA 227 for their support. Our best wishes to our brothers Brian "Gunny" Conner and Marine Roy Correnti. If you have any suggestions for corporate sponsorship, let me know. **Don't forget to visit our website: www.memorialdaywritersproject.com** or contact me at **www.dick_epstein@hotmail.com**. God Bless.

We, artists of every persuasion, come to the MDWP Tent and the Wall to remember in our unique way. Remember we do. The above is a fairly accurate picture of what went on at the MDWP tent on Veterans Day 2010. It was a great day, being together, honoring the memories of veterans we knew and those we didn't know. Thank you all for sharing yourselves, for raising your voices so that others won't forget, so that names on the Wall will never be just names. I Hope to see many of you again next Veterans Day. God Bless.

P.S. Your donation is most welcomed to help pay for the rental of our tent on the Mall and to keep the MDWP going. The address is: MDWP, Richard Epstein, 1024 Stirling Rd., Silver Spring, MD 20901.