
Action Report: Memorial Day Writers' Project (MDWP)

Activity: A Tribute to our Veterans

Date: November 11, 2011

Location: Washington, DC

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

Weather: 45 to 55 degrees, cloudless blue sky.



We had fifteen participants at the Writers Tent this past Veterans Day: a self-proclaimed balladeer, three singer/songwriters, and eight authors with published books of poetry, fiction, and nonfiction and two veterans who recently returned from Iraq and Afghanistan. Each person who steps up to the microphone shares a unique voice and spirit which mingles with that of the surrounding area on this special day. The warmth, the love, the sadness of loss and longing was palpable throughout the Mall as we raised our voices to remember and thank our country's veterans.

We had four new readers with us this year (**Vicki Rempel, Ray Brown, Ray Palmer, and Sgt. Perez** of the 9th Marines). **Barbara Morris** manned the front table serving as chief greeter, handing out literature and keeping accurate track of book sales. Barbara was assisted by Washington's Poet Activist, **Sistah Joy. Maritza Rivera Cohen and Brenda Myer** kept a watchful eye on our host, **Dick Epstein**, to make sure a growing queue of participants didn't get overlooked.

Dick even got to read some of his own poetry, as a delay tactic, while participants unpacked their guitars or reordered the material they brought to read. During the activity, a 10 year-old boy and his mom walked by and put a "Thank You" card into Dick's hand. He read it quickly and with tears, handed the card to a young Marine sitting in the audience. The boy then gave Dick another "Thank you" card. You can read more about this boy from Frederick MD by doing a google search on "*Socks for Veterans.*" I publically send my thanks to **Cavan Brewer** and his parents who live in Frederick, MD. The following presents a brief summary provided by each of the participants of MDWP activities on the Mall.

Jonathan Myer flew an O-1E "Bird Dog" as a Forward Air Controller (FAC) in II Corps' Kontum



Province and 3-1/2 weeks' over the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ) between South and North Vietnam. Jonathan was the sole "FACero" performing this day; his recent partner Dave (and Linda) MacKay were in the process of moving to Alabama, while "Raven Jim" (and Liz) Roper remain happily on Colorado's frontal range, rearing their young family. Jonathan's three stints at the microphone yielded a chronological list of songs reflecting the first two-thirds of his

Vietnam tour, augmented by others per request. He said that, as he couldn't finger his 12-string guitar with gloves on, he had to ignore his increasingly numb fingers during the day's 40-degree temperatures. Echoing an old-time colleague, he simply told himself: "If you can't take a joke, you shouldn't have joined up!" Jonathan's songs are summarized in the Appendix to this report. Jonathon has several CD's of his wartime ballads. If interested send him an email at: j-bmyer-alexva@erols.com.



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 in Vienna Virginia (www.saw.org/masc.asp). Richard read several excerpts from his novel "Cologne No. 10 for Men," fiction that grew out of his songs and experiences in Vietnam. The following lists the songs sung by Dick throughout the day:

- "Digging a Hole," a song about digging fox holes and sleeping holes everywhere we went. "The Chaplain," a song about a fictitious chaplain who gets PTSD
- "The Bong Song Bridge," a catchy tune about the easy time spent guarding the Bong Song Bridge
- "When's The Sun Gonna Shine On Camp Evans?" monsoon season at the northern HQ of the 1st Cavalry Division northern HQ base between Quang Tri and Hue, when the base was socked-in and vulnerable to enemy mortar and rocket attack (The song takes place before Tet.)
- "You Ain't Alone," A song about sharing and surviving depression in war
- "Charlie's Gone From Khe Sanh," a song about the mysterious disappearance of the NVA division from Khe Sanh when the First Cavalry Division moved into the area
- "Mirage," a song about a soldier dreaming of his love back in the world
- "Counting Bodies In The Nam," a satiric song about counting bodies and calculating kill ratios "to prove that we have won"
- "Lonesome for You," a love song from Richard to his wife, Barbara.
- "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.

Joe Finch told us a little about the book he wrote, "Angel's Wing," which chronicles his time in Vietnam as he experienced the good, the ugly, the tragic, and the sometimes humorous. Joe started off with a short piece entitled "What Makes a Soldier?" where he briefly addressed the circumstances of war. He then read three poems: "Echoes of the Trial," a poem that reaches back to Black Sam Kalagian, commander and chief scrounger of the 25th Aviation Battalion and Spook Grundman, the best of 46 aviators, who taught the skills needed to survive Vietnam. Joe's second poem, "Echoes" takes a look at where we were on Veterans Day and what can be felt and seen by those who have served. His last poem, "Strength," acknowledges the strength of those who did not return.



Sistah Joy, a local community activist and performance poet, read a poem entitled “*Remembrance*,” a tribute to those who have left us with a strong imprint in our mind and our heart, long after they have gone; “*Humanities Legacy*,” a poem presented as part of a tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King at the US Department of State, and “*I Proudly Wear the Flag*” an affirmation of the meaning of the flag and noble precepts it should represent. Sistah Joy leads a poetry ministry in Ft. Washington, MD and co-produces an award-winning CTV cultural arts program “Sojourn with Words,” which is viewed in Prince George’s County. She also hosts a monthly poetry event at Annie’s Art Gallery in Camp Springs, Maryland.



Maritza Rivera Cohen, also a veteran and a mother of two veterans, read several poems from her hand-made chapbook (she made the paper too) “*A Mother’s War*.” Her selections included “*Camouflage*” (about deployment); “*Encounter*,” (a poem written in two voices, read by Maritza and Richard Epstein); “*Semper Fi*,” (about a last letter) and “*Friendly Fire*,” (war vs. love). Maritza, a local poet, recently organized a two-day writing retreat in Maryland and plans to conduct another one next summer. .



Alexandra Lajoux, singer, songwriter and voice coach, stepped up to the microphone and gave a wonderful rendition of a song she wrote and distributes freely to our veterans overseas. Her song “*I Thank You*,” was written as a tribute to America’s veterans. Her CD is being distributed by American Forces Network Iraq. 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 in Iraq.

Clyde Cristofferson read from a family-produced book “*Your Hero and Mine Scott*” comprised of letters sent home to friends and family by Scott Cristofferson, a 19-year old embedded reporter with the 101st Airborne unit. Scott was ambushed near Chu Lai as part of Operation Wheeler. Scott routinely participated in operations, and his loss typifies the randomness of death that was always with us. Scott, and the 2nd platoon, was ambushed by two well armed North Vietnamese Companies—approximately 200 enemy soldiers. The enemy was driven off, leaving 60 North Vietnamese dead at the cost of 17 members of the 101st . Scott refused to leave his position as he provided defensive fire enabling others in his platoon to withdraw. Scott would have made a great novelist. He was young, idealistic, observant, pensive, and objective in his writing.



Vicki Rempel told us about a book “*The Eight Said No*” written by her dad just before he passed away. This is a first-hand account of the ferocious sea battles that took place in the South Pacific during World War II. *The Eight* refers to the eight aircraft carriers that weren’t in Pearl Harbor when the Japanese struck. I’d like to tell you a little more about the book, but I have a serious problem getting it back from several ex Navy types where I work. I figure it must be good.

Marine Sgt. Perez sat in the audience at the edge of his seat listening to songs and poems of Vietnam era vets and Vicki Rempel successfully coaxed him to tell us of his experience in Iraq and Afghanistan. The Sgt. was wearing short sleeves and was shivering in the mid 50 degree temperature as he told us about a recent incident where two of his men were yelling at him to get down as they were taking fire. It was his job, his duty, he explained, to tell his men what to do , to give them direction under fire and not the other way around. The incident stuck in his mind. His inexperienced troops were yelling at him and were concerned for his safety. I remember him saying, “It’s not important if I make it back; but I fail in my job if they don’t make it back.”



Ray Brown is a new participant with the MDWP. Ray is a published poet and reads actively in the New Jersey, New York City and the Philadelphia area poetry events. Ray read "*I Have never Been a Soldier,*" which takes a look at some of the unpleasantaries a soldier may be called on to endure, "*I Learned to Kill for You,*" written from the view point of a 19-year-old Iraq or Afghanistan veteran, and "*Pins,*" a poem that mixes the ephemeral and the mundane. You can see more of Ray's poetry on his blog "**The Poetry of Ray Brown,**" at: <http://raybrown.wordpress.com>.

Gerry Ney came to Washington with a group from Philadelphia and he managed to spend some time with us. Gerry read several new poems and if he sends me a summary I'll include it here. Gerry read "*The Haunting Dream,*" which deals with the effects of the fall of Saigon on the South Vietnamese and American vets. He also read a poem triggered by watching "Saving Pvt Ryan," a tribute to 1st Lt. Anderson "*Skip*" Renshaw, who served with the 1st Air Cav and was killed on Easter Sunday 1969, four days after returning from R&R with his wife in Hawaii; "*Gone With the Grin,*" a poem about a Vietnam vet co-worker that decided he had enough; and "*Vietnam Lowdown In-Country Backstabbin' Backside Fraggin' Cook Cuppa Coffee Blues.*" This lovely poem tell a true story about going through five different Mess Sergeants before finding one who wouldn't let his cooks maintain an ongoing affair with Mary Jane and got fragged for his efforts.



Jimmy Stewart (aka Tanker with a black beret), patriot that he is, sang "*God Bless America,*" "*America The Beautiful,*" "*This Land Is Your Land,*" "*The Ballad Of The Green Berets,*" "*Shadows On The Wall,*" "*Okie From Muskogee,*" and "*I Ain't Got No Home.*" Instead of carrying his 100-year old guitar from OK, Tanker brought a good looking Dobro.

Holley Watts, ARC Donut Dolly '66-'67 (DaNang, Chu Lai, An Khe and Cu Chi) read "*Who Knew...just why we went?*" a poem that examines why she and other Donut Dollies went to Vietnam leaving a comfortable home life behind; "*Remembering Bunny Olson*" about an Aussie, the time they spent together, and a rabbit-furred koala bear she received as a life time gift; "*Who Knew ..the games we played,*" a poem that reminded us of the Donut Dolly's visits and how they took our minds away from the stress of war. You can learn more about Holley and read more of her work at her Web site at <http://holleywatts.com/>



Dick Epstein, our host, read two poems written by Clyde Wray: "*Futile Efforts of Every Veteran* and "*Of Common Ground.*" The first poem was recently written by Clyde and reminds us all of how many of us tend to close off our emotions and how far we have come in our nation's ability to apply peaceful solutions instead of the fire storm of war. Richard also read a poem inspired by Ed Henry "*Get Over It,*" a poem in two voices "*Walk Tight/Hang Loose*" read by Richard and Maritza Rivera Cohen, and "*A Sense of Honor,*" a poem which touches on the impact of the Wall on one veteran.





The photo shows **Steve Scuba** and **Jonathon Myer** engaged in deep conversation while having diner at Nam Viet restaurant in Arlington, VA after the day's activities. Dick and Barbara Morris, Brenda Myer, Jimmy Stewart, and Dick Epstein were also in attendance.



Appendix: Jonathan Myer's Song Notes:

1. **Teeny Weeny Bird Dog.** My first Vietnam-era song after I resumed song-writing in 1997, it visualizes the typical events and challenges of flying the O-1E "Bird Dog" (formerly and still known as the L-19). This little high-wing "tail-dragger" flew like a WW-I "pursuit ship" — in a post-WW-II conflict. Moreover, despite its limitations and vulnerability, it was flown in various parts of Southeast Asia (SEA) throughout the war. One reason so few Bird Dogs are in museums today is that, unlike its more advanced (and costly) successors, many of the surviving O-1s are privately owned — and still flying!

2. **FAC Meets Saigon Warrior.** In May of 1966, when Kontum's poor weather precluded any local flying for a spell, I took a trip back to Saigon. I bought my first camera, took care of paperwork at FAC Hq, invested in 20 cases of their beer (to break our three-week "drought" back at Kontum) — and saw my first "Saigon Warrior." This breed of rear-echelon personnel sported all the accoutrements and equipment that somehow rarely made it to the front-line troops "at the pointy end of the spear." This song is one of wishful thinking, from three decades later.

3. **Beer Call in the Boonies.** This is one episode I thought I could never turn into a song . but here it was, completed in December, 2010: the true story about how I combined a send-off meeting in Saigon with fellow-FAC John Perry (whose Baron 82 call-sign I inherited as his replacement) — with the coup of transporting 20 cases of beer from Tan Son Nhut Air Base back to Kontum to break my FAC unit's "drought" (as mentioned in the preceding song note). As two of the final lines go:

"... we'd get pretty grumpy if we didn't get our mail . . .
And really really pissed if we ran out of beer!"

John Perry had "gone west" this past May 9th I'd learned, so this ballad was in memoriam.

4. **My Dai Uy Hat.** Part of my evolving FAC "uniform" was the floppy jungle hat given me by a Vietnamese counterpart. I "lost" it following my "med-evac" of an old Montagnard and his ailing baby grandson from the Dak Pek Special Forces camp (in the north-northwest corner of Kontum Province) to Doc Smith's hospital for Montagnards, some clicks (kilometers) northeast of Kontum City.

5. **How I Went IFR in Flying Buffalo Shit.** Based on an actual mission (30 July 1966), this song tells how I landed my Bird Dog at the Dak Pek Special Forces camp again, this time after shooing some water buffalo off its narrow dirt landing strip. However, the beasts left some "residue" behind . . . which the aircraft's rolling tires hurled forward into its propeller, which in turn flung it back to spatter all over my windshield (hence putting me instantly in "IFR" conditions, standing for "instrument flight rules" when a pilot couldn't see outside his cockpit) — and also through my open side windows onto my O-1E's back

seat. . . . This tale thus proved that environmental hazards (such as “VC buffalo” shi-erra literally “hitting the fan”) could be more dangerous than ground fire!

6. **Pink Elephant Polka.** Sometimes strange things happened when flying over the jungles of Southeast Asia — especially around the tri-border area of South Vietnam's Kontum Province, Cambodia, and Laos. This is one of them. Yes, the elephants were “pink.” Yes, I did fire a rocket at them — and missed. And maybe the “whump” I felt in return was from ground fire, not turbulence. . . . Years later, I confirmed that the enemy did use pachyderms as pack animals, and other FACs had also seen pink ones, presumably from reddish mud that had dried on their hides.

7. **The Dumbest Thing** “a flyer can do . . . is run his engine until it quits” — which I managed to do twice during my Vietnam FAC tour . . . something not recommended at any time, and certainly not in the middle of an airstrike or over rough terrain a long way from base. . . . The fact that I survived both times, and without personal injury or damage to my Bird Dog, simply proved what I've long maintained: It's better to be lucky than smart!

8. **I Fly the Line.** Dave MacKay wrote this song in 1969 during his tour as a Covey (out-country) FAC flying out of Pleiku Air Base north and west into southern Laos to conduct interdiction missions over the lower Ho Chi Minh Trail. The song, however, tells the general story of how a FAC did his primary job of visual reconnaissance and airstrike control during the SEA War, whether he faced small arms fire (which "I don't sweat") or automatic crew-served weapons (which was "what I fret"). The end of his second verse, "I'll fly and fight anywhere at any time / Because they're mine, I Fly the Line" reflects the close relationship between FACs and the ground units they supported.

9. **Tally Ho** was the name of both the operation and its area, namely the so-called Demilitarized Zone (DMZ), which roughly straddled the 17th Parallel between South and North Vietnam; more formally it was part of Route Package 1, the southernmost of the six “route packs” that defined the airstrike areas of North Vietnam. Bird Dog FACs flew Tally Ho's reconnaissance and airstrike control missions out of Dong Ha Air Base, just south of the DMZ in Quang Tri Province in the U.S. Marines' I (“Eye”) Corps, from July 1966 into May 1967. I flew with Tally Ho from late-September through mid-October 1966, and those 3-1/2 weeks yielded most of the events mentioned in this song.

10. **Hunting Trucks by Star Light.** Tally Ho night flights had two FACs in the Bird Dog, the front-seater to fly the aircraft and control the airstrikes while the back-seater looked out of his open window through a light-enhancing Starlight scope, searching for trucks carrying supplies for NVA and VC units in the South. When we found one, we'd ask “Hillsboro” (our C-130 airborne command post) for a flare-bird (“Blind Bat”) 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.

11. **Coyote Four-One.** This is my ballad about an F-4, call-sign “Coyote 41,” that crashed while under my control during an air strike in the DMZ the night of October 13th, 1966. The pilot simply misjudged his altitude during a weapons pass and literally plowed a flaming furrow in the ground, “Oh, shit!” being his final words. Next morning, I hopped aboard an HH-3E “Jolly Green Giant” rescue chopper to search for any survivors, but there were none. . . . Some 32 years later and thanks to the search technique taught me by Army “Huey” driver Mike Sloniker (aka “The Loadhacker”), I learned the identities of Coyote 41's crew — from the Vietnam Veterans Memorial (aka “Our Wall”) itself.

12. **Glory Flying Regulations** (III: SEA & GWOT). The original song (as popularized by Oscar Brand 50+ years ago) contrasted the thrills of WW-II combat flying with the boredom and restrictions of peacetime flying. A dozen years ago, I updated it with six verses for our four Services' flyers in the

Southeast Asia War; then in 2008 I added two verses to address the use of unmanned aerial vehicles (UAVs) and steady reduction of manned fighters, but the verses and chorus still end with "The force is shot to hell!"

13. **Orran O'Sporran, the Third.** Wars aren't wars without people who use them for personal advantage. They range from incompetent to egotistical to tyrannical to fraudulent — those who seek medals they didn't earn and, to the disgust of those who know the facts, often got them. Such people may even mean well, but foul up just the same. It is all too rare that any are unmasked, but this song tells of one who was. His name is changed, but the events were true. "Orran's" dénouement was confirmed by then-Lt Colonel "Bill" Bradbury (the Kontum ALO when I left) about 40 years later.

14. **FAC and the Green Beret.** One of the best parts of province FAC-ing was working with the Army's Special Forces, or Green Berets. Their A-teams built camps all over South Vietnam to rally local people against the Vietcong (VC) and try to stop infiltration from the North. In January 1967, I wrote a spoof about our special relationship and how it [um] worked. While several of its events were true, the song itself explores what could have happened if a Green Beret team got into trouble, needed close air support, and everything that could go wrong — did. . . .

In 1995, I learned that Special Forces veteran "Bucky" Burrus had included it in his book *Mike Force*, as he and his A-Team used to sing the "Green Beret" verses at their beer calls, while his supporting "Walt" FACs took the "Friendly FAC" verses — all some 18 months after I had returned to the U.S.

15. **The FAC.** Dave MacKay's rendition of a poem provided by Jim Roper a few years back, it captures the essence of a FAC's life during the SEA War: "I've flown a million miles in this barb-wired land / Aged a hundred years in a twelve-month span;" "You've never really lived 'til you've almost died / That's the time you feel the most alive;" "Hey FAC, we're gettin' run down from the South / Can you put a can of nape in Charlie's mouth?" — and: ". . . Through battles I was there, I'm the guy who ran the Air / The warlord in the sky they called the FAC."

16. **Frankie and Johnnie** (Air Force Style). The original "Frankie and Johnnie" (like Leadbelly's "Frankie and Albert") is the classic "he done her wrong" song. My parody follows the same sequence of events, except that Frankie is an Air Force Club hostess, her philandering Johnnie is (what else?) a squadron fighter pilot — caught in the same act that libeled real-life reporter Nellie Bly — and Johnnie's funeral follows the military practices conducted at our Arlington National Cemetery . . . of which I have witnessed more than a fair share while awaiting my own turn there. (No hurry, though.)

17. **Answered: The 9-11 Call.** I've been doing my "Answering the 9-11 Call" annually since October 2001 to memorialize the attack of that tragic day, promise retribution, and reaffirm the U.S.'s dual goals of "Freedom and Democracy in the world of Western Man." On May 1st of this year 2011, that "9-11 call" was "answered" — by SEAL Team Six's raid on Osama bin Laden's refuge in Abbotabad, Pakistan. "Answered: . . ." is the logical sequel, replacing the determination of its predecessor with the now-historical "facts of the case." As before, it's neither anti-Islam nor anti-Muslim — but it is anti-terrorist, and specifically anti-OBL . . . and it's good to know that "Allah" was on our side this past May Day!

By coincidence, Yahoo News contained a recent article, "Correcting the 'fairy tale': A SEAL's account of how Osama bin Laden really died," which I took the liberty of reading aloud. For me, it's most significant features were that (1) rather than passively "freezing" when the SEALs entered his room, OBL was diving across his bed "to get at his AKSU rifle" when he was shot, and (2) the President's immediate announcement of all the "computer drives . . . hard drives . . . videocassettes . . . CDs . . . thumb drives," etc., that had been captured . . . prematurely "rendered moot all the intelligence that was gathered from the nexus of al-Qaida." (Whatever happened to "Loose Lips Sink Ships"?) The article's URL is:

<<http://news.yahoo.com/correcting-fairy-tale-seal-account-osama-bin-laden-054233289.html>>

By further coincidence, on Saturday the 12th (Vets Day + 1), I picked up an 8-CD 10-hour audio-book titled "SEAL TARGET GERONIMO: The Inside Story of the Mission to Kill Osama bin Laden" by the Chuck Pfarrer who had been interviewed for the Yahoo News article, above. Cost: \$19 at Costco (list price \$30; also available in print from Martin Press). Should be great listening — when I have ten spare hours and the energy to match!

Jonathan Myer
O-1E "Bird Dog" FAC
Kontum Province & "Tally Ho" (DMZ)
Baron/Cagey 82 & Covey 75
April 1966 thru February 1967

Books and CD's by MDWP Presenters

- Joseph Underwood, [The Eight Said No](#), a sailor's story from the deck of the USS Hornet and USS North Carolina, in raging sea battles for the South Pacific.
 - 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.
 - Joseph R. Finch, [Angel's Wing, A Year in the Skies of Vietnam](#), a look at daily life of a young medevac pilot with the "Little Bears" of the 25th Aviation Battalion.
 - 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](#).
 - Maritza Rivera Cohen, [A Mother's War](#). (A hand made chapbook.)
 - Jonathan Myer, [Songs of the O-1E Bid Dog](#) and CD's from the [Society of Old Bold Aviators](#). Order from: j-bmyer-alexva@erols.com.
 - Alexandra Lajoux, [My Country is Your Country](#), 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 Briah "Gunny" Conner. 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 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 2011. 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.

P.S. A 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.