



# *With All Due Respect*

*Preserving America's Memories*

Quarterly Newsletter  
April 2015, Vol. 2

## ***Seniors, we need your help! Again!***

You helped to make America great, now I'm hoping that you will help to provide the insight so that we may keep it great!

I know that **you** have a story to share with us! **Everybody has had at least one interesting thing happen to them during their lifetime.**

Won't you consider taking a little time to jot down a memory that you have and send it to us? Put on your thinking cap and go back as far as you can remember.

-What were some of the chores that your parents expected of you when you were as young as Little Lizzie? (On front cover.)

-Or maybe not that far back...what was your first paying job?

-What games did you and your siblings play back in the day?

-What are experiences that your parents and grandparents shared with you? Help to preserve their memories!

-Do you have a favorite recipe? Share it!

**I was fascinated with the stories I heard from my grandfather and father.** They told them so matter-of-factly, I just could not imagine what it would have been like to live 100 years ago, or even 75 years ago, for that matter. Our country has change so quickly! *(One thought that will always stick with me is how my great-grandmother always had to be vigilant of Indians when her children played outside. And they lived on Lyndale Avenue in South Minneapolis!)*

So many of the seniors that I've talked to say the same thing, "I didn't have that interesting of a life." **This just is not so.** You see, what may seem like commonplace stories to you are not commonplace to the generations that followed yours. I strongly feel that **it is more important now than ever** that we get as many of the true-life accounts of what it was like to grow up in America preserved for the generations to come. The history books do not cover these accounts. And it's **only our American Seniors** that can provide **this extremely important information.**

**Please send us your story to us  
today!**

### **Inside this issue:**

—Who are we?

—Boning Up on Calcium

—Senior Stories:

*The Finland Radar Station Incident*  
*By Bill Shaffer*

—The Book Corner with J. A. Lehnert

—Plus more!

## Who are we?

We are a small group of individuals that feel it is important that the children growing up these days are aware of who it was and what it took to make America, the Land of the Free, not only a possibility, but a reality. The *With All Due Respect* project is our way of getting your stories out there. Please share! We cannot do this without the help of our seniors!



Nancy Ann-Founder of the *With All Due Respect* project. The WADR project is something that has been on her "list" for a long time and she is looking forward to putting it into action in 2015. She works fulltime while pursuing her writing career.

[www.nancyannbooks.com](http://www.nancyannbooks.com)

An avid reader from the very beginning, J. A. Lehnert is excited to be a part of the WADR project. She has two wonderful children and a big tuxedo cat that thinks he is a dog. Her passions are hiking with her kids, reading, and discussing books. She joined her first book club in the fourth grade, and has been an active member of a book club ever since.



The youngest of eleven children, Mary Farias grew up on a farm in Corcoran, Minnesota. She is the co-owner, with her husband, Marc Farias, of Tucson Gymnastics Center in Tucson, AZ. She is the author of the children's book series *Gym Rats*. Farias avidly studies

nutrition and she and her family follow a whole-foods plant-based diet.

## Nutrition, Naturally!

### Bone Up on Calcium

By Mary Farias

Humans are the only species that drinks another animal's milk, let alone drinks milk after infancy. In addition, the United States as a whole consumes more dairy than most countries, yet has one of the highest rates of osteoporosis and hip fractures. Is this a coincidence? Science says no (even though the dairy industry says otherwise).

If you are trying to strengthen your bones to combat osteoporosis or fractures, drinking milk could harm your efforts more than help them. Although dairy products have calcium in them, the majority of the calcium is not absorbed by our bones. In fact, our bodies may rob the calcium from our bones to counteract dairy's acidity.

Our bodies desire to be alkaline. Dairy is acidic. When we consume foods that are acidic, our bodies need to draw on something to bring the pH back to alkaline. The easiest way to do this is by borrowing calcium from our bones to level out the pH. Although the dairy industry is correct in touting dairy's trove of calcium, the chances of your body reaping its benefits are small.

Then where should you get your calcium?

Let's take a look at some of the world's largest animals: gorillas, elephants, even the adult cow itself, all eat plant foods. None of these animals eats or drinks milk as adults. Rather, they get their calcium from the plant foods they eat. Calcium is a mineral found in the ground, and plants soak it up as they grow. When we eat plants, we absorb their calcium. (The calcium in cow's milk comes from somewhere: the plants the cow eats!) In addition, plants are naturally more alkaline than animal foods, meaning our bodies are better able to absorb the calcium they have to offer rather than compensating for the acidity in dairy foods and drawing calcium out of our bones.

**Here is a list of high-calcium plant foods:** sesame seeds, tofu, kale, broccoli, all dark, leafy greens, almonds, fortified soy milk, orange juice, etc., beans. In fact, just about all plant foods have some calcium in them, just by virtue of being plants. So then next time you want to bone up on calcium, forego the dairy, and reach for the spinach. Your bones will thank you!

## The Finland Radar Station Incident

Contributed by

Bill Schaffer of Grand Marias, MN

Summer of 1964. Here I am stationed at the 756<sup>th</sup> RADRON Squadron, USAF. The site is located on a hill just outside Finland, MN and is part of the DEW — Distant Early Warning. DEW is a string of radar sites scattered near the Canadian border.

Tensions ran high in 1964 between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. during the cold war. Who knew when those Russian bombers might come roaring in over the Arctic Circle and down through Canada? We were vigilant. So vigilant, in fact, that we had practice alerts about every week.

After about a dozen or so of them, one began to wonder if this was merely a retelling of the boy who cried wolf. Being a military man, I did not question the necessity of these war games. I did my duty and stood my post, .30 caliber carbine at the ready during these mock attacks.

As a radio maintenance man, my duty station was just outside the front door of the radio shack. This building provided communication between the radar shack and our heroic fighter pilots maneuvering their F-16 fighter jets to intercept those nasty Russian bombers.

It was a beautiful summer morning when these blasted sirens went off. I dashed to the radio shack, grabbed my carbine and stepped outside, rifle at the ready. I kept my eyes peeled for enemy saboteurs attempting to breach our barbed wire perimeter. After several hours I had not seen even one Russian attacker. Needless to say, extreme boredom had set in by now, so I was surprised to see our commanding officer walking up the gravel road with a kitchen chair under his arm.

Wishing to impress him with my smart soldiering, I popped off a particularly snappy salute. I started to worry when he didn't return my salute, but stepped smartly into the radio building ignoring me completely.

After several minutes, my non-commissioned officer in charge called me into the site. There stood my immediate supervisor, the C.O. — a full bird colonel and me, an Airman 2<sup>nd</sup> Class. I suspected all was not well.

“Airman Shaffer!” he roared.

“Yess-sir,” I quaked.

“Do you realize that you just caused the destruction of this military installation?”

I may have said something like, “But, but, but...” However, I'm not sure I could even verbalize anything at this point.

His face was red and glowing. “Airman Shaffer! Why didn't you challenge me?”

I was desperate now. “But Sir, you're the commanding officer.”

“Airman Shaffer, look at this chair.”

Taped under the seat of the kitchen chair he'd brought in was an empty toilet paper roll. It was painted red and the word ‘Bomb’ was clearly visible.

What had I done? Could this mean court martial? Firing squad in the morning? K.P. for the next two years?

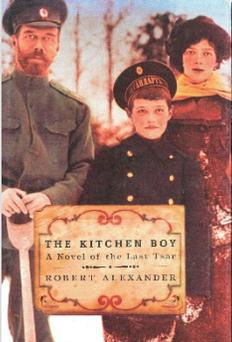
The rest of that conversation remains a blur after all these years. You know, I'm not sure what action I would have taken if in fact a snarling Russian soldier had crawled over that fence. But if you think I was in hot water over that mistake, wait 'til I tell you about the runaway grass wacker.



The graduating class in U.S. Air Force Electronics Principals, 1963. Bill Schaffer is in the back row, second from the right.

## The Book Corner...

with J. A. Lehnert



The Kitchen Boy.  
A Novel of the Last Tsar.  
By Robert Alexander.  
229 pages.  
Published January, 2003.  
Viking Penguin.  
Fiction/Historical fiction.  
Available in audio.  
Available in large print

### The Kitchen Boy

is the first book of the Romanov trilogy series by Robert Alexander. The author re-creates the historically fascinating and highly theorized events of the final days of the last Tsar of Russia, Nicolas and Alexandra Romanov. Alexander brings years of extensive research of Russia's rich history to this historical fiction.

When Russia entered WWI, Tsarist Nicolas II had facilitated the destruction of millions of Russians under his care and leadership. Russia was ill-equipped to withstand the German armies. Russia suffered great losses. The economy was catastrophically disrupted. Food shortages were rampant and riots ensued. The first of the Russia Revolutions was birthed. The Tsarist would not accept a monarchy; he insisted on holding onto the autocratic system. He was forced to abdicate his throne by a provisional government, which was shortly overtaken by the Bolshevik party. The Romanov family was exiled, not to Siberia, but to the Ipatiev House – “The House of Purpose”. This was a smaller home that belonged to the Tsar; this was the family's favorite vacation spot. Here they were imprisoned in their own home. All of the windows were painted over with lime, not only sealing the windows shut, but one could not see in or out. They were surrounded by soldiers and guards. The Romanov family found themselves at the mercy of the Bolsheviks.

The story is narrated by Leonka, the Romanov's kitchen boy at the House of Purpose. The story begins in the summer of 1998. Leonka introduces himself as Mikhail – Misha -- Semyonov. He is a 94-year old Russian immigrant living outside of the

Chicago area. Misha wants to tell the story of his life to his granddaughter, Kate. He is the only living witness to the execution of Tsar Nicolas II and his family, as well as the execution of 4 of their loyal servants, on that fateful night of July 16, 1918. Misha's real name is Leonid – Leonka – Sednyov. He has been living a lie for 80 years. His death is imminent; Misha wants to unburden himself of the secrets he has lived with and the knowledge that he holds. With a tape recorder in hand, he begins to tell his granddaughter about that horrific night that he witnessed the brutal murder of the Nicolas and Alexandra and their family.

Leonka began his service to the Romanov family when they were exiled and imprisoned in The House of Purpose. During his months of service he became close to the Romanov family. He became a trusted member of their inner circle. With the help of two nuns from the local convent, Leonka helps smuggle notes to the Tsar from Russian soldiers that are sympathetic to Nicholas II and his family. These soldiers want to rescue the Tsar and his family from the Bolsheviks.

There have been many theories of what happened in those final hours. For decades, there were two missing bodies from the 11 people that were taken into that basement cellar to be executed by the Bolshevik soldiers. At the time of the publishing of The Kitchen Boy, Alexander had a strong case of what actually occurred and may have happened with the two family members that were not found.

To avoid any spoilers, I will not comment further. Alexander chose the kitchen boy as the most likely one to witness the execution. He has been overlooked for decades by all of those that have investigated what happened. He was inconsequential. He was just a boy, a kitchen boy. But it was the kitchen boy who helped assist the rescue of the family, and it is the kitchen boy who also knew the whereabouts of the two missing family members.

At the time of the publishing, there still existed much controversy, theories, and mystery about where two of the family members were and what happened to them. At that time, their bodies had never been recovered. Many believed they were still alive. In 2007 the mystery was resolved and the remains were found and identified. I won't say which two, in case the reader has not heard the speculation. Alexander offers an interesting double twist at the end, and many readers thought it was a believable outcome -prior to 2007.

Name this photo!



## Just for Fun

Jack: Did you hear about the kid that was born upside down?

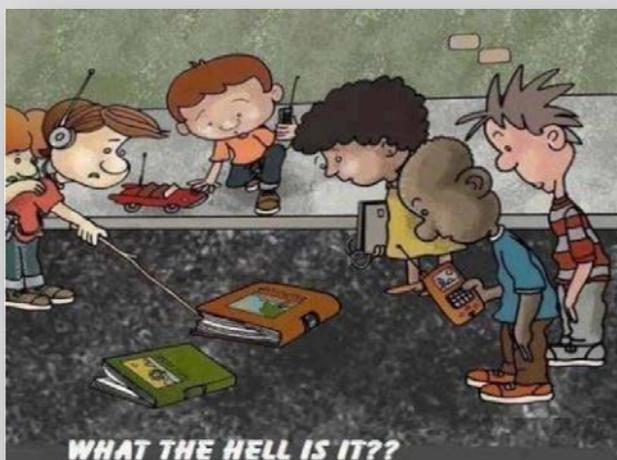
Jill: No, what happened?

Jack: His nose runs and his feet smell.

**Punny Reads:**  
*Crime and Punishment*  
By Landon Jale

**A boy's father walks into his room and says:**  
"For your birthday, I'm giving you a magic car."  
"Wow!" the boy says. "How does it work?"  
The dad replies, "One ticket, and it disappears."

Come up with a clever caption of this photo of our WADR mascot, Little Lizzie, and send it to us to either the email address or postal address on the inside back cover of this issue. The winner will receive a "pre-read" copy of the book that was reviewed in last issues' Book Corner. Good Luck!



**(HELP US HELP THEM!)**

## WADR Submission Guidelines

- Stories and experiences must be true-life events. They need not be sensationalized, just the facts! We are confident that the story you have to tell will stand on its own merit.
- Your submission can be of any length, however we are currently requesting that you please try to keep it under 1000 words.
- Submissions may be sent at any time throughout the year.
- You may submit as many stories as you wish.
- Share! Share! Share! Please tell others about the With All Due Respect project!
- If you hand-write your submission, please make it as legible as you possibly can, as we will need to type it up for you.
- There is no pay for submissions that are printed or posted. You are sending your story to us out of your willingness to share.
- By submitting, you are granting us the permission to post, print, publish, and share your story in one or more of the multiple formats that we choose.
- If you don't wish your full name to be credited to your story, you can just use your initials, first name only, or first name with last initial, etc...However, we may need your name for internal purposes.
- Submissions will not be returned.
- Photos are always welcome! If you have a photograph to share, please include your name and clearly identify a caption. Also, please send a *copy*, as photos will not be returned.

Mailing address: With All Due Respect  
P.O. Box 47392  
Plymouth, MN 55447

Email: [submissions@withallduerespectproject.com](mailto:submissions@withallduerespectproject.com)  
(Use this address for all inquiries and comments.)

All submissions will be considered for publication. If my submission is chosen, I understand the following:

-It may be edited for publication purposes. (Other than typos and length, we try to avoid this.)

-There is no payment for the use of my submission. (You will receive a copy in the mail if you provide your name and address below.)

-Photos and submissions will not be returned. Please send copies, not originals!

-We will not share nor sell your contact information. We respect your privacy!

Please sign below to acknowledge that you have read and understand this statement and include it with your submission. And THANK YOU!

\*\*\*

Return this form along with your submission. If emailing, please sign & scan this form and send as an attachment along with your submission.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature

\_\_\_\_\_  
Date

Please provide some information in the event that we need to contact you for more details on your submission (please print):

First and Last Name:  
\_\_\_\_\_

Address:  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Year Born: \_\_\_\_\_

# Help Spread The Word!

If you know somebody that would enjoy having the WADR project quarterly newsletter sent to them via postal mail please send us mailing instructions via postal mail or email and we'll be happy to add him or her to our list.

You can also have our quarterly newsletter emailed directly to you. Just send us an email and request to be put on our mailing list. You can request to have your name removed at any time. We respect your privacy and will not share nor sell your personal information.

[submissions@withallduerespectproject.com](mailto:submissions@withallduerespectproject.com)

The *With All Due Respect* project is self-funded.

[www.withallduerespectproject.com](http://www.withallduerespectproject.com)

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*INDIVIDUALS  
SCHOOLS  
GROUPS*

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If you need help getting your story to us or belong to a group and would like me to come and give a presentation about the With All Due Respect project, please contact me for details by writing directly to:

With All Due Respect Project  
PO Box 47392, Plymouth, MN 55447

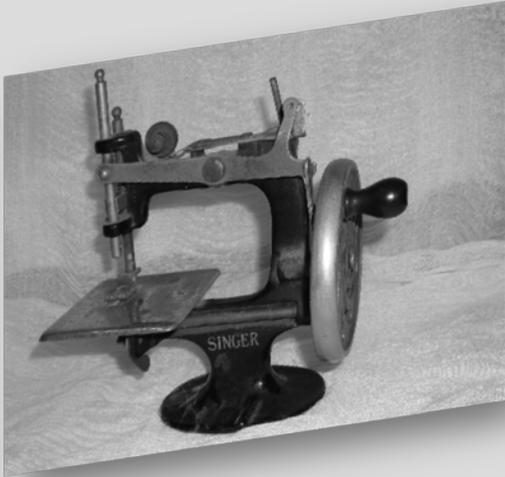
or by email

[submissions@withallduerespectproject.com](mailto:submissions@withallduerespectproject.com)

I am happy to assist!

—*Nancy Ann*

# Share your stories and photos!



Did you hang onto a favorite childhood toy?  
Send us a photo and a caption!

We know that necessity is the mother of invention...Does anybody know what this was used for? If so, let us know! →



Send your questions, comments, and  
submissions to:

[submissions@withallduerespectproject.com](mailto:submissions@withallduerespectproject.com)

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