

William H. Adams / 1st Platoon

My lovely wife Judy of 50 years (good grief!) and I are happily retired and living in Lakeville, Minnesota, about 20 miles south of the Twin Cities. I stay busy golfing, hunting, fishing and trying to manage my extensive list of "honey dos." Judy and I have three daughters and six grandkids who make our lives especially fun.

After OCS it seemed likely that most of us would end up in Nam, so when we had the opportunity to go voluntary indefinite and get our choice of first duty station I jumped on it. Judy and I drove from my parents' home in Tallahassee to my first duty station at Ft. Richardson, Alaska. I was assigned platoon leader of the recon platoon, Company E, 5/23 Inf., 172nd Inf. Brigade. And then I was assigned at my request to the 172 Support Bn of the same unit. After almost two years in Alaska, the President began the Vietnam drawdown and I ended up in Korea, where I was assigned to the 1/32 Inf., 2nd Infantry Division until my separation from the Army in May '72.

What did I do after the Army? Looking back, if I don't laugh I at least smile. Not knowing exactly what I wanted, I returned to school. I attended a junior college in southern Colorado and got an Associate of Applied Science in Gunsmithing. I have never used that commercially, but being in school allowed me to work at night for a newly opened UPS office. I became the student night sort supervisor. When I finished school UPS picked me up as a driver. I drove big rigs over the road about 400 miles every day. It was the most fun I've had working. The demands of family life (by this time, we had three kids) drew us to Minnesota. I had taken the Federal Civil Service test and got a job with the Immigration & Naturalization Service. Over the next 28 years or so, starting as an Immigration Inspector on the border with Canada and rising through the ranks, I retired post 9/11 from the Department of Homeland Security (into which INS had been absorbed) as interim District Director of the St Paul office of Citizenship and Immigration Services. I'm not sure it was a career, but it wasn't bad for a job. I'm proud of the work I've done and hope it helped further the county's interests.

Favorite memory of OCS? You have to be kidding! Cooperate and graduate. I was married for almost two years when my wife dropped me off at OCS. It was

a family affair for us. Judy took up residence off base and within a week or so was hauling laundry for all but two of us in the 1st platoon. Some dropped off her list as wives later showed up, but she stayed busy, so it worked out for everyone. Other memories: during a field exercise I got a thorn in my elbow and it swelled to about twice its normal size; I suffered hearing damage on the 90 mm "Reckless Rifle" range; and I was pulled from the oath ceremony at graduation and was administered the oath by my father, a retired RA officer. Now that was special! I remember both how long OCS was and how quickly it went. I remember everything and I remember nothing. It seemed like a blur. Thank god for good platoon Sergeants!

Gary W. Aeschilman / 1st Platoon Despite our best efforts we have been unable to locate Gary (Jim Fields, 2017)

Bernard W. Alquire JR / 4th Platoon (As told to Brian Flora)

Bernie and his second wife Judy of twelve years (his first wife passed away of cancer) are happily retired in Phoenix Arizona. His daughter lives nearby. He used to be very active in the martial arts (six black belts) and in sky diving (1,500 jumps between his military and his civilian hobby jumps), but has slowed down lately because of back and joint problems. He still does martial arts though (as a spectator and judge). He and Judy are hoping to make the reunion and look forward to seeing everyone.

After OCS he went to Airborne and Jungle Schools before heading over to Vietnam. There he served with MACV in a hush-hush Special Operations Group based in I Corps. He picked up a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart. He got out when he returned to CONUS.

However, he joined the Army Reserves in Arizona, first with a Military Intelligence unit then with a Special Forces unit, and stayed in for another 24 years. Between overseas deployments to Panama and El Salvador, he worked as an Arizona police officer in various capacities. He retired from the Reserves in 1994 as an LTC, but after 9/11 he felt compelled to "do something" and served as a DOD contractor in Germany with a unit that provided military intelligence support for Desert Storm and then in Kosovo in support of the UN peace-keeping mission there.

Memories of OCS? Repeatedly nodding off at his desk while trying to do the endless study assignments at night; the endless laps around the Airborne Track; and Captain Smith's pledge to break the Posts PT record, "which dang near killed us all."

Robert L. Arnold / 2d Platoon

I retired in 2015 after 42-plus years (37 in New York City) as a reporter, an editor, and eventually the news-side leader of two web sites. My (excellent artist) wife Judi and I live in Teaneck, New Jersey, not far from our two adult kids. The four of us have traveled in Europe, attended many Broadway shows, and watched the Yankees win (and lose) at their two most recent stadiums. Since retiring, I've biked to stay in shape (no more running; bad knees). For four years I taught a writing class at Drew University in Madison New Jersey. I quit after the spring semester of 2023 to spend more time with my family and complete projects at our (1930s) home.

At Drew, on Veteran's Day, and on National Vietnam Veterans Day (March 29th), I'd introduce my students (via vymf.org) to men who died way too soon: Jimmy DuPont and Tom Edgren from 50th Company; Bill Rawson (a track teammate at the University of Missouri, Marine lieutenant, and Silver Star recipient); Ronnie Abmeyer, a high school classmate and Marine corporal; and John Ringholm, whose late parents we knew. John was drafted after high school and killed at age 19. I informed students (none of whom were aware) that such sacrifices helped spur passage of the 26th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which in 1971 lowered the voting age to 18 from 21. I also told them that the unpopularity of the Vietnam conflict led to re-establishment of the volunteer Army which, at least for now, eliminates any chance of being drafted to fight another elective war.

Since past can be prologue, I also introduced students to "Dereliction of Duty: Lyndon Johnson, Robert McNamara, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the Lies That Led to Vietnam." That book by former four-star general and Trump national security advisor H.R. McMaster is based largely on once-classified memos and meeting minutes that reveal the errors made by those managers of the U.S. side of the war.

I had a much less stressful, less danger-filled Army life after OCS than did many 50th Company grads. I was made the information officer at Benning's basic training center. (While in OCS I had written to Benning's chief information officer, citing my journalism degree and requesting a position on his staff). When the basic training center closed, I was assigned to the deputy post commander's office and created marketing materials aimed at attracting wealthy donors to fund an infantry museum. (Back then, infantry artifacts were housed in former barracks). That effort faltered during an unpopular war, but a later campaign succeeded.

When I had about nine months left in the Army, I received orders for Vietnam. Then I was called to Benning's S-1 office and offered two options: Take my orders. Or extend, be promoted to captain after a year as a 1st Lt., then go "where the needs of the service require." I didn't want to extend, so I said I'd take my orders. Next came a surprise: new orders reversing my original ones. I never asked why (to leave well enough alone). I was discharged in June of 1971 and went back to grad school.

The "bw" in my email address stands for Business Week magazine. After earning my master's in journalism from Mizzou I was hired by the Wall Street Journal (despite my shoulder-length hair and preference for leisure suits) and sent to Pittsburgh. There, I primarily covered the coal industry and the United Mine Workers. (I also wrote an article for the WSJ about the evolution of OCS; it's on this site). I was working in the Dallas bureau in late 1977 when the WSJ and I parted ways (unpleasantly, but, as a member of the WSJ's company union I won a substantial settlement). In early 1978 I was hired by an editor at Business Week in New York. We were acquainted and had competed against each other when covering coal industry-Mine Workers contract negotiations.

At BW, I covered many more unions (including the United Auto Workers and the Teamsters) while endeavoring, usually successfully, to break news and beat the WSJ. I eventually managed projects and products that won two National Magazine Awards. The second was for the Business Week web site, of which I was the founding editor. I led the news portion of that site for 10 years, then was reassigned and, among other things, given the task of updating BW's code of journalistic ethics. Then I was recruited by a sister company, Standard & Poor's, and spent a decade as the leader of the 100-person global staff that edited the

work of S&P's 1,400 or so credit rating analysts. We posted their articles (as many as 60,000 a year) to the subscription web site RatingsDirect.com. In retrospect, I benefited tremendously from the experience I gained at both the WSJ and BW (both of which benefited tremendously from the work I did for them) and was fortunate to move on from each at the times I did, as I ended up with much better jobs that allowed me to develop many new skills and keep growing professionally.

As a reporter and editor, I followed (and required that my staffs follow) principles of responsible journalism: a) As you report, identify and analyze "what's really going on" by doing thorough research and developing well-informed sources. b) Make sure what you write is accurate and balanced and let "the chips fall where they may." Meaning: don't succumb to pressure to alter your work from advertisers, execs (including publishing execs), politicians, and the like. c) Don't let your personal opinions influence the news you write or edit. Web sites, social media, and TV networks that violate these principles by spreading falsehoods and propaganda obviously aren't producing legitimate journalism. Rather, they're taking advantage of the First Amendment to scam vulnerable audiences and foment stark divisions to boost their profits.

In March, 1968, my Tulsa draft board classified me 1-A with a likely induction date of June 10—two days after my college graduation. So, I volunteered for Infantry OCS (hoping—unrealistically—for a branch transfer). I chose the 120-day delay plan so I could start grad school and in May took my physical and oath in St. Louis. My physical listed my uncorrected vision as 20/400 vs. my actual 20/800. (Without glasses I can see clearly about six inches in front of my nose). As I moved from one check point to another in St. Louis's Mart Building, I watched two Marine recruiters stalk draftees, pushing them to volunteer. When that failed, the recruiters had the men count off by nines, told the nines to take one step forward, and said: "Congratulations, gentlemen. You are in the Marines."

My memories of OCS aren't as vivid or detailed as those Brian Walrath has included in his excellent book "Citizen Soldier". I do recall lots of running and low crawling; a harrowing (since I dislike heights) ride on the side seat of a bouncing Huey; five-minute meals in the mess hall; and lots of meaningless tasks. I also remember that the West side of the barracks was so hot in summer that we slept

in pools of sweat. And, that our training seemed, to a surprising degree, to be focused on World War II tactics and weapons.

OCS physical training was easier for me than my 100-mile per week workout regimen on the University of Missouri cross country team, which in my senior year won the Big 8 championship and finished sixth in the NCAAs. But it turned out that distance running and OCS had (at least) one thing in common: As my college track coach used to say, “when the going gets tough, the tough get going.” That also described my life as a web editor, which for long stretches involved working 80-hour weeks.

My fondest memories of OCS are summed up in the several pages of text I wrote for the section about 50th Company in the book we received upon graduating. Including: “We have learned the value of teamwork; the importance of maintaining a good attitude, no matter how difficult or undesirable the job; the importance of physical and mental stamina in the infantry; to treat subordinates firmly, yet considerately; and to take pride in ourselves as individuals within the Army. We have developed patience in working at long, boring tasks, adaptability and presence of mind when confronted with fast-changing situations.”

Another lingering lesson: Pre-Army, I (mostly) respected whoever told me what to do (and did it). Post-Army, I often (silently) didn’t trust the leadership of the way-higher-ups. To me, Vietnam had made clear that just because people are in charge doesn’t mean they know what they’re doing. So as a civilian I focused on producing results without butt-kissing (or mindlessly obeying) superiors. Looking back, both I and the companies that employed me benefitted from that--thanks in part to what we learned in OCS, as I’ve quoted just above.

Add to that some plain old common sense. One example was the day an officer from the Pentagon addressed multiple OCS companies in Infantry Hall, urging us to extend for several potential tours in Vietnam and eventual promotion to Major. I remember his statement that I presume helped persuade most of us to reject his entreaties: “Gentlemen, our mission in Vietnam has changed, from win the hearts and minds of the people to join us or we’ll shoot your ass.”

Beyond that, I remember the efforts the soldiers of 50th Company made to meet our OCS commitments, even though it was increasingly clear that U.S. involvement in Vietnam was misguided. Each of us did his best, and in the process gave life to our motto: "50th Company, second to none; one for all, and all for one." May that always be.

Richard W. Bardsley JR

Completely retired after 20 years in the Army, where I retired as an RA Major, 20 years with the State of Colorado Emergency Management Agency, and eight years with FEMA Region VIII public assistance office. Married for 40 years, with one son who graduated from West Point, served 5 years in the Army with tours to the middle east and Africa and then joined the FBI as a special agent.

Was assigned to Ft. Carson for 9 months and then was sent back to Vietnam and the 1st Cav Div by way of the Army Jungle School in Panama. Served as a line platoon leader, a recon platoon leader, a company XO and commanded the Bn HQ company for 2 months before returning to the US and back to Ft. Carson for 2 and 1/2 years. Was a company XO, company commander for a year, and a bn staff office for a little over a year before returning to Ft. Benning for the Infantry Officer Career Course. After the career course, was approved for Bootstrap and got one year at the University of Albuquerque. Got my degree in Business Admin and Mgt, graduated on the Deans List and had a 4.0+ GPA. Was then assigned to 1st Army HQ in Ft. Meade, MD, then to Ft. Richardson, AK and finally to the Army Training Board in Ft. Eustis, VA. Retired from the Army in June 1983 and returned to Colorado.

Worked one year for the Jefferson County, Colorado sheriff's department in charge of their recruiting program. Then went to work with the Colorado emergency management agency. There I was a senior operations officer, communications and warning officer, state training officer, chaired a Gov's commission on hazardous materials planning and was the FCC appointed co-chair for the state emergency communications committee. Retired after 20 years and went to work with FEMA Region VIII as a public assistance officer

assigned to help states recover from declared disasters. Retired after 8 years at FEMA and am completely retired now enjoying the easy life.

Have a couple memories that stand out. Pissing off Cpt Smith as much as possible, asking if his Purple Heart was from friendly fire, was the 1st one I can think of. The 2nd was when the entire company fell out with subdued combat belts and buckles so we didn't have to shine the brass buckle and 3rd was when we got a new tac officer and we moved his entire office to the roof.

James H. Bauer / 1st Platoon

Located in November 2016. He does not care to participate. (Paul Kochis)

Kenneth R. Beatty / 2d Platoon

My wife, Katie, of forty-seven years, and I live in Lyman, South Carolina, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. We have only been here for two years. We moved from New Mexico, where we had lived for nearly forty years. My youngest brother has an investment business here, and my father was here until his death last May. We spend our days gardening and volunteering at the local food bank, Ronald McDonald House, the Humane Society, and I tutor for Spartanburg Community College. I am a retired teacher and school administrator. We enjoy visiting our oldest son, an economist, and his wife in Maryland, our second daughter, a psychologist, in Houston, as well as exploring the small towns and historical sites of this part of the country. We visit frequently by phone and e-mail and correspond by mail with our eight grandchildren and five children.

After graduating from OCS, I was assigned as a platoon leader to a mechanized infantry unit at Fort Riley, Kansas. I enjoyed the training, learning how to listen and observe as well as to lead. I had a battle-experienced platoon NCO who was a great example of strong, quiet leadership. For over a month of this tour, I was detailed to a special processing unit as a defense council in special court-martials; all the defendants were AWOLs. While at Ft. Riley, I fell in love with Katie, at the time a student at Kansas State, and we were engaged. Best decision of my life. In May, I received my orders for Jungle School and Vietnam. I was assigned as a platoon leader to the Ninth Division in the Mekong Delta near the Vam Co Dong River, from which we operated, usually inserted by boat, but

sometimes from air as well. After three months, the Ninth stood down, and I was reassigned to the 3rd Brigade of the 101st. There I was assigned to Camp Evans as the Adjutant until a captain was found, and I was reassigned as the Assistant Adjutant. In the spring of 1971, I had the privilege of serving as adjutant in the forward CP (Camp Anne) near the DMZ during the Lam Som 709 operation. There, I happily found an OCS and Riley pal, Gordan Greta, who was serving with MACV. To this day, I miss the people and challenges I was honored to know and have in the third Brigade. After Vietnam, I was assigned to Fort Ord, California, and received a branch transfer to the Adjutant General Corps. I was head of a trainee processing unit and subsequently was promoted to Captain and made the post re-up officer. After three years, I yearned for academia, so Katie and I and our two-year-old, Beth, left active duty for my home state, Michigan, where I transferred to the HQ of the Michigan National Guard. My most interesting assignment there was as an Equal Opportunity Officer. After three years, I resigned.

In Michigan, I used money from the GI Bill and part-time work with the National Guard, English Journal, and an assistantship to attend graduate school at Michigan State University, where I studied English Education with an emphasis in psycholinguistics and language learning. I completed an MA and the course work for a Ph. D. By then we had three children and needed regular work. I took a position on the Dinetah (Navajo Reservation) in Arizona, at Dine (Navajo) Community College as an instructor. From there, I took a position as a Federal Projects Coordinator for the BIA in the Chinle Agency of the Navajo Nation. We remained in the Four Corners Area for nearly forty years. For nine of them, we lived and worked on the Dinetah, where our fourth child, a boy, was born. Over the years I also worked as teacher and school administrator. We fully retired in 2006.

A favorite memory of OCS is the morning reveille, where units would come together in the shadows of early morning, singing, amazingly, in perfect unison and two-part harmony. It was emotionally and morally energizing. I remember arriving at OCS a day early and a surprised candidate advising me to leave and enjoy what freedom I had left.

Craig E. Biggs

I am happily retired, playing golf, reading and am active in the local Lions Club. Alana still puts up with me after 50 years...two children, four grandkids, and one great grandson. We are living in Wimberley, Texas. One of these days I'll write the story of how we wound up here... it has a 50th Co. link.

I actually ended up staying at Benning after graduation....of all things, as a TAC officer! I think the company was the 96th and they had about two months left in their cycle, so I finished up with that company and with a couple of more months to go before heading to Vietnam, I was assigned to a company that was made up of National Guardsmen. I had never seen so many different kinds of uniforms! There were 130 candidates of all ranks in all kinds of garbs...it was hard to stay serious! After Benning I was off to 4.2 mortar platoon leader school (where we trained with mortars manufactured by the Whirlpool Corp! Plus ammo dated 1943). Then it was off to Nam where I served as an advisor in Phong Diem province in IV Corps. First on a MAT, then as the PSDF advisor (all males under 18 and over 55). We popped one ambush, our PSDF crew...killed one water buffalo and wounded the village chief from a nearby village. My debrief with the Colonel was a performance to behold. Then ended my tour as the advisor to PRU (province recon unit...all Chieu Hoi volunteers). They were some of the toughest, meanest people I have ever been around. They rivaled the ROK's. Part of that job seconded me to the lovely boys with the black choppers, no insignias and permanently affixed sunglasses. An experience to forget...if I only could. Then home after telling Col. Van Hout, "no, I'm afraid I won't be here for you to pin on my captain's bars".

After the army I spent seven years in commercial banking then 35 years in the electronics industry.

The OCS memories are coming back to me after reading everyone else's. I have noted that I figure in a couple of them...for which I am honored. I am the "point man" who went over the cliff on the night ranger march and the acting company commander who gave the infamous right face command before right shoulder arms...resulting in 165 butt plates striking the ground and Lt. Sullivan giving me the ultimate eye roll. My personal experience, like many of us, involves our beloved Capt. Smith, who, when I requested time to go the base hospital to see

my just born son, said the Army had all kinds of Doctors and Nurses who were more than capable of taking care of both of them. Lt. Sullivan snuck me out the next night. What a guy!

Larry W. Blum / 2d Platoon

Larry now lives in Rockford, IL

Gary J. Bottoms / 6th Platoon

Herman S. Bowden / 1st Platoon

I am happily retired and living with my lovely wife of almost fifty years in Rochelle in Southwest Georgia where I grew up. Barbara Sue and I have two children, a son Will, in Texas, and a daughter Tanya who lives in Arkansas with her husband and our grandchildren.

Three days before graduation I was sent to panel with two other members of the company. They were "recycled" into other companies; I was turned out of the OCS program, which left me hugely disappointed, bitter even. The resentment has remained with me all my life. I needed my Commission to fulfill my dream of Flight School, for which I had qualified. After 30 days of leave (the most they would allow me), I was on a plane to Vietnam. I had a Signals MOS, so I wound up doing my year up north with the 37th Signal Battalion out of Danang.

I came back to CONUS in September 1970, received an early out, and returned to my home state of Georgia. I started working for the Georgia Road Railroad (now part of the CSX Transportation system), worked my way up the ladder, and spent my last twenty years as an engineer.

My last-minute panelling-out experience was a bitter pill for me to swallow and still leaves me with a bad taste. But I remember many of the wonderful comrades in the company. The bonds we forged through hardship and common experiences really meant a lot to me. My most vivid memory was the stream-crossing drill where pairs of us had to build a raft out of two tree branches, our boots, and our ponchos to ferry our clothes and equipment across the stream (the Ochillee Creek?). We stripped down to our U-trou, loaded up and waded

through the chest-deep water to the other side. Fine in August, but this must have been February, because the temperature was 38 degrees.

Bruce F. Braden / 3d Platoon

I'm living in Kentfield, California (Marin County, north of San Francisco). I am still active in the oil and gas business. In addition, I currently serve on the board of trustees of Golden Gate University (where I got my MBA in tax and which now has the Bruce F. Braden School of Taxation); the Marin General Hospital Foundation (which now operates the Braden Diabetes Center, started with my endocrinologist). I also chair their investment and finance committees. I am a trustee and President of the Smuin Ballet, a ballet company based in San Francisco. I am also active at Stanford University through the Braden Stanford Storytelling Fund. So I'm keeping busy. In my free time I enjoy golf and fly fishing, which is what I'll be doing during the 50th Company reunion. These are long standing trips scheduled with the same guys for years: Golf in Austin, Texas and fly fishing in Idaho. I also got engaged to Cindy Mercer in January. (This will be my third try, but I figure you should keep trying until you get it right.)

After OCS, from which I graduated as a signal officer, my trajectory was to Ft. Gordon, Ft. Sill, Ft. Riley and then off to Vietnam. In Vietnam I was assigned to Headquarters Company of the First Signal Group. I spent some six months or so (can't remember) in a major's slot primarily managing and "visiting" our 14-16 sites (I can't really remember them all, although I do remember Chi Lang) in the III and IV Corps areas. I was replaced by a captain and informed that it wouldn't look right for a captain to report to a LT. So I continued doing pretty much the same job, and the new captain, as I recall, primarily chain-smoked Camels and used language not entirely consistent with those of us who went to OCS.

After the Army I worked as a tax accountant for twelve years, ending up as a tax partner at Grant Thornton. In 1985 I resigned, took some time off, and got into the oil & gas business. The timing was not particularly good. I have, so far, co-founded and sold three E&P (energy and production) companies and one service company. I currently have two active E&P companies. The latest I started in January 2017. I also have one service company. They are in Ft. Worth, TX

Memories of OCS? My best is graduating and leaving Ft. Benning (after spending hours trying to get the rifle assigned to us clean enough). And I remember putting on a Mickey Mouse watch with a red wrist band, which I was allowed to wear, provided I did the requisite number of push-ups every evening in study hall. I recall that Bardsley tried the same thing, but apparently the quota was only one Mickey Mouse watch per company.

William R. Brown / 4th Platoon

Graduated from OCS and reported same day in airborne school then Special Forces training. Spent a short time in New England training for northern Europe and after ski/mountain training, I received orders for Vietnam. That's the Army for you.

On the way, I went to Vietnamese language school, Fort Bliss, and Jungle Warfare School in Panama. I had two tours in Vietnam as a Special Forces A-Team commander and later Chief Intelligence Officer for the southern operations of MACVSOG, highly classified operations in North Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. However, I am now safe to say we weren't there (sic). Heady stuff to run with ghosts. That's another planet.

Spent a year or so in Europe on a general's staff. Got out in 1973 - 5 years and 1 day from enlistment. Lot of "stuff" in 5 years.

After leaving the Army (no assimilation into normal society like today's Army, right), I graduated from Florida State University using the GI Bill and began employment with PriceWaterhouseCoopers as a CPA. From public accounting, I made a career move to corporate finance eventually serving as the Chief Financial Officer for a couple companies.

I don't know if I could have performed any better than I did there. I was a country boy from a poor family without a lot of social skills. I was just determined to make it. I wrestled with the age's genre – dealing with the whole Simon and Garfunkel stuff and the sounds of our rebellious generation's attempt to piece life and a senseless war together with resentful, bitter silence – and not so silently. I heartily embraced 50th Company's comradery of all; and knowing no one. But we had a good platoon as I review the Blue Book – good guys.

That's my memory. I enjoy hearing from guys who have stories to tell; they're all great.

"50th Company, Second to None. One for All, All for One."

Douglas C. Cannon / 6th Platoon

My wife, Sally, and I are now retired and living in Kaysville, Utah. We have been here for the past thirty-six plus years. We have five kids, four boys and one girl. We now have 18 grandchildren and one great grandchild. Our time is spent being with them and their activities, and doing some traveling. Crazy as it sounds, after retirement, we bought a second home in Mesquite, Nevada, so we spend as much time there as we can. It is a great golf mecca year-round. Last year our lives changed as our oldest son's wife passed away. She was only 39. He lives with us now along with his 13 year-old son. We do carpooling and homework all over again. We have been blessed to be able to help as needed. Retirement has multiple meanings.

After OCS, I was sent to Fort Hood, Texas. I got married during this time period. I was assigned to be over the sports programs for the battalion or brigade (I can't remember which.). It was a lot of fun. Rarely did I have to stay out in the field overnight. I figured I could do this for the remainder of my service time. Obviously, it was not to be. Like many of you, I received orders to Viet Nam. I reported in July 1970, and was assigned to a MAT southwest of DaNang, in a place called Dien Ban. We were a very active MAT, with ambushes set up almost nightly. Sometimes the VC got caught in them and sometimes we did. Our support from the TOC was limited. The area was heavily mined, so we had more casualties from that than actual exchanges of gunfire. That next year, April 2, our RF unit went on an op near Hue. It was a daytime op, unlike the usual nighttime ops. We were after an NVA platoon. One of my sergeants was with me. I was seriously wounded in the chest by a sniper. After spending time at the DaNang hospital, and then at Clarke Air Force Base in the Philippines, I was flown to Fitzsimmons, in Denver, Colorado. Two months after being shot, I was declared physically fit to go back to active duty. I could hardly climb a flight of stairs. At that time I was given an option to get out and I took it. Today, I am okay and able to do most things.

My career path was in public education. I earned a Masters in English and an Ed.S in secondary administration. I spent 15 years teaching junior high and high school English and 19 years as a school administrator. My wife was a junior high counselor but not at the same school. I retired in 2006 and my wife 6 years later.

My OCS memories have mostly faded away. Perhaps I just allowed that to happen. On one occasion, we were wallowing our way through the swamp waters, watching the snakes swim by. I was assigned to carry the radio. My back started breaking out in hives and could hardly stand to carry it. Someone in my 6th Platoon took over and carried that for me. I do not remember who it was but I am still grateful for that moment. On another occasion, after the softball season was over, we were marched to the playing field for a competitive game with the cadre. However, since I was the pitcher, Captain Smith thought it would be appropriate for me to carry a bat held high above my head for the however many mile march to the field. I started with the bat above my head but soon the bat was being passed among fellow members of my platoon. The bat was never lowered and always visible to the Captain. The crowning moment was then crushing the cadre in the game. And they thought they could beat an undefeated team!

Editor's Note: Sadly, Doug passed away on Nov 11, 2021

Wilton E. Carter JR / 5th Platoon

Retired and living now for past three years in Hickory NC with wife Barbara. Lived for over 35-years in Charlotte NC where my three children were born. We picked Hickory NC as the cost of living is much lower than Charlotte, less traffic and congestion as well as a central location for children and grandchildren. They all live in the Raleigh-Chapel Hill-Pinehurst NC which is about two and half hour drive. As Barbara and I are in second marriage, her children are within 1-hour drive. We are active in local St Albans Church and participate in a lot of volunteer work for the church as well as local charities. More so than in Charlotte as we have more time now. We live on a golf course now which allows me to renew that sport again. Play with an old fart group about same age.

Handicap is about 16-18 but better than 5-years ago. Have also joined the American Legion Post 544 in Hickory. Assistant adjutant as well as member of the post honor guard. We use the WWII M1 Garand for the honor guard. About twice as heavy as the M16 we carried in Vietnam.

Returned to North Carolina and resumed work in the textile industry in the SE United States in 1971. Worked for a manufacturer of textiles, a fiber producer and last with a German company that made capital machinery for the textile mills. Stayed with them selling equipment in the US from 1973 until 2007. Company based in Charlotte and traveled mostly SE United States and some to Texas as well as Canada. Had opportunity to travel into Europe with customers at trade shows as well as trade shows in Japan and Hong Kong. About the year 2000 US textile industry was hit by imports from Far East as well as NAFTA and about 50-60% of the industry was lost by 2010.

OCS Ft Benning-Some memories to include low-crawling 50-yards on fields near barracks where the TAC officer would make you return to start point if one raised their back side off the ground just a little. This little exercise got a few to drop out. Marches at night in areas near Ft Benning where on one occasion one of the point men fell about 12-14' into a ravine that could not be seen in the darkness. Wake up calls at about 3:00 AM with the TAC officers yelling and screaming to get out of bed and dressed for duty immediately. This little act was probably used to get some to drop out-now called hazing by the PC crowd. Chin ups at entrance to mess hall. Probably a good idea even today but the years have taken a toll on my bicep strength. Spending night at Martin Army hospital on July 20, 1969 after incurring injury to right calf leg during night mission to Upatoi Creek east of Ft Benning. One consolation is that I got to watch Neal Armstrong land on the moon from the TV in the ward at Martin hospital that day.

Gordon W. Cho / 4th PlatoonGordon now lives in Honolulu. Member of OC 24-69 Facebook Group

Donald C. Cramer / 3d Platoon

Sharron, my wife of 47 years, and I are currently retired in Edmonds, WA, a Northern suburb of Seattle. We have two adult sons both living in the Seattle area and two grandchildren, identical 26 month old twin girls. My main recreational activity is long-distance bike riding where I usually average 50-75 mi. per week.

I left Ft. Benning and was assigned to Ft. Lewis, WA, which was near my Seattle home. The Army assigned me to the Reception Station, where I supervised a bunch of clerk typists preparing military records for incoming troops. I got married approximately 4 months after leaving Ft. Benning. I received orders for Vietnam in the Summer of 1970 and departed from Travis AFB shortly thereafter. I became an infantry platoon leader in the 4/3 Battalion of the 11th Light Infantry that was assigned to the Americal Div. We were "up country" opposite the Laotian/Cambodian border at Chu Lai and Duc Pho. I became the company commander after four months when my company commander was injured. Two days later I took a grenade in my left shoulder and had a night Medivac. I was eventually flown across the Pacific on a stretcher and sent to Madigan Army Hosp. at Ft. Lewis for surgery and rehab. When I arrived at Ft. Lewis, I had malaria. I was at Madigan for 5 months; I turned down a medical discharge and went back on active duty at my old Ft. Lewis unit. I received an Honorable Discharge two mos. later. The Army graciously moved my wife and I down to Eugene, OR, for the next chapter in my life.

I had been at the U. of Oregon Law School in Eugene, OR, prior to joining the Army. I returned to law school in the Fall of 1971, graduated in 1973 and returned to the Seattle area. I passed the Washington State Bar exam and then worked at a big downtown Seattle law firm for four years. I then worked at a small electronics company as General Counsel. I left that job about 18 mos. later to become General Counsel for a fiberglass boat builder based in Arlington, WA, called Bayliner Marine. I stayed with Bayliner for 22 yrs. during which time the company was purchased by the Brunswick Corp. I travelled extensively doing mostly litigation defense. I left Bayliner in 2000 and eventually retired.

My memories of OCS are both good and bad. I remember the many early morning laps around the "Airborne" track. When we did push-ups, some of the tar on the track stuck to our hands. We then returned to the barracks to "break starch" for the day. I remember that we were required to frame a picture of our girlfriend in our room at the barracks which I did. My roommate, Gary Foster, framed a picture of a Cocker Spaniel dog that, I think, he cut out of a magazine. Harassing upperclassmen saw the framed dog picture and made Gary do extra push-ups.

Frank E. Coy / 3d Platoon not found in People Smart 9/26/2016

John P. Curley / 3d Platoon not found in PS 9/26/16

Scott O. Davis / 5th Platoon

Retired for the first time in 1999 after a career as a Chief Financial Officer for a number of successful startup companies here in California. After too many leisure activities I supplemented my time by consulting/investing in small companies which kept me busy on a part time basis. I have been married to my wife Liz for 38 years and have a son Sean and a grandson Connor, all good Irish names. We live at the beach in Laguna in the same neighborhood I grew up in. When not working part time, I have generally stayed pretty active playing golf, hiking, skiing, mountain biking and surfing. Didn't start surfing until I was 55 but it turned into a passion. There are three of us in our seventies who go out every weekend and have surfed around the world together.

The day we graduated timing seemed to be on my side. I remember some Personnel officer approached me and asked if I wanted to attend any schools before going to my next duty assignment, which like a lot of you, would have been a training officer in some Fort. So I said sure what do you have. How about Psychological Operations? which was big in VietNam at the time. Then he asked that if I signed up for Voluntary Indefinite Status (they could keep me for as long as they needed) they would send me to Germany for a year before going the VietNam. I figured the war had to be over some day. So off I went to Fort Bragg

for 7 months of school. After completing the course I was ordered to Frankfurt Germany. Upon arrival they handed me orders to go to Berlin. Not having traveled much, I asked “where’s Berlin?” There, I was assigned as a platoon leader in the infantry battalion where we were defending (tongue in cheek) the Eastern Front against the Russians. Over time I worked my way up to Brigade HQ as a Captain in G3 Training. I saw most of my friends who took the same route go off to Vietnam after a year. I kept waiting for my orders but none came. Finally after 2 years, as Vietnam was drawing down, they announced a RIF and asked all officers who wanted an early out to submit paperwork. I was back in the US in March, 1972.

Returned to graduate school at UCLA to finish my MBA, which was cut short when I had to join the army. Worked for a public accounting firm to get my CPA. Then went to work for a number of technology companies, working my way up the finance ranks, ultimately getting to be Chief Financial Officers in a number of private and public companies.

Having to keep a straight face when your TAC officer was screaming at you, three inches from your face. It was hard not for me to laugh at what I considered ludicrous behavior. Cost me a lot of pushups.

Company wide detail to wash all the rocks in the drainage ditches around the building with our toothbrushes.

Blue Mondays

Company physical training where the only way to get thru was to stop when the TAC officer’s weren’t looking.

The airborne track at 5 AM.

The Gold Club and our first drink.

Dean A Derthick / 6th Platoon Deceased. Found a death record as of October 13, 1974 in Salem, OR. See “In Memoriam” page of this website

David A. Doe / 1st Platoon

My wife, Peggy, and I live in Westfield, MA. I’ve been a biology professor at Westfield State University in Massachusetts since 1979 and am not sure when I’ll

retire. I am the chairman of the city's Conservation Commission, and was elected to the School Committee for 12 years (1992-2004) prior to being on the Conservation Commission. My wife and I have two lovely daughters, who are successful business women now. After hearing all the horror stories about the VA, I have been pleasantly surprised dealing with them for the past few years concerning an agent orange related disorder

After OCS, Frank Doherty and I were assigned to Ft Knox, KY. I still remember the Personnel Officer telling us "you're not Armor, what are you doing here?" I was assigned to the Committee Group, the unit that ran all of the basic training ranges. I was in charge of 2 rifle ranges; each day a training company would use one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. Junior officers also served as the Officer of the Day for the entire post and I remember it was interesting posting armed sentries at the road leading up the gold depository. I returned to Ft. Benning for airborne school and reconnected with Mike Thornton, Ken Knudsen and Jim DuPont. It was great seeing friendly faces again. We jumped out of C130 prop planes and also C141 jets. It was quite different coming out of the door in the two plane types. I was first in the door once and it was quite a sight seeing the drop zone coming into view and knowing the instructor sergeant standing next me was going to make sure I exited the plane as soon as the green light came on. I also went to jungle school in Panama with Ken, Jim and Mike. We spent an interesting weekend taking a train that parallels the canal to Panama City on the Pacific side. I lived in the Canal Zone when my father was an Army doctor at the Ft. Clayton and Gorgas Hospitals from 1948-1950, and I visited some family friends who still lived in the zone. I went to Vietnam in early July 1970 with Jim and Mike. Once "in country" I served as a rifle platoon leader and later battalion staff officer (S-5) with the First Cavalry Division (D Co. 2/12 Cavalry). Mike and I were in the same battalion but different companies. I also spent time with a small group of sergeants living in villages and hamlets training the local forces "Ruff Puffs" (part of Nixon's Vietnamization). I was even in a photo in the 1st Cav Newspaper supervising rifle training When the First Cav was re-deployed to the US, I accepted an "early out" and was discharged in April 1971.

After relaxing for a couple months, I went through SCUBA training and then I started graduate school in a biology master's program at Northeastern University in Boston, but spent most of my time at the university marine science lab north of Boston. I finished my degree there in 1973 and started a PhD program in the Zoology Department at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. I received my degree in 1978, and after briefly working at the Dental Research Center at UNC, I became a professor at Westfield State University in Massachusetts. I've taught many different courses in my years here and was Chairman of the Biology Dept. for 9 of those years. I married my wife, Peggy, in 1973 after meeting during the preparations for a wedding of mutual friends in 1971. I was an usher and she was a bridesmaid.

Rooming with Frank Funderburk and Bill Pascual made the experience more bearable. Jim DuPont's wife was our conduit to the outside world. Joining the softball team was a great perk because we didn't have to do as much PT.

A friend of mine from college was at the NCO school at Benning during our time there. He came to our graduation and luckily I had someone take a photo of us in front of the infantry statue. He went to Nam before I did and was in the 11th Armored Cav. Unfortunately, he was killed in May of 1970.

Brooks S. Doyle, Jr / 4th Platoon

My wife Louann and I are healthy and happy and living in Torrance, CA close to our two kids and grandson. I retired from the Raytheon Co. (formerly, Hughes Aircraft Co.) law department in 2003 and then, after a brief hiatus, (for pension reasons) returned to Raytheon law department as a contractor until summer of 2009. I'm now fully retired, doing some travelling, home improvement projects for our home as well as some friends, trying to stay in as good health as possible, and playing as much golf as possible. Unfortunately, the game has taken its toll on my back. Louann is still working as a United Airlines flight attendant.

About 2 days before OCS graduation, some officer (presumably, LT. Toolson) approached me and asked if I was interested in staying at Ft. Benning and being assigned to a Special Courts Martial office instead of going to Ft. Rucker, Ala. per my then orders to become a Liaison officer between ground and air forces. I

chose the Special Courts Martial assignment since I had spent 7 years to become a North Carolina attorney and only 10 months to become an infantry officer. Right choice. After about a year in that assignment, I transferred to the Judge Advocate's Corps as a Captain and only because "timing is everything" and "location, location, location", was assigned to the defense team of LT. William Calley (as in the My Lai massacre). After that case finished, it was off to Viet Nam for an "exciting" leap year (Nov. 1971 to Oct 1972) assignment at USARV HQ. I returned to FT. MacPherson, Atlanta, GA. for a 3 year assignment in that legal office. While there, I got a temporary assignment to West Point to defend Cadets in the 1976 cheating scandal. Then got into the legal side of Government Contracting issues at the Pentagon from 1977 to 1979. After that, I was an Army trial attorney at the Chief Trial Attorneys office in Falls Church, VA, defending the Army with respect to claims filed by government contractors asking for additional monies for extra/different work done. I did this until 1982 when I got a job offer from Hughes Aircraft Company. Separated from the Army in July 1982 as an O-4 just on the plus side of 13 years if you count Basic, AIT and OCS training. Why, one might ask, didn't I take a direct commission into JAGC immediately after law school/BAR exam time? Because, I didn't want to be in the Army for the required 4 year pay-back obligation. That's right - my sound logic didn't work out.

My career path, of course, was a legal one in the Corporate Law Department of Hughes Aircraft Co. which in November of 1997 was acquired by Raytheon Co. from which, as stated above, I retired in 2003/2009.

Memory, as they say, is the second thing to go. I can't remember what the first is. So, specific favorite memories of the "interesting" 6 months are long gone. Just vaguely recall the mess hall scenes of "put it in your mouth and chew it later." Cleaning the rocks along the side walks with a vacuum cleaner will always stick with me. Playing racket ball with Cpt. Smith one time and getting hit with the ball - - can still feel it. And, there was some semi-formal event later in the 6 mos. training where a group of us were allowed to perform songs for the attendees. The 3 or 4 of us that made up the singing group prepared about 5 songs (I think someone got a guitar) and midway through the second song Cpt. Smith gave us the hand signal to cut it short. Disappointment. Killjoy! But, the "attention to detail" and "keep it organized and properly aligned" training

throughout the program has stuck with me. That has come in handy throughout the years.

Richard L. Dunbar / 4th Platoon

Getting ready to retire for the 2nd time later this year. I believe I will still be working when the reunion rolls around so maybe we can make the next one if there is one. Cathy and I have blended families, together we have 5 children in FL and MN along with 13 grandchildren and one great grandson. When I retired 6 years ago I realized, after several months, that it was a huge mistake, I didn't like retirement at all. After 4 months I had the opportunity to get the same job back I retired from as my replacement didn't work out, Cathy and I talked about it and she said "go back to work" so I did. The rest of the story is that 9 years ago we bought a home in FL while we were working in Ohio and Cathy moved down and I kind of made long commutes. It wasn't supposed to last for 9 years so she has put up with a lot to keep me happy. Life is good.

After OCS we were stationed at Ft Riley KS until I received orders for Viet Nam. I believe I flew over on the 4th of July 1970 and ended up in the delta on a MAT. Tien Giang Province and the city of MY Tho was HQS. Our team Capt. was transferred after a month to another team so myself and 3 SFC's were attached to several PF companies until my replacement arrived in April of 71. I hung around province HQS for about a month and they then sent me home and discharged me in Oakland.

When I got back home in June of 71 I told my wife that I was going to play golf for about three months and then look for a job. Well during that first week on the golf course I meet the CEO of a local Farmer's Cooperative and he said I should come to work for me. So now 46 years later still working for Farmer Cooperatives it's time to give it up. This fall will be the last harvest, it's been a great time. We have worked in MN, SD, PA, and OH, farmers are great people, some years they make money, some years they don't but they go right back out there and continue to feed the world.

OCS. I wasn't very good at it. My wife and baby were staying off base with 3 other wives from another company, (54 or 56 I forget.) They received off base weekend privileges from the 12th week forward and I'm sure they turned out

just as good as we did. Didn't care for Capt. Smith, didn't care for all of the BS. Didn't like having to rate my peers so they could get kicked out, hopefully they all came back from Nam.

Michael W. Dunn / 4th Platoon

Married (Barbara). Have four kids-all grown, none in jail, and a couple grandkids. St. Anthony, Iowa (center of the state) is home. "Is this Heaven?" "NO, this is Iowa!" (Field of Dreams). The family farm is a "hobby" farm (don't need to show a profit). I don't golf, fish or collect stamps or butterflies. With a small (22-25) herd of shorthorn cows (breed like hereford or angus), I bale hay, etc. and can still throw bales six high, though not as many or as fast. It is peaceful in the pasture! Bucolic bovine therapy! (Until something goes wrong!)

After OCS, I got married, went to Ft. Riley, KS and then to Viet Nam with the 101st. I stayed in the Army. For 24 years, to LTC. I enjoyed the challenges, having FUN is not Always HA HA FUN.

After the Army it was this and that, then back to the farm. Now mine, it has been in the family since 1869. I get my mail at the local bar. If asked, I say I'm in the witness protection program-- some even believe it!

Memories of OCS? Many!!! The best is "Cooperate and Graduate!" I've tried to use that and tried to teach others! Platoon mate Brian Flora says that he kept a low profile and stayed in the back. Well I was hiding behind Flora and staying even lower. [Note to Brian Flora: "You are a hard man Brian! (in rounding up bio stories) . I'm waiting for Pulitzer(sp) Prize-send money! In spite of everything you are doing good work!"]

Donald A. Driftmier / 5th Platoon

I am currently the Chief Financial Officer for Noble House Entertainment Pictures, Inc., an independent producer of motion pictures based here in Ontario, CA. My wife, Marilyn and I live in West Covina, CA and have enjoyed the same home since 1973. Our two adult children live here in Southern California. We have one grandson just over a year old and is the apple of our eyes. Marilyn and I are both accounting grads from Cal Poly, Pomona just down the road. I go by it most every day on my way to work. We have been active in

a car club for over 20 years, Inland Valley Street Rod Club. Our club produces a big fund-raising car show for my Ontario Rotary Club Foundation. 2017 will be our 23rd year for this show. We are a Mopar (vintage Chrysler) family with my daily driver being a 1972 Barracuda. We are active with our service club, Marilyn is a Soroptimist and I am in the Ontario Rotary Club. The car club and Rotary club have a number of Vietnam veterans. I enjoy the company of the local American Legion post and I am a check-writing member of the VFW. (I enjoy the well written VFW Magazine.) The film business has me traveling, as our locations are not usually California. Did a film in Cape Town, South Africa. Interesting place.

My duty post after OCS was Fort Polk, LA. I arrived in DeRidder, LA on August 16, 1969 in a pouring rain storm. I asked the motel clerk about the weather and she said hurricane Camille was due to hit the Gulf Coast the next day. Great, from earthquakes to hurricanes! I reported to a basic training company and was the usual everything officer a 2LT could be. During my Ft. Polk days Marilyn and I were married with our honeymoon being the drive from Covina, CA to DeRidder, LA. The Company Commander, CPT Peters left the Army during my time there, and I was the highest ranking officer, so I became a 2LT Company Commander of Basic Training Company C-3-3. Thank goodness I had excellent, supportive senior NCO's that got me through that experience. My dad, a WWII Infantry Officer (OCS) gave the best 2LT advice: shut up and listen to your Sergeant. It proved to be good advice for me. While at Ft. Polk, we remained friends with fellow OCS grad Bill Vermillion and his wife. We also met lifelong friends, our Pastor Walter and Diane Clarke and their family. We get together most every year.

Then on to Vietnam. After a week in Saigon, I was assigned as a Team Leader to a new MAT forming in Team 28 at Tuy Hoa. There was a beach compound with a number of advisors with various duties. Our two MAT teams were billeted in an ARVN compound outside of town that had once been used by units of the 4th Infantry Division. We had a quick Vietnamese language/culture training week outside of Long Bien. After I got rides on various aircraft to Tuy Hoa, I was sent down to Cam Ranh Bay to sign for a container full of MAT team supplies. It was waiting for me when I finally got back to Tuy Hoa. We were shortly promoted to 1LT and our boss was a career Infantry/Ranger Major. We were assigned to

various ARVN units including the training of what was called PSDF or Peoples Self Defense Force. That was someone's terrible idea of arming men over 50 and boys between 12-15 with a variety of old Army ordinance, such as M-1 carbines, M-1 garands, Thompson .45 machine guns, BAR's and some sort of old radio that would not interface with our PRC 25's. I had two senior NCO's, one was our medic, and an ARVN Sergeant interpreter, Lam Van Que who became my right arm. I had a jeep (made by Ford) and an M-16 (made by the Hydramatic division of GM). We spent the majority of our time with an ARVN "Regional Force" rifle company. My counterpart was the Company Commander. We had a Popular Force Platoon assigned to us as well. We did a lot of ambush/interdiction action and engaged usually small units of VC. I was really the English speaking officer on the ground to call in needed air support, Huey and Cobra gunships, and dust-offs. There were no American ground troops around. We had units of the South Korean White Horse Division in the area, but they did not like the Vietnamese. So much for allies. We had a "PSP" airstrip at our compound that could land a Caribou but nothing bigger. Of course a sortie of Hueys could go in and out with ease. Every once in a while we had an Air America "twin beech" land with some civilian wanting to know how Nixon's Vietnamization (sp) of the war was going. They were not very impressive people.

A year or so after I came home to the "inactive" reserve, I received a letter of promotion to the next rank, CPT. That was it for the Army.

When I came home I went to work for a CPA firm in Ontario, CA. I passed the CPA exam and spent 37 years in public accounting, 30 years as a partner. It was a very enjoyable career. I spent my last number of years in the tax department. Our firm partnership agreement had a clause that when you turned 62 you had to leave. So not wanting to stop working, I joined a long-time friend and client in the film business. I have enjoyed Ontario and the opportunities my career offered. In 2004, Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger appointed me to the California Board of Accountancy that oversees the licensed CPA's in the state. I termed out 9 years later and served as Board President in 2008. I have and still serve on a number of non-profit boards of directors and enjoy being of service with my accounting background. I played softball for over 30 years and still go

to the batting cages for exercise. The OCS/Army experience served me well in civilian life. I coached our son and daughter's soccer and baseball teams.

I think most everyone's favorite memory of OCS was graduation day!! I had a good time with Burl Wyatt with our short lived music group. Although we were not married, I did enjoy Marilyn coming out for the two formal parties we had. The trip we took to Atlanta to watch the Braves baseball game was fun. And yes, with all the crap that came with it, to know I was part of the 50th Company, First and Best, brings a smile of accomplishment that only we can feel.

James C. Dupont / 1st Platoon

Jim was assigned to Ft. Lewis, WA and later in Vietnam served with Charlie Company, 1/5 Cavalry, First Cavalry Division. His tour began on June 13, 1970 and he was killed in action on September 18, 1970. For more details see www.thewall-USA.com. and the "In Memoriam" page of this website.

James P. Durkin / 2d Platoon Now lives in Austin, Texas

Joseph M. Dzurenko / 6th Platoon Joe now lives in Altoona, PA

David M. Eberhardt / 2d Platoon

My wife, Robin, and I retired in 2013 and moved to Alabama from New Mexico to be closer to our son, David, and his family. We have two grandsons (age 16 and 14) and really enjoy our time with family. After 45 years in ministry, we enjoy simply serving in our local church as members. We both teach ESL in a Birmingham church once a week. Robin does a lot of sub-teaching in the local schools. (She was an education counselor over the years). I enjoy golf, cooking, and reading. I have written two novels: *Westward Bound*, *Westward Home* (awaiting copyright), and I'm working on *Westward Heart*. I work out regularly, trying to keep in shape. I really enjoy being retired.

After OCS, along with others from our company, I was stationed with the 5th Division at Ft. Carson, CO. After the usual temporary assignments, I arrived in Vietnam on July 6, 1970 along with a bunch from 50th Co. I was assigned to MAT V, Ham Loung District, Ben Tre Province, in the Delta. I was wounded on Oct. 7, 1970. After several surgeries and a week or so in a hospital in Ben Hoa, I

was shipped back to Ft. Gordon, GA for more surgery and a bit of time for recovery. I was eventually assigned as the Admin. Officer for Headquarters/Headquarters Command. I separated from the Army from there in June 1971.

I became a Baptist minister. I had been called to ministry earlier but Uncle Sam had other ideas. After the Army, I attended seminary in Ft. Worth, TX and served as a missionary in Georgia, Grenada, and the West Indies. Back in the States I served as a pastor, returning to seminary for a couple more degrees. I eventually went to Clovis, NM, as a spiritual development pastor and a marriage and family counselor. Prior to my final retirement, I was certified and became an "Intentional Interim Pastor," serving for seven years as a trouble-shooting consultant for various churches in the Southwest, helping them through their time of crisis.

Other than cutting grass with manicuring scissors and washing rocks with a tooth brush, I suppose the more pleasant memories come from times in the barracks, getting to know my fellow candidates. Being yelled at, having to call each other worms, surviving shock reveilles are some of less favorite memories. I enjoyed putting a candy bar on Lt. Travline's desk following a "pogey" run, which my wife provided as the "laundry lady" along with George Hatfield's wife, Beverly. I think being able to look back on those months and realize that we looked after each other, cared for each other, encouraged each other, laughed with each other, sweated with each other, sang cadence with each other, and became what we never could have become without each other is my favorite remembrance of OCS.

Thomas G. Edgren / 2nd Platoon

Tom was assigned to the 198th Light Infantry Brigade in Quang Tin Vietnam on June 4, 1970. He was killed in action on August 8, 1970. For more details see: <http://www.thewall-usa.com/info.asp?recid=14623> and the "In Memoriam" page of this website.

James W. Ellis / 5th Platoon James passed away on February 10,2003.
See "In Memoriam" page of this website for obit.

Joel G. Erkenwick / 2d Platoon

Editor's Note: Joel passed away on August 30, 2019. See "In Memoriam" page of this website for obit