

Clair R. Palmer / 3d Platoon

My wife Ilene and Live in Lehi Utah, about 30 miles south of Salt Lake City. We will celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary in August (2017). We have four grown children with families, therefore are blessed with 14 wonderful grandchildren, who of course, are the light of our life.

I am mostly retired, but still see patients two days a week, mostly to keep myself busy and hopefully, keep my mind somewhat sharp. I have been practicing optometry for 40 years, and still enjoy it. In the past I have been active in Kiwanis and Rotary, as well as optometric activities, but now mostly, I just have time for family and travel.

Our favorite way to spend time is with family, ball games, Sunday dinner, Lake Powell trips in the summer, Thanksgiving in St. George, and any other excuse to get together. Our favorite hobby is travel. My wife has been a travel agent for over 30 years, so we have been able to go a lot of places together, and hope to get in a few more trips before age and/or health slow us down. Our favorite destination is anywhere in Europe, and we have been able to visit most of the countries there. We also greatly enjoy visiting places in the US, and only have two more states to visit so we can check off all 50 from our list.

I was one of the very lucky OC24-69 graduates who had the privilege of being stationed in Ft Lewis Washington. I had the "honor" of being the training officer in a basic training company, therefore getting to go through basic three more times. One sidelight was shocking the NCO Drill Sergeants when I could step in and teach any of the classes they usually taught without notes. I guess by the time we go through basic, AIT and OCS, we all learned how to do those things rather well. One of my best memories there was when I was trying to stay awake in a battalion meeting, sitting in for my CO. All of a sudden they announced that all of the 2Lts in the battalion would be staying on base for 10 months rather than 4 months before shipping to Nam. My wife and I treasured the extra time together.

When I got to Vietnam, in 1971, like many others, I was on a MAT, attempting to help the locals take care of themselves. I didn't see a lot of action, but enough to earn a CIB, and made it through without a scratch. The last 3 months of my tour

I was reassigned to Can Tho and worked with COORDs (?) as a pay officer for hundreds of Vietnamese employees. I handled a ton of money, had it pretty soft and didn't get shot at anymore.

Upon my return home, I picked up my wife and daughter in Utah and enrolled in optometry school Southern California. I graduated 4 years later in 1976 and returned to Utah where I have lived and practiced optometry since. I work with the Moran Eye Center which is a large eye care and research center, part of the University of Utah School of Medicine.

Back in Utah, a friend talked me into giving the Air Force National Guard a try. I joined a medical unit as their optometrist, and managed to hold on for 18 years until I retired as a Lt. Col. I felt like I was an important part of the Air Force, and was able to keep a lot of flyers flying. I also was able to go to Belarus and Morocco on humanitarian missions.

Does anyone else remember the day when we returned to the company area for chow at noon when Captain Smith announced that from now on the last platoon for lunch would run the airborne track with him? Well, good old third platoon was last that day, so we stripped off our shirts and took off with the CO to do a little run. As we were running, nothing was said, but we all realized that we ran this track almost daily, but Cpt Smith didn't. So, as one, we slowly started increasing our speed so that before long we were actually running and not jogging as usual. We were fine but the CO seemed about ready to collapse as we came back to our company area. For some reason, he never showed up at lunch time again. The other five platoons should realize that they all owe third platoon, big time.

Gary L. Pals / 1st Platoon

The Monday after graduation I had hernia surgery so spent a week in the hospital at Ft. Benning.

A month later I got married and a month after that I went to Schweinfurt Germany assigned to the 1st BN 30th Infantry, 3d Infantry Division. I was a Platoon Leader, Executive Officer and Company Commander. Schweinfurt was near the East German/Czechoslovakian border.

I got out in March 1972

After I got out I went back to school for a while and then started working at Ralston Purina. I spent 38 years working there, mostly in Quality Assurance and Food Safety. Everyone wants their dog food to be safe and high quality.

I retired in April 2011 and spent a couple of years doing some of the projects I said I would do when I had the time.

In September 2013 my wife was diagnosed with bile duct cancer so spent the next 22 months as the primary care giver. She passed away on July 8th 2015.

The first thing that comes to mind is "cooperate and graduate". It leads to a close knit group of people and I think the support of others helped me get through. I remember spending all the money I had in my pocket on ice cream treats the first time the poogie bait truck went along. I think it was the compass course. I remember walking tours and the red flag for heat warning went up so we stood at parade rest until it came back down and then finished our tours. I remember the brass pickers knowing where we were supposed to have our ambushes on the FTX. I also remember a small homestead overgrown with Kudzu and an old man sitting on the porch in a rocker. I member how long the airborne track was the first morning, especially when we started around the second time. I remember Bob Winship doing his cool down laps faster than I was running for time in the PT test.

Roland Pascua / 6th Platoon

William N. Pascual / 1st Platoon Note: Bill Pascual died on October 25, 2017. In November, 2017, Scott Davis, who lives not far from Bill's widow, Sheri, reached out via email and later met her for lunch to convey our collective condolences. Below is a reprint of the text of an email from Sheri to Scott.

Bill had a massive heart attack while running. It was the way he would have wanted to go; No suffering and doing something he loved.

A community leader and I will be announcing Bill's passing along with the following information, through the local paper. Bill has been nominated Citizen of the Year for our community. Bill was very active in our community in Laguna Niguel, California. He started a running race that raised money for the YMCA

back in 1979, which we organized for 10 years. I'm glad to say that it is still going. He had been a runner since college and swam for an hour a day in the community pool.

People knew him from running because he would run 20 miles or 10 miles and would be seen by so many people.

He won National Championship springboard diving meets during college. He had a scholarship offers to Columbia University in New York and Washington State University for a full ride. He chose Washington State. He taught school and was a counselor for his last 2 years. He coached swimming, water polo, wrestling, running and baseball during his teaching career.

We both had horses for about 16 years and enjoyed the partnership with our great animals.

He loved animals and children. He was a wonderful father and husband. He loved teaching his 2 grandsons to swim and dive.

I'm having a "Celebration of Life" gathering at our house this Sunday, November 12th.

We have about 70 people that will be coming to the house to celebrate his life. Our friends and neighbors and his golf buddies are devastated by his passing.

I'm still in a state of shock and if it wasn't for all of the support that I have been receiving from the community and friends, it would be a lot more difficult.

Thank you for your kind words and would you pass this along to all that knew Bill.

The best to you and the men of the 50th Company!

Sheripascual@gmail.com

Brooke Pearson / 5th Platoon

I am a fully recovered attorney. After 27 years of practice, mostly for the State of Vermont, I "retired" in 2002 and began a wonderful second career teaching at Montpelier High School. After 12 fun years at that, I really retired in June, 2015. After retirement, Betty (my wife of 49 years) and I moved to Fripp Island, off of

Beaufort, SC. As we headed south to our retirement home, I driving an 18-foot Penske truck and pulling my car on a trailer and Betty following in her car, we realized that Hurricane Matthew would offer a few obstacles, as he tore off shingles and siding, destroyed windows and doors, and flooded our entire first floor with 37 inches of sea water. Repair work has taken six months, but we're almost there, and we're looking forward to playing golf and pickle ball, singing (myself) and playing the violin (Betty), and volunteering with the local library, historical society, and other groups. We are finally at the stage of being able to welcome visitors – we look forward to introducing Fripp to our Seattle son, daughter-in-law, and three grandchildren and our St. Louis daughter this summer.

After OCS, I spent ten months as a 4.2 inch mortar platoon leader in a Mechanized Infantry battalion at Fort Hood, getting to know David Young, Mike Myers, and Tom Edgren, among other classmates stationed there. At the end of that assignment (typical Army), I was sent back to Fort Benning for six weeks of 4.2 inch mortar platoon leader training (after which I next saw a mortar of any size in the Reserves years later). Then, on July 4, 1970, it was off to Vietnam with many if not most graduates of OC 24-69. For six months, I served as team leader of MAT 14 in and around An Loc in Binh Long Province in III Corps near the Cambodian border, the last month or so with John Foote as my assistant. Happily, that area was pretty quiet after our invasion of Cambodia and our operations with local RF companies were uneventful. After MAT 14 was decommissioned, I spent my last five months in country with USAID in Bien Hoa, theoretically helping the Vietnamese master public opinion polling and putting into English the survey reports that they had prepared. I was hired for the job by an obnoxious and obsequious civilian, not because of any particular skills or experience, but because I, like his boss, Ambassador Richard Funkhouser, had graduated from Princeton and he thought he would get in the big guy's favor by bringing me on board. On Memorial Day, 1971, I flew home with many OC 24-69 classmates, with no plans of ever putting on a uniform again. Four years later, however, I joined the 1035th USAR School, at which, for 10 years, I taught, among other military courses, 4.2 inch mortars. During that time, I branch transferred to the JAG Corps. When the Army insisted that I transfer to a line

unit and become an S-3 in order to stay in the Reserves, I graciously declined the offer and “retired” as a Major.

After returning from Vietnam, I went to graduate school for a year at the University of Pennsylvania in its Master of City Planning program and then to Georgetown for law school. While we loved Philadelphia and DC and I had appealing offers in both, in 1975, Betty and I decided to move to Vermont, where I practiced with a law firm in Burlington for four years before moving to Montpelier and working in several different legal positions in State government for the next 23 years. Then, at the end of 2002, I took early retirement from the State in order to follow my dream of going into teaching. After a year of graduate school at UVM, I began an incredibly fun and rewarding 12 year teaching and coaching career at Montpelier High School, from which I retired in 2015.

“Favorite” memories of OCS? Do I have any “favorite” memories? One of my first memories was volunteering to be platoon leader at our first platoon meeting with Lt. Sullivan. Of course, we all knew better than to volunteer for anything, but, after what seemed like an interminable amount of time waiting for someone to step forward, I just said to hell with it and raised my hand. Whatever early leadership points I may have gotten from Cpt. Smith I certainly lost several months later when I was designated company commander for a ground assault exercise. I fondly remember singing “Scarborough Fair” with Tom Edgren at our Intermediate Status Party, the program for which Betty designed. With bemusement, I remember hitting the APC shell target on my first attempt with a 60 mm mortar and receiving a rousing cheer from my fellow candidates in the bleachers at the range. And I remember being the “narrator” at our graduation ceremony on 1 August 1969 and Betty pinning on my bars afterwards.

Lawrence R. Peterson, JR / 3d Platoon

My wife Janet (going on 50 years!) and I are living happily in Salt Lake City, Utah. I am still working as a lawyer, busy writing Java (Oracle) programs for my firm. We have been blessed with six children and sixteen grandchildren.

Larry Lawrence:

After OCS I was sent to Fort Carson Colorado and served as a Scout Platoon leader for 3rd Battalion, 11th Infantry (mechanized). I then spent 11 months in Vietnam with MACV pulling operations in Binh Doung Province with the Vietnamese Regional Force/Popular Force (village defense) units.

After Vietnam I returned to the University of Utah Law School. After spending two years as a public affairs representative for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Manhattan New York, I returned to Salt Lake City, Utah, where I have practiced law since 1974.

Special OCS Memory? Meeting my wife and baby son in the parking lot each week to exchange the candidates' laundry for new starch.

Stephen C. Porter / 3d Platoon

Phyllis and I have been married 33 years and live on a golf course in Allen, TX where the sunsets are free. I have two daughters from my first marriage - Hillary lives in the Dallas area and has two sons aged 21 and 6. Her younger sister, Hester, lives in Hamburg, Germany where she is trying to decide what she wants to do when she grows up.

I'm still working and we spend time taking care of our fathers - hers is 93 and mine is 97. They will probably outlive us.

We enjoy jazz and in April we will be back in Colorado Springs for our 10th Weekend of Jazz at the Broadmoor. I try (emphasis on try) to play golf every weekend and I have written short stories over the years. Some are based on my army experiences and several have actually been published. We are fortunate to have friends here and to have been able to travel as frequently as my schedule allows. Mike Myers and I are still good friends. He's in Ft.Worth but we see each other several times a year. Sometimes we meet for dinner with the wives. Other times he and I meet to drink scotch, talk dirty and tell lies about what we did in the war...

My first stop after OCS was Amarillo, TX to be a fuzzy-headed groomsman in OC Mike Myers' wedding. Then it was off to lovely Ft. Polk, LA where I spent a year in a basic training company where I was executive officer, training officer, mess officer, supply officer and possibly latrine officer. For most of that year I lived off-post in a mobile home with fellow 50th Company grads Lou Lallo and Dean Derthick. After a detour to Jungle School in the Canal Zone where everything we touched was either poisonous or spiked (happy to say that my Jungle Expert "skills" were never needed) I reported to Travis AFB to ship out to Nam. But thanks to a screw-up by the Ft. Polk personnel office that prevented Lallo and I from boarding the flight with the rest of our 50th Company mates, he and I chilled out for several days in San Francisco. When we arrived in-country, the Army didn't know what to do with us. Lou went to a team in Nha Be at the mouth of the Saigon River and I was assigned to a district team in Tan Binh District, Gia Dinh Province (the province that surrounded Saigon.) I filled an intelligence slot - part of the Phoenix program - and became a spook. I spent most days driving around the district in my jeep with my faithful interpreter gathering intel reports from the local village and hamlet chiefs. Consumed lots of nuoc mam and that nasty rice whiskey. Many nights were spent flying in helicopters looking for bad guys and dodging friendly fire from artillery batteries that lobbed shells out into the district. I was fortunate to live in a BOQ near MACV HQ and Tan Son Nhut AFB. In other words, near bars, O Clubs and decent food. Mike Myers occasionally came up from the boonies in the Mekong Delta and considered my quarters to be in-country R & R. I returned to the world with a Bronze Star, several air medals and, to quote J.D. Salinger, most of my faculties intact.

I went back to law school, transferring from Baylor to SMU. I graduated in 1973, took the Texas Bar and began practicing with a friend and former college roommate. As the years passed that general practice firm grew, split, re-grouped and eventually imploded. In 1990 I joined a firm that represented mortgage banks where I was chief litigation counsel for 23 years and "managed" as many as 21 lawyers - to the extent that lawyers can be managed. I left that firm in December 2013 and am now General Counsel for a corporation that provides services to the mortgage industry.

I watched Neil Armstrong on the moon from a motel room in Columbus, GA, and a few days later we were back on the reservation for our final field exercise. I was RTO for the company commander who was KIA by a TAC officer. The XO took over but he already had an RTO. So I tuned my radio to a local TV or radio station and for the rest of the day I listened to the splashdown coverage of Apollo 11 (while trying to look involved in the action around me.)

Joseph W. Rausch / 6th Platoon

I am a “recovering” lawyer (semi-retired) living with Jackie, my wife of 49 years, in New Orleans. The OCS experience seems like yesterday; it was not the best way to start our married life. We are blessed with three children and six grandchildren in New Orleans, Houston and D.C. They are the focus of our lives, which keeps us on the road a lot. I am active in Rotary and for the last year have volunteered at the new VA Hospital in NOLA doing admin chores in the Mental Health Clinic. (Note: the VA needs are great, but new leadership is trying to correct past sins.) Service in Vietnam affords VA non-service connected medical eligibility with a waiver of the income limit, and you can often beat the Medicare co-pay. Volunteering in the VA returns one to the old Army days, and the warriors (both men and now many women) tell amazing stories when simply asked, “How’s it going?”

After OCS, I was assigned to Fort Sam Houston, TX as the training officer of the only Basic Training company in the Army for conscientious objectors. We trained the CO’s hard, sent them to Medic AIT. They were guaranteed a ticket to the RVN. In Vietnam, I served first at MACV HQ (Long Binh) running a large dental clinic (next door to LBJ, the largest stockade in Vietnam). Reacting poorly to Pentagon East, I immediately requested a transfer to the Central Highlands (Pleiku) running a medical advisory team of doctors and medics. I spent my mornings running the only civilian General Hospital in the Province and my afternoons in the field providing public health services. This included well-baby care, shots, water sanitation, basic first aid, and generally enjoying the company of our Montagnard neighbors. I found them kind, brave, smart, and loyal to the death. These indigenous people served us well and suffered greatly in post-war years. Service to these native tribes was the highlight of my tour. My team also served a leper orphanage run by Catholic nuns. I found an obscure regulation

and got my unit an extra \$50 per month as a special hazardous duty pay. Before reassignment, I taught basic reading skills to GIs who could not read but who had been pushed along even by the Army. Returning to the "World," I closed out my military life at Fort Polk, LA where I ran a mental health clinic trying to explain to young privates who claimed to like boys or wanted to be girls (nice try!) that Vietnam was still in their future

I then attended LSU Law School, after which I was appointed assistant Dean of the University of Kentucky in Lexington. There I ran the administrative side of the shop for a few years. (Lexington was great, but this was before university administrators made millions.) I have since practiced law in both large and small firms. I also served for a while as Special Assistant Attorney General for the State of Louisiana. In the margins I raised a family and engaged in a variety of professional, civic, charity, and school activities.

All along, I suspected the OCS PT drill was largely a game, although the extremes sometime tested my theory. Polished floors you couldn't walk on, beds you never slept in, great food that was never eaten... it puzzled me how all this would somehow "save my life in NAM." And having TAC officers who would end the day exchanging stories about us, as if we were monkeys in a zoo, escaped me. On a lighter side, while most of us placed a gold bar in our helmet liner as motivation, the Tackaberry twins had, as I recall, five stars. Finally, to our brothers who were not selected for RVN duty, you didn't miss a thing.

Charles E. Richardson / 4th Platoon

My wife, Ann of 47 years, and I are retired and living in Woods Cross, Utah (10 miles north of Salt Lake City). Ann and I have six children. Our oldest son got Reyes Syndrome at age 7 which gave him severe brain damage. He lived another 13 years before passing away. Our other children have given us nine grandchildren – age 1 thru 15. They all live within 45 minutes of our home.

Since retirement in 2010, I continue to serve in my faith in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. That service includes serving two days each week as a temple worker in the Bountiful Utah Temple. I also have a calling as the Stake Clerk in Woods Cross. (A stake is an organization of 7 to 12 congregations.)

1736 South 925 West

After OCS, I was assigned as a Company XO in an Infantry training battalion in Ft. Carson, Colorado. That assignment was to be for only two months prior to an overseas assignment. However, no orders came, until mid-February of 1970. I reported to Ft. Knox, Kentucky for eight weeks of training – to be a Maintenance Officer of an artillery unit in South Korea. After arriving in S.K., they did not have a need for such (great Army planning), so they gave me the option to serve as a Class B Finance Officer in the 7th Artillery Division (just off the DMZ). I was responsible for payroll to the Infantry and Artillery troops, as well as payments to the Korean Nationals working for our military. When the 7th was combined into the 2nd Division, my assignment was transferred to Camp Casey, S.K. as the 2nd Division Finance XO. Separation from the Army came in May of 1971.

I had received my MBA Degree from the University of Utah prior to my military experience. Therefore, I found employment with Beneficial Life Insurance Company in SLC, Utah for the next 12 years with responsibilities initially in agent financing and payroll; then, reinsurance administration; and finally budget & planning. In 1983, I accepted an offer to become a VP at Deseret First Federal Credit Union where I continued for 27 years, until my retirement.

I have also been very active in my Church. (The LDS Church has a lay ministry, which means no paid ministry.) Special opportunities of service have come to me, in teaching and administrative callings. One of my most cherished callings was that of serving as a Bishop of our congregation for 5 years during the mid 1980's.

My favorite memories have to be summarized by the camaraderie and growth we all experienced as we trained and struggled through tremendously difficult challenges - physical, mental and emotional. Though, close friendships have not continued since the military, I never-the-less reflect on conversations and associations from so many of you, who were my Ft. Benning friends.

One particular experience that I recall was that first week when Lt. Toolson tagged me as the Platoon Leader of the 4th Platoon. I was completely overwhelmed and stressed. I recall that one activity was when the TACs and Capt. Smith were to play a basketball game against another company of officers. I was charged with getting a pair of gym shoes (size 10 ½) for Lt. Toolson. How could that happen when we could not leave base? Fortunately, one of you, in

our platoon, had a wife that performed what I thought was a minor miracle - by buying and delivering that pair of shoes. Disaster to my tenure was averted. Thanks again to whoever made that delivery possible.

Thomas L. Roberts / 2d Platoon

I continue to practice law in the firm of Greene, Roberts and Rasmussen in Las Vegas, NV. I have commuted from Mesa Arizona where I have lived for the past 25 years.

My wife of nearly 49 years, Glenda, and I have 4 children and seventeen grandchildren who are the focal point of our lives.

After OCS I remained in the 50th Company as a TAC officer and then as the executive officer. Six more months of early morning runs.

After serving as XO of 50th company I went to airborne school, then military intelligence school in Maryland, then to Vung Tau, Vietnam for more schooling, then went to IV Corps with MACV.

After the army I went to law school at the University of Utah, practiced in Salt Lake City for a couple of years. I then went to Plano TX where I was in business for 12 years. We then moved to Mesa and ended up practicing law in Arizona and Nevada.

Great bunch of guys in the 50th Company.

Stephen L. Roeder / 2d Platoon

My wife of 47 years, Jan and I are now retired and live in Kansas City. We initially retired to a small island community near Hilton Head, SC, but after a few years, grandkids began to arrive, so we sold our house and moved back to Kansas City where our oldest son and his wife and two of our grandkids live. We recently sold our house and moved into a high rise condo downtown. We are really enjoying condo life.

After OCS, I was assigned to the 2d Armored Division at Ft. Hood, TX, as a mechanized infantry platoon leader. I was in that assignment for about 6

months prior to attending rotary wing flight school at Ft. Walters, TX and Ft. Rucker, AL. After graduation from flight school I was the executive officer of a student training company at Ft. Rucker for a year. We trained door gunners and crew chiefs. In 1971, I went to Vietnam as a Huey pilot with the First Air Cav. I was a Captain by then and served as an operations officer and pilot in Charley Company of the 229 Assault Helicopter Battalion.

Upon completion of my tour, I returned home and went back to my job at IBM in Rochester, MN. I ended up working for IBM for 31 years, as a Financial Executive. We lived in several locations around the US and I ended my career as the Chief Financial Officer of an IBM joint venture company in Australia.

I don't know if it is my favorite memory of OCS, but I certainly remember the Ranger problem. Everyone knew I was afraid of snakes. We were wading through the swamp and someone killed a snake. They snuck up behind me and threw it around the back of my neck, draping it down on both sides of my face. I had no idea the snake was dead. I think I screamed like a little girl. Everyone else died laughing.

George A. Schmalhofer / 1st Platoon

Rodney D. Seefeld / 2d Platoon

I work part time as a guardian ad litem (court appointments primarily for kids in conflict) at the rate of about one day per week. I am married for 41 years and have four children and four grandchildren. I am active in my church and play softball about 8 months out of the year. Wife, Linda, is still working and maintains the health insurance.

I was assigned to Fort Carson Colorado with the 5th Mech. I served as platoon leader and then S-2. After jungle school, on July 4, 1970 I flew to Vietnam and was assigned to a MACV team located in the Northwest corner next to Laos and the DMZ. I was blessed to have a quiet time the next year. I was bucked off an APC when it hit a land mine with injuries only to the APC driver. I was not happy to be on the command track with the America captain leading the convoy when we hit the mine. At the end of the tour of duty, I took an opportunity for an early out instead of time with a National Guard unit.

I returned home to Wisconsin and worked about a year until I got accepted into law school which was my career goal. While in law school in Tacoma Washington I got married. Following law school I returned to Wisconsin, passed the bar exam and got a job with a lawyer in Baraboo. After 40 years of general practice law I have substantially retired. I served on numerous committees of the Bar association and several local civic organizations. Perhaps my most significant activity is playing softball, mostly with men my 65+ age bracket. This year I plan to play on three different teams, if my body will allow. (My mind says "yes," but my body slowly responds by saying "maybe.") I spend a fair amount of time helping children and grandchildren with whatever they need.

I was a track and cross country runner in high school and college, which made the trips around the airborne field much easier than for most other candidates. I remember helping drag a member of our platoon across the finish line. One memory is running a ten mile race on a hot July day as part of the three man team from our unit. Robert Arnold did much better than I did, but I did better than expected. The battalion commander congratulated me and I had to tell him I needed to keep walking to avoid cramps. He accepted my demand. Another memory is the lack of sleep and being tired all the time. I could almost sleep standing up in formation or riding in the back of a deuce-and-a-half. I see our training was similar to that the Navy seals get today. It did prepare us for Vietnam! Many times I asked myself whether it was worth the effort. Today I can answer, YES. Another memory is the morning formation when we fell out with black belt buckles instead of the shiny brass. I was then the company commander and attempted an explanation of our actions to captain Smith before moving to the rear of the formation for extra pushups. Shortly thereafter the XO, first sergeant and some platoon leaders joined me to do push-ups while CPT Smith "gently" explained that he would let us know when we could switch out of the brass belt buckles. Of course later there was additional time spent walking tours. Lastly, I hated filling out bayonet sheets. Nearly all candidates were colleges grads and in pretty good physical shape. I struggled to find fault with other candidates, but the sheets were required to pressure them to quit or be removed.

Steven L. Sennef / 4th Platoon

I am living with Connie, my loving wife of 40 years, in Parker, Colorado. She's a southern girl. We have two daughters and six grandchildren, three girls and three boys. I am still working, currently with a company that delivers heavy equipment to the oil, mining, and wind energy firms throughout the U.S. and Canada. I am deeply invested in my spiritual journey with Galilee Baptist Church.

After OCS I went to Fort Carson, Colorado where I spent about eight months, and was then assigned to Fort Knox, Kentucky to attend the Army's Motor Pool course. Following that, I was assigned to Korea. I spent 11 months there and was discharged from Kent, Washington on May 28, 1971. The reason I remember that day is that nine years later my youngest daughter Amy was born on May 28.

After the Army I got a job in the insurance industry as a Loss Control Safety Engineer, which I did not like. I was living in Minneapolis at the time and decided I wanted to come back to Colorado. So I quit my job and moved back to Colorado. Once there I became a salesman for about eight years then started a printing business, which I ran that for 20 years. I then started a direct mail marketing business and ran that for eight years. I then went into Wheels America Advertising, a mobile billboard company franchise, but two years later the impact of the 9/11 event destroyed that business nationwide. I decided I wanted something less stressful, so I started making deliveries all over the Rocky Mountain region and am now working for a company that delivers equipment throughout North America.

I remember when we were being trained in night vision class. We had really developed our night vision and were using red lights. At the end of the class they told us to look up at the ceiling and then shot off that bright white light, which just killed our night vision in a very painful way. We couldn't believe we were so stupid to look up at the ceiling. Another "delightful" time that I remember was spent in the Dahlenega Swamp. We all were returning to the base camp in the late afternoon and it rained on us, getting everyone completely soaked to the skin. Then they told us to bed down for the night, so we got our ponchos and tried to sleep. It continued to rain. I remember freezing and

shivering all night, longing for the sun to come up and give us for some heat. That was the most miserable night I remember spending in OCS. I do remember that Captain Smith allowed us to watch the astronauts land on the moon, which was pretty cool to watch. I was grateful that he allowed us to see that.

Roy A. Sigurdson

I've been retired for about 5 years (as of 2017) and we live a quiet life in Seaside, Oregon. My wife, Jeanne, suffers from a series of health problems including Fibromyalgia. I am in good health, but fell from my roof last summer and sustained a broken hip, 3 broken ribs and damage to my left leg and knee. It's been a long recovery. I won't be making the trip to Ft. Benning for the re-union.

After OCS, I stayed at Fort Benning to become Airborne qualified. Then I entered the Special Forces Officers Course at Fort Bragg, N.C, where I came near to dying on a night jump. (My chute deployed with only about 2 seconds before hitting the ground). After receiving a Green Beret, I was expecting to be sent to the 10th Special Forces in Viet Nam or possibly to the Special Forces unit in Panama. But, wouldn't you know, they sent me to the 2nd Battalion, 36th Infantry, 1st Brigade, 3rd Armored Division (Patton's Army) in Kirchgoens, West Germany, where I served as a platoon leader and eventually as the Battalion Intelligence Officer (S-2). I served in Europe for over tw0 years and my oldest son, Erik, was born in Frankfurt.

I exited the Army and came back to Seaside, Oregon to join my family business (A seafood processing company). My wife, Jeanne, and I had 2 more sons along the way.

Ah, the OCS memories: I remember Chiggers, push-ups, hot drinking water, a tarantula, ice cream on the night compass course, low crawling on the parade field trying to touch a tac officer's boots, the unflappable/affable dispositions of the Tackaberrys and Jay, water moccasins in the Chattahoochee River under the rope bridge, taking a shower in my mummy bag, and being in the best physical condition in my life. Didn't we set the company record average for the PT Test?

Ratko I. Sikovic / 2nd Platoon

Died December 9, 2005 at age 60 in Abingdon, Harford County, MD

James W. Smith JR

Now lives in Lake Worth FL (Public record, not verified. RT: MPT 072014)

Robert B. Smith / 4th Platoon

I'm retired, and I live in Sterling Colorado, a small rural community 100 miles northeast of Denver and about 50 miles from Nebraska. My second wife died of a heart attack ten years ago and I've never remarried.

After OCS I was assigned to a basic training company at Ft. Lewis, Washington and went to Viet Nam in July 1970. In Nam I was assigned to MAT 51, but instead of training villagers to defend themselves our team was attached to the 21st ARVN Division. (Regular South Vietnamese Army) The division was headquartered at Vinh Loi in the Bac Lieu province in the Delta. Way South. Our team mission was to plant and hide listening devices and seismic devices along paths, trails, waterways, canals anywhere believed to be used by the NVA or Viet Cong. After three or four days in the field, we'd go back to the base camp. At night we would listen. When we heard sounds of activity, we'd call in artillery. Spent most of my time in the U-Minh forest.

After the Army, since I had already completed one year of law school, went back and completed the final two years at the University of Wyoming Law School. I was a solo practitioner until 2000 when I was appointed to a judgeship. Retired in 2014.

I'm not sure if these are my favorite, but in addition to those already mentioned by others, these are the ones I tell others who ask about the experience. I remember Captain Smith arranged (what a gentle word "arranged") for the company to travel to Atlanta to see the Braves play baseball. I had never seen professional baseball let alone Hank Aaron. The night before the game I had assisted the TAC duty officer with his overnight shift. We were both up all night. I slept through the entire game and don't remember a thing.

I remember that we attended classes in a big air conditioned building. The instructors had a tendency to bark out a last name to get a cadet to answer a question. Since they didn't know names of anyone in the class, they would call a common name such as Johnson or Brown or Jones or Smith. Odds were in their favor that there would be someone with that name. There was at least one other Smith in our company, Jim I believe. When the instructor called on Candidate Smith, neither of us moved. Finally I stood up and asked if he wanted Candidate Jim Smith. When the instructor said yes, I sat down and the other Smith had to stand and answer. (Sorry, Jim.) It only worked once. After that when the instructor was asked which Smith they wanted they would ask, "Which one are you?" When you said your name they would say "you'll do".

William L. Snodgrass / 2d Platoon

I have been married to Debbie for 36 wonderful years; God has given me the perfect partner. I met her as a fellow employee, we were both Agricultural Biologists in Bakersfield, CA (a nice place to be from). We have three children and five grandchildren scattered throughout California.

We live in Camino which in the foothills and is half way between Sacramento and Lake Tahoe in an agriculture setting in the middle of apple orchards. We have no rain from May to September but get about 40" of rain a year with beautiful fall colors and snow about 5 time each winter except this year and the snow only stays around for a few days unlike the Midwest and the East. We have the best of all climates.

We enjoy traveling and have been to Europe and all over the US. We enjoy bird watching, National Parks, hiking, history and visiting the Presidential Library's.

I had orders for Fort Carson in an Infantry Mechanized Unit (remember during OCS they told us, "don't worry you will not see one of these, you will be pounding ground") for 6 months and then to I Corp in Viet Nam. Two days before graduation I received a transfer to Quarter Master and orders to Ft. Lee Commissary School for 5 months, then to Sharp Army Depot in Sacramento California for 6 months and then of course to Viet Nam. While I was there an opening came up for a Rations Breakdown Officer in Bangkok but it was a long tour and I would have to extend for a year, but I could take my family. My second daughter was born there. At the end of my 2 year tour I received orders

for Tan Son Nhut Air Base. This was late in 71 and the war was winding down and they sent me a letter saying they had promoted too many people to Captain, did I plan on making it a career or did I want an early out? I took the early out. I served a short time in a MP Reserve unit. One year after I was discharged I received the Army Accommodation Medal.

After being discharged I returned to my job as an Agricultural Biologist in Bakersfield and planned on staying only 5 years. After 19 years (as Buck Owens would say happiness is seeing Bakersfield in your rearview mirror) we moved to San Diego, CA where I was the Assistant Agricultural Commissioner, the climate is better than the Chamber of Commerce claims but 3 million other people live there too, traffic was the pits.

We moved to Placerville, CA I was appointed as the El Dorado County Agricultural Commissioner/Sealer of Weights and Measures and retired in 2003. Placerville is a great small town where everyone knows everyone, if your kid is speeding on main street someone is calling your home before the kid gets home. I took advantage of the GI Bill and received a Master's in Public Administration, something that would help me in my career and would have never gotten if it were not for the Army.

Remember when had the display items in our dresser? All the items in each Candidate display had to be exactly the same. Someone changed the brand of toothpaste and everyone had to change the brand of toothpaste to that one that the Candidate used? I wonder if he is still using that same brand (Crest) of toothpaste.

I learned that I can do things beyond my physical and mental abilities, I learned leadership abilities that I would use throughout my career and most of all I learned team work. I AM ETERNALLY GRATEFUL FOR MY OCS CLASSMATES THAT CARRIED ME (LITTERLY) THROUGH OCS. I had problems with my knees and with all of the running they started hurting bad, but I would not go to sick call. I remember my knees being so bad I could not bend them (I learned to run stiff legged) so I was having trouble walking up the stairs, you guys took turns carrying me up the stairs. I was not at the top of the class in PT but after 6 months I finished the mile in the top 10. Thank you guys.

John A. Spain Passed away on 12-26-2015 See "In Memoriam" page of this website

Elliott L. Stringham / 5th Platoon

Ronald G. Stryker / 6th Platoon

Married to Cheryl (20 years) with whom I reconnected at our 31st high school reunion in Chicago. Two grown daughters from my former marriage.

I still have a day-job. For the last 39 years I've owned two companies, one of which (Harmony Brands) is a niche marketer/distributor of branded concepts for the foodservice industry. It specializes in fried chicken and donut programs and covers the State of Ohio. The other (Blended Specialty Products) manufactures the breadings, mixes, and icings that Harmony and other distributors within our semi-national network use.

Having failed miserably at trying to implement a plan to scale down to a 4-day work week several years ago, we recently purchased a potential retirement home in SW Florida. I'm currently spending one week each month there and the remainder in Ohio.

I sold my businesses effective 1/1/17 after 40 years of ownership. I have a two-year consulting commitment during the transition and am looking forward to the new owner taking the companies to the next level (and my retirement to SW Florida).

After graduation from OCS I received orders for Germany and due to a shortage of captains was assigned command of a mechanized infantry company. During the next few months as additional 2nd LT's joined our battalion, none of them could be assigned to my company because they (mostly West Point types) all had more time in grade than I did. Finally, I was notified that I would be receiving a recently graduated OCS lieutenant. It turned out to be 50th OC grad Clark Yokley on which I had 10 minutes seniority...only because "S" comes before "Y". Clark was the first person I met while standing in line to begin basic training at Ft. Dix and we ended up being in the same platoons for Basic, AIT, and OCS.

Sometime in 1971, I was assigned as Battalion Assistant S-3, promoted to Captain, and at the end of that year received orders for Thailand, finishing my last seven months of service there.

Though hard to believe, while conducting a job search, there weren't many companies that placed much value on applicants with military service on their resumes. I eventually found employment with a builder/land developer in Chicago, starting as a financial analyst and ending as its corporate controller.

The beginning of 1977 I purchased a small business in Ohio that has evolved into the companies I own today.

Without question, it was during a session with our TAC officer, Lt. Hooker. I believe it was sometime during our 20th or 21st week. As a result of a minor infraction, he ordered Clark Yokley, Paul Mansky, and I to do 50 pushups to the winds. Paul was recuperating from an injury at the time and Lt. Hooker suggested that if he wasn't fit to complete the task at hand, he could be recycled to a 12th or 18th week company. Paul's response: "I wouldn't take a recycle back to breakfast!"

Charles K. Sutton / 6th Platoon

I am finally retired after three careers and counting the days until my wife Debbie retires from her elementary school counselor job the end of May 2017. I am looking forward to hanging out with her all day every day. She is my second wife (of nearly 27 years) and we have five great kids and 8 even greater grandkids between us. I usher at church, play a little golf, read a good bit, piddle around the house/yard, and drink three beers a day. I'm vertical and still getting paid. Life is good. Ft. Benning was my last active duty assignment and since Deb's family was here, we stayed in the local Columbus/Ft. Benning area.

After OCS I went to Germany (Kitzingen) and stayed until 1971, long enough to get promoted to Captain. Spent time there as a Brigade HHC XO and then went to the 1st of the 15th Infantry as a platoon leader, assistant S-3 and the S-3 Air. From there to Viet Nam (II Corps) Ban Me Tout and commanded MACV Detachment Team 33 for 7 months. Spent the rest of the tour as a Deputy Senior Advisor to an ARVN Regiment and rode a Huey into a rice paddy at a hundred knots the day before the cease fire went into effect. Finished out my

tour and returned to Benning for the Infantry Officers Advanced Course. Next was 40 months in Panama (which I loved) and then a tour at the Field Artillery School at Ft. Sill. I finished a Master's Degree in Management while I was there. Next was a two-year accompanied tour in Korea, first at Osan AFB with the Air Defense Brigade doing their deactivation planning and then the rest of the tour in Yongson (Seoul). From Korea to FT Hood to the 1st CAV Division as the deputy G3 then to XO 2/7 CAV (Garry Owen). While there, I completed CGSC by correspondence. From Hood to FT. Bliss to be the Director of Training Development at the Sergeant Majors Academy and then to the Office of the Chief of Air Defense Artillery to do proponent stuff. From there finally back to Benning as the Chief of OIP. My final active duty job was to create and stand up the TRADOC System Manager-Soldier office to modernize the soldier as a system. In 1990 a couple of iron Majors and I wrote the charter, wrote the Soldier Annex to the Army Modernization plan, structured the office, set up the policies and procedures and went to work. I served as the original TSM-Soldier until we could get a board selected Colonel and then took over management of the Soldier Enhancement Program. It was a multimillion dollar program for commercial off-the-shelf solutions for soldiers. THAT was really a fun and rewarding job.

When I retired the end of August in 1992, after a 24 year career, I went right back into the same job as a government contractor for the next 17 years. I finally got fed up with the corporate crap and retired from that and started my own consulting business to do strategic planning, business development and management consulting to small companies who wanted to do business with DOD. After seven years of that, the combination of politics, sequestration, and the severe lack of a realistic defense budget which translated into no paying clients, I retired for the last time. Since then it's been travel to visit kids and grandkids, play a little golf, drink a little beer, read a few books and be a house spouse. Finished up my GI bill with a two year cabinet making course at the local technical college. Life is good and will be even better when Deb retires. I am so looking forward to that.

I had a good time for the most part. Having had four years of ROTC, (three in High School in Wyoming and one at the University of Missouri) I was fairly well prepared for it. I remember we started out 220 strong, all college graduates and only two were prior service. I know we had some attrition along the way and gained some recycles. I can't remember how many of us graduated. I remember learning very early to "move with a purpose" and still do it to this day. One morning at reveille formation all 220 of us fell in wearing the same name tag: SMACK, OC. Shock reveille compliments of the senior company next door and low crawling all over in our mummy bags. Foot locker drills and late night room changes. PT twice a day. Mornings with the TAC officers on the airborne track around the jump towers and afternoons with the Ranger Committee. Trimming the lawn with the scissors from our sewing kits. Melting the Simonize wax to buff the floors and then removing our boots and walking on the furniture so as not to mess up the floors any more than necessary. Having to break starch three times a day. Breaking into Lt. Hook's office in the middle of the night. Filling his canteen with quinine water, sewing the sleeves shut on his field jacket, filling the office with balloons. (Speaking of Jack Hook. I ran into him several times later in my career. He worked at MILPERCEN in Arlington, VA for a while, retired as a full Colonel and went to work as a recruiter for MPRI.) Turning Lt. Travaline's office into a small basketball court for small basketball players. One of the other TACs lifting Tiny Tony up so he could shoot a basket. Pogy bait: Someone got a care package in the mail with a cake or cookies and had to eat the whole thing all at once. Having to do a ton of pushups, 10 at a time, over a piece of cherry pie. Eating dessert first. Turning blue. Graduation. My Ex-Navy dad and my wife pinning on my butter bars.

Burt S. Tackaberry / 6th Platoon

Kief S. Tackaberry / 1st Platoon?

After graduating from OCS, I attending Ranger and Jump School and was assigned to the 82nd Abn Div. I deployed to Vietnam and served as a Platoon Leader with the 2/8 Cav, 1st Cav Div., until being wounded. I was reassigned to the 82nd Abn Div. I attended fight school and was again reassigned to Ft. Bragg, this time with the 18th Abn Corp. I spend the rest of my career serving in both Infantry and Aviation Units - commanding an Infantry Rifle Company in the 82nd

Abn Div.; an Aviation Company (Huey) in the 101st Abn Assault Div.; an Attack Helicopter Company in the 1st Armored Div. (Germany); an Aviation Battalion (UH-60 Blackhawks) in the 101st Abn Assault Div.; an Aviation Brigade in the 7th Infantry Division. I retired from the Army as a colonel in 1996 after 28 years.

I have worked for Northrop Grumman for 18 years in various positions. At present, I am a Director for Army Aviation & ISR programs. I retired at the end of May, 2016.

Robert D. Tarr / 1st Platoon

Life is good! I retired at the end of 2013 after selling our business and becoming the landlord of our business property (leasing it back to the buyer of our business). I now spend a lot of time with our grandkids and trying to get some leisure travel as well.

One week after OCS I got married, then went back to Ft. Benning where I stayed on at OCS as a TAC officer in 60th Company and stayed with that company until graduation. Then I got my orders for Vietnam. I left 10 April 1970 and was assigned to MACV as a Mobile Advisory Team (MAT Team) . A full team had 2 officers and 3 NCO's. Our mission was to upgrade the night operations (ambushes) of the regional and popular forces (platoon sized units in the different local villages). I was based with a unit in Phouc Heip Village in Ci Chi District, about 10 miles from the 25th Division Base Camp at Cu Chi. About 5 months later I was moved to MACV headquarters in Siagon to help set up a staff for Economic Analysis of our pullout. This was to give MACV independent analysis. (I guess my MBA helped get me out of the boonies.) By the time I left in April 1971 our office was headed up by a brigadier general and had about 8 officers and an office staff.

After the Army, I worked for the Insurance Company of North America (INA) in Philadelphia and helped set up a service office in Phoenix, AZ where we lived from 1973 to 1975. In 1975, we moved back to Philadelphia where I joined a family business doing industrial high pressure water cleaning. I did that up until the end of 2013 when we sold.

My favorite OCS Memory was being company commander for about 2 weeks while we assembled our class.

Joseph J. Terhar / 6th Platoon Passed away on 12-17-2018 See "In Memoriam" page on this website

Michael P. Thornton / 2nd Platoon

My wife Susan and I live in Mt. Prospect, IL a suburb of Chicago. I left my corporate job in September 2015 and am learning how to be a retired person. I enjoy reading modern history and am a very good cook. I had heart bypass surgery in May 2015 and now keep as physically active as I can with exercise machines in the basement and a bicycle that I ride in good weather. I can be reached at:

After OCS, I served in the 24th Infantry Division (Mechanized) at Ft. Riley KS until the Spring of 1970. Then it was off to airborne school back at Ft. Benning, jungle school in Panama and then on to Vietnam. Once "in country" I served as a platoon leader and later battalion staff officer with the First Cavalry Division (2/12 Cavalry). When the First Cav was re-deployed to the US, I accepted an "early out" was discharged in April 1971. OCS classmates Ken Knudsen, Jim Dupont and David Doe were with me during the training schools enroute to Vietnam and later with the Cav, although Dave and I were with the 2/12 Cavalry while and Jim and Ken were with the 1/5 Cavalry.

My post-Army career has been with large global companies and for the past 30 years in High Tech. My early assignments were as a supply chain manager and for the past 24 years I have worked with customers who were applying technology to their supply chains. This is my second time in Chicago. The first time, 1972-1976, I met and married Susan. In between I lived in the New York area, Cleveland and near Boston. In 2002, I was laid-off from Compaq at the age of 55. (Yikes!) I did contract work for the next 5 years, including an assignment in England in 2004. In 2007 an opportunity opened up at SAP and I have worked there until I left with an early retirement package in September 2015.

My favorite OCS memory is of the last day of the Ranger Problem. When we got off the truck at the assembly area the cadre were popping smoke grenades in celebration. The colors mixed, yellow, purple, white, and the

combination made me think that we were nearly done. It was a time to celebrate.

William E. Thorough-good / 2d Platoon

My wife and I live in suburban Philadelphia in a town near Collegeville, PA . I am now retired. My wife and I bought a condominium in Ocean City, MD where we try to spend as much time as possible relaxing. We enjoy traveling and doing a lot of activities at our church. I have been blessed with a wonderful wife, 3 good children and terrific friends at church. I love to read, especially biographies, the American Civil War and English History. I enjoy woodworking and fixing up this old farm house that has been our home for 35 years.

Despite a warning from Capt. Smith that no one would be able to get a branch transfer, I applied for an armor commission and (along with perhaps 20 others) received a branch transfer. My first assignment was to the Armor Officer Basic Course at Ft. Knox, KY. I then went to Fort Hood, TX where I was assigned to the 1st of 81st Armor, First Armored Division, (Old Ironsides) as a platoon leader and later company executive officer. I received orders for Vietnam in July 1970. When I arrived "In Country" on the 10th of October, I was assigned to the 11th Armored Cav (Blackhorse) where I served as a platoon leader with L Troop of the 3rd Squadron in III Corps near DI AN. I was then appointed assistant squadron maintenance officer and later squadron maintenance officer. When the 11th Cav stood down in March 1971, I joined the 1st Squadron of the 1st Armored Cav at the old Marine base at Khe Sanh where we supported an ARVN incursion into Laos. I accepted an early out and left Vietnam in early June 1971.

After the Army, I went back to college and got a master's degree in education and spent 33 years teaching at a local high school.

Too many to record here. Overall in reflection, I can mostly remember the humorous stuff.

Robert B. Tomes / 3d Platoon

Bob passed away on October 11, 2024 See Bob's obituary in the In Memoriam page of this website.

Bob and his wife Barbara of 36 years reside in McKinney, Texas (35 miles North of Dallas) where they are partners in and operate a Ford and Subaru dealership along with their only son, Brandon. The McKinney, Texas area has undergone phenomenal growth the last 15 years and has grown from 17,000 to now a city of 170,000. Bob and Barbara are especially proud of their two grandchildren, Evie (3) and Emmett (1).

Bob is considering attending the reunion and is looking forward to renewing old acquaintances.

Bob was assigned to be a 4.2 Mortar Platoon Leader in Ft. Riley, Kansas and then received orders for Airborne training back to Ft. Benning, Georgia as well as Jungle Ops training in the Panama Canal Zone. He was assigned to M.A.C.V. after Jungles Ops training and was sent to IV Corp in the Mekong Delta where he was assigned to M.A.T. (Mobile Advisory Team) where he worked with South Vietnamese Popular Forces, Regional Forces and P.S.D.F. teams. He served in the Chau Doc Province along the Mekong River in the Northwest part of the Delta. He accepted one six month extension in Chau Doc and rotated out of the Army in Jan. '72 upon returning stateside.

Bob joined Ford Motor Company Corporate in the Omaha District Sales Office in May '72. He trained as a Zone Field Sales Manager and travelled S. Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska before being promoted to the Houston District and assigned to calling on Ford Dealers in the San Antonio area.

He met his future wife, Barbara Utter, who was employed by Ford Motor Company in the Parts & Service Division in Houston and they were married in her hometown of Denton, Texas. He applied for and was awarded the open point for a Ford dealership in McKinney in Dec. '82 and opened the doors in Jan '83 with 17 employees and are still open 34+ years later with 185 employees. Their son Brandon was awarded the Subaru franchise in 2009.

Bob recalls painting the OCS class logo on the parade ground practice field where many hours of drill practice and calisthenics were put in.

He has renewed acquaintances with fellow classmate, Wayne Ferrentino, who is now retired and resides in Rockwall, Texas (45 miles East of McKinney). Wayne was also a M.A.C.V. M.A.T. leader in the Province South of Bob, known as the

“Twin Sisters” mountain area. Wayne has become a very good customer and valued friend.

Royal H. Tyler / 4th Platoon

William H. Vermillion / 3d Platoon

We are quote retired but working with a non-denominational mission One Mission Society (OMS) in theological education.

We live in a senior living place just south of Portland, Oregon in a small town in the Willamette valley. The place is called Hope village in a small but very adequate garden home. Means we are free to travel especially now that our folks are in heaven. However Diana, my wife, of almost 49 years has lupus and several other bone issues so while she travels internationally with me, she stays home usually when I am stateside. And as travel has become more challenging for her, we are moving back to doing less travel after 2017 commitments. At least that is the goal for now.

After traveling and camping in the Southeast for 10 days, I reported to FT Polk LA as training officer. Then orders for Advisor training at Ft Bragg and then on to Vietnamese language school at Ft Bliss and then in June 1970 to Vietnam where I served with MACV, Advisory Team 98, Cong Thang District as an assistant Senior District Advisor until May 1971. I continued in reserves first as a training officer with 104th while going to grad school at the U of W, Seattle and then into Psychops / Civil Affairs when I went to seminary in Portland.

After the active duty stint with the Army I went back to the University of Washington and finished my MA and PhD and then felt called/led to seminary and did an MDiv in pastoral counseling. Taught in a seminary and a university, pastored and served in denominational leadership until 2009 with a 3 year stint in Russia serving as a rector at the OMS seminary there (2000-2003).

Then in 2009 we came back with OMS to lead a team in theological education with 36 schools scattered around the world. The goal is for all schools to be

indigenously owned, operated and staffed. 33 of the 36 are there and working with the other 3 to help that happen. June 2015 I moved out of leadership in that and we focus now on 4-5 schools: Indonesia, Philippines, Brazil and South Korea with a recent time in Nigeria and then involved in stateside denominational schools and one Korean school in LA.

Washing the rocks, doing PT in combat boots (unlike today's Army), keeping static displays in the foot locker, using glo coat on the toes of the boots, having wet bulb pauses and the honey buns but best of all was graduating.