

Stephen R. Faulkner / 5th Platoon

John A Fekety / 5th Platoon

1. My wife Patty and I live in Billings, Montana. About two years before my 2012 retirement, I became involved with a Catholic secular Franciscan Fraternity. With the Franciscans, I volunteer about three days a week; I visit elderly shut-ins and the hospitalized, and work with the poor. I still find some time for golf and visiting grandchildren.
2. I spent approximately a year at Fort Riley with the 24th Infantry Division as a support platoon leader. The unit was re-designated the First Infantry Division when the Big Red One returned to the States from Vietnam. I went to Panama for Jungle School before heading to Vietnam to serve on a MACV Mobile Advisory Team in northern III Corps. Fellow candidate Mike Jorgenson and I headed up the team. We were back home by June 1971 with our CIBs and, fortunately, no Purple Hearts.
3. I returned to the University of Chicago where I received my MBA in accounting with the help of the GI Bill. I became a CPA and worked for national, regional and local firms before retiring in June 2012. In 2013 and 2014 I worked on some special tax projects, but my wife has advised me that I am now fully retired. I was also active on local historical and parks not-for-profit boards.
4. OCS? I remember the incident in the men's latrine at the officer's club right after graduation. That was when a Captain explained that West Point taught its cadets to wash their hands after taking a leak. We took the liberty to explain to him that OCS taught its candidates not to pee on their hands. That experience was very useful as we had a number of new beer-drinking Pointer officers at Fort Riley who needed that exact type of training.

Stuart H. Ferguson II / 6th Platoon - Deceased

Stuart "Stu" Harding Ferguson II, age 68, of Albuquerque, New Mexico passed away July 5, 2014. Stu was born in Syracuse, NY on April 22, 1946 to the late Stuart Harding Ferguson and Nancy Trice Smith Ferguson. He was raised in Ashland, Ohio, graduating from Ashland High School. He earned a Bachelor of Arts in Economics from Washington and Lee University and a Master of Business Administration from Indiana University. Stu practiced as a Certified Public Accountant after moving to Albuquerque in 1975 and served as an accountant, controller, and chief financial officer during his career. He was a member of the business community in New Mexico for over 30 years. In addition to his accounting and finance roles, he taught classes in business and finance at the University of Phoenix.

Stu was a First Lieutenant in the United States Army and served in Viet Nam. He was decorated for bravery in combat, earning a Bronze Star with a V (valor) device and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry. He was a proud veteran who remained involved with the

Veterans of Foreign Wars throughout his adult life. Stu was also an avid judo player and teacher. He served as Commissioner of the New Mexico State Judo Games in 2011 and won the national and world senior Judo championships in 2001. Stu is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Ferguson and by his three children, Michelle Wade, Stuart “Tug” Ferguson III, and Erin Myers, as well as twelve grandchildren. Stu was laid to rest at Santa Fe National Cemetery.

Wayne J. Ferrentino / 4th Platoon

James R. Fields / 4th Platoon

1. I retired after a career both as a lawyer and an officer in non-profit management. I've been married 31 years to Barbara, a retired counselor and a PhD; we call Twin Falls, Idaho home. We have one daughter, with multiple grandkids and great grandkids in Texas. I enjoy volunteering and am active in the Kiwanis, Chamber of Commerce Visitor Center, library, and hospital. I have also been auditing classes at our local community college since retiring. We've been travelling less as retirees than I had hoped.

2. After OCS, I served as platoon leader (and for a short time as assistant brigade prosecutor) with the 24th Infantry Division at Ft. Riley, Kansas. Ft. Riley is where my name-sake uncle is buried; he died in the Philippines in 1939 (US Army, non-military injuries). Then I was off to Airborne School at Ft. Benning, followed by Jungle School in Panama. I left for Vietnam on July 4, 1970. I was assigned to MACV, Vinh Binh province, IV Corps advising an RF-PF Lin Doi (battalion-sized unit) search-and-destroy unit for six months. Then I was then “volunteered” by the Province Senior Advisor (LTC) to create and head a Night Operations Advisory Team (NOAT) for hamlet home forces. Four of us lived for short periods in various hamlets, teaching basic military, shooting and ambush skills, plus taking them out on night ambushes. I was with two interesting second tour staff sergeants (both Airborne) and an ethnic Cambodian interpreter. I returned stateside in June 1971 to the inactive Reserves.

3. I returned and finished law school at the University of Idaho. After three years as staff counsel for a US Senator in Washington, DC, I returned to Boise and worked for Idaho's premier business lobbying association for 11 years. I married my first wife (from southern Virginia) whom I had met in Washington, but we divorced after seven years. I eventually remarried to a woman I had known in high school; Barbara and I have been married now for 31 years. I practiced law for ten-plus years for two firms and then under my own shingle in Boise (business, employer lobbyist, human resources, workers' compensation defense, non-profits, and mediation/arbitration). But most of my professional career involved state or local nonprofit management (Boise; Olympia, Washington; Twin Falls, Idaho); I retired in 2013. My last post involved directing senior services (Office on Aging) for an eight-county area out of a local college in Twin Falls, Idaho.

4. My general feeling about OCS is humbleness and honor to have been with so many talented men. At least eight of us were together through Basic and AIT at Ft. Ord, California, plus OCS: Cho, Fields, Hedgepeth, Lee, Martin, Sigurdson, Tyler and Zimmerman. My proudest moment was when my father pinned on my bars. At the time he was a Marine LTC (he served a total of 36 years). Those of us with relatives swearing us in graduated in the morning, while the regular ceremonies were in the afternoon. My father had rank, so I was sworn in first in our class.

Harley V. Finley / 1st Platoon - Deceased

Harley Finley passed away on June 10, 2012 in Rome, Georgia. He served in the Army for 21 years and retired as a Major. After the Army he was a Middle School teacher. (Don Tarr)

Richard L. Flamm / 4th Platoon - Deceased

Richard passed away on June 27, 2008 in Villa Hills, Kentucky. (Sandy Carter)

Brian M. Flora / 4th Platoon

1. My wife Kay and I are healthy and happy and retired in Oak Park, Illinois, the home of Ernest Hemingway and Frank Lloyd Wright (America's greatest architect, as he would have told you himself). For her retirement hobby, Kay bought a gourmet olive oil and Balsamic vinegar store. I putter around the village as a full-time volunteer at our Frank

Lloyd Wright sites, the Hemingway House, the Historical Society, Pleasant Home (Google it), etc. I also help organize (and serve as "orator") for our Memorial Day and Veterans Day observances. Oh, I just retired from my second military career, that of a Civil War re-enactor (Union, of course). I hung up my musket after the sesquicentennial observances where we participated in the re-enactments of many of the most important battles and in Lincoln's funeral in Springfield.

2. After graduating from the Benning School for Boys, I served as the XO of a Basic Training Company at Fort Bragg, North Carolina and oversaw four cycles of trainees. Then in April 1970 came the orders for Vietnam: IV Corps, Vinh Binh Province (at the crotch of the Mekong River) where I served in a small village (Tieu Can) on a Mobile Advisory Team (MAT) with a Captain and three NCOs. We tried to organize and train the combined local PSDF and PF unit, with which we holed up at night in a mud fort on the edge of the village. Tieu Can was a pretty sleepy place, but we survived a nasty night attack and, later, took some casualties in a mostly botched VC ambush on July 4, 1970. [Editor's Note: For Brian Flora's account of the night attack on his mud fort see Part Three, Section Five, "Vignettes from Vietnam."] I then did a stint at provincial MACV HQ in Tra Vinh. In April 1971, I returned to CONUS. My assignment to Ft. Leonard Wood was cancelled and I was released to six years of inactive Reserve duty. I never heard from the Army again, which didn't disappoint me. That was the end of my long and illustrious (?) military career.

3. After the Army I used my GI Bill to go to graduate school in Boston where I majored in International Relations and met Kay, the love of my life. Kay and I married in 1980, and we became U.S. diplomats, serving for thirty-five years (mostly together) around the world in the Foreign Service. Highlights were getting caught up in the Romanian Revolution (a real shooting war in the streets of Bucharest); serving as acting Ambassador to Switzerland for five months; enjoying our private dinner with former President George HW Bush; and hosting a reception for the U.S. and Canadian Supreme Courts at the Ambassador's residence in Ottawa, Canada when he (the Ambo) was called out of town. We retired to our home state of Illinois in 2009.

4. Favorite memory of OCS? It was a pretty grim period for me but I kept a low profile and managed to make it through the cycle in good shape. I enjoyed the moments of comic relief, like our attempts to smuggle in pogy bait, and I still chuckle when I think of the group of hapless candidates who were required to give an according-to-the manual funeral service for a dead cockroach found in a bathroom. They were condemned to re-start the service every time someone giggled. And then there was the special moment at graduation when my Dad, a retired Army LTC combat veteran (WWII with the 1st ID; Korea with the 2nd ID) pinned on my gold bar.

Paul J. Fonteyn / 1st Platoon

1. I retired as President of Green Mountain College (Poultney, Vermont) in May 2016.

Currently my wife Marsha of 43 years (also a vet – Army Nurse Corps) and I are in Ojai, California. We also have a home in Vermont. Our plan is to live six months in Ojai and six in Poultney. Marsha and I have two adult children – son John and daughter Mieke, and one grandson.

2. After graduating from OCS, I went to Jump and Ranger Schools. My first and only assignment was the 75th Ranger Unit at Ft. Carson, Colorado. I had orders for Vietnam, but they were cancelled. While awaiting new orders I attended HALO (High Altitude, Low Opening freefall jumping) School at Ft. Bragg. There I had a very bad accident – I broke my neck. Fourteen months later I received a medical discharge from Walter Reed. Overall, I came out of it all in pretty good shape except for some paralysis in my left arm and hand. Nothing to complain about.

3. After my discharge, I attended UC Santa Barbara with financial support provided by the military's vocational rehabilitation program. (I have always been very grateful to the army for the medical care I received after my injury and for its support of my graduate education – the government does take care of its soldiers.) After earning my PhD in biology, I took an assistant professorship position at Southwest Texas State University (now Texas State University). I was a full professor when I left and serving as the university's Associate Vice President for Research and Sponsored Programs. After my wife earned her PhD in nursing from UT Austin, we moved to

San Francisco. Marsha took a position at the University of San Francisco and I took a position as Associate Vice President for Research and Sponsored Programs at San Francisco State University. We then headed east to take up positions in Boston. I was the Senior Vice President for Academic Affairs at University of Massachusetts Boston and Marsha was a nurse scientist at Dana-Farber Harvard Cancer Institute. My last academic assignment was as President of Green Mountain College, a small liberal arts college in Vermont that focuses on environmental sustainability. I feel very blessed to have spent my professional life in higher education and to have focused my academic endeavors on matters pertaining to the environment.

4. My overall memory of OCS is one marked by a strong sense of camaraderie and purpose. We were all working together to earn our commission. We had taken a very different path than most of our peers. After I took my first position, where I worked with two recent graduates of West Point, I came to realize how well OCS prepared us in comparison to West Point candidates. Some funny things I remember include using sanitary napkins on the bottom of the footlockers to prevent scratching of our highly polished floors, sneaking out during study hours to secure candy bars from a local store, and hiding "contraband" in the fan area at the end of the hall. We had to remove the vent in front of the fan to accomplish this feat.

John Foote / 6th Platoon

1. I am still practicing law in the Washington, DC area.

2. After OCS I was stationed in Vietnam's Binh Long Province (III Corps) where I was the most lackluster MAT officer the United States ever sent to war. [*Editor's Note: See John's account of his MAT Team duty in Part Three, Section Four, "Vignettes from Vietnam."*]

3. I returned to CONUS and went to law school. I have been practicing in the DC area for many years, starting at Justice and through a stint as County Attorney for Prince William County, Virginia. The County Seat is Manassas for you Civil War buffs, and I live seven or so miles from the battlefield. Then I went into private practice almost 30 years ago. I specialize in zoning and associated litigation.

4. Ah, memories of OCS. I have told many people of the somewhat sudden initiation into the ranks of men who were part of one of the most remarkable experiences of my life. I was just a little old boy from Baton Rouge, a BMOC at LSU, who found himself with a shaved head and not a clue. I thought I was smart and strong. There was nothing like the Army OCS experience to remind one of the nature and value of humility, and those lessons have never, I think, been lost on me. I cannot remember the name of the young TAC officer who handled the 6th Platoon [*Editor's Note: Probably LT Hook*], but I was terrified of them all. One day he ordered me to appear at his office. I braced myself against the wall until called, and I started thinking: "What if I salute with my left hand? What if I salute with my LEFT

HAND?” I heard my name and swung into his office and immediately saluted — with my left hand! He NEVER LOOKED UP as my left hand slid down my side and my right hand slowly replaced it. But, head bent over whatever he was writing, came “Foote. You THINK too much.” Now how in Christ’s name did he KNOW I had been thinking too much? I was mortified.

Gary L. Foster / 3d Platoon

According to Sandy Carter, Gary Foster may have passed away in 2015, but the individual might not have been our 50th Company graduate.

David Francke / 4th Platoon

1. My wife Linda and I live in Sellersburg, Indiana, in the southern part of the state just 8 miles north of downtown Louisville, Kentucky. (I only strayed about 8 miles from where I grew up.) I met Linda in grad school at Ball State University in a “dark room” (photography class). We have been married since March 10, 1972. We have three girls and one boy and have been blessed with six grandchildren. She retired as a school teacher. I retired from a career in real estate and still work part time at my self-storage complex. We have traveled to Europe, South America, Africa, and done cruises throughout the Caribbean. I also went back to Vietnam with my 3 daughters. As a hobby (and as insurance against the petro-dollar) I collect gold and silver coins, bars, and rounds.

2. I entered the service on 22 Sept 1968. I took Basic & AIT at Fort Dix. After I left OCS

I went to the three-month Scout Dog School at Ft. Benning, and then shipped out to Vietnam in October 1969. I only volunteered three major times: entering the Army for OCS; opting for Scout Dog School; and to serve at the 90 Replacement Company in Long Binh. I was then sent to the bloody Red One as a clerk typist for a Sergeant Major at Bde

HHC in Di An, Bear Cat and Lai Khe. (Saw the Bob Hope Show in 1969.) I would go to Loom Foom Restaurant at Long Binh and to the swimming pool when I was off duty. I got promoted to SPC-5 in November 1969. I could not have asked for any better duty. But then Nixon started the pull-out and sent “my” Division home... without me. I got transferred to the 1st Cav with the 37th Infantry Scout Dog Platoon at Bien Hoa, and Phuoc Vinh. I picked Brutus to be my best friend. (Or he picked me?) He had brought home three handlers before me and another three after me. Brutus never let us get ambushed or sniped at. Along the way, Brutus and I invaded Cambodia. I refused a Purple Heart because I could not tell anyone how I got my wound. (Another guy's dog bit me.) I had two R&Rs (Thailand-1st Div & Australia-1st Cav). I am probably one of few SPC-5s who got a CIB, Bronze Star, and Army Commendation Medal. I should have gotten an Air Medal but since I was not making the Army a career, it did not matter. I took a three-month early out on 2 July 1970.

3. I went to grad school at Ball State University in my home state of Indiana. I worked as a certified general real estate appraiser and real estate broker.

4. Before I reported into the 50th Co., I met two senior candidates from next door in the parking lot. We talked and I gave them a lot of junk food, which they thanked me for. They said they would take care of me later. Little did I know that those candidates and their friends would come over early (very early!) one morning and pay us a visit. I am sure you have some bad memories of that episode. My “friends” took me into my room, shut the door, and had me sit down and chill while everyone else got worked over on our “Blue Monday.” I later talked to one of them on a fire support base in Vietnam. I got paneled out of OCS in the 17th week and had to talk to Captain Smith. He told me I would be a SPC-4. I told him I should be an E-5. He told me to get the hell out of his office. So I did an about face without saluting and got the hell out. I was a little bitter but, as it turned out, he did me a favor. I also remember being out on airborne track at O-Dark-30 one morning when somebody in the 2nd or 3rd PLT fell on the cinder track. There was a hell of a pile-up (uniforms torn, boots cut, and many wounds). I hated that guys got hurt. I also liked getting in the pit with pugil sticks. I would volunteer to do battle after someone won two rounds so I could beat the stuffing out of someone already softened up before I got my due. I became very good at it and am still pretty good. The family was at a ski resort where they had pugil sticks and I asked my son-in-law, who is an officer in the Air Force, to do battle. He was thinking I would be easy to work over. But I worked him to a pulp. (He said I cheated.) I asked my son, who lifts weights to go a round with me and he gladly accepted. But he also did not know how to use the sticks and stopped before the time was up, saying he did not want to hurt me.

Robert J. Fullmer / 5th Platoon

1. I am retired and happily married to Judy, my wife of 48 years. We live in Essex Fells, a small town west of NYC – within striking distance of the Big Apple, but not too close. We like to travel, especially cruising, and I manage several of our rental properties which keeps me busy and out of trouble. I am looking forward to the reunion and exchanging stories and experiences with my fellow classmates.

2. I was married within the first week of graduation from OCS and Judy and I are still “an item.” My first duty assignment was Ft. Bragg, Basic Training Command. The morning I arrived at Personnel, ten brand new 2nd Lieutenants stood in a row awaiting their fate. I was last in line as we were assigned. The first four in line: 1st Training Battalion; the next four: 2nd Training Battalion; the last two, including me: Committee Group. I was assigned as an instructor for the Night Infiltration Course and within a month I was in charge of the range. The course, as you know, is the one where trainees crawl under live machine gun fire with sticks of TNT going off sporadically. I was at Ft. Bragg about ten months before receiving my orders to go to Vietnam.

My grandmother passed away the night I left for McGuire AFB. I returned home to attend her funeral and had my orders extended for a week. When I arrived in Saigon I

was asked where I wanted to go, I said, "I want to stay right here." I was assigned to the Capital Military District as an Intelligence Officer, of course, without any training or experience. After two weeks of living in a small hotel in Saigon, taking a bus to an office, going bowling and to the movies, a West Point Captain arrived and I was sent to the field with a stopover at Di An Base Camp for Advisory Training. Since I was already assigned to the Capital Military District I ended up just outside of Saigon. In fact, I was on the closest MAT Team to Saigon, where Highway 1 meets Highway 13 before crossing a bridge over the Saigon River into the city. I was so close to Saigon that I had to get permission from Tan Son Nhut Tower to fire mortars since I was under the glide path to the airport. We also could not test fire our weapons because you could hear the firing in Saigon. We ignored that order from time to time to ensure that our M-60 did in fact work if needed. I took command of MAT Team 89 a couple of months after I arrived when our Captain was wounded by a booby trap. I did the same things other MAT Teams did: patrol, a couple of helicopter assaults, flew "night hawk," and observation flights, and made one amphibious landing in a mangrove swamp along the Saigon River which I called my In Chon. We went in at low tide and searched for a 500 lb. bomb on a raft and got out before the tide turned. The VC were trying to sink a ship in the Saigon River channel to prevent supplies entering Saigon. Our team was required to do three daylight operations and three night operations per week. We were shorthanded for many months, as I assume most of you were, so I accumulated some 60 -70 night ambushes, mostly trying to prevent rockets from being fired into Saigon.

3. After Vietnam I returned to my wife who was finishing her BA at George Washington University in DC and we moved back to New Jersey. I taught high school history for a couple of years and then went back to school for a master's degree and then on to law school. After law school I worked for the VA as an Adjudication Officer and then went to work for the US Army as a contracting officer at Picatinny Arsenal. While at Picatinny I worked on the 9 mm pistol, the squad automatic rifle, and the "up gun" upgrade for the Abrams A1 Tank (to a 120 mm tube). I then switched sides and went to work for several large defense companies as in-house counsel, specializing in defense contracts. Companies I worked for provided pumps for all US nuclear submarines, fire on maneuver ring laser gyros for tanks, and GPS systems for all US satellites.

4. My best memory of OCS was the morning I flattened one of the Tac Officers doing inspection arms. The TAC was standing so close to me that our helmet liners were almost touching. I told him three times that he was standing too close to me and that I could not do the movement properly. He expected that I either would backup or do the movement very slowly as not to touch him. I did neither. I followed his direct order and brought my M-14 up smartly and clipped him under his chin and sent him sprawling, his sun glasses flying in one direction and his helmet liner in another. This cost me 500 on the spot pushups and handshakes all around including one from my TAC, Lt. Sullivan. Thankfully nothing more came of this incident.

William A. Fulton / 4th Platoon

1. I have been happily married to Deryn for the last 47 years; we have one son. I am proud of my public service which resulted in my receiving the 2016 Everett Community College Distinguished Alumni Award for Community Leadership, the 10th so recognized out of 244,000 alumni. I mentor to employees and children becoming adults. I'm a CPA, still practicing at age 70. I also own four small businesses.
2. After OCS, I did a seven-month tour as training officer/XO at Ft. Polk, Louisiana, followed by a Department of Defense assignment to Seoul, Korea. I was discharged in May 1971
3. I spent the summer of '71 in Hawaii and was a ski instructor the following winter. I got some additional education and started my career as a CPA, which continues.
4. OCS Memory: The privilege of sharing the OCS experience with quality motivated guys upgraded my life's prospects and lifted me to new horizons. Thanks to all and especially Hartline who got me through!

Frank E. Funderburk / 1st Platoon - Deceased

Frank Funderburk passed away on December 5, 2001 in Houston, TX. (Don Tarr)

John D. Gardner / 3d Platoon

John was located in November 2016. He does not want to participate in 50th Company's effort to reconnect. (Brian Flora)

Richard M. Geib / 1st Platoon - Deceased

Richard M. Geib, 71, a resident of Cape Coral, Florida for the past nine years, formerly of Grapevine, Texas passed away Thursday, March 31, 2016 in Cape Coral. He was born February 13, 1945 in Washington, DC to Robert and Louise Geib, Jr., now deceased. He is survived by two brothers, Robert C. Geib of Denver, CO and John B. Geib (Rose) of Reston, VA and four nieces and nephews.

A proud Vietnam Veteran, Richard served in the Army with the 3rd Battalion, 22nd Infantry and was awarded the Bronze Star, the Air Medal, and the Combat Infantry Badge for his service. He was a member of the 22nd Infantry Regiment Society. Richard was an avid boater and an officer with the Southwest Florida Yacht Club, as well as a past Flotilla Commander in the Coast Guard Auxiliary. He also enjoyed studying genealogy and was a member of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants and Sons of the American Revolution.

Richard was a graduate of Bridgewater College and the former owner and CEO of Tripmaster Corporation in Arlington, Texas before retiring to Cape Coral. He was a member of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Ft. Myers, Florida.

[Editor's Note: Before Richard passed, Brian Walrath communicated with him by email.] Brian: "Rich, I've this memory that when we arrived at Ft. Benning and the bus dropped us off at the OCS area, a group of Senior Candidates put us through PT. I believe you were singled out and put in charge and had to make a number of guys low crawl back and forth. Any truth to this memory? I also recall that whenever a TAC called on you, you would respond "Sir, Candidate Geiiiiib!"

Rich responded: "What a memory you have, Brian! Yes, that Candidate-in-Charge was probably me. I had arrived a couple of days early, reported to Captain Smith, was ordered to low crawl around his desk for a while, and was dismissed with an ominous warning that he was going to keep his eye on me. Lucky me. He knew a leader when he saw one, and I therefore found myself in charge of alienating my fellow classmates by low crawling them through mud, and several other tasks considered critical to our training. I think that I was one of the first student company commanders, and I remember having to drill the class by marching us into walls, etc. Before everyone else arrived, I found myself in charge of a detail to repaint our metal bunk beds and make new blocks for the bedposts. That was a lot of beds and a whole lot of blocks. And, yes, I did holler back at the TAC's because I knew that what little attention I got for this was far better than being singled out as a pussy."

Richard L. Giddings / 4th Platoon - Deceased

Richard Lewis Giddings, 64, of Peachtree City, Georgia, died June 25, 2008. He had resided there here since 1983. He was a veteran of Vietnam and earned the Bronze Star for bravery. He enjoyed motorcycles, golf, and hunting. A private memorial service will be held at a future date. Survivors include his wife, Merilee Giddings; parents, Wilma and George Giddings; a son and daughter-in-law, Derek and Pam Giddings; grandchildren, Hanna and Claire Giddings; a brother, George Giddings Jr; and a sister, Carol Giddings.

John A. Gillis, JR / 6th Platoon - Deceased

John A. Gillis, born February 5, 1945 in Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania, died October 14, 2006 in Springfield, Delaware County, PA. The beloved son of Dr. John Gillis and Eleanor Ryan Gillis, John was a graduate of Devon Preparatory School in Devon PA, a 1967 graduate of St. Joseph's University, and a 1974 graduate of The Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. He served in the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War from August 1, 1969 to June 4, 1971. He is survived by his wife Ruth MacAlpine Gillis; a son, James Gillis; and a daughter, Christina Gillis. Three sisters, Margaret Gillis, Eleanor Gillis and Dr. Victoria Gillis, and two brothers, Dr. Angus Gillis and James Gillis also survive him.

Michael (Mike) D. Gilpin / 3d Platoon

1. I am retired and living with Nancy, my lovely wife of 44 years, in my hometown of Hattiesburg, Mississippi. It's in the southern part of the state, roughly equidistant from New Orleans and Mobile. We have three children and three grandchildren, with another grandchild due in November. I remain active in military/civic events. Much of my time is devoted to my hot rod vehicles, including a 1931 Ford Roadster, a 1933 Ford Pick-up, and a 1934 Ford 5-W Coupe. Nancy and I are really looking forward to attending the reunion and reconnecting with all of 50th Company's "First and Best." If anyone from the Company is passing through our neck of the woods, we would love to meet up.

2. After OCS I was assigned as a mechanized infantry platoon leader at Ft. Hood. I then attended flight school and was later deployed to Vietnam. I flew UH-1s with the 114th Assault Helicopter Co. at Vinh Long in the war torn Mekong Delta. I flew the entire IV Corps from Saigon to U Minh and parts of Southern III Corps. My "great" (well, most memorable) moment was a mid-air collision during a combat assault mission in the U Minh forest. [*Editor's Note: For Mike's harrowing account of the mid-air collision, please see Part Three, Section One, "Remembering Fallen Comrades."*] On one MACV mission I met classmate Gary Foster somewhere in the Delta. On another occasion I met former TAC LT Sullivan.

3. I was discharged after Vietnam and married Nancy. I owned and operated a property and casualty insurance agency until 2000. Meanwhile, after a year break from active duty I joined the Mississippi Army National Guard to continue flying. I was recalled to active duty in 2000 and assigned as the United States Property and Fiscal Officer for Mississippi. I retired as a colonel in 2006. For the next eight years, I served as the civilian executive assistant to the Mississippi Adjutant General.

4. My OCS "Great Moment One" was being named candidate CO in the very early days by CPT Smith in a lightning change of command, during one of his afternoon lectures. (Was this due to poor bayonet sheet ratings or critical TAC input?) I survived. "Great Moment Two" was graduating while wearing a hip-to-ankle cast after a knee injury during the Ranger exercise.

William (Bill) J. Gist/ 4th Platoon

1. I retired to Greensboro, North Carolina in 1999 and spend my time with my wife Veronica of 42 years, traveling and playing golf, VERY BADLY.

2. After OCS, I was assigned to Ft. Jackson as rifle range officer and had the good fortune to share an apartment with Ken Knudsen. After Jackson, I returned to Benning for 4.2 Mortar School before deploying to Korea. Initially I was assigned as XO with the 1/32 infantry company, 7th Infantry Division at Camp Casey. Then I was assigned to the 2nd Infantry Division on the DMZ as Mortar Platoon Leader. [*Editor's note: See Bill's*

stories about patrolling along the Korean DMZ in Part Three, Section Six, "The Other Front Lines: Germany and Korea."] A subsequent assignment with the Second Division was Company Commander of a 2/23 infantry company. I returned to Ft. Gordon as primary infantry instructor for the Military Police School and left active duty in 1972.

3. After the Army, I joined Procter & Gamble in a management position with the Paper Division as a chemical engineer; my primary duty was the development and production of disposable diapers. During my career of 27 years, I held multiple assignments ranging from plant start-ups across the US and Canada to leading Strategic Planning & Reliability Engineering for the Paper Division. I retired in 1999.

4. A random OCS memory? When I was assigned to Ft. Jackson after OCS I went to a dealership to purchase a car; one of the salesmen was LT Hook, one of our trusty TACs. It felt good having him grovel to get me to buy a car from him.

Peter M. Golka / 2d Platoon

Richard (Dick) P. Goodman / 4th Platoon

1. I am enjoying retirement (since 2014) in the Charleston, South Carolina area with Liz, my beautiful wife of 45 years. We have a son and two grandchildren in Raleigh, NC and a daughter and two grandchildren in Charleston, SC.

After OCS I transferred to Armor, went to Armor School at Ft. Knox, and then was assigned to the 2nd Armored Division at Ft. Hood, TX. I received orders for Vietnam in the summer of 1970. After Jungle School in Panama, I was assigned to 2nd/34th Armor Battalion, 25th Infantry Division out of Cu Chi as tank platoon leader. After six months, I transferred to 1st/10th Armored Cav out of An Khe. I returned to the States in June, 1971 and separated from Army at Ft. Lewis, Washington.

2. I took the summer off and met my future wife. I went to grad school for an MBA, worked in a family business for about six months, and then changed careers to sales/sales management in manufacturing in NC. I retired two years ago (2014) and moved to SC.

3. Frankly, my OCS memories are cloudy at best – either by choice or old age. I guess the thing that I picture the most is CPT Smith in that plastic pullover running us around the Airborne track. I do cherish the experience of OCS and truly believe it made better men out of all of us. Although I have not kept up with my closest "brothers" from our class, especially Bill Thoroughgood, Wayne Ferrentino, and Brooks Doyle, I do frequently think of them and the rest of our class and appreciate this effort to bring us back together again. Thanks again, and I look forward to seeing you in October.

Charles (Chuck) Granner / 3rd Platoon

1. I practiced law for approximately thirty years and retired to travel and enjoy life. I live in Paducah, Kentucky.
2. After graduation I was able to obtain a branch transfer out of Infantry which I felt was fortunate for me. I was assigned to Fort Lee, Virginia for additional training. From there I went to Fort Lewis, Washington and ran into another classmate, Tim Moriarty, who became a good friend there until I was assigned to Vietnam in 1970. As far as I can tell, Tim was one of our few classmates who never had to go to Vietnam. As a range officer he had received a speeding ticket driving the outskirts of the post where ordnance was exploded. When the Pentagon issued a "levy" for Vietnam, his personnel file was on the Commanding General's desk since it was mandatory to get a reprimand in person. Thus he missed the whole levy episode. I lost track of him thereafter. I was assigned to the 34th Aviation Group which had battalions for rotary and fixed wing aircraft maintenance in all of Vietnam. Some of us were getting a slightly shortened tour there in 1971 but I elected to stay in country a few months longer as I was not interested in coming back to a base like Fort Jackson or Fort Polk for just a few months.
3. I had not been able to matriculate into law school when the draft loomed over us in 1968 so I immediately started when I got home. It appears that several others of the Company also utilized the GI bill to receive post graduate education. I remember how many veterans there were in my class, most of whom had much more remarkable stories to tell than I. I guess we became our own support group of sorts.
4. Memories from OCS? The levity that Clarence Kugler provided tops them all. I think we all owe him some token of appreciation. The TACs sure spent a lot of time picking on him, which allowed the rest of us to duck some of the harassment. The next thing was going over to the Airborne section of the base and getting to be dropped from the towers (safety lines attached). A third memory is the most sobering: Michael Hughes was a fellow candidate in our class from Salt Lake City and I really appreciated his fine character. I considered him a friend. Early in the cycle LT Cross appointed me 3rd Platoon leader and Mike was my first sergeant for that particular period. Some time after that he became discouraged and decided to drop out of our class. He went to Vietnam and was killed. [*Editor's Note: See Chuck's account in Part Three, Section One: "Remembering Fallen Comrades."*]

Gordon D. Greta / 2nd Platoon - Deceased

Gordon D. Greta, 64, passed away May 2, 2011 at Kavanagh Hospice Center in Des Moines. He was born May 14, 1946, in St. Paul, moved with his family to San Diego, California and eventually wound up in Des Moines, Iowa. In 1952 at the age of six, he contracted Bulbar Polio and spent six weeks in an iron lung.

He graduated from the University of Iowa in 1968 with a degree in Political Science and almost immediately entered the U.S. Army. Gordon served with the 24th Infantry Division at Ft. Riley, KS. He later served as a second lieutenant in Vietnam as an adviser to the Vietnamese Army, living part of the time in the jungle. After his military service, Gordon entered the University of Iowa and earned a law degree in 1974. He practiced law in Eldora, Newton, and Des Moines. His body was donated to the University of Iowa Deeded Body Program.

He was a member of the Plymouth Congregational Church in Des Moines and was a part of the Stephen Ministry. He fulfilled a lifelong dream to publish a book, "The 600 Pound Gorilla in the Sanctuary: A Parsimoniest's Ruminations on the Nature of God." He is survived by his wife, Carol Greta of Des Moines; a daughter, Meredith of Taiwan; a son, Lucas of Iowa City; his sister, Glendy (Roger) Nichols of Sioux City; and a brother, Glendon.

David P. Greuel / 4th Platoon

1. I am happily retired with Mary, my wonderful wife of twenty-seven years, having returned to our native state of Minnesota. Aside from reading only what I want to read, I enjoy an occasional round of golf as well as fly fishing in the many streams and lakes for which this state is renowned.
2. Upon graduation from OCS I, along with about ten others, was assigned to Ft. Carson, Colorado. My initial duty assignment was as recon platoon leader. Then after a brief assignment as a rifle company platoon leader, I was reassigned to Brigade Headquarters as a legal officer, probably because I had a year of law school. To my knowledge, all but one of the other OCS graduates who came to Ft. Carson with me received orders for Viet Nam. Having heard nothing from any of them, I've long been curious as to how they all did with their combat assignments. One fellow officer, not from our OCS company, did return to Ft. Carson following service in Viet Nam after being shot through the face by a sniper barely a month after his arrival in country. Most of the company commanders with whom I served at Ft. Carson bore scars from their time in Viet Nam. More than one, unfortunately, had received their injuries at the hands of their own disgruntled troops.
3. In the summer of 1971, I resigned my commission to begin a career in educational publishing. I founded my own company after having spent fifteen years learning the business with a small startup publisher based in the Boston area. A minor stroke prompted me to turn the business over to my nephew in 2010.
4. In looking back on my time in the army, I have mostly fond memories of the experience as a whole. Like pre-season football practice, basic training and OCS may have been both physically and mentally challenging. But by providing us with the unique opportunity to acquire leadership experience at a relatively early age, I still believe the three years I sacrificed were well spent.

Colin J. Grey / 5th Platoon

Samuel R. Hagaman / 4th Platoon

William (Bill) H. Hagedorn / 2nd Platoon

1. I am retired and living in Shoreline, Washington. I have some problems with PTSD, but I have a very good non-VA support group.
2. After OCS, I was commissioned into the Military Intelligence Branch. After training at Intel HQ, I was assigned to MACV Team 71 in November, 1969 in Long Phu District, at the mouth of the Mekong River Delta. I did Intel operations with the Police Chief. I was also the Operations Officer for nine months, working with a Vietnamese Captain and PFs. Our AO was Dung Island and we used swift boats based in our district. Seal Team 1, also based in my district, had my mainland. I worked with good people and depended on their support. My Major was a Captain Smith type. We finally got a West Point Captain on his first tour in September. I did my final six months at Intel HQ and took an early out.
3. I worked with IBM for 22 years (inventory management and corporate audit) and took an early out from there as well. Along the way I earned a Master's in Soviet foreign policy.
4. OCS Memories? They are vague. I still don't like running. I remember the goals we had: making it through the first eight weeks; Ranger Week; and the night compass exercise. I started to learn how to work together with others in AIT and OCS, and I am still working on it. I am very proud of my OCS class. My brother was a Marine during TET, and he has respect for us. This is very important to me.

Warren H. Hamm - Deceased

Warren Hamm, formerly of Kalamazoo, Michigan passed away May 11, 2002 in San Francisco, from interstitial lung disease. He was born April 25, 1943 in Kalamazoo, the son of Eleanor H. and Howard K. Hamm. He graduated from Purdue University and received his Master's Degree from Western Michigan University. He served as an officer in the U.S. Army and was discharged as a captain. He worked for Eaton, and then Dean Witter Reynolds, as Senior Vice President for Investments in Denver and then worked for Fleet Sales/Leasing at Stevinson Toyota, west of Denver until he retired in March 2002 due to his illness.

He was an avid sailor and raced competitively. His last sailboat was in the Ensign Class. He served as treasurer from 1983-86, and was Vice-Commodore of the Dillon Yacht Club of Colorado. He loved living in Colorado and had a passion for the outdoors, as evidenced by his geological explorations and his hobby of researching old mining stocks. Surviving are his wife, Leora L. Hamm of Denver; son, Matthew W. Hamm of Wheatridge, CO; son, Russell K. Hamm; and daughter-in-law, Eleanor A. Hamm of Trophy Club, TX. He will be dearly missed by all who knew him and loved him.

David C. Hanner/ 1st Platoon

1. I am healthy and happy and living in Greensboro, North Carolina, my home state. I am mostly retired but still sell a little insurance and work a part-time “hobby job” as a park ranger at the Guilford Courthouse National Military Park. I quit running when my knees gave me problems, but try to stay in shape by swimming. (I weigh the same as I did when we graduated from OCS!) I also try to play golf on Wednesdays. I still enjoy traveling, especially to see my son in Raleigh and my daughter in Baton Rouge and have great fun playing with her three daughters. Please let me know if you live in the Greensboro area or might be coming through my AO. I would love to get together with anyone who experienced OCS along with me.

2. I took the three-year option and got my first choice (Germany) hoping to avoid Vietnam. I arrived along with another OC 24-69er, David Hipp, and we were assigned to the same battalion 35 miles north of Frankfurt. After almost a year seeing every other lieutenant shipped to Vietnam, I decided to volunteer for Vietnam and get it over with. This was a big mistake (one of many I made while wearing the olive drab) because within months of my leaving, no more lieutenants were sent to Vietnam. So, leaving my Fraulein and my new-found skis behind, I took off (or should I say "diddy mau-ed") for the land of Marvin the Arvin. [*Editor's Note: For an account of Dave Hanner's Vietnam adventures, see Part Three, Section Six.*] Toward the end of my tour I read in the *Army Times* that the Army was starting to RIF infantry officers, so I made a handwritten request for an early discharge. This was accepted, so just before I was due to have my silver bar doubled, I accepted my PFC designation with honor and was discharged in late July, 1971.

3. Returning to a rather hostile reception as most of us did, I had a couple of jobs that I didn't like and decided to return to college. Somehow I got accepted into the MBA program at the University of North Carolina and graduated in 1975. I got into the insurance business and started a company in Greensboro, NC which I sold in 2006 and moved to the Grand Canyon and then to Aspen, Colorado where I lived as a ski bum for four years. I finally got tired of living below the poverty line, returned to Greensboro, and reestablished many friendships. I plan on staying.

4. My OCS First Platoon left me with many vivid memories. Most memorable were the people I came in contact with. Some of their names still linger in my mind: Donald Tarr (went to Brown and played BB against Bill Bradley); Jim Dupont, also known as DUP, who was killed in Vietnam; O.B. O'Brien; Candidate Geib (from McLean, VA or somewhere close to there); a certain hockey player from Minnesota whose name I can't recall; and our primary TAC, commonly known as OD (he even drove an OD 1969 Pontiac GTO). I doubt I was near the top of anyone's bayonet sheet, but then again I probably didn't deserve to be. In fact, come to think of it, I probably didn't even deserve to be in OCS! But somehow I persevered and was proud to have my mother pin on my gold bars at graduation. About ten years ago, my former company in Vietnam starting

having a reunion every two years. I've been to four of them, so I'm excited about going to the 50th OCS reunion as well.

Richard (Rick) Harner / 4th Platoon

1. My wife Louise and I retired ten years ago to the small town of Cedaredge in western Colorado. We enjoy traveling, photography, the outdoors and visiting our kids, grandkids and relatives. We had married between AIT and OCS. My daughter was born while I was in Vietnam and my twin boys were born while I was in graduate school.

2. After OCS I got a branch transfer to the Chemical Corps and went to Fort McClellan,

Alabama for chemical officer training. I was then assigned to the 2nd Armored Division, Fort Hood, Texas and ran the gas chamber to train troops in the proper use of the gas mask. Think about working in a room full of tear gas. Then I went to Vietnam.

[*Editor's Note: For an account of Rick's Vietnam assignment as a Chemical Officer see Part Three, Section Two, "Branch Options other than Infantry."*] After ten months in Vietnam I was able to retire from active duty, but because chemical officers were a rarity, I spent two years in the active Reserves teaching chemical warfare techniques at an Army Reserve school in Salt Lake City, Utah.

3. The Reserve money was good and along with the GI bill helped fund my graduate studies at the University of Utah. I graduated with a doctorate in biology and became an environmental consultant working with an engineering and environmental consulting firm in Denver. Eventually I started my own environmental consulting firm where we worked on many energy, mining, and environmental clean-up projects in the Rocky Mountain region.

4. I remember the great training we received in OCS, although at the time I'm sure I thought it was ridiculous. How about toilets and showers that could never be clean enough – one hair and you were in big trouble. How about when Captain Smith spread dirt all over the barracks because it wasn't clean enough prior to the Colonel's inspection. Did you ever get to sleep under the covers of your bed? No. We would keep a sheet in the laundry bag and use it to sleep in so you wouldn't have to spend time making the bed in the morning. I always felt sorry for the guys who had wives stay in Columbus thinking we were going to get weekends off. It was 20-plus weeks before we even had a chance at a pass. But I do remember seeing the moon landing on a TV in a Columbus motel with a bunch of other cadets. Those were the days! The Army prepared me well for my later life and I can honestly say that I have never had so much responsibility as I did when I was in the Army after OCS.

Clyde (Vernon) Hartline, JR / 4th Platoon

1. My wife Lynne and I just celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary. We have two children and four grandchildren and live in Dallas, Texas. I am an active Texas civil defense attorney practicing in a firm we started 22 years ago and that now has three offices (Dallas, Houston and Corpus Christi). I primarily handle products liability cases for automotive and industry related clients.
2. After OCS, I was assigned to Ft. Hood, Texas with the 41st Battalion/Mechanized Infantry/2nd Armored Division. I served first as a platoon leader, then as S-3 for a total of 12 months. Then it was off to the RVN to a MACV Mobile Advisory Team (MAT) in III Corp's Tay Ninh Province (where Hwy 1 went into Cambodia). I was medevac'd to Long Binh after eight months in the field, then to Okinawa. I took an early out (but only by three weeks).
3. I started back to Baylor Law School within a week of return. I finished Law school in 27 months and started my practice in Dallas in 1973, where I'm still practicing law.
4. Some of my OCS memories were: cutting the grass with our scissors because the Battalion Commander made some comment about it to the Captain; the moon landing just before graduation in August; a heat stroke victim and someone pouring their canteen of Kool-Aid over him (sticky).

Michael L. Hasselberg / 4th Platoon

(As written up by Brian Flora)

1. Mike Hasselberg and his wife Cathy are living happily in Peoria, Illinois, Mike's original hometown. He is the lead partner in a busy law firm. Because of personal and professional commitments he will be unable to attend the reunion, but he wishes his 50th Company comrades well.
2. After OCS, he did a stint at Fort Carson, Colorado and then went to Jump School and Ranger School at Fort Benning. He spent a year in Vietnam with the 101st Airborne Division as an Infantry platoon leader and recon platoon leader.
3. After OCS he went to law school, graduating from Chicago's John Marshall Law School in 1975. Mike is a member of the Peoria County and Illinois State Bar Associations, the Abraham Lincoln American Inn of Court, and the American Academy of Matrimonial Lawyers. He has been recognized by his peers as a "Leading Lawyer" in Illinois in the area of family law.
4. OCS Memory? PT, PT, more PT. It helped him get ready for Airborne and Ranger Schools. "Rangers lead the Way!"

George M. Hatfield / 2nd Platoon

1. I retired in August of 2015 and am enjoying every minute of retirement. Beverly, my wife of 49 years, retired from the classroom in 2012 but is still the cheer coach at the high school. This will be her last year for that, however. Her squads have won a National Championship, a National runner-up and a State runner-up in her 20+ years of coaching. We live in Denison, Texas, on the border with Oklahoma. I am also operating the Oklahoma ranch which fell into my lap when my Dad died in 1998. The work can sometimes be hard (at age 70!) but I enjoy it and it is good therapy for me. I stay involved in church work, Rotary, spend as much time as possible with my grandkids,

and am a terrible golfer (so I don't play all that much). In the fall, we attend all Oklahoma University home games. "Boomer Sooner. Go Sooners!"

2. After OCS I was stationed at Ft. Hood, Texas where I was the XO of a mechanized infantry company made up of a bunch of guys just returning from Nam, either waiting to get out or waiting to return for another tour over there. There were several of us from the 50th Co that got sent to Ft. Hood and I remember reading the *Stars and Stripes* and seeing names of those who were on orders to Vietnam, listed by their OCS class. They went through OC 24-69 and the next two classes and still had not given most of us from the 50th Company orders. What dummies we were to think that we might get out of it! A supplemental request came down and they went to the last OCS class that had some eligible officers in it to fill the request. Guess who that was?! In Nam I was MAT 105 team leader with another 1Lt and 3 NCOs stationed in the Central Highlands in the old French provincial capital of DaLat. Compared to the rest of VN this was and is a very rich area with seven growing seasons and fertile land. The residents had plenty of food and apparently felt it was easier to give the VC the food they wanted rather than to fight them. Therefore our work with the PSDF was frustrating, to say the least. We spent most of our time helping them develop and build defensive positions around their villages (which they had no intention of using!). Our Provincial HQ S-3 officer had to be medevac'd back home and they brought me in from the field to take his place. I served the last 4 months of my tour as the S-3 officer. My last day in the army was the day after the plane landed at Oakland from Saigon.

3. Five days after my return from Vietnam I was interviewed for my first teaching job just outside of Tulsa, Oklahoma. I taught and coached, was a principal, assistant superintendent and superintendent in my career in the Oklahoma educational system. When my Dad died suddenly in 1998, I needed to move closer to my mother and the closest job I could get was in Denison, Texas. So this born-and-bred Sooner sucked it up and moved to Texas. It was a great move! I retired in August of 2015 after 44 years in education. Along the way I got my Doctorate in education from Oklahoma University.

4. Memories of OCS are few, but I do remember a few of the men in the 2nd platoon who I learned to appreciate and respect. I remember Thomas Edgren telling us at the 18-week party that he knew he would not make it back from Vietnam. Bless his heart, he was right. My wife and Mike Eberhardt's wife shared an apartment during OCS and I never saw it! I remember LT Traveline sending Paul Kochis out to find plants to beautify the company area; we took my car to find the plants. Paul was the brains of that operation; I was just the driver. Trimming the grass with our fingernail clippers was really special. I remember that CPT Smith wanted us to break the base record in the PT test and that we actually did. His response was that we only did what we should have done! I remember my wife Beverly tapering the legs of the fatigues of several of the 2nd Platoon guys; they had to be 17 1/2 inches I think. Of course who can forget the Airborne Track; low-crawling on the PT field; trying to stay awake in class; spit-shining boots and brass; and finally turning Blue and graduating!?! Lastly, I remember sitting in the Rotary Club many years later when they were explaining that the "Mobile" Viet Nam Wall was coming to Denison. The cover of the brochure had a picture of part of the wall on it and one of the names I could read was Robert Arnold. My heart sank and when the wall got to Denison I went straight to the book to find Robert's name. I found that there were four Robert Arnolds on the wall and as I searched through each one I determined that since two of them were Warrant Officers and two were enlisted men, our 2nd Platoon's Robert Arnold WASN'T on the wall! I was so relieved.

Fred K. Hedgepeth / 4th Platoon

Bobby J. Hines / 2d Platoon

1. After spending 30 years of my professional life in Florida, I retired in 2008 and returned to my hometown of Elizabethtown, Kentucky. Renewing old friendships has been very fulfilling, as I'm sure it will be in October at Ft. Benning. My wife MaryAnn and I are avid gardeners, anxiously awaiting each spring to plant the 400-500 plants we grow in our greenhouse during the winter. Yes, we constantly remind ourselves that a hobby is not work, but sometimes it seems a lot like work. MaryAnn also volunteers at the local college, tutoring veterans needing help primarily in English and literature courses.

2. I received an Armor commission, so after OCS I spent the next two months attending Armor Officer Basic (AOB). Several of our OCS classmates were in this AOB class, including Bill Thoroughgood, Dennis O'Brien, and Jim Durkin. Durkin and I were both living in the south Louisville area and carpooled for the entire two months of training. After AOB, I was assigned to the Armor School as XO of a support company consisting of 700 enlisted men who primarily taught in the school. Then came Vietnam in September 1970. I arrived in Quang Tri Province and was assigned to A-1-77th Armor, 5th Infantry Division, (Mechanized). After four monsoon soaked months as a tank platoon leader, I became the battalion assistant operations officer. Finally, I had a position befitting a true officer and gentleman! But the life of a real bed, hot chow, and

warm showers was not to last. One month into the job, the entire battalion HQ moved to an old Marine fire support base for the duration of operation Lam Son 719, two and a half (“Did someone yell incoming?”) months. Didn’t the people in charge know that Armor officers were **not** supposed to sleep on the ground? Evidently not. Thinking my two-month early out was a reward for being such an exemplary soldier, I was quite surprised to find several of our OCS classmates at Cam Ranh Bay, also preparing to come home. I certainly enjoyed reconnecting with two of my second platoon buddies, Larry Blum and Ratko Sikovic.

3. Most of my professional career was spent in sunny Florida, first working for a large distributor of golf course and turf maintenance equipment in south Florida, and then owning a landscape company with locations in West Palm Beach and Orlando.

4. I have scores of those “do you remember when...?” OCS memories, but looking back at the OCS experience I realize what a maturation process it was for me. Viewing it through 70 year old eyes, I now understand the priceless value of that experience.

David N. Hipp / 2d Platoon

1. Judith and I are healthy, happy and retired in Cabot, Arkansas. We have enjoyed some travel but not as much as we would like. Judith, after retiring from an extensive teaching career, has been able to devote a lot of her time to her love of quilting for family, friends and charities. My primary job since retiring has been to take over a lot of the cooking and “Driving Ms. Judith” wherever she wants to go, which is primarily fabric and quilting outlets. Her sister and a lot of her family live in Arizona and our son David L. is working and residing in Canada (Vancouver, B.C.) so we have made several trips to the Northwest. Judith and I are looking forward to celebrating our 50th wedding anniversary in July. Wow!

2. After OCS Judith and I discussed at length my career options and we agreed that I should extend my two year commitment to three. We were sent to the Third Armored Division in Germany where I ran into Dave Hanner. I served as platoon leader in a mechanized infantry company, 3rd Bn, 36th Infantry, then moved to support platoon leader, and ended up as S-4 prior to leaving Germany as a Captain. Three months prior to leaving Germany, I received orders for Viet Nam. The day Battalion received the orders was the day I was supposed to arrive in-country. They revoked the orders and a week later the early release program, called for to implement troop reductions, came out. I took these two events as an omen and opted for early release. I had mixed emotions about this, but then another omen presented itself. The Army Warrant Officer in my hometown Army National Guard Unit notified me that the Company Commander’s slot was opening up and his superiors had agreed to give me a shot. This kind of sealed the deal for me because I could leave the active Army but still stay connected to the military.

3. After processing out, I went home to Magnolia, Arkansas to find a job and join the Arkansas Army National Guard. Before I arrived home, however, a Captain from Viet Nam arrived to go to college and found out about the open Company Commander slot.

He had priority (as rightly he should) so I searched around the state for another opening with the Guard. I finally decided to check out the Air National Guard located at Little Rock Air Force Base in Jacksonville, AR. They had an opening in supply and saw that I had Army supply experience, so I enlisted in the Arkansas Air National Guard, 189th Recon Group at the rank of Captain. [*Editor's Note: See David's account of his service in the Arkansas Air National Guard in Part Three, Section Three, "Stateside Duty."*] It took seven years as a weekend warrior and working various jobs in Southwest Arkansas before a full time opening allowed me to work full time for the Unit. I worked my way up from supply officer to Chief of Supply to Deputy Commander of Resources to Support Group Commander, and I retired as a GS-13 Civilian and militarily as a Colonel in 2000. It was a fulfilling and rewarding career.

4. As for OCS memories, I have a lot of them, but most are a blur. Some of the comments from others triggered thoughts, such as rock washing, scissor mowing, pogeey runs, seeing my wife during laundry runs, the murals on the walls, but one thing has always stood out to me. I paid for half an apartment along with Steve Roeder for our wives to live in and only got to spend one night in it. But I am glad they were there for moral support and for sewing, laundry and goodie runs. Another thing I remembered later in my career was the act of pinning the rank you aspired to attain in the blue helmet liner we wore. I pinned an eagle in mine and later thought, what if I had placed a star?! One never knows.

Duane F. Hong

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Michael E. Horn - Deceased

Michael Horn was known as a generous, loving man, a man who was always there when you needed him. His steadfast loyalty and honesty were well known. His long nine-year struggle with Alzheimer's ended Wednesday, August 14, 2013. Born in San Francisco on August 23, 1946, his family moved to Petaluma in 1949. His father, Elmer, and mother, Ruth, owned the only pharmacy on the east side of town. Mike graduated from Petaluma High in 1964. He went on to Sonoma State University, graduating with a BA in Biology.

Joining the Army in 1968, Michael became a Captain and spent his time in Germany. He was honorably discharged in 1972 and upon returning to Petaluma, continued as a reservist until 1977. His father's business was instrumental in his decision to start a 35

year pharmaceutical career as a salesman and later area manager. In 1977 he married Lucretia, his wife of 36 years. She will always remember him as a wonderfully sensitive, kind, and supportive husband, a true “southern gentleman.”

Michael had many and varied interests. He was a man of faith and attended the First Presbyterian Church of Petaluma. Music was a source of much enjoyment and pleasure to him, especially Country & Western. One of his great delights was singing with the Wings of Glory. They also were an amazing support group for him. He even dabbled at playing various instruments, including the guitar, trumpet, and harmonica.

Western novels were a pastime as well. Horses were a special passion and during his illness his participation in Giant Steps Therapeutic Equestrian Center greatly enriched his life. Michael loved sports, especially fishing and hunting. A weekend spent out on his boat fishing was his favorite getaway. He was a lifelong Giants and 49er fan. He wrestled in high school and college, and then studied martial arts. Michael was also very involved in his two sons' activities and sports, attending their events and games. He volunteered in many ways, including coaching and working on Little League activities. Michael is survived by his loving wife, Lucretia Horn, and son Paul Horn.

Terrance (Terry) J. Hummel/ 6th Platoon

1. My wife Wanda and I live on the family farm in Oakland, Iowa. We love it here. Two of my favorite things are wandering around farm roads in my old Chevy pickup truck with my Bassett Hound (Copper) and raising really good sweet corn for VFW fund raisers. Another favorite thing is Wanda's gooseberry pie. Everyone calls me Terry. I retired as LTC, Aviation in September, 1991. Wanda and I have had a great life that include a son, daughter and nine grandchildren.

2. After OCS I stayed in the Army. Our assignments took us to Ft. Hood, Texas; Ft. Wolters, Texas; Ft. Rucker, Alabama; Ft. Riley, Kansas; Ft. Bragg, North Carolina; Ft. Benning (Infantry Officer Advanced Course & Airborne Course); Ft. Richardson, Alaska; Ft. Drum, New York and Ft. McPherson, Georgia. We also lived in Heidelberg, Germany for three years while I coordinated NATO and bi-lateral exercises in 17 countries throughout Europe and North Africa. (I wasn't home very much.) [*Editor's Note: For Terry's account of his NATO assignment see Part Three, Section Six, "The Other Front Lines: Germany and Korea."*] Wanda supported me from afar while I served in Vietnam with the 62nd Corps Aviation Company (Dec 1970 - Dec 1971) and while I was attached to Headquarters, 3rd U.S. Army Central (ARCENT), serving as ARCENT Deputy Aviation Officer in Saudi Arabia during Desert Storm/Desert Shield (Sep 1990 - Apr 1991).

3. My longest career since Army days was as Pottawattamie County, (1,000 square miles, population 90,000) Iowa Emergency Management Coordinator for 15 years. Wanda's favorite post-Army-wife occupation was as a fourth grade teacher at Central Christian Schools, Omaha, Nebraska.

4. I was in the 6th Platoon and LT Hook was our TAC Officer. I cannot remember the reason I missed the Platoon group picture day, but I have vivid memories of its members. Wanda (my wife) started out as a "camp follower" for the Platoon, as she faithfully hauled laundry for me, Mansky, Sutton, Tackaberry, Pascua and four or five others for the entire six months of OCS. She drove a metallic blue, 1964 two-door hardtop Ford. One of my favorite memories is the night I called her and asked her to go to McDonalds and buy something like 60 or 70 cheeseburgers and hamburgers with half as many large orders of French fries and other junk food for her to deliver at the parking lot south of the 50th Company barracks. The pogy bait was to be deposited in an empty (somewhat clean) garbage can. Two guys from the Platoon smuggled the garbage can up to the top floor where the 6th platoon lived. We would have gotten away with that one clean, but the greasy smell of McDonalds lingered in the barracks all night.

Donald W. Huskins / 6th Platoon

1. I am a retired country lawyer in Eatonton, Georgia. I have two sons and five grandchildren within walking distance of our home. I am happy. I have some Agent Orange issues, but no regrets and am glad I served. My wife Sylvia died in 2006 of pancreatic cancer. We had just returned from our 40th anniversary cruise through Northern Europe.
2. After OCS I served as a TAC in our battalion. In Vietnam I was assigned to Advisory Team 19 out of Quang Tri and for my last several months was team leader for a MAT. There were just five of us, two LTs and three Senior NCOs, whose function, as I observed was to keep the LTs alive. Damned good men.
3. I practiced law in Georgia for many years. I am now retired.
4. I enjoyed making fun of Captain Smith. It's a miracle that Gary Bottoms and I weren't brought up on charges for the routines we put together and performed. But not to worry – CPT Smith got me in the end. Sylvia and I were so excited when I got orders for The Old Guard at Ft. Myers, Virginia. Our first Sergeant (I can't remember his name) called me into his office and suggested that I sit down. He handed me new orders that rescinded the Old Guard assignment and redirected me to serve as a TAC in our battalion. Smith got me good, and I'm not sure if it was worth all the laughs I got at his expense. I'd say I'm sorry, but it is too late and it would be a lie.

John R. Jay / 5th Platoon

1. What am I up to today? Let's see now, at age 71 there is this talk about dementia. And I was about to...? Oh yes, 48 years of blissful marriage to Linda; three kids settled into marriages, jobs, community; and church in Columbia Falls, Montana; and four lifechanging grandkids who live too far away in Phoenix, central California, and

Northern Idaho. In this nebulous state of 'tired-ment' we wonder how there was ever time for full time work! What with part-time forestry consulting, maintenance at the local Salvation Army thrift store, arbor work, tending to elderly neighbors, and a few trips, the passing weeks just vanish. Not many health issues (my new ceramic hip joints have survived my first marathon), numerous humbling 'yard sales' on the local ski hill [*Editor's Note: If a skier loses his skies, poles, hat, goggles, and anything else, people on the ski lift above shout "YARD SALE!"*], many days of enjoying Montana's hunting and fishing opportunities, and life ambles along.

2. After OCS? Whew, and it was only six months! After declining an invitation to try out for Ranger School, there was a branch transfer to Combat Engineers. [*Editor's Note: for John Jay's account of his experience as an Engineer, see Part Three, Section Two, "Branch Options Other than Infantry."*]

3. Seeing the career paths others have posted is like reading *Who's Who in America!* What an honor to have had this six-month relationship with such a group. For me it took nine years in corporate life and working towards an MBA to realize I was better suited for life as a 'worker bee' and to be the one to 'turn out the lights'. In 1980 an old school chum and I started a small logging company. Later came milling and consulting; at one point we had about 30 employees. A precipitous event during this time was rededicating my life to Christ which allowed me to escape some bad habits. After 37 years the last of the heavy equipment has been sold. With great expectations I look forward to casting aside the '5 to 9' work schedule and filling the days with volunteer work, continuing education, grandkids, hunting and fishing, and travel with the best housemate ever.

4. OCS memories: In no particular order, *low crawling, *hundreds of pushups, *NoDoz by the dozen, *chiggers, *the all-consuming drive to 'start slow and finish fast' to get one of those branch transfers, *changing uniforms several times daily, and *"roof duty," as in aiding and abetting the furtherance of the distribution of illicit calories. However, as mentioned by others the frustration is realizing just how much memory of those six months has vaporized.

Guy M. Johnson / 4th Platoon - Deceased

Guy Johnson passed away in 1996. A death record was found, but no obituary. (Sandy Carter)

Douglas M. (Mike) Jorgenson / 1st Platoon