

Wives and Widows Memories

*60th Reunion of the Great Class of 1958
West Point, New York
April, 2018*



Presented by The Widows Outreach Team

Celebrating Wives and Widows

We are called to reflect on the amazing lives of our men and their families — the complexity of lives well-lived. We all know what the “military Life” was and the demands of our time, and how we women rose to the occasion, raised families, and created lives worth sharing!

Today, we are still vital to our families and communities.

We're indebted to Sue Kernan who compiled and edited this remembrance on the occasion of 58's 60th.

The Widows Outreach Team

Betsy Hall

Audrey Webb

Margie Downing



PHYLLIS BAILEY

Everyone's life is full of challenges and people who have committed their lives to the Military face more than most. The things that stand out the most for me are the two overseas assignments Clark had with me accompanying. The first in Thailand, in 1960, traveling over there with two six month old twins on a propeller Mats plane was the start of a challenging 2 years. Our home for those years had no air conditioning, no hot water and sometimes no water at all. It was a nice house by Thai standards, but it consisted of overlapping boards, nicely painted but the inside was the outside. No sheetrock etc. Consequently ants and lizards had access between the gaps, and also two snakes. There were maids' quarters in the back, and we had a wash girl and a baby Ayah. They split the cleaning between them. It meant we had a built in baby sitter when we wanted to go out. We were the youngest American couple over there. We associated with JUSMAG people who mostly had teen agers or grown children, and I missed having someone my age to talk babies. We struck up a friendship with Aurora and Pete Kulavani, Class of 58. They had a baby, Pitchet, just a little younger than ours so she and I had some nice afternoons together.

The second overseas assignment was three years at Elmendorf AFB, Alaska. We lived on Ft Richardson and Clark commuted to work. The army was notorious for all the moves we made, but we lived in 3 different sets of quarters while being stationed in one place. First, a temporary apartment building where Clark's shaving cream froze in the medicine cabinet! After 2 months we moved to Brown quarters. We had heard they might be turned into enlisted housing but they assured us that wouldn't happen. Well, sorry, one year later we were uprooted and moved to Green quarters. That wasn't all bad though, as we were right next to a ski slope with a rope tow. From the top I could see the school buses lining up at the end of the day, and I would ski down, and walk home in time to greet the boys. We loved Alaska despite the cold, and Clark put it at the top of his preference statement from then on. Guess they thought we

liked cold weather so they sent us to Potsdam, NY, at the very top of New York State. Clark spent 5 years with the ROTC group there, and we just eased right into retirement, with Clark becoming Assistant to the President of Clarkson University, in a place we grew to really love. We traded downhill skiing for cross country and loved it as much if not more.

In 1993, Clark retired and we bought a condo in Boca Raton, Florida for the winters. We took up golf at this time and regretted not doing it sooner. We traded in the condo for a house in 2001 and maintained two homes until 2005, when we moved full time to Florida.

My life became very lonely and changed forever in July of 2010, when Clark joined the Ghostly Assembly. After a year and a half, I sold the house and moved into a CCRC. I live in the independent section of a 3 step facility, so there are places for me if I deteriorate as I age. It was a great move and I suddenly find myself involved with things that I used to give support to Clark for in his participation.

Life is good!

Phyllis Bailey



JANICE BOND

When I met Charlie he was a lieutenant pilot at Columbus AFB, MS, in my hometown. It was “Love at first sight” and we married 6 months later. Typically, the Air Force had a small impact on our wedding day. Charlie was on alert, scheduled to get off on our wedding morning. About 4:30 am the alert bombers and tankers were ordered to start engines and taxi to the runway for a launch on their wartime missions in response to an indication of a Soviet missile attack on the U.S. It was a false warning and we were married later that day. Six years and 3 kids later we departed Columbus for New Hampshire on the first of our 13 moves. This was the begin-

ning of an adventure that took our family to many wonderful places and assignments including New Hampshire, Texas, Florida, Charlie's Vietnam helicopter flying experience, Florida again, Maryland/Pennsylvania, Alabama, Kansas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Washington/Pentagon and finally home to Mississippi.

There were great times, stressful times, and really wonderful times for the whole family. Our kids all went to three different high schools and all went to a new school for their senior years and all appear to be better and more rounded people for the experience.

We have great memories and had great experiences such as getting involved in horses and rodeos in Kansas; living near Camp David, just down the mountain from the Appalachian Trail, and ice skating on the small lake on Fort Ritchie; living in the DC area with its many advantages and opportunities and making lifetime friends at each new place has been a real privilege and adventure. There have been a few downsides such as the sometimes prolonged and frequent absences of Charlie, but the good times greatly outweigh the bad.

God has been good to us. Our 56+ years of marriage, almost 30 years in the Air Force, and over 30 years of retirement in my home town, close to our 3 kids, 6 grandkids and 2 great grandkids has been a life of dreams. We are blessed beyond our fondest dreams.

Janice Bond



JANICE BRINTNALL

Pete and Janice met in 1960, and were married in Bronxville, NY in 1962. The honeymoon had to be canceled for an unknown cause, later to be known as the Bay of Pigs. Theirs is a very moving story –pun intended.

Our first move was to Tampa where Pete was in Strike Command. Barely settled, the next move was to Monterrey and the language

school. He studied Portuguese anticipating an assignment in Brasil. Next on to Tucson and the University of Arizona, for an MA in Latin American Studies.. Next move, was to Rio de Janeiro to learn and study as an FAS student in 1964. Pete graduated from Praia Vermelha, the Brazilian Command and General Staff College.

Next we found themselves in the tropics, living in Panama. Pete worked shifts at Quarry Heights and Janice taught school at Fort Clayton. Always gifted with a wonderful voice, Pete starred in musicals put on by Pan Canal personnel (My Fair Lady, Showboat etc.). Upon returning to the U.S., we welcomed daughter, Julie, while at Fort Holibird in Maryland. Pete's next move was to Vietnam and we stayed in Florida. After this, we went to D. C. and he toiled in the Pentagon. In 1974, we joyfully returned to Brazil. Pete was the Assistant Army Attache' at the Embassy in Rio; We saw a lot of Brasil and Latin America, sometimes traveling in a sturdy jeep. We all spoke Portuguese and immersed ourselves in the beautiful culture and people.

Next assignment, was the War College in PA, where we found a 150 plus aged house off base in Boiling Springs and, it was somehow sturdy enough to hold 22 inches of snow on the roof during the blizzard of 1978. Back to D.C. ,we settled down and again received orders for Brasil, this time to Brasilia a new and modern city without a beach in sight. Pete was promoted to Brigadier General. He served as the Defense Attache'. Julie was in high school with the diplomatic children from all over the world. We had plenty of visitors, including a brief tour by Rosalyn and Jimmy Carter. Following this, a return back to the U.S. when Pete became the Deputy Assistant for Inter-American Affairs. As Deputy Director of Attaches and Operations, he supervised 96 countries. Frequently he traveled, and sometimes, I could join him on these international adventures in diplomacy.

Pete retired in 1988 to serve on the National Security Council. Later he kept working to improve relations with Latin America. He helped Harvard Medical complete a plan to benefit the poor of Sao Paulo. Pete helped to found the Wounded Warrior Mentor Program. He loved singing with The West Point Glee Club Alumni Chorus and worked within the Red Cross to clear land mines in Mozambique.

Unforgettable Moments: Traveling up the Sao Francisco River, in a 150 year-old paddle wheeler to the future site of the Paulo Alfonso Dam. Our group included: Mrs Lincoln Gordon, General Vernon Walters, Freddie and "Abe" Lincoln of the West Point Faculty. Boat was fueled by wood, really scarce in the parched land now benefiting from the Dam. Driving from Panama to the United States. Trip featured an unexpected road block by armed troops, an erupting vol-

cano and finally mysterious illness in Mexico City! Visits to Iguacu' Falls, the Amazon, Peru and Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, Columbia. Flying in a small plane to Quartels in Brazil, unreachable any other way other except plane or foot, and the kind and gracious welcomes we received. Getting through riots in Panama and Brasil. Forever in awe of Carnival in Rio.

We were fortunate to make friends wherever we lived . I was sharing my life with an exceptional person, watching him become a great diplomat, feeling at home with him ...no matter where we lived. . Many precious moments with our grandchildren, Thomas Brintnall and Peter Jeremiah. Enjoying them, all of our family, seeing a great deal of the world and savoring it all. During our time of retirement, we took to cruising and visited fabulous places. I finally got to Russia, twice!

Many moves, wonderful adventures around the world in our almost 55 years together. Sadly, Pete suffered a massive stroke in May 2017 and miraculously survived. As usual, he worked hard over the summer regaining his ability to walk. However, ensuing complications wore his body down. But never his spirit. Ultimately, pneumonia stilled his dear heart. He left us Sept 16th 2017 surrounded by his family, love and prayers. A life well-lived. I counted 19 moves, not a record but a tribute to Pete and his career. I can never express my gratitude to all of the people who were so kind and helpful to us, and all who helped him accomplish his goals. In his words, "Please no mourning or tears. I have lived a wonderful and useful life."

Janice Brintnall



RACHEL BUJALSKI

I grew up the eighth of a family of nine on a farm in North Dakota. I met the love of my life when I was sixteen and Jack was eighteen. A few months later he left for West Point and a year later I went to Mt. Marty College in Yankton, SD. His mother invited me to go with her to West Point for Plebe Christmas, and it was a wonderful visit. After two years of college, he asked me to spend Firstie Year near him. I spent a few weeks with a Sergeant and his wife on the Post while I job hunted and apartment hunted. I found an apartment in Highland

Falls - roomed with another rail bird - worked first in Newburgh - rode the bus over Storm King. I found a better job at Ladycliff College, my roommate went home, the Nuns invited me to move into a dorm room, and it worked out great. Surprise, he decided to go Air Force - the lure of flight.

We married at Catholic Chapel the day after graduation, Msgr. Doyle of Ladycliff was celebrant, two and a half month honeymoon en route to basic pilot training in TX. He needed to memorize procedures - he recited and I critiqued. He had appendix out, set back a class. The base siren sounded - a plane was down - I worried - he finally got home - it wasn't his plane.

Our first son was born 12 March '59, in McAllen, TX, Shawn Patrick, we were ecstatic and blessed. From TX to OK for Primary Flight Training, On to AZ. for F-100 training. Blessed with our second son, Blane Christopher, born 4 March '60. Short stay in Las Vegas for F-100 top off training.

Jack went to Kadena AFB, Okinawa. The boys and I went home to ND to await housing availability. Blessed by Rochelle (Shelli) Alane born in February 10 '61 - She was a great equalizer, always on the side of the brother who was right. A full time maid - a Sunday maid - a gardener - a sew girl. Worked on the Officers Wives Club Paper. Base housing last year and a half. We loved Kadena.

PCS to Hurlburt Field, FL., hubby assigned to Air Commandos -two six months TDY to SEA - Georgia for a field exercise - Jump school - FAC school. My mother had a stroke, so I went back to ND to help care for her. She died after six weeks, I returned home and hubby made my day when he said "I don't know how you can stand to be a housewife".

Off to Raleigh NC for grad school. A part-time job at Sears -sent the kids to school, work, then home in time to greet the kids. Discovered I had a kidney disease -great care at Duke Medical Center. Hubby's brother KIA in Vietnam, Engineer, USMA 1964, widow and two daughters.

Tour in Vietnam -F-100 Super Sabre at Phan Rang. Lived in Glendale, AZ. while he was overseas. Totaled our car when someone pulled out in front of me, broke my nose on the steering wheel- had scar revision surgery after healing was complete. Got a new car. Meanwhile, hubby bought a 27 foot Airstream trailer while in Vietnam. We became RV'er's and discovered PCS moves went much smoother.

Next stop -USAF Academy, CO -kids in elementary school, then Jr. High. Math Department very large -several groups formed to host

parties -usually themed. Our kids in early teens were in great demand for baby sitting. Leave taken in summers for great trailer trips to natural wonders.

1972 -PCS to Maxwell AFB. Institute for Professional Development. Kids in middle school and early high school. Volunteered with Red Cross, active with Wives Club. Oldest son diagnosed with cancer of Thallus bone, 5 year wait, no recurrence.

1975, Las. Vegas , NV, kids in high school, one, Valedictorian; one Salutatorian and one in top 10%. They are our proudest accomplishment.

Next stop: Pentagon as empty nesters in Annandale, VA. 1982: ROTC at University of Northern Colorado.

1985, a shocker! Our last assignment, USAF sent us to Keflavik, Iceland. Highlight was the Reagan/Gorbachev Summit.

1988, Fabulous retirement party and send off.

Post-retirement: Lots of travel, RV, backpacking overseas, cruises four times around the world, two on cargo ships.

Our second son is also a cancer survivor, daughter survived severe complications of pneumonia. The kids are all married and have given us six grandchildren. It has been a very blessed life, and we thank God for all those blessings.

Rachel Byjalski



PAT CHILDRESS

Ted shared so many special memories he had from his time at West Point. I felt like I knew many of his classmates. Then I was privileged to put faces with them at the Reunion in Virginia in 2007. It was a special weekend! Ted's West Point days helped make him into the fine man he was!

Best to all of you at this recent reunion!

Pat Childress



GEORGIA CONNER

In June 1958, Nelson and I joined the Army and were thrilled to receive our first choice tour in Hawaii at Schofield Barracks.

Neither of us had any experience with the services and the Army, so what a surprise! The Army hit us head on when Nelson's company commander told Nelson in no uncertain terms he did not like West Pointers and never would! Well, there goes that performance report!

Now, while Nelson was busy "soldiering", I thought it was time to use my education and was hired to teach in the little post school. Surprise, Surprise as I arrived at my classroom. There was a faucet, mop, and bucket outside my door and, of course, at all of the other classroom doors. To make a long story short I was my own janitor service and quickly learned that teaching kindergarten in the then territory, was also keeping a supply of clothing and underwear in case of accidents!

All in all from that tour it was uphill and on to a great life of new friends and places. When we look back, it has been a great life experience with stories our grandchildren never tire of hearing.

Here is a salute to all the ladies of "58".

Georgia Connor



SONDRA DeJARDIN REFLECTIONS

The time spent with my West Pointer, Donald DeJardin, was truly the joy of my life. From the time we met on a blind date with Aileen and Don Edwards, our courtship consisted of love letters daily for less than a year, along with visits by Don to Mizzou, Christmas and our engagement in March until to our wedding day on "Flag Day" right after our graduations. After all the usual moves we all made

with classmates that first year, Don received his orders to take the post of "Battery Commander" of a Nike Site in Detroit, Michigan. While stationed in Michigan, we celebrated the birth of our first two daughters, Laura and Bryn. During that time, Don was also sent to California by the Army to try out for the Olympics. Once there, he kiddingly said, "Don't think I'll make this team as I am playing with Jerry West and Oscar Robertson!" A Great Experience! Three years later, after making the big decision to go civilian, Don was quickly offered a position with Westinghouse. We moved to Irwin, Pennsylvania and built our first house where we added two more to our brood, Julie and Brad. While there, Don got his masters at Duquesne University. In his free time, Don worked with the *Pittsburgh Pipers* in the then recently formed American Basketball Association in the position of Player Personnel. The Pittsburgh Pipers went on to win the ABA championship with the team he had assembled that first year! Through Westinghouse, Don was offered an opportunity to go to Cape Canaveral with a seven man team. We packed up and were on our way! Housing in that part of Florida at that time was sparse, so we lived in the only high rise apartment complex called the Twin Towers. There, we reconnected with a former West Pointer, Arley Finly and his wife, Sally. We built our second house and settled in Cocoa Beach. We stayed until the sad tragedy of the loss of the astronauts, White, Grissom, and Chaffee. After the launch pad disaster, Don Garrett arrived at our home with the BLACK BOX for a safe refuge for the night on his way back to Houston. We returned to North Hills, Pennsylvania with Westinghouse and, shortly afterwards, we were transferred to Media, in the Philadelphia area, where we built our third home.

Always an adventure, especially with 4 children, my life was consumed with looking for new homes, meeting new neighbors, establishing enrollment in schools, finding new doctors, and keeping pace! Don and I embraced new adventures and our family bonds were close as we all worked together to get acquainted to our ever changing locales.

After eight years in the corporate world, Don jumped when the opportunity presented itself for him to find some investors in North Carolina to purchase the Houston Mavericks franchise. The family moved to Houston and rented a home knowing that it was expected to be a short stay. During that time, we had the great honor of shar-

ing dinner with John Glen three months before his legendary walk on the moon! The owner of *Hardy's Hamburgers* showed interest in the team purchase and, with Don's encouragement, this franchise investment became a reality! The Carolina Cougars became Don's first successful endeavor in professional sports franchise management. So, we were off to Greensboro, North Carolina and built our fourth house. The Cougars had the most successful first year record in the ABA and was written up by Frank Deford in the "Sports Illustrated" and featured on the cover! A year later, we were on the move again as Don left the Carolina Cougars to become General Manager of the Philadelphia 76ers, a post he held for three years. Before signing to renew his general manager's contract, Don decided it was time to consider putting together his own firm as several of his players expressed an interest in having someone to assist in contract negotiations. In the meantime, he was offered a job in the real estate division of Great Western Savings & Loan...Now, we were off to California! This man certainly wore a lot of hats!! We settled in Pasadena, California, and bought a wonderful 75 year old Spanish home perfectly suited for our now adolescent and teenage gang. After a year, Don left Great Western Savings and launched into the Player Representative/Advisor role, creating his firm California Diversified Enterprises, primarily focusing on professional basketball, but also several other sports as well. Ultimately, Don represented over 800 athletes in the US and around the world! Amazingly, we stayed in that home for 23 years...however, during that stint we also added the last son to the mix- Stephen. We put all the gang through high school, put 4 out of 5 through college, hosted a West Point gathering after West Point played at the Rose Bowl, and put on three wedding receptions! For two years, we owned a Baskin Robbins. Don took this opportunity to train our children in business management! Then ultimately, with Stephen off to collage we decided to downsize and built our 6th house in a new development nearby.

Despite Don's excellent physical fitness and being a very good steward of his medical wellness, in 2009 he was diagnosed with lymphoma. Despite the efforts of the doctors at City of Hope, Don passed away in 2011, at the all too young age of 75. He truly was the love of my life and no one will ever replace him in my heart.

Two years ago, I relocated to a beautiful retirement community in the same town, am surrounded with many peers (even one who was

an employee at West Point in administration), have access to all my children who live close by and am as active as ever. Life is always a journey, and the path that Don and I shared was certainly that.....but I would not change a thing ...I was/am so blessed!!

Sandy DeJardin



TRINKA DETLIE

We have all moved what seems like a zillion times, and we each have had what we as wives and mothers have considered the great, the good and not so good. And we all have had the painfully slow wartime long years. My personal favorite assignment was Doug's tour of duty at Ft. Richardson, Alaska.

We left Ft. Leavenworth with my flying to my parents home in Pompano Beach, Florida and Doug driving to Seattle to ship the car, one dog and one cat. He then flew to Florida arriving with his wounds. It seems that somehow the cat got out of the carrying cage and did not like the idea of being chased all around this huge warehouse to be placed in the carrier again. But Doug and the workmen prevailed putting one captured kitty back in jail but not until she had let Doug know she still had claws and knew how to use them. The new adventure was off with a bang!!

A week or so later we flew to Seattle and then on to Elmendorf Air Force Base. We were all wearing summer Florida clothes in mid June and quickly understood how much cooler Alaska is than Florida!! The chill in the air along with the general excitement of having arrived at our next spot was one we will never forget. Fresh air, cool temperature and beautiful snow capped mountains were just the beginning of four and a half fantastic years.

Then off to our quarters where I started the usual unpacking as Doug and our three children went to pick up the dog and cat. We were all in the back yard admiring the scenery. I put the cat down and we all claimed to watch her so she would not run off and as you might already know she took off for a hiding spot. That saga ended happily as several weeks later a family clear across the post called to say they had our cat - thank goodness for tags and local advertising.

As the summer turned beautifully into fall and winter, we thought back on all we had learned in our few first short months. One being it is much more fun to go camping when it did not rain all weekend. We weathered the weather and had great weekends. Then the absolutely beautiful snow capped mountains became snow covered mountains and so did the ground!! Lots of it. The kids ideas of building snow forts and snowmen were dashed in the dry non-packing snow but learning to ski was a new adventure.

The one memory of so many stands out for me is walking our now two labs in the late evening after most people with common sense were in bed. It would be so cold the snow would positively sparkle in the moonlight like it had been sprinkled with diamond dust. Below zero temperatures encouraged one to walk a bit faster rather than a dilly dally walk in the summer. While we took the brisk walk, the dogs ran ahead then back over and over covering lots of ground. Must admit it was good to get back to the warmth of our home after a spectacular adventure around the block.

Our family has so many happy memories of camping and campfires along with hunting and fishing, the scouting activities and neighbors and friends. Sharing my favorite memory of the two of us walking the dogs in the late evening cold diamond dust like field again makes me feel that inner happy feeling again and for that I thank you.

Trinka Dettie



MARGIE DOWNING

Hodge Podge of Memories

1. Walking miles at Woo Poo as a “drag”
2. Going to see “Bambi” on our first date
3. Flying on a prop airplane to Okinawa to beat the “ no flying after 7 mos. Deadline”
4. A toast by the CO at a formal dinner, “To the President, to the Congress, and to the beautiful Ladies of the 2/503rd! Many 58ers were assigned to this group and some of the ladies might remember this.

5. The sight of at least 20 moving vans parked on Denver Ave. Lawton Okla. Their crews loading up our household goods after the Artillery Advanced Course.

6. Army vs Penn State 1964/65, we were sitting in the graduate cheering section and cheering very loud. Army won! We were plummeted with various items.

7. Our time at West Point where again there was a large contingent of classmates. We made new friends and kept the old.

Margie Downing



MARION FAY

Being one of the Class of 1958 ladies who came up in June, 2018 also marks our 60th wedding anniversary. Now after 30 years with the Air Force and 60 years of marriage, I still look back on West Point with the same feelings I had then and expressed below after the 40th reunion in response to Dale Hruby.

“Yes, Dale, there was nothing more special to me than to see the Class of 1958 march “proudly”, tall and straight down diagonal walk as they did 40 years ago. I felt the same way I did then – safe and proud – knowing our country and families would always be protected by these strong, courageous graduates! What warmed my heart the most, at the Alumni Review, was when the class turned around, faced the stands and sang “Army Blue” to the wives, families and friends of the class. THANK YOU, CLASS OF 1958!”- Marion Fay

Audrey Webb also graciously included these remarks in her “Widows Presentations” to the Class of 1958 at the 50th reunion. Now after 60 years I feel it is again time to say thank you to all 1958 classmates, company mates and wives who have shared this journey together. A sense of pride and appreciation for those we love is a part of who we are as a Class of 1958.

Marion Fay





JOAN GOODENOUGH

It was a beautiful autumn day at West Point - the date was 20 October 1969. The trees lining the Parade Field were a riot of colors -orange, red and gold and quite a lovely sight to behold.

As I stood on the Plain holding my three year old daughter, Janelle, and daughters Jeannine, seven years old, and Kathleen, five years old, by my side the West Point Band played the Star Spangled Banner and tears began to well up in my eyes.

The 1st Cadet Regiment proudly marched in front of us across the Plain, and I remember hearing the snap of our American flag and colors floating in the soft breeze.

To my left stood my husband with the Commandant, Brigadier General Sam Walker, with the Cadet Regimental Staff. A booming voice sounded over the loud speaker -"Ladies and Gentlemen, we are gathered here today to present the "Silver Star" to Major Fred W. Goodenough for heroism at Duc My, Vietnam. General Walker will present this coveted medal to him for heroism and duties while under fire while serving with the 1st 22nd Infantry, 4th Infantry Division Vietnam."

Yes, I remember that it was a beautiful autumn day at West Point and the pinning ceremony on the Plain for Fred was indeed a very proud and patriotic memory for my family.

Joan Goodenough



MARLENE HALL

We met during Stoney's leave at the beginning of his cow year. We were counselors at a camp for severely disabled and disadvantaged children. Our subsequent marriage, however, was not unusual, as many of the other counselors also paired off for life. In any event, we became engaged at Christmas, though I did not see West Point until June Week. It was then that I realized that our married life would be a little different than I had anticipated. I was hosted by Lieutenant

Colonel Herbert Richardson and his lovely wife, a kindness that I never forgot, and was sad to learn that he passed away some four years later. And during that week, Stoney introduced me to Colonel George A. Lincoln, whose daughter he had taught in Sunday school. Colonel Lincoln immediately launched into a discourse on economics, of which I understood not a word, yet I remember his friendliness and was impressed that a senior officer would reach out to me a young unknown. On the other hand, I presumed that after four years at West Point, Stoney would be keen on keeping our home neat as a pin. How naive I was, though he did explain to me that such attributes were the stuff of sainthood, and that he was about as far from that criterion as he could be.

Months later, when Stoney was at jump school, we did not have much money and so I bought some c-ration type provisions at the commissary to stretch our dollars. Needless to say, we did not finish them. Then, too, on his first jump he was the last man in the last stick and so I got to see him trudge the longest way back to the stands. And so through our years together, we experienced most of life that is common to marriage: the miracle of birth, a few arguments and the rough patches, the special moments that we share to this day, and lifelong friends. But perhaps the most memorable gift of the Long Gray Line was to become immersed in a calling that transcends everyday life. As this was being written, we attended a Requiem Mass for a close friend. She was born in England and experienced the bombing of her own home in the early part of World War II. During that Mass, the hymn "I Vow to Thee, My Country" was played, the words of which exemplify what I have come to realize permeates "living above the common level of life":

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters; the love that pays the price;
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

As we approach our sixtieth anniversary, our ability to travel has become limited and so we will miss the 60th reunion. Still, at least we can be there in spirit.

Marlene Hall



ARLENE HALSEY

When our youngest daughter was graduating from high school, the commencement speaker encouraged the graduates to take advantage of opportunities that might come their way even if they were not particularly interested. The same philosophy was one that guided the life of American's first billionaire, John D. Rockefeller, who took advantage of every opportunity presented to him because he never wanted to say "what if". Well, when opportunity came my way in March 1956 to attend the 100th Night Show at West Point as a blind date, I too, took it.

I met Jack Halsey, Company M-1 that evening, and as they say, the rest is history. We married a few hours after graduation, he received his commission in the United States Air Force, and we started our life together in McAllen, TX . That assignment and our lives there hold my most vivid memories. Our next door neighbors were Art and Sue Meyer and Chuck and Sandra Profilet. The Barkers, Osborns and Kevins all lived nearby. For some reason, the Wives Club group appointed me the Craft Chairman. While making candles, I managed to clog up the apartments plumbing system. Fortunately, the realtor who rented us our apartment was the father of Nick Rowe, Co. M-1, Class of 1960. Thursday evenings meant spaghetti dinners watching Huckleberry Hound with bachelors Dave Livingston, Walt Patterson and Bob Shellenberger. Jack was in a car pool with three other classmates. Being the dutiful wife I would make breakfast before sending him on his way. One dark morning started as usual before we noticed that the carpool seemed unusually late. It wasn't very long before we realized that it was only 2 am. I had looked at the clock wrong. The story became a poem in the base newspaper shortly thereafter!

Assignments followed to Oklahoma, back to Texas, California, New Jersey, England, Wisconsin, Vietnam for Jack and Kansas for the family, California again and lastly Ohio before Jack retired in 1978. Six children would claim five of our duty stations as their place of birth. Our youngest son, having been born while we were stationed in England was "naturalized" in a cer-

emony in Salina, KS by the then, Senator Robert Dole.

After our initial assignments in Texas and Oklahoma we were rarely stationed with other classmates but kept in touch with visits and letters. Reunions and Mini-reunions deepened the friendships that started back at West Point and gave us the chance to develop new ones.

Our lives were normal in many ways but looking back we were afforded many opportunities and had adventures that many of my friends could only dream of. Here I am 60 years later having been blessed with four sons and two daughters, two grandsons, five granddaughters and now three great granddaughters and one great grandson. So happy that I took that leap of faith with that blind date those many, many years ago!

Arlene Halsey



BARBARA HAYDEN

On June 4, 1958, at Cadet Chapel, USMA, I became a member of a special group of fantastic women...I became an Army wife. The adventure began!

I learned that buildings had numbers rather than addresses, and hospital appointments are made for masses rather than individuals.

To be more positive, I learned about Army wives.

I learned that Army wives are tough, resilient, sensitive, intelligent, talented and lots of fun. When I was alone and needed a friend; I had many friends.

In an emergency I was aided by generous, concerned neighbors.

Thanks be to God for them every one!

Barbara Hayden

HARRIET HILL

The journey began in the summer of 1959. I took a long airplane trip from San Francisco to New York and then to Paris. I wore a wool suit and suffered in the horrible humidity of New York.

My 19 year old Brother, Glynn, met me in Paris for the purpose of "giving me away". A week later we were on the train to meet Orlie in Munich. We had decided on a Munich wedding to spare my widowed Mother the expense of a local wedding. She was raising 7 children with me as the oldest. Orlie and I were raised just three miles apart and his parents were not wealthy either.

We were legally married in the Standesamt in downtown Munich on 17 July 1959.

However, this was not enough for the Commander of the 3rd Engineer Battalion who insisted that we have a ceremony with the Battalion present. After the wedding in the little Chapel on Henry Kaserne, We walked out under crossed swords, kissed and climbed on a D-7 dozer mounted on a lowboy dragging cans and noise makers. The convoy wound its way through the streets of Munich, much to the delight of the Germans who love parades. We ended up at the XO's quarters in Warner Kaserne for our reception.

We roared off after the reception in our flashy looking red broken down 1954 Austin Healey convertible heading South into the Alps and then into Italy. This began the exciting years.

Upon our return to Munich, the Berlin Wall was being constructed causing all the troops to be on full alert; Orlie spent barely one month out of the first year in our quarters. There was little time for sightseeing but we did get away for 7 days in Spain, including a run with the bulls in Pamplona. We extended for a fourth year in order to see more of Europe. That included a trip to the beautiful beaches of the French Riviera, but I was pregnant with my first, Becky, who was later born in the II Field Hospital in 1963.

Returned to the States for an advanced degree at Berkeley, where I had spent three years before Orlie pulled me out for Germany. I was pregnant again, this time with Rowland, born at Letterman Hospital in 1964, leaving no time to finish my degree at Cal-Berkeley.

Next stop was Fort Belvoir for the Engineer Advanced Course. Orlie had been elected to be a District Senior Advisor in VN so went on to the MATA course in Fort Benning, and I settled in with my Mother on her property in Zayante, CA. I was pregnant again with my third in

three years, Doug, who was born in Santa Cruz, CA in 1966. Orlie and I met in Hawaii for R and R, and he returned Christmas of 1966 to meet his 10 month old Son, Doug.

Orlie was selected to be on the team to stop Che Guevara in Bolivia. We landed on the top of the Andes at 2 miles high in 1967. The air was so thin that I had trouble reading stories to the children. We had wild animals such as an Ocelot, Piglets, Parakeets and a monkey. Even took a balsa raft trip down the Beni River through «headhunter territory» and flew back to la Paz in an old B-17 loaded with freshly killed beef.

I lived in 23 houses in 24 years of service which included AFSC, another Viet Nam, West Virginia, Fort Ord, West Point, Naval War College and finally Portland. Exciting adventures and I am still married to my first husband after 59 years, for better or worse.

Harriet Hill



CARMA JOHNSON

West Point changed my life.

Classmates met at West Point and became friends for life. This is a story about two classmates that changed my life.

In 1963 I was a stewardess for TWA. Back in those days customers could get up and walk to the back of the plane and get a cup of coffee or...a glass of wine...and talk with the stewardess. This very nice man came back and introduced himself. He was Frank Harlem. At the time he was working for a company in California and was on a trip to Indiana for a meeting. We talked and found out that we would be staying at the same hotel.

Frank and I met for cocktails. He learned that I lived in Manhattan Beach, CA with three other stewardesses. I asked him when he was returning to California. He told me, and that was on the same flight as my roommate Pat. I gave him a picture of Pat and told him to say hello.

Frank was on the same airplane as Pat. When she walked by him, he would smile and flirt with her. She ignored him... so he walked back to the rear of the airplane and started talking. He said, "We sure had fun on our last date". Pat ignored him again and did not respond.

Frank added more information about the fun time. Pat responded that she never met him and was getting disgusted.

SO..Frank pulled out the picture of Pat and said, "Is this you Pat?" She was flabbergasted. Then Frank told her the story of how he got the picture.

When Frank got back he called the girls' home. A third roommate answered and then asked who he wanted to talk to. Frank hesitated...Carma or Pat?? Frank said, "The girl that is closest to the phone... that was Pat. Frank was happy and said he would bring a friend. He brought his classmate, Herb Johnson to their apartment. It was the night that the Beattles were on the Ed Sullivan Show...(What a night to remember!)

Herb met Carma... Five months later we were married.

Thank you Frank for a wonderful life. Because of you Herb and I now have 2 wonderful daughters and 5 exceptional grand kids.

And this...all because of West Point.

Carma Johnson



PATRICIA JULIAN

As Robert Harry Julian and Cynthia Simicek Julian's first born, I am honored to remember my parents' roles during Dad's twenty-year Army career. Growing up as an Army brat meant living in fourteen places the first fourteen years of my life. I was almost eight years old before I realized that my life was very different than others my age. Our Mom Cynthia was an amazing Army wife and mother, taking on the many duties the role of officer's wife required, moving our family around the US and Europe and making sure my brothers and I fully experienced the cultures and geography that this life afforded us. We toured Great Britain; watched the Edinburgh Military Tattoo; learned to ski in Garmische; wandered the Acropolis; got lost in the Louvre; and traveled behind the Iron Curtain to East Berlin. The images of the Dachau concentration camps and the Berlin Wall are emblazoned in my ten-year-old memory. While at the time moving days were quite dramatic as it was

always hard to leave my friends (my parents nicknamed me “Sarah Heartburn”), these experiences, with Mom and Dad’s emphasis on showing and teaching us all they could, are among my greatest treasures.

Not only did my loving, handsome and successful father provide an incredible example of Duty, Honor, Country, a terrific work ethic and unconditional love...he made me aspire to follow in his footsteps of career Army officer years before women were being accepted into West Point. To this day, over 40 years later, I can still recite much of the «Plebe Poop.» While ultimately that was not to be, my life as the daughter of LTC Robert H. Julian, US Army, has shaped the person I am and the successes I have had. The ability to embrace change, adapt to new circumstances, communicate, treat challenges as opportunities, and the belief that I could achieve just about anything I put my mind to I owe to my parents and my life as an Army brat. Thanks Mom and Dad... you showed me how to succeed through challenges of both Army and civilian life, you unwaveringly supported us in all our endeavors, and I am eternally grateful. You are my heroes.

As Bob’s second wife, I didn’t feel “qualified” to write about his Army career, so I asked his eldest daughter to do so. She did a beautiful job in the preceding paragraphs! In addition, I asked each of our adult kids to send a word or sentence describing what their dad means to them. Common throughout are the words “proud”, “kind”, “patient”, “respect”. Eldest son Jim is proudest of his dad’s joy of family, his compassion and kindness, his adherence to values and dedication to both work and love of family. Son Jeff cited his dad’s commitment to service and structure, and the unwavering and unconditional pride he has in his children. My son Trevor speaks of the immense love for his dad for taking on fatherly duties. Trevor sees his dad as dutiful and patient. Megan shared her love of his patience and honesty, even though these two can “debate” a can of beans it seems!

For me, I have shared close to 35 years with this wonderful man. I’ve seen the love he has for his family every day. I’ve seen his patience grow over the years to unprecedented heights with his grandchildren. I’ve seen the strength of character when called upon for advice. I’ve seen unwavering loyalty for family and friends

alike. I know his love for the Corps and all things Army. I've seen his selflessness when lesser men would have given up and moved on. If my husband, LTC Robert Harry Julian, USA RET, is an example of a West Point grad, then his is the face that should be on the recruitment brochures

Patricia Henson Julian

With loving assistance from sons Jim Julian, Trevor Scott and Jeff Julian, and daughters Jaimi Julian Thompson and Megan Julian Renner



SUE KERNAN

My introduction to West Point was a blind date at sixteen (Jim Peck). I met Jim the following Spring and after four years of letters, we married in the Catholic Chapel at West Point in 1960. Twenty seven years later, Germany twice, Vietnam twice and 30 moves, I had truly lived and loved the Army life. When it ended, a whole new life began.

I have been accused of having too many memories from my early years (the Irish in me), but most significant lately are the years since retirement as a physical therapist in El Paso area schools ... MY years, prayers answered, opportunities opened, adventures, new skills.

It seems my 60's were repair and restitution... medical body shop ventures.

2005, I moved from El Paso eventually settling into a house in Round Rock, Texas... it is full of new memories. Class of '58 friendships led to an invitation to the 40th Reunion at West Point, mini reunions and class trips. France, Italy and the adventure of all time... Machu Picchu and the Galápagos Islands, amazing cloud climbing and snorkeling! We didn't stop there, Stan and Jill Bacon and I cruised from Moscow to St.

Petersburg, albums of memories on my I Pad! The people, the landscapes, the adventures were incredible which sparked a new interest in art, and so the journey into Pastels began, new friends and workshops in France, new inspirations and opportunities.

2012, having been inspired by Heather, a friend from Uganda, I joined Good Steward Global Initiative invested in ending the "book famine" in Uganda. We build libraries in the West Nile region, 40 libraries and over ½ million books to date! My second trip, my grandson James joined us, what a team we made! The most beloved, interesting people are out there in the world as well as those serving them.

My sons Jim and Andy and families live in Texas and youngest, Michael, has resided in Holland for over 20 years. Eight grands light up my life, beautiful and brilliant young men and women. Jim's Lucy and husband, Nathan Stephens live near Dad and Irene in Corpus Christi; Forrest lives in Savannah, Georgia;

Patricia is studying Environmental Engineering at Texas Tech in Lubbock and James is finishing high school a year early in June. Andy and Kim's Cameron is a junior, Chance, a sophomore in Frisco, Texas; Mike and Janet's Neil and Luke are in Hoek van Holland excelling in school.

My '58 family is ever present here in the Austin area and still using any excuse to gather. I have been blessed through the years with the dearest friends. I celebrate the goodness of the people in my life. I am ever grateful for God's Grace in my days and extend blessings to you all.

Sue Kernan



JANICE KEYES

My husband, Joseph D. Keyes, and I met on a blind date at the Army-Navy Game in 1957. We were married two years later in 1959 in Germany by the local mayor also known as the Kirchgoens Bürgermeister. The civil ceremony was followed by a Catholic ceremony

with our family and most of the members in Joe's battalion. We left the ceremony in an Armored Personnel Carrier. For our honeymoon, we went to Birchesgaden in the Bavarian Alps and stayed at the beautiful Birchesgadener Hof.

While Joe was stationed in Germany, we traveled to many countries in Europe. One of our favorite memories was of our first camping experience together in a farmer's field outside Paris. We slept in an old Army pup tent and it rained buckets all night. Laughter and the anticipation of reaching Paris in the morning pulled us through that long night.

Military life posed unique challenges and the long separations were trying but with the support of other military wives, we rose to the occasion. The friendships I forged through our common bonds have lasted and to this day I can still reach out to those military wives for support and advice.

Along the way we had two daughters, Jennifer, and Suzanne. They were, and continue to be, our pride and joy. Joe decided to decline his last assignment with the Supreme Headquarters Allied Forces and instead opted for retirement in 1978. We found civilian life to be less intense but always looked back on our military days with fondness and nostalgia.

Joe accepted a civilian position at White Sands Missile range and we lived in Las Cruces, NM for ten years. I was enchanted with the stark desert landscape and this began my passion for transforming our home landscape. We also had horses for the girls on our property which added to the western theme! I continued my landscaping endeavor when we relocated to Detroit, MI and again to Mobile, AL. The different climates posed a challenge and kept my work interesting. I have also enjoyed playing golf, boating, and just being in the great outdoors. We have travelled to almost every state with Hawaii and Alaska among our favorites.

After Joe retired from General Dynamics in Michigan, we relocated to the gulf coast to be closer to our daughters and grandchildren. We purchased our dream boat, a 43 foot Jefferson trawler, destroyed by Hurricane Ivan. We continued to enjoy many other activities and travel with our family.

Joe left us on August 16, 2017. I am thankful for all the wonderful years we had together and continue to feel blessed

Janice Reyes



CHARLOTTE MASON KITCHELL

Captain Rex Mason was strongly influenced by his dad an RAF pilot during WW11 in the Pacific and career AF. Enlisting in the AF at an early age, Rex was determined to be a pilot and serve his Country! While enlisted, assigned in Germany he received his BS degree, mastered the German language and applied for entrance to the USMA at West Point and was accepted.

We met while he was spending Christmas leave with parents at Maxwell AFB, Alabama, a blind date arranged by my friend engaged to Rex's roommate! With my frequent

visits to the Academy and his holidays with parents we fell in love. During his Junior year "Ring Hop" weekend walking along "Flirtation Walk" and under the "Rock" he surprised me as he knelt down, took my hand and asked me to be his wife! Excitement filled the air, for that day we both received our rings!

I moved to Highland Falls a few months before Graduation, and we were the first couple in the Class married in the Catholic Chapel.

His determination for Pilot School upon graduation was not to happen with a stigmatism, having failed the physical. 82nd Airborne was the alternative! Ft. Bragg and the birth of our two sons, Michael and Phillip. We were assigned in Hanau Germany with a Hawk Missile Btry. where our third son, Jeff was born. During the time after graduation, Rex had devised a motorized chart to exercise his eyes, never having given up hope to be a pilot. During the second year in Germany, surprisingly he passed the eye exam. But four years over the age limit for Pilot School and his request for an inter branch transfer was denied. He flew to Washington and received his waivers and returned to Germany wearing his AF blues with a smile! He had overcome his challenges and a very happy man!

We departed Germany for Pilot School at William AFB, Az. Afterwards to Nellis AFB and F105 training! Nellis AFB, Las Vegas, our first beautiful baby daughter Lori Ann was born, the daughter we both always wanted.

Immediately Viet Nam, 1967! He proved himself in serving his Country to the best of his ability and beyond the call.

Returning stateside he was again at Williams AFB, an Instructor Pilot. Less than two months later while ferrying a new F-5 from the factory in California to SE Asia via Ramstein AFB Germany, his right engine caught fire after takeoff losing altitude directly over the town of Spesbach, Diverting the plane into a nearby forest, he ejected as his plane exploded. He paid his spirit of sacrifice for the safety of those people below. Killed June 1, 1967 and laid to rest at West Point.

BeLoved wife Charlotte Mason Ritchell

Military Decorations include:

the Silver Star, Air Medal with 10 Oak Leaf Clusters, Outstanding Unit Medal, Good Conduct Medal National Defense Medal with Bronze Star, Army of Occupation medal, Viet Nam service Medal with Bronze star, Republic of Viet Nam Campaign medal, Air Force Longevity medal with one Oak Leaf Cluster and the Small arms Expert Marksman ribbon



NORMA LINDQUIST

Bob and I were married in 1961 in Yokohama, Japan, where I was working. Bob was stationed in Okinawa with the 503rd Airborne Battle Group. After a week honeymoon in Tokyo, Bob returned to Okinawa. I was able to transfer three months later and begin life as an Army wife. A tiny cinder block house overlooking the beautiful East China Sea was our first home. Our neighbors had thatch roofs. As a newcomer and new Army wife, I was apprehensive and certainly had much to learn. However, I needn't have worried. The 503rd ladies welcomed me warmly, and I relied upon them for guidance. It was the beginning of many true and lasting friendships. It was a wonderful tour of duty. Bob and I had the opportunity to travel throughout the Far East. And we were blessed with our first child, Robert Jr. We returned home by ship, and the Golden Gate Bridge was a magnificent sight!

Our daughter, Debra arrived during our tour at Ft. Benning. Bob had just completed the Advanced Course at the Infantry School, and began his new assignment with the 11th Air Assault (test), which later became part of the 1st Cav. Div. In August, 1965, the 1st Cav. left Ft. Benning in the middle of the night and departed by ship to Vietnam. No wife will ever forget that.

The two Vietnam tours were lonely and stressful, however, the military wives shared a strong bond of friendship. I stayed in Columbus, Georgia during the first tour. We wives gained strength and maturity from each other. Our third child Karl was born in May '66.

Bob received orders for Germany in 1974. We bought a pop-up camper and traveled throughout Europe. We had wonderful family experiences. I remember the children making friends and playing games and everyone speaking their native language.

Military housing was always a mystery whenever we moved. Bob received orders for Ft. Leavenworth after the Germany tour. After stairwell living in Germany, Bob was determined to live in one of the houses on Riverside Drive. None were available so we camped outside of Kansas City for six weeks... not as much fun as in Europe plus the heat in July was horrific. A house became available. It was absolutely charming thanks to the talented couple who previously occupied it. The lawn was beautifully landscaped and the view overlooked the Missouri River... on one side. The house was located 30' from the Disciplinary Barracks on the other side... location, location, Location. We moved in and had a grand four years there. We even enjoyed some of the neighbors!

Norma Lindquist



ELLIE MAHLER

Two weeks after graduation in June of 1959, I walked down the aisle of the Old Cadet Chapel at West Point to marry my long-patient fiancé, Lt. Michael D. Mahler, USMA Class of 1958. We flew to Kentucky the next day to look for a place to live since Fort Knox, his duty station, had no housing available for junior officers. My rose-colored glasses shattered quickly as reality struck. Our price range included made-over chicken coops with dirt floors – not exactly the honeymoon cottage I'd envisioned.

Thus began my 23-year career as an Army wife, member of a unique sisterhood that worked together, played together, supported each other, and, yes, wept together too. The pay was non-existent, but the rewards were great. Our family spent 10-1/2 years, on and off,

in Germany. We were there when The Wall went up; we were there when bombs went off in the Heidelberg Army Headquarters where my husband worked. At age 36, I found myself the “Old Lady” of a Cavalry Squadron and the “Mayoress” of a two-battalion post in Buedingen, Germany. The men were gone on maneuvers for six weeks at a time – frequently. It fell to me to “mother-hen” the young enlisted wives who had never been away from their hometown, much less the USA. Suddenly, they were stranded in a foreign country, unable to speak the language, with no husband, little money, no transportation, and perhaps a sick baby. We ran a day care, a lending closet, a thrift shop, volunteered at the Red Cross and at the schools, held benefits, and socialized. I weathered Vietnam and the TET offensive, and I was grateful when my soldier returned home in one piece.

We raised two lovely, successful daughters, one of whom graduated from Smith, the other from Wellesley, and they have gifted us with five delightful grandchildren.

After retirement from the Army and then from a 10-year civilian career in Chicago, we bought ourselves a little piece of “the last best place” in Bozeman. We have two horses and a great downhill ski area close by. We’re ecstatic that we can still indulge in our favorite activities, especially since both Mike and I are cancer survivors.

Are we blessed? You bet!

Michael Mahler

[Ellie passed from pancreatic cancer in Dec of 2013.]



CEDA McGREW

Palmer and I met in the spring 1954 and started dating that Fall. We were married at the Old Cadet Chapel on June 6, two days after graduation and at the end of my junior year at Douglass College, New Brunswick, NJ. In September,

I returned to Douglass, graduated in June 1959 and joined Palmer at Ft. Bragg. Returning to college as a married resident was challenging. Because my parents' home was my legal residence, I was under 21 and my father paid my tuition he had to write letters of permission for me to visit Palmer if I left directly from campus. This happened as frequently as possible as Palmer's family lived in Falls Church, almost the half way point.

In March 1960, son Greg was born and in June; he and I returned to live with my parents near West Point as Palmer was going from Ft Bragg to Okinawa with an airborne battle group. No dependent housing was available. In mid October, Greg and I flew to San Francisco and then to Okinawa, a 36 hour flight with over 100 women and children and a few bewildered GI 's. Upon arrival and, not looking our Sunday best, we were greeted by senior staff officers and their wives who were stylishly dressed complete with hats and gloves. In that unit were at least 12 58ers so, instant family. In January 1962, Bonnijean joined us; in March 1963, we returned to Ft Benning and that August Heather arrived.

Next came two Vietnam tours with an ROTC assignment between at St John's University in Collegetown, MN. We arrived with an air conditioned car and few winter clothes. That first Halloween the children trick or treated in the snow, and we did not see our lawn till mid May.

In June 1970, Palmer began training for the Russian Area Foreign Specialist program which involved a year of language at Monterey, a year of grad school at Kansas University and two years at the Russian Institute in Garmisch, wonderful years of great family travel and adventure. In June 1974, we came to Washington for his utilization tour as chief of the Hot Line to Moscow and never left. He retired in 1980. At age 37, I began a career as a high school math teacher retiring in 1993.

Greg and Bonnijean are still in Virginia (Leesburg and Richmond) as are the four grandchildren. Heather is in Hoboken, NJ. In June 2014, we moved to an apartment in Greenspring Village, a CCRC (continuing care retirement community) in Springfield. There are enough

grads, widows and other family members here that each March we have a Founders' Day where you see much black, gray and gold and hear much reminiscing.

Ceda McGrew



ARLENE McLEAN

Tim and I were engaged on his summer leave between Cow and Firstie year. Since we had only met on his leave after Plebe year, we decided that I should go to West Point to work his last year so we could get to know each other better, and I would learn something about what to expect as an army wife. It was one of the best decisions (outside of marrying Tim) that I ever made. On arrival in New York, I was met by Harriett Connell and Barbara Burr, who were to become lifelong friends, only to find out, to my consternation, that Tim was in confinement. He broke confinement for about 10 minutes to inform me that we would not be seeing each other for a couple of months. I was so furious that I could have killed him. Instead, I was more determined to marry him and square him away.

Fortunately, he said, rumor had it that President Eisenhower was coming to West Point the following week and was expected to grant amnesty. I said that we should wait and see, but if he did not, I would go back to Montana. Luckily, the rumor was true and thus Eisenhower became my favorite President of all time.

Before leaving Montana, I had been accepted to work for the FBI in New York City. Upon arrival, I could not find a suitable place to live in the city which I could afford on the salary the FBI would be paying me. Consequently, I got a job in Middletown, NY and met Barbara Hayden, with whom I shared an apartment. We were fortunate in that we later had an assignment at Fort Leavenworth with the Haydens, Connells, Bauchspies, and many others classmates.

I got to know all of Tim's company mates from F-1 during the 8 months in which I spent every weekend at either West Point, in New York with Tim, as well as the most enjoyable weekend in Philadelphia

at the Army-Navy game. It was one of the most enjoyable periods of my life. Once we entered the Army, we were fortunate to serve with many of his classmates on active duty. We had numerous assignments with Dick and Barbara Bauchspies, and were able to host Eddy and Andrea Jasaitis and had them live with us until they could find a house. We were with the Connells on our first assignment at Fort Bragg, and also later at Fort Leavenworth and then Washington, DC. In addition, there were many classmates who I did not know at West Point with whom we were to serve and become lifelong friends. I do not believe there is any other occupation which would have afforded me the opportunity to meet and become friends with such outstanding individuals as West Point and the Army provided.

Since retiring, Tim and I have had the pleasure to host three F-1, 1958 reunions. All of my relatives marvel at such great people, and the closeness and camaraderie which we exhibit toward each other. As a matter of fact at one of the gatherings, my brother, who was tending bar, after everyone had left, his eyes teared up, and he said he had not seen anything so touching in his life as the friendship and closeness we had maintained over the years. Many of us had not seen each other in years, yet when we met, it was as though we were in contact on a daily basis.

So, in closing, I would like to thank Tim, F-1, West Point, and the US Army for giving me the richest, most rewarding life I could have ever hoped for. Thank you for allowing me to share this with you.

Arlene McLean



MARIA MITCHELL

My life before I met Jerry – I call him my Big Stuff – was very hum-drum. I was a single mother with four children just waiting for “my Big Stuff” to come into my life, when he came to Ft. Still, Oklahoma to command a training battalion in 1976 to 1977. It must have been fate that brought us together. Now 39 years later I can only say wow, what a ride it has been!

He danced into my life. (My Big Stuff dances very well—he can do it all—polka, waltz, Lindy Hop, you name it). We did lots of things together during his time in Oklahoma besides dancing—we hiked, camped and even put together a Bradley kit car, based on a Volkswagen chassis, in my garage.

After his command was over, Jerry returned to the Pentagon and moved back to Virginia. I came to visit him at his house in Lorton, and met his dependent youngest daughter, Molly, who has Downs Syndrome. Molly welcomed me warmly, and she must have approved, because she put my suitcases in Jerry's bedroom when I arrived.

After that, we decided to get married, and we tied the knot with a Justice of the Peace on November 24, 1978. Not long after, we settled down in the house that is still our home today.

Our life together has been extraordinary and very fulfilling. Together, we have travelled the world, and have done some amazing things. We have sailed the Caribbean, hiked and paddled rivers in Canada and Maine. We rode gondolas in Venice, cruised rivers in Germany and France, and rode in rickshaws in Beijing. And so much more.

We have successfully joined two families into one – the Wrights and the Mitchells—and over the years we have grown into an extended family of 30, with spouses, grandchildren and now great grandchildren. It is quite a challenge to find a house that fits the whole tribe at the nearly annual beach reunions in the Outer Banks, North Carolina.

Life has not always been easy, but I treasure every minute of the nearly four decades we have spent together. I am grateful for our good health and I look forward to “the golden years” ahead.

Maria Mitchell



BONNIE G. MOSCATELLI.

Army Wife Memories and Experiences 1966 - 2018

I was an Army Officer before I was an Army Wife. In 1966, I arrived at West Point to be the Chief of Food Service at USMA Hospital. When I arrived I had my family dog with me and we lived in the BOQ located next to Cullum Hall. I picked up after my dog before it became common practice, which leads us to how I met Bob. The BOQ janitor, Mr. Gallinato, must have appreciated my efforts. He also liked Bob which prompted our meeting. One day when I was walking my dog, Mr. Gallinato went to Bob's room and asked him if he had met the new blond lieutenant. The rest is history. (While Bob and I were dating, I went to the movies with Brad Johnson. Bob nailed a mafia black hand on Brad's BOQ door with a paring knife. One does not forget that.) We were married Friday night, 20 October 1967. at the Post Chapel. Our best man was the Senior Armor Instructor and instead of a car to take us from the Chapel to the Officers Club, there was an APC with a bench seat for two mounted on it. Clanking down from the Post Chapel with a serpentine of headlights following us is a very strong memory.

From West Point we went to Vietnam. The evening of the day we arrived at Bien Hoa, we ran into Terry Connell, Link Jones and a couple other '58 classmates that we had dinner with before they left for the states, and we were sent off to our respective assignments. While most of the '58 classmates and wives spent R&R in Hawaii, Bob and I went to Hong Kong. We took our 7 day leave in Bangkok and a delay in route in Japan on the way home . We then took a 10 day trip to Hawaii before our leave ended.

After Vietnam, Bob went to C&GS at Fort Leavenworth, KS, and I was the Chief Food Service at the post hospital. We lived across the street from Tom and Emily Carpenter. What a fun year. While there we started our family, and I was medically boarded out of the Army for pregnancy.

From Leavenworth we went to Heidelberg, Germany. While waiting for our quarters in Heidelberg, classmate camaraderie and generosity saved this 8 month pregnant wife. Ellie and Mike Mahler took us into their quarters so we would not have to stay in the VOQ (without a car) miles away from the hospital and the headquarters where Bob

worked. The 6 years we spent in Germany only increased the number and tightened the bonds with other service families and '58 classmates. We lived in Heidelberg, Stuttgart, Aschaffenburg and Wuerzburg. We did not expect that we would ever come back to Europe, so we traveled to as many places as we could. Although the places were great, the people that we shared the experiences with are the real memories. We returned from Europe with new friends, outstanding memories and two children, Lara and Ross.

Carlisle, PA, for the Army War College was our next stop, then back to West Point for an entirely new experience as a married couple with a 7 year old and a 5 year old. Many of my previous employees were still there, which expanded our enjoyment and experiences beyond the post. It was 4 years of tailgates, cadet dinings-in, cadet dinners at our house, watching the beginning of T-ball games wearing formal attire, getting our children through the 3rd and 5th grades and fun with friends and family.

Bob's active duty service came to an end after Brigade Command at Fort Carson. He then went to work for and with Jim Jones, another classmate. It has been one devil of a ride and new experiences with old friends fill the current years with enjoyment and cheer. The military life provided a great world filled with wonderful places, great friends, and very memorable experiences.

Bonnie Moscatelli



JOAN NORMINGTON

My connections with West Point go back to seventh grade when Chuck was in my class saying, "I am going to West Point"; I replied, "I am going to Wellesley". And we both did. His family moved after ninth grade, back to Michigan. Once he was at West Point, we saw each other often. We married three days after his graduation and two days before mine. I have

many fond memories of our time together at West Point.

In 1965, We were at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, as he was getting his advanced degree.

And I should add, we had five children by then. He had to fly in the T-33 for the flying status and was killed in a crash November 18; 1966. My oldest son, Karl, was 7, Jonathan was 5, Andrew 4, Sarah 2 and JAMES 8 months old. I moved back to Massachusetts to be near my parents and siblings. I had just a brief time as a military wife.....

Over the many years, the children and I returned to West Point every few years as Chuck is buried there. I was so touched as the children grew older that they went on their own to visit their father. In November 2016, James and Sarah and their families organized a trip to go to West Point on the 50th Anniversary of Chuck's death. We went to the grave with a wreath the kids brought; we went to the football game, and we had a wonderful time. I did much telling of stories about time with their Dad as I dated him there, and we talked about our brief time as part of military life.

We have all done well. Karl went to MIT and went on to get his PhD in microbiology, now working in drug research. He and Eileen live in Beverly, MA and have two children, Louisa at the University of Alberta, and Charlie in NC. with my first great granddaughter, Lylah, age 6. Jonathan has a culinary art background, always loved food; he and his wife Kathy have a Country Store and The Kitchen in Windham, NH. Rachel is in Oregon with second great granddaughter, almost two. Timothy is in Colorado where he works in graphic design. Andrew has always loved gardens and plants and has always worked with them. He and Jack live in Palmetto, FL. Sarah and Larry live in Natick, MA with their daughter, Melissa, who will graduate this year. Sarah has worked for the town of Wellesley for almost 30 years. James is enjoying the corporate world at Raytheon, living in Chelmsford MA with his wife Kate and Amelia, age 11, with her father's dry sense of humor.

I lived in Windham, NH for 28 years, but downsized 3 years ago to a small manufactured home in Manchester, just 10 miles from Jon's place where I can drop in for wonderful soup whenever I am in Town. I am very active in the Windham Historical Society and the Historic District Commission. For almost 50 years I have enjoyed photography. Now digital, I have compiled a study of all the houses in

Windham built before 1941 and other historic sites, over 300 photos, which have been valuable to my historical groups as the town is growing, lots of development going on. And I still take many photos at all family gatherings.

Life is very good.

Joan Normington

Widow of Chuck Normington, D1



MIM NUNN “OVER HILL, OVER DALE....”

Over Hill, Over Dale, and along a few Dusty Trails. It has been an unbelievable 59 year journey.

Met John at Fort Sill, Oklahoma where my father was stationed. At the time I was attending Cameron College and teaching ballet on post. After a long-distance courtship (he was at Benning, Bliss, and Camp Gary), we married between flight schools at Gary and Fort Rucker.

Then off to Germany for 3 years. While there I became the default sponsor (as I spoke passable German) for incoming officers families in need of housing on the economy. Spent a short stint with John at Camp Bergen - Belsen (former Nazi labor / death camp) where I was fortunate to escort visiting civilian and military dignitaries around the Park and Memorial site! Even managed to give birth to our son, Craig, on Christmas Day, 1961.

Upon returning stateside, we moved almost every year, sometimes 6 months or less. I had our daughter, Tara, in Columbus, Ga. in June of 1965, while John was on a hardship tour in Greece! Spent the rest of the year at Ft. Monroe with my parents. When John returned we went to Ft. Stewart, Ga. While there I taught ballet and also joined the Civic Ballet Co. in Savannah. Just as I was having a fun and fulfilling time, John received orders to Vietnam. It was off to Hampton, Va. to be near my parents. Once again I joined the Civic Ballet Co. John found out he would be assigned to Ft Monroe upon returning state-

side so I managed to buy a house and was all settled in when he returned.

From Monroe it was off to Atlanta while John studied (Ga. Tech, compliments of the Army). I did teach ballet again. We also purchased a home built at the turn of the century, needing restoration, and hard labor! Spent every free moment working on it. After Atlanta it was off to Good Old DC! I spent the first few years with kids' activities and John's career. Then decided to become a Realtor in 1975 and am still at it today. One of the more fun things with the class was arranging the trains to the Army-Navy football games in Philly in the 80's. In those days Army won most of the time!

I could go on and on with fun loving stories and accomplishments but, to repeat my opening line "It's been an unbelievable 59 year journey".

Mimi Nunn



SUE OELKE

An impossible task—condensing almost 60 years of marriage onto one page; life in the Army, civilian life, and now retired life—ridiculous! (smile)

But here goes: married on Graduation Day, I immediately began the adjustment from life as a full Colonel's daughter to life as a Second Lieutenant's wife, and, in no time, a pregnant one at that! I'll say this: it has been a glorious adventure! Naturally, both of us have grown and changed, but somehow we've managed to hang together through good times and bad so that today we have a marriage that is strong and immensely happy.

Our first post was Fort Lewis, Washington. We were blessed in that there were five 58'ers in our U-shaped quarters area. The camaraderie was life-giving and life-saving. All of us were poor, having babies right and left (as was mandated in the 50s culture), watching our husbands work too hard. We held each other up through it all. We left

that post with life-long friends.

On to other assignments. Our two sons were born fourteen months apart so it was a real challenge moving as often as required in the early days of Karl's career, with two infants/toddlers and not much help possible from the male parent.

Other assignments, other moves, other separations, including seven months when the boys and I couldn't join Karl in Germany, thanks to President Eisenhower's attempt to stem the gold flow. The boys and I lived with Karl's folks on their farm and that was a very loving and supportive time. Then of course there was the obligatory year for Karl in Viet Nam. We parked ourselves in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where we had the support of lots of other "geographic widows."

Having already completed graduate school at Columbia University before Viet Nam, Karl was ready on his return to teach at West Point. We were blessed to have our assignment there extended to four years, which gave Karl time to complete his PhD at Columbia. It was a happy time for all of us! We decided to make it our Swan Song to Army life as Karl realized he really wanted to continue teaching. A two-year college in New Jersey offered him a position as chair of their English Department, and so began our MAJOR adjustment to civilian life.

Not too long after our shift, we had a dramatic and powerful conversion to Christianity and soon gave ourselves to the life of the church and to a marriage enrichment ministry called Marriage Encounter. Fast forward about fourteen years and we came to the hard realization that we are both alcoholics and joined the ranks of recovery in AA—29 years sober. There is WONDERFUL life after alcohol!!

For our final chapter, we have chosen the Roaring Fork Valley in western Colorado to be close to our dearest friends from Army days, Barbara and John Palmer. Our choice was a good one; we have both found life here to be very satisfying as a place to START getting old. Come visit us in paradise!!

Sue Oelke



NANCY ORDWAY

Roderick Edward “Butch” Ordway was born at West Point, the youngest of five children, to a family with a strong military heritage. He took great pride in the distinguished Ordway Family lineage that included a cousin who had been a key member of the Lewis and Clark expedition and a great grandfather who fought in the Civil War and later formed the first National Guard unit of Washington, D. C. His lengthy career as an army officer is best summarized as outstanding and distinguished in every respect. Butch had Duty, Honor, Country in his veins. He was the consummate military professional who loved soldiers and led them with skill, courage and selflessness.

In the late 1970’s, Butch began to contemplate a career change, driven by a strong desire to become an entrepreneur in the private sector. He made his decision in 1980, thereby removing himself from consideration for a likely promotion to general officer. During this period two signature events occurred. First, he became reacquainted with the love of his life, Nancy Bradford, and they were married in 1986 in Washington, DC. On the 21st of June, 2011, they would have celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary. Their mutual friendship, partnership and deep love for each other continuously strengthened and delighted them. They were a most attractive couple that always lightened the mood of every social gathering with their quick wit and engaging personalities.

The second event occurred when he joined several classmates in a business venture that would take a startup company from scratch to a most successful national enterprise. As CFO, Butch’s role was instrumental to RJ Moore and Associates success in growing from the most modest beginnings to the largest home inspection company in the United States. Butch became a partner for Lafayette Investments and used his considerable business skills to successfully manage investment accounts for a cross section of investors who, over time, enamel a circle of friends.

During recent years, Butch kept in close touch with West Point. It was his brilliant idea to create a First Class Club as the Class of 1958’s formal Class Gift to the Academy. He contributed many hours and days overseeing the planning, construction and procedures for the operation of the Club. After the club opened, he continued to supervise the

ongoing operations. The First Class Club has often been mentioned by cadets and faculty as the most successful and meaningful gift of any class to our al a mater, a true tribute to Butch's innovation and steadfastness in bringing it from dream to reality.

Throughout his life, Butch inspired numerous young men and women. He was cherished by his family. His devotion to his nephews, Michael and Chuck Roddy, and their families, was an important part of his life. Butch and Nancy were most proud of being Godparents within the extended family.

Butch will be forever missed by those whose lives he touched. While his physical presence is no longer in our world, the inspirational thoughts and memories of him, his infectious zest for life, wonderful sense of humor, and unbounded affection for those he knew will always be in our hearts.

Nancy Ordway



BARBARA PALMER

Sixty years is a long time to reflect on. . . I remember meeting John Palmer in a rather circuitous way in 1955. He swept me away! Happy, exciting, joyful and slightly terrifying! We married the day after graduation. Along the way, I cheerfully (mostly) conformed to Army life, never seriously considering the details and moral implications of John's career. He served, and I served -- like so many other faithful wives. We had children, we moved, and we moved, and moved again. Like so many other Army families we experienced years of new adventures and challenges. After 29 moves we retired and are settled in for our remaining years together.

When our children had grown and moved on, I had the opportunity to finish my undergraduate work and move on to my longed-for seminary studies. The seminal moment came when John endorsed my dream by saying, "You supported me through my Masters and Doctorate, I owe you this -- you have my total support." What a gift! And of course, like all dreams, there were major challenges in making them become real!

None-the-less, with John's endorsing words, my insular world broke open as I encountered students and faculty from every continent, and every racial, ethnic and cultural background. My unfolding theological education opened new ways of thinking and being in the world. I grew and thrived, was frequently overwhelmed, and finally graduated at 60, the oldest person in my class. A year later I was ordained. My ministry continues at 80, and perhaps one day I'll consider retiring.

One amazing moment I will always cherish is leading the class in prayer at the memorial service at our 55th reunion -- honoring and blessing our beloved and departed classmates.

In love and commitment, over bumpy roads and smooth ones, John and I supported one another to fulfill our individual and collective dreams. The class of 1958 produced many stellar men -- none finer than my beloved, John.

This is my story. I'm deeply grateful for it, and so pleased with the invitation to share it. Blessings to each one,

Barbara. (Rev. Barbara K. Palmer)



BIBS REYNARD CELEBRATING 60 WITH '58!

I count it 63 with '58! From my first trip to West Point for Spring Leave '55 (when plebes didn't leave) to visit Dick Reynard, a former Buckeye buddy, and check out how festivities on the Hudson compared with frat parties in New Jersey during my freshman year...(not close!) but then, I never really left - thus claiming 3+ years on the Grant Hall 'drag rail' with dear friend Billie Tutin for company. How vividly I recall waiting for those few precious hours in the Thayer Crest Room between Saturday parade and the melancholy Sunday 1800h dinner curtain to fall, (albeit periodically spiced by such treats as Alex Johnston's covert Tamale Sandwiches for the drive home)... sheer bliss!

The three following years were marked by an A pin, a miniature, and finally a portfolio of plans for our Connecticut wedding - sabers, classmates, family and friends who gathered to share the celebration three days after graduation! From there to Fort Sill...followed by the promise of a Hawaiian honeymoon - a great first assignment which began somewhat raucously with five days on the rock and rollin' USNS Patrick - but safely at pier 39, we were greeted not only by the 25th ID band, but by Ann and Linc Jones...the essence of Aloha! Memories of the proud Tropic Lightning Division still shine bright. We were there to celebrate Hawaii statehood and the births of two beautiful daughters during our 40 halcyon months. From the island beginning to the last active-duty hurrah when Dick relinquished the V Corps Artillery colors in Germany some 31 years later, I wouldn't trade those years for any others.

A civilian bride, I looked forward to being an Army wife at a time when «job» was spelled v-o-l-u-n-t-e-e-r and I realized my college major, Early Childhood Ed, would be tactically more useful as a Mom. However, there was no scarcity of work to choose from since most family and community activities were entirely volunteer dependent. In fact, I'd been happily «conscripted» early on at Fort Sill by Army daughter and friend, Jackie Mace, to volunteer at the post Thrift Shop before I even knew what that was. I learned quickly the value of participation in fostering a sense of «belonging». I was hooked right off the bat and welcomed especially opportunities that gave me a chance to develop new skills as well as support and contribute wherever we called «home». There was always a worthy cause and volunteering became a habit, one that afforded satisfaction at the time and provides a plethora of memories now.

If I were to choose a favorite memory it would probably be one that began as an unique challenge to compile a booklet highlighting basic - mostly Army - customs and traditions, while Dick was the 24th DIVARTY commander at Fort Stewart. It was the «80s and among the distaff leadership in the community it seemed there was the opportunity - perhaps even a bit of «need» :-)) to provide an overview of useful information on what was too often dauntingly called «protocol», and at the same time include some social tips (thank you, thank you and RSVP!) in plain language. With input, ideas and suggestions from friends and colleagues and supported by an ad hoc committee, I dusted off my trusty Remington to type a seventeen page product

and titled it "The ONCE OVER....lightly".

It was mimeographed (a real memory jogger!) by the Division AG, included in welcome packets for the incoming Officer and NCO wives and was, by all accounts, a success. However, with continuing requests for copies, the booklets and funds to produce them ran out about the same time Dick's 36 month command ended. When offered the opportunity to copyright the contents I did so, and with the expertise of a wonderful local printer and a generous local bank supporting it, I was able to gift the Division with 100 copies and head toward the Pentagon with the copyright, a few booklets in my kit bag and a future «TBD».

Now, some 35 years later, the booklet's become a living memory. It's multi-thousand copies grown to a whopping 30 pages including periodic timely additions. It's been surprisingly resilient over time - no advertising - available mostly by «reputation» and priced at just enough to pay the printers! Most gratifying and equally as amazing - it's been distributed to spouses at the CGSC Pre-Command Courses for the past several years! Who could have guessed!

So for me at the the big 6-0, not only do the memories linger, but they seem to grow, along with the joy of having shared a great life as a small part of the Great '58!

Bibs Reynard



FLORENCE SALISBURY

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

Didn't drag. Didn't know USMA and '58. Met and married Alan at Fort Leavenworth when he was a major. Late start "getting to know you, getting to know all about you, getting to like you..."

To first A-N game on Secretary's train with Alan, Linc, and Ann Jones. Warm game "Welcome to '58" from Dotty Castle (Jim). Branch

Worsham's call to me early wedding day morning (Nancy)—'58 friendships begun!

California. Two years near Chuck and Hallie Cabell. Jody Le-Towt's Carmel LeBistro (Dianne). Years later LeTowts' friends' son becomes our son-in-law! More years. AMAZING '58 concert, Carmel mini.

Holidays, beach vacations, (MORE!) with Bill and Antonia Gialourakis. Families friends now into third generation. Garry and Jill Roosma's tailgates. Alan pinning on Meg's 2nd LT bars. Terry and Harriett Connell's twins, my fifth graders!

US Bicentennial Tall Ships with Joe Shea's family, Joe's watercolors, Colorado Springs L1 visit, table talks. Mary Kirkegaard (Larry) hearing music for the very first time! Ellie Mahler (Mike) propping up Balancing Rock. Contrasting Japanese heritage stories of Dick Hirata (Kathy) and Bob Matsumoto (Twyla).

Stalwart, guiding friend Janice Brintnall. Pete and Alan's efforts bring about Tricare for Life!!! Sharing August 3 birthday with "almost twin" Palmer McGrew (Ceda, my rhubarb friend). Isolde Di-Mauro's train village (Phil), Dick and Audrey Webb's church concerts and after parties—Christmas begins!

Tales: Successful 13th Street Phantom potion for Bob and Bonnie Moscatelli, Susie Spurlock's altered recipes (Lon), Dick Graves' plebe Christmas math tutoring (Bev), Surprise Sup's 'quarters lunch (Scotty and Dusty Scott) on our 13th wedding anniversary.

Class of '26 sons: Chuck Toftoy (Patti), Tony Smith (Bonnie), Will and Garry Roosma (Sandy, Jill), Linc Jones (Ann), Alan Salisbury (step-brother of Linc), Church Hutton (Evie), Sam Collins (Joan), Jay Stanton (Annie)—AND daughter of Red Reeder, Dodie Hruby (Dale).

My first Olympian, Mary Jane Parks (Bill)--BEST chocolate cake! Dedicated scribe George Sibert (Judy)—savored every word. New England-Canada cruise, Alexandria plays, thanks Betty and Herb Puscheck. Downings (Jack, Margie) at '08 50-year events. Serchaks (Bill, Edna Mae)—insights, prayer shawls, Bridget! Tom and Emily Carpenter's DC '58 parties. Moved. Parties at our house to this very day.

Dancers: Bob and Twyla Matsumoto. Storytellers: Will Roosma

(Sandy) and Dolores Bauer (Tony). Jokes: Dick Reidy. Performers: Oksana Stambaugh (Bill), three Texans (Amigos!)—Stan Bacon (Jill), Sam Myers (Leslie), Chuck Densford (Patsy). Music: Singalongs to Joe Luman’s piano (Peggy); Kathy Schwar (Joe) and Gayle Robertson (George); “Palmer and the Generals” (McGrew, Pete Brintnall, George Robertson, Alan Salisbury); these and Jerry Prohaska (Marjorie) in West Point Alumni Glee Club. Sports updates: Brad Johnson (Carol). Golf tournaments: Tommy Sands (Barbara).

May at the Vietnam Memorial, reunions (minis, lots!), First Class Club, games, parades, children, grandchildren, joys, hardships, weddings, funerals, mellowing, aging. Grip hands!

More, MORE! Need more space! Surely “you’ve noticed...I’m bright and breezy, because of all the beautiful and new things I’m (still) learning about you....” Bits and pieces. Lives well-lived.

’58 IS great! Bless you all, especially my dear Alan who brought all of this and more to me.

Florence Salisbury



KATHY SCHWAR

NOTES FROM THIS ARMY WIFE

The truth is that I did not marry Joe Schwar in 1958; his late wife Pat Hollins did and she was married to Joe for almost 39 years and then lost a battle with lung cancer in early 1997. Believe it or not I came on the scene in mid-1997, after a career as a Navy wife for 23 years plus, and my late husband lost his battle with melanoma in 1989.

Coincidentally, Joe and I had many similar tales and our quote was “Can you top this story?” This year we celebrate 20 years of married life, and now I feel eligible to be writing this story.

The West Point class of 1958 were incredibly welcoming and gracious at my first mini-reunion in 1997, and everyone since then has made

me feel like a 58 bride! I have been blessed with the gift of voice and on many occasions at Mini's have shared this gift with the class of 58' and the response has been

very warm. In May of 2006, I donned a Marilyn Monroe outfit and sang Happy Birthday to Joe in Savannah Ga. Attempting to mimic Marilyn's song to JFK some years back, the applause was so supportive .

Together Joe and I have eleven children and to make that an even dozen would have meant for the Wise Men to appear again. We are blessed with sixteen grandchildren and the Hallmark stores love us.

I am proud to be Joe's wife and an Army wife and a member of the class of 58 - Go Army Beat Navy!!

Rathy Schwarz



PAMELA TAYLOR

Tom told people ours was a classic wartime story. We met in 1965 on a beach in Hawaii where I was on a layover with Pan Am, and Tom, on his way to Vietnam, was diverted with a mechanical problem. During our first encounter, we were swimming in the ocean so engrossed we didn't realize our raft was caught in a rip-tide. We'd have never made it back without an outrigger rescue.

For over two years, I'd fly to Saigon, with little time except for a kiss, but it was exhilarating just to be with him. We became engaged during R&R in Hong Kong and got married when he left the Army in 1968. We're the "49ers", he'd announce from his hospital bed.

Tom and I were both military brats used to separating deployments and exciting foreign travel. Friends sometimes thought we were divorcing when we'd deploy in different directions for weeks or months. For us it was normal. While he was in graduate and law school in Berkeley, I was stationed in New York and L.A.. Then we bought a house in Berkeley, our center for over twenty two years, even during the time Tom was in Saudi Arabia and I was stationed in

London. We supported each other's follies, never questioned them.

While the military and law were Tom's first vocations, his passions were writing and triathlons. When he sold the movie rights to "Born Of War" to Hollywood, he was able to focus on his writing and training producing at least six more books and countless triathlons. I too had adventures based in Indonesia, I flew pilgrims to Mecca and took art history and classes in cuisine in Paris. But we also traveled together extensively to remote places on every continent.

In 1991, we moved to Washington, DC, for just one year, but stayed for fourteen. Tom called those years the time of "couth and culcha". And he continued to write about military history. Based on that work, General Petraeus asked Tom to embed with him and cover the Iraq War in 2003 which led to "Lightning in The Storm."

In 2004, we moved to Inverness. We had been visiting since 1969 and loved the area. It was perfect for Tom's writing and training which he continued to the end. He loved offering his liberal views to conservative military men on online forums. One of the last things he said to me was, "I am going to miss running through the trees."

And I am going to miss his wild and adventurous spirit, vast knowledge and loving hugs.

Pamela Taylor



SALLY TIERNEY

Celebrating Wives and Widows of the Class of 1958

The class of 1958 had an opportunity to choose which branch of the service to enter, if not the Army. Bob chose Air Force and since the Air Force Academy graduated their first class in 1959, this option no longer existed for future West Point graduates.

We were married on June 14, after June week, at my family's church in Glenview, Illinois. Since we had been engaged since 1954, it was appropriate that we shared our wedding date with a celebration of

Flag Day...a long wait!

Our first assignment was at Moore Air Force Base in McAllen, Texas where Bob began pilot training in T33s. I'll never forget how small that plane looked!! We moved into an apartment in town and hoped that Base Housing would be available soon. Bob's G2 classmate, Brad Eliot, and his wife, Janet moved in across the hall. While there, I had surgery to remove two tumors on my ovaries. Janet became my devoted nurse during recovery. After surgery, my doctor told us, it was unlikely that we would have children. Of course, this was a shock as we wished so to have a family. When Base housing became available, we were relieved as the rent was only \$50 per month. Houses were small, but big enough for us and a few field mice. I even found one in our toaster! However, we had fun parties, played Bridge, and celebrated together the day our husbands received their wings! We left knowing we had made good and lasting friendships.

We were then assigned to Webb Air Force Base, an Air Defense Command in Big Spring, Texas where pilots trained in F86s. Big Spring was considered the Dust Bowl of West Texas. The climate was VERY hot and VERY dry. We lived with swamp boxes instead of air-conditioners to cool the house, which emitted a dank and putrid smell. Sand and dust were even in the bathtub after a big storm. Our house was a duplex, configured with one room leading into another, with no hallway. The walls were paper thin and since Bob's instructor shared the other half of the house, we often heard his loud voice shouting critiques of his new pilot! However, the highlight of this tour for us was my becoming pregnant. We both felt very blessed that we beat the odds.

Our next assignment began [month and year?] was to Moody AFB in Valdosta, Georgia. Bob continued to fly F86s, but many were not in good condition. I felt anxious every morning when he went off to work. Listening to tales of bailouts, and going to parties to celebrate them, gave us a weird sense of relief and gratitude for not having experienced that. Our son, Chris, was born on March 7th, 1960, and four months later, we moved on to McConnell AFB, Wichita, Kansas. Due to the Cuban Missile Crisis, the need for SAC (Strategic Air Command) pilots was immediate so we were relocated to Lockbourne AFB, in Columbus, Ohio. Our B47 Pilots were "On Alert," either flying night sorties from coast to coast, or to and from our Base to England. During the next four years, we had two more children! This was a fearful and difficult time. We built a bomb shelter in a friend's basement, supplied with needs for 3 families. Fortunately, we didn't have to use it!

Bob resigned in 1965, so Lockbourne AFB in Ohio was our last experience in the Military. We had driven to Washington to appeal to Headquarters to be released from SAC, and volunteered to go to Vietnam. When the appeal was declined, he resigned. His Military commitment was over. After a short stint with IBM in San Francisco, he was accepted by the CIA, and in the fall of 1965, the Tierney family of five moved to Vientiane, Laos where Bob continued serving his country.

Sally Tierney

Widow of Robert Tierney G2



SALLY TIMBERLAKE

Ted and I met at Eisenhower's 2nd inauguration (1957). Ed Matthew a high school friend of my roommate, Pat Booker from Bronxville, NY, called Pat and asked if she could set up blind dates for Frank Phillips, Ted and himself. Pat and I were going to the inauguration anyway and had tickets near the platform because Pat was a Political Science major (we both were students at Goucher college in Baltimore, MD.) and was interning for the Governor of Maryland. I believe most of the Corps marched in the parade-at least E2 did, After the parade we met Ted and Frank at the 823 Club on Pennsylvania Ave. For some reason Ed did not come down. Ted said when they came in the restaurant, Pat was the only one sitting in the booth. He took a chance and thought he would sit on the other side- not having the slightest idea who the other date would be. It certainly worked out. The next weekend I went up to West Point and from then on we were together.

We were married June 19, 1958. Turns out Ed's parents moved to Princeton, New Jersey where I was living before Ted and I were married. Ed was at the rehearsal and his parents were at the wedding. Ted died in 2000. We had two sons, 4 grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Our son, grandson and great grandson are named after Ted, (Edward J Timberlake IV, V, VI)

Sally Timberlake

PATTI TOFTOY

While Chuck was on his second Vietnam tour, I was living in New Orleans, LA, with our two sons, Eric and York, ages one and two and a five year old basset hound.

The year was 1969 and Hurricane Camille was on its way towards us, although it veered off at the last minute and hit Biloxi, MS. New Orleans, being below sea level, everyone was frantically trying to get out of its path and go to higher ground. We managed to get out of the city and stay with friends in the nearby suburb.

The next day, I became concerned that somehow Chuck would hear about the hurricane and not realize it did not hit New Orleans. I picked up the phone and the operator connected me to the Red Cross and they took down the information on our well being and contacted Chuck by helicopter in the jungle of Vietnam and told him that we were okay.

He had actually been told that New Orleans had been hit and that the levee had broken and having lived near the levee it was fortunate that the Red Cross had gotten word to him, the last thing he needed was to worry about us.

This story is actually a tribute to the Red Cross.

Patti Toftoy



VALERIE TURNER

In April of 1966, I was working a flight as a cabin attendant on TWA from NY to Rome, Italy. I was working the first class section and our Indonesian purser thought a scotch and soda could be a scotch and coke, 7up, etc. Yikes! We needed help and Dave Turner, who was a new, young, handsome pilot, was flying as a passenger to Rome to work a flight back in several days. He was sitting in first class and I approached him and asked if he knew how to mix drinks and, if so, would he please help us. "Yes, of course!" So after helping out, playing gin rummy at the pool and having dinner together, we kind of liked each other and decided we would continue forward. We just celebrated our 50th anniversary.

During 1966 and early 1967, I worked 4 flights to Vietnam. A childhood friend of mine who attended West Point had been killed so these flights were very meaningful to me.

We were married in 1967 and, in 1968, we were at West Point for the 10 year reunion. The memorable moment of this reunion was when Dave's first wife, who was dating a West Pointer who was celebrating his 5th reunion, decided to drop in to say "hello." By this time everyone had had a few drinks, and people would say, "I just met you but you look different." It may have been a little painful then, but Dave always liked to say he was the only classmate to have 2 wives at a reunion. We survived that and many years of melding two families.

We enjoyed visits to West Point while living in CT and staying with classmates who were teaching there and also trips to the Air Force Academy to see classmates who had assignments there.

While I was not a June bride at West Point, I have loved the friendships of classmates and their wives who have become good friends over the years.

Valerie Turner



LAURELEI WADDELL

Sixty years ago on June 4, 1958, Laurelei Duty became Laurelei Waddell! Roger always likes to tell the story of how we met. Imagine the Weapons Room, I was with another cadet and across a crowded room he saw me! He and the cadets with him drew straws to decide who was going to ask me for my number. He was shy but said the first time he saw me he knew we would be married. He didn't win the draw but we did manage to get together later! When he found out my last name was Duty he knew it was his duty to marry me.

I went to the Army Navy game in 1957 and after the game we went to a night club to see Johnny Mathis. One of the songs was "Wonderful, Wonderful" and that soon became what we call "our song". The ending words are, «and I say to myself it's wonderful, wonderful, oh so wonderful my love». Whenever we hear that song we stop and listen to it. And

that's how I feel after 60 wonderful years of loving Roger.

I was raised in an Army family so I knew what to expect, and I was not disappointed. My Dad always said when it was time to move, we were going on an adventure, and that was what we always told our three children. My first memory was of my Mother and two sisters and I going to Korea after WWII. It was 1947 or '48. It took us 30 days to get there on the ship, USS Comfort. My Dad was a medic, wounded in Okinawa, and was stationed in Korea after the war. We were there for a year and had to evacuate with three days notice due to the impending start of the conflict.

I have lived in Michigan, Korea, Kentucky, Germany, New York, New Jersey, Virginia, Texas, Alabama, Oklahoma, North Carolina, Washington, Georgia, Maryland, California, Virginia, and Florida.

The friends we have made in the 22 years Roger served are still our friends. The bonds you make with the Army family are everlasting.

Laurelei Duty Waddell



JO WARD

There have been wonderful memories because I married the person who provided the memories.

My sister, Fran, and her future husband, Jack Schneider, introduced me to Wally Ward. He was a yearling and I had just finished my undergraduate degree from Ladycliff College and was teaching 3th grade in Orange County. We were married on June 7th, 1958 in a double wedding with Fran and Jack Schneider.

This year is our 60th wedding anniversary and Wally's 60th class reunion. That's what makes a wonderful memory.

Jo Ward

AUDREY WEBB

The Making of an Army Wife

In July of 1958, I married my sweetheart, 2nd Lt. Richard B. Webb, in Columbus, GA, my hometown. We had met at nearby Ft. Benning on a blind date nearly two years before. Ours had been an exciting, though uncertain, long-distance courtship, and I was more than ready to become a permanent part of Dick's life. I was a starry-eyed bride who had said that I would follow Dick no matter where he was sent. After brief schools at Ft. Monmouth, NJ, and at Ft. Benning, we were off to Dick's first real assignment in Augsburg, Germany, in Jan. 1959.

We had promised my parents that I would finish my final year of college at the U. of MD in Europe. Enrolled in both day and night classes, I lived in Munich from Mon—Thurs. I was leading a double life. A great experience!

As long as I was a student, I was exempt from the expected "duties" of an Army wife. But eventually I had to transition to the many rules, do's, don'ts, and social expectations, and even a proper dress code for shopping at the commissary, as well as mandatory curfews at night.

I also had to face the reality of having a husband who was gone a lot of the time. Dick, a platoon leader in the 24th Signal Battalion, seemed to be constantly coming and going. I was frustrated by the weeks in the field, week-end duty officer, and overnight duty officer. And then I learned from older wives about "hardship tours" with separations for a full year!

Dick was the embodiment of "Duty, Honor, Country." But I was having a serious emotional struggle. One night I had a dream that Dick received orders to go on a year-long retracing of the Lewis and Clark Trail. When I begged him not to leave me, his reply was "Duty Calls!" I felt that Dick and I were trapped in a BIG NET (the Army). If I could escape from the NET, I would lose Dick, whom I loved. What a "no win" situation!

Finally, one day I turned my life over to God, and what HIS will was for our lives, EVEN IF DICK CHOSE TO GO SPECIAL FORCES, which

was the worst thing that I could think of. To my utter shock, because he had never, ever, mentioned this to me, the very next week, Dick walked in and told me that he wanted to go Special Forces! Does God have a sense of humor or what? Had Dick somehow overheard my secret prayer? Was this a cosmic joke? I was also surprised by my own reaction when I calmly said that it would be okay with me, if that's what he wanted to do. Still, I was relieved when later the doctor told Dick that his polio-afflicted feet didn't pass the test to go Special Forces.

Sure, I had known we were in a Cold War with the Soviet Union, yet somehow the threat didn't seem real to me. I didn't fully appreciate the job that my husband and the Army were doing to protect our lives and freedoms. Nor did I, an immature, somewhat headstrong young woman, appreciate my important role in supporting him.

I went on to graduate from the University in May, 1960. We were in Europe in Aug., 1961 when the Berlin Wall went up. After Germany, Dick and I raised three wonderful sons. We lived in some very interesting places, traveled a lot, endured two Vietnam hardship tours, made life-long friends. We rejoiced on Nov. 9, 1989 when the Berlin Wall fell---the end of the Cold War!

The life of an Army Wife? I wouldn't have traded it for any other life! The Lord knew best, after all.

Audrey Webb



BETTE WILLIAMS D-2

MEMORIES ARE WONDERFUL PIECES OF LIFE

We were, like most of you, busy being part of military life most of the time. We enjoyed being parents, loads of sports, hobbies and frequent moves. Our Children have grown to be wonderful Men with beautiful Wives and of course, our 3 wonderful Grandchildren are the best ever!

Don played his tennis and squash all over the world. Both our sons played sports also, kept them out of trouble. I kept busy driving them everywhere and doing all the laundry and cheering from the sidelines.

Both Don and I participated in Community Theater wherever we went. Don did both Professional Theater and Community Theater, movies and TV. He also made the best looking Santa!

I stayed with Community Theater and enjoyed my backstage work. I mostly painted and dressed sets, did costuming. When climbing the ladders became unsafe, I did make-up design, hair design and wigging. When Don directed, I produced for him, it was great fun and kept me out of trouble. Both of our sons helped out when they were young and, in 1980, both Dennis and Darren started up a Production Company that is Darren's full Production Company today.

Sadly we lost Don, but we do have great memories and talk of him often. We especially enjoy remembering him in the role of Benjamin Franklin in the Musical 1776. He played the role 9 times, even at Constitution Hall with the Philharmonic playing the score and real Senators playing the roles of Senators in 1776.

See you at the 60th.

Bette Williams



ELLIE WILSON

IN THE BEGINNING

Bad Hersfeld, Germany, 1961 – a small village 2 hours north of Frankfurt and 10 Ks from the East German border. It was here that a complete new staff of elementary teachers arrived in late August from the U.S., prepared to teach the children of Army families stationed with the 14th ACR.

We were housed in the west wing of the small BOQ... in the very early days of co-ed housing! While the conditions were somewhat sparse, they were quite good with our housekeeper, Hans.

Four of us were third year teachers and our relationship blended so well that we became traveling companions throughout the year. It wasn't long before the teachers, the service club gals and the male residents of the BOQ took part in some of the activities and became family away from home.

It was also here that CPT Gene Wilson was assigned with the Aviation Section 14th ACR as the Fixed-Wing Border Pilot on the East-West German Border to provide twice-daily aerial recon and surveillance seven days a week. He was known as an excellent soccer player, clarinet player, skier, dancer and defender of justice (according to the Jag) and one of several West Point grads at the Bad Hersfeld Army Post.

Our first date was on a warm, Sunday afternoon in October of 1961 in Gene's brand new 1962 shiny, red VW "Beetle" convertible. He invited me on a drive to historic Kassel and the Hercules Bau overlooking the city and an 'innocent' glass of wine at a small café. During our conversation that afternoon, I shared that I was in Germany to visit relatives, learn more about my German heritage and travel Europe. And that I had no intention of developing a relationship with an Army officer. Whoever would enjoy being a 'nomad' in the military!?? Words which I have since 'eaten'! And according to Gene, the challenge had been established.

We saw each other casually and during group gatherings. Dating was intermittent as Gene was busy with his responsibilities and I was traveling on weekends. Spring arrived in March and during the break Gene took me to the Swabisch Alp where we visited with my family, Onkel Hans and Tante Sophie. Later that summer we spent time in Munich and Garmisch. Time moved swiftly between June and August and included many evening dinners at the Schiltzerhof. I cancelled my new contract to remain in Germany and returned to my home in California. We decided to continue our relationship when Gene returned to the States in December... now a long distance courtship... a new risk! Plans were made to meet Gene and his family between Christmas and New Year in West Virginia. In spite of all the bad weather creating many challenges that December, we became engaged on New Year's Eve.

Now we had two choices for a wedding date... soon or 9 months later at the end of school at Fort Sill, OK. We decided soon and the wedding

date was set for January 12, 1963. Wedding invitations were done by phone and my mother and I worked out the things necessary for such an event. Gene and I drove cross country, West Virginia to California, and arrived in time to finalize our plans... bachelor party and all. It was a small, memorable friends and family wedding and dinner party. We honeymooned in Carmel and then embarked on our new life as an Army couple with our first home at Fort Sill. Gene, undoubtedly, convinced me that life as an Army wife would be OK. Home would be wherever we hung our hats. It would be a life of adventure and new experiences as well as challenges. A life full of stories and memories! All 54 years! And it has been!

Ellie Wilson



Toni Gustitis

How time flies! As an Army brat living at West Point, I met my future husband, Norman, at Camp Buckner the summer of 1955. We dated for three years, were engaged for one and married on graduation day at the Catholic Church at West Point. One of the Happiest days of my life.

We started military life at Ft. Knox, KY for armor school, then on to Mineral Wells, TX for Ft. Rucker, AL for more flight school. Our first assignment was with the 25th Division at Schofield Barracks, HI. Two of our daughters, Roxy and Vicky were born in Hawaii and love to return to visit. Norm had a close call when the L-20 he was flying between the islands had engine failure, and he had to bail out into the ocean. He made the front page of the Honolulu Times! It was a scary time for me, not knowing if he survived.

Of all our assignments, our favorite was Presidio of San Francisco. We were lucky to get quarters on post as Norm was an Aide to General Lassetter. We discovered a lot of fun places to visit in the city and had lots of visitors that year.

After Norm's tour in Vietnam and another assignment at Ft. Rucker, Norm left the service and joined United Airlines. We lived in Gettysburg, PA for seven years while Norm flew out of the DC area. Our youngest daughter Jennifer was born there. During his flying career with United we lived in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and finally settled in the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee. Norm re-lived his youth on a small 65 acre farm with a view of the mountains. I learned to be a farmer's wife and enjoyed taking care of the animals. The grandchildren loved to visit!

The 60 years have gone by, and we are fortunate to be in good health and able to do volunteer work in our community. We are blessed with our children, their families and six granddaughters.

Toni Gustitis



We are grateful to all who contributed their stories to this collection of Wives and Widows Memories.

It is in sharing that we are bonded by experience and caring hearts.

May you and your families enjoy this opportunity to tell your own stories as you remember your time together