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United States Military Academy

“Strength and Drive”

A History of the

Class of 1965

Special Edition

To Commemorate the Retirement of

LTG Daniel Christman

55th Superintendent of the Military Academy

June 2001

This is the fourth revision of our Class History, packaged as a Special Edition to commemorate the retirement of our classmate and friend, Dan Christman. As the 55th Superintendent of USMA from 1996 to 2001, Dan left an indelible mark on the physical, academic, and professional landscape of our great alma mater. Along multiple dimensions and by any measure, Dan set the standard for the 21st Century. He made us all proud.

We are thrilled to be here today at the home of Ric and Patty Shinseki to acknowledge Dan's contribution to West Point and our nation as well as to welcome Dan and Susan into the civilian ranks. How fitting that so many of us could be here. Ours is a special West Point class, characterized by colleagues who have participated in significant events over the years and who have contributed to our nation, our noble institution, our families, and one another.

We honor Dan and Susan on this occasion, but in many respects this history, which Denny Coll has so dutifully and lovingly fashioned, honors us as a group. As he recounts those events that have shaped us as individuals and as a class, we understand why we look forward to these opportunities to assemble and celebrate our years together. Further, as Denny points out in his epilogue to this edition, we will expand this volume to include items such as T. J. Kelly's article on the USMA Prep Schoolers and Denny's article on Dan that appeared in the latest Assembly magazine. Be encouraged to send your stories of the past, special reports, and latest events from our class. Let's put our memories to good use while we still have them.

So we gather for another "Recognition Day," with thanks to Dan and Susan for their amazing career, to Ric and Patty for hosting this wonderful event, and to one another for the magnificent memories.

Fred Laughlin, President
Class of '65 – Strength and Drive

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The Beginning -- Plebe Year

'65—STRENGTH and DRIVE has been a motto that has served us well, we of the 168th graduating class of the United States Military Academy at West Point. From that first Wednesday morning in July 1961 when 736 young men showed up on The Plain, later to be joined by 21 turnbacks who had started with previous classes, the Class of '65 would distinguish itself during its four-year tenure at its rockbound highland home and afterward, both in uniform and in civilian life. The history of this class, from being the “sons of slum and gravy” to holding the highest command positions both at West Point and in the Army (an honor that has occurred only twice before in West Point’s history), summarizes some of the more poignant moments when we were cadets and during the years that followed.

Although in later years we would view those early moments in 1961 as the great equalizing time, we got off to a rocky start. One classmate, Ron Kolzing, actually did not show up on that first day. Instead, he was sitting at home in Indiana when he received a call, just before noon, explaining that there had been a mix-up: his Congressman had an opening for another West Point cadet, provided Ron could get to West Point by the following day. Ron did, and the rest is history—this history.

A group of 55 came from the U. S. Military Academy Preparatory School, then at Fort Belvoir, Virginia., where they had spent an academic year, studying math and English and training for cadet life. T. J. Kelly has documented their time together at the Prep School in Attachment A to this paper. These “prepsters” obviously learned their lessons well as they became leaders in the Corps and later in the Army.

During the first two months, we young men from 50 states, a handful of U. S. territories, and several foreign countries received instruction

from the “man in the red sash” in a process that was to change most of us for the rest of our lives. “King of Beast” Ellis, Blumhardt, Grebe, and many others led by “62—Can Do!” They held “Beast Barracks” that summer in the old North Area with many plebes learning their required “poop” in the Lost 50s, echoing the common refrain, “Sir, all I am and all I ever hope to be, I owe to my first detail squad leader!” Those were the days of shower formations, cherry picking exercises in the hallway, bracing, food bites the size of your finger nail, squaring off (instead of rounding off) toe nails, dress offs, and loving terms of affection such *smackhead*, *dufus*, and *doolie*.

Camp Frederick, which signaled that we were getting near the end of Beast, arrived with the plebe skit, tent halves, short arm inspections, “rout step, march” commands across bridges, and boot blousing. We thought we had it made when we marched back to Woo Poo, spiffing up on the road by the Silver Bullion Depository, enjoying the tumultuous welcome on Post as we passed MG William Childs Westmoreland (‘36 First Captain and our future CG in Vietnam) in front of Quarters 100, only to discover that the upperclassmen-to-plebe ratio had changed from 1-to-1 to 3-to-1, or what seemed more like 10-to-1.

Reorg Week followed by academic classes, Attention to Orders, Class lights, slugs, demerits, quill, the Hell Cats, reveille formation (in the middle of the winter facing north, unprotected, into the bone chilling upper Hudson Valley winds), Central Area, Gloom Period (during which the uniforms were gray, the walls were gray, the skies were gray and the Plebes were gray), parades preceded by prayerful mantras to the ancient god of rain Odin, BP’s, etc. The Navy pep rally with the guy who smoked White Owls (Mel Allen)! Saddened that year by our loss to Navy. Daily grades via the Thayer system (a grade in every class, every day for every cadet)

We were one of the last classes to “enjoy” Christmas leave on post, trying to make small talk with our parents, family members, and

girlfriends under the pictures of the five-star generals in Grant Hall (*Can you still name them, smackhead?*) and adapting old songs to reflect our mood (*"Hark the horny dollies shout"*).

When freshman teams still played against other freshman teams, who could ever forget—

- Our plebe team on the field down by the Hudson River playing the "Orangemen" from Syracuse, led by a future All-American Jim Nance who would go on to become All Pro.
- The beginnings of a West Point swim team, led by Merges, Bucha, Bliss, Clay, Alexander, and Shaltenbrand, that was to establish and retain national prominence for years to come
- Our plebe track team competing against a New York State All-Star team that included a gangly kid named Bob Beamon

Our Supe Westy and his wife Kitty watched over us during Plebe year along with the Comm, Dick Stillwell, and the Dean, General Bessell . It was a year that saw us participating in band box reviews and that saw Buckosky mooning The Plain. Try as we might, we cannot forget plebe PE, where Mr. Sorge urged us not to drown, but gave the impression that he rejoiced at the thought -- and plebe boxing instructor Joe Palone seemed to relish the sight of blood, especially ours!

Some of us who were somewhat awake and not "checking eyelids for holes" had the good fortune to hear the famous "Duty, Honor, Country" speech by General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, one of the greatest speeches ever delivered at West Point. Little did we know that it was not to be officially recorded for posterity, clearly a gross oversight by some staff officer. Luckily, a young major had his tape recorder on during the speech, thus saving it for all future generations. "...And as I cross that final bridge, my thoughts will always be of *The Corps*, *The Corps*, and *The Corps*. I bid you farewell!"

Recognition, that most sacred of all plebe yearnings, came at the end of Graduation Parade, that bright day in June just before the Commander in Chief and our graduation speaker, President John F. Kennedy, was to land by helicopter on The Plain. That yearlong experience called Plebe Year had been a time for learning important lessons with which many of us would mold our future military careers. Some of those lessons of leadership came by good example; some did not. We wonder if the Cow squad leader who poured a milk shake over the head of young Cadet Dan Christman during Recognition would ever realize that he was teaching a valuable lesson to the future West Point Superintendent on how NOT to lead?

Yearling Year

When those 30 days of well-deserved leave came, we went back home to discover that all our high school buddies had changed, an observation that we later amended when we realized that they were not the ones who had changed.

We returned for our yearling year and Camp Buckner, Lake Popolopen, dances in Barth Hall, parades in those “ice cream vendor” suits, the Slide for Life, Recondo, Ranger Major Parmely (who many years later would die with his wife in a tragic car accident), the “Pit” and hand-to-hand combat, walking across a wet log (without a flat board on top as they do today) with wet boots, 17 feet above the water, those great pick-up basketball games on the open courts, games that were more like rugby, and the inevitable air raid drills at the rifle range, just in case the Ruskies attacked.

Among us were comrades who would depart before the end of the four years: Colmar, Dorsey, Dye, Epperson, Gardner, Gnecco, Hoffman, Mathews, Ringl, Shuttters, Tice, and Tully and 128 others.

After Camp Buckner came yearling academics, the right-hand rule, slide rules, General Sedgwick's spurs, a few weekends off, and a football team that went 6-4—Chinese Bandits and Pepsodent Paul notwithstanding. We played the last football game ever in the Polo Grounds, where Bob Bedell caught a touchdown pass from Stich for a 9-6 win over Penn State. At the game where we witnessed a disappointing fourth straight loss to Navy, we first met Midshipman Roger Staubauch. We also followed John Howell's lead as we attempted the first-ever card stunt from the bleachers at the Navy game, without rehearsal. Corps leadership came from Eckert, Cook, and our new Supe Jim Lampert. Our first real Christmas leave, followed by our second Gloom Period, Spizzerinctum, Dale Hall, assistant basketball coach Corporal Bobby Knight, and assistant tennis coach Lieutenant Arthur Ashe.

AOT and Cow Year

Following our yearling year, we were off to many different locations on AOT. Some stayed as cadre at West Point, while others went to troop units in Germany and Hawaii. All of us grew up that summer, because we knew that the next year as Cows, there would be a change, a positioning year for us to take charge of the Corps. This was also the time that we learned of the "back door strategy" and international diplomacy over Cuban missiles as we watched JFK maneuver a Soviet leader into a corner with military might and then provide him a face-saving exit out the back door.

After watching JFK on television, we thought we were going to war that night, a memory that stayed with us, bringing vivid flashbacks some 35 years later when we watched the movie "13 days." But this was also the year when in November, 1,000 days after being inaugurated, our leader was slain in Dallas. Many of us can remember the exact location—north exit steps from Thayer Hall near

the Library — when the word spread through the Corps on that crisp November day. How could it be? He was so young and vibrant. The Army/Navy game two weeks later was a sad event, delayed by a week in his memory but resulting in another loss to Navy, our fifth straight. Our team stood poised on the 2-yard line, 4th down with 16 seconds and no time outs remaining, with Stich trying to get the attention of the ref, Barney Finn, because of crowd noise. So close but yet so far. Rumor had it that after the NCAA reviewed the game film, Barney's days in the zebra stripes were over. Stich had brought us back from a large 14-point deficit, scoring one touchdown and then running for two more points, to bring the score to 21-15. He then recovered the on-side kick himself, bringing about the last-second suspense. At that time, Navy was ranked #2 in the Nation.

The game seemed even sadder by our remembrances of the year before when the Commander in Chief visited the game and spent one-half of his time on each side of the field, even though we all knew he was a Navy man. Earlier that year, the entire Corps had traveled by train to Chicago's Soldier Field where we beat a good Air Force team 14-10. Mayor Daley's wife, Sis, had arranged for all cadets who wanted dates to have "good, local Chicago girls from fine families." Great times for the cadets—big mess for the Daleys! The stories of how Chicago opened its doors for us were manifold. One in particular comes to mind. One cadet couple was walking up Michigan Avenue along what is called the "Miracle Mile" when an older couple struck up a conversation. After a few minutes, the older couple invited the cadet couple to their penthouse apartment overlooking the lake, where they were wined and dined on the balcony and served by the butler. After dinner, the cadet shook hands with the generous couple and found a crisp \$50 in his hand and a wink from the couple.

BG Mike Davison would replace Dick Stilwell as the Comm and would neatly infiltrate our ranks with the help of Mary, his lovely daughter (who ended up marrying a Navy-type). Anyone remember

“Hot Body” Fraser and his famous speech on thermodynamics the Friday before Navy?

On 5 April 1964, General MacArthur passed away, nearly 61 years after his own graduation from the USMA. His beloved Corps, led by Chilcoat, Grunstad, and Kindleberger of the “Stars in Store for ‘64” honored him with a final salute.

Our own Jon Thompson decided that it was too long to wait until our 100th Night. Why not have a 500th Night celebration? — and celebrate we did, starting a new tradition at The Point.

At the end of Cow Year, we again scattered to different parts of the world, although this time, we also had the responsibility for training the younger classes. Mark Walsh and Bob Arvin were in charge of the plebes, while Dave Kuhn and Buddy Bucha watched over the new Yearlings. We were now Firsties, with ring in hand and cars on order, said wheels not to be available until spring. We rotated command positions, necessitating roommate changes and learned the difficult lesson of leading our peers.

Our Turn -- Firstie Year

Corps leadership our Firstie year came from Arvin, Walsh, and Bucha, supervised by the new Comm, BG Scott and his deputies Tarbox and Hamblen. Super Tac-Major Cecil Adams (*remember his one shoe on, one shoe off, run up the steps routine?*) also got to know us and vice versa. That must have been how they did it at The Citadel where he was first captain. Our brigade adjutant would return years later as the 55th Supe. The “King” (Guy Riley) became our only double centurion on Central Area.

Our football team, which ended the season with a record of 4-6, hoped to cap off the season with a spectacular victory over All-

American and soon to be All-World, Roger the Dodger. This game was also the first time that instant replay would be used on national TV. Stich was determined not to let this one slip out of his (or our) hands. And he didn't – Army 11 – Navy 8. We even had some help from Ike, retired General of the Army, who sent a telegram to the team just before the big game reminding them that '15 had also lost 5 out of 6 to Navy as they approached their Firstie game. '15 sucked it in and beat the swabbies 20-0!

Christmas came and went followed by our last Gloom Period, punctuated at the end by our own 100th Night. BG John Jannarone (“Long Ball Johnnie” from his baseball-playing days, who was #1 in the class of '38), the father of our Jack Jannarone, would become the sixth Dean in the history of the USMA and would sign our diplomas (and later collect a tithe for the West Point Fund from all of us after he retired). Who among us knew that his lovely Anna Mae (aka Audrey to the rest of the world) as a teenager had swum the Hudson (both ways) just south of the George Washington Bridge. This is the same Audrey who has not missed an Army home game in 44 years.

These were the days of mandatory chapel, a key part of our moral/ethical development, not required at USMA today. We also discovered Mrs. Holland and her “tunnels,” who would require dance cards, even though we had all learned to dance—with guys. Cadetiquette, PDA (no, not a personal digital assistant, Mr. Gates), which side of the sidewalk to walk on if in the company of your date, typewriter cases without typewriters, Flirtation Walk (where one mother wondered aloud on the Hudson River boat cruise as to what all those “white things” (cadet white trou) were hanging from the trees along Flirty), and Chaplain Ford, a great friend to many of us, who was always there for us from Beast through 'Nam, who recently retired after many years as Chaplain to the US House of Representatives.

Overall, our teams were 175, 56, and 1 (a winning percentage of 76) and bested the swabbies 12, 4, and 1. The 150-pound football team,

led by future Napa Valley vintner Charlie Shaw, went undefeated. Soccer, led by Mike Deems, was third in the NCAA. Basketball was third in the NIT under the leadership of Joe Kosciusko (now known as Joe Koz) and our own Rhodes Scholar, John Ritch. Other team captains included: John Malpass (cross-country running); Mike Thompson (hockey), who would be killed in a tragic fire some 35 years later; our leader Bob Arvin (wrestling); Tad Ono (gymnastics); Tom Genoni (squash); Bill Bradburn (rifle); Tony Pyrz (baseball), whose younger brother would become a cadet first captain many years later; Tom Sheckells (lacrosse); Cal Kahara (pistol); Walt Oehrlein (tennis); Harry Joyner (golf); and Hal Jenkins (track).

In lacrosse, teammates received All-American honors: Sheckells (1st team), Bill Ritch (3rd team), and Tim Vogel (honorable mention). Our swimmers set a national record in the relay and also had their share of All-American winners (Merges, Clay, and Bliss). Zadel made several AA teams for football. AA honors also came to Jose Gonzalez in soccer as well as to Dan Steinwald for the grueling club sport of water polo. The grapplers tied Navy, but since they were rated the clear underdog, it seemed like a victory.

As June Week approached, the old West Point song “we’ve not much longer here to stay” resonated throughout the barracks. Our excitement heightened. Wedding plans for some, cars for all. How many visiting females, dressed in cadet attire, infiltrated that last reveille formation as “All present and accounted for, Sir!” reports resounded throughout the area?

At graduation, General Wheeler, Chairman, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in his remarks entitled “A Rare Privilege,” opened by saying that at his graduation in 1932, he sat in the same numbered seat as Oley Koropey (60th, but who was counting) in front of Trophy Point and never thought, in his wildest dreams, that he would be giving the commencement address some 33 years later. He told us about our future roles in the Army and likened them to the title of his address.

On this same weekend, Ike and Mamie (along with seventy members of the Class of '15—"the Class the stars fell on") enjoyed their 50th along with another five star general, Omar Bradley. After the graduation ceremony, the weddings began. What a great time to be a bachelor, available for saber duty—with all those lovely bridesmaids just waiting for the handsome studmuffins in their spiffy Army dress blues. The first at the Cadet Chapel were Jim and Marianne Paley. Their picture not only made the front page of one New York City newspaper, but it also somehow got taped to the underside of Jim's toilet seat, but that is another story. Incidentally, Jim and his bride are still married as of this writing. [We are still not sure who was first to be married at the Catholic Chapel.]

Dan Christman saluted first in the Class at "point" while Phil Harper, our own beloved "Goat," (who would unfortunately not live to see his buddy take a kdet p'rade) covered our "six." Many honor winners were among us: McChristian and Genega received Olmstead scholarships, Osgood received a Hertz Fellowship, Ritch won a prestigious Rhodes, Joe Anderson was awarded a White House Fellowship, and Jon Thompson won a Daedalian Scholarship for aerospace engineering.

Of the starting class members, only 596 (70 percent) made it to June 9, 1965. Of those, 519 (87 percent) would go into the Army. Fifty-nine went into the Air Force, a few went to the Marines (Zadel, Butterfield, et al), and two even went into the Navy—one red-haired soul (Vogel) accompanied by Bill Brush. Of the 140 who did not graduate, 12 have remained associated with West Point through the AOG. One of those, Woody Epperson, is the current president of his West Point Society in Texas.

Our last hoorah occurred at approximately 1100 hours at Michie Stadium, after which we were ordered to "don the Army Blue." What had been four years of unbelievable camaraderie, growth, and learning would now establish the basis for a life of achievement,

friendship, sacrifices, and some tragedy—but mainly of great memories.

Because of the forthcoming increase in the Corps from 2,400 to 4,400, a new building program was started later that Graduation Day. We were one of the last of the small graduating classes, wherein everyone knew everyone else. As we drove off that Wednesday afternoon, the construction workers had already begun tearing down North Area as well as most of Central Area, to make room for the newly enlarged barracks. George and his horse, as well as its physical accoutrements, would be moved across The Plain; the Mess Hall would be doubled into a mirror-image of itself; and those indestructible wooden tables that Rocco had us stack to the ceiling (at a cost of \$12.04 per cadet) would be replaced.

Young Military Leaders

We went to Airborne and Ranger courses. Some of us would see Gary Kadetz execute a perfect PLF from 1250 feet after his main chute “cigarette rolled” and his back-up chute failed to open. “Keep your feet and knees together,” all of the jump sergeants yelled as he hit terminal velocity—and lived to tell about it. Was the 60-day graduation leave really a curse in disguise? Ask those poor souls, who on day 61, started Ranger School (with its opening day, 0400 hours 5-mile forced run). Off we went to the four corners of the world as well as various parts of the United States.

Then there arose that far off place called *Nam*, with the bad guys (actually most were teenagers), the Viet Cong, which would forever change our lives. Little did we know that almost all of us would eventually go to that peninsula once and many would go more than once, to fight in a “war” that never was, at least not officially. A “conflict” they called it. It would screw up our country and many of our lives for many decades to come.

We began to publish our class articles in the *Assembly*, with our first article appearing in the winter of 1966 written by our first Scribe Jim Hennessee, who would be followed over the years by Grant Fredericks (1967-69), Mert Munson (1969), Bob Frank (1969-74), John Swensson (1975), Bud Fish (1975-78), John Lyons (1978-80), John Higley (1980-81), and Denny Coll (1981-present). Fittingly enough, our first published photo was of Tammy Wuertenberger accepting Chuck's medals posthumously.

We soon learned that death was often the calling of "Men of Arms," when Gary Kadetz of Airborne "fame" was our first of many to fall in the line of duty, all causing painful reminiscences of roommates, Ranger buddies, and teammates. Gary would be followed by:

First Captain Bob Arvin, Mike Berdy, Tony Borrego, Charlie Brown, Jim Bryan, Jerry Clark, Richard Collins, Leonard Davis, Spotty DeWitt (about whom our first Class obituary was written and whose class ring was presented to the USMA Library, where it resides with the other USMA class rings), Charlie Dickey, Dick Endicott, Bob Gagne, Mike Glynne, John Hays, Chuck Hemmingway, John Hutton, Bob Keats, Bernie Kistler, Bob Lee, George Menninger, Mike Momcilovich, Chester Myers, George Patrick O'Toole, Chuck Wuertenberger, and Bob Zonne—26 in all. [We still aren't sure how Ladd Metzner died.]

We had numerous incidents of unusual valor. Buddy Bucha and our former classmate Jim Gardner received Medals of Honor, although Jim received his posthumously. Bob Jones, USAF, was a POW. After fighting the war, which had little support back home, many of our number returned to less than a hero's reception; they returned to violence and hippies and drugs, to families split apart by the war, and to a country that was trying desperately to find and heal its own soul. French TV tried to make sense of it all with "The Anderson Platoon" (a camera crew followed Joe Anderson's platoon to show what the "real" war was like), which soon became a big hit in the

States. Ric Shinseki, who would become our first four-star general, was seriously wounded twice in RVN.

As the anniversary of our 4-year military commitment came and passed, many were extended for an additional year. By the end of that fifth year, 189 (37 percent) had resigned their commission, electing to go into various walks of life in the civilian community. Some started in companies with a long history of hiring service academy grads, such as Bill Zadel and George Seaworth who went to Quaker Oats. Others sought their MBAs, such as Ron Floto, who was #1 in his Harvard class. Some even went to other service schools: Walt Oehrlein became a tennis coach at USAFA, while Joe Koz was a Tac there. One enterprising soul—Chuck Shaw—after working in the civilian arena in France, returned to the Napa Valley and became our first, only, and most famous vintner.

To Advanced Leadership

In the early 70's, we elected class officers to run the affairs of our class. They would replace the original class officers: Mark Walsh, president; Bill Zadel, vice president; Buddy Bucha, secretary; Jon Thompson, treasurer; and Jim Hennessee, historian. Later Thompson would claim that he had increased the class fund by about five-fold since graduation. Most of us did not even know we had a class fund.

Christman, Gill, Swensson, and Golden, three of whom were stationed at West Point, were elected and “officially” started our class fund, building on Thompson's earlier success. This was also the year that many returned to our alma mater to teach or be Tacs. And there were kids—lots of '65 offspring, everywhere.

In 1973, our only POW Bob Jones returned from a brutal five years at the hands of the enemy at the “Hanoi Hilton” and was greeted at a big Welcome Home bash organized by Denny Lewis and others. We

again elected new class officers, led by Mogan, assisted by Joe Anderson, Jack Lowe, and Golden. In 1974-75, many went to Leavenworth and other advanced military schools. Most of the remaining green-suiters were promoted to major in the fall of 1974.

In 1975, we again elected new class officers, led by the future Deputy CinC Pacific Joe DeFrancisco and assisted by Doug Richardson, Bill Birdseye, and Tim Timmerman. We held our 10th reunion at West Point, coordinated by DeFrancisco, with sign-in on a porch overlooking the Hudson River. In 1976 Ed Armstrong was nominated for one of the "Ten Outstanding Young Men in America." That same year, Jim Golden became our first permanent assistant professor (PAP) at West Point.

Because of Army assignments, our class officers rotated frequently, with Wes Taylor taking over in 1977, assisted by that lovely redhead (and our only female class officer) Alice Kenny (PDJ was too busy playing golf), Bud Fish, and Golden. Fish was elected the president of the U.S. Orienteering Committee while Joe Anderson became a White House Fellow and then a special assistant to the U.S. Secretary of Commerce before becoming the CEO of a large minority-owned businesses.

In 1977, fourteen members of the class of '65 received battalion commands: Benton, Lloyd Brown, Dave Brown, Christman, Genega, Gill, Gilchrist, Kelley, Kulbachi, Ono, Pickler, Roebuck, Scholl, and Tragemann. Jack Cooley became a U.S. magistrate in Chicago, where at his swearing-in ceremony, classmate Denny Coll reminisced (to the U.S. District Court and Court of Appeals, including Judge Julius Hoffmann of "Chicago Seven" fame) about Cooley's parade gear at West Point. It seemed that his lovely Maria had given Jack some very risqué drawers festooned with hearts, which Jack wore under his white starched cadet trousers, said trousers being opaque when dry. As Jack and the Corps passed in review in front of Westy and a visiting dignitary, the rains came, the

trou became wet - and transparent - and Jack received a personal note (aka a “slug”) from the Supe.

As we ushered in the decade of the ‘80s, nine of us made the LTC list in the secondary zone and Don Phillpotts became the first to retire from active duty. Barry Zais ran our 15th reunion at the unrenovated (at least until Susan Christman would arrive on post many years later) USMA Golf Club. We conducted the reunion weekend on a low budget, because finances were tight for most of us. We also published the first version of this tome.

We began to make our mark on USMA academics and the tactical department. About 130 of our number (equal to about one of every five who graduated) served on the staff or faculty of USMA. Some would distinguish themselves by taking leadership roles in academia. Jim Golden became #2 in the social science department and eventually headed the department for nearly 17 years. He also served as a senior advisor to three presidents working with the Council of Economic Advisors and later became a Fulbright professor in Germany. Jim retired as a brigadier general.

John Wattendorf, our second department head ran the behavioral sciences and leadership department for about six years, during which he developed the first sociology major at USMA. John probably will best be remembered for developing the first (and only) graduate degree-granting program, the Eisenhower Program, which grants an MA in leadership development. John also led the team that worked on leadership education for the Los Angeles Police Department following the Rodney King incident. Like Jim, John retired as a brigadier general.

Our third department head, Bob Doughty, is now in his 16th year running the history department, where he won the American Historical Association’s coveted Birdsall Prize for Strategic and Military History. Bob and Diane were also our entry into the music scene in the ‘90s, having produced the lead singer, their son, of the

popular (but now disbanded) rock group Soul Coughing. Who'd have thought?

Several others also have great memories of their days as a “P” or “Tac.” John Vann was our resident French professor and low handicap golfer, who also found time to earn his MBA (along with wife Eleanor) at a local college. Jim Ferguson served as an assistant professor in ES & GS (&BS?) for three years and thought it was one of the best periods in his family's life, a sentiment expressed by many. B. J. Morgan was also in ES & GS as an assistant professor after Vietnam. Another ES & GS alum, John Davis, was actually the guy who developed the first USMA course on using an electronic calculator to replace the slide rule. (Good Lord, we are getting old!) Kent Brown was an economist in the SS department, where he wrote part of the books still used in the economics course. He also coached the debate team.

We even had several in the dean's office. Clair Gill served as the “SLJO” and was the only CPT in the office at the time. He also was chosen to implement the CSA Creighton Abram's policy to ratchet down the number of military achievement awards given for service at USMA. Clair and Sherry also decided to hold a benefit rock concert to raise money for sickle cell anemia (their first son was born with the disease) at the (grass) Michie Stadium on a very rainy night. Big mistake—the field was left in ruin, according to one participant. Astro Turf here we come! We even had our own deputy dean, aka the registrar, Jim McEliece, for about eight years. He helped several of our struggling cadet offspring with course and teacher selection, to say nothing of Academic Board reviews. As associate dean in the 80s, Don Rowe got DA approval for the new major's program at USMA.

Others who served at WP include Mac Gilcrest, who taught military art, and Don Parrish, a math professor who was part of a group that revitalized the essentially moribund Ski Club and resuscitated those great Ski Swaps, now being held at Ike Hall. John Longhouser

prepped for his later stint as a two star in charge of the Army's Test and Evaluation Command after shepherding the Abrams Tank Development by serving as an assistant professor for weapons systems in the department of engineering. Russ Campbell served in the old MP&L, where he had the extra duty to automate the manual system that had been used for several decades to send cadets overseas for their 30-day AOT. Russ remembers the 1971 football game against #1 Nebraska where the Cornhuskers had scored 77 points before we got on the board. Also serving in MP&L were Fred Timmerman and Glade Bishop during the '70s. Oley Koropey, the new best friend of our graduation speaker General Wheeler, served in the engineering department, where he was into internal combustion engines. Johnny Johnson served as the head Plebe football coach in the early 70's and was able to "hire" CPT Dan Christman as the OIC.

We were also involved in several of the big stories that were to hit our alma mater in the '70s and '80s, such as the EE304 cheating scandal and the admission of women to the Academy. In 1976, John Alger, while serving in the history department, was responsible for archiving what was called the "Crisis of Honor" at the direction of the Supe, Sid Berry. In the early '70s, Terry Carlson was in the math department when the department head announced that it was not in the best interests of America, DoD, DA, and USMA to have women cadets. Pete Long was the A-2 Tac and Assistant S-1 while the Corps was preparing to receive women.

Many of our offspring were born while their parents were stationed at Woo Poo. Bruce Clarke had two of his kids born while he was a "Sosh P."

We had a number of "Tacs" who served USCC with distinction, several on more than one occasion. Probably our senior ranking "Tac," and certainly one of our zaniest, had to be PDJ himself. How can you forget COL. Kenny running the lead of his 3rd Regiment, USCC, outside our Thayer Hotel windows at 0500 on the morning of

the 20th reunion after the big party at Bear Mountain, singing those old Buckner cadence chants? Pat was also assigned as the Tac, in the mid-'70s for all the cadets involved in the EE304 scandal. He must have been doing something right because his 3rd Regiment was later determined to be the best of the four regiments for cadet leadership development.

Jack Lowe was one of those with multiple tours and was one of the first to teach his charges in F-2 about the wonderful world of finance, such as checking accounts, financial leverage, and investments. While teaching history at USMA, Lloyd Briggs published *The Officer's Manual of Personal Finance and Insurance*. Mike Deems had two tours at USMA; during the second tour, he and a friend from '64 volunteered to fill in as instructors for Firstie Operations Research, which was short one professor, all the while holding down their jobs as full-time Tacs. Ernie Westpheling's cadet company won the Supe's Award (best company) in 1974 and placed second the next year. Wes Taylor's I-2 replicated the effort in 1979.

Leo Kennedy, who served as assistant director for admissions and later as an 0-6 in DA appropriations, was instrumental in getting DA funding to upgrade the admissions department's computer systems. Ron Walter and George Brock also served in admissions.

Jim Scheiner, while serving as the 50th Engineer CO at WP, built the Camp Buckner theaters, made snow for the ski slope, and plowed the local roads successfully most of the time. One night, he received a midnight call to fish out of the river one of his plowing behemoths, which had unfortunately stalled on the train tracks and was subsequently hit and pushed by the train into the Hudson. John Knowles was also an engineer in DEH and got to see our first televised night football game. We even had some in OPE, where John Malpass, while serving the Master of the Sword, started the first fraternity at WP, namely Sigma Delta Phi for "outstanding jocks."

Other Tacs included Bob Radcliff, George Gehringer, Bob Higgins, Steve Kempf, and Jay Vaughn, who remembers like most serving at West Point, the “Daddy Bus” winding its way uphill to “Stoney Lonesome.”

Others who taught at the Academy included Bob Frey and Barry Levine (physics), John Lyons (English, where he was honored as the Outstanding Instructor in the early ‘80s), Frank Skidmore (engineering), Buddy Bucha (social sciences—twice), Dan Spielman (ES & GS, before being allowed to leave a year early to attend medical school), Barrie Zais and Tom Fergusson (history), Tom Cindric (engineering), Dave Hopkins (Chemistry ‘72-76) and Bob Frank (history).

We also “adopted” several “associate class members” who were on the faculty with us. One was track coach John Randolph, who went on to coach at Florida and William and Mary before succumbing to cancer, perhaps from Agent Orange when he was a young Marine in RVN.

In 1984, Dave Kuhn led the charge to have an annual award given in the name of his roommate and our fallen First Captain. The annual Carl Robert Arvin Silver Tray is still given to the outstanding Army wrestler. Our first “mini” class reunion was held in DC because so many of us were stationed at the Pentagon.

The years passed quickly. By the end of 20 years, 62 percent of the class of ‘65 had resigned or retired. Before we knew it, it was time to celebrate our 20th reunion. Planning began under Don Rowe and then John Knowles. We all returned to our beloved rockbound highland home on the Hudson and partied all night at Bear Mountain. The memorable skit orchestrated by Golden and Christman brought the house down.

Other reunion events included Swensson’s showing us how to hold a low-budget wedding reception (combine it with the reunion), Rocco

leading the entire Michie Stadium crowd in a reprise of his infamous Idaho State cheer, Chuck Shaw providing 20 cases of his great Merlot, and our class friends Bob and Sue McComsey hosting us all for brunch on Sunday at their estate in Scarborough overlooking the lovely Hudson. Also in 1985, 20 of us went off to the War College, Marv Jeffcoat led his troops down LaSalle Street in Chicago for the Armed Forces Parade, and the new 0-6 list came out with Taylor, Chase, Christman, Clark, Harrington, Mullen, and Shinseki making the cut.

Shortly thereafter, we heard about Grenada and learned that Wes Taylor led the airborne assault, jumping in *broad daylight* at 500 feet (a decision made by the Navy (non-jumping) four star), while the non-existent (at least according to the CIA) Russian-made anti-aircraft guns, which were located at the top of the 600-foot hills, fired overhead, unable to depress, thus avoiding what could well have been a disaster.

Our first stars were awarded in August of 1989 to Christman, to be followed in the next two years by 14 more (Benton, Bliss, DeFrancisco, Genega, Gill, Locurcio, Longhouser, Mullen, Pickler, Shinseki, Taylor, John Thompson, and Tragemann), with Dan being “frocked” to two stars in late 1991. We even had a one star in the U.S. Army Reserves (Dick Coleman, who would later get his second star and command the 412th Engineer Command in the USAR). Just Cause, our country’s invasion of Panama, was to be supervised by our honorary classmate, Max Thurman. Who would have thought that the former Cadet Activities Officer would wear four stars and go on to capture Noriega by blaring loud rock music day and night at the trapped dictator hiding in the Papal Nuncio’s residence? The quick and successful war in Iraq came and went, only to be followed by a massive reconstruction effort supervised by Ralph Locurcio.

New Heights

And sure as God made little green apples, more stars came. John Pickler headed up the DoD Task Force against drugs before getting his third star as deputy CG at Forces Command. Of those receiving stars, Ric Shinseki was to be our first to wear four stars as the CG, U.S. Army Europe, where he spent most of his time in Sarajevo. Joe DeFrancisco (Deputy CinC-Pacific), Dan Benton (Chief of Staff-European Command), our Supe Dan Christman, and Pickler received their third stars, while Clair Gill, Stan Genega, John Longhouser, John Thompson, and Dick Tragemann wore two stars. Brigadiers included Steve Bliss, Jim Hennessee, Ralph Locurcio, Orlin Mullen, and Wes Taylor. Upon retirement from USMA, Golden, Wattendorf, and Doughty have or will have received their star.

As of December 1991, 78 members of the class of '65 remained on active duty, a number to be reduced to only 17 by December 1997. The summary stats show that of the 520 originally commissioned in the Army, 256 had resigned, 3 had died on active duty, 171 had retired, and 73 were separated for medical, promotability, or other reasons.

During this decade, we dedicated our class tree. To find the tree, pace six steps east and five steps north of the Patton Monument on The Plain, near our class memorial.

When the Academy established criteria to name buildings after distinguished graduates, Dave Kuhn recognized the opportunity to honor "Strength and Drive's" First Captain and Dave's roommate, Bob Arvin. The class organized and began the application process, which eventually would lead to naming the entire gymnasium complex as "The Arvin Center." None of us foresaw the fact that when the entire facility became antiquated, a member of Bob's brigade staff would become Supe and obtain massive funding to completely rebuild the center. To cap off this huge undertaking, the Supe asked his classmates at the 35th reunion to come up with the

funds necessary to “complete” the formal entrance to the new Arvin Complex in the year 2000.

In the legacy department, we have some interesting tales to tell. Forty-four of our fathers were USMA grads, three of our grandfathers, as were one each of our 3rd and 4th generation forbearers. Spotty DeWitt’s great-great-grandfather was the Class of 1819 as well as the Supe from 1845 to 1852. He also was part of the committee that developed the regulations for the new USNA in 1859! Art Roth, Charlie Brown, and Joe McChristian are third-generation legacies. Joe McChristian’s grandfather was GEN James Van Fleet. John Harrington’s great-grandfather was killed with Custer at the Little Big Horn. Our own Lou Csoka was a Freedom Fighter in his native Hungary, and thus, had already seen war well before any of us would.

Fifty-two offspring have enrolled at our alma mater: Andresen ‘94, Barber ‘88, Barker ‘92, Carlson ‘89, Emory Chase ‘89, Kenneth Chase ‘91, Brian Coll ex ‘92, Shannon Coll ‘95, Csoka ‘94, Curl ‘93, DeFrancisco ‘89, deLaar, Gabel ‘90, Gill ‘94, Gnau ‘96, Hecker ‘91, Helberg ‘99, Hopkins ex ‘94, Howell ‘92, Hurley ‘90, Jenkins ‘93, Johnson ‘97, Jones ‘99, Konerman ‘96, Laughlin ‘95, Ledzinski ‘96, Mark ‘91, Morrissey ‘01, O’Donnell ‘92, O’Hara ‘94, Olmstead ‘93, Osgood ‘92, Parish ‘89, Pickler ‘01, Pollard ‘87, Salomone ‘00, Simpson ‘00, Timmerman ‘91, Sandy Vann ‘89, Deborah Vann ‘92, Wattendorf ex ‘92, Williams ‘98, Dunn Yoshitani ‘91, Shaw Yoshitani ‘95, Mark Zais ‘97, and Matt Zais ‘97. New millennium grads include Simpson ‘00, Salomone ‘00, and Pickler ‘01. Other offspring attended USAFA (Brown ‘91, deMoulpied ‘00, Divers ‘98, Loundsbury ‘91, and Starling ‘03). One (Adam ‘98) even went to USNA. Chase, Coll, Vann, Yoshitani, and Zais had two offspring each enrolled at USMA.

We lost several more classmates in the intervening years; they include the following:

Bob Berdan, Al Clarke, our own "goat" Phil Harper, Tom Johnson, Ken McArthur, Jerry McMillan, Pat O'Connor (for whom Salomone '00 was named), and Guy Riley. Marv Jeffcoat was to go down with his troops in a terrible air accident off Newfoundland. Kala Kukea, who looked about 20 years younger than the rest of us, would depart us while rowing on the waters of his beloved Oahu. Billy Mitchell, Rusty Pullen, and Jim Woodard also passed on. Manny Maimone would miss taking the parade as Class Rep at the beginning of the bicentennial celebration because of Lou Gehrig's disease. They all will be missed.

We approved a class constitution under our president Dave Kuhn, who was followed by Joe Anderson. We ordered class sympathy cards and published our first official roster (1992) thanks to the efforts of Schultz, Green, and Coll. Get-togethers at the Navy game became an annual event, coordinated by our own gang of four: Sanchez, Tomaswick, Kurtz, and Boohar. Eight served on the AOG Board of Trustees (Anderson, Barron, Conley, Coll, Hester, Kuhn, McEliece, and Stichweh) with Anderson, Conley, and Coll achieving "emeritus" status. Stichweh played a key role in helping the AAA raise money, while Barron took charge of the AOG finance committee and almost single-handedly brought the new Bicentennial Learning Center, to be located at the old Ladycliff campus, to life.

We began looking ahead to our class gift, which was set at \$1,000,000 by the Executive Board and the Old Man, or at least one of the two men we called by that name (*remember the other?*). Harry Dermody took charge. We organized regions led by Harter, Barron, Bonnett, and MacVicar, as well as Jon Thompson and Bob Axley. Ray Hawkins sat in the rear and keenly observed it all, just in case the Old Man had his final date with those Chesapeake crabs at the end of his dock, which at his age could never be ruled out as a possibility. We sought participants. One-half signed up quickly, with major (greater than \$50,000) gifts by Barron, Floto, Kantor, Knauf, Laughlin, Ledzinski, and Savatiel leading the way. Fred Laughlin assembled the memorial design committee of about a dozen or so

who worked very hard to decide on the gift itself (to be part of the new walk between Grant Hall and the main Academic Building). John Longhouser and Terry Ryan also played key roles. The final gift will exceed \$1,400,000.

Speaking of The Old Man, let us settle it once and for all. Most of us have been unsure as to who the oldest in the class. Many of us thought it was between Dermody and Jon Thompson. Then someone mentioned Ed Winstead. The official search of the records now confirms it—Dermody is so old the Chesapeake crabs may not even want to taste his flesh when he goes. Here's some other interesting trivia. Do you know who was named after a president? Grover Cleveland Starling from Missouri. We were the third class to do Recondo and to qualify with the M-14, the next to the last class to have only two regiments, the second to the last class to spend plebe Christmas at West Point, and unfortunately, we missed by several years the end of Band Box Reviews in Central Area (1969), the end of bracing (1970), and mandatory chapel (1973).

On the civilian side, it seemed that we had more bankers, real estate tycoons, and lawyers than you could shake a stick at. Jim Scheiner became the a director of finance in the State of Pennsylvania. Jerry Madden has served in the Texas Legislature since 1992. Swensson and Tyner made a movie. Chuck Pfeifer appeared in one (or was it three?). Chuck also paid a personal visit to the commanding general of our former NVA enemy, to return a jacket. Other classmates assumed leadership positions in their local West Point societies.

John Longhouser, after serving his country admirably for more than 30 years, was forced into early retirement at two stars by that same government and the crazy media, for telling the truth. His classmates rallied and, led by Ray Pollard (a Civil Service veteran with an equivalent O-8 rank), provided a proper send-off for this fine soldier and his lady at Aberdeen Proving Grounds. John would then replace Laughlin as head of the gift committee. Although not heavy users of cyberspace, we entered the computer age in a rather auspicious

manner as we were enticed into joining the WP-ORG net by its founders. Fortunately, Chuck Nichols volunteered to serve as our moderator and would keep everything straight.

The New Millennium

As we approached the new millennium, the Class of '65 again distinguished itself by holding the top uniformed positions both at West Point and in the Army. This accomplishment had occurred only twice before to a West Point class (1892 and April 1917). Dan Christman, the 55th Superintendent of the United States Military Academy took charge in 1996 and immediately set about the business of taking this honorable institution into not only the 21st Century, but also its own bicentennial in 2002.

He set three goals for his administration: First, a review of the mission and purpose statements to assure proper emphasis on core tasks (he would combine and revise both statements); second, a funding plan to place West Point on a solid fiscal course for the next century (well on its way to fruition, as Dan rebuilds West Point, brick by brick—who will ever forget his great pictures of the “non-existent” West Point tennis facility shown as a vacant lot, now a reality called the Lichtenberg Tennis facility?); and finally, an update of the strategic vision, including an update of the Cadet Leader Development System.

One point that should not be lost was the fact that Dan was the first Supe to actually ask the AOG for financial assistance, a precedent that will have a significant effect on West Point if Congress continues to reduce West Point's budget. Dan's request was met with an overwhelming response as the AOG exceeded its first attempt at major fundraising by surpassing its bicentennial goal of \$100 million by at least 50 percent and perhaps even coming close to doubling the original amount. Several of our ranks, guys like Ed

Knauf and Ross Wollen, took significant financial leadership positions in that fundraising effort.

It will be quite some time before a Supe is so admired and respected by his command and the Long Gray Line for getting everyone on board and in step to survive and excel in the new millennium. And finally, who will ever forget those great pre-4th quarter, 13th-man “Rocket” cheers (perhaps one of the most “amazing” college cheers ever invented) led by the Supe, Dean, and Comm, in full regalia, changed weekly. One favorite was his mule-mounted, goatskin-covered, war-painted face “Braveheart” entry through the northeast gates at Michie, urging the Corps and Army team to fight on to victory. “Elvis” even showed up on his Harley for the Memphis game in 2000.

We saluted our Supe in several ways. First, our entire *Assembly* “Class Notes” article was dedicated to Dan and Susan just before he retired, tracing this Eagle Scout from his roots in Ohio to his salute by the Corps in the spring of 2001. A copy of this article is also attached to this edition of the history. A final salute took place at the CSA’s quarters on Ft Myer, where Ric and Patty hosted a lovely brunch for 250 classmates and spouses.

Several more of our Classmates were to pass on along the way.

Bill Griffin was killed in a tragic car accident in Cincinnati. Pete Peterson and Don Phillipotts would also leave us. Jim Smith was killed in a horse accident and Wayne Scholl died tragically near Seattle. Fifty to date. We miss them all.

Six months before the new millennium began, some 150 of the class assembled on the Ft. Myer parade field to salute, with pride, the 34th CSA and his lady, Ric and Patty Shinseki. Ric recognized the troops now under his command as the “... most respected Army.... most feared fighting force ... in the world.” The reception that followed enabled the Shinsekis to share, at close quarters, the great respect

and affection that Strength and Drive held for our new leader. Ric will need it as he struggles with the complexities of the new Army constricted by budget and politics, but certainly not by international requirements.

As the fourth month of the new millennium came to a close, we assembled for our 35th reunion to celebrate this fantastic journey of 38 and a butt years, from “New Cadets” to “Old Grads.” We partied on, some 230 strong, an amazing turnout orchestrated by Howell with a lot of help from the Salomones, Kuhns, and others. Ross Wollen arranged the dedication ceremony of the class memorial in front of the library, in recognition of his efforts to tie in the memorial with the memories of those great leaders from ‘15 who were with us on graduation day in 1965.

Some great memories came out of those four fun-filled, beautiful days on the Hudson. We reflected back on old cadet companies, especially M-1 our Plebe Year. Perhaps we should have called it the “company the stars fell on.” Eleven of them: Ric at 4, Joe D, and Dave Benton at 3 each, and Wes Taylor at 1.

We were all delighted to see another F-2 file who came the greatest distance for the 35th—Ed Abesamis. Ed served 16 years in the Philippine Army before retiring. He and his lovely Susana traveled from Quezon City, a mere 17-hour flight. By the way, we also decided that we had only two foreign students at graduation: Ed and Bob Rojas from Costa Rica, who now lives in Canada.

More “poop” that was uncovered at the 35th—Dick Coleman our Reserve two star in Vicksburg, Mississippi, will probably be the last of ‘65 to retire. John Pickler, who is serving as Ric’s chief of the Army staff, led two important functions at the reunion. First, he (with help from Howell, Lewis, and Fergusson) raised the money and had Dan and Joe dedicate the new “Strength and Drive” eight-man crew shell after Friday lunch. This state-of-the-art, \$28,000 shell will replace the aging four-man shell that the class donated

during the mid-90s when Shannon Coll, Pat Howell, and Chip O'Donnell labored on the crew team, much as Jeff Pickler '01 does now.

Cars – specifically antique cars from our cadet days, still survive. Wollen's green Corvette was memorialized in several media articles while it was parked in Christman's garage at Quartes 100. Kuhn's pink Impala Chevy convertible graced the top of their 2000 Christmas newsletter. And USAF file T.J. Kelly still takes loving care of his blue Corvette.

One of the great things about getting older is that the stories keep getting better. We had totally forgotten about "Irma the Body" until Andy "Z" gave permission to refresh everyone's memory (you know, grandkids and all). Seems the Z man and your current Scribe were walking around The Plain one spring Sunday as Cows (remember, we had neither wheels nor off-post privileges at that time). A voluptuous woman old enough to be our mother pulled up in a pink Chevy convertible and asked if we needed a ride. Z immediately said we did (at least that was my recollection) and off we went for a tour of the Academy. Z was smitten! After spending Army/Navy weekend with "The Bod" in Philadelphia, Z invited her up for a mid-week movie in the old gym. Usually, there were maybe 25-30 upperclassmen at these movies. On this night, after the word spread through the Corps, it was standing room only. This noted icon of the striptease did not disappoint. As she walked up the steps to the second floor, off came her coat and up went the crescendo of cadet yelps. They (Andy and Irma, of course) were an amazing sight not often observed within those conservative gray walls.

We also discovered that we had three guys who all attended the same Pennsylvania high school, namely Tom Abraham, Tom Cindric, and Jay Stewart, as well as five former American Airlines "stews" who, while they were in training, were all dating '65 cadets and did not know one another. They are all still married, so it must have worked for the DeFranciscos, McCrearys, Helbergs, Laughlins, and Ryans.

Our silver-maned Irishman, John Concannon, who was on his way after the reunion to be an “intern” in the Irish legislature, reminded us of his gaffe as a plebe when his company CO forgot to give “Ready Front” after a Pass in Review. John, being the good soldier, gave it instead and learned the painful lesson that plebes are to be seen and not heard.

And how about that ‘65 father (and our new Pres) who decided that he would “recognize” his son Fred, Jr. ‘95 after Recognition Parade? He first set about getting “permission” from the chain of command, but in reality, he was just making sure that they would be exonerated by denying him permission. He then found some dress gray over whites that fit, got in line and literally “hid” behind a large Firstie until he came to his son, who, needless to say, almost spoiled his pressed white trou.

At this reunion, our new officers were sworn in, as Fred Laughlin, president, and Dermody and Bonnett, vice presidents, set about the task of deciding how to proceed on phase III of the class gift and other important matters. We were joined by our special invited guests Audrey Jannarone. but instead of reporting to the “man in the red sash,” we reported to the man in Quarters 100, sans red sash, who still represented to all of us what his forbearers with the red sash had that day long ago in 1961.

As a result of being embarrassed by Navy not only on the playing field, but also on national TV, our own Pres formed the “SFS,” better known as the Screens of Friendly Strife, a small group of high-level AV people and financial backers who have accepted the mission to outdo Navy’s TV skits at all future Army/Navy games.

We still had four in uniform, serving our country (Shinseki, Christman, Pickler, Coleman, and Doughty) as we move through 2001. This will probably be reduced to two (Ric and Dick) next year.

To be continued

This is the fourth revision of the class history, which not only includes an update from our 35th reunion edition, but it also contains two historical supplements (Attachments A and B). Even as we package this revision as a special edition to honor Dan's retirement, we look forward to the next revision where we can include more updates, other attachments, and personal input. Perhaps you have a story or a bit of history about a classmate or group of classmates, e.g., an athletic team, the Glee Club, the Rabble Rousers, etc. Let me know (email address = dc65scribe@aol.com) and we'll help you get it into the next revision.

Many thanks to those who have contributed to this history. To my classmates and their families, this is your friendly Scribe closing with the refrain that we have kept in our hearts and in our minds since 1961.

Duty, Honor, Country
forever supported by
Strength and Drive!

Denny Coll
Scribe and Editor

Attachment A

MEMORIES OF USMAPS '61

Class of '65 Classmates at the USMA Preparatory School

by

T. J. Kelly - (LTC, USAF-Retired)

In the late summer of 1960, 241 young men from the enlisted ranks of the Army, Navy, and Air Force converged on the United States Military Academy Preparatory School (USMAPS) at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. All had aspirations of attending the service academy of choice. They were about to embark upon a rigorous physical, mental, and academic program designed to prepare them to pass the entrance tests required to attend West Point, Annapolis, or the USAFA. I was among those 241 (55 of whom would graduate with "Strength & Drive") - who for the next nine months were known as Cadet Candidates (CC's).

Our new "home" at Fort Belvoir was in refurbished World War II barracks whose tile floors could still be "spit-waxed" to a fine shine - a daily activity performed by all. These open-bay barracks were spartanly furnished with a desk, standup locker, and bed. Coming together from all over the States, with backgrounds varying from the newly enlisted to NCOs with as much as 3 years service, we became fast friends, competitive between our 5 newly-formed platoons, yet working together to succeed. Included in this mix were three lone sailors -- who we dubbed Huey, Dewey, and Louie symbolic of Donald Duck's nephews with their bib and tucker -- each a great person and friend, one of whom is our classmate Tim Vogel.

USMAPS, its processes, and its regimen operated like a well-oiled machine run by an excellent, dedicated staff. Major Joseph Park, with an Army-Infantry background, was the school's Commandant. Major Park oversaw all activities at the school comprised of a

Training Department (referring to military training) and a civilian-staffed Academic Department.

Captain Jack Berringer, head of the Training Department, was directly responsible for our physical and military development and was ably assisted by First Sergeant Lloyd Thomas who, to say the least, was a stoic taskmaster. It was Thomas who initially informed the new CC's where sympathy could be found at USMAPS (get out your dictionaries...). First Sergeant Thomas led a cadre of well-seasoned NCOs -- assigned to train and lead each of the five platoons. It was under the guidance of these men that the essential qualities of leadership were instilled in the CC's. A Cadet Candidate chain of command allowed every individual to experience the responsibilities of leadership throughout the year. Inspections prevailed and, from my perspective, the NCOs certainly seemed to enjoy using their "gig" pads on a regular basis. The impeccable military bearing and leadership-by-example of these men was unflinching as they went about their task of instilling in us integrity, spirit, initiative, and enthusiasm. Suffice to say, they prepared us well for plebe year.

The all-civilian Academic Department, headed by Chairman Raymond Coolidge, was divided into two areas of study - Mathematics and English. The two departments cooperated well to prepare us for taking (or retaking) the academy entrance exams. Academics took up the major portion of our time at USMAPS, and these instructors went out of their way to prepare us for the rigors of academic life at the service academy level. I'm sure all remember the "section lists", "sheets" and "DR's" that emanated from this department.

Our time away from the classroom was spent preparing for class, preparing for inspections, or participating in any of the many athletic programs. The school fielded teams in Fort Belvoir's leagues throughout the year including flag football, basketball, lacrosse, tennis, bowling, rifle & pistol, golf, squash, track, and wrestling.

This provided us an introduction to the fields of friendly strife while allowing us to release some pent-up frustrations from the military training and academic disciplines. Needless to say I believe we suffered the highest rate of penalties in the contact sports, especially flag football, where most of us played with tackle football mentalities.

The bulk of our free time came after Saturday morning inspections, when we were allowed to leave the campus. Being close to Washington, D.C. we soon learned our way around the local colleges, zeroed in on the women's schools, and attended their mixers/dances on a regular basis. Those of us who had cars would take contributions of 25 cents per passenger (yes you read that right!) for trips into town. Ah-h-h, the good old days. Several of us also spent our spare moments (lunch, study hall, etc.) playing mind-numbing games of pinochle or cribbage.

Many happy and some frustrating memories of my time at USMAPS remain with me. Pranks abounded; competition between the platoons was fierce. Friday nights would often find barracks "tossed" or soaked by sprinkler systems shoved through the screens in an effort to thwart rival platoons Saturday morning inspections.

The food was good, as cooked/prepared by the Mess Sergeant, SFC Labren Cook (no kidding) and his stalwart team of SP/5's and SP/4's. Of course no meal was possible without the help of the CC's assigned to KP. This had to be one of the last bastions of that wonderful duty. I definitely remember my own tours of pots and pans, garbage detail, and, ah yes, potato peeling. I especially remember deftly using the automatic potato peeler to turn 100#'s of potatoes into a small bowl of tiny potato "marbles" when I tried my hand at multi-tasking and failed to monitor the peeler. I definitely received some extra DR's for that screw-up.

Our months of effort culminated in the Spring of 1961 with the taking of the college boards and physical aptitude test. We were all

hoping to qualify to gain entrance to a service academy in July. However, passing the requisite exams still did not ensure entrance to an academy, as the likelihood existed that there would be more competitive appointment applicants than available slots. So strong was the desire to gain admission that once we found out that we were fully qualified many of us toured the halls of Congress to let our political representatives know that should any of their political list of candidates fall short of the mark, we were ready to serve. Thus, it was with great anticipation (or trepidation?) that we listened to the loudspeaker system as the successful CC's were called into the Commandant's Office to be congratulated on their selection to a service academy. I recall Major Park commenting that an enlisted airman (me) would be attending West Point and that I had sure better graduate since there were Army USMAPS classmates who wouldn't get the slot I was filling.

Of the 241 that came to USMAPS in that summer of 1960, 55 graduated West Point. Of those, 26 retired from the service. Two of our USMAPS Class of 1961 and USMA Class of 1965 paid the ultimate price when they gave up their lives in the service of their country. We cherish the memories of Bernie Kistler and Spotswood Dewitt. Additional CC's gained admittance to the Air Force Academy and USNA.

To all of the following USMA '65 classmates who had the pleasure (and sometimes pain) of participating in the camaraderie and spirit of the USMAPS Class of 1961, I wish you well my friends. It was a special time in our lives that led us all to the fulfillment of a dream and undoubtedly altered the course of our lives forever.

COL Leroy Arthur Adam, USA (Retired) (25996)
Mr. Errol D. Alexander (25589)
LTC Stephen Louis Ammon, USA (Retired) (25864)
COL Donald Eugene Appler, USA (Retired) (25886)
Mr. Leighton Chapman Atteberry (25620)
Mr. William Bryant Bachman Jr. (25653)

Mr. Lawrence George Bennett (25640)
Dr. Barre Stephen Bernier (25851)
LTC Dennis Wayne Brewer, USA (Retired) (25617)
Mr. Robert Stephen Bradley (25828)
Mr. William Craig Bradley Jr. (25822)
Mr. John L. Colmar Jr. (619567)
LTC Milburn Kenneth Concannon Jr., USAF (Retired) (25949)
COL Robert Bruce Cato, USA (Retired) (25572)
COL Henry Martin Dermody Jr., USA (Retired) (25837)
1LT Spotswood DeWitt (26018)
Mr. James Lee Dyer (25845)
Mr. James Ewell Echols III (25834)
Mr. Donald Clay Erbes (25682)
COL Malcolm Stanton Gilchrist, USA (Retired) (25583)
Mr. Randolph Kent Guenther (25557)
Mr. Robert John Hill III (25751)
LTC James S. Hume, USA (Retired) (25639)
Mr. David Evan Hurley (25655)
Mr. William C. Juchau (25796)
LTC Thomas Joel Kelly, USAF (Retired) (25852)
COL Stephen James Kempf, USA (Retired) (25769)
1LT Bernard Francis Kistler (25690)
MAJ John William Koletty, USAF (Retired) (26031)
Mr. Raymond John Ludwig (25697)
MAJ Michael John Matteson, USA (Retired) (25791)
LTC Camden White McConnell, USAR (Retired) (25538)
COL Frank Langdon Meier, USA (Retired) (25982)
MAJ Preston Miller Motes Jr., USA (Retired) (26044)
COL Christopher James Needels, USA (Retired) (25899)
Mr. Charles Francis O'Donnell III (25975)
Mr. Charles Frank Pfeifer (26053)
Mr. Donald Arthur Phillipotts (25641)
Dr. Karl Julius Plotkin (25612)
Mr. George W. Ruggles (25734)
CPT Mark Elmer Sheridan, USA (Retired) (25853)
COL Richard H. Sinnreich USA (Retired) (25670)

Mr. Lance Ray Stewart (25590)
Mr. Lawrence Michael Strassner (25967)
LTC John Karl Swensson, USA (Retired) (25664)
Dr. James Wilson Talbot (25587)
COL Fred Whiting Timmerman Jr., USA (Retired) (25800)
LTC Step Elmo Parlette Tyner, USA (Retired) (25753)
Mr. David Benton Vann (25955)
Mr. Timothy James Vogel (26078)
COL Mark Richard Walsh, USA (Retired) (25854)
BG John Martin Wattendorf, USA (Retired) (25544)
COL Ernest David Westpheling, USA (Retired) (25880)
LTC Roderick Wetherill Jr., USA (Retired) (25999)
Mr. Earl Thomas Wiley III (25861)

Attachment B

Assembly Article-Class Notes May/June 2001

Within a fortnight or two, the 55th Superintendent will “exit stage left” and turn over the Superintendency to the next generation. As a Class, we thought it was appropriate to review the lives of this leader and his lovely lady. This trip down memory lane will take us from a small town in Ohio, through a loving family steeped in military tradition, to Dan’s first major construction job (a quaint “two holer” for a visiting VIP) with an intermediate discussion of the Titanic and finally to “...the fields of friendly strife.” on the Hudson, where lessons learned in Beast were translated into leadership training more than a quarter of a century later. Hang on; it should be a fun ride!

Daniel William Christman was born in May of 1943 to Anne and Ivan in the little town of Youngstown located an hour or so from Cleveland. Mr. Christman was an Air Force supply officer and so the family spent much of Dan’s early life at the air base at Mogodore. They finally moved to Hudson, OH when Dan was about eight. The early reflective picture of the young Supe with his dad’s Air Force cap was a harbinger of things to come.

Dan’s first love was baseball, especially his beloved Cleveland Indians, with Bob Feller and Bob Lemon. He played baseball in high school and particularly liked to pitch, because “that was where the action was.” Dan gravitated to uniforms, as can be seen in the picture at age 16 of the young Explorer Scout, and to starched ones at that, serving as an altar boy at his church each Sunday. With two fire works manufacturers in Hudson, the 4th of July was a big deal in this small town. During this annual holiday, Dan became somewhat of a legend in the local soap box derby, culminating in his return as an Army LTG to be the Grand Marshall at the All American Soap Box Derby. He hadn’t lost the racing touch taught to him by his father and managed to win the celebrity race and trophy.

Ivan was a history buff, so many of the family vacations included battlefield visits, one of which was West Point, sparking Dan's interest at an early age. Dan received a competitive appointment to West Point and traveled there with his parents for that infamous R Day in early July 1961, along with some 846 other bright young men. The family stayed at the Hotel Thayer the previous night and Dan, wanting to get the proverbial "jump" on his new classmates, decided to go for a run around the Post to tune up for the next day. Unfortunately, he failed to see a chain stretched across the parking lot and fell flat on his face, some 12 hours before he reported to the man in the red sash! Humility would mark his coming military career. Falling short of goals would not!

In such an inglorious fashion, the military history and anecdotes of the 55th Supe had begun. Dan weathered Beast Barracks well with his squadmates in 2nd New Cadet Company, including Dan Steinwald, Dave Vann and a highly recruited football player named Bob "Pearshape" Barnaba. Unfortunately, Pearshape only made it through the first semester. His first detail squad leader (2nd squad-1st platoon), to whom he and the other New Cadets owed "all that they were and all they ever would be," was Jim Green '63.

Two "Beast" leaders would set examples for New Cadet Christman, which would later influence Superintendent Christman. Dan very much admired and wanted to be just like his Beast company CO, Chuck Dominy '62 -- "a thorough professional!" A squad leader from another squad taught him how NOT to lead, with sophomoric antics such as pouring a milk shake over the Ohioan's shaved head at the change of Beast detail. The Supe has worked long and hard to eliminate antics such as this one in the cadet leadership training, while retaining the tough and demanding nature of Beast Barracks. Dan's intuitive assessments of leadership were right on target, even at this early juncture. Dominy (for whom the feeling of respect was mutual) went on to earn his third star and retired as the Director of

the Army Staff. The squad leader, although graduating high in his class, resigned some 17 years later, two ranks below flag.

Dan successfully navigated that first year, eventually enjoying a visit from his parents during Christmas. You may recall that we were one of the last classes to “enjoy” Christmas at our “rockbound (and cold, snowy and windy) highland home.” Our future leader led an active life as a cadet, both on and off the field. He served on the Class Committees all three years as well as the Catholic Acolyte and Cardinal Newman clubs, the Math Forum, Debate Council, Ring and Crest Committee and the Rocket Club. Plebe and Yearling years found him in D-2, followed by L-2 as a Cow. That summer was AOT in Europe before being assigned to the Brigade Staff (E-2) and the amazing “CPT Lash” as a Firstie. He was also on the varsity track team his last three years. Dan spent his last academic year as the Brigade Adjutant, rooming with various Brigade sergeants major such as Doug Gibson, Fred Ammerman and the “infamous” Steve Ammon. CPT Lash holds a memorable spot in the Supe’s scrapbook, having assigned the S-1 to more punishment hours in his room than the combined total of walking plus confinement hours in Dan’s first three years.

He topped off his cadet achievements with that most notable USMA distinction - graduating NUMBER ONE in the General Order of Merit in the Class. But through all of the celebrations of this and his other cadet achievements, Dan never lost sight of his humble Ohio roots. He was one of the first non-family members to make a get-well call to the guy who came in #2 (Jim Scheiner), in the hospital where he was recovering from brain surgery. Dan also volunteered to write the memorial article for the guy that graduated at the other end of the ‘65 segment of the Long Gray Line, Phil Harper, after his death in 1991.

Little is known, or at least available to this Scribe, about his female acquaintances during his time at West Point, although rumor has it

that his graduation date was a young lady named Carol Rondeau, a Syracuse coed. We do know that Susan entered his life after West Point in a rather unusual way. Dan was visiting his kid sister, Kathleen, at the KAT sorority at Syracuse University when he was greeted at the door by the “hot” sorority president, one Susan Browning, of Englewood, NJ. Dan was smitten, according to bystanders. Unfortunately, Susan was not. Apparently, there was another fellow in her life. End of story until several years later, when Dan asked Kathleen what ever became of that “hot” sorority sister of hers (translation - was Susan married??). Kathleen reported that Susan was now unattached and living and working in New York City. Dan was at Princeton. The rest, as they say, was history.

Like a heat-seeking missile, Dan sought her out. Their first date was a home game at WP in October 1967. They became engaged on Governor’s Island that January, even though Dan dropped the ring on the floor during the (well rehearsed) proposal ritual. Six months later, they were married at the Browning summer home in Sturbridge Village, MA. As Susan notes, “nothing like a war hanging over your heads to speed the decision process along.”

Susan would learn quickly to become a good military wife, spending Dan’s first year in RVN teaching school in Hawaii. She dutifully following Dan through his many and varied early assignments, able to enjoy the fruits of their joint labors only later in their military life. Although they shared both the good and the bad times together, Dan’s impishness is often remembered during some of the better times. During one dinner celebration in the Mess Hall for the Class reunion while he was the Supe, a classmate observed Dan caressing his wife’s derriere, after which Dan leaned over to this classmate and whispered: “Ya know, I’ve always wanted to do that in the Mess Hall.” Not to be outdone, this time at a WPS dinner somewhere, Susan listened calmly as the dinner chairman observed that Dan Christman was a fine Superintendent and that in fact, his first thoughts in the morning where about West Point as were his final thoughts in the evening before turning in. Having some problem with

the total veracity of that statement, especially the latter clause, and after an appropriate pause, Susan managed a stage whisper to the effect “Well, not every night!”

In the fall of 1965, Dan reported to Ranger school at Ft. Benning (The Home of the Infantry), where he was to show the Class why he chose Engineers. On patrol one day, after being selected to replace the initial classmate/patrol leader who had managed to get the patrol hopelessly lost, Dan fared no better in the map reading department. After wandering aimlessly through the woods, the Ranger sergeant, who had not finished high school, launched into a loud tirade aimed at the patrol and its new leader. He inquired of the young Lt. Christman in a most emphatic manner: “How in God’s name did you ever manage to find your way through West Point?? And by the way, lieutenant, just where did you graduate in your Class anyway?” A “beet red” shavetail O-1 meekly offered that he had graduated numero uno, which stopped the Ranger sergeant dead in his tracks!

Following Ranger School, Dan’s active duty career began in the can, so to speak. While stationed in Korea with the 2nd I.D. engineer battalion, he was notified that the CG had personally selected Dan for a most important mission. Dan was thrilled until he found out that his assignment was to build a two-holer for the wife of the visiting VP, Hubert Humphrey. Not to be deterred, build a latrine he did, a fine one he thought, until said CG came by for an early inspection. Dan was asked if he had ever met Mrs. Humphrey? He answered in the negative and immediately was instructed to cut the two holer down to size so that Mrs. Humphrey’s (a height-challenged woman) feet would not dangle “two feet off the ground.” Lt. Christman rebuilt the latrine and apparently everything came out OK.

Dan’s Army-wide penchant for “boodle” (food and other edible goodies) of any kind also started in Korea, when some of his food stash ran perilously short of the upcoming IG inspection requirements. Fortunately, classmate Sandy Hallenbeck came to his

rescue and swapped C rations for some of Dan's C-4 (explosives). They still talk in the Pentagon of Dan's amazing ability to find and abscond with other people's boodle, regardless of how well it has been hidden.

Dan's rise within the ranks was steady and spectacular, as were some of his assignments. He received his second and third academic degrees from Princeton to be followed by a law degree from George Washington. He was an engineer company commander in the 101st, then an assistant "P" in the "Soesh" department at WP, early selection for C&GS school, followed by a stint on Henry Kissinger's National Security Council and then over to the Nuclear Division in the Army G-3's office. A former Brigade 1st Captain, who was stationed at WP with Dan in the Social Sciences Department, recalls the department's "annual scoffs," a long standing tradition of skits, monologues and parodies designed to "highlight human frailties and eccentricities, to inculcate humility (especially for those in need), and to harangue the departmental leadership and thereby protect the rights of the downtrodden masses" (i.e. the junior instructors). As those of you who attended the 20th and witnessed that great skit at the Bear Mountain Lodge narrated by Dan and Jim Golden can attest, Dan had a particular skill at these "scoffs." What we did not know, until pointed out by said '64 1st Captain, LTG Dick Chilcoat, was that Dan has long been considered not only "the preeminent scoffer in department history" but also, "the most eminently scoffable person in its history."

Unknown to even the Navy brass, Dan is, according to a classmate, "a closet Titanic." It seems Dan received a book on the great ship, as a child, and subsequently read everything he could find on the subject. Who'd have thought??? The stories get better. During his D.C. days, Dan became an ardent Redskins fan, surprising even the Redskin cheerleaders one day at the Pentagon when he showed up in full one star Army regalia with a rather large, papier-mâché pig nose to show solidarity with his beloved "Hogettes." This was not, fortunately, to be the last of Dan's cross-dressing/scoffing days!

As the years flew by, higher rank and responsibility came along. After battalion command of the 54th Engineers in Germany, Dan had various assignments including student at the National War College, district engineer in Savannah, CG of the Engineer Center at Ft. Leonard Wood, then off to Brussels as the US member of NATO's Military Committee and finally as Exec to the JCS Chairman, where his third stars were pinned on by Generals Colin Powell and Shelikasvalli. His reputation as a great "scoffer" however was never far removed.

While stationed at Wildflecken, in Deutschland, in command of the 54th and after he and his officers had made the mandatory annual (3 hour) trip to wine and dine their German "partnership" battalion, one of his young officers became sick as a dog on the return ride. After losing his Army issued glasses somewhere in the bus, on which had been planted the fob from the German unit, said young Lt had managed to deposit dinner and drinks on his CO who was sitting directly in front of him. Fast-forward a few months to the battalion holiday dinner dance. The movie "The Great Santini" was playing the German military bases. In that movie, there was a memorable scene in which Robert Duvall's character hides a bottle of wine in his Marine Mess Dress, goes out and dances with the admiral's wife. Pretending to be sick, the great Santini pours the wine all over the startled lady's dress.

Out of the Wildflecken Officer's Club men's room comes the CO, complete with German Army fob on his borrowed Army issue glasses. His exec yells "Look, the great Santini!" (N.B. the offending Lt's nickname sounds something like "Santini"). LTC Dan makes a beeline for the Lt's wife, and in an (assumedly) inebriated state, begins to dance with the startled young lady. On cue, a hidden bottle, filled with Campbell's best Chunky Chicken Soup, replicates the bus incident, only this time on the dance floor. In unison, the remaining junior officers (obviously part of a well rehearsed cohort) rush, with spoons at the port, to the puddle on the floor, screaming "at last, a

hot meal.” The young is now stationed at USMA. Everyone had a great laugh, especially the O-6 post commander and the local bundesmeister, who had not been let in on the prank!

The “Big Kahuna,” (one of many names attributed to our fearless leader over the years) also prided himself in thoroughly knowing his subject material. During his tour in Savannah, he hosted a VIP visit by the octogenarian Strom Thurman, who was there to inspect the Russell B. Long Dam. Dan had done his homework and there was nothing about the new dam about which he was not an expert. The distinguished gentleman from SC asked only one question: “Colonel, is this a doight dam?” Dan, uncharacteristically, was flummoxed! He didn’t know the answer. Only later was he to learn the southern pronunciation of terra firma.

When Dan and Susan arrived at Quarters 100, they hit the ground running, each with their coordinated agendas. Susan wanted to make the venerable old house a way station for friends of the Academy and classmates alike. Nancy Hecker was bringing a busload of people up from northern VA and called Susan. Upon their arrival, they were greeted on the front porch by the Supe’s wife and given the grand tour. When classmate’s sons or daughters were graduating, the parents were invited as guests of the Christman’s, sometimes with hilarious results. The Simpsons and Salamones were Quarter 100 guests for the graduation of their sons, but after partying late one night, they returned to find the occupants had already retired for the night. All doors had been secured. Not wanting to risk getting shot by the MP’s, Simpson finally was able to coerce a telephone operator to call the quarters directly and to awaken the Supe. They all had a good laugh afterwards. All were issued individual keys the next morning.

Dan radically changed the vocabulary and greeting protocol at the Academy. HUA, HUAW or HooAh (as Dan spells it), became the greeting of choice. (N.B. Does it stand for “Heard, Understood and Acknowledged?” or “Hurry Up and Wait?”). Chest butting, except

for females, was derigueur, especially in such non-descript places as the Great Wall of China. And remember the cross-dressing episodes at the Pentagon?? Tell me what you think, based on this picture of an Elvis sighting taken at an Army football game.

We can all have had a few (actually quite a few) laughs at this funny guy we call the Supe, but hidden behind all of this “scoffer” stuff is a man who has immeasurably changed the face of West Point. I knew it within months of Dan’s arrival after I was stopped by the then head baseball coach, a crusty old former Army staff sergeant whose dad happened to be one of the greatest pitchers that Philadelphia ever had. The coach observed in awe at what the new Supe had already accomplished. Others point to what may well be three of Dan’s lasting legacies, the rebuilding of the Academy’s infrastructure, the attendant shift in USMA private financing sources, as well as the restructuring of the leadership attitude toward how subordinates are treated (remember the milk shake incident).

Think about it. On Dan’s watch, he is rebuilding that antiquated cadet athletic center now known as the Arvin Center, at a cost of about \$80 million; there is, or will shortly be, new facilities, previously non-existent, for tennis, crew, rifle, football, track, golf as well as a now inhabitable, and first class, hotel; new or renovated housing facilities for the staff and faculty, etc. In all, about \$700 million has been committed over the next 10 years. Dan was the first Superintendent to formally ask the alumni for major funds to cover the gap caused by the reduction in governmental funds, a call that was strongly suggested to Dan by the Class Exec. Committee. It was met with overwhelming success by the AOG’s \$150 million Bicentennial Campaign. When asked, our humble leader plays this aspect of his superintendency down as “too temporary.” He prefers to focus on his successful efforts to change the way West Point teaches its leaders to treat their subordinates. While harder to quantify, this legacy may well set the tone for our future Army “leaders of character” as they lead our Nation into the 21st century.

Dan and Susan, we of “Strength and Drive” are very proud of your achievements and contributions to our Class, our Alma Mater, our Army and our Country. We bid you both farewell and Godspeed as you enter this next phase of your lives!