



the pooper scooper

the latest scoop on the hottest poop for the West Point Class of 1967 . . . Unsurpassed!

TOM SCHWARTZ NAMED A DISTINGUISHED GRADUATE OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY

Move over **Tom Dyer**, you've got company in the Pantheon of USMA Distinguished Graduates from the Class of 1967. On 23 February 2009, The Association of Graduates announced its list of selectees for the 2009 Distinguished Graduate Award, and our own GEN **Tom Schwartz** is on the list. This definitely qualifies for High Roller Roll Call honors. Here's the announcement as it appeared today on the AOG website: "General Schwartz provided the Nation 35 years of exemplary military service, from a first combat assignment as a lieutenant in Vietnam to four-star command of FORSCOM and later, United Nations Forces, Combined Forces, and United States Forces, Korea. Since retiring in 2002, he has worked in the business community while maintaining close and meaningful ties with the military and its families. The Class of 1967 nominated General Schwartz based on his lifetime

of dedication to the ideals of West Point – Duty, Honor, Country."

Way to go, Tommy. Pop up that scrawny little chest. Now, if we could just teach him how to cast with a fly rod.....

The Distinguished Graduate Award ceremony will be here at West Point on Tuesday, 19 May, with the Alumni Review followed by a luncheon in the Cadet Mess Hall. Classmates attending will actually be able to stand in formation on the Plain for the review, similar to a reunion parade. Lunch in the Cadet Mess is open to everyone, but it does cost \$20 per person. We're also trying to put together a post-luncheon get together; stay tuned for news about that. In the meantime, if you plan to attend the review and the lunch in the mess hall, please let me (Freed) know ASAP (freed.lowrey@wpaog or at 845-446-1558) so we

can reserve. Everyone mark your calendars now and plan on being here to celebrate Tommy's award. We had a great turnout when Tom Dyer received his award; we need to do it again. *Unsurpassed!*



▲ Tom Schwartz, Distinguished Graduate of the Us Military Academy

JOHN JAMES IS DEPLOYED TO AFGHANISTAN

I'm not making this up folks, a member of the Unsurpassed Old Farts Class has been deployed by the Army to the war zone in Afghanistan! He's not even on active duty – but he is Army Strong. Our own **John James**, retired O6 and Visiting Professor in the Department of Electrical Engineering and Computer Sciences (that gives me even more stomach pain and really bad memories than **Ray Winkel**'s Department of Physics and Other Painful and Masochistic Information) has been dispatched to teach at the fledgling Afghan National Military Academy for the next six months. John left West Point on 13 February for a week-long orientation/re-infantry bluing course at Ft. Benning where he once again learned how to throw his pistol at the enemy (much greater chance of hitting

them that way), and on 20 Feb boarded a plane for Afghanistan and the 13th century.



(**Ray Winkel** also has been deployed to both Iraq and Afghanistan during his tenure as a "P"). I asked John to send me a good photo of him in full battle rattle, with that cold, steely-eyed killer look in his eyes that one expects from a juice "P"; instead, I got this photo from Gael. I'm sure the Taliban are quivering in their boots now.

◀ Cold, steely eyed killer John James on his way to Afghanistan

John did send me a couple more photos once he got settled in country. Here's what he had to say about them: "The picture with the armored vests is what we look like whenever we leave the compound and the picture on the roof of the headquarters is what I look like when I am working. The flags in the background are the flags of the countries involved in the ISAF. The airfield beyond the flags is the Kabul Afghanistan International Airport (KAIA). I live in what looks like a converted CONEX container but it has hot showers which beats Vietnam hands down."



▲ John James and colleagues in Afghanistan

Here's a write-up John provided before he left describing his mission:

"I will be doing the same kind of things that over a hundred other folks have done in trying to help the Afghans stand up an institution similar to USMA. The National Military Academy of Afghanistan (NMAA) was started over five years ago with help from several officers from USMA and the NMAA follows the West Point model of educating ethical leaders through a challenging mix of academic, military, and athletic requirements. The majority of the people who have gone from USMA have been active duty officers. However, there have also been several civilians there before and I will be going as an Army civilian.

NMAA graduated its first class of 84 cadets a couple of weeks ago and will admit its first female cadets in a couple of months. My role will be as a mentor to the Afghani faculty and I will be



▲ John James at the Afghan Military Academy

working to help develop course material for a distributed processing course for the Computer Science Department. For the past few years those USMA cadets who take the core Information Technology courses (most cadets do take the sequence but not all) learn how to build individual web pages Plebe year and have a series of projects Cow year interfacing web forms to a database they have designed and also using web reports to pull data out of the database. We also have a distributed processing elective in the Computer Science program which exposes cadets to more of the technologies associated with building web portals and more aspects of building complex web applications. The idea for the course I will try to help stand up at NMAA will be to give the Afghani cadets an understanding of difficulties in building web applications and will use small unit operational scenarios as the basis for building web applications to share information with coalition partners and government and non-government agencies. At this point the solution for sharing information at the higher levels is to put

everyone on the same network. However, a technical solution for automatically sharing information with coalition partners at the tactical level does not exist so we will try some very simple approaches for capturing relevant information prior to an operation and enabling squad leaders and platoon leaders to share that information with folks they need to make a humanitarian assistance/disaster recovery (HADR) mission successful. Different regions of Afghanistan have been occupied by different cultural groups over the centuries so one of the difficulties facing commanders in Afghanistan is the complexities of tribal and inter-tribal dynamics. Since Afghani cadets come from every region of Afghanistan and stay together for four years (a unique situation), I hope to use the HADR scenarios as a means of studying communication, information, and cultural networks. The infrastructure for interfacing into the Internet is largely non-existent in most of Afghanistan but that will probably change over the next ten years as the cadets who are entering NMAA this spring join their units and work the issues as officers that they will study the next four years as cadets. COL Ed Naessens, **Ray Winkel's** Deputy, is currently the senior academic mentor at NMAA and will have been there for a year when he returns later this spring."

BUZ ALTSHULER FINALLY RETIRES FROM ACTIVE DUTY

Well, another chapter has closed in the great saga of the Unsurpassed Class: MG **Buz Altshuler**, one of our last three classmates still on active duty, has finally come back through the wire to the firebase and taken off his green suit. His official retirement date was 1 March, but he had his retirement ceremony in Germany at the site of his final assignment. Here's Buz's description:



▲ Kathi & Buz Altshuler being decorated by GEN Ward, CinC Africa Command



▲ Buz & Kathi Altshuler with GEN & Mrs Ward at Buz's retirement ceremony

"Freed, here's what's happening in our lives at this moment.

As you know, in 2007 we were on our way to Germany to join the staff of the headquarters of the emerging U.S. Africa Command, DoD's newest Geographical Combatant Command.

We arrived a few days after stand up and I went to work as the J-5 (Director of Strategy, Plans and Programs). We had a little house on post at Kelley Barracks (the old 7th Corps Headquarters, and after that 6th ASG) and loved it all...Europe, Stuttgart, Kelley, AFRICOM, Africa and the great men and women from all our uniformed services and civilian agencies with whom we worked every day.

We made friends with Germans, Africans and lots of others with whom we had both regular and occasional contact. **Kathi** made friends everywhere and was able to travel Europe with some of them when I was either in Africa or DC, and with me elsewhere when appropriate. We did the crystal, Polish Pottery, new European automobile things and still found time to bring the four star headquarters to full unified command status on time and on budget. Outside of command, it was the most interesting and rewarding job I have ever had.

But as we all know, even the best things must come to an end and as my clock finally ran out, we chose to have our retirement ceremony and reception at Kelley with General William Kip Ward, the Africa Command Commander and my direct boss presiding. It was a great send off. We were honored and humbled by the Boss's words, the participation of the staff, the USAREUR Band, some very competent senior NCOs, many from my former command at Fort Bragg, our German friends and others from the local international community. We arrived back in Fayetteville (our HOR for the last seven plus years) on 20 January to re-establish our residency and retire on last day of February. March first will be the first day of the next phase of our lives. We can be reached at: 6107 Moncrieffe Road, Fayetteville, NC 28311; 910-988-3933/3204 OR buzaltshuler@earthlink.net/kathialtshuler@earthlink.net"

When I asked Buz what he wants to do when he grows up, he replied "have some feelers out for a few things, mostly private sector and in areas associated with Civil Affairs, Information Operations, Stability, Reconstruction and other related activities. I would like to teach, coach, mentor and train."

With Buz's retirement we're left with two classmates still on active duty: **Ray Winkel** Head of the Department of Physics, Black Magic and Incomprehensible Information here at the womb, and **Cal Delaplain**, an Army doctor who was actually recalled to active duty from retirement last year and is currently doing his doctor thing at Tripler Army Hospital in Hawaii. Ray is retiring on 20 June of this year (see write up under Transitions on page 22), so that will leave Cal as the last man in uniform. Well, John James is actually in uniform these days, and in harm's way, so maybe we'll credit him as the last man standing.

At any rate, congratulations to Buz and Kathi for a great career of honorable and distinguished service to the nation.

DYER DOODLES, or a message from Tom Dyer, aka the Class Prez

Less than three full months into 2009 and it's already shaping up to be another remarkable year in the annals of the Great Class of 1967. It is a year of significant transitions for many, a year of outstanding achievements for others, and as always a year of Unsurpassed service to each other and to the Nation.

On 19 May the West Point Association of Graduates will bestow the Distinguished Graduate Award on our own **Tom Schwartz**. I know of no one more deserving of this singular honor than Tom; his legacy of service to the Nation and to West Point is truly remarkable, and continues to this day. I hope many of you will be able to be at West Point for this very special event.

As I'm sure you all know, Tom is not the only member of the Unsurpassed Class to deserve this honor; there are many among you whose service has been truly exemplary and worthy of recognition. Your Class Executive Committee is dedicated to having a classmate nominated for the Distinguished Graduate Award every year for the foreseeable future. However, having more than one nominee from a Class in any year will normally dilute the effort for successful selection. Therefore, the Class of 1967 will normally have only one nominee each year. If a nomination packet is prepared and an individual is nominated but not selected, that packet will remain before the AOG Selection Committee for a second year.

To insure that the Class will have packets properly prepared and a nominee presented to the AOG for consideration each year, I have appointed a Distinguished Graduate Nominating Committee from the Class. This committee will coordinate the effort for nomination and packet preparation. Members of that committee are: Chairman **Jim Balkcom**, **Rich Adams**, **John Caldwell**, **Tom Parr**, **Carl Savory**, and **John Severson**. I ask all of you to submit names of potential nominees to this committee.

Among the most notable transitions this year are the retirements from active duty of two true Class Heroes, **Ray Winkle** and **Buz Altshuler**. I don't think any of us imagined back on 7 June 1967 that

42 years later some of us would still be proudly wearing the uniform. These two remarkable Soldiers have served our Nation with distinction, honor, courage and selflessness, and their impact will continue to be felt for many years to come. They exemplify the concept of Leaders of Character. Well done Ray and Buz, you make us all proud; you have brought great honor to our Class.

When Ray retires on 20 June he will be promoted to Brigadier General, bringing the total number of general and flag officers in the Class to 19 with a total of 38 stars. Not a bad legacy of service for a class, especially when you throw in a Secretary of the Army, an Assistant Secretary of the Air Force, and five Civilian Aides to the Secretary of the Army. Add to the mix 323 decorations for valor, including 3 Distinguished Service Crosses and 70 Silver Stars, and 143 Purple Hearts, along with 30 of our brothers killed in combat, and the true extent of the Class's legacy of selfless service and sacrifice becomes apparent.

Selfless service has always been a hallmark of our class, and it has been demonstrated in so many ways. In addition to our collective service in uniform – over 8,214 years of uniformed service – members of the Class family have served and sacrificed in a wide variety of opportunities. Virtually every issue of the *Pooper Scooper* highlights the remarkable accomplishments and service being provided to our Wounded Warriors by Cause, the organization founded by class wives **Joyce Doheny**, **Debbie Wenner-Waterman**, **Barbara Lau** and **Vivian Haseman**, as well as the equally remarkable legacy of service provided for over 30 years by **Doug Pringle** and his organization, Disabled Sports USA. All of us are keenly aware of the selfless and loving service **Rob** and **Judy Herb** have provided for our surviving family members with their class crest plaques. For the past six years **Tom Parr's** wife **Joannie** has spent countless hours and dollars gathering, packaging and mailing care packages to our Soldiers deployed in Iraq and Afghanistan. In addition, Joannie has served for many years as the moderator for the West Point.org parents internet forum – and she's not even the parent of a cadet or graduate. I know **Bill Cates** devotes



an afternoon a week serving meals to the homeless, and others, including Class children have participated in organizations such as Habitat for Humanity.

The list goes on and on; it's really not possible to capture all the examples of Class service here. I remember in the late 1990s when the leadership of most of the major West Point Societies in the country was provided by members of the Class of 1967. I am truly humbled when I think of all the things you all do on a regular basis; I ask myself many times, where do we get people like this?

In my years of experience with the Association of Graduates I have been lucky enough to get to know and work with class leaders of virtually every West Point class that has living graduates. Universally their impression of the Class of 1967 is one of unqualified respect and admiration. I'm sure many of you, like me, have pondered over the years what is it that made us so special; what events coalesced over 40 years ago to turn our particular gaggle of eager, scared, enthusiastic, frequently confused young men from every corner of this country and every walk of life into the truly remarkable Class family we have become. Forged in the pressure cooker of West Point, consecrated in the crucible of combat, and now tempered by more than 40 years of experience, triumph and tragedy, success and failure, we have, without

thinking about it, lived up to our motto: *Unsurpassed*. How did that happen?

We do so many things as a class that set us apart from others, from the many well organized and attended mini-reunions and special events, to the publication of this newsletter – no one else has anything like it. And, of course, the Class Prayer Warriors, who devote so much time, energy and love interceding on all our behalves whenever we face a crisis or a challenge in our life, no matter how great or small. This is true love. For me, one especially poignant activity is the heartfelt way in which we share each other's grief. This issue of the *Pooper Scooper* reports the passing of two members of our family. I know first hand the tremendous outpouring of love and support that was provided to **Ray & Suzanne Heath** and **John Kuspa**; they knew that they did not suffer their losses alone, and that if ever they need help healing, it's there for them.

Several years ago, the Association of Graduates instituted a 50 year affiliation program, in which each class establishes a formal relationship with the class that

will graduate 50 years after they did. The program started out slowly and very limited in scope – old grads would present the new graduates with engraved 2d Lieutenant bars on graduation day; but over the years it has grown into a meaningful and important form of outreach. Now it starts with the new class's Beast Barracks; members of the 50 year affiliation class are present on R-Day to greet the new cadets and their families, and many members participate in the march back at the end of Beast with the new Plebes.

At the beginning of Yearling Year the 50 year affiliation class presents the younger class with their class colors. This is especially relevant to us, as it was our class that conceived the idea of having class regimental colors, with the design based on Army regimental colors and patterned after the Corps of Cadets colors. We unfurled our colors and presented them to the Class at our 30th reunion; at the time, no other class had anything similar. In 2000 representatives of the AOG came to Freed Lowrey and asked him how and where we had gotten ours made; since then, every graduating class has been presented their

colors by the 50 year affiliation class.

The 50 year affiliation class also participates in panel discussions with their cadets throughout their years at the academy, on subjects dealing with honor and ethics to leadership and the stress and strains of combat, and how to take care of their most precious assets, their Soldiers. The program has grown into a wonderful opportunity to mentor these future leaders of our Army and Nation.

We will be the 50 year affiliation class for the Class of 2017. Those young men and women will enter West Point on R-Day, a day in late June, of 2013. I can hardly wait; the idea of being able to influence and mentor these outstanding young men and women, and inculcate them with the spirit of the Class of 1967 is very exciting to me. Our goal will be to make them *Unsurpassed*.

May God bless our wonderful Class and this great Country.

Unsurpassed!
Tom

LOWREY'S LAMENTATIONS, or Miscellaneous Gibberish from Freed



Freed Note: Please pay those pledges, folks. The Class is counting on you. We still have one more class gift under our belts.

Class Finances Update

Here's a status report on our class finances courtesy of **Hap Trainor**, Class Chancellor of the Exchequer and Bag Man:

HSBC Class Admin Fund Account:

Opening balance:	January 1, 2009	\$23,877.13
Closing balance:	February 28, 2009	\$23,323.27
Cleared Checks and Deposits:		
January 1, 2009:		
	Beginning balance January 1, 2009	\$23,877.13
	#Elm Press (for Pooper Scooper #16)	(\$2780.86)
	#Fund Transfer incoming fee	(\$15.00)
	Deposit	\$2,092.00
	Electronic Deposit	\$150.00
	Ending Balance as of January 30, 2009	\$23,323.27
February 2009:		
	Beginning Balance	\$23,323.27
	Ending Balance February 28, 2009	\$23,323.27

AOG Administered Admin Account:

Class Admin Fund as of December 31, 2008: \$2,722.11

Class Gift Fund Account:

Class Gift Fund as of 18 March 2009: \$240,750.00
Outstanding (uncollected) Pledges to Class Gift Fund as of 18 March 2009: \$339,795.00

Oral History Project Update

I'm happy to report that the USMA Department of History's Center for Oral History project that focuses on the Class of 1967 is making great progress. Over the past several months representatives of the Center have been traveling the country interviewing classmates about their lives and careers. Dr. Pat Jennings, Deputy Director of the Center, has been in Washington, DC, Houston and Albuquerque since December to interview and film classmates.

On 1 March I received an e-mail from **Alton & Carolyn Donnell** with a report and several photos reporting on Dr. Jennings' visit to Albuquerque for the project. Here's Alton's report:

"Freed, attached is a photo of the Albuquerque gang after the Oral History get-together at our house January 24th. Shown, left to right, Patrick Jennings, USMA History Dept; **Mark & Joan Fisher**; **Mike Mullane**; **Bill & Karla Cates**; and **Alton & Carolyn Donnell**. **Ron Weitz** and **Buzz and Pam Trevathan** also came down for the occasion, but did not stay for dinner.

I've also included some other snaps of Fischer, Cates and Mullane, either prepping or pontificating.

Enjoy, Alton

Lookout below – Carolyn just could not keep her hands off the keyboard...



▲ Mike Mullane being interviewed for the oral history project by Dr. Jennings

► Bill Cates telling his stories to Dr. Jennings



◀ Dr. Patrick Jennings, left front, of West Point's Center for Oral History, with Mark & Joan Fisher, Mike Mullane, Bill & Karla Cates, and Alton & Carolyn Donnell

P.S. It was nice to get the '67 group together (as small as it is) and listen just a little bit at what each person had to say. It definitely brought back memories and some funny remarks when they asked about the Penn State Rally and the stacking of the tables. When **Mike Mullane** came in...he grumbled about hating interviews with cameras and guess what – he was the most animated one in the whole group and looked like he actually enjoyed the whole



▲ Mark Fisher conducting his oral history interview

interview. The stories continued at dinner and I had wished we still had the tape recorder running. What a nice history this will be for the Class of '67 – Carolyn D."

Requiem

Progress on *'67 Requiem*, a tribute to all our brothers who are no longer with us, starting with **Mike Peterson**, who died at the beginning of our Cow Year in July 1965, is going well. I was asked by the Class Executive Committee at our February 2008 business meeting to put this together; I had hoped to get it to you with this *Pooper Scooper*, but it has proven harder, both emotionally and logistically, than I had anticipated. Having said that, you can expect to receive it within a month of this trash haul; hopefully sooner than that.

As I mentioned in the last issue, cost has been a factor. Thanks to that, a couple of you stepped up and made generous donations – thank you **Bill & Regina Groman** and one classmate and wife who wish to remain anonymous, but gave \$2,000 for the cause. You're all Unsurpassed.

It is hoped that *'67 Requiem* serves two purposes. It pays loving tribute to our deceased classmates by reproducing in one publication all of the obituaries that have been published in *Assembly* or *Taps* magazines. It also encourages all of us to redouble our collective efforts to honor those classmates who have not yet been memorialized and write those memorial articles for *Assembly/Taps* as soon as possible. In a few cases where a classmate has not had an obituary published in *Assembly* or *Taps*, I found a copy of a tribute published elsewhere and included it. This doesn't lessen the need for a proper West Point obituary. If this publication spurs you all to action, then the mission will have been accomplished

In Memoriam

BE THOU AT PEACE

Tragically, we have lost two members of our class family since the last issue of the *Pooper Scooper*.

✿ KENNETH D. HEATH ✿



▲ Kenneth D. Heath

On 11 February I received the following message from **Ray & Suzanne Heath:**

“Hello Friends, Ray and I want you to know that we have lost our wonderful son Kenny. Below is the obituary written by his beautiful wife

Jennifer. Thank you for all your thoughts and prayers over the last two years.”

Kenneth (Kenny) Decatur Heath passed away peacefully at home surrounded by his loved ones on February 9 at the age of 39. Dearly beloved husband to Jennifer for 13 years, loving father to Evan, adored son of Ray and Suzanne Heath of Chocowinity, NC, and brother of Kelly Heath McCook of Columbia, SC, and wonderful son-in-law of John and Sue McGrady of Raleigh, NC, Kenny excelled in his academic pursuits at the University of Virginia, Princeton University, and Yale Law School; he mastered every subject matter he tackled and was a gifted teacher who enjoyed helping others learn. A partner at Wiggin and Dana, LLC, Kenny practiced law for almost 10 years and was a talented attorney

with a strong commitment to pro bono work. Prior to law school, Kenny worked at the Department of Defense, and had a strong interest in national security policy issues. His talents were not limited to intellectual pursuits; Kenny loved hiking in the national parks of Southern Utah, tackling home improvement projects, and working out at the gym. He was a man of integrity, determination and wisdom, and he was most proud of being a father. A Memorial Service was held on Saturday, February 14, 2009 at Spring Glen Church, Hamden, CT, followed by a reception. Kenny will be forever loved and missed by all his family and countless friends.

✿ LINDA B. KUSPA ✿



▲ John & Linda Kuspa

On 16 Feb, I received the following message from **John Kuspa:** “**Linda**, my high school sweetheart, loving wife, and friend of 47 years in all, passed on to enjoy the glory of her Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, the only “name under heaven given to men by which we must be saved.” Linda’s passing into eternal bliss was remarkably peaceful and mercifully swift tonight (just before Valentine’s Day ended) once the end was clearly at hand. That was a clear answer to our prayers in recent days, once Angela and her family came back from Boise. Present and holding her hands were daughters Angela and Denise, supported by husbands, Jim Troy and David Ramsey, respectively. Linda Loved West Point and

our large, continuous involvement with the Class of 1967 — from her first entry through Thayer Gate, right off the bus from NYC, for the second week of Plebe Christmas in 1963, to our 40th Reunion weekend in Sep ’07. That first time, she was met by **Bill Freccia**, who helped her with her bags up the hill to the Thayer Hotel. Nice try turned into a nice gesture, eh Bill? (or was it **Mike Lascher**? I could never separate those two in my mind! That’s a complement to both!) She came back (from Detroit) several times during Cadet days — June Week ’65 (and encountered Mamie and Ike Eisenhower in the elevator of the Thayer), Ring Weekend in Sep ’66, and of course for June Week ’67. She loved our three years teaching there (1976-79) and volunteered at the Warner House on Constitution Island. When I was offered a chance to stay, at least a fourth year, she was bummed that I didn’t go that route. But she dutifully went to Newport and Germany and DC, and we enjoyed that route as well. Reunions and yearly DC dinners were special times for her, too. And she loved

the many gatherings back at West Point to plan the reunions and party. She loved the closeness of the class, esp. the large contingent in the DC Area. The details regarding the Homegoing of Linda Kuspa are at: www.CaringBridge.org/visit/lindakuspa Please check it for her story and our recent journey (at Bethesda Naval Hospital for most of Jan, coming home for the last time on 4 Feb 09). We have added details on the celebrations this week, and recommended donations, and so forth. You can sign up for updates, and there will be several, especially when her internment at Arlington will take place, hopefully within the next two weeks. Thanks all for your prayers and support. They are much needed, especially as the family tries to move forward.”

► Classmates and wives gathered at Linda Kuspa’s memorial service



Cause Opens New Digital Entertainment Library at Ft. Hood

You all should remember the lead story in the last issue of the *Pooper Scooper* about Cause – Comfort for America's Uniformed Services – started and maintained by classmate's wives to care for our wounded warriors. I'm happy to report they continue to do great things. Cause's most ambitious project to date is the placement of digital entertainment libraries (C-DEL) in hospitals and rehab centers around the country. This activity is coordinated by **Barbara Lau**. Each library has DVDs, Xbox 360, Playstation 3 and Wii gaming systems, plus the associated games of course. All of this is available at no cost to recovering wounded and their families and is run by a splendid team of volunteers who keep the libraries open seven days a week. Grateful Soldiers and family members have something to do other than watch TV during what can be very long, often boring, periods of recuperation that we all know can take a toll on Soldiers and spouses.

On 29 January Cause opened its newest C-DEL in Rough Rider Village at Ft. Hood, TX. This C-DEL was made possible thanks to the generosity and commitment of the Bob Woodruff Foundation, who provided the funding.



Here's a reprint of an Austin, TX, Channel 8 news story about the opening.

Nintendo provides 'Wiihabilitation' for wounded soldiers

By: Brandi Powell

For wounded soldiers, the road to recovery is paved with pain and suffering, but now Fort Hood soldiers are finding solace in a leisure activity that is even actually prescribed therapy.

It's not something one would expect a doctor to advise after visiting, but when it comes to mending the wounds from war, soldiers say it's a big help in their journey to overcome the effects of war.

For one soldier, playing Nintendo Wii has literally regained his use in his hand.

He's laughing now, but Staff Sgt. Brent Homan says having 16 surgeries in 10 months has been a long tedious process. June 2007 was Homan's fourth tour in Iraq. He absorbed an improvised explosive device (IED) to the right side of his body.

"I just find ways to keep going," Sgt. Homan said. "I mean I can't look at what's bothering me. I've got to find what's going to help me."

Video gaming is that solace which soldiers are finding. Fort Hood is one of only a handful of military bases across the country where wounded soldiers have free access to video games and gaming systems right on post. Sound small and not like a big deal, right? Think again.

Lt. Col George Salerno, the Brigade Commander for Warrior Transition Brigade said wounded soldiers use video games to escape the damage that might have been done during war.

"Especially with the psychological and mental issues, it's a good escape route and venue for them to get away, whether it be through movies or video games," he said.

Watching DVDS are a good source of entertainment but it's doing more than

just giving soldiers emotional support. It could be argued that their interest in video games is almost acting like a crutch in their physical road to recovery, too.

We've always heard that playing video games consistently trains the hand-eye coordination, but for Homan, they're doing a lot more. Playing video games has given Homan the chance to use his right hand. It was something his doctors said he'd never be able to do again.

"A Wii is one of the staples I was using when I was going through occupational therapy to gain movement in my wrist," he said.

Barbara Lau, the executive director of Cause (Comfort for America's Uniformed Services) – an organization that organizes recreational and entertainment programs for wounded soldiers – said they hope to be around for as long as there are wounded soldiers. "We hope this is always a part of their life," she said.

Homan said his fight to full recovery is a game of persistence.

"I can't give up. I keep going," Homan said.

Surviving Family Member Class Plaque Presentation Scheduled For Al Etheridge's Widow in June

On 28 December I received the following e-mail from **Ray Jones** regarding a presentation of one of **Rob Herb's** class crest plaques to **Al Etheridge's** widow Susan Seaman on 27 June:

"We have 12 classmates who have an interest in coming. Right now I know of three and probably four wives who will also attend.

Details follow:

At 6 pm Saturday, 27 June 2009 we will present Allen's plaque to Susan Seaman (Al's widow) along with a class coin that Rob Herb recently sent for the presentation.

◀ Barbara Lau with Bob Woodruff and Rene Bardorf, executive director of the Woodruff Foundation, standing in front of the new Warrior and Family Support Center at Ft. Sam Houston.

The presentation will take place in a hospitality suite at the Embassy Suites 3303 Pinnacle Hills Parkway, Rogers Arkansas. We will visit and tell Etheridge stories, then go down stairs to the restaurant and have dinner.

My sense, from attending a couple of similar events, is that the SFM enjoys most meeting classmates, teammates and roommates and hearing all the positive recollections. And of course my only negative recollection of Etheridge is that he beat me in every 4AA district track meet from 1961-63.

Macy Brown is bringing his stix. **Nelson** will play golf also if his shoulder is somewhat healed. If not, I have pain pills. He's playing! If I can play half blind—he can play hurt (another story). We plan on playing Saturday 10-10:30 am. I will arrange as many tee times as needed. Let me know.

Rooms at the Embassy Suites are \$99/night. All rooms are two room suites w/full breakfast buffet. Our contact is Jennifer Henson—Direct line to Jennifer is: 479-845-3271. Her email is: jennifer.henson@jqh.com. You are in the "West Point class of 67" group. Contact Jennifer directly to make reservations.

If you fly—we have a real airport now (thanks to WalMart) - Northwest Arkansas Regional airport (XNA). Southwest airlines does not fly in here, however, but does fly to Tulsa, about an hour and 45 minute drive.

Bring a sport coat—no tie.

If you have pictures, bring them. If you are unable to come but would like to send pictures or a note about Al ---- my mailing address is: P O Box 797, Bentonville, AR 72712.

If there is someone else who might have an interest in coming please forward or let me know and I will contact."

Ray Jones
479-685-6701

Doug Pringle Continues to do Great Things with our Wounded Warriors

I received the following cyber-fart from the Fat Daddy on 17 March (Happy St Paddy's Day):

"We just completed a week long Ability Camp in North Lake Tahoe hosting 20 warriors wounded in action in Iraq and Afghanistan.

All expenses were paid for 16 Soldiers from Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio and 4 Marines from the Naval Medical Care Center in San Diego. All recently home from Iraq, two just ten weeks post injury; mostly leg or arm amputees and a few TBI (traumatic brain injury). Saw major changes in attitude and acceptance in a week. The community was wonderful in its support of our heroes. We provided ski lessons, a half day of instruction in sledge hockey and a brief game that Army won and a half day snowmobile outing.

▼ Doug Pringle with a group of Wounded Warriors preparing to do battle on the ice



▲ Doug Pringle, Hero for Wounded Warriors

The event is designed to be an integral part of the physical and mental rehabilitation of these American heroes and it is just one of many such events being hosted by Disabled Sports USA (Fat Daddy's organization) chapters across the nation both in the winter and summer. In December 108 severely injured service members and spouses, sponsored by the Wounded Warrior Disabled Sports Project, were hosted at a week-long event in Colorado. The Wounded Warriors included patients from Walter Reed, Brooke Army Medical center, NMC San Diego, and the Palo Alto VA Hospital."





▲ The Class Mini - or is that Moony-Reunion.

Ski Reunion, 2009 Edition



OK, this year's annual ski reunion/Super Bowl Bash is now in the history books, and a grand time was had by all. It was the 10th year of this Unsurpassed party, and I'm told it just keeps getting better and bigger. This year the ski-mini was held at the Copper Mountain, CO, ski resort; **Gordie & Jane Rankin** hosted the Super Bowl party

in their condo. Along with the Rankins, **Phil & Joy Kinney** and **Carroll & Mary Anne Howard** shared responsibilities for hosting the weekend blowout. The big news, of course – what you're all waiting breathlessly to learn – is who won the coveted Dewey Memorial Purple Butt Award. Would you believe it was won hands down by someone who wasn't even there! **Gael James** was supposed to go on the trip, but at the last minute got sick and had to cancel. On Friday night, 30 Jan, while the skiers were debauching in CO, a bunch of us, including **Gael & John**, were at a hockey game at West Point. In the second period a puck came flying out of the rink at warp speed and caught Gael square in the face, right next to her eye. Very, very scary. And bloody. She was carted off to Keller Army hospital where she ended up with 10 stitches, blurry vision and a black eye you could sell to science. Now here's the good part: the next night, she was right back in her regular seat in the

hockey rink watching the game and doing her knitting. What a gal. The skiers voted unanimously to award her the Purple Butt Award this year since it was a sports related injury sustained during the ski reunion weekend. Besides, the only other "injury" was **Bill Freccia** getting a splinter in his hand. Hardly the stuff of legend. **Chuck &**

► Gael James shows how and why she earned the Purple Butt Award



Carol Swanson have volunteered to host the party next year at Heavenly Valley in Lake Tahoe. Start making your plans now.

► The ski reunion crowd debauching and making fools of themselves in public. This should not be allowed to happen.



▲ Leslie Nelson with Rich & Debbie Adams enjoying some après ski healing water



▲ Bill Freccia, in full ski battle rattle, prepared to take on the elements



▲ The Kushes shop at the same ski store as the Deweys



▲ Howards & Rankins enjoying ski reunion



▲ Ed & Janet Dewey showing off Ed's new skis

Class Golf Ball Hunt, 2009 Plans/ Update



Here's the latest from this year's golfing coordinator **Jack Wood**: "The Class Golf Outing to Pinehurst, NC, the home of golf, is only a little over two months away, and despite all the economic turmoil, record numbers of classmates and wives are planning to be there. At this point, in early March, about 50 classmates and wives have confirmed their reservations.

This year's Outing will feature an optional practice round on May 25th, and four days of golf, May 26th to the 29th, on some of the premiere courses in the nation. In

addition, there will be nightly cocktail parties and dinners at nice restaurants in Pinehurst Village and the surrounding area. There will even be some later dancing for those who have the energy. The group will be staying in a complex of two bedroom golf villas just outside of town. Between lots of shopping, pub hopping, sightseeing, golf lessons, spa, etc, the non golfers and beginning golfers should have plenty to do in the Pinehurst area during their free time.

All the competitive players, men and women, will be drafted onto one of two teams. These two teams will then compete for nominal cash prizes over the four days, each day following a different format of play. All play is handicapped (Freed note: any team with **Dewey** on it is hugely handicapped) and the team captains will do their best to keep a level playing field. There is also a beginner group of ladies who will play on their own. (So far none of the men have asked to play with this group) It sounds like pretty serious golf, but it's not. The fun, as always, is just getting together with old friends, drinking lots of beer and scotch, and catching up with everyone. It should be a real fun week.

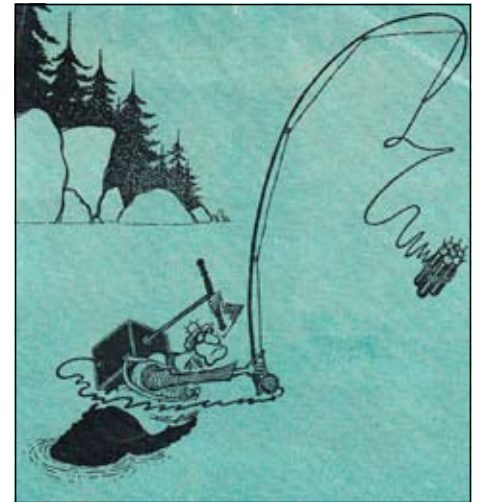
The week will end on Saturday night with a final dinner and special program at the renowned Holly Inn in Pinehurst Village. A number of other classmates in the area will be joining the group for this final dinner.



▲ Dewey bids farewell as he strikes out in a fruitless search for his balls during last year's golf outing

The hosts for this year's outing are **Bob & Arlene Knapp**, **Jim & Cynthia Weller** and **Jack & Judi Wood**, all residents of Pinehurst. For questions or last minute inquiries contact Jack at 910-255-6481 or jwood008@nc.rr.com

Class Fishing Trip, AKA Great Adventure #6 Update



Things are well on track for Great Adventure #6, the biennial He Man Ranger School redux/wilderness fishing trip/grand debauch/counter terrorism exercise. One change since the last issue is that once again **Bill Foley** has invited participants back to his Montana ranch/fishing & golfing resort for a couple of days of spring training before the real competition begins at Ruby Springs Lodge. Dates are 9 – 11 July at Bill's ranch; 12 – 16 July at Ruby Springs Lodge. This should guarantee that the next issue of this rag in August will be chock-a-block full of great dead fish flicks. I am quivering with excitement.

Here's a list of the Real Manly Men who have signed up: **Rich Adams**, **Jim Balkcom**, **Tom Dyer**, **John Caldwell**, **Mike Hood**, **Glynn Hale**, **Chad Keck**, **Bill Gonser**, **Carl Kraft**, **Freed Lowrey**, **Randy Kinnard**, **Paul Kern**, **George Newman**, **Lloyd ("Mac") McMillan**, **Monty Meigs**, **Bill Freccia**, **Bob Murrill**, **Mike Norton**, **Joe Jackson**, **Carl Savory**, **John Severson**, **Jack Wood**, **Bill Groman** and **Randy Pais**.

Hooooaaahhh. Rangers Lead the Way.

Class Cruise Update

OK, this is exciting; here is the most recent update from our class Cruise Führer **Ev Lucas** regarding plans for a class Mediterranean cruise in 2010. Start clearing your calendars and saving your bailout/stimulus money now. The last cruise Ev set up, to Alaska, was fabulous; this one will be even better.

“My Holland America Cruise Line Point of Contact at their Seattle, WA, home office called me with an update on where HAL stands regarding itineraries and pricing of their 2010 Mediterranean cruises. He advised me it will not be until mid-April that they expect to finalize the European cruise ports of call list. Therefore I am providing the following FOR GENERALIZED PLANNING PURPOSES ONLY so you can add this information to the next Pooper Scooper.

WARNING ORDER (FOR PLANNING PURPOSES ONLY)

Your class cruise committee is looking at a Mediterranean cruise for 2010 in the May/June time frame. As we had a great experience with Holland America on our Alaska class cruise, we hope to leverage that partnership with HAL to be able to again get a really good deal for our group.

The following is provided FOR PLANNING PURPOSES ONLY. The example is for a HAL sailing for this year. We will negotiate pricing, dining arrangements (similar to our Alaska cruise where all of our tables were together), a cocktail party, group photo, and any other deals we can finagle. The actual dates, itinerary and prices should be available mid to late April 2009.

Ship: ms Oosterdam
Ports of Call: Venice, Italy; Split, Croatia; Piraeus, Greece;
Istanbul, Turkey; Mykonos, Greece;
Kusadasi (Ephesus) Turkey;
Santorini, Greece; Katakolon, Greece
Departure Port: Venice, Italy
Length of cruise: 12 days
Departure Dates: May 07, 2009
Inside* from \$1,399.00 per person
OceanView* from \$1,599.00 per person
Verandah* from \$1,799.00 per person
Suite* from \$3,299.00 per person

*Prices are per person, for cruise only, based on double occupancy. Price reflects best fares available for each stateroom on one date that this itinerary is available, from a snapshot taken in the last 24 hours for staterooms in each category. Changing the dates may change prices. Prices do not include Government Fees and

Taxes or airfare. Pricing and availability are subject to change without notice.”

OK, sports fans, mark your calendars. Let's make this happen! In order to whet your appetites, I'm including some photos from the last class cruise to Alaska in 2000.



▲ MS Statendam, our Holland America cruise ship for the Alaska cruise in 2000, at anchor off Sitka



▲ Cruisers relaxing as we begin the odyssey



▲ Hardy cruisers at the Mendenhall Glacier



▲ Class cruisers showing off our colors and our spiffy class jackets on the Alaska cruise



▲ Class cruisers took over the Red Dog Saloon in Juneau



▲ Class cruisers enjoying dinner on board the Statendam



▲ Party time on board: one of our frequent religious exercises, enjoying the class wine provided for everyone by Bill Groman

Classmate Comings and Goings



▲ Wild and crazy '67

Leslie Nelson Hosts a Drunken Orgy at Her New Denver Home

Over the holidays **Leslie Nelson** hosted a party at her new residence in the Cherry Creek section of Denver (right next door to **Tom & Jane Petrie's** pad). The Denver West Point gang was on hand to help celebrate. Revelers included Tom & Jane Petrie, **Mary Ann & Carroll Howard**, **Margie Clark**, **Mac & Janice Hartley**, **Rich & Debbie Adams**, **Gordy & Jane Rankin**, "**Fifi**" Nelson and **Brad & Lynn (Haseman) Streich**, USMA Class of 2000. Regretfully, Lynn's parents, **Paul & Vivian Haseman** couldn't be in attendance because they are in Australia for the year. Also missing and sadly missed: **Phil & Joy Kinney** and **Tom & Jo Coker**.



Bill & Regina Groman Enjoy a Mediterranean Cruise

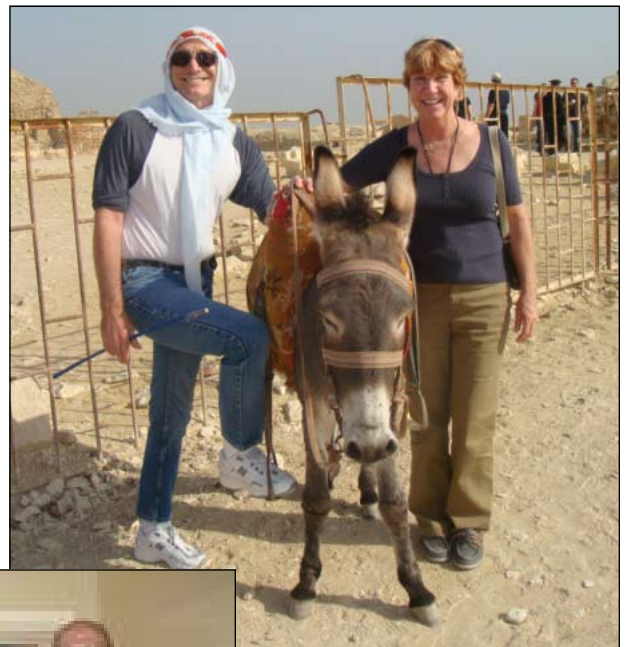
Got the following note from Bill on 9 December:

"Regina and I are on a cruise around the Mediterranean for 12 days ... Barcelona, Rome, Athens, Izmir, Alexandria, Cairo, Malta and back to Barcelona for the flight home... It's been a while since I've been out of the country for this amount of time when it wasn't a business trip... although I have spent a lot of time with the Bar Manager, Sommelier, and even the Captain.... We had a special tour of the bridge by the Captain (it's amazing what a bottle of vintage will get you!). We actually tasted some pretty decent Egyptian wines.

Anyway... for now I am attaching some pictures taken at Giza... (by the way the jackass is the one in the middle)."

Well, I'm glad Bill clarified that; I thought the one in the middle was **Mike Hood**.

► Bill & Regina Groman in Egypt



◀ The Denver crowd gathered at Leslie "Fifi" Nelson's: Jane & Tom Petrie, Mary Ann & Carrol Howard, Margie Clark, Janice & Mac Hartley, Debbie & Rich Adams, Jane & Gordy Rankin, "Fifi," and Lynn & Brad Streich. (USMA Class of 2000)

Dials & Mooneys in Mexico

On 14 February I received a nice snail-mail note from **George Dials** wedged in with my Frederick's of Hollywood and Victoria's Secret catalogs. He & **Pam** (who is restored to fine health, thank goodness) recently spent a week on the Sea of Cortez in San Carlos, Mexico with **Darrell & Roseanne Mooney**. When not eating and drinking to excess, they managed to get in some good fishing: see the results in the Dead Fish Flicks section.

► Dials & Mooneys dining alfresco in Mexico

▼ Roseanne Mooney & Pam Dials trolling for dinner



Huntsville, Alabama, Army – Navy Party

A short cyber fart from **Macy Brown** managed to get past my spam filters back in December, passing along a photo of the Huntsville, AL, crowd gathered at **Don Wolfe's** home for their annual Army-Navy party. Party my butt; a wake would have been more appropriate for that game.



▲ Huntsville, AL, Army – Navy party: Left to right — Bill Brigadier, Macy Brown, Don Wolfe, Kent Krause, Bill Ervin and Dick Ehrenreich.

▲ Nelsons and Joneses on the US – Canadian border in Glacier National Park

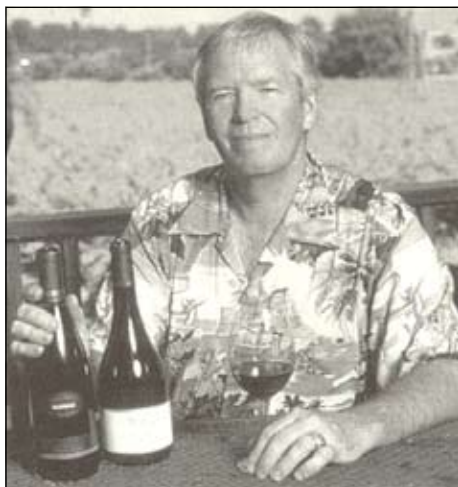
Nelsons and Joneses go Biking Through the Snow

In early March I got this photo from **Don Nelson** showing him and **Diane** with **Ray & Cheryl Jones** standing knee deep in snow on the “cut line,” the US – Canadian border in Glacier National Park. Mind you, the photo was taken in June, not January. The four of them were on a motorcycle trip from somewhere to somewhere – Don was a little vague on the details, but then he used to be a little vague about my accounts he managed back when I had a little bit of money.



Bill Foley Continues to Grow his Wine Empire

Bill Foley has been much in the news of late, mostly because of his incredibly successful, expanding wine empire. As I'm sure most of you wine common sewers know, in addition to his extensive business



▲ Bill Foley, star of the wine universe

enterprises – FNF Corp, Rock Creek Ranch, etc – Bill also owns several outstanding wineries in California (see below) In the 31 Dec '08 issue of *Wine Spectator* magazine, their annual Top 100 Wines of the year issue, one of Bill's wines made the list. His 2005 Merus cabernet sauvignon from Napa Valley is ranked the 95th greatest wine in the world for 2008. In its earlier review

of the wine a few months ago WS gave it a 96 rating. Bill also produces a second label from Merus called Altus; this is also an outstanding cabernet, with a WS rating of 92.

In addition to this great news, Bill has continued to grow his American wine empire, becoming one of the most important and powerful names in the US wine industry. Here are some excerpts of a recent article from the *Los Angeles Times* about Bill and his impact on the wine scene.

Historic Sebastiani winery sold

After controlling the winery for more than a century, the Sebastiani clan sells to Foley Wine Group. The deal follows a trend.

By Jerry Hirsch
December 23, 2008

Yet another iconic wine estate has slipped out of the hands of a historic California family. Acquisition-thirsty Foley Wine Group of Los Olivos on Monday said it had bought Sebastiani Vineyards, a Sonoma winery that had passed through generations of family members over the span of 104 years. A slumping market for higher-priced wine, the lack of a clear succession plan and years of division among the third generation of Sebastianis were behind the sale, according to people familiar with the transaction.

The terms of the sale of the winery and its 230 acres were not announced. But industry sources say Foley paid \$50 million for the company to the families of the three grandchildren of founding patriarch Samuele Sebastiani.

With the acquisition, Foley Wine Group will increase its sales to about 500,000 cases across multiple labels.

The company is a comparatively new creation of William P. Foley II, founder and chairman of Fidelity National Financial Corp., a multibillion-dollar title insurance and claims-management services company based in Jacksonville, Fla.

Foley launched his first wine venture only 11 years ago, buying a small winery in Ballard, near Santa Ynez, and renaming

it Lincourt. Within a year, he bought a 460-acre horse ranch close by in the Santa Rita Hills that he renamed Foley Estates Vineyard & Winery.

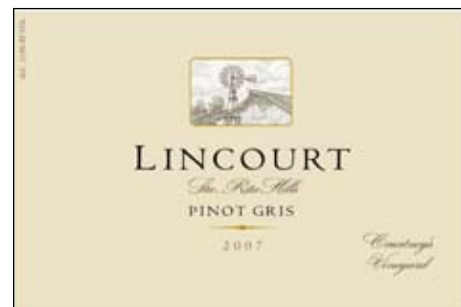
Since then, Foley has bought Firestone Vineyards, another family winery, and hundreds more vineyard acres in the Santa Rita Hills. This year, he bought Three Rivers Winery in Walla Walla, WA, and Merus, an expensive, cult Cabernet Sauvignon maker in Napa Valley.

"I really like the wine business, and as a buyer there are some winery opportunities that are going to develop over the next 12 months," said Foley, who divides his time among his Florida title insurance business, a ranch in Montana and his California wine holdings. But he concedes devoting an increasing amount of his attention and his millions to wine.

"I needed to be bigger so that we have leverage in dealing with wine distributors. Sebastiani should get me there, and now I just need to consolidate distributor relationships in all the different states," Foley said.

In a related story published in the *Sonoma News*, it was announced that the new name of Bill's wine enterprises will be Foley Family Wines, and it will be headquarters in Sonoma County, in the newly acquired Sebastiani offices.

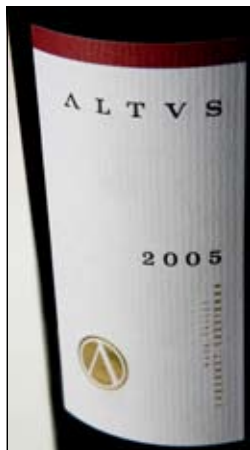
Now, since I know you're all anxious to run to the local wine store and stock your cellars with some of Bill's great healing water, here are samples of all his labels. (Note: you probably won't find the Merus or Altus in wine stores. They are very limited production wines, available primarily directly from the winery).



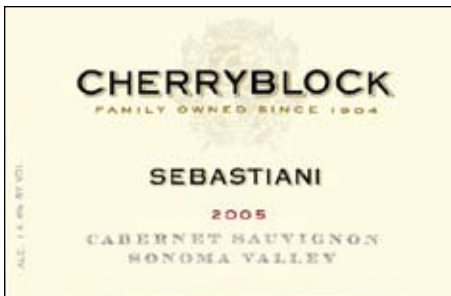
▲ Lincourt Vineyards label



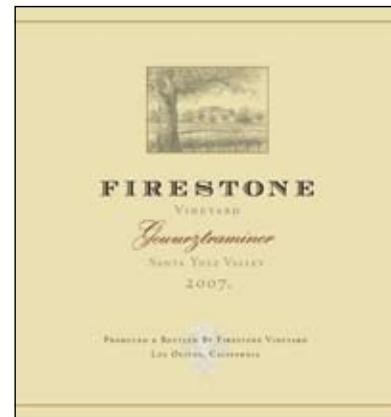
▲ Bill Foley's Merus cabernet sauvignon



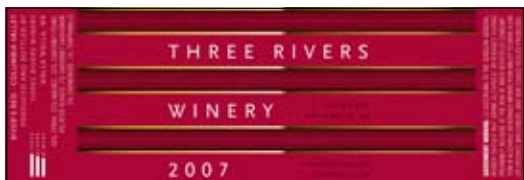
▲ Altus, another of Bill's outstanding wines



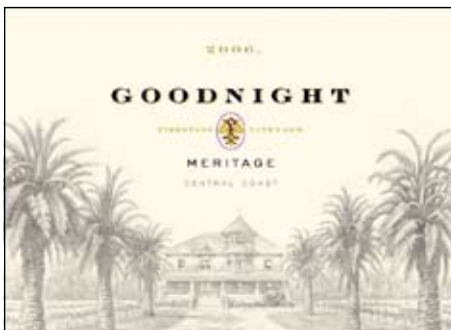
▲ Cherryblock cabernet, one of the Sebastiani wines now part of Bill Foley's wine group



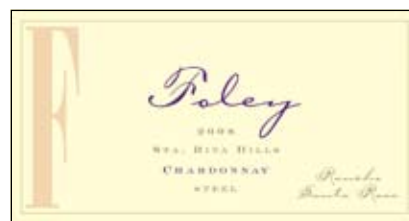
▲ Firestone Vineyards, one of Bill's Santa Barbara wines



▲ Three Rivers Winery, from Walla Walla, Washington



▲ Goodnight, a Firestone Vineyard meritage wine



▲ A label of one of the Foley Estate wines

MEDICAL UPDATES

Once again we must temper our fun and games with some serious news, the all too frequent updates on classmates and family members dealing with medical issues. The Class Prayer Team Warriors are working overtime for these good folks; all the rest of us need to do the same. Since the last issue of the Pooper Scooper in December '08 I've been informed of the following news.



Ray Winkel Update

Here's the most recent update (2 March) on Ray's continuing battle with cancer:

"Sally and I went to Walter Reed last week for a CT scan. It showed that one of the two active lymphoma regions discovered in December is stable, and the second is gone. This is especially welcome news because I have not been able to take chemotherapy since the first of the year. My blood platelets and white cells have been low. The platelets have been slowly improving, and the doctor gave me an injection to improve my white cell count. I will get another blood test next week. We go back to Walter Reed for a PET scan in mid-March.

I am doing fine, if a bit tired. I continue to teach. Meanwhile, Sally is going on a short, well-deserved break to Bermuda."

Randy Kinnard Survives a Ruptured Appendix

I got the following e-mail from Randy on 23 December. Caution: not recommended for the squeamish: "I had a ruptured appendix for 12 days, which went undiagnosed by my doc. Ouch. Finally a surgeon friend of mine diagnosed it and had me in the OR on an emergency basis a half hour later. Pus everywhere. Opened me up right down the middle. Hospitalized for a week. Now recovering. Six more weeks to "normalcy." All the docs in the hospital wondered how I walked around with a ruptured appendix for 12 days. My surgeon told them, "West Point." True story. I said, 'No, class of '67.' Hahaha." Note that Randy says he'll be "normal" in six weeks. I'm here to tell, that boy ain't ever been normal. If this surgery can make him normal, that doc deserves a prize.



Chad Keck Gets Engaged

I received the following cyber fart from **Chad Keck** on 6 January: "The short of it is that I got engaged to the lovely and radiant Jane Mao of Shenzhen, China, on January 1st, 2009. The long of it is in my one-day blog, which I entitled "Overstimulated". The bottom line is that I couldn't be happier." Freed Note: Chad sent me the three page, single spaced extract of the "long version" of the story from his blog, but he didn't tell me how to tell you how to find his blog, so if you want the long version of the story, e-mail Chad at ckeck@needhamco.com.



▲ Chad Keck and his fiancé Jane Mao

Don Nelson Gets Himself Married

I recently learned from **Ray Winkel** that **Don Nelson** got married on 7 or 8 Feb (Ray was a little vague on the details). According to Ray's note Don married Diane Haines in Merrillville, Indiana. Along with Ray, attendees included **Ray Jones**, **Karl & Joan Jacobs**, **Rick & Karen Hausman**, and **Bill & Karla Cates**. They all sat together at Table #67. Ray says it was a lovely wedding and the reception was loads of fun. After the wedding Dan & Diane went to Hawaii for a honeymoon, where they were joined by **John & Janice Severson** and **Pete & Susan Economos** for some post-nuptial debauchery.



▲ Pete & Susan Economos, Don & Diane Nelson and John and Janice Severson in Hawaii



▲ The Don Nelson wedding: Ray Jones, Karl & Joan Jacobs, Don & Diane Nelson, Bill & Karla Cates, Rick & Karen Hausman (not pictured Ray Winkel - past his curfew time).



▲ The Freccia wedding gaggle

Bill & Millie Freccia's Daughter Stephanie Wed

This actually occurred in July 2007, and I reported it very briefly in PS 15, but now I finally have a photo of the blessed event and the beaming couple and parents.

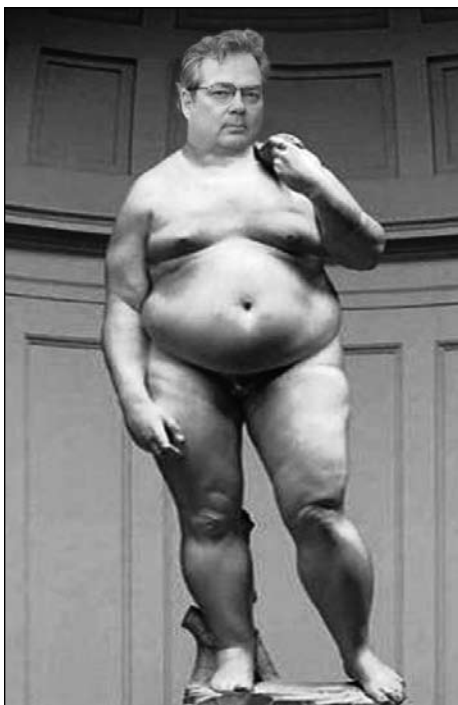
George Kellenbenz's Son is Engaged

On 25 Feb I received an e-mail from **George Kellenbenz** with the news his son Jason will marry Cindy Thomas on 24 Oct. That's all the news he cared to share; no location, no details. George is no fool. He knows there are people in this class with large appetites for food and booze and limited decorum who make it a habit to attend these events whenever and wherever they can.

OUTSTANDING ATHLETIC ACHEIVEMENTS DEPARTMENT

I've already reported that **Gael James** is the winner of this year's Purple Butt award, one of the most coveted of all the Unsurpassed Honors our Class, but there are other remarkable athletic accomplishments to report.

Mike Hood Named Class Sportsman of the Year for the 2d Year in a Row



▲ Mike Hood, Class Sportsman of the Year, again

OK, I've got to be frank, I was skeptical when I heard the news, so I contacted the head of the nominating and selection committee **John Severson** (the other members of the committee are **Barry Nickerson**, **Glynn Hale** and, no surprise to anyone, **Mike Hood**) and asked for a detailed explanation of their selection process. Sevo's reply, which follows, is the pinnacle of logic and rational thought. I am now convinced of the wisdom of their ways.

"Freed,
Our philosophy is that this honor belongs to Hood until someone else steps up and takes it away. This is like a heavyweight champion's reign or like the Golden Sandbar award - where some other fisherman better boost his BS to make it more interesting so as to entice the ladies of Ruby Springs to vote for him. Hood again had a good year. His performance at the Texas

Invitational where he led a come-from-behind charge to end up second (*out of 2*) was reminiscent of Lord Cardigan's Charge (of the Light Brigade) in the Crimean War. He participated in a highly successful pheasant hunt in ND where he bagged at least one bird (*only one bird*). He biked single-handily through Normandy, and we know how difficult that is (See "The Longest Day"). Many times he refused medical attention - and wine - from the local citizens. He completed the Triathlon at Canyon Ranch (pedicure-manicure-massage), and he finished in the top ten of the "Pretty Toes" competition. See picture.



▲ Hood's award winning pedicure

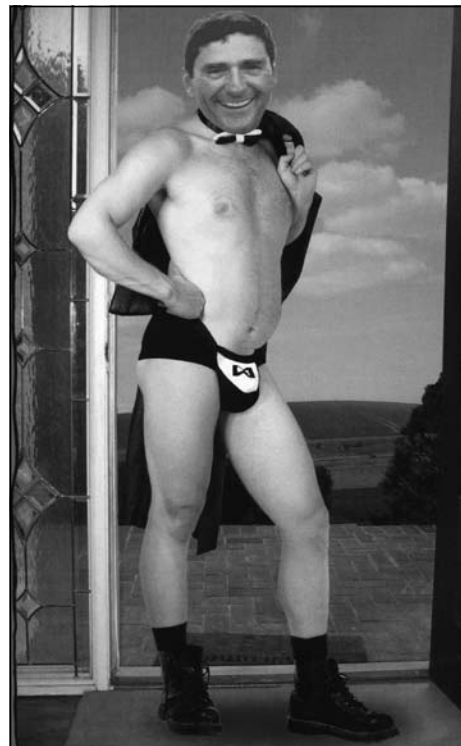
In addition, he attended a Dallas Cowboys football game. Undaunted by the Cowboys' continued collapses he remains a loyal fan. Finally, he attended the Army - Navy Game and cheered on the Army Team well into the second quarter."

You simply can't argue with that track record.

Apparently, **Ed Dewey** did try to wrest the title away from Hood, and in a pathetic attempt to impress the judges he entered the All California Super Hero Competition. Unfortunately, despite his spiffy uniform (hand made by **Janet** I'm told) his flaccid performance failed to impress anyone.

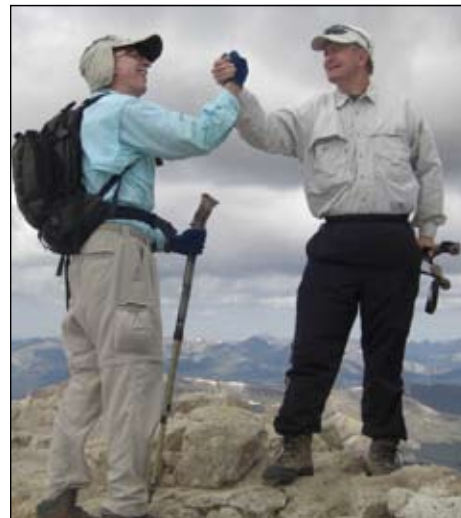
Randy Kinnard and Rich Adams Climb a Mountain to Nowhere

Got a short message from **Rich Adams** on 24 February, accompanied by a neat photo. Seems that **Randy Kinnard** has recovered sufficiently from his ruptured appendix to hit the road and mooch food and drink from classmates. He & **Peggy** recently visited Rich & **Debbie** at their Edwards, CO, home and for some obscure reason Rick & Randy decided it would be a smart thing to climb a mountain. Obviously the memories of Ranger School have faded for these guys. According to Rich's e-mail,



▲ Ed Dewey's flaccid attempt to win Sportsman of the Year honors

the photo purports to show the two of them as they achieve the summit of 14,000+ ft. Mt. Democrat in CO. I suspect they were helicoptered to the summit. According to Rich, it was "almost as difficult as the ski slope" at West Point. Why would Rich know that? Was it because he enjoyed a number of Plebe punishment hikes? So, why did they climb Mount Democrat, you ask? Obviously they were looking for a bailout, or maybe just because they felt so good being on top of one. A Democrat, that is.



▲ Randy Kinnard and Rich Adams conquer a Democrat

Jim Roberts Helps the Cadet Combat Weapon's Team

I got the following cyber fart from Jim on 26 February: "Attached is a photo of myself and the West Point Combat Weapons Team. The team was at the Fort Benning 3 Gun Challenge last December. I was asked by the Army Marksmanship Unit to help in putting on the match. They are in the third year of doing so. I have been on the match staff and served as the Chief Range Officer on several of their stages. The match is quickly gaining the status of being the best in the country. Jim Roberts.... Still in snow in Idaho"

It's probably worth mentioning that the West Point Combat Weapons Team is the collegiate national champion in that sport...but then one would certainly hope so, wouldn't one?



▲ Jim Roberts with the national champion cadet Combat Weapons team

MISCELLANEOUS RAMBLINGS,

or short bursts overheard while standing in line for my bailout

Class Kid News and Kudos

Little Larry Izzo Leaves the New England Patriots, is Now Playing for the NY Jets

OK all you hard core Patriots fans out there, time to shift your allegiance to Gang Green and the NY Jets. In an AP news release today (11 March) it was announced that our own class son **Larry Izzo**, who has covered himself with glory these past eight years as captain of the NE Patriots Special Teams, has now signed with the NY Jets. Here's the article:



▲ Larry Izzo, now a NY Jet

Newest Jet Izzo is a Specialist First Class

Published: Wed, March 11, 2009 - 4:45pm
ET

By [Randy Lange](#)

Lange is editor-in-chief of [newyorkjets.com](#). He covered the Jets for 13 years for The Record of Hackensack, N.J.

03/11 — The envelope, please. And the newest Jets unrestricted free agency signing is ... Larry Izzo.

That's correct. Izzo, NFL special teams royalty who has worn the aqua and coral of the Dolphins and the red, white and blue of the Patriots, will be donning green and white this season.

This news flew under the radar, but it's an interesting transaction just the same. We'll venture a guess that Izzo is not coming to the Jets to start at linebacker, his defensive position — not with him entering his 13th NFL season, set to turn 35 after the start of the 2009 season, and with zero pro starts to his credit.

But Izzo is a specialist first class. He's a three-time AFC Pro Bowl special teams player, not to mention a three-time Super Bowl contributor with the Pats.

By New England's reckoning, he has 257 special teams tackles in his career, plus 23 more in the playoffs. By the more conservative calculations of Stats Inc., he has fewer total tackles, 199, but that is still the most by any NFL player since the stat service began tracking ST tackles in 1994.

What's more, he's reunited (and it feels so good) with Mike Westhoff, his original ST boss for his first four pro seasons with Miami (not including '97, which he lost to an Achilles' tear). And he's leaving New England, for which he served the last eight seasons as teams captain.

Also, the Jets lost a teams captain of their own to free agency with Cleveland's signing of David Bowens and have suffered at Izzo's whirling-dervish activity over the years.

He's played 23 games against them over the years and recorded 19 of his ST tackles. But possibly his biggest play vs. the Jets wasn't a tackle but a block — on Ellis Hobbs' NFL-record 108-yard kickoff return, which opened the second half of the Jets' 2007 season opener vs. the Pats.

Away from the field, Izzo, like so many other players on the Jets and around the league, is a major player in the community. Much of his charitable work is done with members of the U.S. Armed Forces. He's visited 8,500 crew members of the U.S.S. Carl Vinson at Pearl Harbor during Pro Bowl week in 2002 and visited troops in Afghanistan, Iraq, Kuwait and Qatar on an NFL-sponsored USO tour in '05.

And the last three years in Boston he has hosted a celebrity karaoke night that has benefited a half dozen veteran's causes. The name of the event: "Larry-oke."

The man's a natural performer. And he has the track record to marshal the Jets' special teamers in Rex Ryan's first campaign as Jets head coach."

Paul Cline's Son Promoted to Major

Back on 31 January I learned that **Paul Cline's** son Chris, Class of '99, has been deemed worthy of draping himself with the



▲ Chris Cline's promotion to Major

mantle of probity reserved for Field Grade Officers and was promoted to Major. Chris works in the Admissions Department here at USMA. Well done Chris; tell your Old Man it's his responsibility to spring for a promotion party for the class.

Nick Horn's Son is on His Fifth Deployment

Nice cyber fart from **Nick Horn** on 5 February passing along some news about his son, Nick the Younger. He's a 2002 grad who flew the Blackhawk with the 101st. He's now with the Army's Special Ops 160th Aviation Regiment (Nightstalkers) and currently is deployed for his 5th trip overseas (no more input on exactly where since he joined 160th). He lives in Clarksville, TN, with his wife Ali and stays in close touch with several of his classmates, to include **John Landgraf's** son, Jay who is getting his MBA at Wharton.

Alton & Carolyn Donnell's Son Tyler Back in Iraq



▲ Tyler Donnell and comrades in Iraq

Tyler Donnell departed on 4 January for his 3d deployment to Iraq. Here's an e-mail I received from Carolyn on 3 March:

"Tyler left for Iraq on January 4th, less than a year from his return from his second deployment. Yes, this is his third deployment. They arrived in Kuwait thinking they would be heading back to Baghdad but their mission was changed.

The majority of the battalion is in Kirkuk, Iraq with their higher headquarters, 2nd Brigade, 1st Cavalry Division. This includes Bravo Battery, Golf Company

and almost all of Headquarters Battery. A small number of radar personnel from Headquarters Battery will be located in Baghdad, Iraq. Alpha battery will be located in Mosul, Iraq for an indefinite period and will fall under 3rd Brigade, 1st Cavalry Division.

Tyler is the Company Commander of Bravo Battery and they are on the streets daily working security with the Iraqi Police. Things are very sensitive in that area so of course I worry every day about his safety.

Communications are slim to none and many of his soldiers are still sleeping in tents. I think they didn't expect so many to arrive in Kirkuk so their accommodations were not ready and so they have literally been building their office and sleeping areas.

They hope to turn over the security to the Iraqis by June...if all goes well.

Dena and Devin remain at Fort Hood and are doing well. They were married on May 10th at West Point and didn't even have time for a honeymoon as Tyler took over his command two weeks later and it was straight into training to get ready for the next deployment. They will also have to celebrate their first wedding anniversary after Tyler's return in January 2010.

Upon Tyler's return to the good 'ole USA, he hopes to get back to graduate school and then back to West Point to teach in the Physics Department. Nothing like following his Father's footsteps.

Although Tyler would rather be at home with his family, he is very upbeat and positive about their mission and sees a future for the Iraqi people. Tyler's address if anyone wants to send a note is -

CPT TYLER DONNELL
BRAVO BATTERY, 3-82 FA, 2bct
1st CAV DIVISION
FOB Warrior
APO AE 09338

We pray all our soldiers will be safely home soon.

Carolyn D."

Phil & Joy Kinney's Daughter Amy is on Her Second Deployment



▲ Amy (Kinney) and Adam Clements in Iraq

Phil & Joy's daughter Amy Kinney Clements '02 departed for her second deployment to Iraq on Veterans Day, 11 November, and is now in command of the 110th MP Company. Her husband Adam '02 is also on his second deployment, where he commands a company in the 2d Battalion, 8th Infantry, 4th ID. Phil recently sent me a great photo of Amy & Adam in country, while they were able to get together for awhile.

Dave Ellis's Son Takes Command of a Hotel in Pennsylvania

On 5 Marc **Dave Ellis** filed the following report: "Classmates, my son just assumed command (General Manager) of the Park Ridge Hotel and Conference Center in King of Prussia, PA. It is very near Valley Forge, and may be an area frequented by some of you from time to time. It looks like a swank place, and is part of the Starwood Hotel chain (Sheraton, Westin, etc.). In case anyone is interested, the link is: <http://parkridgevalleyforge.com/>

He has offered a special discount to any member of our distinguished group who drops the name West Point Class of 1967 when making reservations. Just to be sure you get treated right you might want to ask for him personally—we have the same name, but he goes by David. Regards, Dave Ellis"

Denny Huyck's Daughter is an Aspiring Thespian

I received the following very nice note from Denny recently: "My daughter, Brittany (15 1/2 years old), starred as the Nurse in William Shakespeare's play, "Romeo & Juliette" at her high school (The Covenant School) last week. Brittany played the nurse to Juliette, and enjoyed this part because she delivered most of the comic lines in the play, and she was in most of the scenes. She was recognized for her talent in the play by the Headmaster of the school in the weekly school chapel services. Of course, I thought she stole the show!"

Brittany has also appeared in the play "Godspell", and has participated in many recitals and competitions for piano. She is also an excellent setter and libero on the school's volleyball team, where she lettered in her sophomore year. She earned her Lifesaver Certificate this winter, and will work as a lifeguard at our neighborhood pool this summer. Quite a kid.

Brittany will get her driver's permit this week, so watch out if you travel in Virginia!"



► Brittany Huyck performing Shakespeare



▲ Proud papa Denny Huyck with Brittany after her performance

— TRANSITIONS —

Ray Winkel Announces His Retirement on 20 June



▲ COL Ray Winkel, Professor and Head of the Whole Department of Physics and Unfathomable Black Magic

On 9 January Ray Winkel sent the following terse e-mail to the class: "Classmates: I intend to have a retirement ceremony at West Point at noon on Saturday, 20 June 2009. The Class and spouses are invited to attend. That evening, Sally and I will host a dinner at a local restaurant for those who can make it. Details will follow. Ray Winkel"

Folks, this is a major milestone for the class, and it will be one grand party. Ray will be retiring after 42 continuous years of dedicated and distinguished service to the Nation, the Army and West Point. He has been at West Point for over 28 years; first as "P" from 1975-78; and then continuously since 1984, first as a Permanent Professor, and since 1987 the Professor and Head of the Department of Physics. On the day he retires he will be promoted to Brigadier General.

Ray is quite serious about inviting the entire class to this event. Please, do him a big favor: if you plan to attend, please let him know as soon as possible; there are important logistical issues to be dealt with here.

Dick Black Transition



▲ BG Dick Black, Class of 1967 Chair of Physics

Ray Winkel's not the only person who will be leaving West Point this summer.

Dick Black, who has spent the past year as the Distinguished occupant of 1967 Physics Chair, and **Mary** will

also be pulling up stakes and striking off to new adventures. They'll be traveling to Spain, Alaska for some fishing, back and forth to West Point a few times, Wenatchee, WA, where they have a home, and finally in November to Huntsville, AL for the winter. Here's what Dick has to say about his experience this past year:

"Mary and I will finish what has been a very stimulating year for both of us here at West Point as the Class of 1967 Endowed Chair in Physics. Teaching cadets has been a very challenging and stimulating experience for me.

I challenged myself to do a good job and live up to the 'None Shall Surpass' expectations. Time will tell how I did. The interactions with the staff and faculty of the Physics Department, and the cadets was such a rush...I almost thought I should be graduating and starting a new career myself. Then I quickly realized that I am only 'graduating' back into retirement. That means visiting family, friends, and fishing and hunting, in the northwest during the summer, and doing some woodworking in Huntsville in the winter. I hope Mary and I can easily 'wind down' to that lifestyle again.

I honestly think Mary and I have gained a new appreciation of how great and wonderful our West Point heritage has been to us. We have also grown to love Ray and Sally as we have enjoyed their friendship, collaborative work and various trials. What a 'Class' couple of representatives

they have been. Both are so very highly regarded for their individual contributions: to the institution, keeping all parts of the curriculum up to date and relevant; to the faculty, over 22 years of Physics faculty (~200+) 'graduated' and sent back to the field Army, and to the cadets that have attended our amazing Alma Mater and have gone on to serve our Nation with much greater knowledge of the world in which they will serve. Ray and Sally certainly deserve our 'Congratulations' and 'Thanks' for all that they have done for all of us over the years, and for the Academy.

Mary and I have been honored to serve as the first Class of 1967 Endowed Physics Chair.

We hope to see all of you soon at the 45th reunion, if not before."

Ty McCoy Gets a New Job

I received the following info from **Ty McCoy** on 1 March: "I am taking on a new assignment as Chairman/President of Protect the Force Institute (website soon) that as a non-profit with heavy industry and public support aims to provide and ensure that we provide the individual troops and first responders with the safest, strongest, most lethal gear that can be invented. We will be located in Wash, DC. I will continue as Chairman of the Space Transportation Assoc of the USA (www.spacetrans.us), Chairman of Innovation Drive (www.innovationdrive.net), an alternative energy company, Chairman of Washington Capital Partners, and a new Board Member joining with former VCSA Dick Cody (USMA 72) on the Board of MitreTech (now www.noblis.org), as well as several other Boards and consultancies."

Well done, Ty. What the hell do you do on your day off?

Mike Delleo Retires

Got a note a while back saying that **Mike Delleo's** retirement open house in Phoenix, AZ, area was on 11 December. I didn't even know Mike had ever worked. Well, now that he won't be working there's even more reason to visit the Delleos in their little piece of paradise, at least for the three

weeks of the year when the average daily temperature in Phoenix drops below the thermo-nuclear level.

Hasemans Will be Returning From Oz Soon

Got the following note from **Paul Haseman** on 23 Feb: "**Vivian** and I will end our work sojourn in Australia in November. Vivian still thinks the kangaroos are cute. We're enjoying (too much) all the Australian and New Zealand wines. We look forward to getting down to Tasmania where they have figured out that being on the same latitude as New Zealand likely means they can produce good Pinot Noir. We'll see." I suspect the Denver crowd will be planning a great welcome home party for the Hasemans (that crowd will plan a party for anything), so start making your travel plans now.

Mac & Marge McMillan's Son Awarded the Kentucky Medal of Freedom



▲ Elizabeth McMillan, widow of Lloyd and Marge McMillan's son Bill, being awarded the Kentucky Medal of Freedom, given to the wives and family of the fallen. She is receiving her medal from the State Deputy Adjutant General

Here's an e-mail I received from Mac on 16 March; some good and not so good news, but a good update on them and their family.

"Freed, here's a photo of Marge and I on Friday, 13 March, at the rotunda of the Kentucky State Capital for the State's

Medal of Freedom award ceremony. The medal is given to the wives and family of the fallen. Bills wife is on the left getting her medal from the State Deputy Adjutant General. The fellow giving me the medal is the Governor of our great state, Governor Steve Breshear.

We got out of the ceremony, turned on our cell phones to hear our older son Brad say 'I have rolled my car twice, it is totaled, I was wearing my seat belt, they cut me out of the car as I hung upside down, BUT I AM ALL RIGHT! We went to where he was - about two and a half hours away - to help him pick up his belongings from his car and get him to where his fiancé was picking him up for the weekend.

All is going as well with us as can be expected as we work to recover from the loss of Bill. We are staying busy with memorial and remembrance ceremonies that keep his spirit present with us. We are giving the American Spirit Award to a deserving senior at Hargrave Military Academy in Chatham, VA, during what would have been Bill's 5th Class reunion and Hargrave's 100th year on April 24th. This is supported by the donations we received for Bill to go to this fund.

On 23 May we are having a dinner for 100+ soldiers from Bill's two units in Iraq, 225th Combat Support Battalion and 1st battalion,

21st Infantry, 2nd Stryker Bde, 25th Inf Div. His unit is now all back home as of 3/10. The 2nd Bde is having a memorial plaque placed at the 25th Inf Div Memorial Garden the 24th of May."

— MORE CLASS GRANDKIDS —

Diane & Rich Kiper Have Their 10th Grandchild

Halley Grace Koenig, born 18 Jan '09. Rich said he used to think one had to be really old, sort of like **Arango**, to have ten grandkids, but you don't because he's not!



▲ Diane & Rich Kiper with their 10th grandchild, Halley Grace Koenig

Denny Huyck has his 2d Granddaughter

On 5 March **Denny Huyck** wrote to announce the birth of his second granddaughter. Dylan Maureen Huyck was born on January 26, 2009. Parents are his son, Dennis Huyck and his wife Kathleen. They live in Chicago.



▲ Denny Huyck with his 2d granddaughter, Dylan Maureen Huyck

Christmas-Letter News and Photos

Here are excerpts from a couple of the Christmas letters and cards that found their way to the Lowrey home, along with a bunch of photos I've gotten that show we're still looking really, really good. Well, some of us are.

Jim & Suzanne Saine are still in Aiken, SC, where Jim continues to teach at Aiken HS and the Univ. of SC – Aiken, and Suzanne stays busy with volunteering, Bible studies and keeping Jim on the straight and narrow path. No wonder she studies the Bible so much.

Back in May **Razor & Suzanne Heath** went on a trip to Utah, which included some backcountry hiking by Razor and son Kenny in the rugged canyons. Razor managed to slip and fall high up a canyon wall, resulting in a broken pinky finger. No doctors in the wilderness, so in best Ranger School fashion he sucked it up and drove on for four more days of hiking. Amazing.

◀ The Saine family, 2008



If that had been **Dave Hale** we would all have heard him crying “momma” the whole time. Remind me to tell you about Hale and Ranger School next time we get together for good beer and stories. Anyway, once Razor returned to civilization, or at least the North Carolina version of it, he had to have surgery on his finger, which kept him off the golf course for several months, and probably in Suzanne’s hair. The good news in the Heath household is that their daughter Kelly is with child, and shall present them with a new grandchild at the end of April.



▲ The Rivers clan, in a normal moment



▲ Tom & Susan White with their new kitty



▲ The Rivers clan, in a serious moment



▲ The Hartleys, 2008



▲ Jorgie Jorgenson, John Caldwell, Mike Kush, Tom White and Beach Doheny looking very dapper at the Cause gala in DC last October



▲ Suzanne & Ron Naples at the DC Cause gala in October; Ron is proving you can sleep standing up

Chris Biltoft Gets Published

I received the following note from **Chris Biltoft** on 2 March: "Freed: For what it is worth, my latest paper 'A Note on Calculating Coherence Thresholds and Statistical Significance' appears in the February 2009 Journal of Atmospheric and Oceanic Technology, Vol. 26, pages 403-410. It is not available on line just yet, but should be in a month or two. Ciao! Chris Biltoft."

Wow! I can't wait for the snow to stop falling so I can go find a copy; actually, I'll need two – **Bob Lenz** will want one also. Well done, Chris. One question: what the hell is a Coherence Threshold? If it has anything to do with being coherent, I suspect Lenz crossed that threshold years ago; I can't remember the last time I saw him coherent.

Rich Adams Finishes His Book, Sends it to a Publisher

This is exciting news. I received the following e-mail from Rich on 1 March: "I've just turned in my 114,000 word manuscript to a senior editor at Random House for my historical novel 'The Parting' (about the West Point Classes of May and June 1861, who are memorialized by Reconciliation Plaza). You may remember that in connection with several of my visits to WP, I've bothered the good folk at the old library Special Collections Department – all part of the research to make the story authentic. I'm incredibly pleased with the latest draft and hopeful the story reaches many. Through the story our Class, and indeed all graduates, can appreciate what it might have been like had we been cadets at that time. The 'Foreword' for the story follows:

"Less than fifty miles north of New York City sits arguably the most beautiful college campus in America, the United States Military Academy, better known as West Point. Visitors who approach the gray castellated cadet barracks and academic buildings from the south see to their right a series of eighteen black granite markers overlooking the majestic Hudson River and distant Highland hills. The markers

measure two feet by four feet and weigh five thousand pounds. Upon their polished faces is inscribed a history unique, defining, and terrible. This is *Reconciliation Plaza*, the largest memorial complex at the nation's oldest military academy, a gift from the West Point Class of 1961 to commemorate the members of the West Point Classes of May and June 1861. *The Parting* enters the Victorian world of these classes during the period August 1860 until a week after the bombardment of Ft. Sumter, and is told against the backdrop of slavery, state's rights, the Democratic and Republican Parties, the fire-eaters of the South, the abolitionists of the North, the election of Abraham Lincoln, the secession of states, the election of Jefferson Davis, the resignations of southern cadets and officers, the posturings intended to avoid war, and the surrender of Ft. Sumter that dashed all hopes for peace."

A literary star in the making. The Unsurpassed talent of '67 continues to blow me away.

Now, I know there are more of you out there writing books; **Randy Kinnard** for one. Get to work, guys; if Rich can get it done, you can too. By the way, proceeds from the sale of any classmate books go to the Freed & Vicki Retirement Bailout Fund.

John Kuspa Teaches a (shudder) Physics Colloquium at West Point

Got the following note from a "P" in the Physics Department recently: "Here are some photos I took on 6 March 2009 during



▲ John Kuspa teaching a Physics class. That's cruel and unusual punishment.



▲ Dick Black, John Kuspa, Ray Winkel and Lee Murfee, the Physics Foursome of Death relaxing after blighting many young minds

a colloquium in the Department of Physics given by a '67 Member, **Dr. John Kuspa**. The title of the colloquium was "Nuclear Matters." Class of '67 members in the audience and the Department of Physics are COL **Raymond Winkel**, BG (Ret) **Dick Black**, and LTC (Ret) **Lee Murfee**.

Mike Spinello Has a Neat New Hood Ornament



▲ Mike Spinello's new hood ornament. Or is she a trunk ornament?

OK, I know that headline sounds strange, but I honestly don't know how to classify this piece of news I got from **Mike Spinello** on 25 February. It all started when I asked if anyone had any input for this rag. Here's the e-mail exchange that followed: From Mike: "how about if I go to a strip club and have a picture taken....what then?" My response: "Please, please do that! It will make the front cover of the *Scoop*." To which Mike replies as follows: "ok but you gotta be patient....try this one instead... young 'friend' from up north excited about escaping the bad weather....Jan 09.....after years of donating to charities and seeing no results (w/the exception of WP) I decided that this year I would do charitable works

on an individual and personal basis....voila.... bringing poor cold kids south for the winter.... got the idea from the city's 'send a kid to summer camp program'.... go figure...all these years looking for a gimmic and this falls in my lap.... meet cute girl on airplane up north during winter...talk about lousy weather...explain weather at home....wait for it...wait for it...after 'I'd rather be there than here'....'well..ok...you're invited anytime...just call me'....and it's actually working....what a joke...and all she wanted to do was sit in the spa and lay in the sun (when she saw the license plate she wanted to pose on the car, being the first West Pointer she ever met she wanted the license plate in the photo....too bad I didn't have my old USMA 67 plate....)....didn't even cost much....is this a great country or what?!"

Founder's Day Photos

Here is a picture courtesy of Macy Brown of the esteemed class of '67 at the West Point Society of the Tennessee Valley (in Huntsville, AL) Founder's Day on 6 March. From Left: **Bobbi Kraus, Don Wolfe, Kent Craus, Sarah Curtis, Laura Brown, BJ Brigadier, Macy Brown, Bill Brigadier.**



▲ The Huntsville, AL, crowd at Founder's Day, 2009



▲ The Washington, DC, Founder's Day revelers: kneeling, Judy Caldwell, Mary Sullivan, Pris Bornmann; standing, Doug Williams, Jane Newman, John Caldwell, Debbie Williams, Ed Sullivan, George Sullivan, George Newman, Al Bornmann, Ruth Fischer, Debra & Mike Kush

POEMS

In my unceasing efforts to bring some kulchur to the class I'm always delighted when folks submit their poetry for the *Pooper* readership.

This first poem was written by a friend of **Ray & Suzanne Heath** as a tribute to their son **Kenny**.

For Kenny

Strange God, to create the beautiful and brave
Then call them to His side, so very young,
'Ere all their verses have been writ
Nor all their songs been sung.

But it is right for Him to choose
And when to choose, to choose the very best
And make for him in Heaven's hallowed halls
A place of comfort and eternal rest.

So, when at night you pray and say Amen,
Know he can reach out and touch his Savior's hem.

Jack Kavanah



This next piece was written by our own Paul Haseman. Being in Australia seems to have sharpened his mind.

Wordless Epitaph

Many feet climbed where my feet now tread,
Ascending these steps in pairs or alone,
Learning the craft of defending our nation,
Their steps now recorded in shallowed-out stone,

Some trudging, some sprinting their way ever upward,
Their steps bearing witness to the course they have
run,

The worn granite slabs speak of their striving,
The Long Gray Line, their duty now done.



OK, Back by popular demand, one of **Paul Haseman's** delightful stories of cadet life, back when men were men, cadets marched in four parades a week, the Hellcats included piccolo and flute players, women were our dates, not our classmates, and uniforms were made of wool thick enough to stop a caliber .50 round.

Shining Shoes

Shining shoes is like riding a bike – it doesn't come naturally and there are a few disasters before it's mastered. No new cadets, except those with "prior service," knew how to shine shoes before gracing the hallowed gray walls at West Point. Seems like the first "instruction" we received from our Beast Barracks squad leaders was on "spit shining" your shoes. This was way before they'd trust us with rifles (much less pointy bayonets!) under the logic that if you could master shining shoes, you might be able to advance to the "manual of arms" (rifle drill). Anyway, looking really "spooky" with brightly shined shoes was an absolute must for plebes.¹ As an upperclassman the shoes still needed to be shined but perhaps with a bit less gloss! If the less-gloss drifted into dullness, you might (with great glee) occasionally see an officer having a "chat" with cadet (usually a yearling) about the shine of his shoes (or lack thereof).

But as plebes, shining shoes was a firm priority and occupied a necessary block of time. Because it took both hands and close visual scrutiny, you couldn't do much else while shining shoes but talk. So, a lot of therapeutic roommate talking and world solving then and later got done when the shoeshine rag came out.

The shoeshine rag was normally a white handkerchief converted to a useful end (because it was never going to be a handkerchief again). Wet it in the sink, twist it around one or two fingers (everyone had their opinion on which was best) and go to work. The "spitting" part was possible but I never saw it practiced. Occasionally, I saw a classmate moisten his rag with his tongue (ugh!) but apparently no one ever died of shoe polish poisoning so I guess tongue-moistening was not life threatening. More commonly most everyone would put a little water in the Kiwi lid and periodically dab in their finger(s) to keep the cloth moist. The job was done when you went to the sink and gave the shoe tips the finishing light rub with a cotton ball under slow running cold water.

One common disaster was letting the shoe leather get wet, at which point it would not take a shine. All you could do was growl, stop and let the shoe toe dry and start again. Having to wear that shoe anywhere usually attracted unwanted attention!! Another hazard was removing old polish that had gotten so thick that it cracked – the "approved solution" was to use lighter fluid and set the shoe toe on fire. Actually, you were only burning the wax but if you weren't careful, you'd burn the leather and then had to have a burial ceremony (complete with "Taps") for that pair of shoes!

But the worst hazard to a good shine was for a clumsy classmate to step on your mirror-shine masterpiece. This was appropriately called getting "classmated" as in "δ\$&%\$^#*Ψ#∅φ∅, I just got classmated!" When witnessing such a calamity, those nearby would groan aloud, cover their eyes and look to heaven. It was that gut-wrenching to see a good shine ruined. Quick expressions of sympathy were heart felt and numerous. To avoid classmating, it was not uncommon to see a group of cadets that had unexpectedly converged while marching to start nimbly high-stepping and tippy-toe pirouetting (much like the Snoopy cartoon) to avoid stepping on or being stepped on. Similarly, you could fall off a wall and be bleeding and your best friend would first ask, "Are your shoes okay?" – long before checking to see if you were going to live. That's how important cadets considered preserving a good shine. Only at West Point.

Yes, another bothersome footnote. Spooky was a term used occasionally to mean "spiffy" or "strac" or generally in very good appearance. It derives from young gents who would woo maidens and indulge in "necking" or spooning. When a cadet was in top appearance, he would be "spooky" as if made ready for wooing the ladies.

And of course, shoes were always subject to inspection. Whether carefully laid under one's bed with the toes aligned with the vertical plane of the bed frame or out in formation. As to the latter, Plebes had to be out in formation for meals by the "Five Minute" bell. Various yearlings by roster had the duty to monitor/harass the plebes for various breaches of conduct such as "gazing around," not knowing the "Days" or not having their "necks well back." Naturally, the yearlings with "the duty" also had to be out five minutes early, so they were inclined to be less happy than usual! So you'd see the scowling yearlings walking through the plebe ranks looking at their shoes and woe be it to the slacker with even dust on his shine. Although yearlings didn't shine their shoes often, those with the duty would break down and get out the shoeshine rag. Shod in their rarely sparkling shoes, the yearlings would slither through the ranks looking for plebes whose shoes possibly a notch less shiny than theirs. When sighted, the yearling would position his best shoe toe-to-toe with the plebe and say, "Whose, mister????!!" The plebe would look down and, despite the possibility of a Honor violation, would inevitably give the right answer, "Yours, sir!!" Plebe shoes were important!!

Case in point: It was May and I was casually checking out the plebes to see if any felt that with graduation so close, they might "think that it was all over." Sure enough, there was this plebe, Akers, whose shoes looked like they might have barely survived the Great Flood. I put my face close to his and delivered the usual harangue and elicited the obligatory sharp and loud responses of contrition with the proper ratio of "Yes, Sir!" and "No, Sir!" His prompt and correct responses showed that Akers was not casual or "BJ" (before June) in his attitude so I was somewhat mollified. Nonetheless, I admonished him "to drive those shoes around for inspection at Release from Quarters. And they better look good, Mister!!" At the appointed 2130 hour his shoes looked terrific and Akers was forgotten. A few weeks later at graduation, several of his fellow plebes from Company D-4 came by after recognition to thank me for chewing out Akers. Turns out that he was the best plebe in the Company (who knew?) and for months had been riding his good reputation (i.e., getting away with murder) while others were still being held to higher Plebe standards. But he made the fatal mistake of letting his shoes get worse than a Yearling's (mine) and my ranting over his less-shined shoes had warmed their hearts.

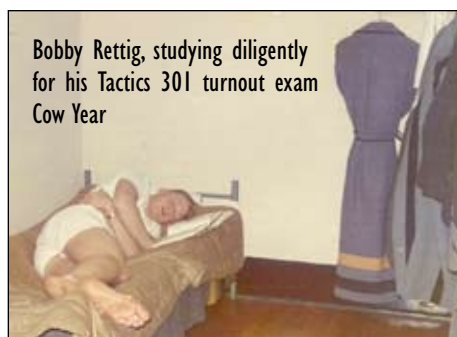
Only at West Point are shined shoes a moral value.

MORE BLASTS FROM THE PAST

Since Paul Haseman's *Mule Memories* are great trips back to the halcyon days of our cadet development, I thought it would be fun to continue that theme with some photos from those early days. This could be a lot of fun, so please, send me any old photos you've got that you think would stir some good memories. If you send hard copies I promise to return them as soon as I scan them.



▲ Would you believe the person on the far left in this color guard is Mike Hood? The only time he was ever allowed to carry a saber.



Bobby Rettig, studying diligently for his Tactics 301 turnout exam
Cow Year



▲ Someone forgot to tell Bob Lenz that napping during a parade was a no-no



▲ The Great Penn State rally our Plebe Year



▲ It's hard to imagine that Mike Hood and Ed Beck ever looked this good

POINTS TO PONDER

This has always been one of my favorite parts of the Pooper Scooper; though I haven't included it very many times. It's my opportunity to subject you all to whatever piece of intellectual or other type of wisdom (or lack thereof) that strikes my fancy, sometimes serious, sometimes far less than that. This time I have what I think is a rare and beautiful gem. I received the following from my dear friend and fishing partner Dave Hale recently; it's a marvelous speech about the power of music. It hit my computer late one afternoon, and as is my normal habit when most other folks have left the office and I'm alone, I was listening to a CD, with the volume turned up when it arrived. By sheer, incredible coincidence, at the time I was listening to Henryk Górecki's 3d Symphony, the Symphony of Sad Songs, in my humble opinion one of the most hauntingly beautiful and viscerally uplifting pieces of music ever written – and it was written about The Holocaust.

I hope you enjoy this as much as I did. Yes, I know it's long, and there aren't any pictures (sorry, Dewey), but stick with it. I think you'll be glad you did.

Welcome address to freshman class at Boston Conservatory, given by Karl Paulnack, pianist and director of music division at Boston Conservatory.

"One of my parents' deepest fears, I suspect, is that society would not properly value me as a musician, that I wouldn't be appreciated. I had very good grades in high school, I was good in science and math, and they imagined that as a doctor or a research chemist or an engineer, I might be more appreciated than I would be as a musician. I still remember my mother's remark when I announced my decision to apply to music school-she said, "You're WASTING your SAT scores." On some level, I think, my parents were not sure themselves what the value of music was, what its purpose was. And they LOVED music, they listened to classical music all the time. They just weren't really clear about its function. So let me talk about that a little bit, because we live in a society that puts

music in the "arts and entertainment" section of the newspaper, and serious music, the kind your kids are about to engage in, has absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with entertainment, in fact it's the opposite of entertainment. Let me talk a little bit about music, and how it works.

The first people to understand how music really works were the ancient Greeks. And this is going to fascinate you; the Greeks said that music and astronomy were two sides of the same coin. Astronomy was seen as the study of relationships between observable, permanent, external objects, and music was seen as the study of relationships between invisible, internal, hidden objects. Music has a way of finding the big, invisible moving pieces inside our hearts and souls and helping us figure out the position of things inside us. Let me give you some examples of how this works.

One of the most profound musical compositions of all time is the Quartet for the End of Time written by French composer Olivier Messiaen in 1940. Messiaen was 31 years old when France entered the war against Nazi Germany. He was captured by the Germans in June of 1940, sent across Germany in a cattle car and imprisoned in a concentration camp.

He was fortunate to find a sympathetic prison guard who gave him paper and a place to compose. There were three other musicians in the camp, a cellist, a violinist, and a clarinetist, and Messiaen wrote his quartet with these specific players in mind. It was performed in January 1941 for four thousand prisoners and guards in the prison camp. Today it is one of the most famous masterworks in the repertoire.

Given what we have since learned about life in the concentration camps, why would anyone in his right mind waste time and energy writing or playing music? There was barely enough energy on a good day to find food and water, to avoid a beating, to stay warm, to escape torture-why would anyone bother with music? And

yet-from the camps, we have poetry, we have music, we have visual art; it wasn't just this one fanatic Messiaen; many, many people created art. Why? Well, in a place where people are only focused on survival, on the bare necessities, the obvious conclusion is that art must be, somehow, essential for life. The camps were without money, without hope, without commerce, without recreation, without basic respect, but they were not without art. Art is part of survival; art is part of the human spirit, an unquenchable expression of who we are. Art is one of the ways in which we say, "I am alive, and my life has meaning."

On September 12, 2001 I was a resident of Manhattan. That morning I reached a new understanding of my art and its relationship to the world. I sat down at the piano that morning at 10 AM to practice as was my daily routine; I did it by force of habit, without thinking about it. I lifted the cover on the keyboard, and opened my music, and put my hands on the keys and took my hands off the keys. And I sat there and thought, does this even matter? Isn't this completely irrelevant? Playing the piano right now, given what happened in this city yesterday, seems silly, absurd, irreverent, pointless. Why am I here? What place has a musician in this moment in time? Who needs a piano player right now? I was completely lost.

And then I, along with the rest of New York, went through the journey of getting through that week. I did not play the piano that day, and in fact I contemplated briefly whether I would ever want to play the piano again. And then I observed how we got through the day.

At least in my neighborhood, we didn't shoot hoops or play Scrabble. We didn't play cards to pass the time, we didn't watch TV, we didn't shop, we most certainly did not go to the mall. The first organized activity that I saw in New York, that same day, was singing. People sang. People sang around fire houses, people sang "We Shall Overcome". Lots of people sang America the Beautiful. The first organized public event that I remember was the Brahms

Requiem, later that week, at Lincoln Center, with the New York Philharmonic. The first organized public expression of grief, our first communal response to that historic event, was a concert. That was the beginning of a sense that life might go on. The US Military secured the airspace, but recovery was led by the arts, and by music in particular, that very night.

From these two experiences, I have come to understand that music is not part of “arts and entertainment” as the newspaper section would have us believe. It’s not a luxury, a lavish thing that we fund from leftovers of our budgets, not a plaything or an amusement or a pass time. Music is a basic need of human survival. Music is one of the ways we make sense of our lives, one of the ways in which we express feelings when we have no words, a way for us to understand things with our hearts when we can’t with our minds.

Some of you may know Samuel Barber’s heart wrenchingly beautiful piece *Adagio for Strings*. If you don’t know it by that name, then some of you may know it as the background music which accompanied the Oliver Stone movie *Platoon*, a film about the Vietnam War. If you know that piece of music either way, you know it has the ability to crack your heart open like a walnut; it can make you cry over sadness you didn’t know you had. Music can slip beneath our conscious reality to get at what’s really going on inside us the way a good therapist does.

I bet that you have never been to a wedding where there was absolutely no music. There might have been only a little music, there might have been some really bad music, but I bet you there was some music. And something very predictable happens at weddings—people get all pent up with all kinds of emotions, and then there’s some musical moment where the action of the wedding stops and someone sings or plays the flute or something. And even if the music is lame, even if the quality isn’t good, predictably 30 or 40 percent of the people who are going to cry at a wedding cry a couple of moments after the music starts. Why? The Greeks.

Music allows us to move around those big invisible pieces of ourselves and rearrange our insides so that we can express what we feel even when we can’t talk about it. Can you imagine watching *Indiana Jones* or *Superman* or *Star Wars* with the dialogue but no music? What is it about the music swelling up at just the right moment in *ET* so that all the softies in the audience start crying at exactly the same moment? I guarantee you if you showed the movie with the music stripped out, it wouldn’t happen that way. The Greeks: Music is the understanding of the relationship between invisible internal objects.

I’ll give you one more example, the story of the most important concert of my life. I must tell you I have played a little less than a thousand concerts in my life so far. I have played in places that I thought were important. I like playing in Carnegie Hall; I enjoyed playing in Paris; it made me very happy to please the critics in St. Petersburg. I have played for people I thought were important; music critics of major newspapers, foreign heads of state. The most important concert of my entire life took place in a nursing home in Fargo, ND, about 4 years ago.

I was playing with a very dear friend of mine who is a violinist. We began, as we often do, with Aaron Copland’s *Sonata*, which was written during World War II and dedicated to a young friend of Copland’s, a young pilot who was shot down during the war. Now we often talk to our audiences about the pieces we are going to play rather than providing them with written program notes. But in this case, because we began the concert with this piece, we decided to talk about the piece later in the program and to just come out and play the music without explanation.

Midway through the piece, an elderly man seated in a wheelchair near the front of the concert hall began to weep. This man, whom I later met, was clearly a soldier—even in his 70’s, it was clear from his buzz-cut hair, square jaw and general demeanor that he had spent a good deal of his life in the military. I thought it a little

bit odd that someone would be moved to tears by that particular movement of that particular piece, but it wasn’t the first time I’ve heard crying in a concert and we went on with the concert and finished the piece.

When we came out to play the next piece on the program, we decided to talk about both the first and second pieces, and we described the circumstances in which the Copland was written and mentioned its dedication to a downed pilot. The man in the front of the audience became so disturbed that he had to leave the auditorium. I honestly figured that we would not see him again, but he did come backstage afterwards, tears and all, to explain himself.

What he told us was this: “During World War II, I was a pilot, and I was in an aerial combat situation where one of my team’s planes was hit. I watched my friend bail out, and watched his parachute open, but the Japanese planes which had engaged us returned and machine gunned across the parachute chords so as to separate the parachute from the pilot, and I watched my friend drop away into the ocean, realizing that he was lost. I have not thought about this for many years, but during that first piece of music you played, this memory returned to me so vividly that it was as though I was reliving it. I didn’t understand why this was happening, why now, but then when you came out to explain that this piece of music was written to commemorate a lost pilot, it was a little more than I could handle. How does the music do that? How did it find those feelings and those memories in me?”

Remember the Greeks: music is the study of invisible relationships between internal objects. This concert in Fargo was the most important work I have ever done. For me to play for this old soldier and help him connect, somehow, with Aaron Copland, and to connect their memories of their lost friends, to help him remember and mourn his friend, this is my work. This is why music matters.

What follows is part of the talk I will

give to this year's freshman class when I welcome them a few days from now. The responsibility I will charge your sons and daughters with is this: "If we were a medical school, and you were here as a med student practicing appendectomies, you'd take your work very seriously because you would imagine that some night at two AM someone is going to waltz into your emergency room and you're going to have to save their life. Well, my friends, someday at 8 PM someone is going to walk into your concert hall and bring you a mind that is confused, a heart that is overwhelmed, a soul that is weary. Whether they go out whole again will depend partly on how well you do your craft.

You're not here to become an entertainer, and you don't have to sell yourself. The truth is you don't have anything to sell; being a musician isn't about dispensing a product, like selling used Chevies. I'm not an entertainer; I'm a lot closer to a paramedic, a firefighter, a rescue worker. You're here to become a sort of therapist for the human soul, a spiritual version of a chiropractor, physical therapist, someone who works with our insides to see if they get things to line up, to see if we can come into harmony with ourselves and be healthy and happy and well.

Frankly, ladies and gentlemen, I expect you not only to master music; I expect you to save the planet. If there

is a future wave of wellness on this planet, of harmony, of peace, of an end to war, of mutual understanding, of equality, of fairness, I don't expect it will come from a government, a military force or a corporation. I no longer even expect it to come from the religions of the world, which together seem to have brought us as much war as they have peace. If there is a future of peace for humankind, if there is to be an understanding of how these invisible, internal things should fit together, I expect it will come from the artists, because that's what we do. As in the concentration camp and the evening of 9/11, the artists are the ones who might be able to help us with our internal, invisible lives."

DEAD FISH FLICKS



OK Sports Fans, back by popular demand, photos of folks showing off their prowess as hunter-gatherers, strutting their stuff and proving they've got what it takes to put a good meal on the table. It doesn't get any better than this. Well, sort of. **Dick Comi** is obviously easily confused; either that or his idea of the manly sport of fishing is really screwed up. He sent me two pictures of sea shells he gathered on the beach at Sanibel Island, FL. Now, since some of the things that used to live in those shells probably qualify as shell fish for eating purposes, I guess an argument could be made – but I would have been a lot more impressed if he'd told me he had free dived hundreds of feet deep in shark infested waters with nothing but a snorkel and a knife and wrested these still living creatures from the caves they shared with Moray eels, and had eaten them raw in order to survive. That would almost have qualified him for participation in the next Great Adventure trip. Speaking of which, there should be lots of new dead fish flicks from Great Adventure #6 in the next Pooper Scooper.



► Pam Dials with a baby barracuda she snagged in Mexican waters



▲ Dean Kunihiro struggles to land "Henry" on the reunion fishing trip



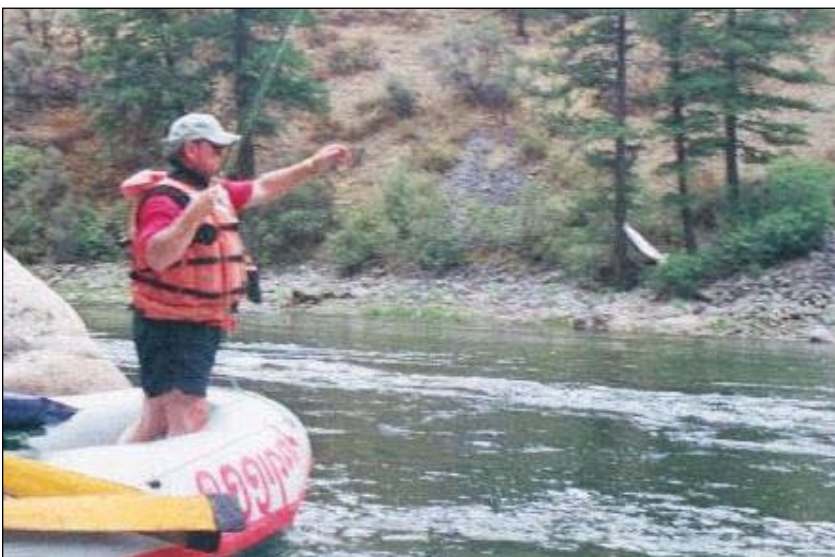
▲ Randy Pais fights a monster cutthroat trout on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River



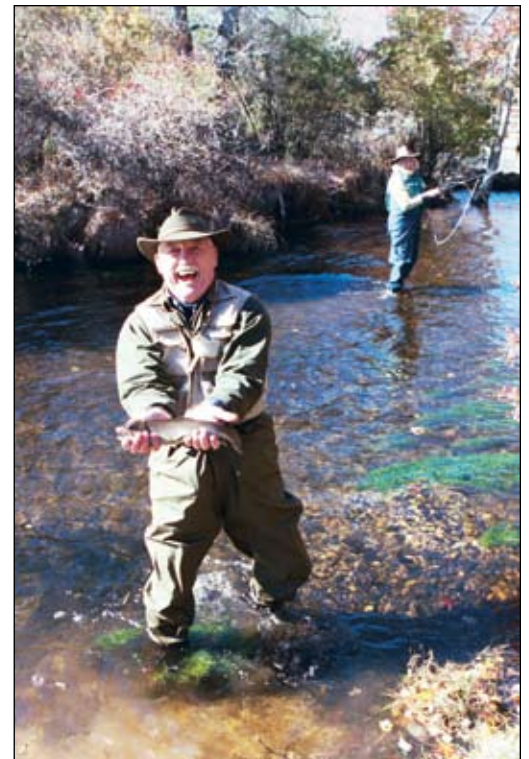
▲ Joe Jackson shows off a nice Beaverhead River brown trout



▲ Mark Hamilton double hauling for high mountain brook trout



▲ Mike Hood puts Moby Trout in the boat, Great adventure #1



▲ George Dials shows off his little brookie, while Pam laughs at his flaccid performance



▲ Kyle Lowrey shows off his first Alaskan salmon, at age 4, 1983



▲ Freed, exhausted after catching countless huge fish, takes a brief nap in the Rockies



▲ John Severson stalks high mountain trout on Great Adventure #2



◀ Ken Strong shows off a nice Stockade Lake cutthroat from Great Adventure #2



▲ Roseanne Mooney with a yellow fin tuna



▲ Freed with a Florida snook



▲ George Dials with a nice yellow fin tuna. I think this is the same one Roseanne caught



▲ Dick Comi's seashell collection.

LATE RANKS — MORE ATHLETIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Just in time for this rag; received the following note and photo from Bob LaRaia on 8 April: Freed, here's a picture of Jan and me after we walked a half marathon in Houston during January. We're into a walking routine but I'm going to try to do a full marathon by walking and jogging next January if my knees hold out. I'll stay in touch with Tom Parr on that contingency.

► Bob & Jan LaRaia after walking a half-marathon in Houston recently



EPILOGUE

OK Mes Amis, that's it for this trash haul. Look for the next one in August. I've already got a lot of news and stories planned for that one: complete reports on **Tom Schwartz's** Distinguished Graduate award ceremony, **Ray Winkel's** retirement ceremony, the He-Man Ranger School Redux Great adventure fishing/surviving on a sandbar trip, the annual Class Golf Ball Hunt, and lots more. Send me your input; as you can see, taste does not factor into whether or not something is included in this rag.

We continue to have a lot of Class kids doing great things for their country serving in harm's way; please keep them, and all of our magnificent Troops in your thoughts and prayers. They truly are *Unsurpassed*.

In keeping with the current times here's your thought for the day: Si est pauper atque haud malus, nequam habetur; sin dives malust, cliens frugi habetur



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THE WAY IT WAS

