



No. 22 December 2010

the **pooper** **scooper**

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





▲ Barbara Lau, Cause Executive Director, delivers her final speech at the 2010 Annual Cause Gala (photo courtesy KMK Studios)



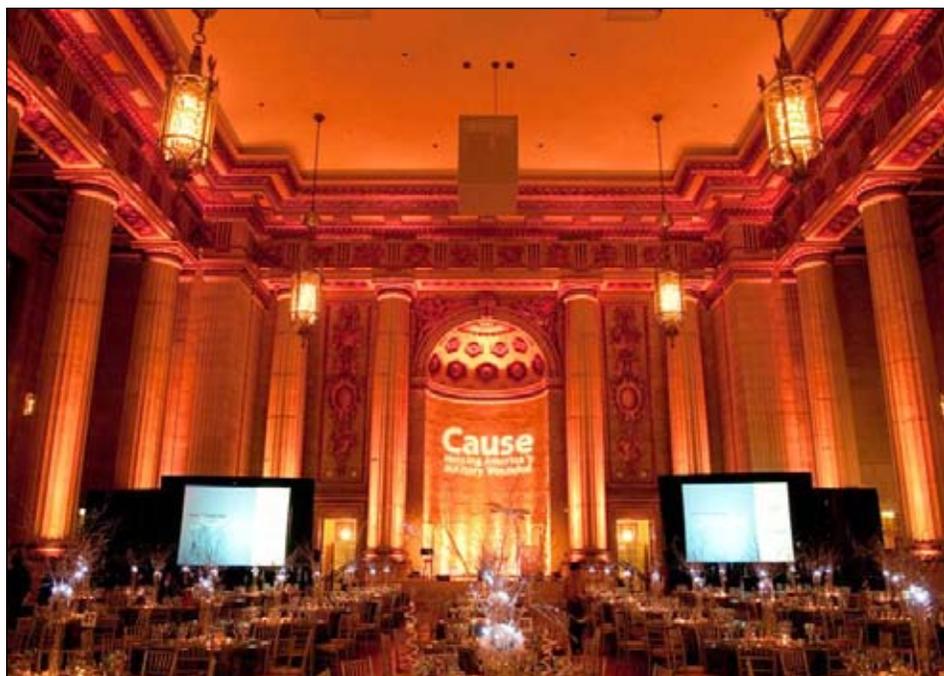
▲ John Caldwell, President of Cause, welcoming attendees at the 2010 gala (photo courtesy KMK Studios)

THE ANNUAL CAUSE GALA IS ANOTHER HUGE SUCCESS, THANKS IN LARGE PART TO THE CLASS OF 1967

The annual black tie fund raising gala for Cause, Care for America's Uniformed Services, was held on 11 November at the Andrew Mellon Auditorium in Washington, DC, and once again the class turned out in force to support this magnificent organization and the class wives and classmates that have been such a huge part of it since its inception in 2003.

John Caldwell, President of the Board of Directors of Cause, gave welcoming remarks, as did Mr. Norm Augustine, the Gala Chair. Augustine is the retired Chairman and CEO of Lockheed Martin, a former Under Secretary of the Army and a Thayer Award recipient. The Chair of the gala planning committee was **Judy Caldwell**; other class wives on the committee were **Barbara Lau**, Cause Executive Director and Founding Member; **Joyce Doheny**, Founding member and member of the Board of Directors; **Jane Newman**; **Debbie Williams** and **Mary Sullivan**, who was in charge of the silent auction, which was a great success. The list of Gala Patrons reads like a who's who of our nation's military leadership and includes classmates **Tom White**, **Paul Kern** and **Monty Meigs**. In addition to John Caldwell, Barbara Lau and Joyce Doheny, the Cause Board also includes **Ron Naples**, Treasurer, and **Harry Jorgenson**.

As I said, the evening was a huge success; I think I heard an announcement at the dinner



▲ The Andrew Mellon Auditorium in DC, location of the 2010 Cause Gala (photo Courtesy KMK Studios)

that over \$700,000 had been raised. That's a magnificent tribute to the great work Cause is doing for our Wounded Warriors, and to the blood, sweat and tears put into the effort by members of our class family.

Classmates and wives in attendance included **Don & Jan Albers**, **Marsh Bolyard**, **John & Judy Caldwell**, **Beach & Joyce Doheny**, **Rich & Ruth Fischer**, **Paul & Vivian Haseman**, **Harry & Patricia Jorgenson**; **Mike & Debbie Kush**, **John & Linda**

Kuspa, Hart & Barbara Lau, **Freed & Vicki Lowrey**, **Ron & Suzanne Naples**, **George & Jane Newman**, **Al & Ann Olson**, **Dean & Nancy Risseuw**, **Ed & Mary Sullivan**, **Doug & Debbie Williams**, **Ray & Sally Winkel** and **Mike Yap**. My apologies to anyone I may have missed.

This event was Barbara Lau's last night as Executive Director. After seven years of devoted service and sacrifice she's decided

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▲ Hart Lau and John Caldwell celebrating at the Cause Gala (photo courtesy KMK Studios)



▲ Ann & Alan Olson at the Cause Gala (photo courtesy KMK Studios)



▲ Mike & Debbie Kush at the Cause Gala (photo courtesy KMK Studios)

it's time to step aside, and she and **Hart** are moving to San Antonio. Here's the announcement she posted regarding her departure:

Dear Friends of Cause,

Since 2003, it has been my privilege to be a part of Cause - first as a founding member, then as a volunteer, and next as the organization's executive director. Now it's time for me to take on another role.

On November 12, 2010, I will step down as executive director. It's been a great run and I am so very proud of all that we have accomplished. Cause has grown from a small organization with a handful of programs at a single military medical facility into a national organization with multiple programs at seven military medical facilities. From a dozen or so volunteers, we now have more than 350. From two programs, we now have eight. From serving several hundred wounded warriors, we now serve thousands

and reach about 30% of the wounded warrior population. And by the end of 2012, we hope to be reaching 50%.

In achieving those gains, I have worked with some amazing people -- people who have enriched my life, expanded my horizons, inspired me, humbled me, and always, always motivated me to do more for wounded warriors.

It's hard for me to imagine a life without Cause and, fortunately, I won't have to. I may no longer be executive director, but I will continue to find ways to support Cause and the great work it is doing. My successor Pam Derrow is already on board and I step down confident that Cause will grow and thrive under her capable leadership.

To the Board, to the members of my staff, to Cause volunteers, to our donors and funders and, most of all, to the wounded warriors and their families: thank you for giving me one of life's rare gifts, the chance to make a difference. I am truly blessed.

Barbara

Barbara Lau
Executive Director, Cause



▲ Class revelers at the Cause Gala (photo courtesy KMK Studios)



▲ Left to right: Gala EMCEE Jennifer Griffin, National Security Correspondent For FOX News; Barbara Lau and John Caldwell; Martha Raddatz, Senior Foreign Affairs Correspondent for ABC News; and Norman R. Augustine, 2010 Gala Chair (photo courtesy KMK Studios)



▲ More class revelers at the gala (photo courtesy KMK Studios)

DYER DOODLES, OR A MESSAGE FROM TOM DYER, AKA THE CLASS PREZ

FREED'S FULMINATIONS, OR MISCELLANEOUS GIBBERISH FROM LOWREY

Happy Thanksgiving.....a bit late.

Thanks to Freed we are getting a year-end update on a few important matters.

The Reunion Committee is hard at work preparing for what will be another wonderful gathering. The details will unfold shortly after the New Year. We will advise you of those as soon as they are finalized.

The update on the Center for Oral History project is encouraging. Colonel Lance Betros has done a great job of keeping us informed of progress as the project unfolds. We are lucky to have Freed there and available to help provide direction.

The accomplishments of our Classmates continue to humble me. The works of literature, service to our Soldiers and leadership in so many walks of life is a testament to the strength of this great Class.

As we enter the holiday season Paige and I are most thankful for all our blessings which began with the Gift of being members of the Class of '67.

Enjoy your Family and classmates this season.

A very Merry Christmas to each of you.

God Bless You All.
Tom



Update on the Class Oral History TV Documentary

OK, here's the latest on the class documentary project, and it includes some unexpected good news.

First, filming of the TV documentary is moving out swiftly; a number of classmates and even a class widow, **Lynn Dwiggin Honeycutt**, have been interviewed in the Documentary Group's studio in New York, and there are a number of interviews scheduled as I write this on 1 December. After the first of the year the producers plan to start the editing process. They also intend to move out of the studio setting to do some on site filming.

Right now the intent is to have the world premier screening of the film at West Point on 7

October as part of a black tie gala to officially launch the Center for Oral History Web Site and open it up to the world. This will be very cool; stay tuned for details.

Now the unexpected good news. Remember the original book project, *Born Into Fire*, that was briefed to the class by Dr. Patrick Jennings at our 40th reunion? This was the original concept for a class history, not the TV documentary. When Dr. Jennings left the Center for Oral history in the summer of 2009, and the focus shifted to a film, most of us thought the book was dead. So, imagine my surprise and pleasure when I received the following e-mail from Patrick on 17 November:

"Freed, I hope this message finds you well. Despite a few minor, Army inspired, life interruptions I have continued to work on the *Born Into Fire* book. I am nearly done and have a publisher ready to go. I am still short a few items to flesh the book out and was wondering if you could send me electronic copies of the *Pooper Scooper*? If that is not possible can I get a set mailed?"

The structure of the book is very much as we once discussed. Each chapter opens with a few pages of back ground history on the era, the class, and certain individuals which leads to a series of significant quotes and statements drawn from the interviews. It might not make the NYT best sellers list but it should do the Class of 1967 proud.

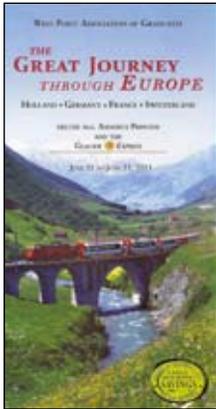
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One last question. Did Todd ever complete an interview with you? I would like to get a copy of the transcript and use it to add more depth to certain class events. I will be sure to send you a draft to look over in the next month or so and would welcome any comments you might have.

Thank you for your help in advance.”

This is a win-win situation for the class; we're going to have both a book and a TV documentary. Pop it up.

Go Cruising with Freed & Vicki



▲ The brochure for the AOG Rhine River cruise in June 2011

Alright everyone, here's a chance for a great Class mini-reunion. As many of you know, each year the AOG hosts 15 – 20 cruises and other trips for graduates and friends. One of the trips in 2011 (11 – 21 June) is a wonderful cruise up the Rhine River, from Amsterdam to Switzerland. Here's what you'll get: This

unique 11-day journey of a lifetime exudes the spirit of the 19th-century — Grand Tour, through the Western heart of Europe—cruise along the fabled Rhine River, ride aboard three legendary railways and visit four important UNESCO World Heritage sites. Embark one of the deluxe vessels of the prestigious AMADEUS PREMIUM FLEET and wind your way through Holland, Germany and France, passing Gothic cathedrals, medieval castles, terraced vineyards, rustic villages and the legendary Lorelei Rock. Walk the narrow streets of the medieval university town of Heidelberg, stand before the twin spires of Cologne Cathedral and enjoy a refreshing glass of Riesling in Strasbourg. Travel through the verdant Swiss countryside; marvel at the iconic Matterhorn from the highest cog railway in Europe, the Gornergrat Bahn; cross the mountainous backbone of Switzerland aboard the celebrated Glacier Express; stroll among Lucerne's half-timbered houses and along covered bridges; and take in panoramic

Alpine vistas during a ride on a cog railway up Mount Pilatus. A special Amsterdam Pre-Program Option is offered in this UNESCO World Heritage site.

So why am I telling you this, you ask? Because I am the designated AOG host for this trip! If a total of 10 people (5 couples) sign up, I get to go for free!! Better yet, if 20 people sign up (10 couples) Vicki and I both get to go free!!! What a good deal. And it will be for you, too, because as the AOG hosts Vicki and I will host at least one cocktail reception, and I'll buy lots of drinks for everyone the whole week. It doesn't get much better than that.

You should all have received (end of November) a brochure from the AOG about this trip (see the photo). Of course, most of you probably immediately threw it away, as you do with every mailing you get from the AOG. Don't be discouraged! You can still view it, and sign up, by going to the West Point AOG website (www.westpointaog.org). On the top of the page, find the box called Services and on the drop down menu click on Travel Program. Then scroll down the list until you find the Great Journey Through Europe trip.

See you on the Rhine.



45th Reunion Planning, 25 – 18 April 2012

Not much new to report here, other than that planning is moving along. Here's the most recent version of the agenda based on a September meeting of the Reunion Planning Committee:

Wednesday, April 25		Early arrival	
Thursday, April 26	Golf/Tennis/Fishing Tours – Bus to Hyde Park; West Point Scavenger Hunt – Leader – Al Bornmann Arrival/Hotel Check-in/Reunion Registration 6:00 PM	Buffet Dinner	Hotel Crest Terrace/Crest Room
Friday, April 27	6:30 AM 7:00 – 9:00 AM 11:00 AM 12:30 PM 1:30 PM 2:30 PM 6:00 PM 7:00 PM 9:00 PM	Prayer Meeting Continental Breakfast Memorial Service Lunch Superintendent's Briefing Class Business Meeting Reception Dinner Reception	Leader – John Kuspa Hotel Lawn Terrace Chapel – Leader Malcolm Philips Eisenhower Hall Eisenhower Hall Eisenhower Hall Hotel Garden Terrace/Lawn Terrace Hotel Crest Terrace/Crest Room Hotel Garden Terrace/Lawn Terrace
<i>Activity – Panel on Caring for Older Parents?</i>			
Saturday, April 28	6:30 7:00 – 9:00 AM 11:00 AM 12:00 PM 1:00 PM	Prayer Meeting Continental Breakfast Parade Lunch Open	Leader - John Kuspa Hotel Lawn Terrace Plain Cadet Mess Athletic events/ Ft Clinton/Cemetery
<i>Section of Barracks/Museum/West Point Tours</i>			
	6:00 PM 7:00 PM 9:00 PM	Reception Dinner Reception	Hotel Garden Terrace/Lawn Terrace Hotel Crest Terrace/Crest Room Hotel Garden Terrace/Lawn Terrace
Sunday, April 29	8:00	Catholic/Protestant Services 9:00 – 11:00 AM Brunch Check Out/Departure	Leader - John Kuspa Hotel Crest Terrace/Crest Room

In Memoriam

BE THOU AT PEACE

Tragically we have lost another classmate since the last issue. **Brian Mahoney** left us for a better life on 1 November. He was laid to rest in Belmont, MA, on 5 November. I received the following note from **Dave Blanchard**: "The Class of '67 was represented at Brian's funeral on Friday. **Hart Lau** (Brian's roommate), **Bob Griffith**, **Ernie & Irene Heimberg**, **Pete Krause**, **Dick Gooding** and I were there. Anne Marie gave a wonderful eulogy. The most moving eulogy I have ever heard."

Here is the beautiful eulogy **Anne Marie** delivered at his funeral:

✧ BRIAN EDWARD MAHONEY ✧ FEBRUARY 13, 1946 - NOVEMBER 1, 2010



▲ Brian Mahoney, Cadet USMA

EULOGY NOVEMBER 5, 2010

In the past few months I have formed this eulogy in my head from a hundred different perspectives. But, when I sat down to actually write it, I realized the only thing I really needed to say was this: Brian Mahoney was a hero.

To every person in this congregation, to everyone he met, Brian was in some small or large way, a hero. During our sojourn at the VA medical center in Bedford the staff shared with us the

many ways they saw Brian's heroism. Since his death, his West Point classmates have done the same, as did those who visited his wake. Because we saw him as our husband, father, brother, uncle and friend, his struggles deftly hidden from us, we needed their reminder.

Who was Brian?

We all knew Brian through his personality, interests, quirks, and craziness. And I'm sure each of you has a fun Brian story to share.

- We loved his wacky sense of humor and haven't stopped imitating his puns.
- His dancing skills were legendary at family events and we discovered he had been sneaking some dance time with the VA nursing staff.
- He was a careful dresser to the end, preferring LL Bean flannel, pinstriped suits and button down shirts.
- He was a rowdy sports fan, but not of the Boston teams. He lived to see his New York Giants win a Super Bowl, Army football finally make a comeback this season, and Mike K. continue his winning ways with Duke basketball.
- Long before the Alzheimer's Brian couldn't keep track of his keys, eyeglasses or wallet.
- He was often stopped for his lead-footed driving, but always charmed his way out of a ticket.

- How many emergency room trips did he make with cut fingers, broken fingers, crushed fingers?
- His favorite hobby was gardening, growing flowers, tomatoes and corn which the raccoons always stole before he could pick it.
- His favorite place on earth was Bradley Lake, NH. Our extended family has the best memories of cutthroat run-the-bases games, cheating at Scrabble, boat rides that involved lots of bailing or sailing into blueberry bushes.
- He knew every Clint Eastwood and John Wayne movie by heart. Our children watched war movies with him at a tender age (and they did not become criminals as I predicted!).
- He could sleep standing up, claiming it was his Ranger training.
- He was a world class procrastinator and late for everything. "I'll be right along." Even in death, he kept us waiting.

But, Brian was so much more.

Why do we so easily label Brian a hero?

We chose the readings and music for this Mass very carefully for what they said about Brian. On the cover of your program is the motto of the First Infantry Division, in which he served in Vietnam:

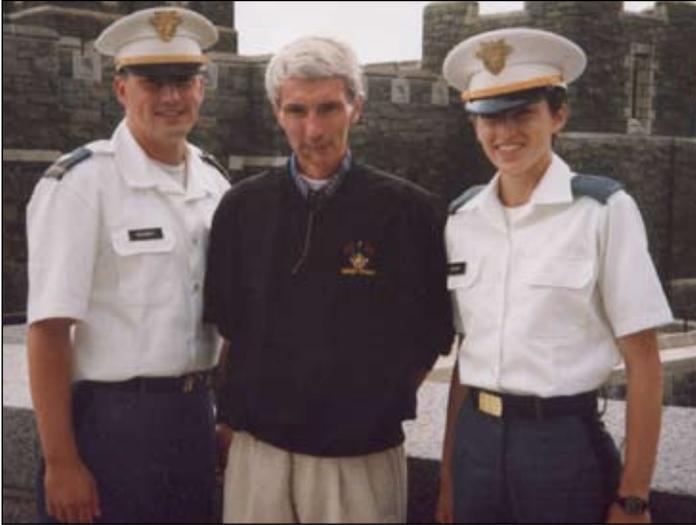
"No mission too difficult, no sacrifice too great, duty first."

That motto, interpreted through the lens of Christian discipleship, is who Brian was and what made him heroic.

Some of you knew Brian as a high school and college track star. Fast and tenacious. The race became a metaphor for Brian's life. As we heard in both the Isaiah and Timothy readings, his life-race was about keeping the faith, living righteously and being an example to others of never wearying, never giving up. He was fiercely competitive but it wasn't about the win, it was about how you ran the race and how you finished. In every venue he inspired others to be their best from his platoon of soldiers, to his co-workers, to his children.

Brian's unwavering moral values and sense of duty got him through West Point as one of the youngest members of the Class of '67, through Ranger school, and Vietnam. He is remembered for acting just outside the box, flirting just at the edge of the rules, dancing

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▲ Brian Mahoney with his children Robert '01 and Tara '03

on the fringes of danger, and boldly pushing the boundaries. How many lieutenants would have told George Patton, Jr. to *!#!- off and then defied his orders to protect his mission and his men?

By all accounts Brian should have died in a swamp on the Cambodian border in 1969. By sheer force of will he did not. By gritty determination, he lived every minute, every day, and every month of surgeries, rehabilitation, reconstruction and adaptations on his own terms. He did not merely endure, he prevailed. He never wavered, never gave up, never felt sorry for himself, never complained. His wounds may have forced huge sacrifices but never greater than his desire to live a normal, full and rich life. We know he fought the good fight and the crown of righteousness is reserved for him. He ran without wearying and walked without fainting. His faith and love of God renewed his strength. It was never about the purple hearts and silver stars. It was about the gift of a new day and new adventures.

He could not eat but became an artful cook. The first Thanksgiving turkey I ever roasted was last year when we discovered that none of us knew how to make gravy. That was his specialty. He was not able to swim with his children but he coached their youth basketball instead. He could not play an instrument but he did chaperone band trips to Florida. He could still run but he knew that his nephew and his daughters could run faster and reveled in every minute with them at the track, stopwatch in hand. He instilled his competitive nature in Robert and stood in the stands analyzing all his football games.

But most important, out of his own discomfort, he stepped up to ease the pain of others whether family, friend or stranger.

What do we hold in our hearts from our experience of Brian?

It was how he lived his mission, sacrifice, and duty that made him a hero, and what he taught us about virtues in the living. He showed us:

- Loyalty – selflessly supporting his siblings and their families in challenging times.
- Compassion – quietly reaching out to those in need in the family, the parish, the town and his work place.

- Courage – always living his convictions and never flinching from the call to duty or discipleship.
- Fortitude – the guy just never gave up.
- Hospitality – creating a home that was always bustling with parties, kids, teams, friends, friends of friends, roommates of friends, and sometimes, perfect strangers. No one was ever turned away. All were fed well and wrapped in laughter.
- Kindness – being the gentlest, kindest person I know, yet rabidly protective of those he loved. He was the heart and soul of the family.
- Love – loving us all unconditionally. He adored his children and was so grateful to have them, to enjoy time with them, and to relish all of their accomplishments. He also worried about them through the college experiences, deployments and disappointments. He always told me that he cherished me. He was my friend, my protector, and my inspiration.
- Beatitudinal fairness, mercy and peace. He had known the terrible toll of war. But he knew, also, the duty to defend one's honor, one's country, one's faith.

How do we carry his heroic legacy forward?

In choosing the music for the Mass and wake we included On Eagles Wings today and The Wind Beneath My Wings yesterday. Isaiah reminds us that “those who wait for the Lord ... shall mount up with wings like eagles.” Brian was the wind beneath our wings. He held us up, encouraged us to soar, and made sure we landed safely.

Shortly after Brian was diagnosed with Alzheimer's and I began this long, sad journey with him, a friend reminded me to never lose sight of hope and joy. At the time I was anything but hopeful or joyful, but as the months have passed I have come to recognize hope and joy as the driving forces in Brian's life and the legacy he leaves us in his death. Despite his physical limitations he woke up every morning (very early) joyful to be alive and able to work, laugh, and embrace his family. It was, however, his lived understanding of hope that we should value. Hope that was not good intentions or wishful thinking, but hope that is the virtue expressed in action, enhanced by faith, enriched by God's love, and ever reaching for a better future while living as joyfully as possible today.

The family joke is that Brian only knew the words to one song- Peter, Paul and Mary's Leaving on a Jet Plane- and could sing only the first verse and the chorus. Well, on Monday, All Saints Day, all of Brian's bags were finally packed and God's taxi was waiting. We are now so lonesome that we could cry. But, Brian is smiling for us, waiting for us, holding us. Until we are all leaving on that jet plane we honor Brian's memory by remembering why he was a hero to us.

Today, I ask you to rejoice in his freedom from sacrifice,
to continue his mission,
to emulate his virtues,
to hold him in your heart as your hero,
to never let go of hope and joy.

Love ya, Babe!

Anne Marie Mahoney

CLASS HEROES, ONCE AGAIN

We already know about the great stuff Cause accomplishes and the classmates and wives involved in all they do, and **Doug Pringle** continues to do great things for our Wounded Warriors through his organization Disabled Sports USA West. **Rob & Judy Herb** never seem to rest as they continue to produce the class crest plaques for our surviving family members and arrange for presentation ceremonies.

Now we must add **George & Jane Newman** to our roster of heroes. Here's part of an e-mail I received from **Ray Winkel** on 15 October:

"The Walter Reed Society, a charitable organization, received a certificate from the President's Council on Service and Civic Participation in recognition and appreciation of their work. Included among the 28 individuals cited in the certificate were our own George and Jane Newman. A few weeks ago, Sally and I bought some stuff from the table Jane and George were manning in the Walter Reed lobby."

Well done you guys. You are Unsurpassed.

CLASS HAPPENINGS:

We're Still Having More Fun Than We Deserve



Annual Ski Reunion and Winter Debauch

OK, here's the latest update on the 2011 version of the annual Ski Reunion and...oh, wait...actually, there ISN'T a ski reunion scheduled for this coming year. Apparently all the folks who par-

ticipate in this annual Special Olympics have gotten so old and brittle they can no longer fling themselves down vertical mountain slopes on a pair of dead trees without fear of killing themselves. No one stepped forward to volunteer to host it because they couldn't afford the liability insurance.

Merde! No more tales of feats of daring do, no more Dewey Memorial Purple Butt Awards (who gets to retire that sucker, anyway? I think the original should be bronzed and placed in the Class Hall of Fame along with an 8 x 10 glossy of Dewey and his original wound, from whence the award got its name). No more breathless reports from **Ed Dewey** or **Joannie Parr** about reindeer sleigh treks to a mountain top yurt for a meal

of goat scrotum encroute, washed down with bottomless flagons of yak milk wine. Such a pity.



"My stomach? ... Your stomach's rumbling!"

Class Great Adventure Trip and Ranger School Re-Enactment

Unlike the dilettante and risk-averse ski crowd, the He-Men of the Class Great Adventure Fishing and Ranger Assault Platoon are continuing apace with planning for their July 2011 deployment to the wilds of Montana in search of wild and wily trout and hard bodied and hard living women.

As with the last two Great Adventures the main body will deploy initially to a forward operating base, **Bill Foley's** Montana ranch, FOB Rock Creek Cattle Company, for three or four days of acclimatization, pre-operation planning and rehearsals, weapons checks and zeroing, terrain familiarization, conditioning and carbo-loading. Then these intrepid adventurers will pass through the wire, advancing on multiple axes, to join the second echelon at Fire Support Base Ruby Springs, deep in enemy territory, where they'll be surrounded at all times by cunning indigenous brown, brook and rainbow insurgents from the Ruby, Madison, Big Hole, Beaverhead and Jefferson clans. It's rugged, hard and hazardous (as anyone within the impact area of a **Randy Pais** fly casting effort can attest) work, but the rewards for everyone are huge – not the least of whom are you faithful readers of this rag who will once again be treated to page after page of dead fish flicks. It just doesn't get much better than that.

Classmate Comings and Goings

Bob Griffith Travels to Vietnam and Cambodia; Writes a Great Travelogue about the Trip

Back in September I received the following great report from **Bob Griffith** describing his recent trip to SE Asia:

Back to the Beach
by
Robert K. Griffith

I went back to Vietnam in September 2010, after forty two years. Even before I left in 1969 I knew I would return someday. The occasion was serendipitous. My youngest daughter, Anne, had left her well-paying, secure job in San Francisco to “find herself” and chose Southeast Asia as her venue. To appease me and her mother, she suggested that I join her during the Vietnam leg of her travels to show her “my part” of the country.

So there I was on a bus with her from Phnom Penh, Cambodia to Ho Chi Minh City (a.k.a. Saigon). When we arrived at the border I felt a surge of anxiety. Passing out of Cambodia was perfunctory; going into Vietnam somewhat intimidating. The frontier crossing point was a military installation; a huge red flag emblazoned with a yellow star, waved lazily in the hot, heavy air, signs prohibiting photographs

abounded and grim faced immigration and customs officials barked instructions ordering us off the bus and into a large waiting hall. Cambodians and Vietnamese were herded one way, the rest of us another. The border guards checked our bags, took our passports and left us standing in an unadorned room with no seats. Shortly, they returned and began calling people by surname and country. Anne and I were called last. She went through quickly. I found myself standing before a senior officer judging by his age and rank (lieutenant colonel, I guessed). He scrutinized my passport and visa, looked me up, looked me down, looked back to my passport, stamped me in and returned it. “Welcome back,” he said with a broad smile.

I’d spent very little time in Saigon. The new Ho Chi Minh City towers over old Saigon. It’s crowded, loud, jammed with traffic, peddlers and street vendors who aggressively hustle for the tourist dollar. We stayed about a day and a half and took a night bus toward Hue. It’s just as well that we traveled at night. Vietnamese drivers abide by no discernable rules-of-the-road. Larger vehicles assert the right-of-way by passing on the right or left and announcing their presence with their horns. Narrow bridges, blind curves and steep, winding mountainous stretches do not deter the aggressive drivers. At least at night passengers are spared the scarier parts of the trip.

We approached Hue via Danang two mornings later. Danang is a city on the move. To its south new beachside resorts are blossoming as fast as they can be built. In the city itself prominent billboards advertise old resorts built by the French and Americans like China Beach and Marble Mountain. A new, modern tunnel sped us under Hai Van Pass and past more newly constructed beach resorts on the way to Hue. Though I’d driven between Danang and Hue several times the landscape was unfamiliar. Stretches of QL1 that once were cleared of vegetation that could conceal snipers have now grown up. Motor bikes, pickup trucks and mini-vans, long haul trucks and buses, even occasional personal automobiles compete for the highway.

Our route into Hue took us past the Notre Dame Cathedral a fusion of French and Asian architecture that was heavily damaged in the battle for Hue during Tet ’68. From there we took a circuitous path along Le Loi Street on the south bank of the Perfume River. Across the river I could see the flag of the SRV flying over the Citadel of the old Imperial City. After several days in the country where the flag, along with giant pictures of Ho Chi Minh, is ubiquitous, it no longer intimidated me. We spent the rest of the day exploring the city south of the river.

Prior to leaving home, I’d made contact with the director on an NGO based in Dong Ha who offered to help me find a reliable driver and interpreter that could help us explore the area I’d spent most of my time back in ’68 – ’69. When that fell through, an alternative presented itself on the bus from Saigon in the form of a casual relationship that turned into a genuine friendship. Long Ngoc Dang was born in Hue. He served in the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) as an interpreter for the U.S. Army Quartermaster Corp at the Long Bien depot near Saigon. When the North triumphed in 1975 he and his family escaped and eventually found their way to the United States. He was returning to visit relatives in Hue where, it turned out, his nephew was a registered tour guide.



◀ Bob Griffith and his daughter Anne on Wunder Beach, Vietnam

Working with Long and his nephew we secured the needed driver and interpreter. Over the ritual coffee that precedes any business transaction in Vietnam, Anne and I, overseen by Long, laid out my old 1:50,000 maps and showed our prospective team where we wanted to go.

We left the next day. The drive took us north on Route QL1 past Hue. QL1, like the sections we'd been on earlier was a definite improvement over what I remembered. It is paved from Saigon to Hanoi, with modern truck stops and tourist facilities on the outskirts of most major towns. Newly constructed schools, military barracks, commercial and industrial facilities line the highway between towns. Within town limits markets, mixed-use residential and commercial stores, repair facilities and restaurants predominate. In other words, it's the strip-malling of QL1. Peddlers and kids mob buses and cars to sell their wares or beg. The people were all very familiar; the landscape wasn't.

I'd expected, hoped, to see the places I'd soldiered as an armored cavalry platoon leader. Of course I knew they would be different, but I assumed they'd be recognizable.

Some were; most weren't. I especially wanted to see those places we'd fought; Binh An,

Where our cavalry squadron and battalions from the 1st Cavalry Division annihilated a battalion of some 300 North Vietnamese Army troops; Van Phong, where in a pitched battle with another NVA unit my Platoon Sergeant Clarence Fulton and another of my men, Donald Sizemore, were killed by friendly fire; and Bac Ta, where, two days later, we caught up with the same NVA unit and killed or captured its remaining soldiers. I most wanted to walk again on the road from Hai Lang to Hoi Yen, where on my first night as a platoon leader one of my armored cavalry assault vehicles (ACAVs) was blown up by a command detonated mine, wounding all four crewmen. It was my baptism by fire.

The drive north took about an hour. I followed our progress on my old maps while Tran Sam, our interpreter, pointed out landmarks and Anne peppered me

with questions like, "What's that place?" and "What happened there?" Sometimes I answered; sometimes Sam did. He pointed out what looked like a sand and gravel plant off to the west. "That was LZ Nancy, now it's a cement factory," he said, referring to a former base camp. Sure enough it was right where it was supposed to be according to my map.

About 40 km. on, at Phong Dien, we turned west off the highway and headed up a paved road into what looked like an industrial park in waiting. This, Sam told us, was the site of Camp Evans, my squadron's base camp from November 1968 to mid-1969. Once home to a brigade of the 1st Cavalry Division and later the 101st Airborne Division, it is now devoid of human habitation. The trace of the main runway was plainly visible as were some partially filled in revetments, but nothing else. Moving on we came to My Chan, a market town at the confluence of the My Chan and O Giang rivers and the site where the ARVN made its stand against the NVA onslaught during the Easter Offensive of 1972. We hung a right and drove east along the river until we intersected Route 555, the "Street Without Joy" immortalized by Bernard Fall in his book by the same name. This would have been impossible back in the day. Secondary roads were unpaved then, rivers, streams and canals were not bridged and few were fordable. Now we made the drive in about an hour. Much has changed.

"The Street," clearly marked on my map, had been the epicenter of my squadron's combat operations from June until November 1968. Main force NVA units supported by local VC remained in the area after being driven out of Hue. It had been our mission to root them out and restore control to the South Vietnamese government. But everything looked totally unfamiliar to me.

According to Sam most of the villages, roads and other infrastructure had been thoroughly rubble during the fighting in 1972. The population evacuated to camps south of Hue, and the unified government that took over in 1975 did not let the refugees return until the early to mid-

1980s after the rubble and unexploded ordnance had been cleared from previously populated areas. Only then could the rural peasants begin to rebuild and bring the land back under cultivation. Even today farmers and children frequently fall victim to dud rounds and old booby traps (we call them IEDs now). But rebuild they did!

Today rice remains the primary crop of Quang Tri province, but that's not all. Areas previously unfarmed now boast rubber and banana plantations and aquaculture in the form of shrimp farms is taking hold. The peasants who work the rice paddies, plantations and aquaculture ventures now raise duck and cattle for their own use and market. They also rebuilt the villages, roads, bridges and agricultural infrastructure. All the secondary and tertiary roads are paved. Irrigation canals are concrete; major irrigation canals are covered to prevent erosion and evaporation, canals feeding individual paddies are lined. Flood control projects abound, though the region continues to suffer major inundations during typhoon season. In October, a month after we left Vietnam flash floods spawned by Typhoon Megi swept coastal central Vietnam destroying over 250,000 homes and threatening the rice crop.

Beyond infrastructure the people of Quang Tri Province rebuilt their villages as well. Today one is hard pressed to find homes built of woven mat walls and thatched roofs on dirt floors. Almost all homes in peasant villages are built on cement slabs. The two story residential buildings are made of concrete blocks faced with stucco or tile and have tile roofs. Most have running water and electricity; satellite dishes are not uncommon. Cars and motor bikes are everywhere. Buddhist temples and Christian, mostly Catholic, churches and schools have also been rebuilt. But the places I wanted to see again aren't there. The only why I knew where I was in my former area of operations along "The Street" was by following our progress on my map. I wasn't expecting manicured battlefields similar to Gettysburg or The Somme. But I was expecting something to evoke memories of those battles and the men who died in them.

(continued on page 10)

The place names, Hai Lang, Hoi Yen (LZ Hard Core), My Thuy (Wunder Beach), and the battle fields at Binh An, Van Phong and Bac Ta are still there, but it's not the same. Just once, at a cross road bisecting some fallow rice paddies at Van Phong did I sense something vaguely familiar. The villages are rebuilt better than I could have imagined. Who would have thought Bin An could be rebuilt after the way we leveled it. There is even a monument commemorating the North Vietnamese killed there. The one thing that remains unchanged is "The Beach." What we knew as Wunder Beach, our base camp on the Tonkin Gulf while we worked to clear and pacify "The Street" is the same, pristine and beautiful as ever. The military base and port facility that the U.S. built there is gone of course. But The Beach remains. The water is warm and slash pines and palms provide welcome shade on hot sunny days. We took a brief swim, and I regaled Anne, Sam and our driver of the fun times we had there on the few occasions we spent "inside the wire" of Wunder Beach forgetting the war.

Fishermen had reclaimed the Beach and the village that we displaced in 1968. Their boats, narrow wooden, shallow draft vessels with high prows and sterns, seem the same, though some of the boats have motors. A few hundred meters back from the water's edge the fishermen and their families live in modern villages much like those the farming peasants live in. Today, instead of hiking across the desert-like expanse of sand dunes and scrub brush between the beach and the towns along QL1 they carry their catch to market in trucks or on motorbikes.

We left the beach and travelled north on a road that wasn't even a path on my map from 1968, crossed the Qua Viet river and picked up QL9 at Dong Ha. Heading west on QL9 that leads to Cam Lo, the "Rock Pile," Khe Sanh (now a minor tourist trap), and eventually crossing into Laos we stopped at the vast national military cemetery at Truong Son. It contains the complete and partial remains of thousands of Vietnamese "heroes and martyrs" who died in and around the former DMZ largely at our hands. It reminded me of the vast WWI French military cemetery at Verdun, where

every identifiable body has an individual grave and the unidentifiable partial remains and scraps of bones of countless unknowns lie in an ossuary for pilgrims to view. Like all military cemeteries Truong Son left me feeling empty and wondering at the loss on all sides. After witnessing how far the peasants of Quang Tri Province have come since the end of the war it is hard to avoid the thought that they could have come so much further had they been left alone. Likewise it is hard to avoid thinking what those NVA and VC dead might have accomplished, as we too continue to mourn, honor and wonder what our own brothers who died in that wasteful adventure might have done.

The day was slipping away when we reached Con Thien, one of the strong points of our defensive line below the DMZ. It served as our Squadron's Tactical Operations Center during the early months of 1969 when we took it over from the Marines. I remembered a WWI-like trench, bunker and barbed wire complex that afforded a broad view of the north as well as the hills and valleys east and west of the position. Perhaps I could catch a glimpse of the area Tom Emerson fell before darkness overtook us. We trudged to the top only to find it overgrown with second growth timber, elephant grass and wild banana trees. Nature has reclaimed it. There are no signs of the trenches or bunkers. Only some barbed wire remains reused to protect a plantation of rubber trees on the lower slope of the hill. On the way down we got caught up in a swathe of wait-a-minute vines that slashed at our ankles.

Last stop was at the Hien Loung Bridge over the Ben Hai River that once served as the DMZ between North and South Vietnam. Again a huge flag waves atop a citadel-like base on the northern side of the river, On the other side is a victory monument honoring both the soldiers and civilians who manned and supported the defenses of the north from 1954 to 1972. A heroic statue of Ho Chi Minh (all the statues of Ho are heroic) welcomes visitors

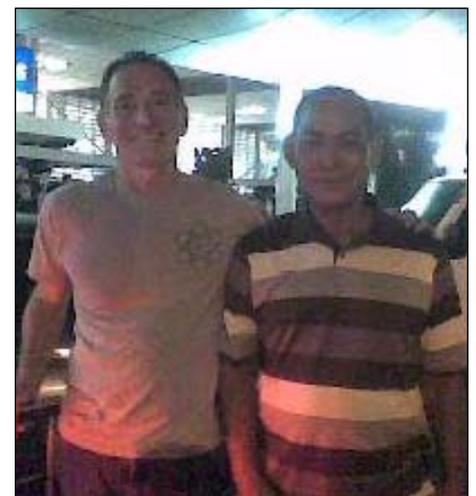
to an adjacent museum. But it was getting dark, starting to rain, and I was very, very tired. We rode back to Hue in silence.

Bill Groman Travels to The Philippines, Links up with Gus Palomar



▲ Bill Groman with the Palomars in The Philippines

Here's a report I received from Bill on 17 September: "Gus is still alive and doing well. Fully retired. I had dinner with Gus and his wife, Daughter Sandra and her husband... Some pictures were taken by Sandra and when I get them I will forward them to you.... Gus also took a few at the airport with his cell phone (which he did not know how to use) so I am waiting to see if he can figure out how to send them to me. I think I may have talked him into coming back for the next reunion."



▲ Bill Groman and Gus Palomar at the airport in Manila

Classmates Gather for an Impromptu Mini-Reunion at the Army – Duke Football Game

On 4 October I received the following report of this get together from **Jack Wood**: “Hello Freed, Here’s a picture for ya. We had a little mini reunion here in Pinehurst last weekend. Army-Duke on Saturday, golf on Sunday, and lots of eating and drinking in between. We had **Ed & Cindy Beck, Ray & Suzanne Heath, Dave & Emily Rivers, Bob & Arlene Knapp, Jim & Cynthia Weller,** and **Jack & Judi Wood**. Razor set up a fantastic tailgate party and Knapper set up the golf. Great time was had by all, topped by a convincing Army win, which the team couldn’t have done it without us. All the best.”



▲ Class mini-reunion at the Army – Duke football game. Front row, LtoR: Dave Rivers, Razor Heath, Bob Knapp. Back row: Jack Wood, Ed Papa Beck and Jim Weller



▲ The Knapps show their colors at the Army – Duke football game

Reg Moore Raids Dick Waterman’s Home Looking for Free Food & Booze

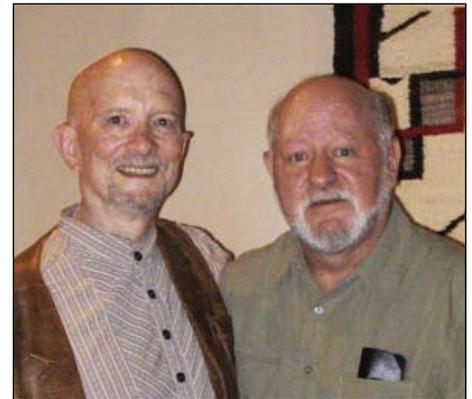
Here’s a report I received from Reg on 14 September: “Freed - For the record. I rode my bike by **Dick Waterman’s** mansion on Hilton Head. I decided to stop and ring the doorbell. I am surprised that **Debbie** actually opened the door since she didn’t know me and I looked like a sweaty, overweight ruffian. However, the magic words “Class of 1967” got me in the front door and a bottle of cold water. I had just missed Dick, but had a great opportunity to talk with Debbie who is still working from home while Dick is getting into the politics of the local Homeowners Association.

Fortunately, Debbie, **Claudia**, Dick and I were able to get together for supper the next evening and had a great time catching up. Our only regret is that we did not get a picture of the four of us to send to you. It would have been a great opportunity since there are so many available (dead) fish hanging around.

Reg

More Classmate’s Travel Adventures Since the Last issue:

21 Aug ’10: Got a short cyber fart from **Buzz Trevathan** today reporting that **George & Joyce Pejakovich** had dropped by his house in Santa Fe on their way to California, looking for a free meal and some healing water. Buzz didn’t say whether or not he fed them, but he did have a photo taken.



▲ Buzz Trevathen and George Pejakovich in Santa Fe

2 Sep ’10: The following note from **John Hart** regarding a mini-reunion of sorts down in the Tidewater, VA, area was forwarded to me by **Kenn Harris**. Unfortunately it never dawned on any of these knuckleheads to take a photo. Since they plan for this to be a fairly regular event maybe next time they’ll think ahead. “Classmates and their significant others living in/around Hampton Roads convened August 28, 2010, for a luncheon rally in Williamsburg, Virginia. We’d rendezvoused last February to farewell **Ed Locke**, who is moving out west later this year, but this time we got together just because the February gathering was so much fun. Once again we had a blast. The reunion included **Gary & Cindy Downs, John & Barbara Garay, Rick & Caroline Grube, Kenn & Lynn Harris, John & Gen Hart, Ed Locke** and his son **Ed Jr., Dean Risseeuw, Mike & Mary Shelton,** and **Bud & Carole Shumate.**”

30 Sep ’10: **John Severson** snuck past my spam filters today with this note: “Freed, I thought this would be good material for the next Pooper Scooper or Assembly.

(continued on page 12)

While golfing in Henderson, NV with **Jan and Don Albers** in mid-September, we ran into Dr. J. This is a picture of **Janice**, me and the Doctor. Beat Navy! Sevo”



▲ John & Janice Severson with Dr. “J” Julius Erving



▲ John Boretti, Joe Casey and Mike Spinello terrifying kids and their parents on The Jersey Shore

8 Oct '10: This is a disturbing image if ever there was one; today I received a photo from **Joe Casey** showing “three stud Army soccer players on the Jersey shore.” The three “studs” in question are Casey, **John Boretti**, and **Mike Spinello**. This looks like a casting call for the TV series Jersey Shore. Don’t know when this was taken, but I suspect it is recent. Would you want your grandkids on the beach with these guys?

13 Oct '10: From **Fred Schremp** today: “**Marion** and I on the Big Hole River in MT. No fish pictures as we didn’t have a wide angle lens. How’s that for a whopper. Fred”

► Marion & Fred Schremp on the Bighole River in Montana



18 Oct '10: I received the following moving story from **Rich Kiper** today: “Freed, In July **Diane** and I attended the dedication of a paver to the Far East Command 1st Raider Company from the Korean War. That is the subject of my latest book to be published in the spring. The ceremony was conducted at memorial plaza, Headquarters, US Army Special Operations Command, Ft. Bragg.

In May of this year USASOC dedicated a new memorial wall with the names of fallen Special Operations soldiers on it. The first time I saw the old memorial wall was when I reported for duty to 5th SF Group in VN. I noticed it in the entrance hall at Nha Trang when I first got there.

There were not a lot of names at that time, but suddenly I saw the name **CPT DOUGLAS T. GRAY, III**. I was shocked and saddened. When the Group redeployed the wall was taken to Ft. Bragg and set up across the street from the JFK Special Warfare Center Hqs.

After the ceremony I talked with LTG John Mulholland, USASOC commander. The new wall was dedicated in May 2010. I have attached a photo of it and a close-up of the section with Doug’s name on it. The name plates are not the original ones that were on the old wall. Mulholland said that when they decided to construct a new memorial wall, the question was what to do with the old bronze name plates. One



▲ Rich Kiper and LTG Mulholland at the First Raider Company memorial



▲ The Special Operations Memorial where Doug Gray is honored



▲ Doug Gray’s name on the Special operations Memorial

suggestion was that an attempt be made to contact next-of-kin, but then they realized that could be very difficult and also there could be a problem with deciding who would get the name plate in case there were some difficult circumstances. Finally he made the decision to melt down all of the old name plates and those were used to form the eagle that now sits on top of the wall with the USASOC patch superimposed on it. I doubt that very many people know that. Somewhere I have a photo of the old wall with Doug’s name plate. If I ever come across it, I will send it to you. Rich”

28 Nov'10: From **Rich Kiper** again (man has a lot of free time on his hands): “Freed, Here are a couple of interesting photos. Our Kansas City chapter of the Special Forces Assn. has a few unique folks in it -- first recipient of the Medal of Honor in VN



▲ Rich Kiper with MG Shirkey

(COL Roger Donlon), a Son Tay Raider (Terry Buckler), and an Alamo Scout (MG Robert Shirkey). On 10 November in a ceremony at Ft. Leavenworth, MG Shirkey presented an oral history to the Combined Arms Research Library. There is one photo of me with him. The other is something probably very few people have seen--an Alamo Scout combat patch. The Alamo Scouts were authorized to wear the SF tab. Shirkey sewed it on his right shoulder rather than the left, but what the heck. Since there were only 138 Scouts, this isn't something you're going to see just every day. Rich"



▲ MG Shirkey's rare Alamo Scouts shoulder patch

29 Nov '10: Got an e-mail from **Mike Yap** today; subject is "Photos from our dinner". Of course, he doesn't say when the dinner was, where it was (I'm guessing Hawaii), why it was, or any other relevant facts. Here's what Mike had to say about this gala affair: "Freed, left to right, standing. Me. **Ed Smith. Jan**

Smith. Mike Lighthill. Joyce Lighthill. Mary McEldowney. Bob McEldowney. Seated, left to right (yeah, I know you would have figured this out), **Cal Delaplain & Suda Delaplain.** Cal finally retired as Chief of Radiology at Tripler. He says he is enjoying retirement. Ed continues as the Director of the Asia Pacific Center for Security Studies. Mike continues as a Fed working on Stryker at Schofield Barracks. Bob continues as a safety engineer on the public/private project for Navy housing. We always have a good time. Mike"



▲ Classmates gather for dinner in Hawaii: L to R, standing. Mike Yap, Ed & Jan Smith, Mike & Joyce Lighthill, Mary & Bob McEldowney. Seated, Cal & Suda Delaplain

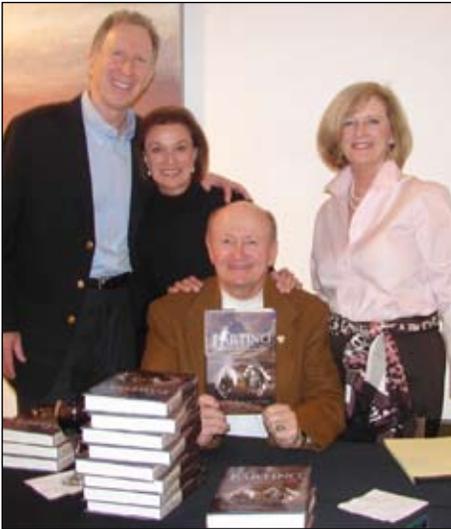
CLASS AUTHORS CONTINUE TO EXCEL

As I mentioned in the last issue, **Rich Adams's** historical novel about West Point and the Civil War was published in July; since then Rich has been on a whirl wind tour of book signings and marketing, with great results. According to Rich the book has been very well received and is selling like hotcakes. He's done book signings and speeches about the book and the history it covers at the Saks Art Gallery in Denver, where **Tom Petrie** arranged a very nice reception and included a lot of his personal art collection dealing with West Point; The National Infantry Museum at Ft. Benning, GA; the Gettysburg Battlefield Visitor's Center, also arranged by Tom Petrie; Nashville, TN, at a function arranged by **Randy & Peggy Kinnard**, where Rich sold over 100 books; Silver Spring, MD, at an event set up by **Ray & Sally Winkel** where Rich addressed the Civil War Round Table of Leisure World; and on 3 December Rich gave a speech about the book to the instructors in the History Department at West Point and then spent a couple of hours in the cadet book store signing copies. The entire stock of books sold out while he was there, and more had to be ordered. Here are some photos from the Denver, Nashville and West Point events.

(continued on page 14)



▲ Rich & Debbie Adams at Rich's book signing in Denver, with the Kinneys and Petries



▲ Randy & Peggy Kinnard with Rich & Debbie Adams at Rich's Nashville tour



▲ Rich Adams with Ray & Sally Winkel at the West Point book store

Rich's book can be purchased on his website www.RichardBarlowAdams.com, at the bookstore@west-point.org, or on the major bookseller websites (Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Books-a-Million, Borders).

More recently, **Al Nahas's** book about memorials dedicated to the Vietnam War was published on Veteran's Day, 11 November, and like Rich's book is being greeted with high praise and excellent sales. Here are a couple of testimonials from folks who have read the book:

Jerry Walker: "All, I received my copy of Al's book, "Warriors Remembered". Al has done a truly wonderful job in honoring all of the veterans, their families and supporters. It is a very professional book you'll be proud to read, own and display. I do warn you it can be emotional. Al Nahas is truly unsurpassed for this effort. I would encourage any of you who have not ordered this book to do so. Just go to the web site www.warriorsremembered.com and order one or two. Jerry Walker"

Ed Dewey: "I just received this weekend my copy of Al Nahas' book, Warriors Remembered. I can unconditionally recommend this to each of you and to anyone else you know who served in Vietnam. However, as Al mentions in his book, we should also convey this 'brotherhood' to those of this younger generation who are fighting and dying in Afghanistan, Iraq and the many other places around the world where our Armed Forces are stationed and defending us. Here is the short email that I sent to Al after reading his book.

'This was and is clearly a labor of love. I know a thank you can only express so much. But on behalf of all those you mentioned, and more importantly I think, your message of welcome home is overdue and most welcome. Al you've done a magnificent job. Big bites as Freed would say. I can't tell you how moved I am by your book, journey and effort. I'm proud to be able to call you friend and classmate.'

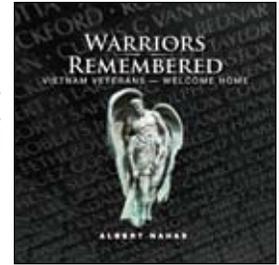
For those of you still looking to give yourself or someone else a wonderful Christmas present, or just 'because; this book is available at www.warriorsremembered.com either by check or credit card.

UNSURPASSED!!

Here's a recent blurb about the book provided by Al.

If you have already purchased Warriors Remembered, thank you and please consider forwarding this email to your friends and fellow veterans.

▶ Al Nahas's book **Warriors Remembered**



Response to Warriors Remembered has been overwhelming. All advanced copies were sold before its Veterans Day release date. The shipment of the first printing will arrive on December 13th. Do you know a veteran who would like to open a copy on Christmas Day?

ALL ORDERS RECEIVED BY DECEMBER 10TH WILL BE DELIVERED BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Warriors Remembered is a 240-page, hard cover, 11.5" square photo documentary of Vietnam Veterans Memorials from all 50 states. It highlights 100 memorials with over 285 photos and captures the struggles and dedication of those who created them. It is organized by geographic region to encourage visits to these very compelling and beautiful memorials nearby.

WARNING: There are many emotional stories in this book. Reader response has confirmed the book is not for those who choose to forget both the war and those who sacrificed in it.

Please visit www.warriorsremembered.com On first visit, you can preview the book's Introduction and two of the stories. Warriors Remembered can be ordered there by check or credit card.

If you visit our Facebook page and click the "Like" button the book will get more notice. Please spread the word to your friends.

Thank you and Welcome Home. Al Nahas

The next book to be on the lookout for is **Rich Kiper's** history of the 1st Raider Company in the Korean War, scheduled for publication in the spring.

Bill Foley Wins the Wine Enthusiast Magazine Man of the Year Award

This is very cool indeed, and richly deserved. Here's the article that appeared in the 15 December issue of Wine Enthusiast Magazine announcing his award:

Person of the Year

Bill Foley

Driven to excellence, ever mindful of quality, he has expanded an empire and diversified a portfolio in the most challenging of economic times.

Bill Foley has had quite a year, capping a series of extraordinary years. Since 2009, he's acquired three California wineries: Sebastiani, whose iconic roots date back to 1903, Kuleto Estate, in the Napa Valley, and, just this past August, Chalk Hill, one of the finest wineries in Northern California.

And just two months ago, he bought the venerable Les Mars Hotel in Healdsburg, where the Michelin-ranked restaurant, Cyrus, is housed. (The restaurant itself was not part of the deal.)

There are at least 15 wineries in the Foley Family Wines Portfolio, spread across two states and two continents, and that number is growing. Foley is scouting for a premium property in Napa Valley, and the fact that all this is happening during the worst economic downturn in 80 years makes it all the more remarkable. At a time when many wineries are struggling to hang on, Foley's empire is expanding. "I see, right now, a good investment opportunity for the first time in 15 years to buy vineyards, properties and brands, and not have to overpay for them," he says.

That may be why he now signs himself "Vintner Bill Foley" in official announcements. He might once have referred to himself as a specialty finance man or a real estate services man. But now, the word vitner appeals to him more. "I'm moving away from the public domain and I want to be private. I just don't like it when the newspapers report on the deals we do. So I'm trying to expand the wine business and move into it full time," he says.



This is a driven and successful entrepreneur. One of his firms, Fidelity National Inc., was named by *Forbes* as among the 26 best-managed companies, and frequently appears on *Fortune's* list of most admired firms. Yet, to see him relaxed and tanned, shuttling between his Santa Barbara wineries on a warm summer day, is to watch someone who's worked hard all his life, and now has reached a place where he's ready to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

The 67-year-old was born in Austin, Texas. He attended the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, then got his MBA from Seattle University and a law degree from the University of Washington. Following graduation, Foley settled into a steadily ascending career. While running his law firm in 1984, he assembled a group of investors who bought out a small title insurance company in Arizona. Twenty years later,

that company was the largest title insurer in the country.

It was at the height of his business successes, in the mid-1990s, that Foley fell in love with wine. "A guy I knew brought me into the Montrachets," he recalls. "I thought, 'Boy, these are really good.' I'd moved to [the city of] Santa Barbara, and I figured I was going to retire. And I thought it would be fun to get into wine, with my interest in Burgundy. Wine wasn't big yet in the county, but I had a feeling Santa Barbara could work into its own."

His first acquisition was a little property, Santa Ynez Winery, followed by Curtis Winery in the Santa Ynez Valley in 1997. Then he bought a rolling benchland property of undeveloped land that would later become Foley Estates Vineyard & Winery, where he established the Rancho Santa Rosa Vineyard in the eastern part of the Santa Rita Hills. A few years ago, Foley Estates lured superstar winemaker Cris Curran away from Sea Smoke. The highly regarded vineyard is a grape source not only to Foley Estates, but several other local wineries.

Foley's business philosophy translates easily into his beliefs about running a wine company. He once said, "It takes years to get the business, one deal at a time. But once you get it, you have customers for life, as long as you treat them properly." He was talking about financial and real estate deals, but could have been referring to his wineries. "One deal at a time" describes the deliberate acquisitions he's made over the past several years. Each new winery is meant to fill a particular niche.

(continued on page 16)

For example, when Foley bought Sebastiani, he'd done so "to get some leverage with distributors." He owned smaller brands, and having a large (250,000 cases annually) winery with national distribution would help place his limited production brands in restaurants and wine stores. He explained his earlier purchase of Firestone in much the same language.

As for "treating people properly," in the wine business, that means selling "value brands that are strong wines at the right price points," Foley explained after buying Wattle Creek last summer. He learned, from watching Jess Jackson (who he says "created a very exciting wine company"), that it was important for a wine business to have a

presence at every price point, but also to be perceived as a value at a particular point. And certainly, if you examine the scores Foley's wineries earn in *Wine Enthusiast*, the wines have a very positive QPR, or quality-price ratio.

Foley believes the year 2010 was a flagship for him. "With the acquisition of Chalk Hill, we moved to a different level, in terms of our presence in the wine industry," he says. Before Chalk Hill, Foley had been a presence in the industry; afterward, he became a phenomenon.

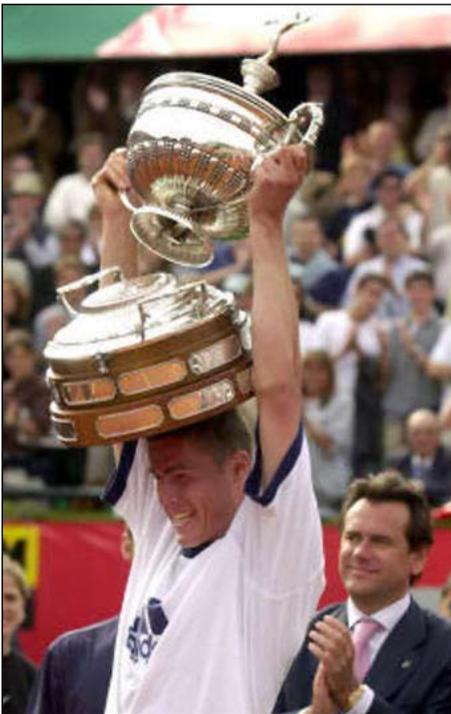
Interestingly, Foley describes the buyout of Chalk Hill as "one of the final pieces of the puzzle"—not *the* final piece, and he's

not shy about suggesting that the portfolio is far from closed. "We need to have something on Highway 29 or Silverado Trail [in Napa Valley] that will supplement and basically complement what we have in Sonoma County," he says. No names were mentioned, but Foley has indicated that his next acquisition will not be a large winery bought for distribution purposes, but rather a smaller, prestigious producer.

As he spends less and less time on financial services (and more time enjoying his Montana ranch), Foley sinks more deeply into the intricacies of running his wine business. "I'm totally committed to it. I really am," he says. "It's my full-time job. I think about the wine business day and night."

—Steve Heimoff

OUTSTANDING ATHLETIC ACHIEVEMENTS DEPARTMENT



Hood and Severson Win the 2010 Texas Invitational Golf Tournament

By Sevo Johannson
The Dallas Morning Rage

In a stunning upset, the hard hitting combo of **Mike Hood** and **John Severson** captured the honors at this year's Texas Invitational. Their play featured drives that always somehow found the fairway; long irons that were absolute pin seekers and putts that fell like the leaves of autumn. Hood and Severson were huge underdogs going into the tournament because in five tries the best they had ever finished was runners up. But upsets are the spice of sports, and every dog has

its day. These two dogs played like young pups as they separated themselves from the prestigious pairings of golfers from around the country.

On the last day they were paired with former Invitational winners, **Barry Nickerson** and **Glynn Hale**. Hood and Severson won the first two holes and maintained this lead going into the back nine. A charge by the two former Army athletes that began on hole #11 threatened to erase the lead. Both Nickerson and Hale unleashed massive drives. Hood and Severson kept their composure, played their game and did not falter. Their lead increased to four holes going into #15. Nickerson knew he needed a good drive

I've received several reports of outstanding athletic accomplishments since the last issue of this literary stool specimen. Here goes;

Hood and Severson Win the Annual Texas Invitational Golf Tournament.

An anonymous source in the Dallas area recently sent me this news article from one of the local rags.



▲ Nickerson, Hale, Hood & Severson at the Texas Invitational Golf Classic

after Hale's shot found the woods on the left. He blasted a characteristic high angle howitzer like drive down the middle. Severson out drove him by about a yard meaning Nickerson had first try at the elevated green, which was guarded on the right by a bunker. Barry's ball found the trap. Severson noted this, clubbed up to an 8 iron for the 140 yards to the pin and struck it well enough to land on the green. Needing the sand shot of his life, Nickerson planted his feet in the sand. The shot never made it out of the trap. This ended the tournament hopes for the Nickerson-Hale team as both Hood and Severson made par versus Nick's bogey and Hale's double.

Hood was drenched in sweat after the round. His long straight drives and clever shots around the green drew the standing applause of the crowd on almost every hole. "Sevo and I had a plan. We plotted all of our shots from last year and realized we needed better long iron play. So both of us worked on this aspect of our game over the winter and summer. That proved to be the difference. No one can consistently out drive Nickerson, and Hale is like a safe cracker around the green. Our edge had to be the long irons, and it was." Severson was exhausted after the round. "This year the format was a bit different. We were told to chose a team name for our twosome. We chose Team Gold. We were taken aback when we heard that Nickerson and Hale were going to play as the 'Chinese Bandits'. Those words struck fear in many opponents in the '60's, and we had to make an attitude adjustment to ensure we were not intimidated by the "Bandits."

Sports writers named Glynn Hale the "Most Improved Player" for 2010. Normally Hale, the consummate Infantryman, plays his golf under the concealment of trees and bushes in the rough or behind the cover of rocks that line the fairway. He used to emerge on the green momentarily to putt. Not this year. He was marching down the fairway like on parade, much to the chagrin of the many old Soldiers in the crowd that always enjoyed his imaginative shots from the rough.

Nickerson related that he had a nightmare before the tournament began. He was back at West Point, playing football, Army versus

Navy, score tied at 10 apiece, Army's ball on the Navy 25 yard line, fourth and six yards for a first down, 37 seconds to play in the game, Coach motions for him to go in to kick the winning field goal. Nickerson lines up, here is the snap and Barry realized he is about to kick left footed. Barry remarked, "That nightmare was nothing like the nightmare that awaited me and Hale at the Tournament. Hood played like a man possessed. He was in focus the whole time. Maybe he hit one bad shot. Severson played well too. We just got whipped. But... we will be back next year." Let's hope so! These tournaments are The Fall Classic in the Heart of Texas and the fans deserve some spirited play with this kind of spice.

Walt Mather Bikes the West Coast



▲ Walt Mather biking his way down the west coast

I received the following cyber fart from **Walt Mather** on 20 October: "Freed—last month I did a bike ride down the west coast from Oregon to LA—picture attached is along the northern California coast—Oregon coast was spectacular, and California had a little bit of everything—gorgeous coastline, redwood forests, vineyards, southern California beaches—1450 miles with 68,000 feet of climbing made for a tough three weeks, but I loved it. Had lunch with **Bill Obley** in Portland before the ride started—**John Severson** lives there also but was out of town. Take care, Walt"

Chad Keck and His Son Climbed Mt. Kilimanjaro – Back in 1999; Just Recovered Enough to Tell the Tale

The following tale of manly adventures snuck past my spam filters on 4 September:

"Freed..

Thought you might be interested in the attached. You see, my son Martin and I climbed Mount Kilimanjaro on May 21, 1999. We summited via the Western Breach, which was closed in 2005, and I think it remains closed. This is hard way, up what was left of the Arrow Glacier. We had a rather harrowing experience wherein we got lost on Summit night and one our guides fell and was sliding down the mountain, screaming, just like in the movies. He arrested his fall and wasn't badly hurt. He slide down far enough down the mountain, and with the coming of the dawn, could see the route again. We down climbed, traversed and eventually summited, about 7 hours late. We ran out of water and barely made the camp on the other side of the summit. All said it was a great experience and gave us both something we will treasure. Actually, **Larry Izzo** talked to me a fair amount about his interest in Kilimanjaro before he went. Knowing that you are such a good writer, I was reluctant to send you my story about the Kilimanjaro experience, but I decided what the hell. Don't feel compelled to read it, but it's a fair recording of what we experienced. Stay well... Chad"

He did send his story, and it's a great read, but it's also 19 pages long – a bit too much for this update. But I'll bet a beer that if you contact Chad he'll send you a copy; you'll be impressed.

Tyler Donnell Runs a Marathon and also Bikes the California Coast Road

Here's an e-mail I received back on 28 September: "Tyler asked that we send this out to you.....Tyler made the commitment to run in his first marathon while we were in Angel Fire last March – our first time together since his return from his third



▲ Tyler Donnell after completing the Minneapolis Marathon

deployment to Iraq. This will be a time for him to get together with some of his West Point classmates and to run for our wounded warriors. He knows all too well what might have been for him when he was wounded during his first deployment.....but he had Angels on his shoulders that day.....and he never forgets those wounded warriors who deal with their injuries daily but never give in. Please consider supporting Tyler as he supports the wounded warriors of the Red, White and Blue Team in Minnesota this coming weekend.

The note below is from Tyler. The attached photo was taken last weekend when Tyler and Dena joined Wounded Warriors on a Bike Ride from Monterey to Big Sur National Park.

Thanks you for never forgetting our Troops and the sacrifices they make.

Carolyn and Alton Donnell

Dear Family and Friends,

If you haven't heard by now, I have committed to run my first marathon on October 3rd 2010 in Minneapolis, Minnesota. I know most of you are asking "Tyler, why the heck are you running in Minnesota when you live

in Monterey, CA?!" Great question, I have committed to this marathon to join other Veterans and West Point classmates to honor our friends and Soldiers who have been wounded and killed during the past nine years of Combat. This event will also assist in raising funds to assist Veterans transition to civilian life. Our team takes this commitment seriously as you can read below.

On a personal level, after 39 months in Iraq and being injured and awarded the Purple Heart on August 9th 2004, I understand the realities of dealing with war related injuries and the accompanying post-traumatic stress disorder and the stresses it can place on individuals and families. I am blessed with a loving, caring, and patient wife and son as well as an extremely supportive family who have given me many tools and outlets to deal with my personal battles. I consider myself extremely blessed and fortunate, because I know many veterans are not armed with the same tools. I fully believe that my efforts on October 3rd will raise awareness and save a couple of my fellow Soldiers as they continue their rehabilitation...raising a couple bucks doesn't hurt either. We understand times are lean right now, so please at least help spread our message!!

I hope to achieve this by running as part of Team Red, White & Blue is a newly-formed non-profit organization. Team RWB's mission is to enrich the lives of wounded veterans and their families---and to transform the way wounded veterans are reintegrated into society following their military service to our country. On Oct 3rd in Minneapolis, MN, I am running the Twin Cities Marathon/Ten Mile on behalf of this great organization---and request that you consider contributing to Team RWB on my behalf.

In a June 2010 study, Iraq and Afghanistan combat veterans repeatedly expressed interest in services to help adjust to civilian life. While much has improved since the post-Vietnam era, some polarization between veterans and our society still exists today. Strong relationships

▶ Tyler & Dena Donnell biking near Big Sur, California

between wounded veterans and their fellow Americans are critical to veterans' reintegration into civilian life as well as our nation's long-term success. Team RWB believes that President George Washington summed this up best when he noted that, "The willingness with which our young people are likely to serve in any war, no matter how justified, shall be directly proportional to how they perceive Veterans of earlier wars were treated and appreciated by their nation."

To help meet this challenge, Team RWB is taking a multi-faceted approach. First, our athletic events help raise awareness and funding. They will connect Team RWB members with other like-minded individuals who want to support wounded veterans by getting involved. Second, we are creating an interactive network using social media and other tools that will enable us to strengthen ties within the community---and end feelings of isolation. Most importantly, **we want to foster 1-on-1, meaningful relationships between wounded veterans and "Team RWB advocates" who will focus on the "everyday activities" that make a big difference: being a friend, spending time together and performing small acts of kindness on a personal level.**

Team RWB is an IRS-recognized, 501(c)(3) organization and all donations are tax deductible. **To learn more about Team Red White & Blue and make a donation online, please visit www.TeamRWB.com. On the right side of the page is a red "donate now" box. You can click there and it will pull up a 100% secure on-line donation site where you can make a contribution using your credit card.** There is a line on this page that allows you



to note that your donation is “in support of **TYLER DONNELL**.” Please consider putting my name in there so I am able to track the donations I have accumulated for Team RWB. If you feel more comfortable donating off-line, you can make a check payable to “Team RWB” and mail it to:

Team RWB, 360 Sedgewood Lane,
Ann Arbor, MI, 48103

I know that there are numerous worthy charities, but I really believe that Team RWB stands out for its commitment to making personal connections between wounded veterans and the American people. We believe this approach will transform the way wounded veterans reintegrate into society, so thank you in advance for your consideration to supporting this worthy cause! **And**

please spread the word about Team RWB and share this email and information with your family, friends and co-workers!

Thank you, Tyler”

Well, as you can see from the photo Tyler finished the marathon in good shape and hopefully raised a lot of money in the process.

MISCELLANEOUS RAMBLINGS,

or short bursts overheard while waiting for happy hour to start

Class Kid News and Kudos

Nick Horn on his Eighth Combat Deployment

I received the following from Nick the Older on 15 November: “Hi Freed, re-reading your Pooper Scooper made me remember to send you a short update on our son Nick. He is a Blackhawk Company Commander for the 101st in Kandahar (his 8th combat tour, 3 with the 101st in Iraq and 5 with the 160th SOAR (Nightstalkers)). He was on the Geraldo show (Oct 24th..remembering the Blackhawk Soldiers) ..interviewed in two segments about a mission that went bad...9 killed to include 4 of his men. He returns in March to his wife and little girl (who will be 15 months then). All my best, Freed.....nick.”

Update of Class Kids in Combat

Nick’s e-mail about his son was very timely. On 2 December I received a request from Thomas Beckner, one of the producers of the Class TV Documentary project, asking for information about class kids in combat. Back in 2006 I published a spreadsheet in a Pooper Scooper providing all the information on that subject I had at the time. It was my intention to periodically update that, but until I received the request from Thomas I hadn’t gotten around to it. I put a blast out to the class, and the number of responses I received in three days is really a remarkable story of continued service and sacrifice by the Class of 1967 and its offspring. Here’s a compilation of all the replies I’ve received in the last three days (it’s 5 December as I write this):

From: Bornmann, Al [mailto:BornmannA@GAO.GOV]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 11:46 AM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: RE: request for information

Freed - My daughter (Kirsten) travels to Iraq and Afghanistan frequently on business - has done so for several years. She’s not military. Does that count?

Al

From: The Donnells [mailto:apdonnell67@comcast.net]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 12:03 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Cc: Dad
Subject: request for information

Freed:

Tyler returned from his third tour in Iraq last December. Tyler is presently at the Naval Post Graduate School in Monterey, California studying Physics. Dena, Tyler and Devin (now 10) are living in quarters at Fort Ord (now called Ord Military Community). He will return to West Point the summer of 2012 to teach in the Physics Dept. He was also selected “below the zone” for Major and should pin those leaves on in a couple of months. I don’t know if you remember but Tyler was born at West Point in 1979 while Alton and I were stationed there and Alton was teaching in the Physics Dept. Life is about circles.....Tyler now completes the circle by returning to West Point to teach in the Physics Dept. 33 years later.

Carolyn

From: Ed Locke [mailto:edwlocke@gmail.com]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 12:13 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: RE: usma1967: request for information

Freed,

My son LtC Ed Locke is stationed in Qatar as the Co of a risk assessment team. He makes trips to Iraq, Afghanistan and other countries in his job. I believe he is in Afghanistan now.

Ed

Edward J. Locke, 14823 N Morgan LN, Hayden, ID 83835, edwlocke@gmail.com

From: Mathews, Trey [mailto:tmathews@dcscorp.com]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 12:26 PM
To: Freed Lowrey; jtandco@comcast.net
Cc: jtandco@comcast.net; Trey
Subject: RE: request for information

Freed,

My son, Sean E. Mathews, 1LT USAR, returned from a year in Iraq earlier this year.

Warm Regards, Trey

From: C.Emmett Mahle [mailto:mahlelaw@sbcglobal.net]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 12:22 PM
To: Freed Lowrey; USMA 1967 (E-mail); class of 1967 group2 (dastro67@lyris.wpaog.org)
Subject: Re: usma1967: request for information

Dear Freed,

Our son, Colin (Major, Inf, VMI (2000)), is currently the S-3 Air for the 75th Ranger Regiment at Ft. Benning. He has been to Iraq three times, and Afghanistan twice. He is scheduled to deploy again to Afghanistan around 3/1/11.

Best regards, Emmett

From: Dave Peixotto [mailto:depeixotto@aol.com]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 12:34 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: Re: usma1967: request for information

Freed...different subject. Shortly after the Gulf War, I was sent to Kuwait for nearly 2 yrs to be in charge of the reconstruction of Kuwait's public facilities (roads, schools, hospitals, water, public office buildings, their Parliament building, electrical distribution, jails, two air bases, etc). If this might be of some interest to the Documentary Group, please let hem know.

Thank you...Dave Peixotto

From: Doc Wentzel [mailto:abnranger67@bellsouth.net]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 12:56 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: Re: [distro67] request for information

Freed,
 My son, SSG Sam, is back in Afghanistan with his Ranger Bn. He is doing well, with his usual great attitude toward service and soldiering. Thanks again for all your work on behalf of our class, and I hope all is well with you.
 RLTW, Doc

Sealon R. "Doc" Wentzel
 Colonel, U.S. Army (ret)
 Rangers Lead The Way!

From: Chuck Costanza [mailto:chuckcos@msn.com]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 1:01 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: RE: [distro67] request for information

Freed,
 My son, LTC Charles D. Costanza returned in Feb, 2010. Has served 3 tours, 42 months over there. Last tour, he commanded the 1 / 7 Cav Squadron, 1st Cav Division. He's West Point class of 1991.
 Chuck

From: Dean Risseeuw [mailto:dean.risseeuw@gmail.com]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 3:27 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: RE: usma1967: request for information

Freed -
 My son Philipp (USAF Capt KC-10 pilot, UVa AFROTC) returned in September. I'm checking the dates and will send more later.
 Dean

From: harry hoskins [mailto:hoskins910@yahoo.com]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 3:40 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: Re: [distro67] request for information - Captain Douglas Hoskins

Freed. My son, Captain Douglas Hoskins, USAFR, recently served his second tour in Irac theater, flying C-130s.
 Harry Hoskins

From: Dave Ellis [mailto:dlellis@ykc.com]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 3:51 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: RE: usma1967: request for information

Freed, Do spouses of classmate kids count? If so, my son-in-law is on his third tour in Iraq. He is Major Jason E. Williams, 1st ID.
 Dave Ellis

From: Robert McEldowney [mailto:rmceldow@lava.net]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 4:20 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: RE: [distro67] request for information

Freed,
 My son Douglas is in Iraq right now. He is a Captain (Engineers) with the 224th Sustainment Brigade. The Brigade is an activated California National Guard unit.
 Bob

From: William RLynn [mailto:wlynn1@tampabay.rr.com]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 4:20 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: RE: [distro67] request for information

My son-in-law, LTC Patrick Zoch '93 returned from his last tour in the Middle East last spring I think. He has done Iraq, Kuwait, and Saudi Arabia. He is married to my daughter, Christie Zoch, also Class of '93. He along with their family (5 kids) are currently stationed in Hoenfels, Germany.
 Bill Lynn

From: Anne Marie Mahoney [mailto:bradley.lake@verizon.net]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 4:37 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: Re: usma1967: request for information

Thankfully, Robert '01 and Tara '03 have been in the USA since they returned from their last deployments in February of 2009 with no deployments on the horizon. Robert did three tours in Iraq totaling 42 months and Tara did two tours totaling 27 months. Robert was promoted to Major yesterday!
 Anne Marie Mahoney

From: drmc Cox [mailto:icubed-assoc.com]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 6:31 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: RE: [distro67] request for information

Freed, I talked to them today and they are going to interview me tomorrow, but my son Brian (1995) returned in 2005 from Iraq.
 Mike

From: Stan Sienkiewicz [mailto:stans6@verizon.net]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 8:51 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: Re: [distro67] request for information

Your question's obviously not directed at me, but....my daughter (works for USAID) just came home from a year on a PRT in Kandahar. Hope you're well. I very much enjoy following the comings and goings of you guys so keep your inkwell filled.

From: rlrenz1967 [mailto:rlrenz1967@att.net]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 9:03 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: Re: usma1967: request for information

Freed,
 Son-in-law COL Jim Glackin, '87, returned from Iraq in late May. Son LTC Bob Lenz, '93, (now working in Wash, D.C.) has several tours in Iraq and Afghanistan - can wear either the 82nd or 101st combat patches. Daughter Penny Glackin, '90, served in the first Desert Storm.
 Roscoe

From: Caroline Grube [mailto:caroline.grube@gmail.com]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 9:08 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: RE: [distro67] request for information

Hi, Freed! Our son Jim has just returned from Iraq ... Nov.13th, he flew through Norfolk and Rick and I were able to spend 2 hours with him at the MAC terminal when he was in transit to Fort Bliss. He has served the last two years with the 1AD at Fort Bliss as a company commander and in Kirkuk as the 501st BN S-3. He was especially pleased to do so since Rick was in Vietnam with the 1AD. I will send a photo taken while we were with him that day. He is CPT



► The Grube family



Jim Grube. He and his wife Karen have Eli who was a year old in August and they are expecting #2 in May. Blessings! Caroline

◀ Jim, Karen & Eli Grube when Jim was home from the war on R&R

From: Dean Risseeuw [mailto:dean.risseeuw@gmail.com]
Sent: Thursday, December 02, 2010 11:30 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: RE: usma1967: request for information

Freed – Here’s my official entry. Thanks for the information on the Documentary folks.

USAF Capt Philipp Risseeuw, a KC-10 Pilot, returned in September from his sixth deployment to the desert (Air Force deployments are 2-4 months long). His most recent tour was 4-months in the CAOC (Combined Air Operations Center) at CENTCOM’s Qatar facility coordinating aerial refueling operations across the region. He returned in time for the 12 November 2010 birth of Bethany deVos Risseeuw who joined two older brothers Caleb (almost 2 yrs) and Alan (3-1/2 yrs). Philipp and his wife, Amanda, both graduated Mechanical Engineering from U of Virginia, Charlottesville.

Philipp is now stationed at McGuire Air Force Base, New Jersey (OK, Joint Base McGuire-Dix-Lakehurst, but you know what I mean).
 Dean

From: csutten@verizon.net [mailto:csutten@verizon.net]
Sent: Friday, December 03, 2010 7:54 AM
To: Freed Lowrey
Cc: vafrau@verizon.net; SLSutten@fcps.edu
Subject: Re: usma1967: request for information

Freed,
 Our daughter Major Marne Sutten Fawcett returned in July from a tour in Iraq, her second time in country. She was attached to the 3rd ID during the attack to Baghdad in 2003 and will probably return next spring to Iraq as part of the 1st Cav Div’s next deployment.

Warm regards, Chuck Sutten

From: Wells, Daniel R. [mailto:dwells@nvcc.edu]
Sent: Friday, December 03, 2010 9:38 AM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: RE: [distro67] request for information

Timely request. My oldest son, LTC Christopher D. Wells class of 1991, arrived in Afghanistan just a few days ago.

From: perrymarch@charter.net [mailto:perrymarch@charter.net]
Sent: Friday, December 03, 2010 10:57 AM
To: Freed Lowrey
Cc: Distribution List for USMA 1967
Subject: RE: [distro67] request for information

Freed,
 My son LTC James Shawn Perry, US Army Cavalry, is not in Iraq now, but has served two tours there. He is currently the “stay behind” Commander for the 3d Armored Cavalry Regiment Rear Detachment at Fort Hood and was the Deputy Commander during the shooting incident.
 March Perry '67

From: Tom [mailto:tmcurtis4@aol.com]
Sent: Friday, December 03, 2010 10:57 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: Re: usma1967: request for information

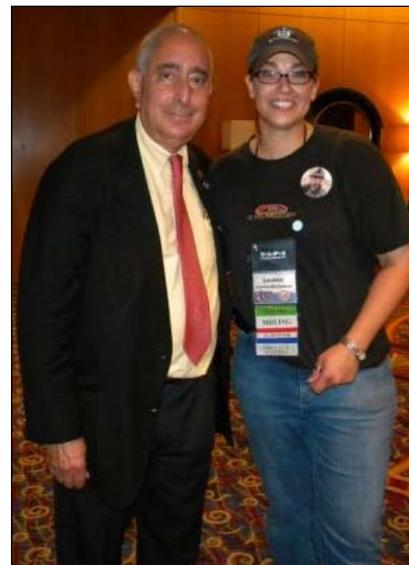
Freed,
 My son Zach went to Iraq as an E-4 cav scout from 05-06 in the WA ARNG 81st Armor Bde. The designation was changed to Infantry when the bde was federalized. I don’t know if that’s recent enough. Tom Curtis

From: Joe Root [mailto:joeroot@comcast.net]
Sent: Saturday, December 04, 2010 9:17 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: RE: usma1967: request for information

Freed –
 MAJ Paul Dubbeling, Sustainment Bde, 82d Abn Div, returning from Afghanistan as we speak (due back on 8 Dec).
 Thanks, Joe

From: pollitt67@aol.com [mailto:pollitt67@aol.com]
Sent: Monday, December 06, 2010 1:43 PM
To: Freed Lowrey
Subject: Re: [distro67] request for information

Freed,
 Our son, Ltc Michael Burns has had one tour in Iraq with 18th Abn Corps, one in Afghanistan with the 82d Abn Div. and has been alerted to go back next July after he give up his Aviation Battalion at Fort Rucker. He’ll be joining a Avn Regt in country as DCO but unit will not be announced until January or so. Hope this helps. You guys have a great holiday.
 Bill Pollitt



Mac McMillan’s Daughter Lauren Links up with Ben Stein

I received this photo from Mac on 19 October. No explanation of the circumstances, location, date, nada – just the photo.

◀ Lauren McMillan with Ben Stine

New Class Great Grandkids!

Yes, you read that right sports fans – we have classmates who are great grandparents. Here are three recent e-mails I’ve received:

20 Aug '10: “Sandi and I are pleased and excited to announce the birth of our great grandson, Braydon Lee Hunnicutt, born to our granddaughter Britany and Jesse Hunnicutt! Both mother and baby are fine. **Jeff Madsen**”



Jeff & Sandi Madsen’s great grandson Braydon Lee Hunnicutt ▲

20 Aug '10: "Jeff, Sally and I are in the same category as we became great grandparents on July 18th. Both mother and great grandson Noah are fine. By the way, did the term "great grandfather" have any effect on you. I always thought that "great grandparents" needed wheelchairs, canes, walkers etc., all of which I am not ready for yet. I also thought of myself as a "great" grandfather for a couple of decades and I guess I now have the title. **Dick Comi**"

9 Nov '10: "Freed, I know I am not the first Great grandparent in the class, but do you know if I have the first great grandson? Cold Riley Fosnigh, Class of '33, checked into the orderly room at 0700 8 Nov 2010 with a baggage allowance of 8 pounds, 14 ounces and a length of 20 1/2 inches. **Macy Brown**"

Class Grandkids

Well, he may not be a great grandfather in one sense, but the following note certainly demonstrates **Ken Williams** is a great granddad. "Every year I take my grandkids to Myrtle beach and give them survival tips for being at the beach. Below is a photo of one of the rigorous sessions.



▲ Ken Williams teaching his grandkids proper beach etiquette on Myrtle Beach, SC

Gary Fowler's Home Damaged by a Tornado

I received the following bit of sobering news from **Terry Atkinson** on 20 September:

"Classmates,
I talked to **Gary** last evening. His farm in Ohio was visited by a tornado. Thankfully, he and his family were at a football game during the storm. His home received some damage in the form of concrete blocks and 2-by-4's from the chicken coop lifted by the wind and flung against and in some cases through the house roof and walls. The main bedroom, dining room, and master bath received most of the damage inside. Several old trees were uprooted and the roof of the chicken coop crashed into their deck damaging the deck furniture and possibly the deck itself.

As I said he and **Kathy** and the kids were all away attending one of his grandsons' football games. He's already been visited by the insurance adjuster and a local contractor and several dozen neighbors are pitching in to help clear the mess. I'll let you know if I hear any more news. However, as of last night, everything seems well in hand. Gary's sense of humor was still strong.
Terry Atkinson"

Mike Riess has a Special Birthday Coming Up

Here's a bit of birthday trivia for you: **Mike Riess's** birthday is 16 March. That just happens to be the official Founder's Day of USMA—the day president Jefferson signed the legislation establishing The Military Academy at West Point. As it turns out, this coming March Mike will turn 67 years old on Founder's Day. Nice coincidence.

Terry Heglin now Working for the National Institutes of Health

On 19 Oct I received the following cyber fart from **Terry Heglin**: "Freed, Still doing my thing at NIH. I have an apartment in Bethesda during the week. I intend to retire in Dec 2011. Same ole same ole --- **Marie** says I don't handle change

well. After 43 years with the same wife, how can I argue that. However, I did remind her that I had not sought a change in wife in 43 years. Hmmm!

We have cut back on the B&B---only 7 special weekends a year and weddings. More time in our condo at the ocean and more time to travel. However, our place is always open for classmates.

Same ole address follows: 1007 Harrisburg Pike, Carlisle, PA 17013."

Well, since I had no idea he was doing anything at NIH I wrote him and asked what's up. Here's his reply:

"I have been consulting to the National Institutes of Health Real Property Maintenance Office since Oct 07. They have about 575 people and \$125M to maintain their buildings and grounds in Bethesda, MD (across Wisconsin Ave/Rockville Pike from Bethesda Naval Hospital) and at their Animal Center. They occupy 300 acres at Bethesda, have about 22,000 people here on any given day, and are similar to a small city. Main Clinical Research Center is 14 stories with a footprint about 250 yards by 150 yards. Library is 20 stories. Several buildings are between 6 and 10 stories. Buildings, roads, and walkways have about a 150 acre footprint. There are 32 national health institutes here---cancer, heart, etc. They also have a large Family Lodge and a Children's Inn to support persons receiving special treatment---lot of research and cutting edge medicine. They have an animal center (NI-HAC)/primate facility in Poolesville, MD (600 acres) for research work. Rumor has it that U of MD recruits the large ones for football. I constructed and put in Quality Assurance and Quality Control programs, performance metrics, performance reviews, etc. Trained their supervisors and managers on QC and QA. Am now re-writing their maintenance and service contracts for re-compete and advising them on financial, contractual, and productivity issues. Takes me into most all their operations. That, along with \$4, buys a cup of Starbucks. Just trying to make a buck!"

Class Transitions

Long Lost Souls Department

Back on 2 November I received my first contact ever from **Norm St. Laurent**. He and his wife **Lynanne** (a retired USAF LTC) live at 63 Hickory Trail, Southern Shores, NC 27949; phone is 252-255-6383. Give them a visit.



▲ Norm & Lynanne St Laurent

Doug Starr Comes Home from Australia

Doug Starr has spent the last several years working for General Dynamics in Australia as the Director of their Australian Tank Program. I received a note from him in mid

November saying he had finally retired and was back in the land of the Big PX. His new address is 19810 West Paloma Drive, Cypress, TX 77433. Email is dhs6767@gmail.com, phone is 281-255-7534.

Hart Lau Retires from DOD

On 10 November a retirement ceremony was conducted in the Pentagon for **Hart Lau**, who finally hung up his hat working in the Multinational Strategy & Programs Office, G-3/5/7, HQDA. He and **Barabara** will be

moving to San Antonio, TX. Stay tuned for more details someday.

Cal Delaplain Finally Retires from Active Duty

OK, at last it's official: no member of the Unsurpassed Class is still serving on active duty. On 3 September **Cal Delaplain** retired (again) from his job as a radiologist at Tripler Army Medical Center in Hawaii. He is credited with 40 years and 5 months of active service. Amazing.



▲ John Kuspa, Jorgie Jorgensen, Trey Mathews, Hartmut Lau, Mike Yap, Beach Dohney, John Caldwell, and Fred Hartman gathered in the Pentagon for Hart's retirement



*OK, it's flashback time, 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.*

Cadet Humor

With the regimentation of cadet life and the seeming paucity of opportunities to have fun like at a "real college," one might wonder if West Point gradually wore on cadets and wiped out whatever sense of humor they may have brought to USMA. Au contraire!! Cadets had fun and then some – but the sources of fun were where you found them and cadets could find humor most anywhere and usually did.

Roommate **Bill Donohue** and I were no exceptions. We had a variety of ways to make fun and break the stress of cadet life. When either one of us fell into a foul mood from a bad day at class or other sundry cause, it was the other's duty to don their raincoat, stand in the middle of the room and proffer our well-hidden double-barreled orange and black Tiger squirt gun. The foul-mooder was then duty bound to empty the squirt gun at his rain-coated roommate, preferably in the face. This invariably brought some degree of laughter and the witch's curse of a foul mood was broken and attitudes adjusted accordingly for the better. One time we tried the same garb but switched from the squirt gun to busting the other over the head with bananas brought from the mess hall. Consensus: Too messy – back to the Squirt Gun. Only at West Point . . .

Monuments also presented opportunities for fun. French Monument stood across the street from the 4th Division. Whatever its history was long forgotten – the local cadet lore was that the small cannon beside the French soldier would go off whenever a virgin walked past the monument. Of course, the cannon never went off. Many girls knew the story and would giggle going past. One day I planted a classmate behind the French Monument and as my date and I walked past he shouted “BOOM” – she caught on to the joke immediately and began pummeling me and laughing. I laughed, too. Cadet humor.

Another common cadet practice was saving string. Yep, each week a new supply white cotton twine would arrive conveniently with one's string-wrapped laundry bundle. The bundles were tied with bows so there was no problem with knots. A tug here – a tug there and five more feet of string and with a roommate, ten more feet of string. Those with a competitive streak would walk the halls the day after laundry delivery to see if any extra string was visible in trashcans placed each morning in the halls. All this string was invariably wound onto a ball of string – the new string added each week. It was storied that balls of string were inherited from graduates and grew to two feet in diameter. Hiding such a monster would have presented special challenges. Anyway, Bill and I kept to our modest six-inch ball. Winding it on was fun but the real fun didn't stop there. The real fun was to have Bill show up on Long Island to visit his girlfriend and find that he had taken our ball of string with him as a chaperone. With a broad smile I imagined his roar of “OH, NO!!” when he opened his bag and stared at our three-pound ball of string with a note attached saying, “Your string loves you.” Always good for a laugh on his return Sunday evening. And, of course, I took that same ball of string on several Track trips. Both of us were usually in too big a hurry to get going on a blessed trip and would forget to check our bag before leaving. But even finding the ball of string before departure was not enough. Bill once did that and placed the ball on my pillow, emblematic of “There! I found it and this time it stays here in the room!” Only thing was, I knew that his trip section would be formed up near the Central Guard Room for inspection before departing. So I hotfooted it over there and, sure enough, there's Bill and the rest of his group standing inspection by the O.C. in front of their bus. Simple to go to the other side of the bus, open the baggage doors, find Bill's well-labeled B-4 bag, slip in the ball of string and depart unseen. One of the best laughs ever came from knowing that Bill was smugly sitting on the bus chortling about me finding the string on my pillow when he was actually taking it with him to Pittsburgh! Cadet humor.

We also enjoyed **Davey Jones** coming by our room with his Rolling Stones record album to play on Bill's stereo that included the largest speakers in the Corps, a perk for Bill as President of the Audio Club. We'd watch the woofers oscillate on the bass notes. You might think that this was just a bit more fun than watching corn grow in Iowa but we had a musical accompaniment as Jones lip-synched the lyrics and danced.

Bill and I also had a small aluminum camera film canister in which we placed our “Dirty Old Man Award.” This canister was awarded/exchanged based on the depravity of some spoken comment. The hearer would dive in his desk, retrieve the canister and throw it (without much force) at the recipient. And when Bill accidentally used my soap and soap dish once too many times, I wrote “MINE” in magic-marker on the bottom and when that didn't work, switched to “NOT BILL's!!”

And **Ron Naples** was always good for a laugh – at his expense. Ron was particularly ticklish and Davey Jones and others were fond of experimenting with Ron's “sensitivity.” Best way was to join a gang to hold Ron down, turn his bunk upside down on him without the mattress, thereby pinning him to the floor, at which point the tickling commenced through the wire mesh. This ended when Ron's tears of laughter had flowed sufficiently.

At parades, it was *de rigueur* to stand stiffly erect on the Plain 100 yards away from the viewing bleachers and grade the girls watching the parade along with appropriate comments much to the mirth of all within hearing. These grades and commentary were before their time – at least twenty years before next generation frat houses held scorecards for passing coeds.

Pranks were a way of life. In PE one day we awaited the arrival of our instructor in the weight room. Friend Carl grabbed up a broomstick and announced that if you whirled around 20 times with the broomstick held over your head and your eyes closed, you would become so disoriented and incapacitated that if you laid down, you would be physically unable to sit up. In the competitive world of macho-men, it didn't take two seconds for Reckless Randy to jump at the chance to prove him wrong. So round and round went Randy with the broomstick held over his head. He stops and lays down with his eyes shut. Carl quickly places his butt three inches above Randy's face and K-WAP! Randy proves that he can indeed sit up!! Cadet humor!

So Bill and I and most cadets laughed our way through West Point. Many wives have remarked on their husbands' unusual sense of humor. 'Tis true – special cadet humor abounded at West Point.

MORE BLASTS FROM THE PAST



Only one photo submission for the Flashback Fantasies this time around: **Randy Kinnard** and his buddies in the 173d Airborne Brigade in beautiful downtown Vietnam in 1969. That's Randy on the far right, with the smug look of a lawyer already firmly in place.

◀ Randy Kinnard, far right, and his battle buddies in Vietnam

DEAD FISH FLICKS

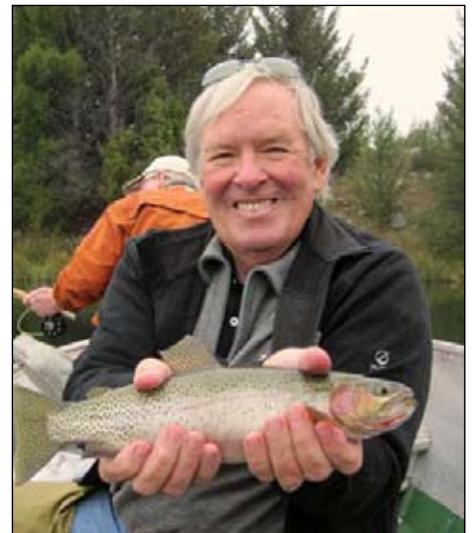
OK Sports Fans, back by popular demand, photos of folks showing off their prowess as hunter-gatherers, strutting their stuff and proving they've got what it takes to put a good meal on the table. It doesn't get any better than this.

Actually, there's not much to entertain us this time, and two of the three photos are of class kids making their dads or granddads proud. The first is a photo of **Ed Dewey's** 10½ year old grandson Ryan with a 600 pound cow elk that he managed to slaughter just 30 minutes into opening day in Arizona.



The second shot is of **Dave Hale's** son Daniel with a very nice Shinnecock Bay flounder snagged this past summer.

And lastly we have Bill Foley showing off a nice cutthroat trout he poached from one of the lakes on his Montana ranch.



EPILOGUE

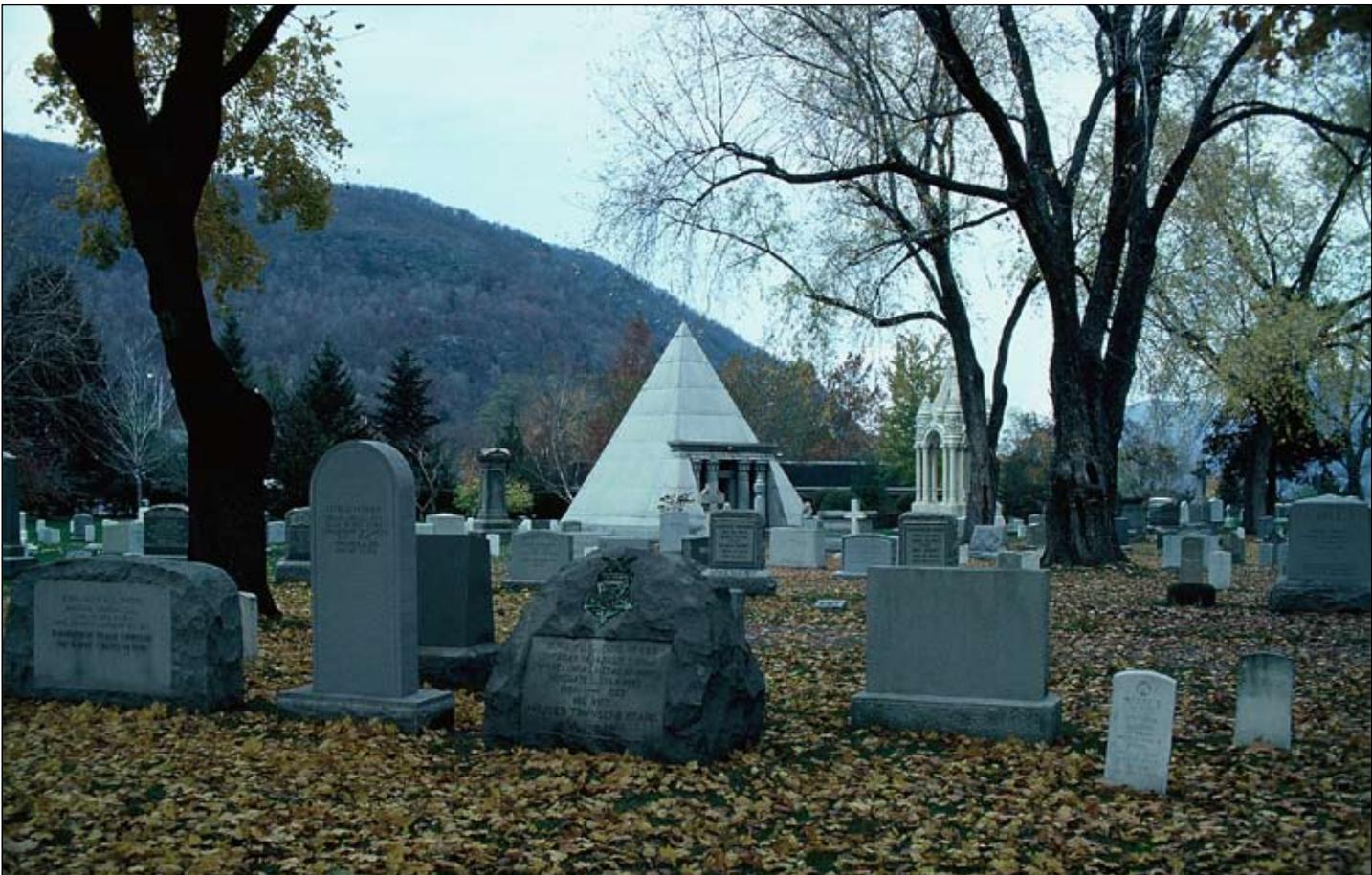
OK Sports Fans, that's all the news that's fit to print – and a lot that's not – for this trash haul. Hope you all have the very merriest of Christmases and happiest of Hanukkahs, or whatever you choose to celebrate this time of year. Stay in touch. Look for the next one of these barf bags in the spring.

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▲ Hallowed Ground, the final resting place for much of The Long Gray Line