



the pooper scooper

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

THE 40TH REUNION DEBAUCHERY IS IN THE HISTORY BOOKS, AND IT WAS A GREAT PARTY!

AIDED BY SPECTACULAR early fall Indian summer weather, the Unsurpassed Class celebrated our 40th Reunion at West Point from 27–30 September. It was a fantastic party, a gathering of classmates and family members, including a great turnout of surviving family members, who spent the weekend immersed in the special aura of the class, swapping old stories and renewing old friendships, as well as building new ones. I think the 40th reunion officially enters us into the pantheon of Very Old Grads. To put this in perspective, when we were Plebes and marched in the 40th reunion parade, the celebrating class that reviewed us was the *Class of 1923*! There aren't any living members of that class around today. Oh, well, just means that from now on

we're going to have to cram more fun and games into every single year.

Carpe Diem, classmates!

Those of you who were unable to attend the reunion in whole or in part missed a great gathering, with more than enough going on — planned and unplanned — to keep all excited, engaged, and enthused. By Friday night the total headcount of attendees was about 490, including a wonderful assortment of kids, grandkids, other family members, and surviving family members. On Thursday, the early arrivals — almost 100, I think — participated in a fly-fishing trip, a golf tournament (for which more prizes were awarded than medals were passed out for the invasion of Grenada 20-something years ago. I didn't know until

the awards presentation there was such a prize as "3rd farthest from the pin on the 12th hole in the 8th foursome after only six shots), and shopping and sightseeing tours to The Big Apple and other local landmarks and malls. Thursday night was highlighted by a get-together buffet, which generated great excitement as classmates, wives and girlfriends, dear friends once, were reunited after long periods apart — and didn't have a clue who they were talking to because, let's face it, sports fans, time has taken its inevitable toll on most of our bodies. It was hard to visualize 30 years ago what some folks would look like in their near-dotage, especially with loss of hair (or the inevitable changing of hair color) and the addition of 50, 60, or more pounds of "body



▲ The Class of 1967, led by Color Sergeant Ray Winkel, gives the Corps of Cadets a demonstration of precision marching.



◀ The class reunion fly-fishing group after a great morning on the Connetquot River.

armor/insulation”). The air was filled with delightful shrieks of joy and excitement as people came to realize who they were talking to, and then secretly reveled in the knowledge that, “Damn, I sure look better than he or she does!”

Speaking of hair colors — one of the great reunion disappointments for me was the absence of TONY & ANGIE NIDA. Knowing that she would be unable to attend, Angie wrote me a few weeks in advance to report that her hair color is “brown, with blond highlights.” Well, I saw Angie in New Orleans not so terribly long ago and I will agree, her hair is basically brown. But as I pointed out to her, “brown” is such a broad term; there are almost as many shades of brown as there are clueless presidential candidates. For example, there’s cow pie brown (which frequently does seem to have blondish tones). There’s burnt coffee brown, and of course, stool specimen brown... I was really hoping I’d be able to report, in fine metaphoric form, just what shade of Angie “brown” she’s sporting now.

Friday was full of excitement, beginning with the class business meeting at, yawn, 0730. Remarkably, most folks actually showed up. Some were even fully awake and dressed. The business meeting, run in spectacular fashion by our Class Prez TOM DYER, was highlighted by a financial report rendered by our Treasurer TOM PETRIE (bottom line: we still have some money in the coffers, which is why you’re still getting this literary road kill free of charge); the election of class officers for the next five years (see report, p. 9) — this segment of the meeting, chaired by JIM BALKCOM, was run so efficiently, lasting all of 46 seconds, that Jim was cheered to an echo by all in attendance; a status report from RANDY PAIS on the class memorial article project, and finally, a fascinating briefing by Dr. Patrick Jennings from the USMA Department of History Oral History Center on their intent to focus on the service of the Class of 1967 as a capstone study, resulting in a book and hopefully, if funding is available, a documentary capturing the incredible legacy of service to the nation by our class. Exciting stuff indeed. See more about this on p. 14.

The next significant event of Friday was the class memorial service, conducted at the Cadet Chapel. This beautiful, poignantly evocative tribute to our fallen classmates was put together by JOE TERRY, and for the second reunion in a row featured our old cadet chaplain Dick Camp. Dick delivered a stirring and inspirational talk that resonated with



▲ Freed Lowrey brings the finesse of Bubba trout fishing to the pristine trout waters of New York during the reunion fishing trip.

- Classmates file into the Cadet Chapel for the memorial service.

all in attendance and was a marvelous tribute to our lost brothers. We were further honored by members of the Cadet Glee Club, who sang the hauntingly beautiful “Mansions of the Lord,” written especially for the Glee Club as part of the soundtrack of the movie *We Were Soldiers Once*, the story of the epic battle of the Ia Drang Valley, Vietnam, in November 1965.

Following lunch in Ike Hall and the traditional update briefing by the Supe (bottom line: the Corps hasn't gone to hell in a hand basket, yet; MIKE HOOD would never have been allowed in, much less to graduate, today), we all descended on the new Foley Athletic Center for the official dedication ceremony and plaque unveiling. It was fun; BILL FOLEY did an excellent job of describing how important his West Point experience has been in his life, and how grateful he is to be able to give back in such a meaningful way. The Foley Athletic Center is a fabulous facility and will provide a real margin of excellence for our athletic teams. (See more about this on p. 10.)

The entertainment for Friday night, presented during dinner in the banquet room, consisted of the golf awards ceremony (all three hours of it) and a frenzied auction of several great items, including a signed piece of the goal post from the 1964 Army/Navy game and one of ROB HERB's beautiful wood intarsia of the class crest, along with a couple of his wood burnings. The highlight of the evening was an inspirational and humorous presentation by MIKE MULLANE on his life as a space shuttle astronaut and sex therapist. He managed to sell several gazillion autographed copies of his book *Riding Rockets*, and donated all the proceeds to the class gift fund. Way cool, Rocket Boy; pop it up.

Saturday dawned sunny and cool, a perfect day for the cadet parade at 0900, followed by a tailgate brunch served in the new Foley Athletic Center — complete with a command performance by the Rabble Rousers and the cadet spirit band and culminating with the Army/Temple football game. It was an excellent afternoon. Army opened the attack by running the opening kickoff back 87 yards for a touchdown, probably a new pool and academy record, and never looked back. The final score found Army on top 37–21. (Someone with way too much time on his hands pointed out that the last time Army won a football

- Classmates gather at the Foley Athletic Center for the dedication ceremony.





▲ Bob Lenz auctions a piece of the 1964 Army/Navy game goal post.



▲ Anybody out there got a good caption for this? I have several in mind.

◀ Mike Mullane wows the crowd with his astronaut stories.



▲ Classmates boogie to the tunes spun by Fat Daddy Pringle.

► Classmates proudly show off their bullet-proof socks during the tailgate brunch.

▼ The Unsurpassed Class on the Plain, looking pretty much as they did at our graduation P-rade.



game during our reunion was back at our 15th reunion in '82. Ouch.) A major highlight of the Temple game — and the entire reunion for that matter — was the presentation of our class gift — all \$4 million of it — at a ceremonial check-passing on the 50-yard line of Michie Stadium during half-time. Unsurpassed.

Saturday night brought another superb meal and dance music, presented by our DJ for Life FAT DADDY DOUG PRINGLE. I was amazed at the number of Old Farts who were still ambulatory enough to boogie around the dance floor. Some of them took up a lot more space than they used to, and maybe their moves weren't quite as crisp as they once were, but, man, there was some significant shaking going on — and there was a LOT to shake! Great fun.

Sunday brought church services, brunch, and the inevitable goodbyes and promises to stay in touch and see each other more frequently.

Truly, it had been a wonderful reunion, packed with fun, emotion, camaraderie, and love, one to store in that footlocker full of special memories that we each keep tucked away and that we visit from time to time to refresh and renew. Perhaps TERRY PHELAN, RIT

BICKFORD's sister, said it best in an e-mail to the class on 18 October:

I have been trying to find the right words to say thank you for the most wonderful weekend at the Reunion and the sharing of my brother Rit. I have gone round and round with thoughts and it wasn't till today, the anniversary of his death, that I knew what to say.

I sit here with a smile on my face, with contentment and pleasure in having finally learned about my brother and the wonderful man he was. I don't feel the pain, as strong, having lost him so early in my life and his. The Reunion was a healing time because I could just look around and see him, feel him, and hear his experiences. You were so open, so beautiful with a giving spirit and friendship. He would be so proud of all of you. You have accomplished so much and still are a class of one. Unsurpassed and then some.

I have the picture that Denny gave me at my desk and the story that Bill gave me in my mind and the walk to his grave with Jim in my heart and so many more. I was overwhelmed. It

gave me so much peace. When I told my brothers of the remarkable experience they felt better too.

Bless you all. You have given me a great gift. I can't wait for the 45th.

With deep love and respect,

—Terry

One of the great hits of the reunion, at least for the guys as you can see in the photo, was the pair of socks stuffed into everyone's registration bag. These socks, which were mandated as required uniform items for the parade and football game on Saturday, were made out of the same 3-inch-thick impenetrable wool from which our old long overcoats were made, impervious to the effects of water or temperature, perfect to wear to a parade and football game in 90-degree heat. Strangely, while there were lots of extra socks for sale in the reunion "store," not too many flew off the shelves. Then, along came JORGIE JORGENSON.

Here's the e-mail I got from BOB LENZ the other day: "I got an email from Jorgie Jorgenson. He was ordering leftover reunion stuff from my basement, like about 65 other classmates. But what does he order? 10 more pair of '67 socks!!!! He gives all the logical rhetoric about shoreline conservation, shoreline wading with fly rod, kayaking, etc. But when the truth comes out, he admits that because they are all alike he won't have to try to match them up in his drawer. And when they wear out, he will only throw away one at a time, because the leftover will always match another pair." Unsurpassed brilliance! How can you argue with logic like that?

◀ The class enjoys the pre-game brunch in the Foley Center.

Needless to say, any event with as many moving parts and complicated coordination among many different enterprises as a West Point class reunion can only be successful if the right people are involved in the planning and execution. Befitting the Class of 1967, we had the best group of volunteer slave laborers you'll ever find anywhere. A common theme heard since it went into the history books was that it was the best ever. I'll echo that sentiment. The reunion committee, headed by BOB LENZ, did an incredible job, and we are very much in their debt for making this party such a huge success. Thanks, guys and gals, for a job very well done.

Unsurpassed!

◀ Tom Dyer congratulates the members of the Reunion Committee.



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

So much has happened since FREED's last epistle. The time spent taking all of this issue in will represent some of your most enjoyable moments. I don't intend to preface what Freed will cover. I'd rather concentrate on reliving the greatest Reunion ever!

How can we adequately express our gratitude for all who made our 40th such a wonderful experience!?

Overall, the planning and execution by the Committee was flawless. From its inception three years ago, decisions and planning the venue, schedules, events, and movement were all so considerate of people's time and input. It resulted in a seamless flow of fun!

Thank you, BOB LENZ and MIKE YAAP for your leadership, and the Committee as a whole for your deep concern for all of us.

JOYCE DOHENY, thanks for just being you! All that you did that we don't see made everything we did see even better.

ROB HERB, your constant care for all of us and your creative genius overwhelms us all. What a gracious man you are. What you do touches the very fiber of our class.

MIKE MULLANE, what a gift you have and what a gift you are to us. It was a great presentation — a thrill to share your life even for that short 30 minutes. We are so proud of all you have done and so thankful for being a part of your life.



TOM PETRIE, what can I say? Without your leadership and philanthropy we would not have come close to achieving our lofty goal of \$4M. You and JANE stand apart from the rest. We admire you both so much.

BILL FOLEY, you are such a "stand-up" guy. Doing what you don't have to do to help our class rise to the top is remarkable. You and CAROL have helped transform West Point, forever! Thank you so much.

BOB & RONI, there are no words that will ever describe how you have moved this Class forward and upward. In every area where effort was required, we find your fingerprints. The time you spend and the energy you expend are just signs of the depth of your feelings for the Class of 1967. We meet you in the middle with our love and appreciation of you.

Finally, FREED, our brother, the honors bestowed on the class, the recognition received and the regard in which it's held are all as a result of

you. As I said during the Reunion, you bind us together by highlighting what we do and "douse" us with the blanket of humility that makes it all so real. Thank you, Freed, from all of us.

Okay, so much great stuff happening. Please enjoy this edition.

Thank all of you for your support of our class and your love for West Point.

May God bless each and every one of you.

— TOM

LOWREY'S LAMENTATIONS, or Miscellaneous Gibberish from Freed

The Class of 1967 40th Reunion Gift Breaks the Record for Largest Class Gift Ever

Okay, sports fans, after five years of carping, pleading, bitching, whining, bribing, cursing, begging, threatening, and extorting by BOB LENZ, the Unsurpassed Class 40th Reunion gift is now history. During half-time at the Army/Temple football game in Michie Stadium on 29 September, TOM DYER, TOM PETRIE, BOB LENZ, and RAY WINKEL passed not one but two checks to the leadership of the AOG and the Military Academy. The first check, for \$1.5 million, was given to the AOG for the Long Gray Line Endowment; as a result of that gift, the annual AOG conference for class and society leaders is now officially the *Class of 1967 Conference for Class and Society Leaders*. The second check, for \$2.5 million, was given to the Military Academy to endow a distinguished teaching chair in the Department of Physics, in honor of RAY WINKEL, who has been head of the department since the discovery of fire.

This combined gift of \$4 million is *the largest class gift ever given by a West Point class*; we have set the bar high for others to emulate. Needless to say, it was an ambitious exercise, and the class officers knew from the beginning, at the business meeting during the 35th reunion when the gift was approved, that making the goal wouldn't be easy. Raising \$4 million from classmates over only five years was a daunting challenge, but we knew that to get the job done, we had the leadership in TOM PETRIE, chair of the fund-raising committee; the passion in BOB LENZ, the Enforcer; and, most importantly, the love for West Point and the loyalty to the class by everyone. There was never any doubt the goal would be reached. After all, this is the Class of 1967.

Of course, it took a few extraordinary examples of leadership and sacrifice to clear the minefields, take out the obstacles and bun-



kers, throw themselves on grenades and focus our minds on the mission. In late 2006, when participation and donations were lagging behind and the vision of hot chow and dry socks on the objective was starting to fade, two heroes rode to the rescue. TOM PETRIE and BILL FOLEY each challenged the class with matching gifts of up to \$300,000 apiece. Make a gift to the class gift campaign and they would each match it.

Well, as might be expected of a bunch of guys who love to spend other people's money, the reaction was electric; donations started to roll in. Lenz and I got countless phone calls from classmates who wanted to know if there was still an opportunity to spend Tom & Bill's money. When the answer was always "yes," the delighted cackling on the other end of the line was almost obscene, but it more than got the job done, and on 29 September 2007, on the 50-yard line in Michie Stadium in front of 36,000 people, the Unsurpassed Class of 1967 made history. More on that point in a minute. But first, here's some final figures on the class gift campaign, courtesy of BOB LENZ on 18 October:

Classmates, Family, and Friends,

This is the good news story. First, since my last campaign message on 14 September, there are a lot more people to thank — from the last part of September and from the Reunion itself.

BIG, BIG THANKS go to TOM COKER, BILL EGGERING, JIM FINDLEY, BOBBY FRANK, JOHN GALE, KEN HARRIS, ROB HERB, RICH KIPER, KENT KRAUS, DEAN KUNIHIRO, KEN LEONARDI, ED LOCKE, WALT MATHER, DAVE MOSSER, TONY NIDA, MARCH PERRY, and BOB SEGAL. These donors pushed us way over the top to make this a true Class Gift.

And THANKS to these stalwarts, who kept adding donations to their previous contributions right at the end of the campaign. That really stretched the 2:1 match. Hats off to DAVE BAGGETT, BOB CENCI, CHUCK COSTANZA, BOB DAVIE, ED DEWEY, RICK GRUBE, DAVE HADLY, PAUL HASEMAN, MIKE HOOD, CARL KRAFT, HART LAU, BOB LIBUTTI, MONK MEYER, MIKE MULLANE, DON NELSON,



▲ Tom Dyer presents Jane & Tom Petrie a framed class flag for their leadership support of the class gift campaign.



▲ The Supe, Bob Lenz, Tom Dyer, Ray Winkel, Tom Petrie, and the AOG Chairman and President during the check-passing ceremony at the football game, where the Unsurpassed Class made history with the largest class gift — \$4 million — ever.



▲ Chad Keck & Randy Pais present a framed class flag to Bill Foley for his leadership support of the class gift campaign.

MIKE NEUMAN, BARRY NICKERSON, VIC PANGLE, BILL PITTENGER, DAVE ROWLEY, JOHN SEVERSON, HARVEY TAYLOR, JOHN THILTGEN, HAP TRAINOR, JERRY WALKER, JIM WARNER, DOUG WILLIAMS, and RAY WINKEL.

And all the names in those two paragraphs are just since the 14th of September.

How do you measure campaign success? We started the mini-campaign exactly one year ago. In that period of time, the last year of our full Class Campaign, 108 classmates became first-time donors. And 85 classmates added to previous donations, some as many as three or four times. **THE FINAL PARTICIPATION RATE BY THE CLASS WAS 56.36%** The mini-campaign raised \$345,943.00, to be matched by TOM PETRIE and BILL FOLEY (actually, they've been sending their donations all along.) Well done, classmates; well done.

A final thanks to all of you unsung heroes, who had pledges already ongoing

when this mini-campaign started. Without any special recognition, you have just kept paying those pledges and helping push the Class toward our goal. I hope you are feeling pretty good right now. You deserve it. Also, it wouldn't hurt to thank Bill and Tom each time you correspond with them. Without their generosity, this couldn't have happened.

So, that wraps up my last campaign message. "You guys dun good!!!"

Aw, I knew you would. You're **UNSURPASSED**.

— Bob

Okay, since this is obviously a feel-good piece for and about the Class of 1967, let me put a few things in historical perspective. Here's a few history-making milestones for West Point provided by you good people:

- ▶ Largest class gift ever given to West Point: \$4 million, by the **CLASS OF 1967**, September 2007.
- ▶ Largest single individual gift ever given to West Point: \$15 million, by **BILL FOLEY**, Class of 1967, 2005.

- ▶ Largest number of Leadership Donors (gifts of at least \$250,000) to the Bicentennial Campaign for West Point, 1997–2002: 11, by the Class of 1967. The next closest class (1950) had 8.

Pop up those scrawny (or not-so-scrawny-anymore) chests, classmates.

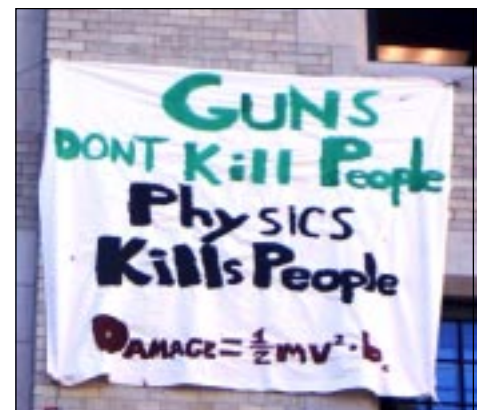
You are **UNSURPASSED!**

Dick Black Selected to be the First Distinguished Chair of Physics at WP

One of the more exciting announcements made during the reunion class business meeting was that BG (Ret.) **DICK BLACK** will be the first Class of 1967 Distinguished Chair of Physics and Other



Obscure and Arcane Sciences at West Point. Department Head **RAY WINKEL** personally made the announcement to the cheers and applause of classmates and friends. Both Ray and Dick made speeches, but I was too involved in my coffee and Danish to record what they said. I did find it interesting that Dick was proud of his selection, despite the known fact that Physics is one of the original 7 Deadly Sins. The attitude of the Corps of Cadets is best captured by the spirit banner shown below.



tured by the spirit banner shown below.

Dick is no newcomer to the Physics Department, having been an instructor a hundred or so years ago, about the time we were learning how to use the inclined plane. After retiring from active duty, he went to work for Boeing, from whom he retired earlier this year.

Dick will come to West Point in January '08 for an orientation period (a crash course in modern physics, taught by BOB LENZ, who validated physics as a cadet) and will start his full-time teaching next August for the '08-'09 academic year. Pop it, Dick.

By the way, Dick is the third classmate to occupy a distinguished chair at The Womb. JOHN JAMES has been teaching information technology in the Department of Electrical Engineering and Computer Systems as the Rick Adam Chair for the past 4 or 5 years, and since last year, PAUL KERN, who retired from active duty a couple years ago as CG, Army Materiel Command, now occupies the Chair of Advanced Technology in the Dept. of Civil and Mechanical Engineering. Unsurpassed!

Rob & Judy Herb Honored for their Work for Surviving Family Members

Everyone who has had any contact with the class over the past five years knows about the magnificent work ROB & JUDY HERB have performed honoring our deceased classmates and reaching out to their surviving family members (SFMs). Rob & Judy have painstakingly and lovingly made framed wood-burning plaques of our class crest to be presented to as many SFMs as they can locate, and have traveled the length and breadth of the country to make the presentations, or have arranged for other classmates to do so. This has all been Rob's idea, and he and Judy have done it for love and comradeship, nothing more. I've lost count of how many SFMs lives have been brightened by Rob's work and dedication. I do know that as of 18 months ago they had already presented 25 plaques and had at least 10 more presentations being planned.

So, it was a very special treat at the reunion to watch as Class President TOM DYER, on behalf of us all, presented Rob & Judy with a framed miniature of our class colors, a small token of our love for them and admiration for all they've done for us. Rob & Judy, like many others in our great class, really embody the meaning of UNSURPASSED!

New Class Officers Elected in a Landslide Vote!

Well, some of them are new; the others just wouldn't take the many hints and insisted on continuing to feed at the class trough. Fortunately, they don't get paid for their efforts.

I know you're all atwitter, dying to know who you've elected to run this ship of chaos (you showed that by your rapt attention and frenzied debate during the 46 seconds of the election at the reunion), and since there's probably some obscure IRS regulation that stipulates you're required to be told who is in charge — we are a registered tax-exempt organization, after all — here's your brain trust until the 45th reunion. Scary.

President and Capo di Tuti Capi:
Vice President, Made Man and Consiglieri:
VP, Capital Region & Chief of Legislative Liaisons:
VP, Surviving Family Members:

Treasurer of the Exchequer and Bag Man:
Miserable Secretary:
Info Systems Officer and Chief Computer Geek:
Scribe/Historian/Swami and Chief Obfuscator:

TOM DYER
RANDY PAIS
MIKE YAP
LYNN HONEYCUTT*
JEFF MADSEN
HAP TRAINOR*
BOB LENZ
JOHN JAMES
FREED LOWREY

thing positive.

The folks indicated by asterisks are new officers. LYNN HONEYCUTT replaces CLAIRE SAXON, who performed heroic work for our Surviving Family Members, and HAP TRAINOR replaces TOM PETRIE as Treasurer. Tom decided he had dodged the IRS scrutiny long enough. He did a great job, as one would expect, but he's in the financial business, while Hap's a lawyer. In today's world, you can never have enough lawyers dealing with your money.

A huge vote of thanks, and, of course, the usual class retirement benefits package, are due to Claire and Tom for their many sacrifices and service on behalf of us all. Take big bites; you've done good. As for the newly elected officers, congratulations to you both. Go forth and do great things. As for the rest of the scrum, get off your collective butts and do some-



◀ Rob Herb & Randy Pais present Ben Rodriguez's widow Joanne Resh one of Rob's class crest plaques.



► Doc Blanchard & Lynn Honeycutt present one of Rob Herb's plaques to Fran Buhler, Terry Ketter's widow.

THE FOLEY ATHLETIC CENTER IS DEDICATED AT WEST POINT

One of the highlights of the 40th reunion was the formal dedication ceremony of the Foley Athletic Center, the magnificent indoor practice facility that was a gift to West Point by our own BILL FOLEY. While the facility has been in use since this past winter, Bill wanted to wait until the reunion so he could share the dedication with his class.

The dedication ceremony took place on Friday afternoon, and about 450 classmates and family members were on hand to help Bill celebrate. Following speeches by the President

of the AOG, the Supe, and the Director of Athletics, Bill spoke to us about how important West Point has been in his life and how delighted he was to be able to give back to his alma mater in a meaningful way.

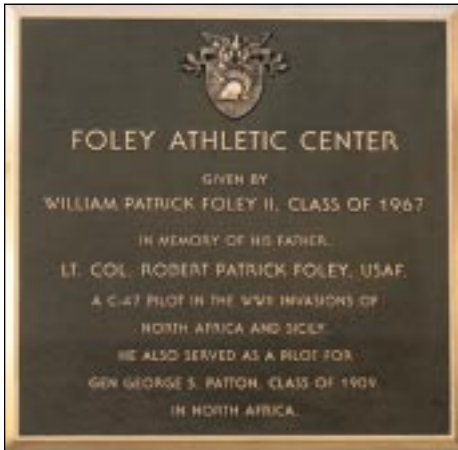
It's a magnificent facility, one of the very best in the country, college or pro, and Bill has plenty of reasons to be proud of it. We have plenty of reasons to be proud of him! It is, after all, a great place to have brunch before a home game.

UNSURPASSED!



◀ Bill Foley speaks during the dedication ceremony.

▼ The Foley Athletic Center with the dedication plaque in place.



▲ The dedication plaque for the Foley Athletic Center.

▼ Classmates gather inside the Foley Athletic Center for the dedication ceremony.



In Memoriam

BE THOU AT PEACE

Tragically, we have lost two classmates since the last issue of this newsletter.

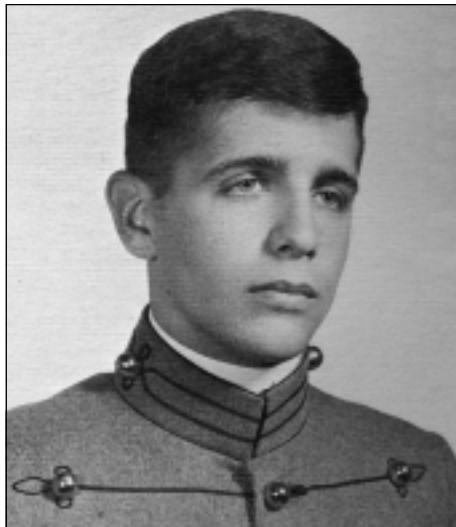
✻ Henry M. UBERECKEN II

HANK UBERECKEN died on 3 October 2006 of a massive heart attack suffered the day before. The family was blessed to have all the kids and their families gathered to spend Hank's last few hours with him. Please keep Hank, EILEEN, and all the family in your thoughts and prayers.



✻ Steven G. HONZO

GREG HONZO died on Wednesday, 26 October 2007, after a long and heroic battle with cancer. He was buried in Palmerton, PA, with a memorial service in Marengo, OH, where he and his wife DIANA lived. As with Hank, it was fortunate that all his children were able to be with him during his last days. Please keep Greg, Diana, and all the family in your thoughts and prayers.



✻ sandy angeli

BOB ANGELI's wife SANDY died on 26 January 2007 after a courageous nine-month battle with cancer. She was buried at West Point on Friday, 9 February. According to Bob, one of Sandy's most cherished experiences was at the West Point Hospital working as a nurse in Labor and Delivery where many of our classmates' children were born. Please keep Sandy and Bob and their family in your thoughts and prayers.

CLASS MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE VIETNAM MEMORIAL

► *As has been our tradition since the 20th anniversary of our graduation, classmates gathered at the Vietnam Memorial in Washington, DC, on Sunday, 11 June, to honor our brothers who made the ultimate sacrifice in that conflict. As is always the case, the service was poignant, beautiful, moving, inspirational, and emotional. No matter how much time separates us from those dark days, these classmates and their lives, and the memories of our own experiences from that bleak time, continue to leave indelible marks on all our lives.*

About 100 classmates and family members were able to attend the service, followed by brunch at the Army/Navy Club. I have been able to capture two of the powerful reflections presented during the service. First, the invocation given by JOHN PAUL KUSPA:

I have been meditating for some time on what the Lord would want to say to us today. None of these brave classmates thought that it was their last day. Some here, including me, have faced our mortality since our last gathering here (five years ago), and we know that NO ONE is guaranteed tomorrow. And yet, this ceremony is for the living, to honor and reflect on those who have gone before us.

Let us go to the Lord God Almighty in prayer:

Lord, Sovereign Creator of all things, we invite and invoke your real presence among us, and pray that you would be pleased and honored by all we say and do here today.

- First, we want to call to mind those other classmates who have passed into your Presence; comfort those here who lost those loved ones.
- Some among us are ill, some perhaps seriously, and yet have come a long way to honor others today. Bless them in a special way, and let us remember those gravely ill who cannot be with us today.
- Lord God, some here need to be reconciled to you, through your Son, and You know who they are. Reveal yourself in a special way today, and guide those who need Your forgive-

ness how they can have your love and forgiveness, to those who need and want it.

• And there are some here, Lord, and across our land, who grieve for those fallen in our present wars, and some here with sons and daughters deployed overseas. Protect those children and bring them home safely. Give wisdom and courage to all our national leaders and those leading our troops in battle.

• Finally, all of us here have come here to honor and remember fallen classmates, who are brothers and fathers and husbands of those who still grieve, after 37, 38, or 39 years of separation. Comfort them and us in a fresh way.

Give us all today a fresh and clear perspective of Who you are, the Healer and Comforter of all who call on your Name. Encourage us all to "continue the march" on the path you have set before us, so that You would say, "Well done!" May all we do and say be pleasing to you, and for your glory. Be with us now, I pray, in the Name of my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Amen.

After John's invocation, several classmates made remarks. Here are those of MONTY MEIGS:

It seems odd to be here . . . 40 years after graduation, in front of a bunch of middle-aged men who look like old-timers, and their brides who don't. You



► Bob Lenz, Jr., carrying the class colors, leads the class processional to the Wall.

know, we used to stand grudgingly on parade for people like us. I remember our last day at our alma mater, 7 June 1967.

I've *never* been able to say, "Alma Mater, Dear," but that shared experience, that hardening, that foundry helped give us a collective backbone of steel . . . that shared memory helped that steel to keep its temper.

June Week – parents, best girl, sleep deprivation

Swearing In – three times, just in case we missed one

White hats – soaring, tumbling

Corridors and stairwells full of grey

Driving off joyously, "It's all over."

Only it never is . . . all over!

John and Julie Paynter, cousins, new graduates, the excitement and energy of their wedding . . .

– 2LTs . . . the womens' soccer team members and the male groupies who followed them.

– Born professionally like us into an uncertain age — unbridled youth, endless horizons, and the dogs of war.

– They are us.

– There is a long line; not only grey, it has many colors, the overflowing energy and optimism of youth as well as the wisdom and measured rhythms of maturity — and a line of steel runs through it.

– In graduating, we did not know what West Point had done for us.

– We were tougher than we knew — in a lot of ways.

We all followed different paths. Some stayed in the military; some left to other careers. All served. Lots to be proud of:

- A Secretary of the Army, an Assistant Secretary of the Air Force
- Two astronauts
- Nationally prominent scholars in history, business, physics, language

◀ Hart Lau, reflected in the black granite of the Vietnam Memorial.



- A university system president, a leader who won a counter insurgency campaign
- CEOs, even the CEO/President of the Kansas City Chiefs
- Law partners, successful entrepreneurs
- Doctors, lots of them . . .
- Got our share of flag officers, too

At the start, I don't think we understood the contribution to the nation we might make as a group.

Duty, Honor, Country, so often, in the toughest, most torturous decisions — professional and personal — a persistent, penetrating, powerful chord, a call, the standard for who we were and are and even still must be.

And today here, at this place, we come to complete a circle — 40 years round — to pay homage to the best of us.

"I will never leave a fallen comrade."

These 29 . . . epitomize that refrain, Duty, Honor, Country, and that standard of service that defines us. I could tell 29 stories, but only have time for one. One name here in particular has very deep meaning for me; it personifies that connection that marks all of us and of those whose names stand before us:



▲ Remembering a fallen brother.

- RON FRAZER spoke strongly against the war in our activities together in Debate Council and Forum — not publicly, but in informal discussions.
- A “P,” a mentor, in anger told him, “if you feel that way you must resign.”
- Though very deeply hurt, despite the shock, Ron did not.
- Ron was one of the “All American” LTs who volunteered to go early to Viet Nam in February ’68 with their battalions of the 82d Airborne Division . . . he died in May taking charge in a firefight, like 28 others performing his duty as he saw it, no, as he felt it.
- “make us to choose the harder right instead of the easier wrong” . . . that connection: the instinctive, unthinking execution of

duty, regardless of hazard — physical or professional.

We must also not forget our families with us here today. We have here widows and brothers and sisters and mothers of our fallen . . . who married a warrior or raised one or grew up with one, only to have the agony and gnawing memory of that terrible news that he would not return. I know that pain; I shared it as a boy as the son of a deceased veteran. We salute you who honor us with your presence today.

We are at this spot, in reverence to our fallen, yet in celebration of:

- who we — and they — were when we started this journey: raucous, irreverent, sardonic, hopeful, unwittingly competent, all-knowing and . . . unknowing
- of who we have become
- of who we will yet be

This body of like-believing men, this “*fellowship of cheerful countenance endeavoring to live above the common level of life.*”

We are older, certainly wiser, worn a bit, and all of us in some ways scarred by the journey, yet with still other paths to travel in that rugged and yet uncharted reach of our future. We are Alfred Tennyson’s Ulysses and that band of men who sought the far horizon and who defied hardship and fate:

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink life to the lees:

For always roaming with a hungry heart much have I seen and known; cities of men and manners, climates, councils, governments, myself not least, but honored of them all;

And drunk delight of battle of my peers; far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

I am part of all that I have met;

How dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rust unburnished, not to shine in use

We are not now that strength which in old days

Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts, Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.

It’s a great privilege to be with you here today, at this place in which by the blood of our fallen we are irrevocably rooted and in this fellowship of a cheerful countenance in which by virtue of our shared experience we are so tightly joined in memory determined to live to the fullest.



▲ Classmates gather in front of the Lincoln Memorial after the memorial service.

THE CLASS OF 1967

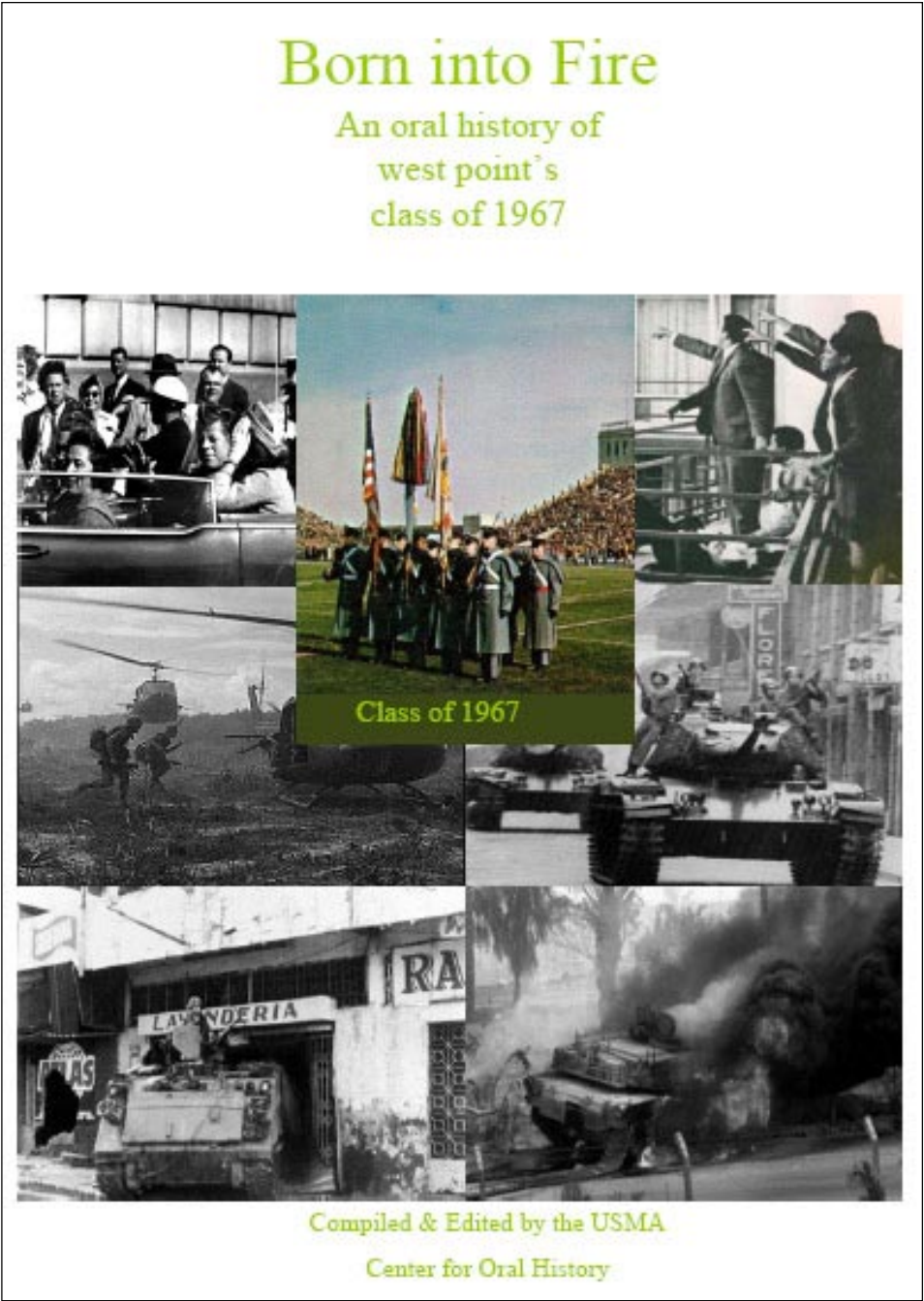
ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

Okay, sports fans, this is really way cool. Several months ago, I received an e-mail from a major in the History Department here at West Point. The department knew we had a reunion coming up in the fall and wanted to take advantage by interviewing some classmates for the department's new *Center for Oral History* archives. I was asked to recommend some names and do some coordination with possible interviewees.

The more I thought about this, the more I realized what a daunting task I'd taken on. When one studies our class, and our accomplishments, both in and out of uniform, the idea of selecting "a few" to be interviewed is almost impossible. So instead, I provided the History Department with a short history of our class, highlighting some of the remarkable things classmates had done over the past 40 years. This prompted them to do some research on their own and what they discovered astounded them: the Class of 1967 really is Unsurpassed! So much so, in fact, that the *Center for Oral History* has decided to make the Class of 1967 one of its capstone projects. The department wants to interview at least 50 members of the class in the next few months regarding military and non-military experiences and achievements. From these interviews, all of which will be videotaped and transcribed for the Oral History Center's research archive, they intend to write a book about the class called *Born Into Fire: An Oral History of West Point's Class of 1967* — and they also want to produce a TV documentary about the class.

I invited Dr. Patrick Jennings, Deputy Director of the USMA *Center for Oral History*, to brief the class on the project during the reunion business meeting. The response was very positive and enthusiastic. Suddenly, everyone in the class has remembered some incredible accomplishments and everyone is clamoring for an interview — even ED DEWEY, for crying out loud! So far I have provided a list to Dr. Jennings of about 50 names of classmates who have agreed to or have been asked to participate. About ten interviews have been conducted so far.

I'm including here the proposed cover and chapter outline Dr. Jennings used to brief at the business meeting. Stay tuned for more info on this exciting Pulitzer Prize and Emmy Award project.



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Great Adventure Fly Fishermen Storm Montana

The latest Class of 1967 He-Man Great Adventure fly-fishing debauch took place in Montana from 5–12 July; as is our usual wont, 24 of us extreme studs gathered at a remote, spartan fishing venue in the American far west to test our skills at catching wily trout on gossamer lines and inventing the greatest excuses regarding our many failures to do so. This year we had a very special treat: BILL FOLEY invited us all to spend our first four days at his fabulous 80,000-acre golf and fishing resort in Montana, the Rock Creek Cattle Company Ranch. It's a spectacular place, and the hospitality we received was Unsurpassed. The following great adventurers showed up at Bill's place to fish, golf, hike, eat, drink, lay around, drink, and drink some more: BOB MURRELL, BARRY NICKERSON, JOHN SEVERSON, JACK WOOD, MIKE NORTON, LLOYD McMILLAN, JOE JACKSON, FREED LOWREY, CHAD KECK, JOHN CALDWELL, PAUL KERN, CARL CRAFT, RANDY PAIS, GEORGE NEWMAN, JOHN MURRILL, BILL FRECCIA, MIKE HOOD, RICH ADAMS, and GLYNN HALE. As you can see from the photos, the accommodations were spartan and very basic, befitting a bunch of rangers, but the fishing and golf were good. As you can see from the photo, Bill arranged for a very special "festival" in our honor. A grand time was had by all.

After three delightful days at Bill Foley's ranch, we band of debauched brothers were joined by CARL SAVORY, JIM BALKCOM, TOM DYER, RANDY KINNARD, ED BECK, and DAVE RIVERS. We headed a few miles south to the equally rough life at Ruby Springs Lodge, in Alder, Montana, in search of more trout to poach, more enemies to conquer, and more tales to tell. Once again our efforts were rewarded in every respect. Without doubt, the highlight of this part of the trip was the evening we heroically fended off a vicious attack by a crazed, and probably rabid, Navy goat.

One evening, as we were enjoying our preprandial libations and swapping pulse-quickening stories of the great triumphs we had experienced during the day over humongous wily, wary, and wild trout, the owner of the lodge rushed in and announced that we were under siege by a goat. We immediately threw our drinks into the fire and rushed outside where we discovered the owner had had the

► Inside the mess tent at Bill Foley's fire base, ravenous classmates, after a long hard day on patrol outside the wire searching for fish and golf balls, suck down a meal of pork & shrapnel LRRPs, washed down with grape Koolaid made from brown, gritty rice patty water.

▼ Bill Foley's Montana ranch, the Rock Creek Cattle Company, looking toward the golf course and Rock Creek, an excellent trout stream.



▲ The Great Adventure ranger platoon will search far and wide for great entertainment and is seldom disappointed with what it finds.



foresight to establish good defensive positions around the perimeter, including over-lapping, interlocking grazing bands of fire and, most importantly, a Barrett .50 caliber sniper rifle. Sure enough, in the far distance (2,000 meters, actually) was a goat target. As quickly as he would have jumped on a grenade, CARL SAVORY scooped up the sniper rifle, took careful aim, and BOOM! squeezed off a round. Not even close to the target. The next to try his marksmanship skills was MIKE NORTON with equally flaccid results. Disgusted by this show of mediocrity, GEORGE NEWMAN picked up the weapon, got a good solid firing position, paying careful attention to his spot-weld and his elevation, and sent a half-inch 500-grain tracer round screaming down range. At first, nothing seemed to happen. The target was still standing, impassively mocking us all. Then suddenly the hillside erupted into flame, fanned by a steady 10-knot breeze — headed right for the home of the co-owner of the lodge. Important lesson here: when you are in an area suffering from severe drought and the grass is tender dry (indeed, most of Montana was one big wildfire



▲ The Great Adventure ranger platoon relaxes at Fire Base Foley after a tough day downrange.

◀ Mike Norton stalks wild trout on Rock Creek.

at this time), the temperature is in the 90s and there's a strong breeze, it's not a good idea to go target plinking — even against goats — with tracers.

Well, the local fire department arrived in the nick of time, and all, thank goodness, was saved. As the embers cooled, we realized we had one hell of a great new story to tell. Most importantly, it was reassuring that none of us old farts had lost our well-honed combat skills and were still as cool under fire as we had always been. Hell, most of the guys had poured themselves another drink before the shooting stopped.

The Great Adventure Team lived to fight another day. The next campaign is scheduled for July '09. Stay tuned.



▲ Carl Savory flails the waters of the Madison River in search of stupid trout, under the bemused observation of his guide.



◀ Good Golly, Miss Molly! Jim Balkcom and John Caldwell relax with our hostess Molly at Ruby Springs Lodge, after a long day in Indian country.

CLASS HAPPENINGS *continued*

► The Terminator, George Newman, fires his final protective fires at the attacking goat.



▼ The Great Montana Goat Fire, started by George Newman.



▲ Freed celebrates winning the coveted Stranded on a Sandbar with Molly Award, for the second straight year.

► The Great Adventure ranger platoon mans its fire assault vehicle.



Ski Reunion, 2007 Edition

► *The annual class ski mini-reunion/Super-Bowl party is over, and this year apparently there was actually some spirited competition for the coveted Dewey Purple Butt Award. Here's the report I received from ED DEWEY:*

Another, the eighth consecutive, Highland Falls Ski Trip has been successfully concluded. Multiple folks need to be thanked for arranging a wonderful time, viz., TOM & JOANNIE PARR, CHUCK & CAROL SWANSON, ROBERT & MICHELLE PARR, LESLIE NELSON, and JANE PETRIE. They made the entire stay special and also hosted the annual Super Bowl Party. This year, the fifth year of awarding the prestigious and not-sought-after Purple Butt Award, there was a procedural question raised. As you may recall, the previous recipients in sequence were: ED DEWEY, MIKE CAIN, MIKE CAIN (yes, two in a row for failing to show after receiving the award), and FRED SCHREMP — all 1967 classmates. By unanimous vote, the potential nominees were expanded to include anyone (spouses, children, etc.) who also are in attendance. There were two nominations this year: BILL FRECCIA, for taking a spill on his first run of the first day and severely

bruising his ribs by falling on his cell phone. Bill had a seeming lock on the award until ROBERT PARR, son of TOM & JOANNIE, had a surge of testosterone and single-handedly attacked the mountain. He lost, and took a collar bone-breaking spill. Robert was the overwhelming choice to receive the Purple Butt Award. In addition to hosts named above, in attendance were RICH & DEBBIE ADAMS; MIKE & JEAN CAIN; ED & JANET DEWEY; BILL & MILLIE FRECCIA; GEORGE, CONNIE, and SUSAN KELLENBENZ; EARL and DAVID REFSLAND; REED & PAM MORRELL; and FRED, MARION, and MARIROSE SCHREMP. Finally, RICH & DEBBIE ADAMS graciously agreed to be the festivity planners for next year's event to be held in Vail, Colorado. As is tradition, it'll be scheduled over Super Bowl Weekend. All classmates, spouses, OAOs, children, grandchildren are welcome to attend. Mark your calendars now.



▲ Fred Schrempp congratulates Robert Parr for winning the coveted Purple Butt Award during the ski reunion.

▼ Revelers at the 2007 ski mini-reunion.



Ski Reunion, 2008 Edition

► *As proof positive that we're all anal-compulsive planners, here are the plans for the 2008 ski trip, courtesy of RICH ADAMS:*

Class of '67 Winter/Ski Reunion (Ninth Annual)

WHEN

January 31 thru February 4, 2008
(Thursday – Monday)
(Super Bowl Party: 2/3/2008)

WHERE

Vail, Colorado
Lodging at Montaneros in Vail (base of
Vail Mountain in Lionshead Village)

HOSTS

RICH & DEBBIE ADAMS
970-471-1952
richadams67@yahoo.com

ED & JANET DEWEY
805-696-7228
ed.dewey@fnf.com

THE GOAL

Awesome fellowship in a winter wonderland with opportunities for world-class skiing (bunny, green, blue, and black

slopes), cross-country skiing, ice-skating, snowshoeing, tubing, snowmobiling, dining, shopping, and “spa-ing.”

LODGING

A limited number of “group-discounted” condominium units (two, one bedroom/one bath; four, two bedroom/two bath; and one, three bedroom/three bath deluxe accommodations, with full kitchens, bath robes, coffee service, etc.) have been reserved until October 12, 2007, in the beautifully renovated Montaneros Lodge within short walking distance to the 12-passenger gondola to Vail’s Eagles Nest and Adventure Ridge (great vistas and fun “snow” park). Bookings after October 12 will be subject to availability. Lodging includes daily maid service, free parking, free high-speed internet in room, free lobby computer/printer stations, complimentary ski storage, etc. Go to the Montaneros website (www.montaneros.com) and, for booking,

click on the Class of '67 link : <http://resortcompany.ezrez.com/travel/specials.cfm?specialid=496>

NOTE: The website does not show the beautiful renovation of the lodge lobby.

TRAVEL/TRANSPORTATION

Fly into Eagle/Vail (large airport, 35 miles) or Denver (120 miles) and take shuttle to/from the lodge or rent a car. For assistance on air/ground travel, call Karen Thomas at the resort (1-887-525-6775); she has bulk air fares for flights into/out of Eagle/Vail Airport.

So, find another couple and make your booking, and join the fun and hilarity of the class winter reunion, always held over the Super Bowl weekend, with a gala party during the GAME and a half-time presentation of the coveted “Ed Dewey Purple Butt” award.

Bob & Jan LaRaia Travel the World

Well, at least part of it. Here's Bob's report from early July:

Jan and I got back from a fabulous photo safari in Kenya last week and then went up to Dallas for the birth of our fourth grandchild, Catherine Caroline, to our oldest daughter, Laura.

It's been great being retired since December 31. We did a three-week train trip across Canada in April from Quebec to Montreal to Toronto to Jasper in the Rockies, then by van to Lake Louise and Banff and then back on a luxury train across the Rockies to Vancouver. We stayed in great hotels along the way.

Then in June we traveled to DC for my younger brother's retirement as an SES (3-star equivalent) from the Navy Department. Came back a week later for the very moving memorial ceremony for our deceased classmates at the Vietnam Memorial. Had a good time at the mini-reunion afterward at the Army-Navy Country Club. It was great to see all the DC classmates and their spouses as well as several from out of town like us, especially DAVE & MAGDA BAGGETT (Jan and Magda were

good friends as students at Marymount).

A few days afterward, we flew out of Dulles to Nairobi by way of

► Bob & Jan LaRaia in Kenya.

London. Then we spent the next 13 days going from game park to game park in a mini-van with a pop-up roof seeing many, many beautiful animals like lions, cheetahs, leopards, elephants, gazelles, zebras, impalas, and so many more, all in their natural environments. Going to a zoo will never be the same.

We even did a hot air balloon ride over the Mara Masai (which is called the Serengeti



across the border in Tanzania). We stayed at lodges and tented camps (roughing it in tents wasn't too bad, certainly not like in the army, with en suite bathrooms and showers, king-sized beds, and a tent steward who brought coffee every morning).

It was a thoroughly amazing and wonderful experience of a lifetime.

Texas Invitational Golf Tournament, as described by Barry Nickerson

Each year we have had the Texas Invitational Golf Tournament. There are only two teams, NICKERSON & RANGER HALE vs. THE HOOD & SEVO. The 2007 tournament was held August 11 at Hawks Creek in Fort Worth. Although it was a tight match down to the 17th hole, Nickerson & Ranger retained the coveted championship award for the 3rd consecutive year. The losers treated the winners to a winners' feast at the infamous Angelos BBQ in Fort Worth.

NEWS FLASH: Hood reported today at 1300 hrs that he shot a hole-in-one at the same course Sunday — par 3, 167-yard hole. Unfortunately, too little, too late. Until next year's coveted results . . .



▲ Hood, Nickerson, Glynn Hale, and Sevo at the Texas Invitational Golf Tournament.

Great Golf Ball Hunt, 2007 Version

► *Here's the report on this year's golf mini-reunion, courtesy of CAROLYN DONNELL:*

The Class of '67 mini golf reunion met in Naples, Florida, this year, hosted by AL & ANN OLSON. A good time was had by all.

Those in attendance were, of course, our hosts and RICH & DEBBIE ADAMS, DON & JAN ALBERS, MACY BROWN, JOHN & JUDY CALDWELL, ALTON & CAROLYN DONNELL, RAY & CHERYL JONES, LESLIE NELSON, GEORGE & JANE NEWMAN, JOHN & SAM NEWTON, JOHN & JANICE SEVERSON, and JACK & JUDI WOOD.

Our accommodations were right on the beach, golf only a few steps farther, good shopping, great food and wine, lots of laughs, lots and lots of kidding as the Teams of "Mars and

Venus" and "Thunder and Lightning" battled all week to make it a fantastic week of fun in the sun. Even Tropical Storm Barry had no effect on the scores — which may say more about the quality of the golf than the intensity of the storm.

The FAB FORE set the pace by being the first foursome off in the morning. That team consisted of CAROLYN DONNELL, JUDI WOOD, CHERYL JONES, and JANE NEWMAN. Our caddy SAM NEWTON begged off because of work but didn't miss any of the shopping trips.

On the very first day of competition, in honor of RAY WINKEL, who couldn't be there this year due to chemotherapy treatments, everyone had to putt left-handed on the first green. The sad thing was that most

people did better putting backwards. Get-well cards were sent to RAY WINKEL, BOB KNAPP, and CARL KRAFT . . . we expect to see them back with the group next year . . . and a "thank you for your service" card to CPT Tyler Donnell, who is presently serving in Iraq.

Team "Mars and Venus" won the competition and everyone is now complaining about ALTON DONNELL, who deserved the "sandbagger-of-the-year award" while whining about all of his surgeries last year. Other big individual winners were RICH ADAMS and JAN ALBERS.

Next year, our golf group will head to Oregon for another week of golf the first week of June. JOHN & JANICE SEVERSON will be hosting this event. Come join us; we sure have a lot of fun.



▲ The 2007 golf mini-reunion bunch in Naples, Florida.

Golf Reunion, 2008 Version

► *Not to be outdone in the advanced planning department by Rich Adams and the ski coven, JOHN SEVERSON has already provided the following info regarding the 2008 golf reunion, as of August.*

You can now make reservations at the Eagle Crest Resort for next June. I have signed an agreement with the resort, and we are in their system. Remember to refer to the "West Point Golfers" when you make reservations. I have included the original document for your information. I reserved 15 three-bedroom condos, 1 four-bedroom condo, and 5 one-bedroom suites for us. That does not mean you are stuck with one of those accommodations. I just wanted to have something set aside. You can still reserve a two-bedroom condo, a king room, double queen room, or even a one-bed-

room condo if you like. If you want to take one of these later options, please call early so they do not get away from you. The 15 three-bedroom condos, etc., will be held until 3 May 2008 then they will be returned to the general renting pool. So make your reservations between today and next May, the 3rd, to secure your accommodations.

JAN ALBERS sent an email earlier notifying us that she and DON are going to head to Bandon Dunes for an Oregon Tune Up prior to our outing in central Oregon. I suggest you contact her to coordinate your trip there if you want to "Tune Up With The Albers."

If you want any advice about touring Oregon before or after Golf Oregon 2008, contact me. If you have any trouble with your Eagle Crest Reservations, let me know, too, at 541-961-3378.

NOTE: *In the message from Sevo, he refers to his "original document" regarding the next golf reunion. I thought about including that here, but since it rivaled James Michener's novels about Texas and Alaska, wherein he spends 300 pages describing how the land was formed from the beginning of time, how it became a golf course, a 12-page treatise on the history of golf, the wind and tide tables for Oregon for the next ten years, a listing of every restaurant, winery, and roadside potty stop in the Pacific Northwest, and six pages of wardrobe suggestions for the sartorially challenged among you (primarily ED DEWEY), I decided to omit that.*

If you need that much detail, I'm sure Sevo will be delighted to provide you an autographed copy of his instructions. He has way too much time on his hands.

Classmates Participate in the Plebe March Back Ending Beast Barracks

Once again, for reasons well beyond my powers of understanding, a group of classmates decided to relive Beast and participate in the Plebe March Back from Camp Buckner at the end of Beast Barracks.

Obviously, none of these guys had a Beast squad leader worth his salt; if they had, they would recoil in horror at the very thought of that experience rather than leap at the chance to relive one of the worst aspects of it.

What really concerns me is the fact that this group of sadomasochists gets larger every year: six fools this year opted to spend a perfectly good late summer evening tramping over hill and dale, stumbling over rocks, slipping in streams and hallucinating about a snuggly bed and cold beer, just to get the stupid T-shirt.

This year's winners of the self-flagellation prize are pictured at right.



Terry & Marie Hegglin Invade Australia

I'm not sure when it happened — TERRY was little vague on details, as in none — but apparently he and MARIE recently took a break from their duties owning and operating the best B&B in Pennsylvania (Jacob's Resting Place, in Carlisle) and spent some time Down Under.

He sent the cool photo of them scuba diving the Great Barrier Reef. Way cool.

Actually, I suspect the photo was taken in an aquarium in Sea World Orlando. Everybody knows the waters around the Great Barrier Reef are full of great white sharks.



▲ Marie & Terry Hegglin dive on the Great Barrier Reef.

◀ Tom Lanyi, Vic Pangle, Tom Parr, Bill Groman, Dan Jinks, and Tom Thornton during the Plebe march back.

MEDICAL UPDATES

► *I must admit that it bothers me a great deal that we are that point in our lives when perhaps the most constant stream of news I receive concerns classmates and family members who are suffering from serious medical problems. Since the last Pooper Scooper hit the streets in November 2006, the number of medical reports I've received is really very sobering. Some of that news is a bit dated now — and hopefully has been resolved with full recovery of those concerned, but I at least want to mention those members of our class family who are or have recently been engaged in combat with medical issues. Add them to your prayer lists and lend them your support in every way possible. Here is an incomplete list; if I have omitted you, my apologies. Please let me know. More importantly, let BARRY NICKERSON and/or GOOSE GONSER and the other class Prayer Team Warriors know.*

Let's start with JACK ZIEMKE; the past year has been very difficult for Jack. He's been hospitalized in Madigan Army Hospital at Ft. Lewis with a whole litany of serious illnesses. According to JIM MILLIKEN, who has performed yeoman service keeping up with Jack and cheering him on, Jack was finally discharged from the hospital on 8 April, but still has a lot of healing and recovery from surgeries ahead of him.

JIM MILLIKEN had knee replacement in January but seems to be getting around okay now. He's back to riding his Harley all over the place, and in January he bought another Stutz pimpmobile, a 1971; this is his 5th one.

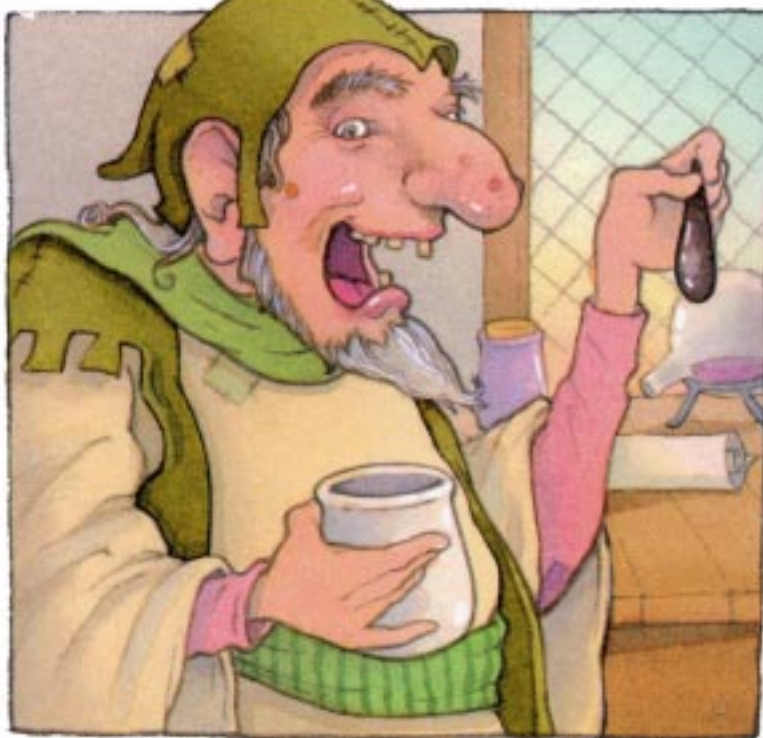
Here's the latest information I have on BOB KNAPP, which was as of 9 June: Bob Knapp had heart surgery yesterday. This was passed on from JANICE SEVERSON: "A valve was replaced along with a double by-pass. His valve was so clogged that his heart had to work extra hard to pump blood. Consequently his heart is large (as we all know) like any muscle that one works out with.

"ARLENE said that if you were to make a dot on a page with a magic marker, it would be the size of his opening for blood to pass through. The opening should have been an inch or more in diameter. Their home number is 913-681-5998 for calls after Knapper returns there later this week. Keep the Knapp family in your prayers."

The last report I got from BILL POLLITT was great: the results of his surgery for bladder cancer were outstanding, and his doctor has told him to expect a complete cure. That's a lot better than many of the medical reports I've had to pass on lately. I know Bill looked great at the reunion.

BOB WYSOCKI continues his heroic,

3½-year-long battle with colon cancer. After surgery and three different regimens of chemotherapy, Bob is now participating in a clinical trial to try to kill this beast, which has gotten into his lungs. No one has fought a tougher fight than Bob, who continues to awe and amaze me with his humor, strength, and determination.



RAY WINKEL also continues his heroic battle against the cancer beast. As was first reported on the class net back in January, Ray is fighting three different cancers at once — lymphoma, renal cell carcinoma, and prostate. I suspect having three different cancers at the same time is probably a pool and academy record of some sort. So far, he's more than holding his own in the fight. In an e-mail Ray sent to the class on 5 October, he reported the following: "My doctors both at West Point and at Walter Reed believe my current state of health far exceeds expectations. One doctor remarked that I must be getting a lot of support. I tried to express what unbelievably

strong support I am getting from classmates, friends, and family. Thank you so much for that and for your prayers."

On 21 July I learned that BOB MILLER has been diagnosed with liver cancer — hepatocellular carcinoma, which his doctors have said is almost certainly a result of exposure to Agent Orange. This is the third battle with Agent Orange-induced cancer he's waged over the past nine years, first with lung cancer, then with Hodgkin's disease. Bob's a tough SOB, which is a good thing, because he's got another tough fight ahead. Keep him in your prayers. On a happier note, he finally convinced his OAO Miss LILA to marry him. She must be tougher than he is; has to be, to put up with him.

◀ In the Middle Ages, doctors commonly used leeches to suck the blood out of their patients. Now they prefer to have a separate billing department.

In March I learned that ED MARION's wife SUE had been diagnosed with colon cancer, which had spread to her liver. Here's an upbeat update I received from Ed on 28 October: "First, Sue had a very successful surgery on October 16th. The Sloan Kettering surgeon spent 1.5 hours conducting an internal examination and exploration searching for cancer that had spread to other organs or lymph nodes. He did not find any cancer spread and felt confident that he got all the cancer during the 5.5-hour surgery. After a month of recuperation, Sue will undergo 6 to 8 precautionary chemotherapy treatments. Our thanks to the 'Prayer Team' and the entire class for all their prayers and encouragement."

THE CLASS PRAYER TEAM IS STANDING IN THE GAP FOR YOU

by BARRY NICKERSON and BILL GONSER

As a result of an increasing number of health problems and needs within our class, family and friends, several members of the class have suggested that we get out another e-mail and reminder about the class prayer team. Unfortunately, we are not getting any younger and the challenges are not getting any smaller. That the class prayer team is there for you and your family, in the blink of an eye, is important to know.

Almost 8 years ago, a group of our classmates met in Idaho for a wilderness fishing trip down the middle fork of the Salmon River. On that trip, something very special happened. Several of us had a burden and vision for a class prayer team that would pray daily for the needs of our classmates and their families. Today we have more than 80 Christian class prayer warriors on the prayer team. They come from many different backgrounds by many different paths. The common denominator is that they love the Lord with all their hearts, know the power of Jesus Christ, His Word and prayer, are empowered by the Holy Spirit, and have a passionate love for others, especially their classmates and their families.

The purpose of the prayer team is to "stand in the gap" praying for our leaders (national, military, and within the class), our troops, and for the needs of our classmates and their families in order to see the mighty hand of God move in their lives. In the Old Testament, Isaiah 55:6 says, "So is My Word that goes out of My mouth: It will not return to me empty, but will accomplish what I desire and achieve the purpose for which I sent it."

The purpose of this message is to remind everyone that the class prayer team exists and

is there for you and your families in the event of sickness, trouble, or any spiritual need.

We also wanted to give anyone who shares this burden and desire an opportunity to join the class prayer team.

Here's how it "works." Each month, prayer requests and praise reports are forwarded to Bill Gonser, typically from the team, but sometimes from other sources. He consolidates them and distributes them to the team before the first of the month. (In the event of an emergency and immediate need, a message is sent out to the entire team immediately to begin praying.) All requests are confidential, and do not go beyond the prayer team. Each member is assigned a specific day of the month to pray for our classmates and their needs. In the New Testament, James 5:16 says "... pray for one another, that you may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

We have seen many miraculous healings from our prayers. We currently have almost three classmates assigned to each day of the month. We have had the joy of witnessing the power of God move in many situations.

This is not about us, but about the power and faithfulness of the God who answers the prayers of His children.

We wanted you to know that you have a group of classmates that love you and are ready to stand in the gap with you should you or your family ever need us.

The current prayer team is made up of the following classmates who have chosen to pray on a daily basis as part of this team: TOM SCHWARTZ, MIKE KUSH, LISA/MIKE COX, DICK BLACK, JIM SAINES, PAM/BARRY NICKERSON, DAVE TYE, GARY HALL, JOHN SEVERSON, VIC PANGLE,

RANDY PAIS, BILL GONSER, KITTY/MALCOLM PHILIPS, DON WOLFE, FRED SCHREMP, BILL FRECCIA, BRUCE BACCEI, BILL/PATTI POLLITT; SANDI/JEFF MADSEN, JEAN/DAVE KELLY, WALT MATHER, GERRY FOX, CARL SAVORY, LEW KASPER, BILL NORTON, JOE TERRY, JOHN KUSPA, BUD SHUMATE; CRAIG BUTLER, BOB RETTIG; RICK GRUBE, GARY MOYER, TOM DYER; PAM/GEORGE DIALS, TOM/JUNE MURPHY; DAVE BLANCHARD, MIKE NEUMAN, LLOYD McMILLAN; CHRIS COMMONS, GEORGE KELLENBENZ; TERRY McMAHAN, BOB LARAIA, HAP TRAINOR; DAVE HALE, SHEILA/JOHN ROLLOW; DEBBIE/RICH ADAMS, MARK HAMILTON, BOB KNAPP, JIM BALKCOM, JOHN COMBS; MIKE DELLEO, EVERETT LUCAS, BILL ERVIN, JEAN/GARY ATKINS, KARL JACOBS, BILL OBLEY, NICK HORN, RANDY KINNARD, FRED BAROFSKY, MIKE HICKEY, MIKE SPINELLO, PAUL CLINE, BOB NOLAN, JIM WALDEN, GEORGE WINTON, ED SULLIVAN, BILL HAINES, TY McCOY, MARTY HARMLESS, BILL STONE, GARY CHAMBERS, KIRK ALFORD, DAVID RIVERS, RICH KIPER, JON SHULER, JIM RUHLE, and BRUCE RICHARDSON.

As you can see starting with us, none of us is beyond the grace and forgiveness of God! Praise the Lord!

Should you have a need for prayer or an interest in joining the prayer team, please contact Bill Gonser at Gonsers3@flash.net or Barry Nickerson at bnickerson@marlow.com.

May the Lord bless you and watch over you and your family!

MEDICAL UPDATES *(continued from p. 22)*

RAZOR and SUZANNE HEATH's son KENNY was diagnosed with cancer of the tongue last November. After initial surgery to remove the tumor and some radiation therapy, all seemed to be going well. However, in April he had to have more surgery, which involved removing quite a bit of his tongue and a lymph node in his neck as well as lots of grafting. He also has some radioactive isotopes in his neck that will stick around for about six months. Follow-on treatment is still up in the air. A

tough time for the Heath family; please keep them all in your thoughts and prayers.

On 12 October, I received news from MIKE NORTON that WARREN DEMPSEY experienced a major cardiac event on 7 October. He was successfully resuscitated and underwent emergency coronary artery bypass surgery. As of the 12th he was still in critical condition but in good spirits.

From GEORGE RODRIGUEZ I received the following report: "In June I had a heart

attack. I got two stents that have done the job and I am almost normal again. Some muscle has not returned (not that I had much in the first place), but other than that, I am in better shape than I was before the attack."

I'm sure this is only a very short accounting of classmates and family members who are dealing with medical problems. Please keep all of them, and their families, in your thoughts and prayers.

BOB MILLER got really lucky and convinced LILA FEATHERSTON to marry him. They met country dancing in Texas, and were married in the prayer chapel of Grace Fellowship Methodist Church in Katy, Texas, just before the reunion. In fact, the reunion was their honeymoon; man, how romantic can you get? They were publicly congratulated during the Saturday dinner and given a massive gift basket of priceless treasures. According to Bob, now that he has shaved his head for his chemotherapy, his new 8-year-old stepdaughter SHAUNA is pleased that they don't have to spend money for a pumpkin this Halloween.

ALTON & CAROLYN DONNELL's son TYLER is engaged to Ms. Dena Marie Fabre. They will be married at West Point in the Cadet Chapel on 10 May 2008, and we're ALL invited, every one of us! Don't miss it. Tyler is currently on his second tour in Iraq; he's scheduled to return to The World in January. You can check out all the particulars about the bride and groom and their wedding plans at www.tyleranddena.weddingwindow.com.

JOHN & JANICE SEVERSON's daughter JAMIE married Christian Crosier on 15 September in Portland, Oregon. Classmates showed up, so you can imagine what the party was like. Of course, I wasn't invited. Why is that always the case?

► Bob & Lila Miller, honeymooners at the reunion.

▼ Glynn Hale, Bill Cates, Chad Keck, Ed Beck, Alton Donnell, Mike Hood, Bill Obley, John Severson, and Dennis Meredith, a friend of West Point, celebrate Sevo's daughter's wedding.



"Congratulations, dude, and you may now play tonsil hockey with the bride."



CLASSMATES IN THE NEWS, or High Roller Roll Call

► *This could be a very long column, but I intentionally refrain from publishing classmate news that comes from a police blotter or a grand jury session. Here are some tidbits on a few of our class over-achievers in the past few months.*

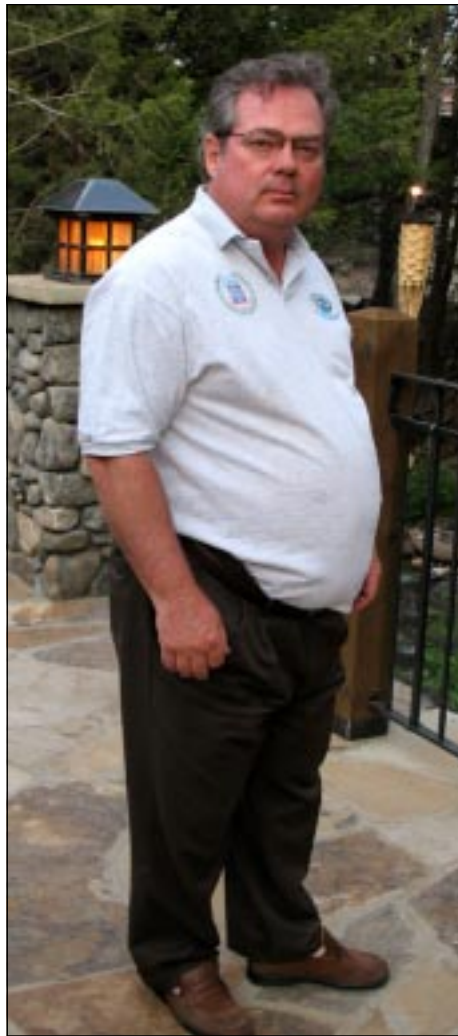
Mike Hood Named First Class of 1967 Sportsman of the Year!

By a unanimous vote, MIKE HOOD, the distinguished Civilian Aide to the Secretary of the Army for North Texas, added to his ever-growing collection of accomplishments when he was recently named the first annual *Class Sportsman of the Year – 2007*.

His selection was based on his hole-in-one this year (though we've never seen a photo of him holding up the dead golf ball), the fact that he caught a fish on the class fishing trip (haven't seen a photo of that, either), and he rode a bike from somewhere to somewhere (probably from one delicatessen to another delicatessen).

As you can see from the photo, Mike overcame great odds in his quest for each of these awesome feats. In fact, Mike has set the bar for all future winners when it comes to obstacles in the path of victory — an important criterion for the citation. So, at your next opportunity, classmates, raise a glass to Sportsman Hood and when you find yourself in his company over the coming months . . . genuflect. By the way, the self-selected award committee included JOHN SEVERSON, GLYNN HALE, BARRY NICKERSON, and — surprise — MIKE HOOD.

In future years, the award recipient shall receive a jock strap, certified to have been worn by Hood himself, mounted in a shadow box with an appropriate inscription plaque.



▲ Mike Hood, Esq., 1967 Class Sportsman of the Year.

Randy & Jackie Pais' Son-in-Law Takes First Step to Astronaut Training

RANDY & JACKIE'S son-in-law Jeff Johnson '92 (Lisa's husband) has been selected by NASA to report this summer to work in the Astronaut Office.

If all goes well, he will be competing for the next NASA Astronaut Selection Board in early 2009.

Jeff is currently an Army Apache Longbow pilot. Lisa and the kids — Lauren, Savannah, and Kaitlyn — will move from Huntsville, AL, to Houston in July, while Jeff heads off to Ft. Rucker to become fixed-wing qualified.

Monty Meigs to Receive the Alexander Haig Award

Back in August, I received the following news from HAP TRAINOR:

MONTY MEIGS will be the 2008 recipient of the Alexander Haig Guardian of Liberty Award presented by the West Point Society of Philadelphia. The award will be presented to Monty on Saturday, March 15, 2008. Previous recipients include TOM WHITE, Gen. Eric Shinseki, Gen. Downing, and Wes Clark. We look forward to having a great turnout from the class for Monty's award. Last year, '65 had more than 50 grads in attendance for Eric Shinseki's award.

Okay, everyone, start making your travel plans now.

Bill Foley Makes the Front Page of the *New York Times*

Imagine my surprise when I pop open the Saturday *New York Times* on 13 October and there, staring back at me from the front page, is a photo of our own BILL FOLEY. The article — covering 1½ pages — was about wealthy Americans buying up large parcels of the American west, primarily from logging companies who no longer have use for the land, and developing the land in eco-friendly ways for private and public use. Only the first couple of paragraphs were about Bill, who the *Times* seemed to be using as a poster child for the movement. For those of you whose political leaning won't allow you to buy or read the *NY Times*, here's part of the article:

WHITEFISH, Mont. — William P. Foley II pointed to the mountain. Owns it, mostly. A timber company began logging in view of his front yard a few years back. He thought they were cutting too much, so he bought the land.

Mr. Foley belongs to a new wave of investors and landowners across the West who are snapping up open spaces as private playgrounds on the borders of national parks and national forests.

In style and temperament, this new money differs greatly from the Western land barons of old — the timber magnates, copper kings, and cattlemen who created the extraction-based economy that dominated the region for a century.

Mr. Foley, 62, standing by his private pond, his horses grazing in the distance, proudly calls himself a conservationist who wants Montana to stay as wild as possible. That does not mean no development and no profit. Mr. Foley, the chairman of a major title insurance company, Fidelity National Financial, based in Florida, also owns a chain of Montana restaurants, a ski resort, and a huge cattle ranch on which he is building homes.

But arriving here already rich and in love with the landscape, he said, also means his profit motive is different. "A lot of it is more for fun than for making money," said Mr. Foley, who estimates he has invested about \$125 million in Montana in the past few years, mostly in real estate.

Tom Schwartz Chosen to Lead West Point Football Study Group

► In a press release on 21 June, the Military Academy made the following announcement:

Military Academy Superintendent Lt. Gen. Franklin (Buster) L. Hagenbeck recently announced that retired Gen. TOM SCHWARTZ, a member of the USMA Class of 1967, will head a study group to conduct a comprehensive review of the Army football program and its relationship to the total West Point experience.

"The group will conduct an unbiased and strategic analysis of the factors affecting the competitive success of the program," Hagenbeck explained. "Their recommendations will be vetted against the mission, vision, and goals of the academy."

According to Col. Kelly Kruger, West Point's Director of Policy, Planning, and Assessment, the panel is being convened because football is such an integral part of academy life.

"Football is important to the academy and to the Army. It provides developmental opportunities for the Corps of Cadets and the revenues generated support the entire athletic program," he said. "More importantly, winning in sports teaches the cadets the lifelong value of being a winner, how it takes a total team effort to achieve positive results and presents the Army and West Point in a very positive manner to the public."

The panel, consisting of many former Army athletes, as well as notables in collegiate and professional sports, will objectively evaluate all the components that influence the success of the football program and provide recommendations for potential changes, Kruger explained.

Serving on the panel will be retired General Tom Schwartz, retired General David Bramlett, retired Rear Adm. Tom Lynch (USN, Retired), Brig. Gen. Pete Dawkins, Harry Walters, David Harkins, Rob Healy, C. "Rollie" Stichweh and Coaches Jim Young, Mike

Krzyzewski, and Bob Sutton. The group initially met shortly after graduation and will reconvene before the new academic year begins.

"General Schwartz has brought together an impressive team," Kruger continued. "Most played Army football or lettered in other Army sports and all are dedicated to improving the entire academy, not just the football program. Their objective is to review the football program as part of the total academy experience," Kruger added. "Additionally, this study is not simply about football, but part of the superintendent's total transition strategy. The concepts that emerge will benefit the entire institution and the development of every cadet."



▲ Tom Schwartz, head of the Army Football Working Group. It ain't working yet.

Buz Altshuler Still on Active Duty, Gets New Assignment

MG BUZ ALTSHULER, one of two classmates still on active duty, who originally was planning on retiring on 7 June (indeed, word was already on the street about his retirement ceremony), was told instead that he will be moving to Stuttgart, Germany, in October to become the Director of Plans and Programs for the newly formed joint command US Africa Command (AFRICOM). Pop it up, Buz; you continue to do good. Instead of a retirement ceremony in June, he had a Change of Command ceremony and passed command

of all the army's civil affairs and psyop units to his successor. Pretty soon Buz will qualify for the honor of being the Oldest Soldier on Active Duty. I'm sure there are at least three medals to be awarded for that distinction.



► MG Buz Altshuler with an admirer at his change of command ceremony in June.

Lee Murfee Back at The Womb to Teach Physics

► In his continuing efforts to fill the Physics Department with the best instructor talent possible — remember, DICK BLACK will be occupying the Class of 1967 Physics Chair soon — RAY WINKEL has also hired our own LEE MURFEE to join the faculty. On 9 July 2007 Lee Murfee became an instructor in the Dept of Physics, USMA. He joins JOHN JAMES, who is in the Dept. of Electrical Engineering and Computer Science, as one of the Academy's civilian faculty. Here's Ray report:

I sent an e-mail to the class this past spring asking for help manning the physics teaching load this coming academic year.

In addition to Lee, two other classmates applied: CHUCK SWANSON and DICK WATERMAN. I would have been immensely pleased and honored to have had Chuck and Dick join us. They met my criterion of having taught math, science, or engineering at West Point. But when we received an unexpectedly large number of very qualified applicants with Ph.D.s and recent teaching experience in physics, Chuck and Dick's lack of recent involvement directly in the discipline caused us to select others. I cannot adequately express how appreciative I am that Chuck and Dick were willing to serve.

Lee, after retiring from 20 years in the Army, has spent the past 20 years teaching physics at the advanced college prep level. He used the same lab equipment, supporting software, and teaching style and a similar textbook and course coverage to what we use. He is a perfect fit to teach physics to cadets and to mentor the captains and majors who will be his fellow instructors. I look forward to working with him. Unsurpassed!

In addition to Lee getting a new job, his son Walter Lee Murfee III, who has a Ph.D. from UVA, will join the Tulane University Department of Biomedical Engineering this July.

Bob Stromberg selected as Senior Program Manager for the Port of Tacoma

► *Here's a press release that found its way past my spam filters recently:*

The Port of Tacoma recently selected ROBERT STROMBERG for the position of senior program manager. In this role, he is responsible for leading the design and construction effort for new terminal development on the east side of the Blair Waterway.

Before joining the port, Mr. Stromberg provided consulting services as a Senior Associate with the Nielsen-Wurster Group. Earlier, he worked as a construction manager for

Berger/ABAM Engineers, providing consulting services on the Port of Seattle's 2002 Terminal 18 expansion and modernization project.

Commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers in 1967, Mr. Stromberg attended the Airborne and Ranger Schools and served as a company commander in Vietnam. His Army career also included troop unit assignments in the United

States and South Korea, three years teaching at United States Military Academy at West Point, and three years with Seattle District, Corps of Engineers. He retired as a lieutenant colonel in 1987.

Mr. Stromberg holds a Master's in Electrical Engineering from Stanford University, a Master's in Counseling from Long Island University, and a Bachelor's in Civil Engineering from the United States Military Academy.

MISCELLANEOUS RAMBLINGS,

or short bursts overheard while standing in line at the Class Six store

Blasts From the Past

► *Every now and then someone sends me some news or photos from long, long ago that really resonate today. Here are three examples I received in the past few months:*

19 Feb '07: This morning I received a phone call from BOB WY SOCKI who was breathless with exciting news. Seems he was recently partaking of some Healing Water at the George Washington Tavern, in Washington, CT. After several hours of imbibing, he naturally had to visit the men's room to recycle some of his intake and was stunned by the wallpaper on the wall of the men's loo. Would you believe . . . it was a blow-up of a newspaper article from 7 June 1967 showing none other than our own Class Goat RICH ANASTASI receiving his diploma at our graduation! There is also a photo of the Class Goat from The Boat School. Bob talked to the manager of the tavern who couldn't shed any light on why those photos were there; he said that the wallpaper picture had been there for longer than he's been associated with the Tavern . . . more than 15 years!

18 April '07: Got an e-mail from an old friend of mine, Phil Gioia, today. Phil, a '67 VMI grad, and I served in the 82d Abn Div together back in 1967-68. He sent along a bunch of photos from those days; one of them is a group shot of Phil and four other soldiers from his battalion prior to a jump while they were in jumpmaster school in Jan '68, just prior to deploying with the 3d brigade for the Tet offensive. The smiling fellow kneeling on

the left front, with #64 on his helmet, is our classmate RIT BICKFORD. Rit was KIA in Vietnam on 18 Oct 1968. The two guys standing in the photo were also KIA, while Phil and the guy in right front were both WIA. We were soldiers once, and so damn young.

► Rit Bickford (left front) with four friends at jumpmaster school, Ft. Bragg, 1968.

▼ Wallpaper in the men's room of the George Washington Tavern in Washington, CT, showing our own Class Goat Rich Anastasi receiving his diploma, against all odds.



BLASTS FROM THE PAST (continued from p. 27)

16 June '07: Got the following from MIKE MULLANE today, reminiscing about his days as an F-4 fighter jock in Vietnam:

"Somehow it was 'discovered' by the class that I had an air-conditioned room near an Army staging area at Tan Son Nhut airbase and I would sometimes return from a mission to find the bunks filled with you guys. I've attached a photo of ED BECK in the rack with somebody else. (The guy standing with the beer was a crewmember in my squadron.) I think the other photo might show MIKE LASCHER under the blanket. I know he visited. I know that HOOD showed up a couple times, too.

"Sometimes the room would be packed with two guys in each bunk and some sleeping on the floor . . . the a/c, showers, and toilets were a magnet to you guys from the field.

"Needless to say, I never teased any of them about bunking together. They had earned the rack time anyhow they could get it."

► Ed Beck crashing on Mike Mullane's rack at Ton Son Nhut airbase, Vietnam.



► Mike Lascher grabbing some Zs in Mullane's bunk in Vietnam.



Proud Grandparents

► *I've received several proud grandparent notifications in the past few months. Here are the latest contributors to the future Social Security meltdown:*

BILL & DONNA PITTENGER became the proud grandparents of a grandson, William Sidney Barnett, born to their daughter in Newnan, GA, on 20 November 2006.

BOB & MARY WYSOCKI's daughter LAUREN gave birth to their first grandchild, Anthony Joseph Higgins, at 6:06 P.M., October 10, at Mass General Hospital, Boston. AJ checked into the orderly room with an authorized baggage allowance of 7 lbs. and measured 21 inches. Lauren and AJ are doing fine.

CHUCK SUTTEN's daughter delivered her first child, and the Suttens' first grandchild, on 18 June.

She's an Army Signal Corps major (no parental influence there); her husband is Cav. She was the TAC CP Signal Company Commander for 5th Corps during the initial attack into Iraq. She actually was attached to one of 15th Inf Bns of the 3rd ID during the fight to Baghdad. Crossed the berm with them and moved with them the whole way. Her husband was in 1/1 Cav of the 1st AD and was in the fight when that division got into country. He had the HHT for almost 33 months.

► Bill Pittenger and his grandson William Sydney Barnett.



► Bob & Mary Wysocki with their grandson Anthony Joseph Higgins.



The Poet's Corner

► *Several issues back I started what I hoped would be a regular feature of this rag, the publication of your attempts — good, bad, or indifferent — at poetry. Alas, since that first feeble attempt to immortalize your literary accomplishments, very little verse has been sent to me. I am delighted this time to publish one compelling piece, written by young BRITTANY HUYCK, DENNY HUYCK's daughter. Here's Denny's report on how this happened, and Brittany's poem:*

In April, my family visited The Wall in DC. My daughter, Brittany (13 years old), was overcome by the impact that The Wall had on her, me, and many other visitors who were there. We touched the names of as many of our classmates as I could recall as being enshrined there. For me, it was most difficult to recall and touch the names of my roommates who had experienced so much with me at West Point. She could see that, and she tried to comfort me.

When we returned to the hotel, she wrote this poem about her feelings. Maybe this is something you want to share with the class. I will leave that decision with you, as maybe this is not as emotional for others as it is for me. I trust in your judgment to decide.



▲ Denny Huyck and his daughter Brittany, poet extraordinaire.

Without their Sacrifice

Feel the black, cold slate. Names
engraved into the granite block,
engraved in memories. Identified
by dog tags, far away from home,
wishing to be called "son" once more.
Each has two families, one at home,
and the band of brothers
united through tragedy and war.
The grey rain masking the tears on the faces of the
remembering; bleak clouds matching the
moods of many. Blades, bullets, and bombs
of fire have taken the lives into their grave.
Once known roommates, fathers, brothers, and sons,
now have been commemorated in stone.

Ah, but here comes the sun. Reflecting the faces
in the stone of the remembered. Celebrate, for they
remain, they shine down with warmth,
reminding the visitors, "I'm here, I've never left."
The clouds push away and the rain stretches
into a bow. Without their sacrifice, where would
we be now? Be grateful, the sun always stays.

— Brittany Huyck

Class Kids in Combat

► *In the last issue, I printed a spreadsheet wherein I tried to capture as much information as possible about our class kids who are serving or have served in harm's way in the various theaters of combat operations in which our nation is now involved. This is a living document, and I really want to keep it current. It's up to you parents to help me accomplish that. Please send me information about your children, our current greatest generation of heroes, who are serving and sacrificing for our nation.*

From BRIAN & ANNE MARIE MAHONEY, on 2 January: "Friends, We wanted to share with you the good news that TARA returned to Germany in the wee hours of December 30 from her year on the streets of Baghdad. She got her guys out of Baghdad just hours before Saddam's execution, and with the briefest of stopovers in Kuwait, was safely back to Germany. Her posting in Vilseck is over, so she is closing out and will take her 30 days of leave here, at home, in February before reporting to Fort Leonard Wood for the captain's course.

From DAVE BAGGETT, on 5 April: "Freed, have been meaning to put this bit in the hopper since I noticed the list of '67 offspring serving in Iraq and Afghanistan. Our second oldest son, TERRY, just returned from his 4th deployment to Iraq. He is USNA '92, USMC. Just came out on the Corps' 05 list. In Marine parlance he is "Lt Col select," anticipating promotion around the first of the year. He is an aviator, has deployed with aviation units out of Camp Lejeune. He just returned in March from a tour with HMLA 167. His rotations have been (sort of) 7 months deployed, 5 months home. Tough on everyone concerned, especially his family. His wife is a trooper, and the kids seem to be bearing up okay, but know that the schedule takes its toll. He and I were on the phone a little while ago, trying to remember dates: think he first went Feb 04–May 04; next, Feb 05–June 05; next, Aug 05–Jan 06; this last one, Aug 06–Mar 07. Needless to say, we are glad to have him back."

From DEAN RISSEUW: "My son, 1LT PHILIPP RISSEUW, returned to Travis AFB last Saturday morning (29 April) from a three-month deployment with the 908 EARS, APO AE 09853. That's the USAF Expeditionary Air Refueling Squadron, flying KC-10 tankers in the Gulf region."

From ERNIE NATALINI, on 6 August: "Hi, Freed. Just wanted to input my son's service for the class records. I've been a bit negligent in sending this in, but if you could add it to your spreadsheet of kids in combat, it would be appreciated. RYAN NATALINI, Captain, USAF. 8/04 – 02/05: 886th ESFS (Expeditionary Security Forces Squadron), Camp Doha, Kuwait. 11/06 – present (expected 12/07): Det 3/ 732 ESFS, Flt A, Baghdad, Iraq. His present assignment is an Air Force ILO (in lieu of) Army assignment regarding Iraq police and security forces training in beautiful downtown Baghdad."

From MARK FISHER, on 16 August: "An update on my daughter for your class children records. NICOLE deployed from Vicenza, Italy, to Afghanistan with the 173rd Airborne Brigade in July. They expect to be there for 15 months. This makes her 5th deployment: Bosnia, Kosovo, Macedonia (NATO), Kuwait/Iraq, and Afghanistan."

ALTON & CAROLYN DONNELL's son TYLER is currently on his second tour in Iraq; he's scheduled to return to The World in January.

Please keep all these great American heroes, and all our magnificent soldiers, in your thoughts, hearts, and prayers.

Transitions

6 April '07: Short note from COLE MINNICK today, announcing that he's left his job as President & CEO of California Oaks State Bank and has moved to Saddlebrook, AZ, just outside of Tucson. His new address is 66149 E. Box Elder Rd., Saddlebrook, AZ 85739. New phone number is 520-825-6830. He's bored and eager for lots of extended-stay visitors. Drop in anytime; just tell him Freed sent you.

4 May '07: Well, the number of classmates still on active duty is down to two: BUZ ALTSHULER and RAY WINKEL, and the number of general officers in the class just increased by one. WOODY HELD retired from active duty here at West Point today, where he had served for many years as Professor and Head of the Department of Foreign Languages. As part of his retirement, he was promoted to BG, as Ray Winkel will be if he ever decides to retire. It was a nice ceremony, conducted at center court of Crystal Arena, the basketball court in the Holleder Center. The ceremony was presided over by none other than our own GEN TOMMY SCHWARTZ, and was attended by, among others, PAUL KERN, RAY WINKEL, RANDY PAIS, MIKE YAP, MIKE KUSH, HAP TRAINOR, JOHN HART, MIKE SHELTON, and probably a few others I didn't know about. Woody

& SALLY plan to disappear into the golf mecca of northeast Florida, near Jacksonville, where they've already bought a house.

I also received some cyber news from BOB LARAIA today (4 May), providing the following update on his activities: "I retired on December 31, 2006, after more than 12 years as in-house counsel with Anadarko Petroleum Corporation doing international work consisting of negotiation and drafting oil and gas exploration and production agreements with foreign governments and other oil companies and giving legal advice on various aspects of doing business in that area (not the least problematic and worrisome of which was advice on the anti-bribery requirements of the U.S. Foreign Corrupt Practices Act). (FREED NOTE: Bob, that is one loooong sentence!) I went out on a high note, making a round-the-world trip in the company jet in 10 days during which we were in Rio de Janeiro, Ghana, Qatar, Jakarta, and Beijing. In retirement I seem to be busier than I was when I was working but I am enjoying it with JAN. As she is busy doing volunteer charity work 3 or 4 days a week, I find myself doing a lot of the chores at home that she used to do, including the cooking (if I don't cook, we go out). We just got back from a three-week trip to Canada that stretched from Quebec City to Vancouver with stays in

Montreal, Toronto, Jasper, Lake Louise, and Banff and train trips in between. The Canadian Rockies were spectacular in their snow-clad grandeur. We even went out on a glacier. It was a great trip. Now we're getting ready to go to Kenya in mid-June for a two-week photo safari. We should get back in time for the birth of another granddaughter (our oldest daughter, Laura, is expecting her second child) and then to pack our youngest son off to law school at the University of Tulsa. We're planning to be at the ceremony at the Vietnam Wall on the 10th of June."

28 October '07: Here's the latest change in ED MARION'S professional life: "I have accepted a position as Recruiting Director for a firm called Academy Associates. The recruiting firm specializes in placing academy graduates from West Point, Annapolis, Merchant Marine, and Air Force as well as Marines, warrant officers, and some senior NCOs. I am able to work from home 99% of the time, which allows me time to take care of Sue. What a godsend! If you know of companies that might be interested in the recruiting services of Academy Associates, give Ed a call (732-951-8887). In addition, if you know any officers retiring or leaving the service and needing help, have them contact Ed at EdMarion@Academy-Associates.com."

CALLING MINUTES BY PAUL HASEMAN

Plebes not only had to memorize their entire "plebe poop" but periodically were designated on a roster basis to "call minutes" in the third floor stairwell of each barracks "division" to summon the rest of the division (30+ cadets) to reveille, meals, or a parade. Calling minutes entailed announcing in a loud voice (bellowing) the uniform and, if for a meal, the menu:

"SIR, THERE ARE FIVE MINUTES UNTIL BREAKFAST FORMATION. THE UNIFORM IS SHORT OVERCOATS. THE MENU IS SCRAMBLED EGGS, OATMEAL, JUICE, COFFEE, AND TOAST. FIVE MINUTES, SIR!" And the same for four, three, and two minutes at which point the "caller" would run for formation.

But before calling minutes, the minute caller would first need to lean out the window to check the uniform flag. Sometimes the flag would lay limply in the calm or could not be seen in rare fog, which meant going outside to get an accurate view. Because calling out the wrong uniform was the next thing to a death sentence for the unlucky plebe; it was important to get it right. Likewise, stammering, forgetting the menu, getting the three-minute call



mixed up with the four-minute call, or similar grievous loud and obvious errors drew prompt shouted attention from half-listening upperclassmen, who somehow could detect an error instantaneously. And, of course, the usual penalty for screwing up the minutes was the opportunity to call them for an additional week. A few plebes became "permanent" minute callers. Helpful upperclassmen also would often suggest corrections to minute-caller's oratory such

as, “Bang your balls together, beanhead!” And for some, the stern suggestion that the minute caller lower his voice from a screaming falsetto to a more military bass.

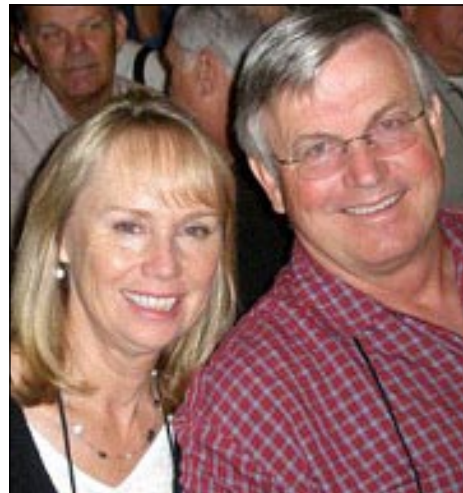
Another hazard to be avoided was to lose your military bearing; i.e., start laughing while calling the minutes. How could such an event befall you? Well, it depends on what you were up to before calling minutes. For example, one of the additional duties for plebes in the colder months was to close the windows fifteen minutes before reveille — a task performed most assiduously in the winter when rooms would dip toward freezing as upperclassmen slept blissfully and warmly under their “brown-boy” comforters. But when they awoke at reveille, they wanted their room toasty which meant having plebes coming in quietly to close the windows so that the room’s cast iron radiator, located just in front of the window, would bring the room back from the Frozen North to more habitable environs. So plebes got up early to enter upperclass rooms on a prearranged schedule to close windows.

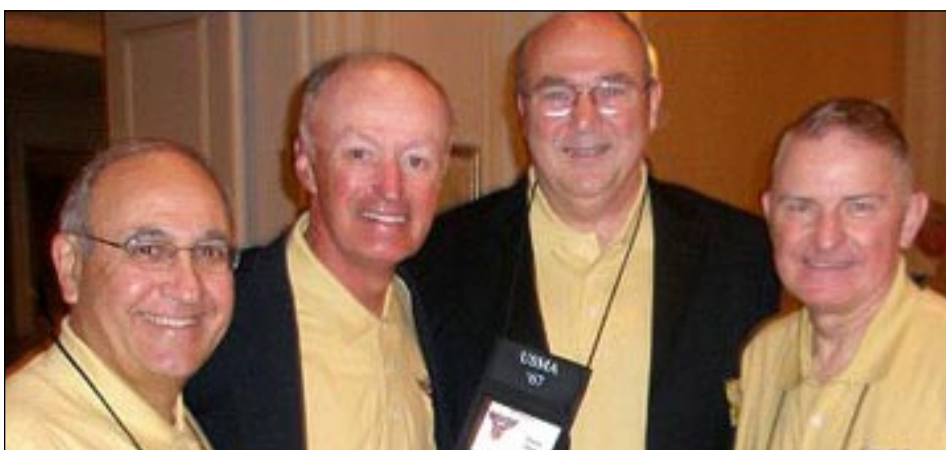
Now most upperclassmen did not want to be up a minute earlier than need be. So they would lay out their uniforms carefully on a chair or over a hook the night before so that they could hop out of bed at the three-minute bell, dress quickly in the dark, and be out to reveille formation on time. One item of a cadet uniform was a dark blue web belt with a shiny brass tab on one end and an equally shiny buckle on the other. Simple design — tab goes through buckle and the belt is tightened. One morning while closing windows, I silently placed an old belt buckle over the tab end of a Cow’s belt so that he had two buckles on a belt that was already on the trousers and ready to go. I chose this Cow because his room was right next to where I was calling minutes on the third floor and I wanted to revel in his sleepy reveille consternation as he “Clink! Clinked!” the two belt buckles together. Of course, his door was shut but I could still hear the much-anticipated “Clink! Clink!” just after the three-minute bell. My face was a frozen mask of suppressed hilarity. Sudden fear gripped me that I would break out laughing or otherwise be unable to announce the last “two-minute” call and, thereby, give myself away. In a supreme effort of self-control, I took a couple calming deep breaths and called the two-minute bell to the accompaniment of nearby muted swearing from the darkened room. I laughed later and then worried for two weeks that he would figure out that his window-closer and minute-caller was the buckle culprit. Calling minutes was once in awhile a lot of fun!

WHO ARE THESE GOOD-LOOKING STUDS & STUDETTEES?



GOOD-LOOKING STUDS & STUDETTESS *galore*











and still even more GOOD-LOOKING STUDS & STUDETTES







EPILOGUE

Okay, sports fans, that's more than enough for this edition. I hope to get the next one out in the next couple of months, if there's any money left in our class admin fund. Since we've had a couple of significant fishing events in the past few months, you can count on seeing the ever popular "Dead Fish & Animal Flicks" feature the next time around. Hopefully, we'll be able to run some classified ads — I need you to send me information about stuff/real estate/services that you would like to market to the class. Send me what you want to list, ASAP. I can't run classified unless there is interest. And I'd also like to reprise the "Points to Ponder" column — haven't had that for a long time. In the meantime, send me your input — dead fish and animal flicks are always appreciated, as is your poetry, want ads, accomplishments, miserable failures (it's been years since I've given anyone a Welsh Rarebit Award), Ball & Chain News — or anything else you want to see in print. Another idea for future issues is a "Wives' Corner." Not sure whether the ladies would like a "voice" in the *Pooper*, but, what the hell, I'm game if any of you are! Send me stuff about what it's like to be hitched to a great one, or even to ED DEWEY, right, JANET? Can you imagine a column full of hallucinations about being married to MIKE HOOD? Could be a goodie, so get your pens out, ladies. As I always say, this is YOUR newsletter.

I'll wrap this one up with a great quote I received recently from JOANNIE PARR. It's timeless:

A VETERAN . . .

Whether on active duty, retired, national guard, or reserve, is someone who, at one point in his or her life, wrote a blank check made payable to "The United States of America," for an amount of "up to and including my life."

— Author unknown

Bibamus, moriendum est!

— FREED

one last GOOD-LOOKING STUDETTE

