



No Small Change

Okemos Chieftains Class of 65 40th Year Reunion

Reunion Committee: Charlotte Read Byers, Dave Premoe, Judy Drury Tubbs, Margaret Wiley Shaw, Mike Baker, Bill Breckenfeld, Dave Brower, Steve York, and Jay Guertin

Reunion Yearbook produced by Brock Hotaling with Gary Weeber



OKEMOS SCHOOL - GRADE 1 - 1953-54

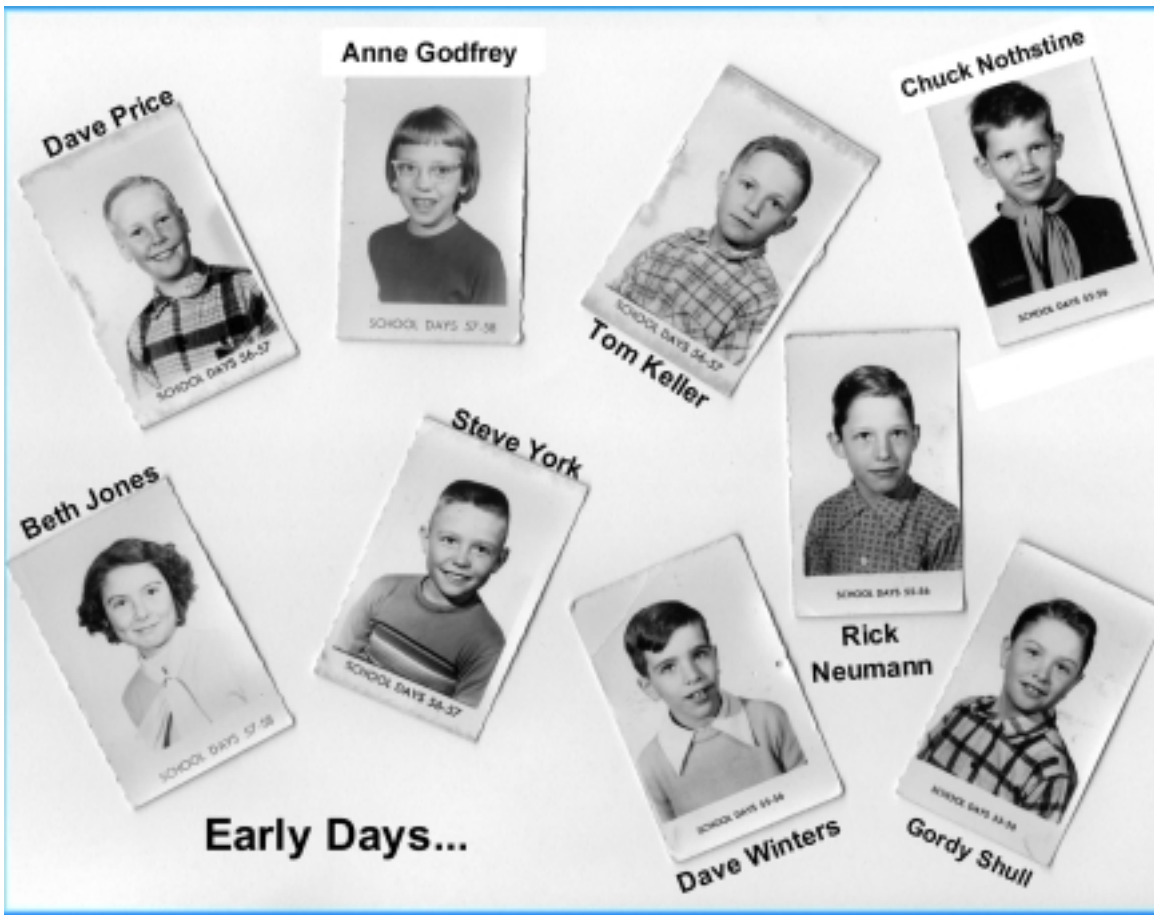
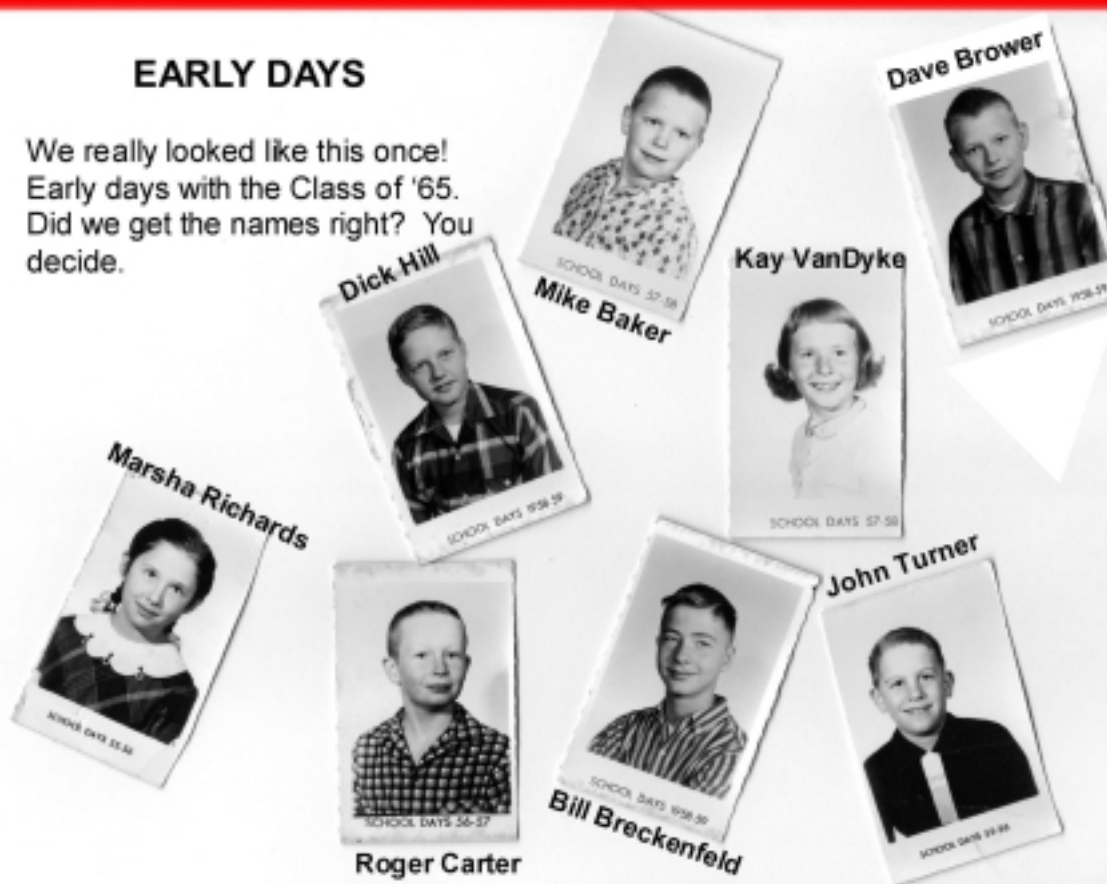


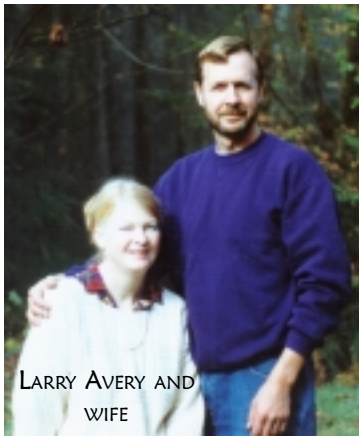
Wardcliff Elementary School
1959



EARLY DAYS

We really looked like this once!
Early days with the Class of '65.
Did we get the names right? You
decide.





LARRY AVERY AND
WIFE



MARGIE KOO BUSSEY AND HUSBAND



MARSHA RICHARDS DAVIS WITH HUSBAND AND DAUGHTER



MARGARET, JUDY, KATHY, & CHARLOTTE RECENTLY IN THE CARIBBEAN



PAT HARMON AND HUSBAND GEOFF FALLON



BOB GROENING



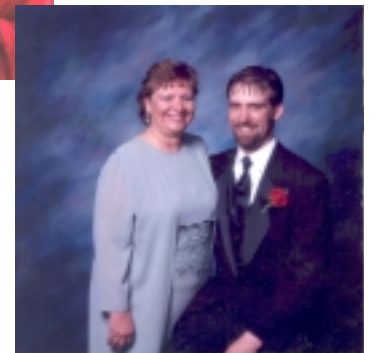
JAY GUERTIN AND FAMILY



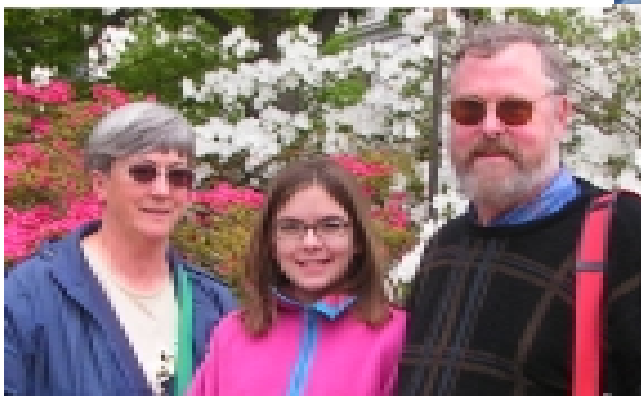
MARGOT'S HUSBAND
BRUCE FROELICH
AND IRENE TOWNSEND



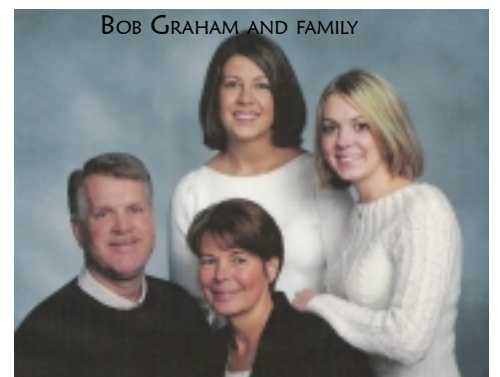
MARGOT'S
KIDS, ERIN
AND
SHERWOOD



JANET ABBOTT KEEFER AND SON



MARILYN MOULTON
JOHNSON, DAUGHTER
RAVEN, HUSBAND MARK



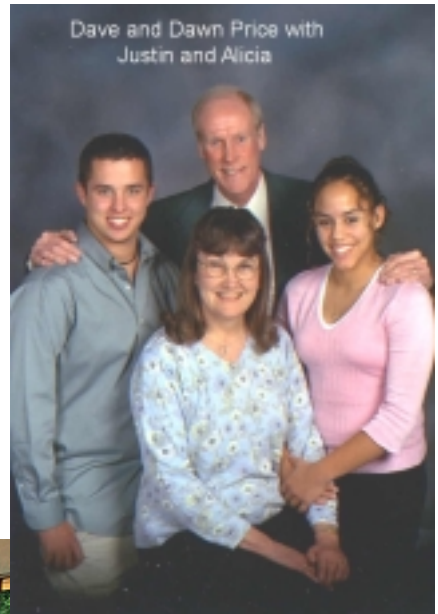
BOB GRAHAM AND FAMILY



BEV SMITH HOLT AND
HUSBAND JON



THE HOLT FAMILY - AMY, JON, DAUGHTER KARE, MIKE, BEV,
SON ROB AND GRAND-DAUGHTER ELLIE



Dave and Dawn Price with
Justin and Alicia



BROCK AND MELISSA HOTALING, 2002



BROCK AND FAMILY 2002



WAYNE PIERCE



MIKE MCGILLIARD
AND WIFE JAN

CLAUDIA COOHON
NIGHTENGALE



CLAUDIA COOHON NIGHTENGALE
TOURING IN THE VETTE



JOEL PETERSON AND FAMILY



KATHLEEN JASON RITTENBERG AND HUSBAND LARRY



DEDICATED TO BOB'S
MEMORY



Bonnie Bunting



April 15, 1947 - December 17, 2002

Our love for you spreads its wings so wide
That in soaring they block the sun.
And this shadow is grief.



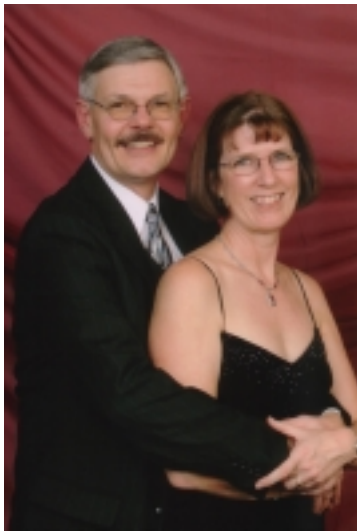
RILLA THEDFORD'S DAUGHTER JAIME
WITH DOT RICHARDSON!



RILLA'S DAUGHTER KAITLYN
AND FAMILY



STEVE SENZIG AND FAMILY



GARY WEEBER, WIFE JODI



Mark White Family:
From Left to Right: Uliso
the dog from Hawaii, Uliso,
Lyle from E. Texas, Shelly
from Colorado, Mark from
Michigan, Julie from
Georgia. A family for 5
months.



Baynanza 1999

We were a small group, but dedicated.
Kerimoff, Kyle and I picked up 9 bags of trash.



RENEE RUNCIMAN VEAZEY WITH RALPH
AND GRAND-DAUGHTERS



STEVE "YOGI" YORK



DESTINY...

DIANNE (DODGE) ALVERSON, White Cloud, MI

Married, no children.

I married Richard Alverson in November of 1966. He was in the service at the time. We lived in Lansing from 1969 until 2001. Rick retired from the Lansing Board of Water & Light in 2001. We moved the same year to White Cloud.

I have learned to live life to the fullest.

LARRY AVERY, Blachly, OR: Life Beyond the Village Gate

I attended M.S.U. Majored in sex, drugs, and rock & roll (well mostly beer and frat parties). Minored in Communication Arts. did Army R.O.T.C., rode a motorcycle, spent a night in jail, smoked grass, protested the war, dropped acid, attended Woodstock, silk screened T-shirts, worked in a bowling alley, danced naked in the rain at a rock concert in Georgia, made leather stuff, traveled with a would-be-band to Eugene, Oregon, declared myself a conscientious objector to the military service, spent 9 months in the Army as a non-combatant, moved to Oregon, married a red headed girl from Williamston, made more leather stuff as a hippy craftsman/ business guy, gardened, cut fire wood, followed an Indian Guru, had a son, took fiddle lessons, played lots of basketball, built a house, built a life in a small rural community with church and school and school board and Grange activities, hosted lots of foreign exchange students, helped my red headed wife survive cancer, visited Germany, took a "real job". Now: I work as a salesman/customer service guy, make leather stuff, ride motorcycles, play basketball and guitar, help out with lots of community activities, cut firewood and grass (lawn), search for truth and right action.

KATHRYN (MOULTON) BAUMAN (Kathy), St. Charles, MI

Married 29 years (how time flies); sons Andrew 25 years and Christopher 21 years.

I graduated from Western Michigan University with a degree in teaching special education. I taught for nine years in Wisconsin, Georgia and Michigan. I stayed home for the next few years to raise two boys. After the boys were in school I wanted to go back to work but decided on a career change. I received an associate degree in physical therapy assistant. I've worked at a rehab hospital for the past 10 years. I find this work rewarding and plan to retire in this field.

I remember most the friendships I made and still have are very important to me.

Family and friends are important. Helping others gives you a good feeling. Worrying only gives you gray hair. Being right isn't always what is important.

BILL BRECKENFELD, Okemos, MI

Single, retired educator (elementary teacher, junior high assistant principal, elementary principal). Spent 14 years in Butte, Montana then returned to Michigan working as an elementary principal north west of St. Johns.

I wish I could do high school over with the insight I now have on life! I missed out on a lot of experiences and people that I did not realize I was missing out on.

DAVID B. BROWER, East Lansing, MI

After high school, I attended Michigan State University, completing my BA in Accounting in 1969 and my MBA in Finance in December 1970. I starting working on the audit staff at the Lansing Office of Ernst & Ernst in January 1971. I became a CPA in 1973 and worked at Ernst & Ernst for roughly eight years, until I left for a position as Assistant Controller at Michigan State in October 1979. Some 25 years later and, after several changes in positions, I am now Assistant Vice President, CFO and Controller at MSU.

I never married and have no children. I pass my time my attending MSU sporting and theater events and have had the good fortune to personally see the Spartans win the Rose Bowl, as well as national championships in Men's Hockey and Basketball. I attended the Women's basketball finals in Indianapolis this past April. My interests include biking and rollerblading in the summer and racketball and working out in the winter. I have been active in various volunteer positions with the YMCA of Lansing for over 30 years and

the University Club of MSU for over 25 years. I am currently a Board Member and past president of both organizations. I am currently Treasurer and a member at Peoples Church in East Lansing.

CHRIS (SAVAGE) BRYANT, Medina, OH

After high school, I received a degree in court reporting. I married George Bryant in 1969. We have two grown married children, Nicole and Chad. We have 3 grandsons under the age of 2½. They are definitely a joy. Our current address is 4063 Watercourse, Medina, OH 44256. Phone number is (330) 723-6003. Email is cbryantoh@aol.com, but this may be changing.

George is now retired from a career in retailing and we have settled in Medina, Ohio, which is near Cleveland. We have settled here because the last transfer was to Ohio and we found Ohio to be a good and fun place to live if you don't mind the weather. Because of my husband's transfers, we moved around every few years and lived in the not so glamorous places like Davenport, Iowa, Rockford, Illinois, Decatur, Illinois and a few other places, but you get the idea.

I have worked the last 8 years, part-time, for an international adoption agency in Macedonia, Ohio. It has been a great job for me because both of our children were adopted domestically. I work two days a week and through this job have traveled 5 times to Seoul, Korea to escort babies home to their new parents.

My memories of high school are that I didn't get involved enough.

I have learned in the last 40 years that learning is an ongoing process and we'd better keep up with technology. I have also finally learned that I don't really have to put up with rude people.

BONNIE (LANTZ) BUNTING, in memoriam

April 15, 1947-December 17, 2002

"Our love for you spreads its wings so wide

That in Soaring they block the sun.

And this shadow is grief"

- Paul Bennett, 2002

Remembered best as a good friend. The 1965 Tomahawk pictures Bonnie as Mrs. Bramson in the school play, the Daughter of the American Revolution award winner, Homecoming representative and a whole list of activities. We remember Bonnie on a more personal level, a senior trip to Florida with Patricia Harmon's parents as chaperones, Girl Scout camp as elementary school kids, a train trip through Europe during college, sorority sisters at Kappa Kappa Gamma at the University of Michigan, surviving High School, hours spent talking, dancing to Dick Clark and American Bandstand! As adults we managed to keep in touch over miles and separate states. Before e-mail we wrote letters and the letters survive as concrete memories of our lives and what we shared. The letters are difficult to read now as we still miss Bonnie even as we are thankful to have had her as a lifetime friend.

Bonnie always said she would have five different careers and with her energy, love of learning and spirit of adventure she came close. After graduation from the University of Michigan with a bachelor's degree in English, she obtained a teaching certificate. Her first husband Jim Bunting completed Law School, entered the military and was stationed at Subic Bay in the Philippines. Bonnie taught on base. Their daughter Rebecca was born on July 27, 1974 in the Philippines.

Returning to the United States Bonnie lived in California and then in the Washington D.C. area. Formal details of her life are in the Washington Post article. The essence of a person's life is so much more than the factual details. Bonnie was a good mom and her daughter Rebecca resembles her. As an adult Bonnie enjoyed sailing, reading, tennis and very summer Bonnie and her second husband, Paul Bennett, spent two weeks at a family compound on Higgins Lake, Michigan where Bonnie and Paul were married in 1982.

Bonnie reached out to people her whole life. Even during her illness she cared about the lives of friends. At my son's wedding, Bonnie offered a toast and stated that we had been together for every major event of our lives and we had. Her daughter attended our daughter's wedding last October in Virginia and I like to think a part of Bonnie was there with us.

Bonnie's mom died suddenly of a stroke in February following Bonnie's death in December. Mr. Lantz at 90 lives in Lansing. - by Bev [Smith] Holt with assistance from Patricia Harmon

MARGIE KOO BUSSEY, Newton, MA: A LETTER:

Seems strange that 40 years have gone by...If it weren't for the stiffness of the joints and the aching back I'd think it was only a few years.

I've kept in semi-contact with Kathy Miller Kissman through the years, but that's about all. My parents still live in Okemos so I do not get back 1-2 x year. Okemos sure has gotten on the map. Every now and then I run into someone who says, "you'd never guess where I'm from" and then is completely blown away when I tell them I was from there originally.

Since coming East to go to college—Tufts Univ (Mrs. Lamb, our counselor, had never heard of the School) I'd met my husband, married in 1969 (wow! Early!) had one daughter, Kimberly, who is now married but w/o kids, and ended up returning to school to get a nursing certificate (Newton-Wellesley Hospital SON – doesn't exist anymore. Was one of two 2 year hospital based nursing schools in Mass) and other BS in nursing. I learned quickly after graduating from college with a degree in education ('you can't always get a job teaching') and experimental psych that I really didn't have any marketable skills. I worked several years in math/science curriculum development waiting for a teaching job (1970's – no jobs to be had) to come but it never materialized (Now, there is a shortage). I've been toiling since the 1980's in nursing, specializing now in ED in a small city hospital, Cambridge City Hospital. Toiling is the right word, so I'm looking forward to retiring in 1-2 years, IF my back holds out.

I'm not great at flying so we usually drive to see my folks (takes around 15 hours through Ontario). If I do come I hope my memory will serve me well. I hope the years have treated you kindly with plenty of good health and cheer.

Hopefully I will see you September.

- Margery

PS: I am not a computer person. It does seem ridiculous to be mailing this across the US only for it to be mailed back to Connecticut.

PPS: Does Brock still have his clarinet? My parents donated mine as soon as I left!

CHARLOTTE READ BYERS, Lansing, MI

Married, divorced, married, divorced—must mean now I'm single! Son, Darren. Daughter: Ingrid. I live in Lansing in a white house on Pennsylvania Avenue—just like the President! (Is that good??) I have two grown, married kids (a son and a daughter), two delightful "kids-in-law", and a 9-year-old granddaughter. Having been married twice and divorced twice, I now live with my pets!

Working at MSU at the Veterinary Teaching Hospital fills 40 hours of my week. The rest of the time I putter around my house, yard and garden, spend time with family and friends, and do a bit of volunteering. I've traveled to Japan and Korea twice, to Mexico, and all over the U.S. This past February Margaret (Wiley) Shaw, Judy (Drury) Tubbs, Kathy (Moulton) Bauman and I went on a Caribbean cruise to celebrate our 40-year friendship and graduation anniversary. We have another adventure planned for Las Vegas in November. I have been blessed with much. Life is good and I am happy!

Memories: Pep rallies, 9th grade algebra with Mr. Harkness way out in the Ag Building, President Kennedy's assassination and the quiet bus ride home that day, being cold in the winter walking from building to building, cafeteria meat loaf (maybe!), Phys Ed skills test when we had to drop down from a rope, Biology class with Mr. Bjorkquist, etc., etc., etc.

Most important thing I have learned in the past 40 years: Life is great, just don't take it too seriously—keep painting the picture!

KIRK CAMPBELL, Hudsonville, MI

Married for 32 years to Darlene. Two children, Wendy and Christopher

I spent most of my working life selling lighting products and ended up owning my own company called Cinema Lighting Corp. We have just completed moving the company from Michigan to Tennessee and have almost finished building our new home in Franklin. I have a wonderful daughter who is about to make me a grandfather for the second time. My son is currently serving in the Navy fighting for our freedom.

My memories of high school are pretty vague now, however I do remember walking between classes in the winter and it always seemed to be cold.

I have learned that I needed to own my own company to really earn a good income. It seems that I was always making other people rich. Secondly I learned that there is nothing more important than family.

KATHLEEN (DONAHUE) CARSTENSEN, Kailua, Oahu

Divorced (Married 34 years then, poof!), with two children – daughter, Melissa – married, living in Baltimore with husband and my one and only grandchild, Emma, now 20 mos., and son, Michael, single, pilot for Vision Airlines in Las Vegas, and living life to the fullest (Will he ever settle down?)

Graduated Michigan State University in 1970 with MA in Speech Pathology/Special Education; married Air Force officer in 1970; lived courtesy of USAF in California, Alaska, Nebraska, New Mexico, Montana, Guam, and Korea; traveled courtesy of USAF to most of Asia and Europe (R&R flights); husband retired as Colonel, and we “retired” to Hawaii in 1994. I taught in elementary, middle, or high schools in most places we lived. While in Nebraska, earned my PhD in Curriculum and Instruction. Began working in school administration in Nebraska, and when we moved to Hawaii, I was fortunate to find a position at St. Andrew’s Priory School as the K-12 principal. This is my 12th year at this school. I am now seeing my first class of kindergarteners graduate this year! Although most of my heart is in Baltimore and Vegas with my children and grandchild, the rest of my heart is in Hawaii and in this school. I hope to retire here, but time will tell. Come visit. I am 1 block from beautiful Kailua Beach!

Memories of High School – Tough years for me. Wish I could do it over with the confidence and wisdom of age rather than the angst of youth. Oh, well. I guess I get to live it over again through the 525 girls at the Priory!

I have learned to please God first and all else that follows is good.

ROGER CARTER, Madeira Beach, FL

Married to Dawn Weeber for 38 years; two sons - Ryan, 36, and Brandon, 32

We left Okemos after college, joining Oldsmobile. After numerous transfers within Oldsmobile, I left to become a partner in a chevrolet dealership in Tulsa. We then acquired a dealership in Orlando and merged it with Penske Corporation. I operated 17 dealerships for Penske in the Southeast for the last few years and retired from day-to-day operations in 2005 as president of United Auto Group, subsidiary of Penske Corporation.

The most important thing I learned is to reach your potential. I am still trying to figure out what I am going to do when I grow up.

MARSHA (RICHARDS) DAVIS, Charlevoix, MI

Married to Rich Davis for 23 years. I have one daughter, Tammy Russell, four stepchildren and six grandchildren.

In June 1997, I took advantage of early retirement from the State of Michigan after 28 years. We moved to Charlevoix permanently in 1999. I haven’t missed working for a minute and keep very busy. I spend time reading, gardening, traveling, maintaining the family genealogy started by my father, painting (very amateur stuff!), socializing with family and friends, etc. All the things I never had time to do.....life is good!!

JOHN DUNKELBERG, Baton Rouge, LA

Married to Miguelina Grullon Lembke; two children, Rosa and Ingrid.

Graduated MSU 70 & 75, Building Construction & Civil Eng. Three years Peace Corps Dominican Republic. Design Engineer for Entergy Operations Inc @ River Bend Nuclear Power Station. Married to Miguelina in DR 1973.

Too many memories to recount, and grade school, jr high and high school now roll together.

Family and friends are most important.

ROD ELLIS, East Lansing, MI

Remember me...skinny kid, average grades, never serious? I tried not to change or rather, as my wife will tell you, “he won’t change, damit!” I did find the secret to success, starting in High School...hang out with smart & successful people and others will assume you are one of them! At lunch hour, I sat with (Dr.) Carolyn Fishel and (Dr.) Irene Townsend and then married their college roommate, Catherine (Cassie) Barnes, (MA, JD). It worked and now that we summer on Lake Michigan and winter on a Caribbean island, people think I’m some kind of genius...hah, I barely pulled minimum grades to get through Michigan State in General Business!

My much better half (actually 3/4) and I have had a highlighted life of fun and excitement, mostly because she planned all the trips. Cassie and I got married in 1968, so she knows as many of you as I do. David Winters and Larry Avery went to a party at her folks home before I had my first date with her...which was a band and orchestra concert at OHS, we ran into Jeff (Skinny) Smith who gave me the OK after “checking her out”.

Do you remember 1963 that our family had a German exchange student and a real track star ringer, Hans Wiegand? Well, someone in our family has seen someone in his family every year since 1966 when my sister Melody, Bruce Gardner, Hans (all class of ’63) and I toured Europe in his VW Beetle. During the trip I left Hans for a couple of weeks and met up with Cassie and Carolyn (summer school in Switzerland - again,

real smart!) and traveled to Paris, Florence and Rome. We kept up the traveling since then with many trips to Europe, St. Petersburg, Istanbul, Greece, Turkey...stood on the ruins of Troy-do you remember reading that god awful Iliad in Freshman English!...New Zealand, South Africa and lots of time in the Caribbean where we bought a villa. Oh yes, and Mexico, where my one year in Mrs. Mosher's class went over real big with waiters and shopkeepers, leaving them (or was it my wife?) in tears as the Espanole rolled off my finely-educated tongue...actually, it was Bobbie Firnhaber that had whispered all the answers to me. Bobbie got me through, but Mosher made me an offer I couldn't refuse. She gave me a "C" if I promised not to go on to Spanish II.

After looking back, I thought I would conclude that our greatest joy would be having kids, and Jim and Maggie are wonderful. But, off the scale joy is having grand kids! Jim and Jeanie have two girls, Kennedy Ann and Madison Clare. Maggie and Luke have Olivia (who named herself Odie and me Pecka - serves me right!)

Thirty-three years in the insurance and investment business, I called it quits and sold my business last year. We moved to East Lansing and now the kids want to be in financial services! So, I'm back at it again, helping them get started. Our daughter lives in East Lansing, son, north of Detroit.

Back to the OHS lunch table was Donna Stiffler, our dear friend. Cassie worked with Donna at the State History Division and unbelievably, Donna has outlived two of the most wonderful and interesting husbands I have ever met. She won't make it to the reunion from Magnolia Springs, Alabama (home of Fanny Flagg, "Fried Green Tomatoes" and Winston Groom, the author of "Forrest Gump"). She teaches and sells rare books via Internet. Dave Brower, who runs MSU (anyone called Chief Financial Officer, runs the show). Dave Winters directed the state employees for years, advisor to the governor and governmental appointments (also raised a kid that canned a three at the buzzer and sent Okemos to the playoffs and daughter Mary tearing up the course for the Chieftains golf). Dave married above himself also with bright and delightful, Jan.

Like many of you, my parents are gone. Mom in '96 and dad in '97. Great memories of parties at the Ellis', with mom playing piano and dad directing the sing along. They had moved to Florida around 1990 and partied on to the day they died. They did live to see their two oldest grandsons (our Jim and Melody's oldest, Jacob) march in the MSU Marching Band. Yes, it's true that every relative from my parents down, went to MSU. Speaking of relatives, my cousin Claudia Coohon, who joined our class as a junior is married, two grown up girls, lives in Colorado, is an administrator at a private girls' school. She won't make the reunion, but told me to take pictures and deny all rumors for her.

After all these years, I have found the answer to the question...in Grinnell's Senior English, the smartest person in our class, Margaret Haynes, asked, "Rod, aren't you ever serious?" To which I can answer with great confidence and vast experience - NO!

KAY VAN DYKE FAUTH, Phoenix, AZ

Married, 2 sons.

Michigan State University - 1971 BA Personnel - 1971 Married Ken Fauth in August 1971 and moved to Macomb Illinois. Later moved to Marquette, MI where both our boys were born. Moved to Glen Ellyn, IL in 1980. Went back to school in 1989 for Library Technical Assistant certificate. Moved to Phoenix in 1998 for 1 year. Moved to San Jose, CA and worked for Yahoo! as a web surfer, and for Palm, Inc. setting up and managing their first Market Research library. Returned to Phoenix in 2002 and have been working for Forensics Consulting Solutions. We do computer forensics and electronic discovery for litigation support. Our sons are 26 and 29, single, and live in Tempe, AZ. Husband is physical security consultant for our business "KFauth, Inc." <http://www.securityprotection.net/>

My most dramatic memory is sitting in American History when the news came over the intercom that President Kennedy had been shot. Also, who could ever forget Don Mueller!

The greatest treasures in life are friends and family - love them unconditionally.

CYNTHIA (CINDY) JOHNSON GAA, Willis, TX

Married, 2 Children: Rebecca Gaa Cole married to Michael - two children Katie (3) and Jake (1) live in Austin, TX; Allison Gaa Costenaro married to Kevin - one child Sophie (1 ½) live in Golden, CO

After graduation from Okemos High my family and I moved to Lafayette, IN, and I attended college in Wisconsin - first Lawrence University and then U. of Wisconsin after I married my old back door neighbor, John Gaa. We moved to Chapel Hill, NC, where our children were born and I completed my Masters in Counseling. In 1975 we moved to Houston where John teaches graduate students and is co-director of a research institute on gifted children at the University of Houston. Last October we moved into our dream house on a lake north of Houston. In 2003 I moved my counseling practice from Houston to a community (The Woodlands) about 30 minutes from our new home. John still commutes into the University. John's

Mom moved to a retirement community in The Woodlands almost two years ago. She thoroughly enjoys coming out to the lake and visiting with her grandkids and great grandkids when they are in town or we go on a road trip to visit with them. Over the last 10 years I have become an avid and passionate quilter and have been very involved in my quilting guild.

My memories of high school are predominantly focused on the great friends and the fun we had during those years. That is not to say particular teachers and school situations don't float to mind too: PE class picking up rocks from the new athletic field, hiding under the physics desks watching the tornado go by the school, particular classes with particular/peculiar teachers!!

I have learned to share love, laughter, and time with friends and family. To invest myself, give of myself, and it will be returned in some way and in some time.

BOB GRAHAM, DeWitt, MI

Married for 13 great years to Janet (33 total years married to the woman) with two children: Dana, 24, single; MSU James Madison graduate, Phi Beta Kappa (damn near double my GPA), Outstanding Senior Award (15 given to 8000 students). Went to work for State of Michigan, moved into Daddy's apartment building (then I sold it on her); hated job, recently quit, and is a waitress at Clara's in Lansing, planning on going to Cooley Law School. Erin, 22, single; graduated in 2005 from MSU with Kinesiology degree; works for a female doctor in Haslett; will attend Nursing school in 2006.

Both of my daughters are really good kids who got good grades and never got in any trouble (just like the old man). Note to my old baseball buds—it was nice that the girls got good grades and all—but more importantly they were both excellent softball players for a state ranked program at DeWitt High School, making the state quarterfinals one year and semifinals another while winning 39 games in a row. Erin was unanimous first team all state her senior year, Lansing State Journal Dream team, and Michigan All Star game MVP (who's your daddy?)

My life since OHS has consisted of floundering around U of M and MSU for 5 plus years until they mercifully gave me a degree in Business. Could not beat the draft and did two years in the Army but did manage to stay out of Viet Nam. Became a real estate broker in Lansing for about six years before taking a position with the State Department of Education where I stayed for 24 years working with lending institutions that made educational loans. I RETIRED in 2002 with the intention of double dipping but along the way, I discovered that time was more important than money—of course now I have neither. I had to help take care of my folks, and moved them from Arizona to a retirement home in Holt. So I am now a house-husband, roofed my house, rebuilt our deck, finished the basement and work part-time jobs to stay out of trouble. Of course, I can afford to do this because I sold my apartment building, have a retirement income, and my loving wife still works full time. I spend a lot of time with my kids and my sister's families, golf a lot, and have been to Cancun, South Carolina, San Diego, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Palm Springs, and Florida in the past few years as well as many trips to Arizona where I plan to have a second home. My wife and I are going to take our girls to Hawaii in November.

I am glad we are having a reunion, and look forward to seeing old friends, although the short time I was at OHS will make it difficult after 40 years. I came to Okemos from a small town in Ohio and return there every 5 years for a full weekend reunion and have a blast – so I hope we have a great turn out. My memories of OHS are that although there were more cliques than my old school, there were still a lot of great people that I met. I had a blast playing hoops and baseball and struggling with Spanish II after taking Spanish I three years earlier. I loved Debate class and trying to figure out both Zetterholm and Physics. Transferring in as a savvy junior, I remember forging my first absence so I was good to skip school in Bob Forsberg's Metropolitan any time I wanted. I do not fondly remember freezing my balls off between buildings, riding a school bus, and being pummeled by wrestlers with one eyebrow. And I really miss my old buddy –Skinny. I have learned that making lots of money is not that hard, nor is becoming successful in your own eyes or those of others. What is hard is to simply be true to yourself, be a good husband, father, and friend—and enjoy life—you're only here for a short time.

BOB GROENING, Boulder, CO

Still married to Pat "Munro" Groening. Daughter Lisa lives in Breckenridge CO; no grandchildren yet!

Following graduation from MSU (on the 7 year plan) I worked at Inland Steel in Chicago for a short time before taking a job with Universal Instruments in Binghamton, NY. After nearly 30 years of traveling I retired, moved to Colorado and about 3 ½ years ago went into the mortgage business. It's fun since I can blend it very nicely with my family activities and golf game. Incidentally if anyone has any mortgage issues or questions I'd be happy to help.

Memories of High School: Memories of Okemos High were short since I was only there for 1 year. The things that come to mind most were playing basketball and baseball and having to deal with all the Merit Scholars in "Zippy's" Physics Class.

The most important thing I have learned that unfortunately came a bit late in life was to put your family at the top of your priority list...not your job or your outside activities. Fortunately I'm still married even though it took a few to many years to realize that.

LINDA SALMONSON GUTHRIE, Petoskey, MI

We moved to Petoskey the week after I graduated from the University of Michigan Dental School - Dental Hygiene in 1973. Still live in the same house where I raised 3 children - Nancy, Ralph, and Jason and still love living "up north". I've practiced dental hygiene for 32 years (Thank you to Joanne Burr for putting me on this career path) only now part time which allows more time to spend with my grandchildren (4 so far), traveling-love road trips, gardening- just being out doors any season, golfing- addicted. Still play the Indian Hills golf course when visiting my family living in Okemos.

My memories include slumber parties, Sugar Shack, Football games/the band at halftime, Chemistry class, French class/Mrs. Goldstein ballroom dancing with her husband at Prom. The Day President Kennedy was assassinated.

Over the last 40 years my life has taken some very unexpected turns. I've learned to enjoy every day, change that which I can, accept that which I can not and deal with it (teenage children, divorce, cancer, growing older - hopefully gracefully)

PATRICIA HARMON, Westerville, OH

Married, no children.

Beverly, Bonnie and I went to U of M. (Meredith went to MSU but would stay with me when she visited Rick.) The Michigan threesome pledged the same sorority, went to Europe in 1968 on \$5 a day and wore only skirts. We were in each other's first weddings. Beverly only did it once. Bonnie and I did it twice and were in each other's second weddings. Together, Beverly and I mourned Bonnie's death in 2002.

-1974 M.A. from U of M in gerontology—then taught gerontology at Madonna Univ.

-1982 Married Geoff Fallon and still happily married, moved to Houston, worked for an elderly-services agency

-1989 Moved to Arlington, TX, director of a shelter for abused women and children

-1991 Moved to Pennsylvania, director of a United Way in New Jersey

-1993 Moved to Columbus, OH, director of a substance abuse prevention agency

We had a few great teachers and I remember really enjoying learning. I struggled with algebra and Mr. Harkness tutored me at lunchtime but he smoked so we had to go to the boiler room.

I have learned to be self-reliant and to scuba dive.

MARGOT HAYNES, Midland, MI: (for publication purposes—still sign Margaret E. Haynes on my checks)

Married to Bruce E. Froelich 1996, with two children - Erin Alda Wang born 83 now 21, Sherwood Haynes Wang born 88 soon 17, and stepchildren David Froelich, 21, Courtney 20, and Ashleigh 18.

Dodged tear gas and cobblestones in Paris 67-68 on Junior Year in Paris, graduated B.A. French Mount Holyoke College 69. Married Jan Huber 1970, divorced 1976; Married Adi Wang 1977, divorced 1992. So in 1969, least likely to be married at all, now have married three times!

M.A.T. Johns Hopkins U. 1971, M.A. Linguistics-EFL Southern Illinois U. 1979, Ph.D. Interdisciplinary Arts & Letters M.S.U. 1989 (first dodging motherhood and then, during doctoral studies, having two kids, before finishing!).

Teaching at Delta College (near Saginaw) for past 17 years. Working with Developmental Reading and Writing and Information search & use skills. Dodged pancreatic tumor threat last year—removed with Whipple procedure, and now gardening and swimming again with pleasure.

Memories of High School—I got called names for being so skinny; felt sorry for our poor old Latin teacher who worked another job after teaching every day. Only went to one dance, in 8th grade, when I invited Mark White to a Sadie Hawkins dance—lots of denial and avoidance, as I recall, despite many fine classmates. Sat out the Honor Society initiation because of school prayer controversy in junior year...plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose.

I have learned that eternal Vigilance is the price of democracy, and of parenthood, too...and I'll never know enough!

DICK HILL, Howie-In-The-Hills, FL

I have no children, but I got remarried 13 yrs ago next month (Leisa) and and inherited four kids -all girls- now 33, 30 and twins that are 22. Talk about a lifestyle change-I had been single for 19 years, 11 months and 3 days.

After jobs in the food business (my degree), chemical sales (a story there) and the golf business (surprised?) I wound up spending the last 20 years with an insurance agency in Battle Creek, MI. My clients were/are various types of financial institutions and I got to see a lot of the U.S.-approx 25+ states. I lost my dad in '99 and my mom in '03. It was a long 8 years (since '96) taking care of them, but it was important to make sure they had the kind of care they deserved. Semi-retired in Dec 04 to FL, but I'm still working 15-20 weeks a year as an independent contractor doing the same stuff -providing insurance products to banks, etc. and teaching lending staffs sales skills.

PAM HOHL, in memoriam

When Pam moved to Okemos, we became instant pals, having similar interests aside from both being the tallest girls in school. We remained good friends, working at Green's after school and continuing to Western where we were roommates and sorority sisters. We shared life's ups and downs until she died at age 41 of lung cancer. - *Renee Runciman Veazey*

BEVERLY (SMITH) HOLT "Bev", Minnetrista, MN

Married to Jon. Children Rob Holt 30, Kari Mellina 27, and Granddaughters Ellie 3, and Becca.

Life is good. Jon and I were married in December 1968, the week I graduated from the University of Michigan. After stops in Davenport, Iowa and West Lafayette, Indiana, we moved to Minnesota where I worked in Corrections/Court Services for 24 years. Jon bought Super Radiator Coils in 1985 and Mead Metals in 1993. Life being somewhat backward, I quit work when Kari entered college so that we could split our time between Minnesota and Arizona, where Jon had expanded the business to a third location. Both of our children graduated from the University of Michigan with degrees in Industrial Engineering and work in the family business. Rob runs the Minneapolis operation and Kari is a manager in Richmond, Virginia. Rob and Amy have two wonderful daughters Ellie 3, and Becca 1. Kari and Mike were married last October in Richmond. We maintain ties to the University of Michigan, golf and travel. We picked up the 7th Continent with a trip to Antarctica. My mom turned 90 in January and lives in Denver.

High School Memories: Bonnie is in most of them and will be dearly missed at the reunion. Patricia, Bonnie and the Gang; golf at Indian Hills; hours spent selling clothes at Greens with Pam and Renee; donut store with Bonnie; Doug's pottery shop; Camp All American; hours spent practicing and making the signs and banners in the gym. Football and basketball games and the teen center. Rod teaching us to water-ski the day after the prom; little school, Senior Seminar, and World History with Mr. Brubaker.

BROCK HOTALING, Westport CT

Married to lovely Melissa, with three sons from two previous marriages: Kesely, 32, All-American soccer player at BostonU., scouted by US World Cup team, just got his first million-dollar commission in Manhattan real estate; Michael, 28, my artist and Web site designer for several national sites, including Armani Exchange; Robert, 27 (married), an EE from UConn, with a side career building the leading production company for urban humor on cellphones and electronic devices. We spend lots of time with my sons and their wives/girlfriends hanging out and acting as their business advisor.

BS from MSU. Trained in the tomato fields of California for a Peace Corps stint in Lesotho, then ended up in the Peace Corps in Liberia. Ultimately, spent 11 years in Liberia, married twice and had my children there. I also switched careers from secondary education to systems analysis after discovering that I couldn't make ends meet on a foreign teacher's salary and that I had some talent in systems design and programming. In 1980, the revolution started literally 300 yards from my house and I and my family left not long after having one too many drunken soldiers pointing Uzis and M-16s at us (if you've seen the movie "Missing" - it was exactly like that). Then embarked on a career (starting in Mass. at Wang Labs) up the IT ladder from programmer to IT director until I had the bright idea to form my own company. Ha! Had an office on Fifth Ave in NYC, one of the top 3-4 middleware products in the industry, and big-shot Singapore investors, but we hit the internet downturn in a perfect storm, and I learned that business success is 75% marketing, 20% politics, and only 5% product as our investors pulled the rug out after five years. Done with 80-hour weeks, I went back to corporate America, where I'm now doing IT projects and leading various non-profits while holding out for my dream CIO position (former classmates will be smugly pleased that I've had to adjust my attitude to be much less prickly and know-it-all to work at this level). My passion is to finally compile hundreds of pages of writing and modeling (simulations and UML, not the runway type) into books on non-traditional approaches to conflict simulation and management.

Memories: Well, Bill Wood was right when he tried to get me to be a programmer, which I hated in HS, but he turned out to be prescient. One day in Marcia Boznango's class I watched Carolyn Fishel streaming reams of beautiful prose on her experiences in Vietnam, France, Japan, and everywhere else, and realized that my life experience was zero, hence Africa and enough strange stories to fill several lifetimes. I remember the teachers who really gave me skills - notably, Miss Boznango, Mr. Nordrum, Eileen Bell, and Madame Goldstein (every time I'm in Paris, I pay homage to her memory and try to speak French with my "French head" as she insisted). I also enjoyed Zippy and Walbridge, who were terrific, caring teachers. And Don Mueller - what passion he brought! I have fond memories of most of you at the reunion (spending the day with Margot, her dad, and Edward Teller; doing the sweatshop summers at Wohler Corp. with Rod Ellis; Bobbie Firnhaber getting me through ninth-grade math - everything came easy to her, etc.), with unfortunately too little time to share all of them. It was delightful re-connecting with each of you, if even for a moment, and that's what it's all about - the connections, the people in your life, especially family, and finding that perfect work-life balance. And no, Margie, I still have my clarinet (thanks for asking) and play it twice a year, but never liked the clarinet and spend many hours toodling on my beloved tenor sax, trying to capture Lisa Simpson's attitude with a Ben Webster sound.

PAT (DOUGLAS) JENSEN, Audubon, IA

Married to Bob, with two sons: Paul, age 34, married to Aja; granddaughter, Xena. They live in Woodville, WI, and are in the process of adopting 2 children. Tony, age 31, married to Kim. They live in Seattle, WA.

After graduating from Michigan State I taught school in Posen, Michigan. We then moved to Iowa where I taught for a while, then joined a law firm as a legal assistant for a number of years. The year I turned 50 I got a new job in banking (where I am now), both sons got married, and my first grandchild was born! We love to travel with the only states missed being Delaware and Louisiana. I love Montana and hope to live there someday.

Memories: Being in Mr. Brown's Am. Hist. class when we found out President Kennedy had been shot and was dead. Miss Boznango—learned a lot from her! Silver Bells. The Prom in the fancy hotel in Lansing.

Most important thing learned: A person's greatest personal asset is also their greatest personal fault.

JANET (ABBOT) KEEFER, Mulliken, MI

Married, one son (picture on page 4).

MICHAEL L. MCGILLIARD, Blacksburg, VA

Married to Jan Miller (1970, Eaton Rapids), with two children: Josh (1976) and Carey (1978).

I attended Michigan State and majored in Dairy Science. My main activity was wrestling (NCAA team championship (1967) - also, the most pins in the 1968 Big Ten Tournament). And, catch this, third place in cottage cheese judging in the national contest. I went to graduate school at Iowa State for two degrees in animal genetics. During that time I married Jan Miller of Eaton Rapids. In 1974 we came to Virginia Tech in Blacksburg (VPI&SU) where I do research and teach courses in dairy financial management, computer applications, statistics, and design of experiments. I ride a bike to work (2 miles) and play racquetball every weekday I am in town, and I golf whenever possible.

People learn when they are motivated to learn; you can't force the issue. And, a random thought - 40 years ago I should have bought that swamp land in Okemos!

My most vivid memories have to do with wrestling and our first state championship. Some of the teachers come to mind and I wonder periodically what has happened to them. Miss Boznango and all that grammar - it has served me well. Mr. Brubaker in world history concentrated on two or three countries and their revolutions - it was good preparation for understanding world affairs. Mr. Harkness, teaching algebra in the ag annex - "Would you boys like to join those hogs?" - I still like math, Rex. Mrs Lamb, counselor - not her career recommendation, but it worked out for me anyway. Mr. Walborn, phys ed and junior high basketball - he was right, I was too short. And Mr. Zippy in physics, who took us to MSU and gave the most formal lecture ever, quite out of the ordinary - I learned a lot more than physics that day.

CLAUDIA COOHON NIGHTENGALE, Colorado Springs, CO

Fondest Memory: Mr. Jones' Econ. class - watching him fall asleep during his own lectures! Who sat in the front row and took the study booklets off his desk, one by one, and passed them back to everyone in the class? Did he really not know this was happening until after the class break, or was he playing with us?

Today: As I write this, the sun is creeping over the hill, turning the mountains from black, to purple, to deepest green, and glittering off the white patches on the antelope that are grazing on the hill behind our pasture.

After high school, I attended Michigan State and Western Michigan Universities, then worked with cousin Rod Ellis at his insurance office. Scott Nightengale, a Haslett boy, stole my heart and took me out West. We spent a year on his family cattle ranch in northeastern Montana, then moved to the Colorado Springs, Colorado area, where we still are today. We've raised two fabulous daughters, spent many a weekend at horse shows or trail riding in the mountains, and now have turned the barn into classic car, kayak and bicycle storage. We make much quicker runs through the mountains, covering much more ground than we used to, in our not-yet-classic Corvette.

I'm semi-retired after 18 years at a private high school. (Check it out at www.fvs.edu - an excellent opportunity for your gifted grand kids!) During the school year, I work with special needs kids and keep my hand in during the summer as a volunteer at a therapeutic riding center (www.pptrc.org). Mentoring, serving on the board of our homeowners' association, church activities and special times with family and friends round out our good life. I highly recommend involvement in youth-based programs. Boy, that will really keep alive memories of our (misspent) youth! I wish you all well, and am looking forward to hearing what you are all up to now!

WAYNE PEARCE, Bristol, IN

Married to Barb for 35 years, met at Western Michigan University. Two children: Ryan, 30, living in Chicago, working on MBA at Loyola, graduated from Purdue University. Suzanne, age 25, living in Elkhart, working for Chase Morgan, graduated from Purdue University.

Real Estate Broker RE/MAX Excellence Real Estate, Elkhart, IN

I graduated from Western Michigan Univ. in 1969, and have worked for ARCO, Warner Lambert, Coachman Industries, and At Home Co., Tokyo, Japan. Currently work with my wife Barb in the real estate business. We have the RE/MAX franchise in Elkhart, which is on the Michigan and Indiana state lines, in North Central Indiana.

On weekends, and during the summer, we spend most of our time at our lake home in Michigan, boating, visiting with friends, and making improvements.

JOHN PEARSON, Okemos, MI

Married to Jan, with two adult children, Angela and Christopher.

After a decade in banking in the Lansing area, worked in the economic development profession holding leadership positions with the Michigan Department of Commerce, Michigan State University (Director of the Technology Transfer Center, and Director of the Economic Development Resource Center), the University of Michigan Business School (Business and Industrial Assistance Center), and as executive director of the Lansing region's Capital Choice Partnership. Recently received a national industrial development award from CSX Transportation, and a Congressional Tribute for achievements in economic development. Wrote articles and made presentations in national forums on various economic development and university technology transfer topics. Currently considering new opportunities in economic development, while enjoying our boat in Elk Rapids on Grand Traverse Bay, and as a member of the "Stat Crew" for MSU football.

ANNE (GODFREY) PERETTI, Allendale, MI

Married 18 years to Larry Peretti (second marriage), with one grown son. We have legally adopted his daughter, Angelina, and are raising her as our own. We have had her since birth, and she is now 7 years old.

Married Steve O'Brien in 1968; divorced in 1985. Remarried to Larry Peretti in 1987. Worked several years as a Medical Assistant; also as a Nutrition Counselor for the WIC Program. Have lived in the Grand Rapids area since 1972. Now a stay-at-home mom to my daughter, Angelina, age 7. Graduated from MSU in 1969 with BS degree in Home Economics. Have had my own baking business (wedding cakes, etc.) for many years and was a Pillsbury Bake-Off Finalist in 1972. Am very active in my church and sing on the Praise Team. Interests include reading, baking, jigsaw puzzles and selling on E-bay.

I have learned the importance of a Christ-centered life.

JOEL PETERSON, Salt Lake City, UT

Married 33 years, with seven children — Rebecca, Sarah, Clint, Leah, Ben, Annie, Elise (3 of whom married, others in London, Haiti, Stanford and Salt Lake)! And six grandchildren with two more on the way)!

BYU Student Body President, Valedictorian; Harvard Business School '73; Managing Partner at Trammell Crow Company (18 year career). Presently, i) professor at Stanford B-school, ii) founder Peterson Partners (private equity investor), iii) director at JetBlue Airways, Franklin Covey, Asurion.

Not many memories of high school, not the best time in my life.

I've learned that life is short.

DAVID AND DEBORAH PREMOE, Okemos, MI

Dave and Debbie have been living in Okemos for the past 21 years. Debbie is a high school English teacher at Leslie public schools and Dave is a project superintendent for a large Detroit based general contractor. They have two sons, Shawn, 28 and Jason, 23. Shawn works for the same company as Dave as a tradesman and Jason is finishing his degree at Eastern Michigan University in Computer Assisted Design. Jason will be entering graduate school next spring.

This year Dave and Debbie will be celebrating their 35th wedding anniversary.

DAVID PRICE, Montrose, MI

Married-August 31,1968 – Dawn Densmore. Son - Justin, 20, sophomore at Saginaw Valley State University ; daughter - Alicia, 17, junior at Montrose High School.

B.S. Michigan State University – wildlife biology ; M.A. MSU – secondary educational administration
Navy 1970-74 “CTI” (Thai linguist) – stationed at the Presidio in Monterey, Ca. ; San Miguel, Phillipines ; and National Security Agency at Ft. Meade, Md. Moved into current residence 1979. Taught middle and high school science for Beecher Community Schools in Flint, Mi. from 1977-2004.

Part owner-operator of a machine shop making car and jet engine components from 1980-93. Owned a video store from 1985-90. Since 1980 have been fly-in fishing in northern Ontario for a week with the exception of 1992 and 1997 when I went caribou hunting in northern Quebec and in 2002 when my son played in a national soccer tournament in Hawaii. Bought 40 acres of hunting land near Barton City, Mi. 1993. Bought lakefront property on Crooked Lake near Curran, Mi. in 2004 which will become our permanent residence after my daughter graduates in 2007.

I remember hanging out with “Grub, Zeke, and Wart” Bill Burrows, Will Shultz, and Gordon Shull; Band days at MSU; Long, sometime bitterly cold walks between classes; Spanish class, 1963, the day JFK was shot. I learned that many of life’s most rewarding experiences come with little or no cost.

JOANNE (BURR) RICKS, Haslett, MI

Married to Don Ricks since 1968, with two sons: Mark (34), (daughter-in-law Renee, sons Parker, 5 and Carson, 3; and Craig (32) (fiancé Kelly)

My studies have taken me to Western Michigan University studying business/secretarial courses right after high school graduation and to Michigan State University in Child Development and Teaching courses. Along with a friend/colleague, I established a private Haslett area preschool/child development center and have been a teacher/co-director there for several years. In addition to teaching and co-directing, I also helped found the Before/After & Kindergarten Program for the Haslett Public Schools, and have done preschool teaching for a Lansing area church for another seven years. Presently I am retired but do volunteer work at preschool and the Williamston Senior Center! But some of my most fun and rewarding time is spent caring for our grandchildren, Parker and Carson!

Memories of High School: Building homecoming floats in our garage! All night sleepovers with girlfriends including making taffy in the middle of the night! When I was a “phys. ed.” assistant, demonstrating a gymnastic move to a class of 50 girls and breaking one of my toes in the process! This was during the wintertime; and using crutches to get to and from classes in our Florida-type campus sure was a challenge! Having several nice teachers and wonderful friends at OHS!

I have learned to make laughter a part of each day! And following the sage advice of Winston Churchill, “We make a living by what we get. We make a life by what we give!”

KATHLEEN ANNE JASON RITTENBERG, Verona, WI

Married since 1968 to the same man (poor guy), children Brian Rittenberg 34(Tracy) and Marianne Keuhn 31 (Darin)

I married a wonderful man, Larry Rittenberg, on September 7, 1968. In 1970, after graduating from Grand Valley State University with a degree in Physical Education, I taught in Grand Rapids, Michigan until we moved to Minnesota. We were blessed with a son and a daughter. After the kids were in school full time I worked at the Wisconsin State Crime Lab as a lab tech. Eight years later, I decided to get back into the educational world. I have been at Verona Area Schools for the past 20 years working in the Special Education department. Next year I hope to retire. I will spend time at our cabin, play golf (my passion), and hopefully be a grandma—if the kids get busy and do their part.

Memories: Going to a scavenger hunt at Rilla Haga’s house. I drove my Dad’s three day old-98 Olds. We had to be back at Rilla’s house by a certain time and we were running late. I drove into a driveway that

was designed like the letter L. After getting the needed items I gunned the car and went straight into their soggy garden rather than turning and staying on the driveway. The wheels kept getting deeper and deeper into the dirt as we tried to get the car unstuck. Fortunately, the man next door observed our dilemma and volunteered to help get our car out of the muddy garden. He brought over his sewage truck and pulled out the car. Then he towed us to the garage on the corner of Jolly and Okemos Rd. We spent the next 2 hours digging out the dirt that was compacted behind the wheels. I thought my Dad never knew only to find 15 years later that Mr. Baccus called him the same day to let him know what had happened.

I hosted an end of school party for those kids who attended Okemos Public Schools with me from kindergarten-12th grade. Many of the “old teachers” were able to attend, which was terrific.

I remember running between buildings and getting soaked; taking Biology and receiving an F+ for a grade during our dissection unit. I refused to hurt the poor frog. Two years ago, I reunited with the biology teacher when I hired him to paint my in-laws house and he reminded me of that incident.

I have learned that life gets shorter and shorter the older you get! Enjoy it while you can.

WILL SCHULTZ, Okemos, MI

Sorry that I will miss the reunion, I will be in New Mexico with our youngest child, Joe, on an archery elk and bear hunt.

I was dating Ingrid Sturk in high school and we dated through college and were married in 1969. Ingrid went on to Dental Hygiene School and I continued onward into Michigan State University School of Veterinary Medicine. We have four children, Will, Kari Ann, John Paul and Joe. Will is a trainer for Foremost Insurance in Grand Rapids. Kari Ann is a model in Las Vegas (clothed), she works with several agencies and has been on ESPN several times. John Paul has a French degree from MSU and is currently living in upstate New York working with a wine distributor. Joe is working in the clinic and remodeling a 1915 house in Lansing. We have one grandchild, Tyler, who will turn 4 years in September this year. I opened my first practice in 1974 and built a newer and better clinic 16 years later. I am still practicing general companion animal medicine with special interest in canine reproduction. Really! I have been an affiliate of Synbiotics for 15 years – I collect and store canine frozen semen. I also do several hundred canine breedings yearly using fresh, chilled or frozen semen. I have spoken at many breed clubs, national specialties and for the American Society for Theriogenology convention last year.

During college I played in a band that was started shortly after high school. We played rock and roll and cut a record – back when they were played on turntables. The band had six members including Bill Burrows on the organ and Dick Hill on the base guitar while I went uncontrolled on the drums. Rock and roll paid for college and kept us quite busy for the first few years post graduation.

I am kept active with fishing – mostly muskie fishing with my oldest, photography, bow hunting, flying radio controlled planes, helicopters and flying full size planes – I am multi engine instrument rated. Ingrid and I like to travel and have been to South Africa and Europe. John Paul was teaching English (he has a French degree from MSU) in southern France last year and we visited him with my older sister, Betty Ann and her husband. It was a most excellent photo trip to Paris and the countryside of France. We stayed in a gite (French B and B) in the Loire Valley on the way back to Paris – It was owned by Cy Cournin the lead singer of the Fixx. He only plays 3 months of the year and spends the rest of the time living on a small farm/estate with several rooms to rent.

We are still in the Okemos area and have witnessed the growth of our small four corners into a busy town. It still has the small town feel, but the dirt roads are gone and the railroad track crossing on Okemos Road will not launch a car into the air, I had several seconds of hang time in my Ford Falcon the last day of school 1965.

The most important thing I have learned: FAMILY FIRST, THEN WORK HARD AND PLAY HARD.....

STEVEN SENZIG, Miami, FL

Married, with six children: Jean-Nicolas Senzig, senior in high school; Steven Senzig, Junior, a junior in high school; Giovanni Senzig, 9th grade; Kristoffer Senzig, 7th grade; Kyle Senzig, 6th grade; Meaghan Senzig, 2nd grade.

D Troop, 17 Cavalry, 199 LIB, US Army 67 – 69, many irrelevant jobs 69-76, back into college 76-78, computer jock and consultant 78-2000, came to Florida in 84. Oldest son made Eagle Scout, high honors in JROTC, is planning on being an astronaut, other sons on the Scouting path, five of the six in various gifted programs, many of them as strange as I was. Wife Julie strong enough to stand up to me, and smart enough not to (unless she has to). Our dog outweighs her. Now I am trying to help start the Veterans Party of America (www.veteransparty.us), because the last election was over the top, and it is time to stop “government of the corporation, by the corporation, and for the corporation”.

Memories: “Zippy” Zetterholm, Wally for chem., the wrestling team and the football team.

I learned that if they are not using live ammunition, it probably doesn't matter. What matters is that you stay dedicated to who you are.

Coach Reynolds was living on Key Largo last I heard – about 2002.

David Kitsmiller was in the diamond business, and may live overseas.

MARGARET (WILEY) SHAW, Charlotte, MI

Married to Berney, with four children - Angela, Julia, Sarah, Brian - and four grandchildren.

Occupation: RETIRED (best job I ever had). I worked for 30 years for the State of Michigan, 20 years of which I was a case worker for the Dept. of Human Services. Since 1982 I have been an avid recreational bicyclist, averaging 2,500 miles per year. I have had the privilege of cycling in France, twice in Ireland and twice in Scotland's Cmtar Hebrides. I have cycled extensively in the U.S. including a trip of 2,300 miles in 30 days from Everett, WA back home to Michigan. In 1986, I was diagnosed with a type of congenital, progressive Muscular Dystrophy so my cycling years have held extra special meaning for me. Within the last 5 years I have returned to my interest in the sewing that I learned in my school years. I spend many enjoyable hours at quilting, making clothing, counted cross stitch, knitting and crocheting. I have come to realize it is a blessing to have this renewed interest as I am beginning to be able to do less cycling as age is starting to be a factor. Thank you mother, Mrs. Stampfly and Mrs. Babcock. Since retirement, I have become a more active volunteer in my church and have also recently gotten active volunteering for the Red Cross. I have always enjoyed traveling and camping and even though my husband and I now use a very nice 5th wheel for camping, I still very much enjoy tent camping.

MARCIA (JOHNSON) SKELTON, Concord, OH

I am an RN, married to an RN, and we work at the Cleveland Clinic. We have 3 kids - Amy, 31, Sam, 15 and Caleb, 12 - and three grandkids - Jacob, 11, Elena, 9 and Joy, 2.

We started a 501C3 charity, Medical Supplies for Christ, Inc. We have traveled regarding mission work to Haiti, Honduras, and Mexico. We also work in America.

What I have learned is Trust in God, believe in yourself and dare to dream!

JEFF SMITH, in memoriam

So much time has passed. So much has happened. So much potential and personality lost. We were friends, like most of the class was his friend. Fun and likeable...after 40 years my memory of him is like yesterday. Plenty smart, good at everything and always smiling like he knew something was going to happen or was he was going to make something happen. Just the kind of guy that would have hit his stride about 15 years out of high school, be rolling 20 years out and cashing in big at age 58. Definitely married and grand kids by now. He would have had a good, fun life - that's the way he was. If there is an empty seat at the banquet table, it's probably Skinny's - don't try to sit on it, he'll probably pull it out from under you. - *Rod Ellis*

BOB SPENGLER- June 4, 1947-Sept 13, 2001, in memoriam

There are so many things that I could say about Bob but I think aside from being a good husband and father, Bob was a man of great integrity. He never compromised his beliefs or values. Bob was dedicated to his work and always had that "car disease", working in all aspects of a car dealership from being a clean up guy in high school-to comptroller-to owner of his own dealership, he lived it all and loved it. Bob loved his kids and was REALLY loved being a grandpa. He thoroughly enjoyed being with Ashton and showing him the fascinating little things like butterflies and frogs, how to pick flowers and enjoy the great outdoors. I am sure that his only regret would be not living long enough to show all these things to Tristen and Madelyn. He was a wonderful husband, father, grandfather and a good friend and everyday is missed by all of us, but memories of a wonderful life together get us through the day. He packed a lot of living into his 54 short years! - *Sue Spengler*

SUE (BALL) SPENGLER, Widow, Fort Pierce, FL

Staci lives in Columbia S.C; Joel lives in Port Orange, FL, with wife Joeli, and they have three of the most beautiful grandchildren I have ever seen. Ashton is 6 years old, Tristen (born on Christmas Day, What a Great Present!) is 4 and Madelyn is 2 and has no trouble keeping up with her brothers. I left Michigan in 1973 when my husband, Bob Spengler, bought a car dealership in Daytona Beach, FL. We lived there for 21 years, raised our children and had a good life together. I worked as a Travel Agent for 8 years and had the opportunity to travel to wonderful places throughout the world. In 1999 we moved to Ft. Pierce, FL to start a new start a new chapter and a new adventure in life. In May of 2000, Bob was diagnosed with cancer and after a too short battle, died Sept. 13, 2001. I have remained in Ft. Pierce working at Indian River Memorial Hospital

full time as a Nursing Assist, and going to school part time. This June, 2005, I will have completed my courses and will become a Practical Nurse. It was challenging going back to school after being out for so many years-decades is a better word! My long term goal is to start working on classes toward becoming an RN, and finishing by the time I am 70, a realistic goal. Then I plan to retire! This last fall, we - my parents (who live near me in Vero Beach, and are 92 and 89 years young, respectively), my two dogs and I - lived through Hurricanes Francis and Jeanne. We had the distinction of being on the eye-wall of both and never in the calm eye. It was an experience of a life-time and I hope never to go through it again. My house survived but my trees, fence and pool cage were not as lucky, but I am thrilled that everyone and everything survived those two dreadful nights.

I have learned to live every day to the fullest and every day try to find at least one thing to be grateful about. Memories are the things we need to make because it is those memories that help us make it through the hard and sad times.

DENNIS STEELE, Roscommon, MI

Married to Carolyn, with three children and six grandchildren.

I have worked as an independent Manufacturer's Representative in the Office Products industry for over thirty years. We lived and raised our family in the Lansing area and recently moved to Higgins Lake where Carolyn and I built our retirement home about ten years ago.

LYNN (PROSSER) TOULA, Savannah, GA

After receiving my Masters in Clinical Social Work from Michigan State, I worked at ST. Lawrence Community Mental Health for five years. I met my second husband, Terry, in 1977. We each had a daughter from a previous marriage, Kimberly and Angela. We married in 1979 and had a son, Christopher, in 1982.

Terry was employed with Texaco, Inc. His job took us to Westchester County, NY, once for five years, and later for two years. In between we spent eleven years in Miami, FL, for 11 years. In 1996 we moved to London, England for 5 years. My husband's career offered him several moves for advancement, while mine was best served to stay grounded in one place. However, with each move I found wonderful groups to practice with and was able to continue to feel satisfied in my profession. In 2002, we retired to The Landing's on Skidaway Island. Our children are all doing well and we have three wonderful grandchildren. Our middle daughter is getting married in October, and Christopher is starting his master's at Columbia this September. Terry and I are playing golf and grateful for our lives.

IRENE TOWNSEND, Lexington, VA

Married to David Copeland. Lillian Townsend Copeland, age 22, is a 2004 graduate of Oberlin College Conservatory of Music, oboe performance major. Will attend graduate school in oboe performance at Rice University in Houston, TX. William Franklin Copeland, age 19, has finished his freshman year at University of California, Berkeley, where he is on the swim team.

After OHS, I graduated from Justin Morrill College of MSU concentrating in "pre-med". The next year I took classes at Columbia University and worked in adolescent psychiatry at New York Hospital's Payne Whitney Clinic. Medical school was next at Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia.

In December 1973, my senior year, I made a tour of hospitals looking at where I'd like to do my residency training. I was in Michigan, so went for the weekend to visit Carolyn Fishel Sargent who was in East Lansing in grad school. She had previously been in West Africa in the Peace Corps and happened to be having a Peace Corps reunion that same weekend. There I met David Copeland who became my husband five years later. I ended up in Cleveland for 2 years of residency in pediatrics and took my senior residency in Chicago. I returned to Cleveland because, by that time, David was in medical school at Case Western Reserve Med School. I was interested in adolescent medicine, but since that program was not yet available in Cleveland, I did a fellowship in pediatric endocrinology.

We moved to Boston for David's residency years where I did another fellowship in adult endocrinology before beginning a job in general pediatrics in a clinic serving a largely Caribbean population. Lillian was born in 1983.

After 5 years in Boston, in 1985, we moved to the Shenandoah Valley, to Lexington, VA. William was born in 1986.

Finally I began to work in adolescent medicine which I have continued to the present. I am the physician for adolescent boys who are in jail and I see teens at a clinic in a public high school.

JOHN D. TRAFELET, Farmington, MI

Married to Claire Carmichael. My two dogs are my kids.

John had a 25+ year career in television news, largely at WXYZ channel 7 in Detroit. During his career, he garnered a number of awards, including the Edward R. Murrow Award, a Michigan Emmy Award and a DuPont Columbia University Award. He served as a paid-call member of the Farmington Hills Fire Department, rising to the rank of captain before his retirement. In 2000, with the development of casinos in the city of Detroit, he joined the Michigan Gaming Control board, where he works as a regulator in the Detroit casinos.

Memories: The Kennedy assassination and cold winters with wind blowing across campus.

JUDY (DRURY) TUBBS, Lansing, MI

Divorced, with 3 children, 1 grandchild

After working 25 years as a registered nurse at the old Lansing General Hospital, now Ingham Medical Center, I went to work for the State of Michigan. I audit medical records of the Medicaid providers to verify what is paid, had been done. I have 3 children. My girls are both married; my son is single. I have one grandson, and numerous grand-puppies. I keep busy with quilting, knitting, crocheting, and other needle-work. I love to travel, but I don't like to travel alone. I would love to retire and spend my winters in Florida, or some other warm place.

Memories of High School:

That was long ago! So much has happened since then that the things that were so important back then, now are mostly forgotten, or remembered only as a light blip on the screen of life.

Most important think I have learned in the past 40 years: Slow down, take a deep breath, and relax.

JOHN TURNER, Berkeley, CA

My vital stats - married, divorced, no children, later attached and currently unattached. I visit Okemos twice a year and usually play a couple of tennis sets with my old partner and good friend, Doug Delind - who is a true artist in every sense of the word.

For the past 35 years I have worked in the film and tv news business, primarily as an editor and an arts and entertainment producer (ABC/Disney) I enjoy writing and have authored three books. The first was a biography on a Southern Free Will Baptist preacher (Howard Finster) who came to art late in life, yet managed to create and sell over 50,000 works of folk and visionary art, The second work tome was a monograph on the "father of contemporary painting on velvet", Edgar Leeteg, who managed to live a Gauguinian life in Tahiti in the 40s and 50s. My latest effort was a survey of photographs taken by "outsider artists" - those outside and indifferent to the mainstream of the commercial art world. This exposure to "art on the borders" led me to collect Twentieth-Century American Folk and Outsider Art and curate over thirty exhibits on the subject. As a result of my father teaching for MSU in Viet Nam (1959-1961) and Taiwan (1964), and bringing the family along, me, my brother Richard and sister Georgia all caught the traveling bug. I personally love to explore other cultures (exotic) and have concentrated on visiting remote locations around the globe - from the Easter Islands to Timbuktu and many wonderful places in-between. My mother, who many of you may remember substituted for us in grade school and high school, is still living in the residence on Hulett Road and enjoying each day as it comes.

MARK VAN DEVENTER, Daytona Beach, FL

Married to Deborah (Everett "67") for 35 years. Two boys, ages 29 & 25.

After high school I was drafted into the US Army for two years. I graduated from MSU in "74" with a BS in Education (Industrial Arts). I taught at the high school level for four years and of course coached wrestling. I left teaching for the sales/marketing world in "79", where I worked for 17 years. In "96" I returned to teaching as a high school teacher/wrestling coach. This was due to a back problem and I had to get out of the car. The decision to return to teaching was easy. Since returning to education I went back for my Masters Degree in Leadership. It's never too late to learn. Hopefully, I will be moving into administration this summer.

The important thing I've learned through the years is you have to enjoy going to work every day. The money may be better elsewhere, but money isn't everything.

RENEE RUNCIMAN VEAZEY, Bear Lake, MI

Married with two children.

I've seen little of Okemos in the past 40 (yikes!) years, having lived Houston and Kansas City. Trips back were to my family's cottage on Lake Michigan. My career has been exclusively in telecommunications...who would have thought? I worked for SBC in Houston then Sprint in Kansas City where I retired in 2001. Working for Sprint took me all over the world, managing bi-lateral relationships and deploying new technol-

ogy. We returned to Michigan and built a new home on Lake Michigan. Failing at retirement, I established an international consulting business & now spend about 6 months a year in London – but manage to schedule assignments around ‘beach time’ in Michigan where we love entertaining family and friends. Family: husband Ralph, 2 children & 2 granddaughters.

My best memory was when Pam Hohl moved to Okemos in junior year. I finally had a tall buddy. I learned you cannot let someone’s lack of confidence in you hinder your goals. Mrs. Lamb, the beloved school counselor, didn’t think I was ‘college material’ and wouldn’t provide a recommendation. I went on to complete both graduate and post graduate degrees and now run a multi-million dollar consulting business.

GARY WEEBER, Depoe Bay, OR

Jodi and I have been married for 29 years. We met in jail (there actually is a good explanation) and have been wonderfully intertwined ever since. We have two children: Adam, age 26, served four years in the Marine Corps after graduating from high school and presently works for the Transportation Security Administration in Portland. He has two children, Makayla (age 4) and Makenzie (age 2). He is beginning his college education this year at Mount Hood Community College. Brooke, age 24, is single and graduated from the University of Oregon with a Bachelor of Fine Art in Painting. She is developing a career as a bakery chef and will be living in New York City (effective April, 2005). She will be attending the French Culinary Institute and then will be off to parts unknown.

When high school was over, I seemed to just leave Okemos behind. I guess my focus was on the future and not the past. I graduated from Calvin College in Grand Rapids and moved to Florida. At that time I began a career in Corrections that spanned over 33 years. I returned to Michigan...only to then relocate to Oregon in 1973. Most of my career has been in adult corrections with roles including Parole and Probation Officer, Supervisor, Branch Manager, Central Administration Program Manager and County Director. I retired for 18 months but am now employed as a Research Associate with a federally funded study on offender families. I have traveled, had an active, interesting life; and I am healthy. Life has been good.

Memories: Cold, blustery winter days, darting between classes; the smell of Spring, freshly cut fields and the passion not to be in class; driver education in the parking lot during summer break; band, Mr. Mueller and competitions; Ms. Boznango and les etudiants de Francais; novice fellow-thespians; Phys Ed and smelly locker rooms; hormonal fantasies; the joys and pains of late adolescence; and mostly, the sense of learning, growing and moving on.

I have learned that we spend far too little time in our lives being thoughtful, caring and appreciative. We also do not spend nearly enough time laughing.

CHUCK WHITE, West Chester PA

Married, 2 children, 3 grandchildren, 4th on the way.

After high school started college then continued education at the University of Vietnam. Spent 4 years with the Air Force then back to Michigan. After school started in the food business and moved into the Optical Business in 1974. Moved back to Detroit promoted to Minneapolis, Mn for a couple of years then promoted to the Philadelphia area in 1979 where I met the love of my life and still reside today. Moved up the corporate ladder only to get caught up in a top management shuffle. I moved on to another major big player in the industry only to get frustrated with the corporate BS. Joined forces with another individual 6 years ago and we now have a very successful business as account reps for 10 different companies. I travel the Northeast and Mid-Atlantic states which is very enjoyable as opposed to 20 years of the US, 150 nights a year out and 100,000 miles in the air. We have homes in the Jersey shore and the Pocono’s to get away as well as trips to Europe.

Memories from High School are that Okemos was very different than Detroit as the class size was about 1/10 of Detroit. However I got to know everyone in the class and definitely enjoyed the life in small town Michigan. Just a lot of laughs thinking back about the time in Okemos and a lot of fun.

If I learned anything over the last 40 years it’s to do as I always have. Live as this maybe your last day here. Can’t stop and smell all the roses but I do slow down to 25mph and grab a handful to sniff.

MARK WHITE, Atlanta, GA

Married x 3 children: Alexander, Daniel, Leila, ZuZu

I married our classmate Roberta Firnhaber and went to medical school. Our wonderful sons are Alex, an assistant talent agent at UTA in Hollywood, and Daniel, a political science student at Harvard and author of a yet-to-be published cyberpunk novel. I joined the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, became the official bubonic plague epidemiologist for the United States, Bobbie left and I married Felilia “Budsy”

Mendoza and moved to the Philippines; we investigated the Reston Ebola virus and a volcanic eruption, then moved to Uganda. Budsy got breast cancer and died. Now I'm a bureaucrat, married for 6 wonderful years to Shelly Ahmann, a general surgeon. Five months ago we adopted Leila and ZuZu, aged 6 and 3 years, from Ethiopia, and lived happily ever after.

Memories of High School: Hanging Mr. Shirer (the principal) in effigy, hiding grasshoppers in Miss Schram's filing cabinet (they started jumping in the middle of Latin class), being elected the ugliest man in school, blowing up mail boxes with cherry bombs (yes, Brock, we did yours, but only once), playing in Night Must Fall and Bertha the Beautiful Typewriter Girl with Mrs. Ford, Physics lab with Mr. Zetterholm and writing the humor column with Miss Boznango. Parking.

I have learned to dream, love, choose, take risks and responsibility. Do good and enjoy it. Writing an autobiography in 120 words is damned hard.

ROBERTA (FIRNHABER) WHITE, Cambridge, MA

High school was a tough experience for me, having been a girl nerd before we had that term. My memories of the time I spent there are bittersweet. One great aspect of high school was that I met the father of my two sons. Mark White and I married in 1967, the boys were born in the late '70's, and we divorced in the mid-'80's. Alex is now 29, engaged, and working in the film industry in LA. Daniel, 26, lives near me in Cambridge and is pursuing Sanskrit studies at Harvard Extension/Harvard College. Despite my suburban roots, it became clear to me pretty quickly that I was at heart a city girl. I have lived in the Boston area since 1978 (although I tried to move back to Michigan for one year in the '80's). I live in an old Victorian house one block from the Harvard Square and work at Boston University, where I am a professor, department chair and clinician in the school of public health and the medical school. So far, I have had a rich and fascinating life, being a mom (most rewarding experience), working in research around the world, teaching and mentoring students, and working with patients.

STEVE YORK - Yog - Yogi - Yorkster - etc., Okemos, MI

Common Law California relationship ended after 11 years! Single; no children that I know of!

I lived in California for 29 years and after losing my gal and a job I loved working for The S.F. Giants, S.F. 49er's, Oakland A's, and Oakland Raiders. In 2000, I moved back to Michigan to help take care of my mother, who has severe Alzheimer's. I miss the ocean and The Sierras and the adventures I had while living there (Earthquake at Candlestick - 1989!), Celebrities, Souvenir Business, etc. It will all be in my book/screen-play/sitcom, "My California Ride!" This book should be done by this summer! Michigan is the opposite of California, sun to clouds ratio, economy, and roads, yet I am committed to see my mother through her disease. It was culture shock to move back here! But, I look forward to seeing all my classmates, Yog!

I loved being noon hour D.J., despite requests I usually played Martha & The Vandellas, or The Ronettes, the best, "Be My Baby!" I wasn't in Dobie Gray's Okemos In Crowd, and found my ladies in Lansing, particularly Catholic schools!

Take care of yourself and others....All the fun stuff is bad for you....and that most politicians live in their own little world's, oblivious to their constituents, both in body and soul.....End most government... I was blessed to have witnessed and enjoy some of greatest sporting events ever while in California, 49er Superbowls (First one in Detroit, \$60 ticket, Joe was magical!), Dwight Clark's Catch, Golden State Warrior's NBA 1975 Champs, Oakland A's - World Series Wins, and The Earthquake World Series...Over 200 Rock Shows from Rolling Stones (6 times)-Hagar-Skinner-Stykes-Elton-John-Billy-Joel-Earth Wind & Fire-Amy Grant-Pointer Sisters-Cool & The Gang-U-2-Genesis-BEE-GEES-Willie Nelson-Jackson-5-Pretenders-Rod-Stewart-etc.,etc., etc.! My Walter Conkrite shot - All I know is Bonnie Lantz was a very wonderful and nice person, when I knew her. I also have been told she did some wonderful work in helping people... Soft spoken, and she sacrificed her time on earth to help others. God Bless you Bonnie...

RICK AND MEREDITH LEWIS NEUMANN - Petoskey, MI (late entry, thus a bit out of place!)

Three children: Devin Neumann Hoffman who died three years ago at age 29, leaving husband Doug and two children - Marin, now 5 and Cole 3; and 2 sons, Derek, 28, and Brad, 25 (married in July to Melissa).

Meredith: Graduated from MSU in retailing; worked as a manager and buyer for Jacobson Stores. She bought for the gift, furniture accessories, and kitchen shop departments. After a move to Petoskey in 1980 (due to Rick), made a career change to registered nurse, and worked for Burns Clinic and Northern Michigan Hospital in allergy & immunology and infectious disease departments.

Rick: Graduated from U of M in architecture; worked for two architecture firms in Ann Arbor for eight years, taught as a adjunct instructor in the architecture and urban design graduate program for two years, moved to Petoskey in 1980 to start own business, and has worked as a single practitioner for 25 years in residential and small commercial design. We've learned that life is short - cherish every day!

...and DENSITY

(Stories to Tweak your imagination)

GARY WEEBER: GRITS...AND GRIT

It was an interesting year. Comedian Lenny Bruce died of an overdose; Proctor and Gamble caught the tail end of the baby boomers with the introduction of pampers; the Miranda Ruling was issued by the Supreme Court; summer race riots erupted in Cleveland and Atlanta; the Academy Award for Best Picture went to “A Man for All Seasons”; and “California Dreaming” was a huge Mommas and the Pappas hit. It was 39 years ago (1966). I was a naïve man-child who had survived his freshman year at Calvin College. I needed money and the Southwestern Company of Nashville, Tennessee offered it. With the anticipation of adventure fueling my tank, I was off on my own version of “Tennessee Dreaming”. Only this dream developed elements of a haunting nightmare.

My job? Sell Bibles and Bible help-books to those Southern citizens that were desperately in need and were tucked into the backwoods of rural Tennessee...specifically, in the areas surrounding Cookeville and Sparta. Yup, spread the Good Word and make a profit. Those of us that caught the entrepreneurial spirit and hooked in were assigned to three-person sales teams and assigned specific sales areas. We moved in with our Michigan-plated vehicles, rented accommodations and got a County map. We then divided the area by three and committed to knocking on the door of every household. We were up at 4:30am, racing to the cold shower when the alarm sounded. We would pump ourselves up with the sounds of Earl Nightingale, his motivational sales oratory resonating from the spinning 78 on the record player, while we swallowed a quick breakfast. Like early UPS drivers, we ran to our cars...and then off to 12-hour days of face-to-face sales conquests. We did this six days a week and then drove to Nashville on Sunday for a Sales Meeting, nakedly displaying our sales figures for the week and being either humbled or exhilarated by size (which did matter). I quickly learned the value of hiding my car with the Michigan plates and developed a southern twang. I did my best to sound local when I would knock on each door and liltingly implore, “Good mornin’ Mz. Jones, ma name is Gary Weeber and I been talkin’ to all the church folks in the neighborhood...may ah come in?”...and would then confidently reach for the door handle.

Well, to be honest, I was a lousy salesman. I soon really regretted the decision to do this but was too stubborn to quit and go home bearing the scent of failure. So I stuck with it, progressively selling fewer Family Bibles and spending more time ‘just talkin’. I don’t remember any names but I remember many experiences and many settings...from dirt floor shacks to classic Southern mansions. I occasionally ran straight into hate, suspicion and paranoia (the Richard Speck killings in Chicago in July, 1966 were very fresh in mind); looked straight into the barrel of a shot gun and a nickel-plated .38; and also met some of the finest people I could have ever imagined. I learned quickly that I really disliked sales but was fascinated by people. I made it through that long, hard summer...and it was proof to me that I could do something that at times seemed impossible...and survive just fine. Then suddenly, my ’58 Chevy was headed north, returning to the familiar and comfortable surroundings of Grand Rapids. Although the tires on my Chevy Bel Air never experienced red dirt again, the memories have certainly been my companion ever since.

MARGOT HAYNES: HER STORY OF TRIUMPH

In May 2004 I was told I would die for sure if I didn’t have major pancreatic surgery. I was spooked by the idea of not waking up from the operating table and having missed the sun and waves of summer for nothing. But I called Irene Townsend Copeland for advice and she helped me know what questions to ask and how to prepare. I lived! Memories include struggling to regain digestion (both in and out), waltzing down the hall with my IV pole, and taking sly satisfaction when I vomited at the feet of the head surgeon.

BROCK HOTALING: WHITE BOY IN AFRICA

As Peace Corps secondary ed, I became the basketball coach for Gbarnga Methodist Mission School, composed of elementary through 10th grade. Our competition in the league all had 12 grades, so our players were smaller and often dismissed as spoiled-brat “mission boys” who would crack under the toughness of the “we-came-up-from-nothing” town boys. We had one of only two gyms in all of Bong County, however, so my gym rats included a seventh grader and a couple ninth-graders who could dunk. Luckily, I was a better coach than I had been a player, but the real challenges were lurking in unmapped swamps of cultural ambiguities. These swamps often send even the toughest-minded from leavened whitebread communities like Okemos screaming home on the next plane.

The first surprise was a “leak” that Gboveh High School, our detested rival and first opponent, had purchased their juju from the most sought-after witch doctor in West Africa, not just your local schmokle Liberian witch doctor, but the real deal from Mali. Program boosters apparently had twisted arms to the tune of \$150 or more for the guaranteed results of “African Science”. Gentle prodding directed at my team captains along the lines of “Aren’t we on a Methodist Mission

here?”, and “Wouldn’t it be more useful to focus on preparing mentally and physically for the game?” was met by uncomfortable glances and a kind of tingling silence, similar to those eerie moments when everyone in your company knows that Joe is about to be fired except for Joe, all the while Joe obliviously and enthusiastically carries on. Keep in mind that Gboveh vs Gbarnga Methodist is not Okemos vs Haslett, or Spartans-Wolverines, or even Red Sox vs Yankees; it is truly Armageddon in comparison to those rivalries.

The next and more astonishing revelation, that my assistant coach and well-respected parish minister was also in fact our team witch doctor, crossed an unwelcome threshold. I now possessed information not known to any other white person, nor certainly to our Norwegian or African-American missionaries, and it demanded a response of leadership on my part to restore balance to the basketball fates by “doing the right thing”.

Entirely out of my own control by now, my mind had wandered off into rewinds of our minister’s sermons as I picked through the indicators - what could I have missed? - until a thought began forming that indeed his sermons had been all TOO perfect. Ah well, not for me to judge, as both a non-Methodist and new to the African scene. Unable to re-orient my own moral compass to a strange new polarity, we plunged ahead in game preparation with single-minded coach directing his increasingly desperate and quietly resentful hoop minions. “Unknown” to me, our community of boosters, not as rabid or as resourceful as Gboveh’s, had managed to collect \$75 for the local, diluted variety of juju, with predictable expectations. I was quickly gaining a reputation as not being results-oriented or booster-friendly.

Game day: Players stuck to each other like glue through picks and screens; not a single open shot was to be had. By force of will, Gboveh hoisted up a few hopeful attempts, opening up an 8-4 lead at the quarter. We had had an extraordinary two shots circle the rim more than four times before dropping off, which caused anxious and somewhat resentful glances from the bench in my direction. The gods of probability ordain that such a shot happens but once in a season, and we were already double that in one game, so my confidence was steadfast.

In the ensuing three quarters of play, an additional six Methodist shots circled the rim multiple times before falling off. With each occurrence, the glances from the bench became more knowing and more hostile, egged on by the strange fact that Gboveh also experienced several rimmed shots, all of which fell in. The final defeat of 32-24 didn’t give a true indication of either our zen-like playmaking (due of course to the local juju and in spite of my poor coaching) or our deep frustration, but did cement the general knowledge that white people were lacking in wisdom, good judgment, and insight into true cause-and-effects of athletic success.

Defying entropy, the probabilities of what occurred were on the order of all the molecules of air in a room deciding to huddle in a corner, as a theoretical scenario we had learned in Zetterholm’s physics.

In a perfect assist to this Okemos boy’s comeuppance, the Gboveh high scorer was his school’s AP-level physics star as well, a brilliant rational mind that had good-naturedly and repeatedly explained to me how my confidence in scientific method was incomplete, that African Science had things to show me that I was yet too blind to comprehend.

STEVE SENZIG: VIETNAM VIGNETTES (Parental Warning: Some of Steve’s language is graphic and a few of the scenes he describes are violent, but these are extraordinary recollections and we wanted to let his own words come through. The language and opinions are not meant to offend, but to illuminate the extreme experiences of one of our most dedicated classmates. The following are samples from his full and more lengthy story. If you wish to get the unedited version, please contact Steve directly).

My Introduction to the U.S. Army

During my first two weeks in the Army, there were several incidents of our training personnel beating trainees. Some of those incidents resulted in the trainee being maimed for life. After my first two weeks in Basic Training, a full Inspector General investigation resulted in four cadre being court martialed, and nine more being shipped to other duty stations. After witnessing all of this, I refused an offer to go to jump school, and another offer to go to Officer’s Candidate School. Shortly after refusing these offers, I received orders for the Republic of Vietnam. I still believe that there was a direct connection between my refusal and my orders.

During my AIT training, my platoon sergeant (a Vietnam combat vet) had an accident with an artillery simulator that blew up in his face. He almost lost the vision in both eyes. Another platoon sergeant ran over, threw him into a jeep and started for the base hospital. On a gravel turn he rolled the jeep. They used the radio to call for a dustoff. When the helicopter landed the sergeant was helping his friend into the bird when my platoon sergeant screamed, “STOP!! Does this helicopter have a Red Cross on it?” He was told that it did not. “Take it back and get another one! If I’m gonna get dusted off at least the damn chopper is gonna have a Red Cross on it.”

Incountry

I shipped out from Fort Dix, refueling the plane at Guam and Yokohama. I arrived incountry in the dark. We were convoyed from Bien Hoa to Long Binh in the dark at about two in the morning. Visions of rocket and mortar fire (but without actual incident) made the trip more interesting.



During my first week incountry, I was assigned to the 90th "reppo depot" -- replacement unit. We underwent some training. On the grenade range, I learned that all I had learned in Basic and AIT was wrong, and might get me killed. On the booby trap training, I was singled out for special recognition because I made it past seventeen traps and tripwires before getting my foot "blown off" by a small cartridge trap. This experience might give some people renewed confidence in their abilities, but I had seen only one of the seventeen traps and tripwires.

Arrival

Once actually assigned to a unit (D/17 Cavalry, 199th Infantry Brigade (Light) (Separate)), I earned my CIB (Combat Infantry Badge) by coming under fire on my first road patrol. We went to a little artillery base called Hill 44 near Xuan Loc, about sixteen miles east of Long Binh. During the noon chow call at the mess tent one day, a guy three people ahead of me in line stepped between the pallets instead of on the pallets, and his foot sunk into the ground up to his crotch. That's how we discovered that the entire hill was honeycombed with tunnels, including the area beneath our campsite. That's also where I began to internalize that paranoia can lead to longevity. Besides, they WERE out to get us.

Start of TET, 1968

During the beginning of TET, 1968, my track (M-113 APC (Armored Personnel Carrier)) was stationed on the perimeter of a small fire support base. We heard the country go up, and saw a very large fireball followed by a mushroom shaped cloud, lit very brightly, in the direction of Long Binh. We counted the seconds between the shock wave and the ground tremor. The calculated distance seemed right for Long Binh. We were certain that the NVA had used a tactical nuclear weapon. We got orders by radio for half our contingent to move to the north edge of Long Binh. Four o'clock AM during TET we found ourselves on the road, driving those sixteen miles. Once we had taken our new positions outside the north fence, we found out that we were wrong about the tactical nukes, the sappers had blown the Long Binh ammo dump. At that time it was the largest ammo dump in the world. We had four tracks and two companies of infantry covering the whole north edge, and were faced by three reinforced regiments of hard-core NVA regulars. We held them until about ten AM, when choppers got there. We lost tracks and people. About noon the situation was in hand, and we got orders to run down Highway One to Saigon, to support the effort to retake the city.

The Race Track

We helped mop up Saigon. The most outstanding incident was when we took out an artillery emplacement that Charley had managed to set up in the infield of the Phu To Race Track. We used .50 caliber machine gun fire to blow openings in the brick wall around the race track (five feet high and four feet thick), then drove through the openings and engaged the enemy. I will never forget the look on the face of the NVA artillery guy as he frantically cranked to bring his gun to bear on us, knowing he wasn't going to make it. We received the Valorous Unit Award (the equivalent of giving each man in D Troop the Silver Star) and the Republic of Vietnam Cross of Gallantry with Palm Unit for our activities. When we finally returned to Long Binh for a stand down, we found out that the post barber was no longer available to give us a straight razor shave. Someone found him dead on the concertina wire the morning after TET. He was Viet Cong. I still remember him holding a straight razor at my throat.

Water Runs from the FishNet Factory

We were stationed at a place we called the Fishnet Factory a few miles southwest of Cholon on Highway One for the summer of 1968. Once every few days our turn would come up to run into Tan Son Nhut for a trailer full of water. My first water run was an education. Air Force officers saw us coming on the air base after quite a while in the field. They saw how dirty and unshaven we were. They shouted to each other "Look! Real soldiers!", and ran to their hooches for their cameras. We tanked up on water, moved to just outside the gate, and parked. All but one of us left the tracks for an afternoon of relaxation in the middle of downtown Saigon. Our first stop was a Bachelor Enlisted Quarters that served a good steak. When my Filet Mignon hit the table, I was in the bathroom. Someone came in to tell me. I said "Yeah, but look at this!", and flushed the toilet. Before long, we were all in the bathroom flushing toilets while the steaks cooled. After the meal, we found a place that would give a steam bath and a massage while they laundered our clothes. On our way back to the tracks, one of our guys lost his wallet when the back of his pants was slashed with a razor. He never even felt it. There was no blood, but we all got a lot more careful walking down the street.

We went into Tan Son Nhut Airbase for water every day. Each track's turn would come up every four or five days. While it lasted, it was very nice to have a half day liberty once or twice a week. We actually got to know the area around the main gate of Tan Son Nhut very well. One day I grabbed a taxi to the Cholon PX. The local sitting next to the driver asked me if I had a ration card. I told him that of course I did. He asked to see it. He painted it with a clear liquid. He showed me that he could now mark off an item, then wipe off the mark. Then he asked me to buy a refrigerator, an air conditioner, and some other stuff. I told him I didn't have the money. He peeled off about twelve hundred dollars MPC from a roll that would choke a horse, and gave it to me. I went into the front of the Cholon PX and out the back door. I hailed a cab and went to the Tan Son Nhut PX.

The Vietnamese national costume for women

I wrote home to a friend about the Vietnamese national costume for a woman. Phonetically it is called an ow dzai. I am not sure how it is spelled. I ordered one from a small shop near the airbase. I got a sheet of paper with instructions for measuring a woman's body for the outfit. In addition to the bust, waist, hips, inseam, and height they wanted from the

point of the shoulder to the point of the elbow, from the point of the elbow to the wrist, circumference at about four or five places on the arm, point of shoulder to the spine at the back of the neck, and two or three measurements using the nipple as the point of reference. My friend measured his lady. I paid for the outfit, gave the shop the measurements, waited the required amount of time, and went to pick up the outfit. The shop had been bombed and the neighbors all said that no one had survived. At least my friend told me that the measuring session was not wasted -- he married her.

The Water Buffalo

At some point in my tour, a driver named Wild Bill was promoted to TC. His driver, Swickie [a phonetic spelling, but we already had a guy called "Alphabet"], with some encouragement from Wild Bill, ran down a water buffalo. That's when we found out that if you killed a water buffalo the US Government shelled out a hundred and twenty five bucks to the household that put in the claim. If you killed the head of the household they only paid twenty-five bucks.

Jose Gonzales

While at the Fishnet Factory, we guarded a general's house trailer nights. In the same compound other elements of the 199th (SEP)(LIGHT) were stationed -- some of them were the 179th Military Intelligence Detachment, 40th Public Information Detachment, 49th Infantry Platoon (Scout Dogs), 11th Combat Tracker Team (Provisional) (redesignated and reorganized as the 76th Infantry Detachment). The 40th Public Information Detachment had a guy named Jose Gonzales from Bedford-Stuyvesant in New York. The way he told it, his home turf made Watts look like an affluent area. Jose used to see us in the field while he was shooting pictures for the Army news (The Stars and Stripes). We would offer him a ride. He always accepted, even if he hadn't been planning to go that way. He knew we had cold beer onboard. He and I became friends.

Binh Tri Dong Village

During the May offensive, we were escorting a convoy that ran into an ambush. The Third Platoon started May at Fire Base Smoke in the Binh Chanh District, just southwest of the Cholon District of Saigon. In early May, the Third Platoon was engaged in actions in Binh Tri Dong Village along with elements of the 3rd Battalion, 7th Infantry. These actions lasted for three days. One vehicle was lost, along with three enlisted men. We started the mission as an escort for a 200 vehicle convoy. When we entered Binh Tri Dong Village we noticed that the children, usually on the side of the road begging for candy and rations, were not in evidence. Many of the members of the Platoon predicted an ambush. We lost a track. When we were hit, we aggressively engaged the enemy, and sent the convoy on by another route. We remained in contact for almost five days. That is the longest period in my life that I have been continuously awake. One of our tracks was hit. The next day the shell of that track was hit by a 500 pound bomb, and blown a quarter mile down the road. After the action, we were required to sift through the mud that filled that track, looking for some piece of the remains of the track commander so that he could be classified KIA instead of MIA. This in spite of the fact that at least five of us saw the man take a hit to the head just before he dropped through his hatch. We found a thumb bone, with knuckle. It took three and a half hours. Also, during this action, one of our TCs (Wild Bill's track -- 36) had two cherries for gunners, and they cowered in a corner of their track, refusing to man their weapons. The TC (Wild Bill) threatened to shoot them both with his .45 if they didn't pump some rounds through their 60s. At the next slackening in the actual battle, Wild Bill traded one of the cherries to my TC for me. I was officially transferred later from my old track. I served on Bill's track until his DEROS. Part of my new responsibility was to keep that other cherry straight. During the action, another sergeant rigged a .50 caliber starlight scope to his .50 caliber MG, sighted it in, switched the .50 to single shot, and began bagging VC one at a time, with one head shot for each, in the middle of the night with no moon. The starlight scope was amazing. The next morning, the VC were gone as though they had never been. At the end of this action, I drew first guard and still had no sleep. Partway through my guard shift I hallucinated a large purple dragon bounding across the free fire zone, so I opened fire. When the excitement died down, I got to go to sleep, and someone else pulled guard. We were awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for our activities during those five days. That is the equivalent of awarding each man in the platoon the Distinguished Service Cross. I am still trying to prove that this was the action for that citation, because the book lists the award as given to the first platoon, but they were on standdown.

At around this time, my CO promised me the next open TC slot.

Our first assignment after the May offensive was to go to a big banana plantation southwest of Saigon, and police up all the gear left behind by some contingent of the 9th Infantry when they had cut and run from a couple of sniper rounds the day before. We recovered about a quarter of the stuff they dropped.

The Fourth of July Barbeque

There was nothing special planned for the Fourth of July, so we decided to make a celebration ourselves. We cut a fifty-five gallon drum in half lengthwise, and used the halves to make a really big barbecue grill. Jack Payne (originally from Texas -- still owes me money) announced to the world that no one knew how to barbecue as well as he did. We broke into the general's reefer and stole a couple of hundred steaks. When the general came by later, we thought that it was only fair, so we asked him to join us for a steak. He was impressed. He was also gentleman enough that when he found out that his reefer had supplied the steaks, there was no fuss.

Summer

We were part of ambushes and blocking forces and village sweeps all summer. During one of these actions, I had the very good fortune to have a bullet bounce off my helmet. I had just moved my head. One day, our driver went through a haystack, and its center pole was infested with red ants. We got off the track and got naked very fast. We dove into the nearby rice paddy. Another day the driver went through a clump of bamboo. The thorns opened my arm so bad that the medic offered me a Purple Heart after the stitches. I had seen all the John Wayne movies. I turned him down because it wasn't a "real wound."

Smitty

We decided to break the boredom one day by pissing Smitty off. No one had ever seen Smitty pissed off. About a dozen of us sat around a small clearing while at the focal point Smitty continued performing self maintenance type tasks. He shaved. He cleaned his M-16, a .45 and an M-60. He swept the dirt out the back of his track. All the while we were saying things that were intended to get him angry. After the first hour most of us that were white ran down, and could not think of any insults that we had not already tried. We had already said the nastiest things we could think of. A half hour later everybody had lapsed into silence but the guys from Bed Sty and Watts. They kicked it into high gear and the rest of us got an education in how to insult. After an hour of this, Smitty picked up his M-16 and put out a whole clip. By the end of the clip there was no one but Smitty visible in the clearing. There were small voices from nowhere saying stuff like "Hey, Man, we was just funning. No need to pop caps." Smitty put the smoking weapon back in its place, walked across the clearing to within two meters of where I had been sitting, reached into the grass, and held over his head an eight foot King Cobra with the head shot off. He dropped it, and went back to what he had been doing. To this day no one knows whether Smitty had been upset at all, but no one in the unit ever tried to piss him off again.

Surprise!

We were stationed at a small fire base when an incident took place that changed the way that I deal with new people. One of the grunts near us flipped out, stood up and began killing GIs with his M-16. When it was over, fifteen seconds later, five people were dead. His own guys shot him to death, but not before he had killed four of his own. More were wounded. This was within thirty yards for me. Now, I test people. I don't trust them until I have seen how they react after they have completely lost their temper. I push. A friend of mine once told me that I am "cordially disliked" by all that know me well. Maybe so, but I know what any of them will do under duress or extreme provocation.

Johnny the Kit Carson Scout

We had a Kit Carson scout that sometimes worked with us. We called him Johnny. He had been a Viet Cong for a little longer than all of his adult life. They start some of them young. He had been on a mission to a small village with his VC unit when it suddenly dawned on him that it was his home ville. He started trying to find family. He caught two of the men in his unit raping his sister. He killed them. He went around the ville killing every member of his own unit. Then he found an American unit, and applied for the Cheu Hoi program. When he finished debriefing and retraining, he began working with our units. He showed us a lot of caches, tunnels, and other things in our area of operations.

Johnny had picked up some VC prisoners and had gotten some information regarding cache locations. A couple of tracks took out a platoon or two to find the stuff. It wasn't in the first location, or the second, or the third. The scout was beating the two VC with us pretty severely every time there was nothing to show for the exercise. As we were going down the road to the next spot two figures jumped up and ran about 500 meters to our left. The prisoners screamed "VC! VC!" so we shot the running figures. They turned out to be a five and an eight year old from the last ville. The villagers and the parents came out to find out about their kids. The scout beat both VC to death, right there so the parents could watch. It took most of the afternoon. He graciously allowed the parents of the children to administer the coup de grace. We were forbidden by the "rules" to get involved -- it was an internal Vietnamese matter. That's about when I became a heavy drinker.

The Joy of Flying

Returning from an action, we watched as an F-111 flipped over and nose-dived into a ville, doing a lot of damage to the plane, and not helping the ville at all either. An eight-year old girl was badly burned. There was a funeral procession on the road, and we commandeered the vehicle, off-loaded the coffin, and sent the girl to an aid station. We had 8 tracks and 200 infantry, so we cordoned off the ville until the flyboys could come pick up their little black box. This incident, in retrospect, taught me a lot about cultural differences. The Vietnamese protested through channels about the tremendous disrespect that we had shown to the dead by interrupting his funeral procession for something so unimportant as a girl. She would probably have died without our involvement, but that was far less important than the respect due the dead guy.

REMFs

I watched two REMFs get into an argument about which of them was the more macho. They held their forearms together with each one's fist at the other's elbow. An impartial observer dropped a lit cigarette between the two arms. The first to pull his arm away from the hot cigarette would lose the bet. Five cigarettes and some bad burns later, neither had moved his arm. They decided it was a draw. One went to the medics to get the burn dressed. The other didn't. His got severely infected. That was within a week of another REMF paying one of our guys to drop a track's

ramp on his foot so he could go home. It almost worked. He got light duty and walked around in a cast for several weeks.

The Wire (but not HBO)

At one point we were pulling perimeter security for a small fire base. The 199th brigade got orders to pull out to allow the 82nd Airborne to take over the task, but the D/17 tracks remained to make the transition smoother. It was the first field assignment incountry for this brigade of the 82nd. They came in about 10 AM, while our guys were loading onto a Chinook. They scoped out the area, and set up their night patrols. At dusk, we heard a knock on the combat door of our ramp, the only time I ever heard such a knock. We were on the corner of the perimeter, and they had two patrols that didn't know how to exit through the concertina. I stepped on it to show them how, and held it while they went through. The first patrol went out about 50 meters and began moving across the face of the perimeter, parallel to the wire. The second patrol started out towards the other side. Their closest machine gun pit opened fire on the first patrol. I ran down and dived over the sandbags, catching the gunner in a necktie tackle. My TC was right behind me, and tackled the gunner's buddy just before he killed me. He thought I was the biggest VC in the world. The guy I left hung up in the wire had a sore crotch for days.

The next morning their colonel jacked me up for failing to salute him at the wire. I pointed to the woodline and told him that the only officer that I saluted that far out in the field was an officer that I wanted to see dead. Then I asked him if he wanted a salute, SIR! Without another word, he turned and walked away.

The Land Deal

In October or November I took R&R in Hong Kong. I called home, and told my folks that I had extended for 66 days for the 150 day early out when I got home. One guy in my outfit refused to extend seven days for that early out. I reassured my folks that they didn't have to worry about a thing as long as Johnson didn't halt the bombing. Two days later, while I was still in Hong Kong, Johnson halted the bombing. I went to the Penthouse Suite of the Hong Kong Hilton, got very drunk, and, with a good-time girl on each knee signed the paperwork to buy some Florida swampland from a company called GAC that has since been disbanded after being found guilty of land fraud. All that concerned me was that the contract included a life insurance that paid off in the event of my death, and did not exclude acts of war. A couple of years after I got home, the property went back for non payment during an extended period of unemployment.

A Quiet Fall

We knew we were going to get hit hard at Thanksgiving. It didn't happen. We did get Thanksgiving dinner flown out to the field, and served to us by Donut Dollies. Eighty-seven of us came down with Ptomaine poisoning. We knew we were going to get hit hard at Christmas. It didn't happen. We knew we were going to get hit hard at New Year's. It didn't happen. We did see a spectacular fireworks show as everyone with ammo to burn burned some. We knew we were going to get hit hard during Nixon's inauguration. It happened. Fortunately, I wasn't there. My plane was landing into the teeth of a blizzard in Anchorage, Alaska for refueling. I watched the wing tip come within six inches of the ground. I thought about how ironic it was that I survived the tour, was one of three percent in my outfit without a purple heart, one of two percent to finish my tour without any VD, and now I was going to die on the plane ride home. I didn't die, and finished out processing the same day. When we got to Oakland, California we were entitled to a steak dinner. The sergeant in charge of the process told everyone who wanted their dinner to get in one line, and everyone who wanted out of the Army to get into another line. He had no takers for the dinner. I decided to buy my own damn dinner as a civilian. I suspect that the money for our dinners went into his account. We accepted whatever they told us so that we could get out faster. That has made it much more difficult to prove service connection for a number of things that are not documented.

A Civilian Again

When we finished out processing, and knew that we were civilians again (for me, seventy-two hours from in the field to civilian on the streets), about thirty of us decided that we were going to stop at the first restaurant on the other side of the bridge (between Oakland and San Francisco). We all knew we would never see each other again, and we wanted to have that steak dinner together before going home. We picked the first nice restaurant with a bar we found. We went in and ordered our first round of drinks. The bartender explained that we would all have to show ID, because the drinking age was 21 in California. He was pulled halfway across the bar by his lapels (we were being nice -- it was the lapels and not the throat) and someone explained the facts to him. He told us that he would serve us under duress, but would have to call the police. He served the round of drinks, and then called the police because two thirds of us (combat vets all) were not yet 21 years old. When the police arrived, we explained that we were all combat vets, and we were going to sit down and have dinner -- with drinks -- before going home. They explained that it was illegal. We explained that there were thirty of us willing to die if we didn't get that dinner. Did they want to push hard? We had dinner. Since then, I view a lot of laws as optional.

By the way, the CO that promised me the next TC slot DEROSed before it came up. The promise was never honored, and I finished as a SP4 instead of an E5.