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Company B
3rd Regiment
Pershing Rifles
Western Kentucky University
1960s

A Collective Memoir

Hugh Ridenour, compiler

IN MEMORIAM

Life is short with many winding paths to tread.
Seldom are we sure of the proper one to take,
As we have no power to see what lies ahead.
But what a difference our decisions make.

So we lived our lives and fate dealt its hand,
Leaving those behind to act at our behest.
To our brothers loved, we hope you understand
That our special wish is merely one request.

It's not a place of immortality that we seek,
Nor would we ask for such.
Just a small remembrance each time you meet
We hope won't be too much.

So raise your glasses and give three cheers
For friends made, then lost, throughout the years.

Hugh Ridenour

Diane Chance*
Fred Dyrsen
Dickie Hunter
David Mackey
Patricia Norman

Allan Pardon
Gene Percefull
Jack Sanders
Jerry Taylor
Charlie Thomas

*Rebelette

Special Tribute

These verses are a tribute to Patricia Norman, the beloved sponsor of Company B-3 in 1962/63 and 1963/64. She endured endless smokers (rowdy business meeting conducted in a cloud of cigar smoke), numerous dances with company members with two left feet, hot days on the drill field, and all the while giving the impression she was enjoying the honor.

Damn, where has the time gone?

We wore red and white beanies, swallowed goldfish, got covered with cornmeal and molasses while guarding the girl's dorm, and adored Pat Norman.

We had black paratrooper boots with white parachute cord laces, chrome helmets and white uniforms, drill meet trips in broken down buses, and dances with Pat Norman.

Damn, where has the time gone?

We endured hell week, relaxed at spring formals, conducted panty raids, skipped classes, learned to spit shine shoes, and daydreamed about Pat Norman.

We built floats with chicken wire and napkins, went to Wednesday chapel, drank beer at Beech Bend, ordered white mums with red "W"s, and thought wistfully of Pat Norman.

Damn, where has the time gone?

We kept a good supply of Brasso, attended Caravan of Stars concerts, listened (sort of) to Captain Westlake, attended the Tangerine Bowl, and ogled Pat Norman.

We had crew cut hair, ironed military creases in our shirts, ate at the Goal Post Restaurant, wore cardigan sweaters, and one of us in particular fantasized about a date with Pat Norman.

Damn, where has the time gone?

Introduction

When we look back to the 1960s, a time when we were a bunch of callow young fellows with our entire lives before us, most of us did not have a clue as to what we were about to face. Immediately after college many of our brothers went into military service, some off to fight a war, and some made the supreme sacrifice. Others began civilian life and merged into the mainstream of society. During this time, our nation was in a state of upheaval and change. Race riots erupted in many cities, war protests disrupted college campuses, political assassinations shocked the nation, and a general discontent prevailed throughout the country. These events touched each of our lives and colored our futures in some way.

In 2006, as the first reunion of our fraternity approached, we anticipated with great excitement and nostalgia renewing the bonds that we forged at a young age. We were curious to learn about the lives of the brothers with whom we had shared a special time. How much would we remember after not seeing one another for more than forty years? Excitement built as each brother "reported for duty" via a telephone call or email, offering a sense that time had stood still since those long ago collegiate days. Reflective comments, reports, and questions resonated throughout the long-distance conversations:
"Have you heard from so and so?"
"I last saw him several years ago."
"I can't believe after all these years it's you."
"I can't believe it's been forty years."
"Where did the time go?"
Also, constant queries searched what each remembered about those "olden days." Some doubted their own recall abilities and indicated that nametags would be a must for the first reunion, unless a "who am I" guessing game was the goal.

Many of the brothers brought to the reunion items of memorabilia from their college days as well as their military careers, first for "show and tell" and then as donations to the Kentucky Museum located on Western's campus. The mementoes included pledge plaques, demerit

books, photographs, and an 8mm movie, all of which elicited memories of our experiences during pledge initiation: spit shining shoes, polishing belt buckles (remember the Brasso?), running errands for members (maybe *following orders* is a better phrase), making sure all signatures were in our pledge books, and surviving that final "hell night." Our comradeship had blossomed those many years ago when we first wore the blue and white cord that signified our final acceptance into the brotherhood. Wearing our black paratrooper boots with special parachute cord lacing and black helmets sporting gold lightning bolts, we marched in the homecoming parade to the cheers of spectators. What pride we held for our country and our newly developed "band of brothers"! These recollections were just some of the memories that raced through our minds forty years afterwards as we remembered a time now long past. We were once again fraternity brothers, minus navy blazers, Weejuns, English Leather cologne, and Madras, and now also with less hair, larger waistlines, and grandfather faces.

Through the combined efforts of Sandy Carneal and Mike Meuth, the first reunion in Bowling Green in 2006 proved to be a resounding success. It had begun several months earlier when Sandy, deep into a "happy hour" mode and feeling nostalgic, began contemplating the possibility of a reunion of Company B-3 of the Western Kentucky University Pershing Rifle fraternity of the 1960s. The first and most formidable obstacle would be to contact as many of the brothers as possible. Because we had not maintained communication through the intervening years, this task would not be an easy one. Sandy made numerous phone calls, then sent emails, and the list began to grow. Perhaps the reunion that had started only as a thought would turn into a reality. However, before that realization, others would need to become involved in the endeavor. So Sandy contacted Mike and the effort moved into high gear. As Sandy continued to locate long lost buddies, Mike began to take on some of the logistical aspects needed to make the event a success. He contacted hotels in Bowling Green and enlisted the assistance of fellow PR and Bowling Green resident Sam Hall to help coordinate the Saturday night activities at a local restaurant.

Although the reunion was no spring formal with the general rowdiness that accompanied those affairs, attendees did consume several beers, as well as a few bottles of wine and participated in considerable backslapping and hearty laughter. To quote Mike Meuth:

> The weekend can easily be characterized as "too." There were times of too much laughter, too many smiles, too many late nights, too much food and spirits, too many hugs and too many tears. There was too much appreciation that so many of us had survived and were able to return to "Our Home—Kinda" and feel the bond and comfort that started forty plus years ago. We were also too saddened as we remembered the seven of the fifty-nine that had died.
>
> As much as our sides hurt from laughing too much, our faces ached from smiling too much, our eyes were too red from the strong emotions and our arms were sore from using them to hug friends too much, we all said at Sunday morning breakfast, "Let's do it again next year."

The second reunion in 2007 neared with great anticipation of again seeing those from the first reunion and the excitement of reacquainting with others attending for the first time. This year's inclusion of the Rebelettes also heightened the anticipation. Sandy Carneal urged, "If you are ever going to make one of the reunions, this is the one." By now word had spread about how much fun the first reunion had been and the list of contacts had grown, so the number of attendees for the second reunion grew to nearly forty brothers and their wives, plus several Rebelettes. The reunion was again held in Bowling Green with the Holiday Inn Plaza as headquarters. As the brothers reported in, conversations continued from the previous reunion as if no time had intervened and, with the arrival of a brother not at the first reunion, a new round of hugs, backslaps, and exclamations of excitement punctuated the atmosphere. The reacquainting continued Friday night at a casual dinner, and the next day the group toured Western's campus and the Kentucky Library and Museum, which is amassing a collection of Pershing Rifle memorabilia.

The highlight of the second reunion was the dinner Saturday night at the 440 Main Street Restaurant in downtown Bowling Green. The night's festivities began with a happy hour, when everyone enjoyed reminiscing, reacquainting with brothers, and enjoying liquid refreshments. In fact, it was an atmosphere not so different from those gatherings many years ago at some fraternity function. As the night progressed, each brother and Rebellette was encouraged to take the microphone to share some memory. Several of the group took advantage of the invitation and gave humorous accounts of incidents from college days that had everyone reeling with laughter. Ron Dillard, Ken Scott, and Ron Nunn's rollicking remembrances of the "Mayflower," Tom Lewman's rescue from the law as verified by Bill Pearson's mother, who was in attendance, and Carol Dillard's Rebelette reminiscences were highlights, but perhaps it was Bill Mize's recollections of David Mackey that stole the show. The group also enjoyed a short drill routine by the Rebelettes with Ron Dillard again as the drillmaster

As the evening and the second reunion came to a close, speculation arose regarding the date and location of the next such gathering, with no decision made. So we parted, not knowing when or where we would meet again—but knowing for certain that we would.

Pershing Rifle Vignettes

Good Samaritans?

While serving in Vietnam in 1965, it seems Mike Meuth and an Army doctor decided to foster good foreign relations by playing benevolent Americans and volunteering to escort several wounded Aussie soldiers to a Bob Hope Christmas Eve Show. Or was this just a lame excuse to be able to get prime seats to see Joey Heatherton? (For those who remember Miss Heatherton, no explanation is necessary.)

They each drove a jeep to the hospital and picked up three soldiers. Because the wounded soldiers were in wheelchairs, they all received front row seats at the show. During the performance, canteens of "spirits" mysteriously appeared and everyone enjoyed a "jolly good" show. After the performance and before returning to their hospital, the Aussies decided they would like to make a slight detour and visit a local brothel. In Mike's words, the brothel was "a friendly Pauline's." After a few more swigs from the infamous canteens, the Aussies went inside to partake of the licentious pleasures of the establishment while Mike and the doctor remained outside (at least that is the report). During their wait, they taught the congregating children, illegitimate offspring of the establishment's residents, Christmas carols, specifically "Silent Night" and "Jingle Bells."

Near 10:00 p. m. the good Samaritans loaded their Aussie charges into the jeeps and started back to the compound hospital, the Aussies driving while Mike and the doctor "rode shotgun." As the jeeps veered through the jungle, Mike decided to "wilt some lilies" with his heavy black-loaded M-1 with half the suppressor removed. When one of the Aussies asked to give it a try, Mike obliged. After the soldier balanced himself and his leg cast on the Jeep's wheel well he blasted away, only to have the recoil send him tumbling off the vehicle into the mud, which caused the jeep following them to swerve into a rice paddy. By the time they managed to collect themselves and get the jeep out of the mud, it was near midnight. The muddy crew finally reached the compound some forty-five minutes later while singing a raucous chorus of "Silent Night." When a gung-ho lieutenant colonel, newly arrived in Vietnam and sporting all of his medals on his fatigues, questioned their late arrival and the general mess of their uniforms, they had a ready explanation. A flat tire had taken quite some time to change due to being unable to find solid ground on which to jack up the jeep and change the tire. Strangely, according to Mike, there were no questions about some "'funny looking' holes in my uniform and the crease on my shoulder." However, he indicated that the Army advanced his departure date from Vietnam to just before the next USO show.

Mike Meuth, contributor

A Missed Party

According to Bill Pearson, sometime in either 1962 or 1963 the drill team received an invitation to a meet somewhere in Ohio. As an enticement to get the team to make the long trip from Bowling Green, the host school arranged dates for the drill team members with nurses from a nearby Good Samaritan Hospital. As soon as the team arrived, members called the nurses, who came to the motel, resulting in "one hell of a party." The team was also supposed to stay over the night after the meet, but the extended visit was not to be. The exhibition was a disaster from the beginning. Team members dropped rifles, lost slings and helmets, and bumped into each other. Needless to say, PR sponsors Captain Westlake and SFC Parks were not amused by the fiasco. The drill team members, however, consoled themselves with the anticipation of a second party with the nurses that evening at a local restaurant.

Everyone went back to the motel, packed up the bus, and got dressed for the much-anticipated evening out. Everyone loaded onto the bus and headed toward the restaurant and the party. When the bus passed the restaurant without stopping, a chorus of yells went up. That is when Captain Westlake stood up and made his surprise announcement, "'Men, when you don't win you don't play. We are going straight home.'" By the time the drill team was able to contact the girls, they were already at the restaurant waiting. Much to Bill's chagrin, he missed his date with a real "fox."

Bill Pearson, contributor

Fire in the Hole

"Some residents" of South Hall dormitory decided to awaken Dave Mackey from a deep slumber in an extraordinary fashion. The doors in the residence hall had a rather large open space at the bottom, perfect for launching objects into the rooms. On this occasion a large fireworks screamer mysteriously found its way through this gap and into Dave's room. As the screamer shot across the floor, ricocheting off curtains and bedding and emitting a high-pitched squeal, it also ignited fires along its path. The perpetrators, fearing a fire might engulf the room, decided to splash a few buckets of water under the door in hopes of preventing this possible catastrophe. In the meantime, Dave, startled awake by the impending disaster, ran across the wet, burned-streaked floor trying to stamp out the fires. Needless to say, Dave was "quite exercised" by the experience, according to some observers.

Ed Karr, contributor

An Inside Job

From 1974-1977 Bill Pearson was assigned to Western as an assistant professor of military science with the responsibility of being the ROTC advisor to the Pershing Rifles and Rebelettes. In 1976 the drill team went to Bloomington, Indiana, for a meet. Upon arrival, Bill realized that the head judge was former Pershing Rifle Company B-3 commander, Major Tom Lewman from Recruiting Command. To no one's surprise, the team won every event and the overall championship along with a "bus load of trophies."

Bill Pearson, contributor

Last Laugh

When Bill Ritter was in Advanced ROTC, two of the instructors were Major Irick from the Infantry and Captain Westlake from Armor, both good men who could tell some good stories about "active duty" with the normal ribbing between the two Army branches. It seems that Irick was especially tough on the Armor branch, so when Bill received a commission into that branch, he took a lot of grief from Irick.

Bill, newly married, requested assignment to Hawaii, assuming that location would be a nice duty station. When he received his active duty orders, he and his wife, Anita, were sure that he had been given their choice location. After the two celebrated and discussed how envious their friends would be, Bill decided to confirm his assignment to Hawaii. When Master Sergeant Gour checked the Army Postal Office number, he burst out laughing, saying, "You really got your first choice—that's KooReeeah!" Everyone in Western's Military Science Department got a good laugh at Bill's expense.

However, several months later, Bill managed to get his comeuppance. He was then a tank platoon leader with the First Cavalry Division in Korea. On a cold winter day, he was on a training exercise when he heard someone outside the tank hollering for him to "Crank it up!" When Bill asked the voice why he wanted the tank started, he saw a half-frozen soldier hunched over and wrapped in a parka. The man again pleaded for Bill to start the tank engine so that he could get warm from the exhaust heat. When Bill looked closer, he realized the half frozen soldier was Major Edward Irick, who was in a nearby infantry battalion. Bill asked Irick to join him in the warm tank but, because there were two other men with him, he declined. At this point Bill reminded the Major about his earlier condescending remarks concerning tankers and tanks. Apparently Irick did not find Bill's reminder very amusing.

Later, after serving twelve months in Korea, Bill was out-processing the 1st Cavalry Division when he recognized a familiar face in the reassignment section. To Bill's dismay, it was Master Sergeant Gour from Western, who had just arrived for duty in Korea, as Bill was leaving for the States. Bill could not resist asking Gour if Korea was his first choice!

Bill Ritter, contributor

The Mayflower

This vignette, written by Ron Dillard, is adapted from an assignment for a course at the University of Southern California and is printed as submitted.

"Won't that be pretty expensive?"

"No, I don't think so – I can get it for $54 total, which includes the license, tax, etc. That would be $9 apiece."

"You can go nine bucks Dillard."

"Yeah, I guess I can. But that won't be the only expense. We'll have to buy gas, tires, all kinds of good stuff. This is November; in a couple of months we'll have to buy a '63 tag for it--- But what the hell, I'm in I suppose."

"Okay, tomorrow we'll go down to get it."

There were six of us in a borrowed car driving downtown from the hill the college adorned. A small college in a small town. Nunn was driving – a quiet sort of a guy whose father was in state politics and wealthy, but none of it ever seemed to have reached Nunn. Stockily built, about 5'9"- a reckless driver, but could control a car as well as anyone. He lived like he drove a car.

Next to Nunn was L. G., a little taller, a little slimmer, but muscular. L. G. had worked all his life roofing buildings with his dad. An impulsive, easy going guy. He wore glasses and two false teeth right in front. He took them out when he drank because he had lost his last set while under the influence. He had lost his original teeth in a fight.

Rink was riding shotgun. At 6'4" and 320 pounds, he was an impressive person. He had light red hair. A long time friend of Nunn's, he was also quiet. He was self conscious about his size, which made him surly. If he considered you a friend he would do anything for you, but if not, he would go out of his way to sit on you.

Gay sat in the back, a tall slim gangly guy with irregular features and an elastic mouth. He roomed with L. G. He was quiet and easy going, but when he got hold of an idea he was hard to dissuade. Scott sat on the other side of me in the back. About an inch shorter than Gay, they weighed about the same. Scott roomed with me. He was a farmer's son, an only child, dark and good looking and used to having his own way but adapted to someone else's ideas.

"What color is it Nunn?"

"Brush blue."

"Brush blue?"

"Yeah – it's powder blue painted with a brush."

The salesman watched us get out of the car with the universal look all salesmen have for kids who are there to waste his time.

"You driven it Nunn?"

"Yeah. It runs like a charm – everything works except the gas gauge."

"That it over there?"

"That's it."
"Can I help you boys?"
"I was looking at that old beat up Plymouth the other day. We've about decided to buy it."

"$72.00,"
"Back in the car: We're going home."
"Alright, make an offer."

I drove the borrowed car back to its owner. Nunn was driving our car. We went to my room after scaring hell out of everybody on that side of town.

"We're going to have to name it."
"Here, have another beer, Rink."
"That looks like Roller's car outside."

A dark haired guy came in. His name was Skates, and everyone called him "Roller". One of the best people I have ever known.

"That your Plymouth outside?"
"Yeah, you want a ride?"
"Okay."
"Who's driving tonight?"
"I am."
"Okay, Rink. Anything you say."
"Aw, shut up."
"Let's drive up around the library and see if we can find some pledges."

We rounded a curve of the winding drive and the library came into view. Among the few students we saw, three were pledges leaving the library for the dorm. We drove up behind them as they walked down the left side of the road. They were watchful, of course. They knew every active's car except ours.

Rink swerved over to the left side of the road, reached out his massive arm, grabbed the closest pledge by the shoulder, and jerked him into the car through the rear door which opened back from the center post. He slammed on the brakes. Six of us were out running after the other two before the car had completely stopped. They were faster.

A few weeks later we were sitting around my room.

"How about 'The Mayflower'?"
"Why?"
"Well, Scott said his girl came across in it."
"Roller, how about painting the name on it?"

He painted "THE MAYFLOWER" on the trunk; all the pictures of the Mayflower that came on a '47 Plymouth's hubcaps, hood ornament, and taillights he painted white. And so The Mayflower was born – not born exactly, but created. She was already pretty old

when we got her, but she was stately and proud, although she could be sluttish at times. Like the times she would run out of gas in the middle of town, or when a door would fly open rounding a curve, or when a headlight would blink off and on, or when her parking brake malfunctioned and we had to start carrying a 10″ piece of building stone around to chock the wheel when we parked her.

She had good reason to rebel though. We treated her pretty shabbily. Like the times we would jump the railroad tracks in her. The tracks were raised about 6' above the street and to cross them the street had a very steep grade on both sides. All four of her wheels would leave the ground, and the back seat and the chock stone would fly up to the ceiling. All four of her wheels would be locked when she returned to earth to be able to stop at the intersection just on the other side.

Or the time when we took her out to the local quarter mile race track late at night after a snow and drove her around faster and faster until she would spin out and bounce off the fence again and again. These are just a couple of examples from an endless string of abuses.

She held up real well until just before Christmas vacation. It was snowing.

"Have another beer, Rink."
"We're going to have to get some of the dents and scratches in The Mayflower fixed. She's beginning to look pretty shabby."
"Why don't we just label them, like 'L. G.'s Tree,' or 'Rink's Lamppost,' or?"
"We get the idea, Nunn, only Gay and I don't have any to label."
"I agree with Scott;' if we're going to label scratches, we'll get some scratches. Come on, Scott; let's go get some scratches."
"Gay, you don't want to do that."
"Hell I don't – come on, Scott."

About three hours later they were back.

"Well, we got our scratches."
"Yeah, she is now one big dent."

We borrowed a car and went out to see what had happened. Scott had been driving, and he had made three passes at a tree, trying to scratch the side of The Mayflower. On the fourth pass she hit just to the left of her right headlight.

"Oh, no!"
"Poor thing – look at her."
"Her right front wheel is against the firewall."
"Yeah, and her back is broke."
"Think she can be fixed?"
"You kiddin'? She's totaled."

And so ended The Mayflower, a glorious, cantankerous old lady who never meant anyone harm. We felt mixed emotions as we gazed at her battered body, but after several

years of thought on the matter, the emotion that is foremost in my feelings for her now is gratitude. Gratitude and relief because she did not take us with her.

Ron Dillard, contributor

Manchu Belt Buckle

It seems that the 4th Company of the 9th Infantry Battalion had a special belt buckle authorized for Company members to wear. At the first reunion (2006) of Company B-3 of the Pershing Rifles, Don Jones and Tom Lewman realized that they both had been in this Company, though at different times. Tom asked Don why he wasn't wearing his Manchu belt buckle. Likewise, Don noticed that Tom was also not wearing his buckle. Don announced that he believed Tom would be wearing his to the next reunion and furthermore, that it would be nicely shined. And he further stated that he was sure Tom would have his shined. Don wants everyone to check to see if his predictions are true.

Don Jones, contributor

Forgetful Best Man

During fall registration at Western in 1961, Ed Karr met his future wife. The young lady was having trouble getting registered for a class, so Ed, ever the gentleman, volunteered his help. However, nothing romantic happened until the spring semester, when they began to date, which led to marriage in August 1962. Fellow PR George Case, best man at the wedding, was distracted and forgot to remind Ed to have the marriage license so that the minister could sign it before the ceremony. Fortunately, the minister, not wanting to delay the proceedings, was willing to conduct the ceremony and sign the license later at the reception.

Ed Karr, contributor

Nervous Expectant Fathers

When Ed Karr's wife, Batha, went into labor, he rushed her to the Bowling Green Hospital. After leaving her in the hands of the medical professionals, he made his way to the waiting area for expectant fathers. While enroute he spotted in a dimly lit hallway a familiar profile leaning against a door. As Ed neared the door, he realized it was fellow PR Bill Ritter, who had already been waiting there for most of a day. During the next few hours the two shared some anxious moments awaiting the births of their first children. In 2006 Anita Ritter mailed to the Karrs a copy of the *Park City News* with the birth announcements of both the Karrs' and Ritters' sons.

Ed Karr, contributor

Bad Influence

Hugh Ridenour claims he has Bill Ritter to blame for any accusations of aberrant sexual behavior. While Hugh was a freshman and a PR pledge, Bill let it be known that he had a "skin flick," a big deal in the early 1960s. At that time, very few businesses (at least in the small communities were Hugh lived) even sold *Playboy* and, then, it was often hidden behind the counter along with the condoms and could only be purchased by request. So possession of such naughtiness as this film produced, let's say, great interest.

As Hugh remembers it, he and several other PRs went to Bill's apartment to view the film. Appropriately, the small 8mm projector was set up on Bill's unmade bed. After Bill fumbled with the unwieldy film and managed to get it threaded properly onto the machine, the testosterone flowed as the young collegiates anxiously awaited the presentation. In the meantime someone draped a cloth over the only window in an attempt to darken the room and allow for a better view of the dim, flickering black and white picture. As the subject on the screen, which was the patterned-papered wall, began to erotically remove her clothing, everyone leaned forward so as not to miss the slightest nuance. Then, before any perverted interests could be satisfied, perhaps three minutes at most, the film ended, at which time all yelled for Bill to "play it again." Hugh doesn't remember how many times Bill reran the film, but the anticipation of its showing was much more provocative than the event. So you see, Bill, it is all your fault!

Hugh Ridenour, contributor

Part Time Job

PR brother Ron Osburn, who worked part time at Jack Manar's Shell Station on the 31-W Bypass, helped Ed Karr and others also get a part-time job there. According to Ed, jobs were scarce in Bowling Green, and Jack paid the part-timers one dollar per hour, which was an excellent wage at the time. Several PRs, including L. G. Heavrin, worked at the station. Ed indicates that his wife thought L. G. was the best window washer there. Apparently all was not work at the station, with water hose fights a common occurrence. Also, the station catered to a few interesting patrons, including a well known area "madam."

Ed Karr, contributor

R M Ducks??

Upon his 1966 return to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, after two and one-half years in Germany, Sandy Carneal went in for an interview to determine his assignment there. After growing exasperated by Sandy's repeated refusals of offered positions, the interviewing major wanted to know just what, exactly, Sandy wanted to do. With the atmosphere growing a bit testy, the major then asked if Sandy had ever done any writing, and "like a smart ass" Sandy indicated that he had written letters to his family in Kentucky. At this point the interviewer directed him to a Colonel Embry in Non Resident Instruction (NRI). Sandy immediately "hit it off " with the colonel, a Korean veteran who had lost a leg and been captured by the North Koreans but managed to escape. The colonel assigned Sandy to work in his unit as a review officer for classified nuclear weapons instruction programs.

Sometime later Sandy and the colonel decided to drive the colonel's 1967 Mercedes Sports Coupe duck hunting. The two left work early on Friday afternoon intent on checking out the lake for ducks in anticipation of the next morning's hunting adventure. Upon arrival at the lake, they crawled up the embankment to the top of the levee, where they spotted several ducks on the water. Sandy hastily went back to the Mercedes to retrieve the gun and then again crawled, this time combat style, up the embankment. To startle the ducks into flight, the two hunters suddenly stood up hollering and screaming. Nothing happened! Absolutely no movement. Decoys!

Sometimes discretion is the better part of valor, so they decided to return to the base Officers Club to have a drink and laugh about the episode. The next morning they returned to the lake for their scheduled hunt; however, they failed to see even one fowl, only managing to "nearly freeze our asses off."

Sandy Carneal, contributor

Zinging and Cracking

*This vignette remains in the first person just as written by the author, Pat Powers.

Winston Churchill, writing of his service in the Boer War, remarked that one of his most exciting experiences was the cracking sound of a rifle bullet going past his head without the pain of being hit. I am sure that being hit would have negated all that excitement.

I remember my own introduction to the cracking sound caused by a bullet exceeding the speed of sound passing overhead. This took place while working in the target pits of a known distance rifle range at Fort Knox. The infiltration course at Fort Benning provided the same sound effects plus the addition of the light display of red tracers passing closely overhead and seeing the water-cooled machine guns firing at me from close range.

In combat, the sounds of small arms rounds zinging past my head has always been a rapid wake-up call to do something fast, which in most cases was to lie down on the ground

preferably behind something solid. I soon developed the philosophy that anything going over my head couldn't hurt me. I let the tall guys worry about such things. But, the singing sound of a ricochet means things are getting too close. One zing is bad, but two or more sings means they have your range and things are getting serious and lying on the ground is not a good remedy.

Once, during a particularly bad day battling a main force VC unit during Tet 1968, I was taking a break to wash my feet in what I thought was a secure area. I came under fire from an individual way off to our left rear. He was standing just outside a brush line firing a U. S. M-1 Carbine. The distance was so great that the rounds didn't crack, they just clipped the branches off the small tree I was standing under. This was the last straw. I was already in a sour mood (unhappy with higher headquarters) and I at least had someone to vent my anger at, so I was going to teach this guy a lesson he'd never forget. I removed the sling from my carbine and used it to lash my weapon to a tree and by aiming ten feet over his head, cut loose a twenty round burst. The sight was unforgettable; the VC was wearing a white short sleeve shirt and black pants (I told you the sight was unforgettable). The rounds from my carbine began kicking up dust all around him; I don't think I hit him because nothing slowed him down as he ran into the trees. I'm not sure because I didn't check for sure, but I believe he left something behind besides his flip-flops.

I'm not sure how I got on this subject. Perhaps it was Winston Churchill.

Pat Powers, contributor

Voice from Above

Pat Powers recently found some old 8mm movie film in a box on the top shelf of a closet, film he had not seen in almost forty years, not since his bulb burned out in his projector. He had the film converted to videotape and was able to view some remarkable scenes from his past. The opening sequence consisted of several shots taken from a command and control helicopter directing the ground operations of a Thai infantry battalion in Vietnam. He remembers that he was glad to be in the air because it was twenty degrees cooler up there and he didn't have to slog through the swamps and wade streams with water over his head. He also remembers that he was doing to the troops something that he hated when on the ground, i. e., giving orders and advice from the air.

It seems that people who should know better lose perspective at two thousand feet in the air. According to Pat, former grunts become George Patton or Moses and feel they can will soldiers through rough terrain at a rapid rate or part bodies of water to allow passage. On one occasion the "Voice From Above" wanted to know why it had taken so long for pat and his group to cross a stream that looked from the air as if it were jumpable. Pat tried to explain that the bank on their side was steep and covered with thick brush and they hadn't checked it out.

On another occasion the "Voice From Above" was a civilian senior province advisor who wanted Pat and his unit to burn a village they were entering because it did not meet all the qualifications of a pacified village and was hurting his statistics. At that point Pat objected, feeling he had no animosity toward the village. The "Voice From Above" indicated that the helicopter was returning to base to refuel, allowing the Voice to get a bite to eat. When he returned, however, he wanted to see smoke. Pat found the village chief and told him that he had been ordered to burn the village. After reviving the chief from the shock of impending disaster, Pat pointed to a haystack and informed the chief that that would be the first house to burn. Apparently the village elder caught on quickly and pointed out some other haystacks and outbuildings that would make could smoke. In a few minutes several haystacks and outhouses were burning. In a short while the "Voice From Above" returned with praise for the unit's accomplishments and indicated that Pat and his unit could return to base. As they left the village, the chief grabbed Pat's hand with Pat believing he was "going to kiss it." A few weeks later when Pat's unit was on a mission that passed through the same village, the chief greeted them and asked them to stay for dinner. They declined the invitation and continued the mission, with the chief indicating that the unit would be safer using a trail other than the one planned, which had been recently booby trapped.

Pat concluded, "I suppose the Voice From Above knows more that I, or maybe it's just a matter of perspective."

Pat Powers, contributor

Pershing Rifle Biographies

Fred Alcott

Fred graduated from Western in 1963 and entered the Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School at Pensacola, Florida. After receiving his wings, he flew helicopters off carriers, completing a five-year tour of duty. Following his Navy service, Fred worked for the Soil Conservation Service until his retirement in 2002.

Fred presently lives with his wife, June, on a farm in Warren County, just south of Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Sandy Carneal

Sandy graduated from Western in 1964 and immediately received an Army artillery commission. He finished the Field Officer's Basic Course at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and received assignment to the 76th Field Artillery, 3rd Infantry Division in Kitzingen, Germany, where he served as first officer and battery executive officer. While in Oberrammergau, Germany, he obtained nuclear weapons officer rank and served as a battalion special weapons officer; then he served as 3rd Infantry Division artillery personnel officer until he rotated back to Fort Sill in 1967. At Fort Sill, as a part of the Non-Resident Instruction Department (NRID), he authored a sub-course on the employment of nuclear weapons. He received a discharge in 1967 with the rank of captain.

After his military career, Sandy began work as the human resources/union relations manager for several companies, including Goodyear Tire and Rubber, General Electric, American Sterilizer, and International Paper. Next, he became the union relations director for the New Jersey Aluminum Company and then human resources director for Kulka Smith, a subsidiary of North American Philips Company.

At this point Sandy made a total career change by going into the computer field, where he began by installing computer operating systems for Continental Insurance Company and then as consultant for IBM. He finished his career with an electronics company in Howell, New Jersey.

Sandy is now divorced and living in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

George Case

George left Western in 1964 and went back to New York, where he found a job driving a bus. According to George, the job "sucked," so he joined the Navy Reserve and in December of 1965 began active duty. He enjoyed the Navy life so much he decided to make it his career, spending most of the time in the personnel field. During his time in the Navy, he first served on the *LST Pulaski*, which delivered LCUs to Saigon; then he participated in

operations with the Seventh Fleet, which took him to several ports in Southeast Asia, including Chu Lai, Nha Trang, Da Nang, and Vung Tau in Vietnam. George transferred back to the States in December 1966 and received assignment to the *USS Mt. Baker*, an ammunition ship docked at San Francisco. In December 1967 he transferred to WestPac in support of the Seventh Fleet, participating in operations in the Gulf of Tonkin and Subic Bay. In January 1968 he transferred to the *USS Franklin Roosevelt*, operating with the U. S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean Sea.

George decided at this time to marry, in his words, "the love of my life," Barbara Postel. Soon after the marriage he began a three-year tour of duty at the Army Induction Center at Roanoke, Virginia. It was during this duty that he received the Joint Services Commendation Medal. In July 1971 he received assignment to the Naval Air Station Oceana, where he served on the *USS Franklin Roosevelt* with the "Black Aces" Fighter Squadron Forty-One. Next he transferred to advanced schooling in San Diego and then to duty at the Naval Training Center, Great Lakes, Illinois. After that he served as assistant personnel officer on the *USS Forrestal* and then in November 1981 transferred to the Navy recruiting school in Orlando, Florida. His next move was to the Navy Recruiting District Headquarters in Little Rock, Arkansas, where he was responsible for the District Processing Center in the now infamous Murrah Building in Oklahoma City. After a short duty on a destroyer in the Middle East, George retired in 1986 with the rank of master chief (E-2) after twenty-one and one-half years of service.

After his retirement from the Navy, George worked for a short time in Little Rock and then transferred to Tampa, Florida, where he and his wife, Barbara, now reside. He is presently employed as the office manager for a U. S. mail contract trucking company.

Blake Clark

Blake graduated from Western with a business degree in 1965, intending to make the military a career and assuming he would go to Vietnam. According to Blake he had this idealistic vision at the time that the only way to be an American "was to die in Vietnam—a real kamikaze attitude!" However, things did not work out according to his vision.

He went to basic training and jump school at Fort Benning, Georgia, and then to jungle school in Panama. During his initial stay in Panama, he realized he did not want to make the military a career but, because of his jungle training, he believed he would be sent to Vietnam. To Blake's surprise, he did not receive an assignment to Vietnam, but remained in Panama assigned to a quartermaster unit, where he served the remainder of his tour of duty. In Blake's words, "Even though I never went to Southeast Asia, I still have the ultimate admiration and respect for those who did."

Blake received a discharge from the Army in 1968 and married Susan Chadwell, a former Rebelette. They immediately moved to Jacksonville, Florida, where Blake worked as a rehabilitation counselor. In the meantime, Susan graduated from the University of Florida and became a school librarian. Blake received a master's degree in 1970 and a doctorate in 1972 from the University of Florida.

Blake and Susan moved to Staunton, Virginia, where Blake became director of training at Woodrow Wilson Rehabilitation Center for the next eight years. In 1981 he began a private counseling practice, his present employment.

Blake and Susan have one daughter, Joanna. He enjoys golf and in 2007 is looking forward to retirement in a year or two.

Steve Crider

Steve graduated from Western in 1962 with a major in biology and immediately received a commission as a RA second lieutenant. He went to AOC basic at Fort Knox and jump school at Fort Benning, completed a three-year tour with the 3rd ACR in Germany, and rotated back to the States in 1966. The Army then assigned him as S-4 2/II ARC and deployed him to RVN in July 1966. He returned in July 1967 to the armor school at Fort Knox and retired from the Army in 1968, when he returned to Western to complete a master's degree in biology. He then enrolled in a University of Louisville doctoral program, majoring in environmental science. However, he decided to end doctorate work when his wife issued an ultimatum that he "get a real job." He has worked as a commercial property manager for the last thirty-five years and is currently the plant director for St. Xavier High School in Louisville, Kentucky.

Steve is married to Norma Glass of Bowling Green and lives on a farm near La Grange, Kentucky. In his spare time he enjoys fruit and organic vegetable farming.

Ramey Cunningham

Ramey graduated from Western in August 1962 and immediately went on active duty in September, where he remained until August 1990. He had intended to make the military a career but a medical problem intervened, and he spent the next few years doing volunteer work. He is now fully retired.

Ramey is, in his words, "short, bald, and still blind." He has two sons and three grandchildren. Unfortunately, Ramey recently lost his wife.

Pat Dillard

Pat entered the Army immediately after college and completed two tours in Vietnam and one in Europe, retiring from the military service in 1993 as a lieutenant colonel. Pat was a certified public accountant for the Arkansas state legislature for several years and is now retired.

Pat, who has four children and three grandchildren, lives in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Ron Dillard

After Western, Ron went to Fort Benning, Georgia, for infantry officer basic training and then to helicopter school at Fort Wolters, Texas, and Hunter-Stewart, Georgia. He subsequently completed the Aviation Safety Officer Course at the University of Southern California and flew helicopters with the 1st Cavalry Division in Vietnam before completing a master's degree at the University of Southern California.

Over the next few years Ron was involved in several enterprises, including a farm machinery business and a vintage airplane business. He then signed on with Sea Ray Boat Company in Knoxville, Tennessee, as a corporate pilot and now works in that capacity for the Anheuser-Busch Company in St. Louis, Missouri.

Ron married Carol Mays, a former Rebellette, with whom he has two children and three grandchildren. Ron continues to fly and, on the side, sells shares in vintage airplanes while Carol runs a legal nurse consulting business. They presently live in Ballwin, Missouri, but in 2008 they are anticipating retirement soon to their second home on Barren River Lake, east of Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Mike Divine

Mike entered military service immediately after graduation and went to Fort Benning for training. He returned to Western in 1971, courtesy of the Army, and completed a master's degree. In his words, he "finally figured out how to study the second time around." He retired from the Army after thirty years with the rank of colonel and now lives in Franklin, Tennessee, with his wife, Nancy Jasper, a former Rebellette; they have two sons.

Jerry Froedge

Jerry, after four years at Western, decided to enroll in the University of Louisville Medical School. After graduating medical school he did a year of internship in Dayton, Ohio, where he met his future wife, Sandra, an art teacher who, in his words, "could dance just like I did." After his internship in Dayton, he and his wife Sandra moved to Edwards Air Force

Base in California for a two-year stint in the Air Force. He then received orders to report for duty in Vietnam, but his base commander refused to allow him to leave because he was the only pediatrician on the base. The Froedges then moved to Houston, Texas, so that Jerry could complete his pediatric residency at Baylor Hospital. From there they moved to Hickory, North Carolina, where he has been in a group pediatric practice for the past thirty-two years.

According to Jerry, he plays tennis when he has the time and still loves to dance. The Froedges have two children who both live in Orlando, Florida.

Jerry Fussell

Jerry completed one year at Western and then volunteered for a two-year enlistment in the Army, attending basic training at Fort Chaffee, Arkansas. After basic the Army assigned him to the 2nd Infantry Division, Company B, 23rd Battalion. He deployed to Beaumholder, Germany, in 1963 as a part of the 68th Armored Division, where he drove armored personnel carriers. He mustered out in Fort Benning, Georgia, and returned to his hometown of Erin, Tennessee.

Immediately upon arrival home from the Army, Jerry began work for his father at the Cross Roads Service Station in Erin. Since his father's death in 1987, Jerry has owned and operated the family business.

Jerry and his wife, Wanda, have one daughter and three grandchildren. Jerry's favorite hobbies are bass fishing, duck hunting, collecting archeological artifacts, and "piddling in my 'senior citizen vegetable garden.'" He plans to retire in 2007 so that he can spend more time with family and friends and enjoy "life to the fullest."

Joe Galloway

Joe graduated from Western and started his military career at Fort Knox when, according to him, he "ran out of peanut butter and was unemployed." He went to basic training at Fort Benning jump and jungle school and then returned to Fort Knox, where he conducted Vietnam training for the 54th Infantry. After serving one tour in Vietnam, he moved to Fort Lee, Virginia, where he served in G-3, commanded a company, and later went to the advanced course. In 1970 the Army sent him back to Western to earn a master's degree, after which he took short courses at Forts Lee and Bragg and shipped out again to Vietnam in November 1971. Upon returning from Vietnam, he taught for four and a half years at the U. S. Military Academy in the leadership department. In July 1977 Joe went to C & GS at Fort Leavenworth and, from 1978 to 1980, became commander of a unit in Germany. After he won promotion to lieutenant colonel and went to Organizational Effectiveness Center and School at Fort Ord, he became the chief of course design. Command of the 7th S & T Battalion at Fort Ord followed, at which time he moved to the DAIG in the Pentagon as a logistics analyst. In 1989 he completed studies at the Army War College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and then went back to Europe as the force modernization director for the

Army Material Command Europe. Joe retired from the military after more than twenty-seven years and moved back to Reston, Virginia, where he worked evenings as a lecturer for Northern Virginia Community College and for a heating and air conditioning distributorship during the day. He moved to Danville, Kentucky, in 1998 and again works for a heating and air conditioning distributorship.

He married Maria in 1966 and has two sons. He is now divorced and living in Danville, Kentucky.

Bill Houston

Bill graduated from Western in 1964 and on June 7, 1964, married Deborah, to whom he has been married forty-two years. Then, only ten days later, he left for ROTC summer camp, received a commission, and entered active duty in mid-July. He entered armor school at Ft. Knox and then completed a tour of duty in Germany with the 2nd Armored Calvary Regiment, 1st Squadron, located at Bindback, Germany. During the tour in Germany, he was reassigned to the intelligence branch and, according to Bill, spent most of his time on "border duty opposite the East German and Czeck borders." After three years in Germany, he returned to the States with orders to report to Vietnam in January 26, 1968. In Vietnam he spent time with the 25th Infantry as a S-2 for the 4th Battalion, 23rd Mechanized Infantry located at Tay Ninh, then as an assistant S-2 for the 1st Brigade. He left Vietnam in January 1969 and received assignment to the XVIII Airborne Corp at Ft. Bragg, where he spent the next eleven months before being discharged in December 1969.

Most of Bill's civilian life has been in sales, insurance marketing, and investing businesses; he now owns a mortgage brokerage firm. He and Deborah have two daughters, a son, and five grandchildren.

Eddie James

Eddie received a master's degree from Western. However, because of poor eyesight, he failed his Army physical and did not enter the military. He is presently employed in sports management and lives in Jacksonville, Florida.

Ed Karr

Ed entered the military service and served four years active duty, including a year in Vietnam. He then entered the Army Reserves where he served nearly thirty years, retiring as a lieutenant colonel in February 1992.

Ed and his wife, Batha May, a former Western student, originally settled in LaGrange, Kentucky, where he was in the 100th Division and worked for Chevron Oil Company in Louisville for six years. They then moved to Chevron headquarters in San Francisco in 1976, where they lived until he retired in 2000. During his stay in San Francisco, he was a member of the 91st Division of the Army Reserve. He moved to Costa Mesa, California, for the next two and a half years and then to Colorado in 2002 to be near the grandchildren, where he and his wife now live.

Mike Kenney

After graduation from Western, Mike spent twenty-six years in the military. He completed two tours in Vietnam, then six years in Central Africa, where he was U. S. Defense Attaché in Zaire and the Sudan and, after that, U. S. Liaison Officer in Namibia in 1984-85. He served a five-year tour in Hawaii commanding an Army security agency unit, then an operations staff element until it became part of the 25th Division. He finished his military career on the staff of General Norman Schwartzkopf at Central Command at Fort MacDill Air Force Base in Tampa, Florida. Immediately after his military service he taught school in the Tampa, Florida area. In 1993 he moved to Bowling Green to work in the Upward Bound Program for high school students. Mike is now retired.

Mike married Martha Rascoe, a Western graduate, and they have a daughter and a son. Their son teaches in Daviess County, Kentucky, and their daughter lives in Nashville, where she is head of the Kellogg/Kebbler Company for the state of Tennessee.

Tom Lewman

Tom was the commander of Company B-3 Pershing Rifles in 1963-64. Upon graduation from Western in 1964, Tom immediately volunteered for active duty and received assignment to Fort Knox as a platoon leader in A Company of the 54th Infantry Regiment. He then went to infantry school, completing infantry officers basic course, ranger school and airborne school at Fort Benning, Georgia, after which he received assignment to Germany. Anxious to serve in Vietnam, Tom volunteered in the summer of 1969 for a tour of duty there. In Vietnam he served as a rifle platoon leader in B Company, 4th Battalion, 9th Infantry Regiment and then as company commander of A Company. After completing his overseas tour, he received assignment to Fort Gordon, Georgia. Deciding the hours were too demanding in this assignment, he volunteered to attend the Special Forces officers' course at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. He went back to Vietnam for a second tour, serving as an "A" Team Leader in the Delta. He returned to Fort Benning, where he served as an instructor in

the Ranger Department. The Army then assigned him to a third tour in Vietnam. At this point Tom decided to attend Rotary Wing Flight School at Fort Wolters, Texas, and then took an advanced course at Fort Rucker in 1971.

During 1971 through 1973 Tom served as executive officer of the 119th Aviation Company and S-3 of the 269th Aviation Battalion at Fort Bragg. Then the Army, recognizing that he was "having too much fun flying," reassigned him to recruiting duty in Indianapolis, Indiana. During the summer of 1975 through the spring of 1976, he attended CGSC at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and then went to Korea to command the 128th Assault Helicopter Company. Upon his return to the States, the Army assigned him to the 4th Mechanized Infantry Regiment at Fort Carson, Colorado. In the fall of 1982 he attended the FM Cobra at Fort Rucker, Alabama, and then went to Monterey, California, for German language training before being assigned to Germany to serve as commander of the 503rd Combat Aviation Battalion. As a result of health problems, Tom went to Letterman Hospital in San Francisco, California. With his health recovered, he went to Fort Ord, California, as operations officer for the Combat Development and Experimentation Command.

Tom ended his military service when he accepted a position as military analyst with the BDM Corporation. Over the next several years he worked at BDM, eventually becoming an executive manager. He continued in this general capacity as a succession of companies purchased BDM, finally ending his business career working for Northrop Grumman.

In 2006 Tom retired and is now pursuing his lifelong passion of woodworking. He and his wife own and operate an antique and collectives store in Scotts Valley, California. Tom has a shop at the store where he makes American Period Furniture, particularly Windsor chairs. In Tom's words, "I am thoroughly enjoying life!"

Tom's military awards, among others, include the Silver Star, Bronze Star with "V" device, Bronze Star with two oak leaf clusters, five Air Medals, and the Purple Heart with oak leaf cluster.

Mike Meuth

Mike entered military service in 1963 and received assignment to Hawaii, later volunteering for assignment to Vietnam. He returned to Washington in 1966 and began three and a half years as aide-de-camp to the CG of the Medical Research and Development Command. He then went to Fort Sam Houston for advanced school and the training to become an ADPS officer; assignments followed at Fort Detrick, Fort Sam Houston, and the Surgeon General's Office. He received promotion to major in 1971 and then resigned in 1978 to join his wife's family business. In 1991 he became president of Grisier Roos Insurance Agency, Inc, and continued there until 2002, when he sold the business. In Mike's words he was "kicked upstairs to serve as window dressing" and now only has the responsibility for life and health insurance sales.

Mike is married to Kay; they have a son, a daughter, and three grandchildren. Mike and Kay like to spend each February in Key West, Florida, and some summer weeks on Mackinac Island, Michigan. They presently reside in Wauseon, Ohio.

Bill Mize

Bill was the commander of the Company B-3 Pershing Rifles in 1961-62. He graduated from Western in 1962 and immediately received a commission as a second lieutenant in the Army. His initial assignment was to Headquarters Company, 11th Transportation Command in Germany. Next he transferred to the Quartermasters Corp in the Eighth Army where he served as the director of supply and transportation, ASCOM Depot, Bupyong, Korea. He then returned in 1968 to Germany to command the HHC, Seventh Army Inventory Control Center. In 1969 he received assignment as operations officer, VII Corps Support Command's Material Management Center. In early 1970 he went to Vietnam for a brief assignment to Headquarters, U. S. Army Vietnam, where he served as chief, Direct and General Support Supply Operations, G-4, and then to Hawaii for a staff assignment in the Directorate for Logistics. He returned to Korea in 1975 to activate and command the 2nd Infantry Division's Material Management Center. After a short stint as S2/S3 of the Division Support Command for the 101st Airborne at Fort Campbell, he returned to Korea and later to Fort Campbell, where he completed his second tour as chief, AMC Logistic Assistance Office. He retired from the Army as a lieutenant colonel in 1990.

Bill's awards include the Legion of Merit, Bronze Star with oak leaf cluster, the Meritorious Service Medal with two oak leaf clusters, and the Army Commendation Medal with three oak leaf clusters. It is also worth mentioning that Bill authored a change to remove from the Foreign Assistance Act the portion restricting the President's power to wage war by requiring him to seek congressional approval before release of war reserves to U. S. forces or allies. Although President George H. W. Bush did not mention Bill by name, he did state in his book that operation Desert Storm would have been delayed several months if that change had not been approved by Congress years earlier.

Bill now lives with his wife, Cyndi, in Cadiz, Kentucky. He keeps busy farming.

Wayne Moore

Wayne left Western and went to Fort Knox to armor school and then to Korea, after which he received assignment to Fort Hood, Texas. He left the Army in 1965 and moved to Glasgow, Kentucky, where he worked for a time as an agriculture loan officer at PCA. After several years in the feed, grain, and fertilizer business, which he entered in 1974, he moved to Tuscumbia, Alabama, where he ran farm coop stores.

In 1991 Wayne moved back to Glasgow and is now involved in the real estate business. He and his wife, Janice, have two children and four grandchildren.

Ellis Morrow

Ellis graduated from Western, entered the military, and served in the infantry for four years, reaching the rank of captain. After military service he worked for Allied Mills of Chicago from 1968 until 1971, when he began work for the United States Department of Agriculture Soil Conservation Service, his present employment. His work took him to many locations, such as Flemingsburg, Hickman, and Murray, Kentucky, and then to Walterboro and Columbia, South Carolina, where he presently lives. He is now retired after a career of forty years.

Ellis divorced in 1986 and is now married to Donna, whom he describes as "the sweetest person and the love of my life."

Ron Osburn

Ron earned a bachelor's degree in chemistry and biology from Western, after which he received his commission and served two years in the Army at Fort Hood, Texas. The next step in his career was in Atlanta, Georgia, where he taught science for six years. Ron then worked for a major oil company for eight years, at which time he bought his own business, which he operated for the next twelve years.

Ron now spends much of his time boating. He is the treasurer of District 26 of the United States Power Squadrons, a national organization that is America's Boating Club, which is dedicated to teaching safe boating to the public. He is one of several instructors in the South Carolina area. Apparently Ron's interest in boating stems from age sixteen, when he won a boat, motor, and trailer in a raffle; he says he has been hooked on boating ever since. Ron also enjoys acting in local community theatres.

Ron and his wife, Barbara, who live near Lake Hartwell, Georgia, have five children and eight grandchildren.

Bill Pearson

Bill graduated from Western in November 1965 and received a commission in the Army infantry. He attended ranger school, jump school and then, between December 1966 and 1968, he was a member of the 199th Infantry in Vietnam. He received promotion to first lieutenant and attended advanced infantry training at Fort McClellan, Alabama, from January to November 1968, then completed various assignments: rotary wing flight school, Fort Wolters, Texas, and Savannah, Georgia; basic combat training infantry brigade, Fort Campbell, Kentucky; armor advance course; and Cobra flight training. After a second tour in Vietnam from 1971 to 1972 with the 17th Air Cavalry, Bill returned to Western to complete a master's degree, teach in the Military Science Department, and serve as an advisor for the Pershing Rifles military fraternity. He received promotion to major and

joined the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He then became Rotary Wing advisor in Iran until the overthrow of the Shah.

Bill commanded the 82nd Attack Helo Company at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, from 1979 to 1981, received promotion to lieutenant colonel, and was attached to the 18th Airborne Corps Headquarters at Fort Bragg. At this point Bill changed to the aviation division and joined FORSCOM Headquarters in Atlanta, where he commanded the 24th Combat Aviation Battalion, General Norman Schwartzkopf commanding. He then moved to the Pentagon as an aviation staff officer. Bill retired from the military in 1989 with the rank of colonel. After military retirement Bill taught Junior ROTC in Walhalla, South Carolina, for the next seventeen years.

Bill won numerous ribbons and medals, of which some of the more notable are the Legion of Merit, Bronze Star with "V" device and two oak leaf clusters, the Air Medal with six clusters, and Meritorious Service Medal with two clusters,

Bill married Tanya Lawson in 1965 and they have two children. The Pearsons presently reside in South Carolina and make frequent trips to Bowling Green to visit family and friends.

Glen Ping

Glen left Western in the spring of 1966 intending to join the Army Reserves and finish his schooling at a later date. However, his plan changed when he received his draft notice in May 1967 with an assignment to Vietnam that October. In Vietnam he was with the 3/5 Cavalry (Armored Reconnaissance) Division attached to the 9th Infantry and later the 1st Cavalry. After serving two years in the Army, he moved back to Louisville, Kentucky, and then to Beckley, West Virginia. He worked for twenty-five years in sales for a building supply manufacturing company and retired in 2002. He and his wife, Nancy, have two daughters and a son, and now live in Rock Hill, South Carolina.

Hugh Ridenour

Hugh graduated from Western in 1966 and immediately began teaching history in the Webster County, Kentucky, school system. He received his draft notice in 1968, but due to the extraordinary need for teachers in Webster County, the draft board granted a deferment, thus making any military service unlikely.

For the next twenty-eight years he taught history at the secondary level while also training show horses. These years were interspersed with summer backpacking trips to Europe and mountain climbing in South America. In 1996 he received a master's degree in history from Western and in 2005 completed a three-year term on Western's Alumni Board of Directors.

Hugh is presently involved in historical research and public speaking. He has authored one book and several articles for scholarly history journals, his primary interest being the World War II era.

In 1968 Hugh married Carolyn Duncan, a Western graduate. They live in Hanson, Kentucky.

Bill Ritter

Bill entered the Army upon graduation from Western and spent twenty-eight years in the service, retiring in 1992 as a colonel at Fort Hood, Texas. He then worked as personnel director with the local school district for thirteen years, retiring in 2005. He married Anita Preston, a Western student; they have a son and a daughter. Bill and his wife are both retired and live in Harker Heights, near Killeen, Texas.

While reminiscing by email with fellow PRs, Bill wrote, "Damn, we had good times, and all we had to worry about was 'getting to class' and having a little 'spending money.' We drank a little, most of us didn't smoke, and I don't think any of us knew what drugs were." He indicated that he is now enjoying the good life, "a little golf, a little beer, some gardening, very little exercise, and some gambling."

Ken Scott

Ken graduated from Western but, due to back surgery, did not receive an Army commission. He married Betsy Carroll, a Rebelette, to whom he has been married forty years. In her words, "I deserve a medal." Ken took a teaching position in Metcalfe County, Kentucky, where he taught for one year. He and Betsy then moved to Bowling Green, where Ken took a teaching/coaching position for two years while attending graduate school at Western, with Betsy also teaching. After receiving a master's degree Ken took a principals position in the Warren County School System, then went to Glasgow as a principal for four years. Afterwards he enrolled in doctoral work at the University of Kentucky. After receiving his doctorate he became the Director for Educational Research and Program Evaluation in the School of Medicine at the University of Alabama at Birmingham. According to Betsy, "Those were some of our happier times." After five years in that position, they moved to Frankfort, Kentucky, where Ken became Associate Executive Director of the Kentucky School Boards Association until 2002. During this time Betsy worked for the Kentucky Senate and sold real estate. Ken now conducts his own business involving superintendent searches and superintendent and CEO evaluations as well as some part-time farming.

Ken and Betsy have two children, Beth and Sarah, and one grandchild. They are enjoying their role as grandparents and particularly love taking the entire family to the North Carolina seashore each summer. They presently live in Frankfort, Kentucky.

Don Traughber

Don graduated from Western with a master's degree in 1963. While at Western he was a member of the Pershing Rifles Honor Guard. He immediately went into the Army as a second lieutenant assigned to the Seventh Army, 2nd Armored Cavalry in Bamberg, Germany. In 1965 he received his discharge and taught at the United States Dependent Schools European Area in Karlsruhe, Germany, for two years. In 1968, he transferred to a teaching position at Ramey High School at Ramey Air Force Base in Puerto Rico. During this time he enrolled in Inter-American University and received a master's degree in business administration in 1970. Don next took a job as a special agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Sacramento, California, and in 1982 he became vice president for Wells Fargo Bank Corporate Security in Sacramento.

He is now retired and living in New Albany, Indiana.

Doug Verdier

Doug spent twenty-three years in the Army and retired as a lieutenant colonel. After his military service he worked for the Red Cross and several independent community blood centers. For twenty years he worked in public relations and marketing where, according to Doug, "I got to put my English degree to use." He currently works part-time in marketing and sales for the Minnesota Orchestra.

Doug lives with his wife in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

John Vititoe

John was commander of Company B-3 Pershing Rifles in 1962-63. He completed basic training at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and then received assignment to a Little John Rocket Battalion in the 2nd Armored Division stationed in Okinawa. He transferred to the 2nd Artillery Division as a battery commander of an Honest John Rocket Battalion at Fort Hood, Texas, afterwards transferring to Korea as an infantry battalion S-3. From there he moved back to Fort Sill for advanced training and then to Vietnam in late 1969, where he was assigned to the 2nd Battalion, 4th Field Artillery Regiment (105mm), 3rd Brigade, 9th Infantry Division working out of Tan An. He went to the 25th Infantry Division at Cu Chi as assistant division artillery operations & training officer until this division stepped down. He then transferred to the 1st Cavalry Division at Phouc Vinh as the division artillery S-3 until the 25th Infantry Division deactivated and rotated to the States.

After Vietnam the Army assigned John to Morehead State University, where he taught military science and was faculty advisor to the Pershing Rifles Company V-1. He completed a master's degree in industrial education and then moved to Louisville in 1975 as the FA advisor to the 100th Division Maneuver Training Command. Next he worked at Fort Hunter-Liggett in the Combat Developments Experimentation Command, where he

participated in testing Hellfire missile system and several other weapons systems. John's last tour was in Puerto Rico and U. S. Virgin Islands with Readiness Group Puerto Rico. In John's words, "It was tough duty but someone had to do it."

Upon retirement from the Army, John, along with fellow PR Darryl Hutcherson, opened a retail athletic store in Radcliff, Kentucky. Next came a short stint as a schoolteacher in Hardin County, Kentucky, and finally work at a retirement community.

John divorced in the late 1970s and is now married to Pallas. They plan to divide their time between Hemet, California, and Rineyville, Kentucky.

Roye Wilson

Roye received assignment to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in 1964 and then moved to Louisville to work for the Ford Motor Company for a year. He taught school for two years in Corydon, Indiana, before the National Guard mobilized his unit. He spent the summer of 1968 at Fort Hood, Texas, and then the next twelve months in Vietnam in and around Phu Bai (between Hue and Danang). After his tour in Vietnam, he moved back to Indiana and then to Kentucky, where he worked for the Kentucky State Vocational-Technical School System. During this time he moved to Lebanon, next to Louisville, and then to Elizabethtown in 1974. He retired from the National Guard and Reserves in 1993. His wife, Pat, retired as a teacher from the Hardin County School System in 1997.

Roye and Pat have three children and six grandchildren. Pat keeps busy with a small sewing business and Roye is a small-time farmer.

REBELETTES

In 1964 Kandi Kohlmeyer and Betsy Carroll originated the idea for a female precision drill team. However, before this idea could come to fruition, the college administration would need to be consulted. Kandi went to Kelly Thompson, then President of Western Kentucky State College (now Western Kentucky University), seeking the administration's permission. President Thompson indicated that there was no money in the budget for such an organization, but if private funds could be raised, though he thought that task would be difficult, he would consider the proposition.

With this possibility in hand, the organization began tryouts with Ron Dillard as drillmaster. Even though there were no uniforms, no schedule for competitions, and as yet no money, Ron managed to select a team and begin practice. The original drill team roster consisted of eighteen coeds: Betsy Carroll, Betty McHargue, Pat Quinn, Carol Small, Carol Mays, Jennie Dahl, Carol Artis, June Preston, Jackie Roper, Janice Toppass, Beverly Westerfield, Diane Chance, Nancy Jasper, Anne Truitt, Rita Davis, Cheryl Carnahan, Susan Rawley, and Kandi Kohlmeyer. Practice usually took place daily in the late afternoon. According to Kandi, they nearly "drove Ron crazy until they finally got the basics down."

In the meantime, fundraising began in earnest. Bake sales, bottle drives, and car washes were standard fundraising activities. Finally, with enough money to buy uniforms and the support of Western's ROTC program and the Pershing Rifles fraternity, the organization was ready to compete.

Although uniforms were yet unavailable, the Rebelettes Drill Team made their first appearance in the 1964 Warren County Christmas Parade wearing Rebelette sweatshirts and black slacks. A few weeks later the Rebelettes, in new white uniforms, performed at a Western basketball game. Afterwards, President Thompson, commented to Kandi, "I see you got it done! Congratulations."

The next year, under drillmaster Danny Dalton, the Rebelettes began drill competition with the first meet at the University of Illinois in Champaign, where they placed fourth out of nine teams. At the next meet in Chicago, the group won first place and were on their way. During the rest of that year they marched as an exhibition drill team at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, and then at Western's Senior Day in May.

In 1966 Bill Willis became drillmaster with Kandi Kolhmeyer as team captain. The team marched in several exhibitions and then competed at the University of Illinois and at Purdue University in West Lafayette, Indiana, placing second in both competitions. By then the team had become famous for its silent routines and for slightly raising their skirts during their routine to expose a red garter, which became known as their signature "Red Garter" salute.

Not only did the Rebelettes compete and win, but they also found time to be a true auxiliary to the Pershing Rifles fraternity. It was not unusual for the Rebelettes to help with the building of the fraternity float at Homecoming, serve donuts to fraternity members who

were on night maneuvers, or give much needed aid planning social events. It is also interesting to note that several of the Rebelettes eventually married Pershing Rifle members.

The Rebelettes were national drill champions in 1967, 1973, and 1975. The auxiliary continued until the early 1980s when the Military Science Department phased out the Pershing Rifles.

Information provided by Kandi Kohlmeyer

Rebelette Vignettes

These 1965 journal entries by Carol Mays Dillard for an English class at Western Kentucky University are printed as submitted.

Monday, March 1, 1965
As usual, this past weekend has been a busy one. The Rebelettes had a rummage sale Saturday, which did not go very well, so another one is scheduled for next Saturday morning. The tension seems to be mounting among us about or first drill meet coming up at Champaign, Illinois, in two weeks.

Friday, March 5, 1965
The Rebelettes drilled for three hours this afternoon, after which I returned to the dorm and slept. Around 7:00 Ronnie, my husband-to-be, buzzed for me. We went to the show. It wasn't very good, but when you are in love, who cares???

Saturday, March 6, 1965
The Rebellettes had another rummage sale at 7:00 this morning, which netted $40.00. Then we drilled at 10:00 and 1:00 in preparation for next weekend.

Monday, March 8, 1965
I am a ROTC company sponsor, so I drilled with my company today. To tell the truth, I didn't really drill. I just wandered around through the ranks, flirting and trying to "motivate" the guys to drill harder. The company commander, Tom Murrill, is such a wonderful person. After drill Tom walked me up "the hill," and whenever we crossed a street or walked up a step, he took my arm. It was nice being treated like a real lady.

Friday, March 12, 1965
I got up at 4:30 this morning to leave for Champaign, Illinois. The Rebelettes had our first drill meet there tonight. We ate breakfast at Western Hills at 5:30 with the Pershing Rifles, our new brothers. (We Rebelettes are an auxiliary of the PRs.) Then we left on a Fuqua bus from the A-A building. We arrived at our destination, Chanute Air Force Base, in time to

run through our sequence once and go on the floor to be judged. After drilling for ten minutes, we ate at the officer's club, after which we danced and danced and danced. Then we returned to the barracks and went to bed, only after comparing notes on our dates!

Saturday, March 13, 1965
We spent all day watching other drill teams perform. We are very proud that we rated fourth out of nine co-ed teams, as this was our first drill meet. We left for home around 10:30 pm, and I thought we never would get off that bus.

Monday, March 15, 1965
I slept through all my morning classes today, until a psychology exam at 11:30, which I flunked. I feel like walking death! Am I tired.

Friday, March 19, 1965
The Pershing Rifle dance was a huge success, and so much fun that I got in to the dorm one minute late. Ronnie and I danced until I thought I would drop in my tracks. The Neurotics, who played for the dance, really were good, and after liquor floated around for a hour or so, everyone seemed to really enjoy doing the jerk, bump, monkey, and limbo. Twelve o'clock midnight came too soon for all.

Tuesday, march 23, 1965
The PRs and Rebelettes all went to Beech Bend park for a huge party, which lasted from 3:00 to 9:30 p. m. We all had a blast singing songs and telling jokes, and Ronnie and I really enjoyed ourselves. The party made me realize one thing: I can have just as good a time with the group as a whole as I can by just being with Ronnie. So, I left him alone, and it worked! He's so jealous that he told me never again to leave him!!! I've got him foxed.

Saturday, March 27, 1965
Dough (McConnaughhay), Ronnie, and I went to see "Rio Conchos," which reminded me very closely of "The Commencer." Between those two guys, I was kept in stitches, to say the least. They acted <u>much</u> worse than the average five or six year old watching the Saturday afternoon cartoons!

Tuesday, May 4, 1965
Today was Ken Scott's birthday, so we Rebelettes all chipped in a bought him a cake. We, along with the PRs, all loaded up and headed for Beech Bend. After a couple hours, everyone was feeling sort of "high," so some of the boys began to climb saplings. All of a sudden I heard a loud crack, and looked up to see Ed Smith fall and hit the ground. We removed the tree limb from under him, but his back and right ankle hurt quite a bit. While we were in the process of getting him to a car, we heard a yell close to Barren River. One of the guys had dived into the river, hitting his head on a tree root. He had a deep gash requiring 14 stitches.

Wednesday, May 5, 1965
Two of the Rebelettes went to the hospital this afternoon to visit Ed and Bruce. One of them fainted, while the other fell and suffered a fractured jaw. They took her to the hospital in Louisville to find an oral surgeon who would wire her mouth tighter and set her jaw. I had planned to go see everyone, but I'm sort of afraid to go near the hospital! (Note: Betsy

Carroll Scott recalls that is was she who drove June Preston, both Rebellettes, to the hospital to see Ed, and that it was June who Passed out, fell down some stairs, and broke her jaw. Apparently, she wound up sipping out of a straw for quite some time thereafter.)

Friday, May 7, 1965
I had no classes today, but I couldn't go home until 3:00. This is Senior Day, so the Rebelettes had to march. Then we sponsors passed in review with our companies.

Tuesday, May 11, 1965
I sure am getting tired of classes. College life would be great if you just didn't have to study or attend classes!

Friday, may 14, 1965
Mick and Nancy (Devine), Ronnie and I went to a Pershing Rifle fish fry at Beech Bend. Then, on the spur of the moment, we took off for Somerset. Nancy's mother is in the hospital, so we're spending the weekend at Nancy's.

Carol Mays Dillard, contributor

Rebelette Biographies

Betsy Carroll (see Ken Scott)

Rita Davis

While attending Western in 1965, Rita decided to accompany a friend to tryouts for the Rebelettes Drill Team. She tried out and was selected for the team but, unfortunately, her friend did not make the team. Nevertheless, Rita enjoyed the company of the girls on the team, so she decided to remain with the group.

However, during her time as a Rebelette, Rita was experiencing a "try-out" of a different nature. From the age of fifteen, she realized that an "urging from the Spirit" was leading her toward a committed religious life. So in 1966 Rita went to Nazareth, Kentucky, and entered the order of the Sisters of Charity, receiving the Vows in 1969, where she remains today.

Since 1966 Rita, as well as being committed to a life of prayer and spiritual development, has also taught primary grades for several years and English as a second language to adults, done parish work in southern Kentucky and Arkansas, and managed a gift shop on the Nazareth campus. She now works in the campus leadership office and tutors in Bardstown and in Springfield at St. Catharine College. Occasionally she gives mission appeals in churches in various states to fund the Order's charity work in India, Nepal, Belize, and Botswana.

Rita likes to spend her leisure time fishing, walking in the woods, swimming, performing a dramatic monologue, and singing with the Mid-Kentucky Chorus based in Springfield, Kentucky.

Nancy Jasper (see Mike Divine)

Kandi Kohlmeyer (Hart)

Upon graduation from Western, Kandi worked as a receptionist and truck dispatcher in Louisville. After a year there she moved to Washington, D. C., and began work as a section editor for *Navy: The Magazine of SeaPower*. Kandi next decided to use her social work degree at the George Washington University Clinic, where she had the job of interviewing drug addicts, unwed mothers, and Medicaid patients. She then decided to move back to Kentucky and take a position as a 4-H agent in Louisville. For the past thirty years she has worked in Illinois in various jobs: pre-school teacher, preschool director, and caseworker for the Department of Children and Family Services.

Now divorced and living in Savoy, Illinois, Kandi has two children and one grandchild.

Carol Mays (also, see Ron Dillard)

During the two years Carol attended Western, 1964-1966, she majored in home economics and was active in several organizations in addition to the Rebelettes, including serving as president of Alpha Omicron Pi sorority pledge class of 1965. In 1966 Carol married Ron Dillard, the first drillmaster of the Rebelettes, and then left school when he entered the military. After Ron's military service Carol obtained a nursing degree from Mississippi County Community College in Blytheville, Arkansas. She is certified in physical rehabilitation, case management, and legal nurse consulting, and currently does legal nurse consulting work for companies reviewing and analyzing insurance medical records for auto and personal liability lines and attorneys.

Carol and Ron have two children, Ken and Kristin, and three grandchildren. She loves visiting with family and friends, shopping, watching PBS television, and providing health care assistance to family and friends.

Jackie Roper (Rudolph)

Jackie left Western just a few hours short of graduation in 1966 to marry and follow her husband, David, as he joined the Navy. Twenty years later Jackie went back to school and received a degree in political science and English from Athens State University. After her

husband left the Navy, they settled in Huntsville, Alabama, where she worked in the human resources field for the Motorola Company and later for a hospital healthcare organization.

After an attempt at retirement in 2005, Jackie went to work for a company manufacturing helicopters for the government. In Jackie's words, "I didn't know anything about helicopters, but they needed someone who knew the Huntsville business community to run the office. . . . They would take care of the helicopters."

Jackie loves to spend her leisure time riding motorcycles with her husband: "We fall somewhere between the 'matching jackets with teddy bears on the handlebars' and 'leathers and tattoos.'" She is very active in her church and loves to collect anything "Rudolph." According to her, "Our house is absolutely tacky during the Christmas season." She also loves hand quilting and shooting trap and skeet, stating, "I am probably the only woman on the block that got a 12 gauge as a birthday present."

Jackie and David have been married for forty-years and have two children and four "awesome" grandchildren.

Janice Toppass (Wilson)

After graduating from Western, Janice married Earl Wilson (now deceased) and remained in Bowling Green, where she and her husband ran an insurance claims adjusting business for many years. She is now retired from the insurance business and presently works part time as a residential and commercial property inspector for insurance companies in the Bowling Green area.

Her hobbies include reading, sewing, babysitting a granddaughter, and exercise walking with her two dogs. She also volunteers at the CHC Free Clinic and the local humane society. She is active in her church and loves to spend time with her friends.

Janice has a daughter, Kim Wilson Phelps, and a three-year-old granddaughter, Brenner.

Beverly Westerfield (Webb)

Beverly graduated from Western in 1966 with a degree in English and in 1972 earned a master's degree in administration from the University of North Florida. During thirty-four years of employment with the Duval County School System in Jacksonville, Florida, she taught language arts for thirteen years and then served as dean of students and assistant principal before retiring in 2000. During this time, she also taught English for the Foreign Born and Opening Doors for Widows.

Beverly married George Sells, a Western graduate, in 1966, with whom she had one child, Michael. George died in 1985, and Beverly is now married to Philip Webb; they live in Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida.

Beverly enjoys playing tennis and doing volunteer work in her community. She is the past president of the Ponte Vedra Women's Tennis Association.