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### Foreword

*It was the height of the Cold War, 1975-1978. The U.S. had just been pushed out of Saigon, Vietnam by the Viet Cong. I was stationed in Germany (NATO) as part of U.S. Army Europe (USAREUR) and 7<sup>th</sup> Army. These were not “paper” Army headquarters (an observation I make the Corps and Army headquarters of the last 20+years) we’ve had since the “Peace Dividend” of the 1990s. These were Army headquarters prepared to go toe-to-toe with the Russian horde and their Easter Bloc subordinates to prevent war, or failing that, make them pay dearly for every inch gained in a westward direction. There were two combat Corps under USAREUR and 7<sup>th</sup> Army. These were V Corps in the North and VII Corps in the South and East.*

*My first unit, C/2-57 Charlie Battery, 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion, 57<sup>th</sup> ADA was in the VII Corps Sector. Within VII Corps, the border was surveilled by the 2<sup>nd</sup> Armored Cavalry Regiment. Of all the units within USAREUR, only the Cavalry and 32D AADCOR units were on a full war footing on a daily basis. Not necessarily a hot war, but these units were essentially the trip wires to all -out war in Europe. For the most part, both types of units were lined along, or near, the border between East and West Germany, thus, the trip wire and The Front Porch of Freedom.*

*This observation is made not to malign the other units in Germany during this time frame. We all had missions to perform, but ours was a 24/7 mission year in and out.*

### **Germany – May 1975-May 1978**

My wife, Joanne, and I arrived jet lagged at Frankfurt International Airport. Met by 1LT Liguori the XO in an Army sedan, then had to go pick up our dog. We were put up in the BOQ in Hohenfels awaiting quarters. Not a great set up, but not a bad one either. Scheduled to have breakfast with CPT Baldwin at his quarters the next morning.

We met CPT Baldwin and his the next morning for breakfast at his quarters. I then left for the Battery and barracks with CPT Baldwin and Joanne was taken to the PX and commissary by the BC’s (battery commander) wife.

The barracks and battery headquarters consisted of 3 long white, single story, nondescript buildings. The center building held the BC, XO, 1SG, supply room and barracks for unaccompanied senior NCOs if memory serves. The other two buildings were for unaccompanied Soldiers grades E-6 and below.

Once I was signed in to the battery I went to the Tactical Site, where our battery was set up, to meet 1LT Caldero, the Firing Platoon Leader. With my arrival, there were now three lieutenants in the unit. However, I still had to qualify to pull tactical control officer (TCO) duty on my own. That meant studying all of the NATO operational plans (SUP PLAN D among them), learning

how to conduct an operational readiness evaluation (ORE) on the system with the crews and passing a written test at the Battalion headquarters back in Ansbach.

I spent between 72 to 96 hours straight on the hill with 1LT Caldero, studying the war plans and learning system operations and how to run an ORE. After 96 hours I said I was ready to go to battalion and take the test. He agreed, and the following day I was taken to Ansbach. Met the Battalion Command LTC Nathaniel Roach, and the S-3 MAJ Robert Drolet (later a BG). Both were veterans of the Vietnam conflict and taciturn as I remember. MAJ Drolet didn't think I could pass the written exam, but he didn't realize I was fresh out of grad school, had a photographic memory, and taking tests was as common as breathing. I aced the exam, was driven back to the battery, and spent a night at home with the wife. Next morning, I took the troop truck to the hill (our car had not arrived in Bremerhaven yet), planning to spend the night as my first duty night as TCO.

So, life became a string of 36 hours on, 12 hours off and pulling full weekends from 0800 Saturday until 0800 Monday. Remember, we only had 3 lieutenants in the battery. CPT Baldwin was a good BC though. Occasionally when we were in a down status, he'd pull duty overnight. Status equated to readiness to be able to engage aircraft. These were 20 minutes, 3 hours, 6 hours and 12 hours (if memory serves) to be at Blazing Skies (ready to fire a missile). We usually had a full crew on site for the first two.

I was initially slotted as the electronic maintenance platoon leader, which means I had all of the 24 series, communications and generator personnel in my platoon. My platoon sergeant was SFC Cox. He had been reassigned from aviation maintenance to air defense as Vietnam wound down.

Of course, I didn't run the platoon (might have thought I did). The two warrants CW2 Rodney Pendleton and WO1 Max Tolbert did that when we were on site. The warrants directed the daily maintenance and kept our systems running in tip top shape. When something failed, they were always there, in the fight with the technicians, troubleshooting, directing and communicating with our battalion's direct support platoon. I can't speak for any other battery in 32<sup>nd</sup> during that time, but these two were absolute wizards of electronic technology. I learned a great deal from these two, but was never allowed a screw driver (inside joke if you were an IHAWK TCO).

Time went by quickly and in a month or two 2LT James Townes was assigned to our battery. Jim was an OCS grad having previously been Special Forces. He was a great guy and a fine leader and I learned many important leadership techniques from him.

Shortly after Jim's arrival, CPT Baldwin's command was up and CPT James T. Fitzpatrick was our new BC. 1LT Mike Urrutia arrived to replace 1LT Liguori, 1LT Caldero returned to the states and resigned his commission. I became the firing platoon leader; Jim became the maintenance platoon leader and by September of 1975 2LT Ron Stuckey arrived. We now had 4 lieutenants to spread the overnight duties across. Life was a little less hectic. Stuckey went on leave almost immediately from signing into the battery. Turns out he went back to Arkansas to get married and bring his bride back with him.

October was REFORGER month and our entire battalion was in the field. This was my first major field problem. We previously had a short 3-day field training exercise (FTX) to Kitzingen Germany in July before 2LT Townes arrived.

Our first position was in a field up against a tree line East of the walled city of Rothenburg ob der Tauber. This was an intact, medieval walled city with very narrow streets (even by German standards) and was marked as off limits to heavy trucks, tanks, etc. for the exercise (there would be enough maneuver damage for Uncle Sam to pay for as it went without rebuilding the walls, etc. to exacting historically accurate standards).

We were probably East of Neusitz and Southeast of Wachsenberg. We were there two or three nights. One night (the first or second) Stuckey was in the control van (BCC) as TCO running an air battle (simulated engagements) when MG Robert Fye, 32<sup>nd</sup> AADCOM Commander flew in to visit. He headed right to the BCC. Fortunately, 2LT Stucky (Ron) had the blackout curtain drawn and the blackout lights set.

Ron always had a wad of snuff in his mouth when running air battles with a spit cup in his hand. Ron later told us when MG Fye entered the BCC, shut the door and drew back the curtain all he could see was the stars twinkling on the general's shoulders. Ron was so flabbergasted and surprised he swallowed his chew!! All MG Fye did was take a quick look and said "Carry on"! Out he popped, said a few words to the BC and jumped back in his chopper and was off to the next site.

The next day, late afternoon, we got orders to move further to the West. As firing platoon leader, I was in charge of the reconnaissance, selection, and occupation of position (RSOP) party. I had a jeep, trailer, aiming circle, radio, and a set of coordinates sent down from battalion. I had a driver, two other enlisted and myself. We headed out at dusk just as we saw what we thought were OPFOR (opposing force) tanks in the field opposite the road from our position (our South) about a mile or so away. Turns out, they got mired in the field (freshly plowed and wet from rains) up to their hull tops. The coordinates from battalion were probably near some high ground in the vicinity of Niederstetten.

Now, as I said, we had orders NOT to go through Rothenburg with heavy vehicles. As all I had was a jeep, and time was of the essence with OPFOR closing in, we went straight through the town. The coordinates given me were not ideal, but having leeway to adjust, I picked a spot about half a kilometer away on the crest of a hill to site our radars and radioed our coordinates back to the BC. Now, I don't know why he didn't know NOT to take the battery through Rothenburg, but he did! Fortunately, he and all our drivers were lucky and there were no "incidents". The battery arrived safely at our new position and we were once again operational by midnight. We spent three more days at this position.

On our last night in this position our mess sergeant, SFC Santiago surprised us all with T-bone steaks for dinner. After C rations (MREs had yet to be invented), this was a treat!! Next morning, we received ENDEX (end of exercise) and broke down for road march back to our site at Hohenfels (Velberg side, 49.234701, 11.715840). We washed vehicles on site, made the

system operational, and set the crew. Some of us returned to quarters, cleaned up, and got a good night's sleep.

We found out the following day our Bravo battery had rolled a 1500-gallon diesel tanker truck. That seemed to be the major maneuver damage incident for our battalion.

As we settled into our routine, mostly pulling 20-minute status (we found the system was easier to maintain if we kept ourselves in an operational condition) our next major event was a NATO tactical evaluation (TAC EVAL) in February/March of 76. This was a ball buster. We'd had a complete turnover of officers in the battery that had any experience with a TAC EVAL and this was at a time when NCOs did not, or were not, exhibiting much leadership initiative (due to the way leadership was structured during and shortly after Vietnam).

Anyway, we started having battalion, group and 32<sup>nd</sup> AADCOC led TAC EVALs, so our operational tempo (OP TEMPO) increased significantly. There was many a winter day when I drove to site in the dark, spent almost the entire day in the control van in the dark running drills and air battles, and came out after sundown and either stayed on site or drove home in the dark. I had a good feel for what Scandinavians go through in the winter with withdrawal from daylight. Was I affected? Somewhat.

Well, we made it to the NATO evaluation, and we passed, but by the skin of our teeth in my book due to novice lieutenants, a battery commander who had never learned the system, indifferent training from higher headquarters. (Our battalion's simulator never really worked and at the time our batteries worked for the battalion staff, but that was soon to change). The most significant learning/training we received was after the main portion of the TAC EVAL. Jim Townes and I were told to gather our crews, get in our cars, and drive all night to a Dutch IHAWK site.

We were expected. Taken to the mess hall, fed breakfast, and then prepared for our big air battle and electronic countermeasures (ECM) test with the Dutch simulator. The Dutch were masters of ECM techniques and we were fast learners, eager to pass this test for ourselves and our unit! Jim and I learned how to counter ECM using the switches on the van wall behind our back, or command our radar operators to set certain functions on their consoles. We literally drank from a fire hose of information and practice sessions, but at the end of the day, both crews passed with flying colors!

Shortly after the NATO TAC EVAL, I felt I was becoming adept as a TCO and firing platoon leader. Things pretty much got back to a normal cycle of pulling state, for us usually 20-minute status, pulling a shift every 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> night and 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> weekend. I was approaching my 3<sup>rd</sup> year as a 2<sup>nd</sup> lieutenant, having been commissioned on June 9<sup>th</sup>, 1973. This is critical, because the Army regulation at the time read if I was not promoted by my 3<sup>rd</sup> anniversary, I was to be discharged. As it happened, I was not required on duty on the tac site around the time of my 3<sup>rd</sup> year anniversary as a 2<sup>nd</sup> lieutenant. I drove to Grafenwoehr, where the nearest Adjutant General (AG) detachment was located. I walked in and a grizzled warrant officer asked if he could help me. I explained the situation, and referenced the regulation. He asked me to have a seat and wait. About 20 minutes later he came back with a stack of orders promoting me to 1<sup>st</sup> lieutenant

that very same day! I went to the PX, bought a new fatigue cap and 1<sup>st</sup> lieutenant bars. I pinned them on in the car and drove back to the battery. I walked in and presented the orders to the 1SG and CPT Fitzpatrick. They were a bit flabbergasted, but not upset. The battalion commander, LTC Roach, was upset!! He didn't understand, nor did he really care, that I would have been shipped home and discharged, leaving him one TCO short, if not promoted. Shortly after this, he changed command and was reassigned to 7<sup>th</sup> Corps headquarters, if memory serves.

Our new battalion commander was LTC Robert F. (Buck) Weinfurter. He was a West Point graduate, one of the few I ever truly respected. He had spent a lot of time in special forces in Vietnam and was one of a very small (less than a handful of men) I would follow into hell bare ass naked. We had a new battalion executive officer MAJ Harold Carpenter, and new S-3 MAJ Jim Cook. Buck spent a good deal of his time on the road visiting our far-flung batteries in Illesheim, Ansbach, Amberg and Hohenfels. He always asked what we needed and ensured his staff worked for us, not the other way around as it had been under LTC Roach. What a wonderful change!

Things were pretty much coming together at the battery and the battalion. There were now four lieutenants on the hill, including myself. The 4<sup>th</sup> we nicknamed Cannonball, can't remember his real name. Things went along as before, but I was much better equipped to lead and train our crews after the rigorous ECM training we received during TAC EVAL.

In July of 1976 my parents and youngest brother came to visit and I managed to wrangle a three week leave. We had a driving vacation going all over Austria, Lichtenstein, Italy, a sliver of France and most of Bavaria. It was great to have some down time away from the unit. We visited Munich, Salzburg, two little places in Austria called Grosse and Dorf Veitsch (no relation), Vienna, Milan, Geneva, Lichtenstein and Strasbourg. We also visited Eschenbach, where my paternal grandmother's people were from. We were wandering the graveyard looking for Scherm's when the caretaker came up to us, visible upset! He thought we were going to desecrate the place, as this type of ancestry tracing just wasn't done in Germany. We told him what we were about and he made a call to the local hospital. It turns out a Scherm, and distant cousin, was the administrator there. We were invited to his home that afternoon and got acquainted. He made some calls at one point and came back later to say we would have dinner at the Hotel Am See and we also had rooms for the night. Turns out half the town turned out. Dad received the key to the city, and as luck would have it, he had several Kentucky Colonel certificates to pass out to the mayor, our new relative and a few of the other big wigs.

Almost immediately upon returning from leave I came down on orders to be part of the New Equipment Training team to convert 3<sup>rd</sup> of the 60<sup>th</sup> (3/60 ADA, CPT Monastra and 1LT Porsche are two I remember) to Improved HAWK from Basic HAWK. I was put on TDY and assigned to C-3/60 in Hohenfels, so my trip was mostly from home to their site. I was responsible for testing and accepting the equipment from Raytheon, as well as training the crews. I was hard on Raytheon's field service reps, but accepted all the equipment after running multiple OREs, including from a new piece of equipment called the Improved Platoon Command Post (IPCP). This was a game changer! Now the firing sections of the battery could be split in two and separated from each other for increased survivability.

I suppose I did a credible job during that assignment, because I was extended to convert C-2/2 (not sure if the battery designation is correct) in 10<sup>th</sup> Group in Wildflicken, Germany. I would travel out on Sunday nights and home on Friday nights. One afternoon, I decided to take a drive East of Wildflicken to clear my head. If anyone remembers the 3 klick(?) zone on the East/West German border? I almost got stopped by the border guards, but made a rolling 180 with a break in traffic about 200 meters from the guard station. Close call! By now it was October and I was looking forward to heading back to my own site and duties as the firing platoon leader. I was in for a surprise, because I had been detached from the battery for so long.

Along about March of 1977, 1LT Uruttia was pulled up to battalion to be the S-4 and made Captain shortly thereafter. I was rotated off the hill to become the battery XO, normal progression, right? I was the XO through maybe mid-July. CPT Robert Myers had taken command from CPT Fitzpatrick in late May and we were beginning another round of train ups for yet another TAC EVAL. CPT Myers was also West Point strict, but very smart! After our first battalion led TAC EVAL, he dismissed everyone but the lieutenants, warrants and senior NCOs before the out brief. That was refreshing, but it also meant the junior NCOs and enlisted didn't have to sit around in a crowded, cramped site dining facility and hear about all our warts. Smart idea, which I've copied many times.

Our daughter was born in late June and we celebrated her first 4<sup>th</sup> of July on a very snowy sportz platz (sports place) in Hohenfels. That's right, about 4 inches of snow. About two weeks later MAJ Carpenter calls me to tell me to come to battalion the following day to meet with Buck. I figured I'd done something really wrong!

I was wrong. Buck brought me in and told me he was putting me in charge of the Battalion Operations Center (BOC) and what did I think? I went ballistic and launched into a ten-minute tirade about it being a career ending move. The BOC was known as the "Dud farm" where those operators and others that couldn't hack it in a battery were sent. Buck let me rant and rave till I ran out of steam. He had expected it! He told me he needed the BOC turned around and that I had carte blanche to do it. I had no choice really, so I accepted my fate and a week later I was in living in the BOQ while we waited on quarters in Ansbach. I don't how MAJ Carpenter did it, but we had quarters in less than a month!

My first day, I broke starch and wore my most highly shined Cochran combat boots. As I pulled into the parking lot, I noticed a car rocking in the parking lot and an empty guard shack. Inside the guard shack I found a loaded M-16. Inside the car, which I tapped on the window with the barrel of the M-16 I found the guard and his girlfriend. I roused him from car and marched him under gun point to the "manual van" basically our command post where we could track air targets manually on a large plexiglass plotting board with grease pencils.

You should have seen the eyes on the crew when I walked in with a leveled M-16 on them. I told the crew chief to cancel any plans the crew had of heading back to the barracks when the chow truck and new crew arrived. I kept them on site for 2 additional days and had the guard given an Article 15, which was lenient.

I next met SFC Glover, the site NCOIC when he came on duty. We walked around the site, and he introduced me to the various section chiefs, communications platoon leader (1LT David Head), the maintenance techs and CW2 Doug Furness.

I then circled back to the crew in the manual van and quickly lined out their duties and responsibilities to me and to battalion and the batteries. I impressed on them we worked for the batteries, and they worked for me! I also had a new system to learn, the AN/TSQ-38 (serial number 1) Missile Minder, as well as how to make the binary calculations for the data link reference point (DLRP) so our air tracks, and those of the batteries would correlate to our higher at Cocktail (69<sup>th</sup> Group)! My Master's in Computer Science paid off handsomely in this regard!

This is where I became acquainted with SSG Danny Croft who became my Tactical Director's Assistant (TDA) and document custodian, SGT Jake Jacobs who was my manual van NCOIC, and SGT Watson who was in charge of the radar operations section. The surveillance radar was an AN/GSS-1 (AN/TPS-1D) with serial number 1 as well!! I had really antique equipment!!

We had several things to square away to be ready for TAC EVAL; manual van operations, automatic van (TSQ-38), revetments and protection, and ability to clear site in less than 20 minutes (the TPS-1 was the long pole in the tent), and .50 cal's for the combined arms air defense rings over the cabs of our trucks.

I discussed with SGT Jacobs exactly how I wanted the manual van to operate, status board updates, keeping a log of all communications transmissions, and Soldiers practicing air track plots on the plexiglass plotting board, which required them to write backwards so the OIC or NCOIC in the manual van could read the information. SSG Croft and I busied ourselves with automatic van operations, which came to me fairly quickly after having been a TCO.

One day, early on, all the NCOs came to my office and asked if we could talk. I said sure, but the office is small so we moved out into the ready room outside my office. Almost as one, they asked me what changes I was going to make. I asked why, and they said every officer who had ever taken over the BOC made changes. I said, OK. All of you are NCOs. As of right now you are in charge of prepping your sections for the TAC EVAL. You know what to do. SFC Glover is the site NCOIC, bring any problems up through him! That was the end of the meeting. Surprisingly, these NCOs knew what to do and the site operated smoothly from then on. The NCOs were in charge, as it should have been all along!

The NCOs handled revetments and protections. SFC Glover worked a deal with some NCO in 1<sup>st</sup> Armored Division for the loan of .50 cal's for TAC EVAL. Even though these were required, they were not part of our authorized equipment! So, we skirted a Catch-22!

Moving the radar off the hill and out the gate in 20 minutes was the problem! Well, I didn't work on this right away. We had a battalion led TAC EVAL in mid-to-late September and we got everything out the gate and off the hill in about 30 minutes. We re-established the BOC about 2 clicks away in a field and resumed operations. LTC Weinfurter called the entire crew together and praised their efforts. I didn't think it was right, but kept my mouth shut, and learned another valuable leadership lesson! We broke down and went back to site and got everything

operational.....again. This is when I took CW2 Furness and SGT Watson aside and told them we had to come up with a plan to get that radar broken down (antenna taken apart and pieces put in cages) and off the hill in less than 20 minutes.

CW2 Furness's biggest objection was the age of the radar, which I could understand. SGT Watson suggested more drills with his team taking the antenna apart. I told them I was on duty on the upcoming weekend, and the radar crew could practice all day Saturday and Sunday until they were confident and could meet the time line.

That weekend was a cold and blustery day. Not at all conducive to training. About 1000 SGT Watson came and asked if the crew could come in and warm up. I agreed. They said they were ready for me to time them after they got warm.

We went out and I said Go! As I watched time tick by, I noticed the Soldiers were EXTREMELY careful and slow taking the antenna apart and passing the antenna sections to those on the ground that would store them in their cages. The crew didn't make the time, but the observations I made started me thinking. I hustled them all back inside to get warm.

As we all warmed up, I told them I had some ideas on how to speed things up, but I would have to demonstrate. I told them when we went out, I would be the one to climb up to the antenna and start taking it apart and they would be responsible for catching the sections. They looked a little puzzled.

We got out to the radar and I stationed Soldiers at each antenna cage. I had CW2 Furness call Go, and I clambered up the ladder. I started turning the knurl nuts as fast as I could and then I just tossed a section of antenna down in the general direction of a waiting soldier, mostly without looking. CW2 Furness was having a fit, but I hollered at the Soldiers to keep going, and I kept right on breaking down the antenna and tossing segments overboard. We got off the hill in 18 minutes. CW2 Furness was a bit livid to say the least because we might have damaged an antenna section. I reminded him failure to clear the hill in time meant we might all be dead, figuratively. In the end, I told the crew 18 minutes was the new standard, go get warm and we'd run the drill again after lunch.

The crew spent the rest of the afternoon practicing and by 1600 they could get the radar ready to move in 12 minutes. I was pleased and told them no practice on Sunday, but I would hold them to their times!

A few weeks later the Group Commander, COL Stanislas Hoy visited our site. He was impressed to see the improvements we'd made in preparing for TAC EVAL, but was curious where we got the .50 cal's. When I told him they were on loan, he called me a pirate! He also said that if the battalion got all 1's on the NATO TAC EVAL he'd have us in down status, off site from Christmas Eve to the day after New Years. A safe bet since this had never happened before, mainly because the German evaluators were very tough graders.



A week or so later CPT Stan Green showed up unannounced from 32<sup>nd</sup> AADCOM for a no notice ORE for the entire battalion. Stan was a good mentor, made some suggestions, but no real changes. By the way, he retired as a Lieutenant General (3 star).

NATO TAC EVAL came a few weeks later. 72 hours of air battles, mock attacks on the sites and, of course, moving off the sites, setting up in the field and coming back to operational status. All of us, the BOC, batteries, and staff had worked very hard in preparing for this. And, lo and behold, we came out of the evaluation with.....ALL 1's. This would bite Stan Hoy in the shorts in due time.

32<sup>nd</sup> AADCOM was sufficiently impressed with our BOCs performance that I was placed on the TAC EVAL team to evaluate sister battalion BOCs at 3/60 and 6/52. It was interesting to see how other BOCs operated and to see how they were reluctant to learn from our successes. As time went on, I was also placed on a NATO TAC EVAL team and evaluated a German HAWK battery and the BOC!

As we approached Christmas Eve that year Cocktail (69<sup>th</sup> Group) was receiving numerous out spots (equipment outages) from other battalions in the Group. As was customary, 2-57 was called upon to bring our batteries up to 20 minutes status. I smelled a rat!! Those batteries that had equipment out dropped to lower states and lower manning requirements, which would thus give most of their Soldiers Christmas, and maybe through New Years, off. I was livid!

Without asking permission of our battalion commander, or XO, I got a hold of Cocktail and asked to speak to Cocktail 6 (COL Hoy). Initially he was unavailable, and then later I was told he was in quarters. I asked to be patched through to his quarters. When he got on the phone, I identified myself and asked him if he had the current status of the battalions in his command. He said he was aware. I then asked him if he remembered his promise to us for all 1's on the TAC EVAL. He did, but there were all these outages. I threw the bullshit flag and challenged him to deep dive on all those outages. He was enraged and hung up the phone. Shortly thereafter LTC Weinfurter called me and asked me what was going on. I explained the situation and reminded him of the promise. I have no idea what conversation(s) passed between Buck and COL Hoy after that, but a few hours later we were standing down all of our units to minimal manning and the other battalions were pulling status (miraculous repair of equipment problems). We really did get our Christmas holiday!!!

My days were getting shorter. About a month before I was to return stateside, Buck came out to the site to see me. He wanted to know if I would consider taking over a very troubled A-31/60<sup>th</sup>. I asked how troubled. He said some of the Soldiers had taken axes to the power and data cables on site. Ouch. I thought about it for maybe two minutes, and declined. It wasn't that I wouldn't be up for the challenge, but my wife had been battling a form of amoebic dysentery since the birth of our daughter some 11 months prior and had spent a good deal of time in the Landstuhl Army hospital. I thought it best we return stateside to see if she improved. I like to think he understood.

At the hail and farewell I was one of several officers being farewelled. I was also one of several being presented with awards. I received a Meritorious Service Medal (as a 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant)!

More on this in the Advanced Course Chapter. I would receive my second one 28 years later at my retirement ceremony.