

The Way I Remember It My First 75 Years

1931 to 2006

Burton S. Boudinot



Editor in Chief, Armor Magazine 1973-1977, The favorite and most awarding career assignment

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INTRODUCTION

Lt. Colonel Boudinot's memoir is not a military biography. Although he is of a military family- his father was a highly decorated general officer, Combat Commander in the Third Armored Division in WWII - this is the story of a man, who as a young boy, grew up in the late 1930s and early 40s in a military society that is long gone. His father, a Cavalry Officer who had the insight to realize that the future belonged to the gasoline engine rather than hold on to an equine tradition, was one of the pioneers of mechanized warfare. The Boudinots came to Ft Knox in the 1930s, where the Mechanized Force was being developed and young Burt manages to burn down the commanding general's doghouse!

Burt recalls his early years in the inter-war Army, a close knit and unique society unlike any other. The tragic loss of his father immediately after the war and his teenage years in Hollywood, California are a surprising interlude.

As a young officer thrust into the last days of the Korean conflict; he was the recipient of the classic "Dear John" letter from his young wife. His subsequent career in the Army frames his life story, yet the memoir remains the story of a young man, a mature man, a husband to his beloved Jo, father of three girls and finally a senior, a philosopher of sorts, a man of the 20th century. It is an account of his time. His distinguished military career, as Cavalry Squadron Commander, the Vietnam experience, his time as a combat developer – he is considered a world authority on the M551 Sheridan, a major weapons system and is one of the "fathers" of the M1 Abrams tank – and finally as Editor in Chief of ARMOR Magazine is all a part of his story. An engaging memoir, within the framework of an historic period, yet it remains the poignant history of a man, a very special person. I found it not only entertaining, but also enlightening about a time period which like most times, is best described through personal narrative.

Bill Hansen, Director
US Army Armor School Research Library
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Dedication

This book is dedicated to my wonderful daughters who encouraged me to tell the story about a boy who was born to a World War I and II soldier, served himself 26 years as a soldier (participating in both the Korean Conflict and the Vietnam War), fathered soldiers, and became successful in business after military retirement.

A special thanks goes to my daughter Reneé for all her time and help in the typing, editing, and completion of this manuscript.

Forward

Burton Sargent Boudinot was born between the World Wars and from his earliest days saw many changes, first as a child of a horse cavalry officer and later as an armored cavalry officer himself. His father was one of the first to recognize that the day of the horse was passing into history and that the United States Army needed to mechanize to face the threats from Nazism. Burt's father, Brigadier General Truman E. Boudinot, emerged as a leader of the fledging armor force and led highly mobile combat formations in the European Theater of Operations in World War II. Young Burt was old enough to understand what was going on and had to face the loss of his father just as victory was at hand.

Burt's older brother of seven years went on to the United States Military Academy at West Point, but Burt was not drawn to serve until well into the Korean Conflict. Burt went to Officer Candidate School and on to Korea as a new second lieutenant just as the armistice was signed. Over the next year, he faced the frequent probes by North Korean and Chinese soldiers living on the near edge of war in this front line outpost of freedom. What followed was a career that took him all over the world from Europe to Turkey, and the battlefields of Vietnam.

Burt saw action in Vietnam as the Senior Advisor to the 1st Vietnamese Cavalry Brigade. In 1968, as a member of the joint staff in the US Headquarters in Vietnam, Burt personally conducted a study that in months introduced a new type weapons system to US cavalry units in Vietnam.

In the early 1970s, Burt was called on to be a member of the task force put together to design a new tank at Fort Knox, Kentucky. This resulted in the creation of the M1 Abrams tank, later the M1A1, which has proved so successful in Operation Desert Storm in the early 1990s and Operation Iraqi Freedom from 2003 onward. The highlight of his distinguished career was when he nominated and selected to serve as the Editor and Chief of Armor Magazine, the oldest and most honored of military journals that traces its history to

the Cavalry Journal established in the 1800s.

These pages are a chronological summary of one man's life from boyhood to senior citizen. It openly covers failures and successes and does not hide the emotional impacts that a person might have to endure. A lifetime lived in the arms of the military makes for a powerful story and an important window into life in the military in the 20th century. Burt was one of my early mentors and still today is one of my most cherished friends. There are many good life lessons to be taken from this story of an American soldier who proudly put on the uniform everyday and lived the life of duty, honor, and service to his nation.

Teddy H Sanford, Jr
LTC US Army (Retired)

Preface

Near the end of the useful part of my life, I recall that I was a professional soldier by trade as well as being a teacher, artist, author, editor and businessman. On the human side of life I was a husband, father, and grandfather.

I probably was not outstanding in any of these endeavors, but I have some fond memories. I have had a full and eventful life. A great disappointment for me was becoming a widower after 48 and half years of marriage. I had not planned on that.

This is a true story. As a young boy of ten, I became confused by America being thrown into a war in 1941. I wanted to be a spitfire pilot in the Royal Air Force to help England fight Germany in 1940, but who were the Japanese? Where was Pearl Harbor?

The army brats in their secure world of the 1930s had their lives suddenly turned upside down. My father went to war. I did not understand the civilian society I had to live in. These were hard times for my mother and me. In 1945, my father had become an army general. He was on his way home from Germany to the United States when he became ill and died on 21 December at Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington D. C.

This story is about my growing up into young manhood, becoming a professional soldier for 26 years, and a then a successful businessman. It is a tale about the challenges faced by military brats in WWII wartime childhood and boyhood; then young manhood to an eventful military career; then retirement into the business world; and finally retirement to senior citizen years.

Part I: Origins

To: The Supreme Chief of the Universe

GOD! Sir, My name is Burton S. Boudinot. If I may I would like to review my presence on a place called Earth for the past seven almost eight decades. I read somewhere once that this Planet Earth really has no cosmic significance. I have wondered where that leaves mankind in the scheme of things. I think and I must have had a million thoughts in my lifetime. There may be something significant in this, even greater than cosmic. A human can focus his thoughts from the atom to the universe in a fraction of a second. A mind can explore with imagination and the possibilities seem endless. Time and space have always been a problem for me. When I handle a rock that was here millions of years before me and will be here millions of years after I leave and I am told it would take 53,000,000 human lifetimes to get to a certain galaxy then I feel rather insignificant. I'm sure you can understand that. When I was a little boy, somebody ask me if I knew who GOD was? I knew only that you were very tall had gray hair and were very powerful; that you knew everything and everybody was afraid of you; quite simple. As I grew into manhood you became more complex to me. I became aware that you are a mathematical and artistic genius and love to hint at the thousands of mysteries for mankind to yet uncover. I have always, however, been confused by your inconsistent compassion for living things.

My surname Boudinot can be traced back to 13th century France. I am told it once meant "Blood Sausage Maker". I had an Aunt who was once the Librarian at Brown University. She worked on the Boudinot family tree for forty years. When she died she left her research papers with my mother who in turn left them to me. It seems that in the late 15th century the Catholic Boudinots told the Protestant Boudinots to convert to Catholicism, leave France, or die. There was a lot of bloodshed and over a period of time the Protestants left for the West Indies and the American Colonies. I have enjoyed the papers; but the number of successful merchants, teachers, statesmen, and soldiers that are described has always bothered me. There are no highwaymen, murderers, horse thieves or shady characters in the papers. That seems a little hard to believe that over a period of three or four hundred years, there were no unsavory characters named Boudinot. The most notable American ancestor was Elias Boudinot who was a General during the Revolution, later a statesman and educator,

and a personal friend of George Washington.

The name Sargent is French but the English claim it. It was my mother's maiden name. I know little about the background of the name in America but my mother's father said there was some connection with the famous American painter John Singer Sargent. My first name is of English origin.

My father's name was Truman Everett Boudinot. He was born in Hamilton, Iowa in September 1895. After his father, a successful businessman moved to California, my father finished high school and college there. He graduated from the University of California in 1917 and received a direct commission in the U.S. Cavalry. In the following 28 years, he rose from Second Lieutenant to Brigadier General.

My mother was Lolita Margaret Sargent. She was born in Junction City, Kansas in September 1895. Her father was a successful businessman. She met my father while he was an instructor at the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas. They were married on June 1, 1922.

My brother is Truman Everett Boudinot, Jr. He was born at Fort Sam Houston, Texas in November 1924. He graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York in 1946 and served 30 years in the U.S. Army Infantry Branch from the rank of Second Lieutenant to Colonel.

Like many families, we had a dog. Rowdy was a cross between a Doberman Pincher and a Bull Terrier. Because he spent all day playing, eating, and sleeping with soldiers he was known as a "Troop Dog". One day in 1929 he came home with my father and became a member of the Boudinot family for the next 16 years.

I came into this world at 0930 hours on the 14th of August 1931. 0930 hours seemed like a good time because the birth was by caesarean section. The place was the Fort Sam Houston station hospital where my brother had been born seven years before. Fort Sam was established in 1870 when the city of San Antonio, Texas donated forty acres of land to the U.S. Army. Initially facilities were constructed for a quartermaster depot and barracks for 12 troops of Cavalry. The installation became a major training center during World War II and later grew into a large Army Medical Center.

I have returned to Fort Sam several times over the years, and the old post is still beautiful. After Brooks General Hospital was built the old station hospital became the post museum.

I was taken home to Fort Clark at Brackett, Texas where my father was assigned to the 1st Cavalry Brigade. I was not born at Fort Clark because it only had a dispensary and my mother had to have a C-section performed. Fort Clark was established in 1852 to safeguard the San Antonio-Del Rio road from hostile Indians and bandits. It was briefly occupied by Confederate Troops during the Civil War and then garrisoned in 1866 by the 4th US Cavalry. The US Government sold Fort Clark in 1946 and it later became a Dude Ranch. I returned for a visit with my mother when I was a teenager. It had been a small post. The officer's quarters were on one side of the parade field and the enlisted barracks on the other like most old Army posts. The sables were still there near the creek. My mother asks the manager if we could look into a particular quest house because it had once been our quarters. He said fine. They were wooden single-family units with screened front porches. The sidewalks and street curbs were original and the trees were much larger. Of interest to me was when my mother took me to the cement step by the back porch. There, impressed in once wet cement was the right foot of my father, mother, brother, my left foot and Rowdy's paw print. The inscription "Boudinots 1934" was barely readable. The manager was touched and my mother got tears in her eyes.

Well, anyway, I spent three years of my family's five years at Fort Clark. At first my brother reacted like any seven-year-old boy with a new baby brother. Rowdy took a wait and see approach. I think he had a feeling I was going to be his responsibility for a long time to come. And this did come to pass. Like many Army families in that period, we had a maid. Anna was the housekeeper and married to Oscar who was my fathers "Orderly" and a soldier in one of the troops. My father who at the time was a Captain paid them. I do not recall them as being thought of as servants. They were more like family. Certainly Anna ran me around with a wooden spoon and nobody came to my rescue. Rowdy's duty was to watch me when I was outside and he did that well.

By the time I was three, about once a week or so, my father would ride over to our quarters on his hunter-jumper, "Pathfinder". Dad would be dressed in boots and breeches, brown blouse with a Sam Brown belt, and

his campaign hat. He would pull me up on the saddle in front of him and we would be off riding along the creek with Rowdy trotting by our side. Dad had another mount, a polo pony named, "Buddy". My brother learned to ride on "Buddy" and Dad later rode him as a member of the Army Polo Team. At the time, the Army provided free veterinarian services and feed for officers' private mounts.

Colonel Dallum was the Post Commander of Fort Clark. He was a tough old Cavalryman; tall, almost bald, square chinned, and slapped his riding crop against his breeches when he walked. Shortly after my parents were assigned to Fort Clark and moved into quarters, my father got his butt chewed. It seems that COL and Mrs. Dallum liked to take a stroll after dinner in the evening along Officers Row. Post regulations stated that officers' families would not pull the shades on their living room windows until 7:30 P.M. My father had not read the regulation. Dad had served under COL Dallum in 1918 while the 8th Cavalry was stationed along the Mexican Border. One of my favorite hand-me-down stories is about when Lieutenant Boudinot was Officer of the Day. COL Dallum had to return to Headquarters at Marfa, Texas and told my Dad that no one was to talk to the two armed Mexicans that had been apprehended north of the border just the day before. Later in the day two Texas Rangers rode up and said they understood that the Army had captured two Mexicans. They said they were looking for two Mexicans and asked to see them. Dad told the Rangers that they could not talk to the prisoners but they could see them. The Sergeant of the Guard was told to take the Rangers to a certain tent. A couple of minutes later my Dad heard Bam! Bam! As Dad ran to the tent the two Rangers emerged and said, "They were who we were looking for, thank-you Lieutenant".

Another tale before we leave Fort Clark. My brother, Truman, like most little boys, likes to play with matches. Now it so happened that Mrs. Dallum enjoyed raising Angora rabbits. She had about forty of them in nice straw lined cages. One day by chance all the rabbits went up in smoke; the stench of burned fur was everywhere. The Dallum's orderly described a little boy that had run from the yard. When my father was called to COL Dallum's office he expected only the worst. As he stood at ridged attention in front of big oak desk, COL Dallum reminded Dad that any officer, who could not control his wife, his children, or animals, could not control troops. He went on to discuss property damage, liability and so on. He went on an on as beads of sweat covered Dad's forehead. He said he would leave the

proper punishment up to my Dad and dismissed him. Dad saluted, did an about face and headed for the door. As he reached for the doorknob, COL Dallum called out "Boudinot"; Dad turned around and came to attention, the COL said, "I personally hate rabbits"!

Part II: Childhood

Captain T. E. Boudinot was an excellent horseman and dedicated Cavalry Officer but as early as 1932 he knew that horse formations had limited use in a modern war. He read a lot and studied what was going on in England and Europe. He began talking about armored car formations, tanks, and how the Cavalry, Infantry, and Artillery should work together as a team. This kind talk got him in trouble. Several senior Cavalry Officers admonished him and a few of his peers called him a heretic. Well, in the fall of 1934 Dad was banished to Fort McPherson, Georgia, as an instructor to the 463rd Armored Car Squadron. The cars were a mix of Marmon-Herringtons, Whites, Dodges, and others. The troops and Dad spent more time trying to make the vehicles run than they did training on tactical exercises. My Mother did not like this assignment at all. She told Dad he was committing professional suicide. When he would come home in greasy cover-alls smelling like engine oil and gasoline she would cry. She was used to the smell of leather and horseflesh. It was not that bad really. Dad became the commander of IV Corps sables, played lots of polo, and participated in many Army horse shows. I do not have much conscious memory of Fort McPherson. I remember that the quarters were big and I rode my tricycle off the front steps and had to have stitches under my chin. I still have the scar today.

My mother's fear for my father's career did not come to pass. In the summer of 1936, dad was promoted to major and received orders to attend the Command and General Staff School (College) at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. During the course he was able to observe exercises at Fort Riley where units were experimenting with mechanization. He wrote in one of his papers "The maintenance and supply of units equipped with armored vehicles is a difficult task compared to the feeding and grooming of horses." The new breed of cavalrymen was to curse this "difficult task" in the years to come. COL Henry Leavenworth established Fort Leavenworth in 1828 as an Infantry and Cavalry garrison. In 1846, the post became a major cantonment area for troop units employed in the Mexican War. From 1865 to 1891, it was a supply center for western movement and a staging area for Indian campaigns.

It was built along a bluff overlooking the Missouri river. It remains

today one the most beautiful posts in the Army. I remember several things about our stay there. The quarters were big and the front porch was screened in. It was fun to sit out there when it rained. I started to Kindergarten at Fort Leavenworth. A bunch of little kids would meet at a certain corner each day and a small Army wagon pulled by a mule would come along and pick us up. It had benches to sit on and rolled up canvas on the sides that could be dropped if it rained or snowed. I also recall sitting on the barrels of the old cannons overlooking the river. One day my brother took my favorite stuffed duck off my bed and threw it at Rowdy. He said sic'em, sic'em and Rowdy tore it to pieces. I was so angry I tried to bite my brother but I could not catch him. I put a leash around Rowdy's neck and tried to choke him but he pulled me down and sat on me releasing a fake growl.

You know, when I think about it now, I don't think my family experienced the effects of the Great Depression. The military may have been under paid, but it was paid. We lived in nice quarters and had plenty to eat. I have talked to many people my age that said for them this was not case.

In the summer of 1937, my father completed Command and General Staff School and was ordered to the 7th Mechanized Cavalry Brigade at Fort Knox, Kentucky. He was delighted. Officers were told that if they had private mounts they would have to boarded off Post and at the Officers expense. The stables had been destroyed purposely earlier. The 1st Cavalry had already been unhorsed at Marfa, Texas and the troops shipped by train to Fort Knox to start receiving their new armored cars. Dad felt all this was going to happen eventually so he had put his mounts up for sale while he was in school. They had been left stabled at Fort McPherson. The horses had been sold by the time he had orders to Knox so he wanted to go by Fort McPherson to close the deal. On the trip there we stopped one day for lunch. I was the only one in the family that had a bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwich. By evening I was very sick. When we arrived at Fort McPherson I was taken immediately to the hospital. After a couple of days my father wanted to get back on the way to Fort Knox. The doctors informed him that his little boy was very ill; critical. They did not know what it was but it was killing me. Mother and Dad were shocked. Dad called his Mother in California who was a Christian Scientist Practitioner. She assured him that everything would turn out fine. After many tests the doctors decided I

had been poisoned by arsenic. Farmers had been using a diluted solution on their crops all during the Depression, especially on lettuce. The doctors' force-feed me shaved raw beef to absorb the poison. It worked. In ten days I was on my feet; weak but alive. It took almost six months to get back to my normal weight. To this day, I eat beef rare and sometimes raw.

Part III: Boyhood

We arrived at Fort Knox, Kentucky in the fall of 1937 the family still shaken by my sudden illness. Dad's morale rose quickly when he found he had been assigned as Commanding Officer, 2nd Squadron, 13th Cavalry Regiment, 7th Mechanized Cavalry Brigade. Back in 1917, a Major Radcliffe and a team surveyed and sited the area for a military reservation. The new camp was named for General Henry Knox and became an Artillery Training Area during 1918. The camp was used a number of times in the 1920s for Army Reserve training and Boy Scout encampments. There were few permanent buildings other a few homes and a church left when the town of Stithton was moved. In 1932, Camp Knox was renamed Fort Knox and was to become the home of the new Mechanized Cavalry. When we arrived in 1937 there was construction going on everywhere; new barracks, Officer and NCO quarters and a hospital. Our quarters were on B Street and to a little boy they were big. They had been finished the year before. There was a full basement, then a first floor living room, dining room, parlor, a large kitchen and maid's room with bath. Upstairs, there were three bedrooms in the back with a master bedroom in front. There were two full bathrooms. On top of this was full size attic. These quarters were to my home for the next five years. As families moved in over the next year there were several kids my brother's age and many my age. We would all grow up together until the start of WWII when our fathers were reassigned to wherever. I had many pals but my best buddy was Bobbie McElroy. Janet Kennedy was always near by and wanted to play soldiers or cowboys with us. It was uncomfortable at times for Bobbie and I but our families were close and Janet was really like a sister to me.

The planned brick school was not completed until 1939 so we were all crammed into an old wooden WWI building that was a firetrap. We had a fire drill once a week and they were fun. Once the fire trucks did come and we got to climb on them. Rowdy would often go to school with me. All the little kids loved him. He had been my guardian so long he just went where I went. The older boys quickly learned not to throw rocks at us because Rowdy would give them a low growl and a Doberman smile. It would scare the hell out of anybody.

The 1st and 13th Cavalry Regiments had both been unhorsed before the troops were sent to Fort Knox. They came by truck convoy and train. As

time passed new armored cars and scout cars came in to post on trains and I loved to watch them unload. Bobbie, Rowdy, and I would go to the motor pools and watch troops learn about their new mounts. The activity and smells were exciting. I think these times are when I became hooked on vehicles. Little did I know at the time that armored vehicles would become my forte and livelihood for much of my adult life. You know, when I think about it our little crew really got around to see what was going on. Mother and Dad were always busy. Their social life was full and nobody paid much attention to where I was as long as I was home at sundown or supper. It was not so easy for my brother. Being seven years older than me he was expected to study hard so he could enter prep school at 18 for a chance to get an appointment to the United States Military Academy in West Point, New York. From 14 to 18 Dad was always on him about his studies and grades. I had no such pressure or set study time. I think my bother resented my freedom and lack of demands on me. In our whole life we have never been close. I cannot explain why but it started in our childhood.

The Central Mess was only a block from our quarters. It was a social center for officers and their families. I cannot recall when it was built. It was wooden and in need of repairs. It had dining facilities, quest rooms, squash courts, game room, and a snack bar where the teenagers like to hangout. In the evenings if my brother wanted to go out for a milk shake, and Mom and Dad were at a function, he would have to take me along. His girl friends thought I was cute and I enjoyed the attention. The new Brick Mess was completed across the street in 1939 and the Central Mess was torn down.

After dark Truman would often sit on the front porch and talk to his friends. I liked to do that too but I was supposed to be in bed by 1930. Truman developed a number of methods to keep me in bed. He told me a gorilla lived in the attic and at night he got hungry and would look for food. Gorillas were afraid of dogs however, so if Rowdy and I would stay on the bed, the gorilla would not get near us. He told me once that I should not let my feet or hands hang off the side of the bed because there were little men on horseback with spears and they would stick me. None of this stuff bothered Rowdy in the least. To me he was either a dumb dog or a fearless dog. I could not understand why Rowdy would not let a stranger get near me but he was never concerned about gorillas or little men with spears. My brother may have generated my interest in toy soldiers. By the time I was ten, I had several hundreds. At night different units were assigned to

protect my bed. All my officers had names and some units were more favored and trusted than others. When a soldier's head broke off or was taken out by my brother's BB gun he received full military honors and burial at a secret place in the back yard. There were probably 25 ceremonies in a three-year period. These toy soldiers were in a footlocker for many years. My mother sold the footlocker to junkman while I was in Korea.

One of the biggest thrills for kids and adults alike was when the gold train came in. After the Gold Vault was completed in 1938, I suppose gold had to be transferred from many other places. Anyway, the train slowly passed through Civic Center where the Post Exchange (PX) and Commissary were located. The rail cars were armored and had rivets all over them. Guards with machineguns stood on top of the cars as they passed. Elements of the 1st and 13th Cavalry blocked all of the main and side roads with armored cars flying red and white pennants from their antennas. Sometimes the band played as the train entered post. It was kind of like a circus atmosphere.

Boys will be boys they say. I cannot remember how many times I was in trouble but I do remember a few that left a marked impression on me. Bobbie and I liked to play cowboy and Indians. The Lone Ranger was my hero at seven and eight. Since Janet Kennedy and Jane Gaine were always around we would often include them in our play. One day we captured the two girls and put them in a storage room in my basement. We were going to ask for ransom, what ever that was. We had them take off their panties because we figured girls would not run away without panties on. While we were planning our next move Jane apparently sat down on an old iron round planter. Well when the retreat gun went off, everybody went home. That evening Mrs. Gaine called my mother and said Jane had a round rust ring on her bottom and that Jane had told her that she was playing with Burt, Bobbie, and Janet in the Boudinot's basement. I had some tall explaining to do to my mother. I think my dad thought it was funny. Another time when we were playing, Bobbie and I tied Janet to a tree in a grove of trees that was not within calling distance of the quarters. We set off to find our next prey; Jane. Not finding Jane, as it started to get dark, we went home. While having dinner, Mrs. Kennedy telephoned and asked if anybody had seen Janet. I shot out the house at a dead run knowing I was going to pay dearly. Janet had been crying so hard the whole front of her dress was wet. Janet did not speak to Bobbie and me for a week and I was confined to my room after school for a week. Janet and I

laughed hard over this incident years later.

The new Commanding Generals quarters across from the parade field had not been completed in 1938 so General Van Voorhis took quarters next to ours on B Street. To me he looked like what you God would look like. He was tall, with deep character lines in his face, piercing eyes, and snow white hair. He wore highly polished riding boots, a brown blouse with Sam Brown belt and carried a riding crop. All the other officers dressed just like him but he was special. I liked him and he liked me. Often when he was playing with his bird dogs in his backyard, I would go over and visit him. He would have the maid or orderly bring me some cookies. Well, like my brother before me I liked to play with matches. Truman was always on me about it. One time he caught me in the basement burning a toy cardboard house. I told him that I would not tell dad that he was seeing an NCO's daughter if he would not tell on me; we agreed. Behind General Van Voorhis's garage was a fenced in pen with a two-story dog house for his bird dogs. It had straw in it that Bobbie and I needed to burn grasshoppers at the stake. One day by myself, I went over the fence, played with the dogs for awhile and went into the dog house for straw. I could not see too well with the shutters closed so I lit a match. When my mother smelled smoke she came out into the back yard. Our garden hose would not reach far enough. The fire truck came very quickly and the fireman found me and the dogs huddled in one corner of the pen. There was not much left of the dog house and I knew I should have stayed in it. My young life was over and my father would be sent to prison. Lucky for me, General Van Voorhis got to my dad before he got me. My punishment was harsh but because people said I could have been killed, the pressure slowly let up. The General was very fond of my father and me, thank you. I did not carry matches for many years.

In those days there were two theaters at Fort Knox; Theater No 1 was next to Post Headquarters and an open air theater was near the Civic Center or a few hundred feet behind our quarters. It was built like an old western stockade and beer and smoking were allowed, however females were not allowed. When Bobbie and I would run out of allowance money to attend the matinees at Theater No 1 and our parents were out for the evening, we would sneak over to a big tree across the street from the open air theater. Some of the films broadened our education but Rowdy was our downfall. One night two Military Police (MP) soldiers saw a dog at the base of the tree and approached. Rowdy growled and I had to call out "don't get

close to the black dog, he doesn't know you." Oh well, most of what we saw was above us anyway. I also had a problem with Rowdy at Theater No 1. When we kids would go to the matinee, Saturday and Sunday only of course, Rowdy would go too. The Manager would say you can not bring that dog in here and I would say you tell him that. A Doberman smile is very disarming. Finely Dad got a letter that said Rowdy could not go to the movies anymore. He also got run out of the Commissary when I would go in for Red Hot candies. People did not understand that Rowdy did not know he was a dog.

One day after we were all in our new school building my teacher, Miss Maiden, asked Mother to come over for a visit. She asked mother if I ever brought my art work home. Mother told her, sometimes. Miss Maiden asked her if she was impressed. Mother asked if she was supposed to be? Miss Maiden told her that I was a very talented little boy; I was full of imagination and I also told stories. Mother said she knew that. Miss Maiden told her she meant that I made them up. Mother told her that she knew that too. She told mother that every Friday I told the children a new story and they loved them. She said that my artistic talent should be encouraged and cultivated; I needed special training. America was coming out of a deep depression and my mother's brothers, all artists, in different ways, were in financial trouble. My father said all artists starve to death; a soldier's pay was steady. The irony of this as I learned many years later is that my father was quit a craftsman and had a great appreciation for art.

After a two year detail as the Executive Officer, Kentucky District of the CCC, in the summer of 1940, Dad was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and given command of the 1st Battalion 13th Armored Cavalry Regiment. The "Newsreels" at the theater showed pictures of war. Our parents talked of war. Dad put a map on the wall in his den and his friends would come over and they would talk for hours. I told my brother I wanted to join the RAF and become a "Spitfire" pilot. He told me I would have to wait about ten years and the war would probably be over. If the United States got involved he felt he would surely be in the war. Dad was really on Truman at this time about going to West Point. Dad was buying more life insurance and in the fall he bought a 1941 Oldsmobile with "Hydromatic" transmission. Mother thought Packards were too big and she did not like to shift gears. Dad had owned only Packards for many years. Bobbie, Janet, and I did not realize how serious things were getting.

I was ten in August of 1941. Everything was changing. Train loads of new equipment and troops arrived almost daily. There was new construction of wooden barracks north of the main post. Fort Knox was not a quite place anymore. Our teacher told us that the Germans had taken Europe and after they defeated England they would come after the United States. Bobbie and I agreed it would take the Germans nine or ten years to get here so we would be ready to fight. We started training immediately. On December 7th, Bobbie and I had been to the matinee and on the way home got the feeling something was very wrong. Dad and four other officers were sitting in front of the radio listening to every word. Mother took me into the kitchen and told me that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor in Hawaii and were now headed for California where Grandmother lived. I ask her what happened to the Germans, who were the Japanese? I was very upset and confused. How do you fight the Japanese and Germans at the same time? My brother tried very hard to explain what was going on to me.

Dad had been the Plans and Training Officer of the new "Armored Force Replacement Center" for about a year when war was declared. At a Christmas party, a General asked my Dad what he wanted to do? He told him he wanted an Armored Command. The General also asked Mother what Dad wanted to do. She told him Dad wanted an Armored Regiment in the newly formed 3rd Armored Division at Fort Polk, Louisiana. In February 1942, Dad was promoted to full Colonel and received orders to command the 32nd Armored Regiment of the 3rd Armored.

There were no family quarters at Fort Polk but it was decided that Mother and I would accompany Dad. Truman would remain at Fort Knox with Dad's good friend, COL Henry Newton. Truman would be able to graduate from Fort Knox High School and then go on to Sullivan's Prep School in Washington D.C. All furniture was to go into storage and we would rent a furnished place near Fort Polk. Everybody's life was changing rapidly; I did not like what was going on. My ordered and secure way of life was going away. My friends were going away. I was allowed to keep a small unit of toy soldiers; the rest went into a footlocker and I was never to play with them again. We Army families were spread to the winds. Most of the kids I never saw again including Bobbie. He retired an Infantry lieutenant colonel. Dad found a small frame house to rent just off the Fort Polk Reservation in a dumpy little town named Leesville. Only the main street was paved. The house was new but unfurnished. Dad and Mother had to buy some used furniture to make the place livable. There were no

bushes or grass and mud was everywhere when it rained especially on my shoes and Rowdy's paws. Rowdy was black but he did not like black people. We had trouble with that. We Army Brats attended a small run down school in Leesville. It was an old wooden building and they put oil on the floors to hold down the dust. If it had caught fire during classes many children would have died. Most of us Army kids could not understand the slang English used by the teachers. One day when I had a cold, I put my wet handkerchief on a steam radiator to dry it out. A man approached with a ruler and threatens to slap my hands if I did not remove "my germ riddled rag" immediately. I did, but I told him if he touched me, I had a mean black dog and my father was a Colonel and he carried a gun. Both were true. Mother and I were bored; there was nothing to do. Some times Dad did not come home for days and when he did, he would sleep. Mother wished she had stayed in Elizabethtown, Kentucky or gone to be near her older brother in Junction City, Kansas that was adjacent to Fort Riley. Luckily, we were on our way to California after five months in that hellish place.

The 3rd Armored Division had been ordered to the Desert Training Center in southern California. Mother and I were to stay in a town nearby. Dad went by train with his Regiment and after Mother sold the furniture and closed out the little house in Leesville, we left in the Oldsmobile with Dad's driver, Bland, doing the driving. Bland stayed with Dad throughout the war. Dad had three Aides wounded and one died in his arms, but Bland came through without a scratch. I guess it took about three or four days to Palm Springs. We stayed in Tourist Courts along the way. They were a far cry from the Motels we know today. Rowdy liked them after many hours in the car, he could run around. Palm Springs was in the early days of becoming a resort before the war and a number of hotels (really motels) - had been built. The Army had made a contract with the Colonial Inn to house the families of senior officers. This was along way from Leesville, Louisiana. The place was beautiful. Palm Springs itself was a pretty little city. Anyway, the Colonial Inn was shaped in a quadrangle with a swimming pool in the center. There were green grass, hedges, and palm trees. Our apartment was completely furnished. It was a great place to live and play except Rowdy was not allowed in the pool; not in daylight anyway. The Mexican gardeners were very fond of Rowdy and he had the run of the place, which delighted him. The school was only two blocks away. It was a long one story Spanish design; open and airy. I liked the teachers. They were very smart and interested in their students. They were impressed with the different places the Army Brats had come from and each of us had to get

up and talk about our travels. My talks were very colorful. The natives warned all us newcomers not to go around in bare feet. I apparently did not listen and received a scorpion sting in my right instep. I thought my foot was going to have to be cut off. When I limped into school, many local kids smiled. Dad did not come in from the Training Center except on the weekends. He and Mother would be off to parties and we kids would sit around the pool or go to a movie down town. I remember our stay in Palm Springs as being pleasant. In November 1942, the 3rd Armored Division was ordered to Camp Pickett, Virginia. Dad said Mother and I would stay in a nearby town. I was beginning to think that all this changing of locations was dumb; I wanted to go back to Fort Knox and be with Truman but he had already left for Sullivans.

Dad had the car serviced and left on the train with his regiment. Bland was the driver and we were headed for a place named Farmville, Virginia. It took five days and Bland fought rain and snow for more than half way. I got sick, Bland and Mother got sick, and Rowdy got sick. We were eating in greasy spoon cafes and we paid for it. The Oldsmobile ran like a sewing machine. Dad had rented an apartment, sight unseen, on the second floor of an old house just a block from the main street in Farmville. It had a two burner hot plate and a small refrigerator. I could not believe this place. Mother said we would not be there long. Soon, Dad would be going overseas and we would go to San Antonio, Texas, rent a house, get the furniture out of storage, and wait for Dad to come home. I learned much later that Dad planned to retire after the war at Fort Sam Houston, and go into business. He had a pecan orchard about 25 miles from San Antonio. Well, I thought if we are not going to be in Farmville very long, I don't need to go to school; wrong. The area was very hilly and the "school was five blocks away on top of a hill. I certainly got good exercise. The teachers ignored me and the children were not much better mainly because I wasn't born and raised there. I was the only Army Brat in my class. What a waste of time for me. On one weekend Dad took Mother and I to Appomattox where General Lee surrendered to General Grant, so ending the American Civil War. On another weekend, he took us to Williamsburg of American Revolution fame. After slightly over two months in Farmville, Dad told us the Division was going to Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania and Mother and I were going to stay in a beautiful hotel in the town of Hershey with many other officer families. Rowdy and I said, hurrah, let us depart this dump.

Dad drove us to Hershey on the 21st of December, 1942. The town

was named after Milton S. Hershey who founded the Hershey Chocolate Factory and created the famous Hershey Bar. It was a company town. Mr. Hershey built a large hotel, a hospital, amusement park, a public school, and an orphan boys' school surrounded by a dairy farm. The Japanese Ambassador and his staff were in residency at the boys' school for the duration of the war. It was a beautiful campus. In the hotel, mothers were given a room of their own. Boys of similar age were bunked two to a room on one floor and girls the same on another. There were dining hours for children under 18 and dining hours for adults. On weekdays children had to be in their rooms at 1900 and lights out at 2100. My roommate was Douglas Roysdon. His father and mine were friends; they both made General about the same time. Doug, attended West Point years later but did not graduate. I think he ended up in the State Department. Rowdy had to learn to use a sandbox, which he disliked. He loved to go for a walk in the park. He was getting a little stiff and gray around the muzzle. The school was modern and the teachers were great. They treated the army brats like they belonged there. I was picked for the Safety Patrol. So with my yellow rain coat and hat, white cross belt and red stop flag, I was a very important kid. Dad only came in several times a month. One time, he took Mother and me to Indiantown Gap for Family Day. Mother put on coveralls and drove an armored car. I was given an enemy aircraft identification poster and several aircraft models. I still wanted to be a "Spitfire" pilot. Truman finished Sullivans in June and came to Hershey. He got a job as a Bellboy until it was time to enter West Point in August.

One day, Dad and Mother called Truman and I into their room. Dad said the Division was going into a Staging Area in New Jersey in August. This was the plan. Truman would go on to the Academy; Mother and I would go to live with Dad's mother in Beverly Hills, California. When the war was over, Dad would retire and we would move to San Antonio and buy a house and I would attend Texas Military Institute in preparation for West Point. Dad's real rational was; that his mother owned her own home but was in her 70s. Mother was not very good about looking after things; so if he were killed and the chances of this were great, then, Mother and Grandmother could look out for each other until Grandmother died and then Mother would have a house that was paid for; simple. Unfortunately, Dad did not come back and Mother was not to own her own home or see her furniture again for 13 years.

A week or so after my 12th birthday we went with Dad to Harrisburg

where he was to fly out to Washington D.C. then on to New Jersey to join his regiment; from there/ on to England. The parting for Mother and Dad was very difficult. Dad told me to be a good soldier and to take care of Mother until he got back. Before Truman left for West Point, Dad had told him that if anything happened to him, Truman was to make Mother's life as comfortable as possible. Dad bent down and put his hand under Rowdy's chin, looked him in the eye and told him he wanted him around when he got back. After a hug and a kiss for everybody, Dad departed and Bland drove us back to Hershey to prepare for the trip to California. The thought that a man like my father could be killed never entered my young mind.

I do not recall the long trip to California very well but on the way I did remember that Dad had taken Mother and me to Grandmother's house one weekend when he was at the Desert Training Center and we lived in Palm Springs. It was a Spanish stucco design. It was one level and quite large with a beautiful yard. Granddad had had a lattice built over the back yard and it was covered with flowering vines that shaded the yard. It looked like a nice place to live. Little did I know I would grow into manhood there. I forgot to mention that Granddad had died in 1940 at the age of 88. When we arrived it seemed that Grandmother was glad to see us except for Rowdy. I was informed right away that I was to keep his "droppings" off the grass. We put Bland on a train for the East coast. I liked him very much; he was like a big brother to me. He wrote Mother after the war but we never saw him again.

A word about Grandmother, Eva, who had some influence on my life. She was my only Grandmother because I think I mentioned earlier that my mother's mother died at 36. Eva was the second wife of my Grandfather, Arthur. He was 15 years older than Grandmother. They had one son, Truman Everett, who was my father and he had two half brothers and a half sister, May, who compiled the Boudinot family tree. One glitch in the family tree is that it shows Arthur's first wife dying 19 years after he married Eva. I was told by Mother that Grandfather's first wife had died before he married Eva. Oh well, Grandmother as I knew her was a strong willed person, she was an excellent gardener, a fair cook, and a devoted Christian Scientist. She was a Practitioner, (healer). She and Mother were not in any way alike but they knew they should try to make the best of the situation.

I was given a room to the rear of the house. One had to go out onto a screened-in back porch to get to it. In the room there was a north window

and an east window, which looked out over the beautiful back yard. There was a connecting half bathroom and door to the outside from the porch. I thought I am going to like it here. It was September and I was immediately enrolled in Beverly Vista Junior High. It was about five blocks away and a beautiful school. I learned quickly that this was a place of real education. Mother was called in and told that I needed tutoring in math and spelling. I was pretty good in history, geography, and very good in arts and crafts. About a year later at a student art show, Mother was called aside and shown an aircraft picture I had done. It was a great drawing but the propeller was behind the wing protruding from the fuselage. A male teacher asks how an aircraft could be assembled with the propeller in the middle; it was unrealistic. A few years later an aircraft company did just that. Back to the first year, it was tough, the classes were hard and the kids were different. Many were traveled and considerably more worldly than me. I did make one strong friendship that lasted for many years. His name was Chuck Daniels and he taught me all about cars. His father was an engineer with GM. He moved away in our second year of high school and later went to Cal Tech and became a mechanical engineer. Well, on Sundays, Mother, Grandmother, and I were off to the Christian Science Church. I had not had any formal religious training so Grandmother decided I was to become a Christian Scientist. Mother had reservations about this but said nothing at the time. As I mentioned before, my dad, was a strong believer in Christian Science doctrine.

Dad wrote from England when he could. I read some of his letters in class. The war in Europe did not have the same importance to Californians as the war in the Pacific. In early 1944, Dad put a note to me in one of his letters to Mother. It said as best as I can remember, "Burt, my Regiment and I are going to make history one of these days. I want you to be very proud of us. It will be for young people everywhere. I miss my family very much, I wish you and I could have spent more time together. Love, Dad." That summer I would be 13. After school was out, Mother decided I should go to summer camp for six weeks. The place was in the mountains near Santa Barbara, which was up the coast from Beverly Hills. The camp was owned by an old lady as were the orange groves that surrounded it. The kids stayed in eight man tents with wooden sides. There was a dining facility with recreation room, swimming pool, stables with about ten horses, and so on. It looked like a fun place but it was not. It was kind of a reform school. We were awakened at dawn and given a set time to dress and to eat; then off to the groves to pick oranges, or to the vegetable garden to

weed, or to the stables to clean stalls and groom horses. After lunch, there was a quiet hour then sports according to tent number. After supper, gospel singing and story telling. Lights out at 2100. This was not my bag! Mother called one night and told me Allied Forces had invaded Europe on 6 June and the 3rd Armored Division had gone ashore in Normandy, France on 14 June. She said Dad must be involved in heavy fighting and we should pray for him. I took the opportunity to tell her I did not like camp and please drive up and get me. She did come get me and I promptly told her I was almost 13 years old and I did not have a bicycle; and that's what I wanted for my birthday. I got one. There was purpose behind my request; now I could get a paper route and begin becoming financially independent. I was tired of small change for picking up Rowdy's pooh in the yard, emptying waste baskets and going to the store for milk and bread. I had a paper route by September. Mother was upset; she felt there was too much traffic. With gas rationing, there was not that much traffic even in Beverly Hills. Soon, I had two routes and was clearing \$35 to \$45 dollars a month. Grandmother told me if I made \$10 dollars, I really only made \$9 because one had to be put away for future needs. It was a great idea and I opened a Postal Saving Account where I put \$10 to \$20 dollars away a month. Dad wrote that he was very proud of me. He was now sending home German caps, insignia, etc; also beautiful guns. These were not military weapons, but engraved shotguns and hunting rifles. Dad had made General and commanded Combat Command B of the 3rd Armored Division. Mother was involved in Victory Gardening and other things. Truman was doing well at West Point. I was doing ok in school; popular with the other kids and loved making my own money. Life was stable.

Part IV: Teenager

I was to become a dedicated airplane modeler. I spent many hours designing and fabricating models at a work bench in my room. Between 13 and 16, I won several prizes at model shows. I still wanted to be a fighter pilot but my favorite had become the American P-51 "Mustang" instead of the British "Spitfire". I was doing well with my paper routes. I wanted a motor scooter so I could do four routes instead of two but I could not afford one. My goal was to save enough money by the time I started to high school to buy a scooter or motorbike. At the time, I did not know where I would go to high school because everybody was saying the war in Europe would be over by Christmas 1944. Of course, Mother and I would go wherever Dad was stationed in the states when he was ordered home. I might mention here that I had become quite an independent young fellow after entering the different world of California. I was growing up in the fast lane.

In December 1944, German Forces suddenly launched a counter-attack against Allied Forces in Europe. There was very heavy fighting and the news on the radio got worse each day. The fighting became known in history as the "Battle of the Bulge". Mother went to pieces and it was a terrible Christmas. We did not hear anything from Dad for almost two months. It became apparent to me that I might end up with just a mother. It was unnerving for this 13 year old; she was hard enough for me to care of as it was. Finally, a letter arrived from Dad saying he was OK but he had lost many officers and men including his aide that he was so fond of. He was very depressed by the death and destruction surrounding him and said the war must end soon. Mother cried for two days with relief. I was relieved also.

Grandmother, of course, knew that Dad would come through all right. I had a lot of respect for her strength. In May of 1945, the Germans surrendered to Allied Forces and the war in Europe was over. Mother went into orbit; she bought herself and me new cloths and Rowdy got a new collar. I wanted to ask for a motor scooter while she was in a high, but I did not. Dad wrote that he would not be coming home soon because everything in Europe was a mess and it would take some time to get the troops back to the states. Then, in July, he wrote that he wanted Mother and me to take the "Super Chief Express" train to New York in August and meet him there. We would spend a few days in New York, then on to Washington D.C. where he had a meeting to attend, then on to California by train so Dad could see

Grandmother, Rowdy, and some of his old college buddies, as it turned out, we flew to California in a Army Air Corps C-47. The glitch was that Dad would go back to Europe for a while. He had been offered the Head of the Displaced Persons Agency. He felt obligated to do the job because of what the war had done to so many innocent people. Mother did not like the idea but accepted it better when Dad said he would try to be home for good by Christmas. I wanted to ride on a fast train, but I did not want to leave my paper routes; too many other boys wanted them. My manager assured me, the routes would be mine when I returned. Mother had been giving Rowdy asthma medicine daily for over a year. She told Grandmother that it was very important that Dad see Rowdy one last time. Rowdy must have his medicine daily. The train ride to New York was interesting and fun. We had a compartment with berths for the three day trip. Mother was excited and a little hard to control but we got to where we were supposed to meet Dad without incident.

Dad was glad to see us both and Mother made a scene. I had changed a lot and it seemed to me that Dad had changed; he appeared to be less forceful. It took us a day or two to get acquainted. Dad said to me several times that I sure had grown up in two years. I thought anybody would grow up if sent to California. We did only two interesting things while in New York. Dad took me up into the Empire State Building to see the hole made when a B-25 bomber crashed into it during a heavy fog. We also went to a matinee at the Radio Music Hall. All three nights we were in New York, I sat in my hotel room making paper airplanes out of stationary. Dad took Mother out on the town. I did not think this was very considerate of me; I could have stayed home. We went to Washington D.C. by Army sedan. While there, on 14 August 1945, the Japanese surrendered in the pacific. Everybody on the streets was going crazy. The next day, Dad apologized for forgetting my birthday and asks what I wanted. I did not think he would go for a motor scooter so I settled for some scale armored vehicle models I had seen at the Fort Myers Post Exchange.

Dad learned that an Army Air Corps C-47 airplane was going to the west coast and that he could get seats for us. The trip was a long two and one half days, with layovers at night. The canvas seats were uncomfortable and it was often bumpy. There was nothing for me to do to pass the long hours. I did go up in the cockpit with the pilots a couple times. The train would have been more fun. When we arrived in Los Angels at Mines Airfield, we took a taxi to Beverly Hills. The following is tense

for me even as I write it decades later. When we drove up to 308 South Doheny Drive, Dad said, "I never thought I would see Rowdy or this place again". Grandmother came out on the porch and she and Dad hugged for a long time. Mother and I had only been gone twelve days. Dad asked where Rowdy was? Grandmother said without emotion that he had died. Dad went out to the driveway and sobbed; Mother could not get near him and I went back to my room with tears in my eyes. I felt for Dad and I felt for Rowdy. Rowdy was so much a part of the family and he was so good to me while I was growing up. I had never lost someone close to me. Mother noticed that not one spoonful of Rowdy's medicine had been used. She learned later that Grandmother had called a vet to come pick up Rowdy the day after Mother and I left for New York. Mother never told Dad, but I think he knew what his mother had done. I knew that Grandmother did not care for the dog, but I wondered how she could do such a thing to her son who loved that old dog.

Life went on and Dad and Mother went to many parties and I went back to my papers routes. When I showed him my savings account, he said he was proud of me. We did not talk a lot but he was interested in what I wanted to be. I told him I wanted to design things; airplanes, cars, boats, etc. He said I would need a good education for that and if I did well in high school, maybe I could go to West Point. He said I could do anything I wanted as long as I was a soldier. My father's connotation of the word soldier meant to always be honest, loyal, and true. These were his last words of wisdom to me.

One day after he had made several telephone calls to families of men who had been killed while serving in his units, Dad sat depressed. Mother did a dumb thing when she told him the war was over. Dad looked at her sternly and said he had left a lot of good men buried back there in France and Germany and did not deserve to be home safe with us; that he had to live with that the rest of his life. He said good men died on both sides, that war was a waste, a curse, and should be outlawed by mankind. I have often wondered what his older years would have been like if he had lived. In my elder years, I have come to think like him on this matter.

All in all I think that Dad had a good trip back to the States. He "was offered jobs by his old friends after he retired. He ordered a 1946 Cadillac. He talked about going back to Texas and settling down on his pecan orchard near San Antonio. He thought maybe I should attend Texas Military Institute in preparation for West Point. I have thought about the above many times and I believe that Dad, when he retired would have gone back to California

to settle. He liked the life style there. He was going back to Europe because he wanted to keep his "star" as long as possible; so many of his peers were already going back to their permanent rank of colonel. Dad referred to himself as a "soldier" but he liked being a general.

After ten days in California, Mother and I took Dad to the commercial airport for his flight to Washington D.C. where he would catch a military hop back to Europe. He said he was proud of me again and that we would talk about my future when he got home; that I must study hard in school no matter what endeavor I was thinking about. He said he was sorry he was so hard on Grandmother about Rowdy; that he had lost a lot more in this life than his dog. He and Mother went off for awhile and then Dad flew away. Mother cried all the way home saying she wanted her own home be with her own things. Let me say this, Mother was in hogs heaven while on the arm of her husband 'the General' while moving about the Beverly Hills crowd.

Dad wrote often after his return to Europe. He was busy and satisfied with the handling of the displaced persons. He felt like many; that in war there are no winners. He said that he might be offered the position of Post Commander at Camp Hood, Texas. It would be a point of discussion when he came home for the Christmas of 1945, permanently. In November he wrote that he planned to arrive in Washington D.C. by military air on the 20th of December; stay with General and Mrs. Hickey, do some business at the Pentagon, then fly out to California by commercial air on the 23rd. He would call when he got to the Hickey's

The 22nd of December 1945 was a cool rainy day. On my way home from my paper routes, I got soaked to the skin. Mother was concerned because Dad had not called. She asked Grandmother to listen for the phone because she had some shopping to do. As I approached our driveway on my bicycle I saw that the front door was open. It seemed strange that Grandmother would leave the door open on such an inclement day. I put up my bike and went into the house calling for Grandmother. She was sitting on the arm of an overstuffed chair holding a yellow piece of paper. She looked up at me with tears and said "you must be a man, now!" I had never seen her cry. I took the telegram and read "We regret to inform you that Brigadier General Truman E. Boudinot died such and such a time 21 December at Walter Reed Hospital" The telegram went on with other details. I thought, what's this stupid stuff. I walked around and around. Grandmother told me to come sit with her. I kept thinking, then decided he was

in an airplane crash. The reason his officers did not call mother was they were all hurt or killed. I did not know what I was doing, my mind was racing. Mother, my God, my Mother. I went back to my bedroom and sat on the bed. I said, "Father God, I can not handle this by myself; please help me." A warm glow moved through out me, I was suddenly very peaceful. I have always been grateful for what you did for me at that moment. I changed my clothes and went out on the back steps to wait for Mother. I have no idea of how much time elapsed after reading the telegram and when Mother came home. After she put the car in the garage she called out a hello and started talking about how much Dad loved pecans. I told her I had to tell her something before she went into the house; that something had happened to Dad and he was not coming home. I told her I thought he had been killed. Nothing happened; she went into house, read the telegram and said it was nonsense. She would call General Hickey person to person. General Hickey told Mother that Dad was overdue but he did not know where he was. Mother read him the telegram. General Hickey called back about midnight and said Dad had died of double pneumonia. A young Staff Duty Officer found him unconscious in his VIP Quarters at Fort Myers. He had left no messages for General Hickey that he had arrived on the 21st of December. General Hickey said he would make all the arrangements at Arlington Cemetery and that he would call my brother at West Point. I waited for Mother to fall apart but she hung in there, thanks to a guiding Father. It is an unnerving feeling waiting for some one to come apart. Mother was not acting like my mother. Grandmother was strong and silent with her prayers.

Mother and I left Los Angeles on Christmas Eve on the "Super Chief Express" for Washington D.C. She talked about all the things that she and Dad were going to do. She said she wanted her own place but we would have to stay with Grandmother for awhile at least until she found out about insurance and military benefits. We arrived in D.C. on the 26th and stayed at the Hickey's. Truman was already there. Mother broke down when she saw him. He and General Hickey had already been to Walter Reed to talk to the Doctors and Nurses. It seems that Dad had gotten a bad cold about two weeks before he was to come home. On a lay over in Paris, one officer who came to the funeral said Dad coughed up blood. Someone suggested he get medical treatment. Dad said no. In the air on the way back to the States he coughed up blood several times. Another General on the plane wanted an ambulance to meet the plane. Dad said no. He was supposed to call General Hickey from the airport; he did not do that. Brought in to Walter Reed Hospital in a brown robe, nobody knew who he was until they went back to his room.

Dad could not talk. He was gone 20 hours later. Sixty-three years have passed and I have not changed my view of how things were for Dad at the time. He was of very strong Christian Science belief. It was very hard to get him to go to a doctor. There were stories that he received two small flesh wounds during combat, which he dressed himself. He was not stupid; he knew that he was sick, very sick. In a depressed state he felt he did not deserve to live or maybe want to live. Very important, was he did not want to give up his "star". I have the feeling that Dad did not come out of the war as mentally tough as he thought he should be. He was really more of a humanitarian than a soldier. The funeral with full military honors was at Arlington on the 28th. There was a horse drawn caisson; a rider less black horse with the boots turned backward in the stirrups and the drummers beat. It was windy and cold with light snow. There were many people at the gravesite including the Chief of Staff of the Army and everybody acted shocked. I know I was. I did not think that anything would really happen to my dad. What was to become of Mother and me? What was going to happen to me, I was 14 years old and did not foresee the heavy responsibilities ahead.

We went back to California and my brother went back to West Point. He was to graduate in June 1946. For me, it was the beginning of a rough three years. The impact came gradually to Mother. At first she was in grief, then hurt, then angry that she never got to be a real general's wife. She leaned on me a great deal and was not giving me much room to maneuver in my life. I told her I had my job and my friends; that she should try to get out more. She wanted me to give up my paper routes because something might happen to me on the busy streets. I told her that she must go to Truman's graduation in June. She said she could not afford to go and that Truman would understand. He did not understand and never forgave her. I started to Beverly Hills High School in August of 1946. It was a beautiful school and I made several new friendships that lasted for years.

I started mechanical drawing in my freshman year and stayed with it for three and a half years. I became very good and received several awards. I would have received a small grant if I had attended UCLA. I was also very good in history; it became my major. Math was very hard for me and I did not do well in the subject. At the end of my freshman year Mother made a bad judgment. She wanted to go to San Antonio, Texas and rent a furnished house or apartment and enroll me in the fall at the Texas Military Institute. I told her I did not want to leave my friends or my paper routes and that I liked Beverly Hills High School. Her rationale was that we could not live with

Grandmother forever and she could not afford a place of her own in Beverly Hills. Besides, if I was going to West Point, I needed some preparation. Truman, a Lieutenant in the Infantry, drove us to San Antonio in the old Oldsmobile and then left for a tour in Korea. I will make this bad story short. Texas Military Institute (TMI) was an austere and ridged place. It was much like prison. There were two Army bunks and two field tables to a room. If anyone talked during study hall they were punished. The food was bland and the uniforms were plain until you were an upper classman. Mother had a few friends but she was a widow and excluded from many activities. She had many more friends in California. Near the end of my first semester at TMI, I told Mother I was going back to California and live with Grandmother that she could rot in Texas if she wanted to. I also told her to forget West Point. We drove back to California but it took three or four days. Grandmother was glad to see us and I was happy to be back at BHHS with my friends. What a dumb experience; I told Mother no more of that kind of s--t.

My friends were glad to see me back and we were soon back in the swing of things. I felt like a wild bird that had been let out a cage. Not long after we 'were back, Grandmother told mother that when she died she was leaving the house and everything she had to Mother. That took a lot of pressure off of Mother and she began to settle down. She joined some clubs and made some new friends. I was able to spend more time with my friends. Rocket research in America was a big item in those days and many of us kids were into rockets also. We could not construct a rocket motor powerful enough to get any height. One day Chuck Daniels told me that a military surplus store was selling practice Bazooka rounds and they had real rocket motors in them. He figured that if this motor could throw a two-pound round 50 yards down range, it should propel a ten-ounce rocket hundreds of feet into the air. We bought one. By our design, a parachute would be deployed by a small firecracker at the end of motor burn. Anyway, I was trying to get the rocket motor out of the Bazooka round while in my room at the back of the house. The rocket motor ignited and went through the window screen, spun through the air and landed on a garage roof two houses away and started a small fire. My right hand was badly burned. It was black with burned powder and the doctor said there would be some permanent scarring. Grandmother asked me if I believed that God had made my hand perfect and it would continue to be that way. I told her I did believe and I had to repeat that I believed many times a day. Soon the hand got well and the doctors were amazed. I had no permanent scarring. Grandmother said nothing, just smiled. I was moved out of my laboratory into a side bed

room. Grandmother moved into my back bedroom where she stayed until she died after entering in a nursing home nine years later. By then, I had been in the Army almost three years.

On my 15th birthday with a little financial help from Mother I bought a motor scooter at Western Auto. It was called a "Doodlebug". It was not very powerful but it was very agile which was what I needed. I soon had four paper routes and was putting money away in handfuls. I wanted a car by the time I was 16. By the age of 15, I was becoming quite aware of the female. Mother enrolled me into an activity called "Fortnightly". Here I was supposed to learn how to dance; how to treat girls like young ladies and generally learn how to act at social events. I remember after going to these things several times that this one particular girl was haunting me. I finely introduced myself and she was very receptive. She said she had noticed me before also. Well, I ran off at the mouth as the evening went on and then we went outside to wait for her mother to pick her up. I told her she was beautiful and I was falling for her. She said thank you but she would like for me to tell her what her name was; oops. When she got into the car, she called out Vallire Baxter. She never spoke to me again and I never forgot her name.

A widow, Mrs. Manter, moved in across the street. She had two teenage children, a boy younger than me and a girl older. Her name was Diane and she was pretty. I could tell right away that she liked me and I enjoyed being with her. We played a lot of ping pong and I found that my paper routes were beginning to cramp my social life; but I needed the money. Diane knew that I loved cars and after I had known her several months she said she had a surprise; it was in the garage. I thought the surprise was a 1932 Buick convertible that her uncle had brought over the day before. It had belonged to her father. The real surprise was she turned to me and said I could kiss her. This was not spin the bottle; this was serious. It was so serious that I was soon having trouble with my Christian Science training. Grandmother taught that there is no sensation in pain. Well, I thought, why is there sensation in pleasure? I had to work out this apparent controversy. I got my beginners automobile license and could drive when an adult was in the car; most kids violating the rule including me. I invited Diane and her brother to go to "Fortnightly" with me. Mother was going out that night so Mrs. Manter said that Diane could drive her 1946 Mercury. After the dance, Diane's brother and his date said they wanted to drive to the beach before going home; it was not far away. Diane told me to drive. She

got up close to me as we driving and leaned over and gave her a kiss; and I ran into a telephone pole. Our story was that Diane was driving and an animal ran out into the road. It was a lonely road and I had to walk a half a mile to a gas station to call Mother to come get us. Even with a tow truck needed, the Police never knew about the accident. I had a cut knee and Diane got a black eye. Our mother's were upset but relieved. After that, Diane started dating older boys but we remained friends. She married three years later at 19.

During the summer, when I was 16, Dick, Oliver, Brooks, and myself took Dick's father's 1941 Studebaker pick-up truck up into the California mountains for three weeks. We sat around the camp fire at night and told of our dreams, our fears, and what really might happen to each of us. Dick loved to tell ghost stories. My stories were about knights but they liked them. The association with these fellows for almost four years was very meaningful to me. One day I was on my way home on my scooter when I noticed a neat car in front of Diane's house. It had a for sale sign on the wind shield. It was a 1931 Ford Model "A" convertible roadster with rumble seat. It had maroon fenders with a gray body, 1940 disc wheels, and a custom chopped canvas T top. I knew I had to have it. The fellow who owned it was dating Diane but I had never seen him or the car before. We talked about price for about a week and finely agreed on my scooter and \$300 dollars. Mother was upset because she thought it was a "Hot Rod" but she signed for me anyway. It was not a "Hot Rod" by any definition but it was neat looking and I had real wheels of my own. Well, the car did not work out well for delivering papers. It was hard to steer and throw papers at the same time; I almost had several accidents. I got a job as a "Soda Jerk" and "clean up boy" at Dasiey's Corner Drugstore. I did not like the jobs. I also shined brass doorknobs at the local Packard car agency. Beautiful cars they were. One day, Dasiey's deliveryman's truck broke down for good and I quickly said I could deliver her prescriptions orders. She would agree to a gas allotment, \$1.00 an hour, and I got the tips. I did not deliver every day, but I did ok. Some of those old ladies would give me \$5 or \$10 tips. I did this job until my last semester in high school. During my 17th summer, the fellows and I and the pick-up truck went to Arizona and Death Valley in Nevada. We had a wonderful time. We got lost in the desert for two days, which scared the hell out of us, but it was the kind of adventure and excitement teenage boys need. That fall, Mother wanted to talk about my future. I told her I really wanted to attend the Art Center Institute in Pasadena and become an automobile stylist. The problem was, it was very expensive and the school

would not honor my VA educational benefits. She said she could not afford to help me go to a private school. She really thought becoming an automobile designer was a nothing career. She said I had to use VA benefits or go to West Point. My father would want me to go to West Point and I would be following in my brother's footsteps. The truth is that I did not know what my father thought I should become and I did not want to follow in my brother's footsteps; he hated his years at West Point. My social life lacked excitement at this time. I dated a few girls; some hand picked for me and some I chose.

Part V: Young Man

My 18th year was a pretty good year. I had a job. I was on the Ping Pong Team, taking fencing lessons, and Captain of the Rifle Team. Dick, Oliver, and Brooks were all planning on attending a major university. Mother was insisting that I should attend Sullivan's Prep School after graduation from high school to better prepare me for West Point. She was told that as the son of a deceased general officer I was almost assured a Presidential Appointment. I could see my dreams of designing automobiles blowing away in the wind. I had no strong and experienced men to talk to about some of my ideas about the future. Word got around to my classmates that I was going to West Point and that was that. I felt so mixed-up that I went to an orientation at the Art Center Institute (ACI). I came away knowing that the place made my heart pound. Today, 80% of the top automobile designers for the past 40 years have been graduates of the ACI. We all have our suppressed desires and I still think at times I would liked to be one those fellows in that 80%.

One day early in my senior year, a pretty girl walked up to me and asked if I lived on Doheny Drive. I told her I did and she asks for a ride home. Her name was Shirley Nelson. She had moved in about a block down. She had dark brown hair, hazel eyes, and beautiful complexion; she looked English. . Soon I was picking her up and taking her home from school, then came dating and in three months we were going steady. Shirley was always neat, prim, and proper and shy. Some times when I was talking to the fellows, she would come up to within 20 feet and stand at parade rest until we finished talking. I ask her why she did not just barge in; she had met all my friends. She told me she did not want to interfere with my masculine ways. Oh boy! Her father had been a lawyer in the Navy during the war and was sort of a tough guy. As time went on, Mother and Mrs. Nelson had coffee together. Shirley was going to Mills and I of course was going to West Point. They hoped Shirley and I would stay in contact; we were such a lovely couple together. Shirley was sweet and nice to have on my arm but I always felt like I was looking through glass at her; she was not very touchable.

I had been designing cars for over two years. Most of them were cut and paste jobs from magazine ads. Some I drew myself. One day Mr. Hanchett saw me working on a drawing of an armored vehicle; a scout car. He asks me what I was doing and I told him if the Army was going to be any career,

I would design armored vehicles. He said my house designs and plans were unique and beautiful, I should become an architect. I had won several awards. I told him it took a lot of money to become an architect or an automotive engineer. Oliver, me, and another fellow bought a 1933 Cord touring sedan for \$300. It was huge automobile with a big straight eight engine and large disc wheels. It took us weeks to get it running. It got about seven miles to the gallon and burned a quart of oil every 100 miles or so. We hand painted it bright yellow. One day we took it up Highway 101 to Santa Barbara. On the way back we were pulled over by a motorcycle officer. He asked us if we knew how fast we were going. We told him the car did not have a speedometer cable. He said we were doing 80 miles per hour. He walked around the car and smiled. He told us we had to do several things to it or it would not be allowed on the road, and off he went. We could not afford to operate the monster so we sold it to a man for what we had in it. I hope it was restored and put in a museum. By spring, Mother had me enrolled at Sullivan's in Washington D.C.; classes started September 5th. Naturally, I took Shirley to the Senior Prom in May. As we got near graduation in June, the fellows and I knew an era for us was coming to an end; we were about to be cast to the winds. Mother wanted me to sell my car and I told her she could sell it after I left for school.

Shortly after our graduation, Shirley left to be a Girl Scout Counselor for six weeks at a summer camp. A short way behind Oliver's house there was an old swimming pool that was fed by a spring. It had belonged with a mansion that had burned in the 1930's. This was a pretty area and we fellows would meet there on a warm day. One day while Oliver, Dick and I were cooling off in the pool, a car drove up with two girls in it. Oliver had invited them. One was a new girl he had met on the Santa Monica beach and the other one was her friend. Thus, was my introduction to Gloria Lee Seiler. She was 17, blonde with a Dutch Girl haircut, flashing blue eyes, and a beautiful figure. Little did I know that this would begin a saga that would last four years and have considerable impact on my life. The girls invited us to a beach party and Oliver and I said we would come. At the party, I found Gloria playful, funny, and intelligent. I had never met a girl like her. We soon began dating. Her father had been a pilot during the war and then became a test pilot with Douglas Aircraft. One story was that he was killed in a crash and another was that he committed suicide over a bad business deal. I never found out which story was true. Gloria, her 12 year old sister and her mother lived with her Mother's parents in Santa Monica. Gloria and I seemed to enjoy each other; I thought she could be a little more

lady-like. She thought I was a prude and liked to tease me. Nothing serious could develop in the relationship. The summer passed quickly and it was almost time for me to leave for Sullivan's. I told Shirley about Gloria when she got back and she was upset. It did give me a chance to compare the two. Shirley was a lady, a little dull, and a bit cold. With Gloria, there was never a dull moment; she was friendly, warm, and unpredictable. The one thing the two girls had in common was no serious sexual activities. About a week before I left for Sullivan's I was up the mountain at Oliver's. On my way home on Cold Water Canyon Drive, I tried to brake and they were fading. I tried to gear down but plowed into the back of a 1949 Cadillac. The other driver and I were not hurt but my 1931 Model a Ford was totaled. Truman came in the day before I left; he was on his way to the fighting in Korea. He gave me a silver dollar at the airport for good luck; I still have it.

Sullivan's was in two old homes in an older part of Washington D.C. The big old houses faced each other across a street, with about 25 Army goons in one and about 20 Navy goons in the other. There were three bunked to a room. My roommates were Ed Grubbs, who went on to West Point and retired an infantry lieutenant colonel and Buzz Overton who went to the Coast Guard Academy and retired a Commander. The place was a prison. We had class after class after class even on Saturday morning. Study period was from 7 to 10 PM. We got Saturday evenings and Sundays off but were allowed only \$20 dollars a month for spending money. Mother was in trouble with me again, she was screwing up my life. How was I going to escape from this place? Gloria and Shirley wrote letters. Shirley was planning my life for me and Gloria said she did not realize how much she was going to miss me. I stopped writing to Shirley. One night there was telephone call for me. I thought please don't let my brother be killed in Korea. The female voice said Hi! It was Janet Kennedy. She was living with her parents in Chevy Chase, Maryland and attending William and Mary University. I was invited for the weekend. It was great to see Janet and her mother, Nat. Janet and I talked and talked and Nat mothered me. I went to there place at least once a month the rest of the time I was there. General Kennedy was in China and Burma during the war. He spent much time in a mental institution and I only saw him twice. He did look frail but said he was sorry to hear about my Dad; they were good friends. The old grind went on at Sully's and I hated the place. I told Janet I did not want to go to West Point. She told me to look into Army Officer Candidate School (OCS) or Air Force Aviation Cadets. I did and they would not consider me until I was 20. By that time I would be out of Sully's. One weekend, I was looking over the

General's 1936 Ford convertible in the garage and ask if I could polish it? Janet asks why? I told her I liked to touch cars. She asks if I like to touch girls. I said yes but not my sister. She got angry. Mother said she could not afford to fly me home for Christmas of 1950 and she would see me in March after the entrance examinations. I stayed at the Kennedy's and Janet made me very uncomfortable. I did not realize it for a number of years, but, she cared for more than just a brother, she had fallen in love with me while I was at Sully's. In 1953, Janet was engaged to a fellow college student. He was killed in an automobile accident. Janet finished college and became very successful in the travel business. She did not marry until she was 37.

In March 1951, I flew home to California. Mother was being Mother and Shirley's parents would not let me see her, she was preparing to attend Mills. Gloria was glad to see me. She was to graduate that June and become a part time telephone operator and attended modeling school. She was turning out to be a very pretty woman and trying to date her was highly competitive. The West Point examines results showed I had failed the math portion but I could take that part over in one year. Mother was disappointed and I was not. My Aunt got me a job at Jordan's Hardware in Beverly Hills. I was mostly a delivery man and made good money especially in tips. I bought a restored 1935 Ford 4-door convertible for \$600. It had a V-8 engine, gray metallic body with white top and red spoked wheels. It took me about a month to overcome the competition for Gloria. I had to do something constructive so I enrolled at Northrop Aeronautical Institute. It honored my VA educational benefits. This was pretty dumb because I had just flunked a math test and aeronautical engineering is mostly math. I still kept trying to figure out a way to get capital to attend the ACI. In August after my 20th birthday, I went to see the Aviation Cadet people. I passed my physical and all the aptitude tests except one. My reflexes indicated that I showed a certain degree of anxiety that was not acceptable for pilot training. Gloria and I were thick. I saw her almost daily. Oliver told me not to get too serious or I would get burned. Mother thought she was too pretty and lacked a cultured upbringing. My Uncle said she was cute but cunning like a fox. I had on rose colored glasses. By November Gloria was talking about marriage. She would work; I would work and also attend ACI. Mother wanted this, Gloria wanted that. Damn women I thought. I went to the Army Recruiter in Hollywood. He offered an OCS program that would give me two years of free college after a two-year tour as a lieutenant. If I flunked out of OCS, I would return to civilian life. I passed all my tests with flying colors but I had to have my parent's permission to enlist unless I was 21. I had to do some thinking. One night, Mother was doing

some paper work at her desk and I folded my enlistment papers so you could only see the signature block. She asked me what it was for as she signed it. I told her it was for a new program I was going into. At breakfast the next morning, I told her what I was about to do. She cried and babbled away. She said no Boudinot had ever been a private that my father would not be pleased with me. I told her I was not my own man and that had to change, that I was tired of being manipulated by her and Gloria. Well, Gloria was hurt and angry. She said I was dumping her. I tried to explain and assure her I would be back for her. We all had a fairly nice Christmas and on the 16th of January 1952, Mother and Gloria went with me to the induction center to be sworn into the U.S Army. When the train pulled out, the two women with tears looked like they had lost everything. I did not know until years later that Mother disliked Gloria very much.

When I arrived at Fort Ord, California, I was placed in the 20th Infantry for Basic Training. The training was tough but I enjoyed it. It was not long before I was made a Lance Corporal and given a twelve-man squad. There were Latinos, Blacks and street kids in my squad. They were hard to handle but I did well. This experience was to be a big help to me later. One day, our platoon sergeant, which had been wounded twice in Korea, told me he did not think I was from the lower class. I told him I was not; that I was a general's son and I was going to Armor Officers Candidate School (OCS). Under my contract, I could not tell anybody I enlisted in a special program. He told me he would teach me everything I needed to know. From that day on he was very hard on me. Sometimes after he chewed my ass, he would wink at me. After coming in from a forced march one day, I had blisters on "my feet, my legs ached, and I was sun burned. I thought I would call Mother to cheer me up. She told me that being a soldier was not easy, that I must not faint and do my best; it was expected of me. I thought, great, my own Mother is on the training staff. Gloria wrote and told me she loved me and waiting for me. By the end of Basic Training I was the platoon guide and assistant platoon sergeant.

At the end of eight weeks I entered Advanced Individual Training. I was pretty tough physically and now I would use my brain to learn how to operate many different weapons and learn other skills. I liked it. Mother and Gloria drove up to see me on a Sunday. They said I was changing whatever that meant. Gloria hit me with an indicator. She said she did not think she wanted to marry a man who did not come home every night. I ignored the comment. In my 12th week, I went before an OCS Review Board. There were

fifteen candidates. From the looks of the others I figured I had clear sailing. I remember that two were dropped for physical reasons and four were dropped for others reasons. In my 14th week I was informed that after graduation from Advanced Individual Training (AIT), I would attend four weeks of Leadership School and go on to Armor OCS at Fort Knox, Kentucky. I went to see my Basic Training platoon sergeant and told him I had made OCS. He smiled and said he had no doubts. I learned so much from him. I had a week between AIT and Leadership School, so I took the bus home. I had sold my 1935 Ford when I enlisted. I planned to buy a car to drive back to Fort Knox. While home, I wanted to look for a car, Mother wanted me to be with her, Gloria wanted me to be with her, and nether wanted to look at cars. Oliver did come to my rescue one evening but it was a long week.

Leadership School was very interesting. We wore a pink wool shirt, OD (olive drab) trousers bloused over boots; a pistol belt and a pink helmet liner with a four pointed compass star on each side. We were called the "Easter Egg Boys". We learned how to walk with purpose, carry a clip board, and inflect our voices and so on. It was a very good course and I felt ready for OCS. I felt good about myself. On completion of the school and OCS orders in hand for the 1st of August 1952, Gloria drove up to Fort Ord, California with a friend to take me home. Her friend was the daughter of Betty Davis, a renowned movie star. Gloria had gotten in with Hollywood kids while going to modeling school. I was not impressed by any of them. Gloria realized things were getting serious with me and the Army. I would go to OCS and then off to Korea probably and then who knows. She said she wanted out of a steady relationship so she could date. I was hurt but what could I do. Oliver was pleased, Mother was pleased and I went looking for a car. I bought a 1947 Pontiac Deluxe Coupe for \$900. It was deep metallic blue and had white wall tires and rear fender skirts. I was ready for OCS. My orders promoted me to "Buck Sergeant" so I would have enough money for all the clean uniforms I would need during the course. I said my good-byes and was off to Fort Knox. Surely this was the last time I would see Gloria.

The trip to Knox was long, uneventful, but interesting. I took notice of so much more then when I had crossed the country by car as a boy. As I reported in I did not realize that the next twenty-two weeks would influence the rest of my life. There were 128 candidates that signed in on the 1st of August 1952 and 68 had gold bars pinned on 16 January 1953. The first three weeks was called "Beast Barracks". Here the mind and body was reduced to rubble. You were told over and over that you were stupid and weak. You

were allowed very little time to do anything; "move, move, move, mister... you worthless excuse for a man, your mother was cheated; the world has been cheated by your existence," and so on. The numbers in our class dropped quickly. The TAC Officer those first weeks was named Captain Galvin, and we were all "Galvanized". Then came a month of mental and physical conditioning. The mental torture was mainly accomplished by endless inspections. The physical part by going double-time everywhere. Our duty uniform was the same throughout the course; starched fatigues with bloused trousers, pistol belt, and a very shiny helmet liner. The OCS patch was worn on the left shirt pocket and on the front of the gloss OD helmet. We often changed uniforms three or four times a day. It may seem strange but I ate all this nonsense up. I was having a good time.

One evening, I was called to the orderly room. I saluted the new TAC, a gray haired Captain by the name of George Patton. He said he knew my brother and he wasn't worth s--t and he had checked my records and I was not worth s--t, then he told me to get out. I was shaken. I called Mother, and she said that Captain Patton was a classmate of my brother and they were friends and that our fathers had played Polo together in the 1930's, and they were friends. I felt some what relieved even though Patton rode me hard the rest of the course. In my 18th week I found a note in my mail slot informing me that I would purchase one set of "pinks and greens" and if I desired I could order my dress blues. I was very excited. Also in my 18th week, COL Henry C. Newton sent for me. He was formally a general during WWII and a good friend of my dad since college. He knew I was in OCS but did not want to contact me until he could see what I was made out of. He was at the time, the Director of Instruction at the Armor School. I had dinner at his quarters a couple of times. He asks me where I wanted to be assigned. A new lieutenant had to serve four months in a stateside TOE (Table Of Equipment) unit before arriving in Korea. I had chosen Armored Reconnaissance as my specialty and wanted to go to the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment at Fort Carson, Colorado. COL Newton and I wanted Mother to come back for graduation but she said she could not afford it. So on 16 January 1953, COL Newton pinned a set of 14-karat gold bars on my shoulders. I was an armor officer, but more important, I was an armored cavalry officer-number 1204. In 26 years of active duty, I never served in a tanker position.

Part VI: Army Officer

As I drove away from Fort Knox towards California on a cold January day in 1953, I was a confident young man. I was physically tough and mentally tough and I knew I was a leader of men. When I looked in the passenger seat at my new Luxemburg cap with the eagle on the front, I thought I deserve to wear that cap because I had earned it. I was very happy and pleased with myself. I mention all of this because a person does not have this kind of feeling on a frequent basis in a lifetime. The trip home was rough. The gas line split during the night outside of Rolla, Missouri. I stayed in a bug infested motel until the car was fixed the next morning. The Pontiac was burning oil at high rate. It took six to eight quarts to get to California. The engine knocked going up hills. I had a flat tire near Yuma, Arizona. The spare was so low on air; I had to drive 30 miles at ten miles-per-hour. When I finely drove up to 308 South Doheny Drive, I said this car has got to go.

I stopped about 50 miles from Beverly Hills and called Mother. I changed into my new "pinks and greens" so I could make an entrance. When I drove up and got out of the car, Mother came running out with tears on her cheeks. She made such a fuss. Grandmother was good old Grandmother. Over the next ten days I was put on show from one party to another. It made Mother very happy and I did not really mind it. During the days I looked for a car. I traded for a 1950 Oldsmobile 88 "Rocket" coupe. It was a powerful car, metallic green with automatic transmission. Now that I had Mother happy and a decent car I felt I wanted to see Gloria or maybe I wanted her to see me. In any case it was a dumb move. When I called her she became very excited. When we met, she threw her arms around me and said she knew I would be back for her. I thought, wait a minute, I only received two letters from her while in OCS and they were not committal. She was pretty and funny and I was blinded by the smoke screen this crazy female emitted. I finely got through to her that I was on the way to my first assignment and in six months I would probably be in Korea. She cooled down enough so I could get on my way. Mother said she was so proud of me and she knew I was well on my way to becoming a general. Mothers can make a grown man cry.

I left for Fort Carson the day after Valentines Day. The weather

got worse as I closed on Albuquerque, New Mexico. The Oldsmobile was running great and I felt very secure in it. As I headed north towards Colorado, it started snowing and at times I was doing no better than 40 miles-per-hour. I stopped at a truck stop south of Raton, New Mexico. The Raton Pass was a narrow road through the mountains into Colorado. At the truck stop, drivers were saying that the snow was so bad that no cars should attempt to go through especially because it was getting dark. Did Burt pay any attention to this advice? No! Off I went. Soon I was down to fifteen miles-per-hour, then ten. The windshield wipers were trying to freeze to the windshield. The snow was blinding. After about an hour I got vertigo; I did not know whether I was going up or down. I saw a flashing white light; it was coming right for me. I grabbed the steering wheel tightly as a diesel freight train passed me about 50 feet to the left. I looked down at the speedometer. It was on zero. I thought, when the engine runs out of gas, do I freeze to death? That would be a hell of a note for a new cavalry officer. I did not know until much later that a detachment from the 5th Cavalry had frozen to death in the Raton Pass in the winter of 1877. I heard the bomp bomp coming up from behind me. The driver got out of the cab of a big semi and tapped on my window. He said, "Buddy, you're in trouble". He instructed me to get as close as I could to the rear of his trailer, it would block the snow so I could see better and the engine could warm up. He instructed me to watch his taillights closely, when he braked, I braked. When we got to Trinidad, Colorado, he pulled over and I thanked him. He said, "Forget it, good luck kid." He drove off in the snow and I got a motel room and slept for ten hours. It had taken almost four hours to cover 30 miles. If I had gone through a guard rail I could have dropped 300 to 600 feet and my remains would not have been found until spring. Thank you Father for the lone trucker on that dark night.

I was assigned as the First Platoon Leader, C Troop, 1st Squadron, 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment. I was, of course, as a new lieutenant, the Motor Officer, Mess Officer, Communications Officer, etc. I loved it all. The BOQs were WWII type and were cold. When the wind blew as it often did, little piles of sand would build up on the corner of the window sills. I enjoyed training with my platoon. The platoon sergeant was a combat veteran and taught me a great deal. He is the one that told me, "Officers come and go but if the NCOs are good, the troops do not get hurt much." As an extra duty as Mess Officer, I was told to design and build a mess truck on a two and one half ton

truck chassis. I got several mess sergeants together with paper and pencil. We went to the Post Salvage Yard and picked out a bunch of junk. When we were finished, it had external stairs to a drop counter; it had sinks with running water from tanks mounted on the ceiling and ventilation fan over the gas stoves. I was proud of it. The regimental executive officer asked me if I was an engineer, I told him no, I just asked mess sergeants what a mess truck should consist of and they told me. He was impressed, and then told me he was LTC Hildago and had served under my father in the 3rd Armored Division during WWII.

After about three months I was selected to be the Officer-In-Charge (OIC) of the Close Combat Range for two weeks. This range is where a trooper goes down a prescribed path and engages pop-up targets with live ammunition. This was interesting. Then I got to be OIC of a Tank Range for two weeks. This was great fun. We were firing the 75mm gun on the M-24 light tank. This was a great little vehicle. It was powered by twin V-8 Cadillac engines and could really scoot. Unfortunately, it did not have much fire power or armor protection and many were lost during the initial fighting in Korea. However, I did get in trouble while running the Tank Range. During a thunder storm I called the regimental S-3 and ask if I could close the range because of lighting. He said no. The lighting got so bad, I closed the range anyway. I told the tank crews to button up; pulled the spotters out of the tower and put the rest of the support troops in the target shed. Later, in his office, the squadron executive officer started to chew my butt and I reminded him that the Range Regulations stated that the OIC could close a range whenever he deemed it appropriate. He asked me what page? I told him page 18, paragraph 6. He smiled and excused me.

I met a young lady at a party in Colorado Springs. She was a model for a travel brochure firm and was majoring in advertising. After we dated a few times, she gave me a photograph of her. One day, Buddy Starr came to my room. He was a lieutenant in my BOQ and we got along great. He studied the photographs on my dresser and mentioned that I had said several times that I had dropped that Gloria gal in California. I said I had. Then he asked why the girl in Colorado Springs looked just like her? As if on cue, Gloria called me and asked when I was coming home. She said some guy was putting a lot of pressure on her to get married; that he had a good job and money but she did not love him. I did not have enough experience to know that a human female can put out a web just like a spider. I told her I would try to get a VOCO for a few days and we could talk

things over; dumb! You did not talk over things with Gloria.

My troop was ordered to the field for a week to act as the aggressor. It was good training and fun. I got along well with the men in my platoon. I was beginning to be concerned with how I would perform under fire in Korea. I would be a green lieutenant in command of seasoned troops. One evening in the field, I asked my platoon sergeant how he thought I would perform. There is one important rule, he said. Remember, you are there because the officer before you was killed, wounded, or rotated. The men will not trust you. Listen to your NCOs. When they think you are ready for full responsibility, they will somehow let you know. What great advice that was. The troop commander was 42 years old and a veteran of WWII. He was a cold and distant person and never talked to his lieutenants unless it was about business. I vowed that if I was ever a Troop Commander, I would not be like him. I decided much later that he did not want to become too close to lieutenants who were going off to be killed. Over 50% of the West Point Class of 1950 had been killed in Korea. I had a very strong feeling at the time that we OCS graduates were much better trained for combat than ROTC and West Point graduates. After the field exercise, I asked the Troop Commander if I could go home for a few days. He said fine.

I drove home in late May. I put it to Mother up front; that Gloria wanted to get married, now. She was upset and insisted I was going to get hurt. Honest Oliver said she was great as a plaything but she would blow with the wind. That made me angry. One must understand that moral interpretations in the 1950s were much different than in the 1980's and 1990's. If Gloria and I could have lived together for just one month, we would never have married. I ran at about one half her RPM's. She would want to go swimming, play tennis, drive up the coast for dinner, and go to a movie all at once. She would change what she wanted to do in an instant. This was against my nature. I liked philosophy, history, and mechanics. She liked poetry, love stories, fantasy; she was in love with love. The paradox was I thought she was cute and funny and she needed my no nonsense sureness about life. The basic truth was we were too young to accept such a responsibility as marriage. I wanted my own Barbie Doll and she wanted own Ken.

Well, when I got to her house, there she was with the Dutch girl haircut again; her eyes flashing and body jumping around. I was a sucker

for this stuff. She told me right off that I was always going away and if I was going to continue to that, we should never see each again or we should marry so she would know that I would always be back for her. There was a glitch here that I did not see at the time. She wanted to have my baby. She always left me confused. Two theories were proposed by those who were close to me. One, someone told Gloria that if we married before I went to Korea, she would get an allotment, medical benefits, and Government Insurance if something happen to me. Two, that Gloria thought that Mother had money; she always acted like she did; therefore, if something happen to me, Gloria would be in line for it someday. I have no idea to this day if such cunning thoughts were in her mind. Oliver simply said, "I think she loves you, but she won't wait for you if better financial security comes along". I told Gloria, lets make a deal. I will ask permission to get married, then you will come to Fort Carson for two weeks and see how the Army operates and how lieutenants live; then you can come home if you want to. She agreed. Oliver said, "Dumb; Burt. You are going into a gun fight with no gun". When I drove back to Fort Carson after only three days at home, I was emotionally drained. Mother was a problem; Gloria was a problem. Was this my Karma or was I letting my sexual desires rule my head?

I was happy to be back at my duties. I liked the sights and smells of the Army. It was now home. I would call Gloria and tell her the deals off until I get back from Korea. It was the best solution. The problem was everybody was talking about an upcoming truce in Korea. Maybe, many of us would not be going there. I received a letter of commendation for my mess truck design. It was working out well in the field. I was asked to redesign the inside of the army field ambulance. The problem was, I could not find any medical personnel that knew what the inside of a field ambulance should look like and how its equipment should be stowed. It was trial and error. On 15 June, I received my orders for Korea for 15 October. I had not told Gloria I had gotten permission to get married. When I called her, she was ready for me to come and get her.

It was a fast trip home and back. Mother said if there was any chance we would marry, then she was going to Fort Carson also. Gloria thought this was great. I did not, because the two women made me nervous when they were together around me. I put them in the Guest House and I stayed in my BOQ. I took them to a Retreat Parade, Friday night "Happy Hour" and a promotion party. Gloria acted very much like a lady and my friends

seemed to like her. I showed Gloria what BOQs looked like and the types of quarters married junior and senior officers live in. Mother was back home on an Army post and Gloria thought that army life would be very exciting. After four days, I deliberately picked a fight with Gloria and then told her I had orders for Korea in October. In the next two days, Gloria convinced me that she truly loved me. Mother said she believed that Gloria did. If it was an act, she was very good at it. We set the date for our marriage for 30 June 1953, just four days away. I felt like I was on a speeding train that was out of control. Today, I could not tell you what my true feelings were for Gloria at the time. I must have thought I loved her; why would I have married her? Was she just property, a pet, or did I feel responsible for her. Sadly, I do not think I knew what love was all about.

The ceremony and reception were at the Officers Club. There were many people from the 11th Cavalry there including the regimental commander. I was just a prop as most grooms are. Mother paid for the flowers and the reception. She also paid for us to spend two nights at the Broadmoor Resort Hotel. In the evening after the reception, we put Mother on a plane for California, and we went off for a short honeymoon.

The apartment was really an old attic in an old house, but in a nice neighborhood. Gloria tried her hand at cooking and there were some laughs and tears. I was not very patient or understanding of her inexperience. I had to join a car pool. I had not thought about measuring the value of my wheels with a wife. Sometimes, I would take the car into work and later Gloria would take the bus into post and pick up the car to do errands. We were having a hard time adjusting to each other. She was always late picking me up from work; so I bought her a watch, which she never looked at. She got a job at the Post Exchange (PX) without asking me. I tried to explain to her that officers wives did not work in a PX. She said she was bored and wanted to help. She said I kept her on a leash. I did not know a damn thing about females or how to handle them. When I got angry with her, she would take up a boxing position or take off her cloths. That defeats a young man very quickly.

In July 1953, a truce was signed at Pan-Mun-Jon in Korea between United National Forces and North Korea Forces. I put in for orders to Germany but was told that a truce does not mean the war was over. By the middle of September, it was confirmed that I would go on to Korea. I got fifteen days leave and then travel time to Fort Lewis, Washington, for

deployment. We stayed most of the time at my house in Beverly Hills. Mother had never had a daughter, so she and Gloria were getting thick. When it was time to go, we drove up the coast for three days to Fort Lewis. It was fun, but there was tension; we were both on our good behavior. One foggy morning, I got out of my car, kissed her good bye and climbed on to an Army bus heading for the airport. As we waved, I think both of knew that we should not have married before my tour in Korea. Sixteen months of separation would be a long time for an insecure girl like Gloria. If I had not married her she would not have been around when I got back. Unfortunately or fortunately, you be the judge Father. Gloria was pregnant. She wrote me very loving letters until two months after Dorothy Leann was born in May of 1954, and then the letters stopped.

Part VII: Korea

It was a long lonely bus trip through the fog. Nobody on the bus was talking. We arrived at Vancouver International Airport at about 1000 hours. We flew out on a British Overseas Airliner. I can not recall how long it took us to get to Japan; it was at least two days. Our stopover was an air base on the island of Shimmia in the Aleutians. It was snowing and very cold there. We ate two hot meals because the rest of the flight would be cold food in a box. When we arrived in Tokyo, the enlisted men were herded off to waiting trucks and the officers were taken by bus to an old hotel. There, for five days, we were told about Japanese customs, Korean customs, and rules and regulations of all kinds. Having never been in the Orient before, I was fascinated by all the sights and sounds. A group of officers including myself were put on a train to Hiroshima. We were going to attend a course on CBR on an island off the coast. I do not remember the names of the officers I was traveling with. They were a nice bunch. The CBR School was in the old Japanese Naval Academy. It was a beautiful campus. It had not been damaged by the atomic blast in 1945 because it was behind some low mountains on the seaward side. We had a lot of free time so I enjoyed walking around the island. I could feel history in my throat. The Japanese people were so nice to Americans. I kept thinking, a short time ago, I was not sure what I was going to do with my life. Now, for the next fifteen months, somebody was going to decide for me. After ten days of classes and good food, we were put on a train for Sasebo. The ride across Japan on a train was captivating. When we arrived, we were taken to a staging area made up of rows of Quonset huts. Here we were issued fatigues, pistol, steel helmet, and so forth. We had been traveling in Class B uniform. There was activity everywhere; there must have been a thousand troops in this one area. It all reminded me of photographs I had seen of WWII.

After a few days, officers and men were loaded in trucks and driven to a pier where an LST was docked. We were loaded on to the ship and in a few hours we were on our way to Korea. The ride was kind of rough, but I did not get seasick. As we approached Inchon harbor, we were coming into a world I had only been told about. Inchon was mostly in ruins. The Korean people were in a miserable state, I thought, so this is what war does. I was put in charge about 200 men and told to load them on certain trucks. I rode in the cab of the lead truck. We were going to Uijongbu; 2nd

Infantry Rear. At least I knew to what Division I had been assigned. The truck driver had been in Korea for about seven months, and of course, he hated the f--king place. It was dark when we arrived at a tent camp near Uijongbu. The only light was from Coleman Lanterns. The stink was almost overpowering. It was described as eight thousand years of Kimchi mixed with s--t. The next morning after a few hours of processing, about 12 officers were put on an old Korean rail car and the men were loaded on others. The seats were empty ammo boxes; several windows were broken and there were numerous bullet holes in the sides of the car. Tweet, tweet, and off we went. As we moved north, my eyes were glued to the passing scenes. I could not believe the devastation. There were many tree stumps but no trees. The Koreans burned everything to cook food and stay warm. I thought, this country will never recover from this war. Little did I know. We arrived at a railhead called Pochon. It was a dirty little village. Filthy children closed in on the GI's asking for candy and gum. The officers were loaded on two 3/4-ton trucks and driven to a tent camp. We all tried small talk but most of us were in shock. The next day after some pep talks and processing, I was told as a recon officer, I was being assigned to the 2nd Recon Company which was in the Blackjack area near the Chorwon Valley; I would be going north that evening.

About 1730, the PA system said "LT Bou-di-not" should report with his gear to the replacement tent. It was getting dark and had started raining. We left the area in a 3/4-ton; me in the cab and several people in the rear. We drove on a dirt road for about an hour and stopped at a checkpoint. Here the driver was told to use only his blackout lights from this point on. The driver mentioned as we continued on that it was hard to drive in the rain with no headlights. I could see that. After a while he stopped at a crossroad and told me that INFORM was to pick me up here but he did not see a vehicle. The driver then told me he was sorry but he had to go and that he was sorry it was raining. At 2000 hours, there I was standing alone in pitch dark at a crossroad somewhere in Korea. Well, I want to tell you, I have had "PCS Blues" a couple of times in my career, but this was the first and worst. I was afraid, lonely, lost, and I wanted to go home. I did not want to be a warrior. Anybody who wants to be a soldier is stupid I thought; I want to go home. In a few minutes, I could hear a jeep engine coming toward me, so I got into the middle of the road. As a jeep drove up, a young sergeant asked if I was "LT Bou-d-nut" and told me to hop in. Off we went down a wet dirt road at 40 miles-per-hour with no headlights and windshield down. I hung on for dear life. I was soon to learn that I would be driving as he was almost daily for

the next thirteen months. We drove up to a small wall tent. It had a stove, a field table with a PRC 10 radio and field telephone, and a cot. The sergeant told me all the officers were gone to turn in the old M-24 tanks for new M-41's. He said there was an extra cot in 1LT Tedford's tent and I was welcome to us it. He led me to the tent and I dropped on a cot with tears running down my cheeks.

The next morning, I was awoken by 1LT Tom Tedford, the company executive officer. He was about 30, balding and had a big grin. He welcomed me to the 2nd Recon and apologized for the way I was brought up to the company area. He said the Commanding Officer (CO) was down at a tank range watching the new tanks being zeroed in. He told me to shave and he would take me to meet the CO. At the range, I met Captain Charles Ross. He was 39, an Army brat, an OCS graduate, and had fought in Germany during WWII. He had salt and pepper hair and a stern face. We sat in the cab of a truck while he talked to me. I would be replacing 1LT Teddy Stinnet as 2nd Platoon leader. Stinnet had rotated to the States. My NCOs, the Captain said, were combat veterans and very good, but, many of the men were rotating with the pause in the fighting and were being replaced by trouble makers and AWOLs being picked up in the States. He said after the company had all of it's new M-41 tanks and new M-38A1 jeeps, we would move to the Chorwon Valley where the headquarters and one platoon would dig in on Hill 321 in the middle of the valley and two platoons would be forward on the 38th Parallel or Demilitarized Zone (DMZ). Two officers walked up to the truck. I was introduced to 1LT Nick Pappas and 1LT John Walker. Pappas was a thin small man of about 30. He had received a direct commission from the NCO Corps. He was very vocal and every fourth word was profane. He had 1st Platoon. Walker was 24 and a graduate of VMI. He was tall and friendly. He had 3rd Platoon. I felt very young and inexperienced. That evening, I was taken to the 2nd Platoon area. My platoon sergeant was SFC George Stubbelfield. He was 26; had black hair with a crew cut and a bushy black mustache. He looked like he knew what he was doing. 1st scout section leader was "Buck" sergeant Ernie Rust. He was 24; had wavy blonde hair and a bushy blonde mustache. He looked cocky but very capable. 2nd scout section Leader was Buck sergeant Hank Munford. He was 25; had two front teeth missing and a sick looking brown mustache. He looked more like a truck driver then a scout sergeant. I was later to learn a great deal from these three men. I do not recall the names of the other sergeant's or remember much about them. I was taken to meet the platoon members. There were supposed to be 38 of them but at the time, there

were 31. They were a motley array; some had helmets, some ranger caps. There were leather jackets, tanker's jackets, and field jackets, all in all, they were a mess. Stubbelfield said that most of the time they lived like rats in a hole, so as long as they do their jobs well, he overlooked some things. I had a hard time excepting this at first, but, he was so right.

In a week, we moved into the Chorwon Valley. By coin-flip, I got two listening posts and a support position on the DMZ. My route of withdrawal in the event the Chinese wanted to fight some more, was a dirt road called "Hope Boulevard". It was 2000 meters south to the protection of Hill 321. Pappas was 1000 meters to my left. His route to the rear was the "Hank Snow Expressway". It was getting cold, so we had much to do to get dug in before the ground froze. The two tanks of each platoon were dug in to turret defilade. Bunkers were dug for all the machine guns. This was hard dirty work. We lived like animals; big rats were always a problem. I did not get my first shower until I was in-country about six weeks. The sleeves on my T-shirt had rotted away. Stubbelfield had excellent control of the men. I think he thought I was fairly knowledgeable; just green. It was about Thanksgiving when I received ten or twelve letters from Gloria. The letters were sweet and loving. She told me she was pregnant and very happy about it. I was a little stunned and wondered how she got pregnant so fast.

Now, I want to relate a few happenings that I remember during my free trip to Korea. Everybody knew that if things did not work out at Pan Mun Jon, the Chinese would mount a large offensive through the Chorwon and Kumwa Valleys. The Americans were putting in a deep defensive line in these areas. Recon units had been issued a new light tank that was fast and mounted a high velocity 76mm gun. The M-41 could flush the toilet of a T-34 at 2500 meters. This bothered the hell out of the Chinese and they wanted to know all they could about this new tank. Chinese patrols would cross the DMZ into our area at night at least twice a week. Our listening posts (LPs) would fire at them and they rarely fired back. This was for good reason. Small arms weapons have distinctive sounds. You could easily tell the difference between a US carbine, 45cal submachine gun or A4 machinegun. The Soviet made submachine gun made a "burp, burp" sound. The UN observers reported they did not hear that sound, just US weapons. The 8th Army had ordered that US Forces would not shoot to kill. This pissed the forward scouts off. One night SGT Rust ambushed a Chinese patrol and so chewed up the ground around it with automatic fire, the patrol opened up to pin his people down; burp, burp, burp. The UN observers could not deny the sound. I was

called back to company headquarters. The 2nd Signal Battalion would send up photographers to my LPs. On my signal, an artillery battery would light up the night sky and then there would be photographic evidence. We had to wait almost a week for the photos. I was in a small bunker on a rise overlooking the DMZ, which was about 75 meters to the north. I was wired in to both listening post and to an artillery forward observer. I had a young PFC runner in the bunker with me. The code word to fire the flares was "Toosetoy" About 2300 hours, one of the LP's whispered on the field phone, "Contact! Patrol now entering our side." My knees were shaking and even though it was cold, I was perspiring. As we waited, the private first class ask me why officers don't get "ascared". It was serious dark. Rust's voice whispered on the phone that the, patrol was 25 meters to his front on an irrigation dike and he requested flares. I said "Toosetoy", and in the far distance there was, boom, boom, boom, boom. The sky lighted up like day. Some of the Chinese hit the dirt and some ran, but the cameras got photos of sixteen armed men on the UN side of the DMZ. Later at Pan Mun Jon, the Chinese denied the evidence.

Things slowed down that winter of 1953. It was bitter cold; sometimes 40 below zero. The 2nd Infantry Division Headquarters put out word that any commander who let a man get frost bitten was subject to Article 15 punishment. What a short career I was going to have. Some of my people were covering 30 to 40 miles daily in jeeps with the windshield down. I made the men cover their faces with axle grease. When the men came off patrol, the only part showing from the artic parkas was greasy faces covered with dust. They looked like abominable snowmen; enough to scare the hell out of you. The men came through the winter OK but one night coming back from company to my support position, I fell asleep with my right mitten off. My hand was frost bitten. Later it hurt badly and peeled like a sunburn. The cold was painful to my right hand for eleven years. Stubbelfield and my driver were the only ones that knew about it. Thanksgiving and Christmas were very lonely for me. Gloria's letters were loving and supportive. She was excited about the baby; it was due in late May 1954. I ask and ask for photographs of her beings pregnant but never received one. I thought that a little strange. I hoped I was being supportive of her; I felt so far away, like I was on another planet.

The 72nd Tank Battalion was about 20 kilometers behind us and always had an open door to 2nd recon's officers and NCOs. The battalion was big; it had four companies of four platoons each. Two companies were

always forward on the Kansas Defense Line, which overlooked the Chorwon Valley to the north. The companies rotated to the battalion rear every two weeks. How nice. The 72nd had a fine Officers' Mess and Club. Captain Ross would try to get one or two of us back to this good life at least once a month. One evening Nick Pappas and I had gone down to the 72nd for a shower, a good meal, some drinks and some Bingo. The night before, a Captain Hoddges had won \$3000 in a poker game in one of the officer's tents. Nick and I were at the bar telling lies to a couple of tank officers when the door to the Quonset hut burst open and there stands Captain Hoddges waving a 45cal automatic pistol around with it's hammer back. Nobody knew whether to s--t or go blind. Hoddges said somebody had taken the money he won and he wanted it back now. He had been drinking and his eyes were glaring with rage. Hoddges walked around and pointed the pistol at random. Nick whispered to me that he was going to get his attention as an outsider and I should come up behind him and take the pistol away from him. I told Nick that I thought before, he was crazy, now I knew it. COL Potts, the Battalion Commanding Officer (later a general), was playing cards in another room while all this was going on. Suddenly, he quietly walked out and asked Hoddges for the gun. He said the money would be found. With the muzzle pointed directly at COL Potts heart, Hoddges gave the Colonel the pistol. Nick and I went back to 2nd Recon; it seemed to be safer there. The money was found under Captain Hoddges's air mattress and he was medically evacuated.

Gloria and I had discussed in letters possible names for the baby. If a boy, she wanted Burton S., Junior. If a girl she wanted Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz. I did not believe in juniors but Dorothy was ok. Spring came and on May 25th 1954, Dorothy Leann was born. Gloria was very excited and proud. It was a very hard delivery but everything was fine. I know it would have been better if I could have been there. I had a hard time identifying with the event. With the spring thaw, footprints of Chinese mountain boots were found in the mud about 20 meters from one of the forward tank positions. It was show time again in the Chorwon Valley. One day a spotter aircraft reported that there were five people at an old irrigation lock about 50 meters on our side of the DMZ. I took one mounted scout section and headed off for the area. I was in the lead jeep as we entered an irrigation ditch leading to the lock. I was sitting on the back of the front seat with an M-2 Carbine set on automatic. Stubbelfield was sitting on top of the radio to my back. Suddenly, a Chinese soldier jumped out from behind the irrigation lock and opened up with his burp gun. The slugs hit in front of the jeep and

went up the ditch bank. Four other soldiers ran across the ditch behind him going north. I opened up with my carbine and Stubbelfield, behind me opened up with his Thompson submachine gun. My ears rang for three days. The little fellow disappeared in a flash. He did not hit us and we apparently did not hit him. A scout squad passed us on foot with Stubbelfield yelling out orders to get the bastards. After I caught my breath, I looked down at the floor of the jeep and it was covered with live carbine rounds. Stubbelfield said I was pulling the slide continuously ejecting rounds instead of pulling the trigger. I was so embarrassed! Stubbelfield explained to me later that trying to kill somebody does not come easy to most people. The scout squad came back and about 30 minutes later the spotter aircraft reported five people leaving the DMZ on the north side. The patrol had apparently been caught on our side at first light and decided to hide until nightfall. The fellow who jumped out in front of us so his buddies could escape was brave.

The 8th Army Headquarters announced to the whole front that it wanted a real live Chinese soldier captured on our side of the DMZ. In the 2nd Recon, there was only one man who could really attempt the feat; that was Ernie Rust. Stubbelfield said no; Rust only had 40 days until the end of his second tour. Rust said he would like to try it. He had known for some time a favorite crossing place the Chinese patrols liked to use. We worked up a game plan. Rust hand picked four men. He knew the Chinese usually had their patrol leaders on point and that they often carried a hand grenade with the pin out in one hand; but which hand. I was afraid for Rust when I realized he was really going to try it. I had not had a man killed to date. The ambush was in position for eight nights. Rust was in a hole he could crouch in and pull a poncho over his head. The others were "dug in the same but in a semi-circle around Rust. When the patrol came down the narrow path on the top of an irrigation dike, it was in single file, each man about ten meters apart. When the point man passed Rust's concealed hole. Rust reached up and grabbed one ankle and pulled the man into his hole at the same time putting a very sharp knife to his throat. Two scouts fired hand flare guns in a direct fire mode at the rest of the patrol while the other two fired their M-2 carbines into the air. The patrol scattered. The grenade did not go off, after a minute or so everybody came out their hole. The grenade was found with the pin in it. What Rust brought back to the bunker in handcuffs was a Chinese Captain. He was tall and looked like a professional soldier. SGT Munford's brother had been killed in Korea, so when the officer was found to be carrying a US 45cal pistol and a Zippo lighter, I ordered Munford out of the bunker. The

Captain also had an apple. Well, later Rust got his second Silver Star and rotated on schedule.

Letters from Gloria stopped coming in July. I was not hearing from Mother either. In July 1954, the official Truce was signed at Pan Mun Jon. The 2nd Recon was relieved by a South Korean unit and we went back to the Blackjack area. On the 1st of August, I was promoted to First Lieutenant. The other officers poured beer over my head and welcomed me to the Officer Corps. Stubbelfield said I had performed well the ten months we were in the Chorwon and I was going to be an excellent professional Officer. That meant a lot to me; he was a wonderful NCO. He went back to the States in the middle of August. Also that month, I received a letter from a lawyer in California telling me that Gloria was filing for divorce and I could make it easier by signing the enclosed wavier and returning it. I found the wavier was a forfeiture of my rights under the Soldiers and Sailors Act of 1946. This Act stated that a spouse can not divorce a military member while overseas and not for six months after his return to the States, unless wavered by the military member. I was hurt and confused. What the hell had happened. I wrote Mother and told her to get a hold of Oliver. I ask Gloria for an explanation and received no reply. Mother's letter said something went wrong about two months after Dorothy was born. Gloria stopped calling her and did not return her calls. Mother said she feared for the worst and could not find the courage to write me. She felt I should come home as soon as possible. Oliver's letter said Gloria had moved back in with her grandparents after Dorothy was born but was now living up town in a guy's apartment. Gloria drove around town in a convertible sports car. He wanted to know if he should beat the crap out of this guy. I felt like I had been shot.

In September, the 2nd Infantry Division was ordered back to the States. I could not go with it because I did not have enough combat points. If we had stayed in the Chorwon just two more months, I could have come home. In October I was sent to the 73rd Tank Battalion. of the 7th Infantry Division. I was assigned as the Battalion Recon Officer. Here is where I met 1LT Bob Maxham who I have remained friends with for all these years. The Chaplain told me that the war was over and I should go home. He did the paperwork. On 4 December, I took a train to Pusan. After processing there, I boarded the Troop Ship USS Buckner for a long trip home. On the side of the ship someone had painted "KMAGYOYO kiss my ass goodbye, you're on your own."

Part VIII: Bad Days

On the 5th of December 1954, we departed Pusan on a cold foggy morning. The smell of charcoal and stink was very strong. As we moved out of the bay, I looked back at the desolation and wondered what was going to happen to South Korea. How could it ever recover from such destruction? A great many Americans had died there, for what? The voyage would take sixteen days to San Francisco. We would be home for Christmas and I could only guess on what awaited me at home. The Officers quarters were comfortable but the troops were very crowded below deck. Sections were brought on deck every day for exercise. The food was wonderful; we had steak and real eggs and milk. There was apple pie, cookies and ice cream. For the first six days out, we all had to take de-worming medicine. It was tough on the rear end. Officers were assigned ship borne duties. I would guess there were about 45 officers and 600 enlisted soldiers on board as passengers. I was made Morale Officer. I had to take a team of NCOs into the enlisted area and go through every man's baggage looking for pornographic items. We got hundreds of pounds of the stuff. Times change don't they? As I moved among the men, many told me that they had lost their wives or girl friends to someone else while in Korea. I felt for them.

One of the officers I was bunking with asked me if my wife was going to meet me in San Francisco; his was. I told him I did not know but I did not think so. I will mention here, that I did not have any orders. I planned to call Armor Branch when I got home. The days were long; at night some of the movies were good. I would stare out over the water for long periods of time; this was my first ship ride. I wondered if I had been supportive enough of Gloria. Maybe I did not tell her I loved her. Maybe she thought I was not coming back for her; she was funny about that emotion. I did not know what I would do when I faced her. I was hurt, confused and angry. I did not want her back because I could never trust her again. As our voyage continued on we ran into a typhoon north of the Hawaiian Islands. The ship rolled and so many were sick; I was just plain scared. The sky was black and the howling wind was terrible. Nobody was allowed on deck because of the surging waves. Damn, I needed a drink. I fell asleep exhausted and when I awoke my B-4 bag was not swinging on the bulkhead. We had made it. In a few days, the ship's bridge called our attention to the Golden Gate Bridge coming up. As we passed under the bridge, the ship let out hoots and whistles and all the men on deck yelled in joy. We all had tears in our eyes. I had lived like an

animal for a year. There was no glory. I had no great pride in myself and I felt unwanted and unloved. I was about to face people who would tell me I got what I bargained for with Gloria. I thought; I will leave the Army and try again to go the Art Center Institute. As the USS Buckner moved up to a pier, an unformed band was playing and hundreds of parents, friends, and loved ones were waving and cheering.

My plane arrived at LA International on the evening of the 21st of December 1954. My father had been gone nine years on that date. Mother met me and of course cried. She said I looked starved and somewhat older. She was right about being older. We went home and as we pulled into the garage, there sat the 1950 Oldsmobile with tires almost flat. Gloria had left it there several months before. Mother and I talked for many hours. She never once said I told you so. I was not to contact Gloria until the 26th. Mother had gotten me a lawyer through one of her many friends. I had an appointment with him on the 23rd. Mother took me to a couple of parties and people treated me like I was a hero. It was good for my morale. We spent Christmas with Fletch and Ellenor I wondered why so many of my Christmas's were either lonely or traumatic. Good old Grandmother said everything for the best would work out for me.

I called Gloria on the 26th. She was very cold but agreed to meet at the bar in the Fox and Hounds Restaurant in Santa Monica at 1600. I felt like a gunfighter preparing for a fight. Who and what was I up against? Would I want to kill or kiss Gloria? All of this was nasty to me. When I walked into the Restaurant, the palms of my hands were sweating. I was in Pinks and Greens and she had on skirt and sweater and high heels. Her hair was in a severe style but she was pretty. The cute and funny Gloria was gone. She wanted to know why I would not let her go. I told her I did not know; meanest, I guess. She said she had prayed for my death because it would have made things easier. Then she asked for forgiveness but felt the guilt for such a request would last a long time. I asked her what happened to Gloria; maybe she had died. This woman was a stranger to me; what forces were at work here? She took me to an apartment to see Dorothy Leeann. She was a beautiful baby; blonde and blue eyed. I had a very hard time identifying with this child. Gloria sat me down and told me that for a long time she tried to get close to me to get into my heart. In Korea, she wrote me love letters and sent me poems. She thought Dorothy would help to bring us together. I was never around when she needed me; she cried out in the night for me. I ask her why she never told me these things before. She just looked at the

floor. Of course, I felt guilty but I also felt she was trying to justify her actions. I told her I was sorry for both of us and ask her if she was living with the current boyfriend? She said yes. I told her I would see her in court. As I was walking to the car, she called out, "Burt, God Bless You"; a strange woman she was.

Gloria's lawyer threw the book at me; mental cruelty, adultery, physical abuse, and I think a couple of others. The Judge was not impressed. He reminded everyone that I had been in never-never land for fourteen months. Gloria said I did not send her any money. The records showed that her bank got an allotment from the government every month. Gloria was in deep trouble. The Judge said I should wavier and I was free to go. Gloria was stuck with all outstanding bills. I ask for half of the \$3400 that was supposed to be in savings. The balance the lawyers found was zero. I offered \$50 a month support for Dorothy Leeann. It was accepted and I got visiting rights. While the lawyers were working out details, Gloria asked me to come into the hallway with her. She said that if I did not wave my rights, maybe we could work our problems out over the next six months; then if I did not want her we could go on with the divorce. I said, Lady, you have shot me in the back, assassinated my character, you abandoned my ass while in Korea, while I lived like animal in a rat infested bunker, charged accounts that you knew a 1LT in the Army could not afford to pay and you want to work out our problems. She glared at me and said she never wanted to see me again and she would hide Dorothy from me. Gloria was not cute and funny any more. I waved my rights and it was over. Oliver came over to the house and brought me a funeral wreath a guy with real heart. We laughed and went out on the town. I told him I never dreamed such situations really happened. I felt ugly and dirty; no good woman would every want me. Oliver said next time I am speeding down the road and people I know are waving, "The bridge is out! The bridge is out!" I might consider their advice. In the next two weeks I traded for a 1952 Oldsmobile 88. It was blue with a white top. It was a four door but in excellent condition and powerful. I called Armor Branch for orders. They said I was assigned to the Armor School at Fort Knox reporting in late January. COL Henry C. Newton had asked for me.

I saw Gloria and Dorothy two times after the divorce, in 1956 and 1964. By 1964, the other guy had divorced her and she had married a furniture storeowner. She had two sons and a daughter by him. In 1968, when on my way to Vietnam, Mother told me that she had heard that when the furniture store business went under, that Gloria left this fellow for a real estate

broker. Who knows? I do not know why I did not want to feel guilty about keeping up a relationship with Dorothy Leann. I figured her mother would raise her to dislike me but I suspect the truth is I wanted to cleanse that part of my life away like it never happened. Selfish, but true.

Part IX: Fort Knox 1955

Well, it was time to hit the road again. The dreaded fight was over and Mother was doing pretty well. I still felt like I was not a part of what had gone on; I had watched a soap opera. I left for Fort Knox, Kentucky in the middle of January 1955, just me and a 1952 Oldsmobile "Rocket 88". As I crossed the Great American Desert, I found myself singing away. I guess it was the openness of it all; and it was so clean. The sunsets were majestic. In Korea, you always felt like you were in a hole; and it was dirty. Somebody said once, if you could flatten Korea out, it would cover the entire surface of the earth. For those who were not around in the mid 1950s, there were no Interstate highways, as we know them today, just two-lane, sometimes three-lane roads all the way across the country. Some of the tourist courts I stayed in were beauties; bare floors, coal stoves, and no telephone, radio, or television. They were cheap. The weather got bad in Kansas so I took it slow and easy. I thought about my thoughts about leaving the Army. If I went to ACI, I would have to live at home. I did not want to do that. If I did graduate from ACI, I would probably have to move to Detroit. I hated big cities; besides I did not like California and disliked Californians. What if I got stuck in the place? I would see what was ahead for me in the Army for now. I was only 23.

Fort Knox looked like it was suppose to. I had been gone two years. I got a temporary BOQ room and called COL Newton. He told me to come over that evening for dinner. He and Bessie were glad to see me. We talked about Mother, Korea, and my defunct marriage. After a couple of days of processing in, I was to report to COL Newton's office so he could outline what he wanted me to do. He was- displeased with the professional attitude of the Armor Officer Basic (AOB) student. He wanted AOB to be run more like an OCS. Each class would be broken down into two platoons with a junior Training, Administrative and Control Officer (TAC) in charge. They would answer to a senior TAC Officer who would be me. I would be the tough guy. The procedure was that there would be a formation before classes in the morning and one at the end of the day. In the morning, uniforms to include boots and brass would be checked. In the evening items of administrative nature would be covered to include private counseling on academics, bad check writing, conduct, etc. All married Officers would attend all formations. COL Newton wanted me to design a student officer's helmet liner and a TAC officer's helmet liner. I

really felt needed. I knew I was going to like the job.

COL Newton and the General liked my helmet designs. The students would wear a gloss OD liner with a yellow band around it with the armor triangle centered on each side. TAC officers would have a gloss black liner with yellow band and the armor triangle. TACs would wear pistol belts with starched fatigues or kaikis's. We were always in the same uniform as the students. The Training Aids Division professionally painted the helmet liners. In a month, I was ready. All bachelor officers were centralized in a recently renovated area called "Little Siberia". This area does not exist today yet my old OCS barracks lasted until 1985. After the junior TACs had inspected their platoons each morning, I came out on the orderly room porch and stared at everybody for a minute; then I walked through the formation asking questions or making comment. The word got around that you did not want to mess with the senior TAC. This was the whole purpose of the plan. By the end of the first course under this plan, rowdiness at the Officers Club, drunk driving, and bad checks had dropped by 90%. Academic grades improved also. I loved my work; it was clean, glamorous, and I had power.

COL Newton ordered me to take over the Achievements and Traditions class from the General Subjects Department. I enjoyed this very much. I got along well with the student officers. Soon several officers were asking if their wives could attend some of these classes. I said fine; soon we were doing some classes in the evenings with coffee and cookies. I felt very much a part of the Army. COL Newton wanted me to apply for the regular Army; he also wanted me to go to night school. He said I had to get my college degree someday and he would help me with the cost. Later, I got a college degree but he did not help me with the cost. Except for class functions, my social life was not much. I had made some good friends; Dick Hartman who lived next to me in the BOQ, Herm VeTort, Bill Cook, Wally Steiger. When we would go to happy hour on Fridays, if I were introduced to a blonde blue-eyed female, she immediately had hoof and mouth disease. Dick told me to stop introducing myself as "Burt Boudinot; I'm divorced". He said it sounded like a disease. I was in need of female companionship but I found dating boring. At college spring break, I did find General Finch's daughter stimulating but she wanted only West Pointers to court her. I think her name was Caroline; she did marry a Pointer a few years later.

General Curtis, the Assistant Commandant, wanted to know if armor

officers should have bayonet training in AOB. I was told to do a study. There were some who felt that bayonet training cultivated aggressiveness. I interviewed instructors, NCOs and students. After two weeks of research I came to the conclusion that armor officers did not need bayonet training. I was sent to General Curtis's office. After I briefed him, he sat chewing on his cigar and said, "You have got the nerve to stand there and tell me that armor officers do not need bayonet training". I told him that what the study indicated and I did the study. He said, "Damm, I agree with you; good work Boudinot. Norma, his daughter, later married Wally Steiger.

When the new Command and Staff Department building was finished it was named Boudinot Hall in honor of my father. COL Newton remembered that Dad had had a portrait done of himself in 1940 after he made Lieutenant Colonel (LTC). COL Newton wanted Mother to bring the portrait to Fort Knox and dedicate the Hall. It took a lot of talking but I finely convinced her to come in June of 1955. The Post Commander, Major General George Reed and his wife Ernie were very close friends of Dad and Mother in the 1930s and 1940s. After Mother arrived, she was treated like royalty. I felt like I was her Aide to Camp. She had a wonderful time for two busy weeks. She thanked me many times for making her come back to Knox. On my 24th birthday in August of 1955, I went to Louisville and traded my 52 Oldsmobile for a 1954 Mercury "Sun Valley" Coupe. It was a beautiful automobile. It was yellow with a green roof, which was half green tinted Plexiglas. It had power steering, windows, automatic transmission, AC; it had the works. I was getting over my ordeal with Gloria but I needed a little more boost and this car was it. The latter part of the summer, I had been seeing a COL Padgett's daughter, Jeannie. She was 19 and home from college. She was a sweet soft-spoken young woman with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. When her mother found out I was divorced, she was upset. I charmed her, and I was soon eating Sunday dinner at the Padgett's quarters. Jeannie did not go back to college in September and before I knew it, I was going steady. She would bring sandwiches to the office at lunch; offer to wash my car, etc. She made me go to church. I was not ready for a commitment.

One evening in the Ratskeller at the Country Club, Dick Hartman and I were sitting on bar stools at the bar. The place was packed. One could not move without pushing somebody else. General "Pee Wee" Anderson's daughter was beautiful but known to all to be a holy terror. She was spoiled rotten. Suddenly, I realized she was in front of us with her back to us. She was looking for somebody. She had on an off the shoulder blouse, and

Dick had had a considerable amount to drink. He leaned over and kissed her on the neck. She turned around startled; then her eyes flashed fire and she demanded, "What is your name?" Dick smiled at her and replied, "Harper, Mamm, LT I.W. Harper". Miss Firecracker left with fury. Two days later the aide had to remind the General that I. W. Harper is the name of a premium Bourbon. The General smiled. In December, I thought about going home for Christmas. We guys were talking at the bar. I told them I might fly out to California, but I could drive out in 48 hours. They said I could not drive a car to California from Kentucky in 48 hours. This soon led to \$100 bet. In ten days, crazy Burt was off to California. I almost killed myself at least three times. I sent a wire to Fort Knox from home after 45 hours and 20 minutes. Mother was doing fine and in good spirits. I tried to get in touch with Gloria but her Grandmother said she did not know where she was. I took it easy driving back to Fort Knox. I collected the \$100 but I had done a very foolish and dangerous thing.

In December, COL Newton told me how much he appreciated what I had done with the AOB classes but he felt it was time for me to get back with a troop unit in order to stay competitive. He asks me if I wanted to go to Germany. I told him that would be great. Jeannie did not like the idea because she felt we needed more time together. It was the first time she had expressed an opinion since I met her. In January 1956, I received orders to the 41st Tank Battalion 8th Infantry Division, Fort Carson, Colorado. I called COL Newton and asked him why Fort Carson when I thought I was going to Germany. He said the 8th would "Gyroscope" with the 9th Infantry in Germany in September of 1956. I thought that's almost a whole year. Jeannie wanted a commitment but I told her I had a bad experience leaving a female behind to wait for me. Soon I was off for Fort Carson.

Part X: 41st Tank

Before I go on, I want to mention an event that could have had a significant influence on my Army career. General Porter took command of the 3rd Armored Division in 1955 before it was deployed from Fort Knox to Germany. He had served under Dad in WWII. He sent for me and asked me to be his Aide. I told him that I had a big mouth and I did not think that General's sons should become General's Aides. At the time, I truly felt this was not right. Mother was very upset with me. She said, "I should hitch my wagon to a Star." Over the years, I found she was probably right. Anyway, if I had gone to the 3rd Armored, I would have never met Jo.

It seemed like I spent a lot of time seeing America from a car. As I neared Fort Carson, I wondered how my memories would affect me. I would be eating in the same Officers Club where I was married. The Post looked almost deserted; the 11th Armored Cavalry was gone, the Mule Pack Artillery unit had been deactivated. I was put in the same BOQ that I was in before, only downstairs. A couple of doors down from me, I recognized an officer I had met before in Korea.

In Korea, one day I was coming back to my Recon Company from a meeting at Division and heard a bulldozer working but I could not see it. I told the driver to stop the jeep and I walked off the road until I was looking into a deep irrigation ditch. At the bottom, a bulldozer looked like it was trying to make a road. I went down into the ditch and met the Officer In Charge (OIC). His name was 1LT John Misch. I noticed he had Armor brass on and asked why an Armor Officer was digging a ditch. He said because he was a West Pointer, somebody thought he was an engineer. He was constructing a covered route of withdrawal from Hill 321 to the Kansas Line. I told him when the monsoons came, it would fill with water. He said with a smile, that I should know the enemy always attacks in the winter. John and I established a friendship at Fort Carson that lasted until his death in 2000.

I was assigned to Headquarters and Headquarters Company of the 41st Tank as the battalion Recon Officer. John was assigned to A Company. My company commander was Captain Bill White. He was 42 and a veteran of WWII, a fine man. At that moment, the 8th Infantry was made of mostly of cadre. The only members of my recon platoon were

Sergeant First Class Jerry Jablonski, and buck sergeants, Larry Host, Ben Wallace, and Rich Andersen. All were Korean vets and proved to be outstanding NCOs. This was the plan; men would be brought in from Induction Centers and assigned to units. Basic and Advanced training would be accomplished by both Individual Unit Training and by Committee Group Training. This was new and different for me. We had many classes on how things were to be done. In any case, the Division had to be ready for deployment to Germany by August or September 1956.

One day in March, Captain White called me in and told me that 180 men had arrived for the 41st. Major Carberry, the S-3 wanted me and my NCOs to go to a certain building and pick out 40 for my Recon Platoon. The ones I picked were mine for the rest of their tour in the Army. When we arrived at the designated area, the place was full of young men in civilian attire. They had not had their haircuts. They did not know how to line up. I could not believe all this; it was a circus. My sergeants and I spent ten hours interviewing 180 plus men. Some of the questions we had prepared to ask were, "Have you ever camped outdoors for a few days? Are you a hunter? Have you ever worked or played as a team member? Have you ever driven a jeep or light truck? Can you take mechanical things apart and put them back together?" And so on. We came away with 42 farm and country boys. Some had been Boy Scouts. One of the young men selected had been driving a jeep on his father's ranch in Montana since he was twelve; he became my driver. Jablonski put his hand on my shoulder and assured me that in sixteen weeks I would be the leader of some of the best soldiers in the Army. I think we did a damn good job. When I took these men to Germany, they did an outstanding job. On a side note, my jeep driver, after his enlistment in the army was over, attended and graduated from Norwich University. I saw him in Vietnam when he was a Captain. We did train hard. It seemed like all we did was train, eat, or sleep. I created a training method for scouts that eventually were used at the Armor School at Fort Knox, though I was never given credit for it. I had a slide put on a screen of a nude woman sitting on blanket at a beach. Near her was a pack of Camel cigarettes, a Zippo lighter, a lipstick, a comb, sunglasses, and a Life magazine. In the distance were a lighthouse with the number "4" on it and a sailboat with a red sail. The picture was superimposed with a light grid numbering one to 25 from left to right and one to 25 from top to bottom. I would flash the slide on the screen for a few seconds, and then ask one of the trainees what color the sail was on the sailboat. Or I might ask what was the grid intersection of the package of cigarettes. The troops thought

this was a great game. I had several different slides. What it did was train the new scout to look for the unobvious instead of the obvious, and to remember and describe what he saw. Major Jim Cahill, the battalion Executive Officer (XO), thought my idea was a wonderful training device. He took a liking to me early on; so did his wife, Rosealee. I told him I learned a lot about the recon business in Korea. The North Koreans and Chinese kept camouflage nets over their tanks overlooking their side of the Chorwon Valley. We did not use nets because their side did not use spotter aircraft. One day, I was at a forward LP looking through a 20-power artillery scope. I noticed a tank turret that was rounded, not square like the Russian T-34. In the truce agreement, no new weapons systems were to be brought in by either side. I called for Stubbelfield, Rust, and a scout who was Apache Indian. His name was Whirlwind Soldier. We looked through the scope for a long time. There was a lot of ground shimmer from heat waves, but the turret appeared to be teacup shaped; was traversed to the left and the tube was depressed; maybe for cleaning. We looked through the Recognition Manual and decided on the Russian JS-3 heavy tank. This tank had a 120mm long-range gun that could damm well hit our light tanks in the valley from where it was positioned. We looked again as the sun was going down. The turret was then facing south but it was "tea-cuped". I called Captain Ross and asked him to ask the Division G-3 if there were any JS-3's in North Korea. He called me back later and said, "Boudinot, don't you and your people get bored and start seeing things up there". About a month later, I got a call from Captain Ross saying that 8th Army suspected that there maybe JS-3's in North Korea. The information made the headlines but 2nd Recon did not get any credit.

We worked so hard there that there was not much social life. There were a couple of battalion parties to help everybody to get to know each other. I dated a couple of local girls but was not impressed. I had seen a very pretty woman at happy hour a couple of times. She was always with other females. One night, I went over to talk to her and ended up having dinner with her, alone. She was pleasant and I found myself enjoying her. In a week or so we dated and later on I took her to a promotion party. One night we had gone to dinner and a movie, and then she invited me to her apartment. I thought this is great. While she was in the kitchen fixing drinks, I noticed the photograph of a naval officer on an end table. I ask who it was and she said it was her husband. He was a naval gunfire officer and had been missing in Korea since 1952. The Navy was going to declare him dead in 1957. Well, I could just see the poor SOB locked up in cage

thinking about his loving wife. Too close to home for me, I bid my farewells.

In early June we had a battalion shakedown inspection and review of troops. One would not believe that the motley bunch we picked out in February was this fine looking Recon Platoon in full battle dress. It was a very proud moment for me and my sergeants. John Misch and I were the only two bachelors picked for the advanced party to Germany. We were to leave New York in late June. My plan was to drive out to see Mother then track back through Fort Knox to see Jeannie and then off to the east coast. I have forgotten to mention that Grandmother had died in March at the age of 88. She had been in a Nursing Home for about a year. After I went into the Army, she often called me Truman when she saw me. Anyway, Mother had sold the house and bought a Cape Cod cottage on North Doheny Dr. She wanted me to see it; it was cute and had a nice yard. I went to see Gloria and Dottie. Gloria said she was very happy in her 3rd marriage and hoped I would find the happiness she could not give me. I told Mother I did not want to give Jeannie an engagement ring because I did not think I loved her. Mother picked out a 14-karat Virgo pennant with necklace. Well, this did not go over very well and I had to explain again to Jeannie that I would not commit myself when I was leaving. She said she would come to Germany when I was ready. I took my car to Port and went by bus to a designated hotel in New York where I joined up with John Misch and the others on the Advance Party. We learned there that no orders were cut on John or me. The Germans would not let us in without them. Major Cahill had a TWX sent from Fort Carson to Rhine Main in Frankfurt. We left on a chartered DC-7 for an 18-hour flight to Germany. We stopped at Newfoundland and Shannon Ireland on the way.

Part XI: Germany

The trip over the Atlantic was long and a bit rough. People got airsick and babies cried much of the time. The men were in summer uniform and we were a wrinkled mess. When we finely landed at Rhine Main Airport in Frankfort, John Misch and I were put in a detention room while Major Cahill went off to find the Military Affairs Officer. It was almost dark when we landed so by the time John and I were cleared and everybody was loaded on buses it was night. I figured we would stay in Frankfort for the night, not so. We headed off across Germany south for Bavaria. The 61st Tank Battalion of the 9th Infantry Division was stationed in a kaserne (German word for barracks.) next to a small town named Leipheim. It was about 20 kilometers from Ulm. We rode all night with nothing to look at. It would have been much nicer if we could have done this in the daylight. When we arrived at the kaserne about 0300 hours in the morning, the 61st was not expecting John and me. We were, however, put in a nice BOQ room together. The married people had sponsors and each family was taken to quarters where the beds had been made and the refrigerator stocked with food. I awoke late in the morning to view a beautiful installation. The buildings and grounds were neat and clean. I could not get John to wake up so I went to the Officers Club for lunch. It was just a stones throw away. The Mess and Club were small but very attractive. I learned that Leipheim had been a Luftwaffe air base during WWII. It was where the German jet powered ME 262 Squadrons were based near the end of the war.

I was given quarters in the second BOQ from the Club. They were upstairs on the front end overlooking the lane to the Club. There was a sitting room, a bedroom, and a washroom. I had never lived like this since I entered the Army. This was very nice even if the toilets and showers were at the other end of the hall. There was a hall balcony that I later used to drop my "War Bag" down to my driver during alerts. John was put downstairs. The members of the 61st were very nice but the property turnover to the 41st went badly from day one. All of the equipment was old and in bad shape. Many vehicles did not run due to lack of parts. I thought, "And we are supposed to engage the Russians with this junk." I am convinced that Nuclear Weapons were the only thing that kept the Soviets out of Western Europe in the 1950's. It was surely not the capability of our ground forces. As our people refused to sign for property, tempers flared and Major Cahill spent a great deal of time with the Battalion Commanding

Officer (CO) trying to smooth things out. One could see quickly why the "Gyroscoping" of Army Divisions from the US to Germany would not last very long. US units were at war with each other over property accountability!

In about three weeks, John, myself, and others rode the train up to the Port of Bremerhaven to pick up our cars. That was a wonderful trip for me. It did not take long to notice that Bavaria was much prettier country than Central or Northern Germany. The Bavarians considered themselves a separate Kingdom. They were friendlier to Americans than other Germans. John and I convoyed on the way back to Leipheim. We stopped at several gasthauser and ate what was good. John spoke fluent German, which came in handy many times. We had four or five 16 and 17-year old daughters on the installation. There were five bachelor officers. Often the girls would come over to the Club to play pool or ping pong, but really to be seen. It seemed like they were in heat most of the time. Somebody offered one of the girls a drink one evening, and it was not I. The bachelors ended up in Major Cahill's office. The new rules were simple. Teenage girls were off limits to us in any situations. The girls were not allowed in the Club unless they were with their parents. Later, this was a problem for John. Though he claimed to be half engaged to an Army Nurse in Denver, Colorado, he had very strong feelings for his CO's daughter, Judy Johnson. This had started back in the States. Whenever we would go over to Si Johnson's for dinner, John would sit goo-goo eyed when Judy was present. She was 16 and John was 28. I think he planed on waiting for her. She was very fond of John. A year or so after we were in Germany, Judy was in a bad automobile accident and received brain damage. This hurt John very much.

One evening in July, John Misch, Hank Novak, an Engineer officer, and I went to play Bingo at the club. I noticed a young woman with Billie Rabke, wife of Captain Henry Rabke, the installation doctor. I had not seen her before and she was striking. She appeared to be fairly tall with a beautiful figure. She seemed to glide instead of walk. She had short curly dark hair, with pretty eyes and smile; she was so poised. Hank asked how something like that found its way to Leipheim. I did not know but this wonderful female impressed me. I had to meet her but she left with the Rabkes before I got a chance. John and I had only recently picked our cars from port, so the next afternoon, we were polishing them in the BOQ parking lot. Barbara Parrish, wife of Major Bill Parrish called the BOQ and

invited us to come to the Club and meet a young airline stewardess visiting the Rabkes. I was finished with my car, but John left the polish on one of his front fenders. When he sold that car a couple of years later, you could still see which fender had the polish left on it. Well, we got cleaned up and went to the Club. When we walked in I saw the same young woman I had seen at Bingo. She was sitting on the pool table in the game room. Her legs were crossed and they were beautiful. Here is where I met Jo Kiser from Alice, Texas. We did not talk very long as she and the Rabkes were on the way to the movies. Jo had been a classmate of Billie's in nursing school at Baylor University, and after graduating, they were roommates. The next evening, there was a Commander's Reception at the Club. John and I flipped a coin to see who would invite Jo to the reception. John won, but fortunately, he was unable to reach her; she had gone sight seeing all day with the Rabkes. She came to the reception unescorted, but with the Rabkes It was not long before so many officers were standing around her I could not get a word in. I thought I am not going to put up with this. I need a one on one contact with this Jo. I was Duty Officer, so I went back to the BOO and called the Battalion CQ and told him to call an Officers Muster. This is when each officer must physically report to his company for roll call or he is signed out for somewhere else. In those days 50% of officers and 75% of enlisted men had to be on station at all times. I told the CQ that he did not have to report to Corps; if there were any problems, to call me at the Club. I stayed and got acquainted with Jo. One of wives asked me why I did not leave with the rest of the officers and I told her the Duty Officer is always appointed to stay with the women in this type situation. Later, when I told John, he said I was crazy. I think that Major Cahill, who was not in the Club that evening, figured out how the muster was called but respected my resourcefulness. Nothing was every said to me.

I was impressed that Jo was not uncomfortable among all of these vultures. She did not giggle or have a fake laugh; she was poised and acted like a lady. We had a couple dates and she went out with John once. I found Jo intelligent, articulate, and had definite views about things. She was refreshing and stimulating to me. She was always so neat and well groomed. That never changed. At the time she was not even wearing her own clothes. KLM Airlines had lost her luggage so she had to borrow things to wear. Years after we were married a sales lady said Jo would look good in a gunnysack. This was true. One day she said she was going to Paris before she went back to the States. I told her American women should not go to Paris unescorted. She said she was going with the Rabkes but she

would like me to come along. I asked her if she meant it and she kissed me. I was so excited. I had to know more about her. Jo was born in Alice, Texas on 30 August, 1930. She graduated from the Baylor School of Nursing and later became the Private Scrub Nurse to a renowned Neurosurgeon in Dallas. After an injury to her neck in an automobile accident, she decided to take a break and fly for a while. She became an Airline Hostess with Braniff Airlines. Jo was on vacation in Europe and had stopped by to see her Nursing School classmate, Billie, who had married Captain Henry Rabke, MD. I asked Major Cahill if I could go to Paris with Jo for four days. He smiled and said yes if I promised to come back. He thought Jo was a very fascinating young woman.

Off we went to Paris, France. It was a long bus ride but well worth it. We had a wonderful time. We went to museums and the Follies and ate at some neat places. There was a guided tour of the Paris area including Versailles. One day we were strolling down an old street and Jo slipped her hand into mine and gave me a sweet smile. She said nothing but I had never been on the receiving end of such tenderness. I was really falling for her. That day I bought four original watercolors of 18th Century French Horse Soldiers. They have hung on the wall of every house we have lived in. When Jo saw something that really interested her, she would get excited like a little girl. She was funny, but not silly funny. She had a good head. One night we were walking along Pig Alley and I noticed two American soldiers involved in a brawl at a bar. I told Jo that as an officer, I had to see what the problem was. She grabbed my arm and said it was a matter for the police. Sure enough, here came the riot van and eight police officers. If I had gone into the bar, I probably would have been detained with the others. On the way back to Germany, Jo and I talked about a lot of things but not about how we felt about each other. She was going back to the States in a few days and I was scared. If I did not commit myself, I may not have ever seen her again. Maybe she was on a fling. Everything was happening too fast. I finally got up enough courage to tell her we ought to consider marriage down the pike. She said we should think hard about marriage; I had already made one mistake. I took Jo to Stuttgart to catch her plane home. She told me she thought she had fallen for me but we must write each other about our feelings. After she flew away, I knew I did not want to be without her. We had only known each other for about ten days; that scared me too. Jo was sweet, pretty, worldly, and too good a thing for me to ever see again. Why should she want to marry a soldier?

Now, what should I do about Jeannie? She might make an excellent Army wife, but I did not love her and she did not stimulate me. I wrote her that I had met Jo. She wrote back and said she did not mind if I had a fling or two before we got married. I had to write again to get my point across; we were finished. After the main body of the 41st arrived in August, I was on the road constantly through October. My platoon had to check all of the routes to company alert positions. We checked about 100 bridges and established numerous new checkpoints. I was gone about three days a week and having fun. I saw much of the back roads and small villages of Bavaria. I felt at home in Germany and wondered if I had ever been there before. I like to think that maybe I had once been a knight. At that time, I was so glad I had not left the Army. I liked Jo's letters very much; we were getting along fine. She convinced me that she cared for me very much. All I knew was that I missed her terribly. I worried about the geographic distance between us; I had experience with distance before. We both agreed that I should come home to meet her parents. We would be in the field a lot in November and December. I would try to go back to the States in January 1957. If I was serious about marriage, I could not afford Jo and the Mercury. I would have to think about selling it. The car payment was almost 20% of my pay. The companies were rotated into training areas for exercises so as the Battalion Recon Officer, my people and I spent more time in the field than any other element. This was good for me, but life could get boring for the other officers in garrison. Judy Johnson because of her age was a no-no for John. So John sort of took up with Alice, the civilian librarian. She was an American on contract and the only single woman on the installation. Alice was attractive, but not pretty. She was nice and liked to have fun. Mainly, at 25, she was looking for a husband. Anyway, the three of us would go out to eat from time to time and John would invite Alice to some of the Battalion functions. Near Christmas, "A" company had a party at a favorite gasthaus in the town of Bergel. It was about fifteen kilometers from Leipheim. John took Alice and me. The problem was that Judy was there. John got smashed and told me he was feeling sick; he was going outside for some air. I told him it was snowing hard and to get in my car. I gave him the keys. Everybody had gone home except Jack Dorte who was dancing with Alice. After a few minutes, I went to check on John. There was heavy snow and I had to clear away the glass on the car. John was not in the car and the door was locked. I looked around and could not find him. I hurried back into the gasthaus to get the others. Alice was smashed so Jack and I went back out with a couple of Germans. John was found on the other side of a Borgward car, completely

covered with snow. When I shook him, he mumbled. He had dropped the keys. I told Jack to get John up and get him into the gasthaus while I looked for the keys. While I was on my hands and knees, Alice came out and fell down in the snow. I found the keys and a German helped me put Alice in the back seat. I turned the heater on full blast and Jack put John in the front seat. The ride back to the kaserne took about 30 or 40 minutes; I could not see a thing; it was like a white out. Jack's car was right behind me. Not one sensible word came out of John or Alice on the way back. German beer and wine is powerful stuff. When we got to the BOQs, I told Jack to take Alice to her room and I would take care of John. He said no sir he was just a 2LT; whatever that meant. When I got Alice to her room, she told me to get her wet clothes off and get her warm. I told her I was not John. She said she knew that. I took her snow boots off and covered her with three blankets and went to check on John. He was snoring. Jo called me and I was so excited I talked too long. My leave was approved for two weeks in January but I had to be back by 4 February in time for the major corps field exercise for the year.

In January, I took the train to Frankfurt and then caught an Air Force MATS flight to Dover AFB in Delaware. Then I took a commercial flight to Dallas. Jo and I were so nervous when we saw each other. We were both anxious to know if the flame was still there; it was. Jo was living in an apartment with two other airline hostesses. Jo, herself, was doing a little flying and some part time nursing. I enjoyed the week in Dallas. The apartment was well stocked with Braniff food trays, booze, and eating utensils. The other gals were nice. Melba was a character; she stayed on with Braniff for years and rose to a high supervisory position. She and Jo have stayed in contact over the years. In fact, Jo saw Melba in 1988 during a trip to Texas. I got to meet Dr. Boland; the Neurosurgeon Jo had work with. When we parted, he shook my hand and said. "She is a great person; a real catch". Here in the story, Jo and I differ. I do not think I was coming home to get married because I had not asked permission to get married, which was the custom. Besides, I wanted a military wedding. Jo says her mother had planned on a small ceremony at their home in Alice. Jo was going back to Alice I know; she packed while I went see Mother in California. Mother was not too pleased that I wanted to marry a person I had not known very long but, she agreed I was not on the rebound. I told her I was afraid of making a mistake, but then again, Jo was taking a chance also. When I got back to Texas, Jo had a cold but we still packed her 51 Ford in the rain. On the way to Alice, she had a fever and was

feeling poorly. We had our first fight because we had a tire blowout and she did not have a spare. I told her that was dumb and she told me to dump her off at home and to go back to Germany. I bought a used tire. When we got to Alice the Dr. said Jo had pneumonia. For two days, she did not know where she was. Katie, her mother, was a little cool toward me at first, but soon, I was getting along well with both her mom and dad. Her mother and I talked for hours. We agreed that I should go on back to Germany and Jo would come over in the spring. We had to sell Jo on this thinking. I knew I really cared for Jo when she became ill. By the time she was feeling better, it was time for me to go. She tried to apologize for messing up my trip home. I told her I loved her and I would see her in Germany in the spring.

When I got back to Dover AFB, the Russian invasion of Hungary was in full swing. There were very few MATS flights out to Germany. I was told I could camp out in the lobby for a few days and wait and see what happened. I could not wait a few days; my leave was almost up. I caught a commercial flight back to Frankfurt. The ticket knocked the hell out of my savings. When I got back to Leipheim, the 41st Tank was on full alert as was the rest of 7th Army. The major field exercise was canceled and we remained on alert status for a month. If I was going to marry, I had to do something about my expensive Mercury. Captain Griffin, another MD had been with the 61st Tank. He had wrecked his Pontiac on an icy road. I told him I would give him my Mercury for \$2,200. It took about a month, but he bought it. I had made up my mind that I wanted a VW convertible. When I went to the big VW dealership in Ulm, there was a newly introduced Karmann Ghia coupe on the show room floor. It was neat. I ask how much in Greenbacks and the salesman said \$1,465. Its production number was 156. Now I could pay off the Mercury and still have wheels and put some money in savings. Jo and I could afford the VW. You have to remember I was giving \$50 a month to Dorothy Leann. I did that for 18 years. Unfortunately, later, Captain Griffin was killed in the Mercury; it was a very powerful and fast automobile. I sent Jo a copy of "The Army Wife". That was a mistake. She wrote back she was not a puppet, and probably would not make a very good Army wife. I sent her a telegram suggesting she trash the book; she would make an excellent Army wife. We were making plans for Jo to come to Germany in early April. It would take about a week to do all the paper work. I thought things were going good for me, but, that was about to change. LT John McGauglin and I were good friends. He was in "D" Company but he was also a Recon Officer. He thought I was having all the fun and wanted my recon platoon for a while. I told Major Cahill that I

trained my unit from day one and we worked well together. He said that I needed to understand how a tank company operated. I knew how a tank Company operated. The problem for me was I did not like the "D" Company CO, Captain Motley. He had been a sergeant in WW II. His grammar was bad, he had never graduated from high school and he hated blacks and rich people. He was a bigot. We were not to get along very well. I had been happy in my work. Now, poor Jo was going to marry a fellow who was unhappy in his work. Years later I told, then, Major Jim Cahill that my assignment to Motley could have ended my career. He agreed and apologized. One day John Misch asked if he could borrow 1,500 rounds of 50 Caliber. As the company executive officer, I could authorize such a transfer and did so. Motley told me that he would not give Si Johnson ("A" company) the sweat off his balls. I told him I did not loan the ammo to Captain Johnson, I loaned it to LT Misch and that's whom I would get it back from. Motley and I did not like each other.

I knew that Jo was really coming when I was called to the mailroom one day to pick up four boxes of her things. I was getting excited but still scared. The plan was that Jo would stay with the Rabkes again until the paper work was done and a firm date set. I talked to the Chaplain and also the club manager. It seemed like everybody was looking forward to the coming event. Major Carberry, the S-3 (military operations), said if the wedding were on a weekday, it would be a training holiday for the Battalion. It was suggested that our honeymoon should be spent at the Athena Hotel in Munich. It had everything and was close to many sights. I had never been there. I think to get rid of me for a while, Motley sent me on Controller Duty up in Wurzburg. On the way there we passed through the town of Rothenberg; it was on a bluff above the Tauber River. It had once been an old City State in the 14th Century and once was under seize by the Swedish for 30 years. It was a picturesque place and I wondered if Jo would like it. A few days later I stopped off at the Golden Hirsch Hotel in Rothenberg and ask them if they ever had honeymoon couples. They said, of course, and I told them I would be in contact. Motley had gone to Cahill and told him that I was an arrogant bastard and hard to handle. When I got back, Cahill called me to his quarters. He said that under the new reorganization of the Army, the "Pentomic Concept", each Division would get a Cavalry Squadron instead of a Recon Company. He was going to be transferred in June to the new 3rd Squadron of the 8th Cavalry in Furth. He planned to pull John McGauglin and me into that unit. I was born in the 8th Cavalry. Cahill told me not to say anything to anybody and to try and not

upset Motley. The news may have helped save my career. I am sure that's why Cahill told me. Later, the 41st Tank was to become the 68th Armor and move to Baumholder.

I picked up Jo in Stuttgart on the 5th of April. She really looked good. We figured out what had to be done and decided on the 12th of April for the ceremony. Without good old John Misch, I do not know whether we could have met that date. John and I had to go to the House of Swabia in Augsburg. That took time and a bunch of Marks for the approval stamp. Then off to the House of Bavaria in Munich for more Marks and another stamp. The Germans wanted to know where this Mattie Jo Kiser was born. I would show her birth certificate with a big star embossed on it; Texas; damm it, the State of Texas. So many Americans military personal were marrying German Nationals that it was hard to get into German bureaucrats head that I was marrying an American. After all was done, we found we had to be married by the Leipheim Burgermeister before we were legally married in Germany. We were almost ready and we had only had two more days to the 12th. I was weary and still scared. Jo appeared calm and collected. I told her about Rothenberg and she thought that was a great idea.

On the 11th, they had my stag party at the Club. There was a lot of roughhousing and teasing. I have never liked to be teased. The fellows all meant well but I did not enjoy the party. After I left, they put my car inside the Club. It took four drunken officers to put in their and eight sober NCOs to get it out the next morning. I told John they were teeing me off. The next morning at 1000 hours, John took Jo and I and the Rabkes to the Burgermeister's office for the legal ceremony. Jo and I did not understand a word that was said and I did not appreciate having to kiss the medallion hanging around his neck; but, Jo and I were married. The religious ceremony was to be at the Post Chapel at 1430. This was a small quaint place. It would only hold about 50 people, and had beautiful wood cravings inside. My fellow officers had put together a Saber Guard for Jo and I to walk under. My old mortar half-track was decked out to take us over to the Club for the reception. I was in dress blues and Jo wore a pretty white dress instead of a gown. Chaplain "Curly" Crocker married us. John Misch was my best man and Billie was Jo's matron of honor. Crocker was black and bald. The ceremony was short and after Jo and I had said our vows, "Curly" said to me twice, "Burton Boudinot, you are married". Off we went under the Saber Arch; and into the half-track for a ride to the Club. John

and others had come up with a punch that was a mixture of Champaign, peach brandy, and cognac. When ice cold, it tasted good but it was potent. From that day on it was known as the "Leipheim Death" because so many people got drunk and sick on it. Jo and I were told that the party broke up about 0200 the next morning. I cannot recall what time we left the reception but it was dark when we got to Rothenberg. During the reception, Jo changed clothes and I went back to the BOQ to change. I found my car in "D" Company's area. They had filled it with egg separators from the mess hall; put rice in it, put lipstick on the steering wheel and tied tin cans on the back. I was angry. When Jo came back she took all of this in good sport. I thought it was terribly undignified. Jo told me not to be mean to my fellow officers and to take it all in stride. I did not.

When we got to Rothenberg, we were able to park almost in front of the Golden Hirsch Hotel. Our room was great. It was the bridal suite. It was dark but we seemed to be high up; like in a tower. I cannot remember whether the fruit bowl and wine were in the room or they were brought in later. I had picked a nice place. The next morning, I looked out the window to find we were sitting on a bluff overlooking a deep valley with the Tauber River running through it. No wonder the Swedish troops could not take the town. Jo and I took our meals in the beautiful dining room. It was still cold and now and then snow[^] flurries would swirl up and pepper the windows; it was very romantic. On Sunday, Jo took me into an old church for services. I almost froze to death. I did not understand a word that was said and could not see the fellow on the pulpit because of the steam coming off people's bodies. Jo said we could leave but I was not going to give her the satisfaction. We went to the now famous Gesendofer's Art Gallery. We bought our first prints as a married couple. We still have the framed prints today that hung in numerous sets of quarters over the years. After three days, it was time to go back to Leipheim. Even though it was chilly, the car had a bad odor about it. I was looking all through the car, when a man walked by with a dog on a leash. The dog stopped to smell a hubcap. I found fish inside all four hubcaps. My "buddies" did that.

We knew there were no quarters available for us at Leipheim. We would live in a quest room in the roof of the Club. I kept my BOQ room so I would not have to move my gear. I was hoping that Major Cahill would have us out of Leipheim in a couple of months. The room was neat. The ceiling came to a peak because of the slanted roof. There was a small dormer window. The toilet and shower were across the hall for use by all of

those in quest rooms. When people were in on a TDY trip, Jo had to gage the time when she wanted to shower. We could not cook, so we took most of our meals downstairs in the dining room. The headwaiter, Ludwig Dozier took quite a liking to Jo. We were even invited to his house. About 18 months after Jo and I were married, John Misch married Ludwig's older daughter, Heidi. I went off on a field trip for three weeks shortly after we got back from our short honeymoon. When I returned, I had the driver let me off in front of the Club. I had a three-day stubble, my face was covered with road film, and I had a steel helmet on with goggles around my neck. Jo did not know who the hell I was. I said, "It's me, Burt". When she gave me a hug, she said I needed a bath. Except for my relationship with Motley, everybody was treating Jo and me like family. One night when I was Officer of the Day, I slipped into our room at 0400 hours and pounced on Jo. She did not think that was funny. In June I was sent on the advance party to Belsen-Hohn where all of the tank companies would do their annual main gun firing tables. Belsen-Hohn was in Northern Germany and Jo wanted to ride up on the train with me. I said no because she would have to come back alone. That was not very nice of me because Jo had been traveling all over alone before we were married. I was not thinking clearly and I missed her very much going up on the train. Later, she sent me a sweet note and a silver flask. I still have the flask. When the troops arrived, I ask Major Carberry, if I could try for the Master Gunner Certificate even though I was not a tank officer. He said yes. Later, when we got back to Leipheim, I taped my certificate to Motley's office door. In the first week of August, orders came in assigning me to the 3rd Squadron, 8th US Cavalry, Johnson Barracks, in Furth. I was so excited; and Jo and I were going to get quarters also. Jo said she was glad because we were going to need quarters; I was informed that she thought I was going to be father. I was pleased, but I wondered how she got pregnant so fast.

I forgot to mention that the 4th of July weekend before I got my orders to move from Leipheim to Furth, Jo and I got another short honeymoon. We went to the resort town of Lindau on the Bodensee. Half of the lake is in Germany and half in Switzerland. Our room overlooked the harbor and had a balcony. It was a very nice area. We had good food and wine. Jo loved looking in all the shops; one afternoon we rented a small powerboat and went far out into the lake. Jo told me that it could be a long time before we would be so free of responsibility again. At the time, I did not really understand what she was talking about. After you have children, even though you may get away now and then, their safety and welfare never

leave your thoughts. One day when we were walking along Lindau's waterfront, Jo was told by a police officer that her shorts were too short. Jo has always had a beautiful figure but in those days she really turned a lot of heads. Europe has had quite a change in dress code in the past 48 years.

When we left Leipheim, we learned our quarters were not going to be in Furth, but, next to the small town of Schwabach about 20 kilometers south of Furth and Nurnberg. The quarters were fairly new and spacious. We had a large living and dining area and a nice kitchen; two bedrooms and a full bath. The small amount of quartermaster furniture made the place look bigger than it was. We liked it even if it was on the third floor. It was fun to come home, and see what Jo was cooking for dinner. I really felt married. Schwabach was a neat and clean little town; we felt like we were out in the country. It did not take us long to find a wonderful Ratskeller in the center of town. A couple times a month, we would go there and have steak for two, veggies and wine for twelve Marks (about \$4.00). After bills were paid, we had \$109 a month for commissary, PX, and entertainment.

Johnson Barracks at Furth was not so nice. The kasernen was old and run down. A cavalry squadron has numerous vehicles; tanks, personnel carriers, mortar carriers, jeeps, trucks, etc. The motor pool was so small that many vehicles were parked in the quadrangle between the barracks. I was assigned to "B" Troop as the EXO. Captain James Lawsen was the CO. The only officer in the troop that I had known before was LT Bill Moran. I was his TAC Officer when he was in AOB. For field training, we had to go quite a distance. Vehicles were always breaking down. Trying to bring the squadron up to a highly trained combat unit was a tough job for everybody. There are three events that I remember about Johnson Barracks. One day, Bill Moran came to me to ask if I knew that Captain Lawsen was a homosexual. I said a what? Bill said he should be relieved at once and if it was not done, he would get a petition from the troopers. Bill was a hotheaded Irishman. Jo said she had suspected such of Lawson. I told Bill one day while on a firing range, that if he accused Lawson he had better have proof. The Army did not take kindly to false accusations and assassination of character. He said he would take that chance. I went to Major Cahill with the problem. He called for Bill and in a week John McGauglin was pulled from the S-3 shop as the new CO (Commanding Officer) and Lawsen was made Adjutant. John and I were good friends and he was an excellent field soldier. Bill was satisfied but still wanted Lawsen shot. One night we were at a party at the Furth Officers' Club. A magician

or hypnotist had chosen Bill's wife as a subject. When she came forward, the fellow sat her in chair and touched the back of her neck. Bill sprang from his chair, grabbed the showman by his coat and dragged him into the men's room. As Bill started to work this guy over, I grabbed Bill by the arm and he turned and slugged me so hard, I went down to the floor. Major Cahill arrived and ordered Bill to cease-fire and had the showman ushered out. Bill kept saying that nobody touches his wife. Major Cahill ordered Bill to go home. Bill never apologized for striking me. Our paths crossed many times over the years. In the summer of 1957, the Army ordered that all officers would initiate a monthly Saving Bond. This met with a great deal of resistance. Many Officers resigned. General Watlington, the 8th Division Commander had a cross section of officers meet with him on the problem. When they got to me, I said it was an officers responsibility to invest for the future and he probably needs guidance in doing so, but, to tell him how he will do it, shows a lack of confidence in each officer; in fact the whole Officers Corps. General Watlington asked me to become his Aide. No thank you. Mandatory Saving Bonds did not last two years.

Jo and I enjoyed the old city of Nurnberg. The streets and buildings were fascinating. There was so much history around. On the outskirts of the new city were huge piles of cut stones with numbers on them. These were intended for Hitler's World Congress Headquarters. I always wondered what the Germans finally did with them. In September, Jo and I went to a Fest in Schwabach. It was fun, but, a couple of weeks later I came down with German measles. Poor Jo, because she was pregnant, she had to take two big shots of gamma globulin in the butt. In October, the 3rd of the 8th received orders to Coleman Barracks near Mannheim. I applied for quarters in Benjamin Franklin Village in Mannheim.

Because Jo was pregnant, we were authorized an apartment on the ground floor. Coleman Barracks was about twelve kilometers from BFV. Mannheim was not as pretty as the cities in Bavaria. It had been bombed heavily in WWII. Coleman Barracks was on a flat near the Rhine River. It was constructed in the 50's to US specifications. The place had no character. The 3rd Squadron did get more training areas with the move. Shortly after we settled in, I was moved from "B" Troop to become the S-3 Air under Major Carberry. Jo and I had our first Christmas together. We got a nice tree and bought some German ornaments. Jo was a very pretty pregnant lady. She did not show much and was in good spirits. Jo gave me some stationary with the Boudinot Crest at the top. She had a German

Craftsman make the die. I was very touched. I was not use to someone giving me something personal or something that I wanted.

After Christmas, Jo and I started talking about names for the forthcoming baby. The baby was due in April. We thought about Burton S. Jr. if it was a boy but Jo was sure it was a girl. Boudinot is French, so we thought a girl should have a pretty French name. We decided on Reneé; Marie would be for Jo's sister. I went to the field a couple of times in the next three months and Jo was doing great. On the 1st of April, we went to a cocktail party and Jo wore high heels. She seemed so flat in the tummy; people could not believe she was in her ninth month. Jo said she was going to have an Easter Bunny. The baby was to be born in the Army Hospital in Heidelberg, about sixteen kilometers on the Autobahn from Ben Franklin Village. On the 4th of April, Jo told me it was time. I was so nervous. Jo was in pain and the harsh ride in the VW did not make things better. As soon as we got to the hospital, they took Jo away. I was asked to fill out some papers and then I was ignored. After several hours, I went through some swinging doors. A crusty Lieutenant Colonel nurse who wanted to know what I wanted stopped me. I was inquiring about my wife. She said she was in labor and for me to go home; it was going to be awhile. I did not want to go home; what if Jo needed me. After a couple more hours, the old bag came into the waiting room and told me again to go home. I kept thinking how long does it take to have a baby; what if something is wrong? Anyway, I went back to our quarters and sat for hours listening to the radio. I could not read and I could not drink because I might have to be back on the road at any minute. I felt very much alone and out of control of events. I think that Jo was in labor about twenty-two hours. I was a nervous wreck. Finally, the hospital called and said my wife had delivered a baby girl and I could now come see them. I ask how they were but no other information was offered.

I had purchased a stuffed rabbit, tiger, and panda bear. I took the rabbit with me. Jo really did have an Easter Bunny. Renee's was born the day before Easter. I told the LTC nurse what I thought about their treatment of new fathers. She laughed and said I would live. When I got to Jo, the baby was with her. Jo said meet Reneé Marie Boudinot. She was so small. Jo looked exhausted and she was. I told Jo that I had been so scared and I was sick of my stomach. The next day I went to the hospital basement to do paperwork and get Renee's birth certificate. Reneé would have dual citizenship; both German and U.S. I was not thinking clearly and did not

spell out Reneé to the German clerk. When I brought the certificate to Jo, it read Rena Marie. Jo said no, no, and no. I went back to basement. Not even the pleadings of a US colonel could help me. The Germans had signed and stamped the birth certificate. I was told I would have to appeal in a German Court. For two months, I did just that. I felt like a Nazis Officer was interrogating me. One guy even had a monocle on his left eye. Finally after four sessions and 40 or 50 Marks, I was granted Reneé Marie on the certificate. The German lawyer reminded me, however, that in Germany, the feminine for Renee required an umlaut on the last e. I could face legal action if the umlaut was not used. It was over; Rena was legally Reneé. Jo and I gave her a big hug.

Reneé was a cute and sweet baby. She was a new experience for Jo and me. We often took her with us when we went out. We had a German carrier of a kind I have never seen since. We would take her to the Officers Club and to private parties. Not long after the squadron was stationed at Coleman Barracks, it got a new Commander; LTC Charles Thomas. He was what we called a "Pentagon Warrior". He had spent years as a staff officer. He knew about as much about Armored Cavalry operations as I knew about glass blowing. He had a certain flamboyance however that appealed to people. Major Cahill and his wife Rosealee liked me and Jo. There was no question that Major Cahill's favorite young wife was Jo. Unfortunately, this caused Jo problems with some of the other wives. Jo was friendly to the other wives but she found it hard to find a close friend in her age group. Jo was pretty, neat, intelligent, and poised; she did not giggle or babble. Most of all she was sensuous to men. Other young women did not like that. Well, guess who Charlie Thomas favorite young wife became. This did not set well with some of my peers even though Jo did nothing to encourage his attention. One time, at Friday night Happy Hour, which was mandatory when we were not in the field, Charlie said to me out loud, "I don't care if you stay in the Motor Pool, Boudinot. Where is your sweet Jo"? When he drank too much, he always ran off at the mouth. This endeared me to the other married officers.

In June of 1958, I told Major Cahill that I wanted to command "C" Troop which was coming open. I wanted to command a troop before we went home in 1959. My Dad had commanded "C" Troop of the 8th Cavalry. I was still a 1LT but I considered myself a "Field Grade" 1LT. I had done a lot of things in the past four years and I was ready. LTC Thomas called me in one day chewed my butt for 30 minutes; then he gave me "C" Troop. Jo

was pleased, but, I think she thought it was less a moment in history than I made it out to be. For many months, Major Cahill and Major Carberry ran interference between the Squadron CO and the "C" Troop CO. One day when we were discussing the treatment of AWOLs, Charlie said to me, "You do not want to command just "C" Troop, you want to command my G--Damm Squadron".

One time, he noticed that my jeep had a shinier paint job than his, so he took mine and gave me his. I just had his jeep painted like mine. Charlie Thomas was the type of leader and lieutenant colonel that I hoped to never emulate. He seemed to always pull rank. My father had a saying in his den when I was a boy. It said, "Rank does not make a man". I tried very hard in my career to have rapport with my people and to listen to their ideas. One of my great faults was I was not very tolerant of my superiors. My friends use to advise me not to tell the General he was wrong. I did not, unless he was. Not good politics.

Now that we were a family, it was time to think about insurance and investments. COL Kretlow was retired and a reprehensive for an insurance firm. Jo and I felt that Reneé should be two or three years old before we had another baby. COL Kretlow said that for four years of college, we should plan to have \$8000 for Reneé when she was 18 and about \$10,000 for the next child. When you think about those kinds of figures today, you want to cry. The cost of the three girls education for twelve years of college was somewhere around \$48000 plus. Anyway, I got a policy on family rider; and myself just enough insurance to bury Jo. That was dumb, because as we were to experience from others later, the loss of a young mother can cause tremendous financial hardship. I raised the insurance amount on Jo before I left for Turkey in 1964.

In August 1958, Jo and I wanted to go to the Worlds Fair in Brussels, Belgium and to see some other countries. LTC Thomas did not like for his officers to go anywhere. He made us feel guilty if we asked for a few days off. Finely, the colonel gave me ten days leave. Si and Glen Johnson were then with the 68th Armor at Baumholder but they wanted to keep Reneé for us. We had kept in close contact with the Johnson and John Misch since we left the 41st Tank. Now it was the 68th Armor and had moved to Baumholder. Glen adored Reneé and Jo liked Glen; the only reasons that Jo would consider leaving Reneé. We had a travel plan. First, we went to Luxemburg and stayed at a quaint inn on' the Saar River and near an old

castle built in 900 AD. We went through Belgium; Jo fell in love with the thatch-roofed houses. Many looked like they were out of storybooks. In Brussels, I thought I had lost Jo when she left the car in a four-way intersection to ask a policeman for directions. The traffic was so heavy; I could not see her at times. Our hotel reservations were messed up but I do not remember the particulars; the place where we stayed was small but nice. The World Fair was impressive but very crowded and I do not think it was the best part of the trip. In Holland, we stayed in a neat place on the coast called Wick-am-See. We drove along the Great Dike back into Germany to catch a ferry on the North Sea for Denmark. Copenhagen was a beautiful city and we stayed in the Imperial Hotel; way above our budget. Jo ate much ice cream because we were not supposed to eat German ice cream. One night at a seafood buffet, I ate lobster Newberg until it came out my ears. I was up all night. Jo and I found Danish teak furniture fascinating; the wood grain was so pretty. Back in Germany, we were slowed down considerably trying to get around Hamburg and Hannover. We were on our way to Cologne but it was getting dark. I told Jo to pick some place out of the tour book that was on our route. She picked a town called Buckeburg because it was in the mountains and this is where a hunter once saw a glowing cross between the antlers of a stag. When we turned off the autobahn into a forest, I thought, Oh boy, we are going to sleep in the car. Jo got us to Buckeburg without a wrong turn. We stayed at the Berliner Hof Hotel. Hitler had a meeting here once, but, in those days the Germans did not use this information as a tourist attraction. We went on to Cologne, mainly to see the cathedral. In 1945, Life Magazine took a photograph and published a shot of Generals, Rose, Boudinot, and Hickey standing on the footsteps of the Cathedral. In 1958, Jo took a photo of me standing in the exact spot. It was a strange feeling for me.

When we picked up René at Baumholder, we found that Col Thomas wanted to call me off leave and was going to put out a "return to station" on me. Major Cahill reminded him that we had a baby with the Johnson's and to try and contact us would not be a good idea. He did not try. LTC Thomas was often a very inconsiderate person. He volunteered his squadron for Aggressor duty every time he got a chance. My troop and I spent weeks in the field over and above normal division exercises. One time, at the Munsingen Training Area in the French Zone, I found an old WWII US M-20 armored car in the back of a French motor pool. Everybody knows I am a snoop; the vehicle was all there but it would not run. I asked the French if I could have it and they were glad to get rid of it. I had it towed

back to Coleman Barracks where my mechanics went to work on it. Soon, the whole squadron was assigned to Aggressor duties for six weeks at Baumholder. We were issued Aggressor uniforms and helmets and painted a triangle with a circle around it on all our vehicles. One day, I presented our glorious "comrade" leader his new command vehicle; a smooth running, newly painted US M-20 armored car. He was ecstatic. He took it everywhere with him. Often, when passing elements of his squadron, he would stand up and pose like Rommel; what a nut. Well, after the squadron had returned to Coleman Barracks and about three months had passed since I acquired the M-20, things changed. During a 7th Army Alert, inspectors on vehicle availability gighed the squadron. An unauthorized armored car, which was deadline plus other vehicles, got us an unsatisfactory. LTC Thomas called me and said I was responsible; I should be relieved of my command. I told him it was his toy; to me it was a monument to be placed in front of Squadron Headquarters. In due time, the gig was scratched and we got a satisfactory rating and a concrete platform was poured in front of HQ and the M-20 permanently anchored on it. Major Cahill winked at me at the dedication ceremony. As late as 1980, I was told that the M-20 was still on that platform.

In 1958, the Premier of the Soviet Union, Nikita Khrushchev started throwing his weight around. He said he was going to take all of Berlin. The English, French, and US would have to leave their sectors. Of course, this was taken as a threat of war. Jo had food rations and blankets in the car as was required by regulation but most of us men worried that the Russians would air attack a mass evacuation of dependents into France. I came home from a five-day alert exercise and Jo told me she thought she was pregnant. She was! We wanted another baby, but, as I said before we had planned on René being older than just fourteen months when the new baby arrived. One problem was we were supposed to go back to the States in June, the due month for the baby. Regulations stated that pregnant women could not rotate within four weeks of their due date or not until a six-week check-up after a normal birth. This would mean we would go home in August of 1959.

Jo and I knew we would need our own furniture when we got our assignment back to the States. We liked the Danish teak so we called the Scan Style dealer in Heidelberg. We were visited by a fellow by the name of Kyove Springborg; a Dane. We ordered full living room and dining room sets. The retail cost was over \$4,000. He wanted \$1,500 from us. I borrowed the money from Mother. By 2005, all pieces had been traded off

to daughters except the desk in my den.

The rumblings of Khrushchev had caused quite a stir in NATO. In the Army in Europe, we called him "Uncle Nick" because in the early part of 1959, we started receiving all new equipment. It was like Christmas. At least "Nick" had scared the pants off of somebody. US troop morale went way up. There were some disappointments. The wonderful M-75 Personnel Carrier was replaced by the M-59. The M-75 was big and powerful. When I was a Troop XO, it had enough room inside for map boards and a hammock for sleeping. The M-59 was smaller and powered by two underpowered engines. The engines were rarely in synchronization, which caused a steering problem. The Army went backward on that one. With the Soviet invasion of Hungary in 1956, the Russians introduced the T-54 Tank. All of our cavalry units were equipped with the M-41 light tank. After Hungary, many so called "experts" felt the M-41 could not stand up against the T-54 and should be replaced by the M-48 medium tank. This happened in the summer of 1959. This was a sad day for all cavalymen; the M-41 was a great vehicle. Ironically, ten years later in Vietnam, the 76mm M-41 light tank "flushed the toilet" of the 100 mm T-54 but they had been long gone from the US inventory. The word expert has always bothered me.

By April, our new baby was well on the way. Jo and I knew that if it was a girl, her name would be French. After testing one name after another, we decided on Brigitte Ann. I cannot remember if the popularity of Brigitte Bardot had any influence on us. Jo did not like the German Bri-getta and told me to be very careful of the spelling at the hospital. I guaranteed her I would be careful; I did not want to go back to court! People coming from the States told me not to take the Karmann Ghia home. There were few VW dealers and parts were very hard to get. I should have sold it and ordered a new car for pick-up in the States. I did not do that. I traded the VW for a 1959 Fiat "Grand Luce" 4 door sedan. I got the Fiat for the VW and \$600. It was a slightly bigger car than the VW and had a powerful engine but it was noisy. It did have a nice back seat and big trunk. In the meantime, I got my orders; Instructor, Department of Tactics, Fort Rucker, Alabama. I thought they have got the wrong guy and wrote Armor Branch a letter. Some time later, I got a letter from Branch, which said, for me to report to Rucker. On the 23rd of April 1959, my troop and I were at Sembach Air Base learning how to secure an airborne unit for deployment to the Middle East. Jo and I had worked for days making a miniature airfield on a plywood board; it had little jeeps and trucks that I bought at a toy

store. I made pallets out of something. It was neat and was used many times in briefings. Anyway, on that day, I called back to squadron for something and LTC Thomas came on the phone and said in his amiable way "As a Captain, Boudinot, you ought to be able to make that decision". I had a set of "Tracks" in my pocket. I was ready! I had been a 1LT four and one half years.

By June, Jo was still feeling good and looking good, she was a little larger than when she was carrying Reneé.

Reneé was fun to watch. She was social with people and loved animals. We had a dumb calico ally cat named Yohodi. Reneé liked to stand up in her crib by her bedroom window and wave at people going to work in the morning. I was getting nervous; I did not want another event like Renee's birth. I told Jo I was not leaving the hospital this time. We made arrangements for Frau Swansegelt, our German babysitter, to come stay with Reneé. She was crazy about Reneé and treated her like she was an angel. On the 15th of June 1959, Jo called me at work and told me it was time. She was very calm and collected. At least the ride to the hospital was a little smoother in the Fiat. This time, a young army nurse would come out every couple of hours and tell me everything was fine. I still felt left out. I read about five Reader's Digest, went to the cafeteria two or three times, and tried to take a nap around 2200 hours. I also called home several times. Frau S would say, "Gut, gut!" (Good, good!) Early on the morning of the 16th, the old bag LTC nurse came out and told me I had another baby girl; I could see my wife in about an hour. I had both the stuffed tiger and panda in the car. Jo looked better then after Renee's birth, but Brigi was kind of red. I told Jo that when I went to the basement that morning, I would be very careful about the paperwork.

Reneé was use to me being gone but she was happy to see her mother. I do not recall how Reneé responded to our new Brigitte Ann because she was really still a baby herself. I have forgotten to mention that Major Cahill had John Misch transferred from the 68th Armor so he could take "A" Troop. John was planning a marriage to Heidi Dozer which Jo and I attended before we left Germany. Now, before Jo and Brigi's six-week check-up, I had to turn over my troop, take the car to port and arrange transportation home. I arrived in Germany with a B-4 bag and a footlocker. I was leaving Germany with a wife, two children, and about 3,600 pounds of household goods. Jo wanted a German Phaff sewing machine before we left Germany; that was 100 pounds alone—a joke. In the next few years, Jo

made the girls a lot of cloths on that machine; we still have it. The ride home from taking the car to Bremerhaven was interesting. I hopped a ride on an H-34 Helicopter; we stopped about five times at installations I would have never seen.

Well, it was time to go back to States. I had been in Germany for 38 months and for Jo it had been 28 months. Our families had never seen our girls. We would take a long leave. I planned to drive to Rucker and check in with my sponsor, Captain Jim Petersen. Jo and I had a plan. After we got to the transient quarters at Rhine Mein Air Base and had our flight number, we would make enough baby formula and fold enough diapers for the 18-hour trip to New York. I had to fly in uniform and TW's was regulation; what was I going to look like helping with two babies? In two days, they called our flight and we were ready. It was a night flight so maybe that would help keep some 50 children quiet. The aircraft was a TWA Super Constellation. Jo had been an airline hostess on this type of plane when she was flying for Braniff. When we took off, it was windy and trying to rain; the plane bumped around a lot climbing out. About twenty minutes out, there was a flash of light on the starboard side. I looked across the aisle and out the window to see number four in flames. The cockpit said immediately that they had cut fuel off to the engine, used the extinguisher, and feathered the propeller; we were going to return to Rhine Mein. I thought, Father, God, our girls have not even had a chance to live yet; please get us down safely. Jo's eyes were big and then she closed them. We did not talk for five minutes. When we landed there were flashing lights everywhere from emergency vehicles. Back we went to transient quarters for three more days. Jo used up the formula and had to wash diapers, including my under shorts from the flight! We only got an hours notice for the next flight, but we had new formula and clean diapers. The flight was on the same aircraft but we took off in the daylight. It seemed like babies cried all the way across. There was a problem getting back to the galley to warm formula or baby food; there was always a waiting line. When we arrived in New York, everybody on the plane looked whipped. I was unshaven and my uniform was covered with stains. Jo and the girls looked pretty good. We were taken to a run down hotel and we all slept hard. It had been a rough trip. The following day, we took a taxi to the airport where I put Jo and the girls on a plane for Texas. Then I took a bus for Baltimore, where I was to pick up the Fiat and head for Fort Rucker.

Before I leave the Chapter on Germany, I would be remised if I did not relate the story of "The Pending Court Martial of LT Boudinot". In the fall

of 1959, the 41st Tank at Leipheim was ordered to Vilseck, Germany for summer training. Vilseck was a large and important training center for American combat units, particularly tank units.

One evening at Vilseck, I was the 41st Duty Officer. I was on my way to the officers' mess, but as I passed the installation theater, I noticed a large group of troops standing outside in a crowd and not in a ticket line. I stopped to investigate and found that the German national theater manager would not admit the soldiers into his building because they had soiled (greasy) uniforms on. All soldiers TDY (Temporary Duty) to Vilseck knew the regulations stated that only a clean field (fatigues) uniform could be worn to the EM or NCO Clubs, PX, and theater. The key element here was "clean"; stained uniforms could be clean. I checked carefully and informed the manager that the uniforms were clean, stained maybe, but clean. The manager waved his arms and said "nein, nein" (no, no). I unsnapped the flap on the pistol holster and sternly told him to open the ticket office. He obeyed, cursing me in German. The troops went to the movies and I went to supper.

The next day, the manager told his boss the US Garrison Commander that I had "threaten to shoot him" and "ordered my troops to beat him up". My battalion commander asked me what I had done and I told him. About a week later, with appointed council I went before a review board (Article 32) consisting of two full colonels and three lieutenant colonels. This was to determine if I should be court martial for my actions with the theater manager. I was accused of "forced entree", bodily harm, and over use of my authority. I told the board that I did not draw my pistol (It was not even loaded.) No one threaten or used physical force on the manager. The tankers uniforms may have looked dirty because they had stains; however, they were clean; because of this, the manager had no right to deny them entrance into the theater.

The board decided that even though I intervened in the interest of the soldiers, I should have first informed the Vilseck duty officer to come settle the situation and that I unnecessarily scared the hell out of a German national. The case was closed with a smile on the board's faces. For a week after the incident, the troops when they saw me in the motor pool or on the range would salute and call out "Yo Lieutenant."

Part XII: Fort Rucker

After I put Jo and the girls on the plane, I went to the Baltimore Port to get the car. It took almost three hours to get it signed over to me. It was dirty, so I went across the street and got it washed. My plan was to head for Falls Church, Virginia, stay with General and Mrs. Newton for the night, and then start south. My trip down the Baltimore Pike in that little Fiat in heavy traffic scared the hell out of me. I had completely lost perspective of the size of American cars and trucks. At the time I was not looking forward to my trip across country. The Newton's were glad to see me and the General told me he had heard I was a good officer. The next morning, I called Jo. She and the girls were safe in Alice and Grandmother Katie was ecstatic on seeing her Grandbabies. I called Mother to let her know we were back in the States and that we would be coming to see her soon.

I went to Arlington to visit Dad's grave then started my trip. I stayed in Winston-Salem that night and drove all the way to Rucker the next day. The Fiat was fast and got excellent gas mileage but it was noisy and tiring to drive. At Fort Rucker, I stayed with Captain Jim Petersen and his wife Marge, whom he called Mrs. Petersen. There were no quarters available so I was put on the waiting list. I made arrangements at the Barbara Ann Motel in Ozark, Alabama, for us to stay until we could find something to rent. Then I headed off for Alice, Texas; I made the trip in one day but was exhausted. There were no interstate highways in those days. It had been four days since I had seen my family, but it seemed much longer. After coming from beautiful Germany, it was very depressing driving through Alabama and Louisiana. Because Brigitte was only two months old, Katie and Jo did not think she should make the trip to California to see my Mother. That was very wise, because the trip across the desert was very hard on Reneé. Because we did not have air conditioning, George, Jo's brother, suggested that we put dry ice in a box under the dash. It turned out to be better than nothing. Poor Reneé got diarrhea and became dehydrated. We stopped at a motel and gave her a cool bath; August is not the time to drive across the Great American Desert, especially with no air conditioning. I drove across the Mojave Desert in daylight so Jo could see the Great American Desert; dumb! After being in Europe for over three years, it was a long way to California. You can forget now big the US is until you start traveling across again. Mother and Jo had never meet before, but, seemed to get along well. Mother thought Reneé was a doll.

My Uncle and Aunt, Fletch and Eleanor liked Jo right away. I cannot remember what we did on that trip west but we did not stay very long. Mother's house and yard were well kept; and the house was loaded with antiques, but Jo showed little interest in antiques at the time. That was to come later! I was raised with antiques and did not care much for them. We ran into some strong cross winds on the way back to Texas. My hands were red and ached from fighting the steering wheel. We kept plenty of fluid in Reneé. Brigi was fine when we got back to Alice and Katie had had a ball taking care of her.

We stayed in Alice about ten days and then headed off for Fort Rucker. Brigi seemed to be very unhappy; I think she developed colic. She cried a lot and was making the trip rough. At a motel, Jo told me to get some juice out of the trunk and put some in her bottle. I added about one half ounce of vodka. Brigi slept like a log! We were all rested the next morning. Our room at the Barbara Ann Motel had a small stove and refrigerator. We rented a TV. I learned that I was assigned to the Department of Tactics and that I was going to teach Vehicle Recognition, primarily armored vehicles, to Army Aviators. I was the only non-flight rated officer in the Department, but everybody was very nice to me. Jo and I were to make some good friends there. Reneé loved the motel swimming pool and wanted to go in the water there often. We worried that she might decide to go by herself. One day, Jo was washing in the laundry room and Reneé saw a Coke bottle on a bench with something in it, so she had a swallow. Jo smelled the bottle and it smelled like Clorox. Jo called me at the office and we rushed her to the post hospital. Reneé never burped once and the doctors were not concerned. After almost a month at the motel and still way down on the housing waiting list, we decided we had to get an apartment somewhere. We found a small duplex in Enterprise on the other side of Fort Rucker. We were kind of crowded in it with our furniture. Jo's Dad had given her an insurance policy that he took out on her as a child. It had about \$1,000 in cash value, so we bought some bedroom furniture. We were not very comfortable in the apartment and hoped weekly the housing office would call. We went back to Alice for Christmas. Except for Katie, it was obvious that "our" children played second fiddle to the "rest" of the Grandchildren that lived in Alice, Texas. Jo said it was because our children were so young. We decided to have Christmas at our home after that.

In early February, I got a call at the office from housing telling me I

could come look at a set of quarters. The address was 170 Harris Drive. Lordy! Lordy! They were beautiful—a four bedroom Capehart, with central air, and a carport. The back patio faced a wooded area. I drove home and got Jo. She was very pleased with what we were offered and I signed for them. Now we did not have enough furniture to go around, the living and dining area was combined and quite large. In March and April, we planted lots of flowers and vegetables. The girls seemed to like their new home. I liked the courses I was teaching. The problem was that 70% of the aviators taking the Vehicle Recognition exam would fail it. At a Program Review Board, it was suggested that the course be dropped from the POI. I told the Board, it was extremely important that pilots be able to identify friend or foe vehicles from the air especially if helicopters were to mount guns and rockets in the future. Two colonels agreed with me and I was asked to try other methods to teach recognition. The problem never went away and eight or nine years later in Vietnam numerous US armored vehicles were engaged by our own helicopter gun ships.

In June 1960, I received TDY orders for the Armor Officers Advance Course at Fort Knox. Being stationed at Fort Rucker had its advantages. I got to come home at least three times during the six-month course. Aviators need flight time so friends would fly the four hours to Knox and then we would fly back to Rucker. John Casey, Jim Petersen, Bill Davenport and others took turns bringing me home and taking me back. The aircraft used was the L-20; a Canadian built single engine high wing plane that was very tough. A number of them crashed without killing anyone. However, it was slow and bumped around a lot in rough weather. These wonderful friends and their L-20's always got me where I was going. After having a troop command for over a year in Europe, I found most of the Advance Course elementary and boring. I found one of my classmates stimulating. His name was Len Carter. We would discuss our views about things for hours in the BOQ. We remained friends for years. We both commanded Recon Squadrons at Fort Knox at the same time. He later went on to the Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations at the Pentagon in Washington and then became an army attaché. The course required students to write a monograph on a subject of personal choice. I wanted to do something different than leadership, tactics, etc. I went to the Armor School Library for three afternoons in a row. I found a book titled, "The Theory of Land Locomotion", by Dr. Gregory Bekker. Though I did not understand a hell a lot of what I read, I decided to do a paper on, "Options for Military Mobility". I had lived up to my initials "BS" before. Well, the

Instructors did not know what I was talking about but they thought I did, I received an excellent grade. Little did I know at the time that twelve years later, I would meet and become a good friend of Greg Bekker. Jo and I met him in 1972 at a Mobility Seminar in Durham North Carolina. He had read all of my articles in Armor Magazine. Once he told me in his Polish accent, "I write books on theory, but that is not enough. There is no substitute for trial and error. Build the thing, test it until it breaks and do it again. This is the right way." Dr. Bekker, among many other accomplishments, designed the wheels on the Lunar Land Rover. It is funny, but, Because of my paper on mobility, many of my peers and superiors thought I had a degree in Engineering. At the time I did not have a degree in anything.

The last month of the Advance Course was called Prefix 5. We received training on how to be a Nuclear Weapons Officer. The course was very interesting, but I had the feeling that no artilleryman was ever going to let a company grade (lieutenant or captain) armor or infantry officer call for a nuclear strike much less plan for one. I asked Jo if she and the girls would like to come up to Fort Knox and spend the last month with me. I was flown down and we drove the Fiat back up. We rented a trailer in the Shady Lane Trailer Park in Radcliff, Kentucky. It was the first time and last time we ever rented a trailer. Brigi could talk your head off. She learned to talk early and had an opinion about everything. She had a temper and some times would hold her breath when she was angry. One night, when Jo and I were at a party at Fort Rucker, the baby sitter called and said Brigi was gasping and turning red. I went home immediately and found her pulling her "I hate babysitters trick" which was holding her breath. She wanted her "Sansi Klas" (Santa Claus). I got it for her and she went to sleep. The course over, at Fort Knox. I found that my instructor position at Rucker had been abolished and I would become the Department Admin Officer. Among other things, I would be in charge of nine female clerk typists. At first, I was upset, but I found that I had more time to take night college courses and research a new interest of mine, the armed helicopter. I will mention here that against Jo's wishes, I applied for Helicopter School. I was found to be colorblind. That hurt my ego. Jo was happy.

In those days, if an officer did not have a college degree, the Rater had to make a comment on his Efficiency Report whether the officer was or was not taking college courses. Rumor had it that it was going to be hard to get past Captain without a college degree. I became more dedicated to taking night courses. In December 1960, Jo told me we were going to have

another baby. It was all right because she wanted a boy. When we went out some place nice, Jo always had Reneé and Brigi dressed like dolls. I think she wanted to try her hand with a little boy. In 1960, the Department of Tactics formed an experimental helicopter unit called the "Armed Aerial Recon. Company". Some of the officers involved later went on to become high-ranking officers. What they did was to bolt M-60 machine gun mounts to H-13 helicopters and rocket pods to both the H-19 and H-34 helicopters. The H-13's would seek out and mark the enemy and then the medium helicopters would attack with their rockets. The concept fascinated me and I spent a lot of time with these fellows. I decided to write my first article for Armor Magazine. My article "Armed Reconnaissance-Tactical Integration of Aerial Elements" was published in the Sept-Oct 1961 issue of Armor. I was so excited that one of my ideas was going to be published. As it came to pass over the years, everything I projected in that article came to be.

In early 1961, the "Armed Aerial Recon Concept" was getting some visibility and interest by higher ups. There were a lot of briefings and the team had set up a demonstration at Longstreet Range. The Department Director liked my voice and asks me to be the narrator during demonstrations. I thought that was a great idea. I had much fun watching these aviators work. They would adjust the strike of machine gun rounds on a target by moving a piece of chewing gum on the Plexiglas in front of the pilot. I think now how far we have come in helicopter weapons systems. One visiting general said, "The helicopter is a great development but it will never be stable enough to become a weapons platform". I kept a tape on file of my narration during a demonstration for the Secretary of the Army. (Now in the possession of the Fort Rucker Aeronautic Museum.) Jo was not carrying the new baby as well as the others; it was low and causing difficulty in walking and sitting. It was due in late July 1961. We started talking about names. I cannot recall that if it was a boy, whether it was going to be a junior or not. We knew for a girl, it would be French. I recall Angelic and Monica; I preferred Jeanne. In June, Major Kit Sinclair and Major Bilri Grandella were going to fly an L-20 up Washington D.C. to attend some kind of meeting. Kit had been one of my brother's roommates at West Point. Since Truman was on loan to the CIA, Kit, ask me if I wanted to come along. I called Truman and he said that would be fine. Jo said ok, she was fine. Well, I went only to face one of the worst experiences of my life. The trip up was routine except the pilots forgot to switch fuel tanks and the engine coughed badly for a minute. The two-day visit with Truman, Avonne, Nelson and Paige was nice but not exciting; Truman did most of

the talking. He took me back to the airfield and had a short conversation with Kit, and then we took off for Fort Rucker. As we got near Augusta, Georgia, where we were to refuel, dark clouds were building up and it was getting dark. Augusta Operations recommended that we layover because there was a line of thunderheads moving northeast. Major Sinclair said it was his daughter's birthday and he was going on. As we climbed out it started to get bumpy; then it got very bumpy! Lighting started flashing all around us. We were being tossed around like a kite. The navigation chart case between the pilots went up in the air and landed in my lap. Water from somewhere was hitting me in the face. My mouth was so dry it was hard to swallow. There was a short let up and I thought I saw lights on the ground; then it started again. A green light formed on the tips of the propeller and went off like a flashgun. (St Elmo's Fire) The pilots were blinded, and we went into a shallow dive. I could not bail out because of the wind pressure on the door and if I could have, I think the storm would have torn the parachute to shreds and me too. I thought to myself, Jo is going to a widow with three children; that's unfair. Father! I do not want to die in a dammed airplane, please get us out of this! A medium told me when I was a teenager that I died in WWI in an airplane. I felt as helpless as these two pilots fought to control the tough old L-20. Finely, it seemed to be getting lighter and the air smoother. We broke out under the stars 45 minutes from Rucker and 80 miles off course. When we landed, two or three vehicles followed us up the taxiway. When we deplaned, it was hard for me to keep my knees from shaking and giving out on me. Eight people were looking at the L-20. There was no cowling over the engine, it was gone. All the paint on the leading edge of the wing and struts had been eaten away by hail. I told Major Sinclair, I would not forget that ride. Kit told me some years later that he himself had thought we were going to buy the farm that night. Kit was killed in a helicopter crash at Fort Knox in 1973. He was not the pilot. Needless to say, I was very happy to see Jo and the girls that night.

We had a Doberman Pincher, Jo was expecting, and the girls were getting bigger every day. The little Fiat had to go. I put it up for sale for a couple of weeks, and then traded it for a new 1961 Rambler Station Wagon. It appeared to be the perfect car for us. It had an automatic transmission but I did not get air conditioning, dumb! I had a mattress custom made for the back of the wagon. The girls loved all the room especially on long trips. Blitz, the dog, was hit by a car and had to be put to sleep. He had been the wrong dog for our family. I guess I was thinking about Rowdy. Well, Mr. Khrushchev was rattling his rockets again in

Europe. He was going to take Berlin. There was talk that the US might reinforce our forces in Germany. As an Armor Officer, I knew that could be me. Jo and I did not talk about it; she was so uncomfortable. What a problem this baby was! Grandmother Katie came to visit and help with the new baby. She was very concerned about Jo and made me nervous talking about all the things that could happen. The due date came and went and Jo did not go into labor. The doctor was going to wait a few more days, then induce labor. On the 8th of August 1961 before I left for work in the morning, Jo said, "Let's go buddy". Grandmother was wringing her hands. When we arrived at the hospital, they put Jo in a gown and put her in a room and told me to go in and hold her hand. I could not believe this. The hospital was out of the twilight zone. It was a bunch of old WWII wooden buildings connected by covered walkways-the parking lot was not even paved. Jo was in labor and in a lot pain. I felt helpless. Soon they came in and got her and told me to go to the waiting room. I was relieved. I called the office and then Grandmother. In a couple of hours, a nurse came out with a bundle with a messy thing in it. She said after we clean her up you can come see her in about 45 minutes. When I got to Jo, she looked pretty good. She said, "You are going to help with one". She had decided to breast-feed but I could do lots of other things. I kept thinking if they ship me off to Germany, Jo is going to be really teed off. I called Grandmother and told her that Jeanne Marie had arrived. She wanted to know if she was all there and of course if Jo was all right. I felt like I was involved in this birth. I went to see Jeannie, there was not a wrinkle on her and she had a little blonde curl on her head. She looked like she had been here two months. It had been tough going for Jo, but at almost 31 she had had her last baby.

Six days after Jeannie was born, I received a call from LTC Jim Cahill at Armor Branch in DC. He said the 2nd Armored Division at Fort Hood, Texas, was being brought up to strength for possible deployment to Germany. He wanted my family and I to depart for Hood as soon as possible. I told him that Jeannie was only six days old and we were not suppose to move until Jo and the baby had a six-week check-up. He told me to try and get that date moved up and then asked me if I wanted a troop in the 15th Cavalry or General Staff. I told him I would call him back. Jo said that I had had a troop command and I should shoot higher. I did not like staff work but I knew she was right. In five weeks, Jo and Jeanne had their check-up and we were packed and on our way to Hood. We did not have the slightest idea where we were going to live because there were no openings for quarters. I figured that if things were too bad, I would take Jo

and the girls to Alice. That might be a good idea anyway if the 2nd AD was going to be deployed on short notice.

Part XIII: Fort Hood

As we left Fort Rucker, it so happened that there was a hurricane brewing in the Gulf of Mexico. Her name was Camille and she turned out to be the worst one in 50 years. I decided to take a more northern route for safety's sake. Everything went fine the first day. We stopped for the night in Marshal, Texas. Reneé and Brigi were traveling well in the station wagon. As long as Jeannie got fed she was happy. The next day, the sky got dark, the wind picked up, and then it started to rain hard. For hours, the radio talked about tornados. I kept going but by afternoon the sky was black and the wind was pushing hard against the car making it difficult to control. It was dumb of me to keep going. It would have been better to be a day or so late versus killing my family. Sometimes, I could not see the road. By the time we got to Waco, Texas, the weather was looking better. We turned off at Temple and went west to Killeen adjacent to Fort Hood where I had made reservations at the Hillcrest Motel. For the next four days, we covered a lot of ground. There was nothing decent to rent. Officers and NCOs were pouring in from all over the States. We even went back to Temple to look. I knew I was not going to put my family in a trailer. One evening a realtor called me at the motel and told me that he had a small model home in Copperas Cove on the other side of Fort Hood. The next day we went to look at it. It was a three bedroom with single car garage. It had no grass in the front or back yard, which at the moment was mud. He wanted \$15,500 for it and I could finance it through the VA. However, he needed \$500 in closing cost. I could not borrow that amount because I did not have any established credit line. Jo said buy it because she would stay in it if I had to go to Germany with the 2nd Armored Division. We went back to the motel and I called my mother and explained the situation. She said and I quote, "Darling, didn't you tell them at the Post you were coming". That was enough to make a grown man cry. Mother was from another Army in another time. She wired us the money. When we left the motel, it had been eight days and Reneé and Brigi were about to go stir crazy. I was assigned as G-2 Air at Division Headquarters. This meant that I was an Air Intelligence Officer. My boss was LTC Royce Taylor. Since the Division was not in a hostile situation and it would a while before field exercises started, I spent most of my time as a member of the Contingency Planning Team. Today, it would be called War gaming. I was surprised at how the Army had let the 2nd Armored degrade. Besides people, it needed lots of new equipment. Even though we were told that we were on 24-hour alert, I

figured it would take six to nine months before we could deploy to Europe as a Division. One thing I did not like having to wear a General Staff Star on my collar instead of cross sabers.

I do not recall the number of our little house but it was on Little Street. It sat all by itself because the nearest houses were a block away on either side. We set up a time to meet the moving van, which happen to be in the afternoon. It was almost dark when they finished unloading. Reneé and Brigi did not have their own beds so we went to a furniture store and bought bunk beds. I told the manager I could not pay for the beds until I got my travel pay. He told me not to worry about it, pay when I could. The kitchen did not have a refrigerator so we had to buy one. Because the sink and stove were turquoise, Jo wanted the refrigerator in that color. They had to special order one but they did lend us an old white one until it came in. Well, that first night, Jo got ready to fix supper and there was no gas to the stove. I called the realtor and the gas people came out after dark and hooked up the meter. We were meeting some very nice people in this little Texas town. One day when Jo was out shopping, I was hanging pictures and Brigi apparently decided to plug in the TV. She put the antenna wires in the wall socket. There were lots of sparks and she ended up big eyed half way across the room. She was not hurt, but she had a lot to tell her mother. I mentioned before that the house was a model home. It had been finished about five months and had never been occupied. One night, while Jo was getting the girls bath ready, she noticed small scorpions under the rubber mat in the bathtub. A few nights later, Jeannie needed something in the night. Jo told me to turn the hallway light on. There I was in my bare feet with five scorpions between Jeannie's room and me. I decided to launch a debugging operation. Jo and I were sitting in "the living room one evening after the girls went to bed. We had no rug so two scorpions coming out of a heating vent were easy to spot. Suddenly, out of nowhere, came a thing that looked a white grasshopper. In 30 minutes, we watched him kill and eat three scorpions. I saw another one of these killers later in the kitchen. I canceled my insect spray program; these white things took care of the scorpion problem in a week or so. I always wondered how they would do against a Praying Mantis.

I was working long hours and though I had enrolled in night classes, I was not attending them. I knew this was going to be a problem. There were no streetlights near our house and Jo felt isolated at night. One day she came home with a puppy that she paid \$10 for. The lady said he was a

German shepherd. I told Jo that nobody buys a German shepherd for \$10. Well, he was a Pure Breed. We named him "Trooper". He turned out to be a wonderful dog. Jo trained him for voice command. He loved Jo and the girls very much. He often slept on my side of the bed when I was in the field. He did not like thunderstorms or garbage trucks. After about six months, Post Housing called me and asked if I wanted a set of new quarters in Pershing Park; it had three bedrooms with central air but no covered carport. Jo felt isolated in Copperas Cove and she now planned to go to Alice if I went to Germany. We put the house up for sale and it sold in ten days. We made just enough profit to pay Mother back the \$500.

LTC Jim Cahill came to Fort Hood from Armor Branch to talk to all the Armor Officers. Jo and I had dinner with him and he told me to get an educational evaluation at the Education Center. If I could get up to three years of college, then I could apply for the Bootstrap Program where the Army would give me a year off to get my degree at a selected university. He told me that if I did not get a college degree my Army career was finished; he wanted to help me. The counselor told me I needed 18 semester hours to be accredited three years of college. What I did in just three weeks, was to take 18 end-of-course exams. I passed nine for 27 semester hours. I applied for one year at the University of Omaha, in Omaha Nebraska. Armor Branch approved this to begin with the fall semester in August 1962. It was not going to be that simple.

In June we took the children to California. I bought a cooler where outside air goes through a water soaked material putting cool air into the car. It mounted on a window; it was not as good as air conditioning but was better than nothing. The girls got to go to Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm. On the way back to Fort Hood the car started losing power. At Fort Stockton, Texas, a mechanic said if we stayed overnight, he might be able to find the problem. We vent on and limped our way back to Fort Hood. The intake manifold on the engine had cracked and all the valves were burned. The cost of repair was \$600. The Dealer said he would take \$600 off the price of a new 1963 Rambler Deluxe 4-door sedan. I bought the car but did not get air conditioning, dumb! There was a world crisis brewing by the time I got back to work. It seems that air force photo recon flights had detected in Cuba what looked like the constructions of ballistic missile sites. Of course, Mr. Khrushchev denied this. In a couple of weeks the Division went on a scheduled field exercise at North Fort Hood. We had been on two before, which all had European scenarios. In order to dress up my map

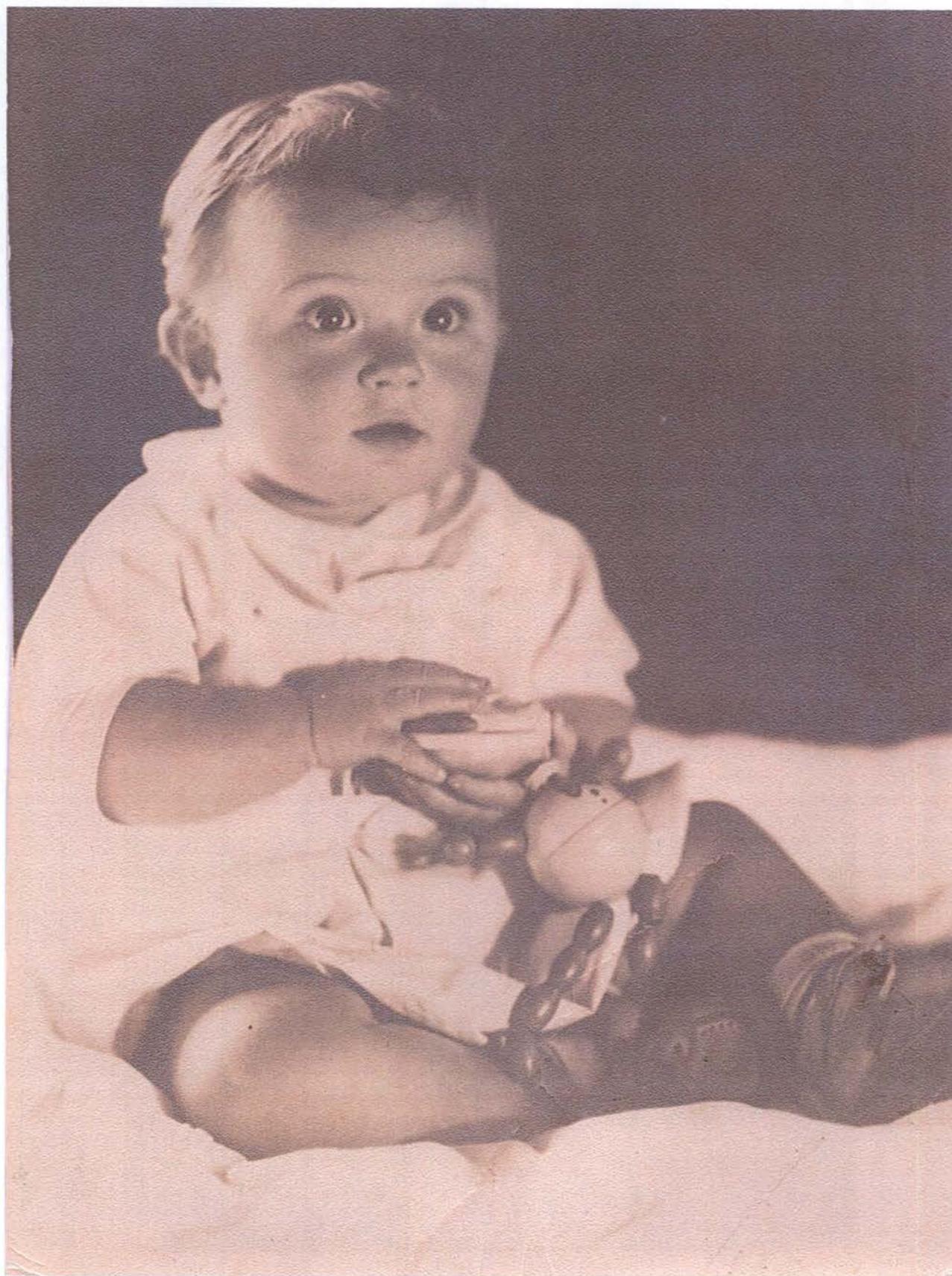
board in the Command Post, I purchased some small toy airplanes-some red and some blue. I glued magnets on the bottoms so I could move them around on the map board representing both enemy and friendly air sorties. This fascinated several generals. It was an old trick; I got the idea from a WWII movie. I came in from the field one night to get something from Division Headquarters and go home to get a shower. Jo was not expecting me so there were no lights left on. I put the key in the back door and entered the kitchen. There was a low growl. I called "Trooper" as I turned on the lights. It still took a second for him to recognize me, then he was embarrassed. I gave him a big hug and told him what a good sentinel he was. It was nice to have somebody watch over my family.

We had been in field for four days when Major McEntee from G-3 Operations and I were suddenly told to board a helicopter bound for Main Post. When we arrived at the War Room, we were shown a Top Secret message that said Air Force Photo Recon had confirmed a Soviet ballistic missile on a trailer in a wooded area near a launch pad. US Forces were put on alert (DEFCON 2). In a few days President Kennedy ordered a Naval Blockade of Cuba after aerial recon had spotted Soviet ships with ballistic missiles aboard headed for Cuba. It looked like Mr. Khrushchev was looking for another showdown. I slept and ate in the War Room for days at a time. I went home to shower when I could. Jo never asked me to tell her what was going on but she did know it was about Cuba. One thing was obvious, I was not going back to college in August.

American bluff or not, Khrushchev turned his ships around. President Kennedy decided to invade Cuba anyway. The Army selected the 1st Armored Division, also at Fort Hood, as one of the assault elements. It was said that the 2nd Armored already had a mission in Europe, but, the truth was, that the 1st Armored had newer equipment and was better trained. McEntee and I and others remained assigned to the War Room to brief the 1st Armored Staff. I assumed we would be detailed to the 1st and probably deploy with it; that did not happen. We stayed busy and even though everything was confused for weeks, the 1st Armored was rail loaded and finely headed for Florida. The 2nd Armored had been stripped of so many personnel and material items, it could not have taken on the Mexican National Guard. One thing that I will always remember about this period, was my briefings to a Captain Larry Owens. The invasion plan had developed where the 82nd Airborne would jump near Havana and cut all lines of communications. The 1st Armored would land at Marietta Bay near

Havana. The two divisions would link up and proceed on the offensive to cut the island in half. There was a problem for the Airborne. There was a Soviet advised Cuban Tank Battalion in the area. If it got loose, it could prevent a link up. The Airborne people hate tanks. It was decided that a highly mobile recon unit would have to land at D-minus one and close a defile at Cajohabos so the tank unit could not get to the 82nd. Volunteers were asked for. This is when I met Captain Owens and his volunteers. I told them what they had to do. Well, as it turned out, nobody went to Cuba, but I always wondered if Captain Owens could have pulled off that caper. President Kennedy was told that hundreds of Soviet Advisers could be killed or wounded and he could expect to have 2000 US troops killed and 6000 wounded. He thought that was too great a cost. We stood down. Vietnam was to come five years later at a far greater cost.

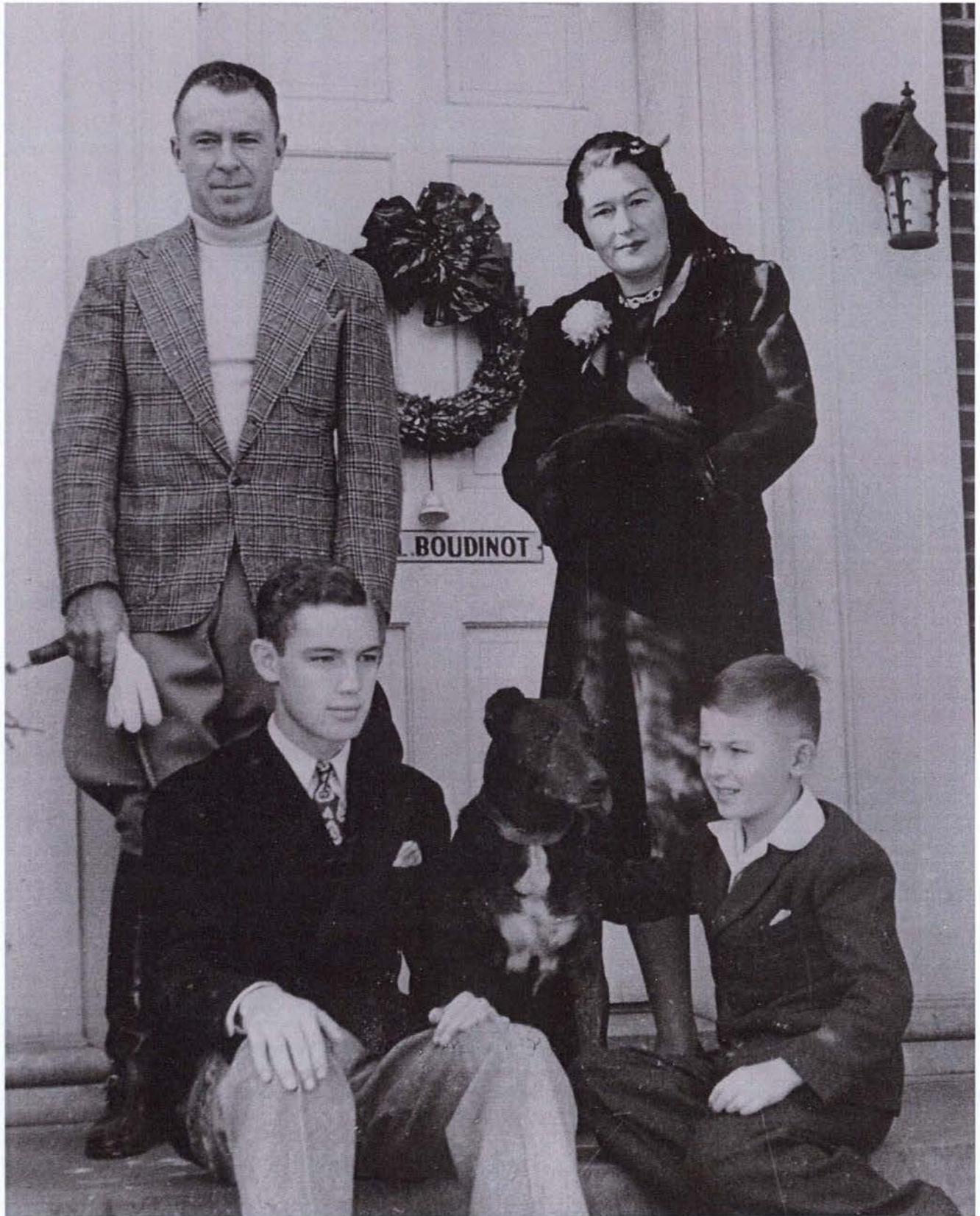
By the end of October 1962, everything had settled down. There was not going to be a war over Cuba. Armor Branch informed me to report to the University of Omaha by January 5, 1963. They told me that all I would get was pay and allowances; no per diem or travel pay. They would however, store our furniture. I was beginning to get cold feet. Jo kept saying, onward and upward. One big problem came from the housing area that the military liaison at the university suggested we stay—no pets were allowed. After much discussion, I decided to put Trooper in the Air Force. He passed his tests with flying colors. After a year of training, he served seven years as a sentry dog at air bases and then was retired to Mary Ellen Ranch in Colorado. He died of kidney failure when he was ten. His grave marker says "Trooper 711F". Our plan for a year in Omaha was to take as little as possible. We would rent a U-Haul and take Jeannie's crib, the girls bunk beds, washer and dryer, TV, pots and pans, and clothes. We would rent what else we needed. I did not want to do all this, but, it had to be done if I was to remain competitive in the Army. Jo never batted an eye about what had to be done. Burt Boudinot was going back to college whether he wanted to or not. Behind every good man is a good woman—pushing.



1. Who me! Save the world? Burton Sargent Boudinot, 14 August 1931, Fort Sam, Houston, Texas



2. Burt and "Rowdy" in front of quarters, Fort Knox, KY, 1939 (dog in background is "Bitty")



3. Last photograph of Truman E. Boudinot and family together October 1941
Truman Jr. on right, Rowdy, and me on left



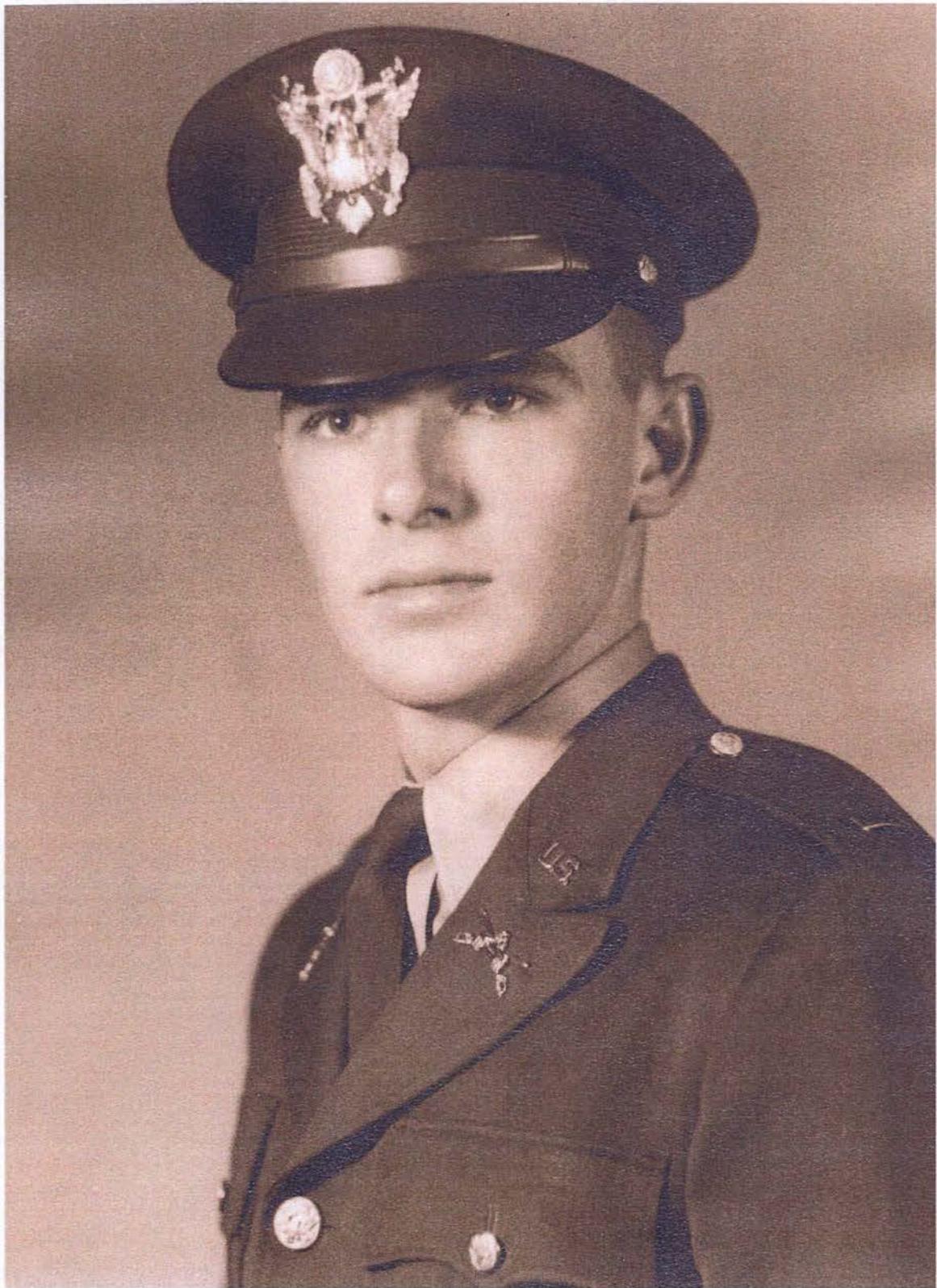
4. Colonel Truman E. Boudinot, Commander 32nd Armored Regiment
3rd Armored Division: France 1944
Portraits hang in Boudinot Hall, Fort Knox, KY



5. Brig. General Truman E. Boudinot, Germany 1945
Proposed "TIME" Magazine cover



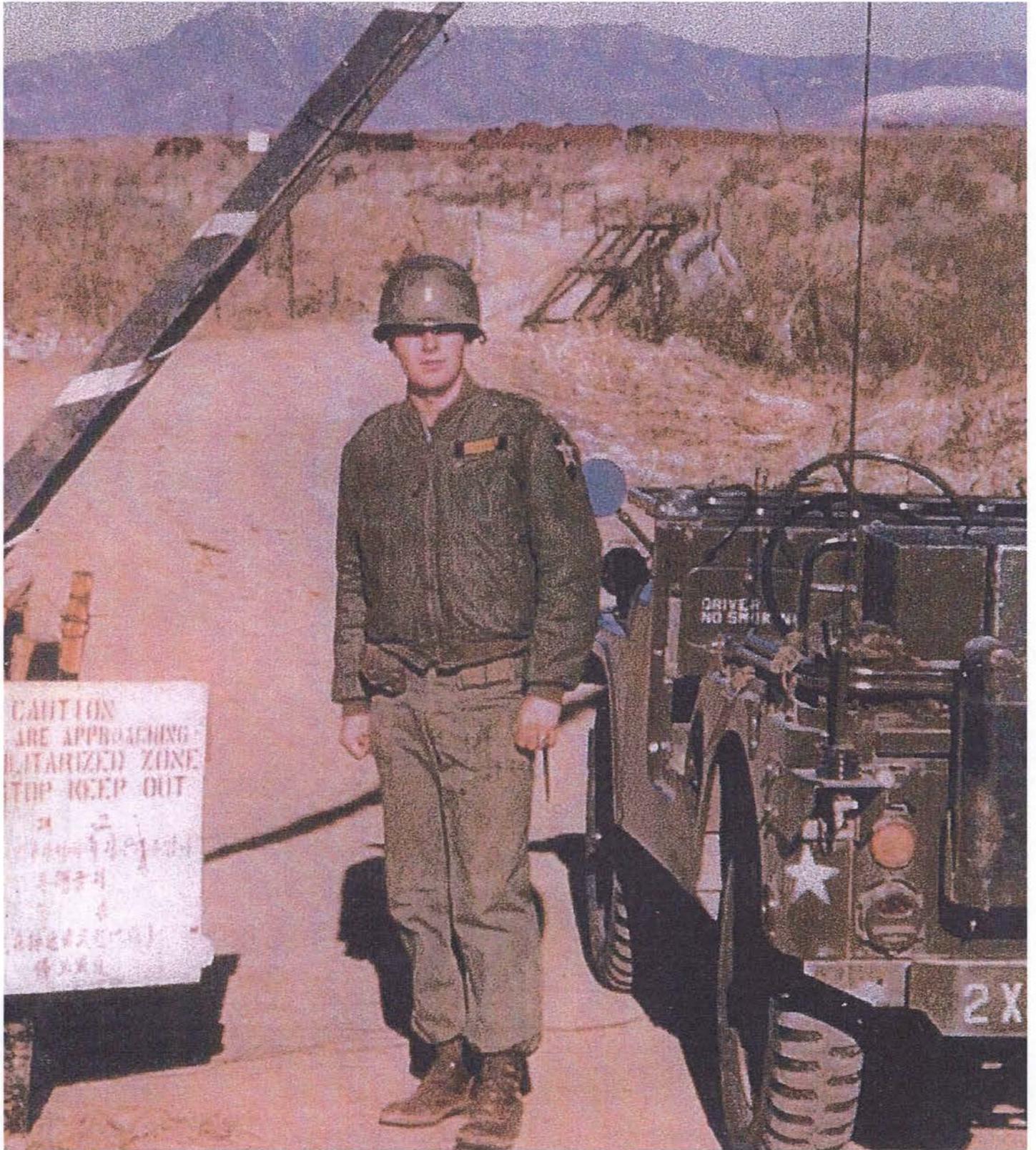
6. Senior, Beverly Hills School
Beverly Hills, California 1950



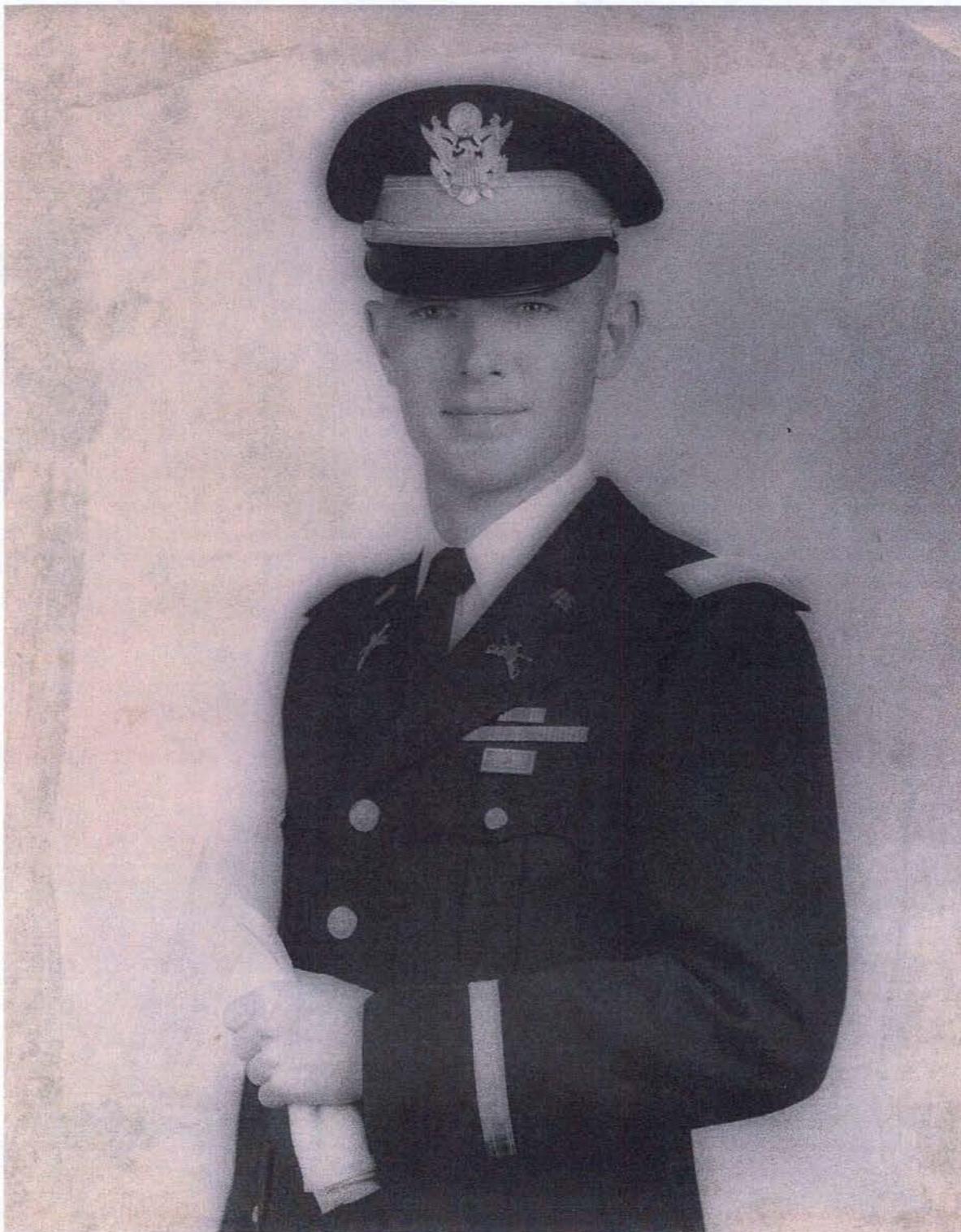
7. Commissioned 2nd Lt. Armor
31 January 1953, Fort Knox, KY
21 Years Old



8. Regimental Officer of the Day, C Troop, 1st Squadron, 11th Armored Cavalry
Fort Carson, Colorado 1953



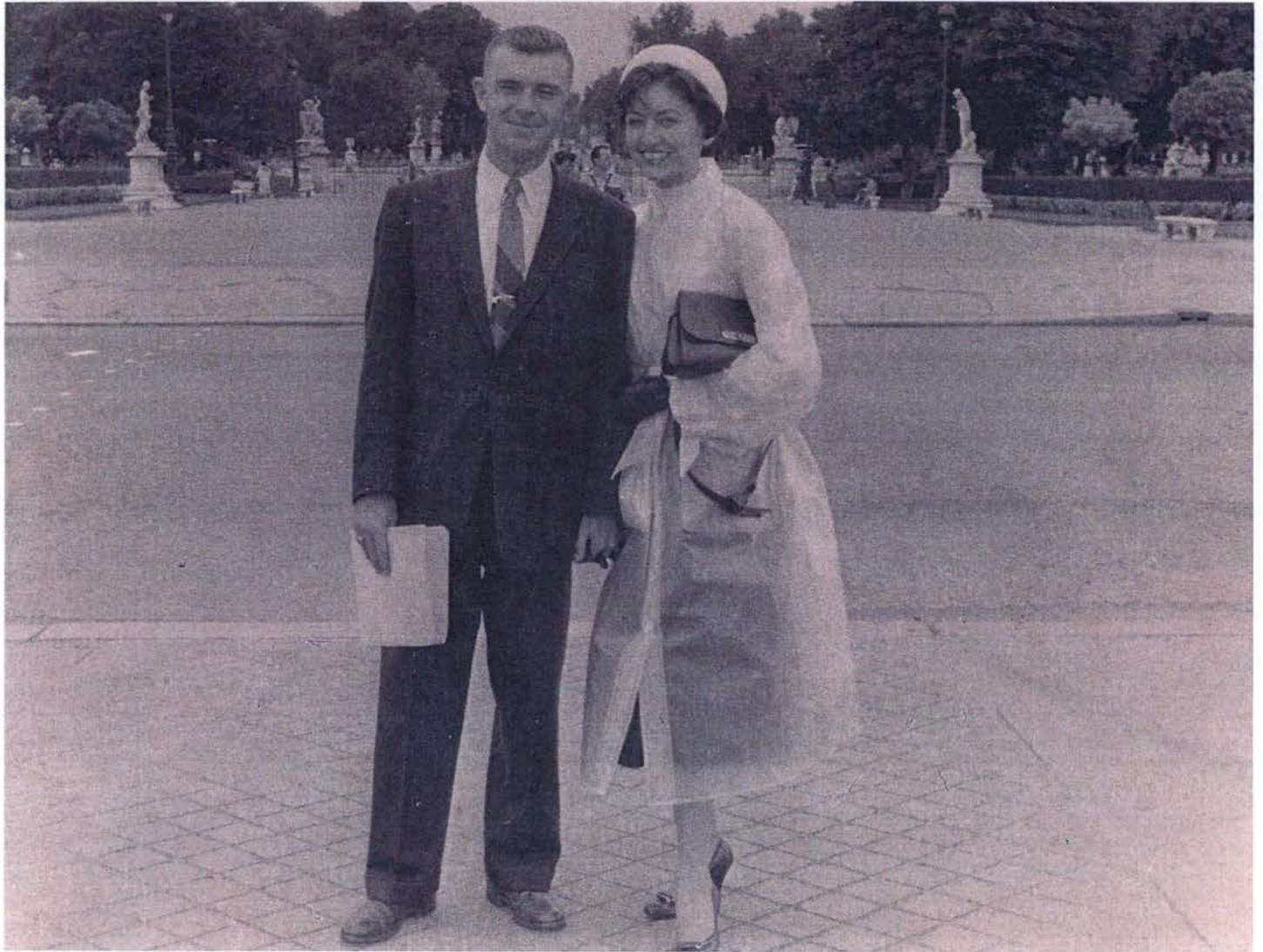
9. On the DMZ Chorwon Valley, Korea
1st Platoon, 2nd Recon Company, 2nd Infantry Division, 1954



10. Senior TAC Officer, Armored Officer Basic Course
The Armor School, Fort Knox, KY 1955



11. Jo Kiser born Alice, Texas 30 August, 1930
Graduate of Baylor School of Nursing



12. Burt and Jo getting to know each other in Paris, France 1956



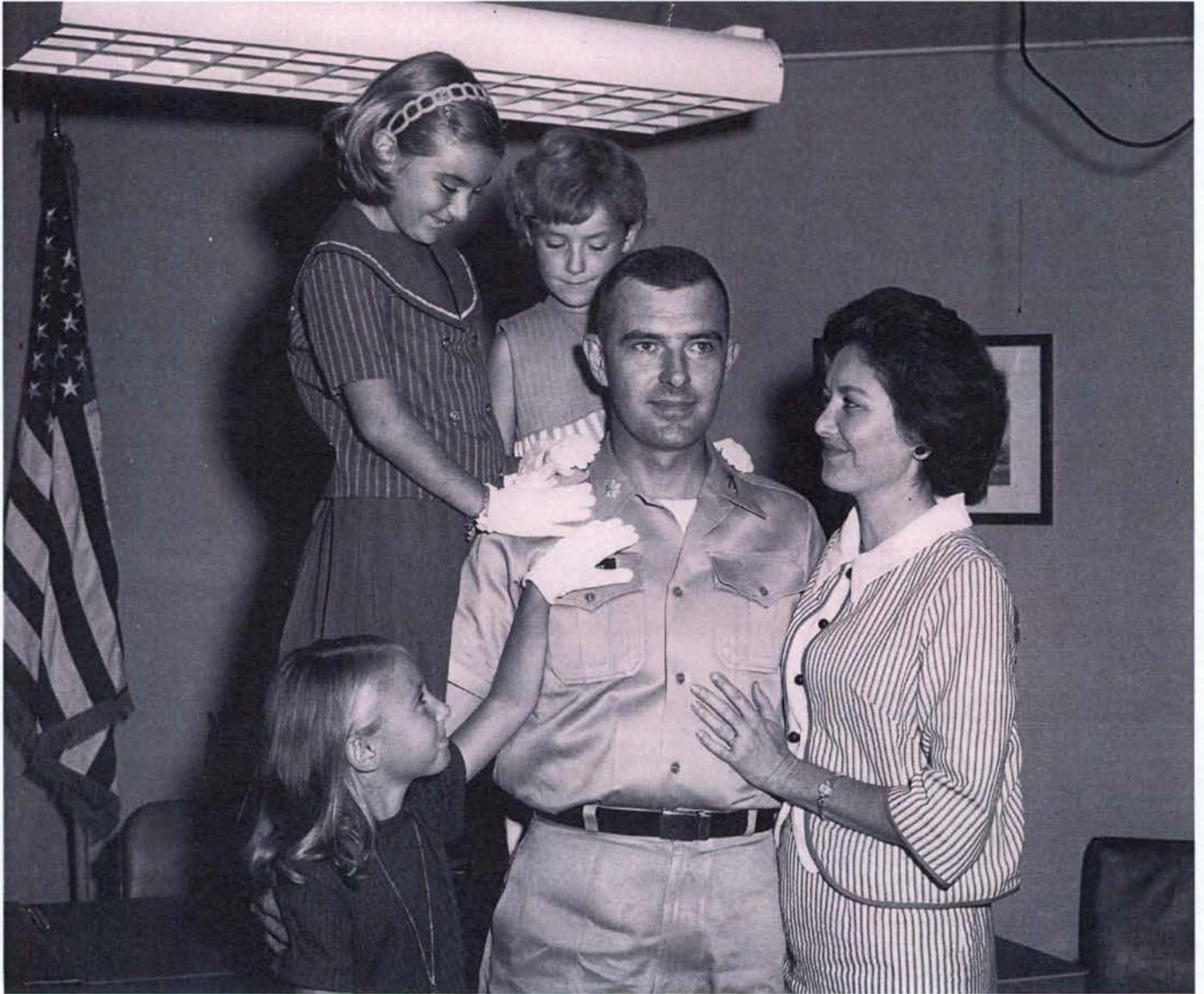
13. Wedding at Leipheim, Germany, 12 April, 1957
41st Tank Battalion, 8th Infantry Division



14. Commanding Officer, C Troop, 8th US Cavalry Squadron
Coleman Barracks Mannheim, Germany, 1958



15. Major Boudinot and his 1895 Krupp Cannon
Sinop, Turkey 1964



16. Promotion to Lt. Col. at Combat Developments Armor Agency
September 1967



17. Family photo before departure for Vietnam, Spring 1968
Front: Jeannie 7, Left: Brigitte 9, Right: René 10



18. My Advisory Team 1969
1st Armored Cavalry Brigade, Army of Republic of Vietnam



19. Brigade Commander Lt. Col. Ding (38) and Lt. Col. Boudinot (38) Advisor
1969 (Ding Kin 1972)



20. Commanding Officer, 6th Recon Squadron, 1st Brigade
Armor Training Center, Fort Knox, KY 1969-71



21. Chief of Armor Tests, US Armor and Engineer Board
Fort Knox, KY 1973



22. Lt. Colonel and Mrs. (Lolita) T.E. Boudinot
Brick Mess, Fort Knox, KY, 1940



23. Lt. Colonel and Mrs. (Jo) B.S. Boudinot
Brick Mess, Fort Knox, KY, 1975



24. Family photo for United Services Planning Association, 1978
(Top to bottom) Jeannie, Brigitte, Renéé
(Note horn-rimmed glasses)



25. Jo's 50th Birthday
August 1980



26. Christmas 1986
My favorite photo of Jo and I



27. Daughter Dorothy (Dotty) Boudinot Dawson with husband David 1988



28. Immediate Family, Dedication of "Tribute to Armor Soldier"
City Hall, Radcliff, KY, May 5, 1992



29. Award of the "Golden Order of St. George"
to me by Maj. Gen. Robert Baer, President, United States Armor Association
May 1993



Lieutenant Colonel Burton S. Boudinot
Gold Medalion, Order of St. George

Burton (Bert) Boudinot was born on 14 August 1921 at Fort Stock, Houston, Texas, the son of Captain and Mrs. Thomas E. Boudinot. While attending school, he enlisted in the Army on 18 January 1940. Graduating from Army ROTC at Fort Stock, Houston, on 31 January 1943, Boudinot served briefly with the 116th Airborne Company at Fort Carson, then with the 3d Cavalry Group, 24 Infantry Division, in Korea, Army Forces. He became a TAC Officer for the ROTC students at the Army School, then served as a scout platoon leader with the 47th Tank Battalion in Germany. While with the 3d Cavalry, 8th U.S. Cavalry in Germany he earned an infantry badge, three platoon officer (SG A) and U. S. Army Instructor.

Returning to the States in 1953, he served as a non-rated instructor at the Department of Tourism, U.S. Army Reserve Station, Fort Rucker, Alabama, obtained the Bachelor's Degree in 1955, and in 1957, Boudinot was assigned as a General Staff Officer with the 3d Armored Division, Fort Hood, Texas. He continued his education with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Military Science from the University of Oklahoma in Okmulgee.

Returning to 1959 and in Army Detachment in Korea, Korea. Boudinot returned to Fort Stock and was assigned to the Combat Development Command, Army Agency, 6, 1960, graduate from the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Boudinot then served with U.S. MACV in Vietnam. In early 1966, he was assigned as Sector Advisor to the 1st Vietnamese Cavalry Group.

Upon returning to the States he took command of the 5th Recon Squadron at Fort Stock, and in 1971, he became an ROTC Development Operations Officer at the Army Post Exchange. In 1972, he was selected to serve on the South Korea, Fort Stock. He then returned to the Army and became Scout and Sniper Platoon Chief of 1st Cavalry Division. In 1974, he returned to the Army with 28 years service in Korea, Germany, Korea, the Land of the Rising Sun with our old friend, Montserrat, British Guiana, Army Communications School with First and Second Divisions, Vietnamese Army Staff and Chief of Staff.

He has received 12 commendation points at the Executive Council of the U.S. Army Association. In 1982, he received the Silver Medalion of the Order of St. George. In 1984, he received a lifetime that was dedicated to the 100th Anniversary in 1984 of the "The Order of the American Soldier."

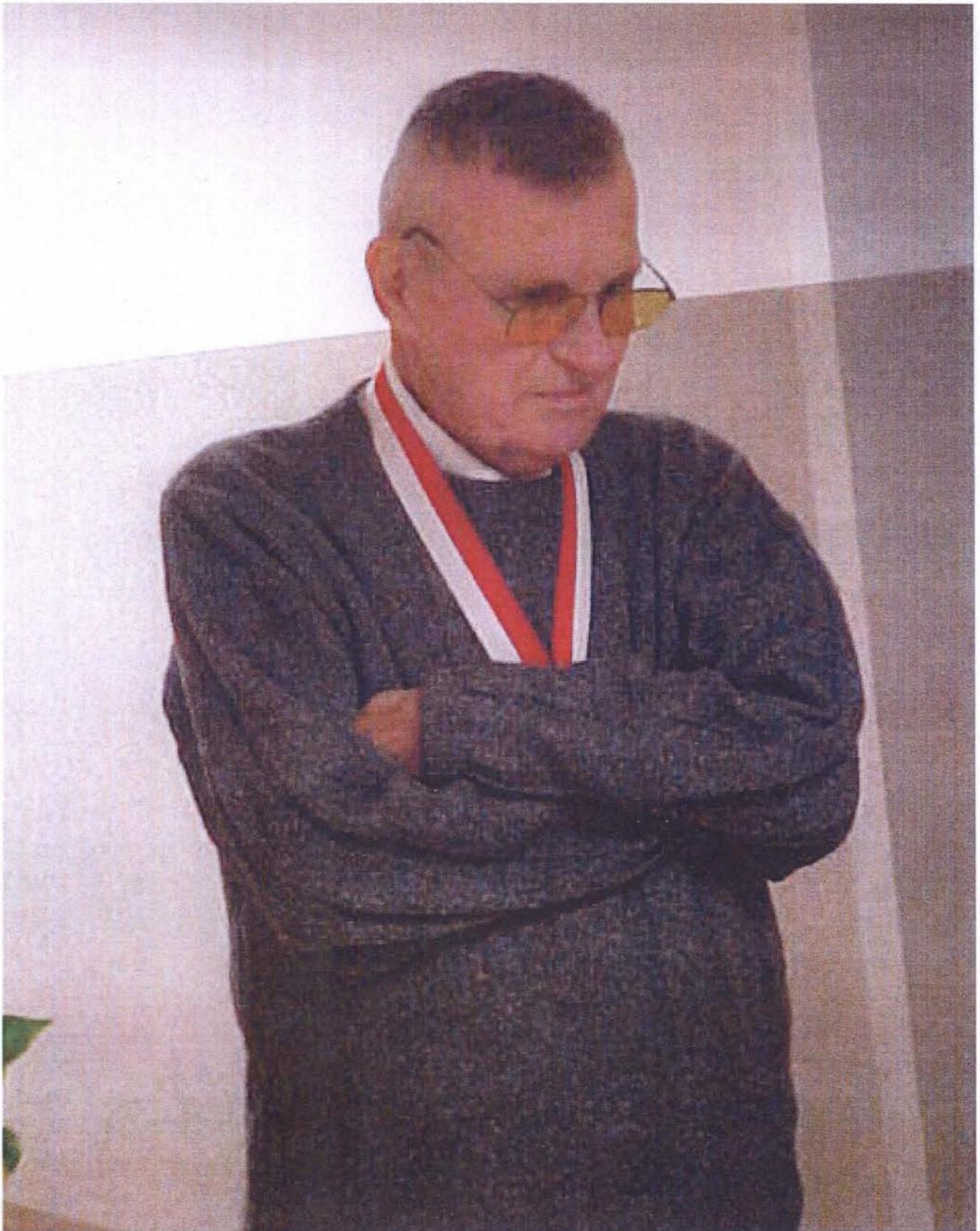
30. Portrait that hangs in Boudinot Hall with other Knights of the "Golden Order of St. George" 2004



31. Burt Boudinot and family in a sardine can
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas 1996



32. Jo, her big greenhouse and 450 award winning orchids, 2003



33. I was very fortunate and blessed in this life. I do not know where I am going but I will take many fond memories with me.



Part XIV: Omaha

We had a nice Christmas at Fort Hood. It was hard to explain to the girls that they would not be seeing many of their things for a year. In early January I rented a bumper hitch for the 1963 Rambler and a U-Haul trailer that would hold what we were taking with us. I had never pulled a trailer before and was hoping the weather was going to be kind to us. We loaded up and headed out for Omaha, Nebraska one sunny morning in January. Jo acted like this was some kind of adventure. I wish I could have seen it that way. We spent two and one half days on the road. When we got to Wichita, Kansas, the weather started to get bad. First it was light snow, then by Kansas City it was like a blizzard. We stayed the night. The tension of pulling a trailer in the snow made my neck stiff as a board. It took almost the whole next day to get to Omaha. After I signed in at the housing complex main office, we found our apartment and started unloading the car and trailer while it was snowing. Jo tied a diaper around her head to keep her ears warm. There were six to eight inches of snow on the ground and the girls thought this white stuff was great and loved to play in it.

The Army had given me twelve calendar months to obtain a degree. I would receive only pay and allowances but no funds for tuition and books. Years later, this was changed and tuition and books were paid for by the government. Most officers were getting a Bachelor of Education in six months. Since I had a year, I asked if I could get a Bachelor of Science Degree (BS). I do not know why I did that because a BS requires a lot of math and science and I was not good at these. There must be Guardian Angels, because my BS later got me into the Army's Research and Development Program, which later got me some good paying jobs with Defense Industry. 1963 was to include advanced algebra, trig, motion and time, surveying, and so on. There were so many times, I ask myself, why did we have to make this year so tough; I had to study long and hard. A liberal arts degree would be fine I thought then.

In the apartment, we were doing the best we could; I made Jeannie a high chair out of an orange crate. Jo borrowed some wire milk baskets from the local market and made book cases and toy boxes. We had some woodcut to order and fabricated a bench for the living room. We called its style "Early American Boudinot". We bought some used plastic and metal chairs that were so uncomfortable; you could not sit in them. We got a

small desk and other pieces from an unfinished furniture store. Today these pieces are still with us in my workroom in the basement. After the first three or four months, Jo and I were finding it very hard financial. We were eating all right-not fancy but healthy. We had no extra cash so Jo cut my hair and I helped her with hers. We did not go out to eat or go to the movies. The girls were good troopers and did not act like they were being denied anything. I wrote Mother and told her I really needed a couple of thousand to help get us through the year. I thought about asking General Newton because ten years before, he said he would help me if I went back to school. Mother wrote back and said she could not help. Jo did not want us obligated to anybody, so she decided to go back to work. She got a nursing position at Bishop Memorial Hospital in Omaha. She tried to get her hours worked out so that I was home with the girls. Most of the time, it worked out pretty well. It did not take long before we noticed the difference that Jo's income made. We had steak at least twice a month. Reneé was in Kindergarten, and Jo did not want Brigi's smart little mind to go unchallenged so she put her in Mr.'s Brown Preschool. We could not have afforded that if Jo had not been working. One thing nice was we did not have any medical expenses. The people at the Offutt Air Force Base Hospital treated the Army people extremely well. We made good use of the Base Commissary also.

A comment here, in 1969, on her way home from Hawaii on R&R with me, Jo warned me that Mother was going mentally down hill fast. Later, in checking her finances back to 1963, I found she did have several thousand dollars she could have given or loaned us. She was using the interest from a Trust that Dad had set up in 1940 to pay her annual property tax. This was how she was able to stay in Beverly Hills for so long which was not a blessing. She should have sold her home and moved to Distaff Hall in Washington D.C. on her 65th birthday. Back to 1963 in Omaha. By summer, I was struggling with my courses. I was tired and it was so hot without air conditioning or even a fan. We did not have a shower so Jo would put the girls in the tub and let them play for an hour or more. I kept a wet towel around my neck when I was studying. I had not realized that 43 semester hours in twelve months was a very heavy load. Jo felt for me but she kept telling me that if I wanted to be a colonel someday, that with a BS degree, other doors would open to me also. She was right.

It was not a fun year but there were moments of humor. One day I was home when a census or survey person came to the door. He wanted to ask me a few questions. I told him when asked, that I was a captain in the army. The fellow asked what my annual income was as he looked at

the austerity of the living room. I told him that I was in school and that we had beautiful furniture in storage. I do not think he believed me and probably did not think I was a captain either. He just got up and left. One day, the Petersens called from somewhere and said they would be in Omaha in a few days, we asked them to dinner. Jo, for some reason, like to experiment on guests. She bought a ham and covered it with a bourbon gelatin. About an hour before the Petersens came for dinner, we looked at the ham wearing a bourbon skullcap. It did not look edible. I peeled the skullcap off and Jo covered the ham with an orange and honey glaze and put in the oven and we had a wonderful dinner with good friends. In my last semester, I was offered an elective for three credit hours. I wanted to do some sculpturing but there were four other courses required before I could take it. So I took Life Drawing. Drawing nude women was not my bag but after a few weeks, I was committed. The instructor was weird and queer and I did not care for him. He could not understand how I could draw or paint with both hands at the same time. Anyway, one day we were suppose to be doing a collage. He would not let me into the room because I had forgotten my construction paper. I went to the bookstore and bought some and he let me in. I was pissed. I started tearing and gluing. After a couple of hours, Fruit Boots came up behind me, threw his hands to his face and said, "Magnificent". I got an A on it and it was displayed in the hall. This great piece of work was later known in our family as "Naked Jane".

In October, I received a letter from Branch wanting to know the date of my graduation. They wanted to send me to Southeast Asia as an Armor Advisor to a place called Vietnam. Jo did not know whether to be upset or not because there was not much news of what was going in Vietnam in 1963. In November, President Kennedy was assassinated and that messed up everybody's life for a while. I just wanted to get out of school because I was about burned out. I thought many times that I sure had picked the hard way to get a degree. One day, one of my Army classmates said the new Majors List was out but it would not be in Army Times until the next week. I called Branch from a pay telephone. Yes, I was going to be a Major. Jo and I went out to a German Cafe for drinks and dinner. I had more drinks then dinner but I was happy. Jo had tears in her eyes. I think she was proud of me!

In early December I received a Telegram at home, which read, "BOUDINOT WILL NOT PROCEED TO SEA (Southeast Asia) STOP. BOUDINOT WILL PRECEDE TO TUSLOG DET FOUR APO 09099,

MARCH 1964, UNACCOMPANIED, STOP. NOTIFY BRANCH ADDRESS FOR ORDERS, LEAVE AUTHORIZED, STOP". I soon found out, this meant Turkey but at the time, that is all I found out. I had to get orders so we could get the stuff we had with us and the stuff in storage moved to where ever Jo wanted to go. Jo said she might want to stay in Omaha and we even looked around, but she decided to go back to Alice so she and the girls would be near family. I had no idea of what the Army had in store for me but I was not comfortable with my pending orders. Jo and decided to have as nice a Christmas as we could. I was told I would graduate with a BS degree in Military Science on 16 January 1964. There two things I remember about that Christmas. Reneé was having no trouble riding her little bicycle; the training wheels were off the second day we bought it. It was different for Brigitte because she was having a hard time learning to balance. We decided to get a small chain driven four-wheeled machine called a Scat Car. At about nine PM Christmas Eve, I opened the shipping box. There must have been 250 parts. After three hours and much profanity, I finished it. Then Jo brought out the Magpower House. It had to be assembled to include wallpaper and hinged doors plus punch out cardboard furniture and assembled. We finished at two in the morning. The girls were happy with what they received and we all enjoyed the Scat Car.

On 16 January 1964, I completed a milestone in my life. I received a college degree that I had been harassed about for ten years! I cannot say that I was not proud of myself but the past year had been hard on my family and me. Thanks to Jo, her income and support of me when we were about broke helped us to get through the year. After graduation, the movers came and packed up our household goods. Jo had put all the wire milk baskets back behind the store where she had borrowed them. We loaded up in the Rambler, waved bye-bye to Omaha and headed for Alice, Texas. We had no savings and I took the last \$200 out of our checking account for the trip. Not a very good financial profile for an officer with over ten years of service.

Part XV: Turkey

We rented a small house in Alice about two miles from Jo's parents' house. I think it was on Roosevelt Street. Jo's brother, George, and his family also lived in Alice at the time. George was in the jewelry and watch business. Jo's Dad, Hiram Kiser had once been in the lumber business in Alice but went into the jewelry business in the 1930s. Jo's sister Ree, (not a blood sister), and her family lived near by. This is where I was to leave Jo and the girls for a year. The girls were happy to see all of their toys and our furniture. I hoped that life would be a little more stable for them. I flew out to California to see Mother. It was not very pleasant trip because I could not hide my disappointment that she did nothing to help us get through a very rough year in school. She once thought it was very important that I attend West Point but the fact that I had just received a college degree had little or no impact. I tried to get a hold of Gloria but nobody knew where she was, then I went back to Texas.

Now, I am going to relate a very interesting story that is too strange to be fiction. My orders authorized me to get commercial airline tickets from San Antonio to Chicago and then on to Istanbul, Turkey. I was to report to the airport Military Liaison Office in Chicago. It seemed to me that I should attend Turkish Charm School or some course before going, but, when I called Branch, they said what happen to me was not in their hands; weird! After 30 days leave, Jo and I drove to the airport in San Antonio. We were both tense because we had no idea where I was going in Turkey or what I was going to do there. When I arrived in Chicago, I went to the Military Liaison Desk and reported in. I was told I would be paged. My layover was four hours. In about two hours, I was paged and a man in a civilian suit asked to see my orders and ID card. He told me that when I arrived in Istanbul and after I had cleared Customs, to go to the fountain in the lobby and take my cap off. A man in a trench coat would approach me with a red scarf around his neck. He would give me further instructions. I was getting worried; what was I being set up for? I hated Spooks.

We took about 1930 in a 707 for the transatlantic flight. The weather was very rough and we bounced all over the black sky. I thought, I am in for a long unpleasant ride and I hate this. I tried to read and rest. Early in the morning I noticed people standing and looking out the starboard windows. When I looked out, the outboard jet engine was gone from its pylon;

numerous cables were hanging out in the air. Since it was getting light, the captain came on and told us that about six hours out, an engine had been torn loose and fallen from the aircraft but that our landing in London would be uneventful. It was however there were many emergency vehicles around the plane when it parked. I then got on another 707 and went to Vienna, Austria and on to Istanbul in a snowstorm.

When I arrived in Istanbul, I did my act and an American came up to me and asked for my orders and ID. He handed me an envelope and told me not to open it until I arrived at my destination in Ankara. I was booked out on a flight at 2000 hours and was told someone at the airport would meet me. I was hungry but sick of my stomach. This was the first time since Korea that I had the "PCS blues" so bad. I wanted to go home. I took off for Ankara in a THY (Turkish Airlines) Fokker 127 Turboprop. The ride was bumpy and I could see nothing out the window. When I arrived in Ankara, I was met by a person who said he was Sergeant somebody. He was to drive me to the Liaison Office of TUSLOG DET 4 in Ankara. Off we went in a black Ford van. He would not or could not answer any of my questions. It was serious dark; we drove by a huge statue of Ataturk (Turkish Hero) on horseback. Two bodies were hanging by the neck from the horses' head. The city was under martial law because a few days before some dissident elements had tried to take a government radio station. There were military patrols on the streets. We turned into a narrow driveway that sloped down to a garage door. The sergeant got out of the van and rolled up the door and then drove it in. We went upstairs where there were two bedrooms, a bath, a kitchen, and a so-called living room. It was really an office with a desk and a radio transmitter. No one was there. The sergeant told me someone would be around in the morning. He said there was food and beer in the refrigerator. He then bid me goodnight and left on foot. Talk about being alone on a desert island. I felt very much alone. Where the hell was I?

I opened the envelope I had been given. In essence, the Commanding General of the Army Security Agency was concerned over the lack of discipline and training at numerous ASA stations throughout the world. He had asked the Army Chief of Staff for line officers, as S-3's to help bring his units up to standard. A separate letter had been sent to each installation commander to cooperate with the new S-3 or else. If I met strong resistance or was threatened in any way, I was to notify a Major Martin in Frankfurt, Germany by personal letter. An enclosure gave me the

authority to arrest any officer, NCO, or enlisted man I suspected of wrongdoing. Further, I was being processed for a CRYPTO clearance. This clearly explained why I went to Turkey instead of Vietnam. I was an army brat; my father was a General. Both sides of my family were all-American. I'm sure my name popped up quickly. Well, after reading the letter, I felt a little better and not so abandoned. I had a couple of shots of some gin I had found and went to sleep mentally exhausted. The next morning, another sergeant came in and introduced himself. He was very friendly and asked if I needed anything. I told him I wanted to send a wire to my wife. He took me to a beautiful hotel owned by Air France. Jo did not get the telegram for seven days. She was worried. The sergeant told me I would fly out in the afternoon by THY to Trapsun on the Black Sea coast. There I would be picked up by an Army aircraft and be flown to Sinop, my new assignment.

I flew out" on a Fokker 127 twin turboprop. As we flew north, I had not realized how rugged Turkey was. It seemed like the mountains were endless. I thought, if a plane went down, it might never be found. I learned later, that I made a true assessment. The young Turkish hostess offered us tea and a cake like thing. The man next to me spoke some English and I told him I thought the pilots looked like military officers. He said THY was a national airline and its planes were flown by Turkish Air Force Officers, interesting! We flew out over the Black Sea and started down to land at Trapsun. There were fishing boats everywhere. The town looked too small to rate an airport. As we taxied, I saw an aircraft with US Army marking on it parked on the ramp. I liked that! Warrant Officer A Johnnie Wooten met me. He was the pilot. A couple of enlisted men took four or five sacks from the Fokker and put them in the "Otter". The Otter was a big single engine high wing aircraft that could carry eight people. Made in Canada, it looked like a glider with an engine, the wings were huge. Chief Wooten explained to me that weather permitting; a plane came every weekday from Sinop to pick up the mail, people, and whatever. He asked if I wanted to sit in the co-pilot's seat. He asks if I felt like I was on another planet. I said yes I did. As we took off, Chief Wooten welcomed me to never-never land. We flew along the coast at about 90 miles-per-hour at 1000 feet. The water and beaches were beautiful. There was water buffalo, camels, and donkeys below and lots sea birds. The small villages had few people and rings of wood smoke around the houses. I did feel like I was passing through the twilight zone into another time. I wondered if I would ever see home again.

Sinop sits on a peninsula that juts out into the Black Sea. It is a very

old town and still has ruins of a Roman Fortress. The American compound was on the point of the peninsula 324 feet above the sea. The army airfield was on the mainland; meaning you had to go through Sinop to get to the installation. This base had a secret mission. It was manned by 27 officers, mostly Military Intelligence type, and 400 NCOs and enlisted men. There were a number of civilian contractors who took care of the heating plant, water and sewer, vehicle maintenance, and food service. Only civilian foreman were allowed in the Officers Club. Most of the buildings were of a permanent type. There was an under ground bunker that I was never allowed to enter. The installation was designed to be a home away from home, but no women were allowed to visit.

What did I learn in a few weeks? That I was not only the S-3 but also the Provost Marshall with 16 military police soldiers assigned to me. I was the Turkish-American Affairs Officer. I was to deal with the Red Crescent, local police etc. There was no internal guard security at night. I changed that. There was a Turkish Marine Detachment that guarded outside the fence. I put a Turkish and American guard at the front gate. The Turkish Guard Commander, a Captain Shashegan, and I became friends. I also made him a member of the Officers Club and gave his men a ration of tea and sugar every week. I learned there was no US Army physical training (PT) program. I changed that! I found that the carbines in the arms room still had Cosmoline on them and had never been fired. I changed that! There was no Alert Plan to defend the Installation. I changed that! Even so, I think that 50 Soviet Commandos could have taken the compound in twenty minutes. I found that enlisted men were wearing low quarters and white socks with their fatigues. I changed that! NCOs were addressing officers by their first name. I had an Officers' Call on that subject. I learned that the Detachment Commander, a LTC had \$3000 in gambling debts to his junior officers. I reported that by back channel and he was gone in a month. I found officers drinking at the bar at 1500. I set up PT for 1630 on weekdays and the bar opened at 1730. Dinner was from 1800 to 1930. The bar closed at 2200. I was promoted to major on 27 April 1964 with little ceremony. The aviators, the engineer and quartermaster officers liked me. The intelligence officers thought I was dangerous! One evening, someone stuck a skull and crossbones flag to my door with a cheap Turkish dagger. When I found out who did it, I waited until one evening when he was playing poker in his room with three other officers. I threw open his door and tossed in a lit M-80 military firecracker. I did call out, "Heads up." The firecracker went BAM!! It took twenty minutes for the room to clear of blue

smoke. I was never bothered by symbols again.

The new detachment commander, a LTC, had been an infantry officer during WW II and Korea. He lost some of his left foot in Korea and as he got older he was transferred to Intelligence. He understood what my mission was and backed me almost 100%. I think he liked me. We had a small rifle range built and he helped me develop a defense plan. I conducted at least three early morning alerts during my tour. They all went off badly. I wrote up an Evacuation Plan in the event the base had to be vacated due to world affairs. The Air Force said they could not help us because the airfield was too short. I asked for funds to make it longer because the Navy did not have any ships in the Black Sea. We would have to walk out over the mountains. That meant we would be subject to attack by Kurdish bandits.

The LTC started something that really helped the officers' morale. On Friday evening, we all had to dress up in coat and tie for a dining in. There were toasts and story telling and sometimes guest speakers. It made for a more genteel group. The LTC stayed to himself a lot and would often call me to his office or quarters for advice on military affairs. He ignored his Executive Officer (XO), which was a problem for me at times. A Turkish fellow by the name of Habesh had our garbage contract. He had one of the biggest power boats in Sinop and I wanted the officers and men to be able to use it for fishing trips--on different days of course. I liked Habesh, and made him a member of the Officers Club. The XO frowned on this but was over ruled. Hahash was so likeable he was soon one of the boys and was often arm wrestling champ of the week. We had some wonderful fishing trips and parties on his boat.

Being the Turkish-American Affairs Officer was an interesting and challenging experience. I went to a couple of weddings, saw a nine year old boy circumcised, observed while a man had two fingers chopped off, and watched a man being hung. The Turks use a three-pole system. After the rope is put around the neck, a stool is kicked out from under the feet and the person turns around and around until he strangles to death. I went to a building dedication where a lamb's throat was cut and the blood poured into wet cement. I had to go to go to a lot of functions and ceremonies where you ate sheep testicles, buffalo tongue, shark steak and lord knows what else. Our surgeon told me to always drink alcohol before I ate anything to keep from getting the Turkey Trots. It worked most of the time.

Turkish men are very macho and personal bravery is highly respected. The Turkish Militia Commander, a colonel, wanted my LTC to go boar hunting with him. I told my LTC that to turn him down would be an insult and show that Americans are "candy asses". Boar hunting in Turkey is done on foot with a 10-foot sharpened wooden pole. The XO brought along a 30-caliber carbine to protect our commander. I told him if he shot a 400-pound boar with it, he would think he been ran over by a freight train. We had been moving through the brush for about four hours. It was hot and dusty and my LTC was putting up a good front, but he was tired and hurting. About eight of us were standing in a small clearing leaning on our poles when one of the brush beaters called out that there were animals in the area. The hardened Turkish and American soldiers took up a perimeter defense. In a few minutes, there was the sound of snorting and trampled brush. When a big boar broke into the clearing at a run, some warriors dropped their poles, Turks jumped behind Americans, Americans jumped behind Turks! The big guy was gone in a flash and I did not witness any brave men that day. We headed back for the road dragging our poles. Boar hunting was never mentioned again by anybody during my tour.

As the Turkish-American Officer I was supposed to maintain good relations. As the Provost Marshall, I was supposed to maintain the peace. In Sinop Province, there was a basic rule that haunted me during my whole tour. It simply said that no American soldier would fraternize with a Turkish female under the age of twenty. The punishment could be five years in a Turkish prison. I was told that after five years in a Turkish prison, there was only a 30% chance that one would walk out alive. All US personnel were briefed on arrival and a special formation was held once a month to discuss the rule. Now it just so happened that 'the Turkish Government had completed a Province Teachers College in Sinop the year before I got there. It was two kilometers from our compound and had over 300 females from age 16 to 20. There had been no reported incidents but I knew the American soldiers behavior—especially when he is denied female companionship. I felt we were sitting on a powder keg. I will say that the officers and enlisted men of the ASA by the nature of their business had very high IQ's. Maybe they understood the Turks were serious about their young women. Well, as it turns out, I was at a function one evening at the Sinop Governor's house and was introduced to the Head Mistress of the Teacher's College. She was an attractive woman of about 40 with garlic breath. She said she understood that I had been helping the local Boy's

Orphanage by providing the staff with Bacitracin Ointment. This was true. Somebody had told me that most of the boys had Infantigo, a skin rash. I took the dentist and 48 tubes of ointment to the orphanage. The dentist later brought 10 or more boys up to the compound to work on their teeth and he told me the skin problem was clearing up nicely. The Head Mistress said her girls did not have enough soap or shampoo because the Government did not provide enough. I got her message and later talked to the col. and S-4. Before long, I was on my way to Teacher's College with 4 cases of Northern toilet paper (192 rolls), 144 bars of Lifebouy soap, and 96 bottles of Prell hair shampoo. I was well received. When I observed some of the young women, I was astonished that most had a wholesome natural beauty. I knew for sure that this must be kept a secret from the American soldier. I told the Head Mistress that the girls should not wear western cloths on the streets of Sinop. They should never talk to American soldiers or wave to them and I explained why. She said she understood. After some months, the Turkish Guard Commander brought me a message from her sayings the girls were getting low on supplies and needed other "things". I could not get Kotex through our system because there were no assigned females. The S-4 had already been questioned by Ankara about the amount of soap and shampoo our troops were using. When I arrived back at the college with new supplies, the girls came out onto their balconies and cheered and waved me in. When the Head Mistress came out, there was silence. She asked me to stay for dinner and listen to the girls sing. I told her I had to get back because I had guard duty, that's the only excuse I could think of.

Sometimes it was difficult to know where my jobs as S-3, Turkish-American Affairs, and Provost Marshall left off or crossed over. One day one of the MP's at the gate called me and said the Turkish Guard had just apprehended the Turkish garbage truck driver because he had 53 cup cakes in the cab of his truck and the Sinop Police were on the way up to pick the driver up. I could not talk the police out of the arrest. I learned later that the cooks had put a tray of stale cup cakes on top of the screened pan drying rack at the central enlisted mess hall. The cup cakes had been there for three days and nobody had put them in the garbage. Further, nobody remembered if the driver had asked for them and nobody cared whether he had or had not because they were stale and considered garbage. The Turkish police did not feel the same. To them this poor fellow stole 53 cupcakes from an American installation. I went to see the Sinop Police Chief whom I had met several times at functions. In a movie, he would

have been perfectly cast as a Turkish police chief. He weighed about 200 pounds, was completely bald, and had a deep scar across his right cheek. I ask what he was going to do and he said the judge would probably order his right thumb be cut off and maybe his left too. I told him he was kidding me. He said he was not. About a week later, I told the State Prosecutor that the United States could not condone the loss of a man's thumb for 53 stale cup cakes that was considered garbage. He said the driver knew that no food should be in the cab with him and that the United States was a guest in Turkey. I went to the Governor and told him that 100 Turks worked on our installation and that the United States Army could not afford to employ them if they were to be severely punished by their own authorities if they made an honest mistake while working on the base. As result the driver's sentence was that he had to work 53 days without pay and he could not drive the garbage truck anymore. We gave him another job. Many Turks started calling me "Bimbashe", meaning leader of a thousand men. I liked it.

Shortly after I arrived at "Diogenes Station", that is what some people called the place; the Army initiated a landscaping contract with a Turkish firm. I wanted to put an old cannon between the Turkish and American flagpoles that were in front of the Headquarters building. I asked the Governor if I could borrow a muzzleloader from the City Park. He said all cannons belonged to the Government, getting a cannon was not going to be easy. In July, Habesh asked me why I wanted to buy a cannon. I told him that I did not want to buy a cannon; I wanted to borrow one and put it on the hill as a monument to Turkish-American unity. Habesh said he had not understood what I was trying to do. Living in Sinop all his life, Habesh took me to an old tool shed Behind City Hall. Under a pile of scrap limber, spiders' webs and weeds rested an old-field piece—a wheeled cannon. I immediately investigated its past. It was an 1886 German Krupp breech loading two-pounder. It had served in 'WW I with the Turkish Army. It again served with a horse drawn Artillery Division during the Turkish War of Independence in 1922-23. In the early 30's, the Government gave retired artillery pieces without charge to Sinop and other cities that had requested them for use during Ramadan. Ramadan is the 9th month of the Islamic calendar. Fasting is required throughout the month. A cannon is fired at sunrise to signify the time Moslems must stop eating and again at sunset to authorize eating until sunrise. When the old-field piece arrived in Sinop, it had no firing pin and there was no blank ammunition available for it. It was placed in a shed behind City Hall where it had been for over 30 years when

Habesh and I came upon it. At the next social function, I ask the Governor if I could borrow it. He told me to ask the Mayor. I asked him and he said he would think about it. Frustrated, in September, I gave the Mayor a drawing of the cannon between the two flagpoles. In early October, he said I could have it but it must not leave Turkey. I got a group of sergeants together and we carefully excavated the cannon from its crypt. Suspended from an Army wrecker, we brought it back up the hill to our Maintenance Division. It was immediately dubbed by many as "Boudinot's Folly". The old piece was rusty and several spokes in the left wheel had rotted away. Yet, beneath its outward appearance the cannon still showed it was a beautifully machined piece of weaponry. I personally cleaned and oiled the breech mechanism until it worked as smooth as a sewing machine. I got more help than I needed. We sanded, scraped, steel woolled, and steam cleaned all of the exterior metal, then primed and painted with the Army's best paint. The rotten spokes were carefully reproduced by wood craftsmen in Sinop. In November, the shiny cannon was mounted on a new concrete pad in front of our Headquarters with its muzzle pointing out over the Black Sea toward Russia. In January, a brass plaque was placed alongside the cannon with the inscription, "Krupp Field Piece 1886 presented as a token of friendship from the City of Sinop to the Turkish-American Radar Station, October 1964". In February 1965, a dedication ceremony was held at the cannon. It was snowing, but everybody who was anybody was there.

There were two hairy events that could have meant real trouble in River City. Our soldiers were often told not to drink in public. However, one evening, a young American had a little too much Raki in Sinop and fell against a taxi that had a small Turkish flag in a bracket on the fender. The flag broke off and fell into the street. The soldier was immediately arrested by the Sinop police. The charge was "desecration of the symbol of Turkey". I tried everything, but I could not get this kid out of the Sinop jail. The Police Chief said he might get eight years after we came out of the first hearing. After two weeks, I told the colonel that the boy's health was in jeopardy because he could not live in such conditions. The colonel called JUSMAT in Ankara and in a few days the Chief of Police brought the soldier to the compound and told us to put him in house arrest until the trial. I found out through my intelligence network (Habesh) that the court planned to find the soldier guilty and then charge the U S Government a very large fine to keep him out of a Turkish prison. We put the kid into a mailbag, then into a 3/4 ton truck and drove him through Sinop to our airfield. From there, he was flown to Ankara and put on Pan Am One the next day for the States. When

the Chief of Police came up the hill about a week later to escort the soldier to his trial, I told him he was in the United States and I knew what the bastard State Prosecutor had planned! I told him that the Americans had a good relationship with the Turkish people; let's not spoil it. He said, "You Americans act dumb sometimes but I do not think you are". I bought the taxi driver a beautiful three by five foot Turkish flag. He tried to kiss my hand.

I missed Jo very much and I wanted her to see Turkey even if she could not come to Sinop. We discussed it in letters and she decided to come over for a visit. I made reservations for ten days at a hotel in Ankara. Well, about two weeks before Jo was to arrive, the Turks and the Greeks went at each other 'again on the island of Cypress. The dumb thing was that some high-powered American politician said the Turks ought to give Cypress to the Greeks. This was an age-old problem and the Americans in Turkey were in trouble. In Ankara, windows were broken at the US Travel Bureau and American Embassy. Turks threw eggs, tomatoes, and rocks at American cars. I had to wire Jo not to come. She had had her shots and had her passport. During this time, 300 Turks set up camp and blocked the road outside our gate to our compound. They chanted "Yankee go home" and threatened our lives. Personnel and mail could not be moved to and from the airfield. Our airplanes were flown to a US Air Force Base for safekeeping. I armed my sixteen MPs to the teeth and doubled the guards at the gate. I brought all the Turkish Marines into the compound and told "Shash" that I might need his help in protecting American lives. He said I could count on him and his men. We received a message from JUSMAT ordering that all Turkish military personnel on American installations would be disarmed. I told the CO that, at Sinop, I cannot obey that order because we may have to count on these Marines. The CO agreed. I did not arm any of the ASA types because I did not want one of them to do anything stupid. Of course, the personnel in the bunker were armed at all times. After four days the crowd outside the gate had grown. Tents had been pitched and there were several bonfires. The chanting continued. On the fifth morning, I got a call from the gate saying that I should come right away! I called "Shash" and told him to meet me there. The crowd of roughnecks had closed on the gate and was beating the fence with sticks. In trying to break the chain on the chain link gate they had broken the wrist of an MP, a 6-foot Tennessean. I ask "Shash" to do something before an American had to shot a Turk. He saluted and picked up the gate phone. In less then five minutes, coming from the top of the hill toward the gate at an airborne

shuffle, came a formation of 30 Turkish Marines. They had on pure white helmet liners with straps under the chin and were carrying Belgium FN automatic rifles at port arms. When they arrived at about 25 yards from the gate, they halted and "Shash" walked over to the Turkish sergeant. The sergeant then gave a command to fix bayonets; then another command put fifteen Marines in the kneeling position and fifteen Marines in the standing position behind them. Another command told the Marines to load their weapons. "Shash" walked over to me and asked me to please tell the MP's to open the gate. I asked him if he was sure he wanted to do that! He said to open the gate. As the MPs unlocked the chains and pulled open the fence, the shouting and chanting died down. Their captain commanded in Turkish, "Prepare to fire!" Well, I want to tell you, there were Turks falling all over each other trying to get out of the way. In a few minutes they were a half-mile down the hill. The Marines went through the gate and took sticks from the fires and set the tents a blaze. As this was going on, there were two loud explosions that almost knocked all of us to the ground; my knees were shaking badly. Then I realized what was happening. Two US Navy F-8 Crusaders had come in low over the water, then pulled up and kicked on their afterburners. It was enough to put nicotine stains in a man's drawers. The two aircraft came back over slowly with flaps down; they dipped their wing tips and few out to sea. I got tears in my eyes. Walking back up the hill, I ask "Shash" if he really would have fired into his own people. He smiled and said, "Only if they would have come inside the gate". I told him he was one tough professional soldier and I was proud to know him, he beamed. I never did find out why the Sinop police or the Turkish Militia did not try to quell the crowd and secure the road to our airfield. Things got back to normal in a short time.

Now for a nice story. One afternoon, our doctor called my office and said he had a young soldier whose appendix was going to rupture. He had learned that both of our airplanes were weathered in Ankara. He said he could not perform that kind of surgery and he did not think Doctor Orhann in Sinop should do it. He suggested I call the Air Force Base at Samsun. When I did, Operations told me that a C-130 was just departing for Istanbul. We would not be far out of the way and I asked for his Call Sign and frequency. Then I went to the radio room. I pressed the mike and said, "Air Force 4633, this is the US Army Radar Station at Sinop on your frek." Coming back was, "This is Air Force 4633, go ahead Sinop." I explained what the problem was. The pilot said he saw Sinop airfield on his charts; that he was carrying 8000 pounds of parts and supplies, but that he would

come down for a look-see. He was about twenty-five minutes out. We put the young soldier into an ambulance and raced off for the airfield. The C-130 came over at about 2,000 feet and our receiver announced, "Sinop, Air Force 4633, what do you fly off that strip, kites? How long is it"? Our Air Operations Sergeant told him it was 2,500 feet of tarmac and 200 feet of PLP. The pilot said he was going to make a low level run, and then he would come around and do a touch and go with the main gear; he might do that twice and then he would give us his decision. Turks were now gathering on the hillsides. These people of Sinop had never seen anything like this before. What a beautiful and graceful airplane as he brought it down for a touch and go. When he came around again, I could tell by the way the flaps were set; he was going to set it down. I got the tingles! The four big butter paddle props laid the grass flat along the strip and the sheep took to the hills. As the pilot turned the aircraft carefully around we drove out to meet it. While the doctor was putting the soldier on the plane, I went up to the cockpit to congratulate the crew. The pilot was about 30 and had a red baseball cap with his unit insignia on it. He said he was going to Ankara and that the Army General Hospital would be waiting at the field. I told the doctor to go with the soldier. He could come back on one of our airplanes. The pilot smiled at me and said, "Major, if I bust up this bird, the Army's going to pay for it". I thanked him very much for his courage. He feathered the props, pushed the four engines to 100% power, pulled full pitch on the blades and let off the brakes. Off the aircraft went like a bat out hell with four streams of black smoke trailing. "Air Force 4633 airborne out of Sinop. You all call again, you hear." The soldier recovered fully and was back on the hill in three weeks. I wrote the US Air Force in Turkey and told them that a C-130 could land in Sinop if evacuation of Americans was needed. I learned after I left that funds were granted for up to 1000 more feet of runway.

While at Fort Hood, I wrote a draft article as a result of the Cuban Crisis. Titled, "Fast Troops and "the Armored Combat Maneuver Vehicle". I put in my files, but, after President Kennedy was assassinated in 1964, I dusted the article off and sent it to Armor Magazine. It was published in the March-April 1964 issue while I was in Turkey. I received a letter via Mother's address from an engineer by the name of George Kennedy. He worked for Aerojet General and had designed a unique light armored vehicle. Interesting, it was a diesel electric hybrid. He was impressed with my article and hoped I would rise far enough in the Army to influence armored vehicle design. He made me feel very good. In October 1964,

Armor Branch wrote me and asked me what I wanted to do after the tour in Turkey. They said I would not be given another troop assignment for a while. I told them that I wanted Armor Combat Developments at Fort Knox. In January 1965, I received orders for CDC-Armor at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Before I close out my tour in Turkey, I want to relate one of the most frightening experiences of my life. I was within two weeks of going home and had never been to the Government Lighthouse on the cliffs. It was about two miles from our compound on the point of the peninsula. It was always in view when we were out on Habesh's boat. We often heard its foghorn, especially at night. Anyway, Bill Twitty said he would go with me. Bill weighted about 260 pounds. We went down this dirt road in an enclosed Jeep because it was cold and windy. We came upon a gate with a sign on it in Turkish. Bill opened the gate and we drove within 20 or 30 yards of the lighthouse to a locked gate. The lighthouse was huge maybe 80 feet in height. There were sheep grazing around its base but there were no other signs of life. We found this trail along the cliff that made me very nervous because it was 300 feet straight down to the rocks and the surging Black Sea. I did want, however, some good photographs of the lighthouse. Bill was somewhere behind me when I saw a flash of movement in the rocks ahead. Whatever it was, I knew it was not good and I started back down the trail. I did not see Bill. Suddenly, there was a huge dog on a rock ledge above the trail leading back to the Jeep. His upper lip was drawn back and he was snarling. As I continued down the trail, he crouched. Behind me was a 300-foot drop into the Black Sea. I was scared! I picked up a rock in each hand. If he attacked me we would probably go over the cliff together. If I attacked him he would probably rip me to shreds. I heard the dog let out a loud yelp and Bill calling for me to run for the Jeep. Bill had hit the dog in the side with a large well-thrown rock. As soon as we had closed the doors on the Jeep, the dog was tearing at the canvas with his teeth. He looked like a big wolf of 80 to 100 pounds and his collar had spikes around it. Soon, he was joined by another dog that tried to bite the tires. As we drove away, saliva was running down the Plexiglas windows like syrup. We later found out the sign we passed said in Turkish, "Warning!! Vicious Dogs. Stay in enclosed vehicle". When I got back to the BOQ, I was shaking. I thought, Father, you must have something else for me to do. Thanks.

The morning I went to the airfield to fly out for good, Captain Shashegan was there with ten of his Marines in their white helmets. I

thanked him for being such a good friend and soldier. He smiled and said, "Good-bye, Bimbashe." As we were taking off, I looked down at him and his men saluting me. Major Jim Moore, out liaison officer in Ankara was at the Officers Club the night before I left. The club in Ankara was at the top of a high hill or low mountain. When it was time for me to go to go down to my quarters, Jim said he would drive me home. When we got outside, there was Jim's Italian Moto Guzzi motorcycle. He said he was too drunk to drive. We got on this thing and went off down the hill. It was snowing and I rode the brakes. When they started to smell from the heat, Jim told me to gear down. I thought I was already in low gear. Down we went; I knew I would never see Jo or the girls again. When we got to the bottom, the motorcycle fell over and Jim laid in the icy street laughing. We went on to the TUSLOG office. There was a party going on and I found an American school teacher in what I thought was my bed. She was half bombed and I told her she was pretty and gave her to the crowd and closed the door. The next morning, I boarded Pam Am One for New York. I was going home in one piece.

Part XVI Back to Fort Knox

When I arrived in New York, there was a heavy snowstorm and all flights west had been canceled. Pam Am put me up in a hotel and I called Jo to tell her I would not be in until the next day. From room service, I ordered a BLT and a quart of chocolate milk. I promptly got the runs in the night. When I landed in Texas, René hung around my neck and Brigi patted me. Jeannie was a little shy at first. Jo was tan and looked good but maybe a little thin. After a week or so in Alice, the movers came and packed us up. Household goods went off to Fort Knox and the five of us drove off to California. Jo had installed an air conditioner in the car while I was in Turkey and it was great. We went to Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm. The girls had a wonderful time. Brigi was a little leery of going underwater in a submarine. Grandmother Lita loved showing her grandchildren off. Fletch and Elloner and Mother were very kind to Jo and the children. I had finely married the right girl. Jo said little about the antiques in the house. This was she and Renee's second trip to Mother's house. Off we went, back across the country and we were farther north because we were heading for Kentucky. We stopped one night after dark in Ashfork, Arizona. The next morning, after I was through shaving, I went outside and René was already cleaning out the car. She loved that job. The surrounding country was beautiful. Ashfork was a small western town at the base of the San Francisco Peaks. The peaks were snow covered. I thought it would be nice to own some of this land. In 1966, I bought two acres located just north of Ashfork. In 2007, we have the deed for it and I pay taxes on it, but it still has no real estate value. It will go to Brigitte when I am gone.

When we arrived at Fort Knox on April 15th, 1965, we stayed in Major Jim Petersen's quarters in the Van Voorhis Housing Area. He and his wife were on leave and had left the key for us. After a week, we were offered quarters on Brett Drive. We took them but I regretted it many times later. It would have been better to be on a less traveled street. Brett Drive connected with Brandenburg Road coming out of Fort Knox and also connected with Chaffee Ave, another main road. At quitting time, especially, there was a lot of traffic. I reported in to the Combat Developments Command Armor Agency. I was told I would be assigned as the Program Coordinator—what ever that was. My boss was a tough old 50-year-old LTC. Fortunately, he liked me from the start. I learned quickly.

My job was to determine and monitor the number of man-hours, man-days, or man-years it would take to complete a study or project. This way, the agency would not have too many or too few officers working on a particular program. I became good at what I was doing and the experience was a big help to me in later years. Yet I was not in the concept evaluation part of the business and that is where I really wanted to be.

The girls were finally in an excellent school system. Jo got involved in a number of activities, which meant we would have to have two cars. I bought a 1962 Volvo 544 "Sport GT" from an aviator for \$1,000. It was a white turtle back with 40,000 miles. It had a very powerful engine and a body of 18-gage steel. I called it "Old Boiler Plate". It steered like a truck but it was tough, fast, and fun. We got a Siamese cat and she was named "Titi". She had one litter of kittens before she was fixed and believe it or not, they were pure-breed Siamese. By fall, my boss retired and I became my own boss and was directly under the Director. I got very upset when I found that the Director, COL Greene, had told branch to push back my attendance at the Command and General Staff College (CGSC) at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He said I was a key player on his staff, and he could not spare me. When the Armor Branch Chief came to Fort Knox for a visit, I went to see him and told him I thought what COL Greene had done unfair. He said he would look into the matter.

The Armor Agency artist, Bill Conn, was outstanding. His most well known painting at the time was the "Evolution of Armor". He said he had served under Dad in the 13th Cavalry during the 1930's. He liked Dad very much. I asked him to do a portrait of Dad in combat uniform as a General. The portrait in Boudinot Hall was done before WWII and Dad was in his blues. Bill agreed, and set the price at \$200. Talk about doing something for nothing! Branch called and said I would go to Leavenworth TDY in July; reporting for CGSC on the 6th. Jo and I decided to take the girls on leave to Texas for two weeks in June. In Alice, at the old homestead, Katie always had my work lined up for me. There was a Mom and Pop grocery store at the end of the ally called "Nunley's". The girls loved to go there and get goodies. From the time the girls were small until they were teenagers, any small market was a "Nunley's". It was 1200 miles one way from Fort Knox, KY to Alice, Texas. In those days I did almost all the driving and the Interstates were far from being completed. We found a Holiday Inn in Texarkana, which was the half waypoint. We used this place four or five times both ways until Jo's Dad died in 1972. The girls would swim and Jo

and I would drink an ice-cold martini.

We had been in Alice about ten days when the Agency XO called me and said that COL Greene wanted me to brief General Somebody on such and such. I told him when I was due back and asked why somebody else could not brief. He said the Colonel wanted me to do it. We left Alice in the morning of the following day. We had just passed Sinton on a back road about 65 miles from Alice, when the oil warning light came on and then there was a "thunk" noise in the engine. The car rolled to a stop and we all looked at each other. I tried to start the car; there was no compression. I got out and could see a line of oil on the road going back a quarter of a mile. As we all stood on the side of the road in the middle of nowhere, one of the girls said, "I think the car broke, Daddy". We had plenty of food and water but the heat was the problem. An old pick-up came down the road with an old Texan in it. I offered to push me back to Sinton. We all helped turn the car around; the old man placed a tire between the bumpers and pushed us to the Ford dealership in Sinton. It did not take long for a mechanic to find a crack in the head and hole in the side of the block; the engine was finished. Jo called George, and he said he would come and get us. In about an hour or so, George showed up in a big Oldsmobile and he had a towrope. The Service Manager came over and told me he had made some calls and in five days he could get me an engine for \$600 and it would cost \$400 to install it. George said he would tow us back to Alice. Off we went in tow at 65 MPH. I know I burned up the brakes trying to hold George back because you could smell them. A Texas gully washer started coming down and I could not see out the windshield. I had to open the window and hang my head out. When we got to Alice, I looked like a drowned rat. I was angry with George for endangering my family by what I thought was reckless driving. I called the Armor Agency and told of my problem. Somebody suggested flying back and said I have to buy a car, damn-it! Then I will be back. The Rambler dealer in Alice told me it would be about \$1200 for a new engine installed. George and I spent three days going to use car lots in Alice, Kingsville, and Corpus Christi. It rained most of the time. Coming back from Corpus on the third day, we passed through a little town called Robstown. On one of the lots sitting by it was a 1963 Pontiac "Grand Prix". It was pure white, big and beautiful. It was repossessed and the fellow said he would let it go for \$2600. Rambler had offered me \$600 cash for the broken car. I thought this is a 1963 car and I have a 1963 car and this is 1966. George asked if I had any idea what a "Grand Prix" cost new. Even with 50,000 miles on it, it was a steal. We took

it home to Alice. When Jo saw it, she asked me if I was in my right mind. The car was a coupe but as long as a Cadillac Fleetwood Sedan. It was huge. Jo learned later to love the car. The girls could not touch the back of the front seats with their legs fully stretched out. The Pentagon Credit Union wired me the money I needed and off we went to Fort Knox in a big beautiful car with a 359 cubic inch engine that got 10 to 12 miles to the gallon.

The general officer I was supposed to brief cancelled his visit so I was not needed anyway. On the 5th of July, the Volvo and I left for Fort Leavenworth. I made eight round trips home during the six months I was there. The only part on the Volvo that failed was a brake light bulb. There were no Interstates, so the trip was 13 hours one way. Fort Leavenworth is one of the most beautiful posts in the Army. I did not think much of the Command and General Staff Course but it was a must for further advancement. We rarely talked about our problems in Vietnam. All the exercises were centered on scenarios in Europe or the Middle East. During the first half of the course, my tablemate was Major Carm Milia. I knew of him but had not met him before. He was an outstanding officer then and later, but he was crazy. You never knew what he was going to do or say next. One day we were moving an 8000-man force into Syria. The instructor asked Carm how many gallons of water were needed for the force for a five-day operation. Carm said he did not know or care because his units had been issued the new "Hydrosandolator". When you spin sand in it, you get water. Carm said this with such a straight face, the instructor did not know what to do or say. Carm went on later to command a US Tank Battalion. in Vietnam. Later, he was the Director of Doctrine at the Armor School and after he retired, he went into Defense Industry and retired from General Dynamics Corporation as a Vice President for Foreign Marketing in 1990. The second half of the course my tablemate was Major Dave (Doc) Holiday. He was big, ugly, and boisterous. I think he slept with a cigar in his mouth. He often challenged the instructor and would argue with anybody about anything. Later, in Vietnam, he was shot down in a helicopter and walked back through the jungle to friendly lines. He wrote a novel that was never published. He went into the Civil Service after retirement and later became a Defense Consultant for FMC. The last time I saw him, he weighed between 260 and 300 pounds.

I titled my monograph for the course "Showdown at Echo Junction" It was based on what I called the "Armobile Concept", a lightly armored and

heavily armed force that was organized for strategic deployment. It could be used as an economy of force or support light forces facing an armor threat. I got an A on the paper and it was later published in Armor Magazine. Other than that, there was not much of an interest. Here we were fighting a low intensity conflict in Vietnam and all the planners wanted to talk about was high intensity warfare in Europe. After "Desert Storm" in 1991, the Army started talking about the importance of high mobile strategic armor units. I thought, I told you bastards those 25 years ago. In November, 1966, Kentucky had a terrible snowstorm; about ten inches in three or four hours. Unfortunately, the teachers at Van Voorhis let the children out of school. The snow was so blinding that the little ones did not know which to go. Jo and other mothers rushed and gathered up flocks of kids and sorted out whom they belonged to later. In early December, I brought the Volvo home and took the Pontiac back. Jo would fly up to graduation and we would have a more comfortable ride home. I was glad the course was almost over and I knew that I had a better chance of making the LTC list. The board was to meet in February 1967.

On my return to the Armor Agency, I learned that I had been assigned as a Senior Project Officer on the "Armor 75 Study Team". At first, I was pleased but as time went on, difficulties arose. The LTC over me was a compulsive gambler and woman chaser. He was not dedicated too much of anything and he felt threatened by me. I had eight officers under me and they did not work well for him but they did for me. I knew all about man-hours, man-days, and so on. It was easy for me to see that the original schedule of events and the time allotted for them was unrealistic. I told everybody that the master plan was incorrect. An expert from out of town, a PhD by the name of Dr. Parr is, came to visit. He was a so-called Efficiency Expert. I told Dr. Parris that if Major X has been working on a certain project for two years and is replaced by Major Y that Major Y's productivity will not be at the same rate as Major X's because time was needed to become familiar with the project and the different people involved. I told him that a project officer may be present in his office eight hours a day but because he looks out the window, reads a magazine, and thinks about the repairs needed on his car, five hours of productivity would be a better measurement because eight hours of productivity was absolutely unthinkable. To make a long story short, as time went on we had to slip, slip, slip our dates of completion, guess whose equations were within a few percent of being right on the money? I could not get anybody to listen to me. Jo said many times that she hated Armor 75 and what it

was doing to me. In June of 1967, I was selected for promotion to LTC. I was 36 years old.

Bill Conn had done an excellent job on Dad's portrait as I knew he would. I asked the Agency Director if he thought it would be a good idea for Mother to come back to Knox and present it to the Armor School. He talked to the Commanding General, General Sutherland and he thought it would be a fine idea. It took some doing but I finally got Mother to come for two weeks in May of 1967. The ceremony at Boudinot Hall was very well done and Mother did well. She was treated like royalty during her visit and she went home very glad that she had come. When Mother died in 1975, the Armor School placed a wreath of flowers in the lobby of Boudinot Hall. Shortly after I came out on the LTC list I wrote Branch and asked if I could go to Vietnam. I knew that to stay competitive, I had to have a tour there and I needed to get out of Armor 75 before I ruined my career. One of my biggest deficiencies in life is that I never did my best when working under someone. I did well when I was the boss or working alone. One of my OERs had a statement, "Boudinot often thinks he can do a better job than his superiors". This was true because I often did feel that way.

In today's world, it would be said that I was not a team player. In July, off we went again to Mecca to see Grandparents. I do not remember much about that trip to Texas except for an event on the way back to Fort Knox. We were approaching Nacogdoches, Texas in the big 1963 "Grad Prix", when Jo ask what was the high-pitched whine she heard? I told her I did not hear anything. As we were passing a service station, she said, "Stop the car!" I pulled into the station. What had happen was the fan belt pulley bearing had worn out and the pulley was grinding against the alternator housing. The pulley was almost red hot and the fan belt was smoking. I think there would have been an engine fire if I had gone much farther. It pays to have good hearing. It was Sunday and all the auto parts stores were closed. The service station man was a good old Texan and called a friend who owned a parts store. The friend came and opened his store and sold me a rebuilt alternator and a new fan belt. We were back on the road in four hours.

We had a new Agency Director, COL Honea. I asked him if I could be assigned to the Material Branch. I wanted to work on the new Scout Vehicle Concept. He said I was too valuable where I was. I called Armor Branch and asked when I was going to Vietnam. They told me there were a

lot of volunteers in front of me. I really felt boxed in. I liked Combat Developments, but I did not want to work on far out studies all of the time. Instead, I wanted to work on new hardware requirements. I was promoted to LTC on the 16th of September, 1967. Jo pinned my silver leaf on in COL Honea's office. All three of our girls were present. On the 20th of September I received a letter from DA informing me that I was now a Regular Army Officer. I had applied for Regular Army status five times over the past 12 years. I remember sitting at the dinner table after the girls had finished and gone out to play. I started to cry. Tears flowed like a waterfall. Making LTC and being selected for the Regular Army must have meant a great deal to me. Many years later, I was to learn that asking to be in the Regular Army was like shooting yourself in the foot. In the 1970's, Congress passed the Dual Compensation Act. A retired Regular Army Officer could not work for the Government for six months after retirement and could not work for Defense Industry for two years. To make matters worst if you did go to work for the US Government after six months, you lost half of your retirement pay.

One day I was asked to develop a briefing on the future of Armor. I jumped at the chance. It ended up being about an hour long and I called it "Trends in Mounted Combat". I liked working closely with Bill Conn on the many artist concepts. For presentation, I used the Huntley and Brinkley technique. One briefer would talk about organization and doctrine, and the other about hardware and concepts. In a period of six or seven months, I was one of the briefers for at least 16 presentations. In February 1968, I received alert orders for Vietnam. I would be assigned to J-3 MACV in July. I took the 1963 "Grand Prix" in for a check-up and it needed a bunch of work. I did not want to leave Jo with a car that was going to give her trouble, so I started looking around. We had our 11th anniversary dinner at the beautiful Hawaiian Restaurant at Standiford International Airport in Louisville. On our way home, I noticed a pretty Pontiac on a lot. It turned out to be a 1966 "Grand Prix". It was metallic bronze to the belt line with white top. By 1990 standards, it would be a beautiful automotive design. It had 20,000 miles on it. I traded both the 1963 Pontiac and the 1962 Volvo for it. Jo and I talked about where she and the girls wanted to stay while I was gone. We had friends, who had decided on Sarasota, Florida. Jo did not want to go back to Alice. We learned that a LTC Gallagher and his family were in Alaska and their house was for rent in Radcliff. It was on Ellen Drive in a nice section of town; Jo decided to stay there.

It was about time to leave for Vietnam. I had mixed emotions about going. I did not want to be left out of a war and I did not want Jo to be a widow with three children. I told no one that I questioned a no-win policy for the American military. We had beaten the enemy badly during the TET Offensive in May of 1968 and I agreed with Senator Goldwater that it was time to finish him off or quit. Titi was hit by a car the week before I left and died a week after I arrived in Vietnam.

Part XVII: Vietnam

I flew out of Louisville to Los Angeles and then took a taxi to see Mother in Beverly Hills. She did not seem the same to me. She said she had fallen off of a ladder and hit her head. I think now, that she had a mild stroke and fell. I did not realize that this was the beginning of a long ordeal. One day while I was watching TV, there was a program covering the Baja Cross Country, an off road race for 1000 miles along the Baja Peninsula. I was fascinated with the mobility of the Dune Buggies. I thought why does the Army not have vehicles with this kind of capability? I was to think of this often during the coming year in Nam. I bid Mother farewell and flew out to Oakland, California. Charter Greyhound took a bunch of us to Travis Air Force Base. The terminal was wall-to-wall people. You could only take to Vietnam the baggage you could carry by hand. They checked my shot record. I had to certify that I had a Will and sign a paper stating whom I wanted my Government Insurance to go to in the event of my death. A planeload of us flew out on a charter Braniff 707. The next day we landed at Manila in the Philippines but did not deplane. From there we headed for the huge air base at Tan-son-nhut outside of Saigon. The approach was an experience. We started a normal decent and then suddenly dropped very fast to less than a thousand feet; then screech of the tires, we were on the ground. The Viet Cong would often lie in the tall swamp grass and fire into the belly of approaching commercial aircraft. To counter this, the pilots would come in low and fast. When I stepped out of the aircraft, a hot, humid, blast of air hit me in the face. I had smelled the odor before; I was back in the orient.

The officers were put on a bus and taken "to an old French hotel in downtown Saigon. Looking out at the traffic was electrifying. There were little cars, motorcycles, bicycles, trucks, and pushcarts all mixed up together. We were moving at about three miles per hour. During the two days at the hotel, we were issued jungle fatigues and boots and had numerous briefings on many different subjects. I was very impressed with the one where they brought this pretty young girl out on the stage. She was dressed in black pajamas and had on a straw coolie hat with a sash under her chin. She looked like a fragile china doll. The instructor said, "Gentlemen, this is no ordinary kind of war. This pretty little thing will kill you without the slightest bit of remorse". He turned her around, and she was holding a flag grenade in her hands. One of the great problems

throughout the period the US was in Vietnam was the enemy was always around you. This was very confusing to the American soldier and he sometimes reacted strangely to a strange situation. About six of us were taken to another hotel. It was beautiful inside. I had my own room and bath. I was told that a sponsor from J-3 would contact me the next day. I had supper with some other officers and went back to my room to look at all the do's and do not's I had been given. Later, there was a knock on my door and somebody asked if I was LTC Boudinot? When I answered yes, they said there was a phone call for me in the lobby. I was a little concerned. A colonel was on the line and he wanted to know if I just came from Fort Knox and if I was familiar with the M-551 "Sheridan"? I answered yes to both questions and he said that the J-3, General Townsend wanted to see me in his office at 0700 hours the next morning. I would be picked up at the hotel entrance at 0615. General Townsend asked me how much I knew about the M-551. I told him that I had kept up with the program and that I was friends with both the test officer and LTC Norm Keith at the Armor and Engineer Board as well as the project officer, LTC Dave Sain, at the Armor School. It seemed that the COMOS, that was General Abrams, knew there were 1585 M-551's parked on a lot in Cleveland, Ohio. He wanted to know why they were not issued to Armor units and why they should not be in Vietnam—for test anyway. General Townsend said he wanted a study done with recommendations from me in two weeks. He told a colonel he wanted Keith and Sain TDY to MACV Headquarters in ten days to review my study. I was told a cot would be set up for me in an office and that was where I would sleep until I was assigned permanent quarters. My boss would be a COL Mathews, an Infantryman. He turned out to be a swell guy. I had access to very little material on the 551 and had to rely a lot on my memory. The M-551 was a unique armored vehicle that had been in development for almost ten years. The concept started out as an Armored Amphibious Air Assault Vehicle. It would be primarily be used by Airborne Divisions, but later Armored Cavalry organizations were included. It was not suppose to be a light tank but it looked like one. In the Army, tanks are named after Generals. The M-551 was the only non-tank to ever be named after a General—Sheridan. The vehicle mounted a multi-purpose weapons system. The gun was 152mm, which could fire an M-409 multi-purpose round. The controversy here was it had a combustible cartridge case. The gun would also launch a 152mm beam guided missile called a Shillelagh. This was a very powerful weapon but it was slow and dipped two feet after it left the muzzle. The power train, a turbo diesel and track suspension were excellent. I knew why the 551 had not been put into the inventory.

The Armor and Engineer Board said the vehicle had 51 deficiencies that had to be corrected by General Motors before issue. In a few days, I made at least two dozen calls back to the States trying to gather information. I was working about 14 to 16 hours a day.

On the 6th day, I was told I had been given permanent billets and the address. About 2000 hours that evening, I gave a military taxi driver the address and asked him to take me there. We drove for 40 or more minutes before he pulled up in front of an old hotel. My room was on the 9th floor but the elevator only went to 5th. I found out I was in Cholon (China Town), a long way from MACV Headquarters. I did not like this set-up at all, however the room was big, clean, and air conditioned. The second night I was there, I heard loud explosions outside. When I opened my door, it seemed like everyone was going to the roof. I went to the roof. There we were, about 35 of us in our shorts, watching the VC trying to hit a bridge with 122 mm rockets. It was 0200 hours in the morning. The thing that made the 122s so dangerous was they had a circular error of probability of 500 meters; meaning they often did not hit what they were aimed at, but something else. Soon we heard the sound of a plane. It was "Puff"- The Dragonship, a C-130 with four Gatling guns. It fired streams of red tracers into the jungle. They looked like flashes of fire from a dragon's mouth. I thought, this is all very colorful but I think people are being killed while we watch this. We were about a 1,000 meters from the bridge.

That morning when I got to work, I told COL Mathews that my billets were too far away while I was working on the study. I might as well continue to live in my office. He said he would see what he could do and in couple of days, I was moved to the Massachusetts Hotel, which had once been owned by the French Tourist Commission. The hotel was only ten minutes from MACV Headquarters by shuttle bus. There was a very nice Officers Mess on one side of the hotel and on the other; the Foreign Dependents School had become the 3rd MASH hospital. The window of my room looked out at the front gate of the ARVN Headquarters (South Vietnam's Army Headquarters) Even though I might be gone for days or a couple of weeks, the Mass, was my billet for the rest of my tour. Norm Keith and Dave Sain arrived from the states with a wealth of information on the 551. Norm said only 18 of the 51 deficiencies had been corrected and he had deep questions as to the value of the vehicle in Vietnam. Dave said that very few crews had been trained at Knox; a training base would to be established in country. We went over every detail and then asked to brief

General Townsend. We knew that even if we did not want the 551 deployed to Vietnam, General Abrams did. We recommended that the Shillelagh missile and its guidance and control system should not be deployed. One reason was that the American soldier would fire a \$3000 missile into a one man bunker if it were a threat to him. Another reason was if a 551 was captured, we did not want a missile or its guidance system to end up in Moscow. We wanted additional armor plate added to the belly under the driver. We suggested that one Cavalry Squadron be equipped with 58 vehicles with a back up float of 15. We knew there could be two major problems for the 551 in Vietnam. The humidity could make the combustible 409 case swell or flake where it would not chamber into the breech. The fire control system was all electric; we did not know what the humidity would do to that. There was no manual back-up, not even for traversing the turret. The technicians that sold the Army on an all electric power should have been cited for criminal negligence. We covered many points of concern. Satisfied, General Townsend, let Keith and Sain go home. They had been in country for two weeks. I had been in Vietnam about a month when I briefed General Abrams on our recommendations for the M-551. The COMOS said he wanted a squadron of the 11th Armored Cav Regiment to get the first vehicles. George Patton, the CO of the 11th, said he did not want them, which of course meant nothing. I was to stay on as the M-551 project officer until it was turned over to USARV in September. I was recommended for the Legion of Merit for my efforts and received it at the end of my tour.

Mail from home was slow in coming. I bought two Sony tape recorders and sent one home so I could hear Jo and the girls' voices and they could hear mine. I do not think that just using tapes is a good idea. It is hard to fake your voice when you are depressed or tired. I think letters and one tape a month is a good idea. Of course, today we have video recorders also. My roommate at the Mass was a LTC Jim Price. He was 42, a harsh and profane Infantryman. He had tried to retire when he received orders for Vietnam. He complained about everything especially his job with the Inspector General's Office. He often ate peanuts and drank a beer at 0600 hours in the morning. The smell was sickening. Fortunately, he was gone a great deal or played poker a lot somewhere else. We avoided each other the best we could. I remember one night he came in swearing up a storm. The helicopter he had been flying in that day had been hit by enemy fire and had to make an emergency landing. He said, "If these little bastards kill me in this two-bit war. I am going to be really pissed off." An officer, just in

from the States, moved in from across the hall from me. He was COL Arnold Sargeant. I had heard of him but we never met. A West Pointer from the Class of 1948, he was short with white hair. He was being assigned as the Senior Armor Advisor to the Vietnamese Armor Command in Gao-Vop about five miles out from Saigon. We became close friends that has lasted 33 years to date.

In September, I was assigned to the J-3 Research and Analysis Division. Here I met and worked with some great fellows. Bill Collier was a Marine LTC, Jack Branden was an Air Force LTC, and George Pinkney was a Navy Commander. We actually enjoyed reviewing hundreds of Battle Reports and evaluating dozens of items that might help the war effort. George told me one day that Colonel was a better title then Commander. I told him I thought the opposite was true. From then on he called me Commander Boudinot and I called him COL Pinkney. While I was with J-3, I made many short trips to many different places by UH1s, U-21s, C-130 and a Carabu. George ask me one time, if I would like to see Market Time in Operation. This was a coastal operation to intercept ships bringing in supplies to the Viet Cong. We took a helicopter to Vung Tau, then a power craft out about a mile or so to a beautiful ship. It was bigger and longer then what you would think of as a Torpedo Boat. It had both diesel and turbine power. A Navy Lieutenant commanded this wonderful craft with so many capabilities. I got to play with the fire control system. I had a great time on that little trip. Another time four of us were flying up to Pleiku for a briefing. There was a new Col. on board who had quit smoking about six months before he got orders to Vietnam. Our U-21 was on approach to Pleiku airstrip. We were about ten minutes out when tracer fire from the ground came up in front of us. In an aircraft, it is very hard to tell how close tracers are to you. The pilot dumped the right wing and we dropped suddenly to about 100 feet above the jungle. I felt an elbow in my side and the new COL's voice said to me, "Boudinot! Give me a cigarette". We dropped into the strip with no farther incident. We were flying back to Saigon from Kontum in a helicopter one day and stopped at Qui Nhon on the coast. From there we headed south along the coast towards Cam Ranh Bay. Looking down at the beautiful beaches there was no evidence that a war was going on--it was a weird feeling. We saw the Battleship, New Jersey, about three miles out to sea on calm blue water. What a magnificent sight she was. We turned towards Saigon over Cam-Ranh-Bay and headed right into a thunderstorm. It got so bad that the pilot had to stop and hover to watch for holes in the clouds below. When he saw green below, he would

head for it. We ended up 200 feet above the canopy feeling our way along. I thought, damn-it, somebody told me I died in an airplane in WWI; I do not want to die in an airplane in this life. I had been paranoid about flying in thunderstorms since my experience at Fort Rucker.

One of the most controversial aspects of the whole Vietnam situation was a term called "body count". Anybody in their right mind knows that if the other side is willing to lose 10 to 1 or even 30 or 100, your side is not winning the war. Can you believe that there were people in high places that did not understand that? There were other problems to counting. Bart Filaseta told me that one day three VC bodies floating in a swamp were reported by a South Vietnamese patrol, an American patrol, and a helicopter pilot; that is nine bodies. John Berris told me that one morning after a bad fire fight the night before; they found the head of one VC in the barbed wire. He reported one enemy killed. Headquarters wanted his people to go out and count the blood trails and estimate the number killed or wounded. John put the VC's head in a plastic bag, tagged it with the number one, and sent it back to Headquarters. When I look back on it, so many of the policies were unrealistic or just plain dumb. A one year tour in a combat zone is devastating to morale.

Nobody wants to go on an operation or on a patrol the last 30 days he is in country. The policy that a LTC could only command a battalion for six months, killed many American soldiers. When a commander has only six months to make a name for him, he will unnecessarily risk his men's lives. Many Captains from the Vietnam era are now Generals; hopefully we will never see the game rules used there, ever again. One more comment. I do not believe it is a good idea for a combat soldier to take a break and see his wife and/or children for a week.

In December 1968, Arnie Sargeant informed me that General Tung, the Chief of Armor, had been told to organize and train two Cavalry Brigade Staffs. Arnie said he would need two US Senior Advisors and asked me with a smile if I wanted to be one of them. I gave him a hug, and danced around. My required 6 months on Joint Staff would be up in January. I went to J-1 and they said they would take care of the paper work. They also said I should get credit for command in a combat zone. I liked that idea. In early January, I put on my black beret and Vietnamese Armor Badge and became the Senior Advisor to the 1st ARVN Cavalry Brigade. Before I go on with that, I want to finish the saga of the M-551. On 16 January 1969, the

first 551's arrived in Vietnam with their New Equipment Training teams. On the 29 January, two 551's over-watching the Bien Hoa highway turned on their searchlights at 0400 hours and illuminated a large unit of enemy troops crossing the highway. They fired two Beehive rounds; a canister round containing 9000 flechette darts. When it became light, 143 bodies were found. One can only guess how many others were wounded. The 551 received good press. The bad press came when an RPG round went thru the hull of a 551, igniting the combustible case of a 409 round, thereby killing a lieutenant. The Washington Post had headlines, "*Army issues billion dollar boo-boo in South Vietnam*". Of the 536 M-551's that ended up in country 326 were damaged or destroyed by mines or enemy fire. With units that had them, it was a love and hate affair. The irony of it all is that in the 1990s, the 551 is still in the Army inventory. It has been a mainstay of the OPSFOR units at the National Training Center for years. It has been a test bed for a number of engines and weapons systems. It was deployed with the Panama Invasion Forces and participated in "Desert Shield and Storm". Like its namesake General Sheridan, who was reported killed six times during the Civil War, the 551 has been on the scrap list at least six times.

Well, here I was a Senior Advisor with no Advisors. I needed an Officer and NCO each for the Personnel Section, Intelligence Section, Operations Section, a Sergeant-Major, and four radio operator/drivers. While the Armor Command was putting together a Vietnamese staff, I went to the J-1 to ask for people. They told me I would have to find people on my own and suggested I go to the MACV snack bar, Tent City, and the terminal at Tan-Son-Nhut to see what I get out of the pipeline. Of course, for record purposes, I had to let J-1 know whom I picked. I knew that Major Harvey Hubbard was somewhere in the huge J-3 network. He had worked for me on Armor 75 and I wanted him for my Operations Officer (S-3). One day in the snack bar, I saw a fine looking Captain sitting by himself. I introduced myself. His name was John Cushing. He said he was supposed to go to a Military Training Team. I asked him if he had ever been a Supply Officer. When he answered yes, I asked if he would like to be an S-4 Advisor to a Cavalry Brigade--he beamed. One evening, I was eating at the Officers Mess, when a burly bald headed Major walked up and asked if I was LTC Boudinot? He had heard I was looking for a good intelligence man (S-2). His name was Jim Sinclair. I told these officers to go find themselves good NCOs and in turn tell them to go find four good EM. Slowly, our group came together; it took about a month before I had everybody I needed.

We had nothing in the way of materiel items. Cushing ask what we needed first. I told him to go find a truck. With a truck we could go looking for desk and chairs etc. We were given an old building that had once been a Police Headquarters. It had been pretty badly shot up during the TET Offense in May of 1968, but the Vietnamese had done a good job of repairing it. It had been empty so long; it was full of rats and geoko lizards. A rat and a lizard had a fight one day right in front of me. The lizard, about 12 inches in length, won. One afternoon, I was doing paperwork on the porch. It was too hot inside. An old gray International pick-up truck drove up. I could see where US Navy had been painted over on the doors. Behind the wheel was Captain John Cushing. I ask where he got it and asked me to never ask where he got something again. I had found myself a real scrounger. John was an army brat and knew his way around the army. His father, a LTC, was an Instructor at the Armor School, when he died of a heart attack at the age of 48. That truck and Cushing did wonders over the next two months. In April the Advisory Group was issued six brand new M-151 jeeps. The Brigade Staff was issued six new 151's, two rebuilt 2Ω ton trucks, two M-577 Command Post tracked vehicles, and six M-113 Personnel Carriers (ACAV). I told the Brigade Commander about the instability of the 151 but his drivers managed to turn three over in a month. Here, I want to talk a bit about the Brigade Commander or my counterpart. He was LTC (P) N. Dinn; he was 38 years old and had been fighting the Viet Men or Viet Cong since he was 16. He had ten Orders of Gallantry. He was intelligent, professional, and had a good sense of humor. We got along very well. My officers respected him even if they did not think much of his officers. Dinn was killed in action in the 2nd Corps area in 1972. One event I remember between one of my officers and theirs was one day three Vietnamese soldiers were trying to build a foot bridge over a muddy ditch. It was very hot and two Vietnamese NCOs and an officer were sitting on a porch out of the sun. Major Jim Sinclair came by and said to the officer, "Do you think that US officers help build America by sitting on their asses?" Jim did not care for Vietnamese Army Officers.

I met Jo in Honolulu, Hawaii, for five days in April of 1969. This was known as R&R, Rest and Relief. We had reservations at a huge hotel but she found a quaint place just down the street. The room had a balcony overlooking a garden. It was a wonderful place. When I left for Vietnam, Jo's hair was down to her shoulders. When we met at the airport, she had it cut short and sassy. It was cute. She brought me sports shirts and shorts. I did not expect to be chilly in Hawaii but was most of the time, especially at night. We had a good time seeing the sights and eating very good food. Jo

asked me where we were going when I came home. I told her I did not know, but I did not want to go to the Pentagon or the Washington D.C. area. It seemed like the five days went by in a flash. At the airport terminal, a sergeant came up to me and ask if I was LTC Boudinot. He informed me that I was the Senior Officer on the airplane, thereby making me Aircraft Commander. This meant I was responsible for seeing that 17 officers and 129 enlisted men got back to Vietnam. I thought to myself, once they are on the airplane, where are they going to go? I waved good-bye to Jo and off we went. I was told in the air that we would have a two hour layover on Guam. It was interesting to watch B-52's taking off at Guam. They went down the runway like lame geese. They were called BUF's meaning Big Ugly F--kers. After four hours, I was paged and told that our airplane had a pressure leak in the cabin and we would be staying overnight. The EM were to be bussed off somewhere. I told several NCOs to keep track of them. The officer's were taken to a transient BOQ and told to report to the terminal at 0800 the next morning. My room was nice and the Officers Club was beautiful. The EM busses arrived a little after 0800. We boarded and the Flight Attendants checked the manifest. We were missing 16 EM. The airline Captain said he would wait 30 minutes, no more. Two young soldiers showed up during that time and then we were back in the air heading for Nam. When we landed, I told Operations we left 14 EM on Guam and gave them the names. I left for my billets at the Mass and was never contacted by anybody on the matter. Jo had stopped in California to see Mother. She told me later on a tape, that Mother was not functioning well, and that I should be sure and stop by and see her on my way home. I wrote Truman and gave him a rundown of Jo's observations. I never heard from him.

Arnie told me that John Gushing had left on emergency leave. His mother had to have a leg amputated as a result of diabetes. When I got to work, everything was going fine. COL Do, the Armor Command Deputy had a pet goat. His name was Ho-Chi-Men. He stood about four feet but was as tall as a man when he reared up. He had beautiful horns and loved to wrestle and dance. He spent most of his time with Americans because they gave him good things to eat and played with him. If you pulled his tail, he would try to butt you; he could hurt you! One day, SFC Sheppard, the Intelligence NCO, left a carton of cigarettes on a field table. Ho came in and ate all ten packs plus the carton—without a burp. He was a delightful animal.

Dinn informed me that he was told the 1st Cavalry Brigade

Headquarters would deploy to Danang in July. He would have under his command, three squadrons of Cavalry, one Ranger Battalion, and one Artillery Battalion. This sounded like a powerful force to me. I was supposed to go home in July of 1969. I wondered if I should extend to be sure I got credit for command in combat. I planned to approach Jo with the idea when I received a letter from Armor Branch telling me I would return to Fort Knox and take command of an Advanced Individual Training unit in August. I went to J-1 and asked if I could extend? They said they would TWX Armor. The answer came back, no extension—come home. I learned after I was back in the states, that Armor Branch did not consider a Senior Advisor's job as a command slot, however, the Infantry did.

Arnie pulled a stunt that was both historical and dangerous. He decided in March that in May, he wanted to have an Armor Conference at the Armor Command Headquarters. He was going to bring all Vietnamese Armor Commanders and their Advisors together for three days. He was advised that many of the Armor Commanders hated each other and it would give the VC a hell of a target, especially for a hidden bomb. Arnie said he wanted to do it and asked formally both the American and Vietnamese high command for permission. This was granted to the surprise of many and preparations began for the big event. Besides briefings and group sessions, there was going to be an American cook-out and a band concert. COL Dinn was trying to whip his headquarters unit into shape. One day during an inspection, I noticed from my window that all the Vietnamese soldiers had on helmets with camouflage covers and were wearing armored vests. I took a closer look. One little soldier had an elastic band on his helmet that said, "Soul Brother". Later, I ask Gushing where he got this equipment. He said he did not get it, Jim Sinclair did. After much pushing, Jim told me he had a friend at the Tan-Son-Nhut Mortuary where all US KIA's were taken for processing. A week before the Armor Conference, the Armor Command Headquarters was closed to all except those with a special pass. The day before the conference and on each day of the conference, a US Military Police unit searched the compound and buildings using specially trained Bomb Dogs. Two Cobra helicopters flew patrols three times a day in circles out to 1,000 meters from the conference area. The VC were ungodly afraid of the Cobra. They found out the hard way that the Gatling gun in the chin turret could wax your butt from many different directions. We were expecting 16 Armor unit commanders, their body guards, their American Advisors, eight officers from the Armor Command, myself and staff, Dinn and his staff, and Norm Kieth who would

be the Senior Advisor of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade. Speaking of body guards, COL Dinn had this tough little fellow that walked behind him with an M-16 automatic rifle. Numerous times while Dinn and I were walking and talking, I would turn around and push the muzzle of the rifle from pointing at the small of my back. One day when we were walking, we stopped suddenly, and I felt the muzzle of the M-16 hit me in the back. I turned and grasped the rifle and told Dinn to tell the young soldier that if he pointed his rifle at me again, I was going to put the muzzle up his left nostril and pull the trigger. Dinn laughed and then sternly spoke to the soldier. The little fellow dropped his head and turned away. We continued our walk and I asked Dinn what he said to him. He said, "I told him the American is going to cut your balls off, boil and eat them". Dinn replaced him with an older more mature soldier.

The Armor Conference went extremely well. Everybody was talking to everybody else. There were lots of war stories but some very good ideas were brought forth also. I made an interesting observation. Most of the Vietnamese Armor Commanders wore Sun Ray dark glasses, had a Zippo cigarette lighter, and wore a US 45 caliber automatic pistol low on the hip. Apparently, this was the ID of an Armor leader; they looked like clones to me. There were no incidents at the conference but two weeks after, someone tried to assassinate COL Tung, the Armor Command Commander, at his home. Only his dog was killed. He said it was not a result of anything he said at the conference. We heard that he relieved one of the Armor unit commanders during the conference and he happen to be the son of a Vietnamese Province Chief—who knows? In June, Arnie and I flew to Danang to look the area over. Danang was once a pretty city; it had been a resort for wealthy French plantation owners. The building that the 1st Cavalry Brigade Headquarters was to be in was too small to house my advisors also. Arnie was going to ask to have prefabs erected nearby for US personnel. That was a great idea to me. One evening we went out to the Officer Club at China Bay. It had once been a French Country Club and was still a beautiful place. Because we were 450 miles north of Saigon and next to the sea, the night air was cool. The next evening we went to a club near our BOQ, which had been a French hotel. The club had once been a gambling casino. That night, it looked run down and was packed with officers. We went to our rooms about 2130 hours. I was on the second floor on the back side overlooking an alley. Arnie was on the first floor near the lobby. About 2200, I heard a loud explosion, then another and another. I went out on to the balcony. A major was yelling out that the enemy was

after an ammo barge that had come into the bay the day before. We were under 122mm rocket attacks and since you do not know where they are going to hit, the Major suggested everybody stay in their rooms. I went into the shower and lit up a cigarette. Rounds continued to explode. I went back to the balcony. A rocket must have hit close because I heard the sound of a freight train, then boom. The balcony shook and windows rattled. I went back to the shower. Soon I heard the sounds of the 4th of July mixed in with distant 155mm counter battery fire. I went back to balcony and the sky was bright red and orange--they had hit the barge. I went back to the shower and apparently that close round had cracked the solder on the shower head. I was spayed in the face with water. I said screw it and went to Arnie's room. He thought I was funny. 36 rockets had been fired in 20 minutes. We sat in his room for hours as the ammo barge exploded into the morning. When light came there was a huge black column of smoke hanging over the bay. One Vietnamese soldier was killed and two wounded. Fourteen civilians were wounded. We flew back to Saigon on an Air Force C-130. There was a bunch of GIs aboard rotating back to the States—half of them were drunk.

On the 1st of July 1969, Arnie had a nice ceremony with my guys and a Vietnamese honor guard. With great fanfare, he pinned the Legion of Merit on me. COL Dinn gave me a hand carved deer. I mentioned to somebody later, that I wish I had gotten water buffalo horns. On the 6th of July, LTC Calvin Emery reported in to take my place; we had served together as lieutenants in 41st Tank in Germany. On the 8th of July, Arnie drove me to the Tan-Son-Nhut Terminal. Would you believe it, there was Dinn with water buffalo horns, five feet in span. The Air Force sergeant said no way, Jose. Arnie said he would take care of the problem. About three months after I was home and we had moved to 5th Avenue, a big box was brought to the door. Guess what was in it? I stopped off to see Mother. Jo was right. She was in trouble. I found \$900 in Government checks that had not been deposited. There were many bills that had not been paid. What bothered me most was she had stuffed Kleenex in the heater vents. She said it was to keep the little people from coming up from the basement and stealing her things. She did not have a basement. I called Truman and told him the situation was bad. He said he would go see her. I forgot to mention that LTC John Cushing, retired, and we are still in contact today.

Part XVIII Command

The flight from California was great. It was a beautiful day and I liked looking down at wonderful America. I had called Jo and she said she and the girls would be meeting me at the airport in Louisville. When we were about 50 miles from Louisville, I saw a dark front up ahead. As we started to descend, the Captain came on the air and said there was a line of thunderstorms over the airport and we would to circle for awhile. After 25 minutes of going around and around, I said out loud to the person sitting next to me, "I am coming home from Vietnam and my family is down there waiting for me. I want to see them now!" It was a wonderful homecoming and there were tears. Reneé and Brigi were taking riding lessons and Jeannie, almost eight, had not yet learned to ride a bicycle. That was to be one of my first tasks. Jo had bought me a self propelled lawn mower at the Post Exchange. It was a nice machine. I kept it for ten years. The family pet's name was Tom, a big yellow alley cat. Now that I was home and had time to think, I realized one of our big problems was savings. Here I was a LTC and Jo and I did not have much in our savings account. I had two small investment accounts that were not doing well and was paying on the worthless property in Arizona. We knew that we wanted the girls to go to college so I had to come up with a plan, which I did.

After a restful leave, except for trying to get Jeannie to ride a bicycle, I reported in to Brigadier General "Laddie" Greene's office. I had served under him when he was the Director of the CDC Armor Agency. He told me he was going to give me the 6th Recon Squadron, one of two units that trained all of the scouts for cavalry units in the army. I was thrilled. The 6th had four troops of 18 M-114 scout vehicles each, a total of 72 in the squadron. Little did I know I was about to command the largest unit of worthless armored vehicles in the US Army. The M-114 was the army's first production attempt of a tracked armored scout vehicle. Tractor engineers, not army ordinance, designed it. It had a gasoline automobile engine; the tracks were conveyer belt with cleats riveted to them. The Armor and Engineer Board in three different reports had recommended that the M-114 not be put into the army inventory. President Kennedy's administration felt the people of West Virginia needed help and the vehicle went into production. FMC had developed a scout vehicle that was excellent. The Canadians and Dutch purchased it. My Troop Commanders and NCOs were all Vietnam veterans and good people. My squadron area was all

WWII buildings; hot in the summer and cold in the winter. My Brigade Commander, Colonel Grover was a "Pentagon warrior" and an asshole.

One of the things that did not make sense to me was all scouts being trained for Vietnam was being trained on the 114. We did not have any 114s in Vietnam. In fact MACV had refused to accept any when the Army offered to send them over. I was able to convince the Training Command that scouts ordered to Vietnam, which were most, should be trained on the M-113 ACAV for a week or ten days at the least. I knew there was a new scout vehicle in development and I spent a lot of time discussing that subject. Because of my extensive study of dune buggies, I became convinced that the scout should be mounted in a small wheeled vehicle. Higher ups in Armor did not think so. Somehow, the Army Times got a hold of one of my dissertations and printed a short piece titled, "Armor LTC believes scouts should be mounted in Dune Buggies". Later, I received a letter from a John McRostie with FMC in California. He said that their "Skunk Works" had purchased the rights of the "Baja Boot" which had won the 1,000 mile Baja Off Road Race three times. They were going to try and militarize it and did I think I could generate any interest? I was very excited! I later wrote an article entitled, "An Approach to the Scout Vehicle Dilemma". It was published in Armor Magazine in the fall of 1970.

A little over two months into command, I received a letter from Fletch saying that Mother was getting worse and Truman would not respond to his concerns. I discussed the matter with Jo and we decided to bring her back to Fort Knox for awhile. I flew out to California, put her finances in order, and brought her back with me. Her mental functions were slow and she rambled. All of this was very hard on Jo and the girls too. I was trying to command a squadron. I wanted my mother's affliction to go away. Jo said it was not going to go away. We took her to Ireland Army Hospital for a physical. Her health was not bad but her EEG showed she had advanced Arteriosclerosis. The doctor said she would soon need care and supervision the rest of her life. This really upset me because I did not know what to do. Jo had three girls and their activities. She did not need a sick old lady to care for. I called Truman at Fort Carson, Colorado and he still did not seem to be concerned. This pissed me off. Quarters became available and we moved into 1465-B on 5th Avenue on 12 November 1969. This really did it for Mother. She just did not understand what was happening and she became more difficult for all of to handle. One morning in early December, with a clear head she said she wanted to go home, she

did not like us. I called Truman and told him he was the appointed conservator and I was taking Mother back to California. Fletch told me later that when I left to fly back to Kentucky, that Mother told him that I went to the store and never came back. I never saw Mother alive again though she lived five more years. Truman did go to California and had Mother put in a nursing home. When Truman put the house up for sale, he did something that was inexcusable to me. Except for some silver, the Boudinot family tree, and some small items that were sent to me, he called in an auctioneer and sold everything in the house. Mother's house was full of antiques. He owed me the courtesy of asking if I wanted it. In the bottom drawer of a chest of drawers were house designs, blueprints, and art work that I had done in high school—all gone. I just did not think that it would happen that way.

The Training Command ordered that all AWOLs would be interviewed and punished by battalion and squadron commanders and not just company or troop commanders. I did not think this was right and said so. My Command Sergeant Major, Jack Ross, told me that most AWOLs were kids that were mixed-up but the ones to watch for were the "moral degenerates". They lie, cheat, and steal without remorse. They promise, beg, and swear on the bible to get off the hook, then their back at it again. I thought I have to see one these! I did; several! They brought me one fellow who had been AWOL twice in basic training and while in the 6th Recon, before he went AWOL. He cleaned out the wallets of three of his bunk mates and stole a car. After he was caught, he told me he was a "free spirit" and he was not responsible to family, country, or God. He also told me I had better be easy on him because he had friends. I told him that it was a good thing for him that the doctor who took him from his mother was not a "free Spirit" because all he would have had to do is drop the baby and society would have had one less problem. I had a sheriff call me from Louisiana shortly after we boarded a rough neck out the army. He said, "Colonel, I put this bastard in the army to get rid of him and now he is back in my county". I told him what I thought about that. One day, the CSM told me I should put Private so and so on emergency leave or I might have five AWOLs the next day. When I ask why, he told me that the young soldier had gotten a call from a friend telling him that his step-father tried to rape his sister. His four buddies in his company all came from the same town and they had grown up together. I put him on leave. I remember well one success story. His name was Otto Wolff. He was from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I think he had about an 8th grade education. The two times

he went AWOL, he was found both times in an old park in Louisville, sitting on the same bench. He told me he would not make a good scout but he was a good meat cutter. He came from a family of meat cutters and he had been cutting meat since he was 13. By hook and crook and some help from a chaplain, I got Wolff transferred to the Food Service School. After he graduated, he became an instructor. When I went to visit him one day, a sergeant told me that when it came to meat, Otto Wolff was an expert.

I enjoyed the brigade mounted reviews. They were conducted on Friday evenings as a retreat ceremony. We had them one or two times a month when the weather was good. The officers' wives usually attended. The M-114s were such a pain for my troop commanders. They tried so hard to keep the damn things running. If we needed eight vehicles at the Scout Proficiency Course at Wilcox Lake, 16 had to be sent in order to have enough vehicles to run the course. The float bridge on the Salt River was often out so the 114s had to be taken the long way; down highway 31W to 44, then through the hills to Wilcox Lake. One of them blew a steering pump one day and went out of control into a pig farm but no troops or pigs were hurt. Another time one of them broke a track and steered into a wooden railroad trestle. The 114 caught on fire and started the bridge on fire--no one was hurt. To this day, you can see the burn marks on the trestle. The only trick that a 114 did that I enjoyed was during COL Grover's departure ceremony. Wilson road was closed and a reviewing stand was placed in front of Sadoski Field House. The M-114s came up an incline four abreast at about four miles per hour. Suddenly, black smoke started pouring out of one the 114s. The driver came out of his hatch and dropped to road with the vehicle still rolling. The vehicle commander, seeing no one was in control, abandoned ship also. The 114 went across the road over the far curb and down a slope into a ditch, flames coming out of the drivers hatch. When the crowd saw that no one was hurt, people started laughing. The post fire trucks arrived and COL Grover's parade was ruined.

To add insult to injury, I was told to turn in 18 M-114s to Boatwright Depot and pick up 18 M-114s, each mounted with a 20 MM cannon. This was NATO deal where the US bought 1200 Hispano Suaza cannons from Spain. The Army did not know what to do with them until someone suggested they be mounted on the 114 chassis. Carm Milia, who was then in Research and Deployment, told a bunch of generals at a Combat Vehicle Review not to do that and why, it was done anyway. These cannon were big, and heavy, and had 108 parts. Each round had to go through a solution called LSA for lubrication before being chambered. This was so the

gun would not jam when it got hot. The USA really got took on this deal. On the firing range we found that in a single shot mode, the 20mm would cut a tree trunk in half at 1,200 meters. When in three round burst mode, a tree was rarely hit. When in six round burst mode, the people in the next county were in danger. The gun was far too powerful for the platform it was mounted on. A few years later, the US tried to give the 20mm configuration to the Israeli's, they turned it down. I forgot to mention that the 114 was supposed to be amphibious, but so many sank in training exercises that units were forbidden to put them in the water. The M-114 was a perfect example of how not to design and produce an armored vehicle.

Major John Leyman was my executive officer. He was a fine person and excellent officer—a ROTC graduate. I only had him eight of the 13 months I was in command. He was made the brigade S-3. Captain Ron White was my Alfa troop commander. An OCS graduate, he was my best commander. Captain Jim Clark had Bravo troop; he was a West Pointer. Captain Jon Sanguin had Charlie troop; he was an ROTC graduate. Captain Gus Blumenfeld had Delta troop; he was a West Pointer. Gus was the son of a West Pointer; a retired airborne colonel. Gus was profane and threatened his people, thereby; he had the most AWOLs. I was working on him when some NCO turned him in to the brigade CSM. COL Grover thought I should relieve Gus. I felt the tax payers paid a lot of money to put him through West Point and he had a good record in Vietnam. I thought LTCs should help Captains grow not destroy them. COL Grover left and Gus completed his command but later was not picked up for Major and left the Army. Jo felt I spent too much time on Gus and should have relieved him. I had this thing that any officer or NCO that failed to do his job while under me, I failed also. There were exceptions; I had a Captain Gordon Dockler as my S-3 for awhile. He was a strange fellow. One day, John Leyman told me he had a peace symbol on his dog tag chain. That was not all. He had been seen in the company of enlisted men when off duty. The first part did not bother me, the second part did. I told my clerk, Specialist four, Adams to find a man he could trust. To dress him in the proper attire and have him visits some of the "tea houses" in the local area, especially on weekends. A "tea house" was where soldiers gathered to smoke pot and publish pamphlets titled FTA or "F--k The Army". No matter how many the CID found, they were always some in operation. I wanted to know if Captain Dockler visited these places. In two weeks, I had two fixes on Dockler in two different houses. I called him in and told him he was fired and to report to the brigade XO, LTC Paul Ottis. The XO called me and

said I could not just fire an officer. I told Paul to try me and for him to ask Dockler what he had been doing for his country? A month later, Dockler was released from the Army for reasons of conduct unbecoming of an officer. The spy that Adams had found was a cook. I gave him my personal thanks and a two week VOCO.

In August, I was told that the 6th Recon would be deactivated on 15 October, 1970. That meant I had better start looking for a new job. Also in August, I received a letter from Branch, telling me to pick a career specialty. I applied for Research and Development but I had my doubts because I did not have a degree in engineering. It was approved anyway. Also in August, I received a letter from LTC Sonny Martin, the Editor in Chief of Armor Magazine. He wanted me to come to Washington D.C. and take his job. I told Sonny that I would love to have the magazine, but I was not coming to Washington—no way! Also in August, I received a letter from John McRostie at FMC saying that they had completed a prototype of the XR-311 and wanted to show it to the Army. I was very excited! The next two months were slow. Vietnam was phasing down and there was an all time low in Army morale. The Department of the Army ordered the M-114 phased out of the inventory—thank you! Turning them in to depot was a nightmare. There was a ceremony for 6th when the colored were cased but nothing to write home about. In October, I became the Deputy Commander of the 2nd Brigade with orders to report to the Armor and Engineer Board in January. It had not been a fun year and left me with no feeling of real accomplishment. One month after the 6th Recon was deactivated; all the buildings were painted on the exterior. Two months later, they were all torn down. To date, nothing has been constructed in that area.

Jo and I had a busy social life in those days. She was involved in many things and doing so well, that "at one time several people thought she should be nominated for "Army Wife of the Year". The girls were doing well in school and had their activities.

Part XIX: The Board

I reported in to the President of the Armor and Engineer Board, COL Hislop, on 5 January 1971. He was a crusty old goat but I liked him. He made me the Chief of the Methodology and Operations Division. I did not know what that meant but it sounded important. The Armor & Engineer Board was responsible for testing all equipment for the Armor and Engineer branches before it was put into production and then after it was in production. For Armor, this would include tanks, personnel carriers, scout vehicles, trucks, jeeps, helmets, goggles, and on and on. For the Engineers, this would include, road graders, dump trucks, combat bridging, land mines, and so on. This was big business. I had fourteen people under me, one Major, one operations sergeant, a secretary (Juanita) and eleven engineers and technicians. Major Jim Tipton was a fine fellow and we became good friends. We are still in touch to this date. SFC Heally retired in 1972 and I have run into him now and then for the past nineteen years, Juanita was married to the Mayor of Radcliff and I saw her for years afterwards. My people checked test plans and studied all on going test to see if testing methods could be improved. All equipment was checked against "Murphy's Law". The objective was to "troop proof" any piece of equipment before it was put into the inventory. This meant that if the American soldier can break it, it is not ready for production. I was also responsible for setting up demonstrations of new equipment for dignitaries. It was a fun job and I was learning a lot. I met people who were to be a big help to me in later years. I did have moments; I had an engineer who could barely speak English and someone had to redo all the calculations he did. He was called "Dutch" and he did not work well with other people. I wrote in his efficiency report that, "I believe this person got his engineering degree through a mail order catalog". The Civil Service Office got very upset and told COL Hislop that I had to change my words. The colonel told me find other words and then said to me, "you sure know how to hit a nail on the head"!

COL Hislop's favorite expression was, "tell so and so I want that report tomorrow or I will cut his god-damn head off"! When he sent for someone there was always a side comment like "don't lose your head". When Hislop retired about six months after I joined the Board, the machinist from the Logistics Division made a scale model of a guillotine; it would cut a wooden pencil in half. It was a beautiful piece of work and it

was easy to see that the colonel was pleased when he was presented it. LTC Bart Fileseta was then the Secretary of Armor at the Armor Center. He and I worked together to generate interest in the XR311. Finally we got an OK to bring it to Knox. I called John MacRostie in California and we set up a date to truck it back to Knox. The demonstration went very well and everyone was impressed by the XR311's capabilities. As a result of its visit to several commands, FMC gave John's "skunk works" \$500,000 to continue developing the 311. I was very pleased. The Board was doing a feasibility test on a Lockheed concept called the, "Twister". It was an articulated eight wheel vehicle with two Chrysler 440 cubic inch engines. It was a fascinating thing to look at and ride in. An event I remember about it was the top speed test. There was not a road long enough on post for it to reach a top speed. I got permission from the state police to use a flat section of the Bluegrass Parkway between 0200 and 0400 hours on a certain date. As the story goes, while the "Twister" was building up speed, a lone state patrolman was cruising along about 50 miles per hour, probably bored. He noticed two small headlights in his rear view mirror. The lights were so far apart, he said he thought two motorcycles were closing on him fast. As he started to accelerate, the "Twister" was on him and gone; it passed him at 108 miles per hour. The patrolman, who had not been informed of the test did not know whether to s—t or go blind. Later, he told the test officer at the stop point that the high pitched hum when it passed him, made him think of a space ship. What he heard was the sound of eight deep treaded tires on concrete going over 100 miles per hour, and of course two 440 cubic inch engines running on the red line. No further development was made on the "Twister" but Lockheed did enter the Armored Scout Vehicle Program with a six wheel non-articulated single engine vehicle. When the Scout Vehicle Program was cancelled, a great disservice was done to the armored force. Armor has still not recovered from that blunder.

The girls were growing up and involved in different activities. Jo was a scout leader, chairman of volunteer nurses, and did fashion modeling for local dress shops. She was a wonderful model and an example of what a colonel's wife could look like. I was the president of the McDonald Junior High PTA and later became president of all ten PTA's on post. By 1971, we had two Pekingese dogs in the family. Tom, the cat, had run off shortly after we moved on post. "Chinny" was fawn-colored and very serious about everything. "Bandit" was a year younger. He was black and white and grew bigger than Chinny. Bandit was playful and often funny. He was born deaf

and his 14 years of life is a story within itself. He was truly God's child.

I did a smart thing in 1971 but I did several dumb things also. When I got home from Vietnam, I purchased a Renault R-10 four door sedan. It was a cute little car and had only 8000 miles on it. The man who owned it died and his wife left it in the garage until she sold it. I enjoyed driving it and working on it. It had an automatic transmission that became a problem. I had it worked on several times but as time went on, I did not trust the car. I went to a dealer friend, Kelly Vance, and ask him to find me another car. His accountant had a 1970 red Volkswagen convertible with a black top. It was for sale. I had always wanted a VW convertible and this was my chance. I kept that wonderful car until 1978 when I was forced to trade it—will explain later. With that car, I became known as the "Red Baron" on post. Now for the dumb things. The 1966 Pontiac Grand Prix needed a lot of engine work and new tires. I traded that beautiful car for a 1970 Ford LTD station wagon. This big yellow bus rode like a truck and guzzled fuel. I called it, "The Hearse". More on this car later. I had an investment that was doing nothing. I wanted to retire in the west someday, so without seeking financial advice, I cashed it in and bought four desert lots from the Horizon Corporation. The lots are about thirty miles south of Albuquerque, New Mexico, near the town of Belen. To this date, this area has never been developed. I pay about \$100 a year in taxes on the lots. Well, I had some money left over, so I gave it to Jo to buy a rug. I think the amount was \$300 or \$400. She went out and bought Reneé a horse and tack. Reneé had been taking riding lessons for some time and was quit adept. Still, I did not think Reneé needed her own horse and it became an emotional issue between Jo and I. Reneé named this big gray thoroughbred, "Thama Draco" for magic dragon. Renee' went on to make a hunter-jumper out of the horse and together over the years they placed or won many events in local horse shows. I always felt the horse was going to kill or mane Reneé someday. She even took him to college. I personally think that Draco was not a great benefactor in Renee's young life. Not that I was not proud of what Reneé did with the horse, it was what the horse did to Reneé. He always seem to be hurting her in one way or another.

In December 1971, the US Congress cancelled the XM 803 Tank Program. This was a joint venture between the American and Germans to build a super tank. The two countries could not come to terms on numerous issues and the Germans backed out. The US continued on for awhile and the program and tank became very expensive. The 803 had a

hydraulic suspension system, meaning it could change its ground clearance. It had a gun and missile system, and the driver was in a counter rotating pod in the turret. It was a weird vehicle and should have been cancelled. In January, 1972, Congress authorized a Main Battle Tank Task Force at Fort Knox. It was to be made up of experts in every facet of tank design. The task force was given an Armor Center White Paper that called for a lean and mean fighting tank of about 45 tons and mounting an advanced 105 MM kinetic energy gun system.

I received a message from Armor Branch detailing me to the task force for six months. I called and told them that I was an Armored Cavalry officer and that I did not know anything about main battle tanks. On 2 February, off I went to the task force anyway. I was listed as a mobility and human engineering expert. Where they got that boloney, I do not know. I did get to work with some brilliant people. For the first month, we all did a document and data search in specific areas. I found over 230 studies on mobility. We were visited by power train experts and gun experts; as well as others who were experts of every kind. By July, we had the draft of the Material Needs Document completed on the XM-1 Main Battle Tank. Dr. Cliff Bradley had been in the tank design business for 30 years and had a wooden model made up. This model was extremely close to the final design. Due to the tank penetration threat of the Soviets and a new armor plate developed in England, the XM-1 moved out of bounds of the Armor Center White Paper. It grew bigger and heavier and more expensive. It would be the first tank powered by a turbine engine. In the years to come, the M-1 series tank would become the fastest, most mobile, and best protected tank in the world. The U.S. had finally done it.

The Director of the MBTTF was Major General Desobry who was then serving as the Armor Center Commander. The man who really ran the task force was the general's deputy task force commander, Colonel (later Major General) Charles K. Heiden. The task force itself was relatively small given the task. There were just over 30 members. There were many more than that that provided support to the task force including TACOM, Waterways Experimentation Station, and the US Army Armor Agency at Fort Knox among others. The Armor Agency prepared the 48 Hour Combat Mission Profile over a five month period. The task force was divided into Teams. There was a Mobility Team (I participated on this); an Engine Team; a Gun Team; and a Human Engineering Team. There also was an Integration Team. This was really a group of very high ranking individuals

who occasionally showed up at Fort Knox to conduct In Process Reviews (IPR) and provide their guidance to the teams.

Once the draft was complete, there was another Review Board convened in September of 1972 who did a complete review of the documents and made some changes. This Board was headed up by General Glen Otis. The new British Armor had been approved for the tank which made it heavier and also resulted in reduced room in the turret. It also increased the cost of the tank. The board decided to remove the 20mm Coax machine gun; the auxiliary generator; the on-board toilet; and the hot plate for preparing food. The thought behind the 20mm had been that there were many targets it could service (BMP) that would allow conservation of the KE and HEAT rounds needed to service the vast horde of Russian tanks they expected to face. In retrospect, this was probably a good idea. The removal of the auxiliary generation was a bad idea and the Army later had to put it back on. The toilet had been there because it was thought that in an NBC environment in a European scenario, there might not be any way to get out of a tank to get rid of waste. No comment on the hot plate. With this information, I will be forwarding a picture of the "real" task force.

The XM-1 became the M1 General Abrams in 1980 and was placed into the inventory. Over the years, the record speaks for itself. The M1A1 was a major weapons system during "Desert Storm" in 1991 and defeated many tanks it engaged. Not a single crewman was killed by enemy fire. Again in 2003 during "Iraqi Freedom", the M1A1 defeated all enemy engagements. An M1A1 was the first allied armored vehicle into Bagdad. The M1A1 and M1A2 have proved to be the best tank in the world. I am proud to have been apart of it creation.

Armor Magazine was then based in Washington D.C. where it had been for 53 years after leaving Fort Leavenworth in 1919. The Editor in Chief, LTC Bob Kelso, published a feature article in the March-April issue titled, "The Death of the Tank". Bob did not use a question mark in the title. The Washington Post printed a headline, *"Army forms a new tank task force at Fort Knox, KY, while Armor's journal proposes that the tank is a dieing breed."* Even though an Australian wrote the article, Bob was in deep trouble at the Armor Center. At that time I think General Patton planned on dumping him. Back to the tank task force. I was able to visit the Human Engineering Laboratory at Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland. I got to

see all kinds of neat stuff and made friendships that lasted for years. I spent some time at the Waterways Experiment Station at Vicksburg, Louisiana. This place was established in the 1930's as a place to study soil erosion but grew to be a major center for studying the ground mobility of tracked and wheeled military vehicles. I have mentioned Dr. Bekker Before. He designed the wheels for the APPOLO Lunar Land Rover while a consultant to WES. I also made friends here that lasted for years.

In May of 1972, Jo's Dad died and she went back to Texas. When she came back, she said her mother wanted her to return and help clean out and sell the house. Katie planned to live with George and family. Katie would come visit us every year. Jo did not believe Katie should sell the house and leave Alice but the rest of the family did not want to do it her way. In June, I drove Jo, the girls, and the two dogs to Texas in the station wagon. What a terrible car it was. How did I come to buy such a piece of Junk? I flew back to Kentucky to continue my work and did not go back for my family for 90 days. I did very well except for Draco. He did not like me and I did not like him. Being a hell of a lot bigger then me, he would squeeze me against the stall. That was much fun for him. I decided to exercise him one evening in the little ring. A young girl helped me saddle him up. I was doing fine in the little ring when LTC Jack Nolan rode up and purposely spooked Draco. Around and around I went at a 100 miles per hour, hanging on for dear life. Everybody thought this was very funny except me. I chewed on Jack for ten minutes. All the women at the stables were experts on horses. One time, I was having trouble leading Draco back to his stall. This woman came over and told me I was not doing it right. You had to throw the lead over his nose and pull his head down. As she did this, she went about four feet into the air and landed on her butt. Now, I had a good laugh. Draco, was one strong mule eared horse.

In July, I flew back to Texas to get my family. Draco and I had not become closer with Renee's absences. I thought the two males might bond with the females gone. Jo had radiator trouble with station wagon while she was gone and it had to be removed and fixed. It never occurred to me that anti-freeze was not put back in the system. I had kept a sign behind my desk for many years, which read, "Assumption is the Prelude to Disaster". We rented a U-Haul trailer and loaded it up with Grandmother Katie's mole hair furniture and other things. Brigi was going to stay on with Katie and they both would fly back to Kentucky before school started. Off the rest of us went in, "The Hearse" pulling a full trailer. We stopped as usual in

Texarkana for the night. The next day we rolled on. It was hot; the temperature was 100 degrees or more. About 1300 hours, the car started to lose power and I shut off the air conditioning; then there was a "pow" and I rolled the car to a stop on the shoulder. The engine was dead and black smoke was coming from under the hood. I knew better than to try to open the hood for fear the engine compartment would burst into flames. I walked around in circles using much profanity. I knew that whatever happened, it was bad. A National Guard officer saw the blue Fort Knox tag on our bumper and pulled off the road. We slowly lifted the hood and found many melted wires; the engine compartment was black. He told me that Brinkley, Arkansas was about five miles up the interstate and he would send a tow truck back. The officer came back with the tow truck just to make sure it got there. He was a very nice fellow. I wrote his unit commander a letter after we got back to Fort Knox. We were towed to a service station garage just off the interstate. A mechanic soon told me that the wiring harness was burned up and it would a day to install a new one. There was a Holiday Inn about 50 yards away so we all walked over there and checked in. It was ungodly hot. There was a pool just across the parking lot from our room. There were two funny things I remember about that stay. Bandit needed to go pee, so he started across the parking lot for the bushes around the pool. When he got in the middle of the lot, he started dancing around like a bee had stung him. I quickly realized his feet were burning on the black asphalt. Another time, we lost sight of him. He had jumped into the pool with a woman in it. She got out. Jeannie spent so much time in the pool with Reneé, she learned how to swim. The next day, they called me from the garage. When I went over, I was told the wiring harness was installed, but I had a broken piston; the left head and the oil pan would have to be removed. Well, after three days, at a cost of \$380 for repairs on the car and \$125 for the motel and meals, we were back on the road to Fort Knox. The compressor on our big window air conditioner in our quarters blew up three days after we got home. I put the station wagon up for sale and took a loss. 1972 was not working out to be a very good year.

COL John Berres had become the President of the Board while I was on the tank task force. I had the 6th Recon under his brigade command for several months after COL Grover left. On the 10th of August, when I returned to the Board, he told me he wanted me to be the Chief of the Armor Test Division. I was thrilled; this was the job I had wanted all along. I had 36 officers, NCOs and professional civilians. My operations officer was Major Cy Appel; we had been friends for years and we had great rapport.

LTC Hal LaFosse was my Armor Systems Branch Chief. He had been one of my platoon leaders in the 8th Cavalry back in the 50's. He was a great guy. His son Larry became one of my foster sons when his mother got angry with him. Hal retired in 1973 and opened up a tree nursery in Florida. LTC Jim Boehme had my Support Systems Branch and was a wonderful person. He retired in 1973 and went to Norway as a representative for a U.S. defense contractor. There were eight to ten tests of one type or another going on all the time. I was really happy in my work. In late September, 1972, the full colonel's list came out and I was not on it. It was quite a blow to both Jo and I. I felt very abandoned by my Army. We humans often take things for granted and I certainly thought that I was more than qualified for promotion. Well, I liked my job and had very good people working for me. I had 20 years of service, so, I could retire if I wanted to. I made up my mind that I would just have to adjust to being second best. In October, I was invited to a Mobility Seminar in Durham, North Carolina. I took Jo with me in a 1972 Dodge Demon that I had leased. It was a peppy car with a moon roof but it was too small for the family. In November, I leased a 1973 Plymouth Satellite four door. I later bought the car and we kept it for six years; the girls learned to drive in it. Back to the Mobility Seminar, Jo and I met the famous Dr. Bekker. He had read my articles including the latest one "Trojan Scouts", in the March-April 1972 issue of Armor. He took to Jo and me right away. We discussed our views on ground mobility in letters for almost ten years; well into the early 1980s.

The Armor and Engineer Board had been around by one name or another since 1938. All kinds of hardware had been tested there over the years. To go through the photo files of tests conducted was a fascinating experience. When a test plan was written, there was a set of rules to be followed and when a test was completed, the army was told whether the piece tested was good or bad. Jim Boehme was testing a new support vehicle called the "Goer". It was not a truck. It looked more like a commercial earth mover. The concept had been around for about 15 years before the Army decided to test it. The test that Jim's people were doing was the pre-production test. The vehicle failed almost all of the sub-test. There were 46 brake failures in 90 days. Jim told me the vehicles were worthless and if the Army put it into the inventory, he would retire. It was a bad vehicle and the Army did put it into the inventory and Jim did retire. Its first year in Germany the "Goer" killed 16 people in different incidents. The drivers could easily lose control of the unstable vehicle.

The Army decided to do a feasibility test on the XR311. I was thrilled it was going to be tested on my watch. Many people considered me the Godfather of the concept. The vehicle did everything well, the troops loved it. It was fast, stable, and quiet. It would have made a great scout vehicle. The 311 was further tested at Fort Hood and came out with flying colors. The Air Force and Marines said that if the Army bought it, they wanted to buy it also. The powers to be said, that since a diesel engine could not be found to replace gasoline engine, they did not want it. That really upset me. We lost a wonderful machine. The irony of it is that in 1991, the Special Forces ran armed dune buggies around inside Iraq powered by gasoline engines.

LTC Jim Pratt lived down the street from us. His son had died of testicle cancer at age 18. The boy had a small motorcycle and it had been sitting in their garage for a number of years. When Jim retired, he gave me the motorcycle. It was in bad shape and I had to order many new parts for it. It took months to restore it but I was having fun. The gas tank was so rusted I had to sand it down to the bare metal. I decided to paint the tank army olive drab. When I got the machine running right, I rode it to work. With no good reason, one day I decided to stencil US ARMY on both sides of the gas tank. Some one reported to the IG that the Chief of Armor Test at the board was using an Army test vehicle for his personal use. We had a good laugh on that one.

In May of 1973, COL Kit Sinclair called from the Armor School and told me that Armor Magazine was going to be moved to Fort Knox because of new rules made by the Secretary of Defense on associations and their journals. He was recommending that I be made the new Editor in Chief of Armor and Secretary-Treasurer of the Armor Association. Though I was honored, I explained to Kit that I was a Research and Deployment specialist under the Army Material Command. The magazine was under the Training Command. He said I could be drafted out of AMC if I would accept the position. That night Kit was killed in a helicopter crash while testing night goggles. You will recall that Kit was one of the fellows that tried to kill me in an airplane while stationed at Fort Rucker. In a few days, I got a call from COL Carm Milia, my old tablemate from Fort Leavenworth. He said General Patton, the Armor School Commandant, wanted to talk to me in his office. Patton was a classmate of my brother and had been one of my TAC officers during OCS. Patton told me that out of nine selected files, I was the

best qualified to take the magazine. He said that Major General Don Starry would be taking command of Fort Knox in June or July and he agreed completely with his selection. Patton made it clear that the job would probably not help me make full colonel. I told Patton that I would take the job on two conditions; that I would decide what to publish and what not to publish in the magazine and there would no article review board imposed on me during my assignment. Patton said I was hard headed but he would call MG Starry. In a few days, Starry called me and agreed to my terms. He said the president of the Armor Association, four-star General (Ret) James Polk would make the final decision. Starry said Polk was concerned that when the association had to turn over the magazine to the Armor School by OSD decree, neither the magazine nor the Armor Association would survive at Fort Knox Starry said he thought they could if he backed me 100%. Thus, was the beginning of four of the most interesting and challenging years of my career.

I forgot to mention an interesting event that took place while I was Chief of the Armor Test Division. One day, I asked my Operations Officer, Cy Appel, what tests were in progress. He said there was a Snorkel Kit test going on at Tobacco Leaf Lake. A snorkel for a tank, consist of a 13 foot tube, about 36 inches in diameter. This is fixed to the commander's hatch. The rest of the tank is water proofed by completing several different operations. When ready for fording, the tank looks like a tank with 55 gallon oil drums stacked on top to a height of 13 feet. Because the tank is ten feet in height, allowing for freeboard at the top of the snorkel tube, the tank should be able to ford water obstacles 20 to 21 feet deep. The hairy part is that three of the tank crewmen are way below the water line. The commander is at the top of the snorkel tube and directs the blinded driver by intercom. The air for the crew and the engine while the tank is underwater comes in around the commander at the top of the tube.

When my driver and I arrived at the test site, there was a commotion. I found that a young sergeant refused to go down the snorkel tube into the driver's compartment and drive the tank under the water. He told me, it was dangerous and unnatural to be pinned up in a tank underwater. About 100 soldiers had been reported drowned in different armies while snorkeling tanks. When I said I would drive the tank across the lake, there were some strange looks. I told the senior test sergeant to get on with it. He put a small air tank around my neck and told me that if the tank started to fill up with water, I should not put the breather piece into my mouth until the water got

my shoulders. Then I was to shut the engine down, let the water fill the drivers compartment, then slowly come trough the turret basket into the loaders station, turn to left, move into the commanders station, and then go straight up. A life line was tied around my waist, I guess to pull me in the right direction if needed. I was told to obey all instructions of the tank commander without question.

Somebody had called my Tank Systems Branch Chief, Hal LaFosse, on the radio and told him what I was doing. Anyway, I climbed up the snorkel tube and found that unnerving because I do not like high places. Down I went inside the tube to the inside of turret where there was the soft glow of the interior night lights. I went trough the turret basket into the cramped driver's compartment, positioned myself, and put on a tank helmet. I could see the edge of lake through the vision blocks. I told the commander over the intercom that I was ready. He told me to start the engine. When everything looked good, I said I was ready again. He told me to start for the water and not let the engine go above or below a certain RPM because I would not be able to hear the engine. The water splashed up around the vision block, clear, then murky, then brown, and then black. There were strange sounds, I felt like I was under a waterfall. I thought why am I doing this? The commander told me to steer right. I told him that water was around my boots. He told me to steer right. I told him I had water up to my angles. He said, "Damn-it! Sir! Steer right and watch your RPM. You have got it made." Pretty soon, the water got lighter and then cleared and I saw daylight. I had just driven a tank a distance of 400 feet underwater.

The commander told me from his station that I did a good job but not to talk to him unless there was problem. He told me to start back across the lake and not to worry about water unless it got higher then my boot tops. It was fun going back. After I shut everything down and came to the top of the snorkel tube, there were cheers except for a very discussed, Hal LaFosse, looking up at me. Walking back to my jeep, he told me that the crews had completed 60 hours of training before taking a tank underwater. I had not had any training and I could have panicked and maybe drowned. What was he supposed to tell Jo? As my jeep drove off, I was tickled with myself.

Part XX: Armor Magazine

I need at this point to explain what was going on about professional military associations. In the early 1970s, some agency reported to the Office of the Secretary of Defense that many professional military associations were staffed by active duty military personnel and had been for decades. In April of 1973, the OSD decreed that in 12 months, there would be no active duty personnel on professional associations' staffs. To continue to publish Armor Magazine would spell financial disaster for the Armor Association. It could not afford to pay an editor, assistant editor, business manager, and circulation manager; not for very long anyway. The executive counsel decided to give Armor Magazine to the Armor School and move the association to Radcliff. The president of the association, four-star General James Polk did not think the magazine or the association could survive the environment but there did not seem to be any other course. He said he wanted very dedicated people involved in the venture. General Don Starry, who had been a member of executive counsel, was scheduled to take command of Fort Knox in July or August. Starry told Polk, that he would back Boudinot 100%. General Polk told General Starry that he would make the final decision on Boudinot's selection.

In June, I flew to Washington D.C. for an interview with General Polk and discuss the move with Bob Kelso. The General had known my father during WWII and seemed to like me right away. He was gruff and told me I had a hard road ahead of me and I must be prepared to fall on my sword to save the magazine and the association. He was angry because the president of the Association of the United States Army wanted to absorb the Armor Association and its journal as it was doing with Artillery Association and its journal. General Polk told me he almost poked General Dodge in the nose. The Cavalry (Armor) Association was the oldest professional military association in the U.S. Army.

The association had once been located in a nice commercial section. 50 years had taken its toll. In 1973, it was located above a go-go bar and dirty book store. Rent and utilities were expensive and parking fees for the staff were very high. It was time to move out of Washington. Bob Kelso was a peddler 1st class. He sold cavalry hats, spurs, ties, and blazers and so on all over the world. In 1972, he made \$31,000 selling this stuff and General Polk was concerned about the IRS because we were supposed to be a

non-profit organization. Bob had left the magazine preparation to Sergeant C. Frank Daily, and it showed. Sergeant Daily did not have the professional knowledge to be given such a task. When I looked around the office, I saw an old roll top desk, oak chairs, glass front book cases, and boxes of old printing plates. All of this dating back to the late 18 hundreds. In one room was stored what was called the "US Cavalry Library". I did a very dumb thing here. I made no mention of how important all these things were to the history of the association. After I got back to Fort Knox, I was not informed that the Armor School had told Bob that it would only pay to ship those items that pertained to publishing a magazine. When the truck arrived at Fort Knox, I got tears in my eyes, then angry. Bob had sold most of the furniture and had his friends and the War College Library ram sack the books. Of the 1400 books, only 400 arrived at Fort Knox. I had assumed that Bob knew the historical value of things. The Armor Association had the funds for shipping. Assumption is the prelude to disaster!

No one had found a place at Fort Knox to put the magazine. Joann Patton suggested to her husband that I be offered the recently vacated retarded children school. It had been located in a small brick house that once served as a billeting office for the Waryery Housing Project after WWII. The retarded children school had been relocated to Pierce Elementary. The General told me to take a look at it. The little house was clear across post from the Armor School. It needed new roofing, repairs, and inside and outside painting. I told General Patton I liked it, but I wanted one room turned into a photo lab. I wanted central air conditioning and carpet. The Post Engineers said it would take until October or November before renovation would be complete. They also said they did not have enough money to do everything. Somebody found \$25,000 in Combat "Development funds that was left over from supporting the Main Battle Tank Task Force which had been disbanded. \$10,000 was transferred to the post engineers to help with the renovation.

The lease was up in Washington on 1 August, which meant I had to move the magazine and association in July. I needed a temporary location. On 6 July, I was given one half of the downstairs of the old Weapons Department building. It was condemned and scheduled to be torn down in the spring of 1974. It was dirty and hot in the place but, I would have to make it do. Jo suggested we clean it up a bit before the truck arrived. Cy Appel, still at the Board, got me some paint and brushes. Some one got me a detail of five prisoners for three days. Jo worked their tails off, but they

had fun. It was far from perfect but we were ready in six days. I called Bob in Washington and told him to roll them out. On 18 July, 1973, Armor Magazine and the United States Armor Association with no ceremony or fanfare arrived at their new home. General Starry, who had not yet taken command of Knox, said the two would be co-located during his watch.

I am very sorry to this day that I did not keep a daily log during the next four-years. Hundreds of the telephone conversations I had from all over the country were priceless. I was visited by historians, vendors, tank buffs, and so on. Many of these visits were fascinating. There are a lot of kooks in this world. Because the magazine was not in the current budget, the logistical people did not want to give me anything. It was like a bastard child coming home. I had to beg, borrow, and steal paper, pencils, toilet paper, etc. I did not want the association to buy anything for the magazine right from the start. The magazine had to become a part of the Armor School and survive. The office was so hot, I had LT Stangle rent three window air conditioners; they were a big help. During his first week as post commander, General Starry called me and ask what I needed. I told him I needed a clerk typist and access to the art department at the print plant. In a short time, I received a temporary typist and an artist was appointed to help me. Sergeant Daily was late with the July-August issue of the magazine, but we did not have to drop an issue. I worked some on that issue, but I did not put my name on it because I did not think it was mine. Armor was a pretty magazine. It had 120 pound litho paper on the inside with a separate three or four color cover. I had a feeling that the bureaucrats in the Army would try to degrade the cosmetic value of the magazine-I was right. Ever year, we went through a ritual of cost cutting. In September, I was assigned two young information specialists who were excess on post. Over the months, I went to our little house at least twice a week. It seemed like the contractor was always behind for one reason or another. Winter came early in 1973 and the old weapons buildings furnace had been removed. I had Stangle buy three electric heaters; they were a help, but they kept blowing fuses and I worried that the building might burn down. Finally, on the 14th of November, 1973, we moved into our new office which I called the "John Lannon House". Sergeant John Lannon was a cavalryman that Remington sketched in 1900. The sketch became the symbol the US Cavalry Association and became known as "Old Bill". I was very pleased that Fort Knox had given the magazine this wonderful Thanksgiving gift.

By the 1st of January, 1774, I had four months before the association staff had to be civilianized. I only needed two people, a business manager and a circulation manager. Unfortunately, I could only afford to pay a business manager \$8000 a year and \$3 an hour for a part time circulation manager. For the first, I interviewed five people and they laughed at me. I interviewed three for the other. Women wanted paid sick time and vacation time. Things were not looking very bright. I wondered often whether the association was doomed. One day, Jo told me she would help out with circulation until somebody came along. Jo is a detail person, meticulous with paper work. I knew she could do it. The files were a mess and it was going to hard work. She came on board in March. I had known Major Chuck Griffiths from PTA. He retired in 1970 and went to work in security with the Treasury Department. In 1974, he was a security guard at the Gold Vault. His family had a horse at the stables also and our wives and children got to know each other. One day, Mary Griffiths was talking to Jo and was telling her how much Chuck disliked his work at the Gold Vault and that now that he had his accounting certificate from Elizabethtown Community College, maybe he could get a better job. When Jo told me, I was excited. I called Chuck and asked him to come talk to me. I explained to him that his pay would get better every year if he could do the job. I planned on asking the executive counsel to raise his pay according. At first he said no and went home. I was depressed. He called me one evening and said he would give it a try. I had assigned Stangle to the magazine staff but told him that during this last week in the Army to do his best to bring Chuck up to speed. That was a dumb idea. Jim had a master's degree in finance and quickly intimidated Chuck. Chuck came in to my office and said he did not want the job. I told Chuck that Jim was getting out of the Army on Friday and for him to come back on Monday. He did come back and served me well for the next three years. After I retired, Chuck went on to become "Mr. Armor Association" and after 16 years of faithful service died in December 1990 while still trying to do his job. He was making \$28,000.

Clarence Pratt, the president of the Fort Knox National Bank, had a computer program set up on our membership and mailing list; all at very reasonable cost. Jo worked hard to input into the program. It was tedious work and she would get upset when the transition was not going smoothly. Jo introduced a 50 years membership certificate. These people were made exempt from dues. I introduced a large author's certificate with a four color association crest on it. Both were suitable for framing.

I had a Mr. Eaton come visit me. He was trying to determine how much the Army should charge the Armor Association for rent and utilities. I had put the association upstairs. It was not big, but enough room for two people. It had its own telephone number and post office box. When Mr. Eaton implied that I was breaking regulations. I told him to tell his boss to call General Starry. I never heard from him again. I was assigned a young officer by the name of LT Mike Caldwell. He had a degree in journalism but no experience. He was enthusiastic but got me in trouble from time to time. I recall that one time; I gave him an article titled "Americanism". An old retired General Chenowith wrote it. Well, Caldwell changed a bunch of his words around. When the article was published, General Starry got a letter from Chenowith saying "I wrote a book and I have been writing articles for forty years, I do not want some God-damm LTC changing my words". I learned from that experience.

In 1975, my third chance for promotion to full colonel came around and I was not on the list. Generals Polk, Starry, and Williams, had all written glowing letters to the promotion board, but it was of no avail. I knew at 44, I had better start thinking about retirement while I was still marketable. I had been offered industry jobs in Michigan and California. I hated those places. I was confused as to what to do. We had three girls to put through college. I had to make money—lots of it. In 1976, Reneé would be through with high school. Then, an interesting thing happened that changed the course of my life especially financially. Jo and I had served in the 8th Cavalry with Gene and Louise Breeding. In 1975, Gene was a LTC stationed at Scott Air Force Base in Illinois. He was planning his retirement and was being recruited by a Vic Russell from "the United Services Planning Association. This outfit did financial and estate planning for military families. USPA wanted to open an office in Radcliff to service Fort Knox, beginning in 1976. Gene knew I was at Fort Knox, so he and Vic drove over to talk to me. We had a nice visit and that was that. Vic did ask to do program on me sometime, and I agreed. More of this later.

Back to Magazine, in the spring of 1975, I finally got LTC Royce Taylor assigned as the managing editor. He was an experienced journalist and editor and I needed him badly. You may recall that I had served under him as a Captain when he was the G-2 of the 2nd Armored Division at Fort Hood, Texas. When he came to the magazine, he had been in civil service for years. The magazine was getting better with each issue. I introduced new features and Royce changed the format and layout of the magazine. I

shanghaied a clerk typist from the Armor School who was a commercial artist. Steve Flanders was a strange fellow but an excellent artist. When he left, I shanghaied a Steve Chappel from the print plant. He was a little strange also but a good artist. When he left, I had finally justified an art director position and hired a Karen Randell. She was different, but helped move Armor Magazine into the top of its class. Our fan mail was very positive. Jo and Chuck upstairs had things well in hand. I forgot to mention, that in May of 1975, I introduced the presentation of reproductions of historical firearms at the Armor Association banquet. These door prizes became so popular that the Association was still doing it in 2009.

In November 1975, Mother died suddenly at her sanitarium in California. Truman flew to California from Hawaii and called me. He said he was going to have Mother cremated and have the urn sent to Arlington to be buried with Dad. I told him that her Will said that she wanted to be buried beside her husband. He said they did not do that anymore; they buried spouses on top. I told him we had to attend our mother's funeral. We agreed to meet at a certain hotel in Virginia, next to Fort Myers. When I arrived, he was pissed off because they could not find Mother's casket. Truman and I had not seen each other since 1961. He beat on my door at 2230 hours and told me they had found her. The next day, at the administrative building, a black hearse and staff car pulled up and we including a chaplain drove off to the grave site. Truman was complaining that a woman gives her life to her husband and the Army and they drive her up the hill in a plain old hearse. When we got to the site on Miles Road, there waiting, was an eight man honor guard in dress blues; all over six feet tall. I got tears "in my eyes and so did Truman--the big fake. With only Truman and I there, in our greens, when the chaplain read the eulogy that I wrote. Truman tears in his eyes. The Armor School sent the beautiful floral blanket that lay across her pink casket. General Williams had a spray of flowers placed in the lobby of Boudinot Hall. Truman and I went our separate ways at the airport. We did not see each other again until Jo and I were on vacation in Hawaii in 1996.

I want to mention here that the Armor Conferences held in May were getting better every year. In 1975, Fort Knox took on more responsibility and it was a banner year. Something humorous I remember was the result of a Best Article of the Year committee I set up. I had a committee of one full colonel, two LTCs, three majors, and four captains read every article published for a year and then by secret ballot, tell me which one was the

best. In 1975, a young captain wrote an article titled, "The Big Sleep". It was a critical view of the Armor School's Program of Instruction for the Armor Officers Advance Course. COL Hap Hazzard, the deputy assistant commandant, called me and said I was washing dirty underwear in public. He said that was not my charter and General Williams was going to be pissed. At the weekly staff meeting, General Williams walked in, and the first thing he said in front of everyone was, "Burt, that article, The Big Sleep, was splendid. The POI was screwed up when I was a student here and now that I am the boss it is still screwed up". Guess what article was selected as best for the year? In 1975, I bought a 1973 Toyota Carina for \$2,000. Renee and Brigitte used it in high school and it went back and forth to college for five years. It was in at least three accidents that I know of and had it engine rebuilt once and went through four sets of tires. I gave it to Brigi and Ron when they married in 1981. It had 110,000 miles on it. When they went to Germany, Ron sold it and I saw the car several times in the next few years.

The year 1976 was decision year. The magazine and association were doing well. Jo had turned her job over to Sergeant LaChance's wife, Sally. Vic Russell had done a financial program on me and I was impressed. One thing was clear, I had to have significantly more income than just my retirement pay. It looked like I was going to have to interview with defense industry. One day Gene Breeding showed up and asked to borrow some tools. He had just retired and had brought his camping trailer to Radcliff from Scott AFB. His family would join him when school was out. Gene and Vic were going to open a USPA office. Vic had been working out of his apartment for several months. Jo and I had been to a social function in Louisville one evening. When we got home, the phone rang, and Vic informed me that Gene had been found dead in his car. He was 43 and had only been retired five days. We were told it was a heart attack. Vic immediately turned his attention toward me as a replacement for Gene. I did not take him seriously. Jo and I had taken Vic and his wife Corky to a number of social events, so he was very much aware that we knew about everybody on post. He was hounding me one day in my office after he had advised me on what to do with the \$19,000 I would get from Mothers estate. I told him half heartily that if the president of USPA walked into my office one day and said I want you, Burt, that I might consider it. Well, that is exactly what happened. Carrol Payne walked in my office and said he needed me and I would make a lot of money.

For the next few months, I talked to people with several corporations about a job. They all required that we move to a big city with no employment guarantee after five years. I just did not want to do that—it scared me. Later in 1976, Jo and I went a USPA VIP briefing in Fort Worth, Texas. I agreed to start my home studies and set the retirement date as of 1 August 1977. Jo said over and over, "Burt, you should not do this, it is not for you." I knew she was right but I knew no other way to afford a house and put the girls through college. On 31 July, 1977, after 26 years of active duty, I went to a retirement review and then we went to the Armor School library where I was honored. I was born in the Army, I spent my childhood in the Army and the eight years I spent in California before I joined the Army were unhappy ones. This was a very emotional and confusing period for me. I do believe that my "finest hour" in my career was the editorship of Armor Magazine. I was my own boss; I was creative and could see and feel the results of my efforts. I received praise and was awarded my second Legion of Merit. General Starry referred to me once as Saint Boudinot—corny, but I liked it.

Part XXI: USPA/IRA

By the late summer of 1976, it was time for René to start to college. She had picked Eastern Kentucky University because it was a small campus; not overpowering like the University of Kentucky. I started my home studies on securities and insurance. I had to have a license to sell both. The courses were called "Fast Track", but, they were not fast for me. I spent hours and hours on the material. Brigi would graduate from Fort Knox high school in June of 1977 and join her sister at Eastern the month I retired. Jeannie was going to have to attend North Harden High School for two years. I felt badly about that. Jo and I started looking for a house to buy. We looked at a lot of them and she could not find what she wanted in our price range. We then talked about building. One day, in March of 1977 we found an oversize corner lot in a new subdivision called Tanglewood. The lot had the basic foundation poured. We learned that it was a custom house being built by a fellow by the name of Jack Hart. He gave us the plans to look at for two or three weeks to see if we wanted to buy and make any changes before he continued the construction. Jo decided she liked it, but made many changes in the floor plan. It ended up being a five bedroom three full bathroom house.

When René came home for Christmas in 1976, she was telling somebody how much she was enjoying ROTC. René and I had never discussed her entering the ROTC program. For four years people kidded me about forcing my pretty little daughter into the military. I was not guilty. In April 1977, Jo and I signed a contract with Jack Hart to build a 2885 square foot house for \$60,500. In 2000, these figures seem unbelievable. Would you believe I passed all of my tests on the first try? The plan developed that I would take terminal leave in the month of June and attend Phase five school or so called "charm school" at Fort Worth. The United Services Planning Association and Independent Research Association is a quasi military organization. An Air Force squadron commander who lost eleven crewmembers when one of his B-52's crashed founded it in 1960. There were nine wives and fourteen children left without adequate financial resources. He believed that every military family should be offered financial and estate planning. He retired and created USPA IRA. From April through June, I went to pick up several checklists with Vic. The checklist was designed to find out what was important to a person or family and in what financial posture did they want to be in by age 55. I was almost 46 and Vic

helped me to see my financial goals in a whole new light. I did pick up a few checklists myself, but I could not present a program because I was still a regular army officer on active duty.

I went to our new house almost daily. Jo and Jack were not getting along well and I ended up being a go between. These were very stressful times. My blood pressure went way up. I had what is now known as "retirement syndrome". When it was time to leave for school in Fort Worth, Jo was still trying to tell me this was not for me. I still could not tell her I knew she was right. I drove down and was put up in a roach motel that I was paying for. My roommate was a retired Air Force officer, Bob Leyhe. Later, he achieved a high position in USPA IRA. Classes were from 0800 to 2000 hours daily except for Sunday. This is the way it would be for the two week course. We had to wear a coat and tie to class and pull up our pant legs to be checked for sock droop. Vic had given me very little training and I knew little of what was being talked about. On the third day, I did not know how to fill out a "program work sheet". They called Vic and said they were sending me home for more training. Vic told them, if you send him home, he will not be back. He reminded them that I was a potential gold mine. Vic was in trouble because he had recently sent LTC (RET) Jim Moss down to school unprepared. I was embarrassed and angry. I wanted to say to hell with it, but it was not my nature. One day an instructor, John Beer, a retired Air Force officer, said to me in class, Burt, I would like you to do such and such. I told him that he would refer to me as colonel unless I told him he could call me Burt. He was stunned. On another occasion, I closed my books about 1500 and headed for the door. The instructor asked me where I was going. I told him that on Thursday afternoon, I get a haircut and that I would be back. This true story circulated around USPA for several years. Tex Rankin, the vice president of USPA called me in two days before the course was over. He said they had not recruited many army officers before; Moss and I were a strange breed. I told him Army line officers are not like fighter or bomber pilots or the fellows who run ships. We face our adversary's eye ball to eye ball. He said he did not think I would make it in the business. I told him that we would see. The night that I got back to Knox I found that Jeannie had been bitten by a Black Labrador while she was trying to protect Bandit. She still has the scar to this day. Jo was getting ready for the packers and not in a very good mood. General Dave Doyle had replaced General Williams at the Armor School. Doyle sent for me. He said he would like me to stay for two more years as editor. He could pull my retirement papers. I could not tell him how much I would like

to do that. I told him I did not believe in U-turns in life and my retirement had to happen sooner or later. I went to see the house. It was a pretty house sitting in the middle of a big red clay lot. Little did Jo and I realize the expense and effort it was going to take to landscape it.

We signed the mortgage papers on 9 July and the movers came to our quarters on 11 July 1977. We had been in 1465-B Fifth Avenue for seven years. Thus on 1 August, a ritual started of seminars, picking up programs, doing a program work sheet, having it sent to Fort Worth for approval, then presenting the program. This went on for two and one half years. I knew that I had hated paper work, but, it became a curse on me. That August, Jeannie was 16 and I was 46. Vic had rented office space in the basement of a dental building. Jim Moss and I were in together. The room was so small that only one of us could push his chair away from the desk at a time. Expenses were about \$400 a month. This increased to \$1800 a month when Vic us moved up town about a year later and bought all new furniture. We all were heading for trouble. I worked during the day on programs, sometimes at home and sometimes at the office. I left about 1900 hours and sometimes did not get home until 2300. Jo and I did not have much time together. I kept thinking that things will get better when my commissions start coming in. When winter came, I found that driving around Van Voorhis housing area at five mile per hour was making my feet numb. The engine fan on the VW was not turning fast enough to push heat into the car. In January 1978, I bought a new Honda Accord hatchback. I paid \$6030 for it and it turned out to be a wonderful car. I sold the VW convertible for \$1200. The 1970 VW convertible became a classic car in 1980 and today in California; a restored one sells for about \$20,000.

Well, what did I learn in this new world I was in? I found out that officers lie. I found that most people do not know what punctual means. That people do not like to talk about money. That money affects the relationship between husband and wife. That many handsome men marry plain women, but, that many plain women are excellent wives and mothers. I found that often, I had to play the part of chaplain and salesman at the same time. I encountered many officers who knew all about investing, but did not have a pot to pee in. I found that the instructors in school were right when they said sell to the wife. If she likes the program, George will sign. They were also right when they said do not sell to yours friends. Someone told me once they over heard a LTC say, "Talk to Boudinot, he will give you a financial update and it does not cost you anything." My best clients were

regular army captains who had been married a few years and had children. In any case, it was a humbling experience. At times my integrity was challenged, I was insulted, and no, they did not like the program. I was not use to people saying no to me. I did not like the work, but I was making money. My percentage of program closes increased rapidly when I used my own techniques instead of being a USPA puppet. I did so well in 1978, that Jo and I got an all expenses paid trip to the annual meeting in Vancouver, Canada. Jo got a book of coupons when we got there; a stack of 200 one dollar bills. Jim Moss and I both made the Presidents Club; pretty good for a couple of fellows who were not going to make it in the business. Over the next year, I sent several memos to the home office suggesting changes in presentations. They were all ignored and this made me angry. For example, I did not think an army wife should be referred to as "homemaker" or "dependent" if she was working. I did not think an officer should be referred to as "breadwinner". I thought a monthly or quarterly news letter should be sent to all clients outlining pertinent information. All this came to pass long after I was gone. In August of 1979, Jo and I and the Moss's drove up to the annual meeting in Philadelphia. Jim and I were inducted into the Summit Club as top salesmen. I told Jo that I was a winner and I could quit USPA/IRA. I had nothing against the fine investment and insurance vehicles it brokered. I could not live with the corporate hierarchy and the refusal of many clients to close on my beautiful programs. I did not tolerate rejection very well. I realized also, that I was really not fond of people in general. I, myself, had learned a lot about me and a great deal about investing. I emulated an axiom that is used by seminar briefers to this day. It reads, "An individual, business, or institution, earns money and each has to spend money to survive or enhance its posture. However, not all earnings or profits should expended. Capital invested earns more capital meaning that the more money invested the more money is earned. If money is invested especially on a regular basis, and is allowed time to grow by reinvesting earning, then income from growth can be expended without eroding the principal." Knowing how much is an equation. The difference between an individual, business, or institution with insufficient funds and those with sufficient funds is the growth of invested capital—knowledgeable investing. Even with good credit, when expenses exceed income, a condition called "broke" emerges; especially for the individual where credit is limited. When invested money reaches a certain point in time, a specific amount can be withdrawn and the investment continues to grow. This is simply how a business or an institution survives financially and how an individual becomes financially

independent".

In 1969, as a 38-year-old LTC, I did not have a pot to pee in. By age 70, Jo and I were financially independent. I can thank Vic Russell and USPA IRA for that. PAY YOUR SELF FIRST! IT IS NO SECRET THAT SYSTEMATIC INVESTING AND TIME ARE THE MAIN ELEMENTS OF A GOOD PLAN.

Part XXII Consultant

In October 1979, I made a visit to the president of the Armored and Engineer Board, COL Jimmie Pigg. I ask him if he knew of any corporation that was looking for a consultant in the Fort Knox area. I learned that BDM Corporation, a consultant outfit based in Virginia, had been supporting the "Armored Combat Vehicle Technology Program" for over two years. This was a multi-million dollar study and test of an automatic cannon on a light armored chassis and mobility comparisons of power trains and suspension systems. Shortly after the Iranian hostage crisis began, the ACVTP was saddled with the task to study light armored vehicle concepts for a Rapid Deployment Force. COL Pigg suggested I talk to someone with the Fort Knox BDM office, which was located in the basement of the A&E board. With luck, I ran into retired LTC John Dennis, who was then with BDM. I had done a USPA program on John and his family in late 1977. He knew my reputation and was aware of my special interest in mobility. He told me to give him a resume and he would talk to BDM.

Jo seemed surprised and pleased that I may have found a job on my first try. She was insisting that she take a refresher operating room nursing course at Jewish Hospital in Louisville. She would only owe them a year of work for the course. I told her, I did not think that driving back and forth to Louisville was a good idea. I prepared a draft letter of resignation to USPA but told no one of my intentions, not even Jim Moss. By the middle of November, I had heard nothing from BDM, so I called John Dennis. A few days later, I got a call from a Dr. Ray. He offered me \$20,000 as a staff consultant. I had done my math based on Jo not going to work. I told him I needed \$26,500. He said he would get back with me. I was nervous, I wanted out of USPA. On 12 December 1979, John Dennis called me and told me to report for work on 5 January 1980. I danced all over the place. It just so happened that Vic Russell's USPA Christmas party was on 17 December. I gave Vic my letter of resignation at the party. He did not seem surprised or displeased. The USPA IRA office was well established in the area and I had out lived my usefulness to Vic. I did a dumb thing. Ralph Dyier, another agent, was having financial problems and Vic ask me if I would let him have the investment commissions of those programs I had not closed. He made out a promissory note for \$7000 dollars to be paid to me in December 1980. It took me four years to get \$4000 then Vic left in 1984 and I wrote off a loss of \$3000 in 1986. On 5 January 1980, I reported

for work at BDM. Jo called me at office and told me she wanted to meet me at the Officers Club for a drink after work. I was surprised and curious; I knew she was not pregnant. When I meet her, she had had her hair frosted that day—it was cute. She told me she was proud of what I had done and now that the girls were grown, she wanted to do something with her life. She had enrolled in the refresher course at Jewish Hospital to begin classes on the 4th of February. What could I say; she had every right to do that. I was assigned as a mobility analysis and would be working with an old friend, Newell Murphy, who was with Waterways Experiment Station at Vicksburg. I found quickly that I really enjoyed the work. In February, it was time for Jo to start school and she was getting cold feet, but off she went anyway. We learned very quickly that because of the weather and the amount of homework that she was only going to be able to come home on the weekends. She would often call me and say she did not think she was good enough to go back into nursing. I knew she was not going to quit but she did need reinforcing. I traveled a lot during my first four or five months, mostly on weekdays. Sometimes I would have dinner with Jo or stay overnight if I was flying out the next morning. Her room was so small that the bed had to be folded into the wall if sitting space was needed. My problem was getting someone to watch the dogs and cat while I was away on a trip.

My first big assignment was to do a comparative analysis of all light armored vehicles currently in production throughout the world. This was so much fun and I was getting paid for it. I was very grateful for my prayers being answered. I knew that with USPA IRA, I was frustrated and slowly going into depression. Anyway, when I finished with my vehicle data analysis, I told everyone that the vehicle that met all the parameters to equip a rapid deployment force was a particular vehicle produced by the French. When all the data of some 36 vehicles went into the computer, it selected the French vehicle. I now had credibility with BDM. The word expert was attached to my name. BDM published my analysis under hard cover and gave it wide distribution. Though I knew mobility, I was used in another area. Also, they found that I was a good interpreter between PhDs and green suitors (army guys). I seemed to be able to make the doctors of science understand what the army project officers were talking about and vice versus. I enjoyed this phase of the operation very much, it was just plain fun. Jo completed her course in May. She still did not have much confidence in herself when she went to work in surgery but the doctors thought she was good because they told me so at social functions. She

worked mostly with the hand team at first and then later became a member of the eye team. I wrote an article titled "Ground Mobility in Perspective". I sent it to Dr. Bekker for review and he told me that I should be very proud of the piece. It was published in the Jan-Feb issue of Armor. I also designed and built two models of what I thought the Army was looking for in a light armored vehicle based on the parameters. Would you believe that one of them was taken to numerous meeting and a photo of it was placed on the cover of the final ACVTP report? I was proud of that. I still have the models. Well to show you how diverse consulting can be, in early 1982, the A&E board asked BDM to produce a video documentary of the entire ACVT program from start to finish. BDM came to me and ask if I could write the script and select parts of thousands of feet of film of different tests. Burt said sure! What a task that was, but I enjoyed every minute of the four months it took me to do it. I worked closely with the Armor School Television Division and made a lot of friends. When it was finished it had selected music and was narrated by a professional narrator. The credits at the beginning read, "Written and produced by Burton S Boudinot, BDM Corporation, for the Armored and Engineer Board, Fort Knox, Kentucky." I was proud of that work also. Tapes were distributed throughout the Army and Industry.

BDM lost the bid to do the final ACVT program report to Systems Planning Corporation based in Virginia. I moved over to SPC at the same rate of pay. Even though I knew this job would not last long, I was told to hire a temporary secretary. Most of my time was spent editing; I had done that before. During the program, there were many premises about mobility that were proved true or untrue. Two assumptions that were proven not valid were: first, that a fast and agile armored vehicle could dodge tank gun rounds and missiles. Test after test showed this was not true. And second, that a 20 to 22 ton armored vehicle with a high horse power to sprocket ratio could out run a tank like the M1. It was found that the mobility of the 65-ton M1 was hard to beat over any terrain. Much was learned from this extensive and expensive program. I have to tell this one. SPC wanted me to write two technical papers on the lessons learned during the ACVT program and the need for future programs. They ask how long it would take and how much would I charge. I ask an old consultant for advice. He said 90 days and \$10,000. I could not believe the papers were worth that much. I told SPC it would take 90 days and I wanted \$7000. They did not even bat an eye, my loss. I finished the papers in 14 days. I did not have a lead on another consulting job and I was getting nervous. Things however were

good financially.

In December 1980, I administered the oath when Reneé was commissioned as a US Army Second Lieutenant from ROTC at Eastern Kentucky University. Brigitte married 1LT Ron Schrock in May of 1981 and then went on to graduate from University of Kentucky where she received two degrees. She had transferred from Eastern in her sophomore year. During the summer going into her junior year, Jeannie decided to go for an ROTC scholarship at UK and received it. She graduated in 1985 as a Distinguished Military Graduate.

I did a very smart thing. Because Jo was working, I put a large amount of my consulting fees into investments; good ones. The portfolio had done extremely well in the past ten years. Because of my retirement pay and two incomes, we were beginning to experience a serious income tax problem in 1986. By 1987 and 88, it was critical. One of us had to quit work and it wasn't going to be Jo.

In the summer of 1982, after BDM and SPC I did a dumb thing. The president of the Armor and Engineer Board, COL Lynn Fleming, who I had known for years, wanted me to stay on by taking a Civil Service GS 12 position. As a retired regular army officer, I knew I would lose half of my retirement pay, but, I guess I was not ready to leave the flagpole. My application was approved in record time. I was put on a team that was studying why the 120mm gun should be mounted on the M-1 tank. The army had already decided what it was going to do; the study was for congressional record. It was very boring and I was working with some dingbats. Finance deducted for retirement and for medical insurance. I did not need either of these. When I had a kidney stone attack, because I had not built up any sick time, they gave me time off without pay. The crunch came when it was announced that cost of living increases on civil service pay would be deducted from army retirement pay. In January, 1983, I quit civil service. It had been an unpleasant six months. I forgot to mention other events in 1982. I had bought Jeannie a 1974 German Ford Capri. It burned lots of fuel and did not serve her well. Jo suggested I give Jeannie my 1978 Honda Accord. Jo traded the Ford to help her buy a 1981 Toyota Corona LTD sedan. It turned out to a wonderful car. I traded Jo's 1978 Mercury Zephyr for a 1982 Mazda GLC Sport sedan. Why did I not buy another Honda? The Mazda was much too light and small. After three months, I sold it to Bob Baker. He had bought Renee's Datsun 310 coupe

after she left for Korea. I bought a 1982 Renault Feuego coupe for \$9100. It was a good car but not a great car and many thought it was ugly. I guess so many thought so, that in 1985, Renault announced it was pulling it from the US market. The bottom dropped out for me and Honda would only give me \$3600 in trade for a new 85 Honda Accord. I have owned nothing but Accords since.

In February 1983, I attended real estate school in Louisville. I passed all my tests and got my license the first time around; 40% of my class did not. I became an associate with Rick McGimsey at the Century 21 office in Radcliff. After a few months, I was tired of working with prospects. Many of who were liars or dirt-balls. I told Rick, I did not want to be in sales. He said he wanted me to set up a relocation department that would be tied into a nationwide network. He would pay me \$15 an hour for five hours a day. I attended several relocation seminars, one for a week in Seattle, Washington. I mounted a huge map of the United States behind my desk, and placed pins in it as I tied in with other Century 21 offices throughout the country. I wrote a relocation SOP (Standing Operational Procedure). I really became the office manager because the agents had to get many of their prospective clients from me. This was a big operation and I was having a good time. Jo had moved to the heart team in late 1983 and liked it very much. She was doing very well since returning to nursing. You may have noticed that her one-year commitment to Jewish Hospital had long passed.

In the summer of 1984, Jo and I went to Germany to visit Brigi and Ron, and our new grandson and first grandchild, Ronald Burton, born in September of 1983. We had not been back to Germany in 25 years; it had changed a great deal. We enjoyed going back to Rotenberg where we spent our honeymoon and back to Paris. It was a good trip. When I returned to work, Rick informed me that his office was in receivership and he was going to have to sell his new building. I was out of a job again. Jo had been told that the first heart transplant to be conducted in Kentucky would probably happen in August of 1984. Jo said she knew that she would not be selected to be on the team. We had not been home from Germany a week and guess who was selected to be on the team. Jo tried to play it down but she was proud of herself and so was I. In December of 1984, I administered the oath to Jeannie when she was commissioned to a US Army Second Lieutenant from ROTC at the University of Kentucky.

About the only thing I did in 1985, except work on the house, was

compile a book with Royce Taylor. Royce was then retired from civil service and the Armor Magazine staff. We had talked for sometime about compiling a series of books from selected subjects covered over the years in the Cavalry Journal and Armor Magazine. The Draper Foundation said they would finance a book on Leadership. This was a start for Royce and me. We reviewed every article on leadership published in the journal from 1888 to 1985. We found a wealth of wonderful material. We carefully selected what we thought were the best, compiled them into a book and had 750 copies printed with two reprints later. The book was well received but for reasons that escape me, we were not encouraged by the Armor Association to compile any follow on books. In 1985, I designed a 20-foot high structure that would serve as a landmark for the city of Radcliff and be dedicated to the armored forces that had trained at Fort Knox since 1932. It was a bi-triangular design that waned in the wind. The Radcliff Rotary Club was to sponsor it with full endorsement by the mayor and city counsel. The idea received wide publicity and it looked like everything was going well. Unfortunately, three men died in a sewer accident and the city water tower fell over killing a women and creating a lot of property damage. The liability of erecting an "attractive nuisance" in the city became a major issue and the project was dropped. That year, Jeannie was ordered to Germany; Brigi and family were still in Germany; and Reneé was at Fort Hood.

At the Armor Conference in 1986, an officer who I had served with in Vietnam with came up to me and asks if I was doing any consulting. Ron Mayhew had retired and was working for the BMY Corporation in York, Pennsylvania. BMY built all the M-88 tank retrievers and 155mm armored howitzers for the army. There was a large product improvement program going on and they needed a consultant at Fort Knox. I signed a contract in July 1986 and remained a consultant to BMY until July 1988, when the improvement program was cancelled. In February, 1987, Magnavox called me and said they needed a consultant at Fort Knox. I drove up to Fort Wayne, Indiana and signed a contract. Among other things over a year or so, I tried to convince Magnavov that because the air land battle doctrine makes the battlefield so fluid, they should work on an identification-friend or foe system for the army. They made a feeble attempt but said the army had more important priorities. The stupidity of army planners was reflected in the number of friendly casualties suffered during Desert Storm. I put in one of my reports to Magnavox that they were paying me to do nothing. In December, 1988, they terminated my contract. All of the consultant fees had placed Jo and me in a very bad income tax posture. It was obvious I

was through working for money.

In September 1986, Joanna Katherine was born to Ron and Brigitte now living in Nebraska. In October 1987, Jo and I went back to Germany to visit. Renee' had arrived in August and Jeannie was due to come home in February 1988. We went to the Munich Oktoberfest with the girls and took an eight-day automobile tour of England and Scotland. Captain Jeannie Boudinot married Captain Chris Bellairs in March of 1989. Captain Renee' Boudinot married Captain Jim Johnson in March of 1990. Major and Mrs. Ron Schrock (Brigitte) had Lillian Brigitte on 15 December 1991.

In December 1991, my structure design, now called "Tribute to the Armored Soldier" came to life again after Desert Storm and will be erected in Radcliff in April of 1992 and dedicated at the Armor Conference in May. I copyrighted it.

PART XXIII: The Golden Years

I drew my last corporate paycheck in December 1988. I was 57. Jo said she enjoyed her work at Jewish Hospital and was going to stay on until mandatory retirement at age 62.

Now what was I going to do with myself. I had been working on my Radcliff landmark several times off and on since 1985. It was to be about 40 feet tall and turn in the wind or by electric motor. The mayor of Radcliff, Joe Hutcherson was interested but the city lawyer did not like the idea that it turned in the wind. He said it was a liability problem if someone were injured.

I spend time at Armor Magazine helping to review articles. I had been on the executive counsel of the Armor Association since I retired and that took up some of my time.

My girls were encouraging me to write my life story. They knew that I had not spent a lot of time getting to know my father. He was always busy so we did not get time to talk much or do things together. When the war came, we moved quite a bit and then in 1943, he and his beloved regiment were off in ships to England. Mother and I, and Rowdy went to California to live with Grandmother Eva, Dad's mother.

After my dad's death in 1945, when I was only fourteen, I did not know his values or priorities in life. (I did not know them until years later when I read his letters to Mother.) At fourteen years old, I did not know how to emulate him. I did not know anyone I wanted to be like. At twelve years old, I remember I wanted to be like the "Lone Ranger" or "Prince Valiant" or both.

Anyway, I did not know how to type. I bought a "How to Type Book" and borrowed a typewriter. I practiced and practiced. After I built up enough confidence, I purchased a Brother Word Processor. With it, I could create and store what I was going to write.

Where do you start? Once upon a time..., but backward a bit here. Youngest daughter, Captain Jeannie Boudinot and Captain Christopher Bellairs had married in March of 1989. That was ok, but they both planned

to leave the army and Chris to attend the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill to obtain his master's degree in finance. At the time, I was not happy about them leaving the military, especially at the same time. That did not seem very wise to me. I thought Jeannie should stay on active duty to help expenses for the next two years. They of course did not listen and it almost cost them their marriage. Two captains pay went down to savings and what Jeannie could make. They made it together.

I put weddings and funerals in the same category. They should both be avoided. Jeannie and Chris's wedding was held at the Fort Knox Main Chapel (built around 1890) and it was beautiful but what a fiasco. I thought I was going to have to put Jo in "Our Lady of Peace" (hospital for mentally disturbed). Better yet, Captain Reneé Boudinot and Captain James Johnson announced their engagement at Jeannie and Chris's rehearsal dinner. A year later in March of 1990, Reneé and Jim came home from Germany and married at the United States Military Academy Cadet Chapel at West Point in New York. Jim was a graduate of the "Class of 1983." The whole family met at West Point. This time I felt like I needed to go to "Our Lady of Peace." Reneé and Jim went back to Germany. "Desert Storm" (the 1990 Gulf War) was churning up sand in the Middle East.

An interesting development occurred in early 1992. I received a letter from the Department of Army AG informing me that a Dorothy Boudinot Dawson was looking for her father and was asking if the army knew what happen to him. She received a letter back that he (me) had been notified of her inquiry. I wrote her a letter and then called her a few weeks later. She was thrilled. She said her mother (Gloria) told her several times that she thought I had been killed in Vietnam. Gloria third husband was a retired Air Force Reserve LTC. He told Dottie to contact the Army AG. Dottie and I have written letters and talked on the phone for years now. In 1998 during the period when Chris and Jeannie were living in California, Jo and I got to visit with Dottie and her husband. Jo said she liked Dottie. In June of 2009, Gloria passed away after a long battle with a brain tumor.

After the glowing victory of "Desert Storm," which ended in January 1991, I received a phone call from the mayor of Radcliff, Jennings Smith. He wanted me to attend a meeting at City Hall and bring a model of my "thing." He wanted to erect a monument to the tankers that fought in the great desert battles in the Middle East during "Desert Storm."

Good politics, I thought. The question was how big, how much, and where would we erect it? The lawyers said it could not turn in the wind, or turn period. I got back with my original contractor in Louisville. We needed a company that could engineer and fabricate my modified "Double Triangle." We searched until we found an outfit in Campbellsville, Kentucky that said they would like to take the project. They were known as the "Steeple People." They had church steeples in over 50 countries--all from a little company in a little town in Kentucky.

To close out the year 1991, Brigitte delivered Lillian Noel in December, our second granddaughter. Ron was now a Nebraska National Guard Major and the family was living in Lincoln. Lillie completed the family with older brother Ronnie, now eight, and sister Annie, now five. Ron went on to complete a successful National Guard career with Nebraska retirement as a colonel in 2005 after serving a year in Afghanistan. Brigitte still works today, as one of the most sought after high school special needs teacher in the Lincoln City School District.

The erected 30-foot high "Tribute to the Armored Soldier" was dedicated at a large military and civilian ceremony in front of the Radcliff City Hall on 2 May 1992. I was very pleased with it and still proud of it when I drive by today. Our three girls and their families were in attendance.

Jo had loved flowers and plants all of her life. She landscaped every set of military quarters we lived in. She enjoyed designing flowerbeds and herbal gardens. I believed because of being confined in a sterol operating room all day for years and nearing retirement from her surgical nursing career, she wanted to take on her dream. This dream was to grow prize-winning orchids. She had mentioned it to me twenty years earlier but it went right by me.

At a home and garden show in Louisville in 1991, she saw a prefabricated greenhouse of about ten feet by twelve feet. She said she wanted one. With prepared foundation and erection by the company, it was \$4450. We learned a lot about greenhouses over the next four years. The windows have to open from the outside not the inside. A shade cover is absolutely essential in the summer. It was much too small for the serious orchid grower. We learned the first winter that it did not have enough wired circuit for two electrical heaters. We also had to catch rainwater from the downspout from the house. Orchids do not like tap water. The little

greenhouse tripped up to three circuit breakers when the two portable heaters were on in the winter.

A good friend of ours, who was an electrician, told Jo and I we were going to lose our home to fire some day. Vince and his friend came to the house one cold day while we were on Christmas vacation visiting one of our girl's and their family and rewired the house circuitry. We did not have prior knowledge that he was going to pick the locks to the house and fix the electrical problem. Vince charged me \$175 for a \$500 job. He said he could sleep better after he fixed it.

In April 1994, Reneé delivered her first of two sons, Derek Connor at the West Point Army Hospital. Caelan Broderick arrived in March 1996, delivered at the same hospital. Jim was a military instructor at the United States Military Academy. After completing his Master's Degree, Chris quickly moved into the world of corporate business. In September of the 1994, Jeannie delivered her first of two sons, Nigel. Graham followed in April of 1996. We now had seven grandchildren—two granddaughters and five grandsons. They were all healthy and we were very proud of our daughters.

In May 1994, the US Armor Association dubbed me a "Golden Knight in the Order of St. George." The honor was for my 30 years of voluntary service to the armor community. I had gone alone to the banquet, as I had done for many previous years. Jo's interest was now mainly on orchid growing and she was pursuing a six-year program to become a certified national orchid judge. Without my knowledge, friends had informed Jo of the pending award and arranged to have her picked up after my departure from the house. They kept her hidden at the dinner as not to tip me off that something special was about to happen. When I was called forward for the award presentation, Jo appeared out of nowhere to my side, looking as beautiful and radiant as ever. I was presented the coveted "Golden Knight in the Order of St George". I, Burt Boudinot, was speechless. I had tears in my eyes in front of 700 people. Jo loved every minute of it.

As the world turns... A friend of Jo's told her about this wonderful trip to Alaska. It included a train trip to California, then on to a cruse ship to ports along the way to Anchorage, Alaska. Back to Seattle, onto Yellowstone, and Salt Lake City buy bus and train to Chicago. WOW! It was a 14-day trip for about \$6,000 for two. I made a down payment for the

trip. It was, I think, scheduled for about three months down the road. When it got time for me to pay in full, I told Jo I did not want to go to Alaska. I had memories of that *long* month in Europe when we visited the girls in 1987. Jo smiled and said, "I did not think so." She said, "May I have a new greenhouse?" Now I did not ask for cost proposals, I was happy to say yes without cost estimates. Big mistake! She put the little greenhouse up for sale. It cost \$4450 to install. She finally got \$500 for it and the buyer had to take it apart and move it.

In early 1997 I knew that Jo was working on her "Operation Greenhouse." I was having some exterior repairs done on the house we had now been living in for twenty years. The contractor was a personal friend of ours, Dave Miller. We had known Dave and Dot for years. One day, Jo came out of the house and told Dave she was getting a new greenhouse. It was a *kit*. She asked if he would put it together. He said (with many regrets later) that he could probably do that. They agreed that elements of the kit would be delivered to his warehouse until his team had the time to put it together.

One day, I got an invoice from "Turner Greenhouse" in North Carolina. It was for \$9000. I asked Jo with some degree of anger, "What kind of greenhouse did you order?" She said, "A big one, but it will be able to heat itself, cool itself, and automatically rain on itself twice a day." Gad Zukes! I thought, what has been unleashed here? This was just the beginning! Later, Dave called Jo and I and asked us to come to his warehouse. Jo was not at home so I went alone. When I walked into the warehouse, there were five large wooden and cardboard boxes. There were two crates containing the Plexiglas panels, which were each four feet high. The aluminum girders and struts were banded together. Nothing could be moved without a forklift.

Jo came in, looked wide-eyed and said wow! I sat down and stared at the floor I asked Dave how much to construct the thing. Dave answered, "I do not know. The greenhouse has to have a permanent foundation with concrete and electricity laid in." He said, "Once we get started there is no turning back." This was a big boy's Erector Set that was 15 feet wide and 35 feet long. I looked at Jo's sad face, and then I told Dave to build it. I thought to myself, we should have gone to Alaska.

Soon the water softener arrived and the reverse osmosis water

system. It was big and looked like it belonged in a submarine. Dave's men did not work on the greenhouse every day. It took about ten weeks before Jo could start moving orchids into it, around August 1st, 1996.

Well, to end this greenhouse saga with a happy but very sad note, the \$22,000 paid for the greenhouse was one of the best expenditures we made in our married life. Over the next seven years, Jo's award-winning orchids became widely known. She studied constantly and decided that her final life's ambition was to become a nationally accredited orchid judge. This meant she would have to go to school in Cincinnati, Ohio once a month for at least six years. She belonged to the Radcliff garden club, "The Potted Few," the Flower Designing Guild in Louisville. She became an officer in local and state women's clubs; served as president for both "The Potted Few" and the "Kentucky Women's Club." She became in demand as a regular flower show judge and lecturer.

Just one month after she received her orchid judge certificate in November 2004, she was diagnosed with internal melanoma cancer. The poor thing took the chemotherapy and later radiation treatments, but the "Demon" continued to eat her up. On October 31st, 2005, she left us.

A beautiful spray of orchids was laid across her casket during an emotionally moving memorial held at Stithton Baptist Church in Radcliff, Kentucky. I read the following eulogy:

"Jo Kiser Boudinot was a very accomplished lady. She was an elegant lady. She was a beautiful woman, both physically and intellectually. She was a caring person and friendly to all other persons of different stations in life. She loved all animals especially the ones with fur. Spiders were not her forte especially Texas tarantulas. It was an honor to have her as my wife and my close friend for 48 ½ years. Jo graduated from Baylor's school of nursing when she was in her late teens and in her mid twenties became a private scrub nurse for a renowned neurosurgeon in Dallas.

Due to an automobile accident, which resulted in a whiplash neck, she was told to take a leave of absence from surgery for at least a year. She decided she might like to fly as an airline hostess enabling her to travel. She applied to Braniff Airlines and of course was immediately accepted for hostess schooling. Some might not believe this today, but

airline hostesses (now flight attendants) during the 1930's, 40's and 50's had to be female and pretty to look at. Their uniforms had to be spotless. After accumulating enough vacation points, she was able to take a trip to Europe, air transportation free. After a short stay in England and Scotland, she went to visit her roommate from nursing school that was married to an Army doctor. They were stationed in Leipheim, Germany.

While attending a 4th of July reception at the installation Officers Club, a very handsome young Armored Cavalry Officer in dress uniform walked in and smiled at Jo. She was stunned. He watched her and was stunned by her beauty and pose. Jo and I spent some time together over the next few days and then we went off to Paris for the weekend. Jo went back to the states and we wrote. Jo informed the doctor that she was engaged to that she was falling in love with an army offer. I informed my steady back at Fort Knox, I was falling for someone new. Jo's mother, Katie, told her that military people live like Gypsies. My mother, Lita, told me that professional women are not groomed to become military wives. I wrote Jo and asked her to marry me. I sent her a copy of "The Officer's Wife". She wrote back that she had thrown the book in the garbage. But yes, she would marry me. But I had to come back to Texas and meet her parents. I did that, and in April 1957, Jo came back to Germany and we had a beautiful military wedding on the 12th. Over the years, Katie and I became good friends as my mother and Jo did also. Jo became an outstanding army wife and was a great asset to me. She involved herself in numerous activities wherever we were stationed.

We had three girls that grew into beautiful young women, Reneé, Brigitte and Jeannie. Each became accomplished in their own right and as the years passed they married fine men.

When I retired in 1977, I went into a business I did not like and Jo was bored. We were not happy with our lives. Jo decided to take a refresher course in surgical nursing at Jewish Hospital. The five-month refresher course ended 15 years later with Jo making a name for her self. During this time, her peers elected her a "Jewish Hospital Ambassador". She was chosen for the heart team where she worked with the top heart surgeons. She was selected over many younger nurses to be involved in Kentucky's first heart transplant. She was with Arlene Smith when Jennings had his first heart surgery at Jewish and Jeannie Sanford when Teddy had his heart surgery. There were others she was with during

difficult times. Unfortunately, mandatory retirement sent her home.

Jo always loved orchids. Around 1990, she told me that, "When I'm not so busy, I'm going to grow orchids for a hobby." All that went right by me. In 1992, she saw a 10' x 12' greenhouse at the Fred Wische Home and Garden Show and told me she wanted one. After it was erected in our backyard, we found it poorly designed and that it filled with orchids very quickly. In 1996, while we were planning a 14-day tour to the West coast, up to Canada and Alaska. I told Jo when it was time to pay the \$8,000 in full that I did not want to go on the tour. She said, "Okay, may I have a new greenhouse, a real one?"

Over the next several years that \$22,000 greenhouse brought much joy and notoriety to Jo. She rarely entered a show with some of her 450 orchids that she didn't bring home a blue ribbon or two or three and "Best in Show" was not infrequent. She spoke to clubs in a three state area. The Courier Journal did a piece on her called, "The Orchid Lady". Shortly before she became ill she received an appointment as an "American Orchid Society Judge". It took six years of classes, study and written exams to get this coveted certificate.

On earth, Jo was an inspiration to all who met her. I do not know where Jo has gone, maybe some of you do. I feel that God knows her talents and will put them to good use. Whatever the tasks given to her, she will do it well. Bless her heart, I loved Jo very much. Thanks to each of you for coming today to honor her."

Along with the girls and their families were many friends from local, Louisville, Cincinnati, and as far away as Atlanta, Georgia who came to give their respect and bid her farewell. Her brother, George, and his oldest son Charlie were able to fly in from Texas to attend the memorial.

On November 10th, 2005, the girls with their families and I interned Jo at Arlington National Cemetery in Washington D.C. Though it was a cold and rainy day, Jo received an elegant and dignified ceremony for a military wife of over twenty years. When I got back on the airplane, I told my youngest daughter Jeannie that I was leaving my best friend ever behind. A 48½ marriage had concluded and now I had to learn to operate without a greenhouse to maintain and my favorite orchid grower in my life.

My goal now at 78 years old is to continue growing old gracefully without my long time partner. My sidekick now is a Burmese cat named Monk. I had not planned to spend my final years alone. When I review my manuscript, it brings back many memories both good and bad—mostly good and some of them just plain humorous. I have found peace with some memories that brought great sadness to me as well as have found great joy for the past years in a renewed and loving relationship with my first daughter, Dorothy. I have no regrets. I do not hop, skip, or jump very well anymore. When I leave this world, I would like to be in my bed in my home.

PART XXIV Ramblings and Confessions

I grew up in a family that provided me good food and nice cloths. Up until I was ten, we had a maid. I do not recall much expressed affection; we were not huggers. I did not spend a lot of time with my parents, especially my dad. I had a great imagination and became a good storyteller. I found that my stories got me attention from my schoolmates and teachers. One teacher let me tell a story in class every Friday. My brother and my father did not encourage me and felt I would grow up not knowing the real from the unreal. My artistic ability was not encouraged at home but was at school. I was told that left-handed people were often artistic but a bit crazy. At home, I was encouraged to use my right hand. I learned to do things with both hands. When I was fourteen, dad died suddenly. I had been in the real world for four years. I remembered him as a dynamic and fearless person. Mother reminded me for years what a great man and soldier he was. I felt left out because my father and I had never talked about anything in depth. I never met a grown man after I lost my father that I wanted to emulate. I did not know how to emulate my father because I did not know him. When I was eighteen years old, I had to decide what kind of a man I was going to be. I decided that I would become a combination of a knight of the round table and the lone ranger. I would become a protector of far damsels and a guardian of righteousness. One night in my room, in a secret ceremony, with a bible and candlelight, I made my vows with this prayer, "Father God, I do not know who I am or where I am going but please watch over me and give me the strength and courage to see and do what is right and noble, this is the way I wish to live my life". I believe to this day that I was assigned a guardian angel, either when I was born or maybe later.

I learned many years after my father's death, that he was a good craftsman and liked to design things. He was also a great storyteller. While he was an excellent soldier, he was very much a humanitarian.

Though I was not raised in a religious family, all the rules of goodness were respected. Since I was a young man, I have always had trouble with the theme that Jesus Christ was the Son of God and savior of mankind. Though he was a good man and an example, I believe that life and death is far more complex then we have been lead to believe. There is an awesome amount of things that go on in this universe that mans mind cannot

comprehend. I read once that mankind was so confused with his existence he created Gods. For modern man, that there is powerful creative force around us, is evident everywhere. I wonder if it has any special interest in humans; there are many indicators that it does not. I do believe we humans can tune into a force for strength, guidance, and comfort. I believe in reincarnation. Mother Nature recycles everything else, why would she not recycle man's intelligence; it is logical.

I believe I was a good Army officer. I was respected and liked by my peers and subordinates, especially my subordinates. My superiors often feared me. I do not believe I was a great soldier because I was too selfish; I had my own special interest. I was not a great soldier because I did not have a killer instinct. I did not like to hunt for sport or kill or hurt animals or people.

I have read in several places that a normal human can have personality changes numerous times in a lifetime. I think that supports the premise that humans like to act and like the theater. Every man, woman, and child is an actor.

There is not an atom in my body that was there a few years ago. Atoms from a dinosaur may have passed through me or be in me now. It is interesting that with all this replacement going on, I am still me.

I think that the human is an experiment. In the very short time we humans have been around, we have made a mess of ourselves and our surroundings. What we build that we think is permanent and beautiful; nature can destroy in 15 seconds. I do not think that nature will wait forever for us to get our act together.

I think the greatest satisfaction I have experienced is the trust in me of other people and animals.

I have suffered from anxiety most of my life. I do not know why but at times it has been mentally and physically destructive. When tested one time, my hour is only 40 to 45 minutes long. This has made me an impatient person especially around another person whose hour is 90 minutes long.

At my tender age of 78, I still do not think I know what real love is. I

would lay down my life for Jo and my children, but I do not think I would have jumped off a cliff with my love forever. I had too many other things to do. I think the essence of love might be to live and let live; like loving a wild horse, or an idea. It takes patience, tolerance, understanding, without truly understanding. I wish I could have given these things to Jo and my girls.

When I was young, I was taught what was right or wrong. As I matured and times changed, I found that wrong became all right and right was often ignored. When I was a young man, I knew what was important and what was not. I had very strong convictions. Now that I am older, I am not sure of what is important or unimportant. This is sad, because when your convictions are eroded, you lose something very valuable.

I feel like I have been alone most of my life. I do not mean lonely, just alone. This may have been of my own chose, I do not know. I never felt I could count on anybody if I needed them, not even Jo.

After 48½ years of marriage, Jo and my relationship was like two battle hardened veterans. As lovers and adversaries over the years, we got tired and slowly learned to respect each other's position. For me, I loved Jo dearly, but I miss the Jo that I did not love so dearly.

One story I like is about an old hunter and an old wolf. They had known of each other for years. In the deep of winter they were after a young snow rabbit. For days, the two hunters stalked the rabbit. The old man began to cough and fell down in the snow. He made his way to a tree and sat down and leaned against it. Before long, the old wolf limped up to within a few feet of him. They stared into each other's eyes for a long time. Then the old wolf lay down next to the white breaded hunter and laid his white whiskered nose on his leg. The old man patted the wolf on head. The snow rabbit hopped to within a few feet of the two predators and watched them go to sleep—forever.

I like this one also. Some villagers ran to the castle to tell the gallant knight that a band of bad men were coming toward the river. Only an old wooden bridge across the river separated the village from sure plunder. Not so said the knight, I will go out and meet them. He put on his armor, mounted his steed, and went to the bridge. He thought, I have only my sword and shield; maybe I need a battle-axe. After he got that he went back to bridge. He thought, maybe these fellows could be real bad; maybe I

need a mace also. He thought maybe I need a lance too. After he got these he went back to the bridge, he was ready. As the ruffians approached, the gallant knight started across the bridge to meet them in combat. Due to the weight of the horse, the rider, the armor and weapons, the old bridge collapsed and the knight and his horse fell into the river and drown. The ruffians were not able to ford the deep river, so headed off down river. The village was saved.

EPILOGUE

We humans often ask if there is a living God. If so, who is he? If so, where is he? At my age of 78 years, I think the creator might say "Look around you. I am here. Look into your microscope; look into your telescope. I want you to find me. I am here! Everywhere. "

Have you ever noticed that this globe we live on shudders and shakes? It moans and groans. It breaths like a living organism instead of just a big rock pile with molten insides. However, there is no evidence that it knows that we are here or cares. Its violent nature makes no compensations for the animal and plant life that live on it. I have experienced an omnipresent force numerous times in my life. It is proof to me that we are not here by ourselves; one does not have to be religious to feel it. God gave me the power to create another human being. That is a major responsibility. I am a creator also in that I work words to make a story come alive or make material things with my hands. These are not acquired talents; I was born with them. They did not evolve.

Some cultures see their God in the sky, mountains, forests, in the sea or in the diversity of plants and animals. My God is an engineer, an accomplished artist with a wonderful sense of humor. Along with his beautiful creations there are some ugly dudes. However, in regard to evolution, is it a realistic concept? Do all living organisms evolve or die out? That is a deep rooted question. Non-living entities evolved as a result of their environment; rain, wind, earthquakes and so on. Man invents entities and they evolve. Look how far the airplane and automobiles have come in the past 100 years. It took mankind 500 years to find out that an arrow flies straighter and further if it has feathers on the bow end. The arrow and bow came from a living plant. Man has made nature work for him and God shows man how to create from nature. This man does, but not always in his best interest.

I do not believe that I have to be a member of a church, cult, or "movement" or any organized religion to recognize, respect, and worship my creator. I do not have to align myself to another entity to get in his "net" so to speak. I have never gone through Jesus to get to God. I have asked for strength and guidance many times in my life. Since I was 14 years old, when I really needed him, I have never since been left wanting. I think God

puts a little bit of himself into each of us when we are born. Even a young child seems to know this. As an adult, we often evict Him and wonder where he went.

I do not have too much to say about heaven and hell. Good is good and Satan is bad? Happy or sad; love or hate; how do we have one without the other? I think that evil thoughts and evil deeds come mostly from the inside of the human mind. Hate can be instilled into anyone just like love can. I have seen evil face to face and it is unnerving. Warfare is especial fertile ground for evil people to flourish. Love is greatly suppressed in conditions of hate. The cancer that was killing my wife, Jo, was called the "demon" by her surgeon. Medical science tried to kill it with chemo and radiation but it continued to eat her until she succumbed. Was the cancer evil? "The devil's demon?" Or an organism trying to survive? I do not know.

I for one do not believe that our creator ever manifested himself into a human body. Not way back when, and not now, or ever. Maybe he can't. We make God talk, and animals talk? God is not human, and he does not talk and animals do not talk. We make God what we think he should be. It is hard for most of us to understand that God and his universe and life on earth is a very complex and complicated mechanism. The best of minds have been studying this for centuries. All of it is not easily explained away like a fairy tale.

I am astounded of what has happened on earth just in my lifetime. Imagine what the next 75 years is going to bring forth. I think that the Bible is a wonderful piece of work. Its insights are uncanny. Its recorded history is inspirational to all who study it; however, it cannot be denied that humans wrote the Bible and not God. Anything that human's record is subject to interpretation and misrepresentation. It is a human frailty. Biblical scholars recognize this. Devoted Christians reject it.

REINCARNATION: Two thirds of the people on this earth believe in reincarnation. Most Christians believe that that is nonsense, but Jesus's resurrection was fact. That is a little narrow I think. I have known several people who believe strongly in reincarnation; two people because of their religion and two people where religion was not a factor. I do not have any problem with the concept. Nature is always regenerating itself. Why not human beings? Why not recycle human intelligence on Earth? The Hindu's believe that one comes back to earth several times in order to reach a

perfected existence. That is OK, but what bothers me is what good is done if we do not remember what we did wrong in the previous life. I have had feelings at times that I have been here before. We all have. In any case, I do not believe that humans come back as animals. In support of reincarnation I have read where a nine year old boy could play Chopin music on the piano without lessons or even sheet music. HOW? I have known two accomplished artists who create beautiful works without any prior lessons. I do not understand how that is done. It is a mystery.

LOVE: I have spent the better part of my life trying to find out what love is. Study and experience has revealed to me that it is a powerful, invisible force. One has to feel it. It is not just words. It is action and reaction. It is not just an oral or written expression. Love has to be demonstrated without any expectation of reward. Unfortunately, today "I love you" is an expression of salutation or a synonym for goodbye. The great thinkers tell us that love is not about self but what we unselfishly are willing to do for others or country or idea. Love is God. God is love. I experienced a view of real love when my wife, Jo, passed on. After 48 years together, it hurt right down to the core of my existence. She took part of me with her. I knew I was on the right track to feeling love when I got angry at God. To me, he was not somewhere in heaven. It was a personal thing between Him and 1.

MAN and WOMAN: We are told that the human male is not naturally monogamous. Frankly, I do not think the female is either. I do not think, however, that one will cheat on their partner if **respect** and **trust** has evolved in their relationship. Of course, love can be a most important criterion, but **friendship** is the keeper of the keys. Lovers should be friends before they marry. The fear of God and damnation do not keep humans from moral dereliction. It has never happened to me, but I do believe that a person can love two persons intimately at the same time. I have seen it. It is not a failure on anyone's part nor is it damned by God. It is unfortunate that religion ever got involved with marriage vows. It is a cultural thing and in reality is not God ordained.

MARRIAGE: Mary Betty Eddy, the founder of the Christian Science Church, said years ago that the ceremony of matrimony under God in the Christian Church will no longer be sacred by the 21st century. She may have been right. In reality, it does not mean much any more. There is a beautiful wedding with all the bells and whistles and the vows "under God"

are exchanged and "bang" there is a divorce pending. Marriage does not consummate love between two people; it never has. In many parts of the world, having children out of wedlock is a problem. There are legal and inheritance problems. I predict the pagan fanfare and vows under God will eventually go away. God does not require marriage for people who love each other or to find a soul mate. In the modern Christian world, women are no longer property.

SIN: Sin is mostly an interpretation. One society's Sins are another society's custom. History tells us this; there are violations of Godly laws and human decency such as murder, rape, cruelty, and so on. However, pre-marital sex and topless belly dancers is not God ordained sins. Tell some people something is bad, and they will go do it. Is that a sin? The Christian Church has used sin and hell as controlling factors of the mass man since it created them centuries ago. I hold this doctrine in contempt.

HONOR: "Nobility is not a birthright - it has to be earned." Honor is a cultural interpretation. Integrity is not. It is universal in its meaning. Honestly and forthrightness is a test of personal character. It is not corny to say that a person's "word is their bond." I believe that the desire to do good in this world is inborn. It is the environment that changes that desire. I have seen soldiers that were born in low social status who learned to lie, cheat, and steal in childhood, change because they were entrusted with the welfare and life of others. Trust in them by others changed their character. Unfortunately, I have seen the middle and upper classes in society fail to understand the importance of integrity. The desire for power, fame, sex, money, or all of these together can make a good person lie and cheat. I have always believed that basic soldiering should be mandatory for all young men coming out of high school or reaching 18 years of age. Females also, if they desire. Eight to ten months of training should be sufficient. Some European countries have used this concept and it helped make better citizens. Some prisons are successfully using the "boot camp" concept. "Rotten to the core" may not always be true.

IMAGINATION: Imagination is God's gift to mankind and it should be cherished. I do not see how anyone can exist without it, but some do. Ever since I was a small boy, I was able to see things; tell stories; and create with my hands like drawing or modeling clay. It may have been because I am left handed; I do not know. We "lefties" are supposed to be weird but creative. My favorite cartoon as an adult is "Calvin and Hobbs." I admit that

a child can sometimes be carried away with imagination. I have been guilty of that several times. Imagination, however, should not be discouraged by a parent or teacher. I consider that to be a crime against humanity. I was a victim in my family of anti-creativity. When a creative talent is recognized early, it should be strongly encouraged.

OBSERVATIONS: When I was born, three quarters of a century ago, it looked like civilization was in slow evolution. Then suddenly, since World War II, we moved into the technological fast lane. When I was a boy, we had a Packard automobile that got eight miles to the gallon; a nice RCA radio in the living room; and my mother got an electric can opener for Christmas. That was about it for the fancy stuff. In 1939, my father and other army officers knew that the US was going to be in another war sooner or later. In the fall of 1940, he bought my mother a 1941 Oldsmobile with hydra-matic transmission. She had not driven a car in years, but that automatic transmission changed her life style for good.

I have witnessed unpleasant events in different parts of the world. Bodies of bandits hanging from bridges over the Han River in Korea; a nine year old boy circumcised in public in Turkey; one man executed by hanging in Turkey; and another beheaded in front of his family. I have seen bodies stacked like cordwood in Vietnam. I have seen more destruction that I ever wanted to. I am an old man and see that it is just going to continue on; the names and places changing. I have met wonderful people in my travels and learned much from them. I have seen beautiful places that a photograph would not do them justice.

Now I have never seen a UFO in my life, and I do not know anyone who has. This includes those who have been abducted by "aliens". I have never seen a ghost, but met those who think that they have. God has never spoken to me out loud, and I have never felt the presence of Jesus. I wonder sometimes why I was left out. I know that I have been blessed, and protected many times. I think I have felt my guardian angels presence. I have no regrets as I enter the twilight of my life. Like many others, I wonder what I should have done that I did not do. Maybe that is built in by the Creator. I have had a very eventful life. Seriously, I wanted to become a Knight and I finally did. My greatest achievement and reward has been my four daughters. During our short marriage, Gloria Seiler and I brought into this world Dorothy. She grew up to be a very intelligent, compassionate, and talented woman. Jo Kiser and I, during the early years of our 48 year

marriage brought into this world three wonderful daughters ReneÈ, Brigitte and Jeannie. Like their mother, each grew up to be intelligent and accomplished women in their own right. This included marriage and motherhood. Jo and I have always been proud of our seven grandchildren.

I do not want to go to paradise. I do not want to sit on the right hand side of God. I want a tasking. I do not know where I am going. If there is no life after death, it does not matter. If there is "I think therefore I am" and I can look forward to another eventful experience. One thing we earthlings need to remember is that there are a great number of smart people who have passed on before us while dedicating their life to a noble purpose. That should make us feel pretty humble. Amen!

Burton S. Boudinot

Epitaph:

"I know not where I am going, but my fond memories of this life go with me."

Photos For Boudinot Manuscript

Inside Front Cover: 1973-1977, Fort Knox, Kentucky: LTC Burton S. Boudinot, Editor of the Armor Magazine

1. Baby Burton
2. Young Boy and His Dog, 1939
3. Last Photo of family together, 1941
4. Colonel T.E. Boudinot, in France, 1944
5. Magazine cover suggested for "TIME" (never submitted) 1945
6. Senior, Beverly High School, Beverly Hills, California
7. Commissioned 2nd Lt. January 1953, 21 years old
8. Platoon Leader C Troop, 11th Armored Cavalry
9. On the DMZ, 2nd Recon Co., 2nd Inf. Div. Korea, Jan 1953
10. 1st Lt, Senior TAC Officer, Armor Officers Basic Course, 1955
11. Jo Kiser from Alice, Texas
12. Getting to know each other Paris, France, 1956
13. Marriage, Leipheim, Germany, 12 April 1957
14. Commanding Officer C Troop, 8th US Cavalry, Coleman Barracks, Germany, 1958
15. Major Boudinot and his "Folly" a 1895 Krupp Cannon, Sinop, Turkey, 1964
16. Promotion to Lt. Col. with family
17. Family photo before leaving for Vietnam, 1968
18. Advisory Team, 1st Armored Cavalry Brigade, Army of Republic of Vietnam (ARVN), 1969
19. Ding and Boudinot, Vietnam 1969

20. Commanding Officer, 6th Recon Squadron, Armor Training Center, Fort Knox, KY 1969-71
21. US Armor and Engineer Board, 1973
22. Mother and Father, Officer's Club, 1940
23. Burt and Jo Boudinot, Officer's Club, 1975
24. Family photo after Retirement, 1978
25. Jo's 50th birthday, Fort Knox, KY, 1980
26. Christmas 1986, favorite photo
27. Daughter Dotty and husband
28. Dedication of Tribute, May 1992
29. Award of "Golden Order of St. George"
30. Portrait in Boudinot Hall
31. Burt Boudinot and his family, Christmas 1996
32. Jo and 450 award winning orchids
33. 2007, Fort Knox, Kentucky: I was very fortunate and blessed in this life. I do not know where I am going but I will take many fond memories with me.