

F R I D A Y , A P R
MY FELLOW SOLDIERS AND MY FAMILY;
You Can Count on Me Going to the Wall



My father was in the 5th Army, then the 5th Army Air Corps, then 5th Air Force Intelligence. From the 3rd to the 9th grade, I attended Military School. From the 7th to the 9th grade I rose from 2LT to Major. In the California Cadet Corps comprising 23 schools. We got demerits- 3 equaled a swat with a Sam Brown belt or Oak paddle. Upon becoming officers we were required to spend two weeks at a military camp.

As a note when the military changed uniforms so did the schools. Our Dress Uniforms were identical.

Imagine this I am in the 7th grade in Full Dress Uniform as a 2 Lt, patches on both shoulders, five rows of ribbons. Walking through a Fort Mac Arthur and the E9 walks passed me did a double take and saluted me. Bewildered, confused that man never broke the rule as he saw them. It was an embarrassing honor I have never forgot (God Bless Him).

8th grade -Captain now (plus we are all Eagle Scouts Now and other sports). I now lead the drill team and rifle team. We are sent to Camp Roberts with the National Guard (this is 1958). Can't remember learning a thing there.

The whole idea was for all of us young Officers were to work with the Officers who ran the outfits and learn. At Camp Roberts they told us to handle it one or two days at a time. We were stopped when things started running better. And I was left with no impression or memory of any one.

Wow reality. In the 9th grade (I'd like to say 20 of were sent, which there were,) but no names can I remember. I/we were sent to Camp Pendleton for 2 weeks.

The Sargent told us to report to supply and get that silly shit off us. Reporting back he informed us we were grunts with no rank and no right to speak with an officer unless he was yelling at you Then told us to hit the chow line and get some sleep as we start basic training at 04:30. It can be done but it is a bit of a bitch for a 9th grader.

I thought I knew a little about fire arms. Though later on in life I joined the Army. It was the Marine instructors that took the time with a 9th grader grunt. That not only save my life in later years but I was able to pass it on.

Since I have collected what I call my war wallet. Come on you don't have time to pass out your card during a conflict. Leave them on the plane when you jump. Gives them someone to contact. Cards found there have the home numbers on the backsides.

They are Oath Keepers

I have no family left except the Oath Keepers that I vow today. I am probably a better shot with the new weapons (except my tricked 1911). Just got a black belt after 7 years in Decuerdas Eskrima. That

was 2 yrs ago.

Emmet Fox said to tell people when they ask your age to tell them that you are " AS OLD AS ETERNITY AND AS YOUNG AS GOD".

MY FELLOW SOLDIERS AND MY FAMILY.

You can count on me going to the wall with you on this. Heck I am only 65. We can pop caps well into or 90's



POSTED BY OATH KEEPERS AT 6:30 AM 

LABELS: 5TH ARMY. ARMY AIR CORPS, CALIFORNIA CADET CORPS, DECUERDAS ESKRIMA, SAM BROWN BELT

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