

Doug Clark's grandfather served with the American Field Service as a volunteer ambulance driver before the U.S. entered World War I and two of his brothers were killed in action in that war.

Coleman Clark served a tour with the Field Service then signed up for French Officer Candidate School (he spoke fluent French) and became an artillery officer over a pair of French 75's. He lost a leg to an enemy shell and died a day later on May 29th, 1918.

His other brother, PFC Salter Clark, enlisted in the U.S. Army and served with the 78th Infantry Division as a signalman and as such, he went ahead of the division stringing wire and carrying signal rockets. He was killed by enemy machine gun fire while in the vanguard of an assault. He died instantly 3 weeks before the Armistice.

Doug's father, Coleman Clark II, went to Naval Officer Training School in WWII. The war ended just as he was about to be sent to the Pacific. Doug's great grandfather had encouraged his sons to join. After their deaths in what was a ridiculous four year trench war with no movement, he was never the same nor were other war encouragers who lost sons such as Teddy Roosevelt and Rudyard Kipling. People ask about why we went in the Army instead of to Canada.

Doug believes our class grew up in the shadow of our family members who served and even though the Viet Nam war served no purpose vis a vis the security of the United States and we knew it, we couldn't shake off the family history. He thinks, perhaps our younger brothers and sisters were more able to disconnect from the perceived pressure to serve.