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# THE ECHO



2007 Winner "Best National Newsletter" Award

"Continuously in print since 2002, Serving Kemper Old Boys and the Kemper Family"

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Vol VI No 4

## CORPS COMMANDERS SEND HOLIDAY MESSAGE



### Dr. Ed Ridgley KMS 60-66

When it came to Christmas at Kemper I suppose I was much like everyone else. I was excited about the holiday and the prospect of going home for a few weeks. The thing that stands out in my mind was the simplicity of the creative imagination within the cadets.

As we prepared for Christmas Furlough each company had a hall party and held ceremonies where they promoted deserving new cadets. The Christmas Corporals show was a kind of tongue in cheek variety act filled with music and skits. The thing which really got me was that it was nearly all created and done by the cadets themselves.

When I was the Company Commander of "C" Company in 1965, everyone made Christmas decorations and adorned their rooms. My First Sergeant and I judged the decorations and you would have thought first prize was a million dollars. Everyone wanted to win the contest even if the prize was just recognition.

Later, in Viet Nam, as Christmas approached I noticed that my soldiers had taken to creating decorations out of just about anything. One decoration in particular which stood out was a shoe lace which held tin cans from "C" rations. The cans had been perforated with holes to create designs such as Christmas trees and words like "SEASONS GREETINGS"

My point is that no matter where we found ourselves, the spirit of the holiday was with us. Whether it was Boonville, Missouri or Dong Tam, Viet Nam, it seemed like Christmas had a way of being expressed which was real, meaningful, and profound.

I hope you find an expression of Christmas which is meaningful and that you are with loved ones.



### Charlie LeBus KMS 65-70

I know that it might sound old fashioned, out of time, but the true meaning of Christmas is family. I hope that you are blessed with the loving warmth of family this holiday season.

Christmas in Texas is a mixture of excitement and celebration. I take particular joy in the expressions of children's laughter and hearing the family stories around the dinner table. On occasion I allow myself the luxury of reflecting on you, my Kemper brothers. I wonder how you are doing and pray that you are vested within the loving protected warmth of family.

In 1970 I held the awesome responsibility of being your Corps Commander. I cherish the memory of those days and the many friendships it brought to me. We worked hard and played hard, learned things which have lasted a lifetime and grew to be as one.

We have many traditions in the LeBus house and some of those traditions come from the heritage which I acquired as a cadet at Kemper. One tradition, adorning the Christmas tree, always reminds me of our last Christmas together as cadets. I recall quite clearly decorating the Christmas tree in the mess hall with other staff officers - even Betty Wolfe and her crew joined in.

I have seen better trees in the forty years since Kemper, but none have ever been as much fun to decorate! Merry Christmas brother rats!



### Keith Balch KMS 61-67

A Christmas does not pass that I don't recall all the fond memories of Christmas at Kemper. The Hark The Herald New Boys Sing, the tree decorating competition between halls and companies, the "Blue Spruce", the brisk winters and standing formation on the court at 6:00 am, the camaraderie of the trip home with a fellow cadet. These and many more memories of the Kemper Corps are still fresh in my mind, and an important part of the fabric of my life. These are great experiences that I would not trade for anything.

I wish to thank each and every one of you who have expressed your thanks to me for your time at Kemper, but it is I who is most thankful for the time we spent together, and the fond memories and laughter that we shared.

Together we won and lost and developed the leadership qualities that we carry throughout our lives, and we have the Kemper Experience to thank for that.

Your hard work, devotion, and love of Kemper made my service to you a pleasure.

I have a very special place in my heart for Kemper as it was my home during my high school and college formative years, as it was yours. During this holiday season and times into the future let us not be troubled with the closing of the campus, but keep the Kemper experience light shining throughout our lives, and share the light with each other and others close to us.

This Christmas season I wish to inspire in each of you the feeling of comradeship and happiness that comes with the spirit of the season.

From the Balch family to my extended family of brothers, I wish you a very merry Christmas!



### Grant O Nelson KMS 56-62

I am afraid that I may not be as articulate as others, so you will have to trust me when I say that I wish each of you a very Merry Christmas from the bottom of my heart.

I spent quite a few days at Kemper, some as a cadet and many, many more in my thoughts and the quiet hours of reflections since. Hardly a day goes by that I do not think of the days I spent there and the times which we shared together.

I have seen many things change. I am not the youngster who dashed about the campus with cool swagger. Now, I am older and, perhaps, a bit slower. This does not change the feelings any of us share for our old school.

We are sons of a great heritage, a noble tradition, and a proud past. I take pride from where I came and in knowing that we participated in a great piece of American history. You share in that pride, that history, that tradition and I commend you for your love of Kemper.

As Christmas draws near and we are surrounded by family, I urge you to welcome this season as a time of renewal and regeneration. Find strength within your family and hope within the love which is all around you.

A few years back I took a picture of the cannons at Kemper with snow on them. The card read "May the Joy of this Season be Upon You Always!"

I think that is appropriate here- love lasts forever.



**Bill Burkett KMS 40-44**

I enjoy the Christmas season, my wife and I would like to send our wishes for a joyous holiday season and a prosperous New Year to all our friends and fellow Kemper Old Boys!

This time of year does not go by without thinking of my days at Kemper. I recall quite well the fever which seemed to grip all of us cadets as the time drew near to rejoin our families at home. I know we made quite a spectacle traveling in class "A" uniforms, when I was at Kemper WWII was in full gear. We mixed right in with the soldiers and marines traveling to all parts of the United States.

There seems to be an interest in the history of Kemper and some of the stories from earlier years. I regret that I am not a more skillful story teller but I do have several recollections of Christmas when I was at Kemper.

First, we had a Christmas dinner which was served in the mess hall. It was all candle lit and very festive. Everyone from the school joined together for that dinner, teachers, staff – all of us. I don't remember what was served, probably turkey with trimmings and that sort of thing, but the important thing was that we were all together and it really made us feel like a family.

At the conclusion of the evening meal a company which had been selected from competition sang about two or three Christmas carols. I can still hear those songs and see those cadets singing in the dim light of the mess hall.

I am sure that those teachers all came to the dinner because they didn't want to miss such a good meal and because they wanted to hear the boys sing. It must have really put them all in the holiday mood.

When I was at home during Christmas I only wore my uniform to church and I made sure the brass was shining like new. I even shined my shoes because I knew I represented Kemper.

Merry Christmas to you all!



**Dan Hammack KMS 96-02**

I hold the distinction of being the last Corps Commander in the history of Kemper Military School. Certainly it is a title I do not relish and one I wish turned out differently. I have nothing but fond memories of Kemper and the time I spent there as a cadet and a young man.

If you would like to know what the Kemper Corps of Cadets was like in the final year I will tell you, we were strong, dedicated, and much the same as you when you were a cadet. We demonstrated a pride in ourselves, our school and our country that was unmatched by any other school.

Christmas? We continued with many of the traditions and customs which you shared with us. We had a monstrous hall party and celebrated the promotion of cadets. We sang, made music, ate candy and snacks, packed our bags and readied our rooms for our absence.

I can tell you that Christmas at Kemper was a very special time and one during which we all shared a bond of brotherhood. Words really cannot describe the emotions which ran through the Corps as we departed the campus on that cold December day.

Although everyone was happy to be going home, I could see the mix of feelings that all of us would miss our friends and Boonville. Some cadets swore they would not return, but they did.

I loved Kemper as a cadet and I cherish the memory of her today. The school provided me with the tools I needed to be successful and to enjoy life. I owe much of who I am today to Kemper and the experiences which came with being there.

To all Kemper Old Boys and their families I would like to say, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. I hope that your wildest dreams come true and that we may see each other again soon.

Nunquam non Paratus!



**Rick Buchanan KMS 65-69**

No Christmas message I could write would be complete without my most sincere and heartfelt expression of best wishes and hope of prosperity in the year to come for all my Kemper friends. You can be assured that when my thoughts turn to Kemper, I always think of the time we spent together as cadets and the pride which you instilled in me as your Corps Commander. It was an honor and one I cherish to this day.

Today we can honor the memory of Kemper by continuing with courage, honor, dignity and service to our families and communities. No other legacy could possibly have as much meaning or value.

At this special time of year it is not possible to grasp the full meaning of the season without embracing the concept of giving of yourself. I believe that all Kemper Old Boys have a unique sense of duty to their home town and the organizations which serve those communities. I urge you to become connected by volunteering within your hometown if you have not already done so.

I accepted responsibility for the Corps in my last year at Kemper. On the day of departure for Christmas furlough, Colonel (then Major) Timberlake asked to speak with me in his office. He was concerned for the appearance of the school upon our departure and requested that I walk with him through the barracks to inspect the school. I did inspect the barracks with him and found each company area to be cleaned, neat, orderly and squared away. Colonel Timberlake was quite impressed and asked that I let you all know his sentiment.

Your "work hard, play hard" ethic was certainly evident that morning in December 1969. I hope that it is something which has stuck with you all these years and has served you well.

So, Merry Christmas to all my Kemper friends. Happy New Year, may God bless you, keep you and spread his warm love upon your family at this time and throughout the year!

Corps dismissed!



**Colonel & Mrs. Tedsan Timberlake  
Commandant of Cadets**

Blessings come in many forms. I am wealthy beyond my wildest dreams! Not with money, I've known people who have had plenty of that and were miserable to say the least! I am blessed in having had the opportunity to know so many of you and to have had the honor of contributing in some small way to your development.

From a distance I have watched each of you grow and embrace life. Many of you are fathers, some are grandfathers. All of you have a unique heritage which has nurtured a profound courage within you. Oh, there have been ups and downs, that is what life is all about.

I am grateful that so many of you remember me kindly and do not think of me as a taskmaster or a disciplinarian. As your Commandant my actions were never predicated upon any self serving motive. If you walked area, served a punishment, or incurred a stern talking to from me, I always did so with the same disposition which I felt a father might correct a wayward son. It was a very difficult job because, in many respects, you were just like my own children.

I suppose that brings us to Christmas!? I have no profound words of wisdom to share with you which you have not heard before. You know the rules and how to get things done, just do it! I would only add that happiness is a pursuit and one which tends to elude man. If you are happy it is because you have pursued and worked at fulfilling that happiness. If you are unhappy it is because you have made yourself that way.

Now is a good time of year to set the course right and correct the things which prevent you from realizing your full potential and reaching true happiness.

I am happy, just in having known all of you and thankful beyond anything you could possibly imagine.

Merry Christmas to all my former Kemper Cadets!

## BUTT PACK



**“Just save the pin-up girl on the back page of the *ECHO* for me!”**

“Okay maggots! Fall in!! Answer up when your name is called! Get steady – I ain’t sayin’ it again! It’s mail call and it’s time we took a look at what you’ve been writin’ and sayin’. This is where we answer your letters, cards and questions. If the general likes yer comments you’ll get a three-day pass. If he don’t then you will be peeling taters for two weeks!”

**Don Bruning** Racine, WI: “I want to thank Echo Company for the Kemper brick which I received. I have placed it in my patio.”

**ECHO** – You’re welcome Don.

**Carol Hyatt** Boonville, MO: “Being the secretary to President Ridgley was still the best job I’ve ever had!”

**ECHO** – You can take pride in your work and knowing you were part of a noble endeavor.

**Coach Bob Herrick** Columbia, MO: “I have a couple of names of folks who should be in Echo Company. I do plan on being in Blackwater, Missouri May 2010!”

**ECHO** – We look forward to seeing you, Bob, and thanks for the nominations. Echo Company grows only through the referral of Old Boys.

**Douglas Humphrey** Richmond, VA “I graduated from KMS in 1992 and I sure would like to find a copy of my old year book! Can you help me?”

**ECHO** – Echo Company can provide bound copies of most yearbooks. However, the 1992 edition of the KMS yearbook is not on file. Can any of our other members help out Douglas?

**Frank Moyle** – Carthage, MO “Echo Company! That’s great!! I loved my Kemper years.”

**ECHO** – We’re glad you’re on board Frank!

**Wade Davis** – Boonville, MO “**Billy Bob Crim**, of Kilgore, Texas sent me a clipping from the Wall Street Journal of one of our less illustrious cadets and asked me to forward it to you. I was a new boy in 1939 with John T Crim, Jr., and have kept in close contact with the Crim family since.

Being a Boonville native son, the demise of Kemper Military School was very painful to me and still is. Some issue of the **ECHO** had pictures of a stable where cadets took horsemanship classes. The stable was Davis, Johnston, Patrick Sales & Commission Company and was located just south of Boonville on highway 40.

When WWII came along I enlisted in the Navy “V5” Program and wound up a carrier TBM pilot in the South Pacific. After the war I helped Glen Koelling instruct cadets in flying at the local airport.

I look forward to each copy of the **ECHO** and assure all that Boonville is taking very good care of the Kemper grounds. We all hope a proper use can be found for the buildings not in use.”

**ECHO** – Thanks Wade! You are an Officer and a gentleman! The article which Wade mentions can be found in the July 18-19<sup>th</sup> 2009 edition of the WSJ, pg. W8, and is titled, “Evil Called At School” written by George H Gurley. It is the story of Kemper cadet

Carl Austin Hall, who committed a kidnapping/murder in the 50’s.

Wade Davis flew off the deck of aircraft carriers and is an original “tailhook officer”. Echo Company is honored to count Wade Davis among its members.

**Grant O Nelson** – Beaumont, Texas: “I will be at Blackwater in 2010 and I am looking forward to it. I will bring with me the spirit of all those cadets who are no longer with us!”

**ECHO** – We are looking forward to seeing you too Grant.

**Robert R “Gus” Stevens** – Vincennes, IN: “I received my copy of the **ECHO** and have read it through several times. You and your group have done a masterful job of telling the Kemper story. I certainly enjoyed the pictures of the Blackwater Reunion and regret that I was not there.

My wife, Jo Ann, and I have moved into a condo on the edge of the “Old Post” Vincennes and are living the good life. I’m still active in a number of endeavors including the volunteer curator at Grouseland, the home of President William Henry Harrison. Harrison was the Governor of the Indiana Territory from 1800 to 1813 when it included the present states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and a part of Minnesota. We are currently gearing up for the bicentennial of the famous meeting of Harrison and Tecumseh in August of 1812. What fun! In addition I am vice chair of the Indiana Masonic Home in Franklin, Indiana.

My son, Colonel Rick Stevens, had a 15-month deployment in Afghanistan as the CO of the 36<sup>th</sup> Engineer Brigade. This past year he was at the Brookings Institute in Washington, DC and was recently selected as the executive officer to the Chief of Staff of the Army, George W Casey, Jr.

A day does not go by that I do not think of Kemper and its roll in the education of young people.”

**ECHO** – Congratulations to you and all in your family Gus! You certainly have a lot to be proud of and thankful for!

### Observations on the 2009 KMA AA Reunion

by Craig H. Anderson

In my capacity as a member of the KMS AA, I attended their Annual Reunion near Kansas City, Mo October 8 & 9. Owing to other urgent demands upon my time in the local area, I was unable to attend the Kemper – Wentworth Trap Shoot the morning of the 9<sup>th</sup>. The Kemper Old Boys won the trap shoot.

The reunion was well attended, both the Friday night ‘Gathering Dinner’ at Carrabba’s Italian Grill on the 8<sup>th</sup>, and the Annual meeting and Barbeque (catered) at the Lake Tapawingo Country Club Saturday evening. Attendance at both event was good with, by my unofficial count 35-38 attending the Friday Evening dinner (More may have arrived after I left for the evening, and well over 40 attending the Saturday event.

Upon arrival at Carrabba’s, I was very warmly greeted by outgoing AA President Laura Williams, with whom I have shared correspondence since I attended the first Kemper Wentworth Trap Shoot in Little Rock. Also present were her husband, Jody (also a Kemper Grad), Laura Gramlich, incoming President Mike Mehlhaff, and others. Mike insisted I sit next to him at the head of the table. My initial reaction, which I articulated (in a clearly humorous way) to all present, was that this was a thinly veiled attempt to stick me with the bill. My observation of this “obvious trap” should come as no surprise to any of you who have been subjected to my antics. I did accept the honor and the opportunity to have a very stimulating conversation with those seated nearby.

The Saturday dinner was of a more intimate character as the Lake Tapawingo Country Club, ( a meeting and entertainment facility), slightly smaller than the Blackwater Train station, was filled exclusively with Kemper alumni, and not a public restaurant. I was pleased, but not surprised, by the character of the attendees. There were a fair number of Old Boys from the 60’s and earlier; however most of the attendees were from the later graduating classes. A number of spouses also attended. All were raising families, worked in a wide range of careers, hold elected or appointed offices in government, and are responsible members of their respective communities. In other words, they are all graduates of Kemper Military School and College. Although much has been written about the progressive deterioration and demise of Kemper as an institution through the last 20 years of the school’s existence, those individuals in attendance, all live by the ideals of the school.

There was much celebrating of the trap shoot victory over Wentworth – the spirit of competition is alive and well. The annual trap shoot seems to be viewed by the shooters as the last remaining opportunity for a competitive engagement with the old rival. The losers were not in attendance, I suspect they were explaining their poor marksmanship to each other – bad weather conditions, light loads, borrowed guns, the usual sort of commiseration.

For many there it was a great reunion, and I encourage your attendance at the next KMA AA Reunion. I was at the disadvantage of know a small segment of the attendees, but did make a number of new acquaintances. I enjoyed myself, but it wasn’t Blackwater. Blackwater ‘09 was for me a completely different experience, filled with memories of my contemporaries, my cadet role models, my teachers, my life. Echo Company’s Blackwater Reunion’s have an entirely different flavor. I look forward to May ‘10 and renewing that feeling. And to seeing many of you again.

### BROSIUS & RYAN Dry Goods Boonville, Missouri

My father passed away recently, he was 94 and a proud Kemper Old Boy. I was going through his personal effects which included his original Kemper uniform, cap, trousers and assorted badges and such. He had attended Kemper in the early 30’s and always talked of his days at the school. I vowed to one day visit Kemper and I had hoped to take dad to see his old school one last time before he died but it never came about.

Two things did happen though which might be of interest to you. First, I came across a claim ticket dated September 9<sup>th</sup> 1932 for a place called “BROSIUS & RYAN Shoe Shop” in Boonville. My father had a pair of shoes repaired and never picked them up. Second, my pop desired to be cremated and to have his ashes placed on the parade field of Kemper. It seems I would take him to Kemper after all.

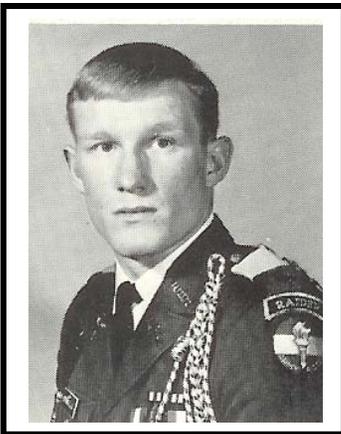
While there I saw a sign for BROSIUS & RYAN, an ancient relic of a store. I went in, gave the clerk the old claim check, he looked at it and said, “Next Tuesday?”

## ECHO BOARD SEEKS NOMINATIONS

Echo Company, Kemper Military School, Inc seeks applications to, or nominations for, the position of membership to the board of directors for this organization. If you are interested in such a position or, you know of someone who would be deserving of a high degree of trust and confidence, please forward name and resume to:

**ECHO COMPANY**  
**ATTN: BOD NOMINATING COMMITTEE**  
 1518 Kaby Avenue  
 Crivitz, WI 54114

All inquiries and submissions will be held in strict confidence.



### Larry Watkins KMS 69-72

I was the Corps Commander during my last year at Kemper. It was an honor to be recognized in that position and one I still think about nearly every day. My room was with the other staff officers on B-2 and I recall everyone who was there with me.

I always enjoyed going home and getting away from Kemper. Then, as now, it seemed like it pulled me back after only a short time. Today I still have vivid dreams of the place, the people and things which happened there.

When I think of Christmas at Kemper it is not the departure, carols, or even the Christmas Corporals Show which I remember. Instead, I think about the personal touches which many of the faculty and staff added to their classrooms or workplace to give the school a bit of holiday flavor.

In particular, I remember that in the clubroom, Alice had hung a garland of holiday messages across the back of the counter area. It said something like, "Season's Greetings" and I believe that it was of her own making. Simple in construction yet sincere and from her heart. I always thought that was particularly thoughtful.

In case any of you are wondering, I am still a cowboy! You can take the country out of some people but not from me. I enjoy spending time on the ranch here in Nebraska and, at this time of year, it is particularly refreshing and a place I love.

I can still do rope tricks but I don't practice much anymore – there just isn't time for that sort of thing. I am most at home in the saddle but I also work around the place and each day it seems I get a little further behind!

Okay, merry Christmas to all my Kemper friends and I hope that you have a happy New Year too! Maybe I'll see you in Blackwater come May 2010!

## HOMESICK CADET

By Roy R Lawrence

*The following is an actual letter which was sent to Kemper by the parents of a young cadet in 1898. It reflects the sentiments of the cadet and how he perceived the school as a new cadet.*

*I thought this letter would be meaningful at the Christmas holiday. I also noticed that this particular letter was repeatedly used over the years to let cadets know that they were not the first to ever feel homesick.*

Boonville, Missouri September 14<sup>th</sup> 1898  
 Dear Mother,

It is late at night and I have been hard at work on my studies all day. I do not like this place and I wish that I could see you, for it seems that I have been away from home for an age and there are lots of things I would like to tell you about.

There is a lake here which they say is full of fish but I have never enough time to try and catch any. The Old Boys take great delight in making us crowd into a room and singing "Home Sweet Home" until all the new boys are crying with loneliness. I miss you terribly and wish that I could be at home.

Boonville is about as large as Manchester. There are lots of pretty girls but I have not met any as yet. I just don't see how I am to get acquainted with any of them.

The Old Boys say they are going to haze us and, from their looks and size and the fact that they know how to stand together, I don't see how any of us can help ourselves. If anyone has any fun here it will not be any of us.

Thank you for your letter and the \$2.00 which you sent me. I shall put it to good use. I trust you will not be disappointed if I tell you that I hope to return home and attend high school in Manchester at Christmas break, please let me.

Your loving son,

WILLIE

\*William McCorkle did not return home at semester end but instead completed three years at Kemper Military School.



McCorkle (L) in an image taken from a team picture in 1901 three years after writing "homesick"



This 1962 cadet artwork portrays a new cadet kissing the boots of a character resembling a slave owner. It typifies the sentiment of many new cadets

## BOONVILLE ACCOMMODATIONS

*This information is provided for your planning in attendance at the May 14-16 Kemper reunion to be held in nearby Blackwater. Rates shown are per person, non-smoking, advance booking.*

Days Inn  
 2401 Pioneer  
 I-70 exit 103  
 Boonville, Missouri 65233  
 (660) 882-8624  
 Room Rate: \$49.28

Holiday Inn Express  
 2419 Mid America Drive  
 Boonville, Missouri 65233  
 (877) 863-4780  
 (660) 882-6882  
 Room Rate: \$82.00

Super 8 Boonville  
 420 Americana Road  
 I-70 & Exit 103  
 Boonville, Missouri 65233  
 (660) 882-2900  
 Room Rate: \$67.74

Comfort Inn  
 2427 Mid America Drive  
 Boonville, Missouri 65233  
 (660) 882-5317  
 Room Rate \$99.95

*Echo Company will operate a shuttle service from hotel pick up points to Blackwater and back to hotels. Details of the shuttle service are pending.*



CHARLES BERLEMAN

FRANK MOYLE

## GENUINE OLD BOYS

Golden years at Kemper Military School, the rank of corporal and sergeant were viewed with great pride and respect. NCO's formed the backbone of the US Army as well as the foundation for Kemper. These two NCO's demonstrated the highest ideals of leadership, caring, and service to others as young leaders in 1962.

Berlemann played football and was in "C" company. Moyle, was a squad leader in "A" company and went on to hold staff officer positions as a college student.

Proposed new HQ design and store layout for Echo Company, Kemper Military School.



## DAVE & MITCH

By Erin M. Blochette

*Editors Note: This is part two of a continuing serial adventure involving two Kemper cadets during their first year at Kemper. Read and follow along with them as they find answers to everyday problems.*

As Dave vanished from the doorway, Mitch sat and considered what he should do. He decided that immediate action was indicated and looked for one of the cadets who was in uniform, an Old Boy. As he was explaining the AWOL dilemma to Sergeant Grant, Dave returned from the "latrine" grinning like the cat who had eaten the canary. It had all been a practical joke! One which had squarely placed Mitch at the receiving end.

"Come on, asshole! Dave said to Mitch, We are supposed to do and get our text books issued in Math Hall, wherever that is!" Mitch liked Dave less and less but followed him out the door and onto the court toward Math Hall.

"Want a cigarette?" Mitch asked his roommate. "Sure!" replied Dave extending his hand in anticipation. Mitch produced a pack of Tarreyton cigarettes which contained perhaps three cigarettes, bent and weathered but intact. Dave stuck the smoke between his lips and Mitch offered him a light from a book of matches. Mitch's plan of retribution was working with precision. Mitch knew from his brothers' stories that cadets were not allowed to smoke outside and it would be only a matter of time until Dave got an earful.

In a few minutes, as the boys stood waiting at the foot of the steps to Math Hall, an Old Boy approached the pair and scornfully reprimanded Dave for smoking where it was clearly not allowed. Mitch grinned as Dave snuffed out the smoke and the Old Boy stormed off on his mission.

"You got me! Dave admitted and began to laugh. Soon both boys were laughing and walking up the steps of Math Hall for book issue.

"You wanna have some real fun? Mitch asked Dave. When we go to lunch just agree with everything I say at the table."

**TO BE CONTINUED**



Charles Paxton

Steve Paxton

### PAIR OF ACES

In the 1960's one family from Danville, Illinois nearly had a monopoly on Kemper Military School, the Paxton brothers. Tough, earthy and equally skilled in leadership, these two men earned unqualified devoted respect from their peers and subordinates. No one, and I mean NO ONE, messed with Steve or "Ton" as he was affectionately nick named. When Steve said this is the way it is going to be, it was, quite simply, the way it was!

Charles, or "Chuck" earned instant admiration from the Corps for his near perfect impersonation of TV character Fred Mertz. At homecoming in 1969 he invited Lynn Tuttle from Danville as his date, who won not only the heart of Chuck but the heart of every Kemper Cadet.

Today both Paxton brothers live in the Danville area and recall fondly their days at Kemper. Both are members of Echo Company but we understand that Steve may have recruited his younger brother to Kemper under false pretenses telling him "every meal is a banquet, every day is a holiday!".

Once, a more imposing classmate challenged the younger Paxton to a fight in the gym. Although nearly fifty pounds heavier, and two years his senior, Chuck was undeterred! He lit into his opponent like a Chinese firecracker! The match was finally declared a draw but Chuck was the obvious winner in courage.

In 1888 a teacher at Kemper was paid \$11 per week, housing and meals were included.



### HANDCAR HUMOR

These unnamed Kemper Cadets, photographed in 1901, pose for a staged picture as part of the "Kemper News Club". Originally captioned only as "Editor's Escape", the photograph was discovered while conducting research on Kemper extra curricular activities.

The photo was restored through preservation efforts of Echo Company and, although attempts to identify the location where the photo was taken have eluded the staff, it is believed it was taken outside Boonville on what is now the Katy Trail.

### QUARTERLY WINNER LT WADE DAVIS



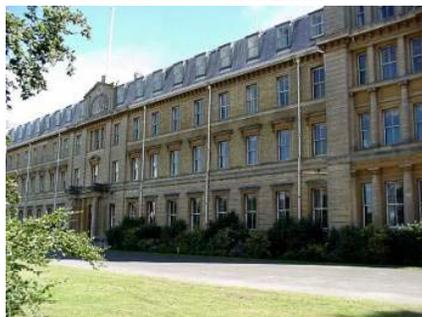
Wade E Davis shown wearing his Kemper Class A uniform at left and above flying his Douglas TBM "Avenger" during WWII.

We didn't have to look very far for a genuine war hero to give a belated Veteran's Day salute to. Our winner of a "K" letter for this issue is Wade E Davis of Boonville, Missouri. Congratulations Wade!

There are many existing examples of the vintage TBM dive bomber, some still in operational service just like Wade! Congratulations Wade.

### THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY AT SANDHURST

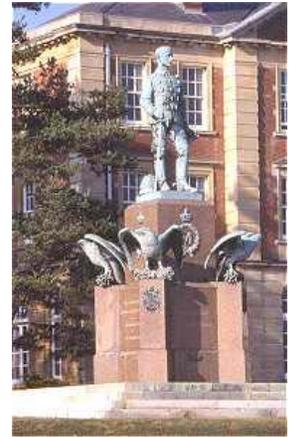
Courtesy of the Royal Military Academy  
Historical Center – Great Britain



The Royal Military Academy Sandhurst (RMAS) was formed in 1947. It was

descended from two older institutions, the Royal Military Academy (RMA) and the Royal Military College (RMC).

The RMA had been founded in 1741 at Woolwich to train gentlemen cadets for the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, and later for the Royal Corps of Signals and some for the Royal Tank Corps. It remained there until it was closed on mobilization in 1939.



The RMC began in 1800 as a school for staff officers which later became the Staff College, Camberley. A Junior Department was formed in 1802, to train gentlemen cadets as officers of the Line. A new college was built at Sandhurst, into which the cadets moved in 1812. After 1860, the RMC succeeded the East India Company's Military Seminary as the establishment where most officers of the Indian Army were trained. Following the abolition of the purchase system in 1870, attendance at Sandhurst became the usual route to a commission. The College was enlarged in 1912, when New College was built.

On the outbreak of WWII, Sandhurst became the home of 161 Infantry Officer Cadet Training Unit (RMC). This unit moved to Mons Barracks, Aldershot in 1942 and for the rest of the war Sandhurst was used solely as a Royal Armored Corps OCTU.

In the post-war reconstruction, the RMAS was set up to carry on the traditions of both the RMA and Sandhurst, and to train regular officers for the whole Army. Its two-year course included both military and academic subjects and allowed for a continuity of the cadet body from one intake to another, as well as many extra-curricular activities. National Service and Short Service officers were trained at Officer Cadet Schools.

After the end of conscription in 1960 Mons OCS continued in existence, training short service cadets, graduate entrants, and Territorials. In 1972, the functions of Mons were transferred to RMAS. Academic studies were reduced in scope and undertaken only by future regular officers, while all Officer Cadets undertook a six-month course, based on that at Mons. Subsequently, many other changes were made leading to the present system.

### IS YOUR TUITION DUE??

The Board of Directors for Echo Company, Kemper Military School, initiated a subscription fee for the **ECHO** in 2008. Subsequently labeled as "tuition", the cost of mailing your quarterly newsletter is \$4.00 annually. Anyone with computer access is free to read the **ECHO** on-line at [www.echocompany.org](http://www.echocompany.org) However, if you would like the newsletter mailed to your home of record, a tuition payment of \$4.00 is required in order to defray postage and printing costs.

The actual cost of printing and publishing the **ECHO** is substantially greater than the modest fee which has not increased since being introduced in 2008. **IF YOUR TUITION IS DUE THE BOX ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THIS NEWSLETTER IS CHECKED WITH A RED "X"**.

The Johnston Field House was constructed by the father-in-law of the 1945 Corps Commander, Bill Burkett.

## THE RED RIVER WAR

Based on the book "Heroes Here Have Been" by Bob Lizzard, Tangleaire Press, 1993

My name is Jessup P. Morrell, I went to Kemper and graduated in 1873. My very good friend and companion, George P Shackelford, also attended Kemper but left the school before graduating. In that day, Kemper placed a high value on business preparation and matters related to the ethics of conducting family commerce, mostly related to farming. As I was not the oldest son of my father, I would have no hand in the family business which freed my way to engage other activities.



**Jessup P Morrell, KMS '73 photographed in about 1895. There are no known photographs of George P Shackelford**

Shackelford and I concocted a plan for the time after Kemper, in which we would become Scouts for the US Cavalry. It was a hare-brained idea which reflected our youth and driving desire for adventure. In our school days we would purchase novels about Indian fighting and living the rugged life of the West. It sounded like a great deal of excitement and we both resigned ourselves to living our lives in the spirit of discovery.

When Shackelford left Boonville he was bound for home but changed his plans the first chance he got and headed for Texas where he enlisted in the US Army, 8<sup>th</sup> Cavalry. "Shack", wrote to me telling of being paid \$13 per month and of chasing Indians on horseback. It all sounded grand and I resolved to join him after school let out.

In June of 1873 I left Boonville after saying goodbye to my mother and father under the guise of exploring Texas for potential cattle business. In reality I had no intention of doing so. I was destined for the military, particularly after hearing Professor T A Johnston talk of his experiences with the Confederate Army during the Great Rebellion.

I arrived by train in Wichita Falls and contracted to ride with a teamster to Fort Union in New Mexico where we arrived some 20 days later and I promptly joined the Army. Shack, was overjoyed to see me and introduced me to the other fellows. However, the sergeant, a mean Italian, was quite impatient with me until he learned that I too, like Shack could read and write quite well.

After some months of riding and learning how the Army does things we began taking patrol duty which amounted to weeks-long rides through the desert country enduring all manner of hardship. When Sergeant Fangini told Shack and me that we would be escorting a supply train from Camp Supply along with another private and Sergeant Woodhall, we were most happy to be on our own.

Our main job, for the next few days, was to make sure there were no Indians in the area and to record wild game as a source of meat for the troops. The massive buffalo herd that had existed earlier in the spring was gone. Occasionally we found a few strays. An old cow with her family was the most common. Big old bulls that had been run out of the herd wandered across the prairie. There was not a lack of food, it just had a blandness that made soldiers complain about the same fare every day. We ran out of flour, salt and coffee.

We began finding fresh Indian signs nearly every day. Many of them were coming through the area from the east to the west. That was an indication that they were leaving the reservation and heading for the Red River. This also meant that more Indians were joining those who had already left. The Indians knew where we were camped each night but so far they hadn't made an attack on us.

We rode in pairs with arms at the ready but the Indians left us alone. Apparently they weren't ready for a fight.

We began riding at night to conceal our movement and generally rode until sunup. We spent the night of the 11<sup>th</sup> of June 1874 heading northeast. It was still dark when we arrived at Sweetwater Creek. We had a brief discussion on whether to stop here or try to get to the banks of the Washita. We generally agreed we should keep on riding. I knew it would be light before we got there but we felt that we hadn't seen any fresh Indian signs and it was worth the chance to take it.

I will never forget that simple choice we made. Just as the first light showed in the east I saw a line of horsemen to our northeast. We were about five miles short of Washita, out in the open. The grass had been burned off by the Indians. It was a flat tabletop. No breaks in the ground. No yucca, no bushes, they had been burned off with the grass.

"Shack" I yelled. "How far to Washita?" "Too far!" He yelled back. "Stay close, don't scatter. We have to stay together."

"Our horses are tired! Sergeant Woodhall said. "Private Morrell, you take charge of the mounts. Don't let those Indians take them from you. Keep them altogether right here."

We all dismounted. I counted the Indians half a dozen times. There were one-hundred and twenty-five of them. They were already mad. They quickly split and were on both sides of us. There wasn't anyplace to run. The Indians zeroed in on me and the mounts. We were all firing at the Indians but they cut between me and the horses. I watched as the horses broke and ran in six different directions.

With the horses went our packs and ammunition, except what each of us carried on our person. Our canteens and water, our bed rolls, our coats, everything we owned was gone. The Indians started riding in a circle around us. They ran their horses at top speed and fired their rifles as they whizzed by. It was a silly maneuver, they were showing off.

You can't aim properly from a running horse. But they decided to play a game with us and they ran their horses., fired their weapons and laughed until they were tired. Then they backed off, just out of range, kept a circle so we wouldn't have anyplace to run and sat there while their horses recovered. All of us had been hit by an Indian bullet but all of us could still stand.

Woodhall said, "We can't hold out on this flat hill side."

Frankly that was the first time I had noticed the hillside was on a slant. It wasn't what you'd call a Missouri hillside but there was a low and a high edge to the plain where we were standing.

Woodhall pointed to the north and said, "See that mesquite flat up there?"

It was about three hundred yards from where we were standing.

"If we could get up there, we'd at least have some brush to hide behind." Woodhall said. Shack, the new private and I agreed. Woodhall, looked at Shack and asked, "Shackelford, have you been hit?"

"Only in the calf of my leg!" was his reply.

Woodhall looked at me and asked, "Your shirt is riddled with holes how did you get so many holes without getting a bullet in your chest?"

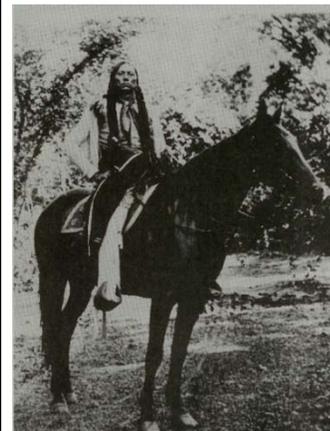
I did not have an answer but my hesitation made the others laugh. Woodhall added, "I think we can make a run for the mesquite flat!"

The five of us turned and just as we started to run, two Indians turned their horses upon us. As they charged their horses, one of the Indians began whooping and yelling. The Indian pulled down with his rifle and put a bullet through the other leg of Shack. "Jess, I'm hit!" was all he said as he slumped to the ground.

Just at that minute more Indians broke out of their circle and made a charge for us. One bunch tried to run us down. I got the lead horse and Indian. Another bunch from the south mounted a charge. Sergeant Woodhall broke that one up. The fight got so hot that I didn't have time to ask Shack how bad he was hit. Another group came at a full run from the east. We broke that attack by getting two of them right in the middle. Our situation was growing more desperate every minute. I knew something had to be done and quickly or else in a short time we would be dead at the hands of these Indians.

I will never forget that the commanding officer of the 8<sup>th</sup> US Cavalry was Major William R Price. He arrived just as we had expended the last of our ammunition. He told his surgeon to look after us and for the cook to feed us.

About a year after that I was discharged and returned to Missouri. I went home, visited Kemper, and opened a restaurant and hotel in St Joseph, Missouri. Shackelford stayed with the Army and was discharged in about 1890 with the rank of sergeant. He also returned to Kemper for a visit and was offered a position on the staff which he declined.



**LEFT** Chief Quanah Parker, in his most familiar pose. This picture was taken after the Red River War and well after the Buffalo Wallow Battle.

**BELOW:** Shown in this photograph are four members of the Native American attack element which participated in the assault on Kemper Cadets Shackelford and Morrell. They are (LtoR) Parker, Black Horse, Wild Horse, and Isatai



**Editors note: Jessup P Morrell was awarded the Indian Wars Campaign Medal for participation in the Red River War. He can be seen wearing this medal in the photograph of him above. A facsimile of this medal is pictured here.**

## HOROSCOPE

By Karl Schwindler

Especially prepared by noted astrologist and astrographer, Karl Schwindler, for readers of the **ECHO** for the period between 1 December 2009 to 28 February 2010.

**ARIES (March 21-April 19)** This is your time to emerge as a leader. Others around you are quick to label your skill, make the most of the opportunities. Luckiest day December 12th. Lucky number 31

**TAURUS (April 20-May 20)** A child visits you and shows discovery to your heart. Pay very careful attention to the lesson of love! Luckiest day January 19th. Lucky number 08

**GEMINI (May 21-June 21)** For whatever reason you have put off taking that trip, now is the time to "strike while the iron is hot", travel and enjoy ease. Luckiest day December 22nd. Lucky number 26

**CANCER (June 22-July 22)** During the month of January you will rediscover that which has been lost to you. Give thanks for the return of a treasured valuable. Luckiest day January 18th. Lucky number 54

**LEO (July 23-August 22)** Find a way to laugh in the face of adversity. Others look to you for wisdom and strength. Luckiest day December 30th and January 5th. Lucky number 43

**VIRGO (August 23-September 22)** Your artistic creativity has begun blooming. Beware the messenger with an offer too good to be true! Luckiest day January 9th. Lucky number 28

**LIBRA (September 23-October 23)** A friend needs your counsel and help during the month of February as never before. Walk carefully in the unknown when first you are warned. Luckiest day January 8th. Lucky number 2

**SCORPIO (October 24-November 21)** A wonderful happening signals the beginning of even better days to come. When faced with authority only state the facts. Luckiest day February 12th. Lucky number 37

**SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21)** Love is going to find you and live in your house again, no more loneliness, only happiness. A great convergence of good fortune and harmony shines upon you! Luckiest day December 4th. Lucky number 27

**AQUARIUS (January 20-February 18)** What unusual characters begin to enter your life at this time! Enjoy the amusing parade of odd players. Luckiest day February 2nd. Lucky number 10

**PISCES (February 19-March 20)** Awaken to your dream which is your spiritual connection telling you the answer which you seek. A gentle touch creates an unforgettable experience. Luckiest day January 3rd. Lucky number 14



**RUTH A "Ruthie" ROBERTS  
(1923-2002)**

She was a powerful woman, reared in a strict home, who found a deep sense of devotion to teaching at Kemper. Her skill and ability, combined with a unique capability at story telling endeared her to generations of cadets. Ruthie was no slouch! She came to Kemper in 1944 after earning her degree in economics from the University of Wisconsin. She subsequently earned degrees in French, Business, and Accounting from SW Missouri State and a Masters degree in economics from her Alma Matter in Wisconsin.

Ruth Roberts was a living caricature who chain smoked Camel cigarettes and caused students to be held spellbound waiting for the ash to fall from the burning tip. Her genuine care for the boys she taught

was without question. Her reputation as a difficult taskmaster was passed from one cadet to another each year with warnings such as, "Whatever you do, don't fall asleep in her class!" or "Ruthie won't tolerate poor posture in her classes!"

Ruthie loved the cadets and lived for teaching them, including an annual trip to France she organized each year. She was the Chair of the National Honor Society, T A Johnston Chapter, and was an amateur historian collecting many early pieces of Missouri history which were donated to the state upon her death.

Ruth Roberts passed away June 13th 2002 but she lives on in the hearts and minds of thousands of Kemper Old Boys who fondly remember her. She is a member of the Kemper Hall of Fame, Faculty Wing.

### Aunt Suzie's Advice

By Susan B. Avery

Dear Aunt Suzie,

I know that you have lots of different requests but I was wondering if you might help me with one which is a bit unusual? You see, my husband and I have been married for nearly forty years and we do not buy each other Christmas gifts. Years ago we each decided that if we needed something we would just buy it, saying "It's an early Christmas present!" I want to have some cosmetic breast surgery and surprise him but I am unsure if he will like the idea. What do you think? Beginning to Show My Age

Dear Beginning,

Get the surgery! To hell with what he thinks. If you want it and like the idea then go for it! It's your body. My hunch is he'll like the "new you" so, Merry Christmas!

Dear Aunt Suzie,

My neighbor has a dog which barks all the time. Not just once in a while or on an occasional morning, all the time, non-stop! I've tried talking to the neighbor but it did no good. Do you have a suggestion for me? Tired of BARK BARK BARK !!

Dear Bark,

Your neighbor has depressed the appraised value of your home and may be in violation of the law. Call your elected representatives starting with your US Senators all the way down to the local alderman. Raise hell!! Do so in a respectful and dignified manner, but demand that something be done. Report back when you get the results.

Dear Aunt Suzie,

I'm 17 and very mature for my age. I play football and get average grades. The problem is that my parents, especially my dad, are very protective. He is almost like some kind of drill sergeant. My mom says it is because he went to Kemper. I want more freedom such as no curfew and a little more privacy like who I'm going to be with and what I'm going to be doing! Sign me Jail inmate

Dear Inmate, You ought to crawl on your hands and knees before your father and give thanks that he cares for your worthless butt! Be careful of sins in youth, for they shall return in progeny.

If you have a question for Aunt Suzie you can write to her C/O:AUNT SUZIE, 1518 Kaby Avenue, Crivitz, WI 54114

*The Kemper cannons are stored at the US Army's depot for conservation, Fort Leonard wood, Missouri.*

# YOU ARE INVITED

## Blackwater, 14-16 May 2010

You're going to have a ball! It's Kemper style entertainment with Echo Company as your host! The weekend is casual and this year we are predicting a near capacity crowd of 100 Kemper Old Boys, faculty, and friends from Kemper Military School. Come on!! Join us for a weekend of fun and celebration.

### Friday 14 May 2010

**1200-1600 Arrival Stein House, Boonville  
1700-2230 BBQ Reception with "Oldies DJ"  
and refreshments -Restored Union Station  
in Blackwater, Missouri**



### Saturday 15 May 2010

**1000-1130 Echo Company Board meeting -  
patio of Iron Horse Hotel  
1200-1330 lunch historic J Huston Tavern,  
Arrow Rock, Missouri**



**1630-1730 Reception Old Union Station,  
Blackwater**

**1730-1830 Dinner**

**1830-1900 Awards & Recognition**

**1900-1945 Standard of Honor Ceremony**

### Saturday Dinner

#### Menu

Boneless chicken  
breast with herb  
seasoning

Salad

Potato

Garden vegetables

Choice of soft

- Friends you haven't seen in a while
- Historic artifact display
- Latest Kemper news

**\$25 Advance Reservation**

## SUPPLY ROOM



Awww! Poor little Christie! She found herself all alone on the frozen Kemper pond with no cadets around to skate with. She decided to go for a midnight skate in the cool December air but lost her footing and got a boo boo! And you thought nothing happened in Boonville while you were home on furlough!?

**Things are happening in the Supply Room though!** You can find just about whatever you might desire, from T-shirts to hats, and even an old post card or a special order custom embroidered item. Just write to us at:

**Echo Company, Supply Room  
1518 Kaby Avenue  
Crivitz, WI 54114**

## BLACKWATER, MISSOURI 14-16 May 2010



### Christmas Cookies By Susan H. Kemper

One tradition which was lost to time at Kemper was the making of Christmas cookies. Susan H (Taylor) Kemper, would prepare cookies for the students to enjoy as they departed for the holiday. Here is one of her recipes:

#### Sugar Cookies

1 cup sugar	½ teaspoon almond extract
1 cup butter	1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla	2 1/3 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon baking soda	

Preheat oven to 375°F.

Mix together butter and sugar. Stir in flavorings and egg. Mix minutes, just until cookies have set. Remove cookies to cool again. Stir in flour and baking soda. using a small cookie scoop or two spoons, shape dough into balls. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto cookie sheet, 2 inches apart. Press cookie down slightly to flatten using the bottom of a glass which has been dipped in sugar. Colored or white sugar may be used. Bake for 9-11 minutes. Adjust the amount so that each boy may have three.

## PROMOTIONS

By direction of the President, Echo Company, Kemper Military School and upon consent of the Board of Directors the following named individuals are hereby promoted to the rank indicated effective upon receipt of this notice. Now therefore you are advised that all customs and courtesies are due these officers and the rank they hold:

#### To Second Lieutenant:

**BUNCH, Greg  
DORSEY, Robby  
HUMPHREY, Douglas  
MORELAND, Richard L  
SPEIDEL, George S  
WOODARD, Randy**

## SICK CALL

**Dennis White** KMS '66 – A little under the weather but recuperating. Reads the **ECHO** and regrets missing more frequent contact with all his Kemper Old Boy friends.

**Dianne Rhodes** (wife of **Bill Rhodes** KMS '61) fell and broke her hip. Get well soon Dianne, we want to see you in Blackwater!

**Martha Ridgley** (First Lady of Echo Company and wife of Echo Company President, Ed Ridgley) fell breaking her arm requiring surgery. Martha, get well soon and hope you are better than new!

**Jack Mackey** – has had extensive knee surgery to repair damage done from years in rodeo. Get that cast off Jack! We'll see you in Blackwater!

**Carol Hyatt** (Executive Secretary to the President) receiving preventive treatment against seizures. Recovering from minor car accident. We'll see you in Blackwater too Carol!

## THE WALL

Profound in concept, humbling impact, monumental in scope and...long overdo!! Major General Robert Flanagan, President of Missouri Military Academy, recently provided a first hand look at the "Cadet Veterans Wall of Honor". A tribute to all veterans of all military schools in the state of Missouri.

The wall will have bronze plaques affixed with the names of veterans and gold star veterans from each of the military schools in Missouri. One plaque will contain the names of all of Kemper's veterans. If you are a veteran and would like your name added to the Missouri Cadet Veteran tribute contact:

**Christine Smith  
Development Director  
Missouri Military Academy  
204 Grand Avenue  
Mexico, Missouri 65265**

*Dear Kemper Old Boy,  
I am writing to tell about a new project Major General Flanagan and I have initiated here at MMA. We want to build a "Wall of Honor" recognizing the military service of our Alumni*

around the globe. This wall will be located on campus adjacent to the new academic building. Our intent is to honor those who attended a military school in Missouri and who served honorably in the United States Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Air Force, Coast Guard or their native country's armed forces. Below you will find an artist's rendering of the proposed "Wall of Honor"

The proposed memorial will be a high quality stone memorial engraved with the names of alumni who served, along with their branch of service. We need your help to make this memorial a reality.

If you have served, or you know of a classmate who served, please submit the name and branch of service so we can carve the names into the memorial. That's the first way you can help.

The second is to consider a financial contribution to the project. We have set a goal to raise \$15,000 to cover the costs of the project. Your tax-deductible contribution will underwrite the cost of this memorial on campus. Please contribute what you can. The amount is not important – everyone's participation will make a difference.

There are special sponsorship opportunities as well. The wall will include six flag poles (one for each branch of US service) and an additional flag representing international service. Each one can be purchased individually or by a group for \$500. We will put up to three names on the flag pole. It can be your name(s) or you can dedicate it to any Kemper veteran you know. Additionally, each branch of service will be represented by a bronze medallion, which can be sponsored for \$500 each. (MajGen Flanagan thinks the Marines will be the first to step up and buy a flag pole and medallion, but I'm betting on the Air Force - in fact, I'm putting up the first \$100). We will recognize all donors in an appropriate manner on the Wall of Honor.

We are excited about this project because it is the first time we will honor our cadets for their service to their country. If you would like to participate, send a check made out to MMA and indicate that it's for the Wall of Honor. If you want to donate by credit card, let me know and I'll get it done. If you have information for me, send it via e mail or note. I need the name of the veteran, his branch and the years he attended MMA. I'm looking forward to hearing from you. Thank you.

**Jim Medley, LtCol, USAF (ret)**  
Director of Alumni Relations  
[jmed@mma.mexico.mo.us](mailto:jmed@mma.mexico.mo.us)



If you would like to become a part of this noble effort call Christine or Jim at:  
**(888) 564-6662**

## NEXT ISSUE

The infamous "Dear John Letter"  
Dave & Mitch Continued  
Societal Implications of Military Schools: Kemper Blackwater, Missouri Preview  
Henry "Hank" Shull  
Your letters to Butt Pack  
A Fighter Pilots Prayer  
Death of KMS – A Funeral  
Stratford Military Academy – Stratford New Jersey