

THE ECHO

"Continuing Kemper's Teachings and Heritage"

CHIMI

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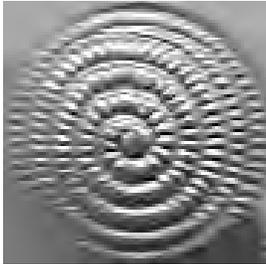
CURIOUS STAFF CREATES NEW FEATURE

The *ECHO* staff was reviewing material recently and came up with a novel creation. In future issues, readers will be able to see if they can guess what our "WHATZIT" is. Each quarter we will feature a photo of a familiar object from Kemper, see if you can guess what the object is.

No prizes are awarded for a correct guess but you will be able to tell your friends that you correctly guessed the WHATZIT! The satisfaction of knowing you recognize our object is worth the benefit of being an *ECHO* reader

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?

Look inside on page 6 and find out what this month's "WHATZIT" is. We'll give you a hint, you could not have gone to Kemper without seeing one!



STATE FAIR COMMUNITY COLLEGE PRESIDENT, DR. MARSHA DRENNON, PRAISES ECHO COMPANY FOR EFFORTS TO KEEP KEMPER MEMORY ALIVE

In comments before an assembled group of Kemper Old Boys, Dr. Marsha Drennon thanked the members of Echo Company, Kemper Military School for their undying efforts to preserve the history, traditions, and heritage of Kemper.

Dr. Drennon told the assembled group that she could "...feel the love for Kemper coming up through the floorboards!"

BLACKWATER REUNION OF KEMPER OLD BOYS IS SUCCESS

Each year since the school's closing, Kemper Old Boys have gathered to share stories and memories of the time they spent at the venerated institution. Each year since the school's closing, the location for this coming together has been Blackwater, Missouri. 2013 proved to be no exception to the rule as Old Boys from as far away as Las Vegas, Nevada, San Angeles, Texas and Lake Arrowhead, California gathered in Blackwater to break bread, remember, and celebrate their common heritage and traditions.

Another year of conviviality, lively conversation, and side-bar conversations have given continued life and energy as well as renewed strength of Echo Company. Our thanks go out to the participants, friends, and families of those who came to share a bit of time with their Kemper brothers.

KEMPER OLD BOYS MAKE STANDARD OF HONOR PRESENTATION STRONG

The 2013 presentation of the Standard of Honor created a memorable impression upon an audience quieted in a candlelit ceremony. The Standard of Honor, celebrating it's 101st birthday, gripped the participants with sobering passion under dark summer skies. **Mike Dumas, KMS '66** rose to begin the ceremony lighting four symbolic tapers and beginning the evening service with prayerful words. **Craig Anderson, KMS '70** followed acknowledging the candidates for the 2013 ceremony and presenting them to the Standard of Honor President, **Dr. Ed Ridgley, KMS '66**.

In what was without question one of the most memorable presentations of the school colors in the history of Kemper Military School, **John Vaughn, KMS '68**, advised the audience of the meaning behind the symbols of our Kemper flag. **Steve Shanks, KMS '69** and a career US Army officer, described the meaning behind the colors and symbols of the US flag. For the first time to our knowledge and in the history of Kemper Military School, the Standard of Honor included a female Kemper Old Boy. **Mikail Gillum, KMS '2002** stood before the attendees holding the Hitch Standard of Honor sword, raising it's hilt high and advising the newest signers that "There is a service which is higher than service to your country...". Her presentation was made more significant and carried even more impact since she wore the full class "B" uniform issued to her as a cadet. As **Tedsan Timberlake Jr, KMS '70** played taps near the end of the presentation, emotions ran high. No one present was unaffected by the moving tones of the bugled tribute to fallen Old Boys.

The signers included tributes to living and deceased WW II veterans and a memorable request from Tedsan Timberlake Jr that Dr. Ridgley sign the treasured document for his father who was unable to attend this year's event due to health concerns.

Without question the 101st presentation of the Standard of Honor was in keeping with the highest traditions of Kemper Military School and reflected great credit upon the presenters who volunteered their time and effort to insure a valuable piece of our school's history would not be forgotten.



BUTT PACK

Here is where we publish your letters and comments on subjects of interest to other Kemper Old Boys. Speaking of a subject of interest, this little cutie was drawn by Ted Withers who was the project leader for camouflaging much of California's aircraft industrial complex during WW II. We figured most Kemper cadets bought a bauble at one time or another for their sweetheart and the timing seemed appropriate to feature our little pilgrim showing off her treasure.

Here are your treasures and thanks for writing. If you have a question or comment write:

ECHO COMPANY/Butt Pack
P.O. Box 883
Fallon, Nevada 89407-0883

Matt P Hayman – “Anybody who remembers Kemper fondly either has a very selective memory or is unspeakably stupid. I was hideously abused, hazed, and beaten up as a cadet. I was forced to stick my hand into a toilet and squeeze a human turd with my bare hand, while my company commander looked on with approval. And that was only one of many abuses. The sub-human jerks responsible should be shot.”

ECHO – Matt, we are sorry you had a bad experience while a cadet at Kemper. Young boys sometimes have a sadistic and cruel sense of humor. At least one staff member here at Echo Company recalls your cadet days and remembers you as an exemplary student and cadet. Please don't let a few bad experiences discolor your entire high school career.

ECHO – Rick (Richard Buchanan, KMS Corps Commander, 1969) we are sorry you didn't make it to Blackwater. We hoisted one in your honor!

Richard Buchanan – New Hampshire “I appreciate the kinds words and look forward to being there next year. Feel free to have a couple for me.”

Don Block – Wisconsin “I enjoy receiving and reading the **ECHO!**”

ECHO – Thanks Don, we enjoy sending it to you. *Editor's note: Don was one of the last F8F Bearcat pilots trained by the US Navy.

Marilyn Hall – Oregon “Thank you for sending the **ECHO**. Since Jack passed away my stepson has gotten it on-line and so it is not necessary for me to receive it. Please remove my name from the mailing list. Thank you.

ECHO – It's okay Marilyn, no problem. Over 2,000 people read the newsletter on-line and the number is growing each issue.

Wayne Baki – “Thanks for getting the message board back to normal and taking care of things!”

ECHO – The staff began work on the cyber attack as soon as it was detected. The actual attack originated in two places, China and The Netherlands. After several days of careful study and research, a solution was found which solved the problem temporarily but required more work than we thought.

Tom Maupin- Missouri “I was happy to be able to loan the flag poles, tops, and bases for the event in Blackwater, Missouri. I regretted not being able to attend but I am the quartermaster for the local VFW and my duties required me to attend the state convention held at the same time.”

ECHO – It's okay Tom, we are most grateful for your thoughtful and considerate loan.

Dick Bruning – Nebraska “I talked with **Bob Walker KMS '57** recently. Bob was the Corps Commander in 56-57 and a distinguished member of the Board prior to the school closing. Let's get Bob added to the membership rolls!”

ECHO – Bob is added at your request. Bob Walker was the Corps Commander for 1956-57.

Jim Ewing – Ft Worth, Texas “What in the world is going on with the Echo Company message board?”

ECHO – The message board at the website was sabotaged and we have a pretty good idea by whom! That aside we have referred this to the authorities. The FBI and CRI3 are conducting a series of investigations into who did this and Echo Company staff has promised our full cooperation in prosecuting those responsible to the fullest extent of the law!

Mike Durr- Springfield, IL “I hope you guys catch those responsible for hacking into the message board of the website!”

ECHO – Mike, we have a pretty good idea who attacked the message board. It occurred only a few weeks before Blackwater, then members of the KMS AA launched a recruiting drive literally on the doorstep of the dinner immediately prior to the Standard of Honor ceremony. We have turned this over to the IC3 and FBI in an effort to resolve the issue and prosecute those responsible.

Mike Honea – Texas “I have not been getting e-mails on events and gatherings. Not sure if I owe money or what?”

ECHO – “Mike, you are fine. You are a full fledged member of Echo Company. We checked your address for mailing and you should be receiving the **ECHO** at the address you provided us. The newsletter is not e-mailed and we do not flood our members mailbox with e-mail messages.

Bill Harrison – “I went out to try the fix and saw that out spammers are back. We need to get the Final Taps page going that limits the posting to users that need a login and password. I am going to hold off until Scott can determine what is happening.”

ECHO – Thanks Bill! So our members know, Bill is working with technical support from Cyberzone to construct a “TAPS” feature where postings of obituaries can be made without fear of disrespectful hacking and spammers. It should appear in the near future.

Lynn West Mullen – Virginia “Thanks for your remembrances of Steve Sanders. I think Steve would be happy knowing that his life was celebrated. He was a gem, for sure and he was one that never seemed to let anything get him down. At least he didn't show it. You can really get an idea about Steve from the story Dan Ochsenschlager wrote of their first parachute jump! I laughed so hard, I

cried reading that. I could see Steve's face so plainly, covered with mud and blood and smiling from ear to ear - thrilled to be alive.

I saw where Echo Company signed the guestbook. First one. It was very nice!”

ECHO – Thanks Lynn. It was hard on a lot of dedicated Kemper Old Boys to lose Steve Sanders.

Jim Cohen – Missouri “Sorry I cant make it to Blackwater, both Jan and I were looking forward to coming. However, we are leaving for New York on an antique car tour which starts Monday of the Blackwater week. We have been planning this for a while, a long drive up pulling the trailer about 1300 miles from my house but the tour should be a lot of fun. I have never seen up state New York before and I hear it's beautiful. We are going to be in Alexandria Bay on the St. Lawrence River and touring into Canada two days. Taking the 1922 National, very strong powerful car built in Indianapolis.

I am looking forward to getting away for a while, the last eight months since Doug's death have been difficult on all of us. I am so thankful to have Jan at my side, she has pulled me through some tough times. Please give my best to the gang, especially Simpson's and Mittry if he shows up.

ECHO – Jim, you have our deepest sympathy regarding the death of Doug. We hope your trip to the car show went well and you enjoyed the time away.

Tom Maupin – Missouri “Do you need just flag poles and stands, or do you need the U.S. flag as well. About the bugle; do you also need to borrow an electronic bugle? I'm sure I can locate one, but the flag poles and stands are no problem.”

ECHO – Tom, thanks for the loan of the flag poles and stands. The Standard of Honor ceremony reflected great reverence owing in large part to your loan of the bugle. Tedsan Timberlake Jr played taps perfectly.

PING XEO LING, 942AD

(from a lecture by KMS Teacher Charley Wells)

Ping lived in the mid 9th century of what is now modern day China. He led a simple existence working with other villagers to produce their primary finished good, charcoal. Each day Ping would return home, his clothes saturated with dust from making charcoal. His dutiful wife, Liu would shake his clothes out on the floor and sweep the collected dust into the fireplace.

For New Year's, Ping gave his loving wife a small present of sulfur sticks or matches. The sticks were crudely made but allowed Liu to make her own fire instead of borrowing embers from the neighbor. Much of the sulfur on the tip of the matches chipped away and collected in the small bag in which they came.

Salt was reserved for royalty and difficult to come by. However, potassium nitrate or salt peter served the purpose of flavoring and preserving foods for Ping and his family. It so happened that Ping received his annual ration of salt peter just after the Chinese New Year and some of it spilled on the floor mixing with the charcoal dust from his work clothes.

Liu swept the charcoal dust into the fireplace as she did each day after Ping came home from work, this time mixed with the dust of the salt peter. Liu emptied the sulfur chips from the little bag hoping to ignite the fire but nothing happened, the fire had died completely. Liu asked her neighbor for some embers, took them home and when she threw them in the fireplace. Well, Ping was credited with inventing gun powder.

For Ping's relentless pursuit of blowing things up, his determination to make the biggest bang possible, and his downright resourcefulness. He is nominated for honorary Kemper Old Boy status.

BOYS AND THEIR CARS By Toby Furman

I have always liked cars, it is not lost on me that women treat them about like the toaster or any other object of utility. At best my wife is indifferent to automobiles and rarely if ever checks the oil or tire pressure. I am not suggesting that I am superior for my automotive appreciation just that men are different from women in this regard. Men can tell you all about their first car, even the size of the engine and more often than not they will add comments like, "It had a 409 cubic inch engine!" and that is followed by the almost certain refrain of "I wish I had that car today!"



Here is my first car, a 1965 Pontiac Bonneville convertible. It looked nothing like the picture here. It was horribly rusted, the convertible top leaked, and the interior smelled musty from being rain soaked so often. Still, I loved that car enough to name it "Bonny" and she was reliable to a fault. I bought her for \$100 and, to this end the insurance cost more than the car did. Yes, I hated to part with her.



This is my friend, Larry's first car. It is a 1966 Chevy SS 396. He says of this car, "First car? A '66 Chevy SS 396. That car was so hot! I still remember the color. It was Madeira Maroon, 4- speed, and I put a set of Hurst wheels on it. Still have photos of it. I drove it until I saw a '68 Pontiac GTO. Then sold the SS 396, and yes, regretted it immediately. In my life-long search to replace the SS, I found a set of beautiful Hurst wheels, so when I do find one, I have a brand new set of wheels. "



Here is Bill Simpson's 1951 Ford Mercury. He doesn't own the car today but he does tell me it was his first car and that the air cleaner was so big it was sometimes mistaken for a supercharger.

This car was big enough to accommodate the space required for smooching at drive in movies. It had five ash trays, lavaliers straps in the back seats and so much room passengers could easily cross their legs and relax. It is hard to imagine that so much Detroit iron was powered by a simple V-8 flathead engine that would run all day long.



This was my girl friends first car, a 1974 AMC Gremlin. Don't laugh! This little car was nearly as reliable as anything made today. It had no frills, or luxuries, it was just straight forward driving! I think she sold it for \$200 which just goes to show you the difference between the value of my 1965 Pontiac and this little Gremlin.



When my friend, **Don Miller KMS '71**, graduated from Kemper, his folks got him a brand new Pontiac Trans Am. I got a ride in that car and it was like being invited aboard the space shuttle. The Trans Am had an aluminum polished dash board



Here is a close up look at the dash of the 71 Trans Am



Speaking of graduation from KMS. I remember one Kemper Old Boy, **Pat Verble**, I think. His folks got him a Hurst 442 Oldsmobile and parked it on the parade field. I was really envious and it would be a full six years before I would eventually own the 1965 Pontiac Bonneville.



One Kemper Old Boy I spoke with said his first car was a 1954 Hudson Hornet. He told me how worn and tired it was, how it hissed from a crack in the engine block, had no heat, pulled badly to one side and, for some reason, you had to hit it on the dash board to get it to start. Still, like almost everyone else he said he would sure like to have that car today.

Not long ago I found myself sitting in the doctor's office where I picked up a copy of "Motor Trend" or "Car and Driver" something like that. It has been a long time since I looked at cars and, as I thumbed through the magazine, I was taken with how dull and boring the new cars are. I concluded that the most difficult job in the world has to be writing reviews for cars such as the KIA Sportage.

I think that is why those magazines also carry articles on the fine points of the Bentley Flying Spur and other exotic cars. I mean really? Who is going to buy a magazine to help decide whether or not to buy a \$200,000 car? It is just so boring writing review after review about the average grocery getter that the writers indulge in describing the few novel cars left. I don't blame them.



My friend, **Mike Durr KMS '71** owned a Mustang Boss 302. It was a great car and I bet he wishes he owned it today. If Mike had that car today it would be worth more than it cost now.



I guess I should include my dad's first car. He told me it was a 1928 Cadillac. Now before you go thinking he had money or something just remember this, it was 1937 when he acquired the car. Dad said it was huge and had a "motor meter" above the grill which gave the precise operating temperature of the engine. Because his car was so oversized he was chosen as the driver for the band in which he played – The Flex Tones. One night on the way home from playing music at a local dance, dad wanted to see just how fast it would go. He threw a rod through the block thus ending the car's life. In those days such a disaster sent the car to the scrap heap.



My guess is the days of really cool cars are gone forever. Instead of seeing futuristic visions of aircraft without wings (such as this 1950's concept car called the "Firebird") we are doomed to drive cars which look alike such as the Ford Focus, the KIA, all Toyotas, Hondas, Volkswagens, and the rest.

THE TRANQUILITY OF LOVE

By Marisela R.

Editor's Note: This is part two of a serialized novel. An original work by one of Echo Company's own members. Read and enjoy this heartwarming tale of man's best friend.

Chapter Two: The Next Day

The next day, Flower slept like she never had before. It was a deep soothing sleep and she did not stir until half past noon. She yawned and stretched with such ease, she almost thought she was dreaming. Franklin offered a stern, "Good morning; I mean good afternoon." Flower coughed, embarrassed by her unexpected lethargy. "Yes, thank you, Franklin, good afternoon."

Latte quickly eyed Franklin with a scolding look of caution. He lowered his eyes and proceeded to sniff the yard. "You sleep as long as you need to, Flower; every day your body and soul will grow stronger. Don't fret about Franklin; he's got military blood in him. His great grand-dog served honorably in Desert-Storm and many times he acts like he wore the uniform himself. To say he's patriotic is a gross understatement. My love is tough and gruff, but he has a heart of pure gold," Latte proclaimed, as her chest rose, expanding with pride.

Flower stared at Franklin, a Shar-Pei mix, and for a half second thought Latte was literally pulling her tail. Franklin's physique looked anything but military to her. But just as she glanced his way again, she saw he was sniffing the perimeter of the yard, looking for overnight breaches and points of possible intrusion.



Flower looked around her surroundings and was finally able to soak everything in. The back yard was an absolute paradise, with plants and flowers of every kind. There was a swimming pool with a diving board and a cabaria complete with a full bar that had no doubt seen its fair share of entertaining. Sparrows, crows, and a cardinal were feeding from the ornate lantern bird feeder that was hanging from an oak tree. Past the manicured lawn, there was an exquisitely tiled courtyard with potted bougainvillea plants, another bar, wrought-iron tables and chairs, all centered around a bubbling water fountain.

Pictures adorned the walls and each table was decorated with Mexican accents and décor. There was also a rainbow-colored monkey-bar set, obviously designated for children. Everywhere you looked there was intent and purpose to the setting. The Tranquility was in every sense of the word an "hacienda" experience – one just immediately felt "at home." It was obviously a place that was cared for with a lot of love and a lot of pride. Flower pinched herself, as she was absolutely sure she was in heaven.

Just then Franklin walked past her to get a drink of water. He then stated to Latte, "Darn possums penetrated the fence again on the northwest corner. I may have to patrol the yard a little earlier in the morning to assess the situation, my dear." Raccoons or 'possums, my love?" Latte asked lovingly. "You know that last summer it was the 'coons." "Affirmative on the 'possums – I encountered some droppings over by the shed, as well," Franklin responded seriously.

"I would love to accompany you on one of your patrols, General, if you are up to it," said Flower. "General?" Latte giggled. "Why, that's quite fitting. 'Excellently done, Flower.' Well, General – can she?" joked Latte. Franklin mumbled something under his breath and continued his tour towards the covered courtyard. "I'm so glad you have your sense of humor about you – it's a good sign. I appreciate a good chuckle now and then. Now on to more important matters – it's time to feed your body; your mind is next."

Flower and Latte spent the afternoon talking and exploring the luxuriant yard. Latte showed her all of the beautiful flowers and taught her the names of the vegetation and foliage. There was an unending display of lantanas, caladiums, hollies and irises. She explained how each flower had a purpose but that its most important role was to impart beauty and serenity to all those nearby. It was all quite fascinating to Flower, as she was beginning to have a deep appreciation for her own name.

Just as Latte was going to explain the captivating world of gardenias, a handful of humans emerged with buckets, soap and shampoo. "No use in fighting the inevitable. Just sit back and enjoy," said Latte. Before Flower could utter a word, she was whisked up and gently sprayed with water. Her humans calmly talked to her, all the while lathering her frail body with oatmeal shampoo. She was so relaxed, that she almost immediately fell asleep. After observing Flower's bath for several minutes, Latte and Franklin retired to the pool to bask in the warm sun and fresh air.

- Join with us in the next issue as we continue the story and Flower grows stronger.

BUDDIES FOREVER!!



(L to R: Ridgley, White, Speicher



RYAN RHEBERG

Echo Company member and Iraq war veteran Ryan Rheberg poses for a photograph during a break from class while working toward degree completion at the University of Wisconsin. Ryan was assigned to the 7th Cavalry "Gary Owen" and saw combat during his tour of duty in Iraq. Ryan seeks a degree in Social Justice and hopes to one day serve his country again as a member of the federal law enforcement community. Good luck Ryan!



RAY SKUDLARK

This is Ray, a Wisconsin native, Honor Graduate of the National Guard Challenge Academy, distinguished graduate from Infantry Basic Training and recently assigned to the 506th Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division. He is currently serving in Afghanistan with that unit. Ray has expressed a desire to serve his country with enthusiasm and determination and has twice been recruited by Special Forces for consideration of assignment.

Two Youths Who Provide Inspiration

By Calvin Withrow

I met the two young soldiers above and came to know each of them quite well. Both have a lot in common with each other and, with the standards of what Kemper Military School encouraged. These two young men found it within themselves to reach forward and for higher goals rather than to simply accept the status quo.

I know that with the condition and shape of our country today a lot of people question whether or not our young folks have the material and makings of what it takes to preserve our freedoms. I submit that with men like these, our country is in fine shape and we have every reason to be proud of the service they provide. Not only do they reassure us, they inspire us!! Thanks to both of you, we owe you more than money can pay!



TOP LEFT: Mike Dumas KMS '66, Randy Woodard KMS '69 and Wayne Baki KMS '72 discuss points of Kemper life
 TOP CENTER: Dr. Ed Ridgley, John Downs and Marsha Drennon discuss future plans for the Kemper campus
 TOP RIGHT: Tedsan Timberlake KMS '70 and Jim Devine KM S '71 recall glory days at Kemper

MIDDLE LEFT: Mikal Gillum KMS '01, Senior Warden to the 2013 Standard of Honor ceremony
 MIDDLE CENTER: A group of Kemper Old Boys attempt to one up each other with story telling
 MIDDLE RIGHT: Newly dedicated headquarters of Echo Company, Kemper Military School

BOTTOM LEFT: Doc Long KMS '45 reviews light reading while resting
 BOTTOM CENTER: Kemper Old Boys gather in a "before" picture of the Kemper billboard
 BOTTOM RIGHT: KMS Class of 2002 repainted the billboard using their own time and money

ANNUAL BOARD MEETING ECHO COMPANY, KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL BELOW



The Board of Directors for Echo Company, Kemper Military School held their annual conference and planning session near Claremore, Oklahoma in August 2013. Mr. Hays Gilstrap, an Oklahoma Military Academy Alumni, hosted the group and gave ideas on the structure of a successful meeting/reunion. Gilstrap, shown talking to Martha Ridgley at bottom far left wears the OMA colors but was badly outnumbered by the Old Boys of Kemper. Ed Ridgley, near left, ponders the future of Echo Company. Group photo (above) is evidence of the close knit group who are Echo Company's leadership.

WHATZIT??



It is a single "pip" from the collar insignia of a cadet captain! These devices were manufactured by the N.S. Myer Company and sold in pairs from the Quartermaster store. Cadet officers wore the insignia in two places on their everyday uniform, their cap and the collar of their shirt.

Three pips denote a captain, two a first lieutenant, and one a second lieutenant.

Pretty easy huh? Well, now that you have the hang of it, let's see if you can maintain a winning percentage! Keep reading in the next issue for a new WHATZIT!



Similar Design

The two buildings in the photo above are so close in design that the architecture of one almost certainly influenced the other. Both are gymnasiums, both have classic column structure, and both were built in the early part of the 20th century. If you guessed the building at the top is on the campus of Castle Heights Military Academy in Lebanon, Tennessee you would be correct and if you went to Kemper then you immediately recognize the Johnston Field House which is shown in water color shortly after dedication.

CAROL'S CORNER

By Carol Hyatt

Here is a great recipe from my very good friend Delisa Clow. Enjoy!!

Monster Cookie Dough Dip

- 8 oz cream cheese, softened
- ½ cup butter, softened
- 1 cup creamy peanut butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 3 Tbsp. brown sugar

- 1 tsp. real vanilla extract
- 1 cup oats (regular or quick)
- 1 cup plain M&Ms
- 1 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips

1. Mix cream cheese, butter, vanilla, and peanut butter until smooth
2. Stir in brown sugar and powdered sugar, mixing well
3. Fold in oats, M&Ms and chocolate chips
4. Form into a ball, wrap with plastic wrap, and refrigerate until ready to be served.



*A few notes:

-The recipe suggests mini M&Ms and mini chocolate chips – I used regular and it turned out fine -I just put the finished product in a Tupperware container...it doesn't have to be in a ball unless you want it to look pretty-I served it with graham crackers and pretzels. I also thought about maybe using animal crackers?

Enjoy!
Delisa

"Debbie's Dessert"

Courtesy of Debbie Reifsteck



Mix 1 box of angel food cake mix with 1 22 oz can of lemon pie filling. Pour in greased 9 x 13 baking pan. Bake 350 for 20-25 min or set in the middle. Sprinkle with powdered sugar after it cools. I've not tried but I will certainly experiment. I'm assuming you could do with apple pie filling and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon

A TRADITION STARTS

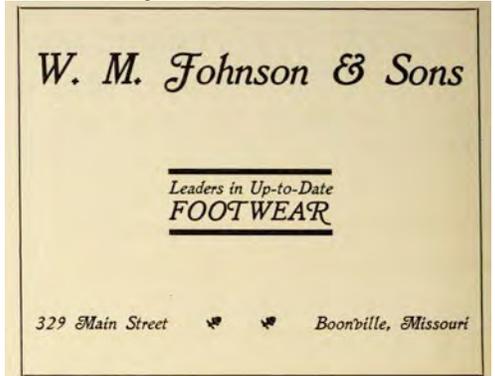
By Keith Arvidson

I was thinking to myself about customs, traditions and the like. How they come into being and how the real story behind them is sometimes rather interesting. That's what I was pondering when I considered shoes at Kemper. Not that I have a shoe fetish but the notion of how officer's shoes came to have steel wedges in them rose in interest and I decided to find out why.

Steel wedges were originally incorporated onto early footwear

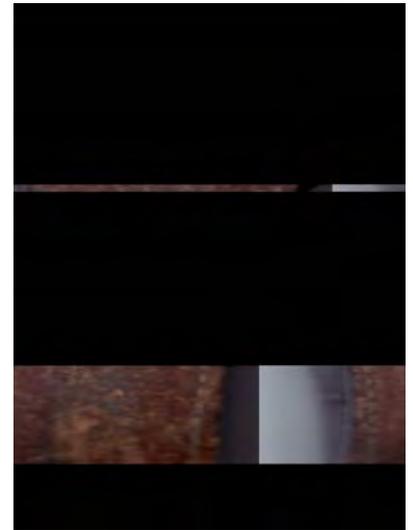
as a means to repair worn or damaged heels. This was especially true when the shoes were entirely made of leather as was the case with Brogan style shoes. It stood to reason that new cadets, having been issued new shoes to accompany their uniforms would not wear out their shoes as quickly as would Old Boys who had already accumulated a year or two of wear on their shoes.

Old Boys returning to Kemper noticed at some point that upper classmen were having their shoes repaired with specialized cleats, metal plates, or orthopedic steel wedges. The cleats made a loose "clack" when walking while the wedges had a more solid resonating tone.



1903 ad in the "Haversack" letting cadets know where they could get their shoes repaired.

Old Boys chose the wedge over the cleat and then superimposed the additional requirement that wedges could only be placed on the shoes of officers. It seems likely that this happened when some second year Old Boys were having the wedges installed on their shoe's simply as a status symbol.



Shoe with wedged insert, in this case the leather sole of a second lieutenants Brogan shoe.

Over time the practice of installing the wedge evolved from one of conserving the heel to actually representing a status of the wearer. Captains wore two wedges and field grade cadets wore three.

It was an unmistakable sound to any cadet who heard the distinct clack of an officer's heel. Cadets in later years often joked that the wedged heels were the "bell around the cats neck". Other cadets amused themselves watching rain soaked leather soles made even more slippery with the steel wedge, cause cadet officers to sometimes slip wildly as they negotiated the concrete walk ramps at the school.

WHAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW

by Frank Stumper

In 1999, Kemper Military School was destitute and badly in need of funds. A well intentioned administration forwarded the proposition of allowing cadets to sign the Standard of Honor at the conclusion of their first year as new cadets. The thinking was that such an action would entice cadets to return.

Historically the Standard had always been reserved for returning Old Boys. This practice was instituted by the cadets themselves in 1912 as part of the original Standard. Even when the Standard was twice changed the subject of removing the prohibition against new cadets signing the document was never in question.

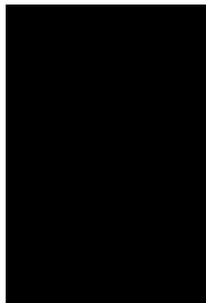
When the idea was floated, three distinguished Kemper Old Boys came forward with their own opinion on the subject.



Robert S Walker



Danny Hammack



Donald D Bruning

Bob Walker, KMS '57 and Chair of the Finance Committee at Kemper, Don Bruning KMS '63 President of the Kemper Alumni Association together with the active Corps Commander, Danny Hammack KMS 2002. All came to the defense of the Standard and adamantly protested any changes to the historic document in the name of money.

They fought a fierce pitched battle against overwhelming odds with only three weapons, truth, honor, and dignity! We thought you should hear the story of how the Standard was saved and who was responsible – three Old Boys we can call, truth, honor, and dignity!

FLYING WITH IRL LUTZ

By Steve Livingston

Irl Lutz and his airplane are still in Boonville if any of you want to know. Not long ago I saw Irl and his wife Lynn (aka Suzie) and they are both doing fine even though Irl doesn't seem to move quite as quickly as I had remembered him as a cadet.

We chatted ever so briefly and, at one point I even made Irl laugh when I told him about my mother's check ride when she went to get her pilot's license renewed. Mom, was actually indignant that she had to have a check ride, "Why I swan to my soul! I was a flyin' before that kid who wanted to check my pilot ability was even born!"

I told Irl how mom had dive bombed a small western Missouri town to read the name on the water tower scaring the hell out of the instructor. Irl laughed not only because of the circumstance but also because he knew my mother, it was Irl who came to our house and signed me up for Kemper.

I remember Irl asking me, "Do you like to fly? I can teach you when you get to Kemper!" I didn't want to go to Kemper and even though I wanted to learn to fly I said, "NO!"

Anyway, Irl and I passed the time and, at some point I asked him, "Irl, do you still have your airplane?" Without hesitation or reservation Mr. Lutz proudly said that the aircraft was partially disassembled and neatly stored in his barn.

Then began a kind of testimony which would make any pilot jealous. Irl Lutz, told me of giving flying lessons to as many as fifty boys while he instructed at Kemper. Several of his student pilots went on to advanced flight training including three or four who joined the military and flew military aircraft.

One of Irl's former students is a US Air Force pilot and has flown operations in the Middle East.



Taylorcraft high wing of the type Irl used to teach many Kemper cadets how to fly.



Controls of the Taylorcraft are simple and performance was very forgiving.

HOROSCOPE

By Karl Schwendler

Especially prepared by noted astrologist and astrologer, Karl Schwendler, for readers of the **ECHO** during the period between 1 September 2013 to 30 November 2013.

ARIES (March 21-April 19). Take care in traveling. This is not a good time to take a journey hoch could be put off until a later date. Luckiest day September 9th. Luckiest number 15.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20) You are feisty and precocious at this time, do not make war on the ones you love. A very beneficial day will come to you. Luckiest day September 24th. Lucky numbers 8, 34, 40.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21) You should not cover up your true feelings at this time. Although you feel overwhelmed ask for help from those around you. Luckiest day. October 29th Lucky number 8.

CANCER (June 22-July 22) A recent emotional loss is a disappointment. However, now is the time to find a new and more vibrant direction. Luckiest day September 3rd. Lucky number 37.

LEO (July 23-August 22) This period is another turning point on a continual journey of change. There is an invisible movement within you but there is no need to share your vision.. Luckiest day November 18th. Luckiest number 24.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22) Your perspective on what is happening is generally right on target but it is wise at this time to keep your thoughts to yourself. Be patient, you can always tell your side of the story. Luckiest days September 9th and November 28th. Lucky number 41.

LIBRA (September 23-October 23) It is imperative that you manage your money well at this time. You are raising concerns to those around you. Luckiest day November 22nd. Luckiest number 3.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 21) Although you may feel it, you are not on the edge of an emotional cliff. Simply take the fear and translate it into a feeling of confidence. Luckiest day November 18th. Lucky number 35.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21) A dramatic change in personal resources brings your material world into sharp focus. You are about to be vested with monetary advantages as the new moon visits your house in October. Luckiest days September 14th and October 18th. Lucky numbers 3, 24, and 39

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 30) This is an opportune time to reconnect your life. If you are on unstable ground, move! Do not blindly continue on the same old path you have been on; regroup and set fresh goals. Luckiest day November 2nd. Lucky number 18.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 18). Your emotions are too high strung right to make major decisions. Nothing will be gained by pretending everything is fine. A healing process is underway within you, allow it to take place. Luckiest day September 27th. Lucky numbers 6, 8, and 37.

PISCES (February 19-March 20) The time for feeling a need to prove something to others is over. Focus on your dreams and follow your heart.. Luckiest day October 9th. Lucky number 51

Aunt Suzy's Advice

Dear Aunt Suzy,
I have a relative who snipes and gossips about everyone. I dislike her practice but I don't want to be her next victim by telling her so. What should I do?
Threatened in the Heartland

Dear Threatened,
The Bible tells us that "a perverse man stirs up dissension, and a gossip separates close friends". You have nothing to fear from the mouth of a gossip. Gossipers have the goal of building themselves up by making others look bad. Just be patient and the sword of justice will reveal the truth over the hate speech.

Aunt Suzy



Where did you say you went to college? Well, artist Al Moore water colored pretty Bobbi and seemed to capture all that is good about wherever you may have gone beyond Kemper. Moore is a gifted artist, one-time player for the Chicago Bears, and even created artwork for the US government during WW II. Even if you are not an "OH YOU" fan, you can certainly appreciate the simple grace and beauty of a Midwestern girl.

We are sure you will appreciate the simple savings and real value of the great things we have in the Quartermaster of Echo Company.

T-Shirt Trouble!!!!

S,M,L,XL,XXL \$10

A wonderful pocket t-shirt with the Kemper Military School crest on it, grey shirt w/black lettering

KEMPER BRICK \$20

These bricks were legally recovered from one of two buildings which no longer exist on the Kemper campus. The old power house and the "tower", they are Missouri fired red clay, oversized and in good condition.

REPRINTED POST CARDS \$5

Remember that one time you tried to get away with just sending a post card home instead of the weekly letter? These post cards are exacting copies fo the original real thing.

POLO SHIRT \$25

Official 2013 Echo Company, Kemper Military School issue navy blue with silver colored piping. Gildan brand manufacture with embroidered crest.

"We pay postage and if you're not happy neither are we! Send it back and we will refund your donation!"

ECHO COMPANY, QUARTERMASTER

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WHAT YOU DIDN'T SEE

By a Kemper Mom

You were busy according to the stories you told us at Christmas. I could see that the Old Boy cadets had full and complete control over everything that was going on at Kemper during the in-processing. When I last saw you that morning in August, you had already been to the barber and had your hair cut.

I wanted to hold you and give you a hug, tell you how much I loved you but your dad and I had already talked about the moment when we had to say goodbye. We agreed to be stoic and calm for your sake.

What you didn't know was that the bargain we had struck was only valid until you were out of sight. I began weeping as we left Kemper and didn't stop until hours had passed on the highway. I wanted so desperately to tell your dad to turn around and go get you.

Your dad was being strong for the both of us. I know he was hurting too. On the one hand he was proud of you for going to Kemper and on the other hand he felt as though he had given up parenting and participating in your growth.

I remember driving past that darned billboard sign on the highway which simply read "Kemper Military School". I was almost composed when I saw that sign and then I started crying again. This time I wasn't just choked up, I was sobbing with sorrow because I missed you so much and it had only been a few hours since we left you at school.

Dad wasn't doing too well either. He tried to make small talk but it was really no use because all either of us wanted to talk about was you. We stopped at a store and Dad bought three boxes of tissues while I waited in the car. When I saw them I began laughing and it felt good to laugh but you know what? The two of us used nearly all those tissues on the way home daubing our eyes.

It was a good thing your dad had gone to Kemper! At least he was a little prepared. I had no idea what to expect. I kept asking him if the Old Boys would beat you up or throw you down stairs and he assured me that would not happen. He'd tell me a story of when he was a cadet and then I would start crying again thinking of you.

When we got home from Boonville ,we were both really tired but I walked upstairs and looked at your room. I started crying again.

I went to bed but did not sleep very well. The next day I tried to busy myself with work around the house. I did the laundry and when I came across your clothes in the hamper, I started crying again.

I was almost ready to throw in the towel. The pain of not having you home with us was so great I was ready to go get you myself and then the mailman came with a letter from you. "Dear Mom & Dad, I am fine.....Love, your son"

Well, your notes about the teachers and your roommate reassured me in the nick of time. I was satisfied that you were happy and settled. It would be unfair to take you out of Kemper at this point just to satisfy my own desire for your company. I am glad you made it! Your dad and I still miss the days we did not have with you.



Colonel Ben Purcell administers the oath of office to 2nd Lieutenant Ed Ridgley (above top) and is pinned by Larry Smith and Colonel Purcell in 1966.

A LEGEND PASSES Colonel Ben Purcell

14 February 1928 - 9 April 2013

by Dr. Ed Ridgley

Colonel Ben Purcell left indelible marks on the lives of many young men, a number of them while serving as Professor of Military Science at Kemper Military School. Colonel Purcell was the highest ranking US Army service member to be held in captivity by the North Vietnamese during the Vietnam War.

His cool demeanor and solid, calm collected thoughtful manner endeared him to the officers, soldiers and cadets under him. The photos above show me being administered the oath of office and having my second lieutenant bars being pinned on by Colonel Purcell.

Ben taught lessons of life and living to all of us who knew him. He did not preach or sermonize, instead he practiced a life of service and lead by example. He will be missed. *So say you Ed Ridgley, so say we all!*

